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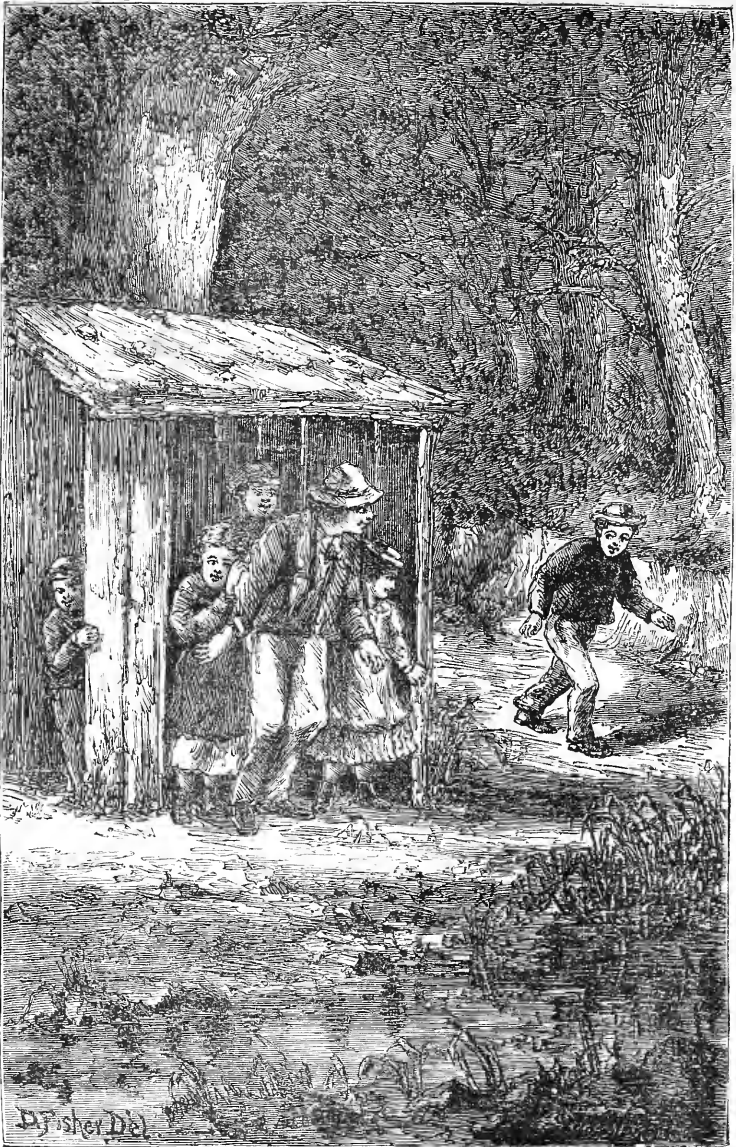


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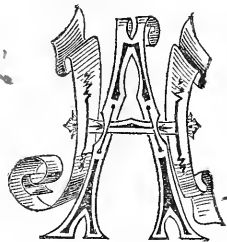


HIDE AND SEEK.

THE
STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
FOR ALL
BOYS & GIRLS.

VOLS. XXV-XXVI.



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STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

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FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1870.

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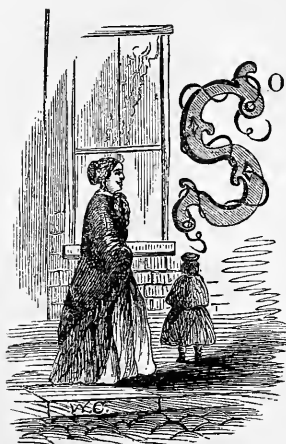
Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER I.

NEW PLANS.



SO this is to be your first day in Wall Street, Rufus," said Miss Manning.

"Yes," said Rufus, "I've retired from the newspaper business on a large fortune, and now I'm going into business in Wall Street just to occupy my time."

The last speaker was a stout, well-grown boy of fifteen, with a pleasant face, calculated to inspire confidence. He looked manly and self-reliant, and firm of purpose. For years he had been a newsboy, plying his trade in the streets of New York, and by his shrewdness, and a certain ready wit,

joined with attention to business, he had met with better success than most of his class. He had been a leader among them, and had received the name of "Rough and Ready," suggested in part, no doubt, by his name, Rufus, but the appellation described not inaptly his prominent traits. He understood thoroughly how to take care of himself, and thought it no hardship, that at an age when most boys are tenderly cared for, he was sent out into the streets to shift for himself.

His mother had been dead for some time. His step-father, James Martin, was a drunkard, and he had been compelled to take away his little sister Rose, from the miserable home in which he had kept her, and had undertaken to support her as well as himself. He had been fortunate enough to obtain a home for her with Miss Manning, a poor seamstress, whom he paid for her services in taking care of Rose. His step-father, in order to thwart and torment him, had stolen the little girl away, and kept her in Brooklyn for awhile, until Rufus got a clue to her whereabouts, and succeeded in getting her back. At the time when the story opens, he had just recovered her, and having been fortunate enough to render an important service to Mr. Turner, a Wall Street broker, was on this Monday morning to enter his office, at a salary of eight dollars a week.

This sketch of the newsboy's earlier history is given for the benefit of those who have not read the book called "Rough and Ready," in which it is related at length. It is necessary to add that Rufus was in some sense a capitalist, having five hundred dollars deposited in a Savings' Bank to his credit. Of this sum, he had found three hundred one day, which, as no claimant ever appeared for it, he had been justified in appropriating to his own use. The remainder had been given him by Mr. Turner, in partial acknowledgement of the service before referred to.

"Your new life will seem strange to you at first, Rufus," said Miss Manning.

"Yes, it does already. When I woke up this morning, I was going to jump out of bed in a hurry, thinking I must go round to Nassau Street to get my papers. Then all at once I thought that I'd giv'n up being a newsboy. But it seemed queer."

"I did n't know but you'd gone back to your old business," said the seamstress, pointing to a paper in his hand.

"It's this morning's Herald," explained Rufus, "you and Rose will have to be looking for another room where Martin can't find you. You'll find two columns of advertisements of Boarders and Lodgers Wanted, so you can take your choice."

"I'll go out this morning," said the seamstress.

"All right. Take Rose along with you, or you may find her missing when you get back."

There was considerable reason to fear that the step-father, James Martin, would make a fresh attempt to get possession of Rose, and Rufus felt that it was prudent to guard against this.

"Have you had breakfast, Rufus?"

"Yes, I got breakfast at the Lodging House."

Here it may be remarked that Rufus had enjoyed advantages superior to most of his class, and spoke more correctly in general, but occasionally fell into modes of pronunciation such as he was accustomed to hear from his street associates. He had lately devoted a part of his evenings to study, under the superintendence of Miss Manning, who, coming originally from a country home, had had a good common school education.

"It's time I was going down to the office," said Rufus. "Good morning, Miss Manning. Good morning Rosie," as he stooped to kiss his little sister, a pretty little girl of eight.

"Good morning, Rufie. Don't let Mr. Martin carry you off."

"I think he'd have a harder job to carry me off than you, Rosie," said Rufus, laughing. "Don't engage lodgings on Fifth Avenue, Miss Manning. I'm afraid it would take more than I can earn in Wall Street, to pay my share of the expense."

"I shall be content with an humbler home," said the seamstress, smiling.

Rufus left the little room which, by the way, looked out on Franklin Street near the Hudson River, and the seamstress, taking the Herald, turned to the column of "Boarders and Lodgers Wanted."

There was a long list, but the greater part of the rooms advertised, were quite beyond her slender means. Remembering that it would be prudent to get out of their present neighborhood, in order to put the drunken step-father off the track, she looked for places farther up town. The objection to this, however, was, that prices advance as you go up town. Still the streets near the river are not considered so eligible, and she thought that they might find something there. She therefore marked one place on Spring Street, another on Leroy Street, and still another, though with some hesitation, on Christopher Street. She feared that Rufus would object to this as too far up town.

"Now put on your things, Rose, and we'll take a walk."

"That will be nice," said Rose, and the little girl ran to get her shawl and bonnet. When she was dressed for the street, Rose would hardly have been taken for the sister of a newsboy. She had a pretty face, full of vivacity and intelligence, and her brother's pride in her, had led him to dress her better than might have been expected from his small means. Many children of families in good circumstances, were less neatly and tastefully dressed than Rose.

Taking the little girl by the hand, Miss Manning led the way down the narrow staircase. It was far from a handsome house in which they had thus far made their home. The wall paper was torn from the walls

in places, revealing patches of bare plastering, there was a faded and worn oil cloth upon the stairs, while outside the rooms at intervals, along the entry, were buckets of dirty water and rubbish, which had been temporarily placed there by the occupants. As it was Monday, washing was going on in several of the rooms, and the vapor arising from hot suds, found its way into the entry from one or two half open doors. On the whole, it was not a nice or savory home, and the seamstress felt no regret in leaving it. But the question was, would she be likely to find a better.

The seamstress made her way first to Spring Street. She was led to infer from the advertisement, that she might find cheap accommodations. But when she found herself in front of the house designated, she found it so dirty and neglected in appearance, that she did not feel like entering. She was sure it would not suit her.

Next she went to Leroy Street. Here she found a neat-looking three-story brick house.

She rang the bell.

"You advertise a room to let," she said to the servant, "can I look at it?"

"I'll speak to the Missis," said the girl.

Soon a portly lady made her appearance.

"You have a room to let?" said Miss Manning, interrogatively.

"Yes."

"Can I look at it?"

"It's for a gentleman," said the landlady, "I don't take ladies. Besides it's rather expensive," and she glanced superciliously at the plain attire of the seamstress.

Of course there was no more to be said. So Miss Manning and Rose found their way into the street once more.

The last on the list was Christopher Street.

"Come Rose. Are you tired of walking?"

"O no," said the child, "I can walk ever so far without getting tired."

Christopher Street is only three blocks from Leroy. In less than ten minutes, they found themselves before the house advertised. It was a fair looking house, but the seamstress found on inquiry, that the room was a large one on the second floor, and that the rent would be beyond her means. She was now at the end of her list.

"I think, Rose," she said, "we will go to Washington Square, and sit down on one of the seats. I shall have to look over the paper again."

This Square is a park of considerable size, comprising very nearly

ten acres. Up to 1832, it had been for years used as a Potter's Field, or public cemetery, and it is estimated that more than one hundred thousand bodies were buried there. But in 1832 it became a Park. There is a basin and a fountain in the centre, and it is covered with trees of considerable size. At frequent intervals there are benches for the accommodation of those who desire to pass an hour or two in the shade of the trees. In the afternoon particularly, may be seen a large number of children playing in the walks, and nursemaids drawing their young charges in carriages, or sitting with them on the seats.

Rose was soon busied in watching the sports of some children of her own age, while Miss Manning carefully scanned the advertisements. But she found nothing to reward her search. At length her attention was drawn to the following advertisement.

"No. — Waverley Place. Two small rooms. Terms reasonable."

"That must be close by," thought the seamstress.

She was right, for Waverley Place, commencing at Broadway, runs along the northern side of Washington Square. Before the up town movement commenced, it was a fashionable quarter, and even now, as may be inferred from the character of the houses, is a very nice and respectable street, particularly that part which fronts the Square.

Miss Manning could see the number mentioned from where she was seated, and saw at a glance that it was a nice house. Of course it was beyond her means, she said that to herself; still, prompted by an impulse which she did not attempt to resist, she determined to call and make inquiries about the rooms advertised.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE IN WAVERLEY PLACE.

LEAVING the Park, Miss Manning crossed the street, went up the front steps of a handsome house, and rang the bell.

"What a nice house!" said Rose, admiringly, "are we going to live here?"

"No, I don't think we can afford it, but I will ask to see the rooms."

Soon the door was opened, and a servant girl looked at them inquiringly.

"Can I see the rooms you have to let?" asked the seamstress.

"Step in a moment, and I'll call Mrs. Clayton."

They stepped into the hall, and remained waiting till a woman of middle age, with a pleasant countenance, came up from below where she had been superintending the servants.

"I saw your advertisement of rooms to let," commenced Miss Manning, a little timidly, for she knew that the house was a finer one than with her limited means she could expect to enter, and felt a little like a humbug.

"Yes, I have two small rooms vacant."

"Are they — expensive?" asked the seamstress, with hesitation.

"I ought to say that only one is at my disposal," said the landlady, and that is a hall bed-room on the third floor back. The other is a square room nicely furnished, on the upper floor, large enough for two. But last evening, after I had sent in the advertisement, Mrs. Colman, who occupies my second floor front, told me she intended to get a young lady to look after her two little girls during the day and teach them, and would wish her to occupy the larger room. I thought when I first saw you that you were going to apply for the situation."

A sudden thought came to Miss Manning. Why could she not undertake this office? It would pay her much better than sewing, and the children would be companions for Rose.

"How old are the little girls?" she said.

"One is five, the other seven years old. Mrs. Colman is an invalid, and does not feel able to have the children with her all the time."

"Is Mrs. Colman at home?"

"Yes. Would you like to see her?"

"I should. I am fond of children, and I might be willing to undertake the charge of her's, if she thought fit to intrust them to me."

"I think it quite likely you can come to an agreement. She was wondering this morning where she could hear of a suitable person. Wait here a moment, and I will go and speak to her."

Mrs. Clayton went up stairs, and returned shortly.

"Mrs. Colman would like to see you," she said. "I will lead the way."

Miss Manning followed the landlady up stairs, and was ushered into a large, handsomely furnished room on the second floor. There was a cheerful fire in the grate, and beside it in an easy chair sat a lady, looking nervous and in delicate health. Two little girls, who seemed full of the health and vitality which their mother lacked, were romping noisily on the floor.

"Mrs. Colman," said the landlady, "this is the young lady I spoke of."

"Take a seat, please," said Mrs. Colman, politely, "I am an invalid as you see, Mrs. ——," here she looked up inquiringly.

"Miss Manning," said the seamstress.

"Then the little girl is not yours?"

"Not mine, but I have the care of her, as her mother is dead."

"How old is she?"

"Eight."

"A little older than my Jenny. Are you fond of children, Miss Manning?"

"Very much so."

"I am looking for some one who will look after my little girls during the day, and teach them. At present they know absolutely nothing, and I have not been willing to send them out of the house to school. What I have been thinking is, of securing some one who would live in the house, and take the care of the children off my hands. I am an invalid, as you see, and sometimes their noise absolutely distracts me."

Miss Manning was struck with pity, as she noticed the pale, nervous face of the invalid.

"Then the children need to go out and take a walk every day, but I have no one to send with them. You would n't object to that, would you?"

"No, I should like it."

"Could you come soon?"

"I could come to-morrow, if you desire it," said Miss Manning, promptly.

"I wish you would. I have a nervous headache which will last me some days, I suppose, and the children can't keep still. I suppose it is their nature to be noisy."

"I can take them out for an hour now, if you like it, Mrs. Colman. It would give me a chance to get acquainted."

"Would you? It would be quite a relief to me, and to them too. O, there is one thing we must speak of. What compensation will satisfy you?"

"I don't know how much I ought to ask. I am willing to leave that matter to you."

"You would want your little girl to live with you, I suppose."

"Yes, she needs me to look after her."

"Very well. Then I will pay Mrs. Clayton for the board of both of you, and if two dollars a week would satisfy you, —"

Would satisfy her? Miss Manning's breath was quite taken away at the magnificent prospect that opened before her. She could hardly cou-

ceive it possible that her services were worth a home in so nice a house and two dollars a week besides. Why, toiling early and late at her needle, she had barely earned hitherto, thirty-seven cents a day, and out of that all expenses had to be paid. Now she would still be able to sew while the children were learning their lessons. She would no longer be the occupant of a miserable tenement house, but would live in a nice quarter of the city. She felt devoutly thankful for the change, but on the whole, considered that perhaps it was not best to let Mrs. Colman see just how glad she was. So she simply expressed herself as entirely satisfied with the terms that were offered. Mrs. Colman seemed glad that this matter had been so easily arranged.



THE NEW FRIENDSHIP.

“Mrs. Clayton will show you the room you are to occupy,” she said. “I have not been into it, but I understand that it is very comfortable. If there is any addition in the way of furniture which you may require, I will make it at my own expense.”

“Thank you. You are very kind.”

Here Mrs. Clayton re-appeared, and at the request of Mrs. Colman, offered to show them the room which they were to occupy.

"It is on the upper floor," she said, apologetically, but it is of good size and pleasant, when you get to it."

She led the way into the room. It was as she had said, a pleasant one, well lighted, and of good size. A thick woollen carpet covered the floor, there was a bureau, a clothes press, a table, and other articles needful to make it comfortable. After the poor room they had occupied, it looked very attractive.

"I think I shall like it," said Miss Manning, with satisfaction.

"Are we to live here?" asked Rose, who had not quite understood the nature of the arrangement.

"Yes, Rosy, do you think you shall like it?"

"O yes, ever so much. When are we coming?"

"To-morrow morning. You will have two little girls to play with."

"The little girls I saw in that lady's room down stairs?"

"Yes. Do you think you shall like it?"

"I think it will be very nice," said Rose, with satisfaction.

"Well, how do you like the room, Miss Manning?" said Mrs. Colman, when they had returned from up stairs.

"It looks very pleasant, I have no doubt I shall like it."

"I think you will need a rocking chair and a sofa. I will ask Mr. Colman to step in to some upholsterers as he goes down town to-morrow, and send them up. If it would n't be too much trouble, Miss Manning, I will ask you to help Carrie and Jennie on with their hats and cloaks. They quite enjoy the thought of a run out of doors with you and your little girl. By the way, what is her name?"

"Rose."

"A very pretty name. I have no doubt the three children will soon become excellent friends. She seems a nice little girl."

"Rose is a nice little girl," said the seamstress, affectionately.

In a short time they were on their way down stairs. In the hall below they met the landlady once more.

"What is the price of your hall bed-room, Mrs. Clayton?" asked Miss Manning.

"Five dollars and a half a week," was the answer.

It needs to be mentioned that this was in the day of low prices, and that such an apartment now, with board, would cost at least twelve dollars a week.

"What made you ask, Miss Manning?" said Rose.

"I was thinking that perhaps Rufus might like to take it."

"O, I wish he would," said Rose, "then we would all be together."

"We are speaking of her brother," said Miss Manning, turning to Mrs. Clayton.

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."

"Is he at school or in a place?"

"He is in a broker's office in Wall Street."

"Then as he is the little girl's brother, I will say only five dollars a week for the room."

"Thank you, Mrs. Clayton. I will let you know what he decides upon to-morrow."

They went out to walk, going as far as Union Square, where Miss Manning sat down on a bench, and let the children sport at will. It is needless to say that they very soon got well acquainted, and after an hour and a half, which their bright eyes testified to their having enjoyed, Miss Manning carried the little Colmans back to Waverley Place, and with Rose took the horse-cars back to their old home.

"Won't Rufie be surprised when he hears about it?" said Rose.

"Yes, Rosy, I think he will," said Miss Manning.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



CHIMNEY-ELF STORIES.

The Banshee's Story.

IT was the twilight hour of a chilly November day, and Rhoda sat all alone in the great kitchen, feeling a little forlorn, for she had that afternoon been informed that her sister was about to be married to Jonas Talbot, the young farmer who had been visiting her so constantly for the last year, and who was at this very moment sitting with her in the best parlor where he was likely to remain for some hours. Rhoda knew well enough that she was not wanted there, and her father and brother were gone out for the evening, and Harriet, the woman who had come to keep house in Susie's place, had gone to bed with the toothache; so that Rhoda was all alone, and had no prospect of anything else before bed-time. A smoky fire smouldered in the great fire-place, and Rhoda had not the heart to make it better, but sat upon a low chair, her elbows upon her knees, her chin in her palms, staring at the thin smoke through the tears that filled her eyes.

"Hi! Hi! What now, you little goose? Not crying because your sister is going to be married, I hope!"

Rhoda started, dashed the tears out of her eyes, and looked up the chimney in search of the speaker. There he sat sure enough, swinging in one of the pot-hooks and looking down at his little friend with a queer expression upon his face, half as if he wished to cry with her, half as if he was determined to laugh at her. A smile broke over Rhoda's face like sunshine over a cloudy sky, although I believe somebody once said that before.

"Is it you, chimney-elf!" exclaimed she. "I am so glad that you are come. I have called you ever so many times and got no answer."

"No, I don't always feel like company, and I have had a great deal to do lately, although most of my undertakings end in smoke, owing to my carrying them on in a chimney, I suppose. But I came down to-night to ask if you want the Banshee to tell you a story? He and the rest of my visitors leave me in the morning, and I foresee that I shall feel very silent for a long time after losing them, so this is your last chance for a while of hearing a story from any of us."

"O, I am so sorry, I mean so glad, I mean that I shall be sorry not to see you for a long time, and I am glad to hear a story to-night. Where is the Banshee?"

"Don't you see him in that next pot hook! How stupid you mortals are? Don't you wish you could be a chimney-elf?"

"N-o-o, I don't think I do," replied Rhoda, considering the question, "It must be rather smoky, and sometimes very warm up there, and then there is sure to be a draught, and I think —"

"O well, no matter what you think," interrupted the elf, pettishly, "Banshee, give this little stupid a story, will you?"

Rhoda looking attentively at the pot-hook next to where swung the chimney-elf, perceived a shadowy little figure, so dim and cloudy that at first she took it for a little column of smoke, but finally made out a pair of wings, a head with a great quantity of dusky hair flowing down and almost hiding the face, and two bright eyes peeping through it. This was the Banshee, who was replying to the chimney-elf in a strange sighing voice like the wind playing through the empty rooms of a deserted house, said;

"Yes, I will tell the little girl a story about something which happened in dear old Ireland, where I was born and brought up, and hope to always live. It is called

THE CHANGELING;

A Story of the Little, Good People.

"It was Hallow e'en, which as you know or should know, is the evening of the 31st day of October, and the weather had fallen so chilly, that Judy Ryan had made up a good fire of logs and peat in my lady's chamber, and after toasting her toes before it for an hour or so, had fallen fast asleep, worse luck to her, and lay snoring in the great easy chair, as cool as if the place belonged to herself, instead of to his honor, the Squire, Mr. Pbelin Burke, whose young wife it was, Lady Honor Burke, who lay sleeping sweetly in the great four-post bedstead, with the bright curtains looped up all around it, and whose infant son and heir it was, dreaming away in the carved, mahogany cradle close beside the bed

"Judy Ryan was to be child's nurse to the little heir, who had only come two days before this Hallow e'en, and mighty proud she was of that same. for this was the first baby at the great house, and the Squire, his father, thought that gold was n't good enough for him, and no one could be bad enough to harm him. So when they chose Judy out of all the girls and women in the place, and put her in charge of the young master and his mother, Judy felt, and all the people felt that she'd got a rise sure enough, and was a match for the tightest lad among them all; and then to think of her going to sleep on Hallow e'en, and the crack of the window open, and never a sprig of holly over that

blessed baby's cradle, and he not christened yet, along of the priest's being gone to Donnybrook Fair, and not got home, though sure to be there next day, which being the 1st of November, was All-Saints Day, of course.

"The fire burned red and clear, and the light flashing through the great room, lighted all the dark corners, and the high domed ceiling, and the deep bay-windows, and the white, beautiful face of the young mother in the bed, who slept as calm as the baby at her side, and smiled in her sleep, dreaming maybe of him in the days to come, when he would be a tall, handsome boy and man, the pride of his mother's heart, and the joy of her two eyes.

"The great hall clock had struck eleven, and all in the chamber, and through the house was quiet as quiet could be, when through the crack of the window, slipped a little body no bigger than Judy Ryan's thumb, a little fellow dressed all in green, with a tall hat on his head, and a cock's feather falling over the brim, and down his back. A moment he stood there on the window ledge, and then slid down the curtains at the side, to the floor, and turning round his head to a whole crowd of little chaps peeping over the window ledge to see how it fared with him, for this little green-coated fellow was the King of the Little Good People —"

"Fairies do you mean?" asked Rhoda, but the Baushee waved his wings as if about to fly away, and exclaimed in a shrill warning voice, "Hush, hush child! They never call them that in Ireland, and I don't know what would happen to you if there were any in this country to hear you. Little good people, that's what you must say, and this was their King, sometimes called the wee Man in Green, and sometimes Robin Goodfellow, and several other names in different parts of the country, but we will just call him the King. So, as I was saying, he slid down to the floor, and beckoned his followers to come on, and faith, they did that same, like a cloud of the mosquitos you have in this country, and which never were seen in old Ireland since Saint Patrick rid the island of every sort of vermin, and forbid them ever coming back.

"When they had all reached the floor, the King waved his hand, and bid them see if there was anything about to hinder them from their errand that they had come for, and at the end the crowd dispersed itself through the room, some climbing upon the bed, and dropping a grain of sleeping powder into the mother's eyes, lest she should open them too soon, some doing the same by Judy Ryan, though it was small need of sleeping powder there was for her, the lazy creature, some climbing all over the cradle, and carefully searching under the roof of it, and some

flying on thin moth night-horses all round the room, to see that there was n't any holy water or herbs set round, as there had ought to have been, and was n't, thanks to Judy Ryan.

"As soon as thorough search had been made, the little men came trooping back by twos and threes to tell that same to the king, who all this time was standing in great state on the top of Lady Honor's gold thimble, which Prudy had been impudent enough to put on her own big finger, when a stitch was wanted in the baby's little petticoat, and the thimble being small, had tumbled off, and rolled down on the floor, or rather on the hearth, where it stood a golden throne for the King of the Little Good People, who as he waited for the report of his spies, was thinking that he could n't do better than to carry off the thimble as well as the baby.

"For that was what the Little Good People were after, and maybe you don't know that they always will do it if they can, or at least they will in Ireland."

"Will do what?" asked Rhoda, much puzzled.

"Carry off babies that have n't been christened, leaving one of themselves in the cradle instead, to grow up in the child's place, though it's little enough like a human child the changeling is, and the older it grows, the more sorrow and worry it brings to all that come near it. The Little Good People are always on the lookout for children to adopt in this fashion, but all careful nurses take care to guard against them by fastening a sprig of holly to the roof of the cradle, or laying a Bible in the foot of it, or by keeping the doors and the windows fast closed, or at least their own eyes wide open, until after the baby is christened, for the Good People cannot touch it until it grows a man or woman, when they sometimes wile it away in another fashion, as happened to Thomas the Rhymer, of whom you will read when you grow older.

"So when the little men had satisfied themselves that the coast was clear and that there was nothing to hinder them, they came and reported to the king, who stepped down from his golden throne and led the way to the cradle, which he mounted, and standing beside little Bryan, the poor baby, he waved his wand over him and said some words that I would n't repeat for the world, though I know them as well as he did, and ever and always while the wand waved and the words of the charm were muttered in his ear, the child shrunk and changed and dwindled till he lay in the cradle a wee little doll, not bigger than the half of your least little finger, but still shaped everyway like what he was, and looking like the Burkes, when you could get to see his little face, just as the inside of a seed looks like a big tree if you've eyes to see it.



THE RESCUE.. (See February No.)

“ ‘That will do,’ says the king, when he saw him like that. ‘Now Fern-seed and Midget, take him up between you and put him on one of your moth-steeds and away with him; Astolpho, get you into the cradle here and I will make you into the little heir of Phelin Burke, Esquire, and much good may he get out of you.’

“At hearing that, all the Little Men laughed aloud, for Astolpho was the most spiteful and mischievous and unruly of all the Little People, and it was for that very reason that the king had chosen him to leave behind. As for Astolpho himself, he made a grimace which twisted his face into a hard knot, turned half a dozen somersaults, then threw himself flat upon the floor and rolled like lightning to the farther side of the room and back again, howling.

“ ‘O don’t, don’t, don’t your Majesty! I don’t want to be the heir of Phelin Burke, Esquire, nor I don’t want to lie in a cradle and have clothes put upon me, and pins stuck all over me, and — ’”

Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

(Concluded in February No.)

MUSIC MADE VISIBLE.



PLEASANT room in a quiet country house. Wide open windows looking out upon the lawn, and the village streets. Books, pictures, comfortable furniture, and an open piano. Out of doors everything is in the full glory of June. For people, two young ladies, a bookish looking young man, and a bright little girl about ten years old.

One of the young ladies rejoices in the name of Fanny. At present she is seated sewing by the window. The other is at the piano playing a grand sonata. She looks as if she could handle such music. Sturdy, well-built, with the glow of health making beautiful her otherwise plain face. Brains, and a good heart — a sound mind in a sound body — such is Harriet.

The gentleman is very like thousands of well-bred and well-born American men. Slender, wiry, and with a clear head. The girls call him Jack — Jack Page. A plain man, with a plain name, but gifted withal.

The ten year old child is known as Gerty. She is no goose.

By this time the sonata comes to an end, and just at this instant, two loud, harsh voices penetrated the room.

“Wall, any way, I don’t like ’em.”

“Nor I nuther.”

“We fry ours in butter — ”

A sudden ripple of laughter from our young people drown the rest of this edifying conversation.

“Don’t those people know any better than to talk so loud? They do not seem to be aware that every word they utter can be heard by others.”

“But, Jack,” said Fanny, “they were shouting at the top of their voices. Of course we heard them, even though their rattling old wagon did make such a noise.”

“Yes, but they should have known that their voices travelled much farther than the noise of their carriage.”

“They all do so. Almost every vehicle that passes, contains people who actually scream at each other as they drive along. We frequently hear everything they say.”

“It is not so much their loud voices that you hear, as their musical ones.”

“Musical! Do you call those harsh, cracked tones musical?”

"To be sure. Comparatively musical. More so than the rattle and clatter of the team."

"Well, that is an idea," said Harriet, "if those two voices are musical, I should like to know how you describe noise."

"Noise is simply confused sound. Music is also sound, but plain, regular and exact. The sounds from the voices were more regular than the sounds of the wheels, as they were comparatively musical; musical sounds being more regular than unmusical ones, travel farther, and that is why we heard the voices of the people in the wagon so plainly."

The lively Gertie laughed outright at this point.

"What is the fun, Gerty?"

"I was thinking what a pity it was that people did not know of that sooner. They might have called to the man in the moon after all."

"What do you mean, Gerty?" said Jack, "come, tell us."

"I was thinking of the story we read yesterday in the Second Reader. It was by Washington Irving. The story was, that at one time all the people in the world resolved to give one great shout altogether, and so loud that the man in the moon could hear it. At a certain moment, everybody in America, Europe, and all the rest of the world, was to say 'boo' as loud as they could. When the moment arrived, nothing was heard, as everybody was listening to hear the mighty 'boo.' An old woman in China, and a man in Canada were the only persons who made a sound."

When the merriment that followed this had subsided, Jack said, "And I suppose you think that if they had put the 'boo' to music, it would have been heard much farther."

"Yes, if they only would sing, and not all stop to listen."

"That is pretty bright of Gerty, but really I do not see how it can be as you say. I do not see why music should go farther than noise."

"If you will get me a pencil and sheet of paper, I will make a picture of noise, and another of music, that you may see the difference, as well as hear it."

"A picture of noise!" said Harriet, "don't be absurd, Jack."

"Not knowingly."

"Here is a pencil and paper. Try it and see," said Fanny.

Jack took the drawing materials, and drew up to the table, while the three girls stood around him, attentive but doubting observers. Jack worked in silence for a moment or so, and then presented this diagram for their inspection.



“That,” said Jack, “represents silence — the absence of all sound. Each of those dots stand for a particle of air. They are at rest, and each is equally distant from the other. Now sound, of whatever kind, is a disturbance of these particles. If a piano string is struck, the vibrations set in motion the particles of air, and the motion being communicated from one to another, it reaches the sensitive drum of the ear, and we call the sensation our brains receive — sound. When the rattling wagon was passing, the horses, harness, and running gear struck the air in a hundred directions at once. Light blows, heavy blows, irregular concussions and random thrusts, were all mingled together, and the air was at once driven into the wildest confusion. A hundred irregular pulsations entered our ears together. As it was confused and without character, our brains could make nothing of it, and we called it noise. If the particles of air were visible, they would present somewhat this appearance.”



“Not very lovely, to say the least.”

“I should call that ‘confusion worse confounded.’”

“Yes,” said Jack, “it is somewhat mixed. Each particle is driven about in every direction. They strike each other from every side; the vibrations are irregular and confused enough. Now it is plain that there must be a deal of interference in these motions. The motion caused by the horse’s hoofs striking the ground, is driven through the air in one direction, while the wheels send out another motion from a different direction. The two motions strike each other, clash, and are hindered in their progress. Just in the same way, two boys running in slightly different directions, run into each other, and either both tumble down, or one falls, and the other has his speed diminished.”

“So you think that the sounds made by the horse and wagon run into each other, and trip each other up.”

“That is it exactly. There being several hundred motions all rushing forward at once, you can easily imagine that there must be a deal of

tripping up, falling down, and stoppage generally. The small sounds soon get trodden upon by the big ones, and the poor things do not live to go far."

"Now show us a picture of music," said Gertie.

Jack worked over the paper awhile, and then exhibited the following.



"In the first drawing," said Jack, "the dots were equally distant from each other. In this, they are equally distant in one direction, up and down, but not in the other. Now to understand this, you must know that if a tuning-fork is struck, its prong vibrates backward and forward. First it beats one way, and then the other. Each beat sets the air in motion. The first beat, which I will call A, starts off upon its journey. I have numbered the dots, and as the motion starts, it pushes dot 1 against dot 2, and then flies back again to its place. Dot 2 pushes dot 3, dot 3 dot 4, and so on. But now a new beat called B comes in, and the motion goes flying on after motion A. In an instant another beat, C, starts out after A and B. The space between the dots show where the motions are chasing each other through the air. Now if our ear happened to be placed at the end of the rows, it would receive the motions one after the other in regular order. The exact precision with which each pulse or motion would arrive, would be so different from the irregularity and confusion in the other case, that we should at once see the difference. This precision would stamp the sound as being regular and musical."

"And does the sound of each voice in singing or talking cause the air to move with the same regularity?"

"Almost, but not quite. When one sings the vibrations are much more regular than when one talks. They are both more regular than the sound of a rattling wagon, but of the two, singing is the most regular."

"O!" said Gerty, "I see now what you mean. The voices in the carriage were the most regular. The motions did not run into and upset each other."

"Precisely."

"But, Jack," said Harriet, "what do you do with a discord on the piano. Each string gives out regular vibrations, and yet certain notes, when sounded together, are very disagreeable."

"That I will explain by another dot picture." So saying, he made the following drawing.



“The first line, marked C, represents the motion caused by a C string in the piano. You see it has a certain well defined regularity. If at the end of the row, marked E, you were to imagine your ear, the pulsations would arrive in a certain regular order. Now if the next string, D, were sounded equally, regular vibrations would start out, but not in the same order as the first. Confusion would result at once, and the ear would notice that the motions did not arrive together. We should call it a discord. Now if a string, one octave lower, were struck, a new set of motions would start, just as regular as the first, but in a different order.”

“Suppose the two C strings were struck together,” suggested Harriet.

“Then we should have harmony — music. The two motions would start together and reach the ear together. But the lower C would only move half as fast as the upper, so that every other motion that reached the ear would be doubled. This alternating of the motions, double and single, would produce a pleasing effect upon the ear, and we should call it the harmony of the octave.”

“And is all harmony founded upon equally exact rules?”

“Yes, men have proved that every sound has its own particular motion, not to be mistaken for any other. Our ears cannot distinguish the exact difference, so we call a note high or low as its motions are fast or slow. In the same way we call each tone pure or impure according to its mathematical regularity.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “there is a world of things to know about music. Is there not?”

“Yes, and how few of our musicians and singers know anything about the mechanical side of music. They know how to sing or play, but could not define the word ‘tune’ to save their fingers.”

“You do not include me, I hope, sir.”

“Don’t be a goose, Harriet,” said Gerty.

“Bless you, no. You don’t belong to the shallow order of musicians.”

“Thank you, but now you have told us so much, show us more.”

“Another time, if it suits your girlships, I will. I once saw some drawings representing, not only the difference in pitch between tones, but their peculiar characteristics. For instance, one drawing represented the sound of a violin, another the beat of a drum, another the brare of a trombone, and still another represented the sound of a man pounding on an iron anvil with a hammer. Of these, more another time.”

Jane Kingsford.

PAPER BAGS.



WHEN the grocer sends home flour, meal, sugar or rice, they come no longer in buckets, boxes, or cloth bags, but in paper bags of all shades and qualities of paper, some of a clear light yellow, others of a dirty mustard color; some delicate and thin, others coarse and very stout, but all of them, even the smallest which holds less than a half pound, is notched at the top and at the bottom where the fold is pasted over. As we wondered why this should be so, a friend solved the mystery by informing us that they were all made by machinery now, and not by hand as they were formerly, and that steam engines, cylinders, knives and rollers take the place of the grocer's apprentice, who was forced to spend the rainy days with paste-pot and brush, in making up a stock of bags. We remember one who begged his mother to save all her bags, and return them to the grocer, that he might have so many less to make, for of all labor-saving machines, a boy who does not like to work is the greatest. But now all this is over, and no doubt the grocer's apprentice has some hardships equally great, but his master buys his bags by the hundred, and no more thinks of making them than he does his twine.

There are four of these factories in the United States. Two in Massachusetts, one in Philadelphia, and another in Baltimore. One of those in Massachusetts manufactures its own paper, and the stock that comes in at one end of the yard, (that miscellaneous heap of articles which the ragmen and junk dealers collect from that mysterious store, which is not good enough to keep, and too good to throw away,) goes out at the other in huge wagon-loads of bags.

To begin at the beginning of the factory which we visited, we went first to the place where the fires were made which boiled the water for the steam which furnished the power, which carried the machinery, whose noise we heard long before we reached the gate. In the lowest story was a great boiler, divided into six parts, which looked like compartment cars made of iron and shut up close. Beneath each of these was an iron door and a place for fire. The whole force of the factory was not at work, but in four of these great flues were fires.

One of these doors was opened as we entered, and a man with an iron poker longer than he was high, raked the ashes out of the fire by pushing it forwards, and drawing it back again. The fire was terribly hot, the ashes flew, and the great coals dropped down on the brick floor in front of the furnace. When the fire appeared clear and pure enough to

suit him, he opened another door, and raked out another fire, and as he passed along another man followed him, and threw on great shovels full of coal, and closed the doors. We asked how much coal they burnt, for so much lay all about the yard, that it seemed as if a cargo had been unloaded there.

“Nine tons in twenty-four hours,” was the reply; “all the machinery is not running for making bags, but we make paper all night now.”

We could but think how like demons the men must look at midnight, raking out the fires, with the fiery glow lighting up their swarthy faces, and bare brawny arms, on which the veins and muscles stood out like cords, while the red coals dropped down at their feet. Pursuing their work like restless spirits, when everything in that little country village was hushed in repose, and no sound to be heard but the water falling over the dam, and the clank of the machinery. Involuntarily some of Dante’s horrible description came back to us, descriptions which have gained new horrors from Gustave Doré’s terrible pencil.

From this room we went to the steam engines for whose tireless arms all this fire was made. Two engines were at work, the smaller of sixty horse power, the larger of a hundred and sixty. Both were as clean and nice as the most accurate clock. A man was pouring oil into the joints and screws; he oiled every part once in two hours, and though the whole floor shook with the jar of the great wheels, the engine never creaked, but moved as noiselessly as a snake crawls over the grass. Once a week he cleaned both engines, and all the brass and steel upon them shone with as much brilliancy as the burnished silver in a jeweller’s window. The great wheels with its broad belts flew round with a breeze that blew the ladies’ ribbons in their faces, and the two brass balls of the governor which open and shut the throttle valve, whirled round so fast that it made us giddy to watch them, and the noise was so loud that we were obliged to scream to each other if we would be heard. It seemed a great machine to do the work of the grocer’s boys.

Leaving the engines, we went to the outer yard where lay the material for the work. Here were old bags and crockery crates filled with bits and ends of pasteboard, broken boxes and refuse paper, and great heaps of old cables and ropes of all sizes, which even then had the salt smell of the sea with them. In a gloomy room in the lower story, were heaps of these cable, some of which had been round the world, and held great ships fast through many a storm, but broken and strained, had been thrown aside and found their way here at last. Cables which had been frayed and chafed by the cruel ice and storms of northern winters, or hung idly in the scorching sun of tropic sea. Now they were seized,

and put under machines with sharp knives which chopped off the great ropes as large as a man's wrist, as quickly as you could cut an apple with an apple-slicer. These pieces were taken by other machines, which tore them into shreds, and made them look like the hemp before the rope-maker had ever twisted it into a strand.

The old ropes and cables were dirty, full of grease, tar and salt water, and must be thoroughly cleansed and softened before they could be used, for the best paper was made of this pure manilla rope, and the inferior qualities of a mixture of coarser materials. In great vats where the steam was forced through the shredded ropes mixed with bleaching powders, this process was going on. As the great tubs turned round and round, the steam rose in clouds to the ceiling, and condensing there fell to the floor again in drops, and the men seemed as if they were moving about in a thick fog. Here, too, the pasteboard was reduced again to pulp, and men were busily stirring about the half-softened heaps, pitching it over with pitchforks, and crowding it into barrels. The whole atmosphere was full of a dense, smothering steam, too oppressive for any one to breath who was accustomed to a purer atmosphere.

In the next room were rows of circular vats full of pulp in various stages of dirt and cleanliness. The pulp at first looked like great pieces of sponge, coarse and very dirty, but grew cleaner and whiter as it passed from tub to tub, till at last it seemed like a thin whitish soup. In the next room this whitish soup passed under great cylinders which pressed it out upon felting in a long sheet of light yellow paper. The cylinders were hot, and dried it as it rolled along. The last cylinder was not covered straight and smooth like the rest, but the felting was put on in diamond shaped pieces with little spaces between, and this pressed out every wrinkle or crease that the sheet might have in it, and made it perfectly smooth. Here, too, all the rough edges were trimmed off, and the long strip of paper was wound into a great roll as large as the rolls of stair carpeting in a carpet store. It was perfectly even, and had a hole through the center so that it could be put upon a roller. The paper was made, and was ready now for the grocer's apprentice, or the machines that had superseded them, to work upon.

Up stairs were a dozen machines for making paper bags of different sizes. Only six of them were running, but on all of them the method of working was the same. The great rolls of paper that were made down stairs were brought up, and placed lengthwise upon a cylinder. When it was unrolled, it passed first under a plain cylinder to smooth it out, then under a cylinder with a wheel at one end, which revolved in a

little trough of paste, and ran along one edge of the paper, then under two small wheels, placed side by side, which rolled a pathway between them. A piece of iron on the machine kept the plain edge from falling on to the pasted edge, till the paper was properly creased, then it passed under two pieces of iron which folded it, then under another cylinder which pressed the edges together, then under the knife with edges notched like a saw, which cut the paper off into suitable lengths for a bag. Now we saw why the bags were notched at the bottom as well as at the top, because the same knife made every cut.

The bag was not done yet; the side only was pasted. It then ran under another cylinder which left a streak of paste across the bottom, which another roller folded and pressed together. Then it dropped down on a band which went round a great wheel, which dried it and smoothed it out, passed entirely round it, and dropped down in a little wooden trough on the other side of the machine.

All this was done very quickly, one bag following another as quickly as boys coast down hill in winter. Not a second passed from the time the paper passed under the first roller, till it dropped from the wheel a perfect bag. By the trough of each machine, sat two girls who caught the bags as they came out, looked at them, threw out the imperfect ones, and tied the others into bundles.

“How many do you put in a bundle?” we asked.

“A hundred.”

“But you do not count them; you could not count them so quickly.”

“No,” was the reply, “they count themselves. When a bag passes that place, this pointer moves a notch, and when a hundred have dropped down, this bell strikes, and we pick them up as fast as we can.”

So round went the wheel, and string after string of bags dropped down every minute, and so quickly was the process completed, that the bags were still warm when they were tied into bundles. When we expressed our surprise at the rapidity with which the bags were made, we were told that they were not running at full speed, but once when they were, they made three hundred and eighty-three bags in a minute, and more than two hundred thousand in one day.

In the middle of the room was a man weighing the bundles, for the bags are all sold by the pound. When weighed, they were carried on a truck to the further part of the room, where they were placed under a great screw to press them together as compactly as possible, and near this was an inclined plain which led to an open door, beneath which stood a wagon being loaded with bags:

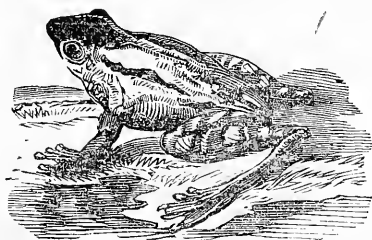
All about the floor near the machines, were lying bags which had

been rejected either because they had not been properly pasted, or because the paper was defective. The bad paper was picked up in great baskets, and carried down stairs to be made over again, and the imperfect bags were carried to the next room, where we followed them. There sat three girls with little pans of paste and brushes, and pasted all the places which the machine had skipped, for fingers can do more various and dainty work than any machine which man has yet invented, and can remedy many of the mistakes which his iron hands make.

Another girl was marking nicely folded and cut pieces of paper, with a stencil plate, to serve as labels to the bundles which we saw tied up in the other room. A little further off were two girls finishing the great square-bottomed bags which would hold many pounds; twenty weight of hominy or sugar, an eighth of a barrel of flour, and such heavy things. The bags were all cut out and pasted in another room, and brought here to be finished. The bottom was folded in a wooden machine, and pasted. The girls examined them, added a little more paste if they did not stick properly, and put them on a band which carried them over a wheel to dry.

In one corner of the room was a great tub, where the men came to fill their copper pails with the paste which was used in the bag machines, and a man was watching some new paste which was being stirred up for the busy steam engines down stairs, that cut up the cables, and tore them into shreds, steamed the pasteboard, ground up pulp, pressed out paper and made the bags, made the paste also, and was never tired. and never longed for the factory bell to ring, that it might stop work. And a huge tub of paste it was making now, slowly stirring it round to remove all the lumps, using half a barrel of flour at a time, and a whole barrel every day to satisfy the hungry machines in the next room.

E. C. F.



HINTS AND HELPS

For Boys and Girls.

No. 9. How to Do it.



THE great trouble with the exercises of composition and declamation is, that you young folks put off beginning work too long. Probably, as is the case in all schools of which I have any knowledge, you have a couple of week's notice of your future piece or composition. What do you do? Do you start at once on the work? Do you select a subject, and start to collect ideas immediately? Ah, sly ones that you are, very different indeed I take it, do most of you. Just listen, and see if I don't describe the scene to you exactly, — or indeed if not exact in every particular, yet correct in the main; see if I do not "hold the mirror up to nature." Scene, — the School Room. Teacher at his desk, — scholars *very* quiet and attentive, — waiting for remarks. Teacher rises with a paper in his hand, and begins, "The second division of girls and boys may have a composition a fortnight from to-day; and they may choose their subjects from this list I leave on the desk." (The list is as follows: 1. Luncheon Time. 2. The Temperance Question. 3. White Lies. 4. Trust, in Money and Morals. 5. Dancing.) Teacher sits. Second division mentally exclaims, with one unanimous long-drawn sigh, "oh dear!" and study follows.

For the next week no more is thought of the composition, or if anything is thought, it is likely enough, "that composition don't come till next week. Time enough."

Next week comes; the days go by, and the scene opens on the day previous to the call for compositions. It is evening, and the pupil is at the table with pen and paper. The soliloquy is this: "Oh! well, here I am. Composition must be written. What about? let's see, — 'Luncheon Time,' I don't know anything about that. 'The Temperance Question,' I don't care anything about that; 'White Lies,' that's too sober; 'Trust,' the minister may have that. 'Dancing,' let's see dancing. I'll try that."

DANCING.

Dancing is a very fine exercise. I think that — dancing is a — a — dancing is a —

"Oh dear, that won't do. I can't write on that. What hard subjects teachers do give." Door opens. Enter a friend. "Ah, Winn! I

forgot all about my composition, when I promised to go with you. But never mind, I can write it after I get back."

An hour later the same scene is re-enacted, only more prolonged. The subject is finally selected, and a few scattered thoughts are put on paper, the writing being so carefully managed that four long, and five short words will fill out a line, and every advantage possible being taken of spaces, edges, and so forth, in order to make the fewest words possible cover the largest space; this being done, the composition is finished. No revisions, no examination, — the task is off the pupil's hands, and he breathes easily.

Next day, with the air of a conqueror, this paper is handed to the desk, and thanks are sent to the stars that "the horrid thing is done with."

I won't follow the composition further, nor lengthily show you how a teacher regards such work. But the scholar may be heard continually exclaiming, "I don't see what good compositions do. I don't improve any. The teacher marks them all just the same, and I can't see any use of them."

Ah, my young friend, if you would take the proper course, you would soon see the use of it all, and that too so clearly as to astonish you.

Let's see how we would do it. Subjects are announced; you select one which is the most suggestive to you. You think of it daily in your leisure hours. You arrange your thoughts in your mind, and pin them there, welcoming every new comer with gladness and a smile. This for some few days. Meanwhile if the library is handy, or books can be got at, you take a half hour to look up something about it. You talk about it to your parents, and you think and sift your ideas till you really have formed some opinion about it, even though you had none at all to begin with. This for a week perhaps, at odd intervals.

So far there has been no labor; all has been easy, and seemingly of little use. Now begins the work. At an early opportunity, take pencil and paper, and sketch the beginning of half a dozen, or all of your ideas. Just begin the sentence, which is to convey the idea. See if these fit together; see if the order is the best and clearest. Tear up the paper, and the next day try it again, filling out the sentences a little more, and clearing up all fog in the thought and order.

Then take pencil and paper and amplify, or fill out. Write it out very fully, expressing every idea you have at length, and then tear it up. Is this long? It takes but a few minutes, and if you would make it so, it might be a real recreation to fill out the long dull hours, in which you doze and wish it were bed-time. It is but a little work too, if you try it calmly.

Now for the home stretch. With pen and ink, carefully state your thoughts, endeavoring to unite clearness with brevity. Then examine carefully, correct errors of spelling, — be sure and look up any word of which there is the least doubt, — of grammar and of thought. Copy once more if need be, and then pass it to the teacher. When the teacher corrects it, examine carefully the errors, and resolve in your heart, "I will never make *those* blunders again. Blunders I may make, but they shall be other than these, for these I see corrected now and forever."

Such a method as this, pursued conscientiously half a dozen times, would relieve composition writing forever of its tediousness. Let us see, if you have a composition once in two weeks, you have perhaps twenty in a year; and if your course is four years, you have eighty in all. We will call it fifty. Now is n't it worth while to work hard on the first dozen of that fifty, for the sake of having the last thirty-eight come easily?

Now I don't encourage you in stopping the labor, after the first dozen are written. I rather mean to encourage you in the labor by showing that after the first dozen it will be a labor of ease, and a labor of love. The cause of the failure to improve in the first case is, that there's no foundation to improve on. The pupil has nothing to say, and says it every time. What chance is there for progress. In the second case, no matter how simple may be the thoughts, they are real, and momentous to the writer, and on such a foundation something can be built. It is practice, practice, that makes perfect. but practice in seeing how little you can do, and not get scolded, is very different from practice to see how much you can do.

The latter does make perfect, the former not only does not improve the writer, but positively injures him. Is all this too deep for you? No, indeed it is in reality as simple as can be, and you will see it so, if you really are one of those whom I addressed in my earlier papers, who truly desire to improve.

Have you followed me all through to the present month? Read the other articles once more, and then tell me if I have not gradually led you along to the present time, step by step. Have I asked anything impossible to do?

Well then, now try this for a few times. If you have any questions to ask about your subjects or about anything connected with these articles, write me a letter, in the care of the editor of the *Schoolmate*, and you shall be promptly answered. So much for the *How-to-do-it* of the thought. Now, briefly as to the *How-to-do-it* of the mechanical part.

I presume most of you are not so fortunate as to have your composi-

tion paper furnished you. Some schools have their paper cut for them, and ruled to order, and printed at the head of the page, the name of the school. On the back, sometimes is printed the date and the town.

The paper you use, I presume, is required by your teacher to be always of the same size, and the same used by each pupil.

Presuming that to be so, as far as the mechanical part goes, let me give you a few rules. 1st. Put the subject on the first line in the middle. 2d. Begin your first line about an inch and a half from the left hand edge of the paper. 3d. Let the first word of every line be about a half an inch from the edge of the paper. 4th. When you have ended one sentence, put a dot, and leave about an inch, — some leave more, — before you begin the next sentence, which begins, of course, with a capital. 5th. If you use note paper, fold once the long way. If large sized paper, twice the short way.

This rule is not arbitrary, of course, but to teachers this is the most convenient way.

6th. On the centre fold of the large sheet, outside, and on the fold nearest the doubling of the note sheets write, near the top, 1st, your name; 2d, the date; 3d, the subject. 7th. Scratch out all blots, and keep the paper clean. Write carefully, and look out for spelling, capitals, and punctuation. 8th. Never tear up your compositions till you leave school, and then you won't wish to. 9th. Be sure and examine and understand the teacher's corrections. The teacher is *always* ready to tell you the why and wherefore of everything he marks.

Paul North.



THE WONDERFUL RING.



HERE was once a young girl who, when she was twelve years old, had the misfortune to lose both her father and mother. Now her parents, though very worthy people, left little or no money, and Barbara would have been obliged to go to the alms-house, if her mother's sister had not come forward, and agreed to take her home with her. So Barbara found a home, but nevertheless she was not so fortunate as one might suppose, for her aunt had very little charity in her heart, and only took her because she thought she could make her more than pay her expenses by her work.

This aunt was a widow, and owned a large farm which she carried on herself, and as it was very productive, it yielded her a very good living.

But, besides this, she had money in the bank, and was very well to do. As soon as Barbara came into the house, she dismissed one of her servants, and put Barbara in her place.

"Am I not going to school, aunt?" asked Barbara, sadly, for she was very fond of learning.

"No," said her aunt, harshly. "I am surprised that you should so much as think of it. You have no money, and I expect you to pay your expenses by your labor."

So, early and late, Barbara was compelled to work. At five o'clock in the summer, and six in the winter, she must go out to the barn, and help milk the cows. Then she must wash the breakfast dishes, and bring in wood and water. In fact, it would take up a page if I should tell you all the things that poor Barbara was obliged by her harsh aunt to do. And with all this, she fared very poorly. Her aunt was mean, and provided very poor fare for her servants, though she and her daughter had savory dishes prepared expressly for them. Then, too, Barbara had no clothing, except the torn calico dress which she wore about her work.

"I wish I could go to church, aunt," she said one Sunday morning, when she saw her aunt and cousin starting out, both nicely dressed.

"Well, you can go, if you like."

"But I don't look fit," said poor Barbara, "in this miserable dress."

"Then stay at home," said her aunt, harshly. "You need n't expect any other dress till that is worn out. You had better make up your mind to that."

Barbara went back into the house sighing, for when her mother had been alive, she had always accompanied her to church.

I have forgotten to say that Barbara was very pretty, and her beauty kept increasing, till when she was fifteen, there were few who could compare with her, only she was so poorly dressed, that it was not noticed as much as it would have been under other circumstances. Sophia, her cousin, on the contrary, was very homely, and as ugly in disposition as in looks. She never lost a chance to taunt Barbara with her poverty and dependent position, which was certainly far from generous.

"If it were not for my mother you would be in the poor-house, you beggar," she would often say, scornfully.

"No," said Barbara, "I could earn my own living."

"Does n't my mother support you, I should like to know."

"And I more than pay her with my work for all she does for me," said Barbara, with spirit.

"I've a great mind to tell mother what you say, you saucebox."

"Tell her if you like."

"She may send you away."

"I should n't care much," said Barbara. "I could n't be much worse off."

Sophia told her mother all that her cousin had said. Her mother was angry, but had no thoughts of sending her away, finding her too useful. She contented herself with giving her a severe scolding, to which Barbara by this time was pretty well accustomed.

As for Sophia she was required to do nothing except go to school, or play on the piano. Barbara could not help envying her sometimes, when she was in the yard splitting wood, with her miserable faded dress, seeing her cousin walking by, dressed in silk, with her head high, and never deigning to look at one whom, though so nearly related, she looked upon merely as her mother's drudge.

So things went on till Barbara had been four years with her aunt, and as she was twelve years old when she went there, of course she was now sixteen, her cousin being a few months older. Then an incident took place which had a great effect upon Barbara's fortunes.

Sophia was one day returning home from a walk, when a frog hopped out from the margin of a pond which skirted the road. It hopped to her feet, and in a hoarse voice cried, "Kiss me quick, kiss me quick!"

"Was there ever such impudence!" exclaimed Sophia disdainfully. "Kiss you quick, indeed, you nasty frog. Don't think I'll demean myself by doing anything of the kind."

"Do kiss me," said the frog, urgently. "You don't know what a service you will do me."

"Then I'll let you know what service I will do you," said Sophia, irritated, and she drew back her foot, with the intention of kicking him into the pond, but the frog divined her intention, and hopped nimbly on one side, so that the unfeeling girl, instead of hitting him, struck her foot against a stone which hurt her considerably, and, as you may guess, did not improve her temper much.

She returned home quite sulky, but did not mention her adventure.

It so happened that Barbara was sent by her aunt on an errand, and passed by the pond about an hour later. The frog hopped out to her feet also, and looking up in her face, cried as before, "Kiss me quick, kiss me quick!"

Barbara was considerably surprised at these words, never before having known that frogs possessed the power of speech.

While she was hesitating, the frog spoke again, saying in a voice of entreaty, "Won't you kiss me?"

"Why should I kiss you?" asked Barbara, in some curiosity.

"You would do me a very great service if you would," said the frog.

"If it will do you a service, I will not refuse," said Barbara, who was very kind-hearted and obliging, and she took the frog in her hand, wet as he was, and pressed her lips to his dark and wrinkled back.

No sooner had she done so than a wonderful change came over the frog. He jumped from her hand, and before she had time to recover from her surprise, a handsome young prince stood before her.

"I see you are surprised, fair maiden," he said with a smile, "but you must know that I am a prince, the son of a powerful king, and that I was transformed to a frog by a wicked sorcerer who had a spite against my father. I was doomed to wear this repulsive shape, until some maiden should voluntarily kiss me. The sorcerer thought that no one would ever consent to do it, and that I should always remain a frog. But you have broken the enchantment, and have laid me under the greatest obligations. Tell me what I can do for you."

"I am glad to have obliged you," said Barbara, "but it cost me nothing, and I do not require to be paid."

"Nevertheless I must reward you," said the prince. "Take this ring," and he took one from his finger, "and wear it till I come back and claim it; I suppose you see nothing peculiar about it."

It was a very plain gold ring, without stone of any kind, and Barbara was forced to acknowledge that she saw nothing singular about it.

"Yet," said the prince, "it has this wonderful property, that whoever wears it has only to form a wish when the clock is striking six, and the wish will be granted. I will give you the ring, and I am sure you will find it of service."

Barbara thanked him earnestly, and kept on her way. When she got back she was severely scolded by her aunt for her delay, but she did not explain how she had been detained. Neither did she keep the ring on her finger, lest her aunt or cousin might see it, and take it away from her, which would have been very apt to happen.

She tried to be within hearing of the clock that night when it struck six, but could not manage it. The next morning too, she was out milking at that time. So, she did not have an opportunity of testing the powers of her ring. The second morning, however, she determined not to be disappointed, and got up half an hour earlier than usual, so that the cows were all milked by quarter of six, and she was in her room when the clock struck the hour.

"I should like a purse of five hundred dollars," wished Barbara, as the clock was striking.

No sooner was the wish formed than she felt a heavy weight in her pocket, and putting in her hand, she drew out a silk purse filled with gold pieces. You can imagine how joyful the poor girl was when she saw what seemed to her such great riches. She kept six pieces, and, carrying the rest away, hid it in her trunk. She then went down stairs about her work, thinking that she would go to the village store, as soon as she had an opportunity, and buy some material for clothing, for she was quite ashamed of her appearance, and knew that her aunt would buy her nothing.

It was not easy for Barbara to get away unobserved, but it so happened that her aunt went out to make a call, that afternoon, and Barbara immediately improved the chance by running to the store.

She bought some silk for a dress, some new shoes, a new bonnet, and a variety of other articles such as she needed, and then hurried over to the shop of the dressmaker, to whom she intrusted the articles, requesting her to measure her, and make up the garments, promising to pay her whatever she might ask.

This the dressmaker promised to do, and being very discreet, did not even ask her any questions about where she got such nice things, though to tell the truth, she was not a little puzzled and curious about it.

Barbara now went home, and fortunately arrived without her absence having been detected by her aunt, or cousin.

I have already said that her aunt was mean, though she was willing to buy nice things for her daughter. But Sophia, who was vain and extravagant, wanted more than her mother was willing to give her, and determined that in some way or other she would buy a new bonnet which her mother had refused her. She knew that her mother kept a considerable quantity of gold in the house somewhere, and she had selected this very afternoon, during her mother's absence, for a search. Finally she found one of her mother's hoards, and helped herself to several pieces of gold, which she carefully secreted, intending to use them as soon as she dared, trusting that her mother would not discover her loss for some time.

But her mother was in the habit of counting over her gold every day or two, taking a great deal of pleasure, as most misers do, in the sight of her hoards. She knew exactly how much she had, and when, that evening, she went to the drawer, she detected the loss at once. She was in a state of great excitement, and at once went to Sophia's room.

"Have you been to my drawer, Sophia?" she asked sternly.

"No," said the daughter, indifferently. "What makes you ask?"

"Because somebody has robbed me of six pieces of gold."

"Why should I? You had better search Barbara's pockets. I never thought she was particularly honest."

"True," said her mother, who was always ready to believe anything bad of poor Barbara. "I will go at once."

She went to the attic chamber, where Barbara slept. Her niece was fast asleep, for although the bed was far from down, she worked so hard during the day, that even her uncomfortable pallet could not drive away sleep from her weary eyelids.

Her wretched calico dress was hung over a chair. Her aunt thrust her hand into the pocket, and to her great exultation, drew out a piece of gold. It happened that Barbara had not expended the whole that she had taken, and this one piece was left.

"The trollop!" thought her aunt. "So she is the thief. Now what has she done with the rest of the money I wonder?"

Six pieces were gone from her board, and this one piece was all she could find in her niece's pocket.

She went to the bed, and shook her roughly.

"Wake up, Barbara," she cried.

"You here, aunt!" said Barbara, opening her eyes at length. "What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," was the reply. "You have been at my drawers."

"No, I have not," said Barbara.

"Do you mean to say you have n't stolen some of my money?" demanded her aunt.

"I have not," said Barbara, firmly.

"What does this mean, then?" asked her aunt, displaying the gold piece. "I found it in your pocket, just now."

"It is mine," said Barbara, calmly.

"Yours," screamed her aunt, shaking her furiously. "Was there ever such unblushing impudence?"

"You may believe me or not, aunt," said Barbara, "but that gold piece never belonged to you. It is mine."

"Where did you get it then?"

"That I cannot tell," said Barbara, unwilling to reveal the secret of the ring.

"But I can," said her aunt. "I can tell to my cost. Where are the other five pieces that you stole?"

"I have stolen none," said her niece, proudly. "I should be ashamed to steal."

"You are not ashamed to tell lies, at all events," said her aunt. "I will leave you to-night, but in the morning, unless you make a full

confession, and restore all you have taken, I will have you put in prison."

So saying she left the room, and Barbara, though perplexed at her aunt's discovery, for she was not aware of her loss, was too tired to keep long awake, soon fell sound asleep.

Thinking that the remaining pieces of gold might be in Barbara's trunk, her aunt eagerly searched it, and to her unbounded astonishment discovered the purse containing, not five pieces of gold, but fifty. Her avarice was kindled, and though she knew that it was not hers, she resolved to take it, pretending that it had been stolen from her, and the better to make this appear, she lodged a complaint against Barbara, who weeping bitterly, was conducted to prison the next morning, and confined in the dark cell. Her cruel aunt cared little for her fate as long as she kept the gold.

Barbara felt very badly as she threw herself back on the hard pallet in her prison cell, but all at once she thought of her ring which she still retained, and took courage. The next morning as the clock in the court struck six, she wished that she might be transported to the distance of a hundred miles. All at once the cell disappeared, and she found herself in a green meadow dotted with flowers. It was a delightful change. She gathered a handful of flowers and walked on till she came to a little cottage where an old woman sat spinning. She felt hungry, and wished to buy something to eat, but feeling in her pocket, found that she had no money, her aunt having robbed her of all her gold.

"Mother," she said to the old woman, "can you give me some breakfast?"

"I am very poor, my daughter," said the old woman, "and have to spin all day to buy a little bread for myself and my son, who is a cripple and unable to walk."

"If you will give me a little breakfast," said Barbara, "and some dinner bye and bye, I will give you a gold piece before I go to bed."

"Willingly," said the old woman, "if you speak the truth, but you do not look as if you dealt in gold."

"Nevertheless trust me, and you shall be satisfied," said Barbara.

"That I will, for you look too honest to cheat a poor old woman."

Then she rose from her spinning wheel, and going to the pantry brought out a loaf, from which she cut two thick slices and gave them to Barbara, who ate them with an appetite. She remained with the old woman through the day, and assisted her in her labor. But when six o'clock came, she wished for a hundred gold pieces, and handsome attire. Of course her wish was granted.

"Where did you get this fine dress," asked the old woman in surprise.

"From a friend," said Barbara, smiling. "From the same, too, I got a supply of money, and now I am going to pay you for your kindness."

So saying, she took out ten pieces of gold and gave them to the old woman, who wept for joy, never having had so much money before in all her life.

"I should have to work six months to get so much money," she said, "Now I can get some comforts for my son."

Barbara took leave of her the next day, and proceeded on her journey. She had not gone far when she came to a man in the dress of a servant, who was sitting by the roadside weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter?" asked Barbara.

"Matter enough!" said he. "My poor master, Prince Hassan, who was making a tour through this country with me as his sole attendant, has been seized by a gang of robbers who have sworn to kill him, unless before three days are past, I bring as his ransom, three bags of gold."

"And what will you do?"

"I do not know. I know not where to get the gold, as it is twenty day's journey to the court of the king, my young master's father, and I doubt if he has so much in his treasury, even if I were to reach him in season. So I fear my poor master will be killed," and the faithful servant broke into fresh lamentations.

"What sort of a man is the prince, your master?" asked Barbara.

"He is the handsomest and best prince in the world," said the servant. "He has not his equal anywhere."

"Then it is a great pity any harm should come to him," said Barbara. "Since he is as you say, I must help him."

"I don't see how you can help him, unless you have money for his ransom."

"That I have not, but I will deliver him, nevertheless. Come to me at the hotel in the village yonder this evening at seven o'clock, and you shall see him."

The servant listened to her words with amazement, and knew not whether to think she spoke in earnest, but because he knew of nothing else to do, he promised to come as directed.

At six o'clock, Barbara, having previously secured a room at the inn, wished that the prince might appear before her. Immediately there appeared a very handsome young man, who regarded her with astonishment.

"Where am I?" he asked. "A moment since, I was in a robber's den, and now I find myself in the presence of a very charming young lady."

“You need fear the robbers no longer, prince,” said Barbara. “You are delivered from them.”

“And am I indebted to you for my deliverance, fair maiden?” asked the prince.

“I am glad to have been of service to you,” said Barbara.

When the prince’s servant came to the inn an hour later, he was surprised to find his master safe, and partaking of a comfortable supper, with Barbara seated opposite him.

They remained at the hotel a week, during which time Prince Hassan fell in love with Barbara, and sought her hand in marriage. Barbara, who was no less attached to the prince, signified her consent, but stipulated that the marriage should take place at her castle.

“Where is your castle?” asked the prince.

“Ask me to-morrow,” said Barbara, smiling.

That night she put a sleeping potion into the wine of the prince and his attendant, and the next morning wished for a beautiful castle, handsomely furnished, and well supplied with servants, and that she with the prince and his follower might be immediately transported thither.

Great was the surprise of the prince when, on awaking, he found himself in a tapestried chamber, splendidly furnished. A servant knocked at the door, and informed him that breakfast awaited him. Having attired himself, he was conducted to a splendid banqueting room, where Barbara awaited him, sitting at the head of a table bountifully supplied with delicacies.

“Welcome to my castle, prince,” she said.

“But how was I brought here?” asked the prince, bewildered.

“That is my secret,” she said, smiling.

After breakfast, she conducted the prince over the castle, which he could not help acknowledging was superior in granduer to any of his royal father’s palaces. In a few days they were married, and proceeded at once to the court, where Barbara, now the princess Barbara, was received with great, and long-continued festivities. When the king died Hassan reigned in his place, and Barbara became queen, and both lived long and happily. As for the wicked aunt and cousin, they became very poor after a time, their house being entered by burglars, who carried off all the valuables they could find. No one pitied them, for they had always been selfish and uncharitable.

O. Augusta Cheney.





OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST GLORY.

THE true¹ glory¹ of a nation³ is in an intelligent¹, honest¹, industrious¹ Christian¹ people¹.

The civilization¹ of a people depends on their individual character¹; and a constitution¹ which is not the outgrowth of this character³ is not worth the parchment¹ on which it is written. You look in vain in the past, for a single instance¹ where the people have preserved their liberties³, after their individual character¹ was lost. It is not³ in the magnificence⁷ of its palaces⁷, — not³ in the beautiful¹ creations¹ of art¹ lavished on its public¹⁶ edifices¹⁶, — not in costly¹⁶ libraries¹⁶ and galleries¹⁶ of pictures¹⁶, — not in the number¹ or wealth¹ of its cities³, that we find pledges⁵ of a nation's⁵ glory⁵. The ruler may gather¹ around¹ him the treasures⁷ of the world⁷, amid a brutalized⁹ people⁹; the senate-chamber may retain its faultless³ proportions long after the voice of patriotism¹ is hushed¹⁰ within its walls¹⁰; the monumental marble may commemorate a glory⁵ which has forever⁹ departed⁹. Art¹ and letters¹ may bring no lesson¹ to a people³ whose heart¹ is dead.

The TRUE⁷ GLORY⁷ of a NATION⁷ is in the living⁵ temple⁵ of a loyal⁵, industrious⁵, and upright⁵ people⁵. The busy⁴ click⁴ of machinery⁴, — the merry⁴ ring⁴ of the anvil⁴, — the lowing¹⁶ of peaceful¹⁶ herds¹⁶, and the song¹ of the harvest¹-home¹, are sweeter music than pœans¹⁶ of departed⁹ glory⁹, or songs of triumph¹⁰ in war. The vine-clad cottage¹⁸ of the hill-side¹⁸, the cabin¹⁸ of the woodsman¹⁸, and the rural¹⁸ home¹⁸ of the farmer¹⁸ are the true³ citadels³ of any country⁷. There is a dignity⁵ in honest¹ toil¹ which belongs *not*¹ to the display¹ of wealth¹ or the luxury¹ of fashion¹. The man who drives the plough¹⁶, or swings his axe¹ in the forest¹⁶, or with cunning fingers plies¹ the tools¹ of his craft¹, is as truly the servant of his country³, as the statesman in the senate⁹ or the soldier¹ in battle¹. The safety of a nation depends not alone on the wisdom of its *statesmen* or the bravery of its *generals*. The tongue of eloquence³ never saved a nation tottering¹ to its fall¹, the sword of a warrior never stayed¹⁰ its destruction¹⁰. There is a surer defence in every *Christian home*. I say *Christian*³ home, for I know of no glory⁵ to manhood⁵ which comes not from the cross⁵. I know of no rights

wrung¹ from tyranny, no truth rescued¹ from darkness and bigotry¹, which has not waited on a *Christian³ civilization³*.

Would you see the image of *true⁵ GLORY⁵*, I would show you villages⁹, where the *crown⁵* and *glory⁵* of the PEOPLE was in CHRISTIAN¹⁶ SCHOOLS¹⁶, where the voice of prayer⁵ goes heaven¹⁵-ward, where the people have that most priceless gift⁵ — faith in God¹⁵. With this as the *basis⁶*, and leavened as it will be in with brotherly *love³* there will be no danger in grappling with *any evils³* which exist in our midst; we shall feel that we may *work¹* and *bide our time*, and die knowing that God¹⁷ will bring victory¹¹.

Bishop Whipple.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

THE BENEVOLENT MAN.

CHARACTERS. ARTEMUS RICHMUD, a fortunate heir; MARK, his clerk.

SCENE.—*A Counting-Room.*

Mr. Artemus Richmud. A hundred thousand dollars! Well, that sounds good, especially to one who has been glad to get a living by the sweat of his brow. A hundred thousand dollars! That means an income of at least six thousand per annum. Six thousand per annum! Just think of it! Brow, you shan't sweat any longer. This letter says my uncle Jedidiah Jenkins died last Monday and left me all his money. Kind old uncle! On the whole, rich relations are far preferable to poor ones. Now a poor uncle never would have treated me so handsomely. I can do lots of things now, plenty of money. I will get up a reputation for benevolence. Mark, if any one calls to solicit charity, you can admit them. I am not afraid of them now.

Mark. All right, sir, you will have plenty of visitors when they find out how much money you've got. I see a man coming towards the store now, he looks like one of them begging chaps.

Richmud. Mark, I shall have to spend a part of my fortune in sending you to a grammar school. Ah, good morning, sir. Walk in.

(Enter MR. WILEY.)

Wiley. Good morning sir. I come to you on an errand of mercy, knowing the largeness of your heart, and your benevolent disposition. A woman with five children is entirely out of flour, and I trust you will subscribe a trifle towards buying a barrel. I am sorry to trouble you on such matters, but as I said before, you have such a reputation for benevolence that I could not forbear coming.

Richmud. Not any trouble, sir, I assure you. It gives me great pleasure to say that I have just received news which will enable me to be much more liberal than I have been before. An aged uncle has deceased, and I am sole heir.

Wiley. I congratulate you, my dear sir. Such a warm heart as you possess, deserves being remembered. I should have mentioned that this needy woman is also out of bacon, apples and salt pork.

Richmud. How sad. I will pay for the flour myself. Mark, hand this gentleman twelve dollars from the cash drawer. Sir, it gives me unalloyed pleasure to relieve the wants of the widow and fatherless. Call again and see me.

Wiley (aside.) I did n't say she was a widow. It's my wife, but she is actually out of flour and the other things, and needs 'em badly. (*Aloud.*) Your kindness will never be forgotten. The woman you have so generously assisted will remember you in her prayers, and the good deed you have this day done, will illumine your path to Heaven. Kind sir, adieu. (*Exit.*)

Richmud. There's gratitude. No humbug about him. Mark, grow up like that man, a friend to the friendless. I've a good mind to call him back, and pay for the bacon and eggs or whatever else the poor woman is destitute of. What a good man to devote his time to such objects. Oh, what a grand thing it is to be able to be charitable. Mark, if you ever grow rich, spend your money in charity.

Mark. Yes sir, but I am afraid I shall not get very rich on five dollars a week; think I can do better by going into the begging business. Here comes a woman, shall I let her in?

Richmud. By all means. Female distress should be relieved at any sacrifice. Admit her.

(Enter MISS GRABLEY.)

Miss Grabley. Is this Mr. Richmud?

Richmud. It is, Madam.

Miss G. I was told what a kind heart you possessed, and so I came to ask your aid. I am, as you see, not rich in this world's goods. A

widowed aunt, and a destitute uncle are dependent upon me for their daily bread. I have lately discovered that I am eminently fitted for an elocutionist and public reader, and propose to give readings in Shakespeare, Saxe, Emerson and Baxter's Call; but I am sorry to say, kind sir, that I have a large bald place on the top of my head, wholly disqualifying me from appearing well before an intelligent audience, especially those who had seats in the gallery. I want to get a new wig, a new gossamer wig of elegant make, and it will cost me seventy dollars. Will you head the list with twenty-five?

Richmud. What may I call your name?

Miss G. Grabley — quite an old aristocratic name; you have doubtless heard of the Grableys of London? Well sir, I am descended directly from that illustrious family. They were a very literary people, one of them wrote a book on the "*Importance of the Human Race*," said to be a work of great research.

Richmud. Miss Grabley, it gives me great pleasure to meet you, and still more pleasure to be able to make you careless and happy, instead of hairless and cappy. Mark, hand this lady twenty-five dollars, and put it down under the head of *Ch-hair-ity*.

Miss G. Generous benefactor, farewell! Your kindness I will never forget. Adieu. (*Exit Miss Grabley.*)

Richmud. So they come and go. Well, I am glad of it. Why not cast some bread upon the waters? It will all come back again. I shall soon gain a reputation for charity and benevolence, so that when I die, some one will write my life and adventures, with extracts from my letters in it, and exhortations to all young men to grow up and be like me. Mark, open the door, I hear a footstep.

(*Enter MR. ABIJAH SPITJINKS.*)

Spitjinks. Mr. Richmud, I am glad to see you. My name is Spitjinks, Abijah Spitjinks of North Sloshtown, a great grandson of the Rev. Shimei Spitjinks, pastor for forty-two years of the North Sloshtown meeting-house. I am also descended from another minister on my mother's side. I mention these facts so that you may know you are dealing with an honest man. Allow me to seat myself, and I will explain the cause of my present visit.

Richmud. Certainly sir, take this arm-chair. Allow me to take your hat. Glad to see you, Mr. Spit — Spit — what may I call your name, sir?

Spitjinks. Spitjinks — Abijah Spitjinks, sir. A difficult name to write, sir, but it's euphonious, and that's why I like it. But to busi-

ness. I called to obtain assistance, not as a beggar, but as one who is gifted with rare inventive genius, yet is crippled by want of funds. I have recently discovered what will make me independent, yes, a millionaire in a few years. It is an invention which will send joy to every woman's heart, and make the kitchen a paradise.

Richmud. Indeed! what can it be?

Spitjinks. I have named it *Spitjink's Patent Self-Acting Acrobatic Flap-jack Powder*," and it is intended to work a revolution in cooking, such as never has been known before.

Richmud. Flap-jack powder! Please explain.

Spitjinks. It is a powder, sir, which I sat up nights to invent. I burned gallons of midnight oil, and scratched my head nearly bare before I arrived at what I now rejoice over. It is a powder which is to be inserted in the flap-jack when it is made, mixed in with the dough. In two minutes after the flap-jack is on the griddle, just when it is brown enough, the powder turns the flap-jack completely over, thus saving the cook a heap of trouble. By this means, the griddle-cakes are done "to a turn," ensuring health and happiness to all who eat 'em.

Richmud. You consider it a complete success then?

Spitjinks. Not exactly complete, but I shall soon make it so. Just now there is a defect in it, a simple defect, yet it must be remedied in some way. It is this — the powder has the same effect on the human stomach, that it has on the flap-jacks.

Richmud. Turns it, eh?

Spitjinks. Completely. But I can soon remedy that. All I want is the money to put up my machinery, and buy the materials. If you will advance one hundred dollars, I will give you my note for it, payable in sixty days, either in cash, or the Acrobatic Flap-jack Powder.

Richmud. I always like to encourage genius, and as one good turn deserves another, I will lend you the sum you ask for, and take your note payable in sixty days.

Spitjinks. In cash, or the patent powder?

Richmud. I think I prefer cash. I use rather more of that than I do slap-jack powder. Mark, pay this gentleman one hundred dollars, and take his note of hand for the amount.

Spitjinks (grasping Richmud's hand.) Sir, I am ready to weep for joy. Your kindness is too much. How can I ever repay you?

Richmud. By the profits of your fritter powder, I hope.

Spitjinks. I hope so, Mr. Richmud, I hope so, but whether I do or not, you will ever be held by me in grateful remembrance. Such men

as you, are very scarce in this selfish world, very scarce; would that there were more of them.

Richmud. We should all help each other while we can.

Spitjinks. Yes sir, you are right, and on that very account, I am going to distribute two hundred and fifty pounds of my flap-jack powder among the poor and destitute of this town, just as soon as I can see my way clear. Won't that be doing the square thing? I reckon 't will. It's a good deal to give away, but I am going to do it just as soon as I can see my way clear. I learned that much when I went to the North Sloshtown meeting-house, where my great grandfather, the Rev. Shimei Spitjinks, used to preach before I was born. Good bye, Mr. Richmud, I'm everlastingly obliged to you for giving me this lift; you have done me a good turn, almost as good as the turn my powder gives the flap-jacks. Good day. (*Exit Spitjinks.*)

Richmud. Mark, how much money is there left in the drawer?

Mark (*taking the drawer out, and turning it upside down.*) Very little, sir.

Richmud. What! Is there nothing left?

Mark. Yes sir, something, here is a counterfeit quarter sticking in a crack.

Richmud. Why! there was nearly one hundred and forty dollars when we opened store this morning.

Mark. All gone now, sir. Shall I throw the drawer away?

Richmud. One hundred and forty dollars in one day! Why that is, let me see, (*takes out pencil and figures*) fifty-one thousand one hundred dollars a year! and my income will be six thousand. Whew! That would be encroaching on my capital, would n't it? Can't do that. Mark, if you see a beggar coming, lock the door, and put your foot against it. In trying to relieve these beggars I shall beggar myself. Mark, you have been a good and faithful boy, hereafter you may draw at the rate of ten dollars a week. I will give my money where I know it will be of real good, and not distribute it among swindlers and knaves. I will strive to bear in mind the wise adage, "*Be just before you're generous.*"

William L. Williams.





THE full-page picture tells its own story. No reader of the *Schoolmate* but will see that there is fun ahead. Every countenance indicates this, and it is our New Year's wish that all our patrons may have a cheerful look ahead, and realize their best wishes as they journey on through life. Joy and sorrow are the ingredients which mix in every one's cup, in some more of the former, but in the vast majority of cases, the greater proportion is of the latter. But life is much as we make it. If we have a cheerful look ahead, we can bear pecuniary disappointments, yea, even loss of friends without a murmur. The loss of friends may be through their death or by their desertion when friends are of the greatest value. Still, under any circumstances some *true* friends will remain to one, whatever discouragements may surround him. Cling to such, as above all price, and God will right all in due time.

The New Year is a fitting time to reflect on the "Hide and Seek" of life, and to consider that no life is *all* sunshine or *all* shadow, but that each day fulfils its round, scattering blessings on mankind in either case. Have you joys — cherish them; Have you sorrows — bear them cheerfully, and they will be lighter. Be cheerful, be happy, and thus be a blessing to others, and enjoyment to yourself. Never borrow trouble, but when it comes, lighten its burdens by a cheerful disposition.

Thus may each year be brighter than the last. Thus may this new year open to our thousands of readers, and may our monthly visits always bring joy to the households where we have so long been welcomed, as well as to those who reckon us as among their newest friends. We shall hope to so conduct our work the present year as to meet their approval, and retain their friendship and support.

The volume for 1869 is now ready, beautifully bound in cloth with gilt back. This volume contains the story of *Rough and Ready entire*, together with much other valuable reading. It will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of \$2.00. *Renewing subscribers* can exchange, on payment of fifty cents for binding, and thirty cents for postage, *if their numbers are clean and in perfect order*. Otherwise we will bind them at the price named above. No cheaper book is published. Six hundred pages, containing interesting reading and a continued story by the best of juvenile writers, cannot often be had at so low a price.

A list of prizes will be found in our advertising pages, which it will be well for our young readers to profit by. When a magazine is mailed in the name of a parent, it should be stated when the article is sent in, the name of writer and parent being both given in full. Let there be fair play, and if the article is written unaided, no one will be wronged.

We would call especial attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. of Boston, and C. H. Ditson & Co. of New York, which appears in the proper place. This establishment is well known from its long standing and high character, and we heartily commend it to all lovers of music, or persons in want of music or musical instruments.



1. **Alphabetus.**

Of our party, some were playing billiards, some were spectators, when "loud and sudden there was heard" — well, nothing, only my 4th raised a cry of chagrin because, as we learned afterward, he had broken my whole: this made my 1st pale with fright; yea, even my 2d rose to his feet with an unusual celerity; my 3d meant to do the same, but was too tired. What could my whole have been?

RICHDORE.

Anagrams.

2. O! let me sit. 4. To tear fun.
3. Sour teacher. 5. Ripen tent.

HAUTOY.

Transpositions of Counties in Texas.

6. Ana, leg in. 7. Earth. 8. Man heard.
9. I, Old hag. CHEESE KURD.

Riddles.

10. T. E. U. N. N. O. C. C. C. T. I
With these letters form a river of New England.

11. H. G. O. N. N. T. W. I. A. S.
Placed aright, these letters show the Capital of a great nation. RICHDORE.

Fruit Mystification.

12. "Yes," said the teacher, "rye can be made into whiskey."

13. We had a big gale Monday.

14. If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

15. We feared a tempest was coming.

16. "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

17. "So live that when thy summons comes."

18. I looked in the well and saw at the bottom a toad. WILLIAM.

Divisions.

19. Sever a minute animal, and you'll find a preposition and a body of men.

20. A piece of timber is composed of two parts of the same verb, when rightly divided.

21. The verb "to contract" can be separated into an animal and a part of that animal.

22. A small cask contains a tree and a human being. RICHDORE.

Blanks.

Fill the blanks with words in italics.

23. We found *pure* gold in _____

24. Who *shot* the _____

25. The *scow* was full of _____

ROB ROY.

26. **Floral Rebus.**



27. Illustrated Rebus.



A Game.

I. Questions and Answers.

All of our party, I see, are provided with paper and pencils, and have seated themselves around the table, ready to commence the game. Well, then, let each one write a question on one slip of paper, and an answer on another. This done, James, you may be teller; so pass round your hat.

Now the papers are all collected; what next? Why, some one is needed for our lecturer. Who has been travelling lately? There's Will! he has been to the White Mountains; he can fill the lecturer's position splendidly. Here! he must have this pile of questions. Take them, Will; don't be bashful. Mary, will you please read the answers?

"What do I wish you to do?" did you ask, Will? Just relate to us some adventure of yours on the mountains — of course you are not to confine yourself to facts — and bring in those questions into the narrative wherever you can. Will, thus urged, proceeds. But what are the rest doing? Glance around the room; no one is inattentive, but all are eager for the story (and I suppose you are, so we will keep silence.)

"It is rather hard to be the observed of all observers, but we will attempt to endure the position. Do you remember the photograph I showed you last month of Berlin Falls, with its wild, fir-covered cliffs on either side of the rapids? How beautiful they looked! The view, you know, was taken from below the bridge, and as you examine it through the stereoscope, it almost seemed as though you were being tossed about on the foamy waves. You had some rea-

son for your fancy, for although the scenery here is far less grand than in other parts of the mountains, yet to me it is the most attractive. Hour after hour I've sat upon some one of the shelving rocks, and watched the turbulent flood that's ever rushing headlong down the narrow channel. But where is my story? I must begin it now, or I never will tell it. Well, one Monday afternoon I started out for the falls, and, while I was crossing the bridge to gain my favorite seat, whom should I stumble upon but my cousin. Of all things! and with her were her two particular friends. 'Out seeking for pleasure, I suppose,' said I. They answered by saying," (he reads one of the questions.)

"*Oh, wouldn't you like to faint?*"

I tell you I felt rather ticklish—you know I am a timid young man—but mustering my courage, I replied," (Mary reads the answer.)

"*I could not think of such a thing!*"

"*Oh, coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!*"

"Well, we continued on our walk, I in silence, they making comments on most everything we passed. I was highly excited! Having walked nearly a quarter of a mile in this manner, my chum, Fred Rollins, emerged into the road from the forest, and, catching in an instant the situation, calls to me. I get excused for a moment, since he says he wishes to speak to me privately. On coming near he roars out—a pretty style of whispering, I should say!"—(he reads.)

"*What makes you look so sweet?*"

"To think he should ask me that question at such a critical moment! Hum! I wasn't quite crushed, so I exclaimed," (Mary reads.)

"*That's what I'd like to know!*"

"*Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise!*"

They are advancing quite finely with the game, and we will leave them so. One thing let us remark, which we omitted saying in the right place, — with every answer a line of poetry is also written. The story need not be told by one member of the party alone, others can continue it where the preceding member stopped.

RICHDORE.



He who never

Gives advice and he who never takes it are alike unworthy of friendship.

Forget Not That

Good temper is an inestimable blessing both in the workshop and out of it. If people thought more of its value, they would be at more pains to secure it. It was a saying of the great Addison, we think, that a good temper is worth five hundred a year. The Christian workman knows how it is to be got. When not a natural gift, it must be planted and watered by God in the soil of a regenerated nature.

A Long Life Ensured.

Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar on the street, who importuned him for sixpence, the great unknown, not having one, gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh, "Mind now, sir, you owe me a sixpence." — "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you life till I pay you!"

Try, and Prove It.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A Dancer

Once said to Socrates, "You cannot stand on one leg as long as I can." "True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can."

Excellent Advice.

Douglas Jerrold once said to an ardent young gentleman who was anxious to see himself in print: "Be advised by me, young man. Don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window." A good thought for the young.

Give Them a Welcome as

America is the poor man's paradise. Said Bishop Kingley after his return from his European tour; — "In no country in Europe that I have visited is there any chance for a poor man — none. As soon as a child is high as your table, he is put to work, and works till he dies. Social, literary, elevating culture for them seems almost a foregone consideration." We in America do not know our advantages.

Constantly Mind You that

Live as long as we may, the first twenty years form the greater part of our life. They appear so when they are passing, they seem to have been so when we look back to them. If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing from all those pleasures that lay up bitterness and sorrow for the time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty years will take good care of you.

The Herald of Health speaks Wisely Thus;

Good physical health lies at the very foundation of success and happiness, and should be most highly prized, and every available means taken to retain it by those who possess it, and to regain it by those who have lost it. With health man can accomplish almost anything he wills, but without it he is like a giant bound, helpless. Horace Mann once truly and beautifully said: — "All

through the life of a pure minded, but feeble bodied man his path is lined with memories, gravestones, which mark the spots where noble enterprises perished for want of physical vigor to embody them in deeds." The great study of mankind is man, and man's first duty is to obey the laws which God has implanted in his very being for his guidance.

Somebody has the Means.

The value of real estate on Fifth Avenue may be judged from the fact "that Mr. George Opdyke's new residence on Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, will cost about \$140,000; D. Henry Haight's, Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street, upwards of \$130,000: Charles O'Connor's, east side of Fifth Avenue, above Forty-ninth Street, about \$70,000; Peter Lorillard's Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, \$125,000.

Of value.

A curious old portrait has been discovered of Napoleon I.; painted at Ajaccio in March 1773, by Cavalucci. The future Emperor was then but four years old. He is dressed in a sailor's costume of dark olive green, and wears pointed shoes with silver buckles. Thick hair falls over the child's forehead, but the features wear a decided resemblance to subsequent likenesses. The picture is in the possession of M. Giacometti, brother of the poet, and forms part of a collection which few private persons can rival.

Rev. Dr. Channing wrote :

It is strange that laboring men do not think more of the vast usefulness of their toils, and take a benevolent pleasure in them on this account. One would think that a carpenter or mason, on passing a house which he has reared, would say to himself, " This work of mine is giving comfort and enjoyment every day and every hour to a family, and will continue to be a kindly shelter, a domestic

family gathering place, an abode of affection, for a century or more after I sleep in the dust"; and ought not a generous satisfaction to spring up at the thought?

Blackwood says

Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look, with a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired but not touched; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself!

Let the Young be Wise.

Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to completely; in great aims and small, be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never put one hand to anything on which you can throw your whole self, never affect depreciation of your work, whatever it is. These you will find to be golden rules.

Heed this.

Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

An Illustrated Monthly,

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

No. II.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER III.

JAMES MARTIN'S VICISSITUDES.



WHILE Miss Manning is seeking a new boarding place for herself and Rose, events are taking place in Brooklyn which claim our attention. It is here that James Martin, the shiftless and drunken step-father of Rufus and Rose, has made a temporary residence. He had engaged board at the house of a widow, Mrs. Waters, and for two or three weeks paid his board regularly, being employed at his trade of a carpenter on some houses going up near by. But it was not in James Martin's nature to work steadily at anything. His love of drink had spoiled a once good and industrious workman, and there seemed to be little chance of any permanent improvement in his character or habits. For a time Rufus used to pay him over daily the most of his earnings as a newsboy, and with this he managed to live miserably enough without doing much himself. But after awhile Rufus became tired of this arrangement, and withdrew himself and his sister to another part of the town, thus throwing Martin on his own resources. Out of spite Martin contrived to

kidnap Rose, but as we have seen, her brother had now succeeded in recovering her.

After losing Rose, Martin took the way back to his boarding-house, feeling rather doubtful of his reception from Mrs. Waters, to whom he was owing a week's board, which he was quite unable to pay. He had told her that he would pay the bill as soon as he could exchange a fifty dollar note, which it is needless to say, was only an attempt at deception, since he did not even possess fifty cents.

On entering the house, he went at once to his room, and lay down on the bed till the supper-bell rang. Then he came down, and took his place at the table with the rest of the boarders.

"Where's your little girl, Mr. Martin?" inquired Mrs. Waters, missing Rose.

"She's gone on a visit to some of her relations in New York," answered Martin, with some degree of truth.

"How long is she to stay?"

"Till she can have some new clothes made up; maybe two or three weeks."

"That's rather sudden, is n't it? You did n't think of her going this morning?"

"No," answered Martin, with his mouth full of toast, "but she teased so hard to go, I let her. She's a troublesome child. I shall be glad to have the care of her off my mind for a time."

This might be true, but Mrs. Waters was beginning to lose confidence in Mr. Martin's statements. She felt that it was the part of prudence to make sure of the money he was already owing her, and then on some pretext get rid of him.

When supper was over, Martin rose and was about to go out, but Mrs. Waters was too quick for him.

"Mr. Martin," she said, "may I speak to you a moment?"

"Yes ma'am," answered Martin, turning reluctantly.

"I suppose you are ready to pay my bill, I need the money particular."

"I'll pay it to-morrow, Mrs. Waters."

"You promised to pay me as soon as you changed a bill, and this morning you said you should have a chance to change it, as you were going to buy your little girl some new clothes."

"I know I did," said Martin, feeling cornered.

"I suppose therefore, you can pay me the money to-night," said Mrs. Waters, sharply.

"Why the fact is, Mrs. Waters," said Martin, awkwardly, "I was very unfortunate. As I was sitting in the horse-car coming home, I had

my pocket picked of all the money I got in change. There was some over forty dollars."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Waters, coldly, for she did not believe a word of this, "but I need my money."

"If it had n't been for that, I'd have paid you to-night."

"There's only one word I have to say, Mr. Martin," said the landlady provoked, "if you can't pay me, you must find another boarding-place."

"I'll attend to it in a day or two. I guess I can get the money to-morrow."

"If you can't pay me to-night, you'll oblige me by giving up your room to-morrow morning. I'm a poor widder, Mr. Martin, and I must look out for Number One. I can't afford to keep boarders that don't pay their bills."

There was one portion of this speech that set Mr. Martin to thinking. Mrs. Waters was a widow — he was a widower. By marrying her he would secure a home, and the money received from the boarders would be paid to him. He might not be accepted. Still it would do no harm to try.

"Mrs. Waters," he said abruptly, wreathing his features into what he considered an attractive smile, "since I lost my wife I've been feeling very lonely. I need a wife to look after me and my little gal. If you will marry me, we'll live happy, and —"

"Thank you, Mr. Martin," said Mrs. Waters, considerably astonished at the sudden turn affairs had taken, "but I've got too much to do to think about marrying. Leastways I don't care about marrying a man that can't pay his board bill."

"Just as you say," answered Martin, philosophically, "I've give you a good chance. Perhaps you won't get another very soon."

"Well, if there is n't impudence for you," ejaculated Mrs. Waters, as her boarder left the room. "I must be hard up for a husband, to marry such a shiftless fellow as he is."

The next morning, Mr. Martin made his appearance as usual at the breakfast table. Notwithstanding his proposal of marriage had been so decidedly rejected the day before, his appetite was not only as good as usual, but considerably better. In fact, as he was not quite clear where his dinner was to come from, or whether indeed he should have any at all, he thought it best to lay in sufficient to last him for several hours. Mrs. Waters contemplated with dismay the rapid manner in which he disposed of the beefsteak and hash which constituted the principal dishes of her morning meal, and decided that the sooner she got rid of such a boarder, the better.

Mr. Martin observed the eyes of the landlady fixed upon him, and misinterpreted it. He thought it possible she might have changed her mind as to the refusal of the day before, and resolved to renew his proposal. Accordingly he lingered till the rest of the boarders had left the table.

"Mrs. Waters," he said, "maybe you've changed your mind since yesterday."

"About what?" demanded the landlady, sharply.

"About marrying me."

"No, I have n't," answered the widow, "you need n't mention the matter again. When I want to marry you, I'll send and let you know."

"All right!" said Martin, "there's several after me, but I'll wait a week for you."

"O don't trouble yourself," said the landlady, sarcastically, "I don't want to disappoint anybody else. Can you pay me this morning?"

"I'll have the money in a day or two."

"You need n't come back to dinner unless you bring the money to pay your bill. I can't afford to give you your board."

Mr. Martin rose and left the house, understanding pretty clearly that he could n't return. On reaching the street, he opened his pocket-book, and ascertained that twelve cents were all it contained. This small amount was not likely to last very long. He decided to go to New York, having no further inducements to keep him in Brooklyn. Something might turn up, he reasoned, in the shiftless manner characteristic of him.

Jumping upon a passing car, he rode down to Fulton Ferry, and crossed in the boat to the New York side, thus expending for travelling expenses eight cents.

Supposing that Rufus still sold papers in front of the Time's office, he proceeded to Printing House Square, and looked around for him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Who you lookin' for, gov'nor?" inquired a boot-black, rather short of stature, but with an old looking face.

"Ain't you the boy that went home with me Wednesday?" asked Martin, to whom Ben Gibson's face looked familiar.

"S'posin' I am?"

"Have you seen a newsboy they call Rough and Ready, this morning?"

"Yes, I seed him."

"Where is he? Has he sold all his papers?"

"He's giv' up sellin' papers, and gone into business on Wall Street."

"Don't you try to fool me, or I'll give you a lickin'," said Martin, sternly.

"Thank you for your kind offer," said Ben, "but lickings don't agree with my constitution."

"Why don't you tell me the truth then?"

"I did."

"You said Rufus had gone into business in Wall Street."

"So he has. A rich cove's taken a fancy to him, and adopted him as a office boy."

"How much does he pay him?" asked Martin, considering whether there would be any chance of getting some money out of his step-son.

"Not knowin' can't say," replied Ben, "but he's just bought two pocket-books to hold his wages in."

"You're a humbug!" said Martin, indignantly, "What's the man's name he works for?"

"It's painted in big letters on the sign. You can't miss it."

James Martin considered for an instant whether it would be best to give Ben a thrashing, but the approach of a policeman led him to decide in the negative.

"Shine yer boots, gov'nor?" asked Ben, professionally

"Yes," said Martin, rather unexpectedly.

"Payment in advance!" said Ben, who did n't think it prudent to trust in this particular instance.

"I'll tell yer what," said Martin, to whom necessity had taught a certain degree of cunning, "if you'll lend me fifty cents for a week, I'll let you shine my boots every day, and pay you the money besides."

"That's a very kind proposal," said Ben, "but I've just invested all my money on a country seat up the river, which makes me rather short."

"Then you can't lend me the fifty?"

"No, but I'll tell you where you can get it."

"Where?"

"Up in Chatham Street. There's plenty'll lend it on the security of that hat of yours."

The hat in question was in the last stages of dilapidation, looking as if it had been run over daily by an omnibus, and then used to fill the place of a broken pane, being crushed out of all shape and comeliness.

Martin aimed a blow at Ben, but the boot-black dexterously evaded it, and slinging his box over his back, darted down Nassau Street.

Later in the day he met Rough and Ready.

"I see the gov'nor this mornin'," said Ben.

"What, Mr. Martin?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He inquired after you in the most affectionate manner, and wanted to know where you was at work."

"I hope you did n't tell him."

"Not if I know myself. I told him he'd see the name on the sign. Then he wanted to borrow fifty cents for a week."

Rufus laughed.

"It's a good investment, Ben. I've invested considerable money that way. I suppose you gave him the money?"

"Maybe I did. He offered me the chance of blacking his boots every day for a week, if I'd lend him the money, but I had to resign the glorious privilege, not havin' been to the Bank this mornin' to withdraw my deposits."

"You talk like a banker, Ben."

"I'm goin' to bankin' some day, when boot-blackin' gets dull."

Ben Gibson had been for years a boot-black, having commenced the business when only eight years old. His life had been one of hardship and privation, as street life always is, but he had become toughened to it, and bore it with a certain stoicism, never complaining, but often joking in a rude way at what would have depressed and discouraged a more sensitive temperament. He was by no means a model boy, though not as bad as many of his class. He had learned to smoke and to swear, and did both freely. But there was a certain rude honesty about him which led Rufus, though in every way his superior, to regard him with friendly interest, and he had on more than one occasion, been of considerable service to our hero in his newsboy days. Rufus had tried to induce him to give up smoking, but thus far without success.

"It keeps a feller warm," he said, "besides it won't hurt me. I'm tough."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW JAMES MARTIN CAME TO GRIEF.



AFTER parting with Ben Gibson, James Martin crossed the street to the City Hall Park, and sat down on one of the wooden benches placed there for the public accommodation. Neither his present circumstances nor his future prospects were very brilliant. He was trying to solve the great problem which has troubled so many lazy people, of how best to live without work. There are plenty of men, not only in our cities, but in country villages, who are at work upon this same problem, but few solve it to their satisfaction.

Martin was a good carpenter, and might have earned a respectable and comfortable livelihood, instead of wandering about the streets in ragged attire, without a roof to shelter him, or money to pay for a decent meal.

As he sat on the bench, a cigar boy passed him, with a box of cigars under his arm.

"Cigars," he cried, "four for ten cents."

"Come here, boy," said Martin. The boy approached.

"I want a cigar."

"I don't sell one. Four for ten cents."

Martin would willingly have bought four, but as his available funds amounted only to four cents, this was impossible.

"I don't want but one; I've only got four cents in change, unless you can change a ten dollar bill."

"I can't do that."

"Here take three cents, and give me a prime cigar."

"I'll sell you one for four cents."

"Hand over then."

So Martin found himself penniless, but the possessor of a cigar, which he proceeded to smoke with as much apparent enjoyment as if he had a large balance to his credit at the bank.

He remained in the Park till his cigar was entirely smoked, and then sauntered out with no definite object in view. It occurred to him, however, that he might as well call on the keeper of a liquor saloon on Baxter Street, which he had frequently patronized.

"How are you, Martin?" asked "Jim," that being the name by which the proprietor was generally known.

"Dry as a fish," was the suggestive reply.

"Then you've come to the right shop. What'll you have?"

Martin expressed his desire for a glass of whiskey, which was poured out, and hastily gulped down.

"I'm out of stamps," said Martin, coolly, "I s'pose you'll trust me till to-morrow."

"Why did n't you say you had n't any money?" demanded Jim, angrily.

"Come," said Martin, "don't be hard on an old friend. I'll pay you to-morrow."

"Where'll the money come from?" demanded Jim, suspiciously.

This was a question which Martin was quite unable to answer satisfactorily to himself.

"I'll get it some way," he answered.

"You'd better, or else you need n't come into this shop again."

Martin left the saloon rather disappointed. He had had a little idea

of asking a small loan from his friend "Jim," but he judged that such an application would hardly be successful under present circumstances. "Jim's" friendship evidently was not strong enough to justify such a draft upon it.

Martin began to think that it might have been as well, on the whole, to seek employment at his trade in Brooklyn, for a time at least, until he could have accumulated a few dollars. It was rather uncomfortable being entirely without money, and that was precisely his present condition. Even if he had wanted to go back to Brooklyn, he had not even the two cents needed to pay the boat fare. Matters had come to a crisis with Martin financially, and a suspension of specie payments was forced upon him.

He continued to walk about the streets in that aimless way which results from absence of occupation, and found it on the whole, rather cheerless work. Besides he was beginning to get hungry. He had eaten a hearty breakfast at his boarding-house in Brooklyn, but it was now one o'clock, and the stomach began to assert its claims once more. He had no money. Still there were places where food, at least, could be had for nothing. He descended into a subterranean apartment, over the door of which was a sign bearing the words **FREE LUNCH**.

As many of my readers know, these establishments are to be found in most of our cities. A supply of sandwiches, or similar food, is provided free for the use of those who enter, but visitors are expected to call and pay for one or more glasses of liquor, which are sold at such prices that the proprietor may, on the whole, realize a profit.

It was into one of these places that James Martin entered. He went up to the counter, and was about to help himself to the food supplied. After partaking of this, he intended to slip out without the drink, having no money to pay for it. But unfortunately for the success of his plans, the keeper at the saloon had been taken in two or three times already that day by similar impostors. Still had James Martin been well-dressed he could have helped himself unquestioned to the provisions he desired. But his appearance was suspicious. His ragged and dirty attire betokened extreme poverty, and the man in charge saw at a glance that his patronage was not likely to be desirable.

"Look here, my friend," he said, abruptly, as Martin was about to help himself, "what 'll you take to drink?"

"A glass of ale," said Martin, hesitatingly.

"All right! Pass over the money."

"The fact is," said Martin, "I left my pocket-book at home this morning, and that 's why I 'm obliged to come in here."

"Very good! Then you need n't trouble yourself to take anything. We don't care about visitors that leave their pocket-books at home."

"I'll pay you double to-morrow," said Martin, who had no hesitation in making promises he had n't the least intention of fulfilling.

"That won't go down," said the other. "I don't care about seeing such fellows as you at any time. There's the door."

"Do you want to fight?" demanded Martin, angrily.

"No I don't, but I may kick you out if you don't go peaceably. We don't want customers of your sort."

"I'll smash your head!" said Martin, becoming pugnacious.

"Here Mike, run up and see if you can't find a policeman."

This hint was not lost upon Martin. He had no great love for the Metropolitan police, and kept out of their way as much as possible. He felt that it would be prudent to evacuate the premises, and did so muttering threats meanwhile, and not without a lingering glance at the lunch which was not free to him.

This last failure rather disgusted Martin. According to his theory, the world owed him a living, but it seemed as if the world were disposed to repudiate the debt. Fasting is apt to lead to serious reflection, and by this time he was decidedly hungry. How to provide himself with a dinner was a subject that required immediate attention.

He walked about for an hour or two without finding himself at the end of that time any nearer the solution of the question than before. To work all day may be hard, but to do nothing all day on an empty stomach is still harder.

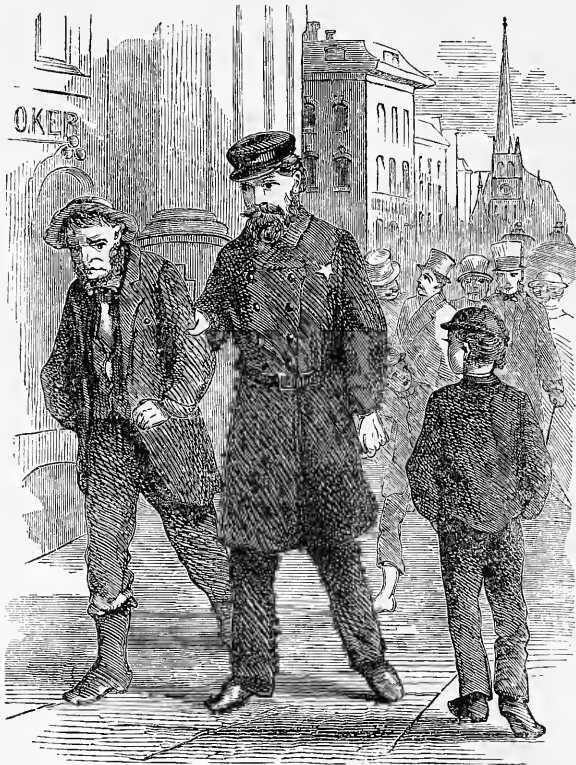
About four o'clock, Martin found himself at the junction of Wall Street and Nassau. I hardly know what drew this penniless man to the street through which flows daily a mighty tide of wealth, but I suspect that he was hoping to meet Rufus, who, as he had learned from Ben Gibson, was employed somewhere on the street. Rufus might, in spite of the manner in which he had treated him, prove a truer friend in need than the worthless companions of his hours of dissipation.

All at once a sharp cry of pain was heard.

A passing vehicle had run over the leg of a boy who had imprudently tried to cross the street just in front of it. The wheels passed over the poor boy's legs, both of which appeared to be broken. Of course, as is always the case under such circumstances, there was a rush to the spot where the casualty took place, and a throng of men and boys gathered about the persons who were lifting the boy from the ground.

"The boy seems to be poor," said a humane bystander, "let us raise a little fund for his benefit."

A humane suggestion like this is pretty sure to be acted upon by those whose hearts are made tender by the sight of suffering. So most of those present drew out their pocket-books, and quite a little sum was placed in the hands of the original proposer of the contribution.



THE ARREST.

Among those who had wedged themselves into the crowd was James Martin. Having nothing to do, he had been eager to have his share in the excitement. He saw the collection taken up with an envious wish that it was for his own benefit. Beside him was a banker, who from a plethoric pocket-book, had drawn a five dollar bill which he had contributed to the fund. Closing the pocket-book, he carelessly placed it in an outside pocket. James Martin stood in such a position that the contents of the pocket-book were revealed to him, and the demon of cupidity entered his heart. How much good this money would do him! There

were probably several hundred dollars in all, perhaps more. He saw the banker put the money in his pocket — the one nearest to him. He might easily take it without observation, so he thought.

In an evil moment he obeyed the impulse which had come to him. He plunged his hand into the pocket, but at this moment the banker turned, and detected him.

“I’ve caught you, you rascal!” he exclaimed, seizing Martin with a vigorous grip. “Police!”

Martin made a desperate effort to get free, but another man seized him on the other side, and he was held despite his resistance, till a policeman, who by a singular chance happened to be near when wanted, came up.

Martin’s ragged coat was rent asunder from the violence of his efforts, his hat fell off, and he might well have been taken for a desperate character, as in this condition he was marched off by the guardian of the city’s peace.

There was another humiliation in store for him. He had gone but a few steps when he met Rufus, who gazed in astonishment at his step-father’s plight. Martin naturally supposed that Rufus would exult in his humiliation, but he did him injustice.

“I’m sorry for him,” thought our hero, compassionately, “he’s done me harm enough, but I’m sorry.”

He learned from one of the crowd for what Martin had been arrested, and started for Franklin Street to carry the news to Miss Manning and Rose.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



GOOD FOR EVIL.



HE morning sun shone cheerily on little Grace's tangled curls as she sat up in her bed, laboriously pulling her stockings over her chubby feet.

"Good morning, old sun, you'r lovely bright to-day. It's so nice to see you winking through the window blinds, just the same as if you said, what fun the children will have to-day."

Miss Grace, in a very happy state of mind, then slid out of bed in pursuit of her boots, which, I am sorry to say, were not discovered till she had groped under several chairs and under the bureau. She had buttoned up but one of the boots, when she bethought her of her doll, the Princess of Wales, who lay in a small curtained bed in the corner of an adjoining dressing-room.

"She ought to be getting up! I don't believe but I'll let her stay in her bath while I'm putting on my things." Grace having loudly expressed this sudden resolution, hurried away as fast as she could in one stocking and one high-heeled boot, to prepare the bath of the beloved Princess of Wales. As she passed the little curtained bed she suddenly paused in horror, and with a cry of anguish stooped to pick up the Princess of Wales' head, which lay on the floor gazing up with serene eyes from under the frill of a small nightcap. A glance at the bed showed a disordered quilt and the bare feet of the Princess of Wales sticking out beyond it

"Oh, that awful Clare did it! I wish I could break *her* head off! I will! I will!"

Gathering up the head of the Princess in her night-dress, the angry little girl was running furiously towards the door, when a light mocking laugh and a resolute "No, you won't!" followed by a swift pattering of feet down the stairs, made her aware that the naughty Clare had been looking on in triumph through a crack in the door, and enjoying the mischief she had made.

Grace was just one second too late to throw the head of the Princess down stairs after Clare, so she turned in baffled rage and ran shrieking to her mother's room. Mrs. Kent, hurrying in alarm, met her on the threshold. The out-stretched night-dress, and the night-capped head of the Princess bobbing about in it, told the story of Grace's trouble.

"Clare did it, mamma!" sobbed Grace. "I tucked up the Princess last night — and laid her handkerchief on the pillow, and I put her tumbler and spoon on the table right side of her, 'cause she had a cough, — and I blew out her wax light — oh! I did — Clare was affronted with

me, cause Ann, Amos and I, we had a secret, and Clare said — " Here Grace lost her breath almost, and recovering it she wept so loud and long at the remembrance of what Clare said, that it was some minutes before she could go on. After rubbing her eyes a great many times with her night-dress, during which performance the head rolled to the floor unnoticed, Grace became calm enough to proceed. " And Clare said she would do something to me, — and I said, who's afraid of *you*, Clare Clampitt? you'r South, and I'm North, and the North beat the South, I guess. "



THE DISCOVERY. [Page 68.

" Oh aunt Kent, she said she wished she *could* break my head off, then she said she *would*, then she ran out after me, to do it," announced Clare in shrill tones from the doorway, where she had posted herself as eaves-dropper, after having escaped from Grace's angry pursuit.

"Go to your room, Clare," said aunt Kent, sternly, and Clare went because she knew she must, but not at all with the feeling that she ought to. She lounged along through the entries, muttering something about "a poky old place, where a body could n't have the leastest might of fun without a great baby bawling about it."

On her way, she frightened the bird so that it seemed as if the poor thing would flop all its feathers out, she tipped puss out of the chair where he was sleeping, and then teased the dog till it barked at her so crossly, she was glad to run away.

"If you could only send that Clare home, mamma. Put her in a boat with a bag of old seedcakes, and make her sail off. It's too nice for such a girl to go in cars, and have dinner"

Grace's great blue eyes were still sparkling with anger when her mother said gently, "What shall be done with the little girl who wishes to break off her cousin's head, and sets off in a rage to do it? Is this the little girl who says morning and evening, 'Forgive us, as we forgive those that trespass against us?'"

Grace here hid her head in her mother's dress, whence came a stifled sound of "Do you suppose, mamma, it means when girls break other girl's dolls heads, the other girls shall forgive before they do the least thing back? Could n't the other girls pinch just once before they forgive? Would it be *very* wicked?"

"But my Gracie would not have been satisfied with *one* little pinch. She wished to break her cousin's head. If with such revengeful feelings she had rushed out upon her cousin, I fear it would not have been *one* pinch, but many blows on both sides, and surely that would be very wicked. Little Grace forgot that she read to her mother only last night, 'Whosoever smites thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also.'"

Grace's head slowly emerged from the folds of her mamma's dress, and she said in very subdued tones, "If Clare had only slapped me, perhaps I should have remembered in time not to slap back; but the Princess of Wales' head knocked off—oh! I guess grown-up people would forget about the other cheek, I'm most certain they would. Well, I'm glad now, perhaps, I did n't catch Clare in the entry, but I don't see how I can help wanting just to run pretty hard against her, and jostle her about. If I'd been breaking doll's heads, I should expect a girl would do just that little to me, and it says we may do to others just what we're a mind they should do to us."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Kent, lifting up the injured Grace, and kissing off a tear or two from her flushed face, "the day is before you—before the sun sets, I hope you will have had opportunity for re-

turning Clare's evil with good. The Princess of Wales is the cross you will carry to-day. Try and not rush upon Clare with it, but help her with a kind word or deed, when you can. Try Gracie, dear!"

Grace, with the Princess of Wales' head hugged up to her tear-stained night-dress, promised to try, though with entire positiveness that the "try" would be a failure, and then she hastened back to her own room to finish her dressing.

The little curtained bed was now re-arranged, the night-capped head was adjusted to the precious body of the doll and the sheet smoothed up over the pretty face.

"'Cause," whispered Grace, dropping one last splashing tear over the pillow-case, "if I see her it makes me feel as if I must certainly stick a pin into Clare somewhere."

Clare and Grace walked separate ways that morning to school. Grace slipped out of the back gate and peeped round corners till she saw Clare fairly enter the school door.

"If I had n't done this way," said Grace to herself, hurrying to make up for lost time, "I might have rushed upon Clare with my cross, and it would n't be right. I should like to, though, I should."

Grace, once in school, found it convenient to study with her back to Clare, and Clare, not willing to be thought ashamed of her morning's conduct, soon turned her back upon Grace.

These unaccustomed attitudes shortly brought on each of these young ladies a rebuke from their teacher, and they continued their studies in a more amicable position.

When the hour arrived for the French exercise the one inkstand on their double desk was jerked backward and forward in fierce contention, each being determined to hold it in sole possession. Suddenly Grace bethought her, "What if the ink should get spilled all over Clare. She never will let go grabbing, I suppose I must. Pull away, purple face," she mumbled to herself. "I don't believe I feel kind enough yet, though, not to think it would be nice fun to see a drop or two spattering at you."

"What's 'poures?'" by and by appealed Clare, who had been turning leaves in despair, looking for the right word in her exercise.

"Find out!" rose to Grace's lips. "Oh dear," she suddenly thought, "here's the time to help."

Then a new temptation to tell Clare the wrong word awaited Grace. She battled with it valiantly, however, and at length, quite out of breath with the struggle, whispered, "Beans."

"Beans? 't is n't any such thing," replied the ungracious Clare. "Beans begins with an f, we had it yesterday in the translation."

"Beans, stupid!" flashed back Grace, with wrathful eyes.

Clare in her glee to have been helped over "poutres," scribbled rejoicingly on, unmindful of "stupid."

"I do declare, it is the hardest work to keep anywhere near being good with that Clampitt," said Grace, in a pettish undertone. "I helped her when I had just a thousand minds not to, and that's all her thanks, — contradicting just the same as if I told a lie to her."

But after a few minutes of violent shuffling of her ruler, india rubber and penknife, Grace was secretly glad that she had remembered to help, and sorry that she had called Clare stupid.

"Perhaps mamma might think I rushed upon Clare with my cross if I should tell her about 'stupid,'" she said to herself as she resumed her pen, which had been idle since "poutres" was started. "Well I tried to do the helping, anyway!" then sighing, she drew, by way of consolation for her imperfect attempts at right doing, a long line of Roman noses down the blank leaf of her Fasquelle.

The school hours passed on to the end of recess. The tardier girls divesting themselves hurriedly of their out-of-door wrappings, caused hats and coats and tippets to fly about the dressing-room as if a whirlwind had seized them.

"Pull off my boots, somebody!" demanded Clare, imperiously, from the chair where she sat, tugging vainly at her india rubber boots. But the crowd ran jostling and laughing by her, eager to take their seats before the second bell rang.

"Here midget, catch hold of the toes!" exclaimed Clare, in growing vexation, thrusting at the same time her boot against little Kitty Clay, who was making desperate efforts to swallow her last pea-nut. Kitty was overturned, choking.

"Pull 'em off yourself," shouted Grace, setting up the purpling Kitty, and slipping into her hand a soothing fragment of pickled lime.

Just as Grace reached the school-room door, she darted back again into the dressing-room, flew at Clare's boots and wrenched them off, disappearing then as quickly as she came, thus being spared the pain of hearing herself called various unpleasant names by the ungrateful Clare, who surely would have been marked late had it not been for Grace's relenting.

On the way home from school, Clare walked ahead amid a group of girls, all merrily discussing the afternoon's sports. Grace fell a little behind, holding by the hand Kitty Clay, who clung to her as if in momentary terror of an onslaught from Clare.

Presently Rebecca Edes left the group in advance, and ran back to Grace, beseeching her to change practising hours with Clare in the afternoon.

"For what?" questioned Grace, sharply.

"She and I are going out in our pony carriage, if you only will."

"I won't," thought Grace, with obstinate decision. "She's never said she's sorry, and I won't!" Then she thought of the poor Princess of Wales till her heart grew as hard as stone towards Clare's wishes.

"Oh do!" pleaded Rebecca, who, looking in Grace's face, had no need to hear the spoken word of denial, had there been any. "Oh do, please. The pony goes beautifully, and we shall have *such* a nice time."

"I don't see why you don't ask me, Rebecca, you promised to. It's Clare's hour to practise, let her go some other time, it is n't any matter when. I don't know as I care about the fuss of changing my practising hour, especially for Clare Clampitt."

"Well, you go, then, if you want to," said the easily suited Rebecca.

"Clare! Clare!" she called, but Grace stammered, "Hush a minute!" and she knitted her brows and thought more about it, while Rebecca placidly waited.

"Clare cares ever so much for that pony carriage, but Rebecca don't care two pins for Clare, and I don't see how Clare managed to get asked to a ride in that carriage. But she did, and that's the end of it. Now if she don't go to-day, I don't believe Rebecca will ask her again in a hurry, and she *can't* go to-day if she don't take my hour because hers is too late. I don't feel one bit obliging to her, not one scrap, but here's a chance to try to return good for evil. It seems a real pity that there should come this chance, but it did, and it can't be helped."

Having come to this conclusion, she softly remarked to Rebecca that "Clare Clampitt perhaps might as well go. You need n't tell her I made any objections, will you?"

"No, not if you don't wish me to. I'm just as provoked as I can be that I asked her," said the fickle Rebecca, "I do wish I had asked you instead, Grace."

Then she departed to Clare, who to tell the truth, was actually in a state of tremor, fearing Grace's refusal. "You can go, Clare Clampitt," announced Rebecca, with a great falling off of enthusiasm.

"Well," said brusque Clare, "I would n't have believed it of that Grace. Last night I knocked of the head off that scrubby Princess of Wales, and Grace was '*hoppin!*'"

"So she ought to," burst in an indignant chorus.

"Yes, so she ought to," assented Clare, Grace's perseverance in well doing causing her to feel at last compunction for her evil doing.

"Grace, I'm sorry," she exclaimed with great emphasis, rushing to her, and a second time jostling over little Kitty Clay, who fell fortu-

nately, however, only into a sand heap. "I'm sorry, real sorry I spoilt the doll, I don't see how you could be so good to me the very same day."

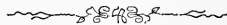
Grace sat down on the curb-stone and cried, quite overcome at the early ingathering of the fruits of her efforts to be good. Kitty crawled out of the sand and put her two short, gritty arms soothingly round Grace's neck, and Clare leaned over and hugged them both, letting a great tear fall on Grace's white alpacca skirt.

"Don't you believe its going to rain?" inquired Clare, with a flushed face, as she fiercely brushed away the tear with her tin lunch-box, and directed Kitty Clay's attention to a wind-cloud scudding over-head. It would have been a positive mortification to Clare's audacious nature to confess to that tear. She was ready to deny it point blank if anybody demurred at the fiction of the rain-cloud, but nobody did.

The sun did not go down on Grace's wrath. Clare insisted on giving up the pony carriage that she might glue the Princess of Wales' head to her body, and it was quite astonishing how well the Princess of Wales looked with her head once more on her shoulders. Indeed, she was more beautiful than ever, with the bit of velvet ribbon tied about the fractured place in the neck.

The two little girls, with their arms twined affectionately round each other's waists, were surveying the Princess of Wales who stood magnificent in full dress on the bureau, when the sun looked in through the western window and kissed them all good night.

Elsie Gorham.



CHIMNEY-ELF STORIES.

The Banshee's Story.

THE CHANGELING;

A Story of the Little, Good People.

(Concluded.)

"**B**E quiet, you impish knave!" commanded the king, angrily, 'and get you into the cradle as you are bid, for we are in haste, and the night passes.'

"So with no more ado, Astolpho climbed like a spider up the side of the cradle, and laid himself down in the warm little nest out of which poor Brian had just been taken, and the king waved his wand, and said another charm, and Astolpho grew, and grew, and grew, until he was

as big as the other had been, but still he kept his imp's face, and the malicious twinkle of his bright black eyes, and the look of nothing good about him, that were all as different from the right baby as dark night is from bright day; but such as he was, so they left him, and the king and all the Little People took themselves off, Fern-seed carrying little Brian Burke before him on his great white moth.

"The fire died down, and the night got towards morning, and the air grew chill and biting, so that Lady Honor turned in her bed and shivered a little, and at last opened her great blue eyes, and called softly, 'Judy, Judy, are you waking or sleeping?' and Judy, who was getting cold and stiff herself from sitting and sleeping in her clothes, instead of her honest bed, woke up with a start, and bounced out of her chair with, 'Sure and it's waking I am, your ladyship, and not an eye of me was shut all this blessed night.'

"'How is the baby doing?' asked my lady next, and Judy, the wicked thief that had n't set an eye on him, or a hand to him since first she laid down, made answer, 'and it's a fine sleep he's having, my lady, and it's only this minute I was looking at him.'

"So with that she went and leaned over the cradle, and there was the little changeling staring up in her face with his bold black eyes, and as sure as you're a living child, he stuck out his tongue making a face at her, then set up such a howling and screeching that poor Lady Honor started up in her bed, asking whatever had happened to the poor darling.

"As for Judy, she was so taken aback that she had no answer to make, and so said nothing, for the minute she set her two eyes on the child she saw that something was wrong about him, and in a minute it flashed over her what it might be; but not a word did she say, only took him up out of his bed, and holding him on her arm, made up the fire, and got a good look in his face. Then she went softly and shut the window, brought the baby to Lady Honor to be nursed, and she, not seeing his face, was contented, and dropped off to sleep again.

"But Judy was wide awake enough now, and from then to the sun-rising, she sat there in the big chair croning over the fire, and wondering over and over if it could be that the Little Good People had been in the chamber, and changed the baby while she slept. When it came broad day at last, she went to the bed, and softly took the little thing from where he was sleeping on Lady Honor's arm, and sitting with him on her knees studied his face as if it had been her own fortune, and he staring up at her with his great black eyes, seemed to be asking what she made of it after all, and what she was going to do about it.

"'Just you wait and see, you ugly black little imp,' said Judy at last,

and then she laid him down in the cradle, and drew the curtains close over the windows, so that the mother or any one coming into the chamber should not get a good look at him.

“That evening, when Molly Malone, the housemaid, was come up to sit awhile with Lady Honor, and let Judy get a taste of fresh air, and eat her supper quietly and in peace, she just ran down the stairs and out of the house as fast as she could, muffling up her head and shoulders in the skirt of her gown as she went, and away across the fields to old Katy O'Rourke's cabin, almost a mile from the big house, for Katy was the wise woman of that part of the country, and knew so much that some folks were saying she ought to be burned for a witch, but nobody ever tried to do it, and a very neat living she made with selling charms to protect the farmer's cattle from the evil eye, and other charms to the girls and boys who wanted sweethearts they had not got, or wanted to keep those they had, and many a queer thing beside. But what Judy Ryan wanted was none of these, and without waiting for chat or compliment, and hardly to give the time o' day to the old crone, she told her the whole story of what she knew and what she suspected, and bid her come straight away to the big house to take a look at the thing in the baby's cradle, for child she would not call it, and say what it was, and what could be done about it.

“‘If it's as you think, Judy alanna,’ said the wise woman, when she had heard the whole, ‘there's just one way to undo what your own carelessness has done, and that's a hard and a bitter way.’

“‘Let it be as hard as old Mallory's heart, and as bitter as the salt sea,’ says Judy, ‘it's myself that will take that way, and come through it too, so sure as life and limb hold by me. And you'll be coming up to the house to-night?’

“‘The night or the morning,’ said old Katy, and Judy ran home as fast as she had come, and all that night neither she nor the changeling closed an eye, but just lay, she on the bench at the foot of the bed, and he in the cradle, staring at each other by the firelight.

“The next morning old Molly came to pay her respects to the little heir, and at the same time Father Monk the priest, who had got home in the night, came up to christen him; and so both of them were let into the chamber at the same time, and old Molly went straight to the cradle, and took one look at the creature in it, then she went to the bed, and said some good words over the young mother, who looked up with her pretty smile, for she was not one to believe the bad stories they told of a poor old woman like this, and she said, ‘Well Molly, and how do you like my baby?’

“ ‘Sure, and your baby, ma’am, is the beautifullest ever I set my two eyes on,’ says Molly, and told no lie, for was n’t it likely that Lady Honor’s baby was all of that, if only they could get a sight of him ?

“ And now Father Monk was all ready, and the Squire took the child in his own arms, and held him up, and the priest had his very mouth opened to speak the blessed words, when all of a sudden the baby gave a screech, and went off in a fit, and when Father Monk went on in spite of all, it twisted and flung round so that not a drop of the holy water, and not a grain of the blessed salt touched it at all, at all, and though the priest called it a christening, and the father and the mother were so scared that they never knew what was done, or what was left undone, old Katy O’Rourke and Judy Ryan cast their eyes at each other, and nodded as much as to say, ‘ Would you see that, then ? ’

“ And when all was over, and the wise woman wrapped her cloak round her to go upon her way, she whispered into Judy’s ear, ‘ Make up your mind for that hard and bitter road, alanna, for there ’ll be need enough to tread it.’

“ When Lady Honor got well enough to be about the house again, and to take a good deal of care of her baby, as she called the changeling, she began to get troubled and low in her spirits, and once in a while she would say to Judy, ‘ surely Judy, all babies are not like this, are they ? why can I never see him asleep by day or night, and why does he never cry like a baby, but just screech and yell by times, and then stop of a sudden, and laugh at us as if he ’d been doing it all to fright us, and amuse himself ? what is it makes him so queer, anyway, Judy ? ’

“ And then Judy would try to explain away what could n’t be explained anyway but one, and that way she would not take, and she would try to keep the child away from her mistress and to herself, though by times she was almost afraid to be alone with it, for besides the ways Lady Honor had spoken of, it had many another as strange and disagreeable, and unlike other babies, and when it came to making trouble and worry for those that had it to tend, there never was a mortal child that could think of half the ways the changeling contrived, until before it was six months old, there was never a person in the great house, saving always the father and the mother, who did not hate the sight of it, and say among themselves that there was something more than common about it, and that surely Lady Honor was never the mother or the handsome Squire the father of such an imp, and that either he had been changed in his cradle for some gypsey brat, or that — and then the speaker would hold his tongue, and nod instead of saying out his thought, for it is ill-luck indeed to say any harm of the Little Good

People, or indeed to say much about them anyway, and no one ever dared to say right out what at last almost every one thought, that the little heir of the Burke's had been stolen by the fairies, and an ugly changeling left in his place.

"And so the time went on to Midsummer Eve, which as every one knows comes upon the 23d of June, the 24th being Midsummer Day, sometimes called St. John the Baptist's Day. But on Misummer Eve, the Little Good People have another high time like that of Hallow e'en, and it stands every one in hand to look out that night, lest they get into trouble with them.

"As soon as supper was over, Judy Ryan came and asked leave of her mistress to go home and spend the night, and when she got it, away she went, her heart beating fast and high, and never stopped until she came to the wise woman's cabin, and found her waiting outside her door, with a cutty pipe in her mouth, and her walking staff in her hand.

"'Good eve'n to you, alanna,' says she, as soon as Judy was beside her, 'and is your heart stout and your arm strong for what you have to do this night?'

"'Stout and strong, mother,' Judy made answer, and then the darkness having fallen, the two set out upon their journey.

"It was well into the night when they reached its end, for this was many a mile from home, and deep in the heart of a wood, where a pretty spring came bubbling up out of the ground, and ran away in a brook that made the turf all about as green as an emerald, and as fresh as the first rose of the morning.

"This spring was called The Fairie's Well, and it was known the whole country through, that every Midsummer Eve, the Little Good People came hither to drink, and to dip into the spring all the children that they had adopted in the course of the year, for it was only on Midsummer Eve that they could come to the well, or had any power there. But every child or grown person either, that they could pass through the spring on that night, becomes their own for ever and ever, with no hopes of getting away. But, and here was the hope that had brought Judy Ryan hither, if any mortal was brave enough, and quick enough and strong enough to lie in hiding close beside the well, and snatch the child out their hands before it touched the water, and say a prayer over it without stopping for all that happened to frighten him, why that person could save the child, and laugh in the faces of the Little Good People for the rest of his life. But if he stopped in the prayer, or if he loosed his hold of the child, or if he got pushed into the Fairie's Well or the brook, both he and the child belonged to the Good People forevermore.

“ And it was to do this thing and rescue the child her own carelessness had lost, that Judy Ryan was here this night, and the wise woman who had once done it herself, and knew just how the spell would be worked upon the little child, came along to encourage and help the girl, who brave as she was, was shaking all over with fright, that is to say in her body, though her mind stood unshaken through the whole.

“ ‘ Here’s a good place to hide, just behind this clump of witch-hazel, alauna, for the Good People never come near the the witch-hazel if they can keep clear of it,’ whispered the wise woman, ‘ and mind you don’t stir or say a word till you see the little heir himself, and then rush in and grip him, and never leave hold till you come to the Amen at the end of your prayer, no matter what betides.’

“ ‘ Never fear, mother, I shall keep my hold when once I get it,’ said Judy, briefly, and then both women were still and quiet, until far away through the forest they heard the tinkling of distant bells, as fine and sweet as the chimes the south wind rings on the lily bells on the morning of Easter Sunday.

“ ‘ Whist, they ’re coming !’ whispered old Katy, and Judy drew her breath hard, and took a half a step forward. Five minutes more, and the tinkling of the silver bells at the bridle reins of the Little People was close at hand, and through the leaves, the gleam of the white horses which they always ride on Midsummer Eve was seen, and then the head of the procession reached the spring, and halted, and the rest came jingling up two by two and ranged themselves in a great circle round the well, and at the last came the king and queen, and close behind them three ladies of the court each carrying a little child seated in front of her, upon her white horse. They were not Little People to-night, but as large as ordinary mortals, and the horses were of the size of ordinary horses, for fairies as you know, can make themselves of any shape or any size they please.

“ ‘ The master of ceremonies to the front !’ exclaimed a little, shrill voice, when all were assembled, and an old, gray headed courtier dressed in a gorgeous, gold laced uniform, came forward and took his place beside the spring.

“ ‘ The Lady Finella presents her adopted son, Velvet, formerly called Brian Burke, for the ceremony of the Bath,’ announced the same voice, and at this word, one of the three ladies rode forward, and was lifted from her horse by the Master of Ceremonies. Then she took the baby from the cushion where he sat, and held him towards the Master of Ceremonies who extended his arms to receive him, when with one spring Judy Ryan stood in the midst of the group, and snatching the

baby to her breast, began saying her prayer as fast and as loud as she could.

“O the hubbub, and the confusion, and the outcries that arose on every side! and in the midst the king waved his wand, and shouted out some words in a loud voice, and the baby in Judy’s arms changed to a terrible serpent, which twisted around her and hissed in her face, but still she held him tight and never stopped her prayer; then he changed him to a fagot of burning wood, but the fire did not scorch her, and she never loosed her hold, but prayed on fast and hard; then he changed him to a naked sword, its edge towards her breast, but the edge did not wound, and still she held fast and never ceased the holy words; then he changed him to a great grinning ape, who thrust his face close to her’s and snapped his teeth against her cheek, but still she held fast, and prayed as fast and as loud as her voice would come; and then there was an awful shout of rage and despair, and a flashing before her eyes as of ten thousand flames mingling with each other, and still she held fast, and when it had passed by, the brave girl stood alone beside the Fairy Well, with the baby in her arms, fair, and well, and beautiful as she had dreamed night after night of sometime seeing him.

“‘Now the Lord be praised, Judy alanna, but it was an awful sight, and we are well through it, and now let us put the road betwixt us and this place as soon as may be,’ said old Katy, appearing pale and frightened, from behind the clump of hazel, and Judy, too exhausted to speak, but still clutching the baby to her heart, nodded reply, and hastened after the wise woman down the dewy road and through the dark wood towards her home.

“Morning was breaking over the eastern hills, when softly raising the latch of her lady’s chamber, Judy crept in, and stole softly up to the cradle beside the bed. It was empty, and as she stood staring at it, Lady Honor moaned uneasily in her sleep, and turned, and opened her blue eyes. Then Judy fell upon her knees, and told the whole story, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and laid the baby down beside its mother, who was crying too, but her’s were tears of joy that she had once more her own little baby, and need not try to love that horrible changeling who had taken his place so long.

“What became of the chaageling nobody ever knew. Lady Honor could only say that when she laid down for the night, he was in his cradle staring at her with his evil eyes, and grinning as if making sport of her in his own mind, and she turned her back and left him so, and went to sleep.

“But the wise woman said that the moment Judy rescued the little

heir from the Good People, the changeling shrivelled up to his original size, and flew away through the keyhole."

"Do you believe so too, Banshee?" asked Rhoda, but there was no reply, and the fire had died out, and the room was dark so that she could see nothing, and rising very softly the little girl ran on tiptoe to the door of the parlor, and opening it rather suddenly found Susy and Jonas Talbot both sitting in one chair, and looking very happy. So Susy went up-stairs and helped her undress, and Rhoda fell asleep, and dreamed of the Chimney-Elf and his Friends.

Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

GREEDY GRODJKINS;

A

Melancholy Story of the Cardiff Giant.



OW I don't pretend to know where the giant country is. It is not down in my geography, and I don't believe it is in yours. All I know about it is, that this is the way I heard it, and I don't pretend to be responsible for any of it at all, no, not I. If this giant country is anywhere that you can get to, I think it ought to be down on the map, but I can't find anybody that knows much about it, anyway. It's a queer country, I know, and pretty large too, for it must take such a deal of room for a giant's house, you know; and then the barns, and the wood-sheds, and, — just think of it — the gardens and the farms! What a field of potatoes it must take to keep a family of giants over winter.

I don't think giants go to church — they're not generally that sort of people — but I don't know sure, for I suppose there are some good giants. If there are, it must take a pretty large sized contribution box, to hold all the money they give.

But the most I know about giants, is in connection with a very large one named Grodjkins — Grod, for short. He was the largest one of a large family, and indeed, the largest in the whole country. He was ever so many feet high, and a common man could walk between his knees, without rubbing his own head. A great brawny-fisted, hard-knuckled, shaggy-faced fellow he was, with bushy hair, as thick as the mane of a horse, and teeth as long as your finger.

You and I would not call him very good looking, but he was quite a dandy among other giants, and when he had on his swallow-tailed coat, and was dressed for a party, he was thought by fashionable giants, to be

very distinguished looking indeed. His eye-glasses were made from large plates of glass, and set in gold rims, and his gloves were made of the tanned skin of a kind of fish, found only in the giant country.

“Ho, ho!” said he one day, to his servants, who were all giants, but not so big as he was, “bring me my dinner.”

You and I could have heard his voice a mile away — yes, two miles, I dare say.

And his servants brought him his dinner. First they gave him soup, ox-tail soup — just think of the oxen whose appendages had to be sacrificed for that soup. They gave him a gallon to begin on. He was n't very hungry, so he did n't eat any more soup.

Then they brought him some meat. A stuffed deer, with all the vegetables; and he ate first a leg, and then a breast piece, as if he didn't know which was best, and then he tried the stuffing. All at once he exclaimed, “Ho, ho! cook! where is the cook?” and stamped his feet, and swore blasphemously.

The cook, a little man only ten feet high, came running in, in great fright.

“Here,” said the giant, “you've left a skewer in the meat. Take it out! Don't you dare to be so careless again! Go! Go! Go! Take care!” and the way he roared was perfectly shocking, and the little cook pulled out the skewer, which, between you and me, was as big as a cord-wood stick, and bowed himself very politely out of the room, trembling in his boots all the time, and very glad to get off so easily, I can assure you; for Grod had a fearful temper. But he congratulated himself too soon, for before he had got out of the next room, he heard Grod brawling again at the top of his voice, “Ho, ho! bring back the cook. Bring back Smiffinjack, I say. Ho, ho, you scoundrels, run quick!”

Poor Smiffinjack (Smiff, for short,) hid behind the door, full of terror, but he was caught and carried before Greedy Grod, who, instead of being angry with him, proved to be pleased with the flavor of the meat, and said to poor Smiff, “May I ask of you a kindness?”

Smiff said very softly — I mean softly for a giant, you and I would call it bellowing, even then — “Certainly sir.”

“Will you take a plate of this meat, up to your mistress, the fair Arbagabug, and ask her how she likes the flavor?”

So saying, he cut off a leg of the deer, and a large piece of the rib, and put it on a platter, and with it Smiff left the room.

Now Arbagabug was the giant's new wife, that he had stolen from another country. They called her Arbie, for short, and she was as beautiful as a giantess could well be.

After Grod ate all he wanted of the deer, he had a pudding, made in a big boiler, and a half bushel of grapes, and ever so many nuts, and many other nice things.

Now Grod did n't care for anybody else but himself, and so he found fault with everything, and scolded everybody, and kept up a terrible hurly-burly all dinner time, till all the giants were heartily glad when he got through, and rolled out of his chair, fast asleep. As he fell on the floor, he waked a bit, and shouted, "Ho, ho! who pushed me! who pushed me?"

But there did n't anybody answer, and before he had time to get very angry, he was fast asleep again.

Then they bundled him off to bed, and if he had n't snored so loudly, they would have been quite comfortable till he waked up; but even in his sleep he was selfish and pig-headed, and bound to have his own way, and to disturb everybody if he could.

One giant said under his breath — to us it would have sounded like thunder — "I wish he was dead!"

Another said, "And I too. I hate him!" all just like common folks, you see, and they all shook their heads, and muttered under their breath, and it was plain to see, nobody loved Grodjkins very much.

"He's so greedy," says one.

"Wants everything he sees," says another.

"Never satisfied," said a third.

"Jealous of everybody," whispered a fourth, in a tone like a bass drum.

"And so selfish," brought in the last one.

"He hates us all!" exclaimed two.

"And we all hate him!" echoed the rest.

"No good will ever come to him!" shouted they all.

Here they heard a terrific snore, and they all scampered away, as fast as their legs could carry them, and that was pretty fast, for they took nearly a rod at every step.

When the giant woke up he ordered some supper, and then went to sleep again.

When he woke up again, he shouted, "Where's Arbagabug? Where's my wife?" But when she did n't come, he bellowed the louder, and said, "My head aches! I want the doctor."

Then they went after the doctor, who came in a gig as big as a coach, and had a gold-headed cane, which he kept continually at his nose, as if he snuffed some good sense — scents, or cents, — and he bled the great blubbering giant with a carving knife, and he put his feet to soak in a hogshead of water, and he gave him a dose of medicine, and he looked

wise, and examined his tongue, and shook his head, and walked out very softly, and charged Grodjkins a good round sum. And Grodjkins fumed, and fretted, and shouted at him, and then at Arbie, who was combing his hair, and kicked over the water, and drowned the doctor's boy, who had come in to bring the doctor's trunk.

Then he went to bed, and snored himself to sleep, and slept all night and got up bright as a dollar in the morning.

Now this was the day of a great feast, and so Grodjkins did n't eat much for breakfast — only a little, indeed, compared with his usual meal — but he had a luncheon at eleven, and another at two, and went to the feast at five, with the lovely Arbagabug on his arm.

Now there was a great astrologer in that country, who said that if Greedy Grodjkins did n't take care, he'd come to some bad end; for he was not only greedy of food, but he wanted everything he saw, and bellowed till he got it.

Now this astrologer loved Arbagabug, and Arbagabug loved him, and hated the great lubberly giant. But Grod was too strong to be made a fool off, and he had too much money, and too many servants to be scorned, so Arbagabug's father let Grod steal Arbie, and nobody was the wiser.

But Ting-a-ling, the astrologer, said he'd have her yet.

But Grod said, "You'll have to wait for me to die, you old stargazer."

And when they got to the feast, which was to be eaten in a great grove, for it was summer, there Ting-a-ling was, and he bowed to Arbie, and turned up his nose at Grod, who was very cross, and clung to his wife, for fear she'd run away.

But Arbie knew how to manage him, for she made him sit right down at the table, and eat first clams, then roast corn, then beef, and pudding, and pie, and cake, and fruit, and everything good; and Grod smacked his lips, and when he got through, wanted to know when the feast would begin, for he was hungry.

And Arbie smiled at Ting-a-ling and Ting-a-ling threw a kiss at Arbie, and the giant did n't see a thing of it, for they were just sitting down to table. And such a feast! I could n't try to tell you, for I should never get through, but it was a giant feast, I can tell you, and there was everything good there.

They did n't talk much, for you could n't hear for the clatter of knives and rattle of dishes.

And they all kept their eyes on their food, so as to eat quick, and get enough; so Arbie and Ting-a-ling were not noticed when they

slipped behind the trees, away from the table, and started to run away together.

Before they got far, however, they heard Syllabuz, the giant's right-hand man, shout, "Where's Grodjkins?"

This frightened them, for they thought, of course, he was after them, and then they ran back, for they knew it was no use to run away — but they saw nothing of Grodjkins. Syllabuz was saying, "I saw him a minute ago."

"Yes, so did I," said his next neighbor.

"Nobody saw him go away?" asked one.

"Nobody," said they all.

"This is strange," said Arbie.

"Very," echoed Ting-a-ling, holding her hand.

"Very," said all.

And so they wondered for a long time, till, all at once, a big wise giant over in the corner said, "I think I can tell you what has become of him."

"Well, what?" shouted all.

"As I was looking over his way after the meal, I saw him eating as fast as he could, of the roast beef. But his whiskers seemed to trouble him, for they would keep getting into his mouth, and make him stop eating. But all at once, he was so much in a hurry, that he swallowed whiskers and all, and kept right on eating and swallowing, and — and — and, I'm sure, I saw, and he must have *eaten himself up!*"

"Did you see him disappear?"

"Yes, first his head, and then his shoulders, and I was too frightened to speak."

Sure enough Grodjkins was gone. The victim of his own greediness, he had *eaten himself up*, as every greedy, selfish person will — all the good there is in them, all the real man — eat it all up, and disappear like Grodjkins. And that's the moral. Do you understand it?

Ting-a-ling married Arbabug the next day, for who cares for the loss of a man wholly selfish? and they live in the giant country now, and Ting-a-ling is the giant of the stars, and Arbabug of the flowers.

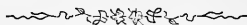
There's the story just as I heard it, but I don't know where the giant country is, if it is n't down on the map, but they say that many years after in the country of the giants, on the spot where they had the feast, under a great tree, they found a great stone image, very much shrunken of course, which was supposed to be Grod.

They called it the Cardiff Giant, and I guess Barnum will place it in his museum.

Greedy hearts — selfish hearts — eat themselves up in trying to devour

everybody else, and their whole soul turns to stone. Better be a little, tender hearted boy or girl, than a great stone giant, say I, and so say you all, I know.

Paul North.



THE POTTERY.



BLUE smoke was rising through the trees, as we drove along a secluded country road, of too large a volume for the chimney of any private dwelling.

“What is that?” we inquired.

“Only the smoke from the pottery,” replied my companion. “We will go to it if you wish, but you will not see any Etruscan vases or Egyptian jars; only bean pots, flower pots and pudding pans, and such homely things for the everyday use of country folks.”

A little jet of steam was escaping from a waste pipe as we approached the building.

“Has steam found its way here, too,” we asked, “and do they make earthen ware by machinery?”

“Not much of it. You will find the potter’s wheel and lathe not much different from those painted on the walls of the old Egyptian pyramids, but you will see some things of which they knew nothing,” and he plunged into the basement story, where the great heaps of clay were lying just as they had been brought from the fields in Cambridge.

How the sight of it recalled the experiments of our childish days, for we lived on clayey soil with whose plastic qualities we became early familiar in other shapes than the universal one of mud pies, which are the happiness of every urchin who is allowed the privilege to be as dirty as he chooses. How well we remembered the clay marbles and dishes which we made and left to dry in the sun, while we wasted, as we thought, the pleasant summer morning in the schoolroom, and which invariably fell to pieces when we tried to play with them. Here lay the same kind of clay, a shade grayer it might be, but still as inviting to handle and to mould.

“Men no longer tread the clay with their naked feet to mix it well together, to free it from every foreign substance and make it into a paste-like mass. Here is the machine that does it for them,” and my companion pointed to a strange looking object — a cylinder turning round and round by machinery.

A man was feeding this cylinder with rough looking clay, and he was

as dirty as the most reckless child would ever desire to be. His hands and bare arms were so smeared with the sticky substance, that you could hardly tell where the clay ended and the flesh began, and his face had not entirely escaped.

“This is a sort of pug mill which chops up the clay and throws it in lumps into that hopper. Inside is the axis about which the cylinder revolves. It has arms from which project sharp knives with the points turned outwards. They are arranged in a spiral manner, so that when the machine is in motion, the clay is being continually chopped and cut. Very good in its way, and it saves human muscle much disagreeable, rough work, but it is not so thorough as a man’s foot or hand, which easily detected the smallest pebble or stick and removed it.”

The ground clay which fell into the hopper was carried to another machine, which pressed it still more and mixed it with oil, and from which it came in square blocks about the size of half a brick.

“These are the pieces which are used where the flower-pots are made by machinery; the old potter’s wheel takes a good sized lump of clay, not so oily as this.”

Up stairs was the machine for making the flower-pots, which went by steam. Into a hollow steel mould of the shape of a flower-pot, a workman put a lump of this oily clay. Suspended over it, was another steel mould, solid, with the exception of a narrow groove cut spirally about it. When the machine was in motion, down came the solid mould into the clay, and in an instant pressed the lump into a flower-pot. The mould was opened, and the pot, perfect, with the rim round the edge, and the hole in the bottom, was taken up carefully and placed on a plank ready to be carried to the furnace.

“What is that spiral line for?” we inquired.

“To allow some place for the air that is in the clay to be pressed out.”

It did not seem a satisfactory answer, but we could get no other, and were obliged to be contented with that. We stood for some moments watching the two moulds crowding clay into flower-pots, but it was not half so entertaining as the old wheel and lathe, and seemed to take all the artist’s skill out of the potter’s work. We followed the gray pots to the room where they were left to dry before being carried to the furnace. Here were pots of all sizes, from the tiny two cent pots in which the gardener starts his smallest cuttings, to the large flower-pots which hold his century plants and orange trees; and jars, from those two or three inches high, to great ones reaching to a man’s waist, which would have safely hidden the tallest of the forty thieves, unless Morgiana’s cunning had discovered him.

The unglazed ware was ready to be baked when thoroughly dried, but the other articles, the great pickle jars, jugs, the inside of the pudding pans, and milk pans were covered first with a red glaze. An article whose glazing is cracked is considered defective by us, whether it be earthenware or china, but those master workers in porcelain who made china cups and saucers long before Europe understood the art, the Chinese think much of their crackle, which looks to us like damaged glaze, and take much pains to produce it on some of their most expensive manufactures.

A huge fire was built underneath the furnace, which was full of flower-pots arranged in rows. The opening of the furnace was stopped with wet clay, but the overseer kindly made a hole in it for a minute, and then quickly shut it again before the cold air had time to produce any disastrous effect, and allowed us just a glimpse of the rows of flower-pots, red hot in a glowing light which blinded and dazzled us. Earthenware, like glass, must be heated and cooled gradually or it will crack, and after the fire is once made it must not be suffered to die out. Eight hours of constant heat were required to bake the pots, and as the men threw in great armfuls of wood upon the glowing coals, we saw in imagination, all the trees of the "good green wood," the maples, elms and oaks about the pottery, disappearing under those iron doors.

Beyond this room was another where the huge jars were made on a great wheel. These jars required two men to make them, each jar being made in two parts, and then joined together. Here were little moulds for making earthenware corks, we should say, if that were not an Irishism, but earthenware stoppers for carboys, for aquafortis, and other powerful acids, whose corrosive qualities would quickly destroy any vegetable substance. The making of these little stoppers was very simple. The clay was pressed into the mould, and a piece of bent iron removed all the superfluous material at the top. The mould was opened, the stopper finished and ready for drying and baking. Indeed, many of the potter's tools are very simple, and very old. Some of them almost the same to-day as those painted on the walls of the catacombs at Thebes, so many hundred years ago, where the painted potter still treads out the clay with his feet, and shapes his urns upon a wheel.

At last we came to a potter's wheel, where a bright-eyed boy was making tiny flower-pots. It was such a pleasure to watch him after the dirty, oily machine which pressed out a flower-pot in a second. To see the little lumps of clay change beneath the touch of his fingers into whatever shape he would, for at our companion's request, he stopped his usual work, and out of the same piece made a cup, a vase, an urn or

jug, or whatever we asked. For we had but to speak, and like the wonderful transformations in the old fairy tales, the clay became whatever we commanded. With a few different shaped pieces of wood with which he guided the whirling clay, some bits of bent wire, he turned out ever some different thing. A pinch here, and a stroke there changed the flower-pot to a vase, and a thumb in the lip of the vase, turned it into a jug. The clay seemed to follow the thought of the potter, and it looked so easy, that my companion asked permission to try his skill.

No doubt he had some fine Etruscan vase in his mind, with which he thought to surprise us, but notwithstanding he thrust his hand into the clay, and strove to guide it to his thought, the perverse substance would not recognize its master, and shaped itself into an ugly, crooked jug, while the potter stood looking on with a quiet smile. The jug was demolished, and some humbler form attempted; but not even a good flower-pot would reward his endeavors, and at last, with hands as gray as the clay he was working in, he desisted from his vain attempts.

"It is not as easy as it looks," said he to the potter.

"No sir, but most everybody thinks it is, and likes to try their hand at it, and you have succeeded about as well as any of them."

"Can you make anything that you wish?" we asked.

"Any form that I know well, and can see distinctly in my own mind, I can make; but sometimes people come to me, and describe something that I have never seen, and then I wish them to bring me a drawing of the right dimensions, for I often find that their words and my impressions do not agree, and then they find fault with me, for making exactly what they ordered. But I like my work. It comes natural to me. I like to make the shape of anything I see in clay, not always on the wheel, but in solid forms at home," and as he talked the lump of clay had been whirling round, his busy hands had been hovering over it, and an Egyptian jar, without handles (the handles were added afterward) stood before us.

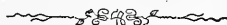
The man was an artist, and had an artist's eye for outline and forms, though he made flower-pots in an obscure country village, and as soon as we left him, he crushed down his Egyptian jar into a pudding-pan.

"But how much pleasanter his work seems, how much greater opportunity he has for variety and thought than the man at the flower-pot machine. This man is an artist, the other only an operative," said we, to our companion.

He smiled as he looked at his clay-stained fingers. "I think I should get on better with the machine. But what you say is true enough, and I fancy that some of the beauty and grace of a man's work is taken

away by machinery. A work that a man shapes with his hands, thinks about day and night, and puts his heart and soul into, he must love better, and it must have a stronger influence upon his character, than the mere tending of a machine which requires nothing but care. I think a painter who has watched every expression of his sitter's face, and striven to reproduce his whole character while he paints his picture, must love his art better than the photographer, who merely arranges his conditions, and leaves the sun and his chemicals to do the rest.

E. C. F.



DOING THINGS WELL.

WHEN that famous English merchant, Samuel Budgett, was at the head of his large mercantile establishment, in which some three hundred persons were employed, he had one boy whose business it was to straighten old nails that were picked up in the building. "Not a very important or dignified business!" some of the lads will say. It was just as necessary, however, as any other work that was done; at least, it was so regarded by Mr. Budgett, who managed his business with the utmost economy. Perhaps many of his clerks called him "penurious" and "niggardly" for saving the old nails which many men would throw away. But Mr. B. knew what he was about. Nor was he penurious or niggardly. On the other hand, he was very benevolent. He had an object in saving the nails beyond the matter of economy, which was important in itself. The labor of straightening the nails would test the qualities of the boys. He could learn whether they would make good business men from their manner of straightening nails.

"A boy who will straighten nails well, will do other things well," he used to say. And his practice showed that he believed what he said; for if a boy did this work poorly, he was not promoted, but dismissed. "If you will not do that well, you will do nothing well," he would say to the shiftless boy who thought that straightening nails was too small business to be done thoroughly. There were men in his establishment, having fine salaries, who won their places by exhibiting their industry, perseverance and thoroughness in straightening nails. By doing small things well, they proved themselves qualified to do large things well.

When a boy in Mr. B.'s store had discharged his duty promptly on the nails, he was promoted to the position of "*bag-mender*," which was

not much more dignified. But almost always the boy who did the first well, proved himself faithful in the second. And thus boys in his store were trained in this way to occupy important posts.

Here is a good lesson for the readers of this magazine. How many boys would rather be excused from such nail business! How many would slight the work if compelled to do it! And all because they do not see the lesson which is taught them, viz., the principle of **DOING THINGS WELL**. Starting in life with this determination, is a good beginning, without which the end may be evil. Doing things so as to "pass muster," and "just squeeze along," and not lose one's place, has been true of many a man, who was not taught to do things well in his boyhood. In the school-room it is precisely as it is in the shop, and store, and on the farm. Many scholars are satisfied with lessons that just escape the mark of failure. They have no desire to be the best scholars, or if they have the desire, they are too lazy and indolent to try for it.

One of Dr. Johnson's maxims was, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and it is always regarded honorable for boys or men to adopt the principle.

There was once a member of the British House of Commons, who rose to that eminence from the humblest origin, by dint of perseverance. In a debate, one day, an aristocratic member taunted him with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the noble reply, "*did I not black them well?*" It was a principle with him to be thorough, and so he made just as good a member of the House of Commons as he did boot-black. The same was true of that successful Boston merchant, William Gray, who became a millionaire. In his boyhood he was a "drummer;" and on one occasion, a fellow merchant sneeringly referred to that fact, when Mr. Gray replied, "*And did I not drum well?*" That response was so grand that it has passed into history.

This class of toilers always find patronage when others do not. And they are so few, too, in comparison with the opposite class, that their services are more earnestly sought after. If a man wants to employ a carpenter or painter, he secures the best he can find. The merchant demands the best accountant or clerk, and he will accept no other if he can help it. His errand boy, too, must be faithful and true, or make room for another. A shiftless, indifferent laborer on the farm, or in the shop, will scarcely be tolerated. Thus, in all places and at all times, **DOING THINGS WELL** becomes both a recommendation and passport to a youth.

Rev. William M. Thayer.

ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy with his noise and fun,
 The veriest mischief under the sun ;
 As brimfull of mischief, and wit, and glee,
 As ever a human frame can be,
 And as hard to manage as — what? ah, me!
 'T is hard to tell,
 Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
 Who cannot be driven, but must be led ;
 Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
 And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
 Loses more kites, and tops and bats,
 Than would stock a store
 For a year or more.

Only a boy with his wild strange ways,
 With his idle hours, or his busy days ;
 With his queer remarks, and his odd replies,
 Sometimes foolish, and sometimes wise,
 Often brilliant for one of his size,
 As a meteor hurled
 From the planet world.

Only a boy who will be a man,
 If Nature goes on with her first great plan —
 If intemp'rance, or some fatal snare,
 Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
 Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
 Our torment, or joy !
 “ Only a boy.”





[See Diagram in January No.]

OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST GLORY.

THE true¹ glory¹ of a nation³ is in an intelligent¹, honest¹, industrious¹ Christian¹ people¹.

The civilization¹ of a people depends on their individual character¹; and a constitution¹ which is not the outgrowth of this character³ is not worth the parchment¹ on which it is written¹. You look in vain in the past, for a single instance¹ where the people have preserved their liberties³, after their individual character¹ was lost. It is not³ in the magnificence⁷ of its palaces⁷, — not³ in the beautiful¹ creations¹ of art¹ lavished on its public¹¹ edifices¹¹, — not in costly¹¹ libraries¹¹ and galleries¹¹ of pictures¹¹, — not in the number¹ or wealth¹ of its cities³, that we find pledges of⁵ a nation's⁵ glory⁵. The ruler may gather¹ around¹ him the treasures⁷ of the world⁷, amid a brutalized¹⁴ people¹⁴; the senate-chamber may retain its faultless³ proportions³ long after the voice of patriotism¹ is hushed¹⁴ within its walls¹⁴; the monumental marble may commemorate a glory⁵ which has forever¹³ departed¹³. Art¹ and letters¹ may bring no lesson¹ to a people³ whose heart¹ is dead.

The true⁷ glory⁷ of a nation⁷ is in the living⁵ temple⁵ of a loyal⁵ industrious⁵ and upright⁵ people⁵. The busy¹ click¹ of machinery¹, — the merry² ring² of the anvil², — the lowing¹ of peaceful¹ herds¹, and the song³ of the harvest³ home³, are sweeter music than pæans¹¹ of departed¹³ glory¹³, or songs of triumph¹⁰ in war¹⁰. The vine-clad cottage¹⁸ of the hill-side¹⁸, the cabin¹⁸ of the woodsman¹⁸, and the rural¹⁸ home¹⁸ of the farmer¹⁸ are the true³ citadels³ of any country⁷. There is a dignity⁵ in honest¹ toil¹ which belongs not¹ to the display¹ of wealth¹ or the luxury¹ of fashion¹. The man who drives the plough¹¹, or swings his axe¹ in the forest¹¹, or with cunning fingers plies¹ the tools¹ of his craft¹, is as truly the servant of his country³, as the statesman in the senate¹¹, or the soldier¹ in battle¹. The safety of a nation depends not alone on the wisdom of its statesmen or the bravery of its generals. The tongue of eloquence³ never saved a nation tottering¹ to its fall¹, the sword of a warrior never stayed¹³ its destruction¹³. There is a surer defence in

every *Christian home*. I say *Christian*³ home, for I know of no glory⁵ to manhood⁵ which comes not from the cross⁵. I know of no rights wrung¹ from tyranny, no truth rescued¹ from darkness¹ and bigotry¹ which has not waited on a *Christian*³ civilization³.

Would you see the image of true⁵ GLORY⁵, I would show you villages¹³ where the crown⁵ and glory⁵ of the PEOPLE was in CHRISTIAN¹¹ SCHOOLS¹¹, where the voice of prayer⁵ goes heaven¹⁷-ward, where the people have that most priceless gift⁵ — faith in God¹². With this as the basis⁶, and leavened as it will be in with brotherly love³ there will be no danger in grappling with any evils³ which exist in our midst; we shall feel that we may work¹ and bide our time, and die knowing that God¹⁷ will bring victory¹¹.

Bishop Whipple.

NOTE. The readers of the *Schoolmate* have doubtless noticed some very grave errors in the *marking* of the Declamation in the January No. It was the result of an entire re-arrangement of the "chart." We re-publish the piece, corrected.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

An Easy, Humorous Dialogue.

CHARACTERS. — MR. SLIM, teacher; MR. FROGG, MR. CRABB, Committee; JACK SHEPHARD, TIMOTHY ROBBINS, "BILL" FISH, RICHARD ROBINSON, MASTER FREDDY, SARAH FLOUNDER, BETSY JANE, MARY SPRUCE, and others.

Mr. Slim (rapping with a ruler on his desk.) School come to order. (General disorder and confusion follows, each pupil having something very important to do before he takes his seat.)

Mr. Slim (in a high tone.) School come to order. (The pupils take their seats except two boys who continue playing tag in the school-room.)

Mr. Slim. Jack Shephard and Tim Robbins come to order. D'ye hear?

Jack. Yes sir, in a minute; just as soon as I get the last tag.

Mr. Slim. If you don't take your seat, I will give you a tag that you will have cause to remember. Did n't I tell you to come to order five

minutes ago? How many times must I speak in order to be minded? (*Jack takes his seat.*) The first class in reading. (*Members of the class: Bill Fish, Betsy Jane, and others.*) What is the selection for reading to-day?

Betsy Jane. Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition. Page 95th.

Mr. Slim. Belzoni, you should know, in order to understand the piece, was a very distinguished traveller. He was born at —

Jack Shephard (in his seat.) Please sir, Tim Robbins is botherin, me.

Tim Robbins. He 's got my books all out of kilter.

Mr. Slim. Jack Shephard, do you march yourself into one corner of the room, and Tim Robbins into the other, and stand there until the class is done reading.

He was born at Padua, about the year 1778. He visited Egypt, and became very greatly interested in Egyptian antiquities. He was the first who discovered the entrance to the great pyramid Ghizeh. He entered the subterranean caverns of the mountain Gornioo, the burial-place of Thebes, and — (*Three great apples drop from one of the girl's desk, and roll upon the floor.*)

Sarah Flounder, pick up those apples, quick! What are you doing with apples in school time, I would like to know. (*Sarah picks up the apples, and taking her seat, begins to study in a whisper, swaying to and fro*) — and there found innumerable mummies, many of which he very carefully examined in search of ancient records, called papyri. He sent many valuable relics to England, where he held an exhibition. Now who was Belzoni?

Betsy Jane. He was a mummy.

Bill Fish. He was the son of his mummy.

Mr. Slim. I never!

Betsy Jane. He hunted after mummies on the mountains of Thebes.

Mr. Slim. He was a great traveller and antiquarian.

Betsy. He was a great traveller and antiquarian.

Bill. He was a great traveller and antiquarian.

Mr. Slim (reading.)

“ And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

"Speak !*for thou long enough hast acted dumby ;
 Thou hast a tongue ; come, let us hear its tune ;
 Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

"Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
 To whom should we assign the Sphynx's fame ?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

"Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade —
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd ?"

The Memnonium was a magnificent temple at Thebes.* Memnon's statue "which at sunrise played," was a colossal work of art. It was forty-seven feet high, and stood on a massive pedestal. At sunrise, for centuries, it sent forth sweet strains of music. Hence it was called the Vocal Memnon.

(*An apple rolls from Sarah Flounder's desk. Sarah begins to study again, saying in a loud whisper ;*) An island is a tract of water almost surrounded by land. (*Which she repeats, swaying to fro.*)

Mr. Slim. Sarah, walk out on the floor. Stand on one foot. Now see if you can be still a minute. (*Sarah begins to cry, and in consequence of her position on one foot, makes a very ridiculous figure.*) The statue of Memnon is in a sitting posture — Mary Spruce, go and sit with Richard Robinson. I am tired of seeing you stare at him across the room — It holds in its lap a very wonderful stone, which, when struck, fills the air with music like the ringing of a bell. There are certain stones in Egypt that are said to emit sweet sounds when the rays of the sun first fall upon them.

Master Freddy. Please, sir, Mary Spruce is biting Richard.

Mary. 'Hain't neither.

Jack Shephard, (looking from the window.) Oh !

All of the scholars. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Mr. Slim. What is to pay now ?

Jack Shephard. The Committee is comin'.

Mr. Slim. The Committee coming ? I should think it was. Oh !

"Oh ! for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Class in reading, take your seats. Jack and Jim, take your seats.

Sarah Flounder, and Mary Spruce, too. Fred, pick up those whittlings under your desk. (*General confusion follows, the scholars now and then looking from the window, and saying*) Oh! Oh!

Scholars, you see that. (*Holding up a stick.*) Well, if you make any disturbance while the Committee are here, you shall not only see it, but feel it, when they are gone. I shall call the first class in Grammar. The lesson for parsing is, "The stripling smote the Hitite that he died." *The* is an article; *stripling*, a noun, masculine gender; *smote*, a verb, transitive; *Hitite*, a noun, proper; *that*, a conjunction; *died* is intransitive. Now, William Fish, don't make one of your great, awkward blunders, and disgrace the whole class. Just see if you can read the sentence correctly, you stand first in the class.

Bill Fish. "The — strip — stripling — smote — the Hi-ti-ti-te—that — he — did."

Mr. Slim. That does beat all.

(*A rap is heard at the door. Enter MR. FROGG and MR. CRABB. Salutations.*)

Mr. Slim. I was about calling my class in Grammar. Would you like to hear it, gentlemen?

Mr. Frogg. A very important study, Mr. Slim, — a very important study. We would much like to hear your class, Mr. Slim.

Mr. Slim. The first class in Grammar. (*Members of the class: Bill Fish, Richard Robinson, Mary Spruce, Sarah Flounder.*) William, what is the parsing lesson, to-day.

Bill. The sapling smote him hity-tity, that he did.

Mr. Slim. No. "The stripling smote the Hitite that he died."

Bill. *The* is an article, definite, and describes *stripling*.

Mr. Slim. No, limits *stripling*.

Richard. *Stripling* is a noun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, nominative case, agrees with *died*.

Mr. Slim. No. It is not *the stripling died*, but *the stripling smote*. Subject to *smote*, according to the rule.

Richard. Subject of *smote*, according to the rule.

Mr. Frogg. What is the rule?

Richard. It has slipped my mind.

Mary. *Smote* is a verb.

Mr. Slim. A verb, you mean.

Mary. *Smote* is a verb, irregular, transitive, indicative mode, perfect tense. and agrees with its subject in number and person.

Mr. Frogg. Well done. But what is the subject?

Mary. The Hi-ti-tite.

Mr. Slim. I am astonished. Indicative, perfect, third, singular, and agrees with *stripling*. Rule: A verb must agree with its subject in person and number. Sarah, parse *Hitite*.

Sarah. *Hitite* is a noun.

Mr. Slim. Common?

Sarah. No, uncommon; I can't parse it.

Mr. Frogg. Why?

Sarah. 'Cause I don't know how.

Mr. Frogg. Our time, Mr. Slim, is limited. We have four other schools to visit this afternoon. I like the appearance of your school. This class is getting hold of things finely. They will make very excellent grammarians in the end.

Mr. Slim. Will you make some remarks?

Mr. Frogg. If agreeable.

Mr. Slim. The grammar class is excused. School please come to order. I have the pleasure, scholars, of introducing you to Mr. Frogg, the able chairman of our committee, who will now favor us with some remarks.

Mr. Frogg. (*Ahem.*) I am much gratified, dear pupils, at what I have seen and heard. The order in this school seems to be excellent. The recitation in grammar quite surprised me. *Them* scholars are getting *hold* of things finely. I hope you will improve in the future as you have in the past. This school, friend Crabb, (*laying his hand on friend Crabb's shoulder,*) is all that we could wish.

Scholars, do not be satisfied with mere superficial attainments. Drink deep from the fountain of knowledge. I wish to leave an impression on each school that I visit. The idea I would leave here, is beautifully expressed by the poet who says, (*ahem!*)

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep"—

(*ahem! ahem!*) *Now* scholars, what did the poet say?

Master Freddy. He said, "Ahem! ahem!" (*The Committee leave.*)

(*Spoken.*) In this, our dialogue, you see
A school as it ought not to be;
The teacher lacking moral force,
The pupils wayward, heedless, coarse;
There are such schools that I have seen,
Though they are few and far between.
And I am glad, dear friends, are n't you?
Such schools are far between and few.

Hezekiah Butterworth.



PASSING a new and costly building a few days ago, our attention was attracted by a beautiful display of plants, which occupied one of its windows. On closer inspection we noticed other windows in the building presented the same beautiful appearance. A storm was raging without, but here was an indication of comfort within, dispensing beauty without for the enjoyment of the wayfarer as he passed on his way to his daily toil.

We were the more impressed by this evidence of good taste, and industrious care of what are familiarly termed house-plants, by the fact that the building was devoted to the purposes of a public school, it having been but lately erected at a large expense, and dedicated to the education of such children, be they poor, or be they rich, as choose to enter its portals for instruction. And here the thought struck us that whoever those teachers might be, they had, certainly, a right idea of the duties they had undertaken.

Next to the home, comes the teacher in the moral and intellectual instruction of the young. Consequently the school-room, as well as the home, should present an attractive appearance. Good discipline is enforced not so much through fear as love. "I love my teacher." Therein is the difference in schools and in teachers, and it needs but a short acquaintance to distinguish a teacher as belonging to the one or the other class.

Hence we hail every evidence of a cultivated taste and affectionate disposition in the school-room as a good omen. Let the windows be filled with the rarest flowers, let the walls be hung with carefully selected pictures, let the rooms be well and judiciously ventilated, the seats be arranged with regard to comfort, in a word, let cheerfulness and affection prevail, and then will the school-room have assumed its proper place as an educator of the mind and heart. Then will the teacher deem it no trial to impart knowledge, neither will the pupil think it a hardship to engage in those studies which are so essential to his future well being, as fitting him for the active and sterner duties of life.

An unusual demand has been made on us for the bound volumes of the *Schoolmate* for 1869. We are highly gratified at this degree of interest in our work, and shall continue to meet any calls upon us for this exceedingly low-priced book. We continue to send the volume by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of *two dollars*, and have exchanged many volumes with our renewing subscribers on payment of fifty cents, where their numbers have been carefully used. In many instances, however, we have been obliged to refuse to do so, subjecting the parties to a delay of several weeks while their volume is in the binder's hands, and then a *soiled* book is of necessity the result. In a majority of cases, this was caused by parties who *borrowed* the magazine of the subscriber. One little fellow was sadly disappointed, and with emphasis exclaimed, "If mother would only have minded me and *not* lent my magazine it would have been all right, I told her so."

The lad was right. Our magazine costs but \$1.50 a year, and for 50 cents additional, at the close of the year, we exchange for a volume neatly bound in cloth, *if* the numbers are *clean* and in

good order. NO OTHER MAGAZINE PUBLISHER DOES THIS, and is it not worth while to see that the numbers are well kept? Is there anything selfish in *refusing* to lend under such circumstances? Our circular to subscribers in the January number points out a way to remedy this, and we are already in receipt of many additional subscribers through our long-time patrons. Thirty days more are allowed on the advantageous terms then offered.

A few bills for the present year are still unpaid, and we shall continue to send Mr. Alger's photograph for all payments made before the first day of March, as well as to all new subscribers.

We congratulate our young friend, Alert, on the beautiful appearance of THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN, the first number of which is before us, and gives evidence of much tact in its editor. We wish him all manner of success, for he merits it.

Cheese Kurd is guilty of this, "Why is a tool chest containing a poor axe like the state of Wisconsin? Because they both have a Bad Axe." How can the poor fellow sleep o' nights?

Frank H. Hoffecker, Box 723, Wilmington, Del., wishes to correspond with "Schoolmates" of either sex. He must be a good fellow, for he ranks our magazine very high, and appreciates Mr. Alger as a writer. But better than all, he promises us some enigmas, puzzles, &c. Don't forget us, Frank.

Send it along, Samuel, we shall be glad to hear from you, even if you are 15 years old. Am glad you are so honest as to state it, and to meet your case, we will offer a similar prize (viz., 10) to any subscriber to the Schoolmate from fourteen to sixteen years of age. Will you take the prize? Try for it.

GOOD HEALTH has vindicated its right

to a place in every household as a journal devoted to "the improvement in human health, — the lengthening out of human life." It is a valuable monthly, and the publisher authorizes us to club it with the Schoolmate — the two magazines for \$2.75. To our present subscribers it will be sent on receipt of \$1.25 additional to payment for this year for Schoolmate. We are prepared to furnish almost any magazine to our subscribers at a discount from the regular subscription price, and in most cases on club terms.

THE SOPRANO is full of excellent suggestion to those who would become good and healthy singers, and is written in so attractive a style, that every one may find it not only interesting but instructive reading. We thank the author for a copy which we can assure *her* has been largely read and enjoyed.

But here comes our list of music, some of which should have been acknowledged last month.

FROM KOPPITZ, PRUFER & CO.

1. Der Schnellaüfer. Gallop, by Carl Faust.
2. The Patter of Little Feet. Ballad by H. Millard.
3. My Love! My Own! Ballad by H. Millard.
4. You Kiss Me in My Dreams. Song by C. Kinkel.
5. Keep One Kind Thought for Me. Ballad by C. F. H. Laurence.

FROM O. DITSON & CO.

1. The Whip-poor-will's Song; with brilliant variations, by Charles Grobe.
2. Bachanalienne for the Piano, by Charles Wels.
3. Delightful Wedding Mazurka, by Charles G. Grass.
4. The Flashing Jewel Polka Redowa, by Albert H. Fernald.
5. Horse Fly! Come Tickle Me. Song and dance, by Frank Wilder.

6. Darling Come Back. Song. Music by Lizzie M. Hervey.

7. The Turning of the Tide. Song by George Barker.

8. The Pet of the Fairie's Mazurka. Brilliant, by Eugene Berthier.

9. Florence Schottische, by William J. Lemon.

10. Oh! My! Schottische.

11. Le Rayon Schottische, by L. F. Whitaker.

12. The Dexter March. Dedicated to Dexter Smith, Esq.

13. Novellette, by Schumann.

14. Ein Herz, Ein Siun. Polka Mazurka, by Strauss.

15. Chorus from "Il Flauto Magico." On Thirds, No. 10 of the collection called Kuhe's Twelve Drawing-room Studies for the Pianoforte.

16. Sparkling Galop, by Mark Hassler.

17. Baby bye, Here's a Fly. No. 6 of the collection of Duos, called Teacher and Pupil, by Wm. Mason.

18. Musical Miseries. Comic song by Harry Clifton.

19. The Old Church Bell. Song by J. W. Long.

20. Silvery Bells. Companion to Beautiful Bells. Music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.

21. What's my love like? Music by George A. Russell.

22. Spinning Wheel, Morceau Caracteristique, by Charles Wels.

23. Prince Arthur's March, by Parlow.

24. The Passion Flower Polka Redowa, by J. S. Knight.

25. Cuban Grand March Militaire, by E. L. Ripley.

26. Bon Nuit (Good Night) Polka, by Fred Eversman, Jr.

27. The Wandering Jew Waltz, by F. Burgmuller.

28. Where there's a will there's a way. Song and chorus. One of the collection called Evening Melodies.

29. Pulling hard against the Stream. One of the collection called Evening Melodies.



Answers. December Number.

154. Apple.

155. Pear.

156. Plum.

157. Current.

158. Peach.

159. Po-still-Ion.

160. Arc-hives.

161. 1. Live-evil. 2. emit-time. 3. rime-emir. 4. lever-revel. 5. peek-keep. 6. liar-rail. 7. laid-dial. 8. evan-nave. 9. drab-bard. 10. swap-paws. 11. leek-keel. 12. deer-reed. 13. meet-teem. 14. isle-elsi. 15. deem-meed. 16. trap-part. 17. rood-door. 18. trom-mort. 19. ward-draw. 20. room-moor. 21. dual-laud. 22. mood-doom.

Answers. January Number.

1. MACE — empale, arose, cement, erased.

2. Mistletoe. 3. Treacherous. 4. Fortunate.

5. Pertinent.

6. Angelina. 7. Erath. 8. Hardeman,

9. Hidalgo.

10. Connecticut.

11. Washington.

12. Cherry. 13. Lemon. 14. Fig. 15. Date. 16. Lime. 17. Olive. 18. Tomato.

19. In-sect. 20. Be-am. 21. Cur-tail. 22. Fir-kin.

23. Peru. 24. Host. 25. Cows.

26. Jap-on-a-cur. Japonica.

27. Column — Bus — furs — dish cover — E D — a merry cur — inn — the — y ear — fort in 92. Columbus first discovered America in the year 1492.

28. Enigma.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 15, 11, 20, 24 is a noise.

My 13, 5, 19, 4 is to shout.

My 25, 3, 22, 6, 21, 23 is to shake.

My 10, 8, 26, 9 is a musical instrument.

My 16, 1, 7, 18, 21 is the name of one of the months.

My 12, 7, 14, 17, 2 is foam.

My whole you will get by subscribing for the Schoolmate. RUTHVEN.

29. Geographical Rebus.

50

DON

UNCLE OSSIAN.

30. O Nitre! I try a razor. HAUTOBOY.

31. He brings it shars. HAUTOBOY.

32. Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 7, 8, 9, 6 is a stream ;

My 4, 2, 10 we never like to keep ;

My 3, 5, 10 is to unite ;

My 1, 5, 3 is never old ;

My whole is a city in Massachusetts.

FIREFLY.

Syncopations.

33. Syncopate a vehicle, leaving an animal.

34. A fish, leaving a covering for the head.

35. A mineral, leaving a boy.

36. A fire-place, leaving a shrub.

37. A holy song, leaving a tree.

38. A long spear, leaving a passage.

ROB ROY.

39. Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 6, 7, 8, 4 is a part of the neck,

My 13, 2, 4, 5, 11 is any kind of sound.

My 1, 9, 12, 8 is a small aperture.

My 8, 3, 10, 1 is to pluck.

My whole a man of note. M. I. NOT.

40. Puzzles, Known as**Sans Tetes.**

1. Take from a bed, and leave part of a ring.

2. Take from a snare, leave a blow.

3. Take from a gem, leave a British noble.

Decapitations.

4. Decapitate a pronoun, leave an article of apparel.

5. Decapitate a market, leave skill.

Logogriphs.

6. Gripe the head of a star, so as to leave a resinous substance.

7. Gripe in the same manner a piece of land, and leave a piece of land.

Sine Capita.

8. Remove the initial letter from a trick, leave utility.

9. Remove it also from contempt, leave a cereal.

Minus-their-heads.

10. Leave headless a piece of timber used in ship-building, and behold an animal.

11. Leave headless a measure, and behold a kitchen utensil.

Or What-you-may-call-'em.

12. Behead a medicine, and of course what remains is not well.

13. Behead an animal, and have the name of a Greek letter. RICHDORE.

The editor of this department will answer many inquirers by stating that he will gladly receive anything adapted to "The Evening Circle" if it be original

He will reject nothing but for sufficient reasons, and his young friends need have no fears of a relentless waste basket.

Anything crisp, spicy, original and pointed can safely be sent for insertion. It is the editor's desire to present as good a variety as possible in every number, and it is for those gifted in this department to contribute for each other's enjoyment. For past favors he returns thanks, and to those who have recently contributed to his drawer.



A French writer has said that to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously when awake ; and to bring angels down to hold converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

Remember that

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Lord Stanley says that

What a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he may be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that, — knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain, — I, for one, profess no respect at all. And I believe that there never was a time or country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste, — I was going to say think in haste, only that perhaps the word thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made.

Worth Trying.

The man who confines his desires to his real wants, is more rich, wise and contented than any other mortal.

Pleasant Companions these.

A watchman in a mill at Perryville has made friends with a large rat and his numerous family. At the midnight

lunch hour the watchman gives a light rap on the wall, which brings out the rats to share his hospitality, and after finishing their meal, the pets play around their benefactor "in the most sportive, trusting manner."

How Many Forget This.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that only interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

Hardly Safe if Servicable.

A citizen of Richmond drives a wagon one hundred years old. With a little tying up of the axles and abstinence from sneezing on the part of the driver, it is said still to be a safe and servicable vehicle.

A Help-mate Indeed, Girls Heed it.

The first manufacturer of buttons in this country was Samuel Williston. While he was dragging along as country storekeeper — his eyes having failed him while studying for the ministry — his good wife bethought her that she could cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, and thus earn an honest penny. From this time the couple advanced in their ambition until they had perfected machinery for covering buttons ; the first employed for the purpose in this country. From this sprang an immense factory, and then others, until Samuel Williston made half the buttons of the world. His factories are still running at Easthampton, coining wealth for the proprietors,

and known to every dealer in buttons the world over. He is now between seventy and eighty years of age, is worth five or six million, and has given \$400,000 to Easthampton for a seminary and for churches, \$200,000 to South Hadley Female Seminary, and \$200,000 to Amherst College, besides lesser gifts.

Perfectly Satisfactory.

"*Sam*, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes toward the south in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, *massa*, unless he no stand the climate of the norf, and so am 'bliged to go to the souf, where he 'speriences warmer longitude."

Not to be Envid is he ?

A Paris letter-writer thus describes the personal appearance of the Prince Imperial: "The boy is small, delicate, and childish-looking for his age, with that yellow look and tired countenance which French collegians so often have. Although he is now in his fourteenth year, he scarcely looks older than a full-grown boy of eleven. The circumstance of his being in uniform, however, may perhaps have made him appear more childish than he really is, for a military habit is naturally and unconsciously associated with an idea of strength, and the power of defending not only one's self, but other people."

Why has a clock a bashful appearance? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

Experience proves that

Memory presides over the past; actions over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs: the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit.

When is a person's mouth like a public park? When it contains several (achers) acres.

Heed it.

Never enter a sick room in a moment of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb.

The Cultivator thus speaks of the Change of Color

Of the leaves in Autumn from green to red, has been attributed to the effect of acid, and it was asserted that the green color could be restored by submitting the leaves to the action of alkali. This hypothesis was advanced without any basis of facts to support it, but the London Athenæum now asserts that the theory has been established by experiment. Autumn leaves placed under an exhausted receiver with vapor of ammonia, it is asserted, in nearly every instance lost their red color and renewed their green. In some leaves, such as the sassafras, the blackberry and maple, the change was rapid, and could be watched by the eye, while others, particularly certain oaks, turned gradually brown, without showing any appearance of green. Some have attributed the change of leaf color in autumn to "Jack Frost," forgetting that frost kills the tints, not leaves.

Push him then.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," said the idle boy to the needle.

It is said that

"Up to the year 1600, the violin was hardly known in England. It was introduced by strolling minstrels, and was regarded by the higher class as a low-class instrument. They looked upon it as we look upon the banjo at the present time. It was not used in concerts till about the time of Handel. He was the first to recognize its masterly power, and to employ it to represent the loftiest emotions of the soul."

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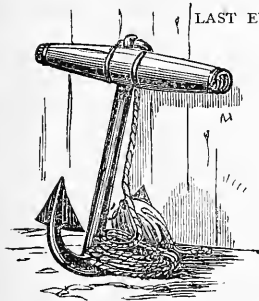
Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER V.

LAST EVENING IN FRANKLIN STREET.



HOUGH Rufus felt sorry for Mr. Martin's misfortune, there was at least one satisfaction connected with it. He would doubtless be sent to Blackwell's Island for three months, and of course when there he would be unable to annoy Rose, or contrive any plots for carrying her off. This would be a great relief to Rufus, who felt more than ever how much the presence of his little sister contributed to

his happiness. If he was better than the average of the boys employed like himself, it was in a considerable measure due to the fact that he had never been adrift in the streets, but even in the miserable home afforded by his step-father, had been unconsciously influenced towards good by the presence of his mother, and latterly by his little sister Rose. He, in his turn, had gained a salutary influence among the street boys, who looked up to him as a leader, though that leadership was gained in the first place by his physical superiority and manly bearing.

It occurred to him, that perhaps after all, it might not be necessary for Rose and Miss Manning to move from Franklin Street at present, on account of Mr. Martin's arrest. He was rather surprised when on

entering the little room, after hurrying up stairs two or three steps at a time, he saw Miss Manning's trunk open and half packed, with various articles belonging to herself and Rose spread out beside it.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, stopping short on the threshold, "what are you doing?"

"Getting ready to move, Rufus," answered the seamstress.

"So you've found a place?"

"Oh, such a nice place, Rufie," chimed in little Rose, "there's a nice carpet, and there's going to be a sofa, and O, it's beautiful."

"So you're going to live in style, are you?" said Rufus, "but how about the cost, Miss Manning?"

"That's the pleasantest part of it," was the reply, "it is n't going to cost me anything, and I am to be paid two dollars a week besides."

Rufus looked bewildered.

"Can't I get a chance there too?" he asked, "I'd be willin' to give 'em the pleasure of my society for half a price, say a dollar a week, besides a room."

"We are to be boarded also," said Miss Manning, in a tone of satisfaction.

"If it's a conundrum I'll give it up," said Rufus, "just tell a feller all about it, for I begin to think you're crazy, or else have come across some benevolent chap that's rather loose in the upper story."

Hereupon Miss Manning, unwilling to keep Rufus longer in suspense, gave him a full account of her morning's adventures, including her engagement with Mrs. Colman.

"You're in luck," said Rufus, "and I'm glad of it, but there's one thing we'll have to settle about."

"What's that?"

"About Rose's board."

"O, that is all settled already. Mrs. Colman is to pay for her board as well as mine."

"Yes, I know that, but it is your teachin' that is to pay for it."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then I must pay you for her board. That will make it all right."

"O no, Rufus, I could n't accept anything. You see it does n't cost me anything."

"Yes it does," persisted the newsboy, "if it was n't for that, you would be paid more money."

"If it was n't for her, I should not have applied for board in that place, so you see that it is to Rose, after all, that I am indebted for the situation."

"I see that you are very kind to Rose, Miss Manning, but I can't have you pay for her board. I am her brother, and am well and strong. I can afford to pay for Rose, and I will. Now how much will it be?"

Miss Manning persisted that she was not willing to receive anything, but upon this point the newsboy's pride was aroused, and finally this arrangement was made. Miss Manning was to receive three dollars a week, and for this sum she also agreed to provide Rose with proper clothing, so that Rufus would have no responsibility or care about her. He wanted the seamstress to accept four dollars, but upon this point she was quite determined. She declared that three dollars was too high, but finally agreed to accept it.

"I don't want to make money out of Rose," she said.

"It'll take some time to get ahead of A. T. Stewart on three dollars a week."

"I shall have five dollars a week."

"But you will have to buy clothes for Rose and yourself."

"I shall make them myself, so that they won't cost me more than half of the money."

"Then you can save up the rest."

"But you will only have five dollars left to pay your expenses, Rufus."

"O, I can get along. Don't mind me."

"But I wanted you to come and board with us. Mrs. Clayton has a hall bed-room which she would let to you with board for five dollars a week. But that would leave you nothing for clothes."

"I could earn enough some other way to pay for my clothes," said Rufus, "but I don't know about going to board with you. I expect it's a fashionable place, and I should n't know how to behave."

"You will know how to behave as well as I do. I did n't think you were bashful, Rufus."

"No more I am in the street," said the newsboy, "but you know how I've lived, Miss Manning. Mr. Martin did n't live in fashionable style, and his friends were not very select. When I took breakfast at Mr. Turner's, I felt like a cat in a strange garret."

"Then it's time you got used to better society," said Miss Manning. "You want to rise in the world, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then take my advice, and come with us. You'll soon get used to it."

"Maybe I will. I'll come round to-morrow, and see how I like it."

"Remember you are in business in Wall Street, and ought to live ac-

cordingly. Don't you think Mr. Turner would prefer to have you board in a good place rather than sleep at the Lodging House, without any home of your own?"

"Yes, I suppose he would," said Rufus.

The idea was a new one to him, but it was by no means disagreeable. He had always been ambitious to rise, but thus far circumstances had prevented his gratifying this ambition. His step-father's drunken habits, and the consequent necessity he was under of contributing to his support as well as that of Rose, and his mother when living, had discouraged him in all his efforts, and led him to feel that all his efforts were unavailing. But now his fortunes had materially changed. Now for the first time, there seemed to be a chance for him. He felt that it was best to break off, as far as possible, his old life, and turn over a new leaf. So the advice of his friend, Miss Manning, commended itself to his judgment, and he about made up his mind to become a boarder at Mrs. Clayton's. He would have the satisfaction of being in the same house with his little sister Rose, and thus of seeing much more of her than if he boarded down town at the Lodging House. It would cost him more to be sure, leaving him, as Miss Manning suggested, nothing for his clothes, but as his duties in Wall Street did not commence until nine o'clock, and terminated at five, he felt sure that in his leisure time, he would be able to earn enough to meet this expense. Besides there would be the interest on his five hundred dollars, which would amount to not less than thirty dollars, and probably more, for with the advice of Mr. Turner, he was about to purchase with it some bank shares. Then if it should be absolutely necessary, he could break in upon his principal, although he would be sorry to do this, for though he did not expect to add to it for a year to come, he hoped to keep it at its present amount.

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and when little Rose, taking his hand, said pleadingly, "Do come and live with us, Rufie," he answered, "Yes, Rosie, I will, if Mrs. Clayton will make room for me,"

"O, that will be so nice, won't it, Miss Manning?" said Rose, clapping her hands.

"Perhaps Mr. Martin will come and board with us," said Rufus, jestingly, "would n't you like that, Rose?"

"No," said Rose, looking frightened, "do you think he will find out where we are?"

"Not for some time at least," said her brother. "By the way, I saw him to-day, Miss Manning."

"Did you speak with him, Rufus?"

"Did he try to carry you off, Rufie?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"You forget, Rose, that I am rather too big to carry off," said Rufus, "no, he did not say anything to me. The fact is, he has got into a scrape, and has enough to do to think of himself."

"Tell us about it, Rufus."

"I saw him, just as I was coming home, in the hands of the police. I heard that he had tried to rob a gentleman of his pocket-book."

"What will they do to him?"

"I suppose he will be sent to the Island."

"I am sorry for him, though he has not treated you and Rose right."

"Yes, I am sorry too, but at any rate we need not feel anxious about his getting hold of Rose."

They had a very pleasant supper together. It was the last supper in the old room, and they determined that it should be a good one. Rufus went out and got some sirloin steak, and brought in a pie from the baker's. This, with what they already had, made a very nice supper.

"You won't have any more cooking to do for some time, Miss Manning," said Rufus, "you'll be a lady, with servants to wait on you. I hope the two little girls won't give you much trouble. If they do, that might be harder work than sewing."

"They seem to be quite pleasant little girls, and they will be a good deal of company for Rose."

"How did you like them, Rosie?" asked her brother.

"Ever so much. Jennie, that's the oldest, you know, she's almost as big as me; said she would give me one of her dolls. She's got four."

"That's quite a large family for a young lady to have. Don't you think she would give me one of them?"

"Boys don't have dolls," said Rose, decidedly, "It ain't proper."

Rufus laughed.

"Then I suppose I must do without one, but it would be a great deal of company for me when I go down town to business. I could put it in my pocket, you know."

"You're only making fun, Rufie."

"I suppose you think of going up to Mrs. Clayton's the first thing in the morning," said Rufus, turning to Miss Manning.

"Yes," she answered, "I can send up my trunk by a city express, and Rose and I can go up by the horse-cars, or if it is pleasant we will walk."

"I will go up with you, and look at the room you spoke of, if you will go early enough for me to be down at the office at nine o'clock."

Miss Manning assented to this arrangement, and Rufus left Franklin Street at nine, and repaired to the Newsboy's Lodging House, to sleep there for the last time.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW HOME.



At an early hour the next morning Miss Manning, accompanied by Rufus and Rose, ascended Mrs. Clayton's steps, and rang the bell.

The summons was answered directly by a servant.

"Is Mrs. Clayton at home?" inquired Miss Manning.

"Yes, you're Mrs. Colman's new governess, ain't you?"

"I am, but I would like to see Mrs. Clayton first."

"Come in, and I'll call her."

The three remained standing in the hall, awaiting the appearance of the landlady.

Rufus surveyed the interior of the house so far as he could see it, with evident approval. Not that the house compared with the homes of many of my young readers who are favored by fortune. It was not magnificent, but it was neat and well furnished, and looked bright and cheerful. To Rufus it appeared even elegant. He had a glimpse of the parlor through the half opened door, and it certainly was so, compared with the humble boarding-house in Franklin Street, not to mention the miserable old tenement house on Leonard Street, which the readers of "Rough and Ready" will easily remember.

"I say, Miss Manning, this is jolly," said Rufus, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Is n't it a nice house, Rufie?" said little Rose.

"Yes it is, Rosie," and Rough and Ready, to call him for once by his old name, felt happy in the thought that his little sister, whose life thus far had been passed in a miserable quarter of the city, would now be so much more favorably situated.

At this moment Mrs. Clayton made her appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Manning," she said, cordially, "I am sorry the servant left you standing in the hall. Good morning, my dear," addressing Rose, "is this young man your brother?"

"He is my brother," said Rose, "but he is n't a young man. He's a boy."

Rufus smiled.

"Maybe I'll be a young man in twenty or thirty years," he said. "Miss Manning tells me," he continued, "that you have a small room which you will let for five dollars a week with board."

"Yes," said the landlady, "my price has always been five and a half, but as your sister would like to have you here, I will say five to you."

"Can I look at it?"

"Yes, I will go up and show it to you at once."

They followed Mrs. Clayton up two flight of stairs. The door of the vacant room was already open. It was a hall bed-room of ordinary size. The head of the bed was on the same side as the door, the room being just wide enough for it. Between the foot of the bed and the window, but on the opposite side, was a bureau with a mirror. There was a washstand, and a couple of chairs beside it. A neat carpet covered the floor, and the window was screened by a shade.

"You see it is pretty good size for a hall bed-room," said the landlady. There is no closet, but you can hang your clothes on that row of pegs. If there are not enough, I will have some more put in."

"I think there will be enough," said Rufus, thinking, as he spoke, of his limited wardrobe. He was not much better off than the man who carried all his clothes on his back, and so proclaimed himself independent of trunk makers.

"Well, Rufus, what do you think of the room?" asked Miss Manning.

"I'll take it," said our hero, promptly. He had been on the point of calling it bully, when it occurred to him that perhaps such a word might not be the most appropriate under the circumstances.

"When will you come, Mr. —?" here the landlady hesitated, not having been made acquainted with the last name of our new boarder. Here it occurs to me, that as yet our hero has not been introduced by his full name, although this is the second volume of his adventures. It is quite time that this neglect was remedied.

"Rushton," said Rufus.

"When will you take possession of the room, Mr Rushton?"

"I'll be here to-night to dinner," said Rufus, "maybe I won't send my trunk round till to-morrow."

"I did n't know you had a trunk, Rufie," said Rose, innocently.

"I don't carry my trunk round all the time like an elephant, Rosie," said her brother, a little embarrassed by his sister's revelation, for he wanted to keep up appearances in his new character as a boarder at an up-town boarding-house.

"Rufus, would n't you like to go up and see my room?" interposed Miss Manning, "it's on the next floor, but though rather high up, I think you will like it."

This opportune interruption prevented Rose from making any further reference to the trunk.

So they proceeded up stairs.

Though Mr. Colman had not yet sent in the additional furniture promised by his wife, the room was looking bright and pleasant. The carpet had a rich, warm tint, and everything looked, as the saying is, as neat as a pin.

"This is to be my room," said Miss Manning, with satisfaction, "my room and Rosie's. I hope you will often come up to visit us. How do you like it?"

"Bully," said Rufus, admiringly, unconsciously pronouncing the forbidden word.

"I think we shall be very comfortable here," said Miss Manning.

Here a child's step was heard upon the stairs, and Jennie Colman entered.

"Mamma would like to see you down stairs, Miss Manning," she said.

"Good morning, my dear," said her new governess, "Rufus, this is one of my pupils."

"Is that your husband, Miss Manning?" asked Jennie, surveying Rufus with attention.

Rufus laughed, and Miss Manning also.

"He would be rather a young husband for me, Jennie," she said, "He is more suitable for you."

"I am not old enough to be married yet," she answered, gravely, "but perhaps I will marry him some time. I like his looks."

Rufus blushed a little, not being in the habit of receiving compliments from young ladies.

"Have you got that doll for me, Jennie?" asked Rose, introducing the subject which had the greatest interest for her.

"Yes, I've got it down stairs in mamma's room."

They went down, and at the door of Mrs. Colman's room Miss Manning said, "Won't you come in, Rufus? I will introduce you to Mrs. Colman."

"Yes, come in," said Jennie, taking his hand.

But Rufus declined, feeling bashful about being introduced.

"It's time for me to go to the office," he said, "some other time will do."

"You'll be here in time for dinner, Rufus?"

"Yes," said our hero, and putting on his hat he made his escape, feeling considerably relieved when he was fairly in the open air.

"I s'pose I'll get used to it after a while," he said to himself.

"I am glad you have come, Miss Manning," said Mrs. Colman, extending her hand. "You will be able to relieve me of a great deal of my care. The children are good, but full of spirits, and when I have one of my nervous headaches, the noise goes through my head like a knife. I hope you won't find them a great deal of trouble."

"I don't anticipate that," said the new governess, cheerfully, "I am fond of children."

"Do you ever have the headache?"

"Very seldom."

"Then you are lucky. Children are a great trial at such a time."

"Have you the headache this morning, Mrs. Colman?" asked Miss Manning, in a tone of sympathy.

"Not badly, but I am seldom wholly free from it. Now suppose we talk a little of our plans. It is time the children were beginning to learn to read. Can your little girl read?"

"A little; not very much."

"I suppose it will be better not to require them to study more than an hour or two a day, just at first. The rest of the time you can look after them. I am afraid you will find it quite an undertaking."

"I am not afraid of that," said Miss Manning, cheerfully.

"The children have no books to study from. Perhaps you had better take them out for a walk now, and stop on your way at some Broadway bookseller's, and get such books as you think they will need."

"Very well."

"Are we going out to walk?" said Jennie, "I shall like that."

"And I too," said Carrie.

"I hope you won't give Miss Manning any trouble," said their mother. "Here is some money to pay for the books," and she handed the new governess a five dollar bill.

The children were soon ready, and their new governess went out with them. She congratulated herself on the change in her mode of life. When solely dependent on her labors as a seamstress, she had been compelled to sit hour after hour, from early morning until evening, sewing steadily, and then only earned enough to keep soul and body together. What wonder if she became thin and her cheek grew pale, losing the rosy tint which it wore, when as a girl she lived among the hills of New England? Better times had come to her at length. She would probably be expected to spend considerable time daily out of doors, as her pupils were too young to study much or long at a time. It was a blessed freedom, so she felt, and she was sure that she should enjoy the society

of the two little girls, having a natural love for children. She did not expect to like them as well as Rose, for Rose seemed partly her own child, but she did n't doubt that she should ere long become attached to them.

Then again, she would not only enjoy an agreeable home, but for the first time would receive such compensation for her services as to be quite at ease in her pecuniary circumstances. Five dollars a week might not be a large sum to a lady with expensive tastes, but Miss Manning had the art of appearing well-dressed for a small sum, and as she made her own clothes, she estimated that three dollars a week would clothe both, and enable her to save two dollars weekly, or a hundred dollars a year. This was indeed a bright prospect to one who had been engaged in a hand to hand struggle with poverty, for the last five years.

She went into a Broadway bookstore, and purchased primers for her new pupils, and a more advanced reading-book for Rose. At the end of an hour they returned home. They found an express wagon at the door. Two men were lifting out a sofa and a rocking-chair.

"They are for your room, Miss Manning," said Jennie, "I heard ma tell pa this morning, to stop at a furniture place and buy them."

Mr. Colman had certainly been prompt, for though it was still early, here they were.

When they were carried up-stairs, and placed in her room, Miss Manning looked about her with pardonable pride and satisfaction. Though the room was on the fourth floor, it looked quite like a parlor. She felt that she should take great comfort in so neat and pleasant a room. It was a great contrast to her dull, solitary, laborious life in the shabby room, for which, poor as it was, she oftentimes found it difficult to provide the weekly rent.

There were no lessons that morning, for Miss Manning had her trunk to unpack, and Rose's clothes and her own to lay away in the bureau drawers. She had about completed this work, when the bell rang for lunch. Taking Rose by the hand, she led her down stairs to the basement, where, as is common in New York boarding-houses, the dining-room was situated.

There were five ladies and children at the table, the gentlemen being obliged on account of the distance, to take their lunch down town, somewhere near their places of business.

"You may take this seat, Miss Manning," said the landlady, indicating one near herself. "Your little girl can sit between us, and Jennie and Carrie on the other side. I will trouble you to take care of them. Their mother seldom comes down to lunch."

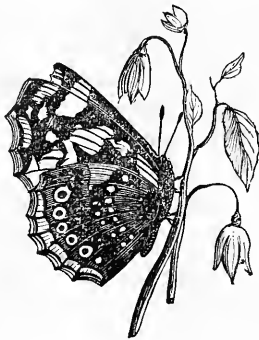
The repast was plain but plentiful, the principal meal, dinner, being at six, an hour more convenient for men of business. I state this for the benefit of those of my readers who live in the country, and are accustomed to take dinner in the middle of the day.

Miss Manning was introduced to Mrs. Pratt, a stout, elderly lady, with a pleasant face, who sat opposite her, to Mrs. Florence, a young lady recently married, who sat at her left, and to Mrs. Clifton, formerly Miss Peyton, who as well as her husband, will be remembered by the readers of the second and third volumes of this series. Mr. Clifton kept a dry goods store on Eighth Avenue.

In the afternoon, Miss Manning gave her first lesson, and succeeded in interesting her young pupils, who proved quite docile, and seemed to have taken a fancy to their new governess.

Meanwhile Rufus had succeeded in making an arrangement which promised to add to his weekly income. Of this an account will be given in the next chapter.

Horatio Alger, Jr.





HURRAH boys, hurra! for the jolly, jolly snow!
 Dancing on so dizzily while the north winds blow:
 Sifting through the tree-tops, drifting o'er the wall,
 Whirl the little white flakes fluttering as they fall.

Run boys, run boys! drag out the sled,
 Off for the coasting ground: who'll be ahead?
 Out with the "Clipper!" bring along the "Dart!"
 Rig the double runner, and make ready for the start.

Hurrah boys, hurrah! The merry sleigh bells ring;
 Let's pitch in for snow-balling; see who'll farthest fling.
 Crowd on your mittens, hold on to your nose;
 Stamp through the dazzling drifts; never mind cold toes.

Give us a ride, Mister? Oh pung-man, how unkind!
 Here comes a gay old booby-hut, we'll all hang on behind;
 'Cut,' 'cut,' who's caught it? we're all in a heap,
 And uppermost and undermost, a woful floundering heap,


'Till we struggle to our feet again, and race for the hill;
 Then shout to clear the "lullah," and launch with a will.
 Neck and neck the little sleds shoot down the snowy slope,
 But double runner smashes up through parting of a rope.

Hurrah boys, hurrah! the "clipper" shows her speed; —
The dogs do bark, the children run as from a flying steed;
The goal's most won; such fun, such fun! the Dart has struck a
tree!
And double runner rigged afresh, comes cheering merrily.

G. C.



INFUSORIA.

 **I**F the swarms of animal life contained in a few drops of water, man knew nothing, till the microscope gave him a wider range of vision, and showed him, in what appeared a simple liquid, many curious plants and animals, the former living and growing, the latter struggling and devouring each other, under the same inexorable laws which govern the greater world around them. Many of these creatures appear so fierce and voracious, with such strange forms and motions, that one sympathizes with the horror which filled the mind of the Brahmin, who after looking at a cup of water through the microscope of an Englishman, turned away in disgust, and refused to drink any more.

Yet these creatures, the Infusoria, are as necessary to the well-being of the whole world as the nobler animals, and are of an older family than Adam; and by their living, fighting, devouring and dying, help to keep the earth in good condition for more complex and highly organized beings. So we may as well put away our microscopes, and drink a glass of pure water, — there are but very few Infusoria who live in clear spring water — with the firm conviction that it was intended for the beverage of man, and contains no animal that we need to dread.

Infusoria are found in every ditch, pond, lake and river, in salt as well as fresh water, in hot springs of such high temperament that it seems impossible that animal life could live there, and in the melted snow of the highest mountains. In dirty pools and stagnant water they abound, and are the cure and not the cause of its foulness. When water becomes impure, from the presence of decaying animal or vegetable matter, nature sets her tiny invisible scavengers at work to remedy it. If it were not so, organized bodies in the process of decay, would turn into the elementary gasses, and we should no longer have plants, trees and animals, but hydrogen, oxygen, and the like.

In a dirty pool appear first the humbler growths, the lower forms of

vegetable life which make the green scum which rises at the top of the water. The hair-like filaments of these tiny simple plants, begin the work of purification.

Little bubbles of air slowly rising, show that they are changing the carbonic acid gas so deleterious to animal life into oxygen, by absorbing it into their own tissues. Then come the minute Infusoria which feed upon these plants, and which in turn are devoured by larger creatures of the same kind, which are the prey of fish, which become the food of man and larger animals. So certainly do these creatures appear to perform their work, coming from one hardly knows where, that you have only to steep some hay or the stems of flowers in water a few days to find them. A drop of water magnified two hundred times, is crowded with them of all sizes, varying from those just visible to the naked eye to those so small that they can only be discerned by the most powerful glass. The monadina is the minutest of them all, being the smallest creature ever discovered by man.

The microscope shows us creatures in the shape of bells, tops, trumpets, balls, leaves, hollow spheres, flowers, cups, eggs, boats, flasks, slippers, pitchers, bottles, wheels, squares, rounds, oblongs, all moving and swimming about, and some still more wonderful, not content with one form, but assuming another apparently at pleasure, and bewildering and confusing the observer still more. Ehrenberg described many species of Infusoria, but the later naturalists call many of his animals plants, and so indistinct is the boundary between the two kingdoms, and so similar is the appearance of the plant like animal, and the animal like plant, that it is no easy matter to determine with certainty where they really belong.

Of those now considered animals, the body is of an uniform texture called sarcode, having neither blood vessels nor nerves. They have no true feet, but move by means of delicate fringes called cilia, which not only serve for locomotion, but are the organs by which they attract and seize their prey. By these cilia, some propel themselves directly forward as an arrow is shot from a bow, others drag themselves along like a caterpillar, some attach themselves to a fixed point, and revolve around that with rapidity, while others leap or whirl along. There is scarcely any animal motion of which they are not capable, and which shows that they must possess very strong muscles in proportion to their size.

The motion of these cilia, so far as the most patient watching can discover, is ceaseless, the tiny creatures never pausing day or night, never taking or appearing to desire any rest.

The outer covering of their bodies is of two kinds ; one soft and membranous like the garden slug, the other hard, flexible and transparent ; the former are called the naked Infusoria, the latter the loricated. Some of the loricated are entirely encased in a bottle, pitcher or tube, others are only partially covered, having a shell like a turtle. Of those who live in a transparent tube, the *Melicerta*, the little brick-layer is an example, and the *Pterodina patina*, which looks like a soup-plate with a tail, has its body protected by a carapace which is as flexible as paper.

These shell-like coverings are found in great masses in the soil of different countries, showing in what enormous quantities they must have existed in former epochs to compose such great masses of the earth's surface. Some are found mixed with other substances in the silicious slate rocks, others pure like the delicate white powder called Berg meal, which is used in Lapland to adulterate flour in times of scarcity. What is called Trepole powder, which is used to polish metals, consists almost entirely of the silicious coats of the Diatoms, which naturalists still hesitate to class with animals or vegetables. Forty thousand millions of Infusoria are found in a cubic inch in the polishing slate of Bilia.

The marine infusoria are found in a fossil state in all quarters of the globe. Richmond in Virginia is built upon a strata twenty feet in thickness. They form great tracks of soil in Egypt and Arabia. They are in West Point, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine and Brazil, and the volcanic mud of Mexico. The whole bottom of the ocean seems strewn with the coverings of those long ago living Diatoms. Sir John Ross and other Arctic explorers speak of a great bank called the Victoria barrier, four hundred miles long and one hundred and twenty wide, which was almost entirely made of them.

When Mr. Darwin was sailing towards the Cape Verd Island, a brown dust blew upon the ship, which covered the deck and sails. This dust was composed of the shells of these little creatures mixed with the dried tissues of plants. This dust is sometimes blown upon ships when many miles from Africa. Sixty-seven different organized forms were found in five little packets sent to Ehrenberg. Two were marine species, others came from fresh water, and two were those which are now found living only in South America. For of these animalcules, as of the larger animals, some species have disappeared from the earth.

These quantities of fossil infusoria would almost make one believe that the whole world was once filled with them, did not the rapid reproduction and astonishing fertility of those that still remain, show us how they lived and grew, and furnished food for other existences, without disturbing the balance of animal and vegetable life. Even now the

Parmeceum Infusoria, which are fierce and carnivorous, delighting in dirty water, and dying if it be too clean, increase from one individual to two hundred and sixty millions in a month, and in a year would produce a progeny beyond the power of man to count. These creatures are the kings of the smaller animalcule, eating them without ceasing, and one can hardly imagine the number of smaller infusoria required to satisfy the appetite of such a countless host.

Like many of the simpler orders of beings, these creatures possess remarkable tenacity of life, and thrive under conditions that would prove fatal to more complex existences. They can be frozen with the water in which they live without killing them, if only a little liquid remain about their bodies. They can be dried to a powder, and be blown about by the winds, and are yet ready to start into life again as soon as they touch the water. Yet with all this indifference to circumstances some of the fresh water animalcule are instantly killed if immersed in sea water.

Beside the division of loricated and unprotected infusoria, they are also divided into Polygastria — many stomach — and Rotatoria or wheel animalcule, who have a peculiar arrangement of cilia about the head, which in the living animal seem like wheels in motion. Many of these creatures seen under the microscope, are beautiful in form and color. The Vorticella which live in fresh water, and were the Bell-Flower of the old naturalists, and which are considered doubtful animals now, have a number of little bells hanging on long stalks, with little fringes at their mouths, which produce the tiny whirlpools that give them their name of vortex-makers. These stalks twist, turn and contract, the little bells have a pearly lustre, while the fringes glow with a prismatic lustre.

The Volvox Globator is another curious plant, once called the globe animalcule, and described as an animal. Sometimes large enough to be seen by the naked eye, if the drop of water in which it lives is held up to the light. It moves about freely, rolling along, gliding smoothly, or turning around like a top, a freedom of motion so curious in a plant, that it inclines us to follow the older naturalists, and call it an animal. It is a hollow globe of a clear material, the inner surface of which is studded with minute green spots which are sometimes connected by almost invisible threads. Within this globe are often smaller ones which revolve by their own cilia. After a time the encircling sphere bursts, the others swim out and become large globes like their parents, and live in clear, shallow pools.

The Euglena is another of these doubtful existences, and lives in stagnant water, often giving it its red or green color. It has a spindle-shaped

body with a brilliant speck which some naturalists call an eye. Round this spot the color of the body is a clear beautiful green, which shines and glistens in the light. It can twist itself into a variety of shapes, and in this power of changing its form, seems more like an animal than a plant. The *Eudorina* is a globe of glass, with sixteen emeralds embedded in its substance, symmetrically arranged, each emerald having a tiny ruby at one end.

The *Stentor* is one of the largest of the animalcule, being visible to the naked eye as a minute speck. It lives in ponds and ditches, clinging to duckweed, decaying weeds, or floating bodies, upon which it forms a slimy fringe. It is trumpet shaped, active and lively, and when feeding, clings by the smaller end to the stalk. Around the larger opening is a wreath of cilia, which by its constant motion, whirls its prey into its mouth. When it swims it draws its body into an egg-shape, and moves about freely in the water.

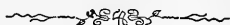
The wheel animalcules are of higher organization than the polygastria. They are minute worm-like looking creatures, transparent, and without legs. The lobes are furnished with ever-moving cilia. They live in fresh and salt water, and a few species in moist earth, but never or rarely in water made impure by decaying animal or vegetable matter. The polygastria infusoria delight in this, and when they have purified the water, the *Rotifera* devour them. No trace of these creatures is found in fossil rocks, their horn-like covering containing neither lime nor silica.

The *Floscule Rotifers* cling to the branches of the slender-leaved water plants. They seem to live in a clear glass cylinder, only touching the bottom. They are egg-shaped, brown in color, are fastened to a long stalk, and have cilia at the head. In a strong light these fingers glisten like spun glass, and are of a blue green luster varied by opaline tints. When undisturbed, the creature thrusts these fingers out of its bottle, and they fall like a graceful spray, but at a sudden knock or jar they are instantly drawn in. The *Melicerta* lives in a glass bottle, and makes itself a brick tower. The *Pitcher Rotifer* has a cup or pitcher shaped case, which is cut or notched at the top into several horns or projections, the number of which indicate the species. Two or more similar projections ornament the end of the case, which like that of a tortoise, is open at both ends. At the top is a beautiful fringe of cilia. It has a powerful tail which it can draw under its shell, and by which it can cling to substances as slippery as glass. The creature uses it to feel its way, and also as a grappling iron to keep its body steady while eating, and it is said to move it to and fro like a cat when angry.

All this beauty of form and color, all this grace of motion, are hidden in a few drops of clear or dirty water, and when we pass a ditch or stagnant pool, we know not what brilliant creatures are clinging to the simple plants, which have already begun the work of purification. The man of science shows us how wonderfully they are formed. Each tiny animal finished with that perfection which nature bestows upon her smallest creatures, and we see with the poet :

“That there is never a leaf or blade too mean,
To be some happy creature’s palace.”

E. C. ƒ.



PAYING BACK.



LO stood on tiptoe peeping into the mirror and saying to herself, “How pretty I am.”

Well, she was not very wrong. Her little feet were covered with new bronze gaiters which fitted very nicely ; her skirts were embroidered, puffed, fluted, and beautifully “done up ;” her outer gown of blue velvet was richly trimmed, and on her head was a blue satin hat with white feather, and white lace trimming. In the midst of this finery, Flo’s pink cheeks and flaxen curls looked as pretty as a waxen doll fresh from Paris.

In her city home Flo had everything that little girls think nice. A beautiful room all her own, filled with pretty things ; pretty pictures, dear little statuettes, rich curtains, lovely picture-books, and fairy tales without end.

In the morning she jumped out of her dainty bed, and running from her bed-room into a dressing-room, jumped into a bath-tub.

She had a maid to help her put on her fine fresh linen, and curl her “tanglesome hair.”

She had a play-room with more toys in it than I could describe in a week. She had, too, a cabinet, where were some idols brought by a missionary cousin from India ; money from all parts of the world ; odd little things made by men in prison ; gaudy things made by Indians ; bullets and bits of shell from great battle-fields ; tiny cottages carved in Switzerland, and ever so many other things brought from the depths of the ocean, the heart of the earth, or distant lands, all pretty, curious, or rare.

Now Flo was an only child, only grandchild, and only niece to a host of uncles and aunts, and very naturally was getting spoiled.



“HOW PRETTY I AM!”

Her parents sent her to Sunday School, and gave her money to put in the contribution-box, and had no idea what a selfish little creature she was growing.

Flo's Grandpa Hammond lived in the country in an old-fashioned farm-house, and when she visited him she had to give up her fine things and take up country ways. To be sure it was a good thing for her, and she enjoyed it. She would tie on her gipsy hat, pull off shoes and stockings and go wading in the brook like the rest of the children. They all looked up to her very much. They admired her nice clothes; she lived in the great city where they had never been; talked of horse-cars, and ferry boats, things they had never seen; and then, she had a woman to dress her!

Why, they thought her nearly as grand as the Queen of England.

and so, silly things, they let Flo rule them, tell them they "should" and "should not," "must" and "might," as if she were really a queen. "Flo don't like it," was reason enough for giving up any game; "Flo can't go there," would postpone any excursion. So you see it was not strange Flo loved to stay in the country, where she had so many to admire and obey her.

The city girl was a quick scholar and usually at the head of her class. One day in the country, she thought she would go into the district school and astonish the young natives by showing how much she knew.

The teacher had caught the spirit of the children, and smiled on the little vain girl, gave her the best seat and let her recite in any class she chose.

Flo was so sure of knowing more than "these little country monkeys," that she scarcely looked at the lessons.

The first recitation was in Geography. The first question Flo answered easily, but at the second, blushed, hesitated and stammered. The teacher gave her time to think, but her kindness was wasted, for how could Flo remember something she had never learned?

The girl who went above her was Lucy Gray, the poorest in the school; a girl Flo had almost hated because she looked pale, thin, sickly, sober, and badly dressed. As Lucy passed her, Flo's cheeks grew red and her eyes flashed, but she said nothing.

Flo took her place next in a class in Mental Arithmetic. She had always been very proud of her quickness at figures; as she failed before, she resolved to be doubly smart now. The teacher gave her a problem, and Flo rattled off answer and explanation as fast as she could speak the words. The teacher smiled, and was passing to the next, when a hand went up.

"Well Lucy."

"I think that was wrong, Ma'am."

"How so?" asked the teacher.

Then Lucy explained how the example should have been done, showing that Flo had been exactly wrong, multiplying where she should divide, adding where she should subtract.

Flo looked very angry and tears were in her eyes, but she made no resistance when Lucy once more, as the country children say, "took her down."

The teacher now proposed a spelling match, and called on the scholars to choose some one to head the column of spellers. Flo was chosen at once, a compliment that made her good natured. After a good deal of hesitation, Lucy was placed opposite her.

The spellers held out for a long time, but after a while began to sit down. Flo was quite proud, and earnestly determined to "beat." After a while but three were left on either side, then two, then only Flo and Lucy. The words grew harder and harder; at last, Flo stumbled, and Lucy eagerly caught up the word before her teacher had time to give it her.

"That's not fair!" cried Flo, and the teacher gave her another trial. Again she failed and Lucy did not.

"I did n't understand the word," said Flo, telling an untruth for the sake of getting a dishonest advantage. A third word was given, a third time she failed, and Lucy was right. Lucy seemed, indeed, to know the book by heart, for she spelled on till the time for closing school arrived.

"I hate you," cried Flo, as they left the room. "You'll be sorry for this some day."

Flo went home and cried her blue eyes nearly out. Mamma bought her a gold ring, and grandpa gave her a dear little pet lamb, but she would not be comforted.

To be beaten *so* — before them all, by a miserable little girl in a patched print gown!

Flo had her revenge. In a thousand little ways she made Lucy unhappy. Lucy had always been a favorite on the play-ground; she was pleasant and smart, and the girls liked her; but now they suddenly found out that a girl who wore faded, patched clothes was "low," and where she lived in a miserable old house with a mother who worked hard for her living, was n't fit really to play with her "betters." So they all petted Flo, and left Lucy to get along without playmates, or a young one with whom to chat.

The poor little girl suffered a great deal that summer. She had not cared very much for her mean clothes, although she liked pretty things better than any child used to them ever did. She had not been discontented even though sometimes cold and hungry, but now all was changed. No one played with her, scarcely spoke to her, her mother only in the wide world seemed to care for her. Even in Sunday School the girls drew their skirts away as if she had some contagious disease. So Lucy grew paler, thinner, and more sober than ever, and Flo said little mean things *at* her, making the poor girl's heart ache more than she ever guessed. And so the summer went by and autumn came.

After a while, Flo noticed that grandpa and her uncles and aunts looked sober, and talked a great deal about something they called a "panier" or "panic," Flo could n't tell which, and about some wild beasts that seemed to be fighting in Wall Street, having broken loose

from a circus, Flo guessed. Then they wondered "What Henry *would* do," and how "Clara could live through it."

Now "Henry" was Flo's papa, and "Clara" her mamma, and she began to trouble her head as to why her papa should do differently from what he had always done, and what her mamma had to "live through."

Her papa did not take her back to the city for a long time, and then not to any pretty home. She heard the cook say — they had only one servant now — that her papa went one day into a room where gold is bought and sold, a rich man, owning hundreds of thousands of dollars, and coming out half an hour later without a penny.

The brook she had waded in kept on its unceasing song: the four seasons in their gay robes, green, crimson, orange, white, kept up their old game of "catch" year after year, always pursuing, never quite holding one another. Sometimes summer trod on the heels of spring, or autumn turned to laugh in winter's face, but the game showed no sign of being won.

Meanwhile the children in the village grew up, married, and sent their children to fill the old school-room with rosy faces, quite like those of Flo's playmates. Lucy Gray was gone, and married to a rich husband, who took her to a beautiful home in the city.

One day Lucy's little daughter, a big waxen doll filling her arms, and a big tear in either eye, came to tell mamma about the poor little beggar girl in the kitchen, who had had no breakfast nor dinner, and who looked so poor.

Mamma was always ready to help poor children, having been a poor child herself. She went down, and found a puny mite of a thing, wrapped in miserable rags.

How well she knew the meaning of those hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, wasted form! The beggar child reminded her of her own childhood.

"What is your name, baby?"

"Flory, ma'am."

"Where do you live, and who takes care of you?" and a host of other questions asked Mrs. Johns, for that was Lucy Gray's name now.

The little girl only knew that she was "Flory," and lived with "mama," who was sick, and owed money, and had not a penny, nor any fire, nor anything to eat in the house.

Good Mrs. Johns gave Flory a nice dinner, and let the maid who bathed and dressed her own little girl, do the same for the beggar. She filled a great basket with jellies and delicacies for the sick woman; had her nice carriage with its shining horses brought to the door, and told the children to jump in.

Louie Johns could not believe any little girl could be happy without a dolly to tend, so she had given Flory a nice doll-baby.

Flory had never held a doll in her arms before. She hardly knew herself in nice warm clothes. Her mouth and eyes were both wide open, but she could n't take in all this kindness; however, she hugged the "young lady," as she called her dolly, to her breast.

The carriage stopped at a store, and Mrs. Johns bought sugar, tea, flour, and ever so many things besides; at another store next, where she bought oranges and grapes; at another where she bought warm flannels, and a beautiful dressing-gown lined with scarlet. Then they drove to the doctor's, and at last to the old black tumble-down house where Flory lived.

They found her poor mama terribly thin, and very sick.

Mrs. Johns sent the coachman out to get coals, then made him build a blazing fire, buy a saucepan, and get it filled with fresh milk. Then she made the sick woman some nice milk porridge.

By and by the doctor came, felt the patient's pulse, and shook his head.

"She needs careful nursing," said he.

"She shall have it," affirmed good Mrs. Johns. Then she went out again in her carriage, and came back with a pleasant looking woman, who moved about very quietly, putting the room in order, and hanging up her own bonnet and shawl as if she meant to stay.

Well, to shorten a long story, the good woman Mrs. Johns brought did stay, and nurse Flory's mama, and Mrs. Johns called nearly every day to see how they all got along. She saw day by day their thin cheeks grow plump, their dull eyes bright, their pale faces happy.

Often Flory went up to the great house, riding in the carriage, her "young lady" in her arms, to play with Louie, and the two children learned to love each other dearly.

By and by when the sick woman got better, and the weather mild and pleasant, she said one day that she must work, and take care of herself and Flory.

"If I could only live near my old home in the country," she said with a sigh.

Summer came again, and Louie Johns was flying about, whispering Julietta Minerva, her largest dolly, to be very good, for she must go to sleep in "mama's" Louie's trunk, and must not wake up and cry, even if she were "shooked" a good deal. She also told that trusted friend, that mama and grandmama were going off to the country to see *great grandmama* Gray — Not that Mrs. Gray was *great grandmama* to anything *but* a dolly.

I won't tell you about Louie's ride in the cars, or her night on the boat, nor the welcome she received at grandma Gray's.

Did any little girl ever go to see grandma, and not get a welcome? Did any boy or girl ever want to leave "grandpa's" house?

Louie had ever so many playmates in the country, children of all the richest men in the village; but she loved none of them half as well as one who wore a print gown, and seemed a stranger in the place.

Who was this? Ah, you have guessed already; I see. Yes, it was Flory: and Flory's mama, who lived in the Gray's old house, and worked for her living, was the same proud Flo who had waded in the brook, and despised Lucy Gray. The same, only changed so much her playmates did not know her.

Now she was glad to live rent free in Lucy's house, do Lucy's sewing, and dress her child in gowns Louie had done wearing.

And Lucy, whose beautiful city home was the same Flo once lived in, was glad to do all she could to make Flo and her little daughter happy and forgetful of all their sufferings.

Whose "paying back" was best? Flo's, when she made Lucy so unhappy, or Lucy's, when she made Flo and little Flory happy?

Dear me, what a silly question! It needs no answer, my young readers.

May Leonard.



HINTS AND HELPS

For Boys and Girls.

NO. 10. — DIALOGUES.

IT is January when I am writing this — not quite the middle — but you, dear boys and girls, won't see it till two months have passed. You see it takes a deal of time, and a deal of labor too, to get this pleasant magazine ready for its readers; and I hope you appreciate it, and have a charitable heart for its faults.

You are now, probably, in the midst of exhibitions and entertainments of all sorts.

To be sure, the Christmas and New Year's exhibitions are over, but by the time you get this, it will be the season of yearly school exhibitions, and so the discussion of the subject of dialogues is very appropriate. Perhaps too, some of you like to have in school a pleasant variety

and to mingle with the less interesting single pieces, a bright colloquy now and then. If you do, then read what I have to say about speaking such pieces, and see if you can't get *some* good hints.

I like to hear a good dialogue well delivered. I think the short dialogues of Clara Augusta and our friend Williams, are quite as interesting, when well done by children, as are the farces and more extended plays of the theatre, and it's worth while to consider what is necessary to be done, in order to make these dialogues successful.

Now I shan't propose to give you instructions about the elocution of the piece, any more than I have done before, only to repeat, perhaps, the hints regarding *all* speaking.

Be in earnest; be sure you understand your part; try to be natural and easy; throw aside all stiffness, and enter into the spirit of the piece.

In dialogues, there is a greater variety of characters to be represented, and there is opportunity for much greater freedom.

You must not stand still unless the character distinctly demands it. You must *act*, and that is the whole secret. Pretty secret, is n't it? You don't know any more now than you did before, do you? Well, I can't be more definite in writing. If I had you here, I would show you by an example, just what I mean.

Of course you read the dialogue in the January number. Good one, was n't it? I thought so. Well, you remember the character of Spitjinks, don't you? How will a boy act that? Why, he must act all over, that's all; rub his hands, shake his head, snap his eyes, be in earnest, and really himself believe in the Slapjack powder, and of course he'll be sure to do well.

To act well in a dialogue, boys and girls must be selected who are not afraid of the sound of their own voices; boys and girls who are good imitators, too, and who have their eyes and ears open to notice peculiarities of tone and manner.

Be sure and select your dialogue long enough beforehand, so you can be sure of being ready, for you know it takes longer for a half dozen to get ready, than it does for one. Large bodies move slowly, you have heard. And assign the parts carefully. I know a great many failures caused by carelessness in this respect. Everybody wants to take the most important part, while you all know that every body is n't competent. Most boys (and girls, too, for that matter,) like to have a humorous part; but every boy and girl is not fitted for it. So you must be very careful; for how funny it would be to have the comic boy take the practical part, and the serious boy take the laughable character; and yet I have known just such blunders made. Remember that somebody

must fill the less important parts, and it is much more to your credit to have performed a small part well, to have made something of what was thought to be nothing, a great deal more credible, I say, than to attempt something beyond your powers, and fail. Of course you must learn your parts perfectly; that is indispensable. The best way to get at it, is for each one to copy his or her part with the "cues." That's a word you don't understand, is n't it? but I will explain.

I presume you won't be likely to have books enough for all, and it's tedious work to send one or two copies about to all, and it takes too long. It's a hard job, too, to copy the whole piece, and if you copy only your own part, you do not know when you are to speak, and it is hard to understand just the connection of the parts, so as to be ready when you're wanted. It always causes an abundance of trouble too, and here is a way it all may be prevented.

A "cue" is the last sentence just before your own speech.

For instance, in Mr. Williams' dialogue already referred to, the first cues for Richmud, are:

"He looks like one of them begging chaps." "I could not forbear coming." "Beans, apples and salt pork." "Kind sir, adieu." &c., &c.

You see then, if each person should copy his cues — that is, the sentence just preceding his own speech — as well as his own words, and learn both, when he hears the cue, if his ears are open, he knows just what to say of his own part.

Here is a specimen of copying, from the dialogue in the January number. It is what Mr. Abijah Spitjinks would copy for himself.

Richmud. I hear a footstep.

Abijah (entering.) Mr. Richmud, I am glad to see you. My name is — and here follows the rest of his speech.

Richmud. Your name, sir.

Abijah. Spitjinks, — &c., &c.

Now if each one copies his or her own part in this manner, and thoroughly learn the cues, as well as the text of his own discourse, there is no need of so many books. It saves a great deal of labor in copying, and it prevents needless mistakes, and misunderstandings. Of course it requires each one to stand with listening ears to hear the cue, and the whole becomes easy.

Also let each one copy his "business," as it is called, — that is, what motions he has to make, what positions to take, and when to enter, and go out, and all hints of acting that the teacher, or any person competent can suggest. This should be all copied in its proper place, and *learned*, committed to memory with the rest. Then there will be no mistakes and many rehearsals may be saved.

These copies of each part cannot be too minute, or too particular. Every possible hint and direction, that can be put in words, should be put down in its proper place and learned with the text, so that the first rehearsal may be a good and satisfactory exhibition of what the piece ought to be. If you have no leader who understands the business, choose one of your number, or what is better, one who has no part, to act as prompter and general overseer. Let him have the book, in which should be marked all the directions that are in the parts of each separate individual together. I ought, perhaps, to have stated, that of course, all these directions and hints will not be found in the printed dialogue, and can only be put in, in full, after a thorough study, and perhaps one rehearsal. But it should be thoroughly done, and in rehearsal no point omitted. Samples of the directions needed are these.

(Walk to the front here.) (Stamp foot here.) (Enter on right side very rapidly, and shake fist at Mr.—.) (Go out at the back, or on left.) (Don't forget here to stand toward the left and appear astonished.)

This is a sample of the hundred and one things to be noted and remembered. If you are not able to decide these points for yourselves, get some competent person to do it for you, — some one to hear you rehearse once, and give you all needful hints. This is very important, and I have dwelt upon it at some length. The beginning of the undertaking, if well done, will insure the success of all. But if it takes three or four rehearsals to get started, then it is hard work to keep up courage and make the end worth the labor.

The next thing beside careful attention to acting, and accuracy in delivery, is the subject of what is called properties. In the theatre, and regular places for performing dialogues and plays, one man is appointed who does nothing but attend to the "properties," and goes by the name of "property man." His business is to find all the furniture of the stage; chairs, tables, swords, &c. If a meal occurs in the dialogue, he sees that the dishes and food are prepared. If a bell is wanted, or a cane, or anything of the sort, he has it to look after. Now of course, you, in your single exhibitions cannot go to all this trouble, and are not able to enter into particulars. But it is well for some one to write off a list of the articles needed, and see that they are prepared, for, in the hurry of final preparations, where everything has been put off till the last moment, it may happen that some article, important to the performance, may be wanted, and the dialogue thus prove a partial failure. These things should also be noted in the book, and the manager or director who keeps the book constantly in hand, should see the stage thoroughly prepared.

So far as possible, of course, every individual should prepare the things pertaining to his own part. The old man should find his own cane, the young lady her own sunshade. The landlady her own bell, and so on. But after each one has done this, there are many things which must be looked after by some one who shall act as "property man."

I have known laughable blunders to occur on account of forgetfulness in these things.

How awkward it would be to be obliged to shoot at Albert in William Tell, without any bow and arrows, or to light a candle that you have n't got. Look out for the properties then.

These directions, and indeed, perhaps, the whole of this article, is more appropriate for exhibitions than school dialogues, but I trust some hints worthy of notice for both occasions, may be found herein.

A word as to scenery. Plain black or brown curtains, without any attempt at show, are frequently as effective as side wings and decorations, and much less labor is necessary in preparing the stage with them.

A boy who has tact can introduce a dozen things on the stage with great effect, and with little trouble. Cottonwool on trees looks much like snow. White paper cut into small pieces and thrown from above, makes a fine imitation of a snow-storm. A long box with pegs in the bottom against which peas can be made to rattle, makes a sound like rain. An iron fireboard rattled makes a *thundering* noise, and a crowbar hung up and swung against a post sounds like the tolling of a bell. Gray hair can be made from new rope, unbraided and combed, and sewed on cloth to fit the head. A black veil can be made to fit the face, with holes for eyes, &c., if one does n't wish to black. Candles stuck in turnips make a convenient light, where many are needed. Gilt paper is cheap, and so is colored cambric, but the two together can be made into wonderfully rich costumes. Ermine robes are costly and rich, but a fine imitation may be made of white cloth by sewing on black cloth in spots. Gauntlet gloves and long boots are hard to obtain without cost, but a needle and thread, and paper and cloth, will make them handily. Indeed, the poorest people, with a little tact and some taste, can bring out a dialogue with remarkable effect and decided brilliancy if they only think so. It is surprising what wonderful costumes can be made out of shawls and old skirts, and coats, and bits of ribbon, and feathers, and the like, and there's a deal of comfort in making much out of little, for it shows ability where it would not be shown by the simple spending of money. A little India ink, and a few pieces of court plaster, and the proper garments, will make out of the most buxom maiden, a most frightful hag.

Put the court plaster over the teeth, which will look as if all gone, draw lines on the cheeks, under the eyes, and about the mouth, to imitate wrinkles, and the whole is done.

This whole business is deliciously pleasant, and if you don't get stage struck, may be really profitable. United effort is the sword which will cut all the hard knots.

There are many other things to be said which would be interesting, but which would fill up too much of our good editor's valuable space.

A word or two about stage positions. While speaking keep active, while listening, be really attentive. Appear on the stage as easily as you would were the scene real and you in company. Except rarely when the occasion demands it, don't turn your back to the audience. When a number are on the stage at once, at the end of the piece, be sure and have all grouped in a picturesque manner so as to form a good picture. Don't criticize one another unless you can do it kindly, and in the purest of spirits. Be harmonious and earnest, and natural and careful, and success is sure.

Paul North.



OLDEN TIMES.

THERE was a great fall of snow the last week of December, many years ago. The fences and pumps were entirely hidden from sight, and even the old well-sweeps were scarcely discernable. Here and there a shed appeared only as a huge drift, and many a poor pig was left to grunt its own way to daylight. Many families could obtain no water except by melting snow, and the cattle were left thirsty. How cheerless it looked all around the old-fashioned dwellings of the town of M——, and how anxious the inmates of those dwellings were to get a peep at some friendly face, and to listen to some neighborly voice; so they opened their windows, letting as much snow as could n't help it fall into their rooms, and shoveled away the white partition. Then the clumsy old team from the poor-house came along, and a track was opened through the streets; but the cold blue sky still looked down on desolation.

The last day of the year found Joseph and Ellen Waters standing at the windows of a large square house, watching if perchance they may catch the sound of sleigh bells, or the sight of some foot traveller. But no, the doctor who lived near by, had passed up the street an hour

before, and would not return till noon : the schoolmaster had waded along with three or four boys behind him, and a butcher, who passed, upsetting his load just before the door, had picked up his frozen mutton, righted his pung, and gone on. No fish had been caught, so there was none to be sold, and the children waited at the window in vain.

A good fire was blazing and crackling in the open fire-place, but very little heat reached the front of the room, and Joseph turned up the collar of his jacket, and Ellen wound her apron around her neck ; but still they stood shivering.

"It is so cold," said Ellen, "that I can't stay here any longer. Mother told us not to come into the kitchen, but there is n't a bit of anything to do, and nobody to see in here. I wish the fire would burn out, then we could call Molly to bring a fresh log, and perhaps she would tell us what mother is doing."

"Whew ! I know what she is doing," replied Joseph, "she is frying doughnuts ; I smell them. We always have something good at New Years. Father is going to kill a pair of chickens to-night. I heard him say so. Chickens and doughnuts, hurrah !" and the boy hopped across the floor in high glee. Ellen caught a little of her twin brother's spirit, and followed after him, and her young blood grew warm, and she thought of such a charming thing to do.

"There's birch bark enough in the closet," said she, "and two pairs of scissors in mother's basket. Let's cut out some furniture, and play house-keeping."

Joseph was willing enough to do this, and the children put their crickets close up to the fender, seated themselves, and began to cut out chairs, tables, and babies.

"I wish I knew what my New Year's present will be," said Joseph. "I want a drum awfully, but Molly is so fussy about a little noise, that I don't believe that I shall get it. John Russell had a beauty last year."

"I guess I shall have a mug," said Ellen, "a real china mug. I told mother I wanted one, and I think she will buy it for me."

"A mug ain't much," said Joseph.

"It's a good deal better than a drum," was the reply, and I am afraid that there would have been some angry words, if Molly, the house-maid, had not come in that moment with an armful of wood.

The presents were forgotten when she told them that their father had sent a man to dig away the snow between the back door and the pump, and that their mother had sent for them to come and see him work.

Down went the birch and scissors, and two pairs of feet were instantly in motion, leaving Molly to scold over the scattered bits.

How the snow flew from the iron shovel, and how the children shouted when the narrow path was completed, and a good draught of clear cold water was brought in.

The day wore away, and the evening came on terribly cold; so the old-fashioned settee was placed before the fire, and the children seated between their father and mother, to be warm as possible. Nuts and apples were eaten, and stories told, then the beautiful hymn was sung, beginning with :

“The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear :
Oh may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.”

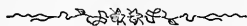
Then the evening prayer was offered up, after which the children hung up their stockings by the side of the fireplace, and went up the broad staircase to bed.

New Year's morning dawned bright but exceedingly cold; yet Joseph and Ellen were early up, with a happy greeting to their parents, and a pleased look at the full stockings. How their lips quivered when they began to pull from each of them nothing but birch bark.

Molly had put it there, with their mother's consent, to teach them a lesson of carefulness and good order; and though there was a drum in the closet, and a mug by its side, they were not seen till the steaming chickens were upon the dinner-table. Then Joseph had to give two or three beats — rub-a-dub, dub, before he could eat a mouthful, and Ellen danced up and down by his side.

Both have lived many years since then. They have children and grand children, but they have never forgotten the lesson taught them on that New Year's morning.

Pereis.



WILL'S REVENGE.

“**W**HAT an old guy! Let's have some fun with him, boys!”



Thus exclaimed Hod Franklin to his comrades, one beautiful day in June.

“You'd better let him alone, Hod,” said Johnny White, “he can run like a good one; and he'll be sure to chase, and strike you if you make him mad.”

“Let him strike if he can; I'm going to have a little sport with him,” said Hod, resolutely.

The boys were passing through farmer Williams' turnip field, and the object of Hod's ridicule was plodding along the road by the side of it. He was an old fellow of unsound mind, well known in the village as "mad Will;" who spent his days in begging about from door to door, or in "doing chores" for the good women of Mossdale; while at night, an old barn, a chance resting-place in some kind person's garret, or, in warm weather, a snug burrow under some friendly hedge, sufficed for his lodging.

A prime favorite was Will with the matrons of the village; and old Mrs. Norton used to leave her little grandson with him every time she was compelled to leave home for the day. Sure was she to find the little orphan well cared for when she returned at night: and equally sure was Will of a good supper, and mayhap a few pence, in return for his services.

He was now carrying a large bag of potatoes, beneath the weight of which he was compelled to stoop; and the boys thought this a fine opportunity to bother him, as it would necessarily embarrass him a great deal to give them chase. Hod picked up a good-sized turnip, and was just about to throw it at Will, when Dick Harmon caught his arm and prevented him.

"Why do you wish to annoy the poor man?" said Dick, earnestly, "he has done nothing to you."

"Well, what if he has n't? I'm only doing it for fun!"

"It's anything but fun for him, you know," said Dick, persisting.

"Mind your own business, Dick Harmon! You are always interfering with our amusement!" Hod shook him off rudely as he said this, and, seeing that the rest of the boys upheld him in his "fun," as they termed it, Dick smothered his anger, and walked quickly on ahead. Hod launched the turnip with such unerring aim that it struck Will on the back of the head; and the boys roared in concert at the success of his shot. They were compelled to cut short their merriment however, as Will threw down his bag and was after them in quick time. The boys ran for a fence over which they scrambled, and waited on the other side just at the edge of some woods, to see what Will would do next.

He stopped at the fence, somewhat fatigued with his run, and saw that it would be of no use to chase them farther.

"You might as well choke yourself with a turnip, old bees-wax!" said Hod, derisively; but Will only shook his fist at them, and seeing that their sport with him was over, the boys soon disappeared into the woods.

"Never mind them, Will," said farmer Williams, who had been a

witness of the scene from an adjoining field, as he stepped over the stile between the two meadows, and approached the "puir daft body," "they are pretty good boys, with the exception of that Franklin;" continued he, "and when you catch him alone, you can ring his ears, to pay for this."

Will broke out into one of his peculiar "haw-haws," and replied, "Lor bless yer, Mr. Williams, I would n't hurt one on 'em for the whole world. I was only a chasing of 'em so as to scare 'em a bit."

"Come up to the house, and take 'pot-luck' with us to-day, Will," said the farmer, kindly.

Will thought a moment, and then replied, apparently with an effort. (for it cost him a pang to give up the prospect of a good dinner,) "well, I'm sure you're considrabul kind, Mr. Williams; but I've got some 'tators here for widder Gifford, and I spect she's a waiting for me now."

"Very well, then," said the farmer, "come round and see us when you can; and if you want a good dinner, you shall have it."

"Thank ye kindly, sir;" replied Will, "I'm a coming round soon, 'cos I want to see yer little Bennie very much."

The farmer returned to his work; and Will, shouldering his bag, stepped out briskly, singing as he went:

"If I had a wife,
And she was a lady;
I'd do the work,
And she'd mind the baby."

When he got tired of this, he struck into the old melody;

"There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He looked upon his pillow,
And there he found a flea," &c., &c.

This was the extent of Will's stock of music; and it served to while away the time admirably, for one with as simple a nature as his.

Meanwhile, the boys pursued their way through the woods towards the "bottomless pond," as it was called, where they were bound on a swimming excursion; and in due time they reached its shady banks. It was a large sheet of water about three quarters of a mile wide, with a smooth, glassy surface, and sloping sides. The boys had constructed an old raft which lay on the shore; and before going into the water they launched it, intending to have the sport of diving from, and swimming under it.

The day was quite warm, and the water of the pond, sheltered by large trees as it was, seemed refreshingly cool after their somewhat

tedious journey through the woods. The road which passed within a short distance of the pond, was separated from it by a thick growth of bushes and young trees.

Hod Franklin was the most expert swimmer of the party; and he lost no opportunity of displaying his skill before his admiring comrades.

"I think I could swim clear across the pond," said he to Charley Wade, or "Fatty," as he was called by the boys.

"O, don't try it, Hod," said Charley, "you might have a cramp, and then you'd be in a pretty fix."

"The 'infant' is right," said Dick, "and it's too long a swim for you, Hod!"

Hod was very headstrong, and this opposition was just what was needed to strengthen his purpose. He struck out boldly therefore for the other shore, cheered on by the plaudits of the more thoughtless of the party, who hardly understood the nature of the attempt. He performed a number of feats to excite the admiration of the boys, and accomplished half the distance without showing any signs of weakness. Suddenly he uttered a wild cry, and began to splash the water violently with his arms.

"He has a cramp in his leg!" cried Dick, in a tone of agony.

Instantly all was confusion and dismay. Dick, the only boy who would have dared to swim out far enough to help him, was unable to move his right arm which he had recently sprained; and could only do his best to allay the apprehensions of the others, and teach them that coolness is the great thing to be desired in the time of danger. Still the agonizing cry of "help," went up from the drowning boy; and his comrades were almost crazy with terror.

Suddenly mad Will appeared on the road above the pond, where the bushes were thinnest; and in an instant he came crashing through the undergrowth, throwing off coat and hat as he proceeded. He plunged bravely into the water, and struck out vigorously towards the boy, who was still struggling violently. At the same time, two men who had heard the cries of the boys while passing along the road, appeared on the scene. A shout of joy and relief now went up from the party on shore, as Will, after a fine display of that skill and agility which had made him famous among the companions of his dreary youth, reached the sinking boy, and clasped him in his arms.

Again he struck out for the shore, and had accomplished about half the distance, when his head suddenly disappeared beneath the water. As by a strong effort he succeeded in working it above the surface again, he shouted in a short, half despairing tone, "help! I've got a cramp!"

Again that terrible scene of confusion, though of shorter duration this time, as they almost instantly thought of the raft, and began to push it out as far as they could, toward the sufferers. The two men, and two or three of the boys then waded out, and with the assistance of a pair of rough poles, after climbing upon the raft, they began to move towards the drowning ones, who were still struggling, although growing fainter and fainter every instant.

"There they go down the first time!" said Dick, who was one of the party on the raft. "For Heaven's sake, hurry!" he added, as they again appeared above the surface. They strained every nerve, and succeeded in coming within a few feet of them, when they sank a second time.

"Down again!" said one of the boys, sinking in despair on the raft.

They had seen that Hod was insensible, and Will but little better, though he still clung firmly to the inanimate form of the boy.

"Now or never," thought Dick, as he leaned far out over the edge of the raft; and an involuntary "thank God!" broke from his lips, as they came up close beside him.

He seized Will by the arm and head, and with the assistance of the others, the more than half drowned ones were pulled on board.

Cheer after cheer went up from those on shore, which were answered by the party on the raft, as they worked their way to the shore.

Hod and Will were some time in recovering from the effects of the peril of that day; and during the whole time of their illness, the latter, for almost the first time in his life, enjoyed the luxury of a clean, downy bed; and the unwearied care of Hod's relatives, soon brought him through his sickness.

I need not tell you that Hod Franklin was an altered boy, when at last he recovered.

Ten years after Will died; and in the cemetery adjoining the old church in Mossdale, may still be seen a tablet, placed there by one who owes his life to him beneath the sod, bearing this inscription:

"Here lies Poor Mad Will."

Frank Dorsey.





[See Diagram in January No.]

GREEN APPLES.

PULL down the *bough*¹⁸, Bob! Isn't this *fun*?
 Now give it a shake, and — there¹ goes one!
 Now put your thumb up to the other¹⁸, and see
 If it is n't as *mellow* as *mellow* can be!

I know, by the stripe
 It must be ripe!

That's one apiece for you¹ and me¹.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that!
 Sit down⁶ on the grass⁶ and we'll have a chat;
 And I'll tell you what old *Parson Bute*¹
 Said last Sunday¹ of unripe fruit!

"Life³," says he,
 "Is a bountiful tree¹⁸,

Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth¹ there's love, just streaked with red,
 And great *joys* hanging just over¹⁷ his head¹⁷;
 Happiness³, honor³, and great estate³,
 For those who patiently work¹ and wait¹;

Blessings¹⁸," said he,
 "Of every degree¹¹,

Ripening early¹, and ripening late¹.

"Take them in *season*, pluck¹ and eat¹,
 And the fruit is *wholesome*, the fruit is *sweet*;
 But, oh, my *friends*!" Here he gave a rap
 On his desk¹, like a regular thunder³ clap³,

And made such a bang¹,
 Old Deacon Lang

Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

“Green fruit¹¹,” he said, “God would not bless¹⁴;
 But half life’s sorrow¹ and bitterness¹,
 Half the evil¹ and ache¹ and crime¹,
 Came from tasting³ before their time³
 The fruits Héaven¹⁷ sent¹¹.”

Then on he went,
 To his fourthly¹ and fifthly¹ — *was n’t it prime?*

But, I say, Bob³! we fellows don’t care
 So much for a mouthful of apple¹ or pear¹;
 But what we like is the *fun*³ of the thing,
 When the fresh winds¹¹ blow¹¹, and the hang-birds bring
 Home grubs¹⁸, and sing
 To their young¹⁸ ones a-swing
 In their basket¹⁷-nest¹⁷, tied up by its string.

I like apples in *various*³ ways;
 They’re *first-rate*¹ roasted before the blaze
 Of a winter fire; and oh, my³ eyes³!
 Are n’t they *nice*, though, made into pies?

 I scarce ever saw
 One, cooked¹ or raw¹,
 That was n’t good for a boy of *my* size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard¹¹ tree¹¹,
 And the tune of the *brook*¹, and the hum of the *bee*¹,
 And the chipmonks chipping every minute,
 And the clear¹ sweet¹ note¹ of the gay little *linnet*¹,
 And the *grass*³ and the *flowers*³,
 And the long summer *hours*³,
 And the *flavor* of *sun*³ and *breeze*³ are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why did n’t we
 Leave them another week on the tree?
 Is *yours* as bitter¹⁸? Give us a bite¹⁸.

 Ah! the taste of it puckers
 My mouth like a sucker’s!
 I *vow*¹⁸, I believe the old parson was right¹⁸!

ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

CHARACTERS. — MRS. KINDHEART, MRS. FREELOVE, MRS. HOMESPUN, MRS. OBSOLETE, MRS. SKEPTIC, MISS GABBLE, MISS CRUSTY, MISS VINEGAR, MRS. ARTIFICIAL, MISS EASY, MISS ECHO, Servant, MR. INDEPENDENT, a Clergyman.

SCENE I. — *Ladies discovered seated around a room ; Mrs. Homespun and Mrs. Obsolete very near each other ; all engaged in sewing.*

Mrs. Kindheart. Now, Ladies, as we are all busily engaged with our work, shall we appoint some one to read to us from some useful work, or shall we beguile the time by agreeable and instructive conversation ?

Mrs. Freelove. I, for one, should think it might be both pleasant and profitable to have some person read to us.

Miss Echo. Yes ; both pleasant and profitable.

Miss Crusty. For *my* part, I should think we had better let the reading be until some other time. If we can't spend a few hours here, and find enough to talk about, I think it is a pity.

Mrs. K. Undoubtedly we can find abundance of matter for conversation ; but would it not be more profitable to spend at least a part of the time in reading ?

Miss Easy. I should think it might.

Miss Vinegar. I did n't come here for the sake of hearing *any one* read. If we have n't time enough for that at home, we can do without reading.

Mrs. K. What do you think about it, Mrs. Obsolete ?

Mrs. Obsolete. What's that yew said ? I'm a little deaf, you know.

Mrs. K. (*In a loud tone.*) I asked if you thought it would be a good idea to have some reading.

Mrs. O. Wal, I don't know ; but I guess I'm so deaf I could n't hear very well. There's my Tim, now ; when *he* reads to me, I can always hear ; but I can't hear other folks very well.

Miss V. Yes ; she could hear "*her* Tim," as she calls him, if he only whispered to her ; but to other people she is as deaf as a stone wall.

Mrs. O. What dew yew think about it, Miss Humspun ?

Mrs. Homespun. Why, I can't say as I keer about hearing any. I never read much myself, and Patty, she's so busy she don't find much time to read tew me ; so I don't think much about hearing folks read now.

Miss Gable. There are many advantages in having some one read to us, but then I think there is much to be said against it. In the first place, if some one reads to us, we shall receive many new ideas — ideas which we never heard of before, some of them very wise, and some very foolish. Then, again, we shall *all* have the pleasure of hearing what is read — that is, all except Mrs. Obsolete; whereas, if we read the same at home, we should be obliged to read it separately. But the third and most important consideration is, that if we have reading, we shall have nothing that is not useful and profitable; while, on the contrary, if we spend the time in conversation, of course much of it will be nothing more than foolish remarks, for I am sorry to say that some of the *young ladies* are sadly addicted to gossipin'. (*Looks hard at Miss Crusty and Miss Vinegar.*)

Miss V. Look to yourself, Miss Gable, not at *me*; for we all know you are the most notorious gossip in town.

Miss Echo. Yes, the most notorious gossip in town.

Miss G. My conversation was not directed to *you*, Miss Vinegar. *Some* people have a great idea of taking everything to *themselves*.

Miss V. Yes; for instance, there are some who take all the time to themselves, and talk so incessantly that one would suppose *they* were the only persons fit to instruct others.

Miss G. I shall take none of your remarks — *not I*; for every one knows that it is very seldom I say anything in company. Well, as I was saying, there are many advantages in having some person read aloud to us; but I think there is much to be said against it. In the first place, it will be very difficult to find a book with which all would be pleased. Again, I think it would attract the attention of some of the ladies from their work, and consequently we should not be able to accomplish so much as if the reading was omitted. And finally, I think there is little doubt that we shall be able to sustain a conversation which will be interesting to us all.

Miss C. Undoubtedly you will be able to do your part.

Mrs. H. Why, bless me, how that gal's tongue does run! She talks so fast, other folks can't get a chance to slip a word in edgeways.

Miss G. Did you know that Miss Artificial had come home?

Miss Easy. No, I did not; when did she arrive?

Miss G. Nearly a week ago. She has not been cut much since, but I expected to see her here this afternoon.

Miss C. I don't believe any good comes from sending off a girl in that manner to school for two or three years, for they always come back confirmed simpletons, and so proud they can hardly speak to common people.

Mrs. Sceptic. Yes, and they are all the time either jabbering in French, or drumming on a piano from morning till night. I'm sure none of *my* girls will ever get their heads filled with such notions. I believe in learning them to be up and at work in the morning, and not lying in bed till noon, and leaving their mothers to wear their fingers off for them.

Miss V. One thing is certain : if Mrs. Sceptic wears her fingers off for her daughters, I don't think there is much danger of her wearing her *tongue* off at present, for I don't see as it grows any weaker by long-continued use.

Miss G. I am firmly persuaded that the manner in which young ladies are educated at the present day is directly contrary to their best interests, and I am satisfied that no person who carefully reflects on the subject can think otherwise. When I was young —

Miss V. When was that ?

Miss G. I was not directing my conversation to *you*, Miss Vinegar ; it is strange what assurance *some* people have to interrupt any one in that manner.

Miss V. O, by all means, I beg pardon for the interruption ; but as you spoke of being *young once*, I thought it would be an excellent opportunity to gain information in regard to a subject in which I have always felt interested. For certainly, ever since my remembrance, you have been just twenty-nine, and for aught I know you are likely to remain of that age.

Miss G. I do persist that such conduct is *shameful*.

Mrs. K. Ladies, in my opinion, such retorts and contentions as these are a disgrace to our society, and I must insist, as one of its officers, that they be discontinued.

Miss Echo. Yes, that they be discontinued.

Miss G. I am decidedly of your opinion, Mrs. Kindheart, and I trust that none of the young ladies who are so wise in their own conceit will be allowed to interrupt me again. As I was saying, I am firmly persuaded that the education of young ladies at the *present day* is most improperly conducted. I have noticed that young ladies who have been educated at our fashionable seminaries are invariably *forward* and *noisy* in company, anxious to show, by exhibiting their superficial accomplishments, how much superior they are to others, who, though not versed in the foolish matters of which they are so proud, are infinitely superior to them in real worth. Now, I am very careful about such things myself, and though of course I have *some* faults, I rarely make any remarks in company ; and when I do, I am always particular not to gallop on at

such a madcap rate as some people do, until every one is heartily tired out with them

Miss V. *Pro-di-gious!*

Miss C. If you have completed your sermon, Miss Gabble, I am really thankful; and if you have not, I would advise you to omit the improvement and practical reflections until our next meeting.

Mrs. O. What on airth has that gal been jabbering about? Her tongue runs like a sawmill.

Mrs. H. Why, she's been tellin' about Maria Artificial; she's got home, you know; ben off to school steady for two years.

Mrs. O. Yes, and they *dew* say she's proud as a peacock. I wonder *Miss Artificial* will let her feel so stuck up, jest because she's ben off to skeule. Now, *Miss Artificial* is a rare nice woman, but I don't think she's bringin' up her gal right. My Tim was over there t' other day, and don't yew think, *Mari* would n't hardly speak tew him. He says she's got a thing she calls a *pianner*, that she keeps drummin' on all day.

Mrs. H. A *what* did you say, Mrs. Obsolete?

Mrs. O. Why, a *pianner*, they call it; it's a thing that looks as much like my meal chist as any thing I know on, only it's an orful sight handsomer.

Mrs. O. What does she *dew* with it?

Mrs. H. O, she *plays* on 't. And my Tim says he never heerd any music so *cute* in all his born days. Mr. Artificial paid a *hundred and fifty dollars* for it.

Mrs. H. My stars! What a foolish man! I guess Mr. Homespun won't waste as much money as that, right away; and I guess Hannah an' Liza won't git a chance to fool away *their* time so, either.

Mrs. S. I hope they will not, Mrs. Homespun; I don't believe in such nonsense. I oversee the education of *my* daughters *myself*, and if I do say it, I do not think there are three girls who do more work in town.

Miss V. I should think she had the care of her *husband's* education too, by the way she orders him round. I do verily believe he is as much in fear of her as any of her daughters are.

Mrs. O. They don't dew things now as they used tew when I was a gal. They did n't have no sich thing as *pianners then*, and if they had we didn't have no time to play on 'em. The spinnin' wheel was music enough for *us*, and the gals had to make it keep quick time, tew.

Mrs. H. Yes, an' they did n't use to be round talking their *Freench* and their *Italian* then, either; but they had tew get up as soon as 't was

light, and not lay abed till noon ; and when they pretended to work, they worked, *I tell ye*, and did n't make b'lieve for nothin'.

Miss G. Very true, Mrs. Homespun, very true. In the good old days of yore, young ladies were taught much that rendered them useful and respected in society. They were thoroughly instructed in culinary operations, and it was not *then* thought a dishonor to be seen in the kitchen. Girls were *then* taught to ply the needle, to mix the bread, to sweep the house, and —

Miss V. And to hold their *tongues* !

Miss C. Yes ; and had you learned to perform the last-named duty faithfully, I am positive you would have been at least *some* wiser than you are now.

Miss Echo. Ay, some wiser than you are now.

Miss G. It is strange what assurance *some* people have. I was not directing my remarks to *you*, Miss Crusty.

Miss C. Very likely ; but I directed my last remark to *you*, Miss Gabble.

Miss V. And it hit her pretty fairly, *too*, I should judge, by the appearance.

Miss G. Such insinuations and vituperations are positively insufferable. I am naturally of a very quiet temper.

Miss C. Remarkably so.

Miss G. Miss Crusty, will you have the kindness not to interrupt me when I am not directing my conversation to you ? As I was saying, I am naturally of a very quiet temper ; but as for permitting such remarks to be made to me, I will not. Do you *understand*, Miss Crusty ? I consider myself as good as you are, any day, Miss Crusty ; and I am not in the habit of scolding from morning till night, as *you* are, Miss Crusty ; besides I am not in the habit of talking continually, as *you* are, Miss Crusty, and wearying every one out with endless gabble. I wish you to bear *this* in mind, Miss Crusty, and refrain from directing your personal remarks to me in future, Miss Crusty.

Miss C. Is that *all*, Miss Gabble ?

Mrs. O. Why, bless me, how them gals *dew* jaw ! They quarrel, worse than tew cats arter the same piece o' meat. If *that's* the way they talk at the sewin' circle, I should think they 'd better stay at home. It's just as my 'Tun said afore I come away. "Now," says he, "if all the gals are there, you 'll have a rale hornet's nest afore you git through, and if some on 'em dou't git stung, tew, I'm mistaken." "Tim," says I you had n't orter speak in that manner." But it's just as he said, arter all.

Mrs. S. I am glad *my* girls are not here ; if they were, I would send them home immediately. *Mrs. Frelove*, are you not one of the officers of the society ?

Mrs. F. Yes, I am one of the directors.

Mrs. S. Well, if *I* was one, I would n't have such work ; I am sure of that.

Mrs. F. I am indeed pained that the young ladies should manifest such a spirit towards each other as some of them seem to, and I must earnestly request that it be stopped. I trust that there will not be occasion for referring to this matter again, but that, as we are laboring for a charitable object, we shall allow nothing to ruffle the harmony of our proceedings.

Miss Echo. I trust we shall allow nothing to ruffle the harmony of our proceedings

Miss G. I cherish the same feelings, *Mrs. Frelove* ; and though I am not in the habit of talking *myself*, I trust that the young ladies will all remember what has been said. As I was about to observe — why, there comes *Miss Artificial*.

(*Enter Miss Artificial.*)

Why, my dear *Maria*, how do you do ? (*Shaking her very earnestly by the hand.*) I am rejoiced to see you. Why did you not come before ?

Miss Artificial (*Very affectedly.*) O, I was fearful that the rough damp air might prove too much for my very delicate health. But pray do not shake my hand in such a manner as that. Did you not know that it was vulgar ? The only *genteel* way is to merely touch the tip of the fingers, in this manner. And in fact, in the *first* society, the practice of shaking hands at all is almost universally going out of use.

Miss G. Indeed !

Miss A. I am very much fatigued. Such damp air is very trying to the lungs — ahem ! So, ladies, you are engaged in needlework.

Mrs. K. We are, *Miss Artificial*. Would you like to assist us ?

Miss A. O, no, by no means. I never use a needle ; it is *vulgar*, decidedly so ; depend upon it.

Mrs. K. I am not in the habit of considering any honest employment as either vulgar or dishonorable ; and the work in which we are now engaged is a work of charity, which I hold to be one of the noblest employments of woman.

(Concluded in April No.)

SNOW FLAKE WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE.

BY

THOS. P. I. MAGOUN.

SVA

The musical score is written for piano-forte in 3/8 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked 'SVA' (Scherzo Vivace) and includes a wavy line above the treble staff. The second system includes a wavy line above the treble staff and a fermata over the bass staff. The third and fourth systems are standard musical notation.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff in a key signature of two flats. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble staff shows a melodic line with various rhythmic values and accidentals. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, starting with a section marked '8VA' above the treble staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with a wavy line above it, and the bass staff continues with chords.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with a wavy line above it, and the bass staff provides accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, the final system on the page. The treble staff has a melodic line with a wavy line above it, and the bass staff provides accompaniment.



INDUSTRIAL education in connection with our common schools is a subject in which many earnest friends of education are much interested. And why should not their efforts be successful? Why should not the mechanical taste of the boy be developed in connection with his school education? Not that every boy is expected to be a mechanic. This would not be expedient or profitable. But every boy should be educated to respect mechanical pursuits and to honor those, who, by native skill or acquired knowledge, advance the mechanical interests with which the well being of society is so intimately blended.

It is proposed, here in Massachusetts, to introduce mechanical drawing as a branch of instruction in our public school system. A capital idea, even if but a tenth or a hundredth part of the boys are expecting to be mechanics in the future. No boy, whatever his position when he becomes a man, will ever have cause to regret the time devoted to this accomplishment, whether considered as an amusement, or a means of support.

But in connection with this, we should suggest a series of practical lectures, to be given frequently by persons well qualified to present, clearly and understandingly, facts of general and universal value in every community. For example, let a practical architect explain in detail the building of a house from foundation stone to ridgepole, giving the technical terms for each part, and the proper material to

be employed, and also judicious caution against what should *not* be used.

A single illustration. A friend was about to erect a house for his own use, and desired it to be well done. Having no experience himself, he employed a relation, not himself a mechanic, but having a mechanical taste, to oversee the work. One item alone will illustrate our point. But for this superintendence, the plastering would have been insecure through the use of nails a trifle, only a trifle, too short to properly hold the laths upon which it was to be spread. A homely illustration, but of some value to the builder of a house. With the knowledge thus gained at school, the mechanic would learn the importance of thoroughness in his work, while the future man of means would be made to understand that his splendid mansion, or the humbler abode of his tenants, needed not a contract at the *lowest* possible figure, but rather an appreciation of what proper materials, and fidelity in working them demanded of him.

Thus much for the boys by way of suggesting other themes of practical value in the common school. A word for the girls in a future number.

As our artist failed to realize how constant and pressing would be our demand for Mr. Alger's photograph, we found ourselves unable to forward but a limited number of those due on the tenth of January. Our subscribers cannot have been more disappointed than we were at the delay; but we hope that every one entitled to a copy, has ere this, duly received it, with a few exceptions, where the postmasters have returned them to us, after holding them ten days for delivery.

We acknowledge music from O. Ditson & Co., as follows.

1. La Remi Des Fees Galop, by Sidney Smith.
2. Bon Nuit, (Good Night.) Polka, by Fred Eversman, Jr.

3. Three Compositions, by E. Mollenhauer. Winds across the Sea ; I Know a Little Widow ; Oriental March.

4. Hoop La ! Where are we Now ? Song and Dance. Music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.

5. Don't Treat a Man Disdainfully. Composed and sung by Gus Williams.

6. She Danced on the Light Fantastic Toe ; or the Beautiful Ballet Girl, by G. W. Hunt.

7. A Song for Those who Love us. Music by J. R. Thomas.

8. How Gently Fall those Simple Words, God Bless You. Song, by J. R. Thomas.

9. A Brighter World than This. Ballad by John L. Cox.

10. Lancers' Quadrille, a Selection from Wallace's Opera of Maritana, arranged by C. E. Pratt.

11. Lob des Frauen, (Praise of Woman) Polka Mazurka, by J. Strauss.

12. The Whippoorwill Schottische, by C. B. Hovey.

13. March for Four Hands ; for teacher and pupils, by William Mason.

Also the following from Koppitz, Pruefer & Co.

1. Moments Joyeux. (Happy Moments,) by Sidney Smith.

2. The Fan Tom Galop ; for four hands, by A. P. H.

3. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing. No. 50, of the collection called Musical Photographs, called D. Angelo.

4. Mary had a Little Lamb ; and Charming Little Valley. Nos. 2 and 3 of Eight Duos, called Teacher and Pupil, by William Mason.

5. Jesus, Saviour of my Soul. Soprano Solo and Quartette, adapted to the beautiful melody, "Now I lay me down to Sleep." (Walbridge,) by Albert W. Berg.

6. The Ideal of my Dream. Ballad, by C. Kinkel.

7. The Danube River. Ballad, by Hamilton Ardé.



Answers.

- 28. Photograph of Horatio Alger, Jr.
- 29. L-on-don. London.
- 30. Arizona Territory.
- 31. Behring Straits.
- 32. New Bedford.
- 33. Cart. 34. Carp. 35. Lead.
- 36. Hearth. 37. Psalm. 38. Lan.e.
- 39. Louis Napoleon.
- 40. 1. C-ouch. 2. t-rap. 3. p-earl. 4. w-hat. 5. m-art. 6. s-tar. 7. p-lot. 8. r-use. 9. s-corn. 10. s-kid. 11. s-pan. 12. p-ill. 13. g-nu.

41. Cross-word Enigma.

I am in pen, but not in ink ;
 I am in plant, but not in pink ;
 I am in thorn, but not in rose ;
 I am in mouth, but not in nose ;
 I am in chair, but not in bed ;
 I am in tongue, but not in head ;
 I am in youth, but not in child ;
 I am in mad, but not in wild ;
 I am in rope, but not in thread ;
 I am in blue, but not in red ;
 I am in snow, but not in rain ;
 My whole is a town in the State of
 Maine. RUTHVEN.

42. Rebus.

XLNC. HAUTBOY.

43. J E I L E A P U C E B E.

Commemorates what ? HARRY.

44. Double Acrostic.

1. A girl's name. 2. A preposition of place. 3. Is aged. 4. Is a good sort of bread. 5. Is a fowl. The initials and finals make the title of a poem by a popular English poet.

ROB ROY.

45. Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 5, 6, 8, 20, 4 is a color.
My 1, 2, 5, 19 is a boy's name.
My 18, 11, 12 is in common use.
My 3, 7 is a pronoun.
My 14, 16, 17 is pleasing
My 13, 21, 19, 10, is to quake.
My whole is a celebrated poet.

H. B. R.

Syncopations.

46. Syncopate a voyage, get a vessel.
47. Syncopate a bird, get a sort of bed.
48. Syncopate a conductor, get part of a stable.
49. Syncopate a boy's name, get a plant.
50. Syncopate a title, get a building.
50. Syncopate another title, get a town in Vermont.
52. Syncopate a heathen deity, get a town in Georgia.

HAUTOBY.

53. Charade.

My first is an article of apparel. My second is a part of the year. My third is a kind of dog. My whole makes my first.

CHEESE KURD.

54. Enigma.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 14, 11, 19, 6 is much used in cooking.
My 16, 21, 1 is an article of dress.
My 2, 8, 21, 13 is a part of the body.
My 7, 17, 19, 19 is a favorite plaything.
If you have my 15, 18, 6, 22, 3, 9, 10, 20, 23, 12, 5, you will be happy.
My 4, 21, 20 is a boy's nickname.
My whole no family should be without.

R. O. AMER.

55. Enigma.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 is a kind of fruit.
My 1, 3, 15 is a child's plaything.
My 7, 8, 5, 13, 3, 12 an officer of the church.
My 2, 5, 4 a kind of meat.
My 6, 10, 12 is what we like to see every day.
My whole is the name of an English author.

X. T. C.



H. INGHAM.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

An Illustrated Monthly,

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. XXV.

APRIL, 1870.

No. IV.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.



RUFUS felt some doubts as to whether he had done wisely in agreeing to board at Mrs. Clayton's. His own board together with what he paid for his sister's board and clothes, would just take up the whole of his salary. However he would have the interest on his five hundred dollars, now deposited in a Savings Bank, and yielding six per cent interest annually. Still this would amount only to thirty dollars, and this would not be sufficient to pay for his clothes alone, not to mention miscellaneous expenses, such as car fares and other incidental expenses. He felt that he should like

now and then to go on an excursion with his sister and Miss Manning, or perhaps to a place of amusement. For all this, one hundred dollars a year would be needed, at a moderate calculation. How should he make up this amount?

Two ways suggested themselves to Rufus. One was, to draw upon his

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870, by JOSEPH H. ALLEN, in the clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

principal. Probably he would not be obliged to do this very long, as at the end of six months it was probable that his salary would be raised if he gave satisfaction, and this he meant to do. Still Rufus did not like the idea of breaking in upon his fuud. Five hundred dollars seemed a good round sum, and he wanted to keep it all. The other way was to make up the necessary sum by extra work outside of the office. This idea he liked best. But it suggested another question, which was not altogether easy to answer, "What should he do, or what kind of work should he choose?"

He might go back to his old employment. As he was not required to be at the office before nine o'clock, why should he not spend an hour or two in the early morning in selling newspapers? He felt confident that he could in this way clear two dollars a week. But there were two objections which occurred to him. The first was, that as Mrs. Clayton's breakfast was at half past seven in the winter, and not earlier than seven in the summer, he would be obliged to give it up, and take breakfast at some restaurant down town. His breakfasts probably would come to very nearly the sum he would make by selling papers, and as Mrs. Clayton took him under her usual price, it was hardly to be expected that she would make any allowance for his absence from the morning meal. Besides, Rufus had left his old life behind him, and he did not want to go back to it. He doubted also whether his employer would like to have him spend his time before office hours in selling papers. Then again, he was about to board at a house of very good rank, and he felt that he did not wish to pass among his new acquaintances as a newsboy, if he could get something better to do. Of course it was respectable, as all honest labor is, but our hero felt that by this time he was suited to something better.

The more Rufus balanced these considerations in his mind the more perplexed he became. Meanwhile he was walking down Broadway on his way to the office.

Just as he was crossing Canal Street, some one tapped him on the shoulder. Turning round, he recognized a young man whom he remembered as clerk in a stationery store in Nassau Street. His name was George Black.

"Rough and Ready!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Is this you? Why are you not selling papers? You got up late this morning, did n't you?"

"I've given up selling papers," said Rufus.

"How long since?"

"Only a few days."

"What are you up to now?"

"I'm in an office in Wall Street."

“What sort of an office?”

“A banker’s, Mr. Turner’s.”

“Yes, I know the firm. What do you get?”

“Eight dollars a week.”

“That’s pretty good — better than selling papers.”

“Yes, I like it better, though I don’t make any more money than I did before. But it seems more like business.”

“Well, you’ve found a place, and I’ve lost one.”

“How is that?”

“My employer failed, and the business has gone up,” said Black.

“I suppose you are looking for a new place.”

“Yes, but I would n’t if I only had a little capital.”

“What would you do then?”

“I was walking up Sixth Avenue yesterday, when I saw a neat little periodical and fancy good’s store for sale on account of the owner’s illness. It’s a very good location, and being small does not require much capital to carry it on. The rent is cheap — only twenty dollars a month. By adding a few articles, I could make a thousand dollars a year out of it.”

“Why don’t you take it?”

“Because I have n’t got but a hundred dollars in the world, and I expect that will be gone before I get a new place.”

“What does the owner want for his stock?”

“He says it cost him seven hundred dollars, but he’s sick, and wants to dispose of it as soon as possible. He’ll sell out for five hundred dollars cash.”

“Are you sure the stock is worth that much?” asked Rufus.

“Yes, I am sure it is worth more. I’ve been in the business, and I can judge.”

“Why don’t you borrow the money?”

“It’s easy enough to say that, but where shall I find anybody to lend it?”

“You might take a partner with money.”

“So I might if I could find one.”

“Look here, Mr. Black,” said Rufus, in a business-like tone, “What offer will you make to any one who will furnish you the money to buy out this shop?”

“Do you know of anybody who has got the money?” asked the young man.

“Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don’t, but maybe I might find somebody.”

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If any one will set me up there, I will give them a third of the profits after paying expenses.”

"And you think that you can make a thousand dollars a year?"

"Yes, I feel sure of it."

"That's a good offer," said Rufus, meditatively.

"I'm willing to make it. At that rate I shall make thirteen dollars a week, and I have never been paid but twelve for clerking it. Besides I should be my own master."

"You might not make so much."

"If I make less I can live on less. There's a small room in back, where I can put in a bed, that will save me room rent. My meals I can buy at the restaurants. I don't believe it will cost me over three hundred and fifty dollars to live."

"So that you could save up money."

"Yes, I should be sure to. After a while I could buy out the whole business."

Rufus was silent for a moment. He had five hundred dollars. Why should he not set up George Black in business on the terms proposed? Then instead of getting a paltry thirty dollars interest for his money, he would get two or three hundred dollars, and this would abundantly make up what he needed to live in good style at Mrs. Clayton's, and afford Rose and himself occasional recreation. Of course a good deal depended on the honesty of George Black. But of this young man Rufus had a very good opinion, having known him for two or three years. Besides as partner he would be entitled to inquire into the state of the business at any time, and if anything was wrong, he would take care that it was righted.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired the young man, observing his silence.

"How would you like me for a partner?" asked Rufus, looking up suddenly.

"I'd just as lieves have you as anybody, if you had the money," said George Black.

"I have got the money," said our hero.

"You don't mean to say you've got five hundred dollars?" asked Black in surprise.

"Yes I do."

"How did you get it? You did n't make it selling papers in the street."

"You may bet on that. No, I found part of it, and the rest I had given me."

"Tell me about it."

Rufus did so.

"Where is the money?"

"I keep it in a Savings Bank."

"I'll tell you what, Rufus," said George, "if you'll buy out the shop for me, and come in as my partner, I'll do what I said, and that'll be a good deal better than the Savings Bank can do for you."

"That's true, but there'll be more risk."

"I don't think there will. I shall manage the business economically, and you can come in any time, and see how it's going on. But I never thought you had so much money."

"If you had, maybe you'd have thought more of me," said Rufus.

"Maybe I should. 'Money makes the mare go' in this world. But when will you let me know about it? I've only got two days to decide in."

"I should like to see the shop myself," said Rufus, with commendable prudence.

"Of course, that's what I'd like to have you do. When will you come round with me and see it?"

"I can't come now," said our hero, "for it would make me late at the office. Is it open in the evening?"

"Yes"

"Then I'll tell you what. I'll meet you there this evening at eight o'clock. Just give me the number, and I'll be sure to be there."

"All right. Have you got a pencil?"

"Yes, and here's one of our cards. You can put it down here."

The address was put down, and the two parted.

George Black went round to the shop at once to say that he would probably be able to make an arrangement. In the evening at the appointed hour the two met at the periodical store

Rufus was favorably impressed on first entering. The room was small, but it was very neat. It had a good window opening to the street, and it appeared well filled with stock. A hasty survey satisfied our hero that the stock was really worth more than the amount asked for it.

The proprietor seemed a sickly looking man, and the plea of ill health, judging from his appearance, might readily be credited.

"This is the capitalist I spoke of this morning," said George Black, introducing Rufus.

"He seems young," said the proprietor, a little surprised.

"I'm not very aged yet," said Rufus, smiling.

"The main story is, that he's got the money," said Black. "He's in business in Wall Street, and is looking about for an investment of his spare funds."

Rufus was rather pleased with this way of stating his position. He

saw that it heightened his importance considerably in the mind of the owner of the shop.

"He'll do well to invest here," said the latter. "It's a good stand. I would n't sell out if my health would let me hold on. But confinement does n't suit me. The Doctor says, I shan't live a year, if I stay here, and life is better than money."

"That's so."

"How long has this shop been established?" asked Rufus.

"Five years."

"It ought to be pretty well known."

"Yes, it's got a good run of custom. If the right man takes hold of it, he'll make money. He can't help it."

"What do you think of it, Rufus?" asked George Black, turning to our hero. "Is n't it all I represented?"

"Yes," said Rufus. "I should think a good business might be done here."

"If I get hold of it, a good business shall be done here," said Black, emphatically. "But it all depends on you. Say the word, and we'll close the bargain now."

"All right!" said Rufus, promptly. "I'll say the word. We'll take the shop."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

IT might be considered hazardous for Rufus to invest all his money in a venture which depended to so great an extent upon the honesty of another. But there is no profit without risk, and our hero felt considerable confidence in the integrity of his proposed partner. It occurred to him, however, that he might need some money before he should receive any from the business. Accordingly, as the young man had told him that he had a hundred dollars, he proposed that he should contribute one-half of that sum towards the purchase of the shop, while he made up the balance, — four hundred and fifty dollars. This would leave him fifty dollars for contingent expenses, while George Black would have the same.

Our hero's street-life had made him sharp, and he determined to secure himself as far as possible. He accordingly proposed to George Black that they should go to a lawyer, and have articles of agreement drawn up. For this, however, he did not have time till the next morning.

One article proposed by Rufus was that he should draw fifty dollars a quarter towards the third share of the profits, which it was agreed that he should receive, and at the end of the year any balance that might remain due. No objection was made by George Black, who considered this provision a fair one. The style of the firm, for as most of the capital was furnished by Rufus, it was thought that his name should be represented, was "**Rushton & Black.**"

A new sign was ordered bearing their names, and it was arranged that the new proprietors should take possession of the store at the commencement of the next week, when it would probably be ready.

Rufus hesitated about announcing his new venture to Miss Manning and Rose, but finally concluded not to do so just at present. It would be time, he thought, when they had got fairly started.

Meanwhile he had transferred himself to the room at Mrs. Clayton's boarding-house. He felt rather bashful at first about appearing at the table. Half an hour before the time, he reached the house, and went up at once to Miss Manning's room.

"O Rufie," said Rose, jumping up from the sofa, and running to meet him, "have you come to stay?"

"Yes, Rosie," he answered, sitting down on the sofa, and taking her in his lap.

"I am so glad. You are going down to dinner, ain't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"We have such nice dinners,—don't we, Miss Manning?"

"Very nice, Rose."

"A great deal better than I ever had before. I wonder where you will sit, Rufie."

"He will sit next to you, Rose; I spoke to Mrs. Clayton about it. Rufus will take care of you, and I am to look after Jennie and Carrie."

"That will be very nice."

"How do you like the little girls, Rosa?" asked her brother.

"Very much. They have given me some of their dolls."

"And which knows the most—you or they?"

"O, I know ever so much more," said Rose, positively.

"Is that true, Miss Manning, or is Rose boasting?" asked Rufus.

"Rose is farther advanced than either Jennie or Carrie," answered Miss Manning. They have studied comparatively little yet, but I find them docile, and I think they will soon improve."

By the time Rufus had combed his hair, and put on a clean collar, the dinner bell rang. He followed Miss Manning down into the dining-room.

"Good evening, Mr. Rushton," said Mrs. Clayton. "I am glad to see you."

"His name is n't Mr. Rushton," said Rose. "His name is Rufie."

"It is the first time Rose ever heard me called so," said Rufus, smiling. "She will soon get used to it."

He was rather pleased than otherwise to be called Mr. Rushton. It made him feel more like a man.

"You may take that seat, Mr. Rushton," said the landlady. "Your little sister will sit beside you."

Rufus took the chair indicated.

Next to him was seated a lady of thirty or more, whose hair fell in juvenile ringlets. This was Mrs. Clifton, formerly Miss Peyton, who will be remembered by the readers of "Fame and Fortune." Rufus was introduced to her.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rushton," said Mrs. Clifton, graciously. "You have a very sweet little sister."

"Yes, she is a very good little girl," said Rufus, better pleased with a compliment to Rose than he would have been with one to himself.

"I understand you are in business in Wall street, Mr. Rushton."

"Yes," said Rufus. "I am in the office of Mr Turner."

"I sometimes tell Mr. Clifton I wish he would go into business in Wall Street. He keeps a dry goods store on Eighth Avenue."

"Can't remember ever hearing you mention the idea, Mrs. C——," remarked her husband, who sat on the other side. in a pause between two mouthfuls. There ain't much money in dry goods just now, by jove. I'll open in Wall Street, if you say the word."

Mrs. Clifton slightly frowned, and did not see fit to answer the remark made to her. Her husband was not very brilliant, either in business, wit, or in any other way, and she had married him, not from love, but because she saw no other way of escaping from being an old maid.

"Do you know, Mr. Rushton," said Mrs. Clifton, "you remind me so much of a very intimate friend of mine, Mr. Hunter?"

"Do I?" asked Rufus. "I hope he is good looking."

"He's very handsome," said Mrs. Clifton, "and so witty."

"Then I'm glad I'm like him," said Rufus.

For some reason he did not feel so bashful as he anticipated, particularly with Mrs. Clifton.

"He's soon going to be married to a very rich young lady — Miss Greyson, perhaps you know her."

"That's where he has the advantage of me," said Rufus.

"Mr. Clifton," said his wife, "don't you think Mr. Rushton looks very much like Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes," said her husband, "as much as I look like the Emperor Napoleon."

"Don't make a goose of yourself, Mr. Clifton," said his wife, sharply.

"Thank you, I don't intend to. A goose is a female, and I don't care to make such a change."

"I suppose you think that is witty," said Mrs. Clifton, a little disdainfully.

It is unnecessary to pursue the conversation. Those who remember Mrs. Clifton, when she was Miss Peyton, will easily understand what was its character. It had the effect, however, of putting Rufus at his ease. On the whole, considering that he was only used to cheap restaurants, he acquitted himself very well for the first time, and no one suspected that he had not always been accustomed to live as well. The dinner he found excellent. Mrs. Clayton herself superintended the preparation of dinner, and she was not inclined to undue economy, as is the case with many landlords.

"I'm glad I came here," thought Rufus. "It's worth the difference in price."

As they rose from the table, Mrs. Colman asked Miss Manning, "Is that the brother of your little girl?"

"Yes," answered Miss Manning.

"He has a very good appearance, I should like to have you bring him into our room a while."

Miss Manning communicated this invitation to Rufus. He would have excused himself gladly, but he felt that this would have been hardly polite, therefore he accepted it.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rushton," said Mrs. Colman.

"Thank you," said Rufus.

"I hear that you have come to board with us."

"Yes," he answered, wishing that he might think of something more to say, but not succeeding.

"It is a pleasant boarding-place, I hope you will like it."

"I think I shall."

"You have a very nice little sister; my little girls like her very much. She will be a great deal of company for them."

"I think she is a very good little girl," said Rufus, "but then I am her brother, so I suppose it is natural for me to think so."

"You are in an office in Wall street. I am told," said Mr. Colman.

"Yes sir," said Rufus.

"Whose, may I ask?"

"Mr. Turner's."

"He is an able business man, and stands high. You could not learn business under better auspices."

"I like him very much," said Rufus, "but then I have not been long in his office."

"I find Miss Manning relieves me of a great deal of care and trouble," said Mrs. Colman, (her new governess being just then out of the room.) "I feel that I was fortunate in securing her services."

"I think you will like her," said Rufus. "She is very kind to Rose. I don't know what I should do with little sister, if I did not have her to look after her."

"Then your mother is not living, Mr. Rushton."

"No," said Rufus, "she has been dead for two years."

"And you are the sole guardian of your little sister?"

"Yes sir."

After half an hour's call, which Rufus found less embarrassing and more agreeable than he anticipated, he excused himself, and went up stairs.

On Tuesday of the next week, he decided to reveal his new plans to Miss Manning. Accordingly, he managed to reach home about half past four in the afternoon, and invited her and Rose to take a walk with him.

"Where shall we walk?" she asked.

"Over to Sixth Avenue," said Rufus. "I want to show you a store there."

Miss Manning soon got ready, and the three set out.

It was not far — scarcely ten minutes' walk. When they arrived opposite the store, Rufus pointed over to it.

"Do you see that periodical store?" he asked.

"Yes," said Miss Manning.

"How do you like it?"

"Why do you ask?" she inquired, puzzled.

"Look at the sign," he answered.

"RUSHTON & BLACK," read Miss Manning, "why, that is your name."

"And I am at the head of the firm," said Rufus, complacently.

"What does it all mean?" asked Miss Manning. "How can it be?"

"I'll tell you," said Rufus.

A few words made her understand.

"Now," said Rufus, "let us go over to *my* store, and look in."

"What, is it your store, Rufie," asked Rose.

"Yes, little sister, it's part mine."

When they entered, they found George Black behind the counter, waiting on a customer, who directly went out.

"Well George, how's business?" asked Rufus.

"It opens well," said his partner, cheerfully. "It's a good stand, and there's a good run of custom."

"This is my friend, Miss Manning," said Rufus, "and my little sister Rose."

"I am glad to see you, Miss Manning," said the young man. "I hope," he added, smiling, "you will give us a share of your patronage."

"We'll buy all our slate pencils at Rufus's store, won't we, Miss Manning?" said Rose.

"Yes, I think so," answered Miss Manning, with a smile.

"Then," said Rufus, "we shall be certain to succeed, if there's a large profit on slate pencils, George?"

"Yes, if you charge high enough."

After a little more conversation they left the store.

"What do you think of my store, Miss Manning," asked Rufus.

"It's a very neat one. I had no idea you had become so extensive a business man, Rufus."


"Is Rufus an extensive man?" asked Rose.

"I hope to be some day," said Rufus, smiling.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



THE NEW SCHOLAR AT CUBAN VILLA.

OU might drive over many roads, out of many towns, all day long, and not find such another charming place as was the Cuban Villa. It had received its name, many years before, when a West India merchant had come to Lakeside and built the cottage. And nothing which you can possibly picture in your mind, my sweet little blue-eyes, or you, bright brown-eyes, can be a whit more lovely than the Villa actually was, with its bay windows and balconies, — its verandas, festooned with wood-bine — its broad walks, green terraces, and soft banks sloping gently to the lake. I hope you may all go there some summer's day; and then you cannot fail to know the place from this description.

There was a school at Cuban Villa. That is why I'm telling you of the place. Of course you know there are few children, with so delightful a school-house. But Miss Vincent had two little motherless neices of her own, whom she chose to teach herself at home, and she was willing Leslie and Annie should have a few of their young friends with them. Besides, Miss Vincent was a woman who felt that she had been placed in the great garden of this world by a husbandman who wished her to work. And she was very happy to do her part, and to do it cheerfully, too, even though it were to tend some of the small flowers along the borders; and then you know, when the evening comes, and the shadows grow long about her, she may have a few little buds to carry to the Master, to show that she has not been idle. But my story is n't about Miss Vincent.

It was one Monday morning in April, just after the Easter holidays, that little Kitty Phelps, and Cora Stillman, came up the steps and into the hall, with their heads near together, as was the manner of "very intimate friends," at Cuban Villa, and I suppose, in some other schools.

"I shan't like her; I most know I shan't!" and Kitty's foot, in a very tidy bronze boot, came down upon the hall floor with a smart stamp. "I think it's right mean for her to come to our school, when we had just enough scholars before, to make it nice! We don't want any owls in our robin's nest, do we, Alice?"

This last question was put to a black haired girl, in a crimson merino dress, who came down stairs just then, and who answered,

"No, I should think not! But who's the owl, Kitty?"

"Why, a new scholar who is coming this morning."

“Who told you?”

“O, Miss Vincent told mamma,” replied Cora. “I heard her, last night, coming out of church. They are some new people who’ve come here. The name is Bucknam, or Buckman, or some such queer word.”

“Buckram, most likely!” said Kitty, with a poor attempt at wit, and Cora, who, I’m sorry to say, was, in Kitty’s company, little beside her echo, answered:

“Yes, Buckram! That’s a grand name for her. She wore the funniest sort of a cloak to church yesterday. It looked like an old woman’s. And such big gloves!” and Cora glanced down with some vanity at her own white fingers, adorned with more rings than was quite lady-like for a child ten years old.

“O dear! We shan’t like her, of course!” and Kitty stepped to the hall mirror to fasten the cherry ribbon which tied back her light curls.

“Sh — h!” said Alice, shaking her finger, and giving utterance to that peculiar sound, which I have tried to spell, and which children use to impose silence.

Just that moment a little figure in a black dress came timidly up the steps, and crept into the great hall, with such a pained, frightened look on her white face.

“There! That’s her!” whispered Kitty, forgetting, at the same time, her good manners, and her English grammar.

Poor Milly! It was a new place for her. All these girls were so much taller than she was, too; and they looked so nicely in their trim boots, buttoned about their slender ankles, and their fresh white aprons, with delicate fluted ruffles. If only their hearts and tempers had been in half as good order! Besides, as the stranger stood there, they all stopped talking, and Kitty, and Cora, and Alice stared at the new comer, as she took off her over-shoes and sack. Only as Milly hung up her hood with pink, trembling fingers, Kitty whispered in Cora’s ear:

“Did you ever see such an outlandish hood?” And then these three girls put their arms round each other and sauntered off to the school-room, leaving the stranger alone. If any one had paused to look at Milly then, they would have seen that her face turned quite as pink as her fingers, and that the tears came into her great blue eyes. Of course, you’ll understand that her quick ear had caught the cruel speech, and it made her feel very much like turning back, and running home again, to bury her head in her sick mother’s pillow, and say, “I cannot go to that dreadful school!” But she said to herself, “Poor mamma has too many troubles already, and I promised her I would be so good.”

So our brave little Milly choked down her tears, took her pile of

books and her lunch basket, and went to the door where the others had gone. Miss Vincent saw her in a moment, and came to her. She kissed her sweetly, saying,

“So my little Milly has come. Is your mamma well this morning?”

“She has a bad headache, and cannot sit up to-day,” said Milly.

“And so you came alone?”

“Yes ’m, because Maggie was very busy, and mamma thought I could come alone.”

Then Miss Vincent took the little pile of books and the basket, and carried them to a pleasant desk in a bay window.

“This will be your seat, dear. Leslie, my little girl, sits near you. She will come in soon.”

Then came reading in the Testament. The lesson this morning was one of Milly’s favorite chapters beginning, “Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.” They sang, and then Miss Vincent kneeled down, and all the little girls kneeled, and they recited the Lord’s Prayer; and the teacher asked God to keep them all through the day, — to make them gentle, and patient, and loving to each other, and to all around them. I think some of the children wondered if Miss Vincent knew how badly they had begun that bright spring morning.

At recess the teacher said: “Children, this is my little friend, Milly Bucknam. She is coming to be one of us now, and I want you to see how much you can do to make it pleasant for her. I am obliged to go out of the room for a little while.”

Now I am grieved to tell you that the door had no sooner closed behind Miss Vincent, than Kitty went up to Cora, and whispered:

“What do you suppose she’s got on that black dress for? looks like a fright! We all wear handsome dresses, and it’s a shame for any body to come to this school looking like a dowdy!”

Perhaps if Kitty had known that Milly wore the black dress because her dear papa had been taken out of the world, she might have spoken more kindly. I am sorry to confess, however, that Kitty had a very unkind temper. It caused her mother much sorrow, for she even did not love her only little brother, and she sometimes made the other scholars very uncomfortable. They were afraid of her, however, and that gave her more influence with them; though, of course, it was a very bad influence. As Milly stood alone beside Miss Vincent’s table, I think Cora would have been glad to go up and put her arms around her, and kiss her. But she feared Kitty’s ridicule, and therefore seemed to join with her as she said:

“I think she’s real homely; don’t you?”

“ Awfully ! ”

“ Such monstrous eyes, and sharp nose ! ” said Kitty. Now this young lady’s eyes were small, and of the Chinese type of beauty ; and her nose curved the opposite way from aquiline. Of course I should not mention these defects of Kitty’s, were it not for the fact that she is making sport of my little friend Milly.

“ Cora, would n’t it be fun to hide her pencil ? just for sport you know. There it is on her desk. And there’s that big orange under her desk ? ” This from Kitty, of course.

“ O, I don’t believe I would, ” feebly objected Cora.

“ O you little coward ! you’re afraid to do it ! ”

Cora was afraid to do right, which is, after all, the most common cowardice. So she sauntered along past Milly’s desk, pretending to look out the bay window, and slipped the pencil and then the orange in her pocket.

“ Here they are ! ” she said, coming back to Kitty’s side.

“ Give me the orange, O, ain’t it a jolly big one ? I’ll let you have a bite of it ’cause you got it ! ”

“ You don’t mean you’re going to eat it, Kitty ? ”

“ I don’t mean I’m going to do anything else with it, Miss Cora. ”

“ Why, Kitty Phelps ! ”

“ Why, Cora Stillman ! ”

“ I don’t care ! ” What is the reason that children always say they don’t care, when they do care the most ? “ I don’t care ! I think you are real mean ! ”

“ Cora, you shut up, or you shan’t have a bite of the orange ! ”

“ I don’t want it, thank goodness ! ”

“ There now, Co, you go and get mad, will you ? ”

“ No Kitty, I’m not mad ; but you know Miss Vincent said — ”

“ Miss Vincent ! you’ll run and tell her now, I’ll warrant. Tell-tale O ! I don’t care ! It was you that took it, any way ! ”

“ O Kitty ! ” said Cora, who was beginning to find that her intimacy with her friend was bringing her into deep water. Their dispute had been carried on in angry whispers, with flushed faces, and excited gestures. Imagine how astonished Cora was, then, when Kitty walked away from her towards Milly, the orange in her hand, saying :

“ You like oranges, don’t you, little Buckram ! ”

Milly was too well bred to notice the rude name, and she answered :

“ Yes, indeed I do ! Mamma put such a nice one into my basket when I went to kiss her good-bye. I’ll get it now ! I’d forgotten all about it ! ” and she ran to her desk in the bay window. “ Why ! It is n’t here ! ” she exclaimed, searching in desk, basket, and pocket.

"It certainly was here just before recess, I wonder if it has n't rolled upon the floor!"

At this Cora's face reddened, and Kitty laughed outright. Milly understood it all then. Her cheek flushed painfully, and after a moment's struggle and a beseeching look round among the girls, she dropped into her chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Here baby Buckram! is this your orange? I don't want it, but one of the girls gave it to me. Baby shall have her orange! So s'ee s'oud!"

Of course Milly did n't take it. It was n't the orange, indeed, that hurt her; but that rude laugh, and all those new faces! This was the very first time she had ever been away from her dear mamma, and a rough beginning it was. Milly thought of this, and sobbed very hard. Kitty giggled again, filling her mouth with a quarter of the orange, and shooting the seeds through the school-room, in defiance of all rules. Just then the hall door opened, and in came Leslie Newell, one of Miss Vincent's nieces, a curly-headed little sprite, with the plumpest cheeks, and the largest heart in school.



LESLIE'S SYMPATHY.

"Why? What's all this about?" and she ran up to Milly, and sat down beside her, drawing the little hot head upon her shoulder. "Kitty

Phelps, this is some of your work, I know! I've been off taking my music lesson, and I don't know what's the matter, but it's a great shame to abuse a little girl."

"Yes," chimed in Annie, "Kitty stole that little girl's orange! And she's been troubling her! and Kitty Phelps, the girls all hate you!"

"O dear, yes! you think it's your business to lecture everybody, just because you're Miss Vincent's niece. But you need n't take such airs," said Kitty, with much anger.

Leslie paid no heed to Kitty's violence, but used all her efforts to comfort the little stranger. Milly lifted her head, and Leslie wiped the tears away with her own handkerchief, and kissed her again and again. Little Annie, too, who was only eight years old, came timidly up to Milly, putting her hand in hers, and pressing one of her own oranges upon her. Then the bell rang, and recess was over. Miss Vincent asked no questions; but, as she glanced round into the girl's faces, with those sharp, searching eyes of hers, Leslie suspected that "Aunty knew all about it."

The recitations went on as usual. Milly dried her tears and read when her turn came, — read, oh, so much better than some of the taller girls; for she had read much to her mother at home. Miss Vincent said "Nicely, very nicely!" There were older scholars who would have studied hard and long, to obtain these three words of praise from their teacher.

The Villa school had but one session, and closed at two o'clock. The last half hour was always given to a story, or reading from Miss Vincent, while the children sewed, or drew some simple picture. This day, when it came time for this exercise, Miss Vincent said, "I have a story to tell you to-day; but first I will excuse Leslie and Milly. Leslie, come to me a moment!"

Leslie received a whispered message from her aunt, and then taking Milly's basket and books, she led her out; not, however, until Miss Vincent had kissed Milly good-night, sweetly.

You will like to know that Leslie's message to Milly had been. "My pony is harnessed, and Auntie says I may take you and Mrs. Bucknam to drive. Is n't it lovely?"

They left the room, and Miss Vincent went on to tell the girls of an old and dear friend of hers, who had married, and gone to live in a charming southern home. She described the orange trees, and the magnolias, the house, the servants, and the carriages; but the greatest treasure of them, was a lovely baby girl; Bambina, they called her, swinging in her hammock cradle, out in the verandah, and gazing, with her large

blue eyes, through the pink curtains of the hammock, which painted all the world in rose color.

But, by and by a great confusion came into the world on which Bambina gazed. For war was raging far and wide, and it burned houses, tore down churches, and ruined whole towns. It even came into that beautiful home, and uprooted the orange trees, and killed the magnolias, and infinitely brought worse troubles than these. Houses could be rebuilt, and trees replanted, but no earthly power could bring back life to the white face which they found on the battle-field, that cold face with all the life gone out of it, upturned to the Southern stars, the face of Bambina's papa. They buried him hurriedly in the home church-yard, and then the sad mother took her child, and one faithful servant, and came North. They were poor now, they who had before known nothing but abundance. The pale-faced, delicate mother taught her darling herself, until she was ten years old. Then, as they had recently come to a village near the sea-shore for the benefit of the mother's health, the physician said she must not try to teach any longer. So then she looked for a school, and soon found one, taught by an old friend of the mother's; and to this, little Bambina, in her sad, mourning dress, went. Only a few little girls attended this school, which was in a pretty place beside a small lake. It was one Monday morning, a bright spring morning, that the sick mother kissed her darling many, many times, and, bidding her be a good girl, sent her to school. Now, of course, you think these children welcomed her gladly, this little, timid, frightened, orphan Bambina! Of course each one of these old scholars, to whom the place was familiar — children with happy homes, and fond fathers and mothers — of course they strove with one another to see which should show her most kindness, which should do the most to make the little exile at home. Would you not expect this from children in a Christian land?"

"Yes 'm! Certainly," came from several voices, whose owners felt compelled to answer, although they began to see the moral.

"Now comes the hardest part of this hard story. These children, knowing every one, just how displeasing their conduct would be to their teacher, their mothers, and their Father in Heaven, began to persecute little Bambina the moment she entered the house. I am sure you can hardly believe it, but they hid her pencils, they laughed at her mourning dress, and whispered about her face, and even stole that nice, sweet orange which her mother had put into her lunch-basket with her bread and butter. Indeed, they were so very unkind that this little Bambina, in her sorrowing heart, thought that she had actually fallen among thieves. She was like a delicate violet bud, which has pushed its

tender head up through the brown loam, in April, hoping to meet her friend, the Spring, but meets instead her foe, Mrs. Hoar Frost, with her thousand icy weapons. Now can you tell what my story means?"

"O dear, Miss Vincent! We were so bad! It was very, very wicked!"

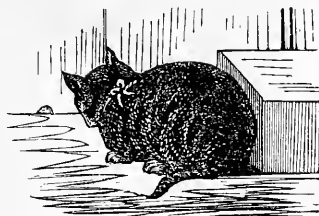
These, and many more lamentations were poured into Miss Vincent's ears.

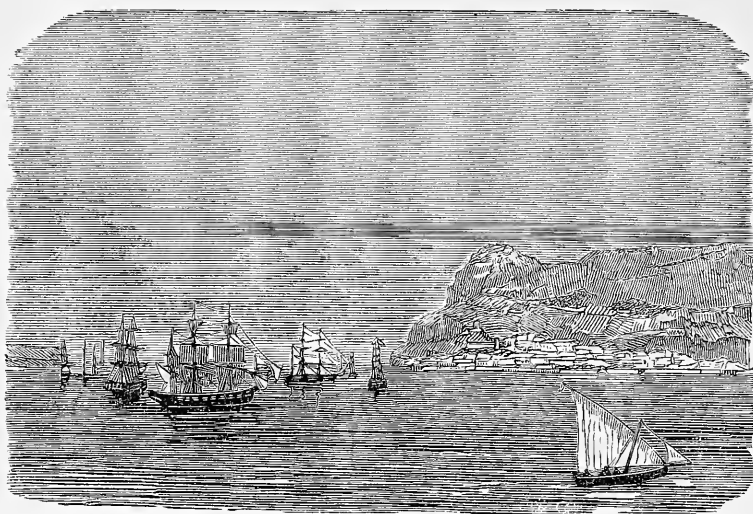
"Indeed, dear Miss Vincent, we did n't think!"

"My dear little people," said their teacher, gravely, "remember that 'not to think,' is sometimes a serious sin. And another thing, that there is no cowardice more disgraceful than harshness to younger and weaker persons than yourselves! You are excused now."

As the children went to kiss Miss Vincent good night, she put her hand upon the shoulder of Kitty Phelps, and kept her after the others were gone. What she said to her in that long earnest talk need not be told here. Enough to say, that it was severe as the culprit deserved, and since that day, Kitty has tried to be a better girl. I am glad to tell you that Milly had no more dark days at the Cuban Villa, for every little girl was kind and loving to the stranger. "Bambina," is the pet name they give her. Milly herself tries to forget that day; but I think when she has grown to be a woman, she will keep among her memory pictures, one of a little figure in a mourning dress, among strange faces, her head bent down, and the tears trickling out between her pink fingers. And I think she will never grow so old that she will forget to be kind to children, who are small, orphans, strangers, or, in fact, sufferers in any way. Will you, my dear little Blue-eyes and Brown-eyes, try to remember it, too?

Julia A. Eastman.





THE OCEAN.

THE earth with its solid surface, its hills, caves, streams and brooks, shelters and feeds countless existences, but the great ocean, which lies like a protecting mantle round the land, and occupies two thirds of the space of the whole globe, carries in its bosom more creatures than earth and air. In that element live animals as various in form and size as the creatures of the earth, as huge as the elephant or mastodon, or tiny as the animalcule which the microscope reveals. "God gave man dominion over the fish of the sea," says the old author of Genesis, as if they were the only creatures that inhabited the great deep, whose sovereignty was given to Adam while yet in Paradise. Man has not only kept his dominion over the fish, but he is in some measure the ruler of the sea, and has learned to make its waves a highway for his ships to sail from clime to clime.

The water of the sea, unlike that of separate rivers and streams, contains in solution all the dissolvable substances of the earth. These are brought down by the various rivers and streams which empty into it, some bringing more, and some less of different substances, according to the soils through which they pass. The principal of these are chloride of sodium, or common salt, sulphate of magnesia, potassium and lime, iron, copper, and even silver have been found in it, but in very small

quantities. If sea water is evaporated, but little salt remains in proportion to the quantity, and blocks of ice taken from the Polar seas, always produce fresh water when melted. The sea continually loses its salt by evaporation, but the rain falling upon the land carries it back again. These deposits from the rivers and streams would constantly accumulate in the ocean, were it not for the myriads of living things who take the lime, silicum, potassia, and the iodides, and change them into seaweeds, zoophytes and fish. The sand which lies upon the sea-shore serves as a filter for the filth deposited there. Dig a few inches into this, and you will find beneath, black mud of a disagreeable order, and this more especially at the mouths of great rivers, or where great cities border upon the sea. The sand purifies the water, and the dirt remains near the shore.

This sand is sometimes blown about by high winds so furiously, and in such quantities, that it alters materially the shape of coasts, turning large tracts of fertile land into deserts, and making great sand-bars across deep harbors. In the north of Cornwall are high hills of drifted sand, made entirely of the fragments of sea shells, and this sand does not always remain sand; it is being slowly transformed into rocks, which will be, perhaps, used as building stones for future cities, as Paris uses now the chalk which was made ages ago in the sea. Nature is thus doing slowly and in the course of ages, what the Dussaud brothers did quickly and artificially to make stones for the breakwater at the harbor of Port Said. This harbor was necessary for the construction of the Suez Canal, but there were no suitable stones in the neighborhood. So the sand was drawn up from the bottom of the basins in great boxes, and carried to crushing and mixing machines, and pressed with water and cement into great moulds. These moulds were left to dry and harden in the sun for about two months, and then the great blocks of sand were lifted out, and carried back to the sea.

On our own coast at Cape Cod and Cape Ann, the sand is continually shifted and whirled about by the winter winds, burying whole farms and orchards, and making large tracts of land look like miniature Saharas. For the world is continually changing, the sea encroaches upon the land, and the land struggles farther into the sea. The Mississippi brings down the washings of half a continent, and builds out into the Gulf of Mexico. The sea steadily encroaches upon the southern shores of the Baltic, and has probably torn England, Scotland and Ireland from the main land of Europe, and severed all the islands in Boston Harbor from the peninsula. Coasts are said to be scarped when the rocks make a perpendicular wall for the shore like those of Norway, flat when they descend with a gentle slope. Low hills of sand are called Dunes.

Water in a stagnant state contains no oxygen, and is therefore unfit for any animal to breathe. Plants must purify it by changing the carbon into oxygen, or it must be furnished in some other way, and the great storms which lash the sea, help in its purification. The storm maps of France show how curiously, and what direction these storms pass over the sea.

When Prof. Lesley went from New York to Brest, in Oct., 1866, he sailed in the southern rim of a furious north-easter, which was sweeping from the American shore to England. For nine days the ship and the gale kept company. Sometimes they were beaten back by it, and sometimes they gained a little upon it. But at last, not knowing where they were, not having seen the sun for six days, they lay to, and the storm passed on.

When the professor was in Paris, he saw the whole course of this storm marked out in the Meteorological Bulletin. On the chart, the day before he saw the Ushant light on the coast of Cornwall, was the "front rim of the storm, drawn in curved lines from north to south, bellying eastward over the northwest corner of Europe. The next day's chart showed it farther advanced, and raging into the North Sea, and each successive daily chart marked its position farther and farther east and southeast, until it was finally broken up, and lost between the Caspian and Black Seas."

In storms, the waves seem to tempest-tossed seamen, to run mountains high, as they rise upon their crests and disappear in the troughs, while waves raised by the wind in the open sea, rarely rise above twenty feet, but round the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn they sometimes reach forty. But these violent storms only agitate the surface of the sea. At twelve or thirteen fathoms deep it is always calm, and the fish and other creatures can escape from the tempest, by sinking to serener regions.

The sea only freezes under intense cold, and then only to a certain point. At five hundred fathoms, the same temperature exists in all latitudes, and at that depth there is always peace and warmth.

The currents of the Atlantic are narrow and swift, those of the Pacific slow and broad; the latter is the calmest of seas, and is rightly named; while the former is lashed by many gales, and disturbed by many storms.

One of the most curious phenomena connected with the ocean are the tides; the advancing and retreating of the sea, now running into every bay, creek and sound, into the holes and fissures of the rocks, then slowly ebbing away, and leaving large tracts of slimy ooze. Tides occur about fifty minutes later each day, because the lunar day is twenty-four hours

and fifty minutes long. The solar day is only twenty-four hours long, and the moon exerts three times the power that the sun does upon the sea. When the sun and moon work together as they do at the new and full moon, the tides are very high, and are called spring tides. The other tides are low or neap tides. Low water is not at exactly half the intermediate time between two tides, the flowing in of the sea being more rapid than the retreating.

The height of the tide varies much at different localities. The Mediterranean is an almost tideless sea. About the South Sea Islands the tide rarely rises more than twenty inches, on the west coast of South America, about three yards, on the west coast of India, six or seven yards; at Cherbourg, seven or eight yards; and at Saint Malo, fourteen yards; but those of the Bay of Fundy, surpass all others, rising sometimes sixty feet.

When the rising tide strikes the shore with a steady force and loud noise, it is called surf. The swell forms a billow, which sometimes extends half a mile. This surf makes it almost impossible to land upon some coasts. Around the Cape of Good Hope, the north-west wind sweeps the surf into billows thirty or forty feet high; round Cape Horn, from twenty to thirty. In the English Channel, they are sometimes ten feet, and the spray dashes over the Eddystone Light House, which is one hundred and thirty feet high. On our own coast, the north east wind drives the tide with almost incredible fury. The roar of the billows on Lynn and Chelsea beaches, can be heard six miles away, and the spray dashes over the tops of the highest rocks at Cohasset, and Nahant. The spring tides rise about twelve feet round Minot's Ledge, and in the winter storms, the spray flies over the summit of the Light House.

Besides this constant ebb and flow of tides, this hurrying across the sea of storm and wind, which run to do no man's errands, but often bring him loss and shipwreck, but which help the whole universe in ways which he is too ignorant yet to understand, the Great Gulf Stream sweeping from south to north, assists the work of change and purification. For stagnation seems to be the one great evil that Nature always exerts herself to speedily remove, and if a death occurs, she soon transforms it into another development and life. "This great stream," says Lieutenant Maury, "is a river in the ocean. Its banks and bottom are cold water, but its current is warm. It is the most majestic flow of water in the world, more rapid than the Amazon, more impetuous than the Mississippi, and a thousand times larger."

The stream forks a little south of the equator. The southern branch

descends along the coast of Brazil, and probably returns by reascending the west coast of Africa. The northern branch follows the Brazilian shore upward, passing Guiana flows into the Sea of Antilles, Bay of Honduras, Yucatan Channel, and the Gulf of Mexico, and finds the Atlantic again by the Florida Channel. It leaves this channel a majestic stream thirty-four miles broad, twenty-two hundred feet deep, and runs at the rate of four and a half miles an hour. Its clear blue water may be clearly traced as far as the Carolina coast, so distinctly marked is the current. From the American shore it runs north-east to Spitzberg, diminishing as it goes, in velocity and breadth. At the forty-third degree of latitude it divides again, one branch seeking the shores of Iceland and Norway, the other turning southward not far from the Azores, sweeps the coast of Africa, and returns by the Antilles. This great river bears even to the coasts of Norway, olive green seaweeds, seeds, coves, driftwood, plants, and all kinds of waifs and strays from the tropical regions. It also brings a current of warm air with it, and shores which it visits are of a milder temperature than others in the same latitude. If it were not for this stream, London instead of having a climate so much warmer than that of Boston, would be much colder. Its average winter temperature, is six degrees above freezing. Without this great current of warm water it would be from ten to twenty degrees colder, and its summers would be so short that corn would not ripen there. Naturalists are already speculating upon the probable consequences of cutting through the Isthmus of Darien. Some asserting that if this be done the course of the Gulf Stream will be diverted, and the climates of France and England materially changed. If it prove true, the land called London, will experience a more trifling change in temperature than it has already done ages ago, for its rocks tell the strange story that once its climate must have been tropical, and afterwards changed to a cold, like that of Greenland.

Could we walk over the bottom of the sea, as we walk over the earth, we should find hills, and valleys, mountains, and long ridges, and not the flat plain, which we fancy, when we look over its wide surface. The Atlantic Cable is laid on a long platform, extending from Cape Race in Newfoundland, to Cape Clear in Ireland, two thousand miles long, and four hundred and seventy broad. Round many of the volcanic islands in the Pacific Ocean, are circling cliffs which go sheer down into the deep water. Could we look upward at these, they would seem like mountains thousands of feet high, whose base was at the bottom of the sea. Here too we should find a world beautiful, but how unlike that of the earth and air. The light falling down through the sea,

green or blue water, so softened and subdued, would reveal the great forests of sea-weed as beautiful in the sea, as earth plants in the sun; and the silent fishes, graceful in their motions as the birds, and brilliant in their colors as the butterflies, for all rainbow hues live in the sea as well as the air, and the curious zoophytes who haunt the shores, rocks and weeds.

Geologists tell us that we live now on what was once the bottom of the sea, and that at no very remote period, for the world is ever being made, and never finished. The water has flowed over the land, and the land risen and sunk more than once, and the sea has become earth, and the earth sea. The flint pebbles of the Thames valley are older than London, with its Roman and Saxon antiquities, and they tell they have been under salt water at least three times. Once when they formed in their native chalk beds, once when they were washed out of the chalk cliffs, and rolled on the shore of a sea which man's eyes never saw, and again when that sea's bottom was upheaved, and they were brought again to the surface where they are found.

“Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou roll'st now,”

is the fancy of the poet, and not the fact of the geologist.

E. C. F.



MOLLY'S CONCLUSION.

ONE day as Mollie was sitting among her flowers, she heard a strange buzzing in the air. She thought it was a humming-bird, but listening closely, she found the flowers were talking to each other.

“Well,” said Molly to herself, “I did not know flowers talked. I guess this is what the books mean, when they speak of the ‘language of flowers.’ I’ll listen and hear what they say.”

She saw the bright scarlet head of a verbena raise itself and say, “Dear me! Winter is coming, I can feel it in my bones. Jack Frost took some of the color out of my cap last night. I suppose snow and ice will come soon, and then I must die.”

“Why don't you do as I do?” spoke up a tall aster. “I ripen my seeds, and scatter them about so that in the Spring I come up again as bright and gay as ever, and not a bit care I what becomes of this old stalk.”

“I have tried that,” said the verbena, “but it is so hard to get into the

ground ; if some one would only help me a little, and then not touch me in the spring until I start up green, I could manage very well."

"Poh!" spoke up a peony, "why do you bother with seeds? Send your sap down to the root, as I do; there is no trouble about it. If the gardener ever disturbs me in the spring, I just show myself, and he lets me alone."

"Yes, and if he does not see you, prick him, as I do," interrupted the rose, "it is easy enough to get through the winter. I rather enjoy it, it is a grand time to sleep. When the spring comes, I run up my stalk and peep out of the windows, and if it is not warm enough, I just wait awhile, watching all the time to see the trees and bushes grow green, then I leave, —"

"I wish I could do so," said a little white featherfew, "I've tried to send my sap down to the root, and if the snow covers me up early with its blanket, I can manage very well, but if the ice binds me first, I can't help it. I must die."

"The gardener thinks too highly of *me* to let *me* die," boasted a proud salvia, "my bright blossom is so precious to him, that I always have a good warm home in winter, but then one can't expect every little flower will be worth that trouble," and she waved herself proudly in the breeze.

The heliotropes whispered among themselves, and continued to fill the air with fragrance, but the gardener coming up just then, Mary heard no more.

"Do you let all these flowers die in the Winter, Stephen?" she asked.

"Oh no, miss, them heliotropes and verbenas I'll take up, and a bit of salvia, and featherfew, and put in the green-house with the other plants, but the rose-bushes, peonies and other things can take care of themselves."

Then Molly thought to herself, "Well! there seems to be some one always ready to care for those who cannot take care of themselves. It must be by the loving Father's orders, He who takes care of me; so I guess nothing ever dies."

Addie Hayes.



A TRUE STORY.

MAMA! may Susie and I go over to aunt Lizzie's and play an hour?" said little Jackie Gordon to his mama, one lovely summer afternoon.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gordon, "you may go over if you will be very good children, and not disturb your aunt Lizzie, and when you have staid an hour, I will send Sarah to bring you home."

Jackie was very much delighted, and scampered away to find Susie, and when he had found her they both ran up to the nursery, and had their faces washed, and Susie had her curls brushed out, for she was a little girl, only four years old; then they trudged off to their aunt Lizzie's, who lived in a beautiful house very near their own.

Aunt Lizzie had five children, girls and boys. The eldest was Howleenel, whom his mother and little sisters used to call "Howdie." Then there was "Lulu," who was about ten years old, and who had very dark blue eyes, that in the evening looked like black, and who was a great favorite with all the little children because she could paint lovely paper dolls, and make such pretty ladies on her slate. She could write very pretty stories, and act in charades and tableaux; and what was a great deal better than all, was very kind and obliging to every one about her.

Next to Lulu came Willie, who was a big, good-natured boy, and who had a great dog named Bounce. Bounce would follow Willie all about, and Willie never gave him hard words or kicks, as some little boys do their dogs and other pets.

After Willie came Hattie, who was five years old, and who had beautiful yellow hair that fell all over her shoulders. And then came "Baby Frank," who was the babe of all, and who trudged about after all the others, and who tried to do everything he saw done by the older children.

Now all the children happened to be on the piazza as Jackie and Susie came up to their house, and when they saw them coming, they were much delighted, and shouted, "Oh, mama, here comes Jackie and Susie!"

Then they all rushed up stairs where aunt Lizzie sat at her sewing machine, talking to a young lady whom everybody called "Miss Ellen," and they said, "Mama, Jackie and Susie have come to stay a whole hour, and we want to play. What shall we play?"

Aunt Lizzie thought a minute, and then she said, "You might have a game of croquet out on the lawn."

But at this little Susie looked very doleful, and said, "then I can't play, for me don't play 'kokay.'"

"Me can *pay kokay*," said Baby Frank.

"Aunt Lizzie, *can* Baby play kokay?" said Susie.

"No," said aunt Lizzie "he cannot; so we must think of something else."

"Why," said Lulu, "why not play hide and seek? Baby can play that, and Susie, and everybody."

Aunt Lizzie said it would do very nicely indeed, and would do better than anything else; and then they all ran away to hide, and Lulu was to be the one who should find the others.

They had a good deal of trouble with baby Frank, because just as they were all nicely hidden, he would rush out and say "here 's Baby! here 's Baby!" and then the others would say, "*Baby, be still!*" but Baby *would* keep running out, and spoiling all the fun, until Howdie told him, "if he did n't keep still, he should n't play another minute!" after that Baby was still as a mouse.

First they all hid in the parlor closet, then they hid in the library, back of the book-case; then in the hall back of the great clock; and then they all ran up stairs, and crawled underneath the bed in the nursery. But Lulu was so quick that she found them directly, wherever they went.

At last they all ran up stairs, and said, "O, mama! where can we find a place to hide that Lulu does n't know all about?"

"Why," said Miss Ellen, "why don't you go up stairs, and hide in the sky-parlor, and I will keep Lulu in here till you all get stowed away."

This was just the thing; and all the children but Lulu ran up into the sky-parlor, and this time Lulu was a long time finding them.

At last Howdie and Lulu became tired of playing with the little ones, and went off by themselves to have a game of croquet. But Jackie Gordon said, "Let 's us play *make a believe* hide and seek, and crawl into this closet up here in the sky-parlor, and make believe somebody is coming to find us," and Hattie and Willie said, "Oh yes! that will be fun!" and they all crawled into the closet, and kept as still as mice, making believe somebody was coming to find them.

But while they were keeping so still, one of the servants passed through the room, and seeing the closet door wide open, shut it up and turned the key, and went down stairs before the children thought to say a word.

After a while they were tired of playing make believe hide and seek,

and they thought they would come out, but, oh dear! when they tried the door it was fastened, and there they were.

Jackie looked at Susie and his little cousin, and said, "Oh dear! we are all shut up, and what shall we do?" and then he began to cry; but Susie said, "Me don't care; me sleep here all night." But Hattie began to cry, and then Willie, and then baby Frank, and at last all four, Jackie and Hattie, Willie and Baby were crying as though their hearts would break.

Jackie said, "Oh dear! I wish I was safe home with my Issy." Issy was his sister who took care of him, and whom he loved dearly.

Hattie said, "she wished she could see her mama," and Willie said, "Oh dear! I wish I could see Bounce again, but I don't suppose any body will ever find us, and we shan't have anything to eat, and we shall die, and nobody will know where we are, to bury us!"

And at this they cried dreadfully, and sobbed, and kicked at the door, and made a great deal of noise.

And all this time Aunt Lizzie and Miss Ellen were sewing away down stairs, and never dreaming of all the harm that was come to the little ones above.

But at length there came through the open windows such doleful sounds, such moans, and sobs, and such a dreadful noise that Aunt Lizzie laid down her work, and looked quite frightened, and said, "did you ever hear such a dreadful noise? it can't be my children, because they are safe up in the sky-parlor." Then they listened again, and Aunt Lizzie turned quite pale and said, "what do you think it can be?"

Miss Ellen said, "it certainly seems to come from the sky-parlor; do you suppose it is possible that the children are shut up anywhere?" Just as Miss Ellen said this Bridget came into the room bringing up the wash, and she opened her eyes very wide and said, "Sure, and I'm just after locking the closet up in the sky-parlor, for 't was wide open, but niver a bit of noise was there up there then."

But Aunt Lizzie and Miss Ellen did not wait to hear any more; they rushed away to the sky-parlor, and heard the noise plainer and plainer all the time.

When they opened the closet door, there they all stood in a row, Jackie and Willie, and Hattie, and Baby Frank, all screaming away, with the tears running down their poor little faces. Miss Susie was n't crying at all, but stood very composed indeed.

Even after the children were safely out of the closet they continued to cry, and they looked so conical, all in a row, bawling at the top of their lungs, that Aunt Lizzie and Miss Ellen could not help laughing,

and Aunt Lizzie said, "Why, what are you crying for now when you are all out safe enough."

"O," says Jackie, "I thought my Issy would n't ever know where we were, and that we should n't ever get out, and Willie said he guessed the rats would eat us all up as soon as it come night."

"Well," said Aunt Lizzie, "I think you have had a pretty bad time being shut up, but I would n't cry now; you did just right to pound on the door and make a great noise, for if you had n't, I should n't have known where you were. But now it is all over, and here comes Sarah, and as you have lost so much time, you can stay another hour."

They were very much pleased at this, and went down stairs into the nursery, and played puss-puss in the corner, and hide the handkerchief, and paper dolls. And Miss Ellen and Aunt Lizzie went back to their sewing.

Pomfret.



OUR QUEEN PUSS.



WE had once a pretty Maltese cat, and her name was Queen Puss. Her fur was a lovely silver gray, and her face was so gentle, her eye so mild and shy, and her form so graceful, that we thought she must be a countess, or perhaps the Queen of Catland. Then she had such well-bred ways, and such dainty tastes, as made us still more certain that she was a princess among cats.

Visitors who chanced to see her gliding about the house, always exclaimed, "What a lovely cat!"

She was so intelligent that she perhaps knew her beauty was much talked of, but she heard all these compliments with quiet dignity. Only by a gentle waving of her long, glossy tail, she would seem to say, "Queen Puss thanks you for your praises;" never purring noisily when she was noticed, as some fussy cats of lower degree are in the habit of doing.

She had such pretty ways of eating, too. She required us to cut her food in small pieces, and was doubtless often much shocked to see our little Freddy almost choke himself with large mouthfuls of beefsteak. But our Freddy was not a princess cat, so he had to be told a great many times over, how to eat properly.

Our nice cat always knew the dinner hour and came down with the family to the dining-room. Then she took her seat in a large arm-chair

in a corner, while we placed ourselves at the table, and she sat among the cushions like a queen on her throne, looking on with pleasure to see us, her subjects, enjoying our fine dinner.

When Aunt Mary called to Queen Puss, she would leave her cushions and glide along the carpet in her graceful way, and then leap lightly into Aunt Mary's lap, where she nestled cosily all through the meal.

So well mannered was Queen Puss, that even if we had forgotten to serve her with her breakfast, she would not so much as gaze on the tempting chicken bones which whispered to her over the edge of Aunt Mary's dinner plate.

Our Queen Puss always waited, too, to have her food offered to her ; she never helped herself, as is the habit of too many cats. Even little Freddy might have taken a lesson from her, when his naughty fingers made sudden journeys to the sugar bowl or preserve dish.

Our pretty cat liked cake and soft custards, and some kinds of puddings. Does your cat like such things ?

Then our Queen Puss danced the "shadow dance," — only think, puss a dancer ! This was the way she danced it. When the gas was lighted, Aunt Mary would go into a corner of the room, and wave her hands and flourish her fingers, thus making a dancing shadow on the wall. Soon Queen Puss would come sweeping along in her silver gray velvet robe, and when she saw the dancing shadow, she would straighten herself up very grand, and then would begin such a dance as could not be imitated in any land than Catland, or by any body but a princess of Catlaud. 'T was a kind of wild, noiseless German. Sometimes the shadow danced lightly away after the cat, and sometimes the cat danced with the shadow ; it was all very queer and beautiful.

Now after a long time, our Queen Puss was a happy mother cat, and such a darling little posy of a kitten as she had. It was dressed all in silver gray, just like its lovely Maltese mother. Now the visitors all exclaimed, — " what a beautiful cat and kitten ! "

We called the precious kitty, the Princess Crown Jewel, because her soft fur was so like silver, her eyes so like diamonds, and the little white tips of her ears so like tiny pearl drops. You should have seen Queen Puss catch little Crown Jewel, when we dropped this soft ball of a kitten, diamonds, pearls, and all, down into her mother's uplifted paws. This we would do, over and over again, till the mother cat was too tired to hold up her paws for her baby any longer.

Such a fond mother as was Queen Puss. Although there was a train of nurses, James and Sarah, and Freddy and Ann, who stood ready to wait on the young princess from morning till night, Queen Puss

devoted herself to the little Crown Jewel, and was never weary of caressing her.

By and by there were more little princesses, sisters of Crown Jewel, but they never could keep Queen Puss long away from her pet and eldest, the princess royal. 'T was quite pitiful to see these tiny kittens mewling, and sprawling about on their weak little legs, and striving to open their eyes, and look around for their mamma, who was just as likely as not gone off with Crown Jewel, to teach her the first steps of the shadow dance.

It so happened that our house maid was nervous, and the mewling and crying of so many small kittens, made her head ache, so she spoke gruffly to the kittens, and told them, "it was n't for the likes of a poor craythur like her to be worritting herself out of life intirely with the screamins of new born kittens. There was hapes too many cats in the world, and sorra a kitten of this litter would she lave alive, but trate them to an easy death by drowning." So drowned they all were in the great tub, and Queen Puss walked past it, airing her fine velvet dress in the sun, and never seemed to miss them.

Not long after this, Crown Jewel, who had been growing more lovely every day, fell sick. Her bright eyes grew dim, her poor little bones began to stick out, and her frisking and frolicking were at an end. One day she fancied she should feel better if she could get out into a warm patch of sunlight in the garden. So she crept along, and her mother followed her, and they sat side by side all day in the warm sunshine, and I have no doubt, if little Crown Jewel had strength, she said many pretty things to her anxious mamma. At last the sun went down behind the tree-tops, and it grew shady and chilly, and quite time for the feeble kitten to come home, and lie down in her own little warm bed, but she could not stir, she was so chilled and weak. Aunt Mary at last espied her, and brought her in. I grieve to say that poor Crown Jewel was seized that very evening with the croup, and she died the next day, and was buried in a box under the old lilac bush. Sarah, the head nurse, cut off a large piece from the black silk duster, sewed spangles round the edges, and then wrapped the trimmed bit of silk round the box, "'cause our dear little kitty was a princess," she said, "and could n't be buried without rigs."

After a long time Queen Puss died too, and she too was buried with "rigs," a larger piece of the black silk duster, and two rows of spangles. Her grave, too, is under the old lilac bush, and there is a head stone over it, and on it, it says, "Queen Puss."

E. G. C.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I AM afraid, dear young readers, that you will be frightened at my story having such a long, hard name, and think that you cannot understand it; so I will tell you at once what it means. Biography is the life of any person; and an autobiography only means the life of a person, written by himself.

Now, here is my autobiography,

Do you like mottoes? I do very much; and I think it is a good plan for every boy and girl to choose a motto for themselves, and try to act up to it. The mottoes children choose are a sign of their characters. For instance, I have a little friend, with frank, blue eyes, and the most open heart in the world, whose favorite motto is, "Honesty is the best policy;" and another, who is just as brave as a lion, and his motto is, "No such word as fail;" while his brother, who is as persevering as a spider, has chosen for his, "Where there's a will, there's a way." I know two sweet, gentle, little girls, whom every one loves, and the motto of one is, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and that of the other, "It always takes two to make a quarrel." Then there are three children who live near me; one, a great, strong fellow, says his motto is, "Might makes right;" and his brother, a mean, stingy coward, chose for his, "Each man for himself, and God for us all;" and their sister, who is as selfish as she can be, is always saying, "Look out for number one."

Now, suppose you try my plan, and each choose a motto for yourselves, my young friends. I fixed upon two when I was very young, and they have helped me a good deal. They are, "God helps him who helps himself," and "Never say die."

Mine has been rather a strange life, and I should like to tell you about it.

I belong to a very large family, and my first home was on a great plain, one wide sea of the softest green, and a lovelier home I think it would be hard to find. Right by where my father lived was a sparkling little brook, that made the sweetest music all day long. I was sorry enough when the time came to leave my home, and go out into the wide, wide world; but my being sorry did not help me, for go I must. It is the custom with my people to send all their children out into the world at a certain age, for the purpose of making bread, or being useful in whatever way their masters may choose. So when I was old enough, forth I went.

I, and a good many of my brothers and sisters, with a large number of other children, whose home had also been on that beautiful green plain, were bought by a rich, hard-looking old man, whom I did not fancy at all. I am sure his motto must have been, like that boy's I told you of, "Each man for himself."

Well, he locked us all up, with a great many more children of our race, in an immense dark house, where he said we must stay until he was ready to make use of us, when we should be taken out, as he wanted us. My people believe in the old adage, "There is safety in numbers;" so they always divide their large families of children into sets, and keep these sets together, until, at length, they become very closely attached to each other, and find it most painful to be forcibly separated, as they always are by their cruel masters.

I, and my set of brothers and sisters clung closely together, and hid ourselves in a corner, though there were no finer looking, better grown children in the whole house than my dear father's. In fact, we belong to a particularly fine family, and are very highly thought of by every one.

For many weeks we lay in that dreadful prison, where no light ever came, except when our master opened the door, and ordered some of us out, for what fate, the rest could not tell. There was something to me worse than the darkness and closeness of the crowded prison, however, and that was a race of great, wild animals, with red eyes and sharp teeth, who attacked us fiercely, killing, wounding, and even eating a great many of our number. I often wondered why my master did not find some way of destroying them, for I have frequently heard him call them very wicked names, and abuse them dreadfully; which was another thing that showed me he was a bad man.

At last, we were called out, and with plenty more of our companions were put into an immense box on wheels, drawn by the largest animals you can imagine; and then we were driven off slowly down a long road. We soon found our work was to be bread-making for the master's family. Now this is a dreadful fate. They are determined to make you just as good, and fine, and clean as can be, so they beat and bruise, and ill-treat you dreadfully, in order to make you what they consider fit for their service.

The great machine stopped at last, and we were tumbled out in the roughest manner upon what seemed to be a large, high floor, without walls or roof. I wondered what was to happen now, when, oh horror! I was seized and violently torn away from my beloved brothers and sisters, and pushed by myself into a crowd of other children, all of whom had been treated in the same brutal manner. Such lamentations

and sufferings you never witnessed. We felt so lonely and frightened, cast off suddenly by ourselves, and uncertain what fate had overtaken our poor brothers and sisters, whom we looked for vainly among the crowd of strangers. Our eyes were sore with weeping, and such was the frightful noise, pushing, and excitement, that we lost the use of our ears, and never recovered that blessed sense again.

After what seemed to me an eternity of agony, we found ourselves once more in the great moving box, going slowly down the road. By this time, my first terror was over, and the remembrance of my mottoes came to help and encourage me.

“‘Never say die,’” I thought, “no, that I won’t. ‘God helps him who helps himself;’ well, I’ll set about trying to help myself at once, and He will show me a way, and help me too.”

So I began to look round and think what I could do.

At last I hit upon a plan. Now I always think that it is one’s duty to do their best to help their neighbors while they are helping themselves. There goes another motto, or rather two of them, you see. “Love your neighbor as yourself,” and “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.” So I told my plan to all of my fellow sufferers around me, and proposed that we should try it together. They all refused, however. Some were too timid, some too sullen, some too much wrapped up in their grief even to hear me; while many others, indeed, most of them, thought it a wild, foolish attempt, which would only increase my misery, since it was sure to fail.

But I answered, “Never say die,” and set about helping myself. It was hard work, but I proved the truth of my motto, for I was wonderfully helped.

My plan was to climb up the sides of the great box to the top, and then give a sudden leap and alight somewhere, — I did not know where, but any fate was better than my present one. By degrees, I clambered slowly up, and with repeated bounds, which jarred me terribly. But how I was helped! Those gigantic, gentle looking animals were surely very fond of me, for they kept turning their heads and giving me such loving looks, to encourage me; and then, they would pull the great box over the highest obstacles, roots, they were called, I think, which helped me in jumping, by making the box bounce up, and carried me five times as high as I could have gone otherwise.

At last I reached the top, and just then one of the animals looked round at me, as much as to say, “Now is your chance; and sure enough we were coming to the highest root we had passed over yet. Such a great bounce! and at the same instant, I made a desperate spring. I

felt myself flying through the air, and then I came down upon what seemed to me the very softest of feather beds. For a little while I was too frightened and exhausted to look around me; and when I did, my last prison was no longer to be seen, and I was in the very loveliest place imaginable.

In front of me was a high evergreen hedge, where the vines were just beginning to twine themselves among the dark green leaves of the trees which formed it. Birds flew everywhere, singing merrily, the sunlight danced and frolicked like a child at play, and near me was a lovely little stream, which reminded me of the brook in my dear old home. It was now spring, for the trees were putting on their beautiful new green dresses, and the little snow-drops and violets were already up and covered with buds. Oh, it was a sweet place!

"God helps him who helps himself," I thought, so I lost no time in setting about building myself a house, and preparing to rear a little family of my own. Everything helped me. The ground seemed to soften as I dug into it, the sweetest little showers came to cool me, and the brightest rays of sunshine seemed to fall upon my head; while the birds and the stream sang to cheer me, and the flowers wafted to me their sweetest odors. When the long summer days came and the sun beat down fiercely, then the kindly trees spread their sheltering arms over me, and kept off the sultry heat.

You see I acted up to my mottoes, and here is the result. I am now the father of a charming little family, and as happy as the day is long. I have an unusually large number of children, the very finest and prettiest in the world. They are all divided into sets, and each set has the sweetest, coolest little room imaginable all to themselves. The walls of the room are green, and before the doors hang the loveliest curtains of soft gold-colored silk fringe. You can't think how cunning they all look in their little green rooms, lying with their pretty white heads all in a row. Bless their dear little hearts: You see I am very proud of my children, but I really can't help it.

Well, I have told you a good long story, and now I must stop. I hope it has given you pleasure, and done you some good too; and that you will try my plan about the mottoes. I can assure you it is a very nice one, by my own experience.

And now, my dear friends, will you in turn for my autobiography, be so kind as to tell me my name?

To help you, I will give it in the form of a riddle, which each reader must try and guess for himself.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 10, 3, 4, 11 is what I love to drink.

My 7, 9, 2 is sometimes a preposition, and sometimes a conjunction.

My 8, 6, 4, 11 is a piece of money.

My 10, 3, 1 is what paper is made of.

My 7, 2, 9, 1 is a little gentleman who is famous in song, because "he went a courting."

My 4, 10, 6, 5 is one of the commonest metals.


My 5, 9 is a negative answer.

My whole is my own name, and that you must guess.

Leroy.



WHAT A BLUE VIOLET WHISPERED TO ME.

" WAS once a little brown seed," it said, "and my home was on a shelf in a cupboard, with many other seeds. I had a very cosy, warm home, until one day a little girl took me with some of the others, and carried me into the garden, and buried me in the damp, dark earth.

"'O dear,' thought I, 'what a poor home this will be; what shall I do? I cannot stay here forever.' So I stretched myself out, and worked my way up nearer and nearer the surface, and finally sent my green leaves out into the open air.

"Oh what a beautiful place it was. The sun was shining brightly, and close by my side grew a little daisy, a lily-of-the-valley, and a number of other small plants. I sent out leaf after leaf, until I was very green and quite large, then it seemed as though I might do something to make those around me happier. So I started a tiny bud.

"Bessie, the little girl who took care of the garden, soon espied my bud. 'I am so glad,' she exclaimed, 'now I shall have a dear little violet to give to Kitty May, who has been so very sick; how glad she will be.'

"So I hurried my bud until one day it opened, and — I tell you in secret — I was *very proud* of it.

"Bessie picked it off and carried it to her sick friend, and I heard her tell her mother when she returned, 'that Kitty was *delighted* with it.'

"I thought if that has given so much pleasure, I will try another, so I sent one out.

"This grew very fast, and when it opened, was picked, and given to a poor little blind girl, who did not have many flowers to smell of, and

could never see how pretty it was. But she kept smelling of it, until I do believe, she thought she knew just how it looked.

“One day it was raining, and I was feeling very blue, when I thought what I should do when winter came. All my sweet blossoms would fade, Jack Frost would come and kill me, and there would be no more work for me to do. Ah, thought I, if I can only ripen some seeds, Bessie will gather them when they are ripe, and place them in my last winter’s home in the cupboard, and then I shall not have lived in vain, for next summer these seeds will take my place, and in course of time, bloom as abundantly as I have this season. And that is what I am doing now, ripening my seeds for winter.”

“You dear little violet,” said I, “What a good, persevering little flower you are ; how much we all should learn from you, to try, even though it be in a very simple way, to give pleasure to those around us.”

C.



A VALUABLE HINT.

THE young men of our country will find in the biography of the late General John E. Wool many acts worthy of imitation, but none more so than his economical habit, and his determination through life to secure pecuniary independence for his declining years. At the close of the war of 1812, General Wool was taken home, to be treated for terrible wounds received in battle. When he was convalescent, he had to pay a surgeon’s bill, which left him almost without a dollar. As soon as he was well enough, the government sent him on a military commission to the West, where he remained five years, and never drew his pay in full, but took enough only to defray actual expenses. At the close of his appointment, the United States owed him \$20,000. “This,” said General Wool, just before he died, “was the only money I ever made in the whole course of my life ! But I always kept that out in safe investment, at good interest. In fifty years, this \$20,000 has grown to \$70,000 !”

Here, then, was the secret of his great wealth, which not only astonished his friends, but the hundreds of military men who served with him, and who had superior opportunities for making money. If any of our young readers can put away \$1,000 now, they will find themselves rich when old and feeble, even if they add nothing to the nucleus after the first investment.



[See Diagram in January No.]

“QUI VIVE!”

“QUI VIVE¹²!” The sentry’s¹⁸ musket rings¹⁸,

The channelled bayonet¹⁸ gleams¹⁸;
High¹⁰ o’er him, like a raven’s wings¹⁰
The broad¹⁰ tri-colored banner flings¹⁰
Its shadow, rustling as it swings

Pale¹ in the moonlight¹ beams¹;
Pass on¹³! while steel-clad sentries¹ keep¹
Their vigil o’er the monarch’s sleep³.

Thy bare¹⁸, unguarded breast¹⁸
Asks not the unbroken¹, bristling¹ zone¹
That girds you sceptred¹¹ trembler’s throne¹¹; —

Pass on¹³, and take thy rest¹!
“*Qui vive*¹²!” How oft the midnight air
That startling cry¹⁸ has borne¹⁸!

How oft the evening breeze¹¹ has fanned¹¹
The banner¹⁰ of this haughty land¹⁰,
O’er mountain snow¹⁰ and dessert sand¹¹,

Ere yet its folds were torn!
Through Jena’s¹³ carnage flying¹³ red,
Or tossing o’er Marengo’s¹¹ dead¹¹,

Or curling on the towers¹⁷
Where Austria’s¹³ eagle quivers⁵ yet,
And suns¹⁵ the ruffled plumage, wet³
With battle’s¹ crimson showers¹!

“*Qui vive*¹²!” And is the sentry’s⁵ cry, —

The sleepless soldier’s hand⁵, —
Are these³, — the painted folds that fly⁷
And lift¹⁷ their emblems¹⁷, printed high¹⁷,
On morning¹⁷ mist¹⁷ and sunset¹³ sky¹⁸, —
The guardians³ of a land³?

NO! If the patriot's pulses¹⁸ sleep,
 How vain the watch¹ that hirelings¹ keep,—
 The idle flag¹⁰ that waves¹⁰,
 When Conquest¹⁴, with his iron heel¹⁵,
 Treads down¹⁵ the standards¹⁵ and the steel¹
 That belt¹¹ the soil¹¹ of slaves¹!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE.

(Concluded.)

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

CHARACTERS.—MRS. KINDHEART, MRS. FREELOVE, MRS. HOMESPUN, MRS. OBSOLETE, MRS. SKEPTIC, MISS GABBLE, MISS CRUSTY, MISS VINEGAR, MRS. ARTIFICIAL, MISS EASY, MISS ECHO, Servant, MR. INDEPENDENT a Clergyman.

SCENE I.—*Ladies discovered seated around a room; Mrs. Homespun and Mrs. Obsolete very near each other; all engaged in sewing.*

Miss A. O, well — ahem — if you are doing something to benefit others — something to ameliorate the condition of the human race, why, of course such an object is laudable. But then I assure you that, in a general way, sewing is by no means *genteel*.

Miss Easy. Will you have a chair, Miss Artificial?

Miss A. Ahem — well, I think I will. But I am surprised at your want of knowledge, Caroline. You, should, instead of inquiring, “Will you have a chair?” have said, “Would you oblige me by allowing your corporeal powers to recruit in that article established especially for that purpose?” (*Sits very affectedly.*)

Mrs. K. Perhaps some of the ladies would like to hear some reading now; would you not?

Miss Easy. I should be happy to.

Miss Echo. And so should I.

Miss G. I think it might prove both interesting and instructive.

Mrs. F. I think it might; and therefore I presume the ladies will favor it.

Mrs. K. I presume it is desired by the greater part of those present. Miss Artificial, what book is that you hold in your hand?

Miss A. It is the last number of the Ladies' Magazine, the most genteel periodical published.

Mrs. K. Would you favor us by reading from it aloud?

Miss A. O, la! I am not in the habit of reading audibly; it is a very vulgar occupation, depend upon it. But as the ladies desire it, I may deign to oblige them by perusing it a short time for their edification. Would you prefer prose or poetry?

Mrs. K. Just which you please, Miss Artificial.

Miss Echo. O, yes; just which you please, Miss Artificial.

Miss G. There is much which may be said in favor of prose, but for my part, I am particularly partial to poetry. It is, I am aware, a sad fact, that much of the poetry published at the present day is not only positively sickening, but decidedly ridiculous. Of course, Miss Artificial, your superior taste will enable you to select something highly interesting. You must be aware of the fact that —

Mrs. S. I would suggest that Miss Gabble suspend her conversation a while; for if she goes on at this rate, we shall have no reading this afternoon.

Miss G. (*Very sharply.*) I was not directing my conversation to you, Mrs. Skeptic. It is very seldom that I make any remarks in company, and when I do, it is strange some people can not allow me to speak without interruption.

Mrs. V. Very.

Mrs. K. Miss Artificial, I believe the ladies are prepared. Will you proceed with your reading?

Miss A. O, la! Certainly! Here are the fashions for November — the very latest fashions. But I think I will pass over them just now. Here is a poem entitled, “That Silent Moon.” It is very fine, but I think I will commence with prose. Ah, here is a tale, entitled, “The Old Castle.” O, this is delicious — superfine.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Please, ma'am, there 's a young lady at the door who would like to see Miss Gabble. She says she 's in a great hurry, ma'am, and has some very important news to tell.

Miss G. Indeed! Important news! I cannot imagine who it may be. I must hasten. (*Exit Miss Gabble.*)

Miss V. Pray, do read it.

Miss Echo. O, yes, do.

Miss A. I will attempt it — ahem — hem — hem. I have a very bad cold to-day; my lungs are quite weak, and I fear the damp air has affected them — ahem. (*Reads very affectedly.*) “The Castle of Avondale, or the Pride of the Mountain. A legend of olden time. By Francis Fitz Clarence, Esq. Chapter first — hem. It was evening; calm, beautiful, and serene. Not a solitary cloud obscured the azure

firmament of heaven, and no sound greeted the ear save the gentle ripple of the little stream, sweetly gliding over its rocky bed — a quiet, yet impressive symbol of beauty and happiness. In the dim distance might be discovered the lofty turrets of the Castle of Avondale, as the glorious rays of the beautiful queen of night gilded with grandeur and beauty its pinnacles and spires. Far below, down the bank of the verdant valley, stood a fair, white cottage, with two venerable trees towering above it, and its single entrance overhung with woodbines and ivy — ahem. The silver moon rode on in majestic beauty among her virgin host, and the stars sparkled like diamonds in the blue vault of heaven, while seated upon a gray old rock on the banks of the gentle stream, might have been seen a youth, whose fair brow was unsullied by care. The gentle breeze played with his light auburn locks, and his earnest gaze was directed to the castle far above him. At the same moment, a slender skiff shot forth from under the castle walls, and swiftly passed over the glassy lake which adjoined them. The moment it had reached the opposite shore, two Herculean forms, closely disguised in sable robes, sprang into it, and again it moved swiftly forth over the water," — ahem — (*Pauses as if exhausted.*)

Miss Easy. Beautiful!

Miss C. Fudge!

Miss V. Nonsense!

Miss Echo. Horrid!

Mrs. S. Who ever heard such a piece of silly sentimentalism?

Miss A. (*Fanning herself.*) O, da! it is very fatiguing work to read — indeed it is. I am very much exhausted.

Enter Miss Gable, talking very earnestly.

Miss G. Who would have thought it? Who would have imagined it? Who would have possessed the slightest conception that such an event could take place? I am surprised — overwhelmed with astonishment. Why, ladies, — will you believe it? — Mr. Independent has eloped — eloped with Polly Perkins, leaving his injured wife and interesting children to mourn over his heartless villainy.

Mrs. O. Dew tell.

Mrs. H. I want to know.

Miss G. Who *would* have thought it?

Miss Easy. Did you ever?

Mrs. S. The ungrateful monster.

Miss C. Remarkable.

Miss Echo. Incomprehensible.

Mrs. F. This is *very* strange. Do you credit it, Mrs Kindheart?

Mrs. K. I can not ; it must be a mistake. I have too much respect for Mr. Independent to —

Miss G. O, it is true, it must be true. I would it were false, but Laura Chatterbox just called on purpose to tell me ; she had it direct from Susan Gossip, and so it *must* be true. She was going down town to spread the news, and she very kindly called here a moment to inform me ; it is a very painful announcement ; certainly it exhibits the most awful depravity.

Mrs. O. Bless my stars ! What on airth *be* we coming tew ? Just think of it, Mrs. Homespun. I wonder what my Tim *will* say when he hears o' *that*.

Mrs. H. How *Miss* Independent *must* feel. I 'm sure it makes *me* solemncholy to think of it, for she allers was a nice woman, and I *dew* pity her — that 's a fact.

Miss A. Ahem — indeed it *is* very singular. I had no idea Mr. Independent was so *vulgar* as to proceed in that manner.

Mrs. F. I, for one, thiuk it would be highly proper to ascertain whether the report is true, before we comment on it in this manner. The other ladies may entertain different opinions, but I must own that I feel inclined to treat the matter only as an idle gossip, until we have more proof of it.

Miss G. Proof, Mrs. Freelove ! Do you ask for *proof* ? I would be truly happy to disbelieve it, if it were possible ; but after such plain and direct evidence, I *must* believe it, even though it is painful to my feelings to credit the truth of such sad narratives. Were any more proof needed —

Enter Servant.

Servant. Please, ma'am, there 's a gentlemen at the door who would like to see the ladies for a few moments. I endeavored to ascertain which of them he wished to see ; but he persists in seeing them *all*.

Mrs. K. Show him in.

Miss V. He must be a *large-minded man*, to desire to see *all* of us at once.

Enter Mr. Independent.

Mrs. S. Well, *there* !

Miss G. Can I believe my senses ?

Mrs. O. Why, bless me, Mr. Independent, what on airth *does* this mean ? They were just tellin' that you 'd cleared out, and now here you be, again. I guess my Tim would laugh if he was here.

Miss C. I wonder if Miss Perkins had a pleasant journey.

Miss V. It strikes me that it must have been a short one.

Mrs. F. Are the ladies all satisfied now?

Miss G. Mr. Independent, what does this mean? Will you be so kind as to explain yourself, Mr. Independent. I have not the least curiosity in regard to it; of course not; I merely wish to know. Here we are informed that you have eloped with a certain young lady; that you are proceeding with all possible speed from this region; and the next moment, behold, you stand before us. Now, I am not in the habit of gossiping myself — *not I*; indeed, it is very seldom that I make any remarks in company; but I *must* say, Mr. Independent, that I think such occurrences need an explanation.

Mr. Independent. Ladies, being well aware that my conduct has been made a common theme of remark by the large class of females in this community, usually styled gossips, for some time past, I have not been surprised that many of the grossest misrepresentations have been made. But to-day, when I accidentally heard that from the simple fact of my offering a lady a seat in my carriage, who was about to leave town, and who was unable to find any other conveyance to the depot, I must say I *was* surprised, when I learned that from this fact some person had the audacity to frame and circulate the report which had just reached you as I came in. Observing that an individual who is more noted for her love of gossip than of truth called here, and remained a few moments in conversation with one of your members, I naturally concluded that she was the bearer of the important news, and I determined to show you the impropriety of accrediting such flying reports, by appearing to you in person. And now, ladies, trusting that you will know what opinion to form of such gossip in future, and that you will not fail to recollect a certain injunction of the apostle Paul's, I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good afternoon. (*Exit Mr. I.*)

Mrs. K. From the occurrences which have taken place in this meeting, I am firmly convinced, as I presume are the other ladies, that we can find in future some other method of laboring in a charitable cause than the one we have adopted, which will be equally efficient, and much more profitable. Accordingly, as one of the directors of our society, I take the responsibility of giving notice, that from this time there will be no meetings of our sewing circle, except for the transaction of business, until some further action is taken. Our meeting is now closed for the afternoon.

Mrs. O. Wal, there! if this ain't the last sewin' circle I've been tew. If my Tim was here, I guess he'd make some sport on 't any haow.

(*Exeunt.*)



WE had expected to publish the first of a series of conversations on business matters before this, but unforeseen circumstances have prevented their preparation. Our contributor feels confident, however, that they will shortly be in condition to present to our readers, when it is our hope that they will prove both interesting and instructive.

We thank those of our young friends who have labored to increase the circulation of the *Schoolmate*, and in the hope of still further effort on their part, propose to continue the liberal terms to *all present subscribers* till July first. Let us but have an earnest and continued effort, and we shall then be able to carry out the changes which we have proposed to ourselves, and which we feel assured would be warmly welcomed by our thousands of readers.

Yielding to repeated calls, we have in this and the preceding number, reprinted that admirable dialogue, "The Sewing Circle," which we are sure will be greeted with as much enthusiasm as on its first publication. It has been for some years out of print. Following the suggestion of a valued correspondent we shall make some changes in the dialogue department, which will in due time speak for themselves.

Still more of the photographs have been returned to us, after having remained in the post office uncalled for

during ten days after their receipt. It was our expectation, as we have before stated, to mail every copy before the tenth of January, but our artist assures us that the delay in furnishing them, was entirely beyond his control, one unexpected difficulty being the prevailing cloudy weather at the season when he had expected the most rapid progress in his work. Consequently we were not able even to mail to old subscribers, all previous to March first, without taking note of the large number of new subscribers who also had an equal title with those old friends who were prompt in this year's payment in advance. This leads us to remind those who have neglected their remittance, that payment has now been due several months, and they are earnestly requested to send the amount with as little delay as possible.

We are in receipt of a large number of stories and dialogues, in response to our offer of prizes, and shall announce in our May number the names of the successful competitors, to whom the prizes will then be awarded.

We have to thank our young friends, for contributions to "The Evening Circle," but would remind them that in all cases the answers must be given, as we have no time to look them up ourselves; and we also beg of them not to write in pencil. Neither should they be written on both sides of the sheet, as this involves the rejection of all but one, which we dislike to do.

We have taken unusual pleasure in preparing this page, although very much pressed for time, our clerk being seriously sick. But with the easy flow of Carter's combined and copying ink, (every stationer should have it,) we have found our work quite easy. Pleasant to the eye when first applied to the paper, it soon assumes a permanent black, and becomes an enduring record.

**Answers.**

41. Pattagumpus.
42. Excellency.
43. Peace Jubilee.
44. Enoch Arden.
45. John Greenleaf Whittier.
46. Cruise-cruse.
47. Coot-cot.
48. Manager-manger.
49. Moses-moss.
50. Baron-barn.
51. Baronet-barnet.
52. Atalanta-atlanta.
53. Shoe-maker.
54. The Student and Schoolmate.
55. Thomas DeQuincy.
56. To be honest as this world goes,

is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

57. Charade.

Complete I am an article of household furniture ; behead me, and I am a lady's chief adornment ; again beheaded and I am necessary to life. ARTHUR.

Anagrams. Towns in Connecticut.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 58. Chin row. | 64. From pet. |
| 59. For mild. | 65. Angry B. |
| 60. Cannot. | 66. Seat for D. |
| 61. Males. | 67. Dove ran. |
| 62. Fine led. | 68. Sin word. |
| 63. Moses R. | 69. Rash men. |

RUTHVEN.

70. Numerical Words.

T, T, T, T, 1, 500 + 500, 0, — A musical term.

- X, X, U, 8, — to palliate.
 5, H, 1, 150, — a carriage.
 4, 101, B, 50, — violent.
 1, 500, R, — astonishment.
 2, 50, — an instrument.
 X, 500, R, 51, — gently.

RICHDORE.

71. Enigma.

- I am composed of 15 letters
 My 13, 2, 15 is an animal.
 My 15, 7, 8, 3, 6 is part of apparel.
 My 12 is a pronoun.
 My 13, 2, 9, 4 is a bird.
 My 11, 14, 3, 10 is action.
 My 10, 7, 1 is part of a house.
 My 1, 14, 9, 6 is affection.
 My whole is an old maxim.

N. O. NAME.

72. Charade.

Complete I will be found
 A jewel, smooth and round ;
 Curtail, and then I'll be,
 A fruit, as you will see ;
 A vegetable then,
 When you curtail again ;
 If you transpose me now,
 I'll be a monkey, I avow.

ROB ROY.

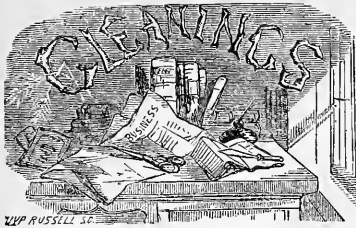
73. Enigma.

I am composed of 17 letters
 My 16, 9, 10 is a fairy.
 My 2, 6, 5 is a useful fowl.
 My 4, 15, 5, 8 is an excavation.
 My 1, 2, 16, 11, 17 is an interesting game.

My 14, 7, 6 is a grain.
 My 10, 3, 14, 8 is a destructive element.

My 2, 13, 12 is not old.
 My 3, 1, 6 is to chill.
 My whole is an interesting part of the Student and Schoolmate.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.



A Kind Rebuke.

The Common Council of Grand Rapids, Michigan, having prohibited the boys from coasting on the sidewalks, the juveniles sent a petition to the city fathers to the following effect; "The undersigned boys of to-day, but voters of a few years hence, respectfully request your honorable body to enforce the ordinance requiring our fathers to keep the sidewalks free from snow; if we may not slide upon them, we would like them kept so that we can walk upon them."

An Unfeeling Act.

An old man named Joseph Haller, formerly Principal of a school in Newark, N. J., was dismissed about a year ago, on account of old age. He was much depressed by this unkind act, and on the 23d inst. committed suicide. His mind, it is thought, was affected for some days prior to this act. He came to this country some twenty years since, and settled in Newark, where he founded the German-English schools for which the city has become noted. He is said to have been a man of great learning, and had been a Professor in a German University.

Why Not in America.

In Paris, a man may dine for two pence. In the neighborhood of the Marches Des Innocents, there is a certain enterprising Madame Roberts, who daily feeds some 6,000 workmen, in the open air, yet sheltered from the weather. Her daily bill of fare is cabbage soup, a slice of beef, a piece of bread, and a glass of wine.

How happy She must be.

The pretty little German girl who sells flowers in front of the Astor House fully deserves the large custom she enjoys. Her face is familiar to all the habitués of the hotel as well as to the hundreds going down town. Her flowers are raised by her father who has a cottage near West Hoboken. At one time the old man was in pecuniary difficulties. The roof under which he lived, and ground upon whose productions he depended for a livelihood were heavily mortgaged, and he wanted \$200 or \$300 to meet pressing claims. His daughter went to a well known gentleman, who lives not a thousand miles from the Astor, and stated the trouble her father was in, at the same time soliciting the loan of the above sum. The money was readily handed to her, with the intimation that she need be in no hurry to repay it. The gentleman hardly expected to receive it back again. Upwards of a year passed by, and he had almost forgotten the circumstance, when he was again waited upon by the flower girl, who tendered him the amount borrowed, with interest thereon to date. She had worked day and night, and with strenuous exertions raised the money to pay the debt. The house is now free from all incumbrances. The girl makes a very profitable living from the sales of her flowers, and being as virtuous as she is pretty, is looked upon by all in and around the hotel as a particular pet.

A Beautiful Incident.

During an alarm of fire in a school-house in Easton, Pa., the scholars all waited till one of their number, a crippled little girl, had got safely out, and then they, with a rush, cleared the room. They had been taught to give the little cripple the precedence every day, and when the hour of peril came, they did not forget their duty towards her, but remained perfectly quiet till she was safe.

Hon. W. H. Seward speaks in Alaska, thus :

Within the period of my own recollection I have seen twenty new States added to the American Union, and now see, besides Alaska, ten Territories in a forward condition of preparation for entering into the same great political family. I have seen, in my own time, not only the first electric telegraph, but the first railroad and the first steamboat invented by man. And even on this present voyage of mine, I have fallen in with the first steamboat, still afloat, that thirty-five years ago lighted her fires on the Pacific Ocean. These, citizens of Sitka, are the guarantee — not only that Alaska has a future, but that her future has already begun.

A Hard Case.

When Patrick first tried peaches, he said he liked the flavor, but the seeds lay hard on his stomach.

Cultivate the Memory.

It is a remark of Bacon's that if we wish to commit anything to memory, we will accomplish more in ten readings if at each perusal we make the attempt to repeat it from memory, referring to the book only when the memory fails, than we would by a hundred readings in the ordinary way, and without any intervening trials. The explanation of this fact is that each effort to recall the passage, secures to the subsequent perusal a more intense degree of attention ; and it seems to be a law of our nature not only that there is no memory without attention, but that the degree of memory is, in a great measure, proportioned to the degree of the attention.

Too True.

How often does the stealthy slander, whence no one knows, destroy character, if not life. Like the good Baldur, in the Scandinavian Edda, who was slain by the mistlefoe the blind Hodur threw,

how many a reputation has been destroyed by a slander springing from shadow !

A Pointed Reply.

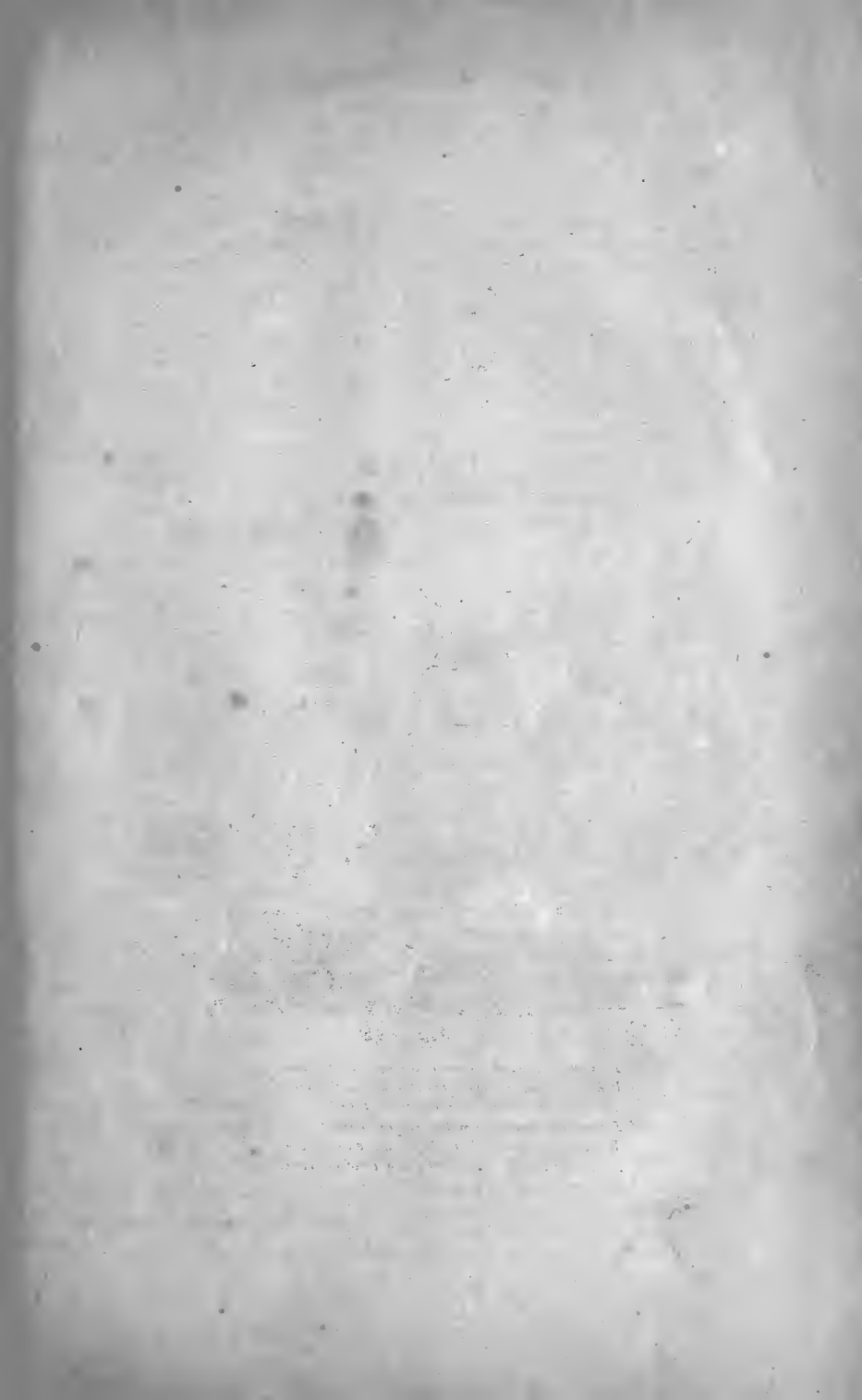
When Dante was at the court of Sigdella Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him one day : " I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you, should be hated by all my court, and that this fool (pointing to his buffoon who stood by him) should be so beloved." Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied : " Your Excellency would wonder less if he considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

Remember This.

We deceive ourselves when we fancy that only weakness needs support. Strength needs it far more. A straw or feather sustains itself long in the air.

A Worthy Ambition.

At a dinner given by the late duke of Cambridge, the queen's uncle, a celebrated painter, Gudin, was present. The duke gave him a formal bow, but presently a knot of poets, politicians and others gathered round him. " What — what — what is that ? Who — who — who is he ?" said the duke. " That, your royal highness, is Gudin, the great French painter." " How great — great is he ? Introduce him again. Painter, is he ? Her majesty loves pictures. He must go — he must go to court." An attendant whispered that he could not go to court as a painter, but, as he had formerly been a lieutenant in the French army, he might be presented as an officer. The duke made the proposition to Gudin. The painter, drawing himself up to his full height, replied proudly, in the hearing of all, " The king of France made me a lieutenant ; God made me a painter. I will go to court as a painter, or not at all."





*In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.*

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

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FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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No. V.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE END OF THREE MONTHS.



RUFUS soon became accustomed to his new boarding-house, and came to like it. It gratified his pride to perceive that he was regarded as an equal by his fellow boarders, and that his little sister Rose was a general favorite. It seemed almost a dream, and a very disagreeable one, the life they had formerly lived in the miserable tenement-house in Leonard Street, but still the remembrance of that time heightened his enjoyment of his present comforts and even luxuries. He usually spent the evening in Miss Manning's room, and feeling the deficiencies in his education, commenced a course of study and reading. He subscribed to the Mercantile Library, and thus obtained all the books he wanted at a very moderate rate.

By way of showing how they lived at this time, I will introduce the reader to Miss Manning's room one evening, about three months after Rufus had begun to board in the house.

Miss Manning was seated at the table sewing. Her young pupils were gone to bed, and she had the evening to herself. Rufus was read-

ing Abbott's Life of Napoleon, which he found very interesting. Little Rose had fallen asleep on the sofa.

"What are you sewing upon, Miss Manning?" asked Rufus, looking up from his book.

"I am making a dress for Rose."

"When you get tired, just let me know, and I will sew a little for you."

"Thank you, Rufus," said Miss Manning, smiling, "but I suppose it won't hurt your feelings much, if I doubt your abilities as a seamstress."

"I am afraid I should n't make a very good living at that, Miss Manning. Times have changed a little since you used to sew from morning till night."

"Yes, they have. I used to see some hard times, Rufus. But everything has changed since I got acquainted with you and little Rose. I sometimes am tempted to regard you as my good angel."

"Thank you, I don't know much about angels, but I'm afraid I don't look much like one. They never have red cheeks, and do business in Wall Street, do they?"

"From what I have heard, I don't believe Wall Street is a favorite resort with them. But seriously, everything seems to have prospered since I met you. Seriously, I am beginning to be a capitalist. How much money do you think I have saved up out of the three dollars a week which you pay me?"

"You've bought some things for yourself and Rose, have n't you?"

"Yes, we have each had a dress, and some little things."

"Then I don't see how you could save up much."

"I made the dresses myself, and that was a great saving. Let me see, you've paid me forty-two dollars in all, for fourteen weeks. I will see how much I have left."

She went to the bureau, and took out her pocket-book.

"I have twenty-five dollars," she said, counting the contents. "Am I not growing rich?"

"Perhaps you'd like to speculate with it in Wall Street?" suggested Rufus.

"I think I'd better keep the money, or put it in a Savings Bank."

"When you have money enough, I can buy you a fifty dollar government bond."

"I shall have to wait awhile first."

"Well, as for me," said Rufus, "I can't tell exactly how I do stand. I took fifty dollars out of that five hundred I had in the Savings Bank. I think I've got about half of it left. The rest of it went for a trunk,

car fare and other expenses. So you see, I've been going down hill, while you've been climbing up."

"Have you drawn anything from your store yet, Rufus? You were to draw fifty dollars a quarter, I believe."

"Yes, and that reminds me that George Black promised to call this evening, and pay the money. It's about time to expect him."

Rufus had hardly spoken, when a servant knocked at the door.

Rufus opened it.

"There's a young man down stairs, that would like to see you, Mr. Rushton," she said.

"Where is he, Nancy?"

"In the parlor."

"I'll go right down. I think it must be Black," he said, turning to Miss Manning.

"If it is, of course you will bring him up."

"Yes, I should like to. We can't talk very well in such a public place."

Rufus went down, and shortly re-appeared with George Black.

"Good evening, Mr. Black," said Miss Manning, "take a seat. I hope you are well."

"I'm thriving," said Black, "how pleasant and cheerful you look."

"Yes, the room is rather high up, but it is pleasant when you get to it."

"We were just speaking of you, when the girl came to let us know that you were here."

"I hope you said nothing very bad about me."

"Not very."

"I think I shall be welcome, as I have brought you some money."

"Money is always welcome here," said Rufus, "I'll take care of all you can bring."

"I have brought fifty dollars, according to our agreement."

"Can you spare that amount, without affecting the business?"

"Oh yes."

"I suppose you can't tell me what the profits have been for the last three months."

"Not exactly, but I have made a rough calculation. As it was the first quarter, I knew you would like to know."

"Well, what is your estimate?"

"As well as I can judge, we have cleared about two hundred and fifty dollars."

"That is at the rate of a thousand dollars a year."

"Yes, is n't that doing well?"

"Capitally. Do you think the business will hold out at that rate?"

"I feel sure of it. I hope to improve upon it."

"Even if you don't, that will give you nearly seven hundred dollars a year, and me over three hundred."

"That's better than clerking, for me, I mean."

"Perhaps you might get more as a clerk."

"Perhaps I might, but now I am my own master, and then I should n't be. Besides, I have plans in view which I think will increase our custom, and of course our profits also."

"Success to the firm of Rushton & Black!" said Miss Manning, smiling.

"Thank you," said Rufus, "I like that sentiment, and I'd drink to it if I saw anything to drink. Have you got any champagne in the closet, Miss Manning?"

"All that I ever had there, Rufus. If a glass of water will do as well, I can give you that."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door. Miss Manning rose and opened it. The visitor proved to be Mrs. Clifton, of whom mention has already been made.

"Good evening, Mrs. Clifton," said the governess, "come in."

"Thank you, but I did n't know you had company."

"Don't stand on ceremony, Mrs. Clifton," said Rufus, "my friend, Mr. Black, is perfectly harmless, I assure you. He is neither a bull nor a bear."

"What spirits you have, Mr. Rushton."

"No spirits at all, Mrs. Clifton. Miss Manning has just been offering us some water as a substitute."

"You are so lively, Mr. Rushton. You remind me so much of my friend, Mr. Hunter."

"I suppose he was one of your admirers, before you became Mrs. Clifton."

"Really, Mr. Rushton, you must n't say such things. Mr. Hunter and I were very intimate friends, but nothing more, I assure you."

"Is Mr. Clifton well?" asked Miss Manning.

"He has n't got home from the store. You know the dry goods stores always keep open late. Really, I might as well have no husband at all, it is so late when Mr. Clifton gets home, and then he is so sleepy, that he can't keep his eyes open."

It was generally believed that Mr. and Mrs. Clifton did not live together as happily as they might have done, a fact that will not at all

surprise those who are familiar with their history before their marriage, which was quite a business arrangement. Mrs. Clifton married because she did not want to be an old maid, and Mr. Clifton because he knew his prospective wife had money, by means of which he could establish himself in business.

“Are you in business in Wall Street, Mr. Black?” inquired Mrs. Clifton.

“No, I keep a store on Sixth Avenue.”

“Indeed! my husband keeps a dry goods store on Eighth Avenue.”

“Mine is a periodical and fancy goods store. Mr. Rushton here, is my partner.”

“Indeed, Mr. Rushton, I am surprised to hear that. You have not left Wall Street, have you?”

“No, I have only invested a portion of my extensive capital. My friend Black carries on the business.”

Thus far, Rufus had said nothing in the house, about his connection with the Sixth Avenue store, but now that it was no longer an experiment, he felt that there was no objection to doing so. Mrs. Clifton, who liked to retail news, took care to make it known in the house, and the impression became general, that Rufus was a young man of property. Mr. Pratt, who was an elderly man, rather given to prosy dissertations upon public affairs, got into the habit of asking our hero's opinion upon the financial policy of the government, to which when expressed, he used to listen with his head a little on one side, as though the words were those of an oracle. This embarrassed Rufus a little at first, but as during the day he was in a situation to hear considerable in reference to this subject, he was generally able to answer in a way that was regarded as satisfactory.

“That young man,” remarked Mr. Pratt to his wife in private, “has got a head upon his shoulders. He knows what's what. Depend upon it, if he lives long enough, he will become a prominent man.”

“I can't judge of that,” said good natured Mrs. Pratt, “but he's a very agreeable young man, I am sure, and his sister is a little darling.”



CHAPTER X.

MR. MARTIN AGAIN APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

THE success of the periodical store put Rufus into good spirits. He saw that it would yield him, if only the present degree of prosperity continued, at least three hundred dollars a year, which would make quite a handsome addition to his income. He felt justified in going to a little extra expense, and determined to celebrate his good luck by taking Martha and Rose to a place of amusement. It happened that at this time a company of Japanese jugglers were performing at the Academy of Music, which, as my New York readers know, is situated on Fourteenth Street.

Meaning it to be a surprise, he said nothing to Rose or Martha, but before going down town the next day, went to the box office, and secured three reserved seats in an excellent situation. They were expensive, but Rufus was resolved that he would not spare expense, for this occasion at least.

When he reached home at half past five in the afternoon, he went up at once to Martha's room.

"Miss Manning," he said, "have you any engagement this evening?"

"It is hardly necessary to ask, Rufus," she replied, "my company is not in very great demand."

"You have heard of the Japanese jugglers at the Academy of Music?"

"Yes, Mrs. Florence was speaking of them this morning. She and her husband went last evening."

"And we are going this evening. Would n't you like to go, Rosy?"

"Ever so much, Rufe. Will you take me?"

"Yes, I have got tickets, see here," and Rufus drew out the three tickets which he had purchased in the morning.

"Thank you, Rufus," said Miss Manning, "I shall like very much to go. It is long since I went to any place of amusement. How much did the ticket cost?"

"A dollar and a half apiece."

"Is n't that rather extravagant?"

"It would be if we went every week, but now and then we can afford it."

"You must let me pay for my ticket, Rufus."

"Not if I know it," said Rufus, "it's a pity if a Wall Street banker can't carry a lady to a place of amusement, without charging her for the ticket."

"If you put it that way, I suppose I must yield," said Miss Manning, smiling.

Rose was highly excited at the idea of going to see the Japanese, whose feats, as described by Mrs. Florence at the breakfast table, had interested her exceedingly. The prospect of sitting up till eleven in the evening also had its charm, and she was quite too excited to eat much dinner.

"Really," said Mrs. Clifton, "I quite envy you, Miss Manning. I tried to get Mr. Clifton to buy tickets, but he has n't done it."

"First time I heard of it," said her husband.

"You pay very little attention to what I ask, I am aware of that," said Mrs. Clifton, in an aggrieved tone.

"We'll go now if you say so."

"We could n't get any decent seats. When did you buy yours, Mr. Rushton?"

"This morning."

Mrs. Clifton, who was thoroughly selfish, hinted that probably Rose would n't care about going, and that she should be glad to buy the ticket, and accompany Rufus and Miss Manning, but this hint failed to be taken, and she was forced unwillingly to stay at home.

To tell the truth, Miss Manning was scarcely less pleased than Rose at the idea of going. Until recently she had been a poor seamstress, earning scarcely enough to subsist upon, much less to pay for amusements. Sometimes in the early evening she had passed the portals of places of amusement, and wished that she were able to break the tedious monotony of her daily life by entering; but it was quite out of the question, and with a sigh she would pass on. Now she was very differently situated, and her life was much pleasanter.

"Can I wear my new dress, Martha?" asked Rose.

"Yes, Rosey. It was fortunate that I got it finished to-day."

"And will you wear yours too, Martha?"

"Yes, I think so," she said, "Rufus has bought us nice seats, and we must look as well as we can."

When both were dressed, they surveyed themselves with satisfaction. Miss Manning was not above the weakness, if it is a weakness, of liking to appear well dressed, though she was not as demonstrative as Rose, who danced about the room in high enjoyment.

When they were quite ready, Rufus came into the room. He had a pair of kid gloves in his hand, which he twirled about in rather an embarrassed way.

"I can't get the confounded things on, Miss Manning," he said, "I've

been trying for some time, but it's no go. The fact is, I never owned a pair of kid gloves before. I'd enough sight rather go without any but I suppose if I am going to sit in a fashionable seat, I must try to look fashionable."



THE PREPARATION.

Miss Manning soon explained to Rufus how the gloves should go on. This time the success was better, and he was soon neatly gloved.

"They are pretty gloves, Rufus," she said.

"I don't like the feeling of them," said Rufus, "they feel strange."

"That is because you are not used to them. You'll like them better soon."

"I wonder what some of my old street friends would say to see me now," said Rufus, smiling. "They'd think I was a tip-top swell."

Though the gloves did not feel comfortable, Rufus looked at his hands with satisfaction. Step by step he was getting into the ways of civilized

life, and he was very anxious to leave as far behind him as possible, his street experiences.

Soon after dinner they left the house, and proceeding to Broadway, walked up as far as Union Square. Then they turned down Fourteenth Street; and a few minutes brought them to the Academy of Music.

The entrance and vestibule were brilliantly lighted. On the steps and in front were a number of speculators, who were eagerly offering their tickets to those who appeared unprovided.

Rufus pushed his way through, with Martha and Rose at his side. His tickets were taken at the gate, but the portion indicating the number of their reserved seats were torn off, and given back to them. On showing them to the usher, they were conducted to their seats, which were in the sixth row from the stage, and fronting it.

"We'll have a good view here, Miss Manning," he said.

Soon the curtain rose, and the performance commenced. To those who have not seen the Japanese in their peculiar performance, it is enough to say that they show marvellous skill and agility in their feats, some of which are so difficult as to seem almost impossible.

All three enjoyed the performance. Miss Manning, though so much older, was almost as much unaccustomed as little Rose herself in such scenes, and took a fresh interest in it which those who go often cannot feel. Every now and then little Rose, unable to restrain her enthusiasm, exhibited her delight openly.

I should like, for the benefit of my younger readers, to give a detailed account of some portions of the performance which seemed most wonderful, but my memory is at fault, and I can only speak in general terms.

It was a little after ten when the curtain finally fell.

"Is that all?" asked Rose, half in disappointment.

"That's all, Rosey. Are you sleepy?"

"Not a bit," said Rose, vivaciously, "I should like to stay here an hour longer. Was n't it perfectly beautiful, Rufie?"

"Yes, it was very good," said Rufus, "I don't know but I like it almost as well as the Old Bowery."

Though he had risen in the social scale, he had not quite lost his relish for the style of plays for which the Old Bowery, the favorite theatre with the street boys, is celebrated. But that he had a suspicion that it was not exactly a fashionable place of amusement, he would like to have taken Rose and Miss Manning there this evening. He would hardly liked to have mentioned it at the table afterwards, however.

The audience rose from their seats, and Rufus with them. Slowly they moved towards the door, and at last made their way to the en-

trance. Had Rufus known who was waiting there, he might have felt a little nervous. But he did n't know, and it devolves upon us to explain.

Three days before, Mr. Martin, who had been sentenced to the Penitentiary for three months, on account of his attempt at picking pockets, which we have already chronicled, was released. To say the least he left the prison no better than he had entered it. Better in one sense he was, for he had been forced for three months to abstain from drink, and this he felt to be a great hardship. But it had a favorable influence upon his health, and his skin was clearer, and his nose not quite so ruddy as when he was arrested. But so far as good intentions went, he had not formed any during his exile from society, and now that he was released, he was just as averse to living by honest industry as before.

However his resources were still limited. Money had never been very plentiful with him, and just at present he was not incumbered with any. It did not occur to him that the shortest way to obtain some was to go to work, or if it did, the suggestion did not strike him favorably. It did occur to him, however, that there were charitable persons in the metropolis, who might be induced to help him, and he resolved to act upon this suggestion. Accordingly he haunted the neighborhood of the Academy of Music, until the stream of people began to pour out from it, and then he felt that the time had come for him to carry out his plans.

He went up to a gentleman who was coming out with a young lady leaning on his arm.

"Will you listen to me a minute, sir?" he said, in a whining tone, "I have n't eaten anything since yesterday, and I have no money to pay for a night's lodging."

"Why don't you go to work?" said the gentleman.

"I can't get anything to do, sir. I've been trying for something all day."

The fact was that Mr. Martin had been lounging about a low bar-room all day.


"Here, take this, and clear the way."

The gentleman, more to get rid of him than anything else, dropped five cents into his hand, and passed on.

"He might have given a quarter," grumbled Martin, "it would n't have hurt him."

He looked up, intending to make a similar application to the next person, when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and exultation. Close before him he saw Rufus and his little sister, accompanied by Miss Manning.

LOST AND FOUND.

 HERE was once a pink sun-bonnet fitting about under some oak trees; under the bonnet a shower of yellow curls, under the curls two wide, wondering gray eyes, a snub nose, two pink cheeks, two sloping shoulders, plump arms, dimple, berry-stained, brier-scratched hands, a little roly-poly body, inside a green gingham gown, and lastly two small tired feet encased in balmoral boots; all this under the pink sun-bonnet, and all easily hidden by a bushel basket.

Of course any bright boy or girl can guess that the *bundle* I have described, was a little girl, and is already asking her name; so I will tell them at once, it was Agnes Floyd.

Her father and mother had but just brought her to the western home in the oak opening where we have found her, and till this morning, Agnes had never ventured into the wood alone.

Mrs. Floyd tied the pink sun-bonnet, giving a small basket, and a *large* kiss, and many cautions not to wander far away into the "timber."

Agnes readily promised not to go far from the cottage, but after a while she forgot to look for the tiny house that was easily lost to sight.

She filled her basket with berries, and picked a bouquet for her mother; then she saw a bird's nest, full of little chirping birdlings, a squirrel who seemed not in the least afraid of her, and the gayest and most beautiful butterflies imaginable.

Then she waded in the brook, losing both stockings and one boot; *almost* catching ever so many "shiners" and turtles, and *quite* catching a cold in her head. She found some wild cherries, very bitter, very small, that puckered her mouth and tasted quite as badly as medicine; but they were bright and red, and more than all were *cherries*, so she filled her basket.

The cherries were suddenly upset, however, when Agnes found some strawberries, and picked half a basketful, when she caught sight of a striped snake. She threw away basket and berries, and ran screaming through the bushes, which tore the gingham gown, scratched the tender arms, and pulled the yellow curls unmercifully. Away went the pink sun-bonnet, and away flew the little feet as fast as little feet *can* fly.

But the striped snake gave up the chase, if indeed he ever began it, and Agnes finding she was not followed, sat down to rest, and build a beautiful baby-house of soft lavender bur blossoms. She made a house, sofa, chairs, table, and many other pretty pieces of furniture, all very

nice, only they happened to be larger than the house, so that they could not have been put inside it even had there been a door to put them through, which there was not. Besides there was no one to admire her playthings, so the little girl grew tired of them, and began to hunt for the things she had lost. And so she wandered on farther and farther from mother and home.

By and by she felt tired and hungry, and ready to rest and tell mother all she had seen. She turned to go back, but all ways were alike, and no way led home. She could not guess which way to turn: here was a tree she had passed; she knew it, for she had stopped to swing on the bough that hung so low; and yet on turning, there was another tree behind her quite as nearly like that she remembered, and here another and there another. So poor Agnes grew quite confused, and at last sat down and had a hearty cry because she was *lost*. But Agnes had too much courage to sit crying long when there was anything to *do*. She had no idea of lying down like the babes in the woods to be covered by the birds; she must go *some* way, so she ran on, yet seeming no nearer home; so she climbed a high rock, in the hope of seeing *something* — a house, if not her father's. Looking in all directions, she spied the smoke of a chimney, and in great eagerness to see more, stepped too near the edge, and fell to the ground.

Fortunately she was not hurt, only a little stunned by the fall, and opening her eyes she saw before her the *oddest* figure! A little old woman dressed in a scarlet skirt and a green bodice, a white mob cap on her head, and a stout staff in her hand.

Now Agnes had read many fairy tales, and she at once concluded that this must be some fairy, whom, perhaps, she had offended: so kneeling very humbly, Agnes cried out "I'll be your pussy, or dog, or a bird, or butterfly, or — yes even a fish, only *please* dear, good fairy *don't* make me a snake!"

How the little old lady did laugh!

"Make you a snake, my pet! No *indeed*. And so you take me for a fairy? Won't Peter laugh at that now! Where do you live, my dear?"

"I live at home," said Agnes, innocently.

"Yes, I know, but *where*?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with tears in her frightened eyes, "just in the cottage on the edge of the wood, in the oak opening where so many trees are cut down. Supper must be ready now, and I told mama I'd be back, and I must go home, only I'm lost and can't find the way. If you are *not* a fairy, I suppose you *couldn't* give me a pumpkin chariot, nor take me home on a bird's back?"

“La now, hear the child!” said the old lady, laughing so heartily that the May apples she had been gathering fell rolling about in all directions, “what is your father’s name, you comical baby?”

“Papa is Alfred, and mama is Naurine, and my name is Agnes, and my kitty’s is Colly-See-Em; she came from Boston, and they said I must name her Colly-See-Em or Juby-Lee. I like Colly-See-Em best, because it seemed more like a little girl’s name. I knew a boy named Johnny Lee, and he used to be bad, but his sister Em was a nice little girl. I have a baby-house too, with Minnie Warren, and Commy Doughnut in it, and a yellow man cook with his hair braided down his back; we call him Josh; and some chickens, and a rabbit, named Father Hyacinth; and — oh dear me! he ought to have his supper *now* right away: and I most know mama has made some cream toast for my supper, and I am *so* hungry, and queer feeling in my feet, and I wish I was at home, and *please* can’t you take me there?” and the brave little girl’s lip turned out, and the big tears fell faster and faster while a storm of sobs shook the green gingham covered bosom.

“Come with me, my dear,” said the old lady, “to my home and rest your tired feet. You shall have some bread and warm milk, and strawberries and cream. I have a kitty named Kitty Clyde, and ducks and chickens, turkeys, geese, and lambs, and some cunning little pigs. I have a dear little silver porringer that you shall eat your bread and milk from, and there is something very nice baking for tea. I’ll give you strawberries and cream in a china saucer with roses on it, that I used when I was a little girl.”

“Was you no bigger than I am, old lady? Did you play with a doll-baby, and eat strawberries in a rosy saucer?”

“Yes, yes,” said the old lady, sighing, “Deary me, how long ago! *how long ago!*”

And so the two went on together, Agnes clinging to her new friend’s hand as if she were an *old* friend in both senses of the phrase instead of one. She chattered as fast as her little lips would speak, telling all about her home and playmates “way down east.”

By the time they reached the log cabin, Agnes had forgotten all about feeling tired and sleepy and homesick, in her eagerness to compare Kitty Clyde with Colly-See-Em.

A bright fire of hickory wood was blazing and crackling on the hearth, and the kettle on the nob was singing very loud.

The old lady said it sang

“Mistress, kind mistress, come home to me now,
The water is boiling, you see,

Your strawberry shortcake is getting quite brown,
And everything's ready for tea. Come home, &c.

"Mistress, dear mistress, unless you come quick,
Kit — *some folks* will eat up your stew;
And oh, when we have the whole family sick,
My ears! you will hear such a *meow*."

She sang the song of the kettle so queerly that Agnes laughed, and that made the red slippers the old lady put on her feet fall off, and that woke Kitty Clyde, and sent her racing after them, and then Agnes found Kitty Clyde had a family of tiny kittens just beginning to play. They trotted about after their mother, one with a white star on her nose, one with a blue ribbon about her neck, and one poor little fellow with a lame paw. Their racing and frolicking made Agnes laugh harder than ever, and Star-Nose had just hidden in one red slipper, while Blue Ribbon, and Lame Paw were tugging at the other, when the door opened, and in came a great fellow with rosy cheeks, and a pail of foaming milk in either hand.

"Supper not ready yet, little mother? and I must be off to mill directly. Whose baby have you borrowed now?"

"Oh, she is one of uncle Noah's little girls, who fell down at my feet in the wood. She might have come straight from Heaven for aught I saw, only I suppose angels don't wear gingham gowns. What do you think, Peter, she took your old mother to be?"

"Why the best old lady in the world, if she is as bright as she looks."

"She thought I was a fairy," said his mother, and at that they both laughed till Agnes would have cried again, had not the old lady asked her to help spread the cloth, and lay knives, forks and spoons, and so kept her busy till supper was ready.

Peter was nearly right in calling his mother the best old lady in the world. She was always good to all who were sick, or poor, or friendless. When others said, "He is nothing to me;" "She is only a common sort of person;" Peter's mother would say, "I reckon we are all related through Noah. Perhaps the Lord would call this one our neighbor." So all who were in trouble she called "cousins through uncle Noah."

At the tea-table Agnes was seated on a cushion, on the big dictionary, in a chair, the shining porringer and rosy saucer before her, and all the old lady had promised. The short cake was n't *very* brown, the stew was good, and very hungry after her long walk, Agnes thought it just the nicest supper she had ever eaten.

After it was over, the old lady gave her a basin of meal and water and let her feed the chickens, ducks and turkeys, and then sent her out with a pail to pick up summer apples for mama. She would only have

time to fill the pail, while Peter filled his meal bags, and saddled the horse ready to take the corn to mill, and Agnes home.

The little girl was all rested, and danced over the green grass as lightly as the red shoes would let her, and was soon singing like a bird, while she picked up the rosy-cheeked apples.

Suddenly the old lady heard a terrible uproar; screams and cries, and a squeal shrill enough to take one's ears off. She ran to the door to see what was the matter, and there saw one of her fattest pigs running as fast, and squealing as loud as he could, while Agnes, clinging to his tail, was beating him with a large stick. Round and round they went, he pulling Agnes along, while she scolded and beat him. "Oh you bad, naughty, wicked pig! you've upset my apples, and eaten a great hole in my pretty new apron. I thought they would please mama so much, and now they are all spildid. You'd better scream, you mean thing! I'll whip you harder, if you *do* make me run!"

The red shoes were off, and the little girl's face was as red as they, while her tangled curls flew all about. She looked very queer, but the old lady did not laugh; she said quietly, "Did piggy intend to trouble you?"

Agnes hung her head, but said pertly, "I 'tended to punish *him*. He ain't a well brung up pig, if he don't know better than to tip over folkses pails, and eat their new aprons."

Her troubles were not over yet, for Peter had gone to mill without her. She had half a mind to cry, but the old lady promised that he should tell her parents that she was safe, and take her home early in the morning; and so, Agnes feeling very sleepy, concluded to go to bed.

When she knelt to say her prayers, after asking God to bless papa and mama, and thanking him for helping Agnes when she was lost in the woods, she waited a moment, and then said very earnestly, "and I is very sorry I beat the pig, for he did n't know better, I spose, 'cause he's only a pig, and I got mad, and that was wusser. Please to forgive me."

And she jumped into bed feeling happier for her confession, and the angel who took the child's prayer to Heaven must have flown very swiftly, if he bore it there before Agnes was sweetly, soundly asleep.

Very early she woke with a start and scream; there was a terrible noise right in her ear. It was only Chanticleer, saying "Get up," on the roof, close to her head. Just then Peter threw a stone, and frightened him away, and Agnes dozed again. Directly something tickled her nose, then pulled her curls, bit her ear, and finally several somethings scampered over the bed, and Agnes opened her eyes in amazement, and found Kitty Clyde and her whole family come to say "Good morning."

She had a grand frolic with them before dressing, and after a nice breakfast, Peter filled a saddle-bag with apples, and in another put a box of honey, and (very carefully wrapped up) the rosy saucer, and — guess what? Star-Nose.

The apples and honey were for Mrs. Floyd, the saucer and kitty for Agnes.

With many kisses and invitations to come again and stay longer, the old lady let her go, and Peter lifted her up on the horse's back, her feet in a pair of his blue stockings, her head tied in a handkerchief, and clinging to Peter's arm Agnes rode home.

How much she had to tell mama, Colly-See-Em, and Father Hyacinth, to be sure!

"On the whole, you like getting lost pretty well, don't you?" asked papa.

"I — don't — know — some of it's nice, and some is n't," said Agnes, looking very wise.

The next day the yellow curls drooped for a long time over a large sheet of paper. Afterward papa read on it the following account:

<i>Wut aGneS lorst.</i>		<i>Wut aGneS fowned.</i>
<i>Herseluf.</i>	} <i>Stobres.</i>	<i>Anu arnte.</i>
<i>Pale.</i>		<i>Anu cussin Petur.</i>
<i>Barstick.</i>	} <i>mitempur.</i>	<i>Kitiz, dorgs, chickinz,</i>
<i>Boott.</i>		<i>Pygges, (not wuth mutch.)</i>
<i>Bonit.</i>		
<i>Stokin.</i>		
<i>Cheriz.</i>		

Now Agnes had heard papa say many times, that she was "worth her weight in gold," and remembered standing on the grocer's scale once, and hearing him tell mama that "Agnes weighed seventy-five pounds."

"How much money is a pound worth, Papa?" she asked.

"Five dollars."

"And seventy five pounds —"

"Would be worth three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

So she asked papa to write by her first loss, "ekle to \$375."

"A pretty bad day, my daughter," said he, as he looked over the columns.

And so Agnes never liked accounts. She thought as some older folks have done, that "figures might tell lies," for the account called the day bad, but she knew on the whole, she had had a nice time.

May Leonard.

FISH.



EVERY creature is furnished with organs adapted to the element in which it lives, and with which it procures the food necessary to its existence. Man has his hands and senses, and his inventive, thinking brain, which teaches him to construct artificial organs which increase his power a million fold. The insect family have in their jaws, pick-axes, forceps, chisels, and in their stings and piercers, brad-awls, rasps, files and curved needles. The bird's beaks serve to bore, cut, bruise and tear; and its claws clasp, pierce, or act as oars; while the beasts are fitted for every variety of food and life, from the elephant

The huge earth-shaking beast,
 "that hath between his eyes
 A serpent for a hand."

to the timid, light-footed hare, whose long ears catch the slightest sound, and warn it of approaching danger.

To live in the water, creatures must be furnished with different organs from birds and animals, and fish have scales instead of fur and feathers, gills instead of lungs, and fins for limbs and wings. The skeleton of a fish is also different; the bones are less dense, and those of the head which are more numerous than those of any other creature, do not grow together like those of men and animals. The gills are situated on each side of the head, and consist of thin plates fixed on arches; these plates are covered with blood-vessels, and present a large surface to the water. Into these the white blood of the fish passes, and is purified by the oxygen in the water with which it comes in contact. To do this the blood must be constantly exposed to a current of water, or it would remain impure, as our blood would do if it were not changed in our lungs by our breathing. In most fish this is done by their taking water into their mouths, and expelling it through their gill covers. A large opening on each side immediately behind the head, allows the water to pass out after it has entered the gills. Some also come to the surface to breathe, but fish consume but a small quantity of oxygen, and when caught, die of suffocation, and really drown in the air as man does in the water. The air cannot get into the breathing apparatus, because there is no water to help it. The gill plates being no longer kept apart by the water, fall together, and the blood cannot pass through, and the gasping of the fish in the vain endeavor to separate them, which it cannot do without moisture. Those die the most rapidly whose gill open-

ings are very wide, like herring. Eels live a long time out of water, and occasionally leave their ponds and crawl upon the grass. The *Anabas Scandens* have a cellular reservoir of water placed above their gills, which keeps them moist, and enables them to live a long time on land. They leave the water voluntarily, and crawl over the grass and ground, and climb up trees.

The fins are folds of skin supported by rays of a bony substance like a bat's wing. Two immediately behind the head are called pectoral fins. Two on the lower surface of the body, ventral fins. Those standing on the back are the dorsal, and those at the end of the tail, caudal fins.

Sometimes there is still another at the extremity of the body, called the anal fin. All fish do not have all the same fins, nor are they always in the same position, for the size, place and number of the fins correspond to the habits of the particular fish, the depth of the water in which it lives, the rapidity of its motions, and the prey which it pursues. The tail is the principal organ of motion, the dorsal and ventral fins balance the fish, the pectoral fins direct its course, or stop its progress when required. So nice is the adjustment of these fins in the nimble pickerel, that every fin will appear in motion while in reality the fish is stationary.

Fins are not only used in swimming, but serve some curious uses to those fish that leave the water. Certain lophoid fish, which live on sand-banks left dry at low tide, hop back to the water by a lengthening of the pectoral fins, which projects in these frog-like fishes like the limb of a quadruped. A tropical species of perch uses a small pectoral spine for climbing up mangroves in search of insects, and the flying-fish uses its long pectoral fins as wings in its short flight.

Besides the fins as a swimming apparatus, many fish have an air bladder filled with air in the belly. The animal can compress this at pleasure, and rise or sink as it chooses. It is larger in those fish which swim near the surface, small, or wholly wanting in those that live near the bottom. These air bladders, or sounds cut in strips, is the isinglass used in cooking in the preparation of jellies, and blanc-mange. The *Seulah* fish of Bengal, furnishes some, and the Russian isinglass is made from the air bladders of the great sturgeons which live in the Volgar, Don, and Danube.

The scales of a fish, which are directed backwards, so as to offer the least resistance to the water, overlap each other, and are of two substances, one resembling horn, and the other bone. They are held together by the folds of the skin, and are often of the most brilliant colors, scarlet, yellow, green, blue, black, silver and gold, and have a glistening lustre like that of precious stones. On the inner surface of the scales of

bleak, dace, roach and white bait is found a silvery pigment which produces their white lustre. This is used in making artificial pearls, being blown into glass beads of various sizes by hollow tubes. If great weight and firmness is required, wax is added. Delicate wreaths are also made of these scales arranged as flowers, and look as purely white as if they were made of frost and moonlight. All fish have not scales. The Coffres or Ostracions are covered with regular bony compartments, joined to one another like a box, and the shark's body is covered with bony grains instead of scales.

Fish seem to lead a monotonous and joyless existence. They have small brains, and can therefore feel and enjoy but little. Their whole lives seem to be passed in escaping from their enemies, and providing food for themselves. Their sense of taste is supposed to be small, because they have few nerves and scarcely moveable tongues, and they seem to swallow their food without tasting it. Their ears are very simple in their structure compared with those of men and birds, but their hearing is very acute, loud sounds frightening, as every old fisherman knows. Their eyes are differently framed from ours. They have no true eyelids; the skin is carried over the eyes, but it is so transparent that the rays of light pass through it. Their eyes often have a golden or silvery brilliancy, which comes from innumerable microscopic crystals in this covering. Some are very beautiful. The hammerhead shark, whose head is like a double hammer, has an eye at each extremity, gray with a gold-colored iris which glows like a living flame, when the creature is angry. The hippocampus or fish horse's eyes, which move independently of each other, like those of a chameleon, have bright circles edged with blue, while the little stickleback adds to his glowing colors orbs of blueish green. Their eyes are placed differently in their heads, according to their habits, generally sideways, but in some that live in the bottom of the water, on the top of their head, so that they can look upward. The flounder, plaice, turbot and other flat fish have both eyes on one side of the head, for they are side swimmers, and the side that has no eye is turned towards the bottom of the water.

The teeth vary in form and position. A few are toothless; most have numerous teeth. Some have them not only on the jaw-bone, but on the palate, roof of the mouth, and top of the gullet. Some are like long cones either straight or curved; others small and closely set like the teeth of a card. Some still more slender, are so close and numerous that they seem almost like a plain surface. Others have flat teeth in the front jaws like true incisors; others round or oval ones to crush and bruise. Their teeth are not used for mastication, but only to seize

or hold their prey, and are not fastened to their jaws like ours, but are shed and renewed.

The shape of the snout, the position of the mouth and teeth, vary with the habits and food of the particular species. Some are solitary, others delight in the company of their kind, and are always seen in shoals. Some wander from the sea to the rivers, and back again; others live always in certain localities. Some are surface swimmers, and of the most brilliant colors; others keep near the bottom, or at great depths, and are dull and grave from the absence of light, which is the color-maker of the world. Some live on the sandy bottoms, and others on rocky shore. Some are sluggish like the skates, others quick like shark, pickerel and salmon, whose swift swimming outrivals the speed of steam.

Many live on vegetable food, and have mouth and teeth adapted for that food, but others are carnivorous, and remorseless devourers of their kind. They can remain a long time without eating, but become smaller and smaller, and unless supplied with food finally perish.

Some have mouths shaped like suckers, as the Eel and Lamprey, which cling so closely to an object that it is almost impossible to shake them off. The Remora or sucking fish is a remarkable instance of this, and is sometimes used by fishermen to catch other fish. They fasten a line to it, and drop it into the water, where it attaches itself so firmly to another fish that they both can be drawn up together. Some, like the sharks and rays have true jaws. The man-eating shark has an enormous mouth in the shape of a semicircle. Its upper jaw is often ten yards long and two yards wide, and holds six rows of teeth which are furnished with muscles around the base, and can be raised or turned down at pleasure. A weak enemy can be overcome with one row, a strong one requires the whole power of the mouth. This mouth is in the lower part of the head, and the shark is obliged to turn over to seize the prey above him. In the sword-fish the upper jaw is prolonged into a sword or spit with which it can pierce through the thick skin of its enemies. The Angler of the English coast, sometimes called the sea-devil, is an ugly-looking creature with a tail so compressed that it looks as if it had none. Front of the eyes are two long horns, and four smaller ones on the head, and around the mouth are curious slender threads which look like worms. This fish hides its body among the stones and marine plants with its mouth just visible; the small fish think these fringes worms, and approaching to devour them are swallowed themselves. If one of these hideous creatures be caught in a net with other fish, it instantly begins to devour them. And to show how fish eat each other, there is

in the college of Surgeons at Dublin, a skeleton of one of these anglers two feet and a half long, in whose stomach was a cod two feet long, and in the cod, two whittings of the ordinary size, and when captured, the stomachs of the whittings had many half digested little fishes in them.

The gurnard lives at the bottom of the water, and hunts about the mud and sand for its food. Its head ends in a shovel-shaped snout, on the top of which are eight very hard bony pegs with which it pokes about in the mud. It has also three fleshy feelers each side its head which help it in its search, for it lives in black water where there is but little light. Its eyes are in the top of its head in an upward, so that they can catch every ray that penetrates through the water.

The sturgeon, who is the scavenger of great rivers, has a pig-like nose, with which it turns up the mud and sand, and it has also between the mouth and muzzle, four slender and elastic barbs, which are said to attract smaller fish like those around the head of the angler.

The rock fish who lives among the rocks, has in the upper jaw several teeth projecting forward. It lives upon the shell-fish in the holes of the rocks, and has the power of pushing its jaws forward nearly half an inch to pull them out of their hiding-places.

Some few fish produce their young alive, but the great majority by eggs, which they leave to the mercy of the waves. The time of producing them varies with the genus. Some fish, like the sturgeon and salmon leave the sea, and ascend rivers, and deposit their eggs in the gravelly shallows; others repair to the sandy bays of the sea, or leave them among bunches of weeds. Some carry their eggs, and even their young about with them for a short season, and feed and protect them; but such cases are rare, and the young fry have to take care of themselves from the time of their births. The male pipe-fish carries the eggs about with him in a sort of pouch in the skin under the body, till the young fish burst the shell and escape.

The Gobies, a fish of the Mediterranean, make a nest of sea-weed, in which the spawn is deposited, and the male keeps guard over it. The pretty stickleback, who is a fresh-water fish, makes a circular nest of delicate vegetable fibres about an inch in diameter, with a large hole in the centre. It carefully guards the nest before the spawn is hatched, and watches over the young for some time afterwards, and even takes them into its mouth when they are large enough to swim about, to shield them from approaching danger.

The Callichthys of Demerara, make a nest of leaves and grass, and

both sexes guard the young, and the toad fish of Long Island conceals itself in deep holes, and protect the little fish.

The quantity of eggs produced by many species is enormous, several hundred thousand at a time. This is perhaps necessary, for the young fish, being abandoned to themselves from the moment of their birth, fall an easy prey to their numerous enemies. Sixty thousand eggs have been found in a single herring, and in the roe of a cod nine million. In the great sturgeon, which are found only in the rivers which flow into the Black and Caspian Seas, the weight of the roe is sometimes more than a quarter of the whole fish. From these eggs is made the caviare which is so highly esteemed by the Russians.

Many fish of the earlier periods have passed away, and among the fossil forms are many that look strange and hideous to our eyes. Once they had undisputed possession of what we now call earth, for the sea covered the whole globe, and the dry land had not yet appeared.

E. C. F.



THE LOST CHILD AND THE DOG.

The following Lines were written by a Lad aged fifteen years.

FAR in the forest depths behold,
 A wanderer, young and fair;
 No breezes o'er the mighty tops,
 Disturbs the silence there.
 And by her side a guardian see,
 O'er one so mild and young,
 His watchful ear marks every sound
 That breaks the woods among.

The anxious mother waited long
 Her absent child to greet,
 And ever and anon she heard
 A sound like coming feet.
 They sought for her in every place
 In each accustomed way,
 Where she her daily rambles took
 When she was wont to stray.

At last, beneath a giant oak,
With "hundred arms" outspread,
Sitting upon a fallen tree,
Upraised to Heaven her head,
They found the object of their search,
And near, her guardian true.
"My child!" the joyous mother cried,
"What is it here you do?"

"Mother, I wished to see the skies,
Beneath these mighty trees,
And hear the birds sing merrily,
And feel the gentle breeze;
To view the beauteous forest flowers,
Decked out so fair and gay,
To see the leaves chased by the wind
As if in joyous play.

"And mother, then I thought of Him
Who made the flowers so fair,
Who caused the mighty forest trees,
To stand in grandeur there;
Who gave each bird its tuneful note,
And made them sing with glee;
Who fashioned every tiny thing,
Each leaf, and flower, and tree.


"And as I thought, this pretty dog,
Close by my side stood near;
Mother, was he not sent by God
To chase away my fear?"

"Yes, yes my child, we always live
Protected by his care,
By him we're kept from every harm,
And he was with thee there."

O. L. F.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

 I was raining as if it never was going to stop, that Saturday afternoon. I was dreadfully tired counting my stitches, — for I had to have just twenty-four stitches on a needle, and I kept losing one, — and of hearing the steady drip, drip, outside; but after all, the most tiresome thing was to watch Aunt Emma knit, as she sat by the fire; because she never raised her eyes, or said a word, but just held herself very erect, and made her needles go very rapidly.

Only half past two o'clock. Oh dear, what a long afternoon it *was* going to be! and my stint was to knit twenty times round the stocking, and there was Tommie over at the other window, looking fully as tired as I, with no end of examples in Arithmetic to do; for Tommie and I always had stints Saturday afternoons, and we thought it was pretty hard we couldn't have one half day to ourselves.

I was n't to speak, because it interrupted Tommie's studying, so I rocked a little to rest myself, and looked at the carpet, and the fire, and Aunt Emma's dress; then I examined a portrait of General Grant, hanging on the wall directly over where Tommie sat scratching his head, and wondered if Tommie would ever know half as much as the General; and then I heard the kitchen door shut, and Bridget went pattering down the path in the rain. Oh, how I wished I was Bridget! it would have been so nice to have a run down to the village! and even if I finished that hateful stocking, I knew Aunt Emma would n't let me go, for fear I might catch cold.

Since I could n't go out, I did n't care much about working. I leaned my head on the window seat, and presently I began to get sleepy; so sleepy that the stocking slid off my lap and fell on the floor; I roused up then, in a great hurry, for Aunt Emma had risen and was winding up her yarn.

"I am going out awhile," she said, in her precise way, "and I shall leave you two alone. You're not to get into any mischief, remember, and I shall expect to find your tasks done when I come back."

Tommie and I said "yes ma'am," and looked at each other, doubtfully.

"I am going to Mrs. Hopkins'; if I'm not home at half past four, Agnes, you may tell Bridget about supper: she is to make biscuit."

She went into the hall and put on her wrappings, and in five minutes more, we saw her going down the road under an umbrella.

When she was fairly outside the gate, Tommie tossed his book across the room, spitefully, and sent his pencil after it.

"I hate sums!" said he. "Say, Aggie, if a man gave you a lot of turnips, then took back half, and you gave away a quarter of the rest, and lost a sixth of what was left, what fraction of the whole would the remainder be?"

"I don't know," said I, "nobody'll ever give me any turnips," and I commenced walking back and forth in the room to rest myself.

"I can't do it!" said Tommy, gloomily, "and it ain't no use to try. I wish I was a cat!" and he looked enviously at Aunt Emma's cat, Corporal White, that was dozing on the rug. "It's real mean to have to work all the time."

"I think it is, too. I wonder if she'll stay away till half past four?"

"I guess so. Why, ain't it nice, we're all alone in the house!"

"Ever so nice. If we had n't anything to do, we'd have some fun."

Tommie thought a minute.

"Well, I'll tell you what: let's go off and play an hour, and then come back and work an hour. She won't know the difference."

"N-no. I can't knit twenty times round in an hour."

"Oh, can't you? Perhaps you can if you work real hard. We could have such a good time? It's grand up garret when it rains; and I'll tell her I can't do my sums, 'cause I can't, you know."

Our play-house was in the garret, and I liked to be there fully as well as Tommie did. I think I could have spent all my time there, if I could have been allowed. I looked at the knitting and hesitated. Well, what if I did n't knit twenty times round? I should only have to go to bed after supper; and I thought I should just as lief go as sit up.

"Well, we must lock the doors, Tommie," said I, "and I'll get Aunt Emma's watch to look at, so we can know when it's half past three."

We felt very grand and responsible when we had fastened the doors, and were master and mistress of everything; we thought we never should lock the front one, and only did it by pushing hard and turning the key at the same time; then we went up stairs pell-mell, only stopping to get the watch from Aunt Emma's room.

The garret was so nice, — I mean our corner of it — there was a big chimney in the centre, and one side was filled with old furniture that had belonged to some of Aunt Emma's relations; there were chairs and tables and bureaus of the queerest shapes, all done up in bagging and sheets. They used to frighten Tommie and I sometimes, when we were up there at dusk. Our play-house was on the south side, near a window, where were two old sea-chests that an uncle of Tommie's and mine had owned once; this uncle had travelled all over the world, and taken the chests with him. It was very wonderful to us to think where they

had been, and Tommie was always conjecturing about a curious mark on the side of one of them, that looked like a star, and had letters on the points; he thought it must certainly be a pirate's mark.

A piece of bright, striped carpeting was laid over the boards, and a great cane chair with a high back stood upon it; an old rocking-horse of Tommie's was beside the chair, and when we sat there, I in the chair, and Tommie on the horse, we could look way off over the fields and woods, and the sky seemed farther away than ever.

I had my dolls on one chest, and Tommie had his soldiers and marbles on the other; we had books, too, and we often sat there Sunday afternoons and told each other stories; but this afternoon we did not care to tell stories.

"Now," cried Tommie, landing in the middle of the garret, after two or three big jumps, "Whoop, for a game of ball!"

"Ball is n't nice, I'm tired of it. Let's have a dance. Tommie, you put on the cap, and make believe you're a military man! and I took an old soldier's cap from the wall, that was always hanging there.

It was considerably too large for Tommie, but he admired to strut about in it, and imagine himself a great hero.

"I ought to have something to put on, too, if I'm to be lady. Oh, I know!"

There were clothes hanging to dry on one side of the garret, and among them, a long night-dress of Aunt's.

"I'll take this," said I, pulling hold of one corner.

Tommie was quite aghast.

"Oh, you must n't! She'd be madder 'n —"

"I don't care. I guess she won't find it out, if you don't tell her."

The ruffles on the neck of the night-dress stood up above my ears, and the ruffles at the wrists half covered my hands. When I lifted it in front, and walked about with my head over my shoulder watching the trail behind, I thought Tommie would choke himself laughing, notwithstanding his apprehensions.

"Oh," said he, "would n't she give you fits!"

"Wait, — I want something for my head. I'll have this pillow-case for a turban," and I darted off to put it on behind the chimney. Presently I came tiptoeing out again.

"Don't I look pretty?" said I.

To my astonishment, Tommie clapped both hands over his eyes, and ran behind the chair.

"Oh take it off, Aggie, take it off! You look like a ghost."

"Nonsense," said I, "if you're not a coward!"

"I tell you," exclaimed Tommie, peeping out an instant, then diving back again with a stifled scream, "you look like a woman I read about, who used to walk over a house she died in."

"Pooh!" I said, nevertheless casting a fearful glance at the dark place behind me. "I don't believe any woman ever died in this house."

"*You* don't know. Spirits always walk. I heard grandma say she saw one once."

Tommie had his hands over his eyes all the while he was talking. I stood irresolute.

"I won't come out this afternoon," said Tommie, firmly, "if you don't take it off."

We both started violently; we had heard the clock below stairs, striking three. Just as we both exclaimed, there was a queer noise on the other side of the chimney. I only waited a moment to glance fearfully across the garret, dim with the half dark of a rainy day, before I plunged behind the chair, too.

There was a quilt hanging on the back of the chair; we pulled this down on our heads, and did ourselves up in it tremblingly, for we had an idea we were safe from ghosts if we could n't see them.

"Did you hear that?" I questioned, in the lowest whisper.

"Yes," said Tommie, miserably, "Oh, I shan't ever dare to go down stairs again in the world!"

I was very sure *I* should n't, as I crouched there, half smothered, listening for another sound.

"Do you spose there's anything there?" whispered Tommie, creeping closer to me. "Seems as if I heard something walking."

"Ain't it a carriage down in the street?" trying to be hopeful.

Tommie shivered again.

"Did you ever hear about Peter — Peter — somebody, who's always riding in the rain?"

"No," I answered. Tommie was younger than I, but he had read a great deal more.

"He went off from Boston one awful rainy day," murmured Tommie, in awe-stricken tones, "with his little girl in the chaise, and he never come back; but folks say he rides every rainy day, driving ever so fast, the chaise all covered with mud, and he and the little girl inside, just as pale as can be. Oh, I thought something touched my head!"

I felt cold chills run over me at the thought.

Tommie and I both listened breathlessly, imagining we could hear the boards creak around us. Suddenly there came a violent bang, that made us scream together.

"What was that?" whispered Tommie sharply, shaking from head to foot with terror.

"I don't know. Oh Tommie, we've locked the doors, and nobody can get to us possibly."

We crouched closer, seeing in imagination some fearful figures bending above us.

By and by the stillness, which was only broken by the ticking of the watch in my pocket, somewhat reassured us.

"Tommie," said I, "I'm awfully afraid Bridget'll come home; and if she can't get in, she'll tell Annt, you know, and we shall get a scolding."

"Well," inquired Tommie, "what'll we do?"

It was n't easy to tell; neither of us dared lift a corner of the quilt; but my lively dread of my aunt rather overcame my fear of ghosts.

"Tommie," said I finally, growing desperate, "could n't we go down with the quilt over our heads, so we would n't see anything?"

"We might walk into one of them," shuddered Tommie.

"Well, we should go through; they're nothing but air. We must go, anyway."

So we got up shakily, dragging the quilt around us, only looking to our steps in front.

"Why, how dark it is," said Tommie, "just like night!"

It was dark. I was more frightened than ever. I pulled Tommie along to the staircase, and we rushed down as if our lives depended on our speed. I never was so glad as I was when I locked the door behind us. We scurried down the lower stairs, quilt and all, and came into the sitting-room again; then we ventured to throw off the quilt, and stood there, two wild-looking children enough, with rumpled hair and pale cheeks.

"I guess you won't catch me playing in that garret again!" was Tommie's first remark.

"Hush!"

There was a noise in the kitchen now; the strangest, dull grating, then a rumble and a click. Tommie and I, still with the quilt on, fled to the farthest corner of the room, and stood gasping and clinging to each other. Steps came across the kitchen, straight to the sitting-room door, and somebody turned the handle. Tommie and I fell flat on our faces, and screamed and screamed.

"Well," said Aunt Emma's voice, more sharply than usual, "what does all this mean?"

We were bolt upright in an instant, and I was rubbing my eyes to see if it was really Aunt Emma; for of course I preferred her to a ghost, if she *was* cross.

"Pretty doings! I can't go away and leave you, without finding all the doors locked when I come home, and you two done up in a quilt, screaming. For mercy's sake, what frightened you?"

"You did," said I, "you came in the door."

"No, I did n't. I came in the window. I'm thankful Bridget did n't get here first."

"Oh," said Tommie, confusedly, "that was what we heard: but there was something up garret."

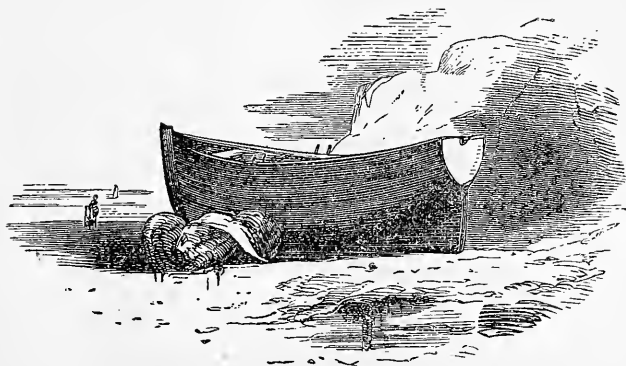
"Up garret! That quilt came from the garret. Why, Agnes Watson! how dared you put on my night-dress! Take it off this instant. Now I am waiting to hear about this matter; the whole story, mind!"

A very shame-faced couple were Tommie and I, when we had blundered through telling it. Aunt Emma heard us through grimly, then folded the quilt coolly, shook out the night-dress, and marched up stairs with them. She came back again presently.

"You are a pair of cowards," said she, "you only heard the garret blinds blow together. Now remember, there may be such things as ghosts, but they don't trouble honest folks. I've lived fifty-five years, and I've never seen one. I believe myself there are no phantoms, but those that haunt wicked people's consciences, and I know there are none up in my garret. I would n't have believed you were so foolish."

Tommie and I were very much ashamed, and got laughed at by every one. And even now, we are grown up, if Aunt Emma wants to tell us we are doing anything especially ridiculous, she says it is as silly as our ghost-seeing in the garret.

H. R. Hudson.



A LETTER FROM TEXAS.



SHOULD the readers of the *Schoolmate* happen to possess a recent and large map of Texas, upon unrolling it, they will find close to the boundary line of Houston and Trinity counties, a small town named Pennington. It is surrounded upon the north, east, and west by fine prairies thickly settled, well fenced in, and divided into farms owned by men of respectability and worth. To the south lies land that yields little to the labor of the farmer, but covered with noble pine-ries, destined at some time or other to supply the western part of the state with timber for buildings, fences, and all other domestic purposes. Thus Pennington has an advantage of position which it requires only law and order to develop. To develop, I say, for hitherto it has progressed in the face of many unfavorable circumstances. No house marked the site where the town now stands, till after the close of the war. Then a few buildings were erected, and some places of business were established. The citizens appreciated the new condition of things brought about by the war; they saw that education, hitherto neglected, was the only means of escaping from the corn-field and plow-handles. They were wise enough, and energetic enough to avoid the alternative. A large and commodious school-house was built, and efficient teachers were employed. Since that time the town has rapidly increased. New houses and stores are continually going up, the value of the land in the environs has been enhanced, and already the people of Eastern Texas are turning their eyes towards this place as the future college-town of the section. So much has been done, and once let the State government organize, as it shortly will, and our people will begin to reap more abundantly the good fruit which they have sown.

No Southern state, it may safely be affirmed, has so good a prospect before it as has ours. With sparse settlements, fertile soil, a territory marked by none of the ravages of war, Texas opens her arms to the inhabitants of her sister states, not yet recovered from the crushing effects of a disastrous struggle. Here they will find a people resembling themselves in habits, cultivating a soil which brings forth the same staples they have always raised, and enjoying a climate so mild and salubrious, that the green scarcely fades from the falling leaves of a late autumn, before it revives in the growing grass of an early spring.

Further north she stretches a beckoning hand.

Railroads are needed to intersect the State in almost every direction; public edifices are wanted to adorn its rising cities; manufactures are in

demand to work up our raw cotton; while those whose hands have been used to the harrow and the sickle, are urgently called for to sow and reap the smaller grains upon our fruitful prairies. Northern men would thus obtain ample employment here. So large is Texas, so varied its surface, so unlike are the characteristics of its different settlements, that the man would be hard to please who could not find a place to pursue his chosen avocation. Besides, we need a spice of the Northern spirit for improvement. Even in this place, where, as I have said, many buildings are required, our mechanics are forced to wait on the slow motions of saw-mills, which forcibly remind one of Dickens's character of Mr. Micawber, — so full are their managers of promise, so relax in their fulfillment.

Situated as I have described, in a State whose resources are so great, whose prospects are so cheering, Pennington can scarce be aught else than a thriving town. Without hesitation, do I say it is the healthiest place I have seen in Texas. With no less readiness I declare I have never seen so much business transacted in a town of similar size. But the great hope of its future success is based on the prospects of its school. When the Legislature meets, this will be incorporated, chartered, and have full college powers conferred upon it. And then, I hope, your readers will see, from an abler pen than mine, something more of the place and school of which they now receive the first intimation.

E. O. Thomas.



COUSIN DEBORAH'S VISIT.

“**D**EBORAH! Deborah!” sounded up the stairway, through the hall, into a cosy little bed-room, where beneath the white counterpane, a little girl lay rubbing her eyes.

“Oh dear!” yawned Deborah, tumbling lazily out of bed, “I wonder if breakfast is ready.”

“Debbie! Debbie!” again spoke a voice in the hall, followed by a brisk rap at the door from somebody’s knuckles, “Get up. Second bell’s going to ring directly.”

“Second bell!” cried Debbie, springing up in great dismay, “What *shall* I do? Papa’s so particular to have us always at table in season!”

She caught up a stocking, and by way of hastening matters put it on wrong side out. In the lead of this disaster came a broken boot-lacing, the loss of two buttons from her dress, a rent in her apron made while snatching it rudely from a nail in the wardrobe, and finally the presentation of herself at the door of the breakfast parlör, some minutes after the other members of the family were seated at the table, and just as papa was breaking an egg into his egg-cup, from which operation he immediately desisted, to turn towards her a glance of stern displeasure, and exclaim in his deep base tones, “How’s this, daughter? Late yesterday; late again to-day! Bad, bad, Deborah, *very* bad!”

Deborah sat down with a very rueful face, and began buttering her toast in silence.

“I’m sorry, my dear,” said Mrs. Darke, reprovingly, “A bad beginning this for a fine spring morning! Moreover, we are expecting company to-day; company that ought to interest you particularly, Debbie. Last night papa brought home a letter from cousin Deborah Whitmarsh, the lady for whom you were named, and of whom you have so often heard us speak. She has come East from her home in Cincinnati, and is now with her friend, Mrs. Norwood, a lady who lives about four miles out of town. She inquired after you in the letter, sends her love, and says,” here Mrs. Darke drew a letter from her pocket, and having opened it proceeded to read, “I am very desirous of becoming acquainted with my namesake. I hope little Debbie will be half as glad to see me, as I shall be to meet her. I think of her very often, and am preparing to love her very much indeed.”

“So Debbie,” remarked Mr. Darke, “we expect you to be very well-behaved while cousin Deborah is here, and do all you can to make her visit pleasant.”

"Yes dear," added Mrs. Darke, "and as papa is going to drive out for her this morning, don't you think you can run down to the woods soon after breakfast, and find some early violets and spring-beauties for the little vase in the front chamber? Cousin Deborah is very fond of wild flowers."

Surely Debbie's face ought to have lighted up immediately at this intelligence. A faint glow did indeed spread over it at the first announcement of company expected; but no sooner was the name of the visitor uttered, than this quite faded out, leaving an expression of even deeper gloom than before.

Papa and mamma did not suspect, but nevertheless it was quite true, the picture which Debbie had sketched in her own fancy of this Miss Deborah Whitmarsh, so far from being pleasant and agreeable, was the most unpleasant and disagreeable that could possibly be imagined. In the first place, Debbie hated her name, and thus was not disposed to think very kindly of the lady to whom she was indebted for it. To be sure, Deborah has not a very fanciful sound. It is neither pretty, poetical nor graceful; yet it has a good, hearty, healthy ring to it, I think, and one quite naturally associates it with the image of some bright, sensible, warm-hearted little girl, — such a little girl as should grow up into one of the helpful, useful women, whereof the world is always standing in need. Instead of being ashamed of her name, Deborah ought rather to have been concerned lest her name might some day have reason to be ashamed of her. Yet, perhaps the feeling was not very much to be wondered at. Her best loved companion was called Louise. In her class at school, were a Henrietta, a Rose, an Agnes, and a Blanche. Among these butterfly appellations, plain Deborah fluttered like a homely gray miller. Then her brother Fred, two years older than herself, a good boy in the main, but a most vexatious tease, knowing how much his sister would be annoyed, was wont to call aloud in playful allusion to her rich brunette complexion, and sparkling black eyes, "Darke Deb! Darke Deb! Once he adapted her name to a popular air, and paraded the back piazza, with an old tin pail, upon which he beat to the following vocal accompaniment: "Debbie! Deb! Deb!; Debbie! Deb! Deb!; Debbie! Deb!; Debbie! Deb!; Debbie! Deb! Deb!"

Moreover, Debbie stood in exceeding awe of this unknown Miss Deborah. Sometimes her father would say, "My dear, I hope you will grow up to be as good a woman as Deborah Whitmarsh." When she displeased him, he was almost sure to exclaim, "Child, what do you think Deborah Whitmarsh would say to such conduct?" It was quite-

a wonder he had not couched the reproof of this morning in the following language; "Daughter, I'm surprised! Deborah Whitmarsh was never late at *her* father's breakfast table!"

If Debbie was naughty, her mother would cry, "My child, what can I write about you to Cousin Deborah?" If her sewing was ill done, her hem soiled or uneven, she would hear, "Debbie, I do wish you would learn to sew as neatly as Deborah Whitmarsh!"

In fact Deborah Whitmarsh was the pattern after which this very incomplete little piece of humanity was to be completed. Surely crude imperfection is never fond of gazing upon mature perfection. If the rough marble were endowed with sensation and intelligence, it would not be enamoured of the beautiful clay model about to be wrought out in its own imperishable substance. It would shrink instinctively from the fierce hammer blows, the chisel strokes, which alone could lift it to a seat among the immortals. Thus Debbie; she had an innate consciousness of the pain, the toil, the struggles necessary to make her what she might become; and Miss Deborah's name had been so intimately associated with her many failures in this respect, that she had taken a very natural, although quite an unjust prejudice against the lady herself. In fact, when the name was mentioned, Debbie was wont to draw down her black eyebrows, frame an excuse for leaving the room, and when alone exclaim, "There! I hate Deborah Whitmarsh! I actually do! She's a fussy, fault finding old body, I know, and just as cross as two sticks! She wears spectacles, of course; and she'd look over them at me a dozen times a day, and say every time, "Deborah, I'm ashamed of you!" I mean to run away when she comes to visit us."

And at last she was coming.

Debbie ate very little breakfast, but that little was almost as difficult to swallow as a dose of nauseous medicine. Moreover, Fred had noticed her discomfort, and was slyly watching her from across the table, and laughing. How annoying it was!

Presently mamma rose; then papa looked at his watch, and said, before leaving the room, "My dear, I have ordered the carriage at eleven o'clock. I shall then come up from the office, and drive out for Deborah."

And Debbie slipped through the open door out to the front gate, where she stood looking very forlorn, and exclaiming angrily to herself, "I wish Deborah Whitmarsh was in Egypt! I wish the horses would get out of the stable, and go away, so that papa could n't find them to-day, or to-morrow, or next day! I wish Uncle David would drive in from Middleton with a load of young tomato plants, and let me ride

home with him! I wish I could go to Aunt Maria's, at Dolington! I *might* go there!" mused this naughty Debbie; "I know the way. I might go by myself. I always intended to run off when Deborah Whitmarsh came here!"

Yes, Debbie knew the way to Dolington; for that town was situated directly on the Norristown and Milburyport turnpike, the highway along which her eyes were even then travelling, beyond the village, beside green fields and over some lofty hills, that rose against the sky in the far distance. Beyond the hills, twelve miles away from Freeport, was Dolington. A long, long walk for little feet! But Debbie, within whose bosom a storm was raging, did not pause to reflect upon this. Besides, she knew nothing of actual weariness. And looking upon those gentle elevations that slept so gently against the horizon, dividing the pleasant face of Aunt Maria from that formidable picture of Cousin Deborah, how lightly she fancied her steps would speed over them.

There is a wonderful charm in the aspect of distant hills. One cannot realize that what seems so calm and beautiful, suffused in the purple haze of distance, becomes upon nearer approach, rough, stony, tangled with wild briars, and most painful to weary limbs! It often requires some of the saddest lessons of life to impress this fact upon us; and how could Debbie know it, with her experience of only ten short years? Thus, the longer she gazed, the stronger grew her purpose. She crept back into the hall and took her hat from the stand. If she slipped quietly away, her mother would believe she had gone to the grove for wild flowers.

Just then she perceived Fred, sauntering down the street with the market basket on his arm; in an instant he turned a corner and disappeared. Ah, now was her time! One hasty glance at the house to make sure that no one was observing her, one rapid survey up and down the street lest some of her schoolmates might be near to call after her, and Debbie darted out of the gate, running as fast as her feet would carry her, until she had put a quarter of a mile's distance between herself and home. Then after pausing long enough to recover breath, she walked steadily onward towards the calm hills. A wayward Debbie indeed! On, on she went by the side of velvet green fields, now in the shade of graceful elms and full, round maples, now in the open pathway; on to the summit of the hill, where at last she ventured to look backward. Again she hastened on; other hills rose before her; deep valleys lay in her course; and she perceived far away long stretches of woodland.

The morning was not clear. Great cloud banks floated in the sky;

sometimes the sun shone out bright and warm, the next instant it was lost behind gray vapor masses. Soon Freeport disappeared from view, and Debbie was more than a mile distant from home. She walked steadily onward for another mile, the road meanwhile extending through a pleasant forest, wherein birds were flooding the air with joyous songs; while a brook rippled beside her path, and delicate wild flowers bloomed all around. Emerging from this she came to some farm houses, and beginning to feel a little weary, she sat down in front of one of them to rest. Soon she was walking again; but she lingered from time to time as various objects of interest attracted her gaze. Now it was a bristling old hen with a brood of chickens that made her delay; now she stayed to watch some lambs on a hillside, some calves in a field; and again to clap her hands and frighten a sober old horse feeding by the road-side. Presently she reached a very little village, which she remembered hearing her papa say was three miles from Freeport; and just beyond it she sat down upon a large stone to loose the strings of her boots. Her feet were beginning to ache. Then she walked beside a long stretch of meadow, and after this, she came to a lake with several pretty cottages upon its shore.

But now the sun, that had been shining at briefer and briefer intervals for the last half hour, disappeared quite from view; the vapor masses closed in thick and heavy, and a sudden, violent shower was evidently just at hand.

“O, what shall I do if it rains!” cried Debbie to herself in dismay, dragging her weary feet as swiftly as might be over the rough ground, and almost ready to cry with mingled vexation and fatigue. It now became her sole object to reach the nearest dwelling, a low rustic cottage embowered in green, and standing upon an eminence about a quarter of a mile distant; but ere this retreat could possibly be gained, although she hurried forward with nervous haste, the clouds opened and a flood burst upon her. The rain did not drop, it poured in one continuous sheet of water, and in an instant, Debbie’s hair, dress, boots were completely saturated. Half blinded by the torrent, and staggering beneath its shock, she beat about quite aimlessly for a minute, then recovering herself, she sped on to shelter. It happened that two ladies were at the same time calmly watching the shower from an ivy-covered porch in front of the cottage towards which Debbie was hastening, and when this small, weather-beaten image of humanity pressed eagerly up to the gate, wrenched it open, and struggled with uneven footsteps up the path, they called aloud to her to join them. Debbie could neither see nor hear, but her course led directly to the point where the ladies were standing, and

as she reached the step and stumbled over it in her blindness and confusion, she felt herself suddenly pulled forward and then immediately became conscious of kindly hands at work removing her dripping hat and smoothing back the hair out of her eyes, and of hearing a confused murmur of words uttered in soothing, sympathetic tones.

Clara L. Pendries.

[Concluded next month:]



WILD FLOWERS.

I AM going to talk with my young friends about wild flowers in Maine, where I reside, the little delicate Liverleaf, *Hepatica Triloba*, is the first flower seen in spring. It comes before the first snow has wholly disappeared, growing often on the very edge of a snow-bank. This seems hardly possible when we observe how delicate and fragile it is; but it has an abundance of thick leaves covered with soft, downy hair, in which it lies closely wrapped, until on some warm and bright April day, it quickly unrolls itself, and sends up its little pennant-like blossom, which is regular in form, and of a faint purple color. Its leaves are three-lobed, or three-parted, as its classical name indicates, and are said to resemble the liver in form. There is another variety, which grows furthur west, that has sharp pointed lobes to its leaves, but the beautiful variety which I have described will be recognized as common in New England.

Closely after this, and sometimes quite as early, you may look for the well known and much loved Trailing Arbutus, or Ground Laurel, *Epigñà Repens*. Like the Liverleaf, its sweet buds have been hidden through the severity of the early spring in strong coarse leaves, which do not ornament it, and yet are very essential, for without their protection, this lovely flower could never arrive at perfection. It grows in clusters, — pink or waxy white — and through the chilliness of the fitful spring-time, it has gathered within its little corolla a pure and most reviving fragrance. In New England it is generally known as the Mayflower. It is too often recklessly gathered, the long trailing plant being stripped from the ground, so that it is frequently exterminated from its old haunts. Look for it on the high hills — it likes a southeastern exposure, and will grow on very poor soil. A bunch of it will be hardly complete without a few pieces of the Partridge berry, *Mitchèlla Rèpens*, which is a slender

trailing vine, growing plentifully in the deep woods, and bearing even under the ice and snow, a bright red berry.

You may look for the Dog's-tooth Violet, *Erythronium Americanum*, the Wood Anemone, *Anemone Nemorosa*, and the graceful Bellwort, *Uvularia Sessilifolia*, next. The first you perhaps know as the Yellow Adder's tongue. The plant has two long glossy leaves, upon which are large dark spots, and bears a single flower, which, when full-blown, looks like a golden crown. It blooms in low moist places in great abundance. The Wood Anemone, or wind-flower, is doubtless no stranger to you. Its little six-parted cup is snowy inside, and streaked with a rich purple outside. It grows very much in the rich soil of deeply shaded woods, but when it is found at the edge of woods, or in openings, where it gets a little bright sunlight, it has a richer color and better size. Do not place it with other flowers for the best effect in a bouquet, but in a vase by itself, and you will find the graceful blossom hanging above the thick mass of bright green leaves will be very pretty. For the modest beauty of the Bellwort, I must reserve a word of praise. This too, chooses deep, shady places; has one pretty branch of sessile leaves, and a single drooping, bell-like flower of a pale cream color. Like the Anemone, and most other small wild flowers, it is prettier in a bunch of its own kind than with a varied collection.

Before the flowers which I have mentioned are past their prime, the sweet violets begin to open their eyes, and no one who loves flowers can overlook them. In the vicinity where I live, I have found four varieties, the sweet scented White Violet, *Viola Blanda*, the Common Blue, *Viola Cucullata*, and the yellow varieties the Round Leafed Violet, *Viola Rotundifolia*, and the Downy Yellow, *Viola Pubescens*. There are many varieties of this little favorite, but I believe those which I have mentioned are most common in New England.

At this season the wild cherry hangs out its clusters of snowy blossoms before the green leaves of the tree itself are unfolded, and often in such numbers, that a wild cherry tree in the green woods looks like a huge bouquet. The Wild Red Cherry, *Prunus Pennsylvanica*, Wild Black, *Prunus Serotina*, and the Choke Cherry, *Prunus Virginiana*, are the most common varieties in New England.

But I have left my lowly friends of the sod, to which I will return to speak of a most common yet lovely little flower, Bluets or Innocence, as it is often called, (*Oldenlandia Cærulea*.) In Pennsylvania they have given it the name of Quaker Lady. In the poor soil of waste fields where they crowd in great numbers, I am reminded of an immense congregation of these modestly dressed ladies, who from the uniformity of

their style, all look very much alike. Though common, this flower is very delicate and beautiful. Thus, "The meanest of Creation bringeth in a tribute for the beautiful."

We have now passed in brief review a few of the wild flowers which bloom in New England during the months of April and May. I would recommend to my young friends to learn the names, structure and habits of these ornaments of the Creation of God. Their companionship is pure and ennobling, and the study of their wonderful structure leads to a knowledge of the wisdom and power of the Great Architect, who carries out the same perfection of finish in making the smallest flower, that is shown in the everlasting mountains, and the grandeur of the great ocean.

"In their presence we feel that when the body shall drop as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth as a winged seed."

E. E. C.



[See Diagram in January No.]

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

WHOEVER thoughtfully loves his country¹¹, as he approaches the subject of education¹, must feel his heart¹ and his imagination¹ glow³ as he reflects upon the *necessities*¹ and the *possibilities*¹⁸ of the *future*¹⁸ of the *nation*⁷. We are *forty*⁵ *millions*⁵ of *people*⁵; we shall soon be *sixty*⁵, *eighty*⁵—and I can believe that some of the younger of this audience¹⁸ may yet see the census recorded *ONE*¹¹ *HUNDRED*¹¹ *MILLIONS*¹¹. Silently¹ and in awe⁵ the mind contemplates the great tides¹ of population¹, the meeting of many races¹, the combats¹ of creed¹ and sect¹, the struggles¹ of conflicting¹ political¹ theories¹, the dangers¹⁴, the hopes³, the possible horrible¹⁴ failure¹⁴ and ruin¹⁴, the possible¹⁸ dazzling¹¹ triumph⁷ and glory⁷. Which¹ shall it be¹? How can the ardent youth¹⁸, just entering life, listen¹ to the hum⁵ and the roar⁵ of

this grand¹³ future¹³ coming¹³ down¹³ upon¹³ us¹³, without leaping¹³ up “as hearing in ’t his manhood’s call?” Within *thirty*¹ *years*¹ the actors on the stage must be *changed*. *Thirty years hence*¹³, this nation¹, with its mighty labors¹ and problems¹, must be in the hands of a new³ generation³. Shall it be a generation better fitted than *this*³ for the work? Material¹ prosperity¹ will not save us¹, *wealth*¹ *unconsecrated*¹ may be our ruin¹⁴. Nor will mere *intellectual*⁵ *culture*⁵, nor the *beauties*¹ and *splendors*² of *architecture*¹⁸, *painting*¹⁸, and *sculpture*¹⁸. Nations¹¹ more magnificent¹¹ in all this than *we*¹ can hope to be for many a generation³, have fallen¹¹ headlong¹³ into ruin¹³. The times hungrily cry out for young¹⁸, strong¹⁸ men¹⁸ and noble women¹⁸, ready to live for something out⁵ of, beyond¹³, and above¹⁷ themselves¹. Eating and drinking are good¹, but the man who lives for eating³ and drinking³ alone³ is very low⁶ in the scale⁶. The delights¹ of scholarship¹, the pleasures¹ of music¹, poetry¹, painting¹ and sculpture¹ are good¹; but the man who lives for *these*³ *alone*³ has missed¹⁸ the true¹⁸ culture¹⁸, and though a little higher³ is still far⁶ below⁶ true¹ manhood¹. The necessities of the present³ and the immensely greater necessities of the near⁵ future⁵ will put discredit upon the assumed gentleman¹ and scholar¹ who turns aside from the great political tasks of the day, either for a monkish¹ pursuit¹ of his own¹ salvation¹ or a selfish cultivation of his capacity for social³ and intellectual³ pleasures³. It is impossible to suppose prosperous¹ churches¹ and schools¹ in a country torn¹⁴ by faction¹⁴ and ruled¹⁴ by corrupt mobs¹⁴; where license¹, supplanting liberty¹¹, goads¹³ the people on toward anarchy¹³ and a despairing¹ resort¹ to monarchical¹ despotism¹. It is equally impossible to suppose a free³, happy³ nation³, wisely¹⁸ governed¹⁸ and rapidly¹¹ progressing¹¹, while the men of the colleges³, and the churches³, presumably the best¹⁸ product¹⁸ of the nation’s⁵ culture⁵, treat the political¹ necessities¹ of humanity³ as alien¹ to their tastes¹ and duties¹. We believe that a free⁷ government⁷ affords the best¹¹ field¹¹ for intellectual¹ and moral¹ growth¹. *Liberty* is a *means*¹⁸ not an *end*¹! — a means for the *best development*³ of the *individual*³. The individuals who claim the *highest development*⁵, or, who, from their circumstances, *ought to possess*¹⁸ it, are doubly³ bound³ as citizen³ rulers³, each in his own¹ sphere¹, with due regard to the fitness¹ of things¹, to be well informed concerning all political³ duties³, and to discharge³ them *always*³ and *fully*³. Next to the worship of GOD⁵ there are no higher⁵, no more honorable³ duties³ than those peculiar to the American⁷ citizen⁷.

Gen. Joseph R. Hawley.

ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

WEARING HIS HAT.

CHARACTERS.—JAMES V., King of Scotland ; JOHN HOWIESON, a farmer ; A gaily dressed group to represent a King's Court.

SCENE I. — *An open country, and King James in disguise.*

King James. A rough fray we have had, my friend, with these wandering vagrants, and it may be that I owe my life to you.

Farmer Howieson. How did this trouble begin ?

K. J. I was making a little journey this sunshiny day, and weary of walking, I stopped to rest in a cool grove just over the bridge of Cramond, where I found a company of gypsies. They were engaged in a lively talk about the king, whom they called many evil names. They asked me my opinion of our sovereign. I replied that I believed him to be a well intentioned ruler, whose highest aims were to promote the happiness of his subjects. At this they were angered, and they attacked me with missiles. I hurried off to the bridge of Cramond, and there I defended myself against them, till you came to my assistance with your trusty threshing frail, and compelled them to fly.

F. So may all the enemies of King James be put to flight.

K. J. You are a loyal subject, I see. What is your name ?

F. John Howieson.

K. J. What is your occupation ? You have a right loyal heart, and the recollection of this interview will linger long in my mind. I love those who love Scotland, for by them, in her hour of need, must Scotland be defended, and in their devotion rests the stability of our throne. I wish to know you, my friend, for in my heart I believe that there is many a lord in Scotland less true and less worthy than you.

F. I am a laborer, my friend, and I work on the lands of Braehead, which belong to our sovereign, whom may Heaven bless and preserve.

K. J. My friend, suppose that I were a powerful lord, and rich in resources, and that I were to offer, in return for your assistance in defending myself to-day, to present you with some munificent gift. What would you choose ?

F. I have often thought that I should deem myself the most fortunate of men, if I possessed the pleasant and fruitful lands of Braehead.

K. J. The time may come when you will possess those pleasant and fruitful lands. I wish it might be so. I delight to see the noble in heart ennobled.

F. But who are *you*, my friend?

K. J. I am the Goodman of Ballengiech.

F. And what do you there?

K. J. I am in the service of the royal household. If you will come to the palace next Sabbath, I will show you the royal apartments, and, perhaps, will take you where you may see the king. I will then reward you for the service you have done me this day. Will you come?

F. I will come.

SCENE II. — *A room in the palace.*

King James (in disguise.) The blessing of this lovely morning attend you, Friend Howieson. Right glad am I to see you. How fares it with you to-day?

Farmer Howieson. Well.

K. J. A delightful walk you must have had this summer morning, and many pleasant sights you must have seen, as you stood on the hills near Edinburgh. I often steal away from the palace, to enjoy *such views as those*. The art of man but poorly compares with the handiwork of God. Friend Howieson, I intend to take you to-day into the presence of the king.

F. Into the presence of the king?

K. J. Yes. The king loves to welcome his loyal subjects.

F. But he would be offended on seeing a poor laborer, like me.

K. J. The king is but a man. He is placed in a position of responsibility and peril, and is recompensed for his cares and dangers by a *few baubles that men* envy, such as a sceptre and a crown. Without the good will of his subjects, a king is a weak and unhappy being.

F. Our king loves his people.

K. J. Thou hast well said. If you are ready, I will now take you through the palace, and will show you the rooms of state. (*They leave, and after an interval return.*)

F. Beautiful, beautiful all! Never did I dream that my poor eyes would see the glittering sights that I this day have seen. The Lord be praised! But grand and beautiful as is this royal palace, it is not too grand and beautiful for a sovereign who loves his people. Such a home as this must make a death-bed hard. How sad to think that even kings must die.

K. J. Thou hast well said, my friend. A palace makes a *death-bed* hard. Are you ready to go into the presence of the king?

F. But how shall I distinguish the king from the nobles of his court?

K. J. The king will wear his hat; the others will have their heads uncovered. (*They enter the royal apartment.*)

F. (*in a low voice.*) Let me keep as close to you as possible; I do not feel at ease among these glittering people. May I take your hand?

K. J. Here is my hand, my friend.

F. But where is the king? I do not recognize him now.

K. J. I told you that you would know him by his wearing his hat.

F. True, my friend; but they all have their heads uncovered.

K. J. Except you and the king.

F. And ought we not to remove our hats?

K. J. If neither of us is the king.

F. (*removing his hat.*) Only you and the king have your heads covered. Now which of these people is the king?

K. J. The man who wears his hat.

F. Then it must be *you*.

K. J. True, my friend.

F. *You?* Heaven defend and preserve me! *You?* Let me go, for I am a humble man, my lord. But bear me witness, I am a loyal subject, and I have spoken never a word against my king.

K. J. You may go. But take with you this paper, (*hands him a paper,*) which gives you full possession of the farms of Braehead. And whenever a king of Scotland shall cross the bridge of Cramond, let John Howieson or his descendants meet him there, bearing a ewer of water.

F. I cannot express my gratitude. May Heaven bless you. Farewell.

(*Spoken.*)

Three centuries long have rolled away,
 Since good John Howieson died;
 But still the beautiful farm of Brae,
 The Howiesons hold with pride.
 And when King George, the last of his name,
 To Holyrood's ancient palace came,
 The Howiesons brought to the king a ewer
 Brimming with water, cool and pure,
 And the noble knights and dames,
 As the King from the silver vessel poured
 The water bright, at the festal board,
 Gave a kindly thought to James.

Hezekiah Butterworth.



MISS HUMPHREYS has given us a charming sketch, which she met with in her rambles last summer, and through Mr. Pierce's usual promptness and skill we now present to our readers the picture of a "bare-foot boy," who is intently waiting "a bite." How admirably he illustrates the lines of Pope, which we have placed beneath the scene. Leaving him at his sport, with the assurance that patient waiting will bring success, and reward him with "a nice string of fish," we will at once answer the question which so many are anxiously expecting in the present number.

Of the twenty odd stories which were sent in response to our prize offer, only one can be the successful one. Yet several manifested that degree of merit which calls for an acknowledgment from us, and should encourage the young writers to cultivate the talents they possess. "A Border Story," by Herbert W. Magoun, Worcester, is one of these, and equally meritorious is "Daisy Roland's Two Christmases," by Kittie Phillips, Salem. Others may, on a second reading, be worthy of mention, but our present limited space does not permit further mention now.

"But you have not told us whose story got the prize," we hear from many, many voices. You are all right. The successful competitor is Miss Lucy Barrows, of Reading, who is in her eleventh year,

and her story, "Florence Irving," will soon appear in our pages.

But very few dialogues were sent in. Of these, Nellie M. Robinson of Portsmouth, N. H., offers the best, entitled "Dress."

The letter from Texas, gives us some idea of the progress making at the South, and we hope to give still further information relating to this subject. It cannot but be interesting to all our readers.

Those seeking more light are referred to our advertising pages, where F. A. Brown offers an excellent article for burning Kerosene, and S. A. Stetson & Co. can meet any want in the shape of gas-fixtures or fittings.

From O. Ditson & Co., we have received the following music.

1. Silver Spray. Original Theme with Variations, by Ella F. Locke.
2. Captivity, Far from the Haunts of Men. Song, by Paul Henrion.
3. The Irish King's Ride. Ballad, by Elizabeth Philp.
4. Nora Lee. Words by Mrs. E. A. H. Pendleton. Music by Lizzie M. Hervey.
5. None I Loved like Thee. Ballad with Chorus. Music by Wm. Adrian Smith.
6. Planchette. The celebrated Comic Song, sung by the Inimitable Barnabee. Words and Music by G. A. Veazie, Jr.
7. Immenseikoff Galop. By C. H. R. Marriott.
8. Ebb and Flood. Polka Mazurka, by F. Teikoff.
9. Little Hunting Song, and Wild Rider. Two simple piano pieces, by R. Schumann.
10. It's better to Laugh than to Cry Sung by W. H. Lee. Music by H. Clifton.
11. A Little after Eight. Words by George Cooper. Music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.



Answers.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 57. Chair. | 64. Pomfret. |
| 58. Norwich. | 65. Granby. |
| 59. Milford. | 66. Eastford. |
| 60. Canton. | 67. Andover. |
| 61. Salem. | 68. Windsor. |
| 62. Enfield. | 69. Sherman. |
| 63. Somers. | |
70. Fortissimo ; Extenuate ; Vehicle ; Forcible ; Wonder ; Tool ; Tenderly.
71. Love me, love my dog.
72. Pearl, pear, pea, ape.
73. Chimney-Elf Stories.

Eugene A. Chase reports, "Grains of Corn" as answer to enigma in "My Autobiography."

74. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in Pat, but not in Tim ;
 My second is in shape, but not in trim ;
 My third is in track, but not in cars ;
 My fourth is in Venus, but not in Mars ;
 My fifth is in quarter, but not in pound ;
 My sixth is in ship, but not in bound ;
 My seventh is in bay, but not in cape ;
 My eighth is in funeral, but not in crape ;
 My ninth is in rain, but not in snow ;
 My tenth is in plough, but not in hoe ;

My whole where a great battle was fought.
 RANGER.

75. Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 8, 11, 17, 7 is a shell-fish.

My 15, 5, 10, 3 is a stream of water.
 My 14, 9, 16 is to purchase.
 My 1, 12, 19 is not dry.
 My 18, 2, 4, 12 is a river of the old world.
 My 13, 6, 5, 11 is a useful article.
 My whole is an American Poet.

NORTH STAR.

76. Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 6, 5, 13, 11, 17 is a girl's name.
 My 14, 2, 18, 7 is a vehicle.
 My 11, 6 is a verb.
 My 6, 1, 2, 9, 10 is never large.
 My 1, 8, 6, 11, 14 is one of the fine arts.
 My 7, 19 is a preposition.
 My 4, 2, 7 is an animal.
 My 1, 2, 6, 7 is a part of a ship.
 My 4, 9, 17, 1 is a boy's name.

My whole is the name of a celebrated Roman Orator.
 M. C.

Sans Tetes.

77. Behead a period of time and leave a part of the human body.
 78. Behead an orb of light and leave an extract of tree.
 79. Behead a household article and leave a covering of the head ; again, and leave what we could not live without.
 80. Behead the value of an article of food ; again and leave a luxury, in summer.
 ROBINSON CRUSOE.

81. Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.
 My 1, 9, 4, 5, 6 is a seat.
 My 2, 8, 9 is a domestic animal.
 My 9, 10, 8 is a drink.
 My 3, 8, 9 is an article of dress.
 My 3, 5, 7, 10 to be prized.
 My 7, 10 is a pronoun.
 My whole is the name of a celebrated magazine.
 H. D. U.

82. Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 4, 13, 15, 16 is a state of repose.
 My 12, 9, 2, 14, 7 is a part of the body.
 My 18, 10 is a pronoun.

My 11, 1, 6, 19, 15, 9 is an article of food.

My 2, 5, 14 is something we cannot do without.

My 8, 17, 18 is an instrument to shoot with.

My 10, 2, 14 is a part of the head.

My 7, 16, 17 is an article of which cloth is made.

My 17, 3, 19 is a mineral.

My 13, 2, 16 is an animal.

My whole is a distinguished authoress.

A. R.

A Puzzling Story.

A large party once assembled to dine with me at my castle in the (1) [A river in Scotland].

There were many noted men present, among whom was

(2) A Catholic official [A poet].

(3) An embrace and a vowel [A writer].

(4) What one of Dicken's characters are continually asking for [A poet].

(5) One of the early birds of spring and a near relation [A writer.]

(6) A help to the feeble [An Explorer].

(7) A style of singing and a fastening [A man of science.]

The dining-hall was handsomely trimmed with (8) [An American author], and

(9) [An island in the Mediterranean].

When all were seated, I asked which of the following meats or fowls I should help them too ?

(10) An island in Massachusetts Bay, roasted.

(11) A writer, fried.

(12) An ancient rymster, broiled.

(13) An island, fricasseed, or in a pie, or would they prefer some of the following fish ?

(14) A strait on the Australian coast.

(15) A cape on the Atlantic coast.

One of my waiters was a (16) [A river in South America], whose name was (17) [A Mount in Massachusetts], I told him we needed another (18) [An island in the Pacific], to which he replied (19) [An island in the Pacific.]

On our table cloth we found a (20) [A river in Europe], and soon after discovered on the wall a small (21) [Point in Great Britain.]

One of my guests desired to eat the (22) [Mount in Asia], of an (23) [A river in Africa], but I told him he had better (24) [A cape on the Atlantic coast], for it was very indigestible, and I feared he would be (25) [A city in Ireland] with pain if he ate it.

Having had a (26) [Bay on the Pacific], we rose from the table and soon after, my guests took leave, and returned to their (27) [Poet].

"C."

83. Illustrated Rebus.





Worth Noting.

It is not a good plan, after you have driven a nail in a sure place, instead of just clinching and leaving it, to keep hammering away till you break the head off or split the board.

Work for It.

Some one says to young men, don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have, is an unquestionable reputation united with decision of character.

The public singer that draws the best is the mosquito.

Worthy of Imitation.

A kind lady in Lewiston, Me., recently had a rare pleasure. Finding by chance a girl of fifteen years, a cripple from birth, who had never seen any portion of the city, except the little visible from the window of her humble home, she took her in her sleigh and gave her an hour's ride. It was the poor girl's first introduction to the world, and everything was new and strange. The Falls excited her enthusiastic admiration, and the crowds of sleighs and people on the streets seemed to her like a fairy creation.

Stand Firm.

Decision is an admirable trait in the character of a young man. To the faint-

est whisper of error—to the sweetest smile of guilt—to the softest touch of sin—be decided in your resistance. What if jovial companions put the glass to your lips—breathe impurity to your ear—or plant the swearer's oath upon your tongue? Be determined to resist temptation. A decided negative at the first approach of sin wins half the victory. Irresolution has paved the highway of life with thorns and briars, and clothed the skies with sackcloth. It has whitened the regions of death with the bones of those who have perished by yielding to the demands of sin. Be decided and you will be safe.

Was he not Wise?

When the Duke of Wellington was prime minister of England, some crafty individual attempted by sly and insinuating questions to get a certain state secret out of him. "Sir," said the Duke, "if I thought the hair of my head knew what was inside of it, I would have it shaved, and wear a wig." The gentleman bade him good-day.

Duty first and Always.

Of present fame think little, and of future less; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the flowers that are strewed over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead; the dead are gone, either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Not if they have money.

Have you ever seen it?

"Nothing," says John Foster, "more palpably betrays littleness of soul, than a supercilious looking down on estimable friends, of inferior order, after a man has attained some unexpected elevation." And yet nothing is more common. A man meets with sudden increase of wealth, and he fails to recognize acquaintances whose favor he once

courted. A man forms some distinguished acquaintances, and the plain people with whom he was once glad to associate are passed away. According to Foster, there must be a great deal of meanness of soul in this world.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."

Something New.

It has been lately discovered that the springs of chronometers and watches, constructed of steel, are frequently magnetic. Steel is at all times liable to become magnetized from causes beyond man's control. Watchmakers are advised to test their springs as to magnetism by placing them near to a very small and truly balanced mariner's compass. If the spring exhibits in none of its circumference any tendency to move to one pole of the compass more than the other it may be considered free from magnetic influence; on the other hand, if the north pole moves to one part, and the south pole to the other, the spring is decidedly useless; for in whatever position the time-keeper may be placed with such a spring it will be affected by the earth's magnetism.

What ship is always laden with knowledge? Scholarship.

"Masther," said a little Irish rogue, one day to a gardener, are not plants great sluggards?" "No, certainly not," replied the gardener. "Why, oeh, I thout they were, as it's so rarely you sees 'em out of their beds."

Truly Contented.

Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him: "I have lived on this farm for over half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my fathers with the same people

for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier, I must have more religion.

A pious Quaker in Philadelphia was asked how he got so rich. He answered, "I get rich BY GIVING AWAY. I go about doing good with my money; and so God entrusts me with more and more."

A Word of Caution.

The "Westminster Gazette," says: "Those who have gone through the severest training become in the end, dull, listless, and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, and in many instances the ultimate victims of gluttony and drunkenness. Their unnatural vigor seldom lasts more than five years. It was especially remarked by the Greeks, that no one who in boyhood won the prize at the Olympic games, ever distinguished himself afterward. The three years immediately preceeding seventeen are years of great mental development; and nature cannot, at the same time, endure any severe taxing of the physical constitution. Prudence, therefore, especially at this critical period of life, must ever go hand in hand with vigor; for the evils of excess outweigh by far the evils of deficiency."

Think of this.

One of the most important things to be considered in dress is the careful covering of the chest and back. Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of these portions of the body from cold is too generally practiced, especially by ladies. To cover the chest alone most carefully is not enough. There should be thick covering between the shoulders.

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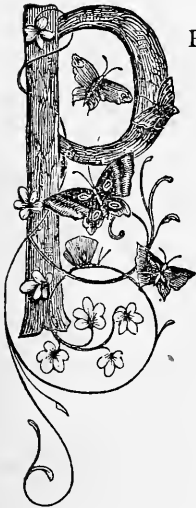
Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MARTIN'S WILD GOOSE CHASE.



PROBABLY nothing could have given Martin greater pleasure than this unexpected meeting with his step-children. He did not reflect that the pleasure might not be mutual, but determined to make himself known without delay. Hurrying forward, he placed one hand on the shoulder of Rufus, saying, "Glad to see you, Rufus, what have you been up to lately? Here's Rose too, I expect she's glad to see me."

At the first sound of his voice poor Rose began to tremble. Clinging closer to her brother, she said, "Don't let him take me, Rufie."

"He shan't touch you, Rose," said Rufus, manfully.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," said Martin, smiling maliciously.

"That's where you're right," said Rufus, bluntly. "We are not glad to see you. I suppose that don't surprise you much. Come along, Rose."

He tried to leave Martin, but Martin did not choose to be left. He

shuffled along by the side of our hero, considerably to the disgust of the latter, who was afraid he might fall in with some acquaintance whose attention would be drawn to the not very respectable looking object who had accosted him, and learn the relationship that existed between them.

"You seem to be in a hurry," sneered Martin.

"I am in a hurry," said Rufus. "It's late for Rose to be out."

"That's what I was thinking," said Martin. "Considerin' that I'm her natural protector, it's my duty to interfere."

"A pretty sort of protector you are!" retorted Rufus, scornfully.

"You're an undootiful boy," said Martin, "to speak so to your father."

"Who do you mean?"

"Ain't I your father?"

"No, you are not. If you were, I'd be ashamed of you. Mr. Martin, we have n't any thing to do with each other. You can go your way, and I'll go mine. I shan't interfere with you, and I shan't allow you to interfere with me."

"Ho, ho!" said Martin, "when was you twenty-one, I'd like to know?"

"It does n't make any difference when. Good night."

"You don't get rid of me so easy," said Martin. "I'll foller you home."

By this time they had reached the corner of Broadway and Union Square. Rufus was placed in an awkward position. He had no authority to order Martin away. He might follow them home, and ascertain where they lived, and probably would do so. Rufus felt that this would never do. Were their home known to Mr. Martin, he would have it in his power to lie in wait for Rose, and kidnap her as he had done once before. He would never feel easy about his little sister under these circumstances. Yet what could he do? If he should quicken his pace, Martin would do the same.

"What do you want to follow us for?" he asked. "What good is it going to do you?"

"Don't you trouble yourself about that," said Martin, exulting in our hero's evident perplexity. "Considerin' that you two are my children, I may want to come and see you sometime."

Here Rose began to cry. She had always been very much afraid of Martin, and feared now that she might fall into his hands.

"Don't cry, Rose," said Rufus, soothingly. "He shan't do you any harm."

"Maybe he won't if you treat him well," said Martin. "Look here, Rufus. I'm hard up — dead broke. Have n't you a dollar to spare?"

"Are you going to follow us?"

"Maybe I won't, if you'll give me the dollar."

"I can't trust you," said Rufus, suspiciously. "I'll tell you what," he added after a little thought, "Go up to Madison Park, and sit down on one of the seats, and I'll come up in half an hour, or three quarters at most, and give you the dollar."

"Do you think I'm so green?" sneered Martin. "I might stop there all night without seein' you. All you want is a chance to get away without my knowin' where."

"No," said Rufus, "I'll do what I promise. But you must go up there now, and not follow us."

"That don't go down," said Martin. "You don't ketch a weazel asleep."

"Well," said Rufus, coolly, "you can do just as you please. If you accept my offer, you shall have a dollar inside of an hour. If you don't, you won't get a penny."

Still Martin was not persuaded. He felt sure that Rufus meant to mislead him, and being unreliable himself, he put no confidence in the promise made by our hero. He prepared to follow him home, as the knowledge of where Rose lived would probably enable him to extort more than a dollar from the fear and anxiety of Rufus. So he repeated —

"That don't go down! You ain't quite smart enough to take me in. I'm goin' to follow you, and find out where you live."

"Better give him the dollar now, Rufus," suggested Miss Manning, who felt nearly as anxious as Rose.

"No," said Rufus, decidedly, "I shan't gain anything by it. As soon as he got the money he'd follow us all the same."

"What will you do?" asked Miss Manning, anxiously.

"You'll see," said Rufus, composedly.

He had been busily thinking, and a plan had suggested itself to his mind, which he thought offered probably the best way out of the difficulty. He reflected that probably Mr. Martin, judging from his appearance, was penniless, or nearly so. He therefore decided to jump on board a horse-car, and thus elude him.

When they reached the corner of University Place, a car was seen approaching.

Rufus hailed it.

"Are we going to ride?" asked Rose.

"Yes, Rose; and now, whatever I do, I want you to keep perfectly still and say nothing. Will you promise?"

"Yes, Rufie."

Rufus exacted this promise, as Rose might unconsciously, by some unguarded exclamation, betray the very knowledge which he was anxious to conceal.

Martin fathomed the purpose of our hero, and determined not to be balked. He had five cents which had just been given him out of charity at the door of the Academy, and though the fare on the horse-cars was one cent more, he thought he might make it do. Accordingly he got into the car after Rufus.

"I could n't bear to leave such agreeable company," he said, with a leer. "Horse-cars are free, I believe."

"I believe they are," said Rufus.

"I wonder how much money he's got," thought our hero. "I guess I can drain him after a while."

The conductor came along, and Rufus paid for Miss Manning and Rose, as well as himself. Martin was hanging on a strap near by.

"Your fare," said the conductor.

Martin plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew out five cents. He plunged his hand in again, and appeared to be hunting about for the extra penny.

"I declare," said he, "I believe I've lost the other cent. Won't five cents do?"

"Could n't let you ride under six cents," said the conductor. "It's against the rules."

"I can't see where it is," said Martin, hunting again.

"I'll pay the other penny," said a gentleman sitting near.

"Thank you, sir," said Martin, "Very much obliged to you. I'm a poor man, but it's on account of some undutiful children that I've spent all my money on, and now they begrudge their poor father a few pennies."

He looked at Rufus, but our hero did not see fit to apply the remark to himself, nor, considering that he used to help support Martin, did he feel any particular remorse.

If Martin had been a more respectable looking object, if his nose had been a trifle less red, and his whole appearance less suggestive of intemperate habits, the remark he had let fall might have stirred some of his listeners to compassion. But no one, to look at him, would wonder much at a want of filial affection towards such a father. So, though he looked round to notice the effect, hoping that he might elicit some sympathy which should take a pecuniary form, he perceived that his appeal had fallen upon stony ground. Nobody seemed particularly impressed, and the hope of a contribution from some compassionate listener faded out.

Rufus was a witness of this scene, and of course it enabled him to fathom Martin's resources. He congratulated himself that they were so speedily exhausted. He did not get out when the car reached Waverley Place, for obvious reasons, but kept on till they came to Bleecker Street. Rose was about to express surprise, but a look from Rufus checked her.

At Bleecker Street he signalled to the conductor to stop. The latter obeyed the signal, and our hero got out, followed not only by Rose and Miss Manning, but, as might have been expected, also by Martin.

"You don't get rid of me so easy," said the latter, triumphantly.

"Don't I?" asked Rufus, coolly. "Are you going to follow me still?"

Martin answered in the affirmative, with an oath.

"Then," said Rufus, coolly, "I'll give you all the following you want to do."

A car bound in the opposite direction was approaching. Rufus hailed it, and it came to a stop.

Martin, who had not been anticipating this move, stopped a moment, staring, crestfallen, at Rufus; but recovering himself quickly, jumped on the platform, resolved to try his luck.

Rufus paid his fare. Martin did n't volunteer to pay his, but looked steadily before him, hoping that he might escape the conductor's observation. But the latter was too sharp for that.

"Fare?" he said.

"All right," said Martin, plunging his hand into his pocket. Of course he drew out nothing, as he anticipated.

"I declare," he said, "I believe I have n't any money with me."

"Then get off."

"Could n't you let me off this time?" asked Martin, insinuatingly; "I'm a poor man."

"So am I," said the conductor, bluntly. "You must get off."

"Is n't there any gentleman that 'll lend a poor man six cents?" asked Martin, looking round.

But nobody seemed disposed to volunteer assistance, and Martin was compelled reluctantly to jump off.

But he did n't give up yet. The car did n't go so fast but that he could keep up with it by running. It chafed him that Rufus should get the better of him, and he ran along on the sidewalk, keeping the car continually in sight.

"He's running," said Miss Manning, looking out; "What a determined man he is. I'm afraid he 'll find us out."

"I'm not afraid," said Rufus. "He'll get tired of running by the time we get to Central Park."

"Shall you ride as far as that?"

"If necessary."

For about a mile Martin held out, but by this time he became exhausted, and dropped behind. The distance between him and the car gradually increased, but still Rufus rode on for half a mile further. By this time Martin was no longer in sight.

"We'll cross over to Sixth Avenue," he said, "so that Martin may not see us on our return."

This suggestion was adopted, luckily, for Martin had posted himself at a favorable place, and was scanning attentively every returning car. But he waited and watched in vain till long after the objects of his pursuit were safe at home and in bed.

CHAPTER XII.

MARTIN'S LUCK TURNS.

MARTIN continued to watch for an hour or two, sitting in a door-way. At length he was forced to conclude that Rufus had given him the slip, and this tended by no means to sweeten his temper. In fact his position was not altogether a pleasant one. It was now past midnight, and having no money, he saw no other way than to spend the night in the street. Besides he was hungry, and that was a complaint which was likely to get worse instead of better. As for Rufus, Martin had never before seen him so well dressed, and it seemed clear that he was prospering.

"He's an ungrateful young rascal," muttered Martin, "livin' in ease and comfort, while I am left to starve in the street."

It would have been rather hard to tell what Rufus had to be grateful for, unless for the privilege which he had enjoyed for some time of helping support his step-father, but Martin persuaded himself that he was ungrateful and undutiful, and grew indignant over his fancied wrongs, as he lay back in discomfort on the stone step which he had selected as his resting place.

The night passed slowly away, and when the morning light came, Martin got up very stiff and sore, and more hungry than ever, and began to wonder where he was likely to get any breakfast. Begging seemed to him on the whole, the easiest way of getting along, but it was too early for that. After a while, however, the street began to be

peopled, and he walked up to a gentleman who was approaching, and assuming a look which he thought indicative of wretchedness, whined out, "Would you be willing to help a poor man, sir?"

The gentleman stopped.

"So you are poor?" he said.

"Yes," said Martin, "I have been very unfortunate."

"Why don't you work?"

"I can't find any work to do," answered Martin.

"Have n't you got any friends to help you?"

"They've all turned against me," said Martin. "Even my own children have turned me out of the house to shift for myself."

"How old are your children?" asked the other.

Martin hesitated, for this question was a little embarrassing.

"One of them is sixteen," he said.

"A son?"

"Yes."

"Did you support him, or did he support you?" was the natural inquiry.

"I supported him," said Martin, "but he's an undootiful, ungrateful scamp, and —"

"Then it appears that he has relieved you from taking care of him, and you have only yourself to provide for. It appears to me that you ought to get along better than before."

"If I could get any work."

"What sort of work do you want to do?"

"If I had a few dollars, I could set up in some light business."

"You will have to apply elsewhere for the money, my friend," said the gentleman; "to be frank with you, your appearance does n't speak in your favor," and he walked on.

"That's the way the rich and prosperous treat the poor," soliloquized Martin, feeling that the whole world was in a conspiracy against him. Those who undertake to live without work are very apt to arrive at such conclusions.

Martin concluded, on the whole, that he would n't refer to being turned out of his house next time, as it might lead to embarrassing questions.

He approached another gentleman, and began with the same appeal for assistance.

"What's the matter? Can't you work?" was the reply.

"I've had a severe fit of sickness," said Martin, forcing a cough, "and I'm very feeble. I hain't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours, and I've got a wife and five little children dependent on me."

"If that don't bring something," thought Martin, "nothing will."

"Where do you live?"

"No. 578 Twenty-Fourth Street," answered Martin, glibly.

Now the individual addressed was a gentleman of leisure, of a philanthropic turn of mind, and one who frequently visited the poor at their homes. Martin's story seemed pitiful, and he concluded to inquire into it.

"I'm sorry for you," he said. "I'll go round with you and see your family, and see what can be done for them."

This was just what Martin did not want. As the family he spoke of was entirely imaginary, it would only result in exposure and disappointment. Yet he knew not how to refuse.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," he said. "I'm afraid it would be too much trouble."

"No, I've nothing pressing for an hour. I always like to relieve the unfortunate."

"What shall I do?" thought Martin, as he walked by the side of the benevolent stranger. At length an idea struck him.

"It is n't everybody that would be willing to risk going with me," he said.

"Why not?"

"They'd be afraid to come."

"Why? What danger is there?"

"My third child is most dead with the small-pox," answered Martin, with a very dejected look.

"Good heavens! and I might have carried the infection home to my children," exclaimed the stranger, in excitement.

"Then you won't go with me?" asked Martin.

"Here," said the gentleman, producing fifty cents, "here's a little money. Take it, and I hope it'll do you good."

"I reckon it will," thought Martin, as he took the money. "It'll buy me some breakfast and a couple of cigars. That's a pretty good idea, havin' a child sick with the small-pox. I'll know what to do next time anybody wants to go home with me."

As soon as Martin found himself in funds he took measures to satisfy his appetite. He really had not eaten anything since the middle of the day previous, and felt that he could do justice to a substantial breakfast. He walked along until he came to a restaurant where the prices seemed to be reasonable, and went in. Seating himself at one of the tables, he gave his order, and presently a plate of meat and cup of coffee were placed before him. To these he devoted himself with such vigor that they were soon despatched. Still Martin's appetite was not

satisfied. Much as he wanted a cigar, the claims of hunger were imperative, and he ordered breakfast to the extent of his resources.

Opposite him at the table, sat a man of middle age with bushy whiskers, and a scar on his left cheek. He wore a loose sack coat, and a velvet vest. His thick, bunchy fingers displayed two large, showy rings, set with stones, probably imitation. He finished his breakfast before Martin, but still retained his seat, and watched him rather attentively. Martin was too busily engaged to notice the scrutiny to which he was subjected. After sitting awhile the stranger drew out a cigar, and lighting it, began to smoke.

This drew Martin's attention. As the flavor of the cigar, which was a very good one, reached his nostrils, he began to feel a regret that he had not reserved a part of his funds for the purchase of a cigar. His opposite neighbor observed his look, and for a reason which will appear, saw fit to gratify Martin's desire.

"I don't like to smoke alone," he said, drawing another cigar from his pocket. "Won't you have a cigar?"

"Thank you," said Martin, eagerly accepting it. "You're very kind."

"Don't mention it. So you like to smoke. Light it by mine."

"Yes," said Martin, "I like smoking, but I'm a poor man, and I can't afford to smoke as often as I want to."

"Been unfortunate?" said the stranger, suggestively.

"Yes," said Martin, "luck's been ag'inst me. I could n't get work to do, and my family turned ag'inst me because I was poor. I've got two children livin' on the fat of the land, but one of 'em refused me a dollar last night, and left me to sleep in the streets."

"That's bad," said the other.

"He's an undootiful son," said Martin.

"Better luck by-and-by," said the stranger. "Luck'll turn, it's likely."

"I wish it would turn pretty quick," said Martin. "I've spent my last cent for breakfast, and I don't know where I'm to get dinner."

"The world owes every man a living," remarked the stranger, sententiously.

"So it does," said Martin. "I don't see what's the use of bein' born at all, if you're goin' to starve afterwards."

"Very true. Now I'll tell you what my principle is."

"What is it?" asked Martin, who was becoming interested in his companion.

"If the world owes me a living, and is n't disposed to pay up

promptly, I think it's perfectly right for me to collect the debt any way I can."

"So do I," said Martin, though he did not exactly see the other's drift.

"For instance, if I was starving, and my next neighbor was a baker, and had plenty of bread, the law of self-preservation justifies me in taking a loaf."

"Without payin' for it?"

"Yes, if I have not got any money to pay. I'm entitled to my share of food, and if others keep it from me I have a right to help myself, have not I?"

"That's so," said Martin, "only it's dangerous."

"Of course there is a risk about it, but then there's a risk in starvin', is not there?"

"I should think there was," said Martin.

"I thought we should agree pretty well. Now tell me what you propose to do. Perhaps I can assist you."

"I don't know what to do," said Martin. "I can't get work. What do you do?"

"I'm in business," said the stranger, evasively.

"Could not you give me a chance, that is, if it ain't hard work? I ain't so strong as I was once, and I ain't fit for hard work."

"Well, perhaps I may be able to do something for you," said the stranger. "If you'll walk with me a little way, we'll smoke another cigar, and talk it over. What do you say?"

Of course Martin accepted the proposal with alacrity. He did not want to go back to his work as a carpenter, having lost all relish for honest industry. He would rather beg, or do anything else for a living. He had a very indefinite idea of the nature of the proposal which was coming, but whatever it might be, was not likely to be shocked at it.

"Here, give me your check," said the stranger.

He paid, therefore, for Martin's breakfast as well as his own, leaving that gentleman's fifty cents intact. Martin was not used to such attention, and appreciated it. For the first time he began to think that his luck had really turned.

The two went out into the street together, and were soon engaged in earnest conversation.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



KATE FLOYD'S BOOK.

QN a pleasant June afternoon, the pupils of a young ladies' seminary were assembled in the grounds devoted to their use, and variously amusing themselves. Some were playing croquet in the open spaces, some, sitting on the edge of the pond, were feeding the swans, or skipping stones, that were brought them by some of the younger girls, busily employed in hunting for them in the gravel paths.

Under a group of fine old oaks a circle was formed of girls, working, and singing as they worked. After repeating one song that was evidently a favorite, they paused in their singing.

"I wonder what the old Druids would say to hear us singing songs of this kind under the oaks that they valued so highly," said Jenny Porter, leaning against the trunk of one of the trees, and gazing at the wide-spreading branches. "You know the oaks were their temples, and I suppose we should not like to hear any one singing 'Ten little Ingins,' in our churches."

"I wonder where the name of Druid came from," said Lina Russell.

"I happen to know," said Jenny, "as I saw it one day in an old history that is full of pictures, and a majestic Druid with a long beard and flowing robes is shown, and it says, Druid comes from "Deru," an oak. They were savage creatures to burn whole crowds of human beings in cages."

"Oh, they thought it pleased the gods," said Lina.

"Yes, but it really pleased them mightily to hear the shrieks and see the torments of the victims. Fancy such a performance in England or America in these days!"

"Come, girls, supposing we sing, 'I love sixpence,' and let the Druids alone; it is bad enough to have to learn about such worthies, or rather unworthies, without talking them over in the open air," said Nettie Foster.

"Well, you begin, and we will join in," said Jenny. And they were just singing the first verse, when they saw one of the pupils, Kate Floyd, rushing towards them from the house, and darting into the circle, she hurled a book with all her strength up into the tree, where it disappeared, caught in the branches and covered with the thick foliage.

"There," cried the excited girl, "there you are, and there you may stay till your leaves drop out, before I will try to find you!" And exhausted with her efforts to throw the book, she sat down on the grass and began to smooth her hair with her hands.

"I suppose you all think I am crazy," said she, "but if I am not wholly, I should be soon with that book. But now for peace and quiet! My enemy is lodged in safety, and it is against the rule to borrow books."

"What book has injured you so terribly?" said Nettie. "You might at least say you are sorry for having disturbed our nice quiet party. You come flying in here like a wild girl, without seeming to think that we are not all in a rage, too. Something is always driving you to distraction. What new freak is this? Do enlighten us."

"Freak!" said Kate, "I don't call it a freak to get rid of a musty old book that is the plague of your life, when you want to be out of doors and having some fun."

"What was the book?" asked Jenny. "History, I suppose, as you voted Caractacus an old bore, and Boadicea a nuisance, last week. Has some new old hero or heroine turned up to worry you?"

"No, it is not history, Caractacus and I are good friends now. I consider it a mercy I am at least allowed to read about him in my own language, without stumbling through a dictionary as big as a chest to find out every other word, and forget it as soon as found. I rather admire Caractacus now, and I should like to beg his pardon for any

slight I put upon him. I am so sorry he had to be paraded through Rome for the benefit of the cruel Romans. As for Boadicea, I wish I could have seen her in her chariot, plunging into the midst of her enemies with her hair flying, as it is in the picture. I wish, by the way, that I had her splendid hair, it would be all the fashion now; my short curls look more like the Roman soldier style."

"I begin to know the book reposing in the tree so comfortably," said Jenny. "It is Virgil, I am sure, is it not?"

"Yes, of course it is, and my natural enemy; you might have seen his old leather back if you had been quick enough."

"Quick enough!" said Nettie. "You came swooping down like a vulture, and there was hardly time for us to get our breath. But I like Virgil, so I can't sympathise."

"I can't like it. I have seen this very one in the attic all my life, and I never even felt inclined to open it. I did not suppose any one would ever look into it again. I did not even know whether Virgil was a town or a plant. And then to have to study it through such tribulation, word after word, when it is much better off in the attic with other useless furniture, it is too trying!"

"But I daresay you will end by praising it, and calling it your favorite, for of course, it must come down, and you must study it," said Jenny.

"I never shall like it, even if you say so, Jenny," said Kate, "though I want to like everything you do, everybody says your taste is so good."

"I have heard you talk against a book before this, but after a while, you're the most enthusiastic of all," said Jenny; "only you are too impatient, the introduction is always difficult."

"But I don't see what you can admire in Virgil. I like poetry generally, but it is not Latin poetry, certainly, or at least, I make horrible English prose of it, and spoil it. But now for some fun! Come, girls, hop up, and let us have a game."

So they all went off to the pine trees, and after fastening their handkerchiefs to the trees, played "Puss in the corner," until they were weary from running on the slippery pine needles.

"Now, come," said Jenny to Kate, "let us go to the great swing, and I will tell you a story, while we cool off."

So having made themselves comfortable, Jenny was ready to begin, when Kate declared it was a pity the others should not hear, she told such capital stories. But Kate thought it might not be new to them, so she began:

"Once on a time, a famous chief —"

"Oh, I know him," interrupted Kate, "Uncas, of course, so it is an Indian story. Well, go on, I dote on the Indians."

"You may imagine him in whatever country you like," said Jenny. "I am not going to mention names, though it is hard to tell a story so. This chief, after the ruin of his native city, set out with his friends in search of a new home in a distant land of the West. In the confusion of departure, his wife was separated from him and lost, but his father and young son went with him.

"They set sail, and at the first island upon which they landed, as the chief tore some twigs from a bush, it dropped blood. As he started back in horror, a voice from the ground cried, 'Spare me! I am your kinsman, cruelly murdered in this spot for the sake of my treasure; this bush is nourished with my blood.'" The adventurers remembered the disappearance of their friend with great treasures, and hastened away from a land stained with crime.

"They next landed at an island fastened to the bottom of the sea by adamantine chains, but here they were warned to pass on to a more distant western isle.

"Again they sailed, and landed at a charming island, where herds freely roamed over the fields and hills. But hideous birds with the heads of maidens, with hungry faces and long claws, darted hither and thither, uttering sharp cries of hunger and rage. A feast was prepared from the cattle they had slain, and all had gathered round the savory viands and disposed themselves to enjoy their ease, when they heard a clashing sound and shrieks, and these fearful birds pounced down on the meats and carried them off in the air. The men dealt blows at them, but in vain; they easily escaped, for they were covered with a metal-like casing.

"Sailing away, they coasted along another island, where a fearful monster came down to the shore and roared to them to come to him. His eyes were gone, and he had come to the sea-shore to bathe the great cavernous sockets. But the invited guests did not remain to gratify his request, but sailed on and on, meeting with many strange sights as they neared different coasts.

"After some mishaps and losses, they landed on a coast where there was a flourishing city built. Their arrival caused much commotion in the harbor, and being reported to the queen, she invited them to remain and partake of the hospitality of the city and palace; showed them regal favor, inviting their chief and some of his comrades to a banquet with herself and courtiers.

"She had formerly suffered much herself, and knew how to pity the unfortunate. She entertained her guests with festivals and hunting

parties, or whatever might lighten the remembrance of their toils. And in return, the chief related to her his story, and the fate of his former friends.

“Charmed by the relation of his heroic deeds, after days of companionship and continued pleasure, she offered him her hand and kingdom. He was solaced for his numerous cares and griefs, and determined to accept the present happiness and remain as husband to the queen, and ruler of the land, content to enjoy a peaceful home.

“But after many happy months of undisturbed satisfaction in his new lot, the warning came to leave his adopted country, to continue his wanderings and seek a more distant home.

“Recognizing the decree of heaven, he resigned himself to parting with all his new possessions, and leaving the queen, to go himself in search of the promised asylum. Notwithstanding their mutual affection, and the persuasive tones of the fond appeals of his wife, he ordered his men to make ready the ships, and soon departed from the friendly shores. But when he had gone, the love and pride of the queen could not sustain the blow, and in her despair she ordered a funeral pile to be erected, on which the royal couch was placed; then she mounted to it, stabbed herself, and expired in the flames. The fleet was not yet out of sight, and could discern the flames.

“After continued mishaps and varying fortune, our hero at length reached the land of his search, again married a princess, and their descendants ruled over a vast empire.”

“Is that the end?” said Kate. “I suppose it is, as stories usually stop in just such a place. But I am much obliged to you, Jenny, it is as good as a novel; I should like to know where you find such nice stories. You must write me a list of really good books, for I like to read, but I want to be sure the book is worth reading when I begin. But let some of the books have stories of this kind.”

“I have only given you a mere outline of the story. It is full of descriptions of festivals, storms, a hunting party, wonders of nature, and strange adventures among strange outlandish people; and it has been, and will long be a favorite with many. But you must read for yourself.”

“I wish you had told the names; I thought they must slip out by accident every now and then. That chief was a barbarian to desert the queen who had treated him so well and made a king of him; and then to go sailing away in such a heartless fashion, pretending all the while that the gods had warned him to go. The gods had to take the blame for many a misdeed in those days, and it was a mighty convenient way they had to excuse themselves, by declaring they had received a message

from Jupiter by his messenger, who told them to do so and so, when it just suited their own ideas. I wish I could make Miss Moore understand that I have a warning to leave off Latin."

"But perhaps she might think it was a false message, as no doubt the ancients found out theirs to be often," said Jenny, "but you will lose a great deal if you give it up."

"What, pray? It seems to me I am losing my time now, and that is quite a loss to me."

"Why, all this story you like so well is in the book in the tree, and the hero is Eneas, and the queen Dido!"

"In that old dud of a book!" said Kate, much astonished. "A hunting party and love story under that old leather back!"

"Yes, truly," said Jenny, "and I will put Virgil in the list of books that you are to read through. But the story is not all in the first four pages."

"I know that well enough," said Kate. "I can only find out that somebody is tossed about by land and sea, in search of something. Juno is angry, and jealous of Minerva, and then enters Neptune, careering over the waves with all his paraphernalia, in great style. But it is beyond me to find out the drift of the story, if there is one."

"Well, if you will come to my room this evening," said Jenny, "I will read over the Trojan War, with the history of the wanderers and all those who fought and died. But now we must get the poor old book down from the tree. Perhaps you will like it yet, and all the more because it is in such a rough binding. Here, Johnny," cried she to a boy with a wheelbarrow, "come here and climb a tree for me, please."

"What for, Miss?" asked the boy.

"To find a book that we suppose is in that large oak tree."

So up went Johnny, and soon came down with the book in his hand.

"Here it is, Kate," said Jenny, "and I hope you will think it sufficiently punished, and not treat it so roughly again."

"I don't know certainly," said Kate, "but perhaps for your sake I may be more considerate to its feelings. But you don't wonder now, do you, that I sent it flying up there? But now, with your help, I may make something out of it. Only it was such blind work alone. I wish I were in the second book."

"You will soon be there. But now we must go in, it is getting dark, and many of the girls have already gone into the house."

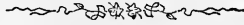
So they went in, both quite happy. Kate grateful for her friend's kind interest and promised help, and Jenny pleased to assist her in driving away uncomfortable and discouraging thoughts.

Kate was a favorite for her many good qualities, though she often

startled her companions by her sudden outbursts ; but they overlooked this, as she was always ready to assist in any plan for the general amusement ; her ringing laugh and droll sayings would follow fast on one of her attacks, as the girls called them.

Virgil was duly conquered, and as was predicted, it became a favorite study with Kate, and she was sorry when it was finished.

Amy Lovell.



CROSSING TRACKS.



HERE was a stir of busy life in Farmer Ramsdell's yard one November morning, as the sun was struggling to part the clouds and send one bright beam to light gloomy Stratton Mountain.

Job Ramsdell, a yellow haired, stout farmer boy had filled a large basket with coarse salt, and was trying to pull a stout rope from a pile of lumber, when a noble-faced young man drove a load of wood into the shed.

"Gid," said Job, — he had unloosed the rope and held it behind him, "father's bent on taking David with us, he says 't will toughen him. I say it's t'arnal mean, David haint no more grit than that white kitten o' his'n, sits all day reading to his ma'm. I'll lose my guess if me and you ain't beat out by the time them critters is fetched and David brung hum."

Having delivered himself of this hearty speech, Job picked up his basket and started for the house. Gideon unloosed the oxen and stepped out into the yard. As he glanced at the threatening sky, he said in an undertone : "It's too bad, Davie, father will take you out this cold day, humsoever, brother Gid will look out for you."

"Boys — have ye done the chores and got things ready?"

"Yes sir, all's ready," called Job, from the pile of boards where he had been busy the past ten minutes secreting two pieces of rope about his person.

A city boy, boarding at the Half-way House the past summer, had made a friend of Job on the trouting expeditions, and in return for a quantity of spruce gum, had given him a book of adventures. Job had spelled it out so slowly that he had by heart the account of a buffalo hunt. All the hunter in Job was stirred to its uttermost, and the ambition of his life was to join in a buffalo chase. When his father signified his intention to bring home the wandering cattle on the mountain before

the threatened storm should overtake them, Job thought something akin to his dear desire would be gratified. After their summer freedom, the animals would be wild, and when Gideon and his father were out of sight, there would be a fine chance to try the lasso.

After Farmer Ramsdell received Job's answer, he drew on his patched blue frock, tucked his pantaloons into the tops of his cowhide boots, took down his heavy hickory whip-stock with its hard twisted lash, and then stepped briskly into the kitchen. Mrs. Ramsdell, whose fine face and gentle ways seemed in strange contrast with the roughness about her, was crowding into a stout bag, huge slices of brown bread, sage cheese, cold meat and fat doughnuts.

"Victuals for four, Almiry, David's agoing with us."

"Father, you do not mean to take that child on the mountain to-day. Yesterday the sun shone through snow-banks, and this morning we have no sunshine."

"If I don't mean it, my name ain't Silas Ramsdell. Nine years living with me oughter have teach'd ye I kin have my way. Ye want to go, don't ye, David?"

The man turned to a slender boy of about seven years, who stood close to his mother, and whose black eyes flashed as he answered, "No, I do not think it is right for you to make me go when mother feels so bad."

"There, ye see what it's coming to, a sassy, shiftless fellow, who can't earn his salt. Money don't grow on bushes, 'specially on Stratton Mountain; your boy'll earn his'n or find it mighty scarce. If his Grandther was a minister, he ain't no better than the other boys. You've cuddled your cosset lamb long enough, Almiry, it's time he was turned out; them critters has got to be folded afore them snowbanks yonder are down onto us. David can help hunt as well as the other boys."

"Father, don't be harder with David than with your cattle, he is not used to cold winds and hard tramps; I want my boy to work, but he must begin little by little."

"T ain't no kind o' use to talk Almiry, my mind is made up, he's agoing. Bundle him up as much as yer a mind, but he'll go. Step round, David, and show some life."

"Mother," said Gideon, who came in for his mittens, and saw the tears fall as the little cap was tied over David's ears, "don't take a bit of worry for him, I'll see to it no harm comes to him. I never failed you yet, have I, mother?"

"No, Gideon, an own son could not have been truer, God will bless you, and if he lives David may do something for you."

"That I will," said David, a bright flush kindling his cheek, "I mean

to get away from this mountain, and be rich like the people we read about, and what 's mine will be yours, brother Gideon."

"That is as 't is," said Gideon, "I'm paid for this job as I go 'long, but come what will, I don't believe you'll forget brother Gideon."

"No! no! never as long as I live," said David.

When the party had gone a few rods from the house they came to a bend in the road, a moment more — home and mother would be lost to sight, David turned, put his little hands to his mouth, as he had seen Gideon and his father do when shouting across the lots, and called, "Good-bye, mother, I 'll be gone only a little while."

The cattle had strayed farther than Mr. Ramsdell had expected, and many a call and shout penetrated the dusky darkness of the forest before a single tinkling bell rang out upon the frosty air."

"My fun 's small play this time," muttered Job to himself, and in a revengeful mood he thrashed his stout stick right and left among the withered branches. Suddenly a crackling of underbrush startled him, a few steps brought him to a large clearing where stood huddled together the greater part of the missing cattle.

"I ain't up stump this time," said Job, joyfully. Cautiously he pulled the rope that seemed the stoutest from its concealment, and then with a desperate look in his eye, leaped forward and flung it at the boldest-faced animal of the group. Alas! practice had not made Job an expert, and with a wild tossing of the head, the bullock dashed into the woods followed by the rest.

Mr. Ramsdell's loud "Co', boss!" sounded on the air.

"O dear!" exclaimed Job, "I 'll catch it."

Hastily secreting the rope under a heap of dry leaves he plunged into the forest in the direction opposite that taken by the cattle. A few strides brought him face to face with his father.

"I heerd a crackling, and was sure 't was some o' them pesky critters. Did n't you heern nothing, Job?"

"Where 's Gid and David?" said Job, evasively.

"Gideon was no better than nobody while the boy was 'long. I sent him to Rider's Clearing, David can follow the brook from there to the saw-mill, then strike inter the road fur hum."

"Now, Davie, go right home, mother will worry," said Gideon, after he had given the child directions he could not miss.

"The sun shines a little here, and I am so tired, may I rest awhile brother Gideon?"

"Yes, but not long, it's a dark day, and night will come fast."

"I wonder if I could build a chip house," thought David, as he saw the material heaped about him. He set himself to work, and very soon a neat little establishment rewarded his efforts. "Now something ought to live in this," he thought, as he stepped back to view his creation.

A red-coated squirrel came out from under a fallen tree, and disappeared in the woods.

"O, if I could only catch him, or one of his brothers."

Animated by the thought, David left the clearing and went into the woods. Sometimes a merry-eyed squirrel darted out before him; he gave chase, never minding the tiresome climbing, and decayed logs and underbrush. Like many an older person, he reached out to grasp the coveted treasure, and clutched the empty air. He found a heap of nuts nicely stored away under leaves and sticks.

"I am dreadful hungry, and think I will eat a few, Mr. Squirrel; you will never miss them."

It was astonishing how many it took to make a few; a baby might have had a handful when David stopped to rest.

"O, how mean I am," he said aloud, "like the wicked robbers Gideon read about, who take what other people have laid up, and never give anything back. I'll hunt some nuts; I don't want you to starve, Mr. Squirrel, because I've been naughty."

David had been eating so busily he had not noticed that darkness was coming fast. "O, dear," he said, as he started to his feet, "how dark it is, and cold, too." Looking straight up, for he was in the dense forest on the top of the mountain, he caught glimpses of the heavy clouds, and saw the tops of the trees bowing in the wind. Two or three snow-flakes fell on his face. "I wish I had minded Gideon. I am afraid I am lost."

David hurried on, but seemed to get deeper into the forest. "If I had only done as he said," thought David, as he shivered with the cold. "It is snowing hard; I shall be frozen, or the bears will eat me."

Tired and cold, David sat down to rest a moment on a pile of leaves. "I suppose I might cover myself with these leaves, as the birds did the children in the story mother told me. I should be warm till morning, and then I could see where to go. Why, what is this?" David put his hands deep into the leaves, and pulled out a rope with a slip-noose at the end. "O, there are dreadful men hidden here somewhere. Job told me how they threw ropes round people's necks and dragged them into the woods and killed them. What shall I do?"

The first impulse little — and sometimes great — people have when frightened is to run. David did. He soon came to the open space

where Job had experienced such a defeat of his cherished plans. The ground was white with snow. David ran on. By-and-by he saw foot-tracks. "It is a great clearing, some one has been here." The thought gave him courage. On, on he went. "O, how many people have been here; there are tracks all round. I wish I could catch up with them, I am so cold and tired." He stopped to get breath. A new thought struck him. He set his foot into one of the fresh prints; it fitted. *He had been following his own steps, running in a circle.*

The story of the man whose limbs were frozen, the mother who perished after wrapping her child in her own garments, the babe who smiled sweetly when strange faces bent over it, and strange arms lifted it from its bed of snow, flashed through his mind. It had happened on this same mountain. David remembered it; he had seen the pale, calm face of the mother, and the innocent babe she died for. Was he to freeze and be hid away in the snow, never to see mother and Gideon again? No, no! He would try to escape. *He struck directly across the tracks*, and pushed on through the woods despite driving snow and weary limbs. Miles on miles he seemed to have travelled, when on the cold night air were borne the words, "Co', boss, co', boss." "Gideon, father," David shouted, and then moved on in the direction of the voices. Soon lights were seen, and mingled voices heard. "They are hunting me," thought David. "Here I am, Gideon."

Overcome by fatigue, now that aid was so near, David sank down. A strange weariness oppressed him. He longed to shut his eyes. The gleaming lights faded, the voices died away. If help does not reach him soon, morning light will greet a snow-heaped mound, under it will lie a sweet face white as the covering that hides it, and a little form at rest for ever.

"I seen something stirring yonder," said a voice.

"It's likely one o' them critters," was the reply.

"Good God! it's a child, Josiah. Get up, boy."

A strong arm shook David from the sleep to which he was sinking.

"Rouse him if ye cau, Eben. It's a blessed thing them critters was lost, or this child would have frozen. What a mite of a fellow, no bigger than my Lucy. It must be nigh onto midnight. We will go home. I can afford to lose the critters."

Farmer Ramsdell and his sons, joined by the few neighbors, hunted all night for David. No trace could be found. "My precious boy," was all the moaning mother could say. Her thought was of hungry bars, drifting snow, and a little face she would see no more.

The next day the snow fell steadily. The great trees held out their



WHERE DAVID FIRST CROSSED HIS TRACKS.—See page 272.

arms to receive the garment that was to hide their stiffness. The rocks lost their sharp outlines, the shrubs were hooded with ermine, the mountain road was hid by the covering dropped softly upon it.

“No, mother,” said Gideon, as he entered the house in the edge of evening, and read the question in the tearless eyes. Farmer Ramsdell dared not look at his wife. He kept his pale face, with the hollows under the eyes, and the deep lines about the mouth, turned from her. “I am to blame, I killed her boy,” was his torturing thought.

Job lay that night with wide staring eyes. Every hard word and hasty push he had given David stood in array before him. Visions of misty eyes, and a trembling voice, “How could you, Job,” drove away sleep.

All the long night Gideon and the mother sat by the open fire.

From the windows they could see the whirling, drifting snow. The mother sat with clasped hands ; neither spoke, their hearts were full.

Towards morning Mrs. Ramsdell rose, laid her hand on Gideon's head, and said in a low voice, "I have given him up. The Good Shepherd has found our wandering lamb, and has carried him in his tender arms to the everlasting fold. Gideon, do you remember he shouted, 'only a little while, I can wait?'"

"Mother," said Gideon, "now he is gone, will you take me for an own son?"

"Yes, Gideon, while we live you are my own and only son."

Late in the afternoon of the third day a horseman was seen slowly descending the mountain. He carried something before him.

"Gideon!" called a child's voice.

"Mother, mother, it's Davie," cried Gideon, as he rushed from the house.

"Me and my neighbor was hunting our critters. We found him jest arter he gin up," said Josiah Barrett, as he handed David to Gideon's embrace. "You'll go fur afore you'll find a seven-year-old boy plucky as that one," continued the man. "The distance he went was tremenjuous. Arter he run round on his own beat a spell, he struck out onto the Arlington side, whar we found him. Yester morning he told us who he was, and wanted to come right away to his mother. I daresn't start while it stormed, and my wife said he was all tuckered out."

That autumn David was fourteen years old. One bright morning he said, "Mother, I have never paid the squirrel for the nuts I stole. Come with me to-day and see if I give full interest."

The October sun sent gleams of golden light to beautify the upper clearing as David and his mother stood there. "If I had not crossed my tracks and struck for the other side, where would I have been to-day, mother?"

A gentle pressure of the hand, and a reverent glance upward, answered him.

"Mother, you know that these two past summers I have been a good deal with the gentlemen who come here trouting ; they have told me of the great world outside this dreary mountain. I told Mr. Osgood, that young man who came home with me one day, how I was lost, and how I got away from my own steps. He said it was just so all through life. We must watch our ways, and if we were not in the right place, and were making no headway, we must stop, think carefully, and then strike

across our steps. I have thought it all over, and see I have been running round in the same path winter and summer. I *must cross my tracks*, or I am lost on the mountain, never to be anything more than a poor, ignorant man. Father is dead, Job has gone West to hunt buffaloes, you, Gideon and I will go to some city, and I will be a man."

Years after a handsome travelling carriage ascended the mountain. The noble horses threw back their heads and pulled slowly; they were not used to such steep places. A party of five alighted at the Half-way House. An elderly lady, whose fair face years had failed to mar, and whose black eyes were made more brilliant by the silver waves of hair, was assisted to the piazza by a fine-faced man, a little past his full prime. A younger, handsomer man handed out a beautiful woman and a roguish-eyed little boy.

"My son will guide you," said the host, in answer to some question of the young man.

"Thank you, I shall need no guide to the upper clearing."

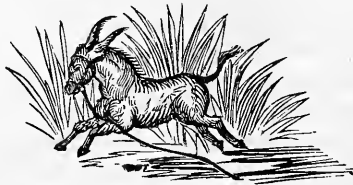
"This is the place, Harry, where papa was lost," said the young man, as the party stood on the open space, which had grown with the years, and now smiled with June flowers.

"Where is the squirrel, papa?"

"Sound asleep long ago, my boy. But squirrels as red-coated as he hide their nuts and live frolicsome lives here."

"Mother, Gideon," said David, as he joined the trio, who with moist eyes were recalling the past, "where would have been the happiness of years, and the great store of Ramsdell Brothers, had not the tracks been twice crossed? Yes, mother, I know the meaning of that smile. Three times crossed, this last, the steps lead not away from the mountains, but toward them. The heights beyond whose calm beauty the glories of heaven are hid.

Jean McLean.



COUSIN DEBORAH'S VISIT.

(Concluded.)

"**D**OOR child!" said a pleasant voice at length, quite distinctly. "How wet she is! Fanny, we must take her to the kitchen fire directly;" and Debbie, her eyes yet so full of water that to see anything clearly was quite out of the question, was forthwith led away, and before she became in the least able to command herself, gently seated in a low chair beside a large hot stove. Then she saw a tall, slender woman, dressed in black, kneeling before her and trying to remove her wet boots. Another lady, small and delicate, with a sweet face shaded by clustering brown curls and the clearest eyes Debbie had ever gazed into, was wiping her face with a soft towel, and asking pleasantly, "My dear child, how did it happen? Where were you going?"

In due time the wet garments were taken off, wrung out, and hung up to dry, while another suit was brought forward and put upon Debbie, her hair neatly combed, and a glass of some warm liquid held to her lips. During all this, the little girl submitted herself passively to the friendly hands that ministered so kindly to her need. How gentle they were! How soothing! How full of rest!

"Now, dear," said the little lady, when all was done, "come with me. The rain will soon be over, but you must remain until your clothes are dry; and meanwhile you shall tell us all about yourself. I am very curious to know how you happened to be abroad in this sudden, pouring rain."

Heretofore, Debbie had been quite too busily occupied, first with her plan of escape from Miss Deborah, and afterward with the various objects of interest along her path, her fatigue, and the crowning disaster of the morning, the shower, to consider how she should ever be able to account satisfactorily for the journey upon which she had entered so rashly. It now occurred to her that to do this would be an exceedingly difficult task, and indeed, that it was neither desirable nor advisable for her to be very communicative about the matter. But the two ladies began directly to ply her with questions. "Where were you going, my dear?" asked the smaller of the two, very pleasantly.

Debbie was particularly charmed with this lady, and she could not refuse to answer frankly and at once, "To Dolington."

"To Dolington!" repeated the lady in black, looking much amazed. "It is eight miles to Dolington. Where did you start from?"

"From Freeport," returned Debbie, after a little hesitation, speaking less distinctly than before.

"From Freeport to Dolington!" exclaimed the lady in black, "why, the towns are twelve miles apart. How did your mother ever let you undertake such a walk as that!"

Debbie hung her head and made no reply.

"Surely your mother knew about it?" cried the lady in black, somewhat sternly.

Debbie's head dropped lower, and the hot blood rushed in a torrent over her face and neck. The two ladies exchanged doubtful and suspicious glances. Then the little lady spoke. "My child," said she, very quietly, yet in calmly authoritative tones, "*Did* you come away without your mother's permission?"

Very low indeed sank Debbie's head, so low that her black hair fell all about her face, concealing it as with a veil, while the tears began to crowd into her eyes.

"My child!" repeated the lady after a pause, very softly, yet with an accent that could not be mistaken.

"Yes marm," answered Debbie, hardly above a whisper, and bursting into a flood of bitter tears.

"That was very wrong, my dear," said the little lady at length, "and I am truly sorry to hear you say it. But the act has certainly brought with it its own punishment, for you have already suffered therefrom severely. Tell me your name, little girl."

"Deborah Darke," whispered poor Debbie, not daring to be silent, but beginning to realize that the way of the transgressor is very, very hard indeed. Had she lifted her eyes, she would certainly have been amazed at the effect of this answer upon her companions. Both ladies turned quickly towards her, their faces aglow with an expression of newly awakened interest, mingled with not a little curiosity and wonderment. Before the little lady could speak, the lady in black cried eagerly, "Tell me, child, are you the daughter of Esq. Darke, the Freeport lawyer?"

"Yes marm," returned Debbie, meekly.

"And what in the world sent you away from home to-day?" demanded this lady, immediately.

Ah, the question! How could Debbie answer it but with bowed head and eyes filling anew with tears.

"Hush, my dear," said the little lady, folding her arm around the weeping child; "you had some strong reason for leaving home, I am quite sure. What was it? were you in trouble?"

Debbie sat motionless.

"Can't you tell me about it?"

No answer.

"Why did you not wish to be at home to-day?"

Still no answer.

"Was there anybody there whom you did n't like?"

Debbie shook her head.

"Anybody coming that you dreaded to see?"

No answer.

"My child," cried the little lady, in grave, almost sad tones, "you have been unhappy about something, and you must tell me all about it. Come, my dear, I am the friend of children; they *always* tell me their troubles. You must tell me yours."

There was surely some magic about this lady, or else her gentle voice, her sweet smile, and the pressure of her enfolding arm drew upon Debbie's secret until it slipped quite out of her grasp, and the whole story of her dread, her anxiety to avoid meeting Miss Deborah, her fear of that most excellent lady, was poured into the listening ear of this wonderfully fascinating acquaintance.

"And so, my child," said the little lady, sadly, when the tale was ended, "you were actually running away from this cousin whom you have never seen, but who, I am quite sure, is waiting to love you very dearly indeed. How could you do it, Debbie?"

Debbie herself began to wonder how. "O," cried she, beginning to sob once more, "I was so afraid of her."

"Afraid of her!" The little lady was amazed; then she laughed, — she could n't help it. "What made you afraid of her?" What, indeed! Debbie did not know. "Why, you have never seen her," continued the little lady. "Is she an ogress, do you think? What is she? I am quite curious about this terrible cousin of yours. Tell me, my dear, just what you *do* think of her. Don't hesitate. You are not afraid of *me*, at any rate, I am sure of that."

The little lady's face glowed with mirth, and Debbie wiped her eyes and smiled, somewhat doubtfully, however. She was beginning to feel a little more at her ease. Then the two ladies asked her questions which she could not but answer, and she made thereby so comical a story of her past doubts and suspicions that when all were told, her companions burst into such merry peals of laughter, seeming so amused at something, Debbie could not imagine what, that she was forced to laugh also.

"Tall, cross, fussy, wore spectacles, is so particular?" cried the little lady, as soon as she could speak. "What a portrait! I don't wonder

you were frightened, my dear. But never having seen this Miss Deborah, don't you think you may have been a little hasty in forming such a conclusion about her? Suppose she should prove to be small and pleasant, without spectacles, and not so very fussy and particular, after all?"

"I think, my dear," said the lady in black, "you had better return and see her, at least. If she *should* prove to be pleasant, you would lose something by running away from her, you know."

"I believe I have a better plan," continued the little lady, after thinking a moment, "a different one, at any rate. Now you like *me*, don't you, my dear?" This she said to Debbie, taking her hand, and bending forward to gaze into her dark eyes.

"O yes, indeed," cried the little girl, impetuously springing up to clasp her new friend in a hearty embrace, which made both ladies laugh again.

"That will do," said the little lady, submitting quite cheerfully to this infiction. "I don't doubt your affection in the least, and prize it very highly. So while we will continue to fancy Miss Deborah tall, cross, fussy, and sure to make you wretched during her visit at your father's, what do you say to passing that time with me?"

"O could I? might I? O I shall like it so very, very much!" cried Debbie, eagerly.

"Well, my dear, I am a little acquainted with your father, and I think I can present the case to him so that he will allow it. At any rate, I am going to Freeport this morning, and you shall ride in with me and we will ask him about it. The shower is over now, and I think your clothes must be dry. Go and put them on while I get ready. The carriage is to be at the door directly, and if we hasten we can see him before 11 o'clock, when, you say, he drives out for Miss Deborah."

And thus in due time it came to pass that Debbie said good-by to the lady in black, and took her seat in the carriage beside the little lady, and the two proceeded rapidly over the road she had so lately travelled on foot. The sun was shining bright and clear, the air perfumed with the odor of bud and blossom, birds singing as they only sing after an early spring shower. Debbie dreaded to meet her parents, and held the hand of her companion clasped tightly in her own as if this would save her from the punishment she was beginning exceedingly to fear. As they drove into town she saw her father's carriage standing before his door, and at the same instant her father himself coming out of the gate ready to depart. He lingered as the other carriage drove up, and seeing a lady within, came forward, lifting his hat and bowing. What made him pause in the very act and stand motionless, his hat above his head, gazing in astonishment at the little lady who was smiling and holding


out her hand? Then he stepped forward and cried joyfully, "Cousin Deborah, is it possible? I was just going for you. But what! Debbie? you here? Why, cousin, how's this! where did you find this little girl of mine?"

Cousin Deborah laughed, and said the fairies had guided Debbie to her. While poor little Debbie, curling down in one corner of the carriage, wished the ground would open and drop her through to China. Was she not punished? But Miss Deborah drew one arm kindly around her, whispering, "Poor child, the secret shall be yours and mine. I will never tell your parents the part you would least wish them to know. Cheer up, my dear, we are the best of friends, and you shall certainly stay with me all the time of Cousin Deborah's Visit.

Clara L. Pendris.



CUTTLE FISH.

F all the monsters of the deep, concerning whom ignorance and fear have told frightful stories, partly founded on fact and partly on fancy, few have been more noted than the cuttle-fish. The hideousness of their appearance, the brightness and ferocious intelligence of their eyes, the clinging, grasping power of their cold, slimy arms, have been dilated upon by various writers, till Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," describes one of enormous power and size with such terrible vividness, that all other accounts fade away into comparative insignificance.

Cuttle-fish belong to the Cephalopod Mollusks, which means having feet around the head. These Cephalopods are further divided into Acetabuliferous, or Sucker-bearing, and Tentacaliferous, or Tentacle-bearing. To the Sucker-bearing belong Cuttle-fish, Squids and Argonauts.

The body of the cuttle-fish is soft like that of most mollusks, and is covered by a mantle like a bag or sack; the head protrudes from this, and is furnished with large, bright eyes, which are in some species a brilliant green. The mouth terminates in a kind of beak like the bill of a parrot. Eight or ten terrible arms are clustered around this mouth, and on the inner side of each is a double row of suckers, which act like cupping-glasses. From these suckers the animal can exhaust the air at pleasure, and cling to any substance with a power so enormous that it

cannot be removed unless the arms are cut into pieces. They are used only for seizing and holding the prey, which they convey to the mouth, whose hard beak tears it to pieces. It will wind them about a large crab, whose pincers are so formidable, and hold the struggling creature so firmly, that it has no opportunity to use its own weapons, while it picks away its shell with its sharp beak, and drags out the flesh.

By means of these arms they walk on the bottom of the sea on one side, head downward, seeking for their prey. Slow on shore, in the water they are swift swimmers. In the back of the mantle is a broad plate of bone, which protects them from injury if they strike against hard objects when swimming backwards. This is the cuttle-fish bone which is given to caged canaries to whet their beaks upon, and to furnish the carbonate of lime, which they need for their bones. Powdered it is called pounce, and was formerly used as we use sand, to dry ink. Now it is sometimes employed to polish metals or as a dentrifice. This mantle is bordered on the edge with a long, narrow fin.

In swimming the mouth contracts and drives the water through a tube or funnel between the eyes, and this impels the animal in an opposite direction with astonishing rapidity. When they wish to swim rapidly and backwards, the tube is the principal organ, but whenever slowly to approach or seize their prey, they use their fins and arms. They live near the coasts, and feed principally upon shelled mollusks, though any animal that comes within their reach is eagerly seized by them. If any arm is lost it will grow rapidly again, like the claws of a lobster.

They do not always remain near the shore; heat and cold affect them, and in northern regions they go to deeper waters to escape the cold, and in the tropics to escape the heat. When young they appear frequently in large shoals, but when old seem to prefer to be alone, being rarely seen in company. They live five or six years, and in the tropics and Mediterranean grow to an enormous size. Those of the temperate regions, for they inhabit almost all seas, are much smaller. They produce their young by eggs, which are often found clinging in clusters to seaweeds and stones, to which they are strongly attached. Fishermen call them sea-raisons.

A creature so formidable and voracious must have many enemies, or it would depopulate the seas. And they are eaten in great quantities by dolphins and porpoises, who, as Michelet says, daintily select only the head and arms, and reject the other portions. No animal is exposed to the attack of enemies without some means of defence, so careful is nature to keep the balance even. If she do not give the creature a shell or armor, some very acute sense, or teach it to construct some se-

cure habitation, or paint it some color which answers the purpose of security, she gives it an odor like that of the skunk, which makes its pursuer but too glad to leave it alone. And cuttle-fish, hideous as they are to man, are just as dear as singing birds and butterflies to the impartial mother; and to them she gives a bag of colored fluid in the abdomen. When pursued or irritated the animal discharges this ink into the water around him, and under the cover of the blackness makes his escape. This fluid was known in ancient times. The Romans made ink from it. The Moderns used it in water-color painting as Sepia, or Indian ink, though this pigment is now made of different materials. This fluid contains carbon, albumen, phosphate of lime and gelatine, and must be dried immediately after being taken from the animal, or it will become offensive. It is not a perishable material; the hard, black substance has been taken from the sacs of fossil cuttle-fish, and still makes brilliant and beautiful sepia, though no geologist can say how many hundreds of years it has been lying among the rocks. They also change color like a chameleon, passing through various tints, and returning to the original one when the cause of alarm or annoyance has disappeared. They are easily caught with a hook baited with a fish or mollusk, and make a noise like the grunting of a hog, when drawn from the water. They are often used for bait, especially for cod fishing, and are so tough that one bait lasts for a long time.

There are five species of cuttle-fish or sepias.

1st. The *Sepia Loligo*, the great cuttle who has short arms and long tentacles, who lives in almost every sea.

2d. The *Sepia Media*, who has a long, cylindrical body of almost transparent green, which sometimes changes to a dirty brown, two tentacles, and large, bright green eyes.

3d. *Sepia-Octopodia*, the eight-armed cuttle, whose arms are connected at the bottom by a membrane. These are found mostly in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Of these the most horrible stories are told by the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago. They say that they are often seen with arms that spread twelve feet wide and are fifty-four feet long. That they will "reach out of the water and seize the men out of the boats, and even lay hold of the masts of small vessels and drag them down." To protect themselves from such a fate they provide axes in order to cut away these arms.

In the "Natural History and Fishery of the Sperm Whale," Mr. Beale relates his encounter with one. As he was searching among the rocks of Bouin Island for shells, he saw crawling towards the sea a curious creature with eight soft legs, which bent under the weight of his

body. It was just raised above the rocks, and seeming afraid of Mr. Beale, would probably have quietly pursued its way had not he attempted to stop it by putting his foot on one of its tentacles. The creature drew it away, and Mr. Beale tried it again. He did this several times, but the cuttle managed to disengage it. At last, determined to keep it on shore, Mr. Beale seized the tentacle in his hand. The creature struggled in vain to release itself. Mr. Beale held it firmly, and the tentacle seemed as if it would have been torn in two between them. Perhaps if it had been, the cuttle would have escaped to the sea with what remained of himself, and have grown a new one at his leisure. At last Mr. Beale gave a powerful jerk, by which he thought to exhaust and capture it. Instead of that, the cuttle took the offensive, and raising its head, which had hitherto been bent downwards, showed its large, projecting eyes, and loosing its hold of the rocks, sprang upon Mr. Beale's arm, which was bare to the shoulder, and clung to it with its countless suckers, and endeavored to bite him with its beak. It was now its assailant's turn to cry for quarter, which he did so loudly that the captain, who was also looking, came to his assistance. But the creature would not relax its hold, and its arms had to be cut away, piece by piece, with a boat-hook.

This cuttle is sometimes eaten, being boiled and served up red in its own liquor.

4th. The *Sepia-Officinalis*, which has an ovated body with pins along the whole side reaching nearly to the bottom, and two long tentacula. These are common on all shores, from Sweden to the Canaries, and in all parts of the Mediterranean. They are eaten fried or boiled, especially by the Italians, and their flesh is said to be savory. They are also so used as bait for large fish that swim at the bottom of the sea, where they live; dog-fish, ray and conger eels. The conger eels pursue them living, and are said to bite off their arms, which speedily grow again. From these *Sepias* comes most of the cuttle-fish bone.

They choose the stem of a *Fucus*, or some solid body about the size of a man's finger, and attach their eggs, which are little pear-shaped things, to it with a long strap of gelatinous matter, which they wind round and round like a ring. Each female lays from twenty to thirty eggs, which look like a bunch of black grapes, and are hatched in about a month.

5th. *Sepia-Sepiola*, which are small cuttles, with a short body, round at the bottom, with a round fin on each side, and two tentacula.

The author of "A Life in Normandy," gives an account of an *Ocotopis Vulgaris*, as he called it, (a *Minaur*, the fishermen named it,)

which he saw upon the seashore. It had a bag-like body, with two huge eyes, around which were a bunch of feelers as large as a man's arm, one side of which was covered with lumps the size of a hazel-nut. In these (which were the suckers,) there was a strong muscular action, which opened them to the size of an English shilling, and then shut them till they looked like warts.

The creature was on shore, and the author, contented with looking at it, escaped the adventure of Mr. Beale. He says: "First the bag sat down, and shrank up, and then the long arms, which had trailed after it while swimming, spread out like a branching star, plowed up the sand, and dragging in stones and shells, buried the bag. Then, having stuck themselves all over with loose rubbish by means of the adhesive matter in their glands, the arms, too, wriggled out of sight, and nothing remained above the ground but the open mouth of the bag and the bright eyes looking keenly at the foe. Any sudden movement of ours was followed by a start or some slight quiver among the shells, as the creature shrank deeper into its hole." The fishermen told him that they often fastened themselves on the stones of the sea-dykes and walls, and dragged them out of their place.

An advocate for the degeneracy of everything modern might find some support for his argument in the smaller size of existing organizations in comparison with their fossil ancestors. Among the earlier formations has been found the beak of a *Sepia* nearly two feet long. If the rest of the body was in proportion to it, the enormous creature must have had arms twenty or thirty feet long, and was the forefather, probably, of the one described by Pliny, who lived in the Atlantic Ocean, because the Straits of Gibraltar were not broad enough to allow the cuttle to swim into the Mediterranean.

E. C. F.



ARE YOU INSURED ?



THESE words met the eye of Jonathan Benedict, as he entered an extensive dry goods establishment in Boston. Never before had he appeared to notice them, but now all the eccentricity of his character was manifested. "Insured, no!" said he, emphatically, "nor do I mean to be; I insure myself. Whose business is it?"

Who was Jonathan Benedict? A trader in small wares in an inland city, who by strict attention to his business, and a rigid economy in his expenditures, had accumulated a very handsome property. He had a will of his own, and nothing could divert him from his purpose when once fixed. What to him was the loss of a stock of goods worth ten thousand dollars, when he had ten times that amount safely invested? Why should *he* pay a premium for an insurance, when so able to bear a loss?

A near neighbor of Jonathan's was James Keenley, who had not been so fortunate as Jacob in the management of his business. He was still dependent almost entirely on a good credit, by which to keep up his supply of goods, and consequently the words "Are you insured?" were all-important to him, and claimed a different reply. But, as in the general management of his business, he failed to appreciate the true interest of the question. With him it was to get insured, but to effect this at as little expense as possible. Instead of seeking an insurance office of undoubted stability, he listened to the solicitations of an interested person who, however honest he may have been, still had an eye to his own interest rather than to Keenley's security from loss in case of a fire, and although an insurance was effected it was at a low rate of premium.

Thus plodded on the neighbors. Jonathan pursued his course, buying and selling and getting gain. James likewise diligently carried on his business, and both appeared to be prospering. Jonathan paid his bills in cash, James still obtained a credit. One morning, at a very early hour, the startling cry of fire awoke the slumbering people, and they were not long in finding that the business section of the city was threatened with destruction. It required long and patient labor to stay the course of the devouring element, but it was finally effected.

Among the victims were both Jonathan and James, each finding his store enveloped in flames on his arrival at the scene. Jonathan's loss was hardly felt, and although everything was reduced to ashes, he was not long in providing a new store and selecting a new stock of goods to meet the wants of his customers.

James had a different experience. His sole reliance for the means to pay his own indebtedness was on the prompt payment of the policy of insurance which he had so recently effected. But in this he was sadly disappointed. His economy had not proved a wise one. The few dollars saved in premium had induced him to place all his property at the risk of a feeble insurance company's ability to pay, and now, when the necessity came, he found to his dismay that his insurance was entirely worthless.

Not so with the grocer across the way. Peter Goodenough was a shrewder man, though he had not been long in trade, being a much younger man than either of his neighbors. He had but recently started in business on his own account, but his prospects were flattering. His stock of goods also fell a prey to the devouring flames. But he, when solicited with much earnestness to avail himself of a lower rate of premium when proposing to insure his property, first made inquiry into the relative responsibility of the several companies, and after diligent and careful investigation, he paid the highest rate; "For," said he, "I wish to sleep well o' nights."

Thus does a policy of insurance prove a blessing or a curse. If judiciously contracted, and with reference to the *character* and *ability* of an insurance company, including as it should, not only an adequate capital, but a discreet management, the annual amount paid in premium, is nothing as compared with the protection against the fiery element. But if, after making such a contract, the security itself proves valueless, how great is the disappointment, and how serious the calamity. Jonathan Benedict was *able* to take his own risk, hence no one could complain. But, as in the other cases, neither party was able to pay the debts necessarily contracted in carrying on his business, in case of loss by fire, it was their *duty* to protect themselves and their creditors, by a policy of insurance. But to render this of any value, the utmost care must be taken to ascertain *from reliable sources*, the actual condition of the company with whom the contract is made. The necessity for an annual statement of the affairs of a company to the state authorities, together with the general reputation of the officers entrusted with its management, will ordinarily afford means to ascertain all that may be needed to a correct conclusion. All policies should be carefully read before acceptance, to see that there are no unreasonable or embarrassing exceptions or evasions, and when more than one policy is intended to cover the same property in case of loss, which is frequently the case, each and every policy should have liberty to do so written upon it before taken from the office or agent.

But not alone to a stock of merchandise does a policy of insurance apply. Many a poor man has suffered in consequence of neglecting this duty of protecting the furniture so essential to his home comfort. Be it much or little, it appears unaccountable that so large a proportion of homes are permitted to run so great a risk. It certainly cannot be on account of the cost of insurance, for this is comparatively small.

In effecting this class of insurance a particular description of *what* is to be covered is necessary. The term furniture is limited in its application, and therefore it is well to describe minutely the several articles composing the property to be insured. A stock of merchandise is generally included in some one of the distinctions well known in the community, but with household furniture the case is different.

Whatever it be, let a perfect understanding exist between the insured and the insurer at the start, and then, due care having been taken in the selection of an office, be it stock or on the mutual principle, there is little chance for controversy when a loss occurs. And still further to avoid this, care should be taken never to do anything or permit anything that will increase the risk. Repairs to be effected on a building by which shavings may be made, solder used, or other causes possible to create an accidental burning, should never be commenced before the insurers have given their consent thereto. This necessity is often overlooked, and property is risked which is supposed to be fully insured.

In case of loss notice should be given by the insured with the least possible delay, whether the property be totally destroyed or but partially damaged. In the first instance the amount of loss will be payable at a specified time after notice, according to the rules of the office, while a partial loss may involve an examination by a representative of the Company, and a reference of the claim to other parties to determine what is an equitable settlement of the matter. Whether it be an insurance on building, stock of merchandise, or furniture, it is customary for the insurers to reserve the right to make good the loss by replacing the articles destroyed with others of like character if they so elect.

C. N. X.





[See Diagram in January No.]

INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

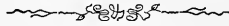
“INTO each³ life³?” aye¹¹, even so¹⁸,
 Clouds¹⁷ must gather, or swift¹, or slow¹;
 And the bluest¹² sky¹² may be darkened¹⁴ soon¹⁴
 By the thunder¹⁷-cloud¹⁷ crossing the burning noon¹⁷.
 But, blessings³ on the rain³!
 Freshness¹ and beauty¹ come in its train³;
 And though the cold drops¹³ fall¹³,
 Glory¹² and sunshine¹² do follow¹¹ them all¹¹.

The clouds¹⁰ that have no¹³ rain¹³
 Are darkest¹⁴ and coldest¹⁴, most sad and drear¹⁴;
 Most dull¹⁴ and gray¹⁴, with no promise of cheer³.
 Silence¹⁴ and gloom¹⁴ are in their train¹³;
 And the winds¹³ moan wearily¹³
 A wail they have caught from a restless¹³ sea¹³,
 On whose breast¹³ a storm¹³ sits brooding¹³;
 And through all one's brain¹
 Goes a sense¹ of pain¹;
 A saddest interluding¹;
 As in harmony with the mournful strain
 That is singing in the breeze¹,
 That is moaning in the leafless trees⁵,
 As a requiem⁵ o'er all⁵
 The fading¹ life¹ whereon no rain¹ doth fall¹.

What life but hath *some*¹⁸ *tears*¹⁸? So sweeter³ made;
 What were the sunshine¹¹ but for shade¹³?
 A weary¹ monotone¹, that will not take¹.
 We mourn¹ o'er changes¹,—but they are
 As glory⁷ of the sun¹⁷, or star¹⁷,
 Through cloudy¹³ day¹³, or night¹⁰ clear¹⁰ breaking¹⁰.

Shining far¹³ off¹³, it may be, but — still¹⁰ shining¹⁰
As in rebuke¹ most sweet of our repining¹.

Behold¹⁰! the rifted clouds¹⁰ are taking
Their silent flight¹³, and with them go¹³ our fears¹³.
Shines not the sun⁵ the brighter⁵ for the rain¹?
Is not the grass³ more green³, more golden-hued³ the grain⁸?
And who shall dare to say that through our lives¹
There runneth not the same¹ analogy¹?
For unto each³ and all³ of us arrives
The same old change of sunshine¹ and of cloud²,
From cradle-hours¹, unto snowy shroud⁶.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

CHARACTERS.—TOOTLE, a Shop Keeper; COFFIN, BRIMMER, SLIMCO, his friends;
LARRY O PIGSWILL, a Customer; JOEY, a boy.

SCENE.—*Back part of Mr. Tootle's shop. Mr. T. reading a newspaper.*

(*Enter SETH COFFIN.*)

Seth Coffin. How d'ye do, Mr. Tootle, hope I see you well this morning.

Mr. Tootle. I hope you do, Mr. Coffin; defective eye-sight is deplorable. But you look sort of blue; anything happened?

Coffin. Yes, considerable. Or rather, it did n't happen. I came down this morning, and instead of finding a nice breakfast on the table, I found it occupied by Mrs. Coffin, who was writing a speech, to be delivered, as she says, at a Women's Rights Convention that is coming off in a day or two. So I went without my breakfast, which is what did n't happen.

Tootle. You don't say that your wife is struck that way?

Coffin. Yes, she's got the fit on her awful bad, and I feel terribly about it. She talks about going to the polls and voting, but I tell her she had better go to the bean poles and pick string beans enough to make a mess for dinner, and that would be doing some good. Women vote! My Goodness! What will happen next?

• *Tootle.* I don't know. I'm awfully afraid it's going to break out in my family. My wife keeps wishing she was a man, and talks about going to town meeting with me next 'lection day; she says women ought to be on the school committee. If they are going into these things what will become of us, the lords of creation? Echo answers, "*creation!*"

Coffin. It's a dreadful thing to contemplate, Mr. Tootle; an abominable thing, I might say.

Tootle. You are right, neighbor Coffin. Now here am I doing a comfortable business in this little shop, have plenty to eat, my wife has all the gowns she wants, alpine, poplin, bombazine or silk, it don't make a mite of difference, she has one just as quick as another, but if she is going to come out with this women's rights crowd, why where am I? I should n't know whether I was a-foot or horseback, on the land or on the sea. I should sell out my shop and go to California with the proceeds, and never come back; lay my bones there, sir, lay my bones there.

Coffin. All except one rib.

Tootle. Yes, all but my rib; I should leave that here to vote when I was gone.

Coffin. Exactly; and while I am a votary, my wife will be a votaress.

Tootle. You will have your joke, Coffin, even if the subject is a serious one.

Coffin. I know it, and while I am about it I will say that I know of but one rite that women really care for.

Tootle. And what is that, pray?

Coffin. The rite of *matrimony*.

Tootle. Oh! ah! very good; yes, *very* good. I must remember that and tell it to my wife. Who is that coming? Upon my word, it is our friend Slimgo, and there is Mr. Brimmer just behind him.

(*Enter MR. SLIMGO and MR. BRIMMER.*)

Mr. Slimgo. Good morning, gentlemen. What important topic are you discussing, just now?

Coffin. Female suffrage, Mr. Slimgo, female suffrage.

Slimgo. Exactly; the disease has broken out in my family. This morning my oldest daughter Olive Jane came and told me she wanted to be a doctor. A doctor! says I, starting so that I came near slicing the end of my nose off with the razor, for I was shaving at the time. It was true, she was in earnest, and began to hum her Sabbath School hymn, altered to suit her case.

“I want to be a doctor,
And with the doctors stand;
A plaster on my forehead,
A pill-box in my hand,”

or some such nonsense. I can't get the idea out of her head, she is in a perfect fever about it. Now what would you do?

Tootle. Do? You can't do anything. This new wrinkle will have to run its course, like the whooping-cough; you can't stop it.

Slimgo. But I will stop it. Do you think I am going to have a sign up on my front door, “*Doctress Olive Jane Slimgo, M. D.?*” Not I, sir. Do you think I am going to have my door bell rung, and my Olive Jane aroused at midnight to run half a mile and administer a dose of hot peppermint to some man with the stomach ache? Not I, sir. My daughter a doctor! Shade of Galen forbid! Think I'm going to have the seeds of yaller fever, small-pox, and tic doloureux brought into my house? Not I, sir. I shall plainly inform Olive Jane that if she persists in this monstrous and absurd notion she and I must part at once and forever.

Mr. Brimmer. What, sir, would you check thus rudely the noble efforts of woman to rise to a higher sphere? Would you nip in the bud her efforts to expand into a beautiful flower of usefulness? Thoughtless man, can you chill the ardent longing to stand pre-eminent among her fellow sisters, who are willing to wash away their lives at the tub, or dawdle listlessly on the sofa reading a novel? Now Mr. Slimgo and the rest of you, I want to see woman elevated; yes, sir, I say elevated, from down by the wash-tub and cook stove up to be lawyers, doctors, ministers and selectmen; I mean select*women*. This is *progress*, gentlemen, and I say let's go ahead and not stand still. I for one will do all I can to sustain woman in this noble effort to stand alone, and I hope to see them triumphant.

(Enter JOEY FLOYD.)

Joey. Is Mr. Brimmer here?

Brimmer. I am Mr. Brimmer, my boy, what did you wish from me?

Joey. Are you Mrs. Brimmer's husband?

Brimmer. Mrs. Brimmer is my wife, certainly.

Joey. Well, Mrs. Brimmer sent me over to say that you need n't come home to dinner to-day, 'cause she was going to a woman's meeting, and she should lock the house up; and she said as how you could get your dinner at Gristle & Co.'s restaurant.

Brimmer. What's this? Get my dinner at Gristle & Co.'s? House locked up? Wife gone to a women's meeting at this time o' day? What does it all mean? Has the wife of my youth gone raving mad?

Joey. No, sir, she's gone to a woman's meeting in Spread Eagle Hall.

Brimmer. Boy! no ill-timed jokes. This is no occasion for levity. Go back to Mrs. Brimmer and tell her that I object, yes, I actually forbid any such performance. I want my dinner at the usual hour, and I shall be there to eat it. Gone to a woman's meeting and locked the house up? I can't believe it. And to tell me I may go to an eating-house and break my teeth on a beefsteak. This is tough!

Joey. Yes, sir, Gristle & Co.'s steaks most always are.

Brimmer. Boy, you may go, your jokes are heinous; any more of them will endanger your limbs. Go.

(Exit JOEY FLOYD.)

Gentlemen, I am dumbfounded! I don't know what to say or how to say it. My wife Katharine Belinda when I married her, was as fair as a Calla lily and gentle as a summer's breeze; for ten years she has been an obedient and affectionate wife, and now look at her — listen to the message she sends, and her heartlessness in sending me to the "Gape and Swallow," which is the name of Gristle & Co.'s establishment.

Coffin. Oh, it's all right, Mr. Brimmer; this is only a noble effort of your wife to rise to a higher sphere. You surely will not be so thoughtless as to chill her ardent longing to stand pre-eminent among her fellow-sisters? This is *progress*, Mr. Brimmer, and you avowed yourself ready to sustain it; you wished that the cause would triumph.

Brimmer. Well, I know I was not so severe on the movement as you were, but such views as this I certainly never countenanced. I never thought it would come in such a hideous form as this. Never dreamed it would turn my wife into a monster.

Coffin. Only progress, nothing but progress.

Brimmer. Gentlemen, I ask you what all this is coming to? Have I got to sit up nights waiting for my wife to come home from a female caucus, or else let her have a latch-key and never know when she does

get in? Is it coming to this, gentlemen? Am I a going to get up in the morning and not know my clothes from my wife's? By jingo! Just think of it! Now how shall we stop it, gentleman? I want to know how.

Coffin. "Equal rights — noble effort — elevation."

Brimmer. No *sir*, by no means. I don't desire the acquaintance of any such woman. How pleasant it must be to come home at night and find a cold supper awaiting you, and be told by the servant that your wife has gone to Ganderville to deliver a lecture? Think of that and weep; the wife of your bosom standing up before a parcel of long-haired men with shawls on, and telling them that henceforward they have got to play the second fiddle! Great Cæsar! is this what we are coming to? What government will ever allow it?

Coffin. *Petticoat government.*

(*Enter LARRY O'PIGSWILL.*)

Larry. Good day to yer, Mister Tootle, and how is the health of ye this blissed mornin'? I'm a fther getting a wee dhrop of melasses to swaten my coffee wid, and here is the junk bottle to kape it in. Sure gintlemen, a great affliction has overtook me the day!

Tootle. Indeed, Larry, and what has caused you trouble?

Larry. Oh it is a sore trouble, *sir*, and I don't know what to do. The ould woman has gone mad, *sir*, and I must find a situation for her in the mad-house, faith! I'm fearful of my life and limbs.

Brimmer. Your wife crazy, Larry?

Larry. Raving, yer honor, as mad as a hornet. Why this morning when it came time to get up and build a fire, as a dutiful woman ought to do, and as Joanna always has done since the day I took pity on her and the praist joined us, I was startled out ov my sivinteen sines to hear her say, "Come, Larry, up wid ye and be a fther havin' the fire builded, for I must be off to the Convintion by ten o'clock." "Convintion," said I. "Sure enough, and it was Convintion I said," says she. "Houh wid ye nonsense," says I. "Not a bit of nonsense at all, at all. I blow for Livermore," says she. "Bad luck to ye," says I, "I blow for more liver, and if ye don't get up and cook it I'll crack yer hid wid the taypot," says I. And thin the battle began, and the ind of it all was I had to run to the pottercary's and spind a quarter for stickin' plaster to do up my nose in, to cover the scratches.

Coffin. I would not have covered them up, Larry, but let them be so that people might know that you came up to the scratch. But how did it end?

Larry. Well, I tould the owld craythur that I would give her just tin minutes to go down and build the fire like a dutiful and obaydient woman. So I waited till the time was up, and thin —

Brimmer. She built the fire, of course.

Larry. Well no, not exactly, and on the whole, to save trouble, I built it myself, and while I had my hand in I got the breakfast, too.

Brimmer. And what became of Mrs. O'Pigswill?

Larry. Begorra! she went to the Convintion afther all, and said she was going to vote the dimmycratic ticket, and elect herself postmaster, and if I killed myself about it she would be one of twelve women to sit on my body. Sure, now, that would be adding homicide to suicide, and I hope I shall live to see her hung fer it if she does such a bold thing.

Slimgo. Well, Larry, what are you going to do about it?

Larry. I am going to the Supreme Court and get an injunction on her, and see if there is n't power in the land to stop the wife of one's bosom from harrowing up his peace of mind in this style.

(*Re-enter JOEY in hot haste.*)

Joey. Oh gentlemen, gentlemen, run for your lives, *wives*, I mean. There is a row and a riot in Spread Eagle Hall. Every woman wanted to be moderator, and it all ended in a big fight; the floor is covered with chignons, back hair, sontags, hair pins, lace collars, Japan switches, and et cetera. If somebody don't stop 'em there will be fifty dollars' worth of damage done. Mrs. Brimmer's best shawl is already trailing in the dust.

Brimmer. Gentlemen, hear that! And shall we stay here idle, while our property is thus ruthlessly devastated? To the rescue, and let us teach these infatuated females that the Declaration of Independence still holds good, and this is a free country yet. Why, that shawl cost thirty-five dollars before the war, and it may be ruined before I get there. Come on, all of you, every moment is precious. If you would have breakfast on the table at the appointed hour to-morrow morning, then follow me; we will strangle this monster at its birth, and then we can revel in perpetual freedom.

(*Exeunt Omnes, cum celeritas.*)





JUST a year ago we spoke of a new volume from the pen of our valued friend and contributor in terms of merited praise. This was "Mark, the Match Boy," in which Mr. Alger gave an account of Richard Hunter's Ward. What reader of the *SCHOOLMATE* for 1867 has forgotten "Ragged Dick," or failed to be interested in his ward? Since then, "Rough and Ready" has presented his claims and his fortunes, and those of his little sister Rose, which are being followed as each number of the *SCHOOLMATE* reaches our large and increasing circle of readers.

But while Mr. Alger has not fallen into the too common error of writing too much and publishing too frequently, he has not been idle. In gathering the facts connected with our serial, he has fallen in with a case which prompts to the publication of another volume independently of this Magazine.

A beautiful volume of near three hundred pages is now before us, and we most heartily welcome "BEN, THE LUGGAGE BOY," to a place among the juvenile literature of the day, where it must hold a prominent position. It is dedicated "in tender remembrance" to "Annie" the young and long suffering sister, whose transfer to her home above, so lately called together sisters and brothers to join with their revered parents in the first funeral ceremonies to which the family have been called.

The book itself is an account of a boy who ran away from home to escape the severe discipline of a stern father, and is therefore worthy a careful perusal by those who bear the relation of a parent, as well as the young for whom it is expressly written.

What he passed through in the streets and upon the wharves of New York, is but a record of what is passing there day and night, while the circumstances of his restoration to his old home and friends, the joy of his mother, and the changed aspect of the father are given with Mr. Alger's usual clearness and power.

In order to bring both these volumes into the homes of our subscribers, we have offered them at a very low price, and it has afforded us much satisfaction to answer many orders. We shall continue to promptly respond to any demand, feeling assured that both amusement and instruction will come from the perusal of these books.

Several other volumes are, and some have been for a long time upon our table, but we must defer noticing them till our next issue.

The prize story will appear in our July number.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, send us the following music.

1. Cradle Song. Music of the Russian Chorus, by Pivoda, arranged by Slaviansky.

2. Over the Heath. A Ballad, by J. W. Turner.

3. Golden Chimes. Rondoletto for the piano, by Franz Abt.

4. Broken Down. Song, by Harry Clifton.

5. Roses dream of Spring. Polka Mazurka, by Oesten.

5. La Belle Coquette. Polka, by T. H. Howe.

6. Ring on, sweet Angelus. No. 2 of the collection called *Perles Musicales*.

7. The Jolly Brothers. Galop, by Franz Budik.

8. Ring on, sweet Angels. Evening song, by Gounod.

9. The Broken Ring. Song, by Henry Smart.

10. Parting Song. One of the collection called Gems, from the Germans.

11. O Ye Tears! Words by Dr. MacKay, music by F. Abt.



Minnie J. Wilbur, of Taunton, sends answers to all but 83 thus :

74. Petersburg.

75. William Cullen Bryant.

76. Marcus Tullius Cicero.

77. Year—ear.

78. Star—tar.

79. Chair—hair—air.

80. Price—rice—ice.

81. Schoolmate.

82. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The answer to 83 is "Also every man after his own desert, and who shall escape whipping."

84. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in wise, but not in good ;
 My second is in fire, but not in wood ;
 My third is in shawl, but not in hood ;
 My fourth is in meat, but not in food ;
 My fifth is in man, but not in child ;
 My sixth is in strange, but not in wild ;
 My seventh is in food, but not in meat ;

My eighth is in sugar, but not in sweet ;
 My ninth is in old, but not in new ;
 My tenth is in some, but not in few ;
 My eleventh is in wood, but not in tree ;
 My whole each one should strive to be.

EMERY W. BARTLETT.

85. Charade.

Parts two compose me — cause of pride ; —

The first, my second oft becomes ;

Indeed to it belongs my whole ;

What am I then ? Guess, who can tell !

RICHDORE.

86. Numerical Puzzle.

20009001180 500900500 72005001000250
 408001000 9000 1000900500116010900
 8017250,

500100160 552505050 1500V80 400500-
 80160

16020025080250 5005050 160200250 20-
 009001180 5012507. HAUTOBOY.

Transpositions.

87. Ytsenoh si eht tseb ycilop.

88. Redro si snevach tsrif wal.

RETLAW.

89. Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 7, 10, 15 giveth light.

My 1, 5, 4 is a useful metal.

My 2, 12, 9, 3 is an animal.

My 11, 5, 15, 2, 5, 4, 7 is a favorite sport.

My 9, 6, 1, is a troublesome animal.

My whole is a place of interest.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

90. Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 6, 7, 8, 5 is a participle of leave.

My 1, 2, 3, 5 is a verb in the Imperative mood.

My 15, 13, 14 is a game of cards.

My 4, 3, 10, 1, 7, 5 is a kind of apple.

My 11, 3, 4 is a dog.

My 12, 3, 5 is a building.

My 15, 14, 5 is dimensions.

My whole is a public building in Boston.

EDITH CLEARY.

**Use thy Talent.**

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not ; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily ; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies nor heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he is a great man they will be great things, but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right ; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable.

Forget not that

The brave only know how to forgive ; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions — cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered ; but a coward never forgave ; it is not in his nature ; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

Twenty years ago there were six post-offices in Minnesota. Now there are six hundred.

Are You Such ?

God bless the cheerful person, man, woman, or child, old, young, illiterate, or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by

the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

Value It.

The household is the home of the man as well as of the child. The events that occur therein are more near and affecting to us than those which are sought in senates and academies. Domestic events are certainly our affair. What are called public events may or may not be ours. If a man wishes to acquaint himself with the real history of the world, with the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the State House or the court-room. The subtle spirit of life must be sought in facts nearer. It is what is done and suffered in the house, in the constitution, in the temperament, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us.

Tall Indeed.

The tallest chimney in existence is said to be the one at the Port Dundas Works, Glasgow, Scotland. This chimney, one of the tallest masonry structures in the world, — only two steeples in Europe exceed it in height, — is, reckoning from the foundation, four hundred and sixty-eight feet high ; the height above the ground is four hundred and fifty-four feet.

What is the difference between a girl and a night-cap ? One is born to wed, the other is worn to bed.

A Useful Discovery.

Mr. Hausel, architect at Neustadt, Grand-Duchy of Hessen, being once in need of tracing-paper in a small village where none could be obtained, thought of using, as a substitute, ordinary writ-

ing-paper saturated with petroleum by means of a brush. The effect was a surprising success. It did not take him more than four or five minutes to paint a sheet of writing-paper with petroleum and to wipe it off till it was dry. He thus obtained an excellent tracing-paper, on which he could write and print just as easily as if it had not been treated with petroleum. Also drawing-paper, when impregnated with petroleum, becomes sufficiently transparent to be used for tracings. Since Mr. Hausel made this discovery, he has never used any manufactured tracing-paper, but has always preferred to use petroleum paper, which he can make himself at any time. He strongly recommends his method to all who can make use of it.

George. — “Kitty! Where are you?”

Kitty. — “Here I are, George!”

George. — “Don’t say ‘Here you are,’ say, ‘Here you am,’ when you’re speaking of yourself.”

So Goes the World.

A man is first judged by his dress; afterwards, by what he turns out to be. There is the story of the celebrated painter and poet, Buchin, who walking out one day in very shabby clothes became more an object of derision than regard. He was mortified and went home, and arraying himself in his best again walked out to receive on every hand obsequious attention. His mortification turned to anger, and going home he threw his gold-laced coat on the floor, and stamping on it exclaimed: “Art thou Buchin or am I?”

Striking and Truthful.

Count Waldeck, the venerable artist (one hundred and five years old,) is engaged on a picture entitled “Absinthe” (a popular drink in France), in which a vase of the beverage is represented with a skeleton floating therein.

Mothers Heed it.

Great care should be taken with weakly children not to allow them to begin to walk till their bones have become sufficiently ossified and strong to support the weight of the body without bending. Parents are usually anxious to have the “baby” begin to walk at as early an age as possible, and they force it upon its feet before the bones of the legs have become strong enough to support the weight of the body, and they bend under it.

A young officer who was always “hard up,” upon being asked by a lady whether he liked babies, replied that he did not think them very interesting until they were able to stand a loan.

Just This!

“If a man faint away,” says Hall’s *Journal of Health*, “instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him full length on his back on the floor, loose the clothing, push the crowd away, so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity. The philosophy of a fainting fit is, that the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain. If the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill; but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power, as is apparent.”

Worth Remembering.

Men change, but truth never. The sweep of time bears on its surface a thousand floating things, but in its calm and tranquil depths lie unmoved the pearls and diamonds which beauty covets and wisdom labors to secure.

Kindness Begets its Like.

On entering the stable of an Irish friend, lately, I was delighted to find most pleasing evidence of genuine affec-

tion between horses and groom. One horse actually stretched out his head and commenced licking the face of the coachman.

"O, your honor," said the man, "he's kissing me!"

"You do not, I suspect, need a very heavy whip when driving your horses?"

"Whip, your honor! if I touched that horse with a whip, he'd fret like a child. No, sir, horses *properly and kindly trained* very seldom need any whip!"

Ever Present, Ever Near.

Galileo, the most profound philosopher of his age, when interrogated by the Inquisition as to his belief of a Supreme Being, replied, pointing to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, that from the structure of that object alone he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator.

Pause and Ponder.

Men work for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, and die for it; and all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The madness for money is the strongest and lowest of passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human hearts before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in the human affections, and often traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

Be Patient, Deserving.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in puerilous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come be-

cause it is not sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, and is shouting ever to hear the echo of its own voice.

A generous soul never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those its hand dispenses.

To be Copied.

A very pretty idea children have in Germany, of forming themselves into societies for the protection of animals and the preservation of plants. They all agree not to steal birds' eggs or destroy their nests; not to tread on the plants or tear the roots out of the moist, warm earth, and leave them to wither and die; not to beat the cows and horses, or throw stones at the chickens.

Practicable Application.

A chemist in Albany, while expatiating on the discoveries of chemical science, announced that snow possessed considerable heat. An Irishman present said chemistry must be a valuable science, and asked the lecturer how many snowballs it would require to boil a teakettle. This was a poser.

A Noble Example.

D. C. Hill, formerly a telegrapher at Cleveland, has been for ten years confined to his chair by rheumatism, being unable to stand or walk, and in that plight has mastered several languages and the law, and has been admitted to practice at the Ashtabula County Court.

How Many Know It?

The celebrated Dr. Gregory, in the course of one of his medical lectures at Edinburgh, stated: "One cannot stand perfectly motionless for half an hour; that he had once tried to do so, and had fainted at the end of twenty minutes, the blood requiring the aid of motion from the body in order to retain its full circulating power."

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

An Illustrated Monthly,

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. XXVI.

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No. I.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARTIN MAKES A BUSINESS ENGAGEMENT.



MARTIN was agreeably surprised at the attention paid him by his new friend. There are some who have no difficulty in making friends at first sight, but this had not often happened to him. In fact, there was very little that was attractive or prepossessing about him, and though he could not be expected to be fully aware of that, he had given up expecting much on the score of friendship. Yet here was a stranger, who to Martin's indiscriminating eyes appeared quite the gentleman, who had given him a cigar, paid his dinner-bill, and treated him with a degree of attention to which he was unaccustomed. Martin felt that he was in luck, and if there was anything to be made out of his new friend, he was determined to make it.

They turned down a side street, perhaps because the stranger's course led that way, perhaps because he was not proud of his new acquaintance.

"So you've had poor luck," he remarked, by way of starting the conversation.

"Yes," grumbled Martin, "you may say that. Things have all been ag'inst me. It's a pretty hard rub for a poor man to get a livin' here."

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870, by JOSEPH H. ALLEN, in the clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

"Just so," said the other. "What's your business?"

"I'm a carpenter."

"And you can't find work?"

"No," said Martin. "Besides," he added after a pause, "my health ain't very good. Hard work don't agree with me."

He might have said that hard drinking did not agree with him, and this would have been rather nearer the truth. But he was afraid his new friend would offer to find him employment as a carpenter, and for this he was not very anxious. There had been a time when he was content to work early and late, for good wages, but he had of late years led such a shiftless and vagabond life, that honest industry had no more attraction for him, and he preferred to get his living by hook or crook, in fact in any way he could, rather than take the most direct path to a good living by working hard for it.

"What is your name?"

"James Martin. What's yours?"

"Mine," said the stranger, pausing, and fixing his eyes thoughtfully upon Martin, "well, you may call me Smith."

"That ain't a very uncommon name," said Martin, thinking he had perpetrated a good joke.

"Just so," said the stranger, composedly. "I've been told so often."

"Well, Mr. Smith, do you think you could help me to some light business, that would n't be too hard on my health?"

"Perhaps I might," said the other. "What do you think you would like?"

"Why," said Martin, "if I only had a little capital, I could set up a little cigar store, or maybe a drinkin' saloon."

"That would be light and genteel, no doubt," said Smith, "but confining. You'd have to be in the store early and late."

"I might have a boy to stay there when I wanted to go out," suggested Martin.

"So you might," said the other. "There does n't seem any objection, if you can only raise the capital."

This was rather a powerful objection, however, especially as Mr. Smith offered no encouragement about supplying the capital himself. Martin saw this, and he added, "I only mentioned this. I ain't any objection to anything else that's light and easy. Do you think of anything I could do?"

"I may be able to throw something in your way," said Mr. Smith. "But first, I must ask you a question. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Martin, "just as many as you like."

"Because the business which I have to propose is of rather a confidential character, and a great deal depends on its being kept secret."

"All right, I'm your man then."

"When I saw you in the restaurant," said Smith, "it struck me that you might answer our purpose. You look as if you could be trusted."

"So I can be," said Martin, pleased with the compliment. "I'll never say a word about the matter. What is it?"

"You shall learn presently, that is, if my partner thinks we had better engage you."

"Where is your place of business?"

"We will go there. Let us jump into this horse car."

They had reached Eighth Avenue, and entered a car bound downwards. When the conductor came along. Smith said, "I pay for two," indicating Martin. This was fortunate, for Martin's purse was at a low ebb, his entire stock of money being limited to fifty cents.

They rode some fifteen minutes, at the end of which Smith signalled to the conductor to stop.

"We get out here," he said to Martin.

Martin jumped out after him, and they turned westward down one of the streets leading to the North river.

"Is it much farther?" asked Martin.

"Not much."

"It's rather an out of the way place for business, isn't it?" remarked Martin, observing that the street was lined with dwelling-houses on either side.

"For most kinds of business it is," said his new acquaintance, "but it suits us. We like a quiet, out of the way place."

"Are you in the wholesale business?" asked Martin, whose curiosity began to be considerably excited.

"Something of that sort," answered the stranger. "Ah, here we are."

The house before which he stopped was a brick dwelling-house, of three stories. The blinds were closed, and it might have been readily supposed that no one lived there. Certainly nothing could have looked less like a place of business, so far as outward appearance went, and Martin, whose perceptions were not very acute, saw this, and was puzzled. Still his companion spoke so quietly and composedly, and seemed to understand himself so well, that he did not make any remark.

Instead of pulling the bell, Mr. Smith drew a latch key from his pocket, and admitted himself.

"Come in, Mr. Martin," he said.

Martin stepped into the entry, and the door was closed.

Before him was a narrow stair-case, with a faded stair-carpet upon it. A door was partly open into a room on the right, but still there was nothing visible that looked like business.

"Follow me," said Smith, leading the way up stairs.

Martin followed, his curiosity, if anything, greater than before.

They went into a front room on the second floor.

"Excuse me a moment," said Smith.

Martin was left alone, but in two minutes Smith returned with a tall, powerful looking man, whose height was such that he narrowly escaped being a giant.

"Mr. Martin," said Smith, "this is my partner, Mr. Hayes."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, I am sure, Mr. Hayes," said Martin, affably. "I met your partner this mornin' in an eatin' house, and he said you might have a job for me. My health ain't very good, but I could do light work well enough."

"Did you tell Mr. Martin," said the giant in a hoarse voice that sounded as if he had a cold of several years' standing, "that our business is of a confidential nature?"

"Yes," said Martin, "I understand that. I can keep a secret."

"It is absolutely necessary that you should," said Hayes; "You say you can, but how can I be sure of it?"

"I'll give you my word," said Martin.

The giant looked down upon Martin, and ejaculated, "Humph!" in a manner which might be interpreted to convey some doubt as to the value of Martin's word. However, even if Martin had been aware of this, he was not sensitive, and would not have taken offence.

"Are you willing to take your oath that you will never reveal under any circumstances anything connected with our business?"

"Yes," said Martin, eagerly, his curiosity being greater than ever.

There was a Bible on the table. Hayes cast his eyes in that direction, but first said something in a low voice to Smith. The latter drew a small brass key from his pocket, and opened a cupboard, or small closet in the wall, from which, considerably to Martin's alarm, he drew out a revolver and a knife. These he laid on the table beside the book.

"What's that for?" asked Martin, with an uneasy glance at the weapons.

"I'll tell you what it's for, my friend," said the giant. "It's to show you what your fate will be if you ever reveal any of our secrets."

Perhaps you don't want to take the risk of knowing what they are. If you don't, you can say so, and go."

But Martin did not want to go, and he did want to learn the secrets more than ever.

"I'm ready," he said. "I'll take the oath."

"Very well, you understand now what it means. Put your hand on the book, and repeat after me: 'I solemnly swear on the penalty of death by pistol or knife never to reveal any secret I may have imparted to me in this room.'"

Martin repeated this formula, not without a certain shrinking, not to say creeping of the flesh.

"Now that you have taken the oath," said Smith, "we will tell you our secret."

"Yes," said Martin, eagerly.

"The fact is," said Smith, in a low voice, "we are counterfeiters."

"You don't say so," ejaculated Martin.

"Yes, there's a light genteel business for you. There are all ways of making a living, and that is n't the worst."

"Does it pay pretty well?" asked Martin, getting interested.

"Yes, it's a money-making business," said Smith, with a laugh, "but there's a little prejudice against it, and so we have a very quiet place of business."

"Yes, I see," said Martin.

"You see the world owes us a living," continued Smith, "as you remarked this morning, and if it does n't come in one way, it must in another."

"Is n't it dangerous?" asked Martin.

"Not if it's carefully managed."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Supply money to our agents chiefly. It won't do to have too many come to the house, for it might excite suspicion. You will come every morning, receive money and directions from one of us, and then do as you are bid."

"How much will you give me?"

"What do you say to a hundred dollars a month?"

"In good money," said Martin, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"No, of course not. In money of our manufacture."

Martin's countenance fell.

"First thing I know I'll be nabbed," he said.

"Not if you are careful. We'll give you instructions. Do you accept our terms?"

"Yes," said Martin, unhesitatingly.

"Of course you take a risk. No gain without risk, you know. But if you are unlucky, remember your oath, and don't betray us. If you do, you're a dead man within twenty-four hours from the time you leave the prison. There are twenty men bound by a solemn oath to revenge treachery by death. If you betray our secret, nothing can save you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Martin, whose mind was suitably impressed with the absolute necessity of silence. The representations of his new friends might or might not be true, but at all events, he believed them to be in earnest, and their point was gained.

"When do you want me to begin?" he asked.

"To-day; but first it will be necessary for you to be more decently dressed."

"These are all the clothes I have," returned Martin. "I've been unfortunate, and I have n't had any money to buy good clothes with."

"Have we any clothes in the house that will fit this man?" asked Smith of his confederate.

"I will go and see."

The giant soon returned with a suit of clothing, not very fine or very fashionable, but elegant compared with that which Martin now wore.

"I guess these will fit you," he said. "Try them on."

Martin made the change with alacrity, and when it had been effected, surveyed himself in a mirror with considerable complacency. His temporary abstinence from liquor while at the Island, had improved his appearance, and the new suit gave him quite a respectable appearance. He had no objection to appearing respectable, provided it were at other people's expense. On the whole, he was in excellent spirits, and felt that at length his luck had turned, and he was on the high road to prosperity.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW RUFUS SUCCEEDED IN BUSINESS.



VERY little has been said of Rufus in his business relations. When he entered Mr. Turner's office, he resolved to spare no pains to make himself useful, and his services satisfactory to his employer. He knew very well that he owed his situation entirely to the service which he had accidentally been able to do Mr. Turner, and that otherwise the latter would never have thought of selecting an

office boy from the class to which he belonged. But Rufus was resolved that, whatever might have been his original motive, he should never regret the selection he had made. Therefore he exerted himself more than under ordinary circumstances he would have done, to do his duty faithfully. He tried to learn all he could of the business, and therefore listened attentively to all that was going on, and in his leisure moments studied up the stock quotations, so that he was able generally to give latest quotations of prices of the prominent stocks in the market.

Mr. Turner, who was an observant man, watched him quietly, and was pleased with his evident pains to master the details of the business.

"If Rufus keeps on, Mr. Marston," he said to his chief clerk, one day, "he will make an excellent business man in time."

"He will, indeed," said the clerk. "He is always prompt, and does n't need to be told the same thing twice. Besides he has picked up a good deal of outside information. He corrected me yesterday on a stock quotation."

"He did me a great service at one time, and I mean to push him as fast as he will bear it. I have a great mind to increase his pay to ten dollars a week at once. He has a little sister to take care of, and ten dollars a week won't go far in these times."

"Plenty of boys can be got for less, of course, but he is one in a hundred. It is better to pay him ten dollars than most boys five."

In accordance with this resolution, when Rufus, who had gone to the Bank, returned, Mr. Turner called him. Rufus supposed it was to receive some new order, and was surprised when instead, his employer inquired,

"How is your little sister, Rufus?"

"Very well, thank you, sir."

"Have you a comfortable boarding-place?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much board do you pay?"

"Eight dollars a week for both of us, sir."

"That takes up the whole of your salary, does n't it?"

"Yes, sir, but I have invested the money I had in a stationary store on Sixth Avenue, and get a third of the profits. With that I buy clothes for myself and sister, and pay any other expenses we may have."

"I see you are a great financier, Rufus. I was not aware that you had a business outside of mine. How long have you been with me?"

"About four months, sir."

"Your services have been quite satisfactory. I took you into the office for other reasons, but I feel satisfied by what I have noticed of you, that it will be well worth my while to retain your services."

"Thank you, sir," said Rufus.

He was exceedingly gratified at this testimony, as he had reason to be, for he had already learned that Mr. Turner was an excellent business man, and bore a high reputation in business circles for probity and capacity.

"I intended at the end of six months," pursued Mr. Turner, "to raise your pay to ten dollars a week if you suited me, but I may as well anticipate two months. Mr. Marston, you will hereafter pay Rufus ten dollars a week."

"Very well, sir."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Turner," said Rufus, gratefully. "I did n't expect to have my pay raised for a good while, for I knew that I received more already than most office boys. I have tried to do my duty, and shall continue to do so."

"That is the right way, Rufus," said his employer, kindly. "It will be sure to win success. You are working not only for me, but most of all for yourself. You are laying now the foundation of future prosperity. When an opportunity occurs, I shall promote you from the post of errand boy to a clerkship, as I judge from what I have seen that you will be quite competent to fill such a position."

This intelligence was of course very gratifying to Rufus. He knew that as yet he was on the lowest round of the ladder, and he had a commendable desire to push his way up. He saw that Mr. Turner was well disposed to help him, and he resolved that he would deserve promotion.

When he returned home to supper, he carried to Miss Manning and Rose the tidings of his increase of pay, and the encouraging words which had been spoken by Mr. Turner.

"I am not surprised to hear it, Rufus," said Miss Manning. "I felt sure you would try to do your duty, and I knew you had the ability to succeed."

"Thank you for your good opinion of me," said Rufus.

"I can tell you of some one else who has a good opinion of you," said Miss Manning.

"Who is it?"

"Mrs. Clifton. She said this forenoon, that she considered you one of the most agreeable and wittiest young men she was acquainted with."

"I suppose I ought to blush," said Rufus, "but blushing is n't in my line. I hope Mr. Clifton won't hear of it. He might be jealous."

"He does n't seem much inclined that way," said Miss Manning.

At this moment Mrs. Clifton herself entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Rushton," she said. "Where do you think I called this afternoon?"

"I could n't guess."

"At your store in Sixth Avenue."

"I hope you bought something. I expect my friends to patronize me."

"Yes, I bought a package of envelopes. I told Mr. Black I was a friend of yours, so he let me have it at the wholesale price."

"Then I'm afraid I did n't make anything on that sale. When I want some dry goods may I tell your husband that I am a friend of yours, and ask him to let me have it at the wholesale price?"

"Certainly."

"Then I shall take an early opportunity to buy a spool of cotton."

"Can you sew?"

"I never took in any fine work to do, but if you've got any handkerchiefs to hem, I'll do it on reasonable terms."

"How witty you are, Mr. Rushton."

"I am glad you think so, Mrs. Clifton. I never found anybody else who could appreciate me."

Several days had passed since the accidental encounter with Martin outside of the Academy of Music. Rufus began to hope that he had gone out of the city, though he hardly expected it. Such men as Martin prefer to live from hand to mouth in a great city rather than go to the country where they would have less difficulty in earning an honest living. At any rate he had successfully baffled Martin's attempts to learn where Rose and he were boarding. But he knew his step-father too well to believe that he had got rid of him permanently. He had no doubt he would turn up sooner or later, and probably give him additional trouble.

He turned up sooner than Rufus expected.

The next morning when on his way from the bank, with a tin box containing money and securities, he suddenly came upon Martin standing in front of the general Post Office, with a cigar in his mouth. The respectable appearance which Martin presented in his new clothes filled Rufus with wonder, and he could not avoid staring at his step-father with surprise.

"Hillo!" said Martin, his eye lighting up with malicious pleasure. "So you did n't know me, eh?"

"No," said Rufus.

"I'm in business now."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Rufus.

"I get a hundred dollars a month."

"I'm glad you are prosperous, Mr. Martin."

"Maybe you'll be more willing to own the relationship now."

"I am glad for your sake only," said Rufus. "I can take care of Rose well enough alone. But I must be going."

"All right! I'll go along with you."

"I am in a hurry," said Rufus, uneasily.

"I can walk as fast as you," said Martin, maliciously. "Seein' you're my step son, I'd like to know what sort of a place you've got."

The street being free to all, Rufus could not shake off his unwelcome companion, nor could he evade him, as it was necessary for him to go back to the office at once. He consoled himself, however, by the reflection that at any rate Martin would n't find out his boarding-place, of which he was chiefly afraid, as it might affect the safety of Rose.

"What have you got in that box?" asked Martin.

"I don't care to tell," said Rufus.

"I know well enough. It's money and bonds. You're in a broker's office, ain't you?"

"I can't stop to answer questions," said Rufus, coldly. "I'm in a hurry."

"I'll find out in spite of you," said Martin. "You can't dodge me as easy as last time. I ain't so poor as I was. Do you see that?"

As he spoke he drew out a roll of bills (they were counterfeit, but Rufus of course was not aware of that), and displayed them.

Our hero was certainly astonished at this display of wealth on the part of his step-father, and was puzzled to understand how in the brief interval since he last saw him, he could have become so favored by Fortune, but his conjectures were interrupted by his arrival at the office.


"TURNER!" repeated Martin to himself, observing the sign. "So this is where my dootiful step-son is employed. Well, I'm glad to know it. It'll come handy some day."

So saying, he lighted a fresh cigar, and sauntered away with the air of a man of independent means, who had come down to Wall Street to look after his investments.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



WHY FATHER'S WATCH WAS SOLD.

“ELL, mother, Deacon Knight has paid me up for shovelling his snow last winter, getting in his wood, finding his cow that time she was lost, and doing other sundry jobs. I signed a receipt in full for the amount; you ought to see how ship-shape he keeps everything up to his house; he has a sort of little counting-room right by the side of his parlor, where he keeps all his books and papers. Don't you think, mother, he told me that he has books which would show every cent he had spent for forty-two years.”

This was Clarence Elden's address to his mother as he entered the house one afternoon in spring, and took his place at the supper table.

“Yes, I have heard that Deacon Knight was very methodical in all his ways,” replied Mrs. Elden, “but how much did he pay you, my son?”

“Five dollars and a quarter, mother,” replied Clarence, taking the money from his vest pocket and passing it to her.

“Oh, that is good; now we can add this to the forty-five dollars which we have saved already, making the sum of fifty dollars, and to-morrow we will pay it to Mr. Sturbridge and reduce our mortgage just so much. In time we shall get it all paid up, Clarence,” said Mrs. Elden.

“I hope so, mother, for it is too bad to have to pay the interest every year when we have so little money. How much is there left?”

“How much of the mortgage? Oh, there are two hundred dollars more due after we have paid this fifty,” replied the mother.

“Well, we shall pay that before long, mother. I am going to have a place one of these days where they will pay me a big salary for doing nothing, and then you will find that mortgage paid pretty quick,” said Clarence.

“What do you mean by getting a large salary and doing nothing?”

“Oh, I was only thinking of a great many that I know of that have such a place as that, such as Custom House clerks, Internal Revenue officers and such,” answered Clarence.

“Ah my son, you must have your joke, no matter at whose expense,” remarked Mrs. Elden. “Here, you may have the quarter of a dollar to spend, only don't spend it foolishly,” and Clarence's mother handed him the twenty-five cent piece.

“Thank you, mother, I'll try not to, only it is very rarely that what is called spending money is not expended foolishly, but then, somebody

is benefited, as the pea-nut venders and molasses candy merchants will tell you. Now help me once more to apple-sauce, then I am off."

"Off? Where to, Clarence?"

"Oh, down town to meet the boys."

"I was in hopes you were going to stay at home to-night," said Mrs. Elden in a half sorrowful tone.

"Oh, I can't to-night any way, mother. I promised Joe Jinks that I would be there certain sure."

"I do not exactly fancy your being so intimate with that Joe Jinks."

"Why! What's the matter with Joe, mother?"

"Oh, he's a harum-scarum sort of a boy, always up to mischief, and making his father lots of trouble. It is only a week or two since he was put out of Lyceum Hall for making a disturbance during lecture time."

"I know it — but then he got laughing at something, no harm at all in that — but the janitor wanted to show how smart he was, so he jerked poor Joe out by the collar," said Clarence.

"If you will stay at home with me this evening, I will play backgammon with you," said Mrs. Elden, trying all she could to tempt her son to remain in the house.

Now Clarence was very fond of his mother, and liked to play backgammon with her, and he almost wished that he had not promised to meet his friends "down town." But he had not strength of mind to say to his companions, "I must stay with my mother, she wants me, and I cannot displease her." Hardly any boy does have it, and yet when they get to be men they look back and wonder why they were so deaf to their mother's wishes, and would give worlds for a chance to wipe away those selfish moments when they preferred the transient pleasure of careless acquaintances to the true, unalloyed and unselfish love of their mothers.

Clarence finished his supper, and then hastily bidding his mother good night, and saying that he should return soon, he went out. Mrs. Elden sighed when she heard the door close after him, and she wished for the assistance of her husband in the difficult task of training her boy.

On the corner of the two streets Clarence found Sam. Maxwell and Fred. Holt; they seemed glad to see him, and greeted him with —

"Hallo Clarence, you're on hand. You don't have any trouble about getting out evenings, do you?"

Clarence's conscience troubled him not a little as he endeavored to answer Sam's inquiry.

"I generally manage to keep my engagements," said he, "but where is Joe Jinks?"

"Joe is down to the Union House with John Pollard, we are going to meet them there; come along," said Fred Holt.

"Cigar, Clarence?" inquired Sam, holding a cigar case to him and telling him to take one.

"No, I never smoked a cigar in my life — that is, a tobacco one," replied Clarence.

"Oh, you mean you have smoked paper ones, with penny-royal or sweet-fern inside? Well, they may do to commence on, but I have got by them long ago. I remember when I kept a shop in our wood-shed and sold sweet-fern cigars for three pins apiece," said Sam.

They soon reached the Union House and found Jinks and Pollard in the reading-room smoking cigars, with their feet resting on the mantle-piece, while they sat in arm-chairs tipped up on the back legs.

"Well, here we are boys, and as this is my birth-day, I am going to treat the crowd. There's no use in having a birth-day without celebrating it. So now what'll you have? Don't all speak at once, it will make confusion. Fred Holt, what'll you take?" said John Pollard.

"I'll go a whiskey punch," answered Fred.

"And you, Sam Maxwell?"

"The same for me," answered Sam.

"What say you, Joe Jinks?"

"Gin and water, John. Gin and water for me. I've got a bad cold, otherwise I should not take anything stronger than cider," replied Jinks, looking as if he felt very smart.

Clarence felt very much disturbed at these proceedings, it was something he had not reckoned on; he felt uneasy at having left his mother against her wishes, but the thoughts of spending the evening in drinking at a tavern, disturbed him still more. But how to get away from it, that was the question. He wished that he was at home, and away from this temptation.

"And what will you have to wash the dust from your throat?" said Pollard, turning to Clarence.

"I guess I won't take anything," said Clarence.

"What! not take anything? That won't do, That is n't polite, by any means. Why, this is my birth-day, and it will do you no harm to observe it by drinking my health in a good stiff glass of something. No, I won't have it stiff, for you are not used to it, I will order some weak whiskey," said John Pollard.



THE TEMPTATION.

And in this way, Clarence was tempted and yielded. He took the glass of liquor with the rest, and joined with them in laughing and joking. Boys as they were, they had all done this before except Clarence, to him it was a new experience.

"Ten o'clock! Time to be going home, boys!" exclaimed Joe Jinks, as he heard the town clock strike the hour.

"So 't is," said Clarence. "I promised to be at home early, and that means nine, at least," and he rose to find his hat. As he did so, he felt a singular sensation in his head, which he had never experienced before, a light, fly-away feeling, as if he would like to cut up some caper or other.

The other boys evidently enjoyed a similar feeling, for they marched

out of the tavern in rather an uproarious manner, singing snatches of songs, and pushing and pulling each other across the sidewalk, obliging quiet citizens to step into the gutter in order to get safely by the rowdy crowd.

"See here, boys!" said Joe Jinks, stopping under a lamp post, "you see this cane? Well, with one whack I can put you all to flight," and, without stopping to hear their reply, he struck the glass lantern above his head, shattering it into a thousand fragments. Sure enough, away they all ran, and Joe ran too, nor did they dare to stop until they were very sure no one was following. Then, just as they were taking breath, and beginning to talk about it, Sam Maxwell sung out.

"Don't stop yet, boys, keep on running!" and stepping up to a door close at hand, he pulled the bell-knob so violently that it was broken, and came out in his hand.

"Go it!" shouted Sam, and off they all started again, making the night hideous with their yells and whoops.

"Let's unhang old Belknap's blinds and gates," suggested Fred Holt.

"Enough said," was the unanimous cry, and in a few minutes they were at "old Belknap's." Now Mr. Belknap was one of the selectmen of Ferndale, and not at all popular with the boys, for he always went against Fourth of July celebrations, playing base ball on the Common in summer, and coasting down the hilly streets in winter, especially, as by the latter amusement he had been laid up for three weeks with a lame ankle, caused by a "double runner" striking it, as he was carelessly crossing the foot of a street, inattentive to the cries of "La! La!" raised to warn him.

In a short time, his house was stripped of all the blinds within reach, and together with two gates, they were piled in an adjoining field.

"Now let's take the blinds off the next house, and mix 'em up together with old Belknap's, and it will be jolly fun for them to pick 'em out in the morning," suggested Joe Jinks.

This was done quietly and quickly, and then the question was raised what to do next.

"Holler fire, and get all the engines out," remarked John Pollard.

"No, don't you do it," exclaimed Clarence, "if we should be found out, it would be an awful bad scrape. We've done enough already."

"That's very true, and I guess we'll stop it right here," said a strange voice, and the boys were dismayed at the sudden appearance of two night policemen, who stepped up and blandly informed them that they were all well known, and would hear from them (the police) in the morning, meanwhile they had better go home and go to bed.

Brought to their senses by this arrest, the party, with heavy hearts, hastened homeward. Clarence, in particular, felt how foolishly he had acted, and as he undressed himself and went to bed, he thought with dread of the morrow when the punishment would come for that evening's misdoings.

And come it did, for early the next day the door-bell rung, and Mrs. Elden received a note informing Clarence that his share of the damage done the previous evening, would be *fifty dollars*, and if the amount was not paid within three days, he would be brought before a Police Court, and publicly tried.

"What does this mean, my son?" asked the mother.

For a moment, Clarence was tempted to hide his sin by throwing the flimsy veil of falsehood around it, but it was not in his nature to tell a wilful lie, and so he did what few boys have the courage to do. He confessed everything immediately, and told his mother what a bad boy he had been, but what grieved him most was the trouble he had brought upon his mother, for it was necessary to take the whole of their fifty dollars which was going to reduce the mortgage, to pay for his mischief.

It was a heavy blow to Clarence and his mother, for Mr. Sturbridge was a disagreeable man, and very particular about having the installments on the mortgage paid promptly. On this occasion, Mrs. Elden had to sell her husband's watch to raise the fifty dollars, which Clarence by his foolish dissipation had lost. It proved a good lesson to him, however, and many a time after that he said:

"Oh mother, how I wish I had staid with you that evening, and then we should not have been obliged to sell dear father's watch."

William L. Williams.





MARY'S PARTY.

“LITTLE waves that glide and curtsey
Up and down the white beach sand,
Shall I tell you of my party,
While we all dance hand in hand?”

Then the maiden tripped a measure
Mid the sliding, foamy feet,
“Ah, not thus my guests will wander
To the wild sea-music's beat.”

“Tell us who for guests are bidden,”
Whispered all the waves low-voiced,
While the light breeze ruffling inland,
All her fair hair idly tossed.

“Not my Bess, and not my Rose,
My gay Bess of Binsly,

Not my cousin, brown Anita,
Dear old jolly Ernst, not he."

"Why not Bess, why not Anita?"
Shout the little wavelets all;
But the maiden climbed the ledges
Ere she answered to their call.

O'er the bay's soft swell and sparkle,
Thoughtful gazed the blue eyed maid;
Her bare feet sunk in the mosses,
Her two hands clasped o'er her head.

Gently then outspoke the maiden,
"Twas the good Christ named the names.
I *did* want Bess and Anita,
For we have such merry games.

"But mamma said, 'Mary, knowest thou
Those thy kin and neighbors be,
Thou hast bid them oft to banquets,
And they oft have feasted thee.

"Christ says, when thou spread'st thy table,
Gather in the lame and blind,
Seek through hedge, and seek through highway,
There the poor and maimed to find.'

"Why, mamma, then crippled Jamie
I must ask, and from the hill
Bring the little-barefoot blind girl,
And the collier's crooked Will.

"Oh, I *can't* have such a party!
Then I screamed with rage and shame,
Did ye see me, did ye hear me,
All my face and eyes aflame?

"Dear mamma had but for answer,
Bring the poor, the maimed, the blind,
In the blessed resurrection,
Look thy recompence to find.

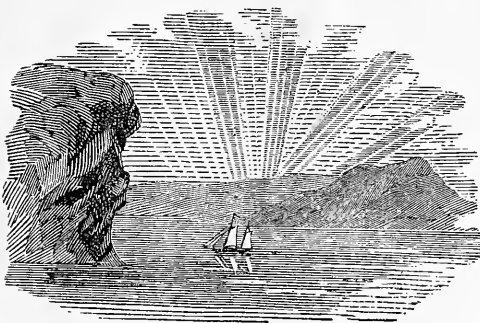
“Was it sighing of the night wind,
Or did Jesus come to me,
Whispering gently ‘Do my bidding,
Welcome in those guests for me.’

“Then I felt so sweetly willing
To give up my Ernst and Bess,
Dearly as I love Anita,
Shall I love the dear Christ less?”

Smiled she brightly, while swung lightly
O'er the sands, the waves at play,
And their spray robes swept whitely
Round the ledges, steep and grey.

Midway in their lapse and murmur
Turned the tide with seaward beat,
Sped away past cape and headland
All the silvery sandalled feet,
And the little maid sped homeward,
Joyously her guests to greet.

E. G. C.



THE PRIZE STORY.

Florence Irving.

INTRODUCTION.

EASY HALL was a large, comfortable house, situated on the bank of the Hudson River. It stood on a high cliff, the jagged rocks projecting far out over the water, threatening at any moment to fall upon the vessels which occasionally passed beneath them. It was an elegant place for children, and twice every year its rooms and grounds were full, and merry peals of laughter echoed everywhere. The lakes and woods in the vicinity afforded great pleasure for the boys, and many were the rambles and scrambles they took, up hill and down, and all over the premises. They found a great many beautiful flowers and geological specimens, also ferns and various kinds of mosses.

Annie and Charlie Irving lived here with their uncle; both their parents died when they were quite young, and the gentleman being very fond of children, allowed them to have a party of about half a dozen to stay with them for a week, occasionally.

That the reader may not get a wrong idea of the place, it will be best to give a little description of it. Though the house had rather a dingy appearance, and no carriage and horses were kept in the barn, though no bright-colored boat sailed on the river, yet the children had very merry times. Everything was comfortable and easy in the house, and in the barn was a stout, strong swing, and a raft on the river, which though not at all stylish, yet afforded much pleasure. Easy Hall was not situated on the broadest and most fashionable part of the Hudson. No indeed! far from that — the river here was scarcely as broad as the Merrimac, and the blue waters of the Champlain were seen in the distance. Back of the house there was a large orchard, and the trees were laden with the ripe, juicy fruit.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the month of October, and a little party was gathered at Easy Hall, having a splendid time. They had been looking forward to an apple-gathering, but the morning was rainy and they were very much disappointed. Charlie tried to console them by saying it would surely clear off before the day was over; but in spite of all his efforts, Amy

and Frank Woodford pouted and were unhappy over their late breakfast, and little Fanny Carleton wore a sullen countenance.

"Is n't it a shame," cried Amy, "when we were going to have such a nice time, and Mr. Sam was so good?"

"*Mr. Sam!*" Oh, Amy, you're getting too polite," said Will Leslie, bursting into a hearty laugh.

"Come, children, cheer up, I have some news to tell you," said Mr. Roswell, for that was his name.

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" they exclaimed, crowding around him.

"But perhaps I had better not tell you," said he, "and this afternoon you will find it out for yourselves."

"Please tell us, Mr. Roswell, please tell us now, and then we shall have it to talk about all the morning."

"Very well, then I will tell you now," he replied. "Annie, you have heard me tell about your cousins Florence and Louis Irving, have n't you?"

"Yes," answered Annie, and then there followed a breathless silence, which was broken by Mr. Roswell saying, "Well, I expect them here this afternoon, and —"

"Oh, Charlie, won't it be nice!" interrupted Annie; "that is if they are good and pleasant. I don't suppose they will be; rich people never are."

"Hush," said Mr. Roswell; "if you do not like them I want you to treat them kindly and make them feel at home."

"Are they proud?" questioned Annie.

"They may be," was the quiet reply.

"Oh dear! I hope not," said Annie, "but Amy, they're the richest people in the world, ain't they, Uncle Ro?"

"I guess not quite," said Mr. Roswell, laughing; "they are very rich, though, I assure you."

"Are they all coming, the whole family?" asked Willie.

"A couple of servants, only, with the children," was the reply; "they are orphans."

"Servants!" ejaculated Charlie, with a scornful smile, "I'll have nothing to do with them if they are as proud as all that."

"I want them to come," said Annie, "but I almost know they're selfish and disagreeable."

"Don't judge too quickly, Annie," said Mr. Roswell.

After dinner Mr. Roswell gave various directions how to prepare the rooms for the guests, &c., and all was hurry and bustle, till just as the

sun peeped through the clouds, they sat down to rest and await their arrival.

"Oh dear! I wish the boat would hurry up," exclaimed Annie, impatiently running to the door and looking down the river.

"Patience, Annie, I expect it every minute," said Mr. Roswell "You're excited; do sit down and be quiet."

"Come here with me," said Charlie, "I have a nice book, and you may look at the pictures, if you like."

"I don't see how you can read, Charlie, when it's almost time for them to come," said Annie, petulantly, but nevertheless she accepted the invitation.

After looking at the pictures for some time a drowsiness crept over her, and, thoroughly tired out with the events of the day, she leaned her head against Charlie's shoulder, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.

LET us leave Annie asleep while we hail a boat and take a ride down towards New York, at the mouth of the Hudson.

A good ways down the river, but yet some distance from New York, we see many beautiful buildings, nearly all private residences. Here and there are small creeks or inlets, where the water is broken into gentle ripples by the slight breeze blowing. The birds are singing, the sunbeams dart across the water, and, as Annie would term it, it is "a splendid day." Just as the boat shoots round a point, a new scene breaks on our view.

The bank on the left side of the river beyond the point rises gradually, till it forms a high hill and a beautiful grassy slope. On the very summit of the hill is a handsome house, with grounds and everything complete. The boys and girls in the neighborhood call it "the castle," and stand in great awe of its inmates. From a distance, and at first sight, *we* might be deceived and call it a castle, for it is much larger than its neighbors, and more elaborately made; therefore there is quite an excuse for the young people. On one side is a stream flowing into the Hudson; on the other a little lake, in which are swimming all sorts of fresh-water fish. A gay barge, with velvet-cushioned seats, and awning, is anchored at the shore, and large swans, with snowy plumage, are lazily floating in the clear water. Fountains and flowers, and rustic baskets with vines twining over them, are scattered about in profusion. But I am wandering too far away from my story.

Just as the steamer touched the wharf a clerk came round ringing a

bell, and shouting "passengers for Glen Point, please step ashore; passengers bound up the river, all aboard."

A tramping of horses' feet turned all eyes toward the shore, and a darkey shouted out, "here, Cap'en, dese hosses got to go; massa says can't do widout 'em, no how. Can't you tuck 'em in somewhere?"

Of course there was a general laugh at this, but the man persisted good naturedly, and said, "dese drefful good hosses; jes as quiet like."

"I don't doubt that," replied the captain, "but I can't take them; the steamer is too crowded now."

But before he was done speaking a lad of about fifteen years, with a kind, handsome face, followed by a lovely little girl of eleven or twelve, stepped on board.

Rob nodded significantly, and said, in an under tone, "dat's massa and miss."

Louis Irving seated his sister Florence — for such were their names, and it was they who owned the handsome house on the hill, — where she could see the water, and going up to the captain, said he supposed the horses and carriage could not go, from what he had just heard, and as the "Sea-bird" was about to start he would remain on shore and see to them.

"I would be willing to take them almost any other time," said the captain, "but there is such a press of passengers this trip I shall be obliged to refuse."

Rob muttered some when Louis told him to get ready to go by land, but there was no other way.

"Hold on a moment," said Louis, "I must say good bye to Flo," and hurrying back he went up to Florence and kissed her on her nose, much to her amusement, and said, "I'll get there all right; don't worry about me; I must go with Rob, you see, if the captain won't take the horses."

"Do you know the way?" asked Florence, anxiously.

"Rob does," was the reply, "but can you go without me?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied Flora, laughing; "you know Mary is with me; and can I have Pearl?"

"Yes, of course. Pearl, here Pearl, good fellow, go with Flora, and take care of her."

"Don't be so noisy, Louis, please," but he was off beyond hearing, and standing tip-toe in his saddle, waving his cap to Florence and still shouting. Florence looked very beautiful standing there, her blue eyes gazing after Louis, her long, golden hair floating in the breeze, and Pearl's shaggy head peeping over her shoulder.

Both Florence and Louis were very fond of pets, and though Mr. Hope, their uncle and guardian, at first resisted their pleading to take so many with them, he at last consented, as he generally did. So they had started with four horses, three dogs, a pair of canaries, and a cat.

Pearl, a little Spitz poodle, was Florence's dog, and a more cunning little creature was never seen, as she thought. In reality he could not boast of much only a shaggy, curly coat as white as snow, a pair of keen bright eyes, and a sharp voice, which told every one of his whereabouts. The other two dogs belonged to Louis. One, a large Newfoundland, was his constant and inseparable companion; he called him Neptune or Nep. The other was a bird dog, called Fly, because of his swiftness in pursuing squirrels and partridges.

Florence's horse was a gentle brown pony, with a white star on her forehead. I shall not give the name here, because she always hesitated between calling it Brownie or Star.

Louis's horses were Lily and Fairy, a beautiful pure white span, and a jet black Arabian, named Prince. Louis was very fond of this restless, impatient creature, and rode him almost constantly, accompanied by Nep.

The canaries were a present to Florence from her uncle, and as they were very tame she took great pleasure in teaching them. She usually let them fly about in the conservatory for a long time every morning. Chirp, the larger, enjoyed this immensely. He would light on the edge of the little fountain, dip his bill, turn his head comically on one side, and then with a twitter fly off and poise himself on some plant or flower. Not having had their exercise, as usual, they were very restless, fluttering and chirping mournfully. "There, Chirp and Jack, do stop making such a noise," exclaimed Flora, as she threw a light shawl over the cage to quiet them.

Just then a slight movement caused her to look round, and there was her pet kitten, Jeltzy, half way out of the basket, trying in vain to reach her mistress with outstretched paw. "Poor Jeltzy, you want to get out, don't you?" And so saying, Flora drew kitty gently up in her lap, smoothing her fur till she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER III.

"COME, Annie, wake up; the steamer is at the wharf, and they'll be here in a minute," shouted Charlie in his sister's ear. "Go and make yourself respectable, you little frowzle-head."

Annie jumped up from the sofa where she had been lying, and run-

ning to her little room, combed back her short hair, and was ready to receive her cousins.

"Have they come, Fanny?" she asked, as she skipped gaily down stairs.

"Yes, Florence has come, and she's real pleasant, and oh, so pretty! She looks just like a fairy."

"Hush, she'll hear you, don't talk so loud; but where's her brother?" asked Annie.

"Oh, he's behind, bringing the horses and dogs, Florence said — do you really believe it?"

"Yes, of course, if she said so; but is n't she proud?"

"No, not one bit; let's come in and see her now;" and Fanny drew Annie into the parlor where Florence was. Annie hesitatingly advanced towards her cousin and held out her hand.

"I am very glad to see you, Annie; we will have nice times together, won't we?" said Flora, taking the proffered hand.

Her pleasant, beautiful face and frank manner soon told Annie there was no need of formality with her. Florence was dressed in white, of nice material, very simply and tastefully trimmed. She wore a blue cape over her to match her blue sash. Her rich golden hair fell over her shoulders and below her waist, "making her look just like a fairy, only ten times prettier," as Annie said afterward.

"It is nearly time for Louis to come," said Flora; "he said he would be here soon after the steamer."

"Hark! that may be him," said Charlie, as a sound of voices reached their ears; "I'll go and see;" and he left the room. In a few minutes he returned with Louis, who was introduced to them all, and then an awkward silence ensued. It was broken by Flora saying, "I must show you Jelty and my canaries. Shall I get them now?"

"Oh do," said Annie.

"I should like to see them, too," put in Charlie.

"I think you'd better wait till morning," said Mr. Roswell. "It is too late to disturb the birds, and as for the kitten, she is fast asleep by the fire. Come, Hannah has tea on the table."

"Oh, please, Uncle Ro, let us see the birds," said Annie.

"Yes, that's so, do," shouted Charlie and Will.

"Not to-night," replied Mr. Roswell, firmly.

They all knew that when he spoke in that manner more teasing would do no good, so they took their places at the table and did full justice to the food placed before them.

The next day was a beautiful Indian summer one — not a cloud marred the blue sky, and the air was as mild as if it were spring.

"It would be a grand day for a pic-nic, would n't it?" said Annie to Flora, as she pulled the curtain up to look out.

"Yes, I think so ; is n't it lovely?"

"Hark, Flora, is n't that your birds singing? Just listen how beautiful!"

And indeed it was beautiful. First they would sing soft and monotonous, and then give vent to their joy in a series of chirpings, warblings, whistlings and twitterings. Their voices were not loud and shrill like some canaries, but low, and sweet, and musical.

"They want to fly out of doors, and here 's Jelty ready to romp with them," said Florence, opening the cage door.

"Why," exclaimed Annie, in surprise, "won't the kitten hurt them, and won't they fly away and not come back?"

"Oh no, indeed," replied Flora ; "I've often done it at home, and they will come when I call them ;" and the birds flew out the window, twittering to each other in merry style.

"Pussy must go too, I suppose," but the words were scarcely out of her mouth when Jelty sprang from the chair in which she was lying, to the window-sill, and with a bound established herself in the cherry tree which grew near the window.

As they were going down stairs, Annie noticed for the first time that morning how elegantly Flora was dressed. She wore a delicate gray morning dress, with pink silk over-skirt, and a pink and gray breakfast shawl. Pin, bracelets and dainty pink kid slippers completed her toilet. All was so tastefully arranged, and above all, she herself was so modest and unassuming, that no one could pass her by without admiration.

Annie looked at her own coarse, stout leather boots, calico dress and checked apron in dismay. "Never mind," she thought, "I'm as good as she is, if she does wear nice dresses and is so very rich."

"How pretty Flo looks this morning," thought Louis, as she took her seat at the table, and he added out loud, "you'll play for us after breakfast, Flora? You must n't give up practising."

"We have n't any piano," said Charlie.

"I might write to uncle to send up the little one he gave me last Christmas," said Flora, "and it could stay here."

"To change the conversation, let me ask what we shall do to-day, boys?" said Charlie.

"Do you use a rifle?" asked Louis.

"I have a shot-gun, and use it ; but Uncle Ro won't let me have a rifle."

"That'll do," said Louis, "let's go gunning."

"All right. Frank and Will, you'll go too?"

"I have n't any gun," said Frank. "I'll take my bow and arrow."

"Don't be gone long," said Mr. Roswell, "and be very careful," he added, as they were about to start.

Just as the boys entered the woods they heard a loud crashing in the bushes, and Fly rushed out, panting for breath.

"That's it, Fly, you'll follow up the game, won't you?" said Louis.

Fly answered by a short bark, and the boys shouldered their guns preparatory to a long tramp.

"I wish we could get a rabbit," said Will, "there's a good many round here, ain't there, Charlie?"

"Yes, Alfred Brown got three in one morning; he's a first rate shot."

"Hark!" said Charlie, "is n't that a partridge?"

But before Willie had time to reply, the loud report of a gun was heard a little distance off, and Fly bounded through the underbrush, intent on seizing the wounded partridge, for such was the bird.

"How quick and still Louis crept off," exclaimed Frank. "I did n't know he was gone till I heard the gun."

"There he is now," said Charlie, "and he's got two birds instead of one. Hallaò! pretty good luck, Louis; did you shoot them on the wing?"

"Yes," but I should n't have got them without Fly, good fellow; and he patted the dog's head caressingly.

"It seems a pity to kill them," said Willie, as he smoothed the ruffled plumage of the birds.

"They must die some time," said Frank, carelessly.

"You're too tender hearted, Will; if I had your gun I'd shoot all the time."

"What at?" laughed Louis; yourself or a post?" but seeing it rather provoked Frank, he added, "I'm hungry, boys; when shall we eat our lunch?"

"Come over this way," said Charley, "there's a nice flat rock; just the thing."

Let us now leave the boys to eat their luncheon, and see what the girls have been doing all the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as the boys were gone, the question arose what to do.

"I know," said Annie, "let 's play dolls ; have you yours here, Florence?"

"Yes, I brought two, a boy and a girl."

"Oh, that 's nice," said Amy and Fannie in one breath.

"Let 's play out of doors," said Florence; "it will be so much pleasanter, and then Neptune can draw the dolls in their carriage."

"Oh, have you got a doll's carriage?" said Annie.

"Yes, a large one, big enough for them all, and a little harness to harness Nep in. I'll go and find him;" and she ran off.

In a short time they had Neptune harnessed nicely, and he, like an obedient dog as he was, rode the dolls up and down the narrow road, and all about, until they were tired of leading him.

"There, I forgot all about my doll's house," exclaimed Flora. "Mary," addressing her maid, who stood near by, "please get Robert to help you bring my house down here. I want it out of doors."

It is needless to tell all the children did and said that morning. You think, reader, that they had a very happy time, and you guess right. They spent the time in playing and looking over Flora's playthings, of which there seemed to be no end. When Mr. Roswell called them to dinner they were surprised, and exclaimed, "What, is it noon? How quick the morning has passed away."

"It is one o'clock, dinner is all ready and waiting."

Just as they started for the house, Flora's quick eye discovered her birds pecking away at the door of their cage, trying in vain to get in. Florence quickly opened the door, and placed seed and water where they could reach it.

"Please excuse me, Mr. Roswell," she said, as she entered the dining room. "I had to fix my birds."

"Certainly, Florence, you are very excusable."

A few moments' silence ensued, when Annie remarked, "what a nice day for a ride ; just as pleasant as pleasant can be."

"I take the hint, Annie," said Flora, laughing, "and with Mr. Roswell's consent we 'll have a ride."

"Do you drive, yourself, Flora?" asked Mr. Roswell.

"Oh yes, sir ; the horses are very gentle, but Rob can go and drive if you wish."

"Well, I am willing, if Robert will go."

"Thank you ever so much, Uncle Ro," said Annie. "Shall we wait for the boys, Florence?"

"No, Louis would only tease me and make the horses run."

In about half an hour they were fairly off, with Lily and Fairy trotting at a brisk pace. On the back seat were Amy and Fanny, with Nellie Rivers, a tot of four years old, between them. On the front seat sat Florence and Annie with Rob.

Faster and faster trotted the horses, the girls chatting merrily, occasionally stopping for some wild flowers or bright leaves by the roadside. An hour passed in this way, when their laughter was cut short by Rob, who had reined up the horses at a place where three roads met.

"Dis nigger don' know de way any more, young missy ; do you?"

"I don't, said Annie, shortly, "but if we have a mind to take a long walk we can get some splendid evergreen over there in the woods."

"That would be nice," said Flora. "We could get some for wreaths. Will you wait here with the horses, Rob?"

"Course, if you wish, Miss Flora ; pretty sudden start, though. When 'll you be back?"

"In time for supper. Come, girls, be quick, here 's a basket, and we want to fill it," said Annie, hurriedly. "Nellie, you stay with Rob."

"I go too," said little Nellie, running after them as they climbed the wall.

"Oh dear!" said Annie, petulantly, "you 'll only be a great bother ; if you want to come you must hurry."

These last words made little Nellie start, for they were uttered in a cross, impatient tone. In her hurry to keep up with them, and in climbing over the wall, her foot slipped, her dress caught on a stone, and with a loud cry she fell to the ground. Annie turned back, pulled her up roughly, examined her arm — which seemed to be hurt — hastily, and half led, half drew the crying child along.

"What is the matter?" called Flora, who was in advance.

"Matter enough," muttered Annie ; "this little bother had to fall down, of course, and hurt her arm. She says it 's broken, but I don't believe it"

"It was n't her fault, you ought n't to have hurried her so," said Flora, reproachfully. Then turning to Nellie she said, kindly, "let me lead you, and if we can find a spring I 'll bathe your arm ; is n't there a spring somewhere about, Annie?"

"Yes," said Annie, coldly and shortly, and she walked sullenly on for a long distance, till they reached the place for the evergreen. There was a spring near by, at which Florence seated herself and gently bathed Nellie's arm, which was badly swollen. After the others had

picked evergreen some time in silence, Nellie's tears broke forth afresh, and she begged to go home. Annie, Amy and Fannie looked at each other, but neither one of them wished to go.

"I'll go," said Flora, at last; "Rob can take us home and come back for you."

"You can't find the way," said Annie.

"Oh yes I can," said Florence, cheerfully, "and Nellie feels better now; don't you, dear?"

"Ye-es," replied Nellie, between her sobs.

"Come, then, we'll go along."

Just as Florence disappeared among the trees, Annie called out, "I think you're too bad, Flora, to go off and spoil our good time. Nellie had no business to come, and now she's got here she might as well stay. It's only one of her notions to go home."

Flora did not reply, but walked on the faster, holding little Nellie by the hand. After a while they came to a place where the path divided, and Florence, without much thought, took the right hand one. But she soon found she had made a mistake, for it ended in a dismal swamp, where only the frogs and lizards made their home. Thinking she saw the right path through the trees, she made her way to it, but it was only where the wind had blown the dead leaves away and left the ground bare; and then the thought flashed over her that she was lost! Lost in the woods! She knew that these woods reached many long miles, and what if she should never find her way out!

But she was not allowed to indulge these thoughts long, for little Nellie said, innocently, "I'm real tired; may n't me go home? My arm hurts me so."

"She might as well know it first as last," thought Flora; and then added out loud, "Nellie, dear, we've lost the way; can you help Flora find the path?"

"I help Flora; I ain't faid; they'll come find us," said Nellie, with remarkable courage.

Nellie's bravery gave Florence new energy, and she sought the path in vain till she was ready to sink from exhaustion. "Nellie is nearly tired to death, and I am about the same," she thought; "we shall have to spend the night here." But the thought of it caused her to shudder. At last she gathered strength enough to prepare a bed of leaves for herself and Nellie. She determined not to sleep, but to keep awake and shout for help, if she should hear any sound of any one passing that way. But in spite of her resolutions she could not keep awake, and soon lost herself in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE was awakened at midnight by a heavy paw on her shoulder and a low growl. Her first thought was of some wild animal, but a short, joyful bark told her that Neptune had come to save her. Again and again she patted and hugged the faithful dog, calling him many loving names. "We are saved — Neptune, the dear fellow, knows the way home and he will lead us."

It was even so, and with Nellie placed on Nep's back, Florence was dragging her weary limbs after him. It seemed to her an age while she was getting through the woods, and many times she lost her hold on the dog's collar and fell on the ground in despair, but she reached home at last.

It is needless to relate what took place at the meeting. Suffice it to say that Annie was very, very sorry she had treated Florence so shamefully, and begged her cousin's pardon in a very humble manner. But Florence seemed to have forgotten all about it, and talked in a wild, excited way.

"She does not know what she is saying," said Mr. Roswell, addressing Hannah, the good, trusty servant who had taken care of Annie in her younger years. "Do what you can for her now, and in the morning we will send for the doctor. Now, children, go and get what little sleep you can."

They all obeyed except Annie, who lingered on the stairs, and sobbing, asked if she could be of any assistance.

"No, dear," was the reply, "and you must n't feel so badly, Annie; look on the bright side."

"But I was the cause of it all," she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

Mr. Roswell quieted her the best way he could and sent her away.

The next morning brought with it the glad news that Flora was better, and Nellie, after a long sleep, was nearly as well as usual, for she was a hardy little thing. Her arm was only slightly sprained. A doctor had been sent for, who said that there was little to do for Flora except to get her comfortably and quickly home.

"She will probably have a slow, typhoid fever," he said, "and it will be better to have her under the care of her own physician, and not in this little out-of-the-way place."

She was very weak, but in her right mind, and said that though she should be sorry to leave Easy Hall, she was ready and willing to go home. So with tears and smiles intermingled, they parted, and Florence arrived safely at her own house at Glen Point.

Thus ended Flora's visit at Easy Hall, and though she suffered a long sickness, she never regretted her kindness to Nellie Rivers on that well remembered day.

As for Annie, she never forgot the lesson then taught her. Neptune lived to a good old age, and was petted and caressed all his life time.

Mayflower.



OUR OTHER CAT.

SO lonesome as we were when Queen Puss was gone. 'Twas sad enough when little Brown Jewel died, and her four faithful nurses, James, and Freddy, and Sarah, and Jane, went up and down the house mourning for their lost kitten. But to lose Queen Puss was a much greater trial.

There was her pretty plate, bare of chicken-bone or tit-bit. For a while we could n't help cutting up something nice and laying it on the plate, and we half looked to see the sweep of her silvery fur through the dining-room door, and Queen Puss coming in state to her dinner. But no, Queen Puss was lying in her grave under the lilac.

One day our house-maid said to the four lamenting nurses of little Brown Jewel: "Be aisy, darlints, and whist every one of ye, while I rise the windy and set out Queen Puss's platter for the old blind beggar of a cat that goes prowlin' round the back yards of the quality for the crumbs and parins, and other poor lavins."

So the poor old cat, with his one dim eye, looked on such a feast as he never before had seen, and after he had eaten it all up, he washed and wiped the plate quite clean, wishing to be good friends with the cross house-maid, who had many times beaten him, but never before fed him. Then he opened his mouth and mewed out his thanks, and straightway retired behind our wood-shed to think over his great good luck, and fix in his mind the taste of the chicken-bone.

Tortoise-shell, our next neighbor cat, espied old blind Tom, and ran round to ask the news. So Tom told the story of his dinner to her.

But Tortoise-shell laughed rudely in his face, and told him he ought to be ashamed to be telling such lies to his neighbors. For her part, she should put Masters Richard and Henry, the black cats on the other side of the fence, on their guard against him, for who knew what stories he might next be going about and telling.

Poor old Tom tried to explain, but Tortoise-shell screamed "shut up" in such a loud voice, and made such faces in Tom's whole eye, that he scampered off in a fright through a hole in the wall.

But this is n't about our other cat. It was this way she came to us. A friend came in to see us and bid us good-bye before going to the mountains.

"Where's Queen Puss, the beauty?" said she; "here is a parting gift for her;" and she pulled out of her pocket a crimson crocheted collar, with two little red balls dangling from it.

Then we told the sad story of Queen Puss's death. So our friend

said to us that there were two kittens in her barn, one lovely and the other a fright. The fright was to go to-morrow to the doctor's wife, who loved and petted only frights, and now the beauty should come at the same time to us.

The next morning we all kept watch at our front windows to see Patrick, our friend's man, coming with the beauty. By-and-by Patrick did indeed come up our garden walk, bearing a basket tied closely down at the cover.

"Our kitten!" we all exclaimed.

It seemed as if Patrick would never get the strings untied, while we crowded round him in the hall. But when the knots came out at last, and the kitten followed, a long-legged, long-eared, brindled and bristled-backed fright, everybody's smiles were frozen into stiff wrinkles of dismay, and everybody's tongue was speechless with disgust.

Just then Patrick saw, through the half open door, a small boy running away with the other basket, which he had put down at the gate, and which held Mrs. Doctor's kitten.

"Stop thafe!" bawled Patrick, jumping down three steps at a time, the tails of his blue Sunday coat flying out behind, and his long arms flung out fiercely before him.

We did n't look to see what became of any of them, Pat, thief or eat — we did n't care. We shut the door and looked at our kitten, and then gave our opinion of it all together, in firm tones. "Horrid! horrid!"

The house-maid coming along, was asked to carry that thing down stairs out of the way. But the kitten darted wildly past her, and took refuge in the depths of the cellar. Then we talked together about that kitten. We were perfectly sure it was Mrs. Doctor's kitten, and Mrs. Doctor had got our kitten, but how was it to be helped now? Here was this one, and we must make the best of it. We were not troubled with the sight of it for some time. It hid away down stairs, and only by degrees made friends with the house-maid, who fed it and spoke kindly to it, and told it what nice people the "parlor folks was," and bade it take heart and get sociable, like.

Our new cat paid heed to what was said to him, and became at length quite used to his new quarters. He moved up at last from the cellar, and fitted up for himself a pretty little chamber, with an orange wool mat for his bed, under a large old chair in the kitchen.

Such a surprise as he was to the four small nurses of Queen Puss when they came home from the sea-shore, where they had gone a day or two after Patrick had brought him in the basket.

"Oh, Bridget, where did this nice kitten come from?" And the kitten, proud and delighted, turned itself slowly round and round, that the four brothers and sisters might admire its shining coat of bridled satin, its white neckcloth, its white silk stockings, and, above all, its fine, plump figure.

"It takes Bridget to tache and to tame wild craythers like that long-legged baste of Patrick's lavin'. Sure he was a prince in disguise. Is n't he a fine gintleman, intirely?"

"Oh, he is n't a prince at all, Bridget," said all the four in one-breath. "He is a fright still. His legs are long, and his ears are most as long as his legs, and his fur is an ugly tiger stripe and speckle. But he looks all smooth, and shiny, and fat, and he is n't so wild-eyed as he was, and he 's real nice, 'cause he 's so bright and friendly. His eyes are real cunning, too."

The homely little cat heard every word the four children said, but it pretended it did n't, and it began to catch flies and box their ears, and make believe it was n't minding anything else.

"What shall we call our new cat?" said Queen Puss's four nurses, rushing off to the porch, where aunt Mary was standing by the rose-bushes, snipping rose-bugs into two even halves with her scissors.

"Hobgoblin!" answered aunt Mary, snipping a very old and big bug.

"Is that the cat's name, or are you talking to the rose-bugs, aunt Mary," said Sarah, standing tip-toe, and looking with pity on the wretched bugs.

"Cat's name," replied aunt Mary, snipping two or three small bugs in a bunch, the big bug's grand-children.

Then the four looking at each other and puckering their small mouths with the hard word, said very slowly, — "hob-gob-lin!"

"Let's call him Hob," said James, and so Hob was the name of our new cat.

Such bad manners as that cat had. It thrust its small nose into the cream pitchers, and it hopped up on the table and ran off with the four nurses' beefsteak, and it stole softly into the kitchen and tasted and smelt all Bridget's nice dinner, every time it could get a chance. Was n't it a shocking cat?

What a racket Bridget and Hob and the old Shaker Broom did make sometimes. They all three went dancing and singing round the kitchen and out through the back-room and long wood-shed. Hob rushed down in the middle or down the outside, and Bridget and the broom chassied after him, and when they overtook him they all seemed to join hands and twirl round together with a great noise and tumult. Then the dishes

all peeped out of the closet door to see the fun, and laughed and shook on the shelves, and Aunt Mary's pink strawberry bowl fell over in a fit, and that was the end of it. Every time Hob tasted our dinner, Bridget got up this queer dance with him.

Besides these very bad manners, Hob had such a very great appetite that he never knew when it was proper for him to stop eating. Aunt Mary said she must either buy a larger market basket, or stitch a little tuck in Hob's stomach with somebody's darning needle, so that it need n't hold so much. But then on the other hand, Hob was n't dainty, and he did n't care what he had for breakfast if there was only a great deal of it. That was a thing to be considered certainly before taking a tuck in his stomach.

Hob here perhaps deserves a word of praise, for keeping his little room under the big chair so nice and tidy.

"Why, the orange mat looks just as good as new," said all the four nurses of Queen Puss, as their four curly heads wedged themselves in between the four legs of the old chair, while they took a view of Hob's parlor.

"'P'raps it's 'cause he alway stakes all his day naps in somebody's lap," said James, and the four little wise heads nodded, "that 's it!"

Hob had such confiding ways and he so insisted on being petted.

"Who's going to care if a fellow has long legs and ears and speckled skin! I'm sure I ain't. I like these people and I guess they like me." This he would say to himself as he jumped up into the lap of some one of us, scratching and tugging with his sharp claws along our nice skirts, when he chanced to make a miss-step, which was often the case, as his long legs were somewhat awkward. "There now, ain't I a real clever old fright, he would say, winking his bright eyes in your face and cuddling himself into a small ball, and taking an occasional peep at the toes of his white silk stockings.

Aunt Mary painted Hob's portrait for the four small nurses of Queen Puss, and aunt Madge framed it with a frame of acorns.

"Oh, don't he look splendid, just like a minister, in his speckled satin gown and white cravat," said Sarah, with wide eyes.

"They're a jolly bunch of people, aunt Mary, and aunt Madge and old Hob, I tell you, said James edging his face in between Sarah's and those of the other two nurses, who were grouped together gazing in admiration on the picture. As for Hob, he never troubled himself to take a look at his portrait, — he was too busy under the table getting up a luncheon of mouse and grasshopper.

One word more about our cat. After Queen Puss died, a great many

families of rats came and set up housekeeping in the ceilings of our old house. Such a noise as they made, putting down their carpets and hanging their curtains and engravings. We were such a quiet family we were quite distressed that such a noisy lot of people should come and live so near us. Hob knew just how we felt about it, because he used to hear us talking so often of it.

Do you suppose he begged a pigeon's quill of Bridget and wrote a note to the rats, and tucked it into a little hole in the entry wall? What else must have made them pull up their carpets, and take down their curtains, and pack up their crockery, and move off, every one of them, and leave us in peace? What else, to be sure?

Our clever Hob will live to be a very old Hobgoblin, I think; I'm sure I hope so, don't you, dear?

E. G. C.



[See Diagram in January No.]

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Keep it before the PEOPLE⁷!
 That Earth⁷ was made for man¹!
 That flowers³ were strown³,
 And fruits³ were grown³,
 To bless¹, and never to ban² —
 That sun¹ and rain¹,
 And corn¹ and grain¹
 Are yours¹⁸ and mine¹⁸, my brother¹⁸!
 Free gifts from HEAVEN¹⁷,
 And freely³ given³
 To one¹ as well as another³!

Keep it before the PEOPLE!
 That man¹ is the image of God⁵!
 His limbs¹ and soul¹
 Ye may not control¹
 With shackle¹⁴, or shame¹⁴, or rod¹⁴!
 We may not be sold
 For silver¹ or gold¹

Neither *you*¹⁸ nor *I*¹, my brother!
 For *freedom*⁷ was given
 By *GÓD*¹⁷ from *HEAVEN*¹⁷!
 To one¹ as well as another³!

Keep it before the *PEOPLE*⁷!
 That *famine*¹⁴ and *crime*¹⁴ and *woe*¹⁴
 Forever abide,
 Still side³ by side³
 With *luxury*'s¹¹ *dazzling*¹¹ *show*¹¹!
 That *Lazarus*¹ *crawls*¹
 From *Dives*'¹³ *halls*¹³,
 And *starves*¹³ at his *gate*¹³, my brother!
 Yet *life* was given
 By *God*¹⁷ from *Heaven*¹⁷
 To one¹ as well as another³!

Keep it before the *PEOPLE*⁷?
 That the *poor*¹⁸ man claims his mede —
 The right³ of soil³,
 And the right³ of toil³,
 From spur¹ and bridle¹ freed¹¹!
 The right to bear¹,
 And the right to share¹,
 With *you*¹⁸ and *me*¹, my brother!
 Whatever is given
 By *God*¹⁷ from *Heaven*¹⁷
 To one¹ as well as another³!

ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD AT THE SPRINGS.

CHARACTERS.—GRANDMA GARRULOUS; MRS. McFLIMSY; FLORA, JENNIE, her daughters; CONNIE LEE, MAMIE LEE, her nieces; MISS DASHAWAY ST. TWELMO, Literary; COQUETINA FLIRT-IT-OUT, Precocious young lady; CLEONIE CLEMATIS, Sentimental young lady; COUNT IGNATIUS DE LISLE.

SCENE.—*Drawing-Room at the Springs.*

Grandma Garrulous. Wal, it's a mighty strange world, and the strangest thing seems to me, is my bein to the Springs where I never came in my young days—but daughter Lee would have me come look

after her gals, so I didn't like to disoblige her. Not that them gals need lookin after—they're as good and sensible as their mother—had jist sich a bringin up. Law me—Debby Garrulous, what a mercy you haven't got the care of some of these distracted critters that abound here—Belles and Herrisses and sich. It would be worse than Bedlam. Here comes one on 'em now. Poor silly gals, if they could jist know how foolish they be. I've half a mind to give 'em some advice—but tain't no use—their mothers are as light and trifling as they are. Well, I'll take my knitting and set 'em a good example! My! my! my! I'm glad I was young in sensible times.

(Enter MISS CLEMATIS)

Miss Clematis. Good mornin, Mrs. Garrulous, isn't it a lovely mornin—and what an exquisite view from this piazza. Oh! I could dream my life away in this Elysian spot.

Grandma Garrulous. I can't foller you, child. I never learned anythin but plain English.

Miss Clematis. Don't you worship the beautiful in Nature without, and revel in the artistic within?

Grandma Garrulous. Don't be irreverent, child, with sich talk about worship. I hope I worship where I ought. As to Natur, it's all very well, but I don't think you know much about it.

Miss Clematis. Oh my dear Madam—what a terrible accusation! How little you appreciate me—I am as sensitive as the shrinking mimosa. Rough tones jar upon the finer chords of my nature—and turn away from the chill breath of reproof, utterly crushed—Oh! good morning dear Mrs. McFlimsy—I rejoice to see a congenial spirit.

Mrs. McFlimsy. Did you see anythin of Flora and Jennie? I've been up waiting for them an hour and a half—but I expect they're takin an extra nap. How the girls do turn day into night to be sure!

Grandma Garrulous. Ahem, ahem—Girls are mighty smart now-a-days—ain't they, marm? Should say them two of yourn would keep you mighty busy dressin and fixin of 'em.

Mrs. McFlimsy. Madam, I've not the honor of your acquaintance.

Grandma Garrulous. Don't know much about the honor, ma'am, but you're welcome to the acquaintance. Everybody down our way knows Deborah Garrulous. Them two gals in the white muslins coming yonder is my granddaughters—and I ain't in no wise ashamed of 'em. Well, Connie? had a pleasant walk?

Connie. Very, grandma—we stayed longer than we intended, but I'm glad you are not alone.

Grandma Garrulous. Had a numerous number of callers, child—one of 'em's just gone—a poor half crazy child that had orter be looked after—raving about art and natur—poor dear child.

Mamie. Crazy, Grandma! surely you must be mistaken.

Mrs. McFlimsy. Your sympathy is wasted, young ladies, and may be needed nearer home. Your respected grandmother alludes to Miss Cleonie Clematis, that wonderful young poetess whom every one is admiring.

Connie. Cleonie, is she a poetess? She is very sentimental I know—I am too much of the earth earthy to suit her, I fear.

Miss McFlimsy (rushing in.) Oh, here you are, ma—do send to the city by pa and order me a dress for the Hop to-morrow night—I must go—and I've positively nothing here that's fit to be seen.

Mrs. McFlimsy. Good gracious, Flora, I can't send for any more dresses for you—there's a trunk full that you haven't even unpacked!

Miss McFlimsy. Now ma, you know I can't wear those antediluvian dresses. They were made at least six weeks ago, and are too old fashioned to mention.

Mrs. McFlimsy. Wear your rose gossamer de tulle!

Miss McFlimsy. Horrible—and look like a red, red rose in June—no never, ma!

Mrs. McFlimsy. Then your white “soie d'argent!” or that lovely “moon on the lake!”

Grandma Garrulous. Good gracious—how on earth is she going to get hold of the moon!

Mrs. McFlimsy. Insufferable! Well Flora, there's your lace “a l'Imperatrice”—you've never worn that.

Miss McFlimsy. Yes, and look like that dowdy Miss Petrola, with her cotton lace trimmings—I must have another dress or I can't go to the Hop—and Count Ignatius de Lisle is to be there, just from Paris.

Grandma Garrulous. Outdacius Ile, what kind of ile is that, Connie?

Connie. It's a foreign count, grandma—a very fine gentleman, who is making a great sensation here.

Grandma Garrulous. Ah! I should like to see him, honey.

Jennie. Going to have another dress, Florry—poor little dear, how shamefully it is treated, nothing to wear—I'll lend it one of my school dresses.

Miss McFlimsy. Mamma, if you do not keep this child away from the public halls and promenades, I shall return home—she is really unbearable!

Grandma Garrulous. Don't call your little sister a bear, honey—

such names ain't becoming between sisters — you know the spelling book says :

“ Let dogs delight to bark and — ”

Jennie. Yes, ma'am, that's just what I tell her, and if Count Pugnacious—

Mrs. McFlimsy. Jennie, be quiet—children should be seen and not heard.

Jennie. Poor Florry, she isn't fit to be seen, do get her a dress, she hasn't more now than forty-eleven.

(*Enter MISS ST. TWELMO.*)

Miss St. Twelmo. Fair sister, why do you mourn — not I trust for the perishing gewgaws that attract the gaze of the illiterate? Seek mental food and decoration from the wrapt strains of Sartor Resartus— or the crystals of thought sparkling on every page of Newton's Principia.

Grandma Garrulous. Well, if here ain't another of the mad sort— Connie, do you and Mamie keep close to me, child, or I'll begin to think I'm in foreign parts.

Miss St. Twelmo. Did you address yourself to me, madam?

Grandma Garrulous. Sartinly, I dressed myself — ain't quite helpless if I am getting old — I didn't make my dress though — Connie and Mamie does all that for me, bless their hearts.

Miss McFlimsy. So I should think—got the patterns out of the ark, did n't they, ma'am?

Grandma Garrulous. Don't know as they did — might have got their good manners there—seems mighty scarce in these days.

(*Enter COQUETINA AND CLEONIE.*)

Coquetina. Oh, here you all are, talking about the ball, I suppose. I've just had the most magnificent bow from the count — Oh has n't he the most beautiful smile—and such whiskers—and to think of his asking me to dance with him—I never was so enraptured in my life. But I'm in despair about my dress, I can't for the life of me decide which to wear of the six Aunt Dashaway sent me.

Grandma Garrulous. Hadn't you better lend one to that poor girl over there? she says she hasn't got one fit to put on—I had a notion of offering her one of mine.

Coquetina. Do ma'am, I think it would suit her style exactly—quite recherché.

Miss St. Twelmo. Peace, Coquetina—you disturb my visions; be not

—“one of those little prating girls
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories—”

Coquetina (*making a low bow.*) Thank you for your kind wishes, I wouldn't be such a book worm—not for the universe—no gentleman likes a blue stocking.

Grandma Garrulous. Ain't obleeged to wear blue if they don't like it—need they? Don't wear as well as gray—ain't nigh as good a color for coats either. 'T would n't take me long to choose. All my boys wore jackets of gray. I'm partial to it.

Miss St. Twelmo. She alludes to my fondness for study, ma'am—she is n't capable of appreciating the sweetness of draughts from the Pierian spring.

Grandma Garrulous. Is that spring anywhere near here?

Miss St. Twelmo. I should think not, ma'am, judging from the multitude who ignore it.

Grandma Garrulous. How did you hear tell of it? Is it in that big book you're dragging around with you? Read a bit of it, I'm mazin fond of poetry.

Miss St. Twelmo. Here, madam, I plunge in “*medias res*,” inaugurating my narration without an *appogiatura*, touching the origin of the infusoria. Lewenhock, Gleichen, Ghengis Khan, Alexander, Attila, Gurowski, U. S. Grant, to say nothing of the irridiscent illuminati of Massachusetts, all entertain different opinions. Also in the course of my varied studies, I observe with regret, that as regards the Rhinosplatic operation—as to whether the cellular tissue should be dissected to the disarrangement and displacement of the *arbor vitæ*, surgeons differ; nor are they even united as to the best method of demetiuration. Ischuratics are also a matter of dispute. And if surgeons, who have passed beyond the stormy *æosophagus* of science, and gained the smooth Bahr Shaitan beyond, differ by so much as a *dodeeatemorion*, who shall decide—the Alabama claims? You may, par example, think that because I am a woman, I have no right to express an opinion, or to take my seat in Congress Halls—but is woman to be merely an *adscriptus glabæ*?

Grandma Garrulous. Has anybody got any camfire? Hain't that poor gal got a mother? Why don't she keep her to hum? Dear, dear, dear, what is the rising generation coming to?

Coquetina. Coming to the Springs, ma'am, for its health.

(*Enter* COUNT IGNATIUS.)

Count I. Is anybody not in good health, charming mademoiselle?

Coquetina. Mrs. Garrulous was soliciting some refreshments in the form of campfire.

Count I. Fire? ha! camp-fire — not good weather for fire. Ah, good morning, Madame, how is your charmante Mees Flora?

Grandma G. In a very destitute condition, poor girl; complaining of being in need of dresses.

Count I. Ah! I do not comprehend. Mees Flora is charmante in any dress — and all the fair ladies.

Miss St. T. “He hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.”

Count I. Ah! excuse me, Mees Twelve O's. I hope you enjoy one good health.

Cleonie. Ah! who could do otherwise in this lovely, lovely, lovely spot, this classic shade!

Count I. Ah! yes, fair Mees.

Grandma G. Connie, don't that Mr. Outdacious Ile put you in mind of farmer Jones' Jake? does me, mightily. Jake had such a way of winking one eye when he was scared. Did you ever live in Hominy-town, sir?

Count I. Madam, I never know him.

Grandma G. Strange! You'r enough like him to be his brother. Poor Jake, he give the old folks a heap o' trouble — restless kind of a chap — would n't settle down to work, nor to study, and at last, one moonlight night he got off, and they have n't heard tell of him since. His mother fretted a sight about him.

Count I. Ladies, I must adieu.

Grandma G. Do but look now; and if you ain't got that scar on your cheek just like —. Why, you must be Jake Jones. Bless your heart, child, won't your mother be proper glad when she knows it. And how on airth did you get to be Outdacious Ile? Anybody leave you any money? Why, bless me, if he ain't got out of the way — clean gone — more like Jake than ever. Dear me, girls, don't be curling your hair within an inch of your lives for that fellow. He's outdacious, sure enough, and if here ain't one of his whiskers. I thought I oughter know him. My! what a sight you do learn at the springs!

Miss St. T. Ah! how much

“Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The more materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich!

Mrs. G. A. Hulse McLeod.



BEFORE the August number of our magazine is ready, we shall probably remove our office to a more attractive room than that we have occupied for the last three years. We had expected to mature arrangements so as to announce the location of our new office in the advertising pages of the present number, but find that it will be impracticable to do so.

This has been rendered necessary by reason of the removal and death of Mr. William V. Spencer, who so kindly afforded us what we supposed to be but a temporary occupancy of the room in connection with his book-store, but which has extended to the present time, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. Our intercourse with him has been intimate and pleasant, and now that he has passed from this life to the one beyond the grave, we make record of his departure, and mingle our sympathies with that large circle of his friends, who recognize the keener loss to his young wife and infant son. His patience under sickness, and the religious faith by which he was sustained to the last, will ever be refreshing, as they miss the presence of the husband and father.

"Florence Irving" will be recognized as the prize story. It was written by Lucy Adams Barrows of Reading, and is signed "Mayflower," her own chosen pseudonym. She was eleven years of age in May, before which time, she had written the story and received the amount of

the prize. On being asked what the story was intended to teach, her reply was, "I did n't think when I was writing it of its teaching anything; but I think now that it shows that people can be *rich* and *good* too." Will our young readers read it carefully, that they may discover its teachings, and ever remember that *riches* and *goodness* were evidently designed to be in harmony. The pages of unwritten history are brightened by many an instance of rare beauty, where goodness has blessed material prosperity, as the once poor and friendless ones can bear witness.

An esteemed correspondent in sending forward settlement for several copies of the *Schoolmate*, for which she has regularly subscribed for a series of years, writes, "The *Schoolmate* is highly praised and prized by the children that I hear talk of it, and I wish they were less given to *borrowing*,—all like it."

We appreciate the kind remarks of those who borrow, but with the excellent opportunities we offer, why should the work be *borrowed* at all? We certainly furnish it at a price low enough to make it within the reach of all as subscribers.

We have been pained to learn of the illness of Mrs. Jane G. Austin, and the absolute necessity for her to take a foreign voyage, in the hope of restoring her exhausted energies induced by a too close application of her pen. So thoughtful was she of our family of "*Schoolmates*," that she sent us a story, which we shall most likely be able to give our readers next month. We are confident that all will unite with us in wishing her a rapid and permanent restoration to health.

Don't fail to order books and games while we offer them at the low price advertised in this number. We are constantly receiving calls for the popular game "*Ring Toss*," as well as for "*Walker's Adding Machine*."

Then again we hail the increasing

demand for Mr. Alger's books, which we advertised to mail *post paid* at so low a price. Some even claim that "Ben, the Luggage Boy" is his *best* book. As they are *all* interesting, this is a high compliment to "Ben."

As we go to press the Annual Musical Festival of the Boston Public Schools is held in Music Hall, the morning being devoted to the Primary, and later in the day to the Grammar School pupils. We spent a short time with the former, and while we have often listened to trained bands of accomplished singers on that spot, yet the sight of some fifteen hundred of the *youngest* pupils in our schools obedient to the leadership of their accomplished teacher, Professor Luther W. Mason, was most interesting, and their performance elicited the warmest applause from a large and appreciative audience.

Our Book Table

Presents a formidable array, several volumes having waited long a favorable opportunity.

Scribner & Co. have in their LIBRARY OF WONDERS of fifteen volumes, brought together an amount of useful information, presented in an attractive form, with an abundance of excellent illustrations, and at a low price, which should occupy a place in every juvenile library of any pretension. Two volumes only have reached us, WONDERS OF POMPEII, by Marc Monnier, translated from the original French; and EGYPT 3300 YEARS AGO, translated from the French of F. De Lanoye. We have left a vacant space upon our shelves for the other volumes of this valuable series, and presume that the publishers will lose no time in forwarding them to our address.

Horace B. Fuller sends us DRIVEN TO SEA, by Mrs. Geo. Cupples, which a hasty examination leads us to believe will be a popular book.

GOOD MEASURE, a story for boys, by D. S. Erickson, is received from H. A.

Young & Co.; while from the ever yielding and never tiring press of Lee & Shepard, we have DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS, arranged for school and home amusement, by W. Eliot Fette, — a useful book. THE TONE MASTERS, a taking sketch of the lives of Mozart and Mendelssohn, by Chas. Barnard. BRAKE UP, another of Oliver Optic's exciting stories. THE YOUNG DETECTIVE, by Rosa Abbott. TWELVE NIGHTS IN A HUNTER'S CAMP, by William Barrows. PLANTING IN THE WILDERNESS, by James D. McCabe, Jr., and THE CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE, by Rev. C. H. Pearson, compose the Frontier Stories, and are all interesting. THE YOUNG SHIPBUILDERS, by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, a favorite with Young America, also comes from Lee & Shepard.

Loring, the "up-town publisher," remembers us in MARION BERKELEY, which is pronounced by a trio of young ladies "splendid." A SIMPLE FLOWER GARDEN* FOR COUNTRY HOMES, by Charles Barnard, giving information, which if judiciously applied, will cause gardens to spring up in hitherto waste places.

The publishers of the CONGREGATIONALIST AND RECORDER, encouraged by the continued demand for HOUSEHOLD READING, have compiled another volume of choice reading from their excellent journal, and for the low price of \$1.25 they will send post paid a neat book, called very appropriately, GOOD THINGS.

Our table is now ready for new contributions.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following music from O. Ditson & Co.

1. Liquid Gem. By Brinley Richards.
2. The Shepherd Boy. By G. D. Wilson.
3. The Sprightly Brook. By A. Jungmann.
4. Flur and Hain, (Wood and Field.); By A. Jungmann.
5. The Guardsman Marche Militaire.. By A. Disbecker.

**Answers.**

84. Wise and good
 85. Fair-hood.
 86. Honor and shame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 87. Honesty is the best policy.
 88. Order is Heaven's first law.
 89. The Niagara Falls.
 90. Shurtleff School.

91. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in sad, but not in cry ;
 My second is in knot, but not in tie ,
 My third is in dunce, but not in fool ;
 My fourth is in chair, but not in stool ;
 My fifth is in spruce, but not in gum ;
 My sixth is in weight, but not in ton ;
 My seventh is in Jack, but not in Gill ,
 My eighth is in waste, but not in swill ;
 My ninth is in cloth, but not in rag ;
 My tenth is in sack, but not in bag ;
 My eleventh is in sheep, but not in lamb ;
 My twelfth is in hog, but not in ham ;
 My thirteenth is in Henry, but not in Sam ;

My whole was a General in the war of 1812.
 PAUL PRY.

92. Transpositions.

Fill the place of the first dash with some word that will make sense, and the second with the same word *transposed*, taking all the letters.

1. — to do good, not —.
2. My —, — to me.
3. We sat up —, listening to a —.
4. — has no —.
5. He has a — —.
6. He went — to get some —, which made — —.

EMERY W. BARTLETT.

93. Enigma.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 18, 4, 11, 2, 23 is one of the author's names.

My 28, 1, 12, 19, 6 is what we often do in winter.

My 10, 9, 21, 16 is a body of water.

My 14, 6, 24, 17, 16 is a coarse grass.

My 26, 7, 27, 12, 13 is an attempt.

My 15, 9, 20, 8 is a fish.

My 3, 22, 5, 25, 13 is a simpleton.

My whole we should always bear in mind.
 RUTHVEN.

94. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in money, but not in dime ;
 My second is in hour, but not in time ;
 My third is in run, but not in flight ;
 My fourth is in darkness, but not in night ;
 My fifth is in pear, but not in fruit ;
 My sixth is in music, but not in flute ;
 My seventh is in like, but not in hate ;
 My whole is an interesting portion of the Schoolmate.
 MINA POWERS.

95. Verbal Square.

A useful article.

A girl's name.

A fluid.

Hindmost.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

96. Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 19, 6, 23, 12 is mixed with granite.

My 2, 16, 7 is not cold.

My 9, 14, 24, 9 is without life.

My 2, 8, 5 is a fowl.

My 10, 3, 1 is a verb.

My 15, 4, 5 is a planet.

My 21, 18, 11 is an animal.

My 13, 22, 5 is a metal.

My 17, 12, 1 is not lean.

My whole is a great republic. N. Y. E.



A Touching Story of the Daughter of Sir Robert Peel.

Her father gave her, as a birthday present, a gorgeous riding-habit, and went out with her on the same day for an airing in the park, his heart swelling with paternal pride as he rode by her side. Shortly afterwards she sickened and died of typhus fever of the most malignant type; and when inquiry was made as to how she had caught the infection, it was discovered that the habit, bought from one of the London West End tradesmen, had been made in a miserable attic, where the husband of the seamstress was lying ill of fever, and that it had been used by her to cover him in his shivering fits. Thus, whether we will believe it or not, the safety of the highest is bound up with the condition of the lowest; and if we neglect their material, moral and spiritual interests, there will come a dreadful Nemesis to mark the divine displeasure on our conduct, and we may perceive our guilt all too late, when the vast temple of our liberties a shapelless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty—a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns—a pillow in death.

Can we Estimate it?

The value of a name! Can it be estimated? Is there any known standard in dollars and cents by which to graduate

it? Will it come within any of the known laws of political economy? As well might a jury assess the pecuniary damage of taking away the life of another. When I reflect how dear the reputation of every man is to himself, I am amazed at the light use he will make of the reputation of another. Private slander is a large ingredient in the petty gossip of the day. Indeed, it often seems to form the very spice of conversation, which gives it all its flavor. "A good name," says Solomon, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

What is most likely to become a woman? A little girl.

Use what you Have.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forest, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

The Difference.

A cheerful man is happy even if he possesses little; a fretful man is unhappy in the midst of affluence. One great difference between a wise man and a fool is, the former only wishes for what he can possibly obtain; the latter desires impossibilities.

And what follows.

I never knew a man that ever made any money by constantly fretting. I think when one gets the habit, that he will always find something to keep it going. I know there are times when things do not seem to move on smoothly, and when it seems that everything you undertake goes wrong. But will it help the matter any to fret and scold, and perhaps use language that at another time you would be ashamed of. Take it cool, and do as near right as you know how, and you will surely come out right in the end.

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on the railroad." "Why, Joe?" "Kas if de cars see dat monf ob yours, dey tink it am de depo', and run rite in."

Let It have Play.

Great injury has often been done by not making the exercise of children regular. Boys and girls are like colts—confine them in the house a few days, and when they get out, as might be expected, they are apt to be excessive in their play; not unfrequently they run and romp so much and so long that they make themselves sick. It is like holding down the safety-valve of a steam boiler until the pressure gets so great that the valve is blown away, and the boiler cracked.

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school-exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and molasses on."

Was he not Wise?

A late wealthy physician of Cincinnati, Dr. Potier, carried his dislike of tobacco to a remarkable extreme, by attaching to the bequest of the greater part of his property, the condition that the legatee should always abstain from the habit of using it in any shape—a habit that, he says, "dwarfs the intellect of every man who adopts it." Should this heir—who has hitherto given up smoking—return to it, the property is to go to the other heirs. It is a curious demonstration, of the self-willed order, and not calculated to be successful in compelling a man to give up any habit, if he is secretly determined to persist in it, or renew it. But the opinion of the testator as a physician has its value; and that indulgence will regulate itself in time, no doubt, like most of the other pleasant but wrong habits of men, which they are

not ready to give up on compulsion. Let chewers and smokers note this.

In making friends consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becometh not the good and virtuous. — *Penn.*

Guard it well.

Wit is the most dangerous talent a woman can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose self-command. Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and still greater to dignity of character. It will sometimes gain you applause, but it will never procure you respect.

It was a Mrs. Watkins, of San Francisco, who was recently asked by the "lady" who does her cooking, "Are you going to use your horses this evening?" "Yes, I am; why?" "Oh, pshaw!" responded the cook; "I meant to have gone out with them myself!"

Try it once.

Just make up your mind before you start from home that you will look on the sunniest side of everything, enjoy yourself as much as you can, and use every endeavor to make the journey as pleasant to those around you, and it will be very singular if somebody is n't the better for it.

"Doctor," said an old lady, "I had a buzzing in my head this morning, and for half an hour did n't seem to know anything." "Oh, that's nothing, madam; many people don't seem to know anything all their lives."

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

An Illustrated Monthly,

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. XXVI.

AUGUST, 1870.

No. II.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TIN BOX.



"MET my dootiful son this mornin'," remarked Martin to his employer, at their next interview.

"Did you?" said Smith, carelessly, for he felt little interest in Martin's relations.

"Yes, he's in business in Wall Street."

"How's that?" asked Smith, his attention arrested by this statement.

"He's with Turner, the banker. He was going to the Bank, with a tin box under his arm. I'd like

to have the money there was in it."

"Did he tell you there was money in it?"

"No, but I'll bet there was enough in it to make a poor man rich.

"Perhaps so," said Smith, thoughtfully.

"How old is your son?" he inquired, after a pause.

"Fifteen or sixteen, I've forgotten which. You see he is n't my own son, I married his mother, who was a widder with two children — that's the way of it."

"I suppose he does n't live with you."

"No, he's an undootiful boy. He ain't no gratitude for all I've done for him. He would n't care if I starved in the street."

"That shows a bad disposition," said Smith, who seemed disposed to protract the conversation for some purposes of his own.

"Yes," said Martin, wiping his eyes pathetically with a red handkerchief, "he's an ungrateful young scamp. He's set my little daughter Rose against me, she that set everything by me till he made her believe all sorts of lies about me."

"Why don't you come up with him?"

"I don't know how."

"I suppose you would have no objections if I should tell you."

"No," said Martin, hesitating, "that is, if it ain't dangerous. If I should give him a lickin' in the street, he'd call the police, and swear I was n't his father."

"That is n't what I mean. I'll think it over, and tell you by and bye. Now we'll talk about business."

It was not until the next day that Smith unfolded to Martin his plan of "coming up with" Rufus. It was of so bold a character that Martin was startled, and at first refused to have any part in it, not from any conscientious scruples, for Martin's conscience was both tough and elastic, but solely because he was a coward, and had a wholesome dread of the law. But Smith set before him the advantages which would accrue to him personally in so attractive a manner, that at length he consented, and the two began at once to concoct arrangements for successfully carrying out the little plan agreed upon.

Not to keep the reader in suspense, it was no less than forcibly depriving Rufus of the tin box, some morning on his way home from the bank. This might bring Rufus into trouble, while Martin and Smith were to share the contents, which, judging from the wealth of Mr. Turner, were likely to be of considerable value.

"There may be enough to make your fortune," suggested Smith.

"If I don't get nabbed."

"O, there'll be no danger, if you will manage things as I direct you."

"I'll have all the danger, and you'll share the profits," grumbled Martin.

"Is n't the idea mine?" retorted Smith. "Is it the soldiers who get all the credit for a victory, or does n't the general who plans the campaign receive his share. Besides, I may have to manage converting the securities into cash. There is n't one chance in a hundred of your getting into trouble if you do as I tell you, but if you do, remember your oath."

With this Martin was forced to be contented. He was only a common

rascal, while Smith was one of a higher order, and used him as a tool. In the present instance, despite his assurances, Smith acknowledged to himself that the plan he had proposed was really attended with considerable danger, but this he ingloriously managed that Martin should incur, while he lay back, and was ready to profit by it if it should prove successful.

Meanwhile Rufus was at work as usual, quite unconscious of the danger which menaced him. His encounter with Martin gave him a little uneasiness, for he feared that the latter might renew his attempts to gain possession of Rose. Farther than this he had no fears. He wondered at the sudden improvement in Martin's fortunes, and could not conjecture what business he could have engaged in which would give him a hundred dollars a month. He might have doubted his assertion, but that his unusually respectable appearance, and the roll of bills which he had displayed, seemed to corroborate his statement. He was glad that his step-father was doing well, having no spite against him provided he would not molest him and Rose.

He decided not to mention to Rose or Miss Manning that he had met Martin, as it might occasion them anxiety. He contented himself by warning them to be careful, as Martin was no doubt still in the city, and very likely prowling round in the hopes of finding out where they lived.

It was towards the close of business hours that Mr. Marston, the head clerk, handed Rufus a tin box, saying: "Rufus, you may carry this round to the Bank of the Commonwealth."

"Yes, sir," said Rufus.

It was one of his daily duties, and he took the box as a matter of course, and started on his errand. When he first entered the office, the feeling that property of value was committed to his charge, gave him a feeling of anxious responsibility, but now he had become used to it, and ceased to think of danger. Probably he would have felt less security had he seen Mr. Martin prowling about on the opposite side of the street, his eyes attentively fixed on the entrance to Mr. Turner's office. When Martin saw Rufus depart on his errand, he threw away the cigar he had in his mouth, and crossed the street. He followed Rufus closely, unobserved by our hero, to whom it did not occur to look back.

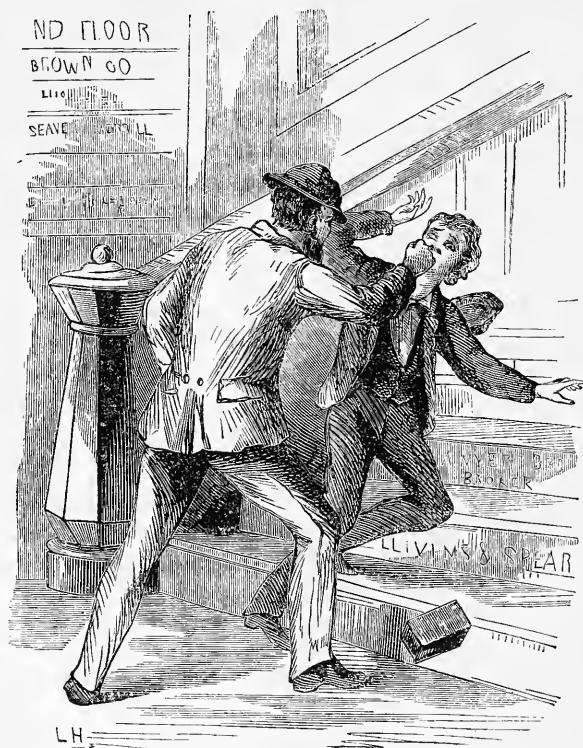
"It's a risky business," thought Martin, rather nervously. "I wish I had n't undertaken it. Ten to one I'll get nabbed."

He was more than half inclined to give up his project, but if he should do so he knew he would get into disgrace with his employers. Besides, the inducements held out to him were not small. He looked

covetously at the tin box under the arm of Rufus, and speculated as to the value of the contents. Half of it would perhaps make him a rich man. The stake was worth playing for, and he plucked up courage and determined to proceed.

Circumstances favored his design.

Before going to the bank, Rufus was obliged to carry a message to an office on the second floor of a building on Wall Street.



HOW RUFUS LOST THE BOX.

"This is my opportunity," thought Martin.

He quickened his steps, and as Rufus placed his foot on the lower step of the staircase, he was close upon him. Hearing the step behind him, our hero turned, only in time to receive a violent blow in the face, which caused him to fall forward. He dropped the box as he fell, which

was instantly snatched by Mr. Martin, who lost no time in making his escape.

The blow was so violent that Rufus was for the moment stunned. It was only for a moment, however. He quickly recovered himself, and at once realized his position. He knew also that it was Martin who had snatched the box, for he had recognized him during the instant of time that preceded the blow.

He sprang to his feet, and dashed into the street, looking eagerly on either side for the thief. But Martin, apprehending immediate pursuit, had slipped into a neighboring door-way, and making his way up-stairs, remained in concealment for ten minutes. Not suspecting this, Rufus hastened to Nassau Street, and ran towards the bank, looking about him eagerly for Martin. The latter, in the meanwhile, slipped out of the door-way, and hurried by a circuitous course to Fulton Ferry, where Smith had arranged to meet him and relieve him of the tin box.

"Have you got it," asked Smith, who had been waiting anxiously for over an hour.

"Here it is," said Martin, "and I'm glad to be rid' of it. I would n't do it agin for a thousand dollars."

"I hope you'll get more than that out of it," said Smith, cheerfully. "You've done well. Did you have much trouble?"

"Not much, but I had to work quick. I followed him into a door-way, and then grabbed it. When'll you divide?"

"Come round to the house this evening, and we'll attend to it."

"Honor bright?"

"Of course."

Meanwhile Rufus, in a painful state of excitement, ran this way and that, in the faint hope of setting eyes upon the thief. He knew very well that however innocent he had been in the matter, and however impossible it was for him to foresee and prevent the attack, the loss would subject him to suspicion, and it might be supposed that he had connived at the theft. His good character was at stake, and all his bright prospects were imperiled.

Meeting a policeman, he hurriedly imparted to him the particulars of the theft, and described Martin.

"A tall man with a blue coat and slouched hat," repeated the officer. "I think I saw him turn into Wall Street half an hour ago. Was his nose red?"

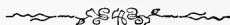
"Yes," said Rufus.

"He has n't come back this way, or I should have seen him. He must

have gone the other way, or else dodged into some side street or doorway. I'll go back with you."

The two went back together, but it was too late. Martin was by this time at some distance, hurrying towards Fulton Ferry.

Rufus felt that the matter was too serious for him to manage alone, and with reluctant step went back to the office to communicate his loss. A formidable task was before him, and he tried to prepare himself for it. It would naturally be inferred that he had been careless, if not dishonest, and he knew that his formerly having been a street boy would weigh against him. But whatever might be the consequences, he knew that it was his duty to report the loss instantly.



CHAPTER XVI.

MR. VANDERPOOL.



RUFUS entered the office as Mr. Turner was about to leave it.

"You were rather long," he said. "Were you detained?"

"I wish that was all, Mr. Turner," said Rufus, his face a little pale.

"What has happened?" asked the banker, quickly.

"The box was stolen from me as I was going up-stairs to the office of Foster & Nevins."

"How did it happen? Tell me quickly."

"I had only gone up two or three steps when I heard a step behind me. Turning to see who it was, I was struck violently in the face, and fell forward. When I recovered, the man had disappeared, and the box was gone."

"Can I depend upon the absolute truth of this statement, Rufus?" asked Mr. Turner, looking in the boy's face searchingly.

"You can, sir," said Rufus, proudly.

"Can you give any idea of the appearance of the man who attacked you?"

"Yes, sir, I saw him for an instant before the blow was given, and recognized him."

"You recognized him!" repeated the banker in surprise. "Who is he?"

Our hero's face flushed with mortification as he answered; "His name is Martin. He is my step-father. He has only just returned from Blackwell's Island, where he served a term of three months for trying to pick a man's pocket."

"Have you met him often since he was released?" asked Mr. Turner.

"He attempted to follow me home one evening from the Academy of Music, but I dodged him. I did n't want him to know where I boarded, for fear he would carry off my little sister, as he did once before."

"Did he know you were in my employ?"

"Yes, sir; I met him day before yesterday as I was coming home from the Post Office, and he followed me to the office. He showed me a roll of bills, and said he was getting a hundred dollars a month."

"Now tell me what you did when you discovered that you had been robbed."

"I searched about for Martin with a policeman, but could n't find him anywhere. Then I thought I had better come right back to the office, and tell you about it. I hope you don't think I was very much to blame, Mr. Turner."

"Not if your version of the affair is correct, as I think it is. I don't very well see how you could have foreseen or avoided the attack. But there is one thing which in the minds of some might operate to your prejudice."

"What is that, sir," asked Rufus, anxiously.

"Your relationship to the thief."

"But he is my greatest enemy."

"It might be said that you were in league with him, and arranged to let him have the box after only making a show of resistance."

"I hope you don't think that, sir?" said our hero, anxiously.

"No, I do not."

"Thank you for saying that, sir. Now may I ask you one favor?"

"Name it."

"I want to get back that box. Will you give me a week to do it in?"

"What is your plan?"

"I would like to take a week out of the office. During that time, I will try to get on the track of Martin. If I find him, I will do my best to get back the box."

Mr. Turner deliberated a moment.

"It may involve you in danger," he said, at length.

"I don't care for the danger," said Rufus, impetuously. "I know that I am partly responsible for the loss of the box, and I want to recover it. Then no one can blame me, or pretend that I had anything to do with stealing it. I should feel a great deal better if you would let me try, sir."

"Do you think there is any chance of your tracing this man, Martin? He may leave the city."

"I don't think he will, sir."

"I am inclined to grant your request, Rufus," said the banker, after a

pause. "At the same time, I shall wish you to call with me at the Office of Police, and give all the information you are possessed of, that they also may be on the lookout for the thief. We had best go at once."

Mr. Turner and Rufus at once repaired to the Police Office, and lodged such information as they possessed concerning the theft.

"What were the contents of the box?" inquired the officer to whom the communication was made.

"Chiefly railroad and bank stocks."

"Was there any money?"

"Four hundred dollars only."

"Were any of the securities negotiable?"

"There were two government bonds of five hundred dollars each. They were registered, however, in the name of the owner, James Vanderpool, one of our customers. Indeed, the box was his, and was temporarily in our care."

"Then there would be a difficulty about disposing of the bonds."

"Yes."

"We may be able to get at the thief through them. Very probably he may be tempted to offer them for sale at some broker's office."

"It is quite possible."

"We will do our best to ferret out the thief. The chances are good."

"The thief will not be likely to profit much by his theft," said Mr. Turner, when they were again in the street. "The four hundred dollars, to be sure, he can use, but the railway and bank stocks will be valueless to him, and the bonds may bring him into trouble. Still the loss of the securities is an inconvenience, I shall be very glad to recover them. By the way, Mr. Vanderpool ought at once to be apprised of his loss. You may go up there at once. Here is his address."

Mr. Turner wrote upon a card, the name

James Vanderpool,

No. — West Twenty-Seventh Street.

and handed it to Rufus.

"After seeing Mr. Vanderpool, you will come to my house this evening, and report what he says. Assure him that we will do our best to recover the box. I shall expect you during the week which I allow you, to report yourself daily at the office, to inform me of any clue which you may have obtained."

"You may depend upon me, sir," said our hero.

Rufus at once repaired to the address furnished him by Mr. Turner.

Another difficult and disagreeable task lay before him. It is not a very pleasant commission to inform a man of the loss of property, par-

ticularly when, as in the present case, the informant feels that the fault of the loss may be laid to his charge. But Rufus accepted the situation manfully, feeling that, however disagreeable, it devolved upon him justly.

He took the University Place cars, and got out at Twenty-Seventh Street. He soon found Mr. Vanderpool's address, and ringing the bell, was speedily admitted.

"Yes, Mr. Vanderpool is at home," said the servant. "Will you go up to his study?"

Rufus followed the servant up the front staircase, and was ushered into a front room on the second floor. There was a library table in the centre of the apartment, at which was seated a gentleman of about sixty, with iron-grey hair, and features that bore the marks of sickness and invalidism.

Mr. Vanderpool had inherited a large estate, which by careful management had increased considerably. He had never been in active business, but having some literary and scientific tastes, had been content to live on his income, and cultivate the pursuits to which he was most inclined.

"Mr. Vanderpool?" said Rufus, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes," said that gentleman, looking over his glasses, "that is my name. Do you want to speak to me?"

"I come from Mr. Turner, the banker," said Rufus.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Turner is my man of business. Well, what message do you bring to me from him?"

"I bring bad news, Mr. Vanderpool," said our hero.

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Mr. Vanderpool, nervously.

"A tin box belonging to you was stolen this morning."

"Bless my soul! How did that happen?" exclaimed the rich man, in dismay.

Rufus gave the account, already familiar to the reader, of the attack which had been made upon him.

"Why," said Mr. Vanderpool, "there were fifty thousand dollars worth of property in that box. That would be a heavy loss."

"There is no danger of losing all that," said Rufus. "The money I suppose will be lost, and perhaps the government bonds may be disposed of, but that will only amount to about fifteen hundred dollars. The thief can't do anything with the stocks and shares."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Mr. Vanderpool, relieved.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Turner told me so. We have given information to the police. Mr. Turner has given me a week to find the thief."

"You are only a boy," said Mr. Vanderpool, curiously. "Do you think you can do any good?"

"Yes, sir, I think so," said Rufus, modestly. "The box was taken from me, and I feel bound to get it back if I can. If I don't succeed, the certificates of stock can be replaced."

"Well, well, it is n't so bad as it might be," said Mr. Vanderpool. "But are you not afraid of hunting up the thief?" he asked, looking at Rufus, attentively.

"No, sir," said Rufus. "I'd just like to get hold of him, that's all."

"You would? Well now, I would rather be excused. I don't think I have much physical courage. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed. I would rather not lose fifteen hundred dollars in that way, though it might be a great deal worse."

"I hope you don't blame me very much for having the box stolen from me."

"No, no, you could n't help it. So the man knocked you down, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That must have been unpleasant. Did he hurt you much?"

"Yes sir, just at first, but I don't feel it now."

"By the way, my young friend," said Mr. Vanderpool, reaching forward to some loose sheets of manuscript upon the desk before him, "did you ever consider the question whether the planets were inhabited?"

"No sir," said Rufus, staring a little.

"I have given considerable time to the consideration of that question," said Mr. Vanderpool. "If you have time, I will read you a few pages from a work I am writing on the subject."

"I should be happy to hear them, sir," said Rufus, mentally deciding that Mr. Vanderpool was rather a curious person.

The old gentleman cleared his throat, and read a few pages, which it will not be desirable to quote here. Though rather fanciful, they were not wholly without interest, and Rufus listened attentively, though he considered it a little singular that Mr. Vanderpool should have selected him for an auditor. He had the politeness to thank the old gentleman at the close of the reading.

"I am glad you were interested," said Mr. Vanderpool, gratified. "You are a very intelligent boy. I shall be glad to have you call again."

"Thank you, sir; I will call and let you know what progress we make in finding the tin box."

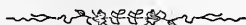
"O yes. I had forgotten; I have no doubt you will do your best."

When you call again, I will read you a few more extracts. It seems to me a very important and interesting subject."

"Thank you, sir, I shall be very happy to call."

"He don't seem to think much of his loss," said our hero, considerably relieved. "I was afraid he would find fault with me. Now, Mr. Martin, I must do my best to find you."

Horatio Alger, Jr.



GOLDEN WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

"It is safer for me to abstain than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I could not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others of stronger nerve and firmer purpose, go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge, I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cursed with a drunken father. We talk of purity and dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self-respect for security; but there is no degradation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so hellish that he will not commit, when he is drunk. There is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt, that a man will not do when under the law of sin — of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law. But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet with my views on the subject it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also; and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would, in that case, be evil. But I ask, am I my brother's keeper? Yes, I am responsible for my influence, and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may not injure me, but will injure him. If I neither taste, nor touch, nor handle, nor countenance, then my example will not lead others to become drunkards."

Gov. Buckingham.





LOOKING IN.



GLIMBING its airy green ladder
 The red rose nods in the pane,
 And a fair little face in the window
 Nods to the rose again.

The rose hath a bee in its bosom
 Singing of hazy dells,
 Where the fairies hide in the bracken,
 Or flit o'er the thymy fells.

Kissed by a whispering sunbeam
 The little face gleams and glows,
 "Ah! wait till I tie my gipsy,
 And I'll follow the bee in the rose.

"And wait till I buckle my Sunday shoes,
 The path may be wet by the mill,—
 I'll bring, too, my little birch basket,
 For the berries hang red on the hill."

The sunbeams slid through her ringlets
 And rippled from shoulder to knee,

Then danced with the maid round the sauded floor,
While merrily sang the bee

Oh, sweet o'er the sunny meadows
Come wafts from the new made hay,
And list! as it runs through the alders,
The brook calls the maiden away.

Then sang she, "I come, yes, I'm coming."
Her ribbons she ties 'neath her chin,
And, lifting the latch, up the stairway
The long rays come flickering in.

And another voice hears little Mary,
Not the brooks, or the 'wilderer bees,
Midway down the arrowy sunshine,
Two wondering eyes she sees.

' Pray whither away, little Mary,
This guise it doth strangely beseem,
Long waiting thee, down in the dairy
Unskimmed stands the thick golden cream.

"And then thou must run with thy pitcher
To the spring bubbling under the ferns —
The summer morn wilts our wee Bobbie,
With fever his little cheek burns.

"Thou must go to the garden, my Mary,
And bring him the blossoming balms —
And mind'st thou the spinning and churning
Long waiting thy brown little arms?"

One tear fell over the basket
And down on the Sunday shoes,
Then the little maid sighed, "I am coming,"
As the knots of her gipsy unloose.

The bee flew away to the meadow
While Mary went over the stair,
But the red rose still leaned in the window,
And the sunbeam still kissed her soft hair.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

BUZZ, Buzz, Buzz!

Miss Johnson was distracted! With nods and whispers and significant glances, every young lady was on the *qui vive*. Lessons were sadly slighted, and recitations poor; what was the matter?

Alice Sutherland, a pale, blue-eyed fairy, was the centre of attraction, in fact, for obvious reason, she generally was. Alice was gentle and loveable, but even these sweet qualities would not have constituted her prime favorite — for the feminines of Glendale, like their sisters, worshipped at the shrine of Mammon — and Alice's father was the rich man of the village. And now she was to give a birth-day party, an annual celebration. Moreover, there was to be a new attraction this time, in the person of a friend of the Sutherlands, who had been absent many years delving in the mines of California. That he was wealthy and a bachelor, was enough to set all the girls in a foolish flutter.

Every one? — Black-eyed Katie Gray, conspicuous for her cheap calico, bent over her lessons with a stern determination in her face. "Parties are not for poor people," she murmured, with a half sigh, and plunged into her grammar.

Recess let loose a babel of voices.

"Shall you invite Katie Gray?" asked Alice's friend, Louisa Wilson.

"The invitations are not decided upon yet," answered Alice, evasively.

"Dear me, can there be a possibility of her going?" cried Louisa. "I hoped you would be select!"

Alice did not reply. The truth was, she had been considering this very subject. She liked Kate. The girl's proud, shy manner and sad eyes had won her pity and admiration. In studies and deportment she held the first rank. Her mother was a widow, whom Mrs. Sutherland had often employed as a seamstress, and Alice knew her to be an estimable woman of culture and intelligence.

"What shall I do, mother?" said Alice, after school. "I would like to invite Katie Gray, but the girls will make a fuss. Louisa says, of course I would not ask company that would be disagreeable to my acquaintances."

Mrs. Grey's calm clear eyes rested a moment on her daughter's anxious face, and she replied —

"Alice, when you see more of society, you will learn not to attach much importance to the opinions of those who make money or style

their standard. They lack those qualities of heart or mind that constitute true gentility. Conscious of this, they dread to be compared with those really superior to them, — in what they term the lowest classes. The distinction they would have made is un-Christian, and un-American, and cannot in this country be carried out but to a limited extent. It is too much like a sword that cuts both ways. For the rich of to-day may be poor to-morrow, — ninety-seven per cent of our merchants fail in business before they die, and woe to the moneyed man who has scorned the poor — when he loses his wealth, he will reap what he has sowed. Do not let the little meannesses of the young ladies disturb you. Some of them may be poor yet, and perhaps Kate may be rich — who can tell?"

That evening black Tom delivered a dainty, perfumed note at the cottage of the Grays.

"An invitation for me — how strange!" exclaimed Kate, showing it to her mother.

"Why?"

"None of the other girls would have sent it," said she, bitterly. "Poor folks are not expected to enjoy any thing!"

"They certainly will not if they allow the disdain of the haughty to afflict them," replied her mother, gravely, "I think you had better go."

"The girls will sneer," said Kate, doubtfully.

"No well-bred young lady would be so rude to Alice's guest," rejoined Mrs. Gray. "My white muslin is as good as new, and when made over, with cherry ribbon, would be very pretty and suitable."

The eventful day came at last. Early in the evening Mr. Sutherland's handsome parlors were flooded with light; the guests, gaily dressed and in high spirit began to assemble. In the dressing-rooms there were rustling silks and faint perfumery, while tumbled curls were smoothed before the mirrors, nimble tongues running meanwhile.

"Your party is a perfect success, dear," said Louisa, "so choice. Is — you know who, here?"

"How should I know?" retorted Alice, laughing, but Louisa was not to be evaded. She felt a friendly interest in the ex-Californian, and ran again into the dressing-room to put an extra touch to her attire.

Alice was doing the hostess in her own graceful, natural way, but in the midst of receiving her friends, kept watching the door. By and bye there was a modest tinkle of the bell, and Katie Gray came in. Alice took her to her own chamber, wisely avoiding the crowd of gossiping damsels in the dressing-rooms.

Katie's cheeks were red with excitement, her black eyes shining like

stars, and Alice mentally pronounced her beautiful as she stood arrayed in simple white, the cherry ribbon like a jet of flame through her dark hair.

"You look splendidly!" cried Alice, enthusiastically.

The bright tears rushed to Kate's eyes, but she drove them back as Alice led her down stairs.

"Well, I declare," remarked Louisa, in a loud whisper, "don't I feel grand — dressed up, and going to a party!"

Kate happily did not hear the rude remarks, but as soon as possible glided into a quiet corner, where she could see and not be seen."

She was much amused at Louisa Wilson's excitement; the Californian had not yet arrived, and it was evident that she was anxiously expecting him, waylaying Alice every moment to inquire if he had come, keeping in her wake to be sure of an early introduction. Amid the general talking and laughing no one noticed Kate in her nook. Alice was busy, but at last came to her.

"Why do you hide?" she asked, gaily, "you must be very happy on my birth-day. Mr. Murray has arrived, and such a time! I am persecuted for introductions, and have left mamma with him and escaped to you. When the rush is over, I shall present the proudest and handsomest girl in the room — Katie Gray."

"Shall I relate the story of 'George Washington and the hatchet' as a lesson on truthfulness?" returned Kate, archly.

"Alice, Alice Sutherland!"

"There, I must go!" cried Alice. "Here's a portfolio of sketches, perhaps they will interest you."

Kate spent a pleasant hour examining them. Drawing was a passion with her, and the collection was a fine one, and the changing crowd around her were unnoticed, she was so absorbed. She was aroused at last by voices in the recess behind her.

"We will rest here!" said one, in whose voice she recognized Mr. Sutherland. "Society does not seem to have its old attractions for you, Murray?"

"Murray!" here was the stranger.

"I came to this country for business, — not for pleasure," was the reply, the mellow tones having a touch of sorrow in them. "My business is sad," he continued. "You are not aware, probably, that my oldest sister married years ago against our father's will? You know his imperious, passionate nature, and will not wonder that he disowned her. I was scarcely more than a child then, but it was a blow to me, for I loved her dearly. On my father's death-bed, he begged me to find her, and ask

her forgiveness for the long years of neglect. He also left a good property to her. I shall not rest until I discover her! I hear that she is poor and a widow."

Kate was not given to "eaves-dropping," but the portfolio lay in her lap unheeded, while she leaned forward in breathless interest.

"Perhaps I can help you — I have a large acquaintance; what is her name?"

Mr. Murray little knew how eagerly the girl at his right, waited for his answer.

"Susan Gray."

Down dropped the drawings, and Kate stood flushed and breathless before the gentleman.

"Susan Gray is my mother's name," she cried, "you are — you must be my uncle Charles."

It was indeed so. Kate's cup of joy was full; she was in a dream of delight.

"It is as good as a fairy tale!" she said, rapturously.

It would take too long to tell how Kate astonished Louisa and her set by appearing at the supper-table escorted by the rich stranger, — of their mortification on hearing the news; how sweet Alice Sutherland received her due share in the general congratulations for being the cause of Kate's presence at the party, and how from that hour joy and prosperity shone in the widow's home, where her pale cheek gathered faint roses as the summer came on, her wan face rounding as the apples in their garden. But always was Alice Sutherland welcome as the "flowers of May" to the pleasant home of the Grays, and when in the course of time by a queer transformation, she wore for Kate the title of aunt instead of friend, Kate did not love her any the less.

"What a prophetess mother is!" said Alice, one day, as she heard that Louisa Wilson's father had, by an unfortunate speculation, lost everything. And as she had always advocated the propriety of the wealthy being "select," she was from that time left out in the cold by the "select."

Helen C. Pearson.



OYSTERS.



WE are all familiar with the appearance of an oyster; with the shell, covered with greenish mud as they are shoveled in heaps into the cellars of the restaurants, and the semi-transparent, shapeless, grayish animal that lives in it. For oysters, from remote antiquity, have been a highly prized edible by man, who has not only considered "the world an oyster which he might open with his good sword," but that all the oysters in the world were created for his enjoyment and refreshment. But the oyster has a life of his own in the sea, which dull and stupid as it may appear to more highly organized existences, who flatter themselves that they fully understand the capacities, wants and satisfactions of the lower orders, is probably as full of enjoyment as its nature will admit.

The little oyster begins its life as an egg, which instead of being left at once to be hatched in the sea, is hidden in the shell of its parent. The egg is surrounded by a milky substance, which turns yellow, grey, brown, and then violet, and when the oyster is hatched, and ready to live in the water, the shell is opened and it is cast out. One oyster produces a great many eggs during the spawning season, which lasts from the first of May to September, sometimes two millions; but young oysters have many enemies, and nine-tenths of them never reach maturity. When a great bank of oysters is spawning, the water about them is covered with what appears to be masses of dust or grease — Spat the fishermen call it. These are the young oysters still clinging together. They are soon scattered by the wind and waves, and at last find some solid body to which they attach themselves. For a little while, some writers assert, they keep near their mother, and seek shelter in her shell at the approach of danger. Be that as it may, when young they have a freedom of motion which is not possible to their parents, and which they soon lose. At first, they have been described as "nothing but a mouth and shoulders, with wing-lobes, to which a rudimentary shell is attached." These wings are covered with cilia, which, moving incessantly up and down, enable the little oyster to swim like a fish. But its roving life does not last long; a day or two suffices for it to see the world, and it settles down on a stone, rock or branch, and becomes fixed, like its parents, with no power ever to move again, unless indeed by some chance it should be displaced, and left upside down, when it would turn over and right itself again.

The little wings, for which it has no farther use, disappear, the shell

begins to grow, and the whole creature increases slowly. When two weeks old, it is as large as a small bead; in three months time it has grown to the size of a nasturtium seed; in a year, as large as a quarter of a dollar. When four years old they are fit for the market, and at five they are in their prime. The shell remains delicate and tender till they are about four years old, after that they become hard, growing very thick with age. They are marked with rings, which grow in even succession till they are about seven or eight years, after that they become irregular, and are piled one upon the other. It is not known how long an oyster lives if left undisturbed, but shells of an enormous size, and nine inches thick, have been found.

The adult oyster has four rows of gills, called the beard, by which the creature breathes as a fish does. It is a shapeless animal, enveloped in a soft, smooth substance, called the mantle. The edges of the mantle are fringed with cilia, which can be extended and drawn back at pleasure, and seem gifted with some sensibility. Some writers assert that the oyster has no eyes, others find numerous brown yellowish ones under these fringes. Whether they are eyes or not, the creature is susceptible to changes of light, for the shadow of a boat passing over them causes them to shut their shells.

They have nothing which we should call head, and consequently no brain, nothing but mouth, stomach and heart. The mouth is beneath a kind of hood, formed by the edges of the mantle near the hinges of the shell. The foot, which in so many bivalves is so powerful an organ, which is sometimes a hatchet, an awl, a finger, or a whip, and which enables them to change their place, is always small in an oyster, and sometimes entirely wanting. They appear possessed of taste and touch, the one lying in the tentacles of the mouth, and the other in the cilia of the mantle, and some authors find a curious ear in a number of little grains in a transparent enclosure, which change their position with every sound.

The mantle performs the singular office of secreting and depositing the calcareous matter which builds up the shell, adding to it layer after layer, each a little larger than the last. It builds the covering according to the body, and if by any means the creature becomes shrunken through fasting or disease, the mantle deposits an inner layer to fill up the space between the body and the shell. The upper part of the shell is generally a little raised, the lower is flatter, but sufficiently deep to hold water enough to keep the animal in good condition when it voluntarily closes its shell. When taken out of the sea, they commonly open the valves, and losing the water contained in them, die like fish from suffocation.

Both valves are moveable, and can be shut tightly by means of a powerful muscle. The oyster lies in the water with its mouth wide open, slightly attached to the shell. But the shell adheres firmly to the rocks or some other submarine body, fastened to it at the top of the lower valve.

The color of the shell varies in different localities. When the oyster grows on muddy bottoms it is dark, whiter in cleaner situations. The Spanish shell has a reddish tint, the Parisian a green tinge, and those of the Red Sea are many colored. Inside the shell, apparently on good terms with the oyster, is often found a little parasite, a soft, yellowish white crab, who either preys upon the creature itself, or appropriates some of its food.

Oysters are found in almost all seas. They live in water from two to six fathoms deep, and are best pleased with tranquil places, and like the gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of great rivers. Here they increase rapidly, and while enjoying all that an oyster can, make large beds, and do their share in world-making, as one sees on the Georgia shores, where the marsh land extends from twelve to eighteen miles. This soil is so soft that an iron rod can be pushed into it from twenty to thirty feet. Through this many creeks and large rivers run, which would "soon turn it all into a quagmire, were it not for the walls of living oysters which grow from the beds of the rivers to the bank," and give some firmness to the spongy soil.

The consumption of oysters as an article of food is enormous, and great cities, like Paris, London and New York, devour hundreds of thousands of bushels annually. If nine-tenths of the young oysters perish before reaching maturity, man is not their greatest enemy, but of the remaining tenth he helps himself to a lion's share.

Natural oyster beds are found in every sea, in the bays and sheltered places on the coasts, with shelving and not too rocky bottoms. At Rochelle, Rochefort, the islands of Re and Oleron, and Bay of St. Brienne, on the French coast, and on the English shore at Gravesend, at the mouths of the Thames and the Medway, along the Kentish coast, and the Frith of Forth, are large beds of them, and one on the Danish coast is fifty miles long. Virginia has hundreds of thousands of acres of them, and Georgia has immense supplies. The shores of Long Island abound with them. The northern and the Virginian oyster are considered the best. The Virginian oyster is common from the Chesapeake Bay southward, sometimes found in Boston Bay, and even as far north as the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The northern, or New York oyster was once said to be abundant in Massachusetts Bay, but now Boston obtains its supplies chiefly from Virginia and New York.

But these great natural beds, extending for miles, are not the only sources from which man obtains his bivalves. The cultivation of oysters for the market has become a great business, and employs many people. For after man has, by his wastefulness and want of thought, impoverished a country by cutting off the forest too closely, fishing its streams in seasons when the fish should be allowed to spawn, shooting birds when they should be suffered to rear their young, he begins to understand his folly, and makes laws for the preservation of game, plants trees, rears fish in artificial ponds, and protects the spawn of the most valuable species from their numerous enemies, and endeavors to repair the mischief that he has done.

The modern Frenchman and Belgian, like the ancient Romans, have their "sea-farms," and rear oysters for the market with as much care as we do hens and turkeys. When the spat, or the young oysters, are thrown out of their parent shells, they are carefully collected and stored in large vats. This is sold to those people who make the artificial reservoirs or parks. In this way, millions of little oysters can be kept in safety, and escape being devoured in their youth, only to be eaten at some future time by a greater gourmand. These parks are sometimes very large, and have a floor of clean white sand, on which the young oysters are laid, a little inclined. When they are placed in a proper position, sea water (fresh water kills them,) is allowed to flow in very gently, so as not to wash sand inside the shells, which would be fatal to them. This water rises and falls with the tide, so that the oyster may be placed as far as possible with its safety, in a natural condition. If the oysters are to be very large and light colored, the water is changed with every tide; if they wish them very delicate and of a finer flavor, the water remains unchanged long enough for the microscopic plants, which are the food of the animal, to grow in it. Here the oysters remain for three or four years, when they are removed and stored in shallow vats, and are ready for the market. Near the island of Re on the French coast, is one of the largest of these farms, which gives employment to six thousand fishermen, in the various duties of collecting, transplanting, digging, storing and carrying them to market.

English oysters carried to Ostend and fattened in the Belgian markets, are most highly prized by European gourmards; and are said to surpass all others in delicacy of flavor. French oysters, it is said, taste of copper. Parisians give the preference to green oysters, which are colored artificially by introducing certain sea-weeds into the parks. These grow rapidly, and soon cover rocks and stones, and even the oysters themselves, and choking up the breathing apparatus, are said to produce a disease which gives them the color so highly esteemed.

The star-fish is one of the oyster's greatest enemies, being as fond of them as man, and beginning at a much earlier season. He devours them at all stages ; eats them as spat, attacks them when quite large, — swallowing them whole and digesting them at leisure. To get at them when they are in the shell is a somewhat difficult problem. For the oyster is not to be induced to leave his house by any suggestion of his adversary. So it wraps its arms about the bivalve to hold it in a proper position, and turns its stomach out of its own mouth and into the shell of the oyster, and wraps it around it like a bag.

The whelk proceeds in a different manner. He attacks the oyster from above, drills a hole in the shell, and so reaches the luscious morsel inside. Mussels, too, attack them when little, and cover them with a fine thread, which catches the mud and sand, and finally smothers them, when their wise enemies eat the fruit of that stratagem, as spiders do flies. The grey mullet also eats them, and the elements are often unfriendly to them. The great gales heap such quantities of seaweed upon the banks sometimes, that they die for the want of food and water, and frost, snow, and ice are often fatal to them.

The old opinion that oysters were unfit for food in those months which have no R in them, has its foundation in fact. May, June and July are the principal spawning months, and they are then lean and tasteless, and in August and September the heat often spoils them before they reach the table. Those of the tropics are not so highly flavored or so much prized as those of more northern regions. Sixty different species have been described in various parts of the world, and one, the singular tree-oyster, clings to the mangrove and other shrubs in India, and holds water enough in its shell to keep it alive.

The edible oyster, the mother of pearl oyster, and the real pearl oyster, the pecten, or scallop shell, which pilgrims wore in their hats as a token that they had been to the Holy Land, and the pecten placenta of the Chinese Seas, whose shell is so transparent that it is used for window glass, all belong to the same family.

Of fossil species, two hundred have been described, reaching from the Ammomtes, or age of reptiles, which is the secondary period in geology, to the present time. They are found in large quantities in various places. In Berkshire, England, they cover more than six acres. Enormous breakwaters are also made of them — the lower part composed of fossil, the upper of living oysters. On the west coast of America, great tracts are covered with them, which have been probably raised from the bottom of the sea by volcanic action.

THE FLOWRET AND THE BEE.

A TINY flowret 'mid the gleam
Of Summer's noon-tide splendor,
Just oped an eye of blue, to see,
What tribute it might render,
To make itself not quite forgot,
When evening should close o'er it.
And it should droop and seek again
The friendly soil that bore it.


"I'm but a little bloom," it said,
"And nestled down so low,
I'm very sure no living thing
Can see me come or go.
But I will gather all my sweets
Within my fragile cup,
And then, although I am so small,
Yet still I may look up."

With noon-day buzz and hum, a bee
Sought for the choicest sweetness,
And hovering near the flowret, saw
Its beautiful completeness;
And nearer and yet nearer drew,
Till nestling in its cup,
He found the daintiest honey,
All so gladly yielded up.

For none so humble, none so weak,
But they may daily be,
Alike the little flower, intent
On loving ministry.
That sweetest words and deeds of love,
Some waiting heart may bless,
And in another's joy be found
Our highest happiness.

H. L. H.

A SUMMER MORNING'S LESSON.

RANK EATON was sitting in the porch one pleasant Wednesday morning, with a book in one hand and patting the head of a favorite spaniel with the other, when a carriage stopped, and his cousin Arthur ran in, saying :

"Hurrah, Frank, we are going to Towle's Creek ; Uncle James is at the front gate, and he sent me in for you. Come, hurry, we want to catch all the fish we can before the sun gets very hot."

"But how about school ? and of course I can't go unless mother is willing," replied Frank, springing from his seat.

"Aunt Mary," shouted Arthur, with a voice that brought Mrs. Eaton from her chamber, "here is Uncle James waiting for you to give Frank permission to stay from school for the sake of a good ride and plenty of trout."

Mrs. Eaton gave a willing consent, and the three were soon riding through a delightful section of country. The dew had not yet left the apple blossoms, nor the far-stretching fields of clover, and many fragrant pastures were dotted with grazing cattle and horses. Lambs were frolicing by the side of their dams, and hundreds of birds were trying their merry voices on the clear air.

"Is n't this delightful ?" exclaimed the boys, "so much *pleasanter* than going to school."

"Yes," replied their uncle, "it is *pleasanter* for the time being, and I am glad that you enjoy it so much ; but it would n't do to let school slip altogether, and give up one's self to pleasure seeking. You would be sorry enough for that when you grew to manhood."

"Oh there's plenty of time before that day," said Frank. "We are only about thirteen, and I *like* to study. In Winter, Spring and Fall, and *all* stormy days, but I do like the bright Summer for something else."

"A little less than three months vacation is all you want, then," replied their uncle, "the rest of the year you agree to study, well, I don't see but I am like to have some learned nephews after all. I hope," added he, after a short pause, "that neither of you will grow up to be like Alanson Wyman. He hated his book when he was a boy, and played the truant whenever he could, now see what kind of a man he makes."

"O uncle," said Arthur, "it don't seem as if he could ever have been

a boy, he walks so slowly and carries his head so low, it don't seem as if he were ever young enough to be taught better."

"He *does* look like an old man," was the reply, "though he is hardly thirty. He started in the same class with me, and could have gone through college had he chosen, but there was no season when he was willing to open a book; he had rather wander off with a fishing-pole or a gun, and one day while trying to shoot a neighbor's cat, his gun exploded and he received the charge in his face. It was a long time before he was fit to be seen, and he has always hung his head ever since then. If he had gone to school as he ought to have done, he might have made a useful citizen, besides having kept two bright eyes."

"But he can see," said Frank, "and I should have thought he would have gone to school after that."

"Ah, but he was sixteen the day of the accident, and it was a full year before he recovered. Boyhood had about gone then, and his vision was dimmed. But we have almost reached the creek; do you not see the stream through those bushes? I will tie my horse under this large oak and leave Spot in the wagon to keep guard, he has run about far enough to rest awhile."

It was but a short distance to the creek; but whoever saw a boy walk when he could run, and away they both went answering to the trill of the frog, and the note of the cuckoo. When their uncle came up he selected a shady spot, gave the boys their fishing-rods, and told them to do the very best they could. What a biting and wiggling there soon began to be on the part of the fish, and how the lads enjoyed taking them from the hook, throwing them upon the smooth grass, and swinging the line back again for another bite. But the sun rose higher and higher, and peered through the bushes, and at length the trout seemed to hide from his rays, or, as Arthur said, "they went to the bottom to take a nap." The party however found another place, and here they remained till they had filled their baskets. Then they bathed their hands and faces in the cool water, and rambled off into the woods for wild strawberries. It was high noon when they started on their homeward way, and there was no dew to add sweetness to the perfume, no birds to enliven the air with music; both had yielded to the power of nature.

"Every thing has its time and season," said Mr. Eaton, as you now perceive. Youth is the Spring or the Summer morning of life, the time to gather up the sweet seeds of knowledge and truth and sow them deep in mind and heart — the time to form good principles for future action; while we strive to enliven others by our happy voices. We may then expect manhood to bring with its stirring usefulness, a season of tran-


quility, and after all, a happy retrospect. I hope you will always remember this lesson, as well as this morning's recreation."

May all our young readers remember it too.

Persis.



LILIAN AND HER FLOWERS.

" HERE is our fairy Lilian, has any one seen her?" anxiously inquired a white Lily of its neighbor, one bright, sunny afternoon. "I have watched and listened in vain, no light-fingers have caressed, and no sweet voice admired me, and my beauty is fast fading. Ring aloud, ye Blue-bells, and call our Fairy to us!"

And the Campanulas shook their heads violently, and sent forth a ringing peal, "Lilian! Lilian!" but no response came to their loving call.

"The wind has loosened the stick which supports me, mourned a Gladiolus, and my back is becoming quite crooked! Oh for Fairy's fingers to set me up right again!"

"Yes," added a pert young Peony, "and the last old Peony that died scattered her petals all over my glossy green leaves, if Fairy would only come and remove them, I should be lovely!"

"Ugh!" shuddered a Rose-bud near by, "*that* is a trifle, I did not have my bath last night, and I feel insects gnawing my leaves, if Fairy don't come soon, I shall be eaten alive!"

"The rain has snapped the string, when I had nearly reached the top of the pole, and now my beautiful flowers lie trailing in the dirt," complained a Morning-glory,

"I have no one to love me!" sighed a Pansy.

"Nor I any one to admire my beauty," added a Scarlet Geranium. "What can have become of Fairy?"—and the flowers nodded their heads and whispered together, sorrowing for the little girl who had tended so lovingly to their needs, and kept them all so neat and beautiful.

The morning sun awakened them, and brighter and warmer fell his rays upon them,—still no Lilian, and the white Lily called a meeting of the flowers, to consult together, as to what could be done, to discover the cause of her absence. Finally they decided to send a Humming-bird to search for some tidings of their darling, and eagerly he sped upon his errand of love.

After a short time he returned.

"I flew to the house," said he, "and on the shelf of an open window I saw sweet flowers; here, thought I, must be our Fairy. I looked around the room but it was vacant, tho' I saw Fairy's hat, with faded flowers around it, hanging on a peg on the wall: then I went all around the house, looking into every window, but no other trace could I find, and my heart is heavy, for my mission has failed!" and the beautiful bird sat sorrowing on a honeysuckle bush.

"Don't blame yourself," kindly said the Lily, "you have shown to us by the hat on the wall, that our Fairy is at home. Who will go and discover more?"

"Let me!"—begged a Honey-bee, "I am small and can fly through a very small hole," and so saying, he buzzed away. But sooner than the Humming-bird, returned the Honey-bee, frightened, and out of breath. "I went into the window that Mr. Humming-bird spoke of," said he, "and the door being open I passed through; the place was dark—I saw a light beyond, and passed on—a woman was stirring something over the fire, and I heard her murmur, 'the darling;'—surely, thought I, that must be Fairy, and flew nearer to catch what she said, when suddenly she started up, 'The nasty Bee,' said she, and chased me all around the room, dashing at me with her apron. Glad was I to escape from the open window, and get back alive, and now who will take my place and find her, for she must be in the house, and if so, why don't she come and see us?"

Thereupon a little Ant crept quietly up and asked for the chance. "I have permission to leave my work for a whole day," said he, "and I would like to find the little girl who watched us so attentively about our work, and who never stepped upon our hills."

"You are rather small!" replied the Lily, "but we remember that wisdom is not confined to large bodies,—go to work cautiously, and return as soon as your task is accomplished."

Quickly the Ant commenced his journey, and all along the garden path bright flowers smiled with encouragement, and the breath of Roses and Heliotropes was poured like a benediction upon him.

After a long and toilsome journey the house-door was reached, and here the little Ant stopped to rest and think upon his next movement.

"If I go in alone," thought he, "I might wander about forever, for the house is a great world to me, I will wait awhile."

Just then a man came up the steps,—*"Ha! ha!"* said the Ant, "here's my chance," so he crawled up on the man's boot, and in this way he was carried up stairs and into a darkened room.

"How is my little patient to-day?" asked the man, and the Ant crept

up until he rested upon his shoulder, where he could look about him. Upon the bed lay the little girl he was in search of, but her face was pale and her voice weak and faint.

"Oh Doctor!" said she, "I am better to-day, I dreamed of my sweet flowers last night, and I thought they missed me and drooped their heads with sorrow, and my beautiful Lilies wept, and the Blue-bells called me. Say, Doctor, may I go and see my dear flowers to-morrow? Just to have one good look, and breathe in their fragrance would make me quite well again; please do say 'yes,' Doctor," and the blue eyes looked up so imploringly, and the faint voice trembled so in its earnestness, that the heart of the good physician was touched.

"We will see in the morning, my dear," said he, "if the sun shines bright, and the air is warm as to-day it may refresh you; I will see you first."

"Oh! I shall be so glad," murmured the child, "just for one peep at my nurslings, and one breath of their sweet fragrance. I shall be well then."

In a few moments the Doctor turned to go, the little Ant crept down to his boot again, and when the outer door-step was reached, he stepped off, and hastened back to the flower garden, rejoicing greatly to himself at his wonderful success. It was nearly dark. Weary with waiting, and heavy with dew and sleep, the flowers had begun to nod their heads. The Ant crept up to a *Campanula*, and announced his arrival.

Merrily they shook their bells and waked the flowers. The Ant told his story, — "and now," said the Lily, "to-morrow will give us all a glimpse of our dear Fairy again. We thank you, little Ant, for your perseverance, and will ever remember your wisdom and steady industry; let us rest now, that the morning sun may find us bright and beautiful for our Fairy's eyes."

The Ant rejoined his companions, and the night was left to the dance of the fireflies, and the merry chirping of crickets.

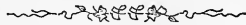
Bright and warm was the sunshine the next day, and early waked the flowers to prepare for the visit of Lilian. The Morning-glories were the first to open their many-hued blossoms, and soon followed the Rose-buds and Lilies; great Pansy faces looked eagerly up, and by and by, the Petunias and Verbenas made the garden resplendent with their gorgeous colors, while the bright, star-like eyes of the Cypress Vine peeped shyly out from their nests of green. All was in glorious beauty. Honey-bees and Humming-birds whizzed from flower to flower, and the Blue-bells merrily tinkled a soft music on the air.

Tenderly borne in her father's arms, the sick child looked with loving

eyes upon her fondly cherished flowers, noting each individual beauty, and eagerly drinking in their rich perfume.

"I feel stronger, papa," said she, "to-morrow I shall walk, I know it; nothing has done me so much good as this," and tenderly gathering a few fragrant blossoms, Fairy Lilian bade her pets adieu until the morrow, and as she had predicted, each day her strength increased, so as to enable her in a short time to resume her wonted place among her silent companions, and as years passed on, in loving them so dearly, she realized that higher love of the Heavenly Father for his children, the human flowers of earth.

Addie Hayes.



THE CAKE BOY OF MOSCOW.

IN a little village on the banks of the Volga, far away in the heart of Russia, about the year 1700, lived a poor peasant, called Menthikoff, with his wife and little son, whose name was Alexander. In summer he eked out their scanty living by fishing, but in the long cold winters, which in that climate last nearly nine months, when the river was sealed up with ice, and all the country round was buried deep in snow, there were hard times in the poor fisherman's cottage. Black bread and porridge were their chief articles of diet, with now and then a dish of cabbage-soup, and even of this coarse fare, sometimes scarcely sufficient for their use.

There were no public schools in those days, or indeed, schools of any sort. His parents were so poor that they could not afford to give him any opportunities for learning, so that at the age of thirteen, he was unable either to read or write. But being a bright boy who kept his eyes and ears open, he contrived to pick up a little knowledge here and there, eagerly listening to the tales of the great world beyond his horizon, which were told by travellers, who sometimes passed through the little village, begging a night's lodging with some peasant, and repaying this humble hospitality, by relating the wonderful things they had seen in their journeys, or what was going on in the world outside, not forgetting the latest news from Moscow, and what the Czar Peter was doing there in those days. The boy treasured up the scraps of information thus gleaned, and pondered over them afterward, until the desire grew in him to go out into the world himself, and see what it had for him, beyond

the narrow limits of the little village. At the age of fourteen he formed the idea of leaving his home and parents, and going to seek his fortune in Moscow. There were no railroads in those times, and if there had been, our hero would have had no means of paying his fare. Fifty leagues would seem a long way for a lad of his age to travel on foot, but his courage was equal to making the attempt, and accordingly bidding farewell to his native place, he set off for Moscow.

Bright thoughts of the future, and joyful anticipations of the wonderful scenes and people he would see, filled the boy's mind as he trudged bravely along, now and then riding a few miles with some peasant, and at night, asking shelter at a cabin, which was never refused him. In this manner, he had nearly reached his journey's end, when one day, just at night-fall, rather foot-sore and weary after a long day's tramp, he fell in with a countryman on his way home, and hailing him, begged permission to ride, which was cheerfully granted, the man good-naturedly helping him to a seat beside himself. A few inquiries brought out his simple story, which Nicholas, for that was the peasant's name, at first pretended not to believe, and began to denounce him for a runaway, which the boy resolutely denied, and as his honest face gave force to his words, convinced him that the boy's story was true. When he told him of his intention to seek some kind of service in Moscow, he stroked his long beard thoughtfully for a moment, and then answered: "Well, now, my little lad, this is fortunate; perhaps I can help you a little. I shall go to the city myself, to-morrow, and will carry you thither: as I remember the last time I was there, my cousin, the pastry-cook, was in need of a boy. Perhaps you would do for him if he has not already procured one; at any rate, we will try."

Alexander thanked his new friend warmly, and hoped that he might be successful. So overjoyed was he to find himself so near his journey's end, that the humble meal which he shared with them that night seemed the best he had ever eaten; and the little straw pallet on which he stretched his tired limbs, seemed soft as eider-down; to-morrow he should see Moscow, and the Emperor himself, perhaps! So full was his mind of these happy thoughts, that in spite of his weariness, it was long after the hard breathing of the peasant and his wife told him they were fast asleep, that he could close his eyes in slumber, and with the earliest dawn, he was up and eager for his promised ride.

The boy's frank face, and manly bearing quite won the hearts of the worthy Nicholas and his wife, who had now no children, their only son, about his age, having but a short time before, died of fever, and they proposed to him to remain with them, instead of going farther. But

though very grateful for their kindness, he was not to be turned from his purpose, and with many wishes for their good luck, he set out with the farmer for the city. Everything was so new to the boy, who had never been out of his native village, that he quite overwhelmed the good Nicholas with his questions, and when at last they reached the city itself, his delight knew no bounds. The houses were so large, the shops so gay, and the churches so grand, he could find no words for his wonder. His new friend was delighted as well as amused at his surprise.

“Ah! this is a fine city; it is so large, I fear I shall be lost if I go out alone,” said he.

Nicholas assured him that he would soon be at home there.

He had not dreamed it was so vast. The fine carriages, the palaces, the soldiers, the noise and bustle quite bewildered the rustic little fellow, whose eyes grew wilder every moment.

At last, when Nicholas had disposed of his wares at the market, they set out for the shop of the pastry-cook. They found him at home, and after the salutations were over, turning to Alexander, who had timidly followed behind, Nicholas asked the baker if he was in need of a boy.

“That I am, Cousin Nicholas,” he answered, “have you brought me one with you? What is his name?”

What he knew of his young friend was soon told, when turning to the boy, the baker eyed him sharply, and then said, “The lad has an honest face, Nicholas. Look ye, my boy, do you think you can learn to make pies?”

Alexander thought he might, if he would be so good as to teach him, though as far as his knowledge went about them, he had never seen, much less eaten one in his life.

“Could he carry them about, and sell them in the streets?”

He thought so, if he could find his way, which secretly he had some doubts about.

“O, as to that, you will learn that fast enough,” said the baker. “Come, I like your looks, and think I can trust you. The last boy I had ran off with my pies, basket and all, the little thief! I will try you for a week, then we will see how well we like one another.”

Alexander was so full of gratitude to the kind cook, and the good Nicholas, that he could only stammer out his thanks.

The next morning he was given a little basket of cakes and patties, and directed to go out and sell them to the people in the streets. This was new business to the little Alexander; he had hardly courage to call out his wares, and the people jostled and pushed him about so rudely, that he had much difficulty in keeping his basket from being emptied

upon the pavement; and quite forgot what his business was, in gazing about at the strange sights and people.

“Hallo, my little man, what have you in your basket?” said somebody at his elbow. All at once he remembered he was to sell his cakes, not carry them about, and lifting the cover, he displayed the tempting little patties. “Ah, well! let me have some; I am hungry as a wolf.” After this came some boys who soon emptied his little basket, and quite proud at having so soon sold his pies, he found his way back to the baker’s shop, with the money tightly grasped in his hand.

“What, back so soon,” said he, counting the money and finding it all right. “You are a smart lad, I see.”

With a second basketfull he became more confident, and soon was able to cry out his wares in as loud a voice as others, and he began to think he should, after all, like the business. He thought of his mother away off in the little cabin by the Volga, and wondered what she would say at seeing him now. He decided to send to her by the first chance, and tell her of his good fortune. After a few days he had become quite expert, usually selling the contents of his basket quickly, and having some time beside to wander about and see all the wonderful sights, undisturbed by the bustle and noise of the streets.

Noticing that some of the boys sang, to advertise their goods to the passers-by, and having a clear, sweet voice, he invented some little tunes in which to offer his patties, and being neatly clad and of a pleasant countenance, listeners gathered round, and his basket was soon emptied. The baker was well pleased with his new boy, and treated him with much favor. The worthy Nicholas came often to inquire about his young friend, and was greatly pleased with the reports that his cousin gave of his good conduct and success. “Ah, I knew he was an honest lad; his face did not deceive me,” said he, well pleased with his own sagacity.

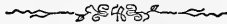
It happened one day, while Alexander was engaged selling his cakes, singing in his clear, strong voice their praises, that he attracted the notice of a General in the Emperor’s army, who called him and asked him if he would sell both basket and pies. The boy replied “that he could sell his pies, but the basket belonged to his master, and he must ask his permission for that.” The General, after some conversation, was so much pleased with his appearance and manners, that he asked him if he would like to give up his present employment and enter his service. This was a long step in the boy’s advance, — he could hardly believe in his good fortune; but the worthy baker, whose advice he asked, though very unwilling to part with so valuable a servant, could not but see the

great advantage he would gain by such a promotion, and released him from his service with many regrets and expressions of friendship.

The General took him into his house and employ, and was well pleased with him, and seeing him to be an unusually fine and handsome lad, concluding that his master, the Czar, would not be unwilling to receive him into his service, took him with him one day to the palace. Our young friend was in luck, indeed, to be presented to the Emperor, and felt greatly honored thereby, as was natural. He had lost some of his rustic awkwardness; and his frank and manly bearing, and intelligent face, so pleased the Czar Peter, that after having heard his history he took him into his service as a page. This was a sudden rise indeed — one day a humble cake boy, another the Emperor's page! But all this good fortune did not spoil him, for he continued faithful and honest. Peter soon became so fond of him, that he took him everywhere with him on his travels, and employed him on secret commissions, giving him important trusts, and at last conferred upon him the title of Prince. And now our little village boy had become rich and famous. Seldom has been so rapid a rise from poverty to riches and power.

His after history is closely connected with that of the Emperor, to whom he rendered valuable service through life. Indeed, it is said that the Emperor owed his life to him, he having fortunately discovered in season, a plot to assassinate him, formed by some nobles of a discontented party. Be this true or not, Peter treated him with great favor and distinction, and much mention is made of his exploits in the histories of this Czar, Peter the Great.

Alice.



THE SEARCH FOR THE RAIN KING.



THROUGH a beautiful dell that skirted one side of a large forest, ran a little brook. Very capricious in its ways was this little brook. First it glided softly and smoothly through a bit of verdant meadow sprinkled with daisies and buttercups. In its gleaming shallows played tiny trout or bream, sometimes resting motionless save for the quiver of a fin; then, as a sudden fleck of sunlight fell through the wild grape-vines that festooned the tallest trees, and dropped an exquisite fragrance into the balmy air, darting to the shadow of some old, half-uprooted willow or maple. Anon, making a sudden turn where a gray, moss-helmeted old rock dropped its plumes of delicate fern almost

into the water, it leaped and foamed in a succession of little cascades, between grassy banks, the home of the brown-thrush and the callow-brood. Then, as at first, it flowed quietly on, only to repeat its fantastic leaps at every turn of the river bed.

Beautiful, indeed, was the little dell. The gay blossoms of the scarlet and yellow columbine swung from the sunny side of a rock. Down by the brook grew the scarlet cardinal flower and the blue, and there flourished the curious Jack-in-the-pulpit. The hedges were gay with butterfly weed, sumac and golden rod, and sweet and fair with white hawthorne and sweet viburnum. The little zephyrs that floated through the valley, bore away the odors of the nodding lilies of the valley, and of the trailing arbutus, that spread its pink flowers over the ground; or, peeping under clumps of round green leaves at the foot of some great oak, carried far away the scent of purple violets.

Nor was the scene destitute of animal life. The golden wren came there, and the blue jay; the tap of the woodpecker resounded far and wide; the chipping sparrows, with ceaseless twitter, built their nest and reared their young ones there, while far overhead, the sullen crows flapped their heavy pinions in the sunny air. The robin whistled as he perched on some slender reed that bent beneath his weight, and the song sparrow bathed in the brook, and broke into a gush of song as he soared away. The frolicsome squirrels played about the old chestnut, their storehouse and their winter home, and the timid hare crept out to drink in the stillest part of the brook, frightened, even then, by the reflection of her own form, or by the flash of the brilliant dragon-fly.

One June the plants along the brook began to complain the water ran so low that they could scarcely get any to drink. The poor little ferns grew rusty, and some of the other plants seemed actually dying. "If I could but find the Rain King!" thought a dew-drop that lay quivering on a blade of grass, at the foot of a blue hare-bell. He spoke aloud, and scarcely had he spoken, when a sunbeam seized him and bore him aloft.

Vapores, that was the name of the dew-drop, seemed to feel as light as the air that blew by him. High up through the trees, and above the forest they soared. Below them, lay a beautiful landscape; fields of waving grass, dark masses of forest; here a wild rolling piece of pasture land, and far away the glistening roofs and spires of a busy town. There too, were rugged snow-topped mountains, and gentle hills, down whose sides slipped shining brooks, like the golden lizards of a tropic clime. Up into a cloud above him, Vapores was received, and with the vapors floated on; sometimes in a mere snowy feather, sometimes in masses of cold gray and blue; — mirrored in a placid lake, or tossing in wild, broken

reflections over a tumultuous sea. And this was the song that the clouds breathed forth.

Tossed by the zephyrs o'er land and o'er sea,
Gaily we wander, so joyous and free
 Night, from his bride,
 Playful, doth hide ;
 Then, 'neath the silv'ry cloud cover,
 Seeking 'her dark, truant lover,
 Fair moonlight,
 Palely bright,
 Merrily hurls
 Lances of pearls.
 Clear, ere the dim, dewy dawn,
 Yields to the full radiant morn,
 Carols the lark from the lawn,
 Robing the clouds in magnificence deep.
 Fold upon fold,
 Amber and gold,
Filling Heaven's pastures with golden-fleeced sheep,
 Sweetly,
 Fleetly,
 With a gentle undulating motion
 Like the heave of a soundless ocean,
 The sun sinks to rest
 In the peaceful west,
And a clear after-glow o'er the broad Heavens doth sweep.

For a time, this careless life in the clouds pleased Vaporel ; but he grew tired of it, and thought of his mission to find the Rain King. Not from passing zephyr, nor from the gorgeous birds that inhabited the islands of palm and coral over which they sailed, could he learn anything about the Rain King. One day, a cool breeze from the north rudely shook him from the clouds and he fell into the ocean. And if he had enjoyed his cloud life, how much more the thousand sights and sounds of the ocean current that bore him along, and thrilled him with the rhythmic heave and fall of a summer sea. Once, on a sudden sparkling wave, he climbed the oar of a nautilus, and gazed upon the curious argonaut in its home of chambered pearl. Fathoms down through the clear water, he saw the strange plant-animals that bloom below. Resting on the sheltered side of a storm-driven spar, he watched the coral island grow. He saw the sea-weed, golden and brown, scarlet and green, that floated from the rocks, like locks of a mermaid's hair. Above him blazed the Southern Cross, and burned the lambent moon, while the night-sea rolled its waves of liquid fire below.

Farther and farther south floated Vaporel, and at last came into the Southern Polar Sea. Vast floes and hummocks of ice bordered upon the current in which Vaporel drifted on. Beautiful amid its desolation was the scene. The ice on top was white with snow, or gray where it had been washed clear by waves, but clefts and the ice showed brilliant colors like malachite and lapin-lazuli. In one of the vast blocks of ice that towered above the ice fields, Vaporel was told that the Rain King had been imprisoned. This palace prison was curiously built, and at a distance, looked like a great iceberg, but when Vaporel came near to it, he saw that it was built in curious imitation of earthly palaces and castles. Windows of ice in the sides of the great prison were frosted over with representations of things that the Rain King might have seen. Here was a tropical scene, as perfect as if some glorious humming-bird had sung of that wonderful country which the Ice King might never behold; the suppressed power of silence, — volcanic cones; precipices fringed with giant ferns, or half hidden by slender palms, that wore, inca-like, a feathery coronel. Here, the ruined wall of an abbey, half the pointed arch of the window entire, the rest, its shattered mullions and broken stones mingled together, lying on the ground. Here was a storm-wrecked bark, lying beneath a scarred and riven cliff; the delicate tracery of broken spars and tangled rigging stood out clear against the sky. And here an ancient army in rout; torn pennoncelles and gallant lances — above, the javelin shower. Nor were there wanting strange and fabulous things, dragons and hydras, pythons and hippogriffs.

While Vaporel stood gazing upon the ice-prison, thinking how he could free the captive Rain King, something flashed by him, and turning, he saw a troop of sunbeams darting to the prison window. They broke through the window with their gleaming swords, and set the captive free. Wrathful and indignant, he stayed for nothing, regarding not the auroral lances of the pursuing ice-soldiers. As the king flung himself on his resistless way, the clouds gathered dark around him. Far and wide flashed the lightning signals, about him crashed the thunder, while the copious rain fell in showers upon the grateful earth. The storm was nearly over, and Vaporel hung above the little valley that he left to find the Rain King. The clouds rolled away and the sun came out in the west. Vaporel hung glorified for an instant in a rainbow that spanned the wide valley, then fell plashing into the brook at the foot of the nodding harebell.

E. Fronda.

THREE.

HERE once lived a king who had three daughters, Psyche, Soma and Nous, and though they were settled in life, mothers of families, each having her own separate fortune, they had always lived together in one house.

One thing was odd; the sisters were of the same age, having been born at the same time, and had each three daughters at a birth, named for their mother and aunts, so that though the king had beneath his roof three daughters and nine granddaughters, yet among the twelve were only the three names. Four were called Psyche, four Soma, four Nous.

The Princess Nous was very handsome. Her portrait had been painted as that of the goddess Venus; indeed every one observed her likeness to that celebrated queen of beauty. Hundreds of poets had written sonnets on her eyes, brows, form, ringlets, etc. Her chief delight was in wearing elegant clothes, feasting, and reclining on the most luxurious couches.

Of her three daughters, her own namesake Nous was her favorite. Psyche and Soma were but slaves to their sister Nous. And as their mamma had never attended to their being properly fed and clothed, they often went hungry and poorly protected from cold and wet, and so were sickly. They had never learned to read or write even, and so were stupid, unfit for the performance of any useful thing, even waiting upon their favored sister. Their eyes were dull, dress shabby, forms stunted and stooping, complexion sallow, faces expressionless.

But Lady Nous was more beautiful even than her mother. No Parisian doll ever had complexion so delicate as hers; no Grecian statue features or form so perfect; no mermaid such a wealth of beautiful hair, and Madame Demorest might have learned the A B C of dress from Nous. Milliners, dressmakers, and money without stint, could never give the air of elegance all she wore possessed.

She had lovers by the hundreds. To be sure she was as ignorant as a pussy cat, but the smiles which dimpled about her rosy lips displayed her pearly teeth, and lighted her great soft eyes, made the silliest remarks seem interesting and piquant. When she asked "Why the moon did n't shine dark nights?" and "Why poor people did n't buy a cow if they wanted eggs, cheese, turnips, and those *countrified* things?" her lovers laughed at her sweet, child-like, charming simplicity. Her life was like the butterflies. No one could ever imagine such baby fingers

as hers busied with any useful occupation ; those fairy-like feet ought not to tread any rough pathway. Her time was so taken up with parties, operas and pleasures, that none was left for church or prayers. She could not read her Bible, so knew nothing of religion. It "gave her the blues," to hear of sickness, poverty, crime ; fine clothes, jewelry, sweetmeats took all of her money, so she never gave away a penny. In religion, Nous was a heathen ; in education, an ignoramus ; in person, a goddess. She was her own idol, dress her worship ; eating, drinking, sleeping, flirting, her happiness. And in her way (a way much like the oyster) she was happy, yet the *family* of the Princess Nous was neither a happy nor well-regulated household.

The Princess Soma resembled her sisters in this, that among her daughters, she made an especial pet of her own namesake.

Her daughter Soma was very like her mother, having the same tall, slender form, pale face, and high, broad brow, and deep-set eyes, eyes that seemed to look into another world than this of our everyday life.

Princess Soma neglected her other daughters, that she might give this one a thorough education. It began with her babyhood, the child taught herself to read and write. At an age when other children were busied with their dolls and baby-houses, Soma was studying the stars through a telescope, and learning the age of our earth by its rocks. There was no language, living or dead, she did not master ; nothing known by mortal of figures, science, art, Nature, but Soma fathomed it. Her sisters were miserably puny, dwarfed, useless things, fit only to bring books and specimens, and run errands for Soma.

But Soma was a genius. She made great discoveries, wrote books, learned and profound, enchanting romances, and exquisite poetry. However, as both she and her mamma thought of her education only, she was as entirely selfish, as utterly heathen as her cousin Nous. She was, too, always sick and weakly, and having never known a moment's ease from pain and nervous suffering, died before her prime.

Now let us turn to the Princess Psyche and her household.

Yes, young Psyche was her mother's pet and darling, and who, seeing her angel face and saintly spirit, could wonder. She loved her sisters tenderly, and often begged her mother to do more for them than had been done, yet spite of her kind intentions, they were ciphers in the family compared with herself. If any painter had used *her* portrait, 't would have been to represent Mary, the mother of our Lord, or some sweet ministering seraph.

" He would paint her unaware,
With a halo round her hair."

She read nothing but her Bible, hymn and prayer book, reports of missionary societies and books of devotion. She neglected her body, dressing poorly and nearly starving, that she might give her money to the poor and suffering. She ruined her health watching by sick beds, cheering death beds, going among pestilence, infection, poverty.

Prisoners, invalids, all the friendless and forlorn, in short all who knew her loved her. But having never cultivated her mind, it was filled with prejudice, bigotry and narrow ideas. Her religious belief was mixed with superstition and error. She took no care of health, and like her cousin Soma, was a life-long, or rather short-lived invalid. She gave away with a lavish hand, but often giving foolishly, did harm instead of good. She tried to win souls to Christ, but the belief she taught was so narrow that *large* souls, those who could do most good for Him, could not receive it. She lived wholly for another world, and so was little fitted for service in this.

“Which things are an allegory.” Do you guess my meaning?

The King is the great Father of us all. His daughters, the three parts making up this wonderful nature of ours. Nous, the body; Soma, the mind; Psyche, the soul.

If we neglect the last two that we may pamper the first, selfish, ignorant, living to eat, drink, and be merry, what are we but *beautiful beasts*?

Going one degree higher, if we neglect soul and body to educate the mind to its greatest capacity, plunge far as we may in learning, we are deformed and incomplete, *heartless heads*.

Higher yet, if we attend to the soul's development only, the part which “immortal as its sire, can never die,” at the expense of mind and body, we sin against all three. An ignorant mind and feeble body hinder the soul's progress, drag it down into the dust, almost destroy its usefulness. Doing this, we become *suicidal spirits*.

Give each its share of attention. Make the body healthy and beautiful as God intended it to be when He made man in His own image; educate the mind, and let its faculties grow strong in *service*; keep the soul close to its Maker, learning of Him, catching His Spirit. With a healthy body, strong, expanded mind, and a soul fired with Divine love, what might not one do and dare in this world where so much needs doing — so many opportunities are lost?

May Leonard.



[See Diagram in January No.]

WHICH WAS THE OTHER?

In form¹ and feature¹, face¹ and limb¹,
 I grew so like my brother³,
 That folks¹⁸ got taking me¹ for him²,
 And each³ for one³ another³.
 It puzzled all our *kith* and *kin*,
 It reached an *awful*¹⁴ *pitch*¹⁴;
 For one¹ of us was born a *twin*,
 And not a *soul*¹ knew *which*¹.

One day, to make the matter worse¹,
 Before our *names*¹ were fixed,
 As we were being washed by nurse,
 We got *completely*³ *mixed*³.
 And thus¹⁸ you see¹⁸, by fate's decree,
 (Or rather *nurse's whim*),
 My brother *John*¹⁸ got christened me¹,
 And I¹ got christened him¹⁸.

This fated likeness even dogged
 My footsteps when at *school*,
 And I was always getting *flogged*¹,
 For *John*¹ turned out a *fool*¹.
 I put this question³ hopelessly³,
 To every one I knew;
 What would *you*¹⁸ do if you¹⁸ were me¹,
 To prove that you¹⁸ were *you*¹⁸.

Our close resemblance turned the tide
 Of my domestic life,
 For *somehow*, *my* intended bride,
 Became my *brother's* wife.

In short, year^s after year^s the same
 Absurd^s mistakes^s went ou^s;
 And when I died, the neighbors came
 And *buried brother John!*

ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

THE MENAGERIE.

CHARACTERS.—NELLIE FREEMAN, aged 12 ; HATTIE FREEMAN, aged 10.

Nellie (coming in on one side, meets Hattie coming from the other, swinging her hat.) Oh, here you come, Hattie! Where *have* you been? Mamma said you promised to come right back, and I've been looking all over the house for you.

Hattie. Well, I could n't help it! I did mean to; but just as I got to the corner, I heard some music, and I just run down the street a little way, and there was a procession coming, and I thought I'd—

Nellie. O, Hattie, don't talk so fast! What kind of a procession, a German picnic? You're always running after something.

Hattie. No, it was n't, and I don't run after things either. It was something real nice; but if you are going to be so cross, I won't tell you a thing about it.

Nellie. Do tell me! I won't be cross.

Hattie. Well, first there was a wagon full of men, and four beautiful white horses, with little black spots on top of their heads, and trumpets, and a great big drum, and then—

Nellie. But I don't understand. Were the horses sitting in the men's laps? They must have looked funny.

Hattie. Now Nellie Freeman, you know better! You're always making fun of me.

Nellie. Why, you said the horses were in the wagon, I'm sure; but do go on!

Hattie. I will, if you will ever let me. You keep interrupting all the time, and you know it is n't polite.

Nellie. I'll be real good now. What came next? Was there an elephant?

Hattie. Wait till I get to him. There was a long string of wagons, — kind of cages, you know, — and an *immense* lion —

Nellie. Could you see him?

Hattie. Why, no! But it said on the cage, "largest known lion."

Nellie. Oh! Well?

Hattie. Well, and then there were leopards, and tigers, and hyenas, and panthers, and polar bears, and a rinocerms, and —

Nellie. A *what*, child! You mean a *rhinoceros*.

Hattie. That's what I *said*. You need 't call me *child*.

Nellie. I won't again. But could n't you see *any* of them?

Hattie. Oh, yes, I could see their noses, and paws, and the ends of their tails.

Nellie. That must have been beautiful. Did you see the bear's tail?

Hattie. I don't know, yes, guess so. There was a sort of brush hanging out of one of the wagons.

Nellie. *Bears* don't have *brushes*. That belongs to a fox. Don't you know about the bear's tail? It's only a little stump of a thing. I read such a funny story about it.

Hattie. Tell me, what was it.

Nellie. I can't remember it all — only a fox told a bear if he'd stick his tail through a hole in the ice, and sit very still, he'd catch some fish.

Hattie. Did he do it?

Nellie. Yes. He sat and sat, till the ice froze all around his tail, and it hurt so he could n't stand it any longer, and —

Hattie. I should call it *sitting* it!

Nellie. Who's interrupting now?

Hattie. I don't know. Then what did he do?

Nellie. Then he jerked it out, and instead of getting some fish, he had left his tail frozen fast in the ice, and that's the reason why bears have such short tails.

Hattie. I don't believe that.

Nellie. Neither do I. But tell me about the elephant. I'd rather hear about him than all the rest put together.

Hattie. You won't give me a chance. There were two of 'em, one was a mammoth and the other was a baby.

Nellie. I don't believe you know what a mammoth is.

Hattie. It's a *big* one. The baby was awful cunning.

Nellie. Who said it was a baby?

Hattie. Why, it looked so. Its ears were half as big as its body.

Nellie. Did they do anything?

Hattie. No, they just walked along as solemn as could be. There was a man on the big one.

Nellie. It's a wonder that you did n't ask for a ride!

Hattie. I did.

Nellie. Not really!

Hattie. I asked the man if he ever let children get on, and he said "yes, in the afternoon," and I'm going to ask mother if I can't go and wear my blue suit.

Nellie. Go where?

Hattie. To the menagerie, of course. They're putting up the tents now, down by the river.

Nellie. I don't believe she'll let you. Such places ain't respectable.

Hattie. Respectable! Sarah Hall is going, and her father's a minister! and she said her brother said it said in the paper that it was a "GRAND MORAL SHOW."

Nellie. What's that?

Hattie. Look in the dictionary. That's what mother says.

Nellie. Well, you've been gone so long this morning that you'll have to practice after dinner, and you can't wear your blue suit poking around among the animals. I'd rather wear something that will wash.

Hattie. Oh, good! You'll go too, won't you? I was afraid you'd feel too big. Come now, that's a good girl, let's go and ask mother.

Nellie. I don't believe she'll want us to.

Hattie. Oh, yes! we'll say *please*, and I can do my practising to-morrow.

Nellie. Well, come along! (*They go.*)

Hattie. You're just the *best* girl!

B. D.





“**P**REACHING at Selwyn’s,” is the title of an amusing article in recent numbers of the HEARTH AND HOME, an excellent weekly publication that is sure of a hearty welcome at our home. The theatre-goers, in and around Boston, know the popularity of Selwyn’s place of amusement. Now, although we do not design to preach, much less walk the stage, yet we propose hereafter to hail from “*Selwyn’s*.”

It may be remembered by some of our readers, that for several years we were associated with the Massachusetts Teacher’s Association at our former place of business. That connection we have renewed, and consequently have removed to their pleasant apartments in SELWYN’S BUILDING, No. 366, WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM 18, where we shall not only conduct the SCHOOLMATE, but take charge of the subscription list of the MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER, a monthly Journal devoted to the cause of Education, and conducted by the Teacher’s Association. Thus will be resumed relations which we trust and believe will be as mutually satisfactory and enjoyable as formerly existed between the Teacher’s Association and ourselves, and we cordially invite “Schoolmates” and “Teachers” alike to feel at home when they shall visit us at our new office, to which we request them to address all letters in future.

C. W. D. writes us from Texas, and his suggestion in regard to declamations

shall have attention in the proper quarter, and doubtless his expectations will be met. We thank him for his encouraging words, and most fully agree with him in sentiment. “Our country, our *whole* country, and nothing but *our* country.” The rebus is accepted.

The Combination Tool Company of 95 Mercer St., New York, have sent us a patented article, which for simplicity and usefulness can hardly be surpassed. While it can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket, it can be used as a pocket-rule, folder, square, bevel, screw-driver, chisel, compasses, scissors, button-hole cutter, paper-knife, eraser and pencil-sharpener. The article is manufactured from steel. The company desire to appoint agents to introduce it, and offer to send sample (polished steel) by mail, with terms to agents, for 50 cents; steel, silver-plated, one dollar; extra finished gold-plated, two dollars.

Rob Roy sends us the following conundrums: “When is a house like a bird? When it has wings,” and another equally *taking*. “When is an actor like an artist? When he draws ‘houses.’”

J. H. Briggs, Jr., of Albany, Me., your offer is declined, as we can do better.

A lad in the heart of Massachusetts, writes, “Your bound volumes for 1868 and 1869 sell well, and you may send me as many as you think best. Here is the product of my first sales enclosed.” We offer a liberal commission to any one of our subscribers who sells five or more volumes, and for a single volume shall continue to send on receipt of \$1.75 for a short time longer. “Ben, the Luggage Boy” has been out of print, which will explain to many why the copies they ordered did not come sooner to hand.

An excellent variety of music is received from O. Ditson & Co.

1. Capriccios brilliant. Mendelssohn.
2. Potpourri (from Norma.) Bellini.
3. Trab Trab. Beyer.

4. Twittering of Birds. Billema.
5. Souvenirs Styriens. Impromptu.
6. All Alone. Nocturne, by W. Bussenius.
7. Fantasie. By W. Bussenius.
8. Polonaise. By W. Bussenius.
9. Secret Wishes. Nocturne, by Gustave Large.
10. Bismarck. Valse brillante, by Henry Sutter.



Answers.

91. Andrew Jackson.
92. 1. Live—evil ; 2. Dear—read ; 3. Late—Tale ; 4. Enos—nose ; 5. mean—name ; 6. Miles—limes ; 7. Silem—Smile.
93. Kindness always begets kindness.
94. Our Desk.
95. Nail—Anna—Ink—Last.
96. The United States of America.

97. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in dark, but not in light ;
 My second is in wrong, but not in right ;
 My third is in short, but not in tall ;
 My fourth is in few, but not in all ;
 My fifth is in little, but not in small ;
 My sixth is in high, but not in tall ;
 My seventh is in rye, but not in grain ;
 My eighth is in street, but not in lane ;
 My ninth is in me, but not in you ;
 My tenth is in old, but not in new ;
 My eleventh is in four, but not in two.

My whole is a celebrated maxim.

EMERY W. BARTLETT.

98. Transpositions.

Whole, I figured largely in the late rebellion,
 Transpose me, get a noise,
 Transpose again, I'm part of Great Britain.
 Transpose again, I am brilliant.
 And again, I am effect. HAUTOBOY.

99.

E. F. L. W. S. E. T. D. I., is what river in Massachusetts. JOE.

100. Enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.
 My 1, 2, 3, 5, 11 is useful to man.
 My 8, 6, 7 is a covering.
 My 4, 2, 6, 10 is to roam.
 My 8, 9, 5, 11 is a necessary article of dress.
 My 4, 6, 7 is a destructive animal.
 My 3, 5 is a pronoun.
 My 1, 3, 10, 11 is a historian.
 My 5, 2, 10, 11 is not all.
 My whole is a valuable periodical.

E. S. Y.

101. Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.
 My 20, 8, 7, 13, 5 is one of the senses.
 My 9, 21, 2, 1, 14, 3 is a girl's name.
 My 4, 5, 24, 20 is an article of clothing.
 My 6, 21, 11, 15 is a narrow passage.
 My 16, 10, 18, 1, 14 is a part of the head.
 My 10, 17, 2 implies possession.
 My 5, 14, 3, 20 is one of the relative pronouns.
 My 18, 23, 1, 10 is a preposition.
 My 12, 17, 8, 13 is an animal.
 My 14, 21, 16 is an article of food.
 My 12, 8, 22, 20 is a going.
 My 19, 17, 18, 11 is one of the parts of speech.
 My whole is an interesting story in the "Schoomate."

A. R.

102. Enigma.

I am composed of 53 letters.
 My 40, 5, 47, 29, 6, 31, 53 is a town in Maine.
 My 27, 37, 16, 8, 42 is a transparent substance.

My 42, 19, 12, 39, 34, 17, 33, 9 is the name of one of the days.

My 1, 44, 15, 49, 25, 46, 41, 48 is one of the United States.

My 50, 16, 21, 2, 23, 7, 12 is a fish.

My 4, 43, 24, 11, 28, 13 is a bird.

My 35, 30, 14 is a domestic animal.

My 32, 38, 20, 36 is a wild animal.

My 36, 18, 45, 26, 22 is comical.

My 10, 3, 52, 26, 51 is a town in Maine.

My whole is a proverb for the young.

RUTHVEN.

103. Enigma.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 7, 2, 3, 8 is a kind of grain.

My 1, 6, 5, is an instrument of correction.

My 4, 2, 5 is concealed.

My whole is one whom we shall miss on the pages of the Schoolmate.

CLARIBELL.



Should it be so?

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

Exercise Patience.

Supposing for an instant that civilization and Christianity had *not* precluded the practice of getting rid of sickly, feeble, rickety children, and that legislation, acting on enlightened principles of utilitarianism, and not altogether with inhumanity,—for it would be difficult to show that it is more *cruel* to put a suffering infant out of pain than a suffering bird or insect,—had enjoined it, the world would simply have been the loser within the last 200 or 300 years by Bacon, Pascal, Descartes, De Thou, Gibbon, Newton, Locke, Adam Smith, Boyle, Dr. Johnson, William III, Pope, Addison, Walter Scott, William Pitt, Cowper, Flaxman, James Watt, and Nelson. All these memorable men,—and how many besides I have not given myself time to investigate,—are recorded to have been more or less puny or delicate children; some (as Sir Isaac Newton, whose mother said he might have been put into a quart mug when born) reared with great difficulty; some unhealthy all their lives.

Correct yourselves betimes. You will seldom or never keep from falling if you cannot recover yourself when you first begin to totter.

How Fortunate.

A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote, "*It rains sometimes.*"

An Example to be followed.

"There is a young lady of vast wealth, residing in the vicinity of Union Square, in New York, who employs her leisure and pocket-money in buying cloth, muslin and calico by the wholesale, and cutting it into garments. She takes her carriage, and goes into lanes and by-ways, giving work to needy people; and

when finished and liberally paid for, she generally bestows the comfortable garment on those poor men, and their wives and children, who 'fought and bled' in the late war. None are turned from her door without the help that maketh the heart glad. She is said to be highly accomplished, agreeable, modest, and seeks happiness, in doing good to all. She is devoted to her work and a dear relative, and has refused the hand of some of the leading men of the nation.

Dutchman.—"Goot morrer, Pat ; how you tuz ?" *Irishman.*—"The top o' the mornin' till ye, Smitt ; d' ye think we 'll get rain the day ?" *Dutchman.*—"Kess no ; ve never hash mooch rain in der dry dime." *Irishman.*—"Faith, an' ye'r right there, Smitt, an' thin wheniver it gets in the way o' rainin' the divil a bit o' dhry wither will we git as long as the wet spell howlds."

Knowest Thou how to Begin Life.

Rev. Dr. Hall thus wisely speaks to young people : "There are two ways of setting up in life. One is to begin where your parents are ending, — magnificent mansion, splendid furniture, and an elegant turnout. Is not that the pretty dream of many about their start in life ? The other to is begin a little nearer the point where father and mother, — of blessed memory, — began. You see, my young friend, you can go up so easily and gracefully, if events show it to be safe ; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And it costs much now to live ; and business fluctuates ; and health is uncertain ; and temptations from the side of pride are strong ; and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant, has been led along ; and rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up the embezzlement, and been called 'swindler.'"

What harm is there in a glass of wine ? None. The harm is when a glass of wine *is in you.*

A Word about Bookless Houses.

We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owners perhaps never think. Give us a house furnished with books rather than handsome furniture. Both, if you can ; but books at any rate. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor that in our day, books are so cheap that a man every year may add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and beer would cost him.

A Sensible Woman.

Does my friend Mrs. Clare, the parson's widow, at Pearly Falls, enjoy her husband's library any less because it is really the village circulating library ? "I don't see," said her friend, Mrs. Podgers, to her the other day, "how you can let your husband's books be used up so. I should think you would want to keep them." "No," said Mrs. Clare, "I like to think that my husband's library is continuing after his death the work he did while he lived. I like to have his books in use. I would rather see the edges dogeared than dusty."

Shall We Overlook this Touching Scene.

A touching scene is related by a gentleman as having occurred during the decoration ceremonies. A little girl entered the cemetery carrying wreaths of beautiful flowers, and hastened to the side where the Confederate dead lay, and proceeded to place a wreath on each grave. A friend of hers approached her, saying, "But, Susie, those are the rebels' graves." She replied, "Yes, I know it, but my pa was a soldier, and died in Libby prison, and is buried down South ; I so much hope some little girls there will strew flowers on his grave. I thought I would bring these and put them on the

rebels' graves. May be some of them have little girls at home, you know." — *Lafayette (Ind.) Dispatch.*

A Thrilling Fact.

Nature has an interesting statement as to the work performed by the human heart; and what an engine it is! Its daily toil in sending the blood through the system equals the lifting of 124,208 tons to one foot. Could the heart employ its whole strength in vertically lifting a weight equal to itself, it would be able to raise that weight 19,754 feet an hour. The energy of a human heart equals one-third of the total working force of all the muscles of a strong man.

We are happier when we are happy unexpectedly — and that is the way happiness comes. To seek after it is to seek after a phantom.

A Life-Sketch of the Servant of the Period.

Cook.—“Yes, Susan, I'm a writing to Mary Hann Miggs. She've applied to me for the charicter of my last Misuss, which she's thinkin' of takin' the sitiuation.” Susan. — “Will you give her one?” Cook.—“Well, I've said this: (reads) ‘Mrs. Perksits presents her compliminks to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform her that I consider Mrs. Brown a respek'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't consensly recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.’ It's allus best to be candied, you know, Susan.”—*Punch.*

Served him Right.

A nice little boy in Pittsburg went to the circus the other day, and amused himself by throwing stones at an elephant while he was drinking. When he got through, the boy tried to propitiate him by offering him a piece of gingerbread. Before accepting the cake, the elephant emptied over the boy about sixty-four gallons of water, beer measure, and then

slung him into the third tier to dry off. This boy is very indifferent about circusses now. He says he believes he does n't care for them as much as he used to.

How the old Man found it out.

An aged colored man came up to his voting place upon crutches, seemingly with great difficulty. The prescribed formula, “How old are you?” was asked, when the old man was thrown into much perplexity. Recovering himself, however, he muttered in an undertone, which was overheard:

“Well, how ole is my ole massa?”

It so happened that a gentleman was standing by, well acquainted with him, who promptly answered:

“Your ole master is about fifty-five years of age.”

“Well, how ole is missus?”

“She is about forty-five years old.”

“An' Miss Sallie?”

“Thirty-five, perhaps, next fall.”

“And young missus?”

“Nineteen this coming August.”

“Well, I'se older den all put together; for I knows when dey all was born.”

It is needless to say that the old man was passed amid the good feelings of all present.

Record it that

The fidelity of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas in the service was proverbial, and a regular officer once wrote of him: “He was eighteen years in the army without being absent from his post. The following anecdote, as showing his rare fidelity to the claims of duty, is eminently characteristic of the man: While our army was lying at Murfreesboro', he was asked when he intended to visit Nashville, thirty miles distant. He replied ‘I have been trying for some time to find an excuse to go there, but cannot do it. I am not sick, have duties here, and really don't know what excuse I could offer for going away.’”

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

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FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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No. III.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XVII.

DIVIDING THE SPOILS.



MARTIN did not fail to go to the house occupied by his employers, in the evening. He was anxious to learn the amount of the booty which he had taken. He decided that it must be ten thousand dollars at least. Half of this would be five thousand, and this according to the agreement between them was to come to him. It was quite a fortune, and the thought of it dazzled Martin's imagination. He would be able to retire from business, and resolved to do so, for he did not like the risk which he incurred by following his present employment.

Martin had all his life wished to live like a gentleman, — that is, to live comfortably without work, and now his wish seemed likely to be gratified. In the eyes of some, five thousand dollars would seem rather a small capital to warrant such a life, but it seemed a great deal to a shiftless character like him. Besides, the box might contain more than ten thousand dollars, and in that case, of course, his own share would be greater.

So, on the whole, it was with very pleasant anticipations that Martin ascended the front steps of the counterfeiter's den, and rang the bell.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870, by JOSEPH H. ALLEN, in the clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

Meanwhile Smith had opened the box, and his disappointment had been great when he found the nature of its contents. Actually but four hundred dollars were immediately available, and as the banker no doubt had recorded the numbers of the government bonds, there would be risk in selling them. Besides, even if sold, they would produce at the market price, barely eleven hundred dollars. As to the bank and railway shares, they could not be negotiated, and no doubt duplicates would be applied for. So after all, the harvest was likely to prove small, especially as Smith had passed his word to divide with Martin.

After a while it occurred to him that as Martin did not know the contents of the box, he could easily be deceived into supposing them less than they were. He must tell a falsehood, but then Smith's conscience was tough, and he had told a great many in the course of his life.

When Martin was ushered into the room, he found his confederate looking rather sober.

"Have you opened the box?" inquired Martin, eagerly.

"Yes," said Smith, rather contemptuously. "A great haul you made, I must say."

"Was n't there anything in it?" asked Martin, in dismay.

"Yes, there were plenty of bank and railroad shares."

"Can't we sell them?" queried Martin, whose knowledge of business was limited.

"You must be a fool. We can't sell them without the owner's indorsement. Perhaps you'll call and ask him for it."

"Can't we do anything with them, then?" asked Martin, anxiously.

"Nothing at all."

"Was n't there nothing else in the box?"

"Yes, there was a government bond for five hundred dollars."

Smith concluded to mention only one.

"That's something."

"Yes, it's something. You can sell it after a while, and bring me half the money."

"Will there be any danger in selling it?"

"None to speak of," said Smith, who was afraid Martin might decline selling it, unless he gave this assurance.

"Was n't there any money?" asked Martin, disappointed.

"Yes, there was a trifle — a hundred dollars," answered his unscrupulous confederate, who was certainly cheating Martin in the most barefaced manner.

"Half of that belongs to me," said Martin.

"Of course it does. Do you think I would n't treat you fair?"

"No," said his dupe, "I know, Mr. Smith, you're a man of honor."

"Of course I am. I'd like to see anybody say I was n't. I've left everything in the box just as it was, so you might see it was all right."

He went to the cupboard, and unlocking it, produced the box, of which he lifted the lid. The certificates of stock were at the bottom. Above them, folded up, was the five-twenty U. S. bond for five hundred dollars, and upon it, a small roll of greenbacks.

"You see it's just as I say, Martin," said Smith, with an air of frankness. "There's the shares that we can't do anything with, here's the bond, and there's the money. Just take and count it, I may have been mistaken in the amount."

Martin counted the roll of bills, and made out just one hundred dollars. Of course he could not be expected to know that there had been three hundred more, which, together with the other bond, were carefully concealed in his confederate's breast-pocket.

"Yes, it's just a hundred dollars," he said, after finishing the count.

"Well, take fifty of them, and put in your pocket."

Martin did so.

"It ain't what I expected," he said, rather ruefully. "If I'd known there was so little in the box, I would n't have taken it."

"Well, it's better than nothing," said Smith, who could afford to be philosophical, having appropriated to himself seven-eighths of the money, and three-fourths of the bonds. "There's the bond, you know."

"Let me see it."

Smith extended it to Martin.

"When shall I sell it?" asked he.

"Not just yet. Wait till the affair blows over a little."

"Do you think there's any danger, then?" queried Martin, anxiously.

"Not much. Still it's best to be prudent."

"Had n't you better sell it yourself?"

"Suppose I did," said Smith. "I might take the notion to walk off with all the money."

"I don't think you would," said Martin, surveying his confederate doubtfully, nevertheless.

"No, I don't think I would, but if you sell it yourself, you'll have the affair in your own hands."

"But I might walk off with all the money, too," said Martin, who thought it a poor rule that would n't work both ways."

"I don't think you would," said Smith, "and I'll tell you why. We belong to a large band, that are bound together by a terrible oath to punish any one guilty of treachery. Suppose you played me false, and

did as you say, though of course I know you don't mean it, I would n't give that for your life," and he snapped his fingers.

"Don't!" said Martin, with a shudder. "You make me shiver. Of course I did n't mean anything. I'm on the square."

"Certainly, I only told you what would happen to you or me, or any one, that was false to the others."

"I think I'd rather have you sell the bond," said Martin, nervously.

"If I were in your case, I'd be perfectly willing, but the fact is, the brokers know me too well. They suspect me, and they won't suspect you."

"I think I've had my share of the risk," grumbled Martin. "I don't see but I do the work, and you share the profits"

"Was n't it I that put you up to it?" demanded Smith. "Would you ever have thought of it if it had n't been for me?"

"Maybe I would n't. I wish I had n't."

"You're a fool, then. Don't you see it's turned out all right? Hav n't you got fifty dollars in your pocket, and won't you have two hundred and fifty more when the bond is sold?"

"I thought I'd get five thousand," said Martin, dissatisfied.

"It seems to me that three hundred dollars is pretty good pay for one morning's work, but then there are some people that are never satisfied."

"It was n't the work, it was the danger. I ain't at all sure but the boy saw me, and knew who I was. If he did, I've got to keep out of the way."

"Do you think he did recognize you?" asked Smith, thoughtfully.

"I'm not sure. I'm afraid he did."

"I wish we'd got him in our clutches. But I dare say he was too frightened to tell who it was."

"He ain't easy frightened," said Martin, shaking his head. He understood our hero better than his confederate.

"Well, all is, you must be more careful for a few days. Instead of staying in the city, I'll send you to Jersey City, Newark, and other places where you won't be likely to meet him."

"That might do," said Martin, "he's a smart boy, though he's an undootiful son. He don't care no more for me, than if I was no kith nor kin to him, and he'd just as lieves see me sent to prison as not."

"There's one thing you hav n't thought of," said Smith.

"What's that?"

"His employer will most likely think that the boy has stolen the box, or had something to do with its being carried off. As he took him out of the street, he won't have much confidence in his honesty. I should n't

be at all surprised if this undootiful boy of yours, as you call him, found himself locked up in the Tombs on account of this little affair."

"Do you think so?" said Martin, brightening up at the suggestion.

"I think it more likely than not. If that is the case, of course you won't be in any danger from him."

"That 's so," said Martin, cheerfully. "I hope you 're right. It would be worth something to have that young imp locked up. He would n't put on so many airs after that."

"Well, it 's very likely to happen."

The contemplation of this possibility so raised Martin's spirits, that in spite of the disappointment he had experienced in finding the booty so far below what he had anticipated, he became quite cheerful, especially after Smith produced a bottle of whiskey, and asked him to help himself, an invitation which he did not have occasion to repeat.



CHAPTER XVIII.

RUFUS ENTRAPPED.

NOW," said Rufus to himself on the morning succeeding the robbery, "I've got a week to recover that box. How shall I go about it?"

This was a question easier asked than answered. Martin being the thief, the first thing of course, was to find him, and Rufus had considerable hopes of encountering him in the street some day. Should this be the case, he might point him out to a policeman, and have him arrested at once, but this would not recover the box. Probably it was concealed at Martin's boarding-house, and this it was that Rufus was anxious to find. He decided, therefore, whenever he got on the track of his step-father, to follow him cautiously until he ascertained where he lodged.

He walked the street with his eyes about him all day, but did not catch a glimpse of Martin. The fact was, the latter was at Newark, having been sent there by his employers with a supply of counterfeit money to dispose of, so that our hero's search was of course fruitless, and so he was obliged to report to Mr. Turner the next morning.

"Probably he is in hiding," said his employer. "I don't think you have much chance of meeting him for a few days to come"

"I should like to try," said Rufus. "He won't be content to hide long."

"I have notified the banks and railroad companies of the robbery,"

said Mr. Turner, "so that it will be impossible to sell the shares. After a while, should we fail to recover them, they will grant us duplicate certificates. I have advertised, also, the numbers of the bonds, and if an attempt is made to dispose of them, the thief will find himself in trouble. So the loss is reduced to four hundred dollars."

"That is too much to lose," said Rufus.

"That is true, but we are lucky to get off so cheap."

"I hope to get back some of that," said our hero, stoutly.

"Did it ever strike you that there might be some risk encountering this man? If he is driven to bay he may become dangerous."

"I don't think of the danger, Mr. Turner," said Rufus. "I lost that box, and it is my duty to recover it if I can, danger or no danger."

Mr. Turner secretly admired the pluck of Rufus, but he was not a man given to compliments, so he only said quietly, "Well, Rufus, you shall have the week I promised you. I have no doubt you will do your best. I shall not be surprised, however, if you fail."

So Rufus entered upon his second day's search.

He went up Chatham Street, and explored most of the streets intersecting it, visiting many places which he remembered as former haunts of his step-father. But he was quite off the track here. Martin's employment now was on the other side of the city, near the North river, and he had no longer occasion to visit his old haunts. Besides he had again been sent over to New Jersey, and did not get back to the city at all till late in the afternoon.

The next day Martin complained of headache, and was permitted to remain at home. He did not think it prudent to be out during the day, but easily solaced himself in his confinement with whiskey and cigars, of which he had laid in a good supply. He was sitting in his shirt sleeves at the front window looking through the blinds, which were always closed, when his eyes lighted on Rufus passing on the opposite side of the street.

"He's looking for me," exclaimed Martin to himself, observing that Rufus was looking about him as he walked.

"Who's looking for you?" asked his confederate, Smith, who happened just then to enter the room.

"My undootiful son. Look, there he is!" said Martin, nervously. "I wonder if he has heard about my living here."

Smith went to the window, and looked out.

"He looks resolute and determined," said Smith. "We must pull his teeth."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we must put it out of his power to do you harm."

"How are we going to do that?"

"Wait a minute and I'll tell you."

Smith left the room hastily, and after a brief interval returned.

"I think I'll fetch it," he said.

"What have you done?" asked Martin.

"I've sent Humpy to follow your son. He's to carry him a message from you."

"What do you mean?" asked Martin, alarmed.

"Don't be afraid. It's all right."

"But I don't understand it. I did n't send any message. What was it?"

"I'll tell you. If I'm not mistaken, Humpy will bring your son back with him, so that I shall have the pleasure of re-uniting parent and child."

"You don't mean to say you're going to bring Rufus here?" said Martin, his lower jaw falling. "You ain't going to betray me, are you?"

"Stuff and nonsense! What are you thinking of? All you need understand is, that the boy is getting dangerous. He is following you round as if he meant something, and that must be stopped. I mean to get him into the house, but I don't mean to part company with him very soon."

Smith here briefly detailed the instructions which he had given to his errand boy. Martin listened with much satisfaction.

"What a head you've got!" he said, admiringly.

"I'm generally ready for an emergency," remarked Smith, complacently. "You've got to get up early in the morning to get ahead of me."

We must now follow Smith's messenger, and we shall ascertain that gentleman's plan.

Humpy was a boy of sixteen, very short, in fact almost a dwarf, and as his name implies, disfigured by a hump. He was sharp, however, and secretive, and though he could not help understanding the character of the men who employed him, was not likely to betray them. He had a pride in deserving the confidence which he saw was reposed in him.

After receiving the instructions of his principal, he crossed the street, and followed Rufus at a little distance, being particular to keep him in sight. Our hero turned a corner, and so did he. He then quickened his pace, and came up with him.

"Was you a lookin' for anybody in particular?" he said.

"What makes you ask?" said Rufus, facing round upon him.

"Maybe I could help you."

"Perhaps you know who I am after," said Rufus, looking at him steadily.

"You're lookin' for a man named Martin, ain't you?"

"Do you know where I can find him?" asked Rufus, eagerly.

"Yes, I do. He sent me after you."

"He sent you!" repeated our hero, hardly believing his ears.

"Yes, he wants to see you."

"What does he want to see me for?" asked Rufus, inclined to be suspicious.

"There's something he's got of yours that he wants to return," said Humpty, in a low voice, looking around cautiously.

Rufus was more and more astonished. Was it possible that Martin's conscience troubled him, and that he wanted to make restitution? He could hardly believe this, knowing what he did of his step-father. Martin was about the last man he would have suspected of being troubled in any such way.

"Yes, he has got something of mine," he said aloud. "Does he want to return it?"

"Yes, he's sorry he took it. He's afraid you'll set the cops on him."

"So he's frightened," thought Rufus. This seemed to throw light on the new phase of affairs. He had never regarded his step-father as very brave, and now concluded that he was alarmed about the consequences of the theft.

"If he'll return what he took, all right," said Rufus, venturing to make this promise on his own responsibility, "he shan't be touched. Where is he?"

"Not far off," said Humpty.

"Tell him to bring it to me, and I'll give my word not to have him arrested."

"He can't come."

"Why can't he?"

"He's sick."

"Where?"

"In a house near by. He wants you to come and see him."

Rufus hesitated.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"He caught cold, and is threatened with a fever," said the boy, glibly.

"If you want to see him, I'll lead you where he is."

"All right! Go ahead!" said Rufus, thoroughly deceived by the boy's plausible story.

"You'll promise not to set the cops on him, after you've got the box," said Humpty.

"Yes, I promise."

"Then follow me."

Rufus followed, congratulating himself that things were coming out satisfactorily. He had no hesitation in making the promise he did, for he felt sure that he would be sustained by his employer. At any rate, he determined that having pledged his word to Martin, nothing should make him break it.



Humpy stumped along, followed by Rufus. They turned the corner again, and the boy guided him at once to the counterfeiter's den.

"He's in there," said Humpy, with a jerk of his forefinger. "Come along."

He mounted the steps, and opened the door, which had been left unlocked.

"He's up-stairs," said Humpy. "Come up."

Rufus, without suspicion, followed his hump-backed guide up the narrow stair case. They had scarcely reached the top, when Smith, coming out of a room on the floor below, locked the outer door, and put the key in his pocket. This Rufus did not see, or it would have aroused his suspicion.

The boy opened the door of a chamber at the head of the stair-case.

"Go in there," he said.

Rufus entered, and looked around him, but saw no one. He did not have to wait long. A step was heard at the door, and James Martin entered the room, apparently in perfect health.

"I'm glad to see you, Rufus," he said, with a triumphant grin. "You've been such an undootiful son that I did n't much expect you'd come to see your sick father."

Rufus sprang to his feet in dismay. The whole plot flashed upon him at once, and he realized that he had walked into a trap with his eyes wide open.

Horatio Alger, Jr.





LOOKING OUT.

FROM my window long levels of meadow
 Through the elm branches are seen ;
 Low-lying clouds flit above them
 Mottling their velvety green.

The gnarled old apple tree, fleecy
 With blooms that flutter and fall,
 Leans with the plummy lilac,
 Over the mossy wall.

Knee-deep through the pink-globed clover,
 The dun cow grazes and strays,
 A warm, gleaming fragment of color
 In the hot noon's shimmering haze.

Aloft in the shifting shadows
 Of the flickering, feathery elm,
 Twitter the red breasts and sparrows,
 Atilt in their leafy realm.

Under the pendulous branches,
 Buttercups sprinkle the mould

And their yellow gleam turns all the meadow,
To a rippling sea of gold.

But flitting are bird and blossom,
And in purple the autumn sweeps
Vine-crowned, and scattering silvery rime
Where the summer's last rose sleeps.


Poured from his frosted vases,
Gems in his path-way fall,
And the train of his glistening mantle
Sweeps o'er the old stone wall.

So while the winters or summers
Whiten or brighten the plain —
The meadow still sweeps in beauty
Away from my window pane.

E. G. C.



CHAMELEONS.

F the existing saurians, the chameleon is the most curious. It is not an inhabitant of America, and though now naturalized in Southern Europe, is found chiefly in Africa and Asia. Of the fourteen species known, all are found in Africa, or the adjacent islands, and only three in Asia and Europe. They are often seen in the neighborhood of Smyrna on the trees and stones. The chameleon of Egypt is smaller and more shy than the Asiatic variety.

They differ from true lizards in their large lungs, the form of their feet, and their tongues and skins. Their bodies, flattened sideways and surmounted by a sharp ridge, are covered with a shagreen-like skin with horny granules. Their feet, made for grasping and clinging, have the toes joined in two divisions, two being fastened together and turned backward, so as to be able to grasp the other three, which are connected with each other in a similar manner. Their tails are also formed for clinging to the branches among which they almost constantly live. On the under side of the toes and tail are granulated papillæ, which are the organs of touch. Their necks are very short, and their singular shaped heads appear as if they were fastened to their shoulders. They are enormously large at the back, and the creatures have no power to turn their heads either to the right or left, but nature compensates them for this disadvantage by brilliantly beautiful and wonderfully gifted eyes. These are set in large sockets to allow free play for the large eyeballs and the powerful muscles which move them, for the eyes have a wide range of vision, and can turn in every direction, their movements answering to the motions of the neck in differently constructed animals, and enabling the chameleon to look upwards, downwards, sideways, and backwards without turning their heads at all. Each eye can also move independently of the other, one looking to the right, and the other to the left, one forward and the other backward at the same time. These projecting eyes are covered with a shagreen eye-lid, in which is an opening directly opposite to the brilliant pupil.

They have no external ears, and their teeth have no true roots. Their tongues are the weapons with which they attack and capture their food. They are shaped like cylinders, hollow and with fleshy tips, and lie when at rest in a sheath at the bottom of the mouth, the end alone being visible. When about to seize their prey, they are suddenly thrust out about six inches, and as quickly drawn in, a viscid secretion causing the insect at which they are aimed with unerring accuracy to adhere

closely to the tip. They are not voracious, and have been known to live six weeks in captivity, without any visible food.

Sonnini, wishing to see how long one could live without food, took every precaution to keep all nourishment from some in his possession.

At first, the chameleons were lively, plump, and in a good condition, seeming to suffer but little from their abstinence. After twenty days they began to shrink, lose their sprightliness and color. The skin became livid and wrinkled, and at last they dried up and died.

The ancients believed that they literally ate nothing, but lived upon air, and Hamlet's answer to the king shows that the same idea was common in Shakespeare's time. When the king asks,

‘How fares my cousin Hamlet?’

He replies,

“Excellent in faith; of the chameleon's dish,
I eat the air, promise crammed.”

But this idea is now proved to be incorrect, and in the stomach of one Haselquist dissected, he found several small insects.

They have large lungs, connected like those of birds, with air cells under the skin and among the muscles, and which when filled with air, inflate the whole body, even to the toes and tail, and makes it transparent. And this apparent increase in size may have led to the idea that the air was the whole food of the creature. The appearance of the animal varies much when these cells are filled or empty, one moment seeming full and plump, and the next lean and shrunken.

Beneath the skin lie various colored granules, which become more or less inflated, and change their position according to the amount of blood thrown into them, and to these the creatures owe their astonishing changes of color, which serve as a protection to themselves, and a snare to their victims. These changes occur when they are irritated or alarmed, or when the temperature or light varies.

Some members of the French Academy watched a chameleon a long time to satisfy themselves of the truth of the strange stories of its wonderful changes of color. When at rest in the shade, after it had been undisturbed for a long time, its tint was a blue gray, excepting under the feet, where it was a yellowish white. The gray changed in the sun, and the blue illuminated places turned to brownish gray. When not illuminated, it changed its gray several times into bright and shining colors in a stripe about two inches wide, which ran down the crest of the spine to the middle of the back. Other spots of Isabella color appeared on the ribs, forelegs and tail. Sometimes the spots had a brown

hue inclining to green. When wrapped up in a linen cloth for a few minutes, and then taken out, it appeared almost white.

Haselquist kept one in a cage for nearly a month. Its natural color was an iron gray, or black mixed with a little gray. It sometimes changed to yellow, which was the color it most frequently assumed; sometimes the yellow was very dull, approaching to green, sometimes of so light a tint it was nearer white than yellow. He never saw it red, blue or purple, and thought all that had been told of its many changes of color had its rise in these variations from blackish grey to yellow. This took place when it was exposed to the hot sun, or when he irritated it by pointing his finger at it. When it changed from black to yellow, the soles of its feet, its head, and the bag under its chin were the first to turn, afterwards the rest of the body — sometimes it was speckled with both colors. When iron gray, it was fat, sleek and handsome, but when yellow it appeared lean and ugly, and the lighter the yellow, the uglier it grew.

Broderip, the naturalist, kept one two months in a wicker cage, to the bars of which it clung with its feet and tail. It soon grew tame, and learned to recognize him. It would leave its cage and sit upon the fender to enjoy the warmth of the fire. His master would put his hand into the cage, the chameleon would look at him with a knowing roll of its strange, brilliant eyes, let go the bars, and cling to his hand till it was carried to the fender, where it would remain for hours with one eye rolled forward to the fire, and the other turned backward to Mr. Broderip. But it would not eat. It would look at the meal worms and insects which its master procured for it, but would not touch them, and at last died of starvation.

This chameleon was sometimes gray, Isabella color, pale yellow with spots or granules of green, gray or black. It was never white or whitey brown.

The French Academicans thought the sun was the principal cause of these changing colors; others contended that the passions, or emotions of the creature varied its hue, as men grow pale from fear, or red from anger. Another party declared the blood was of a violet blue, and gave it its different shades, but M. Milne Edwards attributed it to the layers of membranous pigment which lie one over the other under the surface of the skin. These layers may appear simultaneously, or one may displace the other, and this change was, in M. Edwards' opinion, sufficient to cause the various tints. But whatever the cause, the change must be of great advantage to a creature so slow in its motions, and which lies in wait for its prey amid the branches of the trees. Motionless,

patient, clinging to the bough with its feet and tail, it waits for the insect to come within reach of its unerring tongue, and death awaits the unwary one who mistakes the still creature for a knot on the tree.

If kindly treated they are very gentle, and are sometimes kept as pets in houses in Asia and Africa. When fighting with each other, they open and shut their jaws like the blades of scissors, presenting a most ludicrous appearance.

A creature so strange and grotesque, with eyes that seemed able to look at heaven and earth at the same moment, must have been an object of wonder and awe in a more credulous and less scientific age, and possessing many marvellous good or evil qualities. Every part of the chameleon was used as a remedy, a charm, or a talisman. The tongue pulled out when the creature was alive, promised success in law suits; the right foot wrapped in the skin of a hyena, and hung on the left arm, was a protection against thieves and robbers. The left foot was still more marvellous; if made into an ointment with an herb called chameleon, it made the person who carried it about with him invisible to mortal eyes. The right shoulder insured victory in the field, the left would drive gout away. The gall was a remedy for weak eyes and catarrh, it would also drive away serpents if dropped in the fire, or if thrown on water, it would gather all the weasels in the country together. If the head and throat were burnt in a fire of bass wood, or the liver were burnt on the tiles of a house, a violent tempest of rain and thunder would follow.

But now all these wonderful powers have disappeared, and the chameleons are left undisturbed save by those nations who eat them, (and the inhabitants of Cochin China are said to roast them alive on the coals,) and the naturalists who capture them in hopes to discover the secret of their changing tints.

E. C. F.



THE BUCKLE-BOY.



LETTY'S father was dead. Her mother had died ten years before, while Letty was a baby, leaving the child to the care of its father, and of Martha Dean, the faithful nurse, who looked upon it almost as her own.

Both guardians fulfilled their trust with loving care, but the best of fathers is not quite the same as a mother, and Martha Dean was more indulgent than wise, so between them, Letty led rather a wild and vagrant life, studying a little with her father when she felt so inclined, and sewing or learning housekeeping ways of Martha Dean when the fancy seized her. But her chief delight and occupation was to wander in summer, alone through the woods and hilly pastures, or beside the brook bordering her father's land, singing, talking to herself, or playing merrily with imaginary friends; to whom she gave names, faces, and characters to suit herself.

In winter, Letty was oftenest to be found curled up in a corner of the cushioned window-seat in the library, or upon the rug before the blazing fire, with a volume of Fairy Tales, or Robinson Crusoe, or Old Ballads upon her knee, sometimes reading, sometimes dreaming with wide open eyes, across whose blue depths, smiles and tears floated like shadows and sunshine upon a summer sea.

Out of these dreams Letty was one day rudely wakened with news that her father was dead, slain with many others in a railway disaster, and to this dreary news was soon added the further tidings that she herself had been left to the care of her grandmother in England, for Mr. Morland, simple and quiet gentleman as he appeared, was the son of an English earl, and had resigned all the honors and privileges of that rank in his native country to marry a simple New England girl, and live with her among her own friends.

Upon his wife's death, however, he had made a will in which he left his little daughter, with her property, to the guardianship of his mother, Lady Morland, whom he implored to become a mother to the motherless child.

So old Martha made ready her charge and herself for the voyage, and after a journey to Letty's mind almost interminable, they arrived at Morland Park, and in the presence of Lady Morland, a handsome, white-haired lady, who received her little American grandchild with much kindness and some curiosity.

"She looks like her father, nurse," said she, holding the little girl before her, "and she is named Letitia after me, I understand."

"Yes ma'am, but we always call her Letty for short."

"Miss Letitia, now, nurse, if you please," said the English lady, gently.

"And what is your own name?"

"Martha, ma'am, Martha Dean."

Well, Dean, I shall be happy to have you stay with us in charge of Miss Letitia as long as you can make yourself contented, and whenever you wish to return home, I will provide you with a passage. Please to ring the bell, and James will show you to the nursery apartments. I hope, Letitia, my dear, that you will find everything there to your mind, if not, Dean must see that your wishes are attended to. Good morning."

So Letty and Martha, transformed into Miss Letitia and Dean, followed the tall footman with his powdered hair, knee-breeches, and sky-blue coat, up the wide staircase, built of some dark foreign wood, inlaid with ivory, and down a long corridor to a door, which he threw open, saying pompously :

"This 'ere 's the nussery *sweet*, Mrs. Dean, and if there 's hanything wanting, hall you 've to do is to pull the bell, which there 's a maid a puppus to answer it."

"Thank you, sir," said Martha, with a little courtesy, at which the man stared, laughed, then shut the door and went away.

The nursery was a large cheerful room, with two southern windows opening upon a balcony, and a canary bird in his cage swinging at one of them, balanced by a hanging basket of flowers at the other. At one end of the room, a door opened into Martha Dean's neat bed-room, and another at the other, led to a handsome chamber prepared for Letty, with a bath-room attached. Beside the door of the bath-room, was yet another door, but this was locked, and Letty was too much occupied with the wonders about her to care whither it led.

Not so Martha Dean, however, whose sharp eyes soon espied a key upon the top of the door-casing, and whose nimble fingers soon fitted and turned it.

"Goodness sakes!" It's a great long room like an entry-way, and all full of pictures. I guess folks don't come here much for the dust is enough to choke you."

So exclaimed good Martha Dean, whose whole experience had never before introduced her to a picture gallery, and whose thrifty New England ideas were more shocked by the untidiness of the disused apartment than delighted by the treasures of Art it contained.

But Letty was of another mind. Softly treading the dark uncarpeted floor, where every step left a little footmark in the dust, she wandered from picture to picture, examining with care and a sort of terrified

delight, the dim and faded effigies of knights in arms, ladies in trailing satin or velvet robes, grown men in powdered wigs, and bright young girls with flowing curls and bare white necks and arms. They were her ancestors, although the child did not know it, and it seemed as if the tie of kindred was asserting itself even through the mouldering canvas and fading paint of these sad, dim-eyed old pictures.

"Come Letty," said Martha Dean, with a shiver, "come away from this dusty, ghostly old place to your pretty nursery, and I'll ring and ask them to bring us some luncheon. Are n't you hungry?"

"In a minute, Martha. I want to go all round before I leave, and O, here is such a funny gentleman, with a blue coat like the hired man's that came up stairs with us, only I guess this was silk. You can go and ring for the luncheon, Martha, and I will come in a minute."

So Martha went, and Letty continued her tour. She had reached, at length, the further end of the gallery, and found it finished in a deep recess, closed as she first thought by a door, but upon looking more closely, she found this door to be only the background of a picture painted upon the wall of the alcove or recess.

This picture represented a boy of about her own age, with long curling fair hair, large dark eyes, a smiling mouth and bright complexion. He was dressed in a style now nearly two hundred years old, with a coat and small clothes of crimson silk, fastened with silver buttons, long white silk stockings, and embroidered ruffles at his throat, bosom and wrists. Upon his feet were high-heeled black velvet shoes, closed at the instep by very large silver buckles set with diamonds, and so well was the light in these diamonds portrayed, that Letty fancied that she could see it shift and sparkle through the shadow of the alcove as she stood holding her breath, and gazing at this, the strangest figure in the whole strange procession, that had as it were passed before her eyes.

The attitude, too, of this painted boy was so peculiar, for one arm was outstretched and the hand grasping the latch of the door behind him, while the other was slightly raised in the attitude of one who wishes to enforce silence. Altogether the position was so strange, and so mysterious, and withal so fascinating, that little Letty could not tear herself away from it, and only obeyed Martha's call after it had been repeated three times, the last quite angrily.

After luncheon, Letty was sent for to visit her grandmother, and then to walk in the park. At last came eight o'clock, and Martha helped her to undress, laid her in the great white bed with its canopy and curtains, kissed her good-night, and went away to her own room.

Letty dropped asleep very soon, but woke with a start some time in

the middle of the night. The moon was very bright, and a few slant rays came in at the window of Letty's room, where Martha had forgotten to draw the curtains.

"It is shining straight in at the windows of that room," thought Letty to herself, as she turned so as to look at the door of the picture gallery.

Yes, a thin stream of light shot through the key-hole, and a bright line showed over the top of the door. Letty lay and looked at it a long time, then she moved uneasily in her bed, threw aside the clothes and sat up. How quiet everything was in the great house! She could not even hear a mouse run through the wall, or the wind among the trees outside!

At last Letty drew a long breath of determination, slipped out of bed, and creeping to the door of the picture gallery, opened it very, very softly. At her right hand extended the long row of windows, high, narrow, pointed at the top, and filled with tiny diamond-shaped panes of glass. Through these windows streamed a flood of such moonlight as Letty had never seen before, defining the shape of each window upon the floor in an island of light, bordered by black gulfs of shadow. Through the unequal and wavering light, the knights and ladies upon the wall showed still more grotesquely and unnaturally than by day, now appearing to be no more than a powdered head without a body, and now a gaily decked body without a head.

The lower end of the hall and the alcove lay all in shadow, through which Letty could distinguish nothing. Softly closing the door behind her, she crept forward, gliding like a little spirit with her white robe and small unshod feet across the lakes of silver moonlight and the broad masses of shadow between. The grim effigies upon the wall seemed to bend from their frames to look in surprise upon the daring little intruder upon their midnight watch, and a soft, sighing voice, it might have been the wind creeping through the old gallery, breathed about her. Still she kept on, until the islands of light all passed, the child stood in the dense shadow of the alcove, her hands clasped tight upon her bosom, her head bent forward, and her eyes eagerly searching the darkness for the picture that had so seized upon her fancy.

"Well, little girl, I am glad you have come. It is so dull playing alone. Let us have a good game now in the moonlight."

And with these words, out from the shadowy alcove stepped a boy about ten years old, with fair hair curling upon his shoulders, with great dark eyes and smiling lips, dressed in a suit of crimson silk, with long white silk stockings, and black velvet shoes, fastened at the instep with monstrous buckles of diamonds set in silver.



LETTY'S NEW FRIEND.

Skipping past Letty, who shrank against the wall, this strange little figure danced into the middle of the first patch of moonlight, and turning, held out his hand, saying, with a laugh, "Come, little girl, come and play with me!"

"But you — you are the buckle-boy, are n't you?" questioned Letty, approaching very slowly.

"The buckle-boy? Why, because I have these pretty buckles in my shoes? I don't wear them all the time, you know. They are my best, and I put them on for feast days. But come, let us dance in the beautiful moonlight."

He seized her about the waist as he spoke, and like two feathers, two sun-wreaths, two dry leaves in the autumn, two frolicsome kittens, they whirled away up the long hall, glancing through the moonlight, darting through the shadow, hardly touching the floor with their flying feet, and keeping time to the wild measure of their throbbing hearts.

"There," said the buckle-boy, when they had again reached the lower end of the hall, "I have not had so merry a dance in a long, long while, I used to dance so with my sister here."

He pointed as he spoke to the picture of a little girl dressed in white muslin and blue ribbons, with a broad straw hat and a shepherdess' crook beside her. The picture was old and faded, and Letty stared in wonder from one to the other.

"Why, when did she dance with you?" asked she, hesitatingly.

"When? Why always, when we both liked," said the buckle-boy, whirling about in the moonlight, until the flashes of light from his diamond buckles made a sparkling circle around his feet, and his fair hair stood out like the rays of the sun about his beautiful face.

"I don't understand —" began Letty, when her strange playfellow interrupted her.

"Never mind. Let us try a race. See if you can catch me. One, two, three, and away!"

He skimmed down the hall, and Letty after him. Her bare feet made a pattering noise upon the floor, but the footsteps of the buckle-boy were inaudible. The velvet shoes left neither print nor sound, and though Letty strove with all her might, the crimson shoulder she tried to grasp seemed always just before her hand, and yet could never quite be reached, while the pretty face turned over the shoulder of the flying figure, gleamed with a merry malice.

"No, you can't catch me. Run, run, and see how quickly I will catch you. No, let us start together and run a race. Now then!"

They ran, but before Letty had passed one-fourth of the distance, she saw her companion bounding up the hall to meet her, flourishing his limbs in fantastic gestures, flashing his diamonds in the moonlight, and playing a thousand mad pranks, so that Letty stopped, not knowing whether to be most amused or frightened.

"How did you get there so soon, buckle-boy?" asked she, as he approached.

"Why I ran. You should have made more haste. You are a little tortoise, did you know it? What shall we do now? Will you play hide and seek, little tortoise?"

"Yes, only my name is Letty."

"No, it is tortoise as much as mine is buckle-boy. They do well enough, and I have forgotten what they used to call me."

"Used to, when?" asked Letty, staring at him in great perplexity.

"When? What is when? But never mind all that. Now cover your eyes while I hide."

Letty covered her eyes, but had hardly done so when a shrill "Whoop!" summoned her to the search. She looked about her in dismay. The place was so full of dark corners and angles, and piles of broken frames and statues, and various deposits, that one might search an hour, and never find the hider.

"Whoop!" right over her head, and Letty started aside, looked up, and saw the buckle-boy crouching upon the top of a broad old-fashioned picture frame, and slowly swinging one foot across the face of the fine lady it enclosed, the diamond buckle leaving a trail of light at every motion.

"Why, buckle-boy, how came you there?" cried Letty, in astonishment.

O, I went," replied the boy, leaping to the floor as lightly as a lock of thistle-down. "Now you hide."

But hide where she might, Letty no sooner cried "Whoop," than she was discovered, and sometimes, as she was about to creep into some very secure little nook, the flash of the diamond buckles blazed out from its recess, and the wild laugh of their owner showed that he was there before her, although she had just left him blinded in the centre of the gallery.

"That's enough of hide and whoop. Now let us — what will we do next, tortoise?"

"Let's play school," suggested Letty.

"School! what's that?" asked the buckle-boy, opening his great dark eyes.

"Why, school, you know. Make believe that I am the teacher, and you are a boy that goes to her. Then you say your lessons, geography, arithmetic and spelling. You go to school, don't you?"

"I don't know what all that is, tortoise," said the buckle-boy, a little impatiently. "I never heard of what you call school in my life. I used to learn my task with the chaplain, and could read a little. I never tried to cast accounts, or write. I am not old enough."

"Not old enough! Why, how old are you, buckle-boy?"

"Eleven come Michaelmas."

"Come what?"

"Michaelmas, of course."

"What's that?" asked Letty, puzzled in her turn.

"O tortoise, how many questions you ask. Let us dance some more."

So they danced, and danced, and danced again, until Letty's head swam, and her breath came in sobs and gasps, and she could only whisper hoarsely, "O stop, buckle-boy! Do stop!"

"What, are you tired, little tortoise? What a wee little thing you must be. Why, I could dance all night. I often do, for I cannot play very well all alone, you know, and so I just dance and run about in the moonlight. I wish my sister would come down. Why can't she, I wonder?"

As he spoke, the buckle-boy capered up the hall, and stood looking wistfully at the faded picture of the little shepherdess. Letty followed, still panting for breath.

"What was her name?" asked she, as they stood side by side again.

"Gillian. They used to call her Gill, and me Jack, because of the rhyme, you know."

"Yes, 'Jack and Gill went down the hill,' but who used to call you so, and where is Gill now, and why are you so queer, buckle-boy?" asked Letty, all her wonder finding voice at last.

"Well — the fact is, tortoise, I don't know much about it myself. said the boy, drawing circles upon the floor with the pointed toe of one of his velvet shoes, while the diamonds upon it winked and sparkled like so many eyes.

"I will tell you all I do know, and perhaps you can help me make it out. You see my father was dead, and then my mother married my uncle. So after that, Gillian and I were not so happy as we used to be.

He used to walk up and down here every day a great deal, and talk to himself, and play with his dagger.

"What did he have a dagger for?" interrupted Letty, breathlessly.

"Why, every one has a dagger, every gentleman, I mean. Don't you know as much as that, little tortoise?"

"They do in stories, but I never saw any real person have one. Well, so he used to walk up and down and play with his dagger," suggested Letty, eagerly.

"Yes, and I used to like to dance up and down before him and behind him, and all around, just as I do now, because you know, I did n't like him, and he did n't like me, and I was the lord of the whole, and he was only my mother's husband, but if I died he would be the lord of all. So we did n't like each other, and I made a mock of him, and put him in a fine rage."

"But that was not right, buckle-boy, for he was your uncle, and your mamma's husband," said Letty, gravely.

"Yes, I know. But no one ever bid me do what I did not like, or not do what I did like, because, you know, I was the lord. Even he dared not punish me, or even chide me much, although his black looks showed what was in his heart."

Here the buckle-boy paused, and seemed considering deeply. Letty waited impatiently for a moment, and then asked, "Well, what came next?"

"That is what I am trying to think, tortoise, but it all seems confused. I remember that he always hated to see me wear these buckles, for they were my father's, and the diamonds were very precious, and so I used to put them on and dance in the sunlight to see them sparkle, and then he would look blacker than ever. So I used to creep in at that door, and stand before him when he turned in his walk; and one day I came in with the buckles upon my shoes, and stood with the door in my hand waiting for him to see me, and all of a sudden he rushed upon me, and I went backward through the door, and down the steep stone stairs that leads from the chapel here. That is all I know, tortoise, every word."

Letty waited in mute suspense, but the buckle-boy began again his fantastic motions, sporting with the great shadows of the statues as if they had been playmates, and flashing his diamonds in the moonlight until the many-colored light fell like rain about his feet.

"But how came you on the wall?" asked Letty, after she had watched him a long while.

"Why, that is the drollest of all," said the buckle-boy, suddenly ceasing his mad play, and coming so close to the little girl that his fair hair brushed her cheek.

"When he was master here, he felt worse than ever, and hardly stirred away from this gallery. The door there is walled up, and the stone stairs are carried away, and in the place where the door had been, my uncle made a clever painter draw my picture, just as I used to come in at the door and stand waiting till he should see me. The man copied my face while I was lying down there in the chapel, and he did it so well that the picture was me, and I stayed in it. So at night I come down and play, and I am ever so glad, little tortoise, that you came too. Will you always come?"

"Perhaps I will, buckle-boy. I like you, only I don't know what you mean at all."

"I told you you would not understand. I cannot understand it myself. But I have told you all I know."

"And what became of Gillian and your mother?" asked Letty.

"There's Gillian, and there's my mother," said the buckle-boy,

pointing to the picture of a beautiful woman beside that of the little shepherdess.

"But I am going away now, and so must you," added he, taking her hand in his and gravely leading her up the hall, where now the moonlight had waned to narrow slanting lines of light, already paling in the growing dawn.

"Good-by tortoise," said he, as they reached the door of Letty's chamber.

"Good-by buckle-boy. I shall——"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for the buckle-boy was gone, and Letty, after staring about her in amazement for a few moments, went into her own room and crept into bed.

When Martha Dean came to call her the next morning, she started back in astonishment.

"Goodness mercy me, child! what's the matter?" exclaimed she.

"My head aches, and I'm so hot, and my feet are so cold. I guess I took cold dancing with the buckle-boy last night," murmured little Letty, wearily closing her eyes.

"You stop till I call your grandma," said Martha Dean, covering her up and rushing out of the room.

Three weeks later, Letty, pale, thin, and weaker than a baby, opened her eyes and looked about her. A stately old lady with white hair, and dressed in soft gray silk sat beside her.

"Grandma!" whispered Letty.

"Thank God dear, that you are once more conscious," murmured the old lady, bending over the little white face and kissing it tenderly.

"But where is the door gone, grandma?" asked Letty, fixing her hollow eyes upon the space beside the bathing-room door, now covered by a great picture.

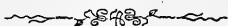
"The wind blew in around it, dear, and as it is never used, I had it walled while you were so ill. They carried you into Dean's room. There is no door there now, dear."

So Letty went to sleep.

They did not tell her then, or ever, how in the delirium of her fever she had raved of the buckle-boy, or how many times she had tried to leave her bed and go to meet him, or how they had found the prints of her little bare feet all over the dusty floor of the picture gallery, and how her grandmother, very angry that Martha Dean should have unlocked and left open the door, had said in her most positive way that no such accident should ever occur again, and so had ordered it walled up upon the instant.

There was another door to the picture gallery, but this opened into Lady Morland's own apartments, and she herself kept the key; and though Letty lived at Morland Park until she married and went back to America to a home of her own, she never again saw the inside of that apartment, never again caught sight of the buckle-boy playing his fantastic gambols in the moonlight.

Mrs. Jane G. Austin.



FRED'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY;

Or the Berry Party.



DON'T know exactly how many of the Bartons went berrying that bright summer day, but I know that their cousin, Fred Hawley, was one of the party. Fred had never seen a berry bush; he was a city boy, and this was the first time he had ever been from home, except it might be to pass a single day. Of course everything in the country delighted him. There were barns filled with newly mown hay, so fragrant and healthy. It was such fun to climb up the tall ladder to the very top of the mow, and roll and tumble and turn somerset. To see the hens peeping their heads out of the loose places at the sides of piles; ferret out the eggs, transfer them to his cap and take them to his aunt, who always pretended to be astonished at his success. Then there was the wide, sparkling brook, on whose bosom the ducks, young and old, spent a large part of the day sailing up and down, and on whose banks the cattle and sheep were quietly grazing. There were hills, too, around the farm, one of them so high that the Bartons called it a mountain, and it was there that berries grew large and abundant. There were foxes on these hills, sly, cunning creatures, keeping themselves out of sight by day, but walking round the farm-yard by night, and putting their sharp-pointed noses into the hen-coops, and other like places. Mr Barton had lost some of his best chickens by these thieves only a few nights before, and as Margaret and the children were starting for the woods, he said:

"Look out for the foxes; twenty-five cents for each fox you will bring home with you."

The boys laughed, and shouted, "Yes, sir," and ran up the road. There were many things in the woods to interest the party. Squirrels were fitting over drooping branches or running across the walls, partridges were hiding in the bushes, and the sleepy old owls, away up in

the tree tops were nodding with every soft breeze. But they did not forget that they were after berries, and their hands were as busy as hands could be while filling their pails and baskets. Their tongues were pretty busy, too, and Fred had many a story to tell of life in the city, and his cousins, of country exploits.

As the afternoon was fast hurrying to a close, Fred ventured to stray off a little from the rest, and while looking at a bird's nest that he had discovered, he was startled by hearing a shouting and tramping. At the same time peering through the bushes, he saw the whole party running at full speed. "There's a bear or a wolf after them," thought he, and in a moment he was climbing a tall tree, shaking like the leaves around him, tearing his jacket and scratching his hands in his hurry to reach the top. At any other time he would have enjoyed the prospect now spread out before him. There were the farm-houses dotting the valley; the village away in the distance, and a noble river winding its way by green fields and meadows, but he felt like a prisoner, not knowing as he should ever step his foot on the ground again. It seemed to him as if hours had passed, when he heard a voice calling his name, and saying, as he made known his hiding place.

"Come down; we have caught three such cunning little foxes. Margaret has tied them all up in her apron, and we are ready to go home."

Fred was not long in reaching the ground, and when he found that his fright was all needless, he joined with his cousins in a hearty laugh, and went home singing as merrily as any of them, "Foxes, who buys foxes! Berries, who buys berries!"

That very night the old fox was caught in a trap, and the next day all four were killed. Mr. Barton remembered his promise, and taking a one dollar bill from his pocket, as they sat at the dinner table, he asked, "To whom does this belong?"

"To all of us," was the answer of one, "but we are going to give it to cousin Fred to help buy him a new jacket."

Was n't that noble? Fred is a fatherless boy, and his mother finds it no easy task to keep four children well clothed, but with such thoughtful nephews and nieces, I think her burden must be lightened.

When Fred returned home after the long summer vacation, he astonished his mother, and frightened his little sister by hugging in his arms what all thought was a wild animal, and it was only after he had set it upon the table, and patted it many times, telling them again and again, that it was only the stuffed skin of a fox, that the little ones could be pacified, but they now like the silent creature and call it their pet, and Fred often tells them the story of the berry party.

Persis.

EDGAR AND ELFRIDA.



THOUSAND years ago, England was governed by a line of Saxon kings. Edgar was the twelfth in the succession. But to be a monarch at that early period was vastly different from what it is now. The people were ignorant and barbarous, and when he mounted the throne at the age of fifteen, it required great wisdom and skill to bring his rude, warlike subjects under his authority. All difficulties were finally overcome, and the public peace preserved. I shall now pass over the first years of his reign, and tell you the story of his courtship and marriage.

Within the domains of the king, lived a maiden of marvellous beauty. Her home was in the country, and she had never appeared at court. But the most glowing accounts of her had filled the land, till they reached the ears of Edgar, and he grew anxious to behold her.

He was then in want of a wife, and his requirements were beauty, rank and wealth. Elfrida possessed these, and his thoughts were turned towards her. But perhaps the rumors of her astonishing charms had been exaggerated by her partial friends, and he resolved to act with caution. Accordingly he sent for his confidential friend and minister, Earl Athelwold, and communicated to him his plans.

Said he, "Find some pretence for visiting the Earl of Devonshire, and bring me certain accounts of the beauty of his daughter," at the same time telling him that if she had not been misrepresented, he should solicit her hand in marriage.

Ah! Edgar should not have intrusted his heart interest to an ambassador! Female loveliness is powerful to captivate. Earl Athelwold, true and tried as he had proved before, failed now.

He was introduced to Elfrida, and found her even more than rumor had told. In his admiration, he forgot his master, the king. He forgot that the business he was engaged in was to woo her for another. He thought of nothing but his own mad love, and offered his hand to Elfrida. She assured him it was returned, and he went back to Edgar.

He told the king that fortune and rank alone, had made Elfrida famous. That she was plain in person, and unsuitable for the king. But it was an alliance such as he wanted for himself, and asked Edgar's consent to his marriage. It was granted, with recommendations from the king, and Elfrida became his wife.

Great was the astonishment of Edgar when the news of his friend's treachery reached him. At first, he refused to believe it. Then he

determined to ascertain the truth. With this purpose in view, he told Athelwold he should pay him a visit to see his new wife.

He was terribly disturbed. He entreated for a short time to prepare Elfrida for the honor of his visit. When alone with her, the Earl revealed the truth, without any concealment. He told her the king's wrath would be kindled against him; his life would be endangered, and besought her if she had any love for him, to hide her great beauty under a very unbecoming dress. Elfrida promised to do as he wished. But she was "false as she was fair." Her pride and ambition were aroused. She could have secured the hand of the king, but for her unfortunate love of the Earl. But she would be queen yet. Instead of a plain dress, she arrayed herself with great care. Edgar was delighted, but Athelwold was in distress. He knew his fate was sealed. He beheld his wife appear in all her wonderful beauty, and noted the effect upon his royal master. He saw himself the object of his revenge, and Elfrida, anxious to free herself from her husband, that she might wed the king.

He repented his infidelity, but it was too late. Edgar caused him to be lured into a forest, and there he was cruelly murdered. His marriage with Elfrida was then solemnized.

Edgar died after a reign of sixteen years, and was succeeded by his son Edward, a prince much loved by the people, and the child of his first wife.

Once more the pride and ambition of Elfrida was aroused. She viewed the accession of her step-son with wicked jealousy. She made vigorous efforts to raise her own son, a boy of seven years, to the throne, but Edward was high in public favor, and her plans were unsuccessful.

Four years passed. Then came the tragical death of the young king, which threw the whole nation into mourning. He was hunting near the castle of Elfrida, and thought he would make her a visit. Weary and thirsty he rode up to the castle, leaving his huntsmen and the chase in the distance. Long had the false Elfrida secretly plotted against his life. He was alone, and in her power now. Without a suspicion of danger, Edgar mounted his horse to depart, and some liquor was brought him to drink. Hardly was the cup to his lips, when he felt a stab from Elfrida's servant behind him. Spurring his fleet horse, he was rapidly carried from the castle. But the wound was mortal. He fell fainting from his saddle, and was dragged on the ground by his horse, covered with blood, till death ensued. His body was found and buried by his friends.

Great was the grief and indignation of the people, when the news of his base assassination reached them, and he was ever afterwards styled,

“Edward the Martyr.” Elfrida lived a few years longer, and went down to the grave loaded with guilt and public odium.

Sarah P. Brigham.



A BORDER STORY.

“**OTHER**, please tell us a story.”



It was a little girl who spoke; she was about twelve years old; she sat on one side of her mother, and her brother, who was nine, sat on the other side. Their names were Emma and Willie Clapp. Puss lay curled near the fire, and their little brother Georgie, lay on the floor with him.

“What kind of a story, dear?” said their mother.

“Oh, a real, true story about yourself.”

“Well, you have heard me say that I once lived on a prairie, have n't you?”

The children said they had.

“Well,” continued their mother, “the summer before I was sixteen, father and mother went to a village about twenty miles away, to get some cloth, ammunition, and several other things, leaving my brother Benny, little sister Susie, and myself. They started early one morning, with a large wagon and four horses.

“Father said that they would be back that night, or the next morning, sure. He told me to take good care of the children, and to fasten up the house and barn before sunset. I promised him I would, and they started. We watched them till they were out of sight. It seemed very lonesome now that father and mother were gone. We went into the house and sat down. The housework was all done, so there was nothing to do.

“The character of the Indians was rather doubtful then, so once, when father was at the South, selling furs, he had bought a bloodhound for a watch dog. Bloodhounds, you know, are the strongest, and keenest scented dogs there are. He was very kind to us, but hated Indians awfully, as he had been trained to hunt them. His name was Rover, and he now lay asleep on the door sill.

“I may as well describe the house to you. It faced a little clump of trees near the edge of the prairie. A little stream ran through the clump of trees, out around the house and across the prairie. Behind the house was a barn for grain and hay, and a corral for the cattle. It was very strong, to prevent the cattle from breaking it down, and the

Indians from stampeding them. Father went in the direction of the barn from the house, away over the prairie. The house had two doors, one in the front part, and the other in the back. I kept the windows and the back door shut and fastened nearly all day, but the front door I kept open, and we sat on the grass near it, or just inside of it most of the day, as it was pretty hot. We played with Rover and puss, and talked with Susie to amuse ourselves.

"The house was made of logs, with two rooms and a loft. About an hour before sunset I went and watered the cattle, and shut and fastened the barn and corral for the night. The barn was fastened with large wooden bolts, all but one little door, which was fastened with a lock. There were two keys to it; we had one, and father the other, so that when he was away, if he should come home at night, he could go in, unbar the door, and put up his horse. After I had fixed the barn, I fixed the house and corral, which was fastened by a large bolt on the outside. It was held firmly in its place by a couple of stout pegs driven into the wall over each end.

"The house was next fastened. I shut and barred the shutters of the windows and the front door. The back door was small and was locked, so father could get in at night, as he had a key.

"We then ate supper. Not long afterward I put Susie to bed, but Bennie and I sat up till nearly eight o'clock, and as we were getting sleepy, we had concluded to go to bed, when Rover, who lay near the door, commenced to growl, and sniff through the crack of the door while his fur was all ruffled up. I went and opened a port hole, and looked out to see what was the matter. I saw six Blackfeet Indians coming from the woods in the direction of the house. I almost fainted when I saw them, but recovering my self-possession, I told Bennie to get a gun and some ammunition. He soon came down from the loft with the gun, which was loaded. I looked through the port hole again. They were near the house, and I could see by the light of the moon, war paint on their faces, and tomahawks and scalping knives in their belts, while they carried guns. I could see they meant mischief to us. I took the gun and pointed it at Eagle Feather, a great horse stealer and chief, through the port hole, as he was the first Indian. I fired, and we heard a yell that made our blood curdle in our veins. When the smoke cleared away, the other Indians were just going into the woods, dragging Eagle Feather after them. We waited a long time, Bennie at one side of the house and I at the other, but we did not see anything till about nine o'clock, when Bennie saw something coming over the prairie. I went and looked out, but

could n't make out what it was. Then I happened to think perhaps it is father and mother with the wagon. I watched for some time, and it was getting nearer every minute. I was now sure it was them. Soon they got to the barn and got out. Father put up the horse, and mother came up to the house. We hurried and opened the door before she got there. She came in, and said she did n't expect to find us up. We told her about the Indians, and she ran out to the barn and told father to hurry up, and take some of the powder and bullets he had brought home, and come into the house. They soon came in, and I saw for the first time, another person with them, a young man. Father introduced him as Henry Clapp, a student, who had come out on the prairie for his health."

"Why," interrupted the children, "that's papa's name!"

"Yes, it was your papa," said their mother. "We were very glad that father had come, for now we felt safe. Father said to the dog, 'Watch close, Rover, and tell us when they come.' The dog wagged his tail and laid down near the door. We then went to bed. About a week after, we were waked up by a loud growl from Rover. Father got up and looked out to see what was the matter. He saw nearly fifty Indians coming towards the house. Father told us to dress ourselves, and be still, so that the Indians would n't know where we were and fire at us. We slept up in the loft, and father and mother slept down stairs. Mother came up with us and staid there. Soon we heard a rifle down stairs go crack, then two more. The Indians, with a yell, rushed at the house and tried to break down the doors, firing at the house as they ran, but they did n't do any damage. Your papa loaded the rifles, and my father fired them. Father said, 'put in two or three extra bullets,' and he did. Father now fired, handed back the rifle and took another, and so on, one loading and the other firing, first at one port hole, then at another, to make the Indians think a large body of men were in the house. Nearly half the Indians were killed and some wounded, though not before the logs were nearly full of bullets, and the doors well hacked up. Those that were wounded, got to the horses they had ridden, and were off over the prairie; the others, with loud yells, soon followed, and left us masters of the field. They never attacked us again."

Here the dinner-bell rang, and the children went to dinner. Willie went up to the cat, which was a large one, and said, "Come, Tim, we will go to dinner."

He then took hold of his legs and put him round his neck, bending over a little so as not to hurt him, and marched into the dining-room.

Herbert W. Magoun, thirteen years of age.



[See Diagram in January No.]

THE COOLIE TRADE .

MR. PRESIDENT :

I BELIEVE that God¹⁷ made man³ in his own³ image³, and of one blood³. Wherever there is a man¹ throughout God's heritage⁷, I recognize him as a man¹ belonging to the brotherhood⁷ of humanity⁷, and I will protect¹ and defend¹ him. I will stand by his rights¹ at any cost¹, and at any sacrifice¹, whether a man comes from Asia¹, Africa¹, Europe¹, or the isles⁷ of the seas⁷; whatever be his language¹⁸, or his religion¹⁸, or his faith¹⁸, if he comes to these³ United³ States³. I would throw over him the shield¹¹ and protection¹¹ of law¹¹. I would meet him like a brother¹, and treat him as a man¹ that God¹ made¹, and for whom Christ¹⁷ died¹. We have men in the interest, not¹⁸ of humanity¹⁸, not¹⁸ of the Chinaman¹⁸, not¹⁸ of the country¹⁸ but *merely in the interest¹ of money¹*, who are importing these Chinese¹. They act as the old¹³ slave¹³ traders¹³ did¹³, who sent New England rum to the coast¹³ of Africa¹³, and bought¹⁴ men¹⁴, and brought¹ them into the country¹ and consigned¹⁴ them to perpetual¹⁴ slavery¹⁴. These people¹⁸ of China¹⁸ are brought here under labor contracts for *long¹ terms¹ of years¹*, by which the IMPORTERS MAKE FORTUNES! They are brought here, and their labor sold, under a provision that they are to be carried¹³ back¹³ to China¹³ dead³ or alive.³ They have no interest in the country³, and their labor is antagonized¹⁴ against the labor¹ of the free¹¹ people¹¹ of the United⁷ States⁷. The fact stands out¹⁸ before us¹⁸, and we ought to correct¹ it. We have had the experience of this kind of labor in Peru¹³, on the Guano¹³ Islands¹³ of British India¹³, in the West¹³ Indies¹³. But a few weeks ago, members of the British¹⁸ Anti-Slavery¹⁸ Society¹⁸, composed of persons who have watched¹ the effects¹ of all these measures from the beginning¹, sent here¹ their¹ message¹ to warn⁵ us against the baleful⁵ effects⁵ of this⁵ system⁵. I want to break¹³ up¹³ this modern¹ slave¹ system¹. I want to extirpate¹³ it, and then let the Chinamen, like *other¹ men in the world*, come

here¹ as individuals¹. Our country⁷ is open⁷ to all⁷. A great many have come³ to this³ country³ that we would rather had stayed¹⁴ out¹⁴ of it¹⁴. A great many bad¹⁴ people¹⁴ have come here, but with them a great¹⁸ many¹⁸ good¹⁸ people¹⁸. All⁷ countries⁷ have aided⁷ in⁷ building⁷ up this great⁷ nation⁷. If Chinamen choose to come here *on their own¹ account¹*, without¹ these labor contracts, to cast¹⁸ their¹⁸ lot¹⁸ with the people of the United⁷ States⁷, we must protect¹ them, we must treat them as human¹ beings¹, we must shield¹ them from all¹ harm¹. We must carry out our legitimate⁵ doctrines⁵, — the doctrines to which we stand⁵ pledged⁵ — and we must give them the rights¹¹ of American⁷ citizenship⁷, for it is not the interest¹ of this¹¹ country¹¹ to have any degraded¹⁴ classes¹⁴ among us. We believe in God's¹² Holy¹² Word¹². We believe our government was founded on the sublime³ doctrines³ of the New³ Testament³, that our Constitution¹ and our ideas¹ came from the New³ Testament³. This³ we believe¹; this³ we must carry¹ out¹; this³ we must act¹ upon¹; and I think it requires us to put an end¹ before the close of this¹³ session¹⁸, to this system that is casting over¹³ China³, — a country of cheap¹³ labor¹³, — a country of paganism¹³, — a country¹³ with a civilization¹¹ wholly¹⁴ distinct¹⁴ from our own¹, — *a drag net, dragging¹ these people together¹, taking security¹ on their families¹*, and bargaining that they shall go¹⁸ back¹⁸, after so many years' service, *either living, or IN THEIR COFFINS*. It is time to put¹⁴ an end¹⁴ to that, and then¹ if the Chinaman¹ comes¹ here¹ as the Englishman¹¹ comes, — as the German¹¹ comes, — as the Irishman¹¹ comes, we must accept him, and treat him kindly¹ and well¹, and protect¹ him by our laws¹. Sir, no wonder that under the labor³ contract³ system³, there should be anxiety¹ and apprehension¹. No wonder that the workingmen of this country, who are earning two¹, three¹, and four¹ dollars per day, should be alarmed⁵. The laboring men³ of this³ country³, in spite of all that may be said here¹ or elsewhere², have seen no eight¹⁸ such prosperous¹⁸ years¹⁸ as the last¹⁸ eight have been; and they have made more progress¹¹ than in any other period of equal length in our³ history³. Now, I say, when these men are at work¹, — when they have their homes¹, — when they have good furniture³ in their houses³, — when they have their children³ in the schools³, — when they have their pews³ in the churches³ — when they are looking upon their little³ ones in the hope that they will have an easier¹ and brighter¹ future¹ than they³ themselves³ have had in the years past, when so many of them worked for twenty¹, thirty¹, forty¹, or fifty¹ cents per day¹, in the burning⁵ suns⁵ of summer³ and in the frosts¹³ of winter¹³, — no wonder³ that they feel apprehensive¹⁴ and anxious¹⁴. It is not surprising that they should say¹ and do¹ foolish things.. I would

say to them, one and all, that while they look anxiously¹ at the matter¹, they should do⁵ right⁵, they should be just⁵,— they should treat all who may come here, as brethren³ having a common³ father³; but they should insist¹¹ that the *capital*¹¹ of this country¹ should not make⁷ the tour⁷ of the globe⁷ to gather up the cheap¹ labor¹ of the world¹, and bring it here under labor¹ contracts¹, to reduce¹ their earnings¹, and TAKE THE BREAD FROM THE MOUTHS¹ OF THEIR CHILDREN¹.

Hon. Henry Wilson.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

THE EXAMINATION OF THE TEACHER.

MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE. — MR. COOLIDGE, Chairman; FARMER GEEHAW, dressed as for work in the field; DEACON TRUE, a solemn gentleman, an admirer of the Apostle Paul; CHAWLES FRANCIS LILLYPINK, an elegant youth, with cane, glasses, gloves, embroidered handkerchief, &c.; MRS. POLLY SMITH, (darning stockings;) MISS FRANK FRANCHISE, a strong minded woman in the popular sense; JANE HICKS, a quakeress dressed in costume; MISS CYNTHIA SHARP, an old maid; MISS MARY MARTIN, teacher.

SCENE. — *Committee seated around a table.*

Chairman. It gives me great pleasure to have the honor of acting as chairman of a committee which is formed partly of ladies. This is the first time the experiment has been tried in our place, and I sincerely hope the wisdom of our choice may convince our fellow citizens of the wisdom of it. The idea of the people seemed to be that if the ladies of the town had a voice in the selection, the teacher would give better satisfaction, and be subjected to fewer annoyances, nearly all the trouble concerning the school heretofore having originated with the women.

(Expressions of disapprobation from the ladies.)

Mrs. Smith. Lawful sakes! what a story that is. There was Joe Jinnin's horsewhipped the schoolmarm. That wan't no woman's work.

Cynthia Sharp. You know better, Mrs. Smith. Jennings said his wife made such a fuss about the teacher, he found he'd got to flog one or the other to keep the peace, and as the schoolmistress was n't no relation to him, and his wife was, he gave it to the schoolmistress.

Farmer Geehaw. That Miss Jinnins is a hard nut. Less said about her the better.

Chairman. Allow me to conclude. I think the ladies could express their opinions more easily if all formality were dispensed with, and therefore I propose that instead of proceeding as an organized body, we just talk the matter over socially, and afterwards we can take such action upon it as seems necessary. But before proceeding to business, I will call the names of the ladies and gentlemen of the committee and see if all are present. You will each of you please respond.

(*Calls the names in order. Each replies "Here." F. F. in a very loud tone. When he calls Miss Hicks, that lady says "Jane Hicks is here."*)

Frank Franchise. Mr. Chairman.

Chairman. You need not address the chair, Miss Franchise.

F. F. I will address the chair, sir! Mr. Chairman, I rise to advocate a principle! The principle, sir, of the equality of woman, aye sir, and the freedom of woman. Mr. Chairman, it is a poor compliment you pay us, when you insinuate that we of the female persuasion are *not* fully equal to the transaction of any business which your masculine minds can grasp. Ours is the sex which contains all the *mind* and *soul* found in creation, together with most of the brain. Is not political economy or any other economy our sphere? And shall we be trampled under foot by any brainless idiots calling themselves men, who undertake to expound that woman is incapable of grasping parliamentary law? Ladies, let us rally. Let our watchword be suffrage for all the women as well as the negro. This alone will raise us from our benighted condition, this law of *universal* suffrage.

Mrs. S. Lawful sakes, Frank Franchise, what a *teu dew* you dew make about universal suffering. I think suffering is universal enough a-ready, and I think the women have the worst on 'n, too. Wall, Frank, I do 'no as eva I know 'd a woman that thought she know 'd as much as you *know* you know. But you are wrong in sayin' economy is the spear o' women. 'Twas in my young days, but 'tain't now, by a great sight. Why, some of the gals carry a whole dry goods shop on their back.

Deacon True. Excuse me, ladies, but this talk is irrelevant. The Apostle Paul says "the tongue is an unruly member."

Mrs. S. Well I'm sure, deacon, I don't see nothin' irreverent in what *I* said; but, lawful sakes, the deacon thinks everybody must be an Apostl of the Apostle Paul, and have Scripture at their tongue's end.

Chairman. Ladies and gentlemen, that all may be satisfied, let us

have an expression of opinion as to the manner of conducting this meeting.

Farmer G. Wall, I know women folks can't help gabblin' no more 'n geese can, and it just as likely to be in the wrong place as the right, just like the geese. Women always upset law and order, and I think the best way is not to pretend to have any. We shall have Miss Franchise bilin' over on pints of order all the time.

F. F. Ignorant! bigoted! conceited MAN!

Farmer G. Hold yer hosses, young woman, you 're unparliamentary. So I move, Mr. Chairman, that we just speak our minds as the sperit moves us.

Jane Hicks. Thee speaks very *flippantly* of the sperit, friend Geehaw, but I second the motion.

Chairman. Will the ladies and gentlemen who favor this motion show hands. (*All But F. F.*) Those opposed. (*F. F.*)

Charles Fwancis Lillypink (*in an affected drawl.*) Ladies and gentlemen, this is a *monstvous* exertion, a dweadful effort, and I assure you 'pon my honor, I am violating my physician's *diwect* orders. The doctor (who is also my fwend), says to me frequently, "my *deah fellah*, don't exert yourself." And again with *teahs* in his eyes, "*Charles Fwancis*, my friend, any gweat exertion would cost you your life."

Cynthia S. I have n't a doubt of it, but I guess you 'll live.

C. F. L. (*elevating his glasses at C. S.*) Now, ladies and gentlemen, as I was saying, this is a gweat exertion, a gweat sacrifice, but I *wise* to speak for a cause which *thwills* and inspires me. The cause of woman! Lovely woman, deah woman! Which of us miscriants are not indebted to her for care and kindness, and aw-a-affection? She has nourished us in our infancy, cherished us in our childhood, and ah, aw—

Farmer G. Spanked us.

C. F. L. (*elevates his glasses at Farmer G.*) And—I was about to say—has cawessed us always. Let me close with the words of the immortal Scott, words which have always been applicable to the sex from my distant relative and ancestor—Eve—down to the ladies here present.

Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the slight quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish *wing* the brow,
A ministering angel thou. (*Sinks down exhausted.*)

Mrs. S. (*offering fans, smelling-bottle to C. F. L.*) Did you hear him

call Eve his aunt's sister? I thought she was the mother of us all, ain't that Scriptor, deacon?

Deacon T. I don't know that I can conscientiously take part in this meeting where women are allowed a voice, since the Apostle Paul expressly speaks against it. He says it is a shame for a woman to speak in meeting, also the head of woman is the man.

Mrs. S. Lawful sakes, deacon. I'd no idee you was a "woman's rights" man. I am surprised to hear *you* say that woman is the head of the man.

Deacon T. You misunderstand me, madam, but I do feel glad to hear young Lillypink quote Scott, only I think if he would turn his attention to his commentaries and less to his poetry he would advance in wisdom faster. I find great instruction in Scott's Commentaries, and if young people of the present day would read more of such books and fewer novels, we should see an improvement in morals. I do not agree with the sentiment of that piece entirely, for it calls women angels, and they are not, according to my experience.

Cynthia S. Perhaps Scott was more fortunate in his married life than some have been, deacon.

Deacon T. True — true — and perhaps it's only a figure of speech. They say figures won't lie, but figures of speech do. The Apostle Paul says —

Farmer G. Now look a here — seems to me we are ploughin' pretty crooked. I ain't seen one on ye make a straight furrow yet. I rise to advocate a cause, the cause o' common sense. I know there would n't be none unless I come. I did n't stop to fix up, but left my work standin' to come here to see the cause o' edication advanced. And I'd like to know what on arth women's rights, and poetry, and the Apostle Paul have got to do with hirin' the schoolmarm. Don't plant tew many things in one hill, unless you're sure one'll go to seed fore t'other comes up. If we've come to examine the teacher, let's have her in and see what she knows. Where is she?

Chairman. She awaits our pleasure at my house across the way. I will bring her at once. (*Exit, and returns with teacher in hat and shawl.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Miss Martin. Will you please proceed without loss of time to ask any questions relative to her education and ability.

Farmer G. Young woman, what do you know? Talk quick now, for these women have wasted half the afternoon jawin' at one another. My critters have got to be seen tu fore sun down, and all the other chores done. Evenin's I devote to sortin' taters.

Miss Martin. I am a graduate of the Hillsboro Young Ladies' Seminary, and consider myself capable of teaching a school like yours satisfactorily. I have testimonials of my character and education from teachers of the last term. I took a medal for standing first in Elocution, Chirography and Orthography.

Mrs. S. Wall now, young woman, I don't care nothin' about the new-fangled branches you speak of. I want my boys teached readin', writin' and spellin' thorough. I was grammar larnt, but my boys 'll be farmers, and don't need it. So the most I look for in a teacher is government. I had a fuss with that last teacher, and all because she had no government.

Miss M. Do you object to corporeal punishment?

Mrs. S. Oh no, I don't object to no proper punishment, but I don't like 'em struck. I don't whip my children, and nobody else shall.

Cynthia S. If they had some family government they would be less troublesome in school.

Mrs. S. Lawful sakes, Cynthia Sharp, that's the way old maids always talk. Wall, I'll tell you the circumstance, and you can see she wa n't fit to teach pigs.

Cynthia S. Which proves her unfit to teach your children.

Mrs. S. Wall, all William Henry done, Miss Martin, was jist to eat a little luncheon in school time. It was n't more'n a doughnut or two, or a couple of turnovers, and maybe an apple to top off with. He's a delicate boy, William Henry is, and he did n't eat much breakfast that day, only a slice or two of ham and a few griddle cakes; never touched his pie; so I thought the poor feller'd be faint, and I'd give him a lunch.

Cynthia S. Yes and he gave it around to the other scholars.

Mrs. S. Wall, I guess he did. He ain't no pig, William Henry ain't, and I guess he did n't slight none of 'em. Wall, would you believe it? the teacher called him up and was goin' to take his lunch away. Of course he would not give it up — 't was his'n and not her'n, and then the foolish woman was goin' to ferule him. That madded Gustavus Adolphus, my other son, and he hove a slate at the schoolmarm's head. Gus won't see his brother trod on, no how, and if that teacher had a had the least bit of government she'd a known better than to a crossed a Smith; when they have got their back up set on anything, they won't be crossed.

Cynthia S. I'd have crossed him smartly with a ratan, if it had been my school.

Mrs. S. There, what do you know about children, Cynthia? Besides, it ain't parliamentary to interrupt, is it Frank?

F. F. Nothing is parliamentary here, and I have refrained from

speaking for that reason! but I *would* like to ask the candidate a few questions, if she will allow me.

Miss M. Certainly. I am here to answer questions.

F. F. Well!! Now, madam, what is your position in regard to this, the greatest and most important of all the public issues that have agitated mankind since the formation of government? The enfranchisement of woman! Are you a person of sufficient *mind* and *soul* to appreciate the present degraded position of woman? and are you willing to do and suffer anything to elevate her to the high position she is destined to fill, notwithstanding the puny attempts of the tyrant, man, to crush and subdue her? Answer me this

Miss M. I cannot say that I have ever realized that woman *is* thus humiliated. My experience may have been peculiar, but I have always met with assistance and encouragement as much from those of the opposite sex as from my own. My greatest indebtedness is to one or two kind gentlemen who have helped me through a course of study I could never have had the benefit of but for their timely aid. I have never seen a disposition on the part of man to crush or subdue, but whether I have been associated with them as teachers or friends, I have been treated with the greatest patience and kindness always. I have not been an indifferent observer of these movements to which you refer, for if it will result in improving women in body, mind or estate, it is deserving of the encouragement of all friends of humanity. It is certainly important that woman should awaken to a deeper sense of her duties and abilities. But I am glad to think that those who are really oppressed or degraded are but few. Perhaps you will allow me to repeat the lines of a poet, who, although a man, was evidently a *friend* to woman, and not a tyrant or oppressor.

“What highest prize hath woman won in science or in art?
 What mightiest work by woman done boasts city, field and mart?
 ‘She hath no Raphael, Printing saith, ‘no Newton,’ Learning cries,
 ‘Show us her steamship, her Macbeth, her thought-won victories!’
 Wait, boastful man! though worthy are thy deeds when thou art true,
 Things worthier still, and holier far, our sister yet will do;
 For this the worth of woman shows! on every peopled shore;
 Ever as man in wisdom grows, he honors her the more.
 Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power, hath man’s meek angel striven,
 But silent as the growing flower, to make of earth, a heaven!
 And in her garden of the sun, Heaven’s brightest rose shall bloom,
 For woman’s *best* is *unbegun*, her advent yet to come.”

Jane Hicks. Thøe repeats poetry well, and if thy children can be

taught to read as well, it will be a very pleasant accomplishment. I like what I have seen of thee, and shall give my voice in thy favor.

Miss M. Thank you, madam.

Jane H. Nay, not madam, but Jane Hicks, if thee pleases. Thee may as well know that if thee is chosen teacher, many of thy scholars will be from the families of friends, and we give no title to man.

C. F. L. (*looking at her through his eye-glasses.*) I say, Mr. Chairman, she's a mighty stylish piece of calico, and her elocution is foine, plaguey foine. I could n't refuse my vote to such a splendid *cweature*. I declare I've a good mind to go to school myself.

Farmer G. 'T would n't hurt ye none, I dare say. Well, if your minds are made up, so is miuc. I've only one gal, but she's a smart one. She can drop corn or dig taters with any *boy* in town, and is as much interested in the farm as I am. If you'll believe it, she's dug all the arly rose and goodrich taters I raised this year, but I don't calklate to keep her at that business always. I want her to have larnin', and I'd like to have her know enough to be a schoolmarm, so if anything should happen to her old dad, she'll have a stand by. I'd like to have her taught by jest such a lady as that ere, and maybe she'll come to be one herself. Do you know how to sing, miss? My gal's got a voice like a lark, and I'd like to have it improved.

Miss M. Yes, I should make singing the great recreation of my scholars.

Mrs. S. You don't say so. Wall, I don't care about my boys knowin' music. I think boys that larn music are allers generally kind of soft. But when I was single I sang contro in a choir for years and years.

C. F. L. Now really, did you, though? Perhaps you will give us a specimen.

Cynthia S. Fate deliver us!

Mrs. S. Lawful sakes. It's a good while since I've sung much, but if it will please ye any, I'll sing ye a verse or two. Ahem, ahem —
(*Sings in a cracked voice to a melancholy minor key.*)

“Poor mourning souls in deep distress,
And scenes of lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And mournful desolation.”

C. F. L. Now that is beautiful! so cheerful! so uncommonly jolly! What name had aw — aw —

Mrs. S. My name's Smith; my husband's name is John. Perhaps you've heard of it afore.

C. F. L. I believe I did know a family of that name some where once. They may have been relations of yours.

Farmer G. There, stop your nonsense, young Lillypink, and let the deacon say a word. We have heard nothing from him.

Deacon T. I like the young woman's recommendation, and I can see no objection to her. I believe the Quakers object to music in the schools, though the Apostle Paul exhorts us to sing praises, and also to praise the Lord upon the harp and timbrel, and other musical instruments peculiar to those times.

Jane H. Thee mistakes, friend True. Our society do not object to children singing hymns and tunes fitted to their youthful voices. Thee knows we are opposed to singing in the meeting houses. Thy system of paying singers for thy choir has borne much evil fruit. Many times the hearts of those who sing are far from the sentiment they repeat, and frequently they occupy the intermission with frivolous conversation and vain trifling. We think it unprofitable, nay, wicked, to hire the children of the devil to praise the Lord in our stead. But the sweet, innocent voices of children tunefully blended, cannot be hurtful to body or soul.

Chairman. Miss Martin, there seems to be but one opinion as to your suitability, and though it might have been better to have expressed our views in your absence, still, as all seemed to have only views favorable to you, I allowed them to proceed as they pleased. So, without asking you to withdraw, I will put the question. As many as are in favor of receiving Miss Martin on trial for one term please signify it by show of hands. (*All vote yes.*)

Mrs. S. Wall, I must go. John and the boys'll be in to supper, and I've got cream o' tartar biscuits to make. If you don't whip the boys, Miss Martin, I guess you'll get on fust rate.

Miss M. If they behave I shall not punish them. Otherwise, I don't promise.

Mrs. S. Lawful sakes! (*Exit.*)

Cynthia S. Well, good-day ladies and gentlemen. Miss Martin, if you do manage those Smith boys you will be a public benefactor, and I believe you will, for you look as if you were bound to succeed in anything you undertake.

C. F. L. Miss Martin, I shall call on you in school often, for I am much interested in the little childwen, 'pon honor.

Miss M. I shall probably have particular days set aside for visitors, at which times I shall be glad to see you.

C. F. L. Oh — ah — indeed! Well, good day, madam, (*looking through his glasses as he leaves,*) splendid cweature!

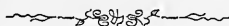
Jane H. Thee has my best wishes for thy success, Mary Martin, and if thee walks my way I'll go along with thee.

Chairman. Yes. Miss Martin will stop at my house until a permanent boarding-place can be obtained for her. Won't you walk along with us, deacon? (*All rise.*)

Deacon. T. No I thank you. I must hasten, for my wife will be greatly incensed if I am late to tea. You know, sir, the Apostle Paul speaks of a thorn in the flesh. Adieu. (*Exit.*)

F. F. I wish you good afternoon, madam. I shall take an early opportunity to send you reports of some of the most interesting of our meetings for the advancement of woman, and hope soon to see you an earnest laborer in this great vineyard. (*Exeunt Omnes.*)

C. H. L. C.



BE SOCIAL AT HOME.

LET parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be in many respects a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home, among the children. If they have not mental activity and mental stories sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk, or think, of being "shut up" there, and the youth who does not love home is in danger.

Selected.





SEPTEMBER brings back the wanderers. Some from the mountains, some from the seashore, and still others from farm-house and quiet retreat, not forgetting those who have crossed the ocean in search of pleasure and rest. To all we give a cordial greeting, and with the rest of the "Can't-get-away Club," pass over the interests we have had in our keeping during their absence.

To our young friends who have endured *promotion* in the public schools, we say, press on during the coming winter that still further promotion may be yours when vacation season again returns.

To those who are aiming to become proficient in music, we must renew our commendation of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, for its fidelity to art, and personal interest in its individual pupils. A superficial acquaintance with music may answer on ordinary occasions, but when every parlor, hotel and steamboat, nay, sometimes a railway car, has an instrument, of greater or less brilliancy, a *thorough* knowledge of the art is indispensable if one would have any reputation at all for talent. After a season of rest at the White Mountains, Professor E. B. Oliver returns to his labors, and with his accomplished assistants, will sustain the well earned reputation of the Mendelssohn Institute. We should not devote so much space to this subject did we not think it a duty we owe the public; having in mind the sad suicide of a young

man in foreign lands, when he became aware that incompetent instruction at home had forever blighted the brilliant promises under which he had sought the best masters abroad.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, our editorial rooms have been visited by numbers of those who are interested in our labors.

While yet in confusion, and before we had started from our old office, (how could we have staid there so long?) we had a very pleasant call from W. L. Terhune, editor of the *YOUNG SPORTSMAN*, now published at Newark, N. J. He spoke hopefully, and well he may, for his paper is not alone attractive to the eye, but is otherwise well conducted, and merits high rank among the amateur papers. Still, if we say too much, his young friend George W. Hills, editor of *OUR GIRLS* published at Newtown, Mass., and who accompanied him, will remind us how earnestly he assured us that *OUR GIRLS* should be the very best of all the amateur papers. What can we do under such circumstances but to extend the fraternal arm and wish them both unqualified success, for they are evidently both in earnest.

By the way, *YOUNG SPORTSMAN*, you have not taken that trip to Long Branch yet, as Mr. Alger, who has also made us his summer visit, reports not having met you there.

Yes, dear Schoolmates, Mr. Alger is here, and for that very purpose we have talked over what shall be the story for next year. It is all decided, and in due season will be announced. When it does appear, perhaps our young friend Hills, who gets up a fine paper, will then be free to acknowledge that we are right. However let all this rest, and in due time we shall see.

Paul North has also made us several visits, and thinks our new office a step onward as well as *upward*. But *why*

has he not written lately? Shall we tell the truth? Why he is the happiest man we've seen these many days, and when he's got the paternal harness fairly on, and subscribed for friend Shorey's NURSERY, that little gem of a picture book, he may then feel like talking to the larger boys and girls who so gladly read the SCHOOLMATE.

Others have called on us, but we must keep their pleasant presence in memory without more extended remarks here.



Answers.

97. Know thyself.
 98. Sutler — rustle — ulster — lustre — result.
 99. Westfield.
 100. Hours at Home.
 101. Travels among the Mountains.
 102. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward flourishing manhood.
 103. Richdore.

Sans Tetes.

104. Behead a point of land and leave an animal.
 105. Behead a footprint and leave an instrument of torture.
 106. Behead a vessel and leave a part of the body.
 107. Behead an apparition and leave an army.

108. Behead an article of dress and leave a farming tool.

109. Behead a fish and leave a party.

110. Behead a kind of grass, and leave a wooer.

111. Behead a farming tool and leave a hut.

112. Behead "Boarding-house mystery" and leave a tree.

LIZZIE & HENRY WARREN.

113. Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 8, 12, 4 is a favorite play.

My 14, 9, 2, 7 is a fish.

My 5, 11, 2, 13 is a metal.

My 1, 6, 3 is a number.

My 10, 12, 8 is an animal.

My whole is an interesting department of the "Schoolmate." W. S. D.

Blanks.

[Fill the blanks with transpositions of italicised words.]

114. I saw a *dome* made after the _____ of a mosque.

115. Do not *stare* at the girl; she had _____ in her eyes.

116. *Rose* has a _____ on her finger.

117. "And *Rome* was free no _____."

118. The *heart* of the _____ is a mass of fire.

119. Do you *own* that house _____?

120. I *ate* some bread with my _____.

121. I met a *slave* in the _____.

122. What sort of a *coat* did _____ wear?

123. There was a *stain* on the _____.

124. Do you see that *horse* on the _____?

125. *Dan* _____ I went home.

126. This is the *last* grain of _____.

117. Define the words *tone* and _____.

128. In that *drawer* is your _____.

ROB ROY

129. E A G U P O R is what lake in Mexico?

BILLY.

130. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in fish, but not in hook ;
 My second is in slate, but not in book ;
 My third is in Greece, but not in Spain ;
 My fourth is in Iowa, yet not in Maine ;
 My whole is a river in Maine.

NED NELSON.

131. Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 16, 18, 5, 4, 12 is one of the fine arts.
 My 13, 3, 10 is an animal,
 My 7, 2 is an interjection.
 My 1, 15, 17 is to shut up.
 My 19, 13, 7, 6 is a black substance.
 My 14, 4, 8 is a part of the face.
 My 11, 13, 6 is decay.
 My whole was a noted man.

MINA POWERS.

132 Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in salmon, but not in trout ;
 My second is in smile, but not in pout ;
 My third is in man, but not in beast ;
 My fourth is in cup, but not in feast ;
 My fifth is in boat, but not in ship ;
 My sixth is in leap, but not in skip ;
 My seventh is in honor, but not in fame ;
 My whole is a great man's surname.

NORTH STAR.

133. Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
 My 11, 3, 12, 5 is a title.
 My 1, 3, 8 is a vehicle.
 My 4, 9, 7, 6 is to elevate.
 My 1, 2, 3, 12 is to burn.
 My 5, 6, 3, 10, 11 is to go away.
 My 10, 3, 7, 6 is a vessel.
 My whole is a river in Massachusetts.
 O. D.

134 Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 6, 19, 3, 13, 5 every one wants.
 My 11, 15, 18 is a favorite game.
 My 14, 2, 3, 8, 17, 5 is an amusing animal.
 My 7, 10, 12 is a useful wood.
 My 16, 9, 7, 1 is to stretch out.
 My 14, 4 is a personal pronoun.
 My whole is an old saying.
 "SOFT SOAP."

**Have a Care.**

Never to lay a stumbling block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honestly and uprightly, for he is likely to walk over it and laugh at you afterward.

A Celebrated Writer Well Says ;

No woman can be a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated she may be, she is, in reality, coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman."

For Parental Eyes.

If you want to ruin an impulsive boy, give him plenty of pocket-money. The receipt is infallible. We have often seen it tried, and always with the same unhappy result. Rich parents are too apt to indulge in this killing species of kindness, although every father and mother knows it is wrong ; and yet such things are common. Say what we may about the harsh, austere, uncompromising old Puritans, their stern family discipline was better than the domestic indulgence by which children are "spoiled" in these modern days.

A Valuable Discovery.

Lightning struck and melted a gun-barrel. A careful inspection of the solved metal suggested a thought, and that in turn begat another, until the final result was the discovery of the manufacture of steel by means of electricity, for

which the discoverer now holds letters patent from the government of the United States, and which will be among the most important discoveries of the age.

Value no man for his opinion, but esteem him according as his life corresponds with the rules of piety and justice. A man's actions, not his conceptions, render him valuable.

Selfish Indolence.

Henry Ward Beecher says of men who have no care for others, but are contented with looking after their own ease and enjoyment, that they ought to be put in a coffin, for their life's work is ended.

When God wanted sponges and oysters, he made them, and put one on the rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man, he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he made him with feet and hands, and head and heart and vital blood, and a place to use them, and he said to him, "Go work!"

But I tell you if a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin, for a contented man is a sham! If a man has come to that state in which he says, "I do not want to know any more, or be any more," he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy! Of all hideous things, a mummy is the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking.

"Come, don't be timid," said a couple of foolish snobs to two mechanics; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We'd have to blow our brains out to do that," was the reply.

What a Woman can do.

Miss Given Evans, a Welsh woman, a short time ago, after taking out naturalization papers in Montana, pre-empted 160 acres of public land, then built a house, and went to work improving her

farm, and now has a cow, a yoke of oxen, and all the farming tools generally used by pioneers. Her land is in Deer Lodge Valley, and some day the Northern Pacific railroad will run close to it, making it quite a little fortune.

Nature teaches Generosity,

Says Laicus. He illustrates as follows:

"I called the other day on my friend Mrs. T., who has the finest collection of roses I ever saw. She took me out to see them — white roses, red roses, yellow roses, climbing roses, and roses in pots, the gay giant of battles and the modest moss rose, every species I had ever heard of, and a great many I had never heard of, were there in bright profusion. Mrs. T. began plucking right and left. Some bushes with but a single flower she despoiled. I remonstrated. 'You are robbing yourself, Mrs. T.," said I, 'Ah,' said she, 'Mr. Laicus, do you not know that the way to make the rose-bush bear is to pluck its flowers freely? I lose nothing by what I give away.'"

This is a universal law. We never lose anything by what we give away.

Too True.

More children, says W. T. Clark, in the *Christian Union*, die of too much than of too little — too much care, fussing, petting, feeding, sweetening, dosing, excitement, gas-light, millinery. Sometimes the exposure of little children is as cruel as it is fatal. One winter I often saw on the Staten Island boats a fashionably-dressed mother taking her fashionably-undressed child to the city. It was so cold that grown-up passengers shivered in overcoats and furs, and the little fellow's bare limbs were of the color of blue fish. Had there been a society for the prevention of cruelty to human animals, this fond mother would have had to make her peace in the courts. It was a relief to the humane passengers when the child was taken up in to the Summer Land,

where we trust he will be put to a better use than the exhibition of laces and embroidery.

The World Moves.

To make hay while the sun shines will cease to have any particular significance, if the new method of curing hay lately tried in England succeeds. And Mr. Mechi, the great scientific agriculturist of Tiptree Hall, Essex county, England, and unquestionable authority—declares that “it leaves nothing to be desired.” By this method, the grass is taken from the field as fast as it is mown, and subjected to a blast of hot air for about ten minutes, when it is perfectly cured and fit to be stowed away. This hot air is obtained from a furnace, and is drawn out by means of a revolving fan, worked by horse power.

What Chinamen Have Done.

One of the first really good buildings that was erected in San Francisco, was made of stone, all of which were cut, fitted and placed in position without mortar in China and then shipped across the water.

Practice follows Preaching.

One Sunday afternoon, a lad, so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation were coming out, said to the first man he met : “What! is it all done?”

“No,” said the man; “it’s all *said*, but I think it will take a long time before it will be all *done*.”

A Wise Boy.

A few years ago, a little fellow was taken by his father to a carpenter, to be bound apprentice to him, after the fashion of those times. In settling the business, the master, who was one of the stiff kind, observed: “Well, boy, I suppose you can eat most anything, can’t you? I always make my boys live on what they don’t like.” “I love everything but mince pie and apple pie!” was the boy’s instant reply.

A Droll Fellow.

Many years ago in France, a laborer, by the name of Douselle, died while attempting to fast forty days. He was for a long time a curious sort of fellow and very headstrong and peevish. His barber died seven years before him, and from that time Douselle would never let a razor come near his face. There was a bridge built over the brook which flowed through the village. Douselle complained of the style of this bridge, declared that the place where it was put was unsuitable for a bridge, and swore he would never tread upon it. He kept his word, and whenever he had to cross the brook he waded through it, even in the autumn when it was swollen. When he left his house in the morning to go to work, he was accustomed to take a particular footpath. When this footpath became shut up on account of a house built across it, he persisted in going this way the same as before, and climbed every morning through the basement-window of the house, and then went on again on the other side.

Try It and See.

Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can scarcely fail of making him a happy man. You make him a denizen of all nations, — a contemporary of all ages.

What We may All be.

A Bristol (England) paper, of May 13, publishes the following statement about the President of the English Board of Trade; “Mr. Bright, who is at Llan-dudno, is much better, and is out every day. He knits garters to amuse himself as he is allowed to read but little.”

Heed It.

Look on slanderers as direct enemies to civil society; as persons without honor, honesty or humanity. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

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FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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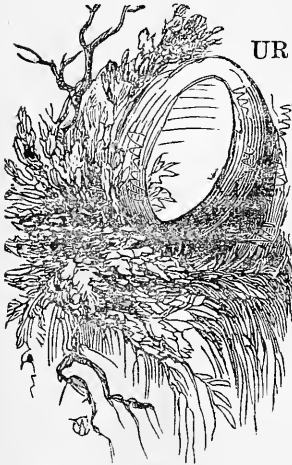
Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN A TRAP.



UR hero's first impulse on finding himself en trapped, was to escape. He sprang towards the door, but Martin quickly grasped him by the arm, and forced him back.

"No you don't!" he said with emphasis. "I want you to stay with me."

"Let me go!" exclaimed Rufus, struggling to escape.

"Sorry I could n't oblige you," said Martin, with a grin. "Can't you stay with your sick father a few days?"

"You've played me a mean trick," said Rufus, indignantly.

"What was you walkin' through this street for?" asked Martin. "Was n't it because you wanted to see me?"

"Yes,"— answered our hero.

"Well, you've got what you wanted," said Martin, smiling maliciously. "I know'd you'd never find me if I did n't send out for you. Was there anything partic'lar you wish to say to me?"

"Yes," said Rufus, bluntly. "I want you to give me back that tin box you stole from me the other day."

"What do I know about any tin box?" asked Martin, not knowing that it had been spoken of by Humpy in the street.

"You need n't deny it, Mr. Martin. The boy you sent after me told me you took it."

"He did, did he?" said Martin, seeing that he must try another tack. "Well, s'posin' I did, what then?"

"The law may have something to say. You'll stand a chance of going to Sing Sing for a few years."

"You'd have to prove I took it," said Martin, uneasily. "I only told the boy to say so, so's to get you in here. I read about the robbery in the papers."

"I recognized you at the time, and am ready to swear to you," said Rufus, firmly.

This was rather imprudent, for it made Martin even more determined to prevent our hero's escape.

"If that's your game," he said, "I'll see you don't get a chance to swear to any lies."

"What do you mean to do with me?" demanded Rufus.

"I ain't decided yet," said Martin. "Your health's so delicate that I don't think it'll agree with you to go out in the street."

"Are you going to confine me here?"

"Maybe," said his step-father. "I sha'n't charge you nothing for board. Your cheerful company'll pay me for that."

"Mr. Martin," said Rufus, "I've got a proposition to make to you."

"Go ahead and make it then."

"You've got yourself into a scrape about that tin box."

"I thought you was the one that had got into a scrape," said Martin, jocularly.

"So I have, but mine is of a different kind from yours. You run the risk of going to prison."

"And you're in prison already," said Martin, with a grin. "Seems to me I've got the best of it so far."

"Perhaps you have, but I would n't exchange with you for all that. Now I've got a proposition to make."

"That's what you said before."

"If you will restore the tin box, and let me go free, I'll see that you are not arrested for what you've done."

"You're very kind," said Martin, "but that won't pay me for my trouble."

"It 'll get you out of your present danger."

"I don't know about that. S'posin' I was to do as you say, the first thing you 'd do after you got out would be to set the copps on me."

"No I would n't. I 'd go to prison first myself."

This proposition had some effect upon Martin. He realized that he was in danger, and felt that he had been very poorly paid for his risk and trouble. He was inclined to believe Rufus would keep his word, but he knew also that matters had gone too far. Smith, he was sure, would not consent to any such arrangement, and without him he could do nothing. Besides it was a satisfaction to him to feel that he had Rufus in his power, and he had no desire to lose that advantage by setting him free. Tyrant and bully as he was by nature, he meant to gratify his malice at our hero's expense.

"I could n't do it, Rufus," he said. "There 's another man in it, and he 's got the box."

Rufus looked sharply at Martin to ascertain if he was speaking the truth. He decided that it was as his step-father stated, and, if this was the case, he would have more than one enemy to deal with.

"Does the other man live here?" he asked.

"Maybe he does, and maybe he does n't."

"Who is he?"

"Maybe it's the emperor of Chiny, and maybe it is n't. What would you give to know?"

"Not much," said Rufus, assuming an indifferent tone. "You're the man that took the box, that's enough for me."

"He put me up to it," said Martin, unguardedly.

"I thought Martin was n't smart enough to plan the robbery himself," said Rufus to himself. He resolved to appear indifferent to this information, in the hope of learning more.

"You can settle that among yourselves," he said, quietly. "If you consented to do it, you're as much to blame as he."

At this moment Smith, influenced by curiosity, opened the door and entered.

"This is my undootiful son, Mr. Smith," said Martin.

"So his name 's Smith," thought Rufus, "I wonder whether it's his real name or a false one."

"I'm glad to see you, young man," said Smith. "So you've called to see your father?"

"He is n't my father."

"You see how undootiful he is," said Martin. "He won't own me."

"We'll teach him to be more dutiful before we get through with him," said Smith.

"Mr. Smith," said Rufus, "I'm not here of my own accord. I dare say you know that. But as long as I am here, I'd like to ask you if you know anything about a tin box that was taken from me the other day by Mr. Martin."

"By your father?"

"By Mr. Martin," said Rufus, determined not to admit the relationship.

"What should I know about it?"

"Mr. Martin tells me that, though he took it, somebody else set him to do it. I thought you might be the one."

"Did you say that?" demanded Smith, looking angrily at Martin.

"I was only foolin'," returned Martin, who began to think he had made a blunder.

"It's my belief that you're a fool," retorted Smith. "You'd better be careful what you tell your son. Young man," turning to Rufus, "as to the tin box you speak of, I can tell you nothing. Your father says that he has recovered some property which you stole from him awhile since, and I suppose that may be the tin box you refer to."

"That is n't true. It belonged to Mr. Turner, my employer, or rather to a customer of his."

"That's nothing to me. Mr. Martin boards with me, and as long as he pays for his board I don't want to pry into his affairs. If he has taken a tin box from you, I presume he had a better right to it than you had. Are you going to bring your son down to dinner, Mr. Martin?"

"I guess he'd better eat his victuals up here," said Martin.

"Just as you say. I can send Humpy with them. We shall have dinner in about an hour."

"All right, I'll go down now if my dootiful son can spare me."

As Rufus did not urge him to stay, Martin left the room with Smith, taking care to lock the door after him.

"What's the boy's name?" asked Smith, abruptly.

"Rufus."

"He's smart. I can tell that by his looks."

"Ye-es, he's smart enough," said Martin, hesitatingly, "but he's as obstinate as a pig."

"Likes to have his own way, eh?"

"That's what he does."

"He'd make a good boy for our business," said Smith, musingly.

Martin shook his head.

"It would n't do," he said.

"Why not?"

"He wants to be honest," said Martin, contemptuously. "We could n't trust him."

"Then there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?"

"We must keep him close. We must n't on any account allow him to escape."

"I'll look after that," said Martin, nodding. "I've had hard work enough to get hold of him. He won't get away in a hurry."

"If he does, you'll be arrested."

"And you too," suggested Martin.

"Why should I?"

"Did n't you put me up to taking the box, and have n't you taken half what was in it?"

"Look here," said Smith, menacingly, "you'd better stop that. You've already told the boy more than you ought. If you are taken through your own carelessness, mind what you are about, and don't split on me. If you do, it'll be the worst day's work you ever did. Imprisonment is n't the worst thing that can happen to a man."

Martin understood what his confederate meant, and the intended effect was produced. He began to think that Smith was a desperate man, and capable of murdering him, or instigating his murder, in case of treachery. This made him feel rather uneasy, in spite of his capture of Rufus.

Meanwhile, our hero, left to himself, began to examine the apartment in which he was confined. The door had been locked by Martin, as we have already said. This was the only mode of exit from the apartment, except what was afforded by two windows. Rufus walked to them, and looked out. The room was in the back part of the house, and these windows looked out into a back yard. He could see the rear portions of the houses on a parallel street, and speculated as to the chances of escape this way. As the room was only on the second floor, the distance to the ground was not great. He could easily swing off the window-sill without injury. Though he knew it would not be well to attempt escape now when Martin and Smith were doubtless on the lookout, he thought he would open the window softly and take a survey. He tried one window, but could not raise it. He tried the other with like want of success. He thought at first that the difficulty lay in their sticking, but on closer examination, he ascertained that both were firmly fastened by nails, which accounted for their being immovable.

CHAPTER XX.

HUMPY.

“**H** MIGHT break the window,” thought Rufus, but it occurred to him at once that the noise would probably be heard. Besides, if there was any one in the room below, he would very likely be seen descending from the window. If this plan were adopted at all he must wait till evening. Meanwhile some other way of escape might suggest itself.

The room was of moderate size — about fifteen feet square. A cheap carpet covered the floor. A pine bedstead occupied one corner. There were three or four chairs, a bureau and a bedstead.

Rufus sat down, and turned the matter over in his mind. He could n't make up his mind what Martin's business was, but decided that it was something unlawful, and that he was either employed by Smith, or connected in some way with him. It seemed to him probable that his step-father, in waylaying him and stealing the tin box, had acted under the direction of Smith, and that probably the box was at that very moment in the possession of the superior villian.

“If I could only find the box and escape with it,” thought Rufus, “that would set me right with Mr. Turner.”

But there seemed little chance of that. It did not seem very probable even that he could escape from the room in which he was confined, much less carry out the plan he had in view.

While he was thinking over his situation, the key turned in the lock, and the door was opened. Rufus looked up, expecting to see Martin, but instead of his step-father there entered the boy already referred to as Humpy.

Humpy carried in his hand a plate of meat and vegetables.

“Here's your dinner,” he said, laying the plate down, while he locked the door behind him.

“Look here, Johnny,” said Rufus, “you served me a mean trick.”

Humpy chuckled.

“You came in just as innocent,” he said. “It was jolly.”

“Maybe it is, but I don't see it. You told me a lie.”

“Did n't you find the man you was after?” said Humpy.

“You told me he was sick.”

“So he is. He's in delicate health, and could n't go to business to-day.”

“What is his business?” asked Rufus, a little too eagerly.

Humpy put his thumb to his nose, and twirled his fingers with a grin of intelligence.

"Don't you wish you knew?" he said, tantalizingly.

"Do you know anything about the tin box?" asked Rufus, seeing that his former question was not likely to be answered.

"Maybe I do."

"It's in this house?"

"O. is it. Well, if you know that, there's no use of my telling you."

"I can't make much of him," thought Rufus. "He's a young imp, and it is n't easy to get round him."

He looked at Humpy meditatively, and it occurred to him whether it would not be well to spring upon him, snatch the key, release himself from the room, and dash down stairs. So far as the boy was concerned, this plan was practicable. Rufus was much his superior in strength, and could master him without difficulty. But doubtless Martin and Smith were below. They would hear the noise of the struggle, and would cut off his flight. Evidently that plan would not work. Another suggested itself to him.

"Johnny," said he, "don't you want to make some money?"

Here he attacked the boy on his weak side. Humpy was fond of money. He had already scraped together about twenty dollars from the meagre pay he received, and had it carefully secreted.

"Of course I do," he answered. "How 'm I to do it?"

"I'll tell you. That tin box contained property of value. It does n't belong to me. It belongs to Mr. Turner, the banker. I was trying to recover it when you got me to come in here this morning. Now what I want to say, is this. Get that tin box for me and help me to get away with it, and it'll be worth fifty dollars to you."

Fifty dollars! Humpy's eyes sparkled when he heard the sum named, but prudence came to his aid, fortified by suspicion.

"Who's a going to pay it?" he asked.

"Mr. Turner."

"S'posin' he don't."

"Then I will."

"Where 'd you raise the money?"

"I'm not rich, but I'm worth a good deal more than that. I'd rather pay it out of my own pocket than not get back that box."

But if Humpy was fond of money, he had also a rude sense of honor, which taught him to be faithful to his employer. He did want the money, and then there was something in our hero's look that made him pretty sure that he would keep his promise. So he put away the seductive temptation, though reluctantly.

"I ain't a goin' to do it," he said, doggedly.

"Perhaps you'll think better of it," said Rufus, who, in spite of the boy's manner, saw the struggle in his mind. "If you do, just let me know."

"I've got to be goin'," said Humpy, and unlocking the door, he went out, locking it again directly.

Rufus turned his attention to the dinner, which he found of good quality. Despite his imprisonment, his appetite was excellent, and he ate all there was of it.

"I must keep up my strength at any rate," he said to himself. "I may need it."

Meanwhile, as there was no longer anything to dread, Rufus being a prisoner, Martin went out in the service of his employer.

"Now," thought he, reflecting with satisfaction on his signal triumph over Rufus, "if I only knew where Rose was, I'd go after her, and her brother should n't get hold of her again in a hurry. He's got enough to do to take care of himself."

This was pleasant to think about, but Martin had not the least idea where Rose was, and was not likely to find out.

Meanwhile something happened in the counterfeiter's den which was destined to prove of advantage to Rufus.

Smith sent Humpy out on an errand. The boy was detained unavoidably, and returned an hour later than he was expected. Smith was already in an ill-temper, which the late return of his emissary aggravated.

"What made you so late?" he demanded, with lowering brow.

"I could n't help it," said Humpy.

"Don't tell me that," roared Smith. "You stopped to play on the way, I know you did."

"No I did n't," said Humpy, angrily.

"Do you dare to contradict me, you villainous little humpback?" screamed Smith. "I'll teach you to do it again."

He clutched the boy by the collar, and seizing a horsewhip, brought it down with terrible force on the boy's shrinking form.

"Let me go. Don't beat me," screamed Humpy, in mingled fear and rage.

"Not till I've cured you," retorted Smith. Twice more he struck the humpbacked boy with the whip, and then threw him on the floor.

"That's what you get for contradicting me," he said.

The boy rose slowly and painfully, and limped out of the room. His face was pale, but his heart was filled with a burning sense of humiliation and anger against the man who had assaulted him. It would have been well for Smith if he had controlled himself better, for the boy was not

one of the forgiving kind, but harbored resentment with an Indian-like tenacity, and was resolved to be revenged.

He crawled up stairs to the small attic room in which he usually slept, and entering, threw himself upon the bed, face downward, where he burst into a passion of grief, shame and rage, which shook his crooked form convulsively. This lasted for fifteen minutes, when he became more quiet.

Then he got up slowly, and going to a corner of the room, lifted up a board from which the nails appeared to have been drawn out, and drew from beneath a calico bag. This he opened, and exposed to view a miscellaneous collection of coins, which he took out and counted.

"Twenty dollars and nineteen cents!" he said to himself. "I've been more'n a year gettin' it. That boy offers me fifty dollars — most three times as much, if I'll get him the tin box, and help him to escape. I said I would n't do it, but he had n't struck me then. He had n't called me a villainous humpback. Now he's got to pay for it. He'll wish he had n't done it," and the boy clenched his fist, and shook it vindictively. "Now how'll I get the box?"

He sat on the bed thinking for some time, then composing his countenance, he went down stairs. He resolved to assume his usual manner in order not to excite Smith's suspicion.

Smith had by this time got over his rage, and was rather sorry he had struck the boy so brutally, for he knew very well that Humpy might prove a dangerous enemy. He glanced at Humpy's face when he came down stairs, but saw nothing unusual.

"O, he'll forget all about it," he thought to himself.

"Here's ten cents, Humpy," he said. "Maybe I struck you too hard. Go and buy yourself some candy."

"Thank you," said the boy, taking the money.

"I've another errand for you."

He told what it was.

"Go, and come back as soon as possible."

Humpy went quietly, and returned in good season.

About five o'clock, Martin not yet having returned, Smith directed him to carry up our hero's supper. There was a little exultant sparkle in the boy's eye, as he took the plate of buttered bread, and started to go up stairs,

"So it's you, is it?" said Rufus, on the boy's entrance. "Where is Martin?"

"He ain't come in yet. Do you want to see him?"

"No, I'm not particular about it."

Humpy stood looking earnestly at Rufus while he was eating the bread and butter. At length he said, "I've been thinkin' over what you said to me at dinner time. Shall I get the fifty dollars certain sure if I do what you want?"

"Yes," said Rufus, eagerly. "Get me the tin box, and help me to escape, and the money shall be yours."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

Horatio Alger, Jr.



BRAINS AND MUSCLE.

W. S. CLARK, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, in his recent report, offers the following sensible remarks:

"Some persons appear to look upon the contented performance of coarse and difficult manual labor with a sort of respect, and to regard with suspicion any attempt to avoid or relieve it as indicative of laziness. But a desire for improvements lies at the foundation of all progress in the the arts, and by the intelligent efforts of men dissatisfied with the efforts of the past, agriculture is rapidly rising toward the dignity and physical comfort a learned profession. How much more mind and how much less muscle is now called into requisition in the various operations of husbandry than twenty-five years ago! In preparing the soil, in planting, in cultivating, in haying, in harvesting, in threshing, in the management of the dairy — in fact, almost everywhere — intelligence is the principal thing, and mere brute force comparatively worthless. The old prejudice against thoughtful, studious, and progressive men, as book farmers and fancy farmers, has at length been overcome by the mass of printed matter which pours its light into every household, and by the numberless improvements which have been demonstrated to be not merely expensive luxuries for the rich, but of priceless value to every tiller of the soil."



SUSIE BARTON'S DREAM.

SUSAN BARTON'S mother was making her weekly inspection of her daughter's belongings, — just now opening, one after another, the bureau drawers, and closing them quickly with a sigh. With the air of a detected culprit, Susie was regarding her mother from under her drooping lids, standing, meanwhile, on one foot, the other being drawn up under her skirts to conceal her dilapidated slipper, which had lost its rosette, and was trodden down at the heel. Her short hair stood up in variously pointing little spirals about her forehead, for she had an untidy habit of ruffling and twisting it while she was learning her lessons. Her nice dress was freshly spotted with ink, and the quillings were dangling from her sleeves, whence they had been torn in a game of tag.

Mrs. Barton, having closed the last drawer, took up Susie's work-basket.

"The cat, mamma," ventured Susie in feeble apology, as her mamma, with a despairing "ah!" put down the chaos of spools and sprawling scissors, entangled with struggling pincushion and needle-book, and smothered with smutched bits of patch-work.

Mrs. Barton, with uplifted eye-brows, crossed the room to the play-house.

"T is moving day with the dolls, mamma," explained Susie, with a decided lack of her usual assurance.

Mamma opened the doors, and saw that chaos reigned from attic to cellar.

"Susan Barton, you will remain at home to-day, instead of going out in the sleigh with your papa and Belle. Such untidiness should not go unpunished. You will arrange your bureau drawers, your basket and play-house immediately. This disorder must not be repeated. I am highly displeased with you."

So saying, Mrs. Barton passed out of the room, and Susie proceeded in great vexation to scramble the things out of the drawers, preparatory to their re-arrangement.

"I wish I was an Indian, I do — one of the kind that is n't bothered with clothes and bureaus. Just to think of that sleigh-ride being whisked right away from me, all for a muss of ribbons and things that most the same as mix themselves up, without any help, just as soon as they get with drawers and boxes. And that play-house! What *made* mamma come to-day to look in it? It's the worst-looking time was

ever in that house, for Belle and I played Pompeii in Susan Augusta's chamber, and buried all the things in saw-dust, (that Susan Augusta is the most misfortunate doll in the baby-house — I'll throw her in the furnace this very night), and before we cleared it up again we played pies and movings, and all sorts of accidents in the other rooms — so — if we had n't had a spat (our Belle is real spatty sometimes) we might have had every thing fixed up nice again by this time. Oh I wish we had n't; I *do* wish we had n't."



"I'M THO THORRY."

Poor Susie, at the end of this long and loud lament, dropped her apron full of tumbled cuffs and collars and handkerchiefs, and wrung her hands wildly. At this juncture in came Belle, equipped for her ride.

"Good bye, thithter Thuthie, I'm *tho* thorry."

Little Belle stood tiptoe during this speech, and looked with compassionate eyes up under her sister's tear-fringed lashes.

"Oh, you need n't be, Belle Barton! All the fun in this world might n't be in an old sleigh-ride."

With this audacious assertion, Susie broke away from Belle's little clasping arms, and shook her curly head with a saucy toss, as much as to say, "who 's going to care for such punishings?"

"Coming, Belle, dear?" This was papa in the lower hall.

"Yeth, thir, thith minute."

Little Belle caught up her muff, which had rolled into a corner during her affectionate attempts at condolence with Susie, and settling her hat so that the cockade stood up properly over her forehead, instead of pointing over her right ear, with a stealthy parting kiss bestowed on poor dear Susie's sash ends, she glided out of the room.

"Don't you speak a word to me, brother Julian!" she said, with emphasis, as that young gentleman waylaid her from behind the library door, all ready for a skirmish of fun. "I feel moht like a whole bottle of tearth 'bout thomething."

"If girls, 'specially small ones, are n't the curiousest objects I ever *did* see. I thought you were going to have a jolly sleigh-ride with papa," questioned Julian, with a contemptuous sniff for the tears.

But Belle had passed on with very tightly closed lips, as if she were putting the stopper into that tear-bottle, and pressing it down very hard indeed.

Susie from her window watched the process of Belle's adjustment among the fur robes — saw old Tunnel (short with the children for Thunder and Lightning) pawing the snow with his white foot — heard the clinking of the bells on his harness — and finally, with outstretched neck and clasped hands, followed with flaming eyes the showy equipage as it dashed from the door, Belle's little blue pennon of a veil fluttering gaily in the wind.

"It is too, *too* mean," vociferated Susie, when sleigh-riders and waving banneret had all vanished in the distance. Then she fell on the floor and wept. It was a very tempest of sorrow in which Miss Susie was plunged, and such was the violent noise of it that Wiunie, passing through the hall with a lunch waiter, thrust her head into the room in friendly anxiety.

"Go 'way, go 'way," shrieked Susie, hurling a "Noah's Ark" at the in-peering head. The hooks parted on the little red roof and out flew, not the dove, but multifarious four and two-footed creatures, the lion with the lamb, and all the other pairs as ill-assorted.

"Ah, but that was the tantrum!" ejaculated Winnie, as she backed herself, in startled amazement, on the safe side of the quickly closed door. "And what quare looking boog may this be," she queried, as she drew out by the tail-feathers a draggled-looking ostrich from a little bowl of soft custard. "It's luck that me sinsis was lift to me to slam the door on all thim four-footed bastes skiverin' through the air, and drivin' unknownst to me, so suddint at me nose and eyes."

This rude ejection of Noah and all the rest had turned the tide of Susie's sorrow, so she raised herself on her elbows and considered what could be done to beguile the time till Belle should return.

Winnie's heavy steps had hardly died away in the long entry, before Susie had resolved to wrap herself in a blanket and go to sleep on the rug before the nursery fire.

"I don't want to hear the sleigh bells," she remarked, in pettish disgust, "and I have n't a mind to see the sleighs fly past, and I don't believe I would care to play anything that had n't punishings in it. I'll just stand the new doll on her head, in the corner, — she looks so proud of her flaxy wig, that doll — and then I'll feel comfortable to go to sleep."

The blinds are drawn down, — the nursery is still — and before the high fender Miss Susie is rolled in her blanket, and soon fast asleep on the rug.

Snap! snap! snap! — a sound of little whips cracking in the seams of the great lump of cannel coal which is smoking in the grate. Little whips sure enough; and little postillions, with bright coats, leap on the little prancing horses, and the flame-colored coach rolls along, leaving a shower of sparks behind it. And that was the way, perhaps, that Susie was carried to the land of dreams, and this is what she saw when she got there.

Leaning from a high tower window she observed, advancing over a great plain, what seemed an army, with banners and glittering arms. Then she heard the sound of distant music, a great clashing and noisy clanging, and though no melody was yet distinguishable, she would fain have danced round and round the tower chamber. But the ivy reached in and held her fast with its cold hands, whispering, "dance when the time comes, and I will dance with you, if you like; but not now." As he spoke on came the van of the army, amid a great shouting and noise. You cou'd see the general striding ahead, for they were all footmen in this wondrous army, — and such a scarred face as he had! It seemed as if he had been in a thousand battles and never escaped from one of them without a rent in his poor visage; but he tilted along very bravely

for all that, while the trumpeter sounded the advance. On they all came, pell mell, nearer and nearer, and the great multitude of faces all looked familiar to puzzled little Susie. The banners, too, and the arms — Susie rubbed her eyes and wondered if she were not dreaming. But no, she was wide awake in dream-land, that was certain.

“Which way are they going?” she said, under her breath, to the ivy; but the ivy was wholly occupied with leaning over the parapet and wildly waving all its green banners. Just then a draw-bridge of sunbeams was flung by invisible hands down from the tower top to the plain, and on rushed the army with tumultuous speed along the floating films. Now, indeed, was a queer sight! The bridge was evidently a magic bridge, for the moment the soldiers touched their feet to it, such changes as came over them! The big-wigged general was transformed into an old battered slate, and it clattered along in its rickety wooden frame in very pompous fashion. The flags and little curling pennons which had flaunted so gaily over the plain, became, as soon as they reached the bridge, the battered, dog-eared leaves of grammars and readers and dictionaries, of all sizes and shapes. A row of tall spear-men, who had made a brave show in the distance, were resolved into a riotous mob of scissor-halves, which pressed forward grimly, each on his one leg, gazing vengefully at the turret windows. Eyeless and crippled needles followed after, thimbles with their heads punched in and otherwise disfigured, knives, rusted and dilapidated, pencils recklessly shaved down to a stump. Then came a long file of unmated and unmended gloves, and a longer file of unmated mittins. Dolls and tops innumerable, looking as if just rescued from dusty nooks, dolls in every state of mutilation, broken down wagons, and carriages and carts, in one of which sat Ham, Shem and Japhet, bearing the marks of their ignominious expulsion from the ark, and in another was perched, fiercely fluttering his tail feathers, the ostrich who had pitched, head foremost, into the custard dish. Close behind came the other creatures, his comrades, in solemn twos, tramp, tramp, tramp, towards the tower.

“Hide me,” implored Susie of the ivy, “they are coming up this way. I have ill-treated them, and now it’s their turn.” But the ivy only waved its banners more frantically, and paid no heed to the little girl.

Now the van had reached the tower chamber, and the host came pouring in. It was but a little room, still there was no crowd or confusion, notwithstanding the great multitude. They formed in rows, and every eye was turned upon Susie, and not a friendly glance could she see. At last they were almost all in. Tramp, tramp — and the ele-

phant on three legs brought up the rear, assisting over the window—all the bald eagle, who had lost his beak.

"I'm very happy to see you all," said poor Susie, making a conciliatory curtsy.

"You are, are you?" replied a sharp-voiced, crooked-backed needle.

"Silence!" roared the slate; and as he stepped up on to an old work-basket, which was only too proud to be the footstool of such a great personage, he made a very imposing appearance. "My friends, this is our hour, thanks to the magic bridge; this young person has had hers. Let her victims pass before her one by one, and as she did to them, so let it be done to her."

Poor Susie called to the ivy, peeping in at the window, to save her, but the ivy was careful to keep out of the way.

Then the slate tapped with his wooden foot, and the great procession began to move towards Susie. First the scissors seized her and made halves of her, and chased her in and out, Shem and his brothers clapping their hands meanwhile, ready to die with laughter at the sight. Then the dolls took her and slapped her together again, and rolled her away into cobwebby corners. The broken-bladed knives found her and snapped her into two uneven pieces. The dolls joined her tolerably well, and then left her limp, and bald, and colorless. The needles thrust at her, and bent her quite crooked, and then all the animals, with Noah marching sternly at their head, walked heavily over her, except the ostrich, who took her on his back and ran fiercely away with her towards the bridge of light.

Passing the ivy, who was immensely jubilant just outside the window, she clung to it and begged it to protect her.

"Wilt thou dance with me now?" questioned the ivy, shaking with mirth, and snatching at the same time its green mantle from her grasp.

Away went the ostrich, before poor Susie could explain her unseemly plight for dancing, or say so much as 'thank you' to this untimely invitation.

"Where are you going, please?" feebly inquired Susie, clinging fast to the tail feathers, as the bird flew on.

"Would n't you like to know?" screamed the ostrich, with an angry backward twist of its long neck.

Then Susie suddenly found herself falling, falling, and when she recovered her breath and consciousness, which seemed for a moment to have forsaken her, she found herself half smothered in the blanket before the nursery fire. She sat up in terror and examined her limbs, satisfying herself that her spine was straightened again, her hair re-

stored, and her body not filled with saw-dust. Then she threw aside the blanket, and rose up to take a more particular survey of herself in the glass. She thought she heard a little chuckling laugh in the direction of the grate, but it was only the fire making merry over some funny remembrance of its own.

"Now supposing all these things had certainly happened to me, how dreadful it would have been!" she said, in a subdued tone, as, armed with two hand-mirrors, she took a final turn before the toilet-glass. "It must be to teach me not to be so careless that such an awful dream was sent to me. Poor mamma, I don't believe I ever felt a bit sorry that I troubled her so about mussing up everything. I shall begin right off to-morrow not to. It's no fair setting about it *this* time of day. I would clear up that old play-house now, but it's best to wait till our Belle comes home: the things seem to square about if she looks at them, and they just huddle up for me. My drawers are pretty straight now, and the work basket will do well enough when I get the hooks and eyes picked out of the sewing silk."

The sleigh-bells rang out merrily before the door just as Susie had disengaged the last hook, and Belle came rushing up stairs as well as she could for all the wraps and furs which encumbered her.

"Thuthie, dear, ith real nithe to get home again," said Belle, discreetly avoiding all mention of the loveliness of the ride. "Why, whath the matter with the doll? Theth on her head, and her beautiful pink train ith all round her earth!"

"I punished her," said Susie, with contrition. "It was lonesome to be punished all by myself, so I stuck her in the corner that way. I never will do it again, though."

Then Susie kissed Belle's quivering lip, and assisted her to compose the dress and ruffled wig of the dolly. Just then Winnie entered with a hod of coal.

"You're a fine young lady, indeed, Miss Susie, a pitchin' of alligators and wild screech owls into my back hair, lettin' alone intirely haythenish long-legged *burrds* tossed into the custards. You are just that," repeated Winnie, with an angry nod.

"Oh, I know I behaved very badly," said Susie, in an uncommonly humble tone.

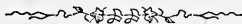
"Bless me, here's little tear-bottle safe home again," shouted Julian, dashing in through the nursery door.

Belle, just behind her sister, made faces at him to stop, but there is no knowing what explanations would have been demanded if Mrs. Barton had not here made her appearance.

"Mamma," shouted Susie, rushing towards her, overjoyed that she was not a scissors half or a pencil point, "I'll tell you all to-night," she whispered, as she hugged and hugged her puzzled mamma.

So in the moonlight, with her mamma's cheek pressed close to her's on the pillow, she told her dream and all her good resolutions.

E. C. C.




WAS DICKENS A LABORING MAN?

"THE *Mystery of Edwin Drood*," we are told, gave its author more trouble than any of his former works. He complained of this, perhaps, with a sad presage of the truth. He had, he thought, told too much of the story in the early numbers, and his thoughts did not flow as freely as of yore. It will remain incomplete forever, and the fourth part of the story, already given to the public, and another part in manuscript, are all that will be known of the last set of original characters their author has introduced to the world. When Mr. Dickens complained of his work giving him trouble, we may be sure that the cause prompting the remark was not slight, for no writer set before himself more laboriously the task of giving the public his very best. A great artist, who once painted his portrait while he was in the act of writing one of the most popular of his stories, relates that he was astonished at the trouble Dickens seemed to take over his work, at the number of forms in which he would write down a thought before he hit out the one which seemed to his fastidious fancy the best, and at the comparative smallness of the amount of manuscript each day's sitting seemed to have produced. Those, too, who have seen the original manuscripts of his works, many of which he had bound and kept at his residence at Gad's Hill, describe them as full of interlineation and alterations; while it is well known that the quaint surnames of his characters, concerning which essays have been written, were the result of much painstaking. Dickens, with a genius which might have justified his trusting it implicitly and solely, placed his chief reliance on his own hard labor. It is said that when he saw a strange or odd name on a shop board, or in walking through a country village or town, he entered it in his pocket-book, and added it to his reserve list. Then, runs the story, when he wanted a striking surname for a new character, he had but to take the first half of one real name, and to add to it the second half of another, to produce the exact effect upon the eye and ear of the reader he desired.

London Times

A NEW PEST.

OME years ago, among the Bostonians, the question, "Have you seen the new organ?" was so often repeated, that the inhabitants of other cities accused them of believing their great organ was the only object worthy of being seen on the whole continent. Among amateur gardeners, cultivators of a few bushes and shrubs, the question, "Have you any currant worms?" was repeated last summer as frequently and with as much earnestness, and before the first of July, few people could answer in the negative, a little earlier or later in various localities, but they were sure to come at last.

The bushes wintered well, for they have taken as kindly to the cold snowy climate, as the pilgrims who brought them from more genial lands, and unfolded their shapely green leaves in the May suns. Then followed the light green drooping blossoms, which gave promise of an abundant crop of bright red berries, which would shine like crystals in the hot July sun. Of all the summer small fruits, most prized by the busy housekeeper, and deservedly so, for hidden away in those transparent clusters, are untold pies, puddings, jellies and wine.

So, day by day, we looked among the leaves, hoping to escape the pest that was despoiling our neighbors. The canker-worms had stripped the apple trees, hardly allowing the pretty pink blossoms to unfold, before they pierced the green leaves with holes as fine as a pin's point, and remorselessly ate night and day, till the trees were as brown and sere as if they had been scorched by fire. The robins, ground-sparrows, cat-birds, linnets, yellow birds and orioles flew from branch to branch, and pretended to eat them, but their eating was either a pretence, or they were too small a band against so great an army. Beside, the robins varied their diet with red earth-worms, which they pulled out of the ground apparently by the yard, and then, fearing lest an exclusively animal diet should give them the scurvy, attacked our strawberries, and our neighbor's cherries, while the orioles, doubtless for similar reasons, adroitly shelled his peas, and the ground-sparrows seemed to like the crumbs from the table quite as well as fresh canker-worms. The apple trees were soon bare — the canker-worms spinning down on long silken threads — and the hubbardstons, baldwins and russets, which should have been in our cellar this winter, are all hidden away in the bodies of some ugly grubs safe under ground.

"At least we shall have our currants," we said, "nothing ever happens to them," for like many another wiseacre, we flattered ourselves we

should escape the common lot. After three or four rainy days, we went out to look at our promising crop. Where did they all come from like the Egyptian plagues of frogs, dust and lice in a single night? Clustering around the edges of the leaves were worms of all sizes and shades of green, from those as large round as a small needle, of a pale yellow-green, and hardly a sixteenth of an inch long, to those three times that circumference, half an inch in length, dark green spotted with black. It was an ugly and discouraging sight, but we tried what fingers would do. They were dull, sluggish creatures, held lightly by the leaf, and were easily picked off when one had made up their minds to it. There was no clinging and holding back, as there often is among caterpillars, which you wish to pull from plants, every one of whose sixteen legs you must loosen separately before you can accomplish the feat. We picked them off with as much patience and as little disgust as we could, not much relishing the gathering of that kind of crop. What we did with them we do not propose to tell, for your tender-hearted people, who are willing to eat all the currants you have saved, and cry out against the savageness of butchers, though they like roast meat, would doubtless lift up their hands, and exclaim against such wholesale butchery and merciless cruelty, — but we pulled them off by hundreds, nay, thousands, and their fate was no harder than if they had been snapped up by some great beaked bird.

At last we seemed to be free from them, and shook the bushes three nights in succession, according to a method said to be infallible, that any stragglers might fall to the ground and perish. Then we thought we were rid of them, and should have no further trouble, and looked with somewhat pharisaical pity upon our neighbor's bushes, where the tender part of the leaves was being rapidly eaten away, and the veins were standing out like skeletons

He was not thorough enough, and did not take them in season. There is nothing like picking them off; it is better than lime, ashes, or that poisonous hellebore, thought we, as we were looking at our green fruit sweetening in the sun.

One evening he leaned over the fence, and asked maliciously, "Have you looked at your bushes lately?"

"Every day," said we, triumphantly. "They are doing beautifully, the worms have about done eating."

"Have any of your leaves holes in them? If they have, you had better turn them over and look at them," said he, with a smile.

Leaves with holes in them. What did he mean by that? We soon found out to our dismay. The leaves had tiny holes in them, hundreds

of them, and on the under side of them, a second brood was just starting into life, some a point just escaped from the egg, others a little larger, but all alive and able to eat, and busily at it. If every one of the hundreds we had killed had been brought back to life, and laid a dozen eggs, there could not have been more of them. "Ugh!" said we, in a transport of rage and disgust, as we turned over an apparently sound leaf, and saw the little white shining eggs laid so closely along the veins of the leaf, that it looked as if it were stitched with white silk, so evenly, so exactly of the same size, that the best sewing machine could not have done it better.

"Where did they all come from? Who is it that lays so many eggs when nobody sees them?" cried we, not expecting an answer.

"I do not know," said our neighbor, who had been watching us from behind a tree. "Picking off does not do much good, does it? and besides there is another brood to come after this. They eat till the middle of July."

We tried it again, but they were too many for us. When a pest appears by legions, one must succumb at last, and we were forced to let them have their way, though occasionally we went to the bushes, and adopted a different method. Picking them off was of no avail. We burnt the leaves with the eggs upon them, and then learned by a dextrous flip, to snap off hundreds of the worms at once, and make them fall to the ground. They doubtless crawled back again as soon as they could, but it was a great effort for them, and stopped their eating for a little while. Besides, in that position they fell an easy prey to creatures who could not otherwise obtain so delicious a morsel.

The bunched toads, who had established themselves in our garden, and did such good service, soon grew wise enough to follow us, and would flip out their long nimble tongues, and catch the creatures as they fell, and one old spotted one, who preferred the shade of the raspberry bushes in the daytime, would hop out at nightfall when he saw us, as if he were sure of an evening meal, without any further trouble on his part. The young birds in the rose-bush at our window, as soon as they had learned to fly, found a bounteous table spread for them, which relieved their mother of all care for their future support, though she seemed not to be over anxious about that after she had pushed them over the nest one fine summer morning, and instinct teaching them to spread their wings to save their necks, half their education was completed. Before that time, how wary and anxious she was, sitting as motionless as if she were dead on the pear tree, trying to make us believe that she was nothing but a knot on its branches, while she

waited for us to go away before she would fly to her young with the worm that was dangling from her beak. As if we had not known all about it from the very beginning; seen her when she selected her building spot, watched her and her mate flying to it with straws and shreds, and heard the shrill peep when the eggs she had sat upon so constantly had turned into callow birds. The robins were their own purveyors. They would run under the bushes, hop up and pull a worm off for themselves, almost as quickly as the toads flipped them in with their tongues.

But fingers, toads and birds produced but little impression, and the voracious creatures, who, like many other insects preparing for their future life, ate without ceasing, soon left the bushes with only the larger leaf veins and the ripening currants bare in the sun. The fruit matured, but had a sour shrewish taste. It missed the sheltering coolness of the leaves, and soon shrivelled and dropped off. Long rows of sticks remained where the bushes were, with here and there a branch which still boasted a few leaves. The second brood had disappeared, but had left little behind them. "The mother of mischief," says the proverb, "is no bigger than a midge's wing," but the mother of this mischief seems difficult to find.

We brought a full-grown worm into the house. It was about five-eighths of an inch long, dark green, with black spots as large as the point of a pin running in rows across its body, a black, shining head, and six real legs, and eight pro-legs. We put it in a paper box, as deep as it was long. We called them sluggish creatures, but this one proved the reverse in its captivity. In fifteen minutes watching, it raised itself on end, and hung its head over the side of the box, preparing to plunge down and escape, and was knocked back again seven times, as persevering as Bruce's spider. Once it fell down itself, and it made beside several unsuccessful attempts, slipped and lost its footing when half way up, in the same space of time. It evidently did not like its quarters, and was determined to leave them. We placed a currant leaf in the box that it might have some food, and put back the cover, leaving a little opening for light and air. When we returned and lifted the lid some hours after, we found the worm had cast its skin, which was lying in one corner, a perfect skin, with its little legs and shining black night-cap. It was curled up under the currant leaf very still, and was now of a light yellowish green, without any black spots, and the head instead of being black, was of lighter tint than the body. It was either too feeble or too indifferent to try to change its quarters now. So we left it to its repose, but the next day when we looked at it we found it had been busily at work, for instead of the worm, we saw a little cocoon under the currant

leaf, but not attached to it, which looked as if made of cotton wool of a pale green tinge, oval shaped, and as large as a pea-bean when dried for baking. In that, thought we, lies the father or mother of all this mischief, wrapped up like the most innocent thing in the world, and as we found no cocoons of similar shape or size on the bushes, fences or trees, we conclude that the grub must bury itself in the ground when it feels that it is time to prepare for its new life. And the eager efforts of the worm to escape, may have been prompted by the instinct which told it to seek some safe place in the ground in which to remain in the death-like sleep between its two existences. What lies within that dainty covering, time can only show, and perhaps under the unfavorable circumstances, the cocoon may prove a shroud and not a cradle. But the life, growth and maturity of the creature must be brief, for the third generation of insects, in the second week of July, began to attack the few remaining leaves on the currant bushes, and the shining white dots changed rapidly into ugly worms.

E. C. F.



THE MAGIC PHIALS;

Or the Fairy's Gift.

ONCE upon a time, in the days when fairies and giants lived on the earth, and kings and queens, and brave princes and beautiful princesses were as plentiful as blackberries in a hedge, there lived a monarch who was so virtuous and kindhearted that he was always called The Good King. His queen was as excellent as himself, and they would have been perfectly happy, but for one thing — they had no children. This was a severe trial to them, and a great sorrow to all their subjects except one, the king's nephew Prosper, who, if no children were born, would be king when his uncle died. The Good King was very kind to Prosper, and treated him like his own son; and Prosper pretended to return his kindness and affection by the warmest gratitude and devotion.

At length the whole country was thrown into a state of the wildest excitement and delight by the news that the queen had presented her husband with a son, who was declared to be the finest and loveliest infant which had ever made its appearance upon this earth. Great rejoicings

were held in his honor, and so magnificent was his christening-feast, that it was the wonder and admiration of all who heard of it.

The little prince was named Florian, and he was truly a noble infant. He grew so rapidly, that at the age of six months he appeared at least a year old. His parents, his nurse, the nobles of the court, and indeed all the subjects, over whom he would some day reign, vied with each other in the love and pride they felt for him; but none seemed more devoted to him than his cousin Prosper. By presents and caresses, this wicked man taught the babe to love him, and to rest as quietly in his arms as in those of his mother or nurse. But while he lavished tokens of affection on the confiding infant, Prosper was forming plans for his destruction. At length he hit upon one, which he immediately put into execution. One day, when the nurse was walking with her charge near the bank of the river, he suddenly sprang upon her from behind, and placing one hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming, with the other he drove a knife to her heart. The poor woman fell dead without uttering a sound, and snatching the infant from her stiffening arms, Prosper wrapped his cloak around its head, and hurried to the river-side. He was about to cast it into the water, but the little creature clung to his breast with its tiny fingers, and looked up so piteously into his face, that even his cruel heart failed him, and he could not complete his wicked deed as he had intended. There was a tiny boat, fastened to a tree, at his feet, and into that he placed the helpless infant; then cutting the rope, he pushed the boat with all his strength far out into the stream. The current was very strong, and the boat floated so rapidly down the river that it was soon out of sight.

Great were the horror and despair of all, when the nurse was found murdered, and the infant gone none knew whither. One of his little shoes was found close to the water's edge, however, and no one doubted that the little prince lay in a watery grave, beneath the sparkling waves of the bright river. No trace of the murderer could be found, and Prosper was not even suspected of the dreadful deed.

In the mean time, little Florian floated on, far, far beyond the country where his father was king. At last, an old fisherman saw the boat, and brought it ashore. He was greatly surprised to find within it a beautiful child, dressed in clothing of the most costly materials. He took the babe, who, by this time, was almost starved, to his wife, and the good woman fed and cared for him tenderly.

This old couple had no children of their own, and although they were very poor, they determined to adopt the infant, whom, they said, Heaven had sent to brighten the last days of their lonely life. The old man

could read a little, and he made out the name of Florian, which was marked upon the infant's clothes, and called him by it.

Little Florian thrived wonderfully in his new home, and became more good and beautiful every day. He had the tenderest heart in the world, and loved the old fisherman and his wife dearly. They, in turn, regarded him as their own child, and found their declining years cheered by his dutiful attentions.

Florian had just reached manhood, when the old fisherman fell ill, and after lingering for some months, passed quietly from earth. His wife lived only a week after him; but before her death, she told Florian that he was not really their child, and how her husband had found him in the boat. Florian wept bitterly for his kind friends, and cared for them to the last with the tenderest affection. He was now alone in the world, and without a cent, their little earnings having all gone to buy comforts for the old man during his long illness.

The night after the old woman's funeral, as Florian was sitting over the fire all alone, thinking of the kind friends he had lost, and weeping sadly, he was roused by seeing a soft light shining before him. He looked up, and there, standing close beside him, was the loveliest creature he ever beheld. She was about two feet in height, and her soft, flowing robe had caught the hue of the sky on a cloudless summer day. A silvery mantle was thrown around her, and the long locks of her bright golden hair were bound with a circlet of diamonds and sapphires. She looked upon Florian with a tender and pitying gaze.

As he raised his head, this beautiful vision spoke, in low, musical tones.

"Know, Florian," she said, "that I am the fairy who watched over your birth. You are the only son of a great king, whose realm lies many leagues distant on the banks of this same river, which flows by your cottage door. Your cousin, whose name is Prosper, wishing to be king at your father's death, murdered your nurse, and set you adrift in the boat, where the good fisherman found you. He now reigns over the fair country which should belong to you, and all the people believe your father and mother, as well as yourself, to be dead. This is not true, however. The wicked Prosper has confined your parents in a gloomy dungeon underneath the palace, of which he always keeps the key. You are now free, by the death of those who acted the part of father and mother towards you, to go forth to the help of your own parents. Follow the shores of the river, and inquire, as you go, for the country of the Good King. You will have to use your own wit and courage to restore liberty to your parents, and to place your father again



THE VISION.

upon his throne. Thus far, I will help you. Behold this casket. The phials it contains are filled with an elixir, which has power to produce instant and deep sleep, during which, the sleeper is utterly insensible to pain, even the most acute. Each phial is enclosed in a silken cloth. When you wish to apply the elixir, crush the phial wrapped up as it is, in your hand, and lay the wet cloth upon the face of whomsoever you would cause to sleep. The phials are few in number. Each that is used worthily will bring you nearer to success in your undertaking; while every one that is employed unworthily will place you farther from it. Be virtuous, brave and patient. Adieu." And the fairy vanished.

Florian would have thought it all a dream, but there, where the fairy had appeared, lay a small silver casket. He took it up and opened it. The centre of the box seemed to be of solid silver, while around it were five compartments, in each of which was a phial, wrapped in a cloth of

finest silk, and as white as snow. The glass of these phials were exceedingly thin, and they were closely sealed. The liquid they contained was as clear as crystal.

Early in the morning, Florian prepared for his journey. The silver casket was hidden in his bosom, in his pocket were a few cents, and in his hand was a stout stick. These were all his possessions. He set forth with a heart full of sadness, doubt, courage and hope. The day was cold, but the sun shone brightly, and ere long, Florian's spirits rose, and he sang and whistled cheerfully as he walked swiftly on.

After several days of travelling, he found himself near evening in the midst of a forest, without a cent in his pocket, or a mouthful of bread for his supper. Night came rapidly on, and still the dense forest stretched out darkly before him. All at once he heard a low moan. Instantly he hurried in the direction of the sound, and found an old man lying on the ground, and shivering with the cold. His clothes were in rags, and his wasted features spoke of sickness, pain and starvation. Florian soon found that he was a beggar, who, feeling his end drawing near, had lain down to die. His pain was so terrible, that he could not restrain his moans of agony.

With eager pity, Florian gathered a pile of leaves, and lifting the old man tenderly in his arms, he laid him upon it, and covered him with his own coat. The old man thanked him as well as he could, for the terrible pain seemed to increase every moment. Suddenly, Florian bethought him of his magic phials. "This is surely a worthy use," he said, and opening the casket, he took out a phial, crushed it in his hand, and laid the wet cloth softly over the old man's face. A strange, subtle perfume, full of exquisite sweetness, spread around, and instantly the sufferer's moans ceased, and his eyes began to close. His lips faintly murmured a blessing upon Florian, but ere it was ended, he had fallen into a tranquil slumber.

Florian remained beside him, and overcome by fatigue, soon fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was shining brightly. He sprang up and bent over the old man, who lay with his eyes closed, and a happy smile on his lips. "He still sleeps," thought Florian; but when he looked more closely, he saw that the poor beggar was sleeping that sleep which knows no waking.

Florian went on his way with a new sense of hope and courage, caused by the old man's dying blessing, — for, believe me, dear children, the blessing of the poor and the dying is the richest treasure we can possess. He stopped in the first town to which he came, and was looking about him in search of some work by which he might earn a meal,

when the sound of sobbing and wailing caught his ear. It proceeded from a large house near by, and Florian inquired what occasioned such bitter grief.

"Ah," replied a woman standing near, "no wonder they are in such sore trouble. Our lord's only daughter, the fairest and sweetest maiden in the land, lies at the point of death. The physicians say if she could but sleep, she would be saved, yet such is her pain and restlessness, she cannot close her eyes. Alas for our sweet young lady."

"I can cure her," said Florian, whose heart was touched by the sad story and the sounds of woe. "If I see her, I can make her sleep."

"Oh, sir, kind sir, come with me!" cried the woman, and she led him into the house.

The tidings that the young man said he could make the maiden sleep, were carried instantly to the grief-stricken father, and he eagerly ordered that Florian should be brought into his presence. At first, he almost feared to trust a stranger, but Florian's noble countenance won his confidence, and the sufferings of his daughter made him willing to try any remedy. Our hero requested to be left alone for a moment, as he wished to keep his casket a secret; but he soon stood beside the bed of the suffering child. In another moment he had crushed the phial in his hand, the strange, sweet perfume stole through the room, the cloth was laid upon the little maiden's face, and she sank into a gentle slumber.

Her grateful father insisted upon Florian's remaining his guest, which he did, and enjoyed the happiness of seeing the little maid recovering rapidly. While there, he learned that a great calamity had befallen the king and people of that country. A giant, who lived in a strong castle among the mountains, had stolen their beloved princess, the most beautiful lady in the world, and carried her off to his gloomy abode. So strongly guarded was this castle, that they could not by any means approach it to rescue the poor princess from her terrible fate.

"In his despair," continued Florian's host, "our king has proclaimed that whosoever brings his daughter to him alive, shall be her husband, and inherit his throne. But alas, I fear no one will ever claim this great reward."

Now, Florian, who was very brave as well as very tender-hearted, determined that he would attempt to free the princess; but he kept his resolve a profound secret. He found out the road to the giant's castle, and that very night set out on his journey, without saying good-bye to any one.

He soon reached the foot of the rocky mountain, on which the castle stood, but as he commenced to ascend it, one of the guards called to him

to stop, and let his business be known before he advanced another step. Florian answered that he wished to speak to the giant, and as he seemed but an humble fisherman, without any weapon, the soldier allowed him to enter the court-yard, and took him at once to his master.

A very mighty man was the giant, as he lay stretched on his huge couch before an enormous fire, with his great sword beside him. He asked Florian what he wished; to which the youth replied:

“I have come to enter into your service.”

“Ha!” quoth the giant, “and pray what can you do?”

“I can tell stories,” replied Florian, “of the land and of the sea; and sing songs which have the voice of the wind and the ocean in their music. Will you hire me?”

“Sing me a song of the sea!” cried the giant, “that I may judge of your skill.”

So Florian, who had one of the finest voices in the world, sang a lay of the mighty ocean, which so pleased the giant that he cried out:

“You shall be my servant and never leave me, but shall sing to me whenever I am weary.”

“Ah,” said Florian, “I know a song far more beautiful than that; but alas, I cannot sing it, for I must have a woman’s voice to help me.”

“That need not prevent,” answered the giant; “for I have a maiden caged here that can sing as sweetly as a nightingale. I will send for her, and you shall teach her your song.”

This was just what Florian wished, but he pretended to doubt if the maiden could learn his beautiful song. When the princess was brought in, she was so beautiful that Florian fell in love with her at once, and was more anxious than ever to save her from the giant. He began at once to teach her his song. This song was about a dove who had been captured by an eagle, and carried a prisoner to his nest on the rock. And it went on to tell how the dove’s mate mourned sorely for her loss, and resolved to set her free. So he borrowed from the crow his black feathers, and under this humble disguise, stole into the eagle’s nest, and saw the gentle captive. She knew him by his song, but never betrayed to the eagle who it was that had entered his nest under the crow’s black plumes. And the dove watched his chance, and flying at the eagle unawares, plucked out his eyes, and flew away back to his nest with his rescued mate.

The princess understood in a moment what Florian meant, and he soon saw that she was ready to trust herself with him. While he sang, Florian managed to get one of the magic phials, which he had all ready, into his hand, and crushing it, he threw the cloth over the giant’s

face, as he lay at full length on his huge couch. In an instant he was fast asleep, and Florian took the keys from his belt, and let the princess and himself out of the castle by a private passage. When the giant woke from his slumber they were miles away, and he never saw them more.

The joy of the king knew no bounds, when Florian presented to him his beloved daughter in safety. The princess had fallen in love with her brave deliverer even when she thought him only a fisherman; but great was her delight and that of her father, to hear from Florian who he really was. The marriage between Florian and the princess was celebrated with great splendor, and then Florian set out with a large army to the rescue of his parents. The country of the Good King joined that which belonged to the father of the princess, so he had not far to go. The wicked Prosper heard of his coming, and shut himself up within the strong walls of his capitol. Weeks passed on, and the city was so well defended, that Florian and his army could not force an entrance. At last, our hero bethought him of his fairy gift, and he resolved to try if it could not aid him in this emergency. Disguising himself in his humble fisherman's garb, he managed to get near the sentinel at the principal gate, and to enter into conversation with him. The man, dreading nothing from such an humble youth, allowed him to approach so close that he was able to cast one of the silken cloths over his face, when he sank slowly back in a deep slumber. Entrance was now easy, and after a brief, though bloody struggle, Florian was in possession of the city.

As he hurried through the streets in the direction of the palace, eager to release his beloved parents, Florian heard the sound of fearful groans proceeding from a dark and narrow alley. Unable to resist the voice of suffering, he hastened thither, and found a man stretched on the ground, covered with dreadful wounds, and evidently very near his end. His agony was terrible to witness, and Florian's heart was wrung with pity for the dying man. Suddenly, by the light of a passing torch, he saw that a crown encircled the sufferer's brow. He knew at once that it was Prosper. For one moment, a thrill of anger and hatred passed through his heart, but it vanished instantly, leaving naught save pity and forgiveness.

"I cannot save him," he murmured to himself, "but I can render his last hours free from pain. I have one phial yet remaining. Surely I can find no worthier use for it than this."

He drew forth his last phial, crushed it in his hand, and laid the cloth softly over the face of his enemy, with a fervent prayer for his soul.

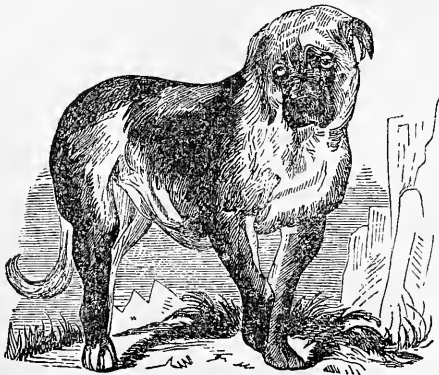
The sweet, subtile perfume rose like incense upon the air, and looking up, he saw the fairy gazing on him with eyes full of approving love.

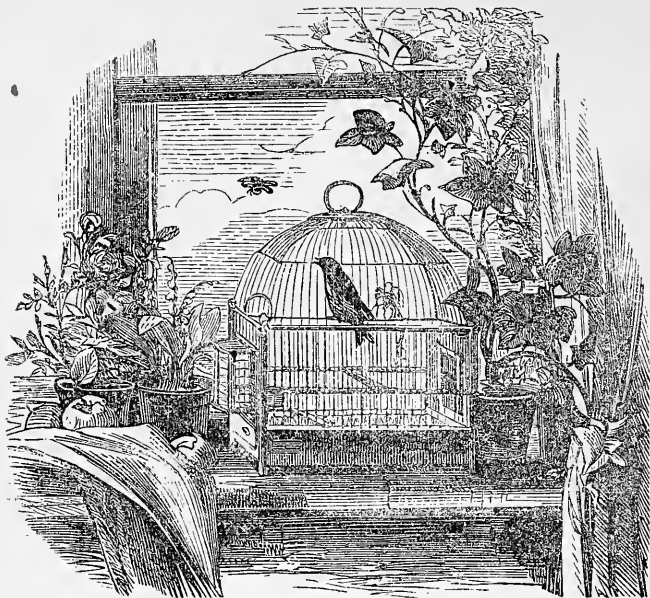
“Florian, you have used my gift most worthily,” she said, “and now your final reward is at hand. A few moments, and you will be in the arms of your parents, — the fairest flower in all the world nestles in your bosom, and answers to the name of wife, — two nations hail you joyfully as their future king, and above all, — an approving conscience cheers you on to continue in the course you have so nobly begun. Farewell, farewell, farewell.”

The soft voice died away, the vision faded slowly, only the sweet, ethereal perfume remained, whispering of calm, and ease, and rest.

Centuries passed away, but the fairy’s casket was still preserved. The silver was tarnished, and of the rich velvet lining there remained no trace, when a secret spring was accidentally touched, the seemingly massive centre opened, and one of the phials, wrapped in its silken cloth, was found within. The crystal liquid was analyzed, its properties discovered, and the fairy’s magic gift is now in common use among us, acknowledged as one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon the suffering human race, and known by the name of — CHLOROFORM.

Annie M. Barnwell.





SUMMER.

THE sunny summer I love, I love;
 And she loves me; and the red, red rose
 She plucks for me, and the lily fair,
 Which faintly over the water glows.

I listen to hear her rippling laugh,
 As, light of foot, she runs 'neath the trees,
 Over the lichens, and under the ferns,
 Chasing the brook, where it flits and flees.


For her the cricket chirps in the grass,
 And the locust sings in the burning noon,
 And the mower's scythe and the creaking wain,
 With the hum of the droning bee, keep tune.

"Come follow, come follow!" her sweet voice calls
 From the haunted pines, "and roam with me
 O'er sunny upland and mossy glen,
 For thou lov'st the summer, and she loves thee!"

E. S. C.

PERSEVERANCE;

Or a Pop Corn Story.

NE chilly, crisp October morning, Albert Taylor awoke with the very uncomfortable thought, that there was not a thing in the house to eat. He had wandered up and down the streets the day before, trying to get work; but no one wanted a boy just then. Indeed, one man had told him that he considered boys to be a nuisance, and had bidden him be gone! There were two sisters younger than himself to be provided for, and a desponding mother; what could one pair of young hands do, even if work could be found?

“Boys a nuisance?” queried he, as he drew on his stockings. “It’s strange, for the men were all boys once, I suppose, and they had to eat and drink and grow, without once thinking that they were in the way, and I won’t think so either, for I’m as hungry as a fox. It may be,” continued he, “that I can scrape together a few potatoes from the corner of the garden, and with a good cup of coffee, we can manage very well for to-day, but—O, to-morrow, what shall we do then? We never, never were so poor before.” So saying, he went below, kindled a fire, filled the kettle, and then, taking his hoe and basket, went out. Five, six, seven, yea a dozen hills, and not a potato! How his heart sank within him as his fingers were feeling through the cold ground. “Can it be that we shall be left to beg,” asked he, “when we are willing to work? or to starve, when there is plenty about us? Won’t our Father send us our daily bread? Oh,” exclaimed he, as a thought brightened him, “I do believe there’s some corn under the old apple tree,” and running to the spot, he began to snatch off the welcome ears.

“See,” said he to his mother, as he entered the house, “see what I have found; nine good plump ears of corn only a little hardened, more than two apiece! I did n’t expect such good luck when I went out, now perhaps I shall get work to-day, who knows.”

“I guess you will,” replied his little sister, “for I prayed to God, and he said ‘yes,’ just as plain as could be.”

“Oh mother,” said Albert, “just hear that; was there ever such a darling before? I am sure now that I shall bring home something to eat long before night. God won’t refuse such a little creature, will he?”

“I hope not, my son,” was the only answer from his mother, as she turned away and threw the corn into a kettle of boiling water.

Very few people were stirring, as our young friend walked briskly up the street and on towards the depot. It was nearly time for the train

to arrive, and there was a chance of getting, at least, one errand to do, thereby earning enough to buy a loaf of bread, or a quart of potatoes. He had gone about half the distance when he overtook his Sabbath School teacher carrying a heavy basket. Stepping to her side he bade her a good morning, and politely offered to relieve her of her burden, never once wishing to be paid for his trouble, nor imagining that prosperity was to follow the act. It was one turn out of his way, but he cared not for that, as a little haste would find him at the station in time, so he walked on chatting in true boyish style, till the basket was set down in the open door-way.

"Wait a moment," said the lady, "I have something in the house for you." She soon re-appeared, and handing him a dozen ears of dark looking corn, said, "Pop this and sell it; some people get a living in this way, try it yourself."

"That's droll," said Albert to himself, as soon as the door was closed, "we've lots of this hanging in the shed, and I never thought it would do any good, but I'll try it."

There was hopping and skipping at home as Albert told his story, and very soon four pairs of hands were busy, and then three pairs of young eyes were all ready to watch the dark kernels as they danced and turned inside out, snowy white, in the old warming pan, and Albert began to feel as if a fortune lay within his grasp. With every pop he would exclaim, "There's a dollar," or, "there's another dollar, don't you see it."

"If I could only sell a dollar's worth a day," said he at length, "would n't we be rich. We would have such good sweet meat, and such bread and butter, that mother would get well right away, and we'd all be so happy."

There was no response from his mother, who always kept the dark side before her, but she worked with a will, and soon Albert was walking away with a large basket on his arm.

He had a bit of mirth about him that hunger could n't drive away, and as he gained the street he began to cry, "Corn, *pop* corn, p-o-p, pop, who buys c-o-r-n, corn!"

"Oh ma," said Amy Hills, "there's the funniest boy, spelling his corn, 'may n't I buy just a little this morning?' and without waiting for an answer, she called out, "A pint, if you please," and ran back for the money.

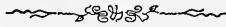
This was the first five cents in Albert's pocket, but as he went on "spelling his corn," as Amy said, doors flew open by the hands of playful children, and the coppers and half dimes began to grow heavy, and

to jingle against each other, and before the noon bell sent its notes over the busy town, there lay in the bottom of the great basket, a nice fresh steak and a sweet white loaf.

I need not tell you that the dark cloud fled from before the mother's eyes, as Albert displayed his treasure, and put a handful of coin upon the table, nor how the little girls clapped their hands and capered about, nor what a hearty meal they ate, but I may tell you that Albert is now a successful corn vender, that he raises the corn in his own garden, parches it over his own fire, salts it, sweetens it, or makes it into balls with the help of his mother and sisters, and then goes round in his light wagon, singing his cheerful "p-o-p, pop, who buys *pop* corn."

Undoubtedly many of my readers are familiar with the cheerful tones, for Albert is a real and not imaginary character. Can't you all be like persevering and pleasing?

Persis.



SISYPHUS.

MANY, many years ago — long before either you or I can remember — the city of Corinth was a thriving, busy place, where merchants gathered, but where, I am afraid, business took up more time than was just fair, as the inhabitants were not remarkable for their literary progress.

Well, in this busy city there lived a certain man, one Autolykus, who, I am sorry to say, bore a very unenviable character. He was accused of many petty meannesses, of stealing and lying, and as a natural consequence he doubtless got the credit for many bad deeds which he knew nothing about. It is even said that he stole a flock of sheep from his own son, who, however, being aware of his father's little eccentricities, had taken the precaution to clip their ears, and through this mark traced them. Whether this is so, however, I won't venture to say.

Now, this Autolykus had a son, Sisyphus, who, in many things, patterned after his father. He was very deceitful and very sly, as you can see from the manner in which he outwitted his father with the sheep. He was, however a very good business man, and has the credit of doing a great deal for the commerce and shipping interests of Corinth. He was also exceedingly fond of amusements, and being of an inventive turn of mind, he established the festivals known as the Isthman Games, which used to be rare sport, and which the Corinthian youths particu-

larly liked, as they had the opportunity then of displaying their athletic skill — wrestling, boxing, racing, climbing, jumping and the like being at that time in vogue, and which ought to be equally in vogue now-a-days.

But Sisyphus was exceedingly cruel, and as he had small chance to exercise this quality in Corinth, where people always stood up manfully for their own rights, he established a hiding place in Mount Parnassus, where he repaired every now and then with a chosen band of kindred spirits. There they assumed disguises, and played the parts of highwaymen and freebooters, until they tired of the sport, when they returned to Corinth, and again became law-abiding, peaceful citizens. All this went on for a considerable time, nobody knowing or caring about the doings of these highwaymen, save now and then accounts would come of some particular daring or horrible outrage.

It, of course, though, could not go on forever in this way. It happened that Jupiter, who was noted for his many love scrapes, was passing near Mount Parnassus in search of one of his flames, Ægina by name, travelling incog. Sisyphus and his band, who were there on one of their excursions, mistook the king of the gods for a common traveller, and determined to set upon him and rob him. So they hid themselves in ambush, and waited patiently for their victim to come. Presently Jupiter appeared, singing and laughing as he jogged along, all unconscious of his hidden foes. He was in good humor that day, and his songs rang out loud and clear through the echoing cliffs. You can imagine his surprise when he found himself suddenly set upon by a band of robbers.

“Ho! Ho!” he cried, this is glorious,” for he was n’t a bit afraid “Well, my fine fellows, what can I do for you all.”

“Stand and deliver, thou knave,” cried out Sisyphus. “We want thy money and thy life.”

“Oh, ho!” said Jove, “indeed; why then you are indeed gracious. My money and my life! Ho! Ho! Ho! you amuse me.”

“Nay, nay, come; seize him brave hearts,” ordered Sisyphus, springing at Jove’s throat.

“Thou naughty varlet, beware,” cried Jupiter, “or thou shalt pay dearly for —”

Sisyphus and his companions waited no longer, but jumped at their prey forthwith. They were surprised at the easy manner in which he eluded them, however, for he slipped out of their clutches in a most marvellous manner. Sisyphus, enraged, swore a horrid oath. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before he felt the earth opening beneath him, while he sank quickly into the chasm, which they immediately

closed over him. All was darkness, but he knew that he was going rapidly downwards. He could feel all sorts of horrid things fitting about him, and what with the cold touches he received every little while, the darkness and the uncertainty of his fate, I can assure you his position was not an enviable one. It seemed to him as though his descent would never come to an end; but even the longest time *will* end, if one only waits patiently enough, and so did his enforced journey. He presently found himself on a gloomy shore, together with a numerous crowd of light phantoms, who seemed to be all waiting their turn to enter a boat, which was fastened but a short distance off. His fate was now no longer doubtful; he was plainly on his way to Hades, and before him lay the fatal Acheron, while the strong, robust old salt with the stern cast of countenance, white, bushy beard and flashing eyes, could be none else than Charon, the ferryman. Presently his name was called, and Sisyphus entered the boat, urged on by some irresistible force.

The sail over the Acheron was a pleasant one, although it *was* rather monotonous, especially as neither Charon nor any of the passengers could speak a word. However, it was soon over, and Sisyphus found himself at last in the domains of Pluto. He was immediately conducted before the three judges, Rhadamanthus, Minos and Æcus, where he learnt for the first time his offense — having resisted Jove's authority. It did not take long for these model judges to come to a decision; their verdict was guilty, and the punishment was that Sisyphus be required to roll a certain marble block up to the top of a hill.

Sisyphus thought himself a lucky fellow to have gotten off so well, so he presently set himself to work to fulfil his task. He found the block much heavier than he had anticipated, but this was only a minor consideration, as after many trials he discovered that his task was to be an endless one, inasmuch as after he had with much toil and trouble succeeded in getting near the top, the obstinate stone would persist in rolling straight down to the bottom again, and he would have to begin once more and struggle with his labor. At first it appeared as only a joke, but after this same joke had continued year in and year out for centuries, it began to grow somewhat tiresome.

Now Sisyphus had instructed his wife not to bury his body after his death, and she, faithful creature, obeyed him; so after a while he begged Pluto to let him return to the earth, and punish her for her seeming neglect, as it was considered in those days a very great wickedness not to bury one's relatives. Pluto refused at first, but finally he consented,

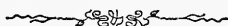
and Sisyphus returned to the earth, happy in escaping even for a moment from his weary task.

When, however, he had reached his old home, the place seemed so delightful that he began planning some escape from going back to Hades. He resolved at any rate not to return until sent for.

Now this was a clear violation of his pledged word. So Pluto, after waiting a sufficient time for the truant's return, sent Death to bring him back.

Unfortunately, Sisyphus proved the stronger of the two, and Death was vanquished in the struggle. Then while Death was a captive in chains, the arrivals in Hades were few, as no one on the earth died. The people went on increasing at an alarming rate, and there was great danger that the earth would be over populated, so at Pluto's request, Jove sent Mars to release Death. Sisyphus' strength was as nothing against the mighty God of War, and he soon found himself back in Hades at his old task. And there he still remains, rolling that huge block of marble up the hill, and there he will continue to remain forever.

Josiah Trinkle.



STUDY OF SELF.

ABOVE all subjects, study thine own self: for no knowledge that terminates in curiosity or speculation is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so which consists in the due care and just notions of ourselves. This study is a debt which every one owes himself. Let us not then be so lavish, so unjust, as not to pay this debt; be spending some time, at least, if we cannot all, or most of our time and care, upon that which has the most indefeasible claim to it. Govern your passions, manage your actions with prudence, and where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to go headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under principle. Set all your faults before your eyes, and pass sentence upon yourself, with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality had biased your judgment.—*Bernard.*



[See Diagram in January No.]

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

MY friend¹⁸, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime¹,
 For thy fair youthful years¹, too swift of flight;
 Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
 Of cheerful hopes³ that filled the world⁷ with light —
 Years when thy heart¹ was bold¹, thy hand¹ was strong,¹
 And quick the thought¹ that moved thy tongue to speak,
 And willing faith⁵ was thine, and scorn of wrong
 Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward¹⁸ on the coming days,
 Shuddering¹⁴ to feel thy shadow o'er thee creep;
 A path, thick set with changes¹ and decays¹,
 Slopes downward⁶ to the place of common⁶ sleep⁶,
 And they who walked with thee in life's first stage
 Leave, one by one, thy side, and, waiting near,
 Thou seest the sad companions of thy age —
 Dull love of rest¹, and weariness¹, and fear¹.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
 Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die;
 Thy pleasant youth¹⁸ a little while withdrawn,
 Waits on the horizon¹³ of a brighter sky¹³;
 Waits¹ like the moru⁵, that folds⁸ her wing⁸ and hides
 Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
 Waits like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides,
 Her own sweet time to waken³ bud³ and flower³.

There⁵ shall He welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
 On his bright¹⁷ morning¹⁷ hills¹⁷, with smiles more sweet
 Than when at first He took thee by the hand,
 Through the fair earth³ to lead thy tender feet.

Addie (still laughing.) Ha! Ha! Ha! That was French, what I said. "Ma chere petite," means, 'my dear little one.' But what did you want to say when you came in?

Lulu. I've forgotten now. What you said drove it all out of my head. Oh, now I remember! I want to ask you what I shall wear at Jeanie Oaklie's party to-night. Mamma is so nervous, and now she is down in the kitchen scolding cook, and she told me to ask you. What would you wear?

Addie. Let me see. I'll tell you! wear your blue silk dress and white muslin over-tunic. Wear these by all means.

Lulu. Oh yes! That will be just lovely! And when I am dancing I shall look real nice.

Addie. Why, Lulu Clifford! What an awfully vain child you are! I'm positively ashamed of you!

Lulu. Oh yes. I wonder if I don't know a young lady, who, when she had her new velveteen suit, went out in the park on purpose to show it off; and I wonder if that same young lady did n't tell her mamma that the Miss Thompsons' were dying of envy at seeing it.

Addie. Now, Lulu, I thought you were more honorable than to bring some of my careless words up against me; after I drew that pretty picture for you, too.

Lulu. Oh well, Addie, I guess I did n't do much harm, and if you will excuse me, I'll be off; for I must let Maria crimp my hair, and then I must get me some ribbon to wear on my head with some blue and white forget-me-nots. Won't they look pretty?

Addie. Tres jolie, ma petite belle.

Lulu. What does that mean?

Addie. It means, "very pretty, my little belle."

Lulu. Does it? Do you think I'll be a "belle" when I grow up?

Addie. Oh there, Lulu, do run along, you are too vain for anything.
(Exit Lulu.)

(Ring at the door-bell. Enter KATE.)

Kate. If ye plaze, Miss Addie, there's a young woman at the door, and she says, "is cousin Addie ter hum?" an' fut'll I tell her?

Addie (aside.) It must be cousin Jerusha from the country; now for some fun! (To Kate.) Show her in, Kate. (Exit Kate, returning with Jerusha, who rushes up to Addie and embraces her.)

Jerusha. Heow d'ye do, cousin. I thought I'd come ter make a leetle visit. Heow's ther folks?

Addie. Nicely, thank you. Won't you take your hat and shawl off?

Jerusha. Oh yes, I was a goin' ter.

Addie. Would n't you like to see mamma?

Jerusha. Ya-as, I reely should, now. Where is your marm?

Addie. She is down stairs, I believe. Lulu, will you run down and tell mamma that cousin Jerusha is here?

Lulu. Yes. (*Exit.*)

Jerusha. Heow pooty yeou look this morning, cousin Adeline. Do you always wear such pooty dresses? I never hed a silk dress in my life.

Addie. My name is not Adeline, if you please; it is Addie. I think the name of Adeline is perfectly disgusting,

Jerusha. Oh well, jest as you like. Now, I think Adeline is the pootiest name you can git holt on, and that is sayin' a good deal. Why, hullo! Here comes your marm. Why, Aunt Mary! Heow d'ye do?

Mrs. C. How do you do? I presume this is my niece from Hayton, is it not? I am very glad to see you. How are your parents and brother?

Jerusha. Ya-as, I'm your niece, Jerusha Ann Billingsbob, and the folks ter home is gittin' along fust rate.

Mrs. C. Yes, I'm glad to hear it. And now, dear, you will excuse me, as I have some things to attend to down stairs. Addie, will you show Jerusha up to the "chestnut chamber," or shall I let Kate? (*To Jerusha.*) You would like to lie down, I suppose, for a little while, as you must be tired after your long ride.

Jerusha. I do feel kinder tired, an' I guess if you'll let some one show me where I'm a goin' ter sleep, I will lay down fur a little while.

Mrs. C. Well, I will let Kate come up and show you where your room is to be, and she will take up your things that you brought with you. (*To Addie.*) Addie, I wish you would n't put on a silk dress in the mornig, and when you have plenty of wrappers and morning dresses, too; and I should think you ought to do something else besides reading novels all the time as you do.

Addie. Why, what is the matter, ma? But do, please, spare me now.

Mrs. C. Well, dear, just remember what I said. And now I will tell Kate to come up. (*Exit. Returning.*) And while Jerusha is lying down you had better practice your music lesson, for Monsieur De Roye comes this afternoon to give you your lesson. (*Exit.*)

Addie. Yes ma'am.

Jerusha. Why!* Don't you never do no work?

Addie (evasively.) Oh well, I was reading a novel when you came, and mamma does n't think much of "French novels."

(Enter KATE.)

Kate. If ye plaze, Miss Addie, yure ma said as that you wanted me.

Addie. Yes. Show this young lady up to the chestnut chamber on the second floor.

Kate. Yis marm; an' faith, will I hilp her unpack?

Addie. Certainly, if she wishes it.

Kate. Yis marm; sure an' that is the thruth. (*Exit Kate with Jerusha.*)

Addie (to herself.) Oh goodness gracious! I don't know what I shall do if Augustus Martine should happen to call. I must get that absurd Jerusha down in the dining-room, or somewhere, so that I shall not be mortified when I have callers, for she certainly would worry me half to death if she should say such uncouth and awkward things.

(Enter MR. C.)

Mr. C. Addie.

Addie. What, sir?

Mr. C. (handing her a bill.) When did you purchase these articles at Montague and Green's?

Addie. About a month ago.

Mr. C. A month ago! Addie, this extravagance is abominable! Yes! abominable even for the richest person on the globe. \$15 per yard for a silk dress!

Addie. Why, I'm sure that's not expensive at all, and besides, it does not take a great deal of silk for a dress and trimmings!

Mr. C. Perhaps you think so, my child, but it is wasteful extravagance, and I desire that you will buy no more such very expensive dresses.

(Enter LULU.)

Lulu. Oh papa! I'm real glad you are at home, for I want some money to buy a pair of white kid boots to wear at Jeanie Oaklie's party to-night.

Mr. C. Have n't you any boots that you can wear?

Lulu. Oh yes! But none to match the dress that I am going to wear.

Mr. C. Very well. I will go along with you and we will get them. (*Exit Mr. C. and Lulu.*)

Addie. Oh dear me! I think it is real mean that pa lets Lu have anything she wants, when he is always scolding me about "extravagance and too much dress," and I—

(Enter MRS. C.)

Mrs. C. My daughter, I overheard your remarks, and I want to tell you something. That if papa scolds always, you do nothing but "dress" always.

Addie. Well, anyhow, he need n't scold so much as he does.

Mrs. C. Neither need you be so extravagant, and if you get married, and dress as expensively as you like to do now, your husband's money certainly will not last long.

Addie. I don't expect to get married just yet, and even if I did, I'm sure my husband would let me dress as I pleased, or else he would be different from the man *I* want to marry.

Mrs. C. Well dear, if you *do* get married, and I certainly want my daughter to have a good husband, you will have to be more prudent about the matter of "dress" than you are now.

Addie. Ah ma! But I'm not married yet.

Mrs. C. No, dear, but remember that it is not outward but inward adornment which makes one lovely.

Nellie N. Robinson.



JEWISH TABLES.

THE tables of the ancient Jews were constructed of three distinct parts, or separate tables, making but one in the whole. One was placed at the upper end crosswise, and the two others joined to its ends, one on each side, so as to leave an open space between, by which the attendants could readily wait at all three. Round these tables were placed, not *seats*, but *beds*, one to each table: each of these beds was called *clinium*; and three of these being united to surround the three tables, made the *triclinium*. At the end of each *clinium* was a footstool for the convenience of mounting up to it. These beds were formed of mattresses, and were supported on frames of wood often highly ornamented. Each guest reclined on his left elbow, using principally his right hand, which was therefore kept at liberty. The feet of the person reclining being toward the external edge of the bed, were much more readily reached by anybody passing than any other part.



W ILLIAM ID any one of our large number of Schoolmates experience a very warm —nay—an excessively *hot* day somewhere early in August? Don't all speak at once; it was precisely at that particular time, and after dinner, that the editorial column of the September number passed from the printer to the stereotyper. The proof-reader was sick at his home, and the editor dragged out at his office. Hence it is that Mina Powers complains of errors in her enigma in the last number, and if that was all it would not have been so serious, but when that tasty little paper, *OUR GIRLS*, is located in *Newton* instead of *Newton, Mass.*, there is a blunder somewhere.

Well, dear young schoolmates, it is always better to own up, and if mortified say so. We regret these occurrences, but as they are the exception and not the rule, we are sure of your forgiveness.

The title of our new story will be announced in the November number. All that we shall say now is that it *has* a name. To say that Horatio Alger, Jr., is to write it, will make many a heart beat with joy. Mr. Alger writes us that he shall do his best, his *very best* for our readers, whom he desires to reckon his most reliable friends. So look out for the November number, as that will tell what the story is to be.

We call especial attention to our announcements in the advertising pages of the present number. Our prizes offered for the best dialogue will doubtless

bring a response from most gifted pens; and this department originating with and ever forming an important part of the *STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE*, will thus manifest its fidelity to the cause it so early espoused, and has so steadily served.

Neither neglect what we say about the book which we publish *expressly* for our readers, and in accordance with a long expressed wish. It is offered to *every* one of our subscribers, on certain conditions, at much less than its actual cost. Let no one pass by so favorable an opportunity to secure the stories of some of the most famous of our writers *almost without cost*.

Our arrangements to club with other magazines also merit attention. We are a reading people, and in order to secure in the families of our subscribers as large a variety and at as small a cost as possible, we have arranged as advertised, and shall from time to time add to the list as circumstances may suggest.

A brief word in conclusion. Owing to the delay in forwarding Mr. Alger's picture, we presume, quite a number have been returned to us after remaining at post-office for ten days. Although it will cause us an extra postage, we will forward such on receiving directions just *how* to address them to secure delivery. It was an oversight in the artist which prevented their production so rapidly as the demand, and we are anxious to do what we can to carry out our intentions, thus unexpectedly embarrassed.

That excellent daily, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, bestows a high compliment in its notice of the September number of the *Schoolmate*. Our speeches are selected and marked with no partisan or sectarian view, and hence we expect that all will, in turn, see something to which a young speaker may bend his energies, and declaim satisfactorily from the platform. We trust to be as liberal in the future as in the

past, and always feel grateful for honest criticism, as we certainly are for the liberal and kindly notices that our brethren of the press have given us so frequently, the *Transcript* standing among the first.

**Answers.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 104. C-ape. | 105. T-rack. |
| 106. S-hip. | 107. G-host. |
| 108. S-hoe. | 109. T-rout. |
| 110. C-lover. | 111. S-hovel. |
| 112. H-ash. | 113. Tangled Threads. |
| 114. Mode. | 115. Tears. |
| 116. Sore. | 117. More. |
| 118. Earth. | 119. Now. |
| 120. Tea. | 121. Vales. |
| 122. Cato. | 123. Satin. |
| 124. Shore. | 125. And. |
| 126. Salt. | 127. Note. |
| 128. Reward. | 129. Guapore. |
| 130. Saco. | 132. Lincoln. |
| 131. Christopher Columbus. | |
| 133. Charles River. | |
| 134. Money makes the mare go. | |

135. Enigma.

I am composed of 33 letters.
 My 11, 2, 14, 9, 27 is a town in Maine.
 My 33, 12, 31, 18, 10, 28, 7 is a town in Connecticut.
 My 8, 32, 21, 20, 1 is a town in New Hampshire.
 My 16, 19, 22, 10 is one of the United States.

My 17, 13, 26, 23, 12, 5, 24, 20, 14 is a city in Massachusetts.

My 30, 15, 25, 4, 18 is a cry of triumph.

My 3, 29, 23, 6, 8, 12 is the front of a building.

My whole is a rich treat enjoyed by our band of Schoolmates. RUTHVEN.

136. Transpositions of Capes.

1. Bales; 2. Care; 3. Thorn; 4. Maroon; 5. Took Lou; 6. That's are; 7. Lo, hen pen; 8. Shaming-law.

EMERY W. BARTLETT.

137. Complete, I am an ancient weapon; behead me, and I am a fruit; then curtail me and I am a little vegetable; restore my tail and behead me again and I am on your head.

ARTHUR.

138. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in water, but not in rain;
 My second is in window, but not in pane;
 My third is in hymn, and also in song;
 My fourth is in short, but not in long;
 My fifth is in whale, but not in fish;
 My sixth is in earthen, but not in dish;
 My seventh is in soap, but not in lye;
 My eighth is in color, but not in dye;
 My ninth is in dress, but not in gown;
 My tenth is in feathers, but not in down;
 My whole is a town in Maine.

MATTIE.

139. Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 5, 3, 13, 6 is an idiot.
 My 8, 4, 11 is a point.
 My 1, 16, 10, 11 is to throw.
 My 12 17, 9, 11, 2, 19, 17 is a relation.
 To 2, 4, 13, 15, is an article of dress.
 My whole is a popular song. J. E. F.

140. A man, bold and a savage,
 A letter twice in a ravage,
 Combined, will make, I say,
 A state — won't it, I pray.

ROB ROY.



Knowest thou that

He who never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his mistakes.

Step by Step.

Strive daily to purify your character, to make it as white and pure as new-fallen snow. It is a pity our character is not like our hair, which naturally grows white with age.

A Good Idea.

A certain firm in Shelby, Ohio, have adopted a rule fining each member or employee ten cents for each profane word used. The first day after its adoption, two of the parties run up the fines to eighty cents. Since then the penalties have been gradually decreasing. The proceeds are to be applied to benevolent purposes.

Do thy Part.

If we duly consider man, we shall find him a social being; and, in effect such is his nature that he cannot well subsist alone, for out of society he could neither preserve life, display or perfect his faculties and talents, nor retain any real or solid happiness. Under these circumstances men must necessarily form associations for their comfort and defence, as well as for their very existence.

Modest Pat!

"Buy a trunk, Pat?" "And what for should I buy a trunk?" replied Pat. "To put your clothes in, was the reply. "And me go naked?" exclaimed Pat. "Not a bit iv it."

God Provides.

The adaptation of the bills of birds to suit their peculiar wants has long been the admiration of ornithologists. The most curious modification in the form of bills is shown in a small bird resembling the plover, which is found in New Zealand. The bill of this bird is bent in an abrupt angle towards the right, and the extreme point then turns upwards. — When a single specimen was first seen by naturalists it was pronounced a monstrosity. Lately, however, a large number of these birds have been taken, the bills of which all agree in shape. These birds feed most entirely on the seeds of pines, which by means of their peculiarly shaped bills they are able to extract from the cones with great readiness. No more singular example of design is to be met with in the study of the whole animal kingdom.

Industry Saves.

Poverty and pride are inconvenient companions, but when idleness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

A Comprehensive Sermon.

"As we rode home I told Maurice I should like to preach a sermon for him next Sunday. My text should be, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' Blessed is that man who holds his house, his garden, his table, his books, as the steward of Jesus Christ, and knows how to make good use of them in the Master's service. We wait for great opportunities. We envy the ability of a Peabody, an Astor, a Girard. But is there not something in the New Testament about giving a cup of cold water to a disciple? If your garden has but one poor rose-bush, you can give a rose-bud to some poor child who has not even that, or a cutting to your washer-woman's daughter, to brighten her dull room. If your library has but one book,

that is enough to form a circulating library, if you know any one who would gladly read it."

Action is Life.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

A Physiological Experiment.

An extraordinary experiment was lately made by Prof. Dickson, a distinguished physiologist. A few grains of barley were placed before a hungry pigeon, and it at once began picking them up. During this operation the brain of the pigeon was frozen by a spray of ether, and the bird, being thus suddenly deprived of consciousness, ceased picking, and remained for awhile as if deprived of life. At this moment the grains of barley were all cleared away, and, the ether spray having ceased, the brain was allowed to thaw. The bird returned in a short time, as it were, to life, and the first thing it did was to continue pecking for awhile, though no grains were present

How Few Practice it.

There is no real use in riches, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

Is he not Right?

I am as convinced as a man can be that the system of public education is on the eve of a very extensive reform. The world has been taught words dictated by authority thus far. The world needs knowledge and training in independent thought, and it is only the study of nature which will give us the last. But I am satisfied that the basis of the future of education will be the contemplation of the works of nature—no longer the study of languages, no longer the study of the human mind, no longer the process of mathematical reasoning, for though they must form part of a liberal education, they should come after

the organs have been trained through observation, and the mind taught to argue by comparing these observations.
—*Prof. Agassiz.*

Be Cheerful.

Sorrow comes soon enough without dependency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

Not Aye's or No's.

It is said that any nose which is less than the height of the forehead is an indication of defective intellectual power. The eyes indicate character rather by their color than form. The dark blue are found most commonly in persons of a genial and refined character, light blue and grey in the rude and energetic. Lavater says: "Hazel eyes are more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous and profound; just as genius, properly so called, is almost always associated with eyes of a yellowish cast, bordering on hazel." The higher the brows rise the more the possessor is supposed to be under the influence of feeling, and the lower the better controlled by his reason. A very small eyebrow is an indication of want of force of character. A tolerably large mouth is essential to vigor and energy, and a very small one is indicative of weakness and indolence. In a manly face the upper lip should extend beyond and dominate the lower. Fleishy lips are often associated with voluptuous, and meagre ones with a passionless nature. The retreating chin indicates weakness; the perpendicular, strength; the sharp, acuteness of mind.

Patience Illustrated.

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

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Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUSPENSE.



RUFUS generally reached his boarding-house at half past five o'clock. Sometimes Rose and her two young companions were playing in Washington Park at that time, and ran to meet him when he appeared in sight. But on the night of our hero's capture by Martin they waited for him in vain.

"Where can Rufie be?" thought Rose, as she heard six o'clock peal from a neighboring church tower.

She thought he might have gone by without her seeing him, and with this idea, as it was already the hour for dinner, she went into the house. She ran up stairs two

steps at a time, and opened the door of her own room.

"You should not have staid out so late, Rose," said Miss Manning. "You will hardly have time to get ready for dinner."

"I was waiting for Rufie. Has he come?"

"No; he seems to be late to-night."

"I am afraid he's got run over by the cars," said Rose, anxiously.

"Rufus is old enough to take care of himself. I've no doubt he's quite safe."

"Then what makes him so late?"

"He is probably detained by business. But there is the bell. We must go down to dinner."

"Can't we wait for Rufie?"

"No, my dear child, we cannot tell when he will be home."

"It don't seem a bit pleasant to eat dinner without Rufie," complained Rose.

"It is n't often he stays, Rose. He'll tell us all about it when he comes."

They went down and took their seats at the dinner-table.

"Where is your brother, Rose?" asked Mrs. Clifton.

"He has n't got home," said Rose, rather disconsolately.

"I am sorry for that. He is a very agreeable young man. If I was n't married," simpered Mrs. Clifton, "I should set my cap for him. But I must n't say that, or Mr. Clifton will be jealous."

"O, don't mind me," said Mr. Clifton, carelessly. "It won't spoil my appetite."

"I don't think there's anything that would spoil *your* appetite," said his wife rather sharply, for she would have been flattered by her husband's jealousy.

"Just so," said Mr. Clifton, coolly. "May I trouble you for some chicken, Mrs. Clayton?"

"You're a great deal too old for Rufie, Mrs. Clifton," said Rose, with more plainness than politeness.

"I'm not quite so young as you are, Rose," said Mrs. Clifton, somewhat annoyed. "How old do you think I am?"

"Most fifty," answered Rose, honestly.

"Mercy sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Clifton, horrified, "what a child you are! Why don't you say a hundred and done with it?"

"How old are you, Mrs. Clifton?" persisted Rose.

"Well, if you must know, I shall be twenty-five next November."

Mrs. Clifton was considerably nearer thirty-five, but then ladies are very apt to be forgetful of their age.

The dinner hour passed, and Rose and Miss Manning left the table. They went up stairs hoping that Rufus might be there before them, but the room was empty. An hour and a half passed and it was already beyond eight, the hour at which Rose usually went to bed.

"Can't I sit up a little later to-night, Miss Manning?" pleaded Rose. "I want to see Rufie."

"No, Rose, I think not. You 'll see him in the morning."

So Rose unwillingly undressed and went to bed.

By this time Miss Manning began to wonder a little why Rufus did not appear. It seemed to her rather strange that he should be detained by business till after eight o'clock, and she thought that an accident might possibly have happened to him. Still Rufus was a strong, manly boy, well able to take care of himself, and this was not possible.

When ten o'clock came, and he had not yet made his appearance, she went down stairs. The door of the hall bed-room which Rufus occupied was open, and empty. This she saw on the way. In the hall below she met Mrs. Clayton.

"Rufus has not yet come in?" she said, interrogatively.

"No, I have not seen him. I saved some dinner for him, thinking he might have been detained."

"I can't think why he does n't come home. I think he must be here soon. Do you know if he has a latch-key?"

"Yes, he got a new one of me the other day. Perhaps he has gone to some place of amusement."

"He would not go without letting us know beforehand. He would know we would feel anxious."

"Yes, he is more considerate than most young men of his age. I don't think you need feel anxious about him."

Miss Manning went up stairs disappointed. She began to feel perplexed and anxious. Suppose something should happen to Rufus, what would they do? Rose would refuse to be comforted. She was glad the little girl was asleep, otherwise she would be asking questions which she would be unable to answer. It was now her hour for retiring, but she resolved to sit up a little longer. More than an hour passed, and still Rufus did not come. It seemed unlikely that he would return that night, and Miss Manning saw that it was useless to sit up longer. It was possible, however, that he might have come in, and gone at once to his room, thinking it too late to disturb them. But on going down to the next floor, she saw that his room was still unoccupied.

Rose woke up early in the morning; Miss Manning was already awake.

"Did Rufie come last night?" asked the little girl.

"He had not come when I went to bed," was the answer. "Perhaps he came in afterwards."

"May I dress and go down and see?"

"Yes, if you would like to."

Rose dressed quicker than usual, and went down stairs. She came up again directly with a look of disappointment.

"Miss Manning, he is not here," she said. "His chamber door is open, and I saw that he had not slept in his bed."

"Very likely Mr. Turner sent him out of the city on business," said Miss Manning, with an indifference which she did not feel.

"I wish he'd come," said Rose. "I shall give him a good scolding when he gets home for staying away so long."

"Did not Mr. Rushton come?" asked Mrs. Clayton, at the breakfast table.

"Not yet. I suppose he is detained by business."

Just after breakfast, Miss Manning, as usual, took the three little girls out in the park to play. It was their custom to come in about nine o'clock to study. This morning, however, their governess went to Mrs. Colman and said, "I should like to take this morning, if you have no objection. I am feeling a little anxious about Rufus, who did not come home last night. I would like to go to the office where he is employed, and inquire whether he has been sent out of town on any errand."

"Certainly, Miss Manning. The little girls can go out and play in the Park while you are gone."

"Thank you."

"Where are you going, Miss Manning?" asked Rose, seeing that the governess was preparing to go out.

"I am going to Rufie's office to see why he staid away."

"May I go with you?" asked Rose, eagerly.

"No, Rose, you had better stay at home. The streets are very crowded down town, and I should n't like to venture across Broadway with you. You can go and play in the Park."

"And shan't we have any lessons?"

"Not this morning."

"That will be nice," said Rose, who like most girls of her age enjoyed a holiday.

Miss Manning walked to Broadway, and took a stage. That she knew would carry her as far as Wall Street, only a few rods from Mr. Turner's office. She had seldom been in a stage, the stage fare being higher than in the cars, and even four cents made a difference to her. She would have enjoyed the brilliant scene which Broadway always presents, with its gay shop-windows, and hurrying multitudes, if her mind had not been pre-occupied. At length Trinity spire came in sight. When they reached the great church which forms so prominent a landmark in the lower part of Broadway, she got out, and turned into Wall Street.

It did not take her long to find Mr. Turner's number. She had

never been there before, and had never met Mr. Turner, and naturally felt a little diffident about going into the office. It was on the second floor. She went up the staircase, and timidly entered. She looked about her, but Rufus was not to be seen. At first no one noticed her, but finally a clerk with a pen behind his ear came out from behind the line of desks.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" he asked.

"Is Rufus Rushton here?" she asked.

"No, he is not."

"Was he here yesterday?"

"He's out of the office just now on some business of Mr. Turner's. That's Mr. Turner, if you would like to speak to him."

Miss Manning turned, and saw Mr. Turner just entering the office. He was a pleasant-looking man, and this gave her courage to address him.

"Mr. Turner," she said, "I came to ask about Rufus Rushton. He did not come home last night, and I am feeling anxious about him."

"Indeed!" said the banker, "I am surprised to hear that. It leads me to think that he may have found a clue to the stolen box."

"The stolen box!" repeated Miss Manning, in surprise.

"Yes, did he not tell you of it?"

"No sir."

Mr. Turner briefly related the particulars already known to the reader. "I think," he said, in conclusion, "Rufus must have tracked the man Martin, and —"

"Martin!" interrupted Miss Manning. "Was he the thief?"

"Yes, so Rufus tells me. Do you know him?"

"I have good reason to. He is a very bad man. I hope he has not got Rufus in his power."

"I don't think you need feel apprehensive. Rufus is a smart boy, and knows how to take care of himself. He'll come out right, I have no doubt."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Turner. I will bid you good morning, with thanks for your kindness."

"If Rufus comes in this morning, I will let him go home at once, that your anxiety may be relieved."

With this assurance Miss Manning departed. She had learned something, but in spite of the banker's assurance, she felt troubled. She knew Martin was a bad man, and she was afraid Rufus would come to harm.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARTIN GROWS SUSPICIOUS.

OUR hero's interview with Humpy gave him new courage. When he had felt surrounded by enemies the chances seemed against him. Now he had a friend in the house who was interested in securing his escape. Not only this, but there was a fair chance of recovering the box for which he was seeking. On the whole, therefore, Rufus was in very good spirits.

About nine o'clock he heard a step on the stairs which he recognized as that of his step-father. He had good reason to remember that step. Many a time while his mother was alive, and afterwards while they were living in Leonard Street, he had listened to it coming up the rickety staircase, and dreaded the entrance of the man whose presence was never welcome.

After some fumbling at the lock the door opened, and Martin entered. It was dark, and he could not at first see Rufus.

"Where are you, you young villain?" he inquired, with a hiccough.

Rufus did n't see fit to answer when thus addressed.

"Where are you, I say?" repeated Martin.

"Here I am," answered Rufus.

"Why did n't you speak before? Did n't you hear me?" demanded his step-father, angrily.

"Yes, Mr. Martin, I heard you," said Rufus, composedly.

"Then why did n't you answer?"

"Because you called me a young villain."

"Well, you are one."

Rufus did not answer.

Martin locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He next struck a match, and lit the gas. Then seating himself in a rocking-chair, still with his hat on, he looked at Rufus with some curiosity, mingled with triumph.

"I hope you like your accommodations," he said.

"Pretty well."

"We don't charge you nothing for board, you see, and you have n't any work to do. That's what I call living like a gentleman."

"I believe you tried the same kind of life at Blackwell's Island," said Rufus.

"Look here," said Martin, roughly, "you'd better not insult me. I did n't come here to be insulted."

"What did you come for, then?" asked Rufus.

"I thought you'd like to know how Rose was," answered Martin.

"I don't believe you have seen her."

"Well you need n't believe it. Perhaps I did n't meet her on the street, and foller her home. She begged me to tell her where you was, but I could n't do it."

Rufus felt a temporary uneasiness when he heard this statement, but there was something in Martin's manner which convinced him that he had not been telling the truth. He decided to change the subject.

"Mr. Martin," he said, "have you made up your mind to give up that tin box?"

"No I hav' n't. I can't spare it."

"If you will give it up I will see that you are not punished for taking it."

"I ain't a goin' to be punished for taking it."

"You certainly will be if you are caught."

"What do you know about it?"

"There was a man convicted of the same thing three months ago, and he got five years for it."

"I don't believe it," said Martin, uneasily.

"You need n't if you don't want to."

"I have n't got the box now, so I could n't give it back. Smith's got it."

"Is that the man I saw this morning?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd better ask him to give it back to you."

"He would n't do it if I asked him."

"Then I'm sorry for you."

Martin was not very brave, and in spite of his assertions he felt uneasy at what Rufus was saying. Besides, he felt rather afraid of our hero. He knew that Rufus was a resolute, determined boy, and that he could not keep him confined forever. Some time he would get out, and Martin feared that he would set the officers on his track. The remark of Smith that he would make a good boy for their business occurred to him, and he determined to try him on a new tact. If he could get him compromised by a connection with their business, it would be for his interest also to keep clear of the police.

"Rufus," said Martin, edging his chair towards our hero, "I'm your friend."

Rufus was rather astonished at this sudden declaration.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said, "but I don't think you've treated me in a very friendly manner."

"About the tin box?"

"Yes, partly that. If you're my friend, you will return it, and not keep me locked up here."

"Never mind, Rufus, I've got a business proposal to make to you. You're a smart boy."

"I am glad you think so."

"And I can give you a chance to make a good living."

"I am making a good living now, or I was before you interfered with me."

"How much did you earn a week?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Was it over ten dollars a week?"

"About that?"

"I know a business that will pay you fifteen dollars a week."

"What is it?"

"It is the one I'm in. I earn a hundred dollars a month."

"If you are earning as much as that, I should n't think you'd need to steal tin boxes."

"There was n't much in it. Only a hundred dollars in money."

"You are not telling me the truth. There were four hundred dollars in it."

"What was that you said?" asked Martin, pricking up his ears.

"There were four hundred dollars in it."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Turner told me so."

"Smith told me there were only a hundred. He opened it, and gave me half."

"Then he gave you fifty, and kept three hundred and fifty himself."

"If I thought that, I'd smash his head," said Martin, angrily. "Make me run all the risk, and then cheat me out of my hard earnin's. Do you call that fair?"

"I think he's been cheating you," said Rufus, not sorry to see Martin's anger with his confederate.

"It's a mean trick," said Martin, indignantly. "I'd ought to have got two hundred. It was worth it."

"I would n't do what you did for a good deal more than two hundred dollars. You have n't told me what that business was that I could earn fifteen dollars a week at."

"No," said Martin, "I've changed my mind about it. If Smith's goin' to serve me such a mean trick, I won't work for him no longer. I'll speak to him about it to-morrow."

Martin relapsed into silence. Rufus had given him something to think about, which disturbed him considerably. Though he had been disappointed in the contents of the box, he had not for a moment doubted the good faith of his confederate, and he was proportionately incensed now that the latter had appropriated seven dollars to his one. Considering that he had done all the work, and incurred all the danger, it did seem rather hard.

There was one bed in the room, rather a narrow one.

"I 'm goin' to bed," said Martin, at length. "I guess the bed 'll be big enough for us both."

"Thank you," said Rufus, who did not fancy the idea of sleeping with his step-father. "If you 'll give me one of the pillows, I 'll sleep on the floor."

"Just as you say, but you 'll find it rather hard sleepin'."

"I sha'n't mind."

This was the arrangement they adopted. Martin took off his coat and vest, and threw himself on the bed. He was soon asleep, as his heavy breathing clearly indicated. Rufus, stretched on the floor, lay awake longer. It occurred to him that he might easily take the key of the door from the pocket of Martin's vest which lay on the chair at his bedside, and so let himself out of the room. But even then it would be uncertain whether he could get out of the house, and he would have to leave the tin box behind him. This he hoped to get hold of through Humpy's assistance. On the whole, therefore, it seemed best to wait a little longer.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ESCAPE.

HUMPHY made up his mind to accept our hero's offer. Fifty dollars was to him a small fortune, and he saw no reason why he should not earn it. The brutal treatment he had received from Smith, removed all the objections he had at first felt.

Now how was he going to fulfil his part of the compact?

To release Rufus would be comparatively easy. He happened to know that the key of his own room in the attic would also fit the door of the chamber in which our hero was confined. The difficulty was to get possession of the tin box. He did not even know where it was concealed, and must trust to his own sagacity to find out.

To this end he watched his employer carefully whenever he got a chance to do so without being observed, hoping he might take the box out from its place of concealment. Finally Smith noticed the boy's glances, and said, roughly, "What are you looking at, boy? Do you think you shall know me next time you see me?"

Humpy did not reply, but this made him more careful.

In the morning he took up our hero's breakfast, meeting Martin on his way down stairs.

"Well?" said Rufus, eagerly, as he entered the room. "Have you found out anything about the box?"

"Not yet," said Humpy. "I'm tryin' to find where he's hid it. I can let you out any time."

"How?"

"I've got a key that fits this lock."

"That's well, but I'd rather wait till I can carry the box with me."

"I'll do what I can," said Humpy. "I'm goin' to watch him sharp. I'd better go down now, or maybe he'll be suspectin' something."

Humpy went down stairs, leaving Rufus to eat his breakfast. On his way down his attention was attracted by angry voices, proceeding from the room in which he had left Smith. He comprehended at once that Smith and Martin were having a dispute about something. He stood still and listened attentively, and caught the following conversation.

"The boy tells me," said Martin, doggedly, "that there was four hundred dollars in the box. You only gave me fifty."

"Then the boy lies," said Smith, irritated.

"I don't believe he does," said Martin. "I don't like him myself, but he ain't in the habit of telling lies."

"Perhaps you believe him sooner than you do me."

"I don't see where the three hundred dollars went," persisted Martin, "considerin' that I did all the work, fifty dollars was very small for me."

"You got half what there was. If there'd been more, you'd have got more."

"Why did n't you wait and open the box when I was there?"

"Look here," said Smith, menacingly, "If you think I cheated you, you might as well say so right out. I don't like beating around the bush."

"The boy says there was four hundred dollars. Turner told him so."

"Then Turner lies," exclaimed Smith, who was the more angry, because the charge was a true one.

"The box is just as it was when I opened it. I'll bring it out and show you just where I found the money."

When Humpy heard this, his eyes sparkled with excitement and anticipation. Now, if ever, he would find out the whereabouts of the tin box. Luckily for him the door was just ajar, and by standing on the upper part of the staircase he could manage to see into the room.

He saw Smith go to a desk at the centre of one side of the room, and open a drawer in it. From this he drew out the box, and opening it displayed the contents to Martin.



“ THEN TURNER LIES.”

“There,” said he, “that’s where I found the money. There was a roll of ten ten dollar bills. I divided them into two equal parts, and gave you your share. I was disappointed myself, for I expected more. I did n’t think you’d suspect me of cheating you. But I don’t want any fuss. I’ll give you ten dollars off my share, and then you can’t complain.”

So saying, he took out a ten from his pocket-book, and handed it to Martin.

"Are you satisfied now?" he asked.

"I suppose I shall have to be," said Martin, rather sullenly, for he was by no means sure of the veracity of his confederate.

"It's all I can do for you at any rate," said Smith. "And now suppose we take breakfast. I shall want you to go to Newark to-day."

He replaced the box in the drawer, and locking it, put the key in his pocket.

By this time Humpy thought it would do to re-appear.

"Where've you been all the time?" asked Smith, roughly.

"The boy up stairs was talkin' to me."

"What did he say?"

"He asked what was your business?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I did n't rightly know, but I thought you was a manufacturer."

"Right, Humpy; you're a smart boy," laughed Smith. "You know a thing or two."

The boy showed his teeth, and appeared pleased with the compliment.

"What else did he ask?"

"He asked, would I let him out?"

"Did he, the young rascal? And what did you tell him?"

"Not for Joe!"

"Good for you! There's a quarter," and Smith offered the boy twenty-five cents.

"If he'd done that yesterday instead of hittin' me," thought Humpy, "I would n't have gone ag'inst him."

But the money came too late. Humpy had a brooding sense of wrong, not easily removed, and he had made up his mind to betray his employer.

The breakfast proceeded, Humpy waiting upon the table. When the meal was over, Smith gave Martin some instructions, and the latter set out for Newark, which was to be the scene of his operations during the day. About half an hour later Smith said, "Humpy, I've got to go down town; I may be gone all the forenoon. Stay in the house while I am gone, and look out above all that that boy up stairs don't escape."

"Yes sir," said Humpy.

When Smith left the coast was clear. There were none in the house except Rufus and the boy who was expected to stand guard over him. The giant had gone to Philadelphia on some business, precisely what

Humpy did not understand, and there was nothing to prevent his carrying out his plans.

He had two or three old keys in his pocket, and with these he eagerly tried the lock of the drawer. But none exactly fitted. One was too large, the other two were too small.

Humpy decided what to do. He left the house, and went to a neighboring locksmith.

"I want to get a key," he said.

"What size?"

"A little smaller than this"

"I must know the exact size, or I can't suit you. What is it the key of?"

"A drawer."

"I can go with you to the house."

"That won't do," said Humpy. "I've lost the key and I don't want the boss to know it. He'd find out if you went to the house."

"Then I'll tell you what you can do. Take an impression of the lock in wax. I'll give you some wax and show you how. Then I'll make a key for you."

"Can you do it right off? I'm in a great hurry."

"Yes, my son, I'll attend to it right away."

He brought a piece of wax, and showed Humpy how to take an impression of a lock.

"There," said he, laughing, "that's the first lesson in burglary."

Humpy lost no time in hurrying back, and following the locksmith's instructions. He then returned to the shop.

"How soon can I have the key?"

"In an hour. I'm pretty sure I've got a key that will fit this impression with a little filing down. Come back in an hour, and you shall have it."

Humpy went back, and seeing that there were some traces of wax on the lock, he carefully washed them off with soap. A little before the hour was up, he reported himself at the locksmith's.

"Your key is all ready for you," said the smith. "I guess it will answer."

"How much is it?"

"Twenty-five cents."

Humpy paid the money, and hurried to the house, anxious to make his experiment.

The locksmith's assurance was verified. The key did answer. The drawer opened, and the errand boy's eyes sparkled with pleasure as they

rested on the box. He snatched it, hastily relocked the drawer, and went up the stairs two at a time. He had the key of his attic room in his pocket. With this he opened the door of the chamber, and entering, triumphantly displayed to Rufus the tin box.

"I've got it!" he ejaculated.

Rufus sprang to his feet, and hurried up to him.

"You're a trump," he said. "How did you get hold of it?"

"I have n't time to tell you now. We must be goin', or Mr. Smith may come back and stop us."

"All right!" said Rufus, "I'm ready."

The two boys ran down stairs, and opening the front door made their egress into the street, Rufus with the tin box under his arm.

"Where will we go?" asked Humpy.

"Are you going with me?"

"Yes, I want that money."

"You shall have it. You have fairly earned it, and I'll see that you get it, if I have to pay it out of my own pocket."

"I sha'n't go back," said Humpy.

"Why not?"

"He'll know I let you out. He'll murder me if I go back."

"I'll be your friend. I'll get you something to do," said Rufus.

"Will you?" said the hunchback, brightening up.

"Yes. I won't forget the service you have done me."

Rufus had hardly got out these words when Humpy clutched him violently by the arm, and pulled him into a passage-way, the door of which was open to the street.

"What's that for?" demanded Rufus, inclined to be angry.

Humpy put his finger to his lip, and pointed to the street. On the opposite sidewalk Rufus saw Smith sauntering easily along with a cigar in his mouth.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



THE ROBBERS OF WOODLEE.



ONE of the most romantic regions of the Empire State, within sight of the beautiful waters of Cayuga Lake, Judge Bacon built his country home.

There were eight of the Bacon children, and the summer of which I write, Mrs. Anthony, a sister of Judge Bacon, came on from California with four more. With so many heads to plan, there was no end to the good times.

Col. Church, Mrs. Bacon's youngest brother, had just returned from an extensive tour in Europe, and he was never weary of telling stories. There was a mystery about Col. Church. The servants whispered of it below stairs, Judge Bacon and his wife talked sadly of it in their rooms. "Never worry Uncle Charles, and never question of Hugo," Mrs. Bacon said the night before the Colonel came. Hugo was a golden haired boy who had been stolen almost five years before. Hugo's mamma had been very ill, and when the news was brought her that her darling was lost, she went crazy. One night she stole away from her attendants. In the morning some boatmen found a woman's slipper entangled in the sea-weed. Later in the day a body was washed ashore. Hugo's mother had found rest. Colonel Church went abroad, but he could find no place where he was so free from haunting memories, as in his sister's home, where there were so many to love him.

"We will wait five minutes more, if Charles does not come we will sit down ;" said Judge Bacon one pleasant August morning. The family were gathered in the breakfast room where for half an hour they had waited the coming of Colonel Church.

"Lo, here hath been dawning,
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it,
Slip useless away !"

said the Colonel as he entered the room at the expiration of five minutes. "Carlyle, among other good things, has saved you a scolding Sir," said Judge Bacon, as he took a seat at the table, "The minutes spent in scolding you would begin a useless day."

"Husband, don't you take the hint? Charles wants to plan an excursion." Mrs. Bacon exchanged a merry glance with her brother. "Elsie is right," he said, laughing, "I want to go to Purgatory Rock. It is too pleasant a day to lose."

Cries of "Do go papa," "Please take us, Uncle Jule," came from the children's table.

"Now children, don't talk all at once." Judge Bacon smiled as he looked into the sparkling eyes. "I know it is 'splendid,' as you say; Grace, and Joe, and Ted would have a 'jolly time,' but where are the horses to carry, the carriages to hold you, if we grown people want to go? Monday you went to the Lake, and we staid quietly at home, are you willing to return the courtesy to-day?"

"Yes, yes," was the ready answers.

"I think my father and Uncle Jule are the best men in the world," said Joe Anthony, after the children had watched the carriages out of sight, and thrown all their old shoes after it for good luck. "They treat us as if we were gentlemen, and they respected us; I feel mean enough to think we asked to go."

"Father says he never forgets he was once a boy," said Ted, as he turned a skilful somerset in front of a blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl, who pushed him back with the words, "you promised not to, Ted."

"Not to what? I'd like to know, Miss Lillie."

"Not to bother me all day if I would never tell who put the burs in my hair, and inked my blue sash, and —"

The children were startled by a loud shriek, and then a succession of horrid yells. "Oh my eyes, it's Theo, he has got on the Sioux chief's clothes, said Ted, as a funny little figure, waving something that glistened in the sun, came half running, half tumbling toward them.

"I declare I was frightened to death," said Grace, a tall girl just entering her teens.

"Papa said we might bury you next time you were frightened to death. When the boys come back we will."

"Oh Lillie," said Grace, eager to turn the conversation, "did Ted really put those burs in your hair?"

"Yes he did, but you must n't tell. Mamma cried when she cut off my curls, and papa said the luck had gone from the house, now the golden-fleeced lamb was shorn."

"Girls, girls!" cried Joe, as he ran breathless into their midst, we are going to have lots of fun, Theo and Louis, Ted and Ike are going to be Indians, they are all dressed up in the clothes we brought. Theo is the chief, Delia painted his face, so he looks as fierce as anything. You girls, and Charchie and I are an emigrant train, Herman is going to hitch the blind ox to that old hay-cart, and we can ride in that. When we get to the top of the hill where the trees are, the Indians will attack us. You must scream, and pretend to be dreadful frightened. Frank and Fred are soldiers from the fort, who come to our rescue."

Never was emigrant train more fiercely defended. The painted chief seemed determined to capture the blue-eyed Lillie; but Joe was too active for that, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the Sioux chief sprawling on the ground, and calling for quarter. Fred and Frank were a little late coming to the rescue; they had tried to mount the mules Herman had turned into the pasture to rest during noon-time. "The stubborn old things would n't let us ride a minute," said Fred ruefully, as he dipped his handkerchief in the brook, and bathed a scratch on his temple.

"Look quick, boys," cried Lillie, "a squaw, and her papoose are coming up the hill."

"Wait until you've been on the plains, before you talk about squaws," said Theo, contemptuously, "That's some old tramp and her boy."

A tall, haggard woman, wearing a faded calico dress, and having a pair of small snakish eyes approached the children. Behind her, dragging his bare bruised feet as if they were clogged with chains, came a slender half-clothed boy. "Hurry 'long ye lazy snail," snapped the woman, as she picked up a stone and tossed it back at the boy.

"Yes 'm," he answered her feebly, then tottered and fell.

"What do you hurry him for, when he's tired to death?" said Ted, indignantly.

"I don't hurry him any more than I can help. I am sick, and so is he. I want to get somewhere beside this wild place afore night."

"What did you come here for? There is no house but ours within four miles."

The woman gave Ted a searching look, as she answered: "We got lost, a man down the road said there was a big house, and plenty of barn-room not far from here. Do ye live in the big house, dearies?"

"Uncle Jule don't let trampers stay anywhere on the place," said Joe decidedly.

"He'll let my sick boy stay in his barn, I know."

"No he won't, beside he's gone, there is no one but us children and the servants at home. They won't be home before twelve o'clock to-night, they said so."

Poor indiscreet Joe. The woman's eye glistened. "Can I go to your house and get a drink of milk. My boy can travel if he has a drink and a little rest."

"Yes indeed, papa never turns any one away empty," said Ted, as he led the way to the house.

Until late in the day, the woman and her boy staid under the shade trees in the rear of the house. After a good deal of coaxing, Betty tho

ruddy-cheeked chamber-girl, crossed the hard palm of the low-browed, sharp-featured woman with a silver half dollar Herman had given her. return she heard so merry a story of the life she was to lead, that all the servants were led to follow her example.

"If there are no more of ye, I'll go long," said the woman, as she touched with her foot the curly head of the boy, who had fallen asleep on the grass. "Mamma, mamma," he murmured.

"Drat the child! Wake up, will ye?" With a weary, hopeless look in his blue eyes the boy staggered to his feet.

"I'm much obliged to ye, and hope to see ye agin." There was a strange glitter in the woman's eye, and in a moment she was gone.

"I wish we had watched her out of sight, I don't feel right about her," said the cook as she drove a nail over one of her kitchen windows. What did she follow me into the milk-room for, I'd like to know? She did n't keep her eyes in one place no time; come to think Abel Tucker told me this morning some suspicious folks had been seen. Did n't he tell you nothing, Herman?"

"Yes," he said, "the store was broken open, that's nothing uncommon. Nobody's prowling round here."

There were no outdoor games after the woman left. The lights were brought early, and it was arranged that the children should lie on the floor, until the family returned, in Mrs. Bacon's room. Delia spread soft comfortables and made every arrangement for sleep, although Joe declared it was not safe to shut their eyes. Kittie and Agnes, Joe's little sisters, fell asleep, directly after tea. "They are not old enough to be afraid," said Theo, as he helped Delia lay them on Mrs. Bacon's bed.

"Joe and I don't think it is safe for us boys to go to sleep," said Ted, "so we must tell stories to keep awake."

The old clock in the hall, of which Judge Bacon was so proud, which had kept up its solemn tick tack for a hundred and fifty years, whose polished white face showed never a sign of age, struck ten. Joe had been telling one of his father's adventures with a Mexican bravo, when somehow his head fell back upon the pillow where Ted and Theo were breathing so heavily, and he forgot all about hair-breadth escapes. The light from the sperm candle burned low, flickered and went out.

The moonbeams struggled in between the folds of the curtain. All was quiet save the distant note of a Whippoorwill, the ceaseless song of the tireless crickets, and the low measured breathing of the children. Long after Joe's voice had died away, Mrs. Bacon's door softly opened, and the boy who had been fed from the children's hand, who had slept upon the grass, slipped into the room. "I shan't let them hurt the chil-

dren," he said softly. "They were so kind to me, and they look so pretty. Oh dear! I wish I was one of 'em."

He stole to the side of the bed. Kitty and Agnes were smiling in their sleep, and the moonbeams were kissing them. "I would n't let them in, if I was n't afraid they 'd kill me," he muttered, as he laid his dirty hand on Kitty's dimpled cheek.

There was a low whistle. "Oh! I wish I dared, but the folks would n't believe me, they 'd shut me in jail, Lina would kill me when I got out."

Another low whistle; — the boy moved toward the outer door of the room, and noiselessly drew the bolts.

Colonel Church's room was directly opposite his sister's; the door was open. Over the bed hung the painting of a beautiful woman; in her arms nestled a fair-faced boy. The moonbeams lit up the picture, the woman's eyes seemed fixed upon the child as he stood on the threshold of the door. In a recess at the farther side of the room, stood a large-sized crib, lace curtains falling from a hook in the wall half concealing it. It was Hugo's crib. Colonel Church had never parted with it, and had never allowed any one to disturb the pillows on which his boy had laid.

The child in the picture seemed to beckon to the child in the door; he rubbed his eyes, drew his hand across his forehead, as if striving to remember something, came nearer the pictured faces. The woman's arms seemed stretched out ready to receive him, his lips were moving to speak to her. Then again was heard that low whistle, sharper, more imperative. The boy turned toward the door. A breath of air came in from the window and lifted the curtains of the crib. With a wild cry the child fell forward. In a moment all was confusion, the servants had slept but lightly, they were all astir.

Herman fired several shots from the window; no one came into the room where the child was. After a while he crept to the crib, pulled aside the curtains and got in. "I have been here before, I know I have, long ago when some one sang to me." He murmured a little while to himself, then straightened out the weary limbs, and closed the tired eyes.

While the children in the next room were whispering and shuddering, the dirty little stranger in Hugo's crib was fast asleep.

Before the clock struck twelve the excursionists returned. Never had father and mother seemed so all-powerful as when the trembling children were clasped once more in their arms.

A thorough investigation of doors and windows, closets, and other hiding-places satisfied all that no attempt had been made upon the house, and that no one was concealed.

Early in the morning the household were startled with the intelligence that Herman had found blood stains, and had traced them to the ravine at the rear of the grounds. Here on a pile of brush, moaning faintly, was the woman who had told fortunes the day before. She was bleeding to death from a wound in the shoulder. "She cannot live long. It is not best to move her." As Colonel Church spoke, the woman turned her head and listened eagerly.

"Go to her, Herman; perhaps she has something to say," said Judge Bacon. The woman's lips moved, Herman listened.



THE DISCOVERY.

"Who said I was going to die?"

"It was Colonel Church, him that stands yonder."

"Colonel Church, Charles Church, tell him to come here." The woman lifted herself forward, and pressing her hand upon her heart said, brokenly, "He is in the house, Hugo, I hid him last night. Hugo,

good boy, I stole him. I am Lina Henderson. I said I would have my pay. They shot me last night, some one from the house." There was a gasp — and the woman fell back upon the brush dead.

Mrs. Bacon was the first to find Hugo. She had gone to her brother's room for something, and found the child tossing in the crib, moaning, "Mamma, mamma." Colonel Church came in just as she was ringing for assistance.

"Elsie, Elsie," he cried, "it is Hugo, my lost boy." Catching the child in his arms, the strong man sobbed out, "Hugo, Hugo, papa's darling boy."

"Yes, that is it," said the child, drowsily, opening his eyes, "papa called me darling boy, mamma's little Hugo."

For many long weeks life and death struggled for Hugo. Life triumphed at last. The fever burned out. Hugo was left very thin and weak, but on this side of the shore.

When the child became conscious he knew his father, and asked for his mother, but could tell nothing of Lina Henderson and the sad life spent with her. Physicians said he had been kept under the influence of drugs, and would remember the past as a horrid dream.

Lina Henderson had been nurse to little Hugo. She had been discharged for theft. When Hugo was lost, no one thought of her; it did not occur to them that she would seek so terrible a revenge. Herman buried her in the ravine. No flowers bloomed, and no tears fell for her.

Jean McLean.



HEROES AND SAGES OF GREECE.*

NO. I.—LYCURGUS.

THERE is a small country, five thousand miles from here, whose history is fascinating beyond that of any other. Greece is not quite half as large as the State of New York; but the glory of a land is not in its extent of surface, but in the character and actions of its people. Of the sages and heroes who made Greece so famous among the nations, we propose to give some account, beginning with Lycurgus, the legislator of Sparta.

Lycurgus lived about eight hundred years before Christ. He governed Sparta as guardian of his nephew, the infant king. He formed

*By the late Thomas Bulfinch, Author of "The Age of Fable." Revised by S. G. Bulfinch, D. D.

the laws and institutions with a view to make the people a nation of warriors. He therefore discouraged luxury, and did everything to inculcate love of country, and contempt of pain, and even of death. He did not encourage learning or the elegant arts, as the Athenians did; nor did he favor commerce or intercourse with other states; for these things, he thought, might interfere with his main object. But in all things he endeavored to promote temperance, courage, self-denial, and obedience to the laws.

The country of which Sparta or Lacedæmon was the capital, was called Laconia. Its inhabitants were of three classes; first, the true Spartans, descended from the Dorian conquerors; these were few in number, and inhabited the city; they were the governing class, devoted entirely to arms; and many of the institutions of Lycurgus seem to have related only to them. The next class were the Periœci, or suburbans, descended from the old inhabitants, with some mixture of the poorer Dorians and of slaves who had been emancipated. The third class was that of the Helots or slaves.

Lycurgus wished to discourage the accumulation of wealth, as promoting irregularity among the citizens, and leading to luxury. He is said to have divided the territory of the city into nine thousand equal lots, giving one to each of the Spartans; and the rest of Laconia into thirty thousand lots, giving one to each of the Periœci. We are told that on his return from a journey shortly after the division of the lands, in harvest-time, the ground being newly reaped, as he saw the stacks all standing equal and alike, he smiled and said, "Methinks all Laconia looks like one family estate, just divided among a band of brothers." This division of the country, however, is not mentioned by the earliest writers on the life of Lycurgus; but even if it be untrue, the numbers mentioned show that when the story originated, the real Spartans were less than one fourth of the free inhabitants; and, of course, a much smaller proportion of the whole, including the slaves. No wonder that they had to devote themselves to arms to maintain their control over so many times their number of subjects.

Another story respecting Lycurgus is that in order to make money less attractive, he forbade the circulation of gold and silver, and had his coins made of iron. Thus it was impossible for one to carry much money with him, and any considerable sum would require a store-house to keep it in, and a cart and horse to drag it about. But modern historians, who are great spoilers of old stories, remind us that no silver money was coined in Greece till after the time of Lycurgus, nor gold till long after; so that iron money was not as peculiar to Sparta as had

been supposed. The Spartans were not quite insensible to the charms of wealth; but a story is told of an instance in which the clear observation and straightforward honesty of a child saved a great man from disgracing himself by receiving a bribe. In the beginning of those disturbances which led finally to the invasion of Darius, Aristagoras of Miletus came to Sparta, and tried to persuade the king, Cleomenes, to engage his state in a foreign war. The king refused, but the stranger offered him great sums of money if he would consent. As they were talking, the king's little daughter, Gorgo, eight years old, was playing about the room, unnoticed but not unnoticing. She saw the earnestness of the stranger, and heard him name ten talents, then twenty, then thirty, while her father hesitated and almost gave way. Suddenly the little girl reached up to his arm and said, "Come away, father, or the stranger will corrupt you." The king looked down on his dear and innocent prompter, and sent the tempter away disappointed.

But the law of Lycurgus by which he struck the most effectual blow against luxury and the desire of riches, was that which required that the citizens should all eat in common, of the same bread and meat, and of kinds that were specified; and should not spend their lives at home, indulging idleness and appetite, and enfeebling both their minds and bodies. Nor were they allowed to take food at home first, and then come to the public tables; for every one had an eye on those who did not eat and drink as the rest, and reproached them as being dainty and effeminate.

Their most famous dish was the black broth, which was so much valued that the elderly men fed only upon that, leaving what meat there was to the younger.

It is said that a certain king of Pontus, having heard much of this black broth, sent for a Lacedæmonian cook to make it for him; but on tasting it, found it extremely bad. The cook, observing this, told him, "Sir, to make this broth relish, you should first have bathed yourself in the Eurotas," the river on whose banks Sparta stands. Dionysius of Syracuse found it more palatable; his cook however told him it was nothing without the seasoning of fatigue and hunger.

The Spartans were taught to speak with a natural and graceful railery, and to comprehend much matter in few words. For Lycurgus, who is said to have ordered, as we have seen, that a great piece of money should be but of small value, would allow, on the contrary, no discourse to be current which did not contain in few words much useful sense. Thus a concise manner of speaking became characteristic of the Spartans, and was called Laconic, from the name of their country, Laconia.

Lycurgus himself seems to have been short and sententious in his speech, as appears by his answer to one who wished to establish democracy in Sparta. "Begin, friend," said he, "and set it up in your own family." Being asked what sort of martial exercises he particularly approved, he answered, "All kinds, except that in which you cry quarter." When consulted how the Spartans might best be guarded against an invasion of their enemies, he replied, "By continuing poor, and not coveting each to be greater than his neighbor." Being consulted again, whether it was requisite to enclose the city with a wall, he said, "The city is well fortified, which has a wall of men, instead of brick."

In the same manner, King Agis, when an Athenian laughed at the short swords of the Spartans, answered him, "We find them long enough to reach our enemies with."

Of their dislike of talkativeness, the following apothegms are evidence. King Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered, "Men of few words require but few laws." When one blamed Hecatæus, the philosopher, because, being invited to the public table, he had not spoken one word all supper-time, Archidamus answered in his vindication, "He who knows how to speak, knows also when."

Lycurgus bred up his citizens in such a way that they neither would nor could live by themselves. They were to make themselves one with the public, and, clustering like bees around their commander, be by their zeal and public spirit carried out of themselves, and devoted wholly to their country. What their sentiments were, will appear by a few of their sayings. Pædaretus, not being admitted into the list of the magistrates, returned home with a joyful face, well pleased to find that there were in Sparta three hundred better men than himself. The mother of Brasidas asked some who returned from the battle, if her son died courageously and as became a Spartan; and on their beginning to praise him highly, and saying that there was not such another left in Sparta, she answered, "Do not say so. Brasidas was a good and brave man; but there are in Sparta many better than he."

The Spartan women were subjected to a course of training almost as rigorous as that of the men. They were taught gymnastic exercises, and contended with each other in running, wrestling, and boxing. After marriage, however, this public discipline was dispensed with. Although the wife enjoyed little of her husband's society, she was treated by him with deep respect, and was allowed a greater degree of liberty than was customary in other Grecian states. Hence the Spartan women took a lively interest in the glory and welfare of their native land, and were

animated by an earnest and lofty spirit of patriotism. Their husbands and their sons were fired by their sympathy to deeds of valor and self-devotion. "Return either with your shield or upon it," was their exhortation to their sons when going to war; and after the defeat of Leuctra, those mothers whose sons had fallen, gave thanks to the gods, while those whose sons had found safety in flight, lamented.

We have thus far seen much to admire in the laws and customs of Sparta; but there are darker shades in the picture. In observing them, we are reminded that the Greeks did not enjoy as we do, the light of a pure and beneficent religion.

The Spartans possessed numerous slaves, who were called Helots. They were said to be descended from the inhabitants of Helos, the only town in Laconia which had taken up arms against the Dorian invasion. Others derive the name from a Greek word, meaning *to take*, and thus interpret it to mean prisoners taken in war. Both derivations agree in this, that the Helots were the descendants of those who had most bravely resisted the invaders of their country. The Spartans dealt with them very harshly, so that it was truly observed by one that in Sparta he who was free was most free, and he that was a slave there, was the most enslaved. In order to degrade the Helots in the minds of the youth, as well as to show the odious character of drunkenness, it was the custom to force the slaves to drink to excess, and to exhibit them in that condition in their public halls.

In the earlier times, the Helots appear to have been treated with comparative mildness; but as their numbers increased, they became objects of greater suspicion to their masters; and the Spartans had recourse to the most atrocious means for removing any who had excited their fears. A select body of Spartan youths were authorized to range the country in all directions, armed with daggers, and secretly to put to death such of the Helots as were considered formidable.

Byron, speaking of the fallen condition of Greece, exclaims,

"Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!"

— *Childe Harold, Canto II. Stanza 76.*

But if the Spartans were harsh to their slaves, they were scarce more merciful to their own children. The new-born infant was carefully examined, to know if it was likely to grow up strong and healthy; if not, it was left among the rocks of Mount Taygetus to perish. As the boy grew up he was trained to endure hardship without complaining. Part of the services at the festivals of the goddess Diana was the cruel scourging of children around her altar, so severe that they sometimes died under it. To train them to that dexterity and cunning which would

be serviceable in war, they were encouraged to steal; only, if detected in the act, they were severely punished, not for stealing, but for being found out. There is a story told of a boy who had stolen a fox, and concealed it under his robe; and rather than betray himself, kept it there without a cry, until the fox had gnawed his very vitals. The story is a good one, only foxes are not generally objects of theft.

The government of Sparta was held by two kings, a senate of thirty members, a popular assembly, and an executive directory of five men called the Ephors. The reign of a pair of kings was peculiar to Sparta, and is said to have arisen from the fact that one of the ancient kings left twin sons. This division of the royal power naturally weakened its influence, and the authority of the kings was gradually usurped by the Ephors, who at length obtained the entire control of the government and reduced the kings to a state of dependence.

When Lycurgus perceived that his institutions had taken root in the minds of his countrymen, that custom had rendered them familiar and easy, that his commonwealth was now grown up and able to go alone, he called an assembly of the people. He told them that he was about to depart on a journey, to consult the Oracle at Delphi, and exacted from them an oath that they would make no changes in their institutions until his return. He then took his departure, but never returned; and when and where he died, none can tell. The Spartans continued to observe his laws without alteration for five hundred years, during most of which time they were the ruling people of Greece.

Among the best traits of the Spartan character was that of respect to the aged. This was illustrated in an incident which is thus related by Macaulay.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

IN Athens, ere the sun of fame had set,
Midst pomp and show the gazing crowds were met,
Intent forever upon something new,
The mimic wonder of the stage to view.

So where the wide extended circus spreads
In gathered ranks its sea of living heads,
Ranged in close order, rising row on row,
The void arena claims the space below.

The seats were filled; but ere the show began,
A stranger entered — 't was an aged man;
Awhile he sought a place with aspect mild;

The polished young Athenians sat and smiled,
Eyed his confusion with a sidelong glance,
But kept their seats nor rose on his advance.

O for a burning blush of deeper hue,
To mark the shame of that self-glorious crew.
How poor the produce of fair learning's tree,
That bears no fruits of sweet humility!
The growth of arts and sciences how vain,
In hearts that feel not for another's pain!

Not so the Spartan youth, whose simple school
Instilled the plain but salutary rule
Of kindness, and whose honest souls preferred
Truth to display,—performance to a word.

These Spartan youths had their appointed place
Apart from Attica's distinguished race,
And rose with one accord, intent to prove
To honored age their duty and their love;
Nor did a Spartan youth his seat resume
Till the old man found due and fitting room.

Then came the sentence of reproof and praise,
Stamped with the sternness of the ancient days,
For, standing full amid the assembled crowd,
The venerable stranger cried aloud,
"The Athenians learn their duty well, but lo!
The Spartans practice what the Athenians know."

The words were good, and in a virtuous cause;
They justly earned a nation's glad applause;
But we have surer words of precept given
In God's own book, the words that came from heaven—
"Be kind, be courteous, be all honor shown:
Seek others' welfare rather than thine own."



"WHAT WE SAW ON OUR JOURNEY."



WE propose giving our young readers of "The Schoolmate" a little account of the ride "across the continent," in the steam cars, which, although wearisome, and at times somewhat monotonous, is full of interest, and wonderful in its ever-changing scenery.

We left Chicago on a hot June day, en route for Omaha. Men, women, and children, with bag, basket, and bundle, crowded the cars, each intent upon their own affairs, and each one differing from the other. Babies, averaging four to every car, made the scene lively, if not agreeable, and the travelling peanut and candy boys were hailed as promoters of the public peace, by many non-owners of babydom. At Burlington, Iowa, we crossed the Mississippi River, by means of a long bridge over which we crawled at a snail's pace, and as we looked down into its deep, rushing waters, we thought of the great vessels which sailed upon it, bringing tidings from the extreme South to the far away North.

Arriving at Omaha we found the time to be one hour and a half behind that of Boston, for although our watch said quarter past eleven, it was really but fifteen minutes of ten. Here we waited three hours.

For many miles west of Omaha, the ride is delightful; broad, rolling prairies, stretching far away as the eye can reach, seem like the billows of old ocean.

Antelopes in pairs, and sometimes four or five together, startled by the rattle of the cars, bound swiftly across the plains, tossing their pretty heads, and only stopping when the top of a knoll is reached, to turn and look askingly at the intruder. Their every motion is the perfection of grace and ease, and their bright, inquisitive faces betoken thought and reason. A couple of large grey wolves fled at our approach, skulking rather than running away.

For hundreds of miles over the prairies, are little mounds of earth, which, at first, we supposed to be ant hills, but which proved to be prairie-dog houses, and very amusing it is to watch them; one never tires of it. First we see a little brown animal, no larger than a squirrel, but with a very short tail, run through the grass to the top of one of these mounds, where is often seated a small grey owl; for an owl, a rattle-snake, and prairie-dogs all live together. Here the little creature seats himself on his hind legs, looks at the intruder a second, and then with one wag of his tail, suddenly disappears. Sometimes half a dozen meet together, and as the train passes, all raise themselves on one mound, looking as wise as if they understood all about us. They seem to be

very neighborly, for they constantly dodge around into their neighbor's houses, and meeting each other by the way, stop and talk together, and then pass on.

We were sorry to lose sight of our little favorites, for it was only on the rolling prairies, when grass is green, that we saw them. At one station, we saw one running around in a cage like a squirrel, but never could they look so pretty as in their native homes. From their resemblance to squirrels, we wondered at their being called dogs, but their short, quick bark gives them their name.

The prairie flowers are beautiful, of all colors and shades, contrasting with the grass and grain; the whole ground has the appearance of a vast flower-garden.

Great herds of cattle and horses feeding, flocks of woodcock, quail, and blackbirds, disturbed by the noise of the locomotive as we rush along, give life to the otherwise quiet landscape.

Sundown on the prairies is a grand yet solemn sight; slowly sinking from view, the sun bids us a lingering "farewell," leaving us, though far from human habitations, yet safe under the watchful eye of an ever-loving Father.

At eleven o'clock we entered the Indian territory, and as the Sioux are on the war-path, great precaution was taken in passing through their dominion. United States troops were seen at every station, and, on the entire route, various camps and barracks were passed.

An incident relating to the Indians was told me, which shows the great need of watchfulness.

Two years ago, at Sidney, two young men, conductors of the train, stopped over one day, and wandered to the river side to fish; while there Indians attacked them with bows and arrows. They succeeded in scalping one of the young men, but were driven off by the whites, who heard their call for help, before scalping the other. By great care, the young men both recovered, and across Laramie Plains we had the one who was scalped for conductor. The scalp-lock taken being much smaller than usual, the bald spot is partially covered by his hair, and is only visible when he unconsciously raises his hat. Perhaps it is needless to say — he is no friend to the Indians.

The ride through the Grand Canyons is strange and wonderful; at one time passing over high trellis bridges, any accident upon which would be terrific, then rushing through dark tunnels, until one begins to wonder how daylight looks, coming out upon embankments which make one giddy to overlook, keep us in a constant state of excitement. Nature has here played strange freaks, and one of our party who has

seen the wonders of the Rhine, assured us that nothing there could in any way compare with these mighty stupendous works. Ruined castles with arched gateways, broken steps and crumbling columns, overhanging pulpits with torn fringe and ragged tassels, towered above us, while deep ravines with trickling streams, now nearly dry from the summer's drouth, filled our minds with unspoken awe.

The Mormon Territory comprises many of the most wonderful natural beauties. Devil's Gate is a narrow pass through two high Canyons, with the Sweet Water River and the railroad running between, hugging the mountains on one side, and overhanging the stream on the other, we close our eyes, and commend ourselves to God — but the pass is safe, and soon through. Just one thousand miles from Omaha stands a large, solitary tree, with the inscription "1000 Mile Tree" upon it; alone, yet proudly it stands, waving its branches over the rapidly rushing river.

On Sunday afternoon we reached Ogden, at the head of Salt Lake, and no Sabbath stillness marked the day; stores were open, saloons crowded, and cars passing to and fro. The lake is one hundred miles long, and from twenty to fifty wide, and so salt that three gallons boiled down yield one gallon of salt. The water at this time is very low, and a long beach of pure salt fills the air with a saline vapor, parching the lips, and creating intense thirst. The grasshoppers upon the other side lie dead a foot deep, polluting the air with the vile odor. It is said to be the seven years plague, five of which have already passed.

Now we see Chinese and Indians at every station, and a great contrast they present. The Indians are a filthy race, dressed in dirty rags, with coarse black hair overhanging their painted faces, never working, but living by begging or stealing. At every stopping-place they cluster under the car-windows, coaxing for money, and one squaw offered to sell us her little boy of four years for ten cents. They carry their babies strapped tight in flat baskets upon their backs, nothing but a black head being visible above its blanket; a cover of straw like a small umbrella protects its head from snow and rain.

We were amused to see a young mother tend her baby when it cried; she slipped the band from her forehead, stood the basket in her lap, tossed it, trotted and sang to it, without unlacing the cords to relieve the child's limbs from the uncomfortable pressure which troubled it. Nursing and kissing it, she seemed to love it, just as more refined mothers care for their own fair ones.

Many of the women paint their faces with vermilion and wear strings of white China buttons or beads around their necks, while some are profusely adorned with brass rings and bracelets. They are a small race,

and have an awkward gait, with toes very much turned in. They live in huts made of sticks and grass, and probably many have no house at all.

The Chinese are a decided contrast, being always at work, and looking neat. Their dress consists of loose blue cotton pants, with blouses reaching to the knee, the only difference between male and female costume being a handkerchief folded over the head of the female. Their shoes often have only a toe piece, and are kept on by a movement of the toes, and make a clapping sound at every step. A train of fourteen cars passed us filled with Chinese, bound to some manufactory East, and their little black eyes twinkled, as they responded to our "good byes," nodding their heads and smiling pleasantly.

A most wonderful part of the ride is that over the Sierra Nevadas. About four o'clock, A. M., we commenced our ascent; two huge engines puffed and pulled us steadily up these mighty heights. Mile after mile of snow sheds, like vast covered bridges, protect the track from the winter's snow, and their massive proportions and substantial workmanship look as if ages to come might still find them safe and strong. No pen can describe the beauty and glory of these constantly changing views. An open platform car, called "the Tahoe," gave us an opportunity to revel in the wonderful scenes, and deep ravines and mountain tops alike excite our wonder and admiration.

At quarter of twelve we arrived at Sacramento, one hundred and twenty-eight miles from San Francisco. Here everything would look parched and dead were it not for the windmills which are to be seen everywhere. These are kept in constant motion by the wind, and pump water from wells into high reservoirs, to which the people attach pipes with huge sprinklers, thus giving artificial showers to the thirsty earth. Fruit is everywhere abundant; oranges, figs, peaches, and apricots, are brought through the cars constantly, greatly to the refreshment of the weary traveller.

At one time we passed through a blazing fire, ignited by the locomotive, and the flames rushed furiously through the open windows, but no damage was done.

It is customary for farmers to plough around their grain fields to the width of a few feet to prevent fire from the side of the track burning their crops.

We arrived at Oakland, and crossed the ferry to San Francisco, and worn and weary, we hailed with joy the time when the morning's sun would find us quiet in our beds.

Addie Hayes.



AUTUMN.

THE gipsy autumn, with leaves in her hair,
 Ruby, and gold, and topaz clear,
 Barberries red, and the purpling grape
 Steals from the hedge-row shrunk and sere.

Startling the squirrel that runs on the wall,
 She sings, as she rifles the golden rod,
 And tramples the road-side asters down.
 "Ha! ha! let the panting summer plod,

"Through the brooding heats and the slanting showers,
 Rounding and ripening my fruity spoil,—
 But a gipsy life is mine, is mine,
 Rearing, and roving, and mocking at toil.

"My camp-fire burns in the misty wood
 Where the flames of the scarlet maple play,
 I will sleep to-night by its ruddy light,
 And to-morrow, up and far away.

The camp fire paled ere the morning broke,
 And the scarlet maple stood brown and bare,
 Sombre and still rose the misty wood,
 But the roving, rearing, gipsy — where?

E. G. C.

SEWING SILK.

IMMENSE quantities of raw silk are imported into the United States every year from China and Japan. Much of it comes in skeins of a silvery white or yellow tint, just as it is wound from the cocoon, each bundle of skeins being protected by a wrapping of refuse silk, which looks like a thin sheet of cotton wool, but is much more delicate and elastic, being capable of being stretched to a great extent without tearing. These skeins are packed in large flat boxes of the same wood of which tea-chests are made, and are covered with the same foreign looking, greenish drab paper, and suggest by their appearance a civilization and an industry far different from our own. For it is supercilious to call nations half civilized when they are our superiors in so many branches of industry.

With these boxes come little notes on coarse paper, Chinese circulars, which probably set forth the admirable qualities of their goods as our manufacturers do theirs, but which, couched in such curious green or blue hieroglyphics convey but little information to outside barbarian eyes. However, we can understand the fiery red dragon which adorns the dragon chop, or the green worm and mulberry leaf of the worm and leaf chop to be the trade-mark or brand of some Sun-Chang or Yunk-ke, the excellence of whose silk it is impossible to rival by any process whatever, and which must not be counterfeited without exposing the counterfeiter to the penalty of the law.

New England climate and habits of industry are not suited to the rearing of silk worms, as the experiments at Northampton proved many years ago, so the patient Chinese who works for wages so trifling that an American would starve upon them, raises the crawling caterpillars, carefully tends and feeds them, watches the spinning of the cocoon, boils or bakes it at the proper time, reels off the silk, and that nothing may be lost, eats the worm whom he has killed that it might not spoil its shroud by escaping from it in the way nature taught it.

Then the New Englander is ready to take hold of it, and with the water and steam which he has taught to spin and weave for him, change it into various fabrics adapted to our wants and pleasures. Much of it is made into sewing silk, for the sewing machine, while it does the work of a hundred women, uses the thread and silk of two hundred seamstresses, and devours it as the steam engines devour the wood and coal.

When the Chinaman leaves the silken thread it is as delicate as gossa-

mer, and looks like spun glass, as fine almost as the cotton thread of the India spinners, whose fabrics when wet and laid out upon the grass are almost invisible. It is very strong, and especially adapted to the darning of fine muslins and laces, and would have been held in much esteem by our grandmothers, with whom fine darning was considered an accomplishment worthy of any lady.

When the skeins are first taken from the box they are separated, and hung upon an iron pin, and carefully looked over, and all rough and coarse places taken from them by hand. They are then placed upon long wooden reels, twenty or thirty on one reel, separated from each other by pins, and wound off on large spools or bobbins, the machine tender watching the process carefully to join any broken, or break off any loose threads. These spools are carried to another machine, which joining thus five threads together forms a larger one, sometimes twisting two, three, or four threads together, till the silk is of the required size. At every one of these processes the silk loses some of its lustre and beauty, till it escapes from the last spinner's machine, dull as unbleached flax thread, (which the yellow tinted much resembles,) or as skeins of white basting cotton. It is then reeled into huge skeins and sent to the dyers. Even that intended for white silk must be sent there to be cleansed and blued of various shades, for white has almost as many tints as any of the colors. Here it assumes all the colors which fancy and fashion dictate, crimson, scarlet, purple, and magenta, or which the art of man has enabled him to counterfeit, and preponderating over all, black in such quantities that it seems as if half the world were in mourning. But all the colors are dull and lustreless, unlike the shining silk as possible. To restore this gloss the great skeins are carried to another machine, and hung upon two iron pins in a jet of hot steam. A crank is turned, the skein is stretched, and when taken off has gained about an inch in length, and a little brilliancy. But it passes through another process before the lustre is obtained. It is carried to another room, and hung upon a bar of *lignum vitæ*, as shining and polished as the hardest marble. The sharpest eyes cannot discover the grain of this curious wood, which runs in all directions, and obstinately refuses to split, and whose dimensions the severest pressure hardly reduces. In the other end of the skein a man thrusts another stick made of lance wood, and turns it round and round. The skein twists itself tighter and tighter, till it seems as hard and firm as a ship's cable, the man screws more and more, till at last he rises off his feet, and brings the whole weight of his body to aid him in his task, and springs up from the floor as a boy bounds up from a teeter. It seems as if all the threads in the skein must break

under such a strain, but when he releases it at last it is whole and as lustrous as the most fastidious eyes could desire. The lance wood bar shows the marks of such long continued and severe pressure, for the end is much smaller than the middle, and looks as if it had been pinched in a vice, but the *lignum vitæ* shows no trace of it, unless in an added gloss.

The large skeins are then divided into smaller ones, and are carefully weighed and lettered, for silk varies greatly in weight, and is all sold by the pound. The silk to be sold by the skein is put in packages of a hundred skeins to a package. But that intended for machine work is wound upon spools of various sizes. The empty spool is placed upon an iron pin which revolves, and the skein is put upon a reel. The operator places the end of the silk which passes through a piece of steel with a narrow slit in it, called the guide, upon the spool. The spool slides backwards and forwards upon the pin, the guide lays row after row upon it with unerring accuracy, till the silk looks like a plain satin ribbon instead of separate strands. The machine tender looks carefully for rough, uneven places, cuts them out and joins the silk again — and if when wound the spool does not present the satiny appearance desired, it is polished by drawing a skein of silk over it.

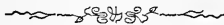
The machines for doing up the twist are small, and are worked by hand, and not by water or steam power, each operator having a small machine before her. From two or three spools, according to the weight, for each woman has a little scale to weigh the silk, the twist runs through a small opening, and is caught upon two steel hooks as far apart as the length of a stick of twist. When the requisite number of strands have been laid across, the girl turns a crank which changes the motion of the wheel, and the twist is wound round and round the parallel rows, and the stick is completed. The twist is then laid in a small block of wood, with a groove in it, and done up in bundles of twenty-five or a hundred, as is required.

Every year brings improvements and new ideas in the sewing silk manufacture as in other departments of industry, and machines are ever taking the place of human hands. The old show-cards which were so slowly wound by hand, are now done in a few minutes by a machine. A spool of every color manufactured is placed upon iron pins at the top of a long machine. Beneath is a long strip of card-board in which notches have been cut. The ends of the various silks are fastened to these. A few turns of the machine, and a narrow stripe of the different colors not more than a third of an inch, appears upon the board before you have hardly time to look at it, and the show-card is nearly done. The cards are then cut of the required size, put in paste-board covers,

each color and quality of silk numbered, and in a moment the manufacturer can show what he has to sell, and the customer know what he wishes to buy.

A breast wheel of fifteen horse power carries all the machinery necessary for this work, when there is no scarcity of water, but when that fails the steam engine takes its place, and twists, and winds, and turns the hundred pounds of raw silk which is daily used into skein, twist, and spool silk, and the China Mulberry leaf is stitched into the garments of a nation thousands of miles away from the soil on which it grew.

E. C. F.



THE SUMMER RAIN.



I I love to watch the raindrops
Trickling down the pane,
If there's anything that's beautiful,
It is the summer rain.

It makes the grass so fresh and green,
The flowers so bright and gay,
That I'm always very glad indeed
When it's a rainy day.

Then when the sun comes out so bright,
And makes the dewdrops shine,
And makes the trees so beautiful,
And everything so fine.

Oh then I think of God the Giver,
Who makes the raindrops fall,
And of the many blessings
That He gives to large and small.

So I love to watch the raindrops
Trickling down the pane,
And thank the one who sent it all,
For the beautiful summer rain.

Grace F. Coolidge, eleven years of age.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FATAL GIFT.

ENGLAND'S greatest queen was in sore perplexity and agitation. Her accomplished and favorite courtier, the Earl of Essex, whom she had loaded with favors and made lord-deputy of Ireland, was now confined a prisoner within the gloomy precincts of the Tower. The crime he had committed was high treason, and he was soon to forfeit his life on the scaffold. Elizabeth had with a bold hand signed the death-warrant, and the time for his execution was approaching.

But the heart of the proud queen was heavy and sorrowful within her. Essex was her favorite and friend; a nobleman of high birth, and varied accomplishments. She did not desire his death. She did not design his execution should take place. He had received unmistakable proofs of her appreciation and affection. Why did he not entreat for pardon? Surely he knew the tenderness of her heart towards him. Why did he so long delay sending the ring, her gift, back to her. Ah, that gift was a fatal one to Essex. Elizabeth had in times past bestowed upon the Earl a ring, with the promise, "that should he ever forfeit her favor, to send it back to her, and the sight of it would ensure his forgiveness."

She had affixed her signature to the death warrant, in expectation that Essex would send it to her, and upon receiving it she intended to fully pardon him. But the gift had not been returned. She knew it could not be forgotten, or her promise. Could it be that the proud Earl would rather suffer death than ask clemency of her? He knew he could have his life for the asking, and if he would not humble himself to ask for it, she would not revoke his sentence. Thus reasoned Elizabeth, and the doom of the Earl of Essex was sealed.

While those conflicting emotions were disturbing the heart of the queen, far more torturing feelings were rending the Earl. He knew that he was under sentence of death. He had been conveyed to the Tower, with that terrible instrument of death, the axe, its sharp edge towards him, carried in front, and a curious crowd following him. But he did not despair. He had the gift of his royal mistress in his possession, and he remembered her promise. It was his only way of deliverance, and he resolved to trust to it. But he was surrounded by jealous rivals and treacherous attendants. He dared not commit the ring to them, and was in great agitation and perplexity. Where could a trusty messenger be found?

Finally, he fixed upon the Countess of Nottingham, a lady in attendance upon Elizabeth, and by her he sent the ring, with a message to the Queen.

Unfortunate Essex. Deadly foes encompassed him, and he knew not his friends from his enemies. Hardly had the Countess of Nottingham gained possession of the ring, than she hurried to her husband with it. He hated Essex, and was anxious for his destruction, and easily persuaded his wife to keep it, and leave Elizabeth in ignorance that it had been sent.

But the time for the execution of Essex had arrived; Elizabeth had been in hourly expectation that a petition for clemency would come from him; *then* she would pardon. But none came.

All hope now had fled from the heart of the Earl of Essex. He had sent the Queen's gift back to her, reminding her of her promise; but it availed nothing, and he submitted to his fate. The axe fell upon the neck of Essex, and all England was horrified at his death. Thus perished, at the age of thirty-four, one of the most brilliant men of his time.

But the guilt of the Countess of Nottingham was a rankling wound in her heart. Her own base conduct was ever before her, and she carried a burning secret that crushed all light and joy from her soul. But a fearful retribution soon overtook her. She lay upon her own death-bed, and her end was surely approaching. She could not yield her life in peace. Remorse was stinging her; there was one terrible crime hidden within her heart. It must be confessed, and she sent for Elizabeth, and to her confided the secret. She told her, without any concealment, that "the Earl of Essex had sent the ring by her, and at the instigation of her husband, she had kept it; that she could not die without her forgiveness."

When Elizabeth was informed of the truth, her rage knew no bounds. She seized the dying Countess and angrily shook her, exclaiming:

"May God forgive you, but I never can."

It was a shock from which Elizabeth never afterwards recovered. The pledge of her affection had been the means of the death of her friend. It was indeed a fatal gift.

Sarah P. Brigham.





[See Diagram in January No.]

A M E R I C A .



APPEAL to History⁵! Tell me, thou reverend¹¹ chronicler¹¹ of the grave¹¹; can all the illusions of ambition⁵ realized⁵, can all the wealth⁷ of a universal⁷ commerce⁷, can all the achievements of successful¹¹ heroism¹¹, or all the establishments of this⁵ world's⁵ wisdom,⁵ secure to empire¹¹ the permanency¹ of its possession¹? Alas! Troy¹¹ thought so once¹; yet the land of Priam¹³ lives only¹ in song¹! Thebes¹³ thought so once¹; yet her hundred⁷ gates⁷ have crumbled¹, and her very tombs¹³ are but as the dust⁶ they were vainly¹ intended¹ to commemorate¹! So thought *Palmyra*¹³ — where¹¹ is *she*¹¹? So thought the countries of *Demosthenes*¹¹ and the *Spartan*¹¹; yet Leonidas is trampled¹³ by the *timid slave*, and *Athens*¹¹ insulted by the servile¹, mindless¹, and enervate¹ Ottoman¹! In his hurried, hurried¹ march¹, Time has but *locked* at their imagined⁵ immortality⁵; and all its vanities¹, from the palace¹¹ to the tomb⁶, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression¹ of their footsteps¹! The days¹ of their glory⁷ are as if they had *never been*; and the island¹³, that was then a speck¹³, rude¹³ and neglected¹³ in the barren¹³ ocean¹³, now rivals the *ubiquity*⁷ of their *commerce*⁷, the *glory*⁷ of their *arms*⁷, the *fame*¹¹ of their *philosophy*¹¹, the *eloquence*¹¹ of their *senate*¹¹, and the *inspiration*⁵ of their *bards*⁵! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England¹¹, proud¹ and potent¹ as she appears¹ may not, one day, be what Athens¹ *is*¹, and the young *America*¹³ yet soar¹⁰ to be what Athens¹ *was*¹! Who shall say, that, when the European column shall have *mouldered*¹, and the night¹⁴ of barbarism¹⁴ obscured¹⁴ its *very ruins*¹⁴ that mighty continent may not emerge⁵ from the horizon¹³, to rule, for its time, *sovereign*³ of the *ascendant*³!

Phillips.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

WHICH IS MASTER?

CHARACTERS. — JUDGE BACON.

ANDY BRYAN, his hired man.

TEDDY O'TOOLE, a man of all work.

SCENE I. — *Judge Bacon's Study. A table with books and papers at which the Judge is seated.*

Judge Bacon. Andy! Andy!

(*Enter ANDY.*)

Andy. Here, yer honor.

Judge. Well, Andy, have you looked after the horse?

Andy. Yes, yer honor.

Judge. And is everything in order about the stable?

Andy. Jest as neat as a palace, yer honor.

Judge. Then you have nothing to do, at present.

Andy. True, yer honor, nothing at all.

Judge. Did you order from Stuart, yesterday, that half a ton of coal for the Widow Green?

Andy. Indade, I did, yer honor.

Judge. And it was to come this morning?

Andy. It was, sir.

Judge. Then it should be got in. Is there any one who will do it?"

Andy. Sure there is Andy O'Connor or Barney McGinnigan, or Teddy O'Toole, or Mike McGuire, or —

Judge. Hold, enough, engage some one to carry in the coal. 'T is a couple of flights up stairs, you know.

Andy. Indade, who should know that same but meself?

Judge. And, Andy, here is a letter to drop into the box at the post-office. Do you know where to find it?

Andy. Indade, I do, yer honor.

Judge. Make no mistake, for the letter must not fail to go to-day. Then ask at the delivery window for letters for me.

Andy. Thrust me, yer honor, for doing this all right. I niver makes mistakes.

Judge (aside.) (Would that I could believe this.) Well, go along, see

to the coal, and send the man to me for his pay. Be careful, and make no mistake at the post-office, and be back as speedily as possible.

Andy. As yer honor plases. (*Exit.*)

Judge. Oh, what a plague is this fellow. Depend upon *him!* — if there is any chance for mistake he will be sure to make one. He is the plague of my life. As likely as not my poor horse is even now suffering from his carelessness. I must to my stable and see for myself. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II. — *The Post-Office. The delivery clerk at the window.*

(*Enter ANDY.*)

Andy. I want a letther, sir, if you plase.

Clerk. And who is the letter for?

Andy. What's that to you. I want a letther.

Clerk. Yes, but for whom is the letter?

Andy. My directions, sir, are to git a letther here, and why do you detane me when the masther told me to be quick.

Clerk. But who is your master?

Andy. An impudent question that, just as though I was to tell ivery ignorant spalpeen who my masther is.

Clerk. No letter will you get till you give me his name.

Andy. Is that the way you talk about my masther? Sure the Judge will be afther combing your head — mind *that*.

Clerk. Then it is the Judge who sent you, but he must come himself, or send a different messenger.

Andy. Come, now, none of your impudent tricks on me. Do you think I am deficient in common dacency? Or do you think I'm simple? Give out the letther, sure, and do not bother me longer. If ye don't, Judge Bacon will be coming himself, and then, me boy, I'd be giving little for that beautiful nose of yours.

Clerk. It's Judge Bacon's letters you want, then.

Andy. To be sure it is, and that you might have known the long time ago but for your thick head. (*The letters are handed him and he departs.*)

SCENE III. — *Judge Bacon's study. The Judge enters, evidently not in the best of humor.*

Judge. Precisely so; not only the horse without drink, but everything in disorder. In consequence of leaving the carriage-house door ajar, there is abundant evidence that my new buggy has been used as a hen-roost. Other things appear in worse condition even than that.

What shall I do? But look, where are my letters. Andy should have returned ere this. (*A rap at the door.*) What's this? Come in.

(*Enter TEDDY O'TOOLE with basket and shovel.*)

Teddy. Good morning, Mister Judge.

Judge. Well, my friend, what is your errand?

Teddy. And sure, it's meself that took up the coal for the Widow Green, and it was Andy Bryan sure, that told me to call on your honor for me pay.

Judge. Right, and what is for me to pay?

Teddy. Only a dollar and a quarter, sir.

Judge. A dollar and a quarter!! Can you mean this?

Teddy. And sure I do, yer honor; and it's mighty chape, yer honor.

Judge. CHEAP!! Explain yourself. How much do you ask a ton for such a job?

Teddy. A dollar a ton, sir, where it is up two pair of stairs. We used to have fifty cents, but times is changed, yer honor.

Judge. And you charge me a dollar and a quarter.

Teddy. Indade, I do, yer honor; pay me in goold and I'll take less.

Judge. Now, Teddy, I am disposed to be fair. How much coal do you think there was?

Teddy. Well, yer honor, I should say there was nigh on to two thirds of a ton.

Judge. And you charge me more than to get in a ton.

Teddy. But my price is chape, indeed it is, and yer honor knows it.

Judge. On the contrary, I consider it outrageous, and shall pay you precisely what it is worth, nothing more — nothing less.

Teddy. But yer honor knows I would not chate him.

Judge. Teddy, there was precisely half a ton of coal. Your price for a ton is one dollar. Here is fifty cents, which is to a cent the amount I owe you.

Teddy (taking the scrip and making a very low bow.) Thank you, sir, am obleeged to yer honor; good day, yer honor. (*Exit Teddy.*)

Judge (alone.) Another instance of intelligence and truthfulness. But where is Andy? (*Enter ANDY with letters.*) Where have you been? You should have been back long ago.

Andy. And so I should, yer honor, but for a most impertinent fellow.

Judge. And what was he, and who?

Andy. The postmaster, as ye calls him.

Judge. A very gentlemanly man he is, and I am surprised to hear you call him impertinent.

Andy. But he was, yer honor. Did n't I ask him for a letther; and did n't he say, "for whom do you want it?" And did n't I tell him it was none of his business, I was sint for a letther, and he'd better hand it over.

Judge. You stupid blockhead, what did he say to you? It's a wonder he had not broken your head on the spot.

Andy. Broken me head, did ye say. And is that proper when a civil man asks a civil question?

Judge. But how did you get the letter at last?

Andy. By me faith, and I told him that if he did n't hand over the letther at once, Judge Bacon would be afther coming himself, and thin I guessed he'd be more civil.

Judge (looking over the letters.) How 's this, the very letter I ordered you to drop into the box. Why did you not do it?

Andy. Box! And sure there was no box there, only a little crack in the partition; and did ye think I was going to thrust your letther to the vagabond then, afther he would n't give me your letther. I knew a betther thrick than that.

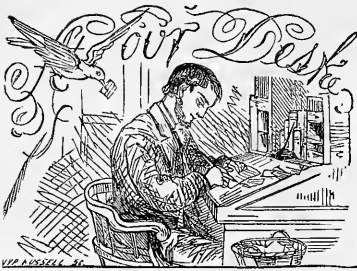
Judge. Blockhead, how long am I to bear this? Go to the stable at once and see the result of your carelessness. Harness the horse into my buggy, *after* you've cleaned him thoroughly, watered him carefully, and as thoroughly cleaned the buggy, which is now disgracefully dirty.

Andy. Yis, yer honor. (*Exit Andy.*)

Judge (alone.) Must I bear this longer. Here is this stupid fellow, heedless as well as stupid, demanding large wages, and constantly pressing for more. Can I endure it longer? No, I will not. I'll make my wants less, and with these hands that a good Providence has given me, I will no longer be the servant of my servant. This will be true independence. Occasional contact with uneducated labor can be endured, but to have it in one's own house, and constantly before his eyes, and at great expense, is paying too dear for the whistle.

A. H. F.





WE are gratified to find so great an interest in our offer of prizes for the best original dialogues. In answer to several inquiries, we have merely to repeat that each writer will be at liberty to select a subject and adapt it so as to be useful on any public occasion. We hope to have an active competition, and can assure any and all that the opportunity is open, and each applicant has an equal chance, as *merit* alone will decide the question.

Our announcement of the new volume also meets with a generous response, and the first edition bids fair to be exhausted immediately on its publication. We shall exert ourselves to keep up with the demand, however great it may be, as "Ever new" is designed to be "Never old."

Can our young friends of "Our Banner" answer this question which "Frank" sends? We give a portion of his letter:

"In a boy's paper called 'Our Banner,' published by Fowle & Andrews, at West Newton, Mass., I find the following: "Look for instance at the 'National Eagle,' 'Boy's Gem,' 'Eastern Banner,' 'Schoolmate,' &c., all of which with many others equally good are printed by boys, Eastern boys, too." How is this? Is the "Schoolmate" printed by boys, or is there another "Schoolmate?" If the latter is the case, I scarcely think it right that any one should use your title. Do you?"

Since our last issue we have enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Caroline A. Soule, whose persevering labors have met with encouragement, and now her GUIDING STAR gladdens the heart of many a Sunday Scholar. It is always bright, well printed and illustrated, and well merits its large and increasing circulation. Mrs. Soule has also written some excellent books, as some of our readers may know.

PAUL THE PEDDLER;

OR

The Adventures of a Young Merchant,

is the title of the new story for 1871, and in the first chapter, which will appear in the January number, HORATIO ALGER, JR., who has so admirably illustrated other phases of street life in New York, will show his familiarity with a subject which will become more interesting as the story proceeds. *Perhaps* the hero of the story will be recognized by some of our readers, as the history is by no means an imaginative one.

Mr. Alger will write for no other *Juvenile Magazine*, by arrangement with the publisher.

We hope that early remittances will be made for the new volume, as it saves us much labor. Do not overlook the liberal offer in our advertising pages.

Our Book Table.

THE PRINCES OF ART, by Mrs. S. R. Urbino, introduces, through an interesting descriptive introduction, sketches of architects, sculptors, painters and engravers, who have made themselves famous in these several departments of art, and is a very readable and instructive book.

HARD SCRABBLE, by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, is another of the Elm Island Series, which are so popular with the boys, being filled with exciting incident.

BEAR AND FORBEAR, by Oliver Optic, bears evidence of his later style of writing, and from its elaborate dedication,

he story is founded on what *was*, but came to a summary end.

These three volumes are from Messrs. Lee & Shepard, who are certainly doing their share in the increase of juvenile literature, as well as many books of merit for older readers.

LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS, by W. H. Davenport Adams, and published by C. Scribner & Co., is another of that valuable series "ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF WONDERS," to which we have already called attention, and the present volume is in every way worthy of the place it holds therein. Our readers should examine this series during the holiday gift-making.

THE LYCEUM GUIDE is the title of a collection of songs, hymns, chants, &c., &c., for the use of Progressive Sunday Lyceums, and is published by Adams & Co., Boston.

CHRISTIAN LITURGY is of a different character, being compiled by Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Quincy, Ill., and published by H. B. Fuller, Boston. So far as we have examined, it appears to be a successful effort to "aid the devotion of earnest hearts, by leading them to the worship of the Father."

From O. Ditson & Co.

1. Chevre Feuille, (Honeysuckle). By J. Egghard. No. 7 of the collection called Perles Musicales.

2. Souvenir D'Ischl, (Tyrolienne.) By Bendel. No. 22 of Perles Musicales

3. La Danse des Naiades. By J. Leybach.

4. Snowdrops. By Fritz Spindler.

5. Amorosa, (Romance Italienne.) By Egghard.

6. Movement Perpetual. By Von Weber.

7. Scherzo Opera. 31. By Chopin.

8. The Old Bachelor's Dream. A Rhapsodical Fantasie for piano. By E. Pabst.



Answers.

135. "Rufus and Rose; or How the Victory was Won."

136. 1. Sable. 2. Race.
3. North. 4. Romano.
5. Lookout. 6. Hatteras.
7. Henlopen 8. Walsingham.

137. Spear.

138. Winterport.

139. Shoo fly, don't bother me.

140. Indian—a.

141. Charade.

The gentleman went to a far distant spot;

'T was my *first* that transported him thither;

With industry toiling to better his lot,
He allowed not affection to wither;

But gazed on her portrait with love and with pride.

And longed for the day that should make her his bride.

The lady meantime, in her snug, cosy home,

Bestowed on my *second* her care;

When her thoughts to the far distant lover would roam,

He would jump up and bark round her chair;

She preferred, though it made the ill-natured to scoff,

A dog near at hand, to a lover far off.

But when he came back, and she saw on my *third*

The dog and the lover together,

The voice of affection began to be heard,
And next day, as 't was beautiful
weather,

They went out to walk, very happy and
kind;

He and she arm in arm, and the
spaniel behind. B.

142. Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 6, 13, 8, 19, 1, 14 is a boy's name.

My 17, 2, 7, 16, 5 is a girl's name.

My 10, 18, 15, 17, 4 is an animal.

My 12, 4, 13, 7, 11, 9 are quite useful in
solving puzzles.

My whole is the name of a contributor
to the "Evening Circle."

RUTHVEN.

Blanks.

Fill the blanks with the same words
transposed.

143. — was born in —

144. Did — — the book?

145. The brother of — is in the —

ROB ROY.

146. Cross Word Enigma.

I am in hog, but not in pig ;

I am in bough, but not in twig ;

I am in rat, but not in mouse ;

I am in pheasant, but not in grouse ;

I am carriage, but not in wagon ;

I am in goblet, but not in flagon ;

I am in green, but not in red ;

I am in brain, but not in head ;

I am in eel, but not in fish ;

I am in eat, but not in dish ;

I am in couple, but not in two ;

I am in yellow, but not in blue ;

My whole is the name of a celebrated
politician. E. R. CASE.

147. Enigma.

My 4, 7, 8 is a domestic animal.

My 1, 2, 9, 4, 3 is used by cooks.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, 11 is a language.

My 5 and 10 are vowels.

My whole is a word of 11 letters which
contains the five vowels — each vowel
being used but once.

EMERY W. BARTLETT.

148. Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 8, 6, 12, 11, 5 is a dish.

My 1, 2, 6, 9, is a rivulet.

My 5, 6, 9, 10 is a girl's name.

My 7, 6, 5 is a beverage.

My 8, 6, 10, 2, 11 is to fold.

My 4, 3, 1, 12 is a girl's name.

My 10, 1, 5, is a verb.

My 4, 3, 6, 9 is a plaything.

My whole is a river.

M. C.

149. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in black, but not in soot ;

My second is in tree, but not in root ;

My third is in tense, but not in mood ;

My fourth is in pretty, but not in good ;

My fifth is in quarrel, but not in fray ;

My sixth is in carol, but not in lay ;

My seventh is in lock, but not in curl ;

My eighth is in boy, but not in girl ;

My whole is one of the Southern
States. MINA POWERS.

150. Enigma.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 15, 24, 23 is used by authors.

My 3, 8, 22, 5 is the proper way to ob-
tain a living.

My 4, 10, 25 is a nickname.

My 19, 16, 1, 22 is a measure of time.

My 6, 21, 22, 18 is a long story.

My 12, 7 is a verb.

My 2, 16, 23, 5, 19 is money.

My 1, 15, 10 is an animal.

My 9, 14, 7, 24 is used for flowers.

My 13, 21, 18, 25 is used by masons.

My whole is an old proverb.

N. O. NAME.

151. Decapitations.

1. Behead a near relative and leave a
rent.

2. Oriental, and leave a *stern*.

3. A bowl, and leave a *sin*.

4. A whim, and leave a *price*.

5. A color, and leave a *vender*.

6. Hidden, and leave a *tent*.



Well to Remember.

"A lighted lamp," says M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and yet it giveth light to all who are in the house;" and so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

Not to be Forgotten.

In families well ordered there is always one firm sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of *conciliation*. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.

Try it and See.

Every man who can afford it should supply his boys with tools, and a room where they may be used and cared for. A boy takes to tools as naturally as he takes to green apples, or surreptitious and forbidden amusements; and ten to one, if he has a chance to develop his mechanical tastes, and gratify them to their full extent, his tendencies to vicious courses will remain undeveloped. Such a result is enough to compensate for all the expense and trouble the indulgence we recommend would entail; while the chances that the early development of his constructive faculties may in this mechanical age be the means by which he may ultimately climb to fame and fortune are not small.

A giddy student, having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked, "Do write and tell father, for he always said I had none."

A Truth.

A good action leaves behind it an impression of seemingly incompatible effects. On the one hand, it attaches us to life; on the other, it strengthens us against death. In the first instance it mediates between us and our sorrows; in the second, between God and our sins. The Christian is the only man who can, logically, both love life and desire death; and have we not here the secret of that sovereign good which Plato sought?

A Powerful Insect.

Very fine specimens of the Cuban fire-flies have recently been brought from Cuba to the naturalists of Salem, Mass. They were brought alive, having been fed on sugar and water. The insects are from an inch and a quarter to two inches long, of a dark brown color, and the luminous emanations issue from two spots, apparently upon the head, back of the eyes, but are really situated upon the sides of the thorax or middle section of the body, and upon the abdomen. The light is sufficient to allow a person to read when the insect is held near the printed page. It is stated that the light is so brilliant as to affect the sight, and when a person has looked at the insect for some time, other and artificial lights appear of a deep red.

"Ah!" said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing. I've often felt the need of it! Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the name of three months in the year; and them's spring, fall, and autumn! I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl."

Is Wealth all?

The late Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, and sup-

posed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Paddled his own Canoe.

The following illustrates the rigor with which the Greenland boys are trained up.

"The father of Matthias was a stern Arctic parent, and brought up his son in the way he should go. When the dreaded southwest wind was driving the breakers nigh over the rocks at Claus-havn, he would place his son in the kayak (canoe) and throw him into the surf. The little fellow, with the double paddle in his hand, would watch his opportunity and right himself as he descended, and then triumphantly paddle through the boiling sea to the little haven where the canoes land. . . . People used to say to Matthias *père*, 'You will drown your boy;' to which advice this sage hunter of seals and white whales replied: 'If the boy cannot right a kayak in a stormy sea he cannot kill a seal, and if he cannot kill a seal he cannot live in Greenland, in which case he might just as well die.'"

Nussing revenge iz like nussing a young hedgehog — the older he grows, the sharper his quills.

An Intelligent Machine.

A gentleman who has just paid a visit to the Bank of England, went into the weighing room, in which the gold sovereigns are weighed by a delicate self-acting machine balance, eight or ten of which were at work. Sovereigns are moved one by one on a balance. If of full weight they are moved on one side and descend

a tube on the right; if slight of weight they are moved to the left and descend into another tube. This delicate work is all done by the machine. A row of perhaps five hundred sovereigns are set on the edge on a descending grade, and are fed into the scale one by one, weighed, and then passed to the right or left of the scale, as they are of full or less than full weight. Loss by wear occasions the lightness; these are re-coined. We saw these machines work for some time, and saw now and then a coin rejected by the instrument, and then passed by the machine itself into the tube of rejected pieces. It seemed almost a miracle of mechanism. Thirty-five thousand can be weighed in one day by one machine. The instrument is not even tended by an expert.

"Patrick," said a lady to a slip of a green Erin, who was officiating in the kitchen, "where is Bridget?" "In-dade, ma'am, she's fast asleep lookin' at the bread bakin'."

How is it With You?

Don't harp on past troubles. When we see a pale, nervous woman, in the midst of her friends, preferring to entertain them with a list of recking pain she has suffered, to a saunter in God's free air and sunshine, we cannot wonder that the rose returns not to her blanched cheek. Why is it that to some these memories are very meat and drink? They consume them, the bitter agony is acted over and over again, the tears thrice shed, the place cherished where such a dreadful thing occurred, the scar fondly petted that tells of the almost fatal knife. They gasp over, and yet cling to them.

Encouragement.

The great, and good, and heroes of history, the saints of the church, are more potent in their influence now than they ever were when present among men. In their deaths they gave the world a legacy of their lives.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

An Illustrated Monthly,

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1870.

No. VI.

Rufus and Rose;

OR

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW RUFUS GOT BACK.



IT HAPPENED that Smith espied the man whom he wished to see from the car window, just as they turned into Canal Street. He got out, therefore, and adjourning to a whiskey saloon, the two discussed a matter of business in which they were jointly interested, and then separated. Thus Smith was enabled to return home sooner than he anticipated. He little suspected that his prisoner had escaped, as he walked complacently by on the opposite sidewalk.

"It's lucky I seed him," said Humpy. "He might have nabbed us."

"He would n't have nabbed me," said Rufus, resolutely. "He 'd have hard work to get me back."

"He 's stronger than you," said Humpy, doubtfully.

"I 'd call a copp, then," said Rufus, using the name by which the street-boys call a policeman.

"He 'd kill me if he once got hold of me," said Humpy, shuddering. "He horsewhipped me yesterday"

"Then he 's a brute," said Rufus, who could not help feeling a degree of sympathy for the deformed boy, who was doing him such good service.

"He never did it before," said Humpy. "That's what made me turn against him."

"You won't go back to him?"

"Never," said Humpy, decidedly. "He'll know it's I let you out."

"What's your name?" asked Rufus, remembering that he had never heard the name of his guide.

"They call me Humpy," said the deformed boy, flushing a little. He had got hardened to the name, he thought, but now that Rufus asked him, he answered with a feeling of shame and reluctance.

"Have n't you another name? I don't like to call you that."

"My name's William Norton, but I've most forgot it, it's so long since anybody ever called me by it."

"Then I'll call you so. I like it better than the other. Have you made up your mind what to do, now you've left your old place?"

"Yes, I'm going out West — to Chicago, maybe."

"Why do you leave New York?"

"I want to get away from *him*," said William, indicating his old employer by a jerk of his finger. "If I staid here, he'd get hold of me."

"Perhaps you are right; but you need not go so far as Chicago. Philadelphia would do."

"He goes there sometimes."

"What will you do in Chicago?"

"I'll get along. There's a good many things I can do; black boots, sell papers, smash baggage, and so on. Besides, I'll have some money."

"The fifty dollars I am to give you."

"I've got more besides," said Humpy, lowering his voice. Looking around cautiously lest he might be observed, he drew out the calico bag which contained his savings, and showed to Rufus.

"There's twenty dollars in that," he said, jingling the coins with an air of satisfaction. "That'll make seventy, when you've paid me!"

"I'm glad you've got so much, William," said Rufus. "Where did you get it all?"

"I saved it up," said Humpy. "He paid me fifty cents a week, and give me an extra quarter or ten sometimes, when he felt good-natured. I saved it all up, and here it is."

"When did you begin saving?"

"Six months ago. I used to spend all my money for oysters and cigars, but somebody told me smokin' would stop me growin', and I give it up."

"You did right. I used to smoke sometimes, but I stopped. It don't do a boy any good."

"Are you rich?" asked Humpy.

"No. What makes you ask?"

"You wear nice clo'es. Besides, you are goin' to pay me fifty dollars."

"I'm worth five hundred dollars," said Rufus, with satisfaction.

"That's a good deal," said Humpy, enviously. "I'd feel rich if I had so much."

"You'll be worth a good deal more, sometime, I hope."

"I hope so," said Humpy, "but it'll be a good while."

While this conversation had been going on, the boys had been walking leisurely. But Rufus was anxious to restore the tin box without delay, and he proposed to ride.

"We'll jump aboard the next car, William," said he. "I'll pay the fare."

"Where are we goin'?"

"To Mr. Turner's office, to restore this box."

"He won't think I had anything to do with stealin' it, will he?"

"No, I'll take care he does n't."

They jumped on board the next car, and before long reached the termination of the car route at the junction of Vesey Street and Broadway.

"Where's the place you're goin' to?" asked Humpy.

"In Wall Street. We'll get there in ten minutes."

The boys proceeded down Broadway, and in rather less than ten minutes, Rufus, followed by Humpy, entered his employer's office.

His arrival created a sensation.

"I'm glad to see you back, Rufus," said Mr. Turner, coming forward, and shaking his hand cordially.

The clerks left their desks, and greeted him in a friendly manner.

"I've brought back the tin box, Mr. Turner," said Rufus. "I told you I'd get it back, and I have," he added, with pardonable pride.

"How did you recover it? Tell me all about it?"

"This boy helped me," said Rufus, directing attention to Humpy, who had kept himself in the background. "But for him I should still have been a prisoner, closely confined and guarded."

"He shall be rewarded," said Mr. Turner. "What is his name?"

"William Norton."

Mr. Turner took the boy's hand kindly, dirty though it was, and said, "I will bear you in mind, my lad," in a tone which made Humpy, who had felt rather awkward and uncertain of a welcome, quite at his ease.

"Now for your story, Rufus," said the banker, "I am curious to hear your adventures. So you were a prisoner?"

"Yes sir," answered Rufus, and forthwith commenced a clear and

straightforward account of his experiences, which need not be repeated. He wound up by saying that he had promised Humpy fifty dollars in return for his services.

"Your promise shall be kept," said Mr. Turner. "I will pay you the money now, if you wish," he said to Humpy. "I would advise you to put most of it into a Savings Bank, as you are liable to be robbed."

"I'll put it in, as soon as I get to Chicago," said Humpy.

"Are you going there?"

Rufus explained what reason the boy had for going West.

"Do you want to start at once?"

"I'd like to."

"Then, Rufus, I think you had better go with him, and buy his ticket. You may also buy him a suit of clothes at my expense."

"Thank you, sir," said Humpy, gratefully.

"If you can spare me, Mr. Turner," said Rufus, "I would like to go home first, and let them know that I am safe."

"Certainly, that reminds me, that a lady — was it your aunt? — was in the office an hour ago asking for you."

"It was Miss Manning."

"I promised to let you go home when you appeared, and I think you had better do so at once, to relieve the anxiety of your friends."

"Thank you, sir," and Rufus was about to leave the office, when a thought occurred to him, and he turned back.

"I didn't think to tell you that the money had been taken out," he said.

"I supposed so. I will open the box."

Mr. Turner opened the box, and discovered that both of the government bonds were also gone.

"That is too much to lose," he said. "What is the number of the house in which you were confined?"

Rufus gave it, for he had the foresight to fix it in his mind.

"I shall give information to the police," said the banker, "and we will see what can be done towards recovering the amount lost."

"Shall I go to the police-office for you, Mr. Turner?"

"No, you can go home at once. Then accompany this boy to a clothing store, and afterwards to the Erie railroad station, where you may buy him a through ticket to Chicago. Here is the necessary money," and Mr. Turner placed a roll of bills in the hands of our hero.

"Am I to buy the railroad ticket out of this, also, Mr. Turner?"

"Yes. William shall have his fifty dollars clear to start on when he gets there."

Miss Manning had nearly finished the morning lessons, when a hurried step was heard ascending the stairs, two or three at a time. Rose let drop the book from which she was reading, and exclaimed in glad excitement, "That's Rufie, I know it is."

The door opened, and she was proved to be correct.

"Where've you been, Rufie?" asked his sister, throwing her arms around him

"Mr. Martin carried me off, Rosie," said Rufus.

"I knew he would, but you said you was too big."

"He was smarter than I thought for. Sit down, Rosie, and I'll tell you all about it. Were you anxious about me, Miss Manning?"

"Yes, Rufus, I don't mind saying now that I was, though I would not confess it to Rose, who fretted enough for you without."

So the story had to be told again, and was listened to, I need not say, with the most intense interest.

"You won't let him catch you again, will you, Rufie?" said Rose anxiously, when it was finished.

"Not if I know myself, Rosie," answered Rufus. "That can't be done twice. But I've got to be going. I'll be back to dinner at six."

He hastened down stairs, and rejoined Humpy, who had been waiting for him in the street.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNPLEASANT DISCOVERIES.

SMITH did not go home immediately. He intended to do so, but happened to think of an errand, and this delayed him for an hour or two.

When he entered the house, he looked around for his errand-boy, but of course in vain.

"Humpy!" he called out, in a voice which could be heard all over the house.

There was no answer. Smith, who was not remarkable for patience, began to get angry.

"Very likely the young rascal is in his room," he said to himself. "I'll stir him up."

He took the whip, and ascended the stairs two or three at a time. Arrived in the attic, he peered into Humpy's room, but to his disappointment saw nobody.

"The little villain got tired of waiting, and went out, thinking I

would n't find him out," he muttered. "He shall have a taste of the whip when he gets back." He went down stairs more slowly than he ascended. He was considerably irritated, and in a state that required an object to vent his anger upon. Under these circumstances his prisoner naturally occurred to him. He had the proper key in his pocket, and stopping on the second floor opened the door of the chamber in which our hero had been confined. His anger may be imagined when he found it untenanted. It was not very dignified, but Smith began to stamp in his vexation, and lash with his whip an unoffending chair in which Rufus ought to have been seated.

"I wish it was that young villain!" muttered Smith, scowling at the chair, and lashing it harder. "I'd teach him to run away. I'd make him howl!"

Smith was considerably discomposed. Things were going decidedly against him. Besides, the scrape of Rufus might entail serious consequences, if he should give information to the police about the place of his captivity. A visit from these officials was an honor which Smith felt disposed respectfully but firmly to decline. Unfortunately, however, policemen are not sensitive, and are very apt to intrude where they are not wanted. A visit to Smith's abode might lead to unpleasant discoveries, as he very well knew, and he hardly knew what course it would be best for him to pursue. He inferred at once that Humpy had been bought over, and had released the prisoner, otherwise he would undoubtedly have detected and frustrated our hero's attempt at flight. This did not inspire very amiable feelings towards Humpy, whom it would have yielded him great satisfaction to get into his power. But Humpy had disappeared, and that satisfaction was not to be had.

Mingled with Smith's anger was a feeling of surprise. Humpy had been a good while in his employ, and he had reposed entire confidence in his fidelity. He might have continued to do so, as we know, but for the brutal assault upon the boy recorded in a previous chapter. He did not think of this, however, or guess the effect which it had produced on the mind of the deformed errand-boy.

"I think I'd better get out of the city for a week or two, till this blows over," thought Smith. "I guess I'll take the afternoon train for Philadelphia."

This was a wise resolution, but Smith made one mistake. He ought to have put it into effect at once. At that very moment information was lodged in the office of the police, which threatened serious consequences to him, but of this he was ignorant. He had no idea Rufus would act so promptly.

In spite of his anger Smith was hungry. His morning walk had given him an excellent appetite, and he began to think about dinner. As, on account of the unlawful occupation in which he was engaged, he did not think it prudent to employ a cook, he generally devolved the task of preparing the various meals upon Humpy, whom he had taught to cook eggs, broil beef-steak, make coffee, and perform other simple culinary duties. Now that Humpy was away, he must do it himself.

He looked into the pantry, and found half a dozen eggs, and a slice of steak. These he proceeded to cook. He had nearly finished his unaccustomed task, when the door opened, and Martin entered with his nose a little redder than usual, and his general appearance somewhat disordered with haste.

"What brings you home so soon?" asked Smith, in surprise. "What's the matter?"

"I came near gettin' nabbed, that's what's the matter," said Martin.

"How did that happen?"

"I went into a cigar store near the ferry in Jersey City," said Martin, "and asked for a couple of cigars, twenty cent ones. I took 'em, and handed in one of your ten dollar bills. The chap looked hard at it, and then at me, and said he'd have to go out and get it changed. I looked across the street, and saw him goin' to the police-office. I thought I'd better leave, and made for the ferry. The boat was jest goin'. When we'd got a little ways out, I saw the cigar man standin' on the drop with a copp at his elbow."

"You'd better not go to Jersey City again," said Smith.

"I don't mean to," said Martin. "Have you got enough dinner for me? I'm as hungry as a dog."

"Yes, there's dinner enough for two, and that'll be all there is to eat it."

Something significant in his employer's tone struck Martin.

"There's the boy up stairs," he said.

"There is n't any boy up stairs."

"You have n't let him go!" exclaimed Martin, staring open-mouthed at the speaker.

"No, he made off while I was out this morning, the more fool I for leaving him!"

"But there was Humpy. How did the boy get away without his seeing him?"

"Humpy's gone too!"

"You don't say!" ejaculated Martin.

"Yes I do."

"What you 're goin' to do about it?" inquired Martin, helplessly.

"I'll half kill either of the little rascals if I ever get hold of them," said Smith, spitefully.

"I'd give something out of my own pocket," chimed in Martin, "to get that undootiful boy of mine back."

"I'll say this of him," said Smith, who was disposed to make himself disagreeable, "that he's a good sight smarter than his father."

"I always was unlucky," grumbled Martin. "I ain't been treated right."

"If you had been, you'd be at Sing Sing," returned Smith, amiably.

"Smith," said Martin, with drunken dignity, for he was somewhat under the influence of a liberal morning potation, "you'd ought to respect the feelin's of a gentleman."

"Where's the gentleman? I don't see him," responded Smith, in what might be considered a sarcastic tone. "If you ain't too much of a gentleman to do your share of the work, just draw out the table and put the cloth on."

This Martin, who was hungry, did with equal alacrity and awkwardness, showing the latter by overturning a pile of plates, which fell with a fatal crash upon the floor.

"Just like you, you drunken brute!" exclaimed Smith, provoked.

Martin did not reply, but looked ruefully at the heap of broken crockery, which he attributed, like his other misfortunes, to the ill-treatment of the world, and meekly got on his knees and gathered up the pieces.

At length dinner was ready. Martin, in spite of an ungrateful world, ate with an appetite truly surprising, so that his companion felt called upon to remonstrate.

"I hope you'll leave a little for me, Martin," said Smith. "It's just possible that I might like to eat a little something."

"I did n't eat much breakfast," said Martin, apologetically.

"You'd better lunch outside next time," said his companion. "It will give you a good chance to change some money."

"I've tried it at several places," said Martin. "I could do it better if you'd give me some smaller bills. They don't like to change fives and tens."

After dinner was despatched, and the table pushed back, Smith unfolded his plans to Martin. He suggested that it might be a little unsafe to remain at their present quarters for a week or fortnight to come, and counselled Martin to go to Boston, while he would go to Philadelphia.

"That's the way we'll dodge them, he concluded.

"Just as you say," said Martin. "When shall I come back?"

"I'll write you from Philadelphia. You can call at the post-office for a letter in a few days."

"When had I better sell the bond?"

"That reminds me, I will take the tin box with me," said Smith.

He went to the drawer in which he had secreted it, and unlocked it. He discovered to his dismay that it was missing!

"Have you taken the box?" he demanded, turning upon Martin with sudden suspicion.

"Is n't it there?" gasped Martin.

"No, it is n't. Do you know anything about it?" demanded Smith, sternly.

"I wish I may be killed if I do," asseverated Martin.

"Then what can have become of it?"

"It's my undootiful boy that did it," exclaimed Martin, with sudden conviction.

"He had no key."

"Humpy got him one, then."

Just then Smith espied on the floor some scraps of wax. This told the story.

"You're right," said he. "We've been taken in worse than I thought. The best we can do, is, to get out of the way as soon as possible."

They made a few hurried preparations, and left the house in company. But they were too late. A couple of officers were waiting outside, who stepped up to them as they set foot on the sidewalk, and said, quietly, "You must come with us."

"What for?" demanded Smith, inclined to show fight.

"You'd better not resist. You are charged with the stealing of a tin box containing valuables."

"That's the man that did it," said Smith, pointing to Martin. "He's the one you want, not I."

"He put me up to it, and shared the money," said Martin.

"You're both wanted," said the officer. "You'll have chance enough to tell your story hereafter."

As this winds up the connection of these two worthies with our story, it may be said that they were found guilty not only of the robbery, but of manufacturing and disseminating counterfeit money, and were sentenced to Sing Sing for a term of years. Thus the world persevered in its ill-treatment of our friend, James Martin, but I cannot help thinking that, if he had been a sober and industrious man, he would have had much less occasion to complain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

IN an hour Humpty was provided with a new suit, which considerably improved his appearance. Rufus accompanied him to the railway station, where he purchased for him a through ticket to Chicago, and saw him enter the cars.

"Good bye, William, and good luck!" said Rufus.

"Good bye," said Humpty. "You're a good fellow. You're the first friend I ever had."

"I hope I shan't be the last," said Rufus. "Shall I give your love to Smith, if I see him?"

"Never mind about it," said Humpty.

Rufus was compelled to leave the station before the cars started, to hurry back to the office. Arrived there, a new errand awaited him.

"Rufus," said Mr. Turner, "do you remember where Mr. Vanderpool lives?"

"The owner of the tin box? Yes sir."

"You may go up there at once and let him know that his property is recovered."

This task Rufus undertook with alacrity. He had formed a favorable impression of Mr. Vanderpool, and he was glad to be able to tell him that the box, for whose loss he felt partly at fault, was recovered.

He was soon ringing the bell of the house in Twenty-seventh Street.

Mr. Vanderpool was at home, the servant told him, and he was ushered immediately into his presence.

The old gentleman, who had been writing, laid aside his pen, and looking up, recognized Rufus.

"You're the boy that came to tell me about my property being stolen, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes sir. But it's found."

"Bless my soul, you don't say so! Did the thief give it up?"

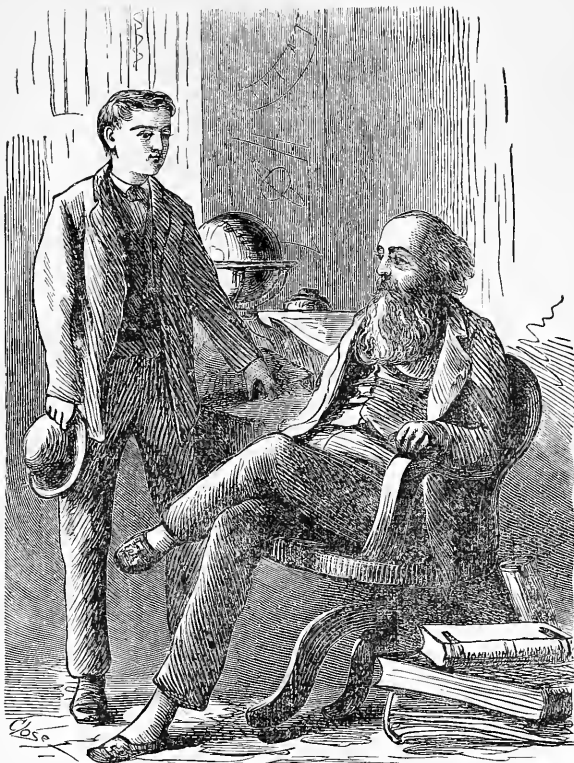
"No," said Rufus, laughing, "I took it from him."

"Is it possible? Why, you're only a boy," said Mr. Vanderpool, regarding him with interest.

"Boys can do something as well as men," said Rufus, with pardonable pride.

"Tell me all about it."

Rufus told his story as briefly as possible. When he described how he had been entrapped and imprisoned, Mr. Vanderpool said "Bless my soul!" several times.



RUFUS TELLS HIS STORY.

"You're a brave boy," he said, when our hero had concluded.

"Thank you sir," said Rufus, modestly.

"Were you not afraid when you were locked up by those bad men?"

"Not at all, sir."

"I should have been. I don't think I'm very brave. You've behaved very well indeed, master — I don't remember your name."

"Rufus Rushton."

"Master Rushton, I must make you a present."

"I have only done my duty, Mr. Vanderpool. I don't want any present for that."

"We'll talk about that afterwards. By the way, have you thought any more about the question whether the planets are inhabited?"

"I can't say I have, sir. I've had so much else to think about."

"Very true, very true. Well, I've written a few pages more, which I will read to you if you have time."

"I should like very much to hear them, sir, but I'm afraid Mr. Turner would blame me for not coming back to the office"

"Ah, I am sorry for that," said Mr. Vanderpool, rather disappointed. A minute after he brightened up. "I'll tell you what, my young friend," he said, "you shall come and dine with me next Saturday at six, and then we will have the evening to ourselves. What do you say?"

"I shall be very happy to come, sir," said Rufus, not quite sure whether he should be happy or not.

When Saturday came, he presented himself, and was very cordially received by the old gentleman. The dinner was a capital one, and served in excellent style. Mr. Vanderpool paid Rufus as much attention as if he were a guest of distinction, read him his essay on the planets, and showed him some choice engravings. The evening passed very agreeably, and Rufus was urged to come again soon. He did so, and so won the favor of Mr. Vanderpool, that the old gentleman invited him, at the end of two months, to come and live with him.

"Thank you, Mr. Vanderpool," said our hero, "you are very kind, but I should n't like to leave Miss Manning and my little sister."

"Have you a little sister? Tell me about her."

"Her name is Rose, and she is a dear little girl."

"How old is she?"

"Eight years old."

"I am glad she is not a young lady. You can bring her, too. We've got plenty of room. By the bye, who is Miss Manning?"

"She's a friend of mine, and teaches my sister."

"Why could n't she come, and look after my servants. I need a housekeeper."

"I will mention it to her," said Rufus.

Rufus did mention it to Miss Manning, and a meeting was arranged between her and Mr. Vanderpool. The old gentleman repeated the invitation, offering Miss Manning ten dollars a week for her services. Such an offer was not to be rejected. Miss Manning resigned her situation as governess to Mrs. Colman's children, greatly to that lady's disappointment, and removed with Rose to the house of Mr. Vanderpool. Elegant chambers were assigned to all three, and they found themselves living in fashionable style. As neither of the three had any board to pay, Rufus felt justified in dressing Rose and himself in a manner which befitted the style in which they lived, while Miss Manning, also, finding that she was expected to preside at the table, felt called upon to follow

their example. It was such a change for all three, that it seemed like a dream, sometimes, when they recalled the miserable attic in Leonard Street, and the humble lodging near the North River.

Rose was sent to school, and had a music teacher at home. Miss Manning, also, having considerable time at her disposal, also took lessons in music and French, and soon acquired very respectable proficiency in both. The old gentleman, so long accustomed to solitude, seemed to renew his youth in the cheerful society he had gathered around him, and came to look upon Rufus and Rose as his own children. He was continually loading them with gifts, and his kindness won their gratitude and affection. He tried to induce Rufus to give up his position with the banker, but our hero was of an independent turn, and had too active a temperament to be satisfied with doing nothing. On the succeeding Christmas he received from Mr. Vanderpool a very costly gold watch and chain, which, I need not say, were very acceptable.

About six months after her entrance into the house, Miss Manning was profoundly astonished by receiving from the old gentleman an offer of marriage.

"I don't ask for romantic love, my dear Miss Manning," said Mr. Vanderpool, "but I hope you'll like me a little, and I'll try to make you happy. I don't want to hurry you. Take a week to think of it."

Miss Manning did take a week to think of it. She was not in love with Mr. Vanderpool. That was hardly to be expected, for he was thirty years older than she was, but she did esteem him, and she knew that he would be kind to her, so she said yes, after consulting with Rufus. And one morning, without any fuss or ostentation, she was quietly married, and transformed from plain Miss Manning into the rich Mrs. Vanderpool. I may say here that neither she or her husband has seen cause to repent the match, so unexpectedly brought about, but live in harmony and mutual friendship, as I hope they may continue to do to the end of their days.

When Rufus became twenty-one, he was agreeably surprised by an offer from Mr. Turner to take him into partnership. He learned late in the day that Mr. Vanderpool had transferred to his name the contents of the tin box, amounting to fifty thousand dollars, and this was the amount of capital which he was to represent in the new firm. Some time when you are walking through Wall Street, if you will examine the various signs, your eyes may light upon this one, —



You will have no trouble in conjecturing that the junior partner is the same who was first known to us as Rough and Ready. If you think that our young friend, the newsboy, has had rare luck, I hope you will also admit that by his honesty, industry, and generous protection of his little sister, he has deserved the prosperity he has attained.

George Black has long since bought out his partner's interest in the periodical store, and now carries on quite a flourishing trade in his own name. Smith and Martin are still in prison, their term of confinement not yet being ended. What adventures yet remain in store for James Martin, I am unable to say, but I doubt if he will ever turn over a new leaf. His habits of indolence and intemperance are too confirmed to give much hope of amendment.

THE fortunes of Rough and Ready, so far as this record is concerned, are now completed. To the thousands of young readers who have followed them with interest for a period of twenty-four months, the author takes this opportunity to express his thanks. He hopes they will become no less interested in the story of

Paul the **P**eddler;

OR


The Adventures of a Young Street Merchant,

The opening chapters of which will appear in the January number of this magazine.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



CHERRY RUNS AWAY.

URSE was called away down stairs, and left small George in charge of little Cherry. Nurse thought she had closed the library door tightly, but Cherry's little fingers pried at it, persistently, and shook, and twisted, and wriggled the silver handle till the door stood ajar, making, as it did so, a feeble squeak of indignation.

George, lying at full length on the carpet, reading *Jack the Giant Killer*, has no eyes nor ears for anything but his book, so he does not see Cherry's little golden head wedged warily through the opening, nor has he heard the warning creak, or the delightful spatting together of two little fat hands.

Cherry shows all her pearls of teeth, and says to herself, as she peers up and down the long entry, to see if anybody is coming, —

“Nobody does see me! Bruvver George reads picture books — Nowah's gone somewhere. Cherry shall run away out the door, and make gardens, beautiful gardens, with bruvver George's rake and hoe he leaved behind the door.”

Little Cherry, sitting on the library floor, and seeming to think of nothing but building tall card castles, had heard Norah reprove George for leaving his rake and hoe behind the door in the further entry.

George had promised Norah to go and put them in their places when he had finished reading “just that page.” But *Jack the Giant Killer* proved so entertaining, that he quite forgot to go when the page was ended. If George forgot about them, Cherry did not, and now to the mischief of leaving things about, was to be added another mischief — we shall soon know what.

“Nobody sees!” said little Cherry, again, to herself, and her eyes twinkled, and her little chubby feet, as she flew over the soft hall carpet to that farther entry door, which swung open at her touch.

The rake and the hoe stood up against the wall as straight as tin soldiers, and at their feet lay a bean-bag with a hole in its side. This was another mischief, not of George's, but of Cherry's sister Peep. Plum Packard, Peep's very particular friend, had just rung at the door for Peep to walk with her, and Peep had tossed into a corner the bean-bag with which she had been playing, and had put on her hat, and gone off with Plum.

Cherry came near talking out quite loud when she saw the bean-bag, but she thought of George, and she thought of Norah, and prudently pinched her small red lips so that only a little smothered “Oh” had

time to escape. Then she snatched up the bag with one hand, and the rake and hoe with the other, saying to herself, as she ran towards the hall door, which Plum and Peep had left open after them :

“*Now*, what a good time there will be, with all these lovely white seeds to plant. P'r'aps they 'll come up cocoa-nuts, or certainly true they 'll grow into raisins !”

Cherry's hands being full, she could not clap them over her mouth to smother the second “oh,” which bubbled out so roundly, followed by a trickling laugh, that it was fortunate for her she had by this time reached the hall door, and thus was out of George's hearing.

It was fortunate for her, too, that the carpet was so velvety soft, for the beans dropped out of the hole in the bag as she ran, and the hoe and the rake went bumpety-bump, but never a sound was heard from them. It was very fortunate, also, that the baker's cart went rattling by just then, its merry bills jingling, and the baker snapping the covers noisily in search of nice hot tea-rolls. *Very* fortunate, for the little rake and hoe were clattering, and Cherry's high boot-heels were clicketing, and the beans were hopping like hailstones over the long stone steps ; but the baker's cart, with its flapping covers and jingling bells, drowned all other noises.

Away ran Cherry, over the lawn, and under the shrubbery, and across the flower-plots, dragging the rake and hoe behind her.

“I should think I will make my beautiful garden *here* !” She stopped short in her race, and plunged her hoe into the midst of some of the gardener's choicest roots. “Wight here,” she announced in shrill tones, delighted to be so far away now from George and Norah as to be able to talk out very loud indeed.

The next minute she was skipping backwards to take a better view of the spot, trampling under her feet a great bed of English violets.

“I must make some bare gwound first, just as the gardener does,” was her next proposal. “Too much gween things gwowing here !”

Then she fell upon the lilies of the valley, and beat them down, and tore them up with her hoe. Finding this slow work, she knelt down and pulled fiercely at them, flinging them to the right and left. Soon her small hands were almost blistered, and her white dress was all stained and striped with the leaves and dirt in which she had been kneeling.

“O dear me ! a garden is weal plaguing to make !” By the time she had sighed out this remark she had risen up, and was looking, first at the great brown spots on her snowy Lisle stockings, and then at the “gwound,” which was only bare in spots, after all her hoeing and pulling.

For one moment the dimpled corners of Cherry's mouth went down, and her flaxen eyebrows lifted up, but the next, while a robin sang loud in a near cherry tree, she laughed, and said, "Never mind; there's place enough for cocoa-nuts and cinnamon stalks to grow up tall, and I'll fence 'em with dandelions, and make a gate to my beautiful garden all out of tiny stones — gwavel stones, out of the walk."

Miss Cherry then quickly began to plant in her garden. She shook the bean-bag about till the ground was white.



"Why don't you bury yourself under the ground?" she inquired, much displeased that the beans lay in rows and hillocks, as if sunning themselves was their only business. "You can't grow without roots," she explained, with a wise shake of the head, "and down in the dark is where to find 'em, not up here in the air. Such stupid!"

Cherry entirely lost her patience on finding the beans paid no heed

to her. She quickly poked holes in the earth with her fingers, and tumbling into them all they would hold, she *spatted* a thin layer of soil over them with the palms of her hands, then stamped on them and finally sat on them.

She sat there quite a long time, singing "twamp! twamp! twamp! the boys are marching," and other martial airs, drumming her heels with great determination, to show the beans her mind was made up about their growing. At last she espied a watering-pot under the hedge, and she cried out:

"Gardens always have to be watered! I'll do mine this minute!"

So Cherry flew up, and pounced upon the watering-pot. It was large and heavy, and she tugged at it in vain. A toad sat upon a stone, and watched her, but Cherry did not see him, else she might have dropped the pot, and run back to the house, and so the mischief would have ended.

But Cherry kept hard at work, and while she was resting her hands just one minute, she said, "You need not think you're not going to stir, Mr. Watering-Pot, you are." All the time she was talking, her head was shaking up and down at the pot to convince it she was in earnest. Then she gave her stray curls a careless tuck under her net, and set her little teeth together, opening them again a minute to observe to the watering-pot, "that she meant to make two halves of the heavy old water in it; one might play tag with the flowers along the paths, but the other was going to water *her* garden." So she contrived to tip out a very large part of the water, which unexpectedly began its game of tag on her boots, and against her pretty white dress.

"You'd better stay now till you're weddy to be waisins, or something," was her fierce address to the planted beans.

Down went the watering-pot with a splash, and up went Cherry, first on one foot, and then on the other. "Oh! ah! how mean, I'm almost downed," was her dismal cry.

Just then a hand-organ on the opposite side of the hedge struck up a merry tune, and a crowd of children, that had been running after it, set up a deafening shout at the monkey, which ran about the road in his little scarlet coat and cap. Now, a hand-organ was Cherry's delight, but a hand-organ with a monkey was almost too much bliss. In a twinkling she was at the turn-stile, trying to push her little self out past two bare-footed, bare-headed girls, who leaned against it.

"Please let me see!" she entreated, pulling at the old shawl which was pinned about one of them. The girl turned round.

"See?" her small gray eyes roamed over little Cherry from her head to her feet. "Well, give me that pink sash and you shall."

Cherry looked up with wide-opened eyes. "I should n't like to, —"

"Oh, should n't you? Well, you keep back, then, and don't go scrouging your head anywheres near this stile."

"You better not," joined in the other girl, looking back at Cherry and making very unpleasant mouths at her.

"Please excuse me for scwouging," said little Cherry, all in a tremble. Just then a glimpse of the monkey's scarlet coat gave her fresh courage, and she said, humbly, "You may take the sash, please, if you will only let me see."

"And the locket, please!" demanded the girl who made unpleasant mouths.

While the one whisked off Cherry's sash, the other hurriedly slipped the locket from her neck, and both soon after stole up the street and disappeared round the nearest corner.

Little Cherry was too entirely charmed with the monkey to waste any regrets on the robbery, and when the man shut up the organ, and placing the monkey on the top of it, walked off down the street, Cherry gladly accepted an invitation from a grimy boy, very much out at elbows and other joints, to take a ride in his wheelbarrow.

"Hold on tight, its joggly travelling in such teams, Phebe," remarked the boy, falling briskly into the procession of urchins scrambling pell-mell after the monkey.

"My name's Cherry. You'll bring me back, safe, won't you, Tommy?"

"My name's Nat. You bet I'll bring you back in style."

Cherry was now so bounced about in the hurrying wheelbarrow that she could only smile back her thanks and confidence. The organ happily only went as far as the corner, and then the man began to play, and the monkey to run about, cap in hand, and the crowd of urchins to laugh and shout again.

Little Cherry sat up very straight in the wheelbarrow, with her muddy little boots sticking out before her, and her golden hair streaming in the wind.

"This is most better than gardens," was what she would have said if anybody had seemed disposed to listen to her. But all the children were darting about after the monkey, and not one ear in the crowd was in the same place for two seconds together.

By and by Cherry discovered she was the only child who remained in one place, so she quickly scrambled out of the wheelbarrow, and with her two hands clasped on the top of her head, gazed about her to see what to do next. Two little gray kittens were romping in the winding

paths of a pretty garden, just behind the fence against which little Cherry leaned. Cherry was becoming tired of the monkey, and she thought it would be fun to get into the garden and play with the kittens.

"I'll just squeeze frough so easy," was Cherry's resolve. But the act of "squeezing" was anything but easy, as she soon found.

The persevering little girl did herself up into all manner of shapes to get through the bars, but there was always an impossible half which hung dangling on the wrong side of the fence.

A thin girl in a long extent of blue checked apron, reaching from her chin to the ground, paused at last in the shuffling dance she had been executing to the lively tune of the organ. Seeing poor Cherry's trouble, she gave her a friendly shove with her sharp shoulder, and Cherry found herself suddenly sprawling amid the gay blossoms of the trim borders.

There was such a confused tingling and twinging of her poor little elbows, as she lay with her nose buried in a great golden buttercup, that she was just ready to cry, but the gray kittens just then began boxing each other's ears, and flying round, each in pursuit of his own little frisky tail. So Cherry was surprised into a laugh, and scrambled up as well as the lost buttons, and strings, and hooks, which had burst away in trying to get through the fence, would allow. She was starting on a chase after the kittens, when the fire-bells rang out, and then there was a general stampede of all the riotous youngsters outside the fence, he with the wheelbarrow leading the van.

"Oh take me, too, *do* take me, Nat!" implored Cherry, stretching out her arms to her retreating charioteer, the noise of whose trundling and whooping was even then dimming in the distance.

The kittens now ran giddily past Cherry, as if they had made up their minds to hurry with all their small might somewhere — Cherry thought to the fire. So she flew after them; but they suddenly changed their minds about going to the fire, and ran back the way they came, Cherry turning and scampering at their heels.

The chase was kept up a long time, during which the three had trampled on every flower-bed in the garden. All at once, just as Cherry's little feet were getting too tired to trudge another step, the kittens sat down to wash their faces and smooth their furry stockings. When they were quite clean and tidy, they boxed each other again, and walking off, disappeared under a tool-house.

Cherry looked about for a place on which to rest herself, and found nothing better than the steep green bank she was climbing. So she flung herself down, and began to draw off the little boot which was so uncomfortably filled with sand and gravel.

So many things happened to interrupt her. A small earth-worm, to her great disgust, wriggled across a path quite near her, and a robin had a very long story to tell to the other birds in the garden, the other birds seeming quite displeased with what they heard. By the time all their racket had subsided, Cherry felt weary and sleepy. Her blue eyes began to wink drowsily, and she suddenly cuddled in among the grass, and fell fast asleep, with her unemptied boot still in her hand.

Not long after this, an extraordinary procession might be seen entering the gate of Cherry's house. First came a great black dog, wagging his tail tremendously, and dying to bark, but smothering his wishes into something between a howl and a growl of satisfaction. Then followed a stout young Irish girl, her two cheeks as red as the great roses nodding in a fiery row in front of her turban hat. She bore tenderly in her arms something carefully wrapt in a shawl. Behind her walked a pale little lady, who spoke comforting words to an unhappy-looking small boy, whom she held by the hand.

The lost had been found, thanks to the dog, and the faithful brute was making a triumphal march of it. Not so little George, who was very miserable at the result of his carelessness. He had just asked his mother for the sixth time, "*Will Cherry die, mother?*" He had been so shocked at the tattered and dirty plight of little Cherry lying asleep on the green bank, that he could not see how it was possible ever to make her fit to live.

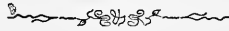
But Cherry, after a bath, and a long, sound sleep, was the same little merry golden-haired sprite as before. Peep and George lent a willing ear the next day to Cherry's tales of her wondrous adventures. Peep advised her never to ride again in a strange boy's wheelbarrow, but Cherry only shook her shoulders, and screwed up her eyes, and said, "shall!"

George was very particular to know just about how high up on the wall "that girl's" head might come, the one that took the sash — and what kind of a face she had, and how she talked, *so?* or *so?* giving various unpleasant pictures, each one of which in turn Cherry was confident was the right one. She was very unsatisfactory, however, in her descriptions of the face, and wholly bewildered herself and her brother in attempts to chalk just about how high her head would come on the wall. George, however, was sure he should find out the girl, and have something dreadful done to her.

One good thing came of little Cherry's running away. Norah never had to caution George again about leaving his hoe and rake out of place. Even giddy little Peep was ever after more careful about put-

ting things away. And Cherry, though she continued for a very long time to be in mischief a portion of every day of her life, never ran away again.

Elsie Gorham.



NELLIE'S SELF-DENIAL.

A Story for Thanksgiving Day.

IT had been raining all day; first the drops came lazily, just sprinkling the door-step; then it began to pour across the window panes, and the hens sought their shelter, and puss scampered for dear life towards the house; soon it swept around the corner of the dwelling, ran down the spout, and leaped out again, as if it intended to carry all before it. It was a beautiful, welcome rain to the housekeeper, for the springs were low; welcome to the farmer, for the ground had become hard and dry; welcome to all who understood its real value; but not to Nellie Churchill, who sat curled up upon a lounge in front of a bright coal fire, talking to herself as if she were indeed a little martyr. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and her mother had promised to bake her a pie and a nice plum-pudding, if she would keep out of the kitchen, and these things she was to carry to a poor family that lived in an adjoining street. Keeping out of the kitchen when anything unusual was going on, required a great effort on Nellie's part, especially when she knew that there were raisins, citron, currants, apples, and other things that she dearly loved, being used, but that was the only condition upon which her basket was to be filled, and she had bravely kept in the sitting-room six whole hours, all the time hoping against hope to see the sun shine. She had hemmed a towel in the forenoon, altered a doll's dress, and re-arranged her play-house, so that the hours seemed comparatively short, but the afternoon had stretched itself out to an unthought-of length, and Nellie was about discouraged.

"Now, pour, pour, pour," said she, as she heard the rain still against the windows, "I would n't stop if I were you. Here, I've been penned up in the house all day, and it's the awfulest hard work that ever a body did. I never kept so still before (when I've been awake, I mean,) just because I wanted so much to carry Hattie Stevens that basket; but the rain has kept coming down the same as if I'd been ever so noisy, and as if there was n't a single poor person waiting for a Thanksgiving dinner. I'm sure every tub, and cistern, and well, must be full by this

time, and the water will be wasted, and everything," — Nellie stopped here, for she did not know what else to say, but going again to the window, she caught sight of a long streak of golden sky far down at the west, and springing into the kitchen, she exclaimed, "It's almost fair weather, ma, and the sun is thinking it will shine, and I'm so glad."

Mrs. Churchill was busy taking the last pies out of the oven, but she stopped to listen, and to go to the window, to see if what her little girl was saying were true.

"Nora and I have had a very quiet time, here, to-day," said she. "We have had no little girl putting her fingers into the plums, nor teasing for this thing and that. Now I shall pack a basket full of good things, and Nora can take it to Mrs. Stevens', and you can have the pleasure of giving it away, but you must wait till to-morrow; the rain is still coming down, and the streets are very wet, to-morrow it will be all bright and fair."

Nellie was ready to cry at this decision, but as her mother told her to remain in the kitchen, she kept back her tears, and began to look around. There were a great many things to tempt the appetite on the long tables, tarts, pies, puddings, cake, fruits, and poultry; so much, that Nellie thought it would never be eaten.

"What a nice pair of chickens here is," said she, as she saw four yellow legs peeping out of a piece of brown paper, "and what a big turkey. I wish everybody had just as many things as we have, don't you, mamma?"

"Then my little girl would n't have the pleasure of giving anything away, and another little girl would n't be made happy to-morrow by seeing her come with a big basket. The law of love, and kindness, and charity, can be better felt where the rich and poor meet together; a great deal of happiness comes of giving and receiving, and I want you to be one of the happy ones; now take these pies to the buttery for Nora, she must be tired by this time."

Nellie ran back and forth, carrying one pie at a time, and Nora put them upon the high shelves, then the extra work for Thanksgiving was all done, and Nellie and her mother went back to the sitting-room, and began to talk about the grand-parents, uncles, aunts, and cousins, that were to visit them the next day.

"Such a good time as we will have," said Nellie. "Cousin Annie is 'most as old as I am, and we can play together, and swing, and dress our dolls. Hattie Stevens has n't any doll, nothing but an old rag-baby; I wish I could give her one of my dollies."

"Well," replied her mother, "you may if you wish. Which one can you part with?"

"I don't know. There's Mrs. General Grant, and Susie, and Fannie, but the *cunningest one* is Maggie Ray, may be I can spare her. It would n't do to give away one of Mrs. General's children, you know."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Churchill, with a lurking smile. "So it must be Maggie, or none. But you have time enough to think of it before morning, and don't expect another doll in its place, as you must do with three, instead of four."

Nellie was silent. She sat casting mind-glances at her four beauties, as she called them, all tucked up in their little bed fast asleep; but her generous heart soon decided the case, and when she spoke, it was to say, "I guess Maggie will have to go, mamma, and I will take her up, and enjoy her all I can to-night. She'll be Hattie's doll to-morrow."

Mrs. Stevens and Hattie were sitting very quietly before the stove in their little kitchen the next morning, *one* paring apples, the other looking at a picture-book, when Nora placed the well-filled basket in the entry, and Nellie, her cheeks all aglow with excitement and pleasure, rushed to Hattie's side.

"Here's Maggie Ray," said she, "come to spend Thanksgiving day with you, and to be your doll always, and ma has sent lots of things for her to eat, but some of them are my very own, I earned them yesterday."

Hattie's face turned very red, then pale, but as soon as she understood that Maggie was her own, she pressed her close to her young heart, and said:

"O, I'm gladder than I ever was in all my life."

There seemed to be no end to the things in Nellie's basket, and the beautiful pair of chickens was a treasure unthought of.

"I told my boys, when they went away, that all they must expect to-day was a little minced fish and a few turnovers," said Mrs. Stevens: but we have a dinner fit for a king. Tell your mother, Nellie, that my thanks come straight from my heart."

There was happiness in the widow's home that day, as four chairs were drawn around a neatly spread table, and four pairs of eyes rested on the abundance before them. There was happiness, too, in the home of plenty, and Nellie expressed it as she was going up the staircase to her chamber, by saying,—

"This has been the best Thanksgiving, mamma, I ever had. I've felt just exactly right all over."

Dear young readers, if you would feel "just exactly right all over," remember the poor on the next Thanksgiving.

Persis.

A LETTER

From Marion Rice, in California, to her Friend, Maggie Weld, in Boston.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1870.

MY DEAR MAGGIE,—Never before did the old saying, "Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear," strike me with its full meaning for now, as more than three thousand miles separate us, I can realize how dear home is, and all my friends—but I promised you a long letter, let me commence, then. I arrived at San Francisco too much exhausted after my long ride of eight days and nights, to form any describable impression of this busy city. From the crowd and urgency of hackmen I should have supposed I was in New York, but when I paid the driver, and he refused to take our own National Bank-bills for more than eighty-seven cents on a dollar, then I knew good old Boston was far away; the numerous signs which everywhere met my eye of "Gun Ling, washing and ironing," Hop Sing, Wo Lee, Ar Poy, &c., all confirmed the fact.

The use of silver and gold is rather awkward to me as yet, for as there are only five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent silver pieces, one often is obliged to pay more than the price asked, to make change; for instance, horse car fare is six and a quarter cents, and one must either pay ten, or buy four tickets, to lose nothing. Everything is estimated by "bits," twelve and a half cents; four pounds of peaches for two bits, one dozen oranges for four bits, calico dresses, ten bits a dress, &c., puzzles a little at first, but like the New York shilling, one soon gets accustomed to it.

San Francisco is not a pretty city; the streets, although laid out regularly, do not run straight, and I miss our beautiful shade trees; the houses, too, are so mixed up, a two-story showy house often being placed in between low miserable ones, but on account of earthquakes they are all built low. Uncle Frank told me that when they had that last heavy shock here, he was in his office, which is in a brick building, with a wooden one inside, and all bolted together; the heaving of the ground racked the building so, it seemed like a bird cage; these are considered much safer than plain brick, like our own.

Cousin Laura and I climbed Telegraph Hill one day, where the marine Telegraph is stationed. It is a very high bluff, rising nearly perpendicular from the water's edge. The ascent was tiresome, but the view amply repaid us for our exertion. All around us washed the waters of San Francisco Bay, its beautiful white-capped waves sparkling in the sunlight; far away in the distance Golden Gate opened its mile-wide portals to old ocean beyond; bold mountains hemmed us in, the city lay

at our feet, and stretched out climbing hill-sides, until lost in the mountains, and then we realized that home, *our* home, was "over the hills and far away." It seemed strange among so many buildings to see so few church spires, but they are so liable to be shaken down, that turrets are built instead. The Jewish synagogue is the most conspicuous church in the city.

Uncle Frank lives in the oldest part of San Francisco, that settled by the Jesuits in 1769, and called "The Mission," and some of the old houses are still standing; they are quite a curiosity to me, built of unburned clay, called "adobe," with tiled roofs and small windows. The old church has three bells, hung in niches over the door outside.

Last Saturday we spent a part of the day at Woodward's gardens, and I only wish Boston could have such a place; but then, our cold winters would make it an impossibility. After paying the entrance fee of twenty-five cents, there is nothing else to pay for on the grounds, unless one wishes to buy something to eat. A short distance from the gate is a house filled with stuffed birds and curiosities, such as a calf with two heads, a dog with five legs, two calves joined together at the hips and shoulders, scalp with long hair, &c. The bird department reminded me of the Natural History Rooms on Boylston Street. Leading from this room is a grapery, but as we were not allowed to taste the grapes, I felt assured they were sour. Another building near by is filled with tropical plants, among which are a great variety of palms, and a banana tree in flower and fruit. An art gallery adjoins this, filled with paintings and statuary, and here I saw a living wonder. A Chinaman, named Chang-Wo-Foo, eight feet four inches high, splendidly proportioned, and dressed in his native costume. As he walked about the grounds, it was astonishing to see men of six feet pass under his outstretched arms. He is very polite, and graceful in all his movements. His wife is a small-footed lady of ordinary height, and is not on exhibition. On the grounds are swings, and a rotary boat, which is always filled with children. The boat is in an artificial pond, like the Frog Pond on Boston Common, and is kept in place by means of large wires fastened to a ring, which revolves around an iron post in the centre of the pond. Six large sails, and twelve oars fastened into row-locks, and used by the children, cause it to move, sometimes very swiftly, around and around, but being very large, it never makes one dizzy. It made me think of the picture in "Mother Goose," where "three men went a sailing, a sailing with the wind."

In various parts of the grounds are cages filled with lions, tigers, jaguars, bears, deer, &c. Two young bears chained to posts outside

make great sport for the boys; they play much like large dogs, but woe be unto the boy who plagues them too much! Their claws are long and sharp, and they scratch fearfully, — but as Dr. Watts says, “it is their nature *to*.”

A cage of gray monkeys, and another of large black ones, pleased me very much. As we looked through the bars, an old black one came chattering up, and put out his hand for something to eat. Laura gave him a piece of red ribbon she had in her pocket; he seized it, and sprang upon a perch, and the others after him, and such a race as they had. Sometimes, one would curl his tail around a bar and swing, and then spring the entire length of the cage; another would drop from above, snatch the ribbon in his teeth, and then all would rush after him. Such feats of gymnastics outdid Blondin himself. Finally, the original owner succeeded in getting it, and the last I saw of him he sat at the door of his box trying to tie it around his neck.

Near by is a “Happy Family,” consisting of a black bear, a white hog, an old grey monkey, two dogs, two racoons, and four foxes. I saw the keeper go into the cage and feed them. As the monkey held up his hand for something, he gave him an apple, at which he was very indignant, scolded, threw it on the floor, and when the hog ate it, boxed his ears, and held up his hand for something more. Still another apple was given him, and another, until he retired into the corner, and sat down, refusing everything that was offered him, with the dignity of a gentleman.

In the amphitheatre were Mr. and Mrs. Camel, and their baby, born here; and although they were a great curiosity, they were very homely. Their back is so humped, and their necks so crooked, then their upper lips are slit up to the nose, showing long, yellow teeth. They may look well in their native land, carrying burdens across the deserts, but apart from association, they are not interesting looking here. Esquimaux dogs panted, and hung out their tongues, poor things! I should think the heat would kill them. Ducks, geese, swans, pelican, and beavers, were in the pond, and an eagle, albatross, and peacocks on the lawn. An aviary on a hill is filled with singing birds, and flowers are everywhere; and Oh! Maggie, I only wish you could see the flowers everywhere here. Fuschias grow on trellises as high and wide as you choose to train them, laurustinus form bushes like our weigelia, and the most exquisite tea-roses flower all the time. There are a great variety of roses of all colors; some climbing ones completely cover the sides of houses, and others are trimmed up to form trees. On the German Catholic chapel, a mammoth passion-flower covers one entire side, filled with buds and blossoms; another side is a mass of glossy English ivy, and

all these look as well the entire year as they do now. When you think that they never have any cold weather here, not even a frost, one can understand what a fine time they have to grow in, so different from our poor things at home, that just as soon as they get growing finely have to be removed to the house. But although the flowers astonish me, the style of dress surprises me still more. In church last Sunday, one lady sat near me dressed entirely in white, except a black lace shawl. Directly opposite, another one came in with her grey silk and ermine furs! And yet both seemed to feel comfortable. I see fur cloaks, sacks, and collars every day, and one young lady carried her muff; — the 17th of July and a muff!

The mornings and evenings are so cool that thick shawls or furs are very comfortable, but from ten o'clock to three is quite warm. At this season of the year, the high wind which rises by nine o'clock in the morning, makes walking rather unpleasant, but one gets accustomed to it very soon, and not many days pass without a good long walk.

I have had a charming visit to a milk ranch, about forty miles from San Francisco. All farms are called ranches here, whether used for cattle, sheep, or fruit. The one I visited comprised 1000 acres of hill and valley, the most beautiful country I was ever in, and comprised 100 cattle, 45 calves, 40 hogs, and 8 horses, besides dogs, turkeys, hens, and chickens in abundance. The dairy was a great wonder to me, built under a grove of live oaks and laurel. It is always shady and very cool. The milk room has 600 pans; 12 trees, with 50 on each. At the present time not more than one half are filled, but to my unaccustomed eyes, this looked large. A churn in the churning-room, turned by two men, holds 155 pounds of butter. This, after being carefully washed, is carried to the butter-room, where the requisite amount of salt is added, and then formed into two-pound rolls, each one being rolled up separately in white cloth. During the whole process, the hands do not touch the butter, nice wooden paddles being used. In the winter season, when the grass is green, 100 pounds a day is the average, but at present not more than 400 pounds a week are made, and this is all sent to the San Francisco market.

You know, Maggie, this is what they call the dry season. There has been no rain since April, and will not probably be a drop until the last of September. The ground is covered with hay made by nature, and is more nutritious than grass cut and dried. The first rains cause a crop of seed grass and clover to spring up everywhere, and in one week what is nothing now but a sunburned surface, becomes green and beautiful. There is no turf here, except where it is kept alive by water.

Before the fall rains come, the cattle eat the grass off to the bare ground. No hay is made, as none is needed. The laurel and live oak trees are always green, the over ripe leaves dropping at any time, and the ends of the branches always having new leaves. But, my dear Maggie, I shall weary you with my chat, so I will close this abruptly by promising another some time. Yours,
Marion.



KREESHE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.



AT the end of a narrow court, leading from a broad, well-lighted street, an old house leaned tipsily backwards, as if about to fall into the marsh in the rear. Up under the eaves was a small, unlighted window, darker, for the pitch of the ruinous old spout, which slanted over the upper panes, like a battered cocked hat set on sideways. The stars overhead in the clear winter sky, glittered like diamonds, and winked in a very encouraging manner to the two pairs of wondering eyes looking curiously out, from under the shadow of the crumbling spout, on the bustle and life of the brilliant street beyond.

Very encouragingly — else would not the girl sitting there in the darkness, with her face pressed to the dingy pane, have so suddenly untwined the clinging arms from about her neck, and said her say so boldly.

“I’m going out, Watty, to get Christmas, I am. The fire is growing low, and I’m going to tuck you into bed, so as you can keep warm. You just lay there and keep a good lookout up there between the chimneys opposite, and mebbe you’ll see ’em.” She meant the angels. She thought they came out of heaven and sang every Christmas eve; not perhaps in such places as Scragg’s Court, but somewhere. “The carts and express wagons is rattling round so noisy to-night, that what with the window shet and shaking so, I don’t count on your hearing any thing special, s’posin’ there *was* to be ’pearances, which is n’t likely, nother, hereabouts, over a dark alley.”

By the time all this was said, Watty was lying wrapped up in a very hole-y comforter, and settled down into the heart of the straw bed.

“O hi, Kreeshe,” feebly remonstrated Wat, struggling up into a sitting posture as well as his mummied condition would permit, “Christmas’s is n’t gone out for, they mostly comes to folks that’s convenient to be got to.”

“Wich we ain’t,” was Kreeshe’s concise rejoinder. “You lay down,

and shet up, and spend your time profitable, with your ears open, and your eyes — wall — a winkin' upperds. And I," remarked Kreeshe, more intelligibly after having relieved her mouth of two crooked pins, which had been stowed away within it for emergencies, "I," pinning now carelessly over her shoulders the moth-eaten remnants of a woollen shawl, "I will just take a run round the streets, and up through the avenue, so as mebbe to meet Christmas dodging round some corner with suthin' for us."

"I guess all he 's got for us," whined Wat, "was the lookin's we just had out into the street, where the gas was burning jolly in the shops, and folks running against each other with bundles, and turkey legs going it over the backs of wagons and such."

Watty waxed fretful as he enumerated the "lookings" that Kreeshe had snatched away from him, these small plums in his poor Christmas pudding.

"Shet up, Watty, and don't be onreasonable," advised Kreeshe, cheerily. While she settled the troublesome fringes and jags of her unwieldily drapery, she bade Wat remember that the German woman had told them "the good Christ-child came for all, and as it was n't likely he 'd find his way up their stairs, that had n't nary a banister, she was going out to meet him, if he was n't too much taken up with other folks. Leastwise I can bring home a Christmas story about what is going on, and that won't be so bad as nothin' at all, Watty."

The boy was soothed by the prospect of a story if nothing better came of it, but he was just then being smothered affectionately under an old rug by Kreeshe, and he was made still more incapable of thanks by a parting love-fillip on both ears. This last set his head whirring in such a manner that Kreeshe's farewell words, "Mind you keep a sharp look-out up among the chimbleys," spun round and round in his brain like squirrels in a whirligig.

The old house shook as Kreeshe slammed the door after her on her way out to find Christmas, and the dilapidated spout settled a little further down over the bleary-eyed window.

Now Kreeshe because of her ignorance, was somewhat confused about the manifestations of Christmas eve, but she was very clear as to the spirit of "peace and good will" which was shed over the earth at that season. So she went forth in good faith, and, once out in the gaily-lighted street, she fell into the crisp tramp of the jolly-going multitude, and slid along light-hearted behind a merry little man and his two merry little boys.

"Hi! hi! hi!" reared the little man, abruptly stopping in admiration

before a flaming window where a broad St Nicholas with a broader pack on his back, was preparing to dive down a very narrow wooden chimney; so abruptly that the Christmas goose dangling from a brown paper under the little man's arm, flapped in the face of close-following Kreeshe.

"Hi! hi! hi!" shrieked the little boys, with their hands in their pockets, and their noses freezing to the glass.

"Hi! hi! hi!" echoed Kreeshe, flattening *her* nose a trifle higher up on the pane.

Then they all went on again, repeating this performance before a great many different windows, and all getting tangled up many times with bundles, and boxes, and Christmas wreaths, that were moving with the throng up and down the crowded sidewalks.

At last the little man and his boys became so hilarious before a grocer's window, that quite a crowd collected to see what was the fun. By the time the mirth of the little man had subsided, he was obliged to resort to some pretty vigorous nudging and elbowing in order to make a way out for himself and sons, but finally, with Kreeshe, who glided close behind, they succeeded in working a passage to the steps of the shop.

"Now, what 'll ye have? figs or apples?" asked the little man, quite scant of breath, of his little boys, at the same time loosening his red woollen comforter and adjusting the white ones that were strangely askew on the necks of the two little boys.

It took some time to come to a decision on such an important matter, and by the time their minds were made up, the little fellows had grown quite chilly and numb, and it was amid much stamping of feet and thrashing of arms that they made their entrance into the warehouse, and concluded a modest bargain for figs. Kreeshe stood outside looking longingly through the glass door.

The smaller boy with sparkling eyes brushed by Kreeshe on his way out. He looked up at her, and she seemed to him not altogether festal in the way of garments or general expression.

"You have n't got a nice father?" he proposed, doubtfully.

"No, I have n't got any of no kind," was Kreeshe's doleful response.

"No father, no goodies, this Christmas eve," reasoned the boy over his paper of figs, avoiding Kreeshe's hungry eyes, because he was divided between a sudden compassion for Kreeshe and a greedy desire to eat all the luscious fruit himself. "Here, take 'em," he cried out, at last, escaping from temptation with such a sudden wrench that the figs which he flung to Kreeshe were all scattered over the marble steps.

The other little fellow shut up his hard little heart entirely as he

passed by poor Kreeshe, and hugging his paper of figs to his breast, and casting a "no you don't" look over his shoulder to Kreeshe, he scuffed away after his brother.

The father clumsily bringing up the rear in his hob-nailed shoes, wrinkled his brows at Kreeshe, and after an undecided step or two, came to a sudden halt. Transferring the goose to his shoulder, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and brought forth a handful of coppers.

"Take 'em, lass, and a merry Christmas to you," he gruffly remarked. "A fellow going home Christmas eve with two such smart chaps as them, ought to consider the fatherless, specially when they 're flung right agin him so."

By the time Kreeshe had enough recovered from her surprise to curtsy and say, "Thank ye sir, I'm shore," the little man and his boys were hi hi-ing two blocks off, before a toy-shop window.

"Who says that Christmas is n't to be got for taggings out after? Come on!" challenged the excited Kreeshe, extending her clenched fist under the respectable nose of a grave mandarin, nodding at her from the top of a tea-chest in the grocer's window. But as the mandarin simply continued to nod without deigning to "come on," Kreeshe picked up in triumph the figs which lay about her, remarking in a convincing way, "A pooty time of it figs and pennies would a had a findin' out Scragg's Court, top landing, I guess."

Then away ran Kreeshe with the figs tucked in her stocking, and the pennies jingling in the corner of her shawl. In fact she danced now along the sidewalk to the cheery ring of the sleigh bells, and the glad music which floated in the air of this Christmas eve.

Round a corner goes Kreeshe, plump into a great Christmas tree. Kreeshe staggered back in a fright, the tree toppling towards her threateningly.

"St. Nicholas fly away wid ye," growled a voice from among the reel-ing boughs.

Kreeshe sprang down the area steps by her side, and crouched in the smallest possible heap down in the darkness. She could hardly help laughing aloud, though, when she saw a man behind the moving vine, steadying himself on his legs, and looking uneasily about for what had run against him. Seeing nothing, he pushed on with his tree, wiping his forehead, and loudly replying to some timid suggestion of his fancy, "That it was onpossible for any evil thing to be walking up and down the earth a Christmas eve."

"That 's so," joined in Kreeshe, cautiously creeping out of her hiding-place. Her shawl pulled uncomfortably at her shoulders, and she stopped

at the nearest street-lamp to see what was the matter. Behold a great green branch of the Christmas tree held fast amid the ragged fringes.

"Hurrah!" shouted Kreeshe, leaping up and down, frantically, and waving the bough at the still winking stars. "It's likely, ain't it, a Christmas tree would a come knocking at the doors in Seragg's Court. O ain't it?"

She sat down on a brown stone step, and roared with laughter at the idea, rocking herself and wringing herself in such a fashion, that a benevolent old gentleman, lumbering along with his pockets stuffed full of Christmas gifts, stamped down his cane in a panic, and asked her if she was subject to fits.

"Yes sir," said Kreeshe, thinking it to be more polite than to say no to such a very old gentleman. Still she kept on laughing and rocking, finding it impossible to stop.

"Bless my soul! poor little vagabond out on steps of a Christmas eve. Go home out of the cold, child. Here's something for you to keep Christmas with."

The numberless small parcels with which the old gentleman was encumbered, made the search for "something" rather embarrassing, but at last it was found and delivered, and the click of his cane resumed.

Kreeshe's hand closed on the coin, and she sat dumbly wondering if the Christ-child might not sometimes put on disguises, and if she had n't best go right home now, and confer with Watty about it.

In great indecision she tied up the coin with the pennies, but as the click of the cane died away in the distance, she resolved to go on, for the story's sake, if for nothing else, for not much had happened but luck, she owned to herself.

So she ran along, staring up at the lighted windows, and sometimes climbing the area rails, and balancing herself on the slippery rods to peep in at the gala doings. Poor little shivering Kreeshe, standing there in the starlight, her eyes dazzled by the fair forms and faces flitting about in the warm light, and her little pricked-up ears regaled with bursts of delicious melody, queried if the angels had not chosen to come into houses and sing this Christmas eve, instead of out of doors as they used to!

"Anywise," she said, losing her balance the next minute, and pitching head foremost into a snowdrift, "anywise," fluttering out now and feeling her stockings to know if her figs were safe, "if I don't meet the Christ-child pretty soon, and if I *haven't* met him," recurring dubiously to the old gentleman, "I guess I won't go much farther." Shaking the snow lightly from her little green tree, and holding it aloft like a banner, she

went along thoughtfully till the door of a beautiful house suddenly opened, and a flood of light poured out on an old lady, who came forth, wrapped in a long gray fur cloak, and with a row of gray puffs standing up under her satin hood border, "so grand and stately as never was seen," thought Kreeshe to herself, as she stood open-mouthed by the carriage drawn up before the door.

The old lady paused just at the carriage steps, and said, kindly:

"What is a little girl like you doing out of doors this cold night?"

Kreeshe never liked to be questioned, especially by old ladies in nice clothes. Ordinarily she would have run away and answered nothing, but her faith in everybody had grown so prodigiously on this Christmas eve, that she took this nice old lady immediately into her confidence, and pressing close to her, with her tree in dangerous proximity to the gray puffs, she said:

"You see I told Watty, he's my lame brother, I was going out for Christmas, to get it, seeing as it wern't handy for it to get to our place."

"Have you got it, my child?" said the old lady, smiling.

"Well, yes, a part — four figs and some pennies, and something else." Here Kreeshe began to laugh, and to smooth the soft gray fur cloak.

"Take her into the house, John, and make up a Christmas basket for her."

This was addressed to a tall colored servant who had come after, bearing the old lady's shawl.

Then the carriage door was closed, the horses stood up on their hind legs for a minute, and the carriage was whirled round the corner out of Kreeshe's sight and hearing.

"Come," said the colored man, walking up the steps with such an air, that Kreeshe stood still and pondered in her heart if he might not be the president's brother. Kreeshe had seen the president, in fact she had dodged the police, and crowded so close to that great dignitary as to be able, unperceived, to lay hold of the skirts of his coat.

"Come," again said the important-looking person, when he had ascended the steps.

Kreeshe had a sudden desire not to "come," but to go miles away from this imposing individual, but the thought of the Christmas basket lifted her leaden feet and dragged them up to the vestibule. The door closed upon the two. Kreeshe's heart went pit-a-pat, seeing the dusky, solemn face looking down upon her over the stiff white cravat. But she resolved to put on a bold face, and with her arms akimbo, she replied to the questions asked, and then sat down on the oaken bench as she was bidden, while the president's brother waiked off grandly for the basket.

"Enough grander than the president himself," she observed, as she leaned forward, looking through the glass plates of the hall door to observe him, and the other fine things to be seen in the hall. She was lost in admiration of the pictures, and bronzes, and arched vistas stretching away before her, when the man re-appeared, bearing the basket. He put it into Kreeshe's hand, wishing her a merry Christmas, and opening and shutting the door on her with such despatch, that the little girl found herself out in the starlight again, "all in a pucker of goose-flesh with wonderment," as she said to herself, and afflicted with doubts as to whether she were Kreeshe or not.

"Wal, whoever I be, I'll keep a hold of this," she wisely resolved, settling the basket on her arm, and making her way quickly home through back streets, so as to avoid having her treasure run against and jostled about. How the stairs creaked as Kreeshe went over them with her rich burden. And well they might, for Kreeshe was quite sure such precious freight was never before borne over them, as she was bearing now. Kreeshe certainly wished all the world well this Christmas eve, but her heart danced for joy to hear, when she reached the second landing, little Mike Mulloy undergoing a sound spanking.

"'Cause," she said to herself, hurrying by the Mulloy's door, "Miss Mulloy, if she had n't a been busy, would a been sure to hear me a coming up, and she'd a come out, and peeked into the basket, and begged some of most everything for Mike and the twins, and a taken bites for herself out o' most everything else."

With a feeling of great relief, she now opened and shut her own door on the possibility of a Mulloy raid.

Watty, bandaged in the comforter, was breathing heavily, as if "winking upperds" was a painful way of being put to sleep. Kreeshe lighted the lamp, and proceeded to inspect the basket.

"A whole pie, 'thout a mouthful out!"

It was fortunate for little Wat that he was a sound sleeper, or he might have been untimely awakened by this exclamation.

"Oh my stars! a whole roast chicken! a whole un!"

Kreeshe was this time more discreet in her tones, but her feelings were very intense as she threw herself on her knees and surveyed the fowl by the light of the kerosene lamp.

"A loaf of bread and this here paper-full of butter! Well, I never!"

Quite overcome by this last revelation of the basket, she leaned her chin on her hands, and stared stupidly at her Christmas cheer for about five minutes. Then she got up, and flew round like a bumble-bee. She re-kindled the fire in the stove, setting the little door wide open, that the

cheerful blaze might light up the room. Next she laid hold of the Christmas tree, planting it in a tin kettle of sand, and all the little green needles of the pine glittered merrily in the fire-light. She drew the four figs from her stocking, and impaled them on the little sharp branches. She wedged the pie into an axil that seemed made on purpose for it, and the chicken she tied with her hat string to the strongest bough. The pennies she ranged in rows along the sand in the tin kettle, and the silver coin which the old gentleman gave her, and which, in her utter ignorance of its value, represented to her untold riches, she tucked after much deliberation under the wing of the chicken, as the most honorable place for it. The decoration of the tree being now completed, she tried to gently wake little Wat. In vain with fond whisperings she laid her cheek to his. He snored on unheeding. She tried a pinch. Watty sat up in bed as if he were galvanized, staring wildly about him.

"Don't be afeard, Watty, dear, Kreeshe has come home, and brought Christmas."

"Where is it?" asked the bewildered Watty, gazing straight through the beautiful tree into blank space.

"My gracious! chickens and pie! Where's my shoes?" shouted Watty, wide awake now, and unwinding himself from the comforter as he rolled briskly out of bed. Then he hobbled along to the tree, the real Christmas tree that filled all the dusty room with its piny odor.

Such a noisy time as Kreeshe and Watty had dancing round that tree, and wishing each other a merry Christmas. Such a long time as they sat on the floor eating pie; first a quarter and then another quarter, and lastly falling on the half they had saved for the morrow, and devouring every crumb of it.

Such a time as they had dividing the figs, or rather such a time as Watty had eating up all the figs, Kreeshe having declared after she had taken one bite, that she did n't think she liked the taste.

Such a time as Kreeshe had trying to put away the chicken whole for the next day's dinner, Watty worrying for a leg, or wing, or neck, or gizzard, which last he got.

Such a time as they had dividing the pennies. Wat strutting round the room jingling his share in his pocket, while Kreeshe told the story of her evening's adventures, helping Wat liberally at intervals to bread and butter, and pressing him to finish the loaf.

Meantime the fire burned low, and the children, creeping into bed, were undecided whether Kreeshe had met the Christ-child that evening, and in the midst of a drowsy discussion whether the angels had or would come out, they fell asleep.

E. G. C.

IDA CARLETON'S TRIUMPH.

IT was a bright, sunshiny morning in November, cold, clear, and bracing, and far over feathery woodland, and indulging hills was spread a white, fleecy covering, for during the previous night the first snow of the season had fallen.

Now the rising sun had dispersed the heavy clouds, and was smiling, as if in derision, at the transformation they had wrought, in changing the sober brown dress of the autumn fields to a royal robe of ermine; smiling, too, perhaps, because he knew how soon the snowy covering would disappear beneath his warm rays.

Around the stove in the District School-House, a merry group of children had assembled at an earlier hour than usual, for all were ambitious to be the first to venture into the trackless streets, and the wintry wind had tinged their cheeks with a healthy glow, and exercise imparted an additional brightness to their eyes and gayety to their spirits.

"Winter's here at last!" exclaimed Louise Merton, as she joined her schoolmates near the stove. "And I am perfectly happy, Christmas will surely be here soon now, and then won't we have a gay time."

"No one ever questioned the fact that Christmas would come in course of time and events," remarked Louise's cousin Ella, who occasionally took pleasure in modifying her rather exaggerated speeches. "I for one, am no more certain of it than I was before it snowed."

Now Louise was a remarkably good-natured girl, and her cousin's remark did not disturb her in the least; so she only laughed, and said:

"Well, the snow reminds me of sleigh rides and all the nice times we have at Christmas."

And away she ran, in search of her "most intimate friend," Clara Heaton, and with their arms twined around each other, school-girl fashion, the two friends were soon engaged in the most animated conversation.

"Did you know," said Clara, "that our class in arithmetic are going to be examined just before this term closes. Those than can do four-fifths of the examples can commence Algebra next term."

"No, I had no idea it was coming so soon. How do you know?"

"Mr. Hatch told Uncle William so, and he told me. Besides that, he said that there was to be a prize given to the one who could answer all the examination questions correctly, and work out twelve difficult examples from some book that they had never seen. *You* will be sure to get *that*."

"The idea!" exclaimed Louise. "I shall do well if I keep up in the examination. I have n't looked into my arithmetic for more than ten minutes each day since I can remember." Nevertheless, it was plain enough that she was not much alarmed at the prospect before her, for she was naturally the brightest scholar in the class, and she knew it.

"There are some girls that can't pass any sort of examination," said Clara. "There 's Ida Carleton, did you ever see such a case of stupidity? I never knew her to get anything right first time."

"No, never," said Louise, laughing. Then, as she turned around, she saw the subject of their conversation standing at a window near them; doubtless she had heard the whole discussion. Louise shrugged her shoulders and ran away.

Poor little Ida! There was none of the morning sunlight reflected in her countenance. She had come to school in a very discouraged state of mind, in consequence of not having been able to learn her arithmetic lesson very perfectly, though for once she had made a decided effort to do so. But she could not understand the long, hard examples, because she had not learned the lessons that came before; in spite of all her efforts they would n't "come right," and she found it rather "up-hill work." She had been standing at the window for some time, and had heard nearly all that had been said by her schoolmates. Her attention was attracted by the subject of conversation, for she had not heard of the coming examination before, and she could hardly have helped hearing what they said concerning herself, for they took no pains to speak low.

It is not necessary so say that she did not find their remarks very encouraging, and was only too happy to have the school-bell ring just then, for in the confusion caused by the scholars taking their seats, she could more easily conceal the tears that had risen to her eyes on hearing the thoughtless speech of Louise.

Louise was a merry little creature, and a universal favorite, notwithstanding her tendency to make thoughtless speeches. Indeed, she had been so much petted by her friends and schoolmates, that she had been almost spoiled, and had become very careless in almost every respect, taking it for granted that everything she did would meet with general approbation.

Ida Carleton, on the contrary, was not generally liked among the girls at school. She had lived in the village but a short time, and being naturally reserved, the girls found it rather hard to get acquainted with her. She had no friends at school to encourage her, and she often became very easily discouraged, and if she did not succeed *immediately* in

anything she attempted to do, she gave it up instantly, thinking it was of no use for *her* to try.

Like many other scholars (not you, I hope, my dear young reader), she considered arithmetic her worst enemy, and often thought how happy she would be if she could only place her "Greenleaf's Common School" on the upper shelf in the library, and let it stay there until the "dust of ages" had covered it up.

But Ida had one particular talent, in spite of her dislike for arithmetic. She was very fond of music, and it was her especial ambition to have a piano of her own, and take music lessons.

"Ida, my dear," her mother had said that morning, "unless you overcome your bad habit of giving up the first time you do not succeed, you can never accomplish anything in music."

"But music would be so interesting," said Ida, "I should never get tired, even if I did find it hard. I would be so happy if you would only say I might have a piano. Please do, mamma."

"Well, I will see how well you can persevere in other things, first," replied her mother. "If you can finish arithmetic with the rest of your class at the end of this term, pass a good examination, and be ready to commence the study of Algebra next term, you shall have a piano."

Ida was more than delighted with this promise, and ran up stairs to her own room, as gay as a lark, and was soon absorbed in working out a complicated example.

But oh dear! It was "dreadful hard work," she thought, and although she worked away quite bravely for an hour and a half, the time for school arrived long before her lesson was learned, and she went to school.

We have already seen how much she had been discouraged by the conversation she had overheard between her schoolmates, but by the time the recitation in arithmetic was finished, she was completely disheartened. It seemed as if the most difficult questions all came to her, and she could not answer any of them correctly.

"I never *can* succeed in anything," she thought, as she returned to her seat. "I will never try again."

To be Continued.

Fennie Calver.





See Diagram in January No.

OUR UNION.

DISSOLVE this mighty⁷ UNION⁷?

Go¹¹ stop yon¹⁰ rolling¹⁰ sun¹⁰!

Blot out the Planets¹⁰ from their spheres¹⁰

Which now in order run;

Go¹¹ stop the rolling¹¹ billows¹¹,

Go calm¹³ the roaring¹³ sea,¹³

And *then*¹ this mighty⁷ UNION⁷

May be dissolved¹⁵ by thee¹!

Dissolve this happy³ UNION⁷?

Command our God⁵ to sleep¹!

And call the sons¹¹ of Europe¹¹ o'er

Its fragments³ then to weep;

But, hark⁵! they say, with one³ accord², —

“That starry¹¹ land¹¹ shall shine,

The envy of these Eastern³ lands³,

Preserved by Power¹⁷ Divine¹⁷!”

Dissolve this mighty⁷ UNION⁷?

The Jew¹, the Turk¹, the Greek¹,

And Chinese¹, wonder at the word,

And now, astonished speak:

“Dissolve that mighty⁷ Union⁷?

Go¹³ hide¹³ thy shameless¹³ head¹³;

Behold the mighty¹⁷ hand¹⁷ of GOD¹⁷

Her spangled¹² Banners¹² spread¹².”

Dissolve this mighty⁷ UNION⁷?

Her mountains¹⁰ on thee frown¹³;

Volcanoes¹¹ in their fury¹ rise¹⁰

With *fire* to sweep thee down¹⁵.

But, hark⁵! the sound from every shore
 Of "Union⁷" still is heard,
 Her myriad sons assemble round
 Their *Banner⁷* at a word.



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE

THE MONSTER UNMASKED.

CHARACTERS. — MR. BROWN, the bearer of important intelligence.
 MR. GREEN, the victimized friend.

Mr. Brown. Natural — perfectly. "Birds of a feather flock together."

Mr. Green. What did you observe, sir?

Mr. Brown. Merely that you, sir, being an intimate friend of Mr. Smith, can justify acts of his, which would, to less partial minds, appear in a very dubious light.

Mr. Green. Say what you please, sir. Mr. Smith is an estimable citizen, and enjoys, in a high degree, the respect and consideration of the community in which he lives.

Mr. Brown. I know of nothing to the contrary; and shall say naught against him, save that he is the pink of parsimony — as the villagers have it, he is as tight as a mackerel barrel.

Mr. Green. Sir, as the friend of Mr. Smith, I take it upon me to defend his name from the foul aspersions of calumny. I pronounce your assertion a libel.

Mr. Brown. I might, perhaps, mention an incident which would cause you to change your opinion, and to shower epithets and imprecations upon the head of him you now so warmly defend.

Mr. Green. Impossible! But I will hear what Slander has to say, that I may vindicate the fair fame of my friend. Proceed.

Mr. Brown. As you request it, I will. Having been delayed by business one night to a late hour — say eleven or twelve o'clock — I was returning home, and on my route passed neighbor Smith's door. I had not gone far, when suddenly there broke forth the most piercing and agonizing screams I had ever heard. The sounds struck me with terror and for a moment I was paralyzed. The shrieks continued, and became,

if possible, terrifying. Such sounds had never before disturbed the quiet of our little neighborhood. What foul work could the man be doing? Upon what helpless being, was he, at the dead of night, inflicting his vengeance? Was it the death cry of some wayworn traveller who had been decoyed into his habitation in the hope of shelter, or the scream wrung in agony from some unfortunate neighbor who had crossed and baffled him in some manner in his career of gain? True, the old man has never had the reputation of a murderer; never did the slightest suspicion of blood rest on him. Avarice was all that had been laid to his charge. But what will that same demon Avarice cause frail humanity to do for gold? It never pleased me to look into those small, gray, restless eyes of his. And —

Mr. Green. You alarm me. Did you ever ascertain the cause?

Mr. Brown. Patience! And was the life blood of a fellow flowing so near, and I an idle listener? The very thought inspired me with courage. I rushed to the house, and hurled myself against the barred and bolted oaken door. It gave way with a crash, and, entering, I found myself in the presence of your friend. There he stood — scarcely regarding my sudden entry, so intent was he on the accomplishment of his fell purpose. In one hand he clutched a sharp-pointed, rusty file, while with the long and bony fingers of the other he held, with a miser's grasp, his victim, whence came such despairing, such terrible and heart-rending screams —

Mr. Green. The old villain!

Mr. Brown. A flickering taper cast its sickly rays upon his pale features; and those small gray eyes sparkled with fiendish glee, as, regardless of my presence, he proceeded with his work!

Mr. Green. But you could render no assistance?

Mr. Brown. None, whatever.

Mr. Green. And did the old fiend accomplish the foul work?

Mr. Brown. Fully. It was not his first essay at the business; he was an adept.

Mr. Green. Mercy! And he is still at large! Are there no means to get rid of such a neighbor? We are not safe. Are there no laws to protect the innocent, no chains for the guilty. But who, pray tell me, was the victim?

Mr. Brown. Are you prepared for the worst?

Mr. Green. Entirely.

Mr. Brown. I fear not.

Mr. Green. Be assured, my dear sir, I am.

Mr. Brown. Can you keep a secret?

Mr. Green. Aye, till the end of time, if need be.

Mr. Brown. Still, there is so much deceit and treachery in the world, you must pardon me if I doubt.

Mr. Green. I pledge my word.

Mr. Brown. Well, sir, the victim was — I yet fear to expose your friend.

Mr. Green. My friend! rather say the knave; the hypocrite; aye, if it must out — the murderer.

Mr. Brown. Be calm, I entreat you. Excitement availeth nothing. True, misplaced affection and friendship, unworthily bestowed, may well make the heart sick. But we should seek to forget the sad cause of our mind's unrest.

Mr. Green. Yet I would fain know all. The law would require of you your knowledge of the affair.

Mr. Brown. Indeed.

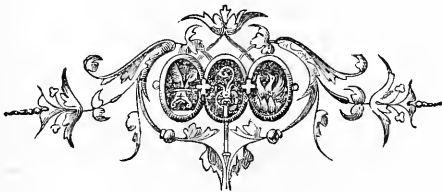
Mr. Green. Then do not, I pray you, keep me longer in suspense.

Mr. Brown. I have inadvertently disclosed too much. But I will yield to your impatience. Once more — are you prepared for the worst?

Mr. Green. Yes, yes!

Mr. Brown. Then, sir, the victim was a FLINT, and the old chap was endeavoring to SKIN it with the file. Hence its outcries. Good evening, sir.

Ha! ha! ha!





THE death of Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D. D., came to us as a personal loss. But a few hours before his sudden translation from time to eternity, he called upon us at our office, and finding us at the moment temporarily engaged, his stay was brief, proposing, as he left, another visit within a few days. As our readers may well presume, the conversation was mainly upon the subject of the valuable articles which he was preparing for our pages, one only having yet appeared.

When, some months since, Dr. Bulfinch informed us of his intention to take up the unfinished work of his deceased brother, and prepare the volume for the press, we felt honored in his proposition to prepare for our readers such chapters as we might select, to appear in our pages, in anticipation of the publication of the volume. His exact scholarship and fidelity to the truth assured us that no one could more satisfactorily educate and interest our young friends than he, who, through an unbroken friendship of many years, had won our respect and love through his thoroughly pure Christian life, and we hailed with satisfaction this manifestation of his interest in ourself, and the work to which we have given our best energies these many years.

"Lycurgus" appeared in the November number of this magazine, and gave earnest of what our readers were to expect in the succeeding chapters, which

we had selected for our use. But the angel of death visited him all unexpectedly, and quietly he passed on to the labors and enjoyments beyond the grave.

Dr. Bulfinch was not possessed of those talents that win the applause of men, and give renown to a public speaker. But for goodness of heart, fidelity to duty, and a highly cultivated mind, and for all those attributes that *should* elevate a man among his fellow men, he will be ever remembered, and his memory revered by those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship, or came within the range of his influence.

Our January number for 1871 will be brim full of good things. Horatio Alger, Jr., will give us the opening chapters of his new story. Mrs. Jane G. Austin, though still absent from the country by reason of ill health, has sent us a capital story, which everybody will be pleased with.

The coming year will present new attractions, which will best approve themselves as they appear. We want very much to enlarge our monthly issue, and shall do so whenever a slightly increased circulation will warrant it. One good, vigorous effort on the part of our present subscribers, would realize our most sanguine wishes, as an enlargement would greatly increase our ability to do good.

Our Book Table

Presents so formidable an array of attractive volumes, that we are compelled at this busy season, merely to note their receipt, and postpone an examination as to their respective merits for the present.

Lee & Shepard sends us *THE BOYS OF GRAND PRE SCHOOL*, by the author of the "Dodge Club." *GOING ON A*

MISSION, and WHO WILL WIN—two volumes of the Beckoning Series, by Paul Cobden. A HOME IN THE WEST, being volume 3 of the Charley Roberts Series. LITTLE MAID OF OXBOW, by May Mannerling. PINKS AND BLUES, by Rosa Abbott, and three volumes of the Proverb Series. A WRONG CONFESSED IS HALF REDRESSED, by Mrs. Bradley. ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER, and ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS, by Kate J. Nealy, all of which are in their usual good style, and will doubtless prove interesting to the juveniles. Also, from the same publishers, THE AMERICAN POPULAR SPEAKER, by J. R. Sypher.

From Gould & Lincoln we have AUNT MATTIE'S LIBRARY, four very neat volumes, by the author of the Play School Stories, and designed for younger readers.

H. A. Young & Co., place in our hands two pretty volumes. MARK DUNNING'S ENEMY, a temperance story, by Mary Dwinell Chellis, and BREAKING THE RULES, a tale of schoolboy life.

DAFFY DOWN DILLY, AND HER FRIENDS, the first volume of the Fairy Folk Series, comes to us from Loring, and a right pretty little book it is.

Another volume in that valuable series, ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF WONDERS, published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, and for sale by H. A. Young & Co., is WONDERS OF ACOUSTICS, with 114 illustrations.

RUFUS AND ROSE comes as fresh in its new volume just issued by Loring, as if it had never appeared in our pages. It is in uniform style with the entire Ragged Dick Series, and we shall send it, when ordered, by mail, *postage prepaid*, on receipt of one dollar and five cents. No youth's library is complete without these interesting volumes of Mr. Alger's, and with these upon its shelves,

visits may be expected from those in mature life, with whom Mr. Alger's vigorous descriptions of street life in a great metropolis are equally interesting and suggestive.

EVER NEW, AND NEVER OLD, is now before the public. Gail Hamilton, Sophie May, Horatio Alger, Jr., Oliver Optic, Paul Creyton, Lucy Larcom, William L. Williams, N. A. Calkins, Julia Gill, and other names of more or less note, are ably represented in this interesting volume. We have been gratified by the interest awakened by this publication, and reasonably expect to see the first edition exhausted before the holidays have passed.

FIELD AND FOREST, the first volume of the Onward and Upward Series, by Oliver Optic, is just published by Lee & Shepard, and makes an attractive volume. We have no time to examine the story, but presume it to be interesting, certainly full of exciting incidents, which are a characteristic of this writer's later productions.

With his usual promptness, Mr. George Coolidge issues his LADY'S ALMANAC, which has become an indispensable favorite, whether as marking the progress of time, eclipses, feasts, fasts, &c, for 1871, or the valuable selections in poetry, which display his good taste, or the convenient "Visit Record," which needs but to be seen to be appreciated. The price is but fifty cents by mail, and it is well worth the money, and his office is 289 Washington Street.

THE UNION PARK GAZETTE, published and edited by Black & Scudder, New York, promises enlargement in its fourth number, now before us. This indicates unusual financial success in an amateur paper, and will doubtless increase the names on their subscription lists.



Answers.

141. Car-pet.
 142. Emery Wilson Bartlett.
 143. Amy — May.
 144. Kate — Take.
 145. Mary — Army.
 146. Horace Greeley.
 147. Speculation.
 148. Rio de la Plata.
 149. Kentucky.
 150. A penny saved is a penny earned.
 151. 1. P-arent. 2. E-astern.
 3. B-asin. 4. C-aprice.
 5. L-avender. 6. L-atent.

152. Charade.

My first.

Swiftly it whirled along,
 Filled with a lively throng,
 And this was still their song,
 "On we go."

My second.

He said it, very sad;
 He was crying, little lad,
 That he had been so bad,
 Deep his woe.

My third.

The fisher dropped it deep,
 Where the still waters sleep,
 And he piled up a heap
 Of the spoil.

My whole.

And from these three combined,
 A lady's name you'll find,
 If you are not disinclined,
 To the toil.

B.

153. Puzzle.

I am a word of four letters; my *first* divided by two will produce my *fourth*; my *fourth* divided by ten will produce my *third*; my *first* minus my *fourth*, divided by my *fourth*, will produce my *second*; my whole is pleasant.

EMERY W. BARTLETT.

154. Enigma.

- I am composed of 33 letters.
 My 15, 29, 6, 15, 24 is a beautiful constellation.
 My 25, 26, 10, 15, 32 a poet who died away from home.
 My 2, 27, 24, 24, 26 is the name of my pony.
 My 12, 1, 30, 19, 26 is the name of a pet kitten.
 My 14, 6, 7, 7, 14, 3, 33, 15, 18, 18, 21, 7 is one of Dickens' stories.
 My 4, 6, 24, 7, 9, 18, 20, 1, 18, 12, 17, 24 is a theatre in New York.
 My 5, 8, 11, 1, 7 is a valuable kind of grain.
 My 22, 15, 14, 20, 1 is a river of Russia.
 My 13, 10, 6, 31, 24, 12, 19 is what we all need.
 My 16, 6, 28, 23 all men do not have.
 My 25, 15, 10, 24, 31, 15 is an Eastern island.

My whole is what I found in my Bible.
 M. C. S.

155. Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in blossom, but not in flower;
 My second is in acid, but not in sour;
 My third is in ledger, but not in book;
 My fourth is in raven, but not in rook;
 My fifth is in lady, but not in wife;
 My sixth is in organ, but not in fife;
 My seventh is in helper, but not in friend;
 My eighth is in solder, but not in mend;
 My ninth is in channel, but not in drain;
 My whole is a county in Maine.

RUTHVEN.

156. Word Rebus.

2 use — a fowl — a forest tree — a letter — a tavern — wander — a moisture from the air — aye aye — a beverage — sir — a female h[e]art — mail — s — act.

RICHDORE.



Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was still in the land of the living? No, but I am almost there.

Not Desirable.

Kingsley says: "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what *you* want, what *you* like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will make sin and misery for yourself of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

An Eye to Business.

The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging of him, who, when she saw him putting his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all the days of your life"—but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you!"

Encouraging.

"If I see an old man planting fruit trees, it is a good evidence he will live ten or fifteen years longer."

Too True.

Ovid finely compares a broken fortune to a falling column, the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers that are willing to

lend him; but should his want be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted.

A True Thought.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

Value Them.

Men of humble callings,—whose necessities demand continual toil to obtain the means of subsistence, are often possessed of great moral worth, and who have beautiful perception of the grand and sublime in art and nature, though stricken with the swarth hand of labor, though far down in the deep well in which society seeks to cast its humbler members, can behold, even in the glare of the noonday as another's glory, their own stars shining bright and beautiful. They may be arrayed in soiled and tattered raiment, but the dust-covered tomes on the library shelf lose none of their wise contents because they are dusty and toil-worn.

A Simple Remedy.

A plain farmer says: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison. Practice, observation, and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man."

Important Knowledge.

The people of Boston have discovered the purpose of the raised arm of the Everett statue in the Public Garden. It is poised for a grand sweep to catch hold of the tail of the horse in the equestrian statue of Washington recently erected.

Be Independent.

Never ask a favor, especially of one whose sordid nature will prompt him to refer to it afterwards. It is better to suffer than to supplicate; and asking a favor, even from your dearest friend, or your nearest relative, is only a mild form of supplication. Get what you want by your own unaided exertions, or go without it. There is more dignity in penury, no matter how abject, coupled with independence, than an indolent comfort gained through the grant of a favor.

Some rich men keep cross dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside of the door.

A Word of Caution.

Overwork is undoubtedly one of the great evils of the day. The overworked man goes home from his toil unhappy and irritable; he can't help it — his vitality is too much exhausted to admit of spiritual exuberance — he is mentally prostrated, if not physically used up.

Fight it out.

Difficulties and reverses may be viewed as but challenges, thrown down to us, daring us to persevere and strive long enough to surmount them, if we would have the victory which is beyond. Perseverance and skill are the channels to success, and whoever aspires to win it, must have that indomitable fixedness of purpose which gathers new energies from every defeat, and compels even obstacles to aid in working out the achievement desired. Reverses discipline us; they compact our fibre, and enable us to arise victorious from the ashes of defeat. When enshrouded in gloom we should remember that the sun still shines, although it may be that his kindly beams are obstructed by the clouds.

Try it and See.

Never fill a stove more than half or two-thirds full of coal, even in the cold-

est weather. When the fire is low, never shake the grate or disturb the ashes; but add from ten to fifteen small lumps of coal, and set the draft open. When these are heated through, and somewhat ignited, add the amount necessary for a new fire, but do not disturb the ashes yet. Let the draft be open half an hour. Now shake out the ashes. The coal will be thoroughly ignited, and will keep the stove at a high heat from six to twelve hours, according to the coldness of the weather. In very cold weather after the fire is made, add coal every hour.— *Albany Argus*.

Content hangs not so high but that a man off the ground may reach it.

Is Reputation Anything?

Accoltus d' Arreggo, a celebrated lawyer of the fifteenth century, purloined several pieces of meat from a neighboring butcher's shop. Two of his scholars of doubtful character were put in prison as authors of the theft. Accoltus in vain accused himself; it was thought he did so to rescue the young men. When the affair was blown over, and the students set at liberty by paying a certain sum, Accoltus brought plain proof that he had been the thief. On being asked why he committed an action so unlike himself, and of which no one could have suspected him, he replied that he did it to set in a strong light the advantage of a well established character.

Value it while Yours.

Who would not become again a child? For in the happy time of childhood the full peace of the soul is so easy to win, as the circle of sacrifice it demands is so much less, and the sacrifices more trifling. The weighty, intricate, and extended relations of older men, through breaks and delays, leave the heavenly rainbow of peace imperfect; and not as in the spring-time of life, when it bends into a complete arch.

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