

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. CROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. I.



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An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

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CHRISTMAS.



ver the hills of Palestine
The silver stars began to shine;
Night drew her shadows softly round
The slumbering earth, without a sound.

Among the fields and dewy rocks
The shepherds kept their quiet flocks,
And looked along the darkening land
That waited the Divine command.

When lo! through all the opening blue
Far up the deep, dark heavens withdrew,
And angels in a solemn light
Praised God to all the listening night.

Ah! said the lowly shepherds then,
The Seraph sang good-will to men:
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born!

Again the sky was deep and dark,
Each star relumed his silver spark,
The dreaming land in silence lay,
And waited for the dawning day.

But in a stable low and rude,
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,
The gates of heaven were still displayed,
For Christ was in the manger laid.

Harriet E. Prescott.



THE DOLL'S STORY.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Please tell my Doll a story!" A queer request, certainly; but how could I refuse it, when backed by the pressure of two innocent child-lips, and the pleading sparkle of two large, soft blue eyes, glancing from under a cluster of flaxen curls into my own so eagerly? In fact, I never could, since my grown-up days, refuse the pleadings of the Young Folks. They make me their willing victim. If one of them were to beg me to stand on my head, I verily believe I should attempt the ridiculous feat, although I am a serious old bachelor. But mind, I only mean the young girl-folks.

As for the boys, I leave them to be spoilt by their maiden aunts. So, when Mabel said, between two kisses, "Please tell my Doll a story!" I answered, "Certainly, my

dear!” at once. There, however, I paused a moment, for I was in reality quite puzzled to think of a story fit for the ears and intelligence of a *bisque* doll. Of one thing only I felt sure, and that was that Miss Doll would prove a capital listener, and never once interrupt me by unseasonable questions. Her mistress, however, might make up for the Doll’s reticence in this respect, I feared.

All at once a bright idea occurred to me.

“Well, my dear,” said I, with affected gravity, “if I am to tell your Doll a story, you, of course, need not hear it, and I will therefore whisper it in her ear.”

“O, but then Fanny’s and Edith’s Dolls will not hear it either!” exclaimed Mabel, anxiously.

It was clear that my stratagem would not do. I was in for it, and must yield as gracefully, and perform my task of story-telling as successfully, as possible. But I made one more strategic effort. “Well, then,” said I, “if I am to have three Doll listeners instead of one, of course I cannot whisper. So, my dears, make your Dolls sit round me, and order them to be very quiet and attentive while I am speaking; and then, as soon as you go to your play in the other room, I will begin.”

At this hint, however, there was instant revolt. Three clear, fresh voices cried in chorus: “O, but we want to hear too! we want to hear too!”

I surrendered at discretion, without more ado; and the three Dolls being accommodated with three chairs from the baby-house, each by the side of her little mistress, I took a very slight pinch of snuff by way of stimulus, and set off as follows:

THE STORY.

“Ever so long ago, when Miss Mabel’s little feet were as far above the hem of her frock as they are now below it, and when Miss Edith thought ‘Ta-ta’ was Saxon for ‘Good-by,’ and when Miss Fanny took her chief exercise in a jumper,—and this ancient period is far beyond your recollection, young ladies (I speak to the Misses Doll, of course),—ever so long ago, then, a lady of my acquaintance asked her doctor to hint to her husband that a sea-voyage would do her a vast deal of good, provided she could consult a Parisian doctor at the farther end of it. So the obliging doctor dropped a hint of the kind in season, the more willingly that he really did think such a trip would be of service. And the husband took the hint, like a dear, darling fellow as he was, and in due time Mr. Bayward and Mrs. Bayward and Miss Hattie Bayward went on board a great steamer, which foamed out of the harbor, and plunged and tumbled through the ocean waves for eleven days, and foamed into another harbor, and, in short, carried my friends safely to Havre, on the coast of France, from which town they went directly to the great city of Paris.

“I cannot begin to tell you of all the beautiful and wonderful things they saw in that grand city; and, besides, this would not be a real part of my story, which, I may as well inform you at once, is chiefly about my little friend Hattie Bayward, who was a sweet little girl of ten years old, with eyes as blue as Miss Mabel’s, a nose as straight as Miss Fanny’s, and a mouth as cunning as Miss Edith’s when she kisses her old bachelor uncle good-night. Hattie had been very sick in the steamer, and had so many cries that her blue eyes were quite dim, and her cheeks pale, and her temper, I am afraid, a little the worse for wear, for the first few days after her arrival in Paris. So her mother hired a nice, pleasant-faced French nurse, with the queerest of white caps, and the brightest of striped and plaid and spotted neck-handkerchiefs, and the funniest of gestures and grimaces when she talked; and this nurse, whose name was Marie, used to take Hattie out to walk in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and along the Champs Elysées, whenever the day was fine. If you do not know what the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées are, I must tell you the Tuilleries is the royal palace where the king or emperor lives when he is in Paris, and the Champs Elysées, or Elysian Fields, is the name of a beautiful park, with a broad drive in the centre, and a delightful walk all among groves of trees, and pretty pavilions, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and swings, and merry-go-rounds, and I don’t know how many things beside, that the young folks are fond of.

“Well, one day, as Marie and Hattie were walking along in the Champs Elysées,

they suddenly saw coming swiftly toward them from the grove in front—what do you think?”

I own I put this artful question for the purpose of taking a little breath, and a very small pinch of snuff; and as I paused to do this comfortably,—

“I guess it was the Emperor!” cried Mabel. I shook my head, solemnly.

“I think it was Punch and Judy,” said Edith. Another shake.

“O, I know! I know!” exclaimed the clever Fanny, who had heard her cousin Edwin talk about the sights of Paris, whence he had just returned; “it was the little Prince in his pony-chaise, wasn’t it, Uncle?”

“I am sorry,” said I, with mock severity, “that I cannot tell a story to three little ladies,” bowing to the Dolls, “without having their pleasure spoilt by interruptions from others who are kindly allowed to listen, but certainly have no right to speak. And who might take example,” I added, slightly smiling, “from the very respectful silence of the three little maids”—again nodding to the Dolls—“for whose special entertainment my story is told. Ahem!”

The young folks hung their heads doubtfully for an instant, but Mabel, happening to look up, and catching a twinkle in my eye, cried gayly: “O Uncle, you are funning! I know you are. Fanny! Edie! Uncle is only funning!”

“Well,” said I, “perhaps I am; but as you have been naughty, you must pay a forfeit; so give me a kiss all round, and let us go on with the story, and not keep the company”—looking at the Dolls—“waiting longer.”

“But wasn’t it the Prince?” whispered Fanny, as she paid her forfeit—twice, by mistake, I suppose.

“Not exactly, my dear,” I replied. “That which attracted Hattie’s attention, and caused her to exclaim, in pretty fair French, (for she had by this time learnt to chatter quite nicely with Marie,) ‘Look! Marie! how lovely!’ was—a low, open, miniature carriage or barouche, drawn by six milk-white goats, with bright harness, and pink ribbons fluttering from their ears, and, seated in this fairy-like equipage, a charming little girl of about Hattie’s age, beautifully dressed, and by her side the most elegant, lovely, splendid Doll that Hattie had ever seen,—far more splendid, indeed, than she had ever dreamed there could possibly be in the whole world of Dolls! ‘Hold!’ exclaimed Marie, throwing up her arms, and smiling all over her face; ‘it is my little Adèle!’ And she ran to meet the brilliant little maid, dragging Hattie along with her.

“When Miss Adèle saw Marie she also seemed delighted, and there was a great deal of kissing and hugging and chattering, you may be sure; for Marie had been Adèle’s nurse for three years, and had only left her two years before, because Adèle’s mother, who was a very rich French lady, was going to Italy, and Marie

would not leave her dear France, even for Adèle. And here was Adèle back, and she did not know it!

“All this time Hattie’s eyes were fixed on the Doll, as eagerly as the wolf’s were on poor little Red Riding-Hood, and with almost the same feeling, too, for she wished to own that Doll, with all her heart and strength.

“At length Marie introduced Adèle to Hattie, and the French girl was very polite, and offered to give Hattie a ride; and Hattie rode up and down several times in the elegant barouche, and was very much pleased indeed; but still her greatest delight was when Adèle gave her the Doll to hold, and let her examine its dress, and hat, and gloves, and boots, and its necklace, and ear-rings, and breastpin, and parasol, —and above all when she was shown how to make it say, ‘Ma-ma! Pa-pa!’ by pulling two cords hidden under its clothes. Those two hours that Hattie spent with Adèle were like a delightful dream to my little friend. But when she went home, her little heart was swelling with envy and desire, and she was really very sad and unhappy, because her mother told her she could not afford to buy her such a costly Doll as that she described, of Adèle’s, and that it was almost wicked to wish for such a one.

“Hattie went to bed that night very mournfully, and lay tossing a good while before she fell asleep, though she was a little comforted by Marie’s promising her that she should play with Adèle and her Doll again the next day, and as often as she pleased afterwards.

“Sure enough, the next day Marie and Hattie met Adèle and her nurse again, this time in the Tuilleries garden, where they fed the swans in the fountain, and played with the famous Doll, and had a lovely time altogether. And almost every day for the next fortnight the little girls continued to meet in this way, until Hattie, who was a really good and sensible child, ceased to envy Adèle the possession of her Doll, and learned to feel contented without it, and told her mother that she had ‘conquered the bad feeling,’—which pleased Mrs. Bayward very much,—so much, that she secretly resolved—but that was of no consequence, as it happened. Well, one day, about three weeks after their first acquaintance, Hattie and Adèle were playing together by the fountain in the palace garden. It was a sultry day, and all the other children and nurses, as well as the rest of the folks in the garden, had retired under the trees, which are a good way from the fountain. Marie and Adèle’s nurse had both frequently called the children away from the water into the shade; but they had constantly returned to it, for Adèle was teaching her Doll to feed the swans, and had not thrown them all her cake yet. So Marie and her companion had seated themselves for a chat under a tree, and, a couple of soldiers whom they knew

coming along, they were so deeply engaged in talk as almost to have forgotten their little charges.

“Now, Mimi,” said Adèle, (Mimi was the Doll’s pet name), ‘take this, and throw it well,—dost thou hear?’ She held a piece of cake in the Doll’s little hand, and gave the arm a fling! Alas! she jerked it so violently, that poor Mimi jumped out of her arms, and went headlong into the water. You would think that Adèle ought to have cried out as loud as she could at this accident, my dears; but she did not. On the contrary, she stopped Hattie, who was about to do so, by saying, ‘Be still! Lina will take me home if she sees us, and perhaps strike me besides. I can reach Mimi, see!’—and kneeling quickly on the edge of the basin, she stretched forward until her hand touched the dress of the floating Doll. But the effort she made to catch hold of Mimi’s frock threw poor Adèle so far over the edge that she lost her balance, and down she went, head first, into the clear, cool fountain! She did not even have time to shriek, but only gave a little smothered cry, which did not attract the attention of the people under the trees in the distance.

“Hattie, however, was there; and, like a brave little heroine, she shouted, ‘Help! help!’ as loudly as she could, and, without a moment’s hesitation, leaped into the basin after her unfortunate little friend.

“The water was not very deep, and Hattie seized Adèle stoutly by her dress, and strove to drag her to the edge of the basin. But the little French girl struggled blindly and wildly, and would soon have drowned both herself and her heroic companion, had not help arrived in time to rescue them both from certain death. You may imagine how terribly frightened Mrs. Bayward was when Hattie was brought home in a cab, all dripping wet, and half fainting, with Marie wringing her hands and going on like a crazy woman; for she felt that it was chiefly her fault, and that of the other nurse.

“And you may also fancy the scolding Marie got, and richly deserved, from her mistress. Indeed, but for Hattie’s pleading, her careless nurse would have been sent packing at once. But Hattie took the blame upon herself and Adèle for their disobedience; and this was right, too, since they had refused to mind their nurses’ repeated calls to come away from the fountain.

“A good rubbing, with a hot drink and a couple of hours in bed, put Hattie to rights again, and her mother then heard her account of the adventure. You may be sure she felt proud of her brave little Yankee girl!

“But Adèle’s mother heard the truth, too; and that very evening she called and sent up her card,—‘*Madame the Viscountess of Monteau*’; and such a scene of gratitude, and embracing Hattie over and over again, and pressing Mrs. Bayward’s

hands, and saying the same things over dozens of times, you never saw nor heard of in this plain land, I'm sure!

"Just before Madame de Monteau took her leave,—having made Mrs. Bayward promise to let Hattie come and see Adèle the next day,—my little friend looked at the lady, and 'How is poor Mimi?' she asked, anxiously.

"'Alas! my dear little one,' replied Adèle's mother, 'I fear Mimi is hopelessly drowned. At all events, she is disfigured for life. But there are other Mimis!' added she, smiling mysteriously, as she caught Mrs. Bayward's eye. And then she went away.

"Hattie went to see Adèle next day, and Adèle's father called on Mr. Bayward; and so the two families grew quite intimate during the month longer that my friends stayed in Paris. Adèle had a new Doll as lovely as Mimi, and she called it *Mees Hattie*, after her American playmate. On the day of Mrs. Bayward's departure from Paris, a servant in livery brought a large box, tightly screwed up, to her lodgings, with a little note from Madame de Monteau, in which she asked that the box might not be opened until her dear friends should reach their home in America. This box was addressed, in large letters, '*To my dearest Hattie; from her grateful and loving friend, Adèle.*' Mr. Bayward managed to have it stowed among the luggage without letting Hattie see it, and she knew nothing of it until her arrival at home. Then, one bright morning, when several of her little cousins and friends were with her, her father called them all down into the drawing-room, and set the mysterious box, with the screws all taken out, on the centre-table, saying: 'Here, Hattie, is something for you from your little French friend, Mamselle Adèle. Suppose you let us all see what it is.'

"Hattie blushed crimson with sudden pleasure, as she slowly lifted the lid of the great box, and the moment her eye caught a glimpse of the contents she gave a cry, and sprang up and down several times, in the excess of her joy. 'Take it out, papa, please! I cannot lift it,' she eagerly exclaimed.

"Her father put his hands into the box, and lifted out a large glass case, in which stood, upon a pedestal, a magnificently dressed and beautiful Doll, almost as large as Hattie herself! A perfectly splendid Doll, to which 'Mimi' and 'Mees Hattie' were as mere rag-babies!

"'Oh! Oh! Oh! I am *so* happy!' cried dear little Hattie. And she instantly kissed her father, then her mother, and then all her cousins, and everybody in the room, including her old bachelor friend, who has now finished *THE DOLL'S STORY*."

"And *we* will kiss *our* old bachelor friend, too!" cried Mabel, and Fanny, and Edith, suiting the action to the word.

But the three Dolls never even said as much as “Thankee!”

C. D. Gardette.



FARMING FOR BOYS.

X.

The party soon took their departure. As this was the first time that Uncle Benny had been over Mr. Allen's farm, he was proportionately surprised at what he had there seen and heard, and felt vexed with himself at having thus long overlooked so useful a school of instruction which stood open almost at his very door. But he treasured up the valuable hints he had received, and was ever ready to set before the Spangler boys the strong moral of the example they had so fortunately witnessed. The incidents of the afternoon formed the staple of their conversation during a slow homeward walk. Tony King had been powerfully impressed by them. They seemed to operate on his young mind as discouragements to hope, rather than as stimulants to perseverance and progress. He had let in the idea that the distance between his friendless condition and the prosperous one of Mr. Allen could never be overcome by any effort he could exert. In this frame of mind he suddenly exclaimed, looking up to Uncle Benny, "How I wish I had some friends to help *me* on!"

The old man stopped, surprised at this explosion of discontent, and replied by saying, "Tony, you have a dozen friends without appearing to know it."

"Who are they?" he eagerly inquired.

"Hold up your hands!" replied the old man. "Now count your fingers and thumbs. There! you have ten strong friends that you can't shake off. There are your two hands besides. What more had Mr. Allen, or the little pedler who sold you that knife? They began with no other friends, no more than you have, and see how they have carved their way up. If you can't use this dozen of friends to help you on in the world also, it will be your own fault. It will be time enough for you to pray for friends, when you have discovered that those you were born with are not able to provide you with what you may need."

Before Tony could reply to this home thrust, a little garter-snake, only a few inches long, came running across their path, directly in front of the boys. Bill Spangler, observing it, cried out, "Kill him! Kill him!" and Tony also noticing the delicately striped little creature, as well as that it was hurrying out of the way as quickly as it could, instantly jumped upon it, and with his heavy boot stamped it to death at one blow.

Now, in most men, and certainly in all boys, there seems to be an instinct that

must be born with them, which impels them to kill a snake whenever he happens to come within reach of boot or stick. If not a natural instinct, descending to them from our first mother, it must be one of those universal propensities that boys learn from each other with the ready aptitude of youth, and with a sanguinary alacrity. It is another great illustration of the strength of the imitative faculty among our boys. It is of no moment what may be the true character of the poor wriggler that happens to cross their path, whether venomous or harmless: the fact of its being a snake is enough, and if they can so contrive it, it must die.

It was this propensity that caused Bill, the youngest of the three, to shout instantly for the death of the little garter-snake, and impelled Tony to spring forward, with sympathetic promptness, and stamp its life out. There was not a moment's pause for thought as to whether the creature were not in some way useful to man, nor had either of the boys been taught to remember that, even if a living thing were of no use, there was still room enough in the world for both them and it. Hence, no sooner had the snake come within sight than its fate was sealed.

Uncle Benny did not belong to that class of men who think themselves justified in killing insects or reptiles wantonly, merely because they happen to be disagreeable objects to look upon. The slaughter of the poor snake had been accomplished with so much suddenness that he had no time to interpose a good word in its behalf, or he would have gladly spoken it. The act was therefore a real grief to him, not only from pity for the harmless creature whose body still writhed with muscular activity, even after consciousness of suffering had departed, but because it showed a propensity for inflicting needless pain on the unoffending brute creation, which he had never before seen developed in these boys.

"That was very wrong, boys," said the old man; "that snake did you no harm, nor could it injure any one. On the contrary, these field snakes of our country are the farmer's friends. They devour insects, mice, and other enemies to the crops, but never destroy our fruits. They do not poison when they bite. They are not *your* snakes,—you did not give them life, and you have no right to take it away. There is room enough in this world for all living things that have been created, without a single one of them being in your way. Now get up here."

Saying this, he mounted himself on a huge rider of Spangler's worm fence, and, when the boys were all seated beside him, produced a newspaper from his pocket, and, observing that he was going to give them an extract from a lecture of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, proceeded to read the following appropriate sentences:—

"A wanton destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquiry as to their mischievousness, for no other

reason than that wherever we see an insect we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrong. We have no right to seek their destruction if they be harmless. And yet we rear our children without any conscience, and without any instruction whatever toward these weaker creatures in God's world. Our only thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trod on. There is a vague idea that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward God's minor creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.

"A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a sceptre that rightly sweeps him away: but in the pasture, where he belongs, and you do not,—where he is of no inconvenience, and does no mischief,—where his webs are but tables spread for his own food,—where he follows his own instincts in catching insects for his livelihood, as you do yours in destroying everything, almost, that lives, for your livelihood,—why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of happiness? And yet, wherever you see a spider, 'Hit him!' is the law of life.

"Uplift a stone in the field. You shall find a city unawares. Dwelling together in peace are a score of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining black bugs back to their covert. Ants swarm with feverish agility, and bear away their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the enginery and economy that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strange conditions of life are going on before you. Feel, at last, sympathy for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be interested without egotism. But no, the first impulse of rational men, educated to despise insects and God's minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmless insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The most universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is man, who symbolizes death better than any other thing.

"I, too, learned this murderous pleasure in my boyhood. Through long years I have tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in summer, to seek the solitary hillside,—that is less solitary than even the crowded city,—and, waiting till my intrusion has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind God has poured abroad with such profusion. And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens every morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the forests, is rich with marvellous lessons that I could read nowhere else. And often things have taught me

what words had failed to teach. Yea, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of Paradise in which man walked, to be sure at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, cruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to God gives me a right to look sympathetically upon all that God nourishes. In his bitterness, Job declared, 'I have said to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.' We may not say this; but I surely say to all living things in God's creation, 'I am your elder brother, and the almoner of God's bounty to you. Being his son, I too have a right to look with beneficence upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does.'

"A wanton disregard of life and happiness toward the insect kingdom tends to produce carelessness of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would therefore slay a man; but I do mean to say that that moral constitution out of which springs kindness is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. Men make the beasts of burden, that minister to life and comfort, the objects, frequently, of attention that distresses them, or of neglect that is more cruel. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman toward the lower forms of human life. The inhumanity of man to animals has become shocking. I scarcely pass through the streets of Brooklyn or New York, that I do not behold monstrous and wanton cruelty. There are things done to animals that should send a man to prison every day of our lives. And it is high time that there should be associations formed here to maintain decency and kindness toward the brute creation, as there have been formed in Paris and London, and almost all civilized countries except our own. Cruelty to animals tends to cruelty to men. The fact is, that all those invasions of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of God's work, to a low and base view of creation, to a love of destructiveness, and to a disposition that carries with it cruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out only by fear and selfishness, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature which they beget will catch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coerce him to the benefit of the strong and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Christianity that shall teach men to regard the whole animated kingdom below themselves as God's kingdom, and as having rights—minor and lower rights, but *rights*—before God and before man."

"You see, boys," continued Uncle Benny, "what a really good man thinks and

says on this subject, and I trust you will remember, hereafter, that all God's creatures have as perfect a right to live in his world as you have."

There was a peculiarity of Uncle Benny's mode of correcting the bad habits of the boys,—he was careful to avoid a continual fault-finding. His idea was that rebukes should always be couched in soft words, but fortified with hard arguments, and that, to make censure most effectual, it should be mixed with a little praise, whenever it was possible to smuggle it in.

Somebody has said that, "when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to keep it company." This was Uncle Benny's view of things. In fact, he was generally as careful to express approbation of good behavior as disapprobation of that which was bad. He believed that any one could do a casual act of good-nature, but that a continuation of such acts showed good nature to be a part of the temperament, and that even a temper or disposition which was naturally sweet and equable might be soured and made morose and petulant by incessant fault-finding.

Hence he never was guilty of a regular scolding, but preferred persuasion, with an effort to convince the judgment by argument, and illustrations drawn from facts so plain that they could not be denied. His practice was thus found to be so different from the discipline of their father's kitchen, that they bore any amount of the old man's pleading and argumentation without ever becoming ruffled in temper or tired of listening. But his frequent readings were probably the most popular part of the many discourses he felt called upon to deliver to them.

When this last one was finished, they all got down from the worm fence and continued their way. It had been an eventful afternoon for the boys. They were continually speaking of the novelties they had seen, and wondered how it happened they had never known of them until now, though living only two miles away, and resolved not only to go again, whenever they had time, but to get Uncle Benny to take them to some other farms in the neighborhood, that they might see what was going on there also. They felt that they had learned much from this single visit, and presumed that visiting in a wider circle would be equally instructive.

Uncle Benny said, in reply to this, that he was glad to see they were thinking so sensibly, and to find that their curiosity had been sharpened. He would gratify it as far as might be within his power. He told them the way to acquire knowledge was to go in search of it, as neither knowledge nor profit came to a man except as the result of some form of effort to obtain it. He explained to them that it was for the purpose of disseminating knowledge among farmers that agricultural fairs were annually held all over the country. They had never attended any, but he would tell them that they were great gatherings of farmers and others who had something to exhibit or to sell.

Thousands of people attended these fairs, some for amusement only, but hundreds came to see if any new or improved machine was on exhibition, or a better stock of cows, or sheep, or pigs, or fowls, or a fine horse, or any superior variety of fruit or vegetables. If they saw what pleased them, they were pretty sure to buy it. At any rate, they did not fail to learn something valuable, even if they made no purchase. They saw, gathered up in a small compass, what was going on in the farmer's world, and this within a single day or two. Thus they accumulated a fund of knowledge which they could not have acquired had they remained at home.

On the other hand, these county fairs were quite as advantageous to the parties who thus brought their machines, or stock, or vegetables to be exhibited. Many of them manufactured the machines to sell, and so brought them where they knew there would be a crowd of farmers in attendance. It was just so with other articles exhibited. There were customers for everything on the ground. Even those who came to make sales were benefited in other ways. They made new and profitable acquaintances. This gave them a knowledge of men which they could not have acquired had they not gone to the fair in search of it. Thus there was an extensive interchange of information and ideas between man and man, for no one could be expected to know everything. Hence such gatherings as these county fairs were highly beneficial to the farming and manufacturing community; and it might be set down as a good rule, that a farmer who felt so little interest in his business as never to attend an agricultural fair would commonly be found far in the background as regarded progress and improvement.

"Couldn't you take us to a fair, Uncle Benny?" inquired Tony.

"Certainly," replied the old man, "if we can get permission."

"And won't we take Nancy and the pigs?" demanded Bill.

"Yes," interrupted Tony; "somebody will buy them and give a good price."

"Sell Nancy?" demanded Bill, with a fire unusual to him. "You sha'n't do it. I won't have Nancy sold."

"Well, never mind Nancy," responded Tony, "we'll take the pigs and the pigeons."

"Not all of them, anyhow," replied Bill, almost beginning to cry at the mere mention of letting Nancy go, while the dispute went on in so animated a style as to fairly startle the old man.

"Stop, boys," he interposed. "There is time enough for all this. There is no hurry about the matter. The fair will not be held for several months yet, and you don't know whether Mr. Spangler will let us go. Wait a little longer, and I will settle this thing for you."

The mere suggestion of their not being permitted to go to the fair was an effectual check to this unusual effervescence, and the whole party relapsed into silence. But from this they were presently roused by the near approach of a traveller, whom they had noticed for some time in the road before them. No one appeared to recognize him; but when he came within hailing distance of the company he took off an old cap, waved it over his head, and shouted, "Hurrah! Uncle Benny! Back again to Jersey!"

The party were taken by surprise, but when the speaker came close up to them they saw who he was.

"Why, that's Frank Smith, sure enough! I didn't know him," exclaimed Joe Spangler; and then there was a crowding up to him and a general recognition and shaking of hands.

"Why, Frank," said Uncle Benny, "we're glad to see you. Did you say you'd come back to Jersey? But what's the matter? What's brought you back?"

"Got enough of New York,—sick of the dirty place, and never want to see it again," he replied. "Put me among the Allens once more, and blame me if you ever catch me quitting the farm as long as *I* live. I'm pretty near to it now. How nice it looks! Tony, don't you ever think of going to New York."

Here was a most unexpected conclusion to their afternoon's diversion. The boy before them, Frank Smith, was a lad of fifteen, an active, intelligent, ambitious fellow, an orphan nephew of Mr. Allen, who had been taken by his uncle, when only ten years old, to be brought up as a farmer. He had been clothed and educated as his cousins, but for two or three years his mind had been bent on trying his fortune in the great city. No persuasion could wean him from his darling project, and becoming restless and dispirited under what he considered the monotonous routine of the farm, Mr. Allen finally yielded to his importunities, and permitted him, the Christmas previous, to try for himself how much better he could succeed in New York. He fitted him out respectably, paid his fare on the railroad, and gave him a little purse of money with which to keep him clear of actual suffering until some profitable employment should offer. Thus equipped, he plunged into the great city, having learned no trade but that of farming, with only a general idea of what he was to do, and without a solitary acquaintance among the thousands who were already fighting the battle of life within its densely crowded thoroughfares.

He had been gone for months; but in all that time he had written but one or two letters home, and they said nothing that was encouraging, though they contained no complaints. The last one did say, however, that he wouldn't mind being back on the farm. It was clear, thought Mr. Allen, that he had been disappointed, and was not

doing much. But as Frank had been told, when leaving home, that he was welcome to return whenever he had enough of the city, no pressing invitation was sent, in reply, for him to come back. It was thought best to let him sow all his wild oats at once. His pride being strong, he could not bring himself to the mortifying position of admitting, by turning about and coming home, that he had committed a grave mistake, until driven to it by absolute suffering. So he held out until holding out longer became dangerous, and there he stood in the highway, like a prodigal son returning to the parental household.

He went away with new clothes, clean linen, and a robust frame. He was now shabby, dirty, ragged, and his features indicated slender rations of food. It was this changed appearance that prevented the boys from recognizing their old friend until he was close upon them. He had travelled all the way from New York on foot, yet his step grew lighter and more elastic the nearer he came to his old home. Of course there was a world of questions as to how he liked New York, what he had been doing there, whether he made any money, why he came back, and every other conceivable topic of inquiry that could suddenly occur to the minds of three raw country boys.

Frank was in no hurry to leave his friends for home, as it was now in sight, and he felt himself already there. Neither did he seem at all unwilling to give them as much as he then could of his adventures in the city, and so replied to their numerous inquiries as fully as he was able to. He was a frank, open-hearted fellow, without a particle of false pride about him, and so admitted from the beginning that he had made the greatest mistake of his life in insisting upon leaving the farm. He even called himself a great fool for having done so. But after all, he thought it might be a good thing that he had made the trial, as it taught him many things that he never would have believed possible unless he had gone through them for himself, and was a lesson that would be useful to him as long as he lived.

Though in reality he had but little to tell that would interest older folks, yet to the boys his story was particularly attractive. Going into a great city with no friends, but little money, and without a trade, he could find nothing but chance jobs to do. The merchants and shopkeepers refused to employ him, because he was a stranger, with none to recommend him for honesty. When they found he was fresh from a farm, some said at once he was not the boy for them,—they wanted one who knew something. Others advised him to go home as quickly as he could, but not one offered to help him. He occasionally picked up a shilling by working along the wharves, but it was among a low, vicious, and profane set of men and boys, with whom it was very hard for him to be compelled to associate. Then he tried being a

newsboy, bought papers at the printing-offices and sold them about the streets and hotels, and other public places. But here he met with so many rebuffs, and was so often caught with a pile of unsold papers on his hands, that he found the business paid him no certain profit. The city boys seemed sharper and quicker, and invariably did better, some of them even saving money, and helping to support their aged or sick parents.

He went through a variety of other experiences that were very trying to a boy of his spirit, but, though exerting himself to the utmost, he made no encouraging headway. One of his greatest trials was being compelled to associate with a low, swearing, drinking class of people, and to live in mean and comfortless boarding-houses because they were cheap. He never had a dollar to spare or to lay up. It required all he could make to keep him alive. As his clothes became worn and ragged, he was not able to obtain better ones. Still, he was too proud to write home what he was undergoing, as he knew he had brought it on himself, and that it was exactly what his uncle had said would be likely to overtake him. Yet he was conscious of gradually becoming reconciled to the low and immoral set around him, so different from those among whom he had been brought up.



One day, when in company with some of his associates, newsboys and bootblacks, Frank saw a gentleman drop his pocket-book on the pavement. He ran instantly and picked it up, and was about following the loser to restore it to him, when his comrades stopped him, telling him he should do no such thing,—that they had a share in it, as they were with him, and he must divide the money with them. The bare idea of stealing had never before crossed Frank's mind; but now that it was suggested, with the property of another actually in his hands, which he could appropriate without fear of discovery, he felt the temptation to steal it come over his thoughts. But it was only for a moment. The early teachings of a virtuous home were not to be thus suddenly forgotten. Breaking away from his dishonest companions, he ran after the gentleman and restored him the pocket-book, and was soundly abused by the others for doing so.

But Frank was so thoroughly alarmed by feeling that he had thus been tempted to become a thief, and so fearful that, if he continued to associate with thieves, he would soon become one, that he resolved not to stay another day in New York.

Even if he had had a hard time there, his integrity was yet sound, his conscience clear, and he meant to keep it so. As he owned nothing but the old clothes in which he stood, it was an easy matter to leave the city; so the next morning he started for home, with a few crackers in one pocket and a huge sausage in the other, but with the light heart of youth, made lighter still by the consciousness that strength had been mercifully given him to overcome a strong temptation. It was a two days' tramp even for his active limbs, but he went on joyously, and was never in better spirits than when he encountered the Spangler party in the road.

"But wouldn't you have got rich if you had stayed longer?" inquired Tony. "A great many poor boys in New York have become rich men."

"I don't believe it, Tony King," replied Frank. "Where there's one who gets rich, there are twenty that go to the dogs,—that get drunk, or lie and steal, or sleep in boxes and hogsheads in the streets, and turn out vagabonds. I thought just as you think, that *all* the poor boys make money, and wouldn't believe my uncle when he told me that life in the city was the worst lottery in the world. But I've found it just as he said, only enough worse. Now, Tony, you want to go to the city, I know you do: you and I talked it over before I went, and you want to go now. But if you don't stay where you are, you're a bigger fool than I was. You'll never catch me again leaving the farm to cry newspapers and black boots in the streets. I'm made for something better than that."

With this sensible admonition Frank bade his friends good by, and started off on a half-run for his uncle's house, as if impatient for the surprise which he knew his sudden appearance would occasion among the family. Uncle Benny was not sorry that his three boys had received the full benefit of Frank's experience of city life, nor could he regret the tattered dress in which he had presented himself before them, as, if it were possible for eloquence to be found in rags, every one that hung about him became a persuasive witness to the truth of the experience he had related.

Author of "Ten Acres Enough."

THE CRUISE OF THE LEOPOLD: OR, THE FORTUNES OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

CHAPTER V.

The black-fish in the tanks of the *Leopold* were all alive and kicking when she came to anchor in Rearport harbor. The schooner had been reported as seen at the port where she had lain for two days, and Mrs. Brindley had been saved from forty-eight hours of anguish. Tom sold the fish to a man who purchased for the New York market, and when they were transferred from the *Leopold* to the vessel in which they were to depart for New York, people said that Tom Brindley was a smart fellow, without knowing anything about the golden treasures concealed in the cabin of the *Pinkey*.

The enterprising skipper of the *Leopold* had bound his crew by a solemn promise not to say a word about the money they had made until after the twentieth of the month. He had made a little plan to astonish the lordly Captain Bellmore by paying off the mortgage and interest, when he came to demand possession of the cottage. He was determined to convince the magnate of Rearport that he was not a good-for-nothing, and he looked forward with the most exciting anticipations to the twentieth day of the month. He did not even tell his mother of his surprising good fortune, but carefully deposited the sovereigns, which, at \$4.88 each, formed his worldly wealth, in a closet in his attic chamber, where they would be available when the great day of retribution should arrive.

The twentieth day of the month arrived, and with it the portly form of Captain Bellmore. He was as lordly and magnificent as when he had called before. He tried to look meek and patient under the great wrongs which he had been called upon to endure for the sake of the Brindley family, though he could not help occasionally casting a hard, cold look of intense disgust at the author of his son's misfortunes. As he looked at Mrs. Brindley, no doubt he felt what a solemn and disagreeable duty he was called upon to perform, for it must be exceedingly trying to the nerves of a rich man to be compelled to turn a widow, with a brood of young children, out of house and home.

The widow had a fountain of tears at her command, upon which it was her habit to make large drafts on occasions like the present. As the most natural thing in the world for her, she began to cry as soon as she saw the great man of Rearport. She

hoped her tears would not be in vain, but would bolster up the modest proposition which she intended to make. She had talked a great deal with Tom about the momentous event which had now sadly dawned upon them, and begged him not to be “sassy on no account whatsoever,” for that would spoil all her plans. Tom kept his own counsel, and promised not to be “sassy” if Captain Bellmore treated him decently.

The young pilot sat sideways on the end of the sink when the rich man entered. He looked easy and defiant, and his poor mother’s heart sank within her as she glanced at his self-assured and even impudent look. She was satisfied that the Captain would reject her offers and drive her from the house, all because Tom looked so “sassy.”

“Well, Mrs. Brindley,” began the strong man of Rearport, “I have called to see you as I promised.”

“Yes, Cap’n—thank’e—I’m much obleeged to ye for comin’,” replied Mrs. Brindley, determined, if soft words would accomplish anything, that they should not be wanting.

“I hope you are ready for me,” added the Captain.

We must record our solemn protest against this remark, for it was a downright lie! He did not hope she was ready; on the contrary, he hoped and believed she was not ready; and he was confident that he should be able to take the first step towards bringing Tom “under.” The whole family must go to the poor-house, where Tom would come within his grasp, as chairman of the Board of Overseers.

“I’m not exactly ready, but I can pay you something. I’ll let you have the back interest to-day, and in a few—”

“That won’t do, Mrs. Brindley,” interposed the Captain, decidedly, as he glanced at Tom, who sat swinging his right leg against the side of the sink. “I must have the principal and interest.”

“I did hope you wouldn’t be hard on a poor body,” said she, thrown all aback by the prompt answer of the creditor. “I’ve raked together what money I could, and I did hope you’d let us stay here for a while longer.”

“My duty to myself and my family”—Captain Bellmore glanced at Tom again—“compels me to be firm in this matter. I don’t like to do it, but I don’t see how I can do anything else. The fact of it is, marm, your son there has spoiled all my calculations in your favor.”

“Thomas has behaved better since you was here last. He has worked well, and minds me in everything I say.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” replied the Captain, uttering another abominable falsehood.

"He's doin' so well, if you've a mind to let us go on a while longer, I think we can pay the rest of the interest in a few weeks."

"I should be very glad to do anything I can for you, but your boy treated Richard so badly, that I don't feel called upon to do anything different. I know it comes hard to you."

"Dreadful hard, Cap'n," said the widow, as she thought she saw some signs of relenting on the part of the great man.

"I don't know but that we might fix it," said the Captain, after a hopeful pause.

"Anything in natur that we can do!" continued Mrs. Brindley, briskly, as her hope began to enlarge.

"If your boy will beg Richard's pardon for what he did, I'll try and see what can be done."

"I'll do it, Captain, if Dick will beg pardon of Jenny Bass for what he did agin her," replied Tom, promptly.

"I knew he would!" exclaimed the delighted widow, not clearly comprehending the condition on which the concession was to be made.

"Richard shall do nothing of the kind," said the rich man, sternly.

"Cause if Jenny will forgive Dick, I'm willin' Dick should forgive me," added Tom, with easy good-nature.

"Did you think my son would apologize to that dirty Bass girl?" demanded the Captain, horrified at the suggestion.

"Well, no; I didn't think he would, no more'n I'd apologize to Dick for serving him just as he deserved."

"What do you mean by talking to me in that way, you young villain?" roared the hard creditor.

"Well, Cap'n, if I'm a young villain, you're an old one, and got further into't than I have."

"Don't, Thomas, don't!" pleaded Mrs. Brindley. "For pity's sake, don't!"

"You hear, marm?" gasped Captain Bellmore.

"You needn't talk to me, Cap'n," added Tom, shaking his head. "I know you better'n you know yourself, and you needn't think you're goin' to wipe me out like a chalk-mark. I know what's what as well as you do."

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel?" stormed the Captain, who never, since the world began, heard of a boy using such language to the rich man of Rearport. "Do you know who I am?"

"I calculate I do; you're the meanest man in Rearport, I don't care where you look for t'other."

“There, marm, you hear that boy!” gasped the creditor. “What can I do for you now?”

“For mercy’s sake, Thomas, don’t be so sassy.”

“He’s sassier’n I am,” answered Tom.

“That’ll do!” said Captain Bellmore, who had no idea how it was possible for a gentleman like himself to be saucy to the good-for-nothing son of a fisherman’s widow. “Now, you young rascal, I’m going away, and I shall turn you out of the house right off.”

“No, you won’t!” replied Tom, easily.

“Won’t I?” hissed the Captain.

“No, you won’t!”

“You shall see, you young rascal! You shall see!”

“I’m willin’ to do what’s fair and right.”

“Pay your father’s note, then!”

“How much is it?”

“How much is it! Four hundred and forty-eight dollars!” replied Captain Bellmore, measuring off the words very slowly, that the full magnitude of the sum might be appreciated. “Pay it, if you want to keep out of the poor-house!”

“I guess I will, Cap’n,” said Tom, sliding down from the end of the sink and walking towards the table in the middle of the kitchen floor.

“You guess you will!” sneered the creditor, who began to think that the boy was crazy.

“I guess I will, Cap’n,” added Tom, as he thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and drew forth a handful of the sovereigns he had received from the captain of the Imperial, and slapped them down rather emphatically upon the table.



“My stars!” exclaimed Mrs. Brindley. “Where *did* you git all that money?”

“I can afford to be sassy, can’t I, mother?” said Tom, with a smile, as he drew forth another handful of the glittering coins, whose weight had nearly parted his suspenders.

Captain Bellmore was astonished, astounded, confounded, dumfounded,—amazed, bewildered, overwhelmed. He could not speak for some time; and when he could, he intimated a suspicion that somebody in the neighborhood had been robbed.

“See here, Captain Bellmore, I’m goin’ to pay you all up; and I don’t want none of your words. If you call me any more names, I’ll turn *you* out of the house,” interposed Tom.

“Where did you get all that money?”

“Well, it’s none of your business, but I don’t mind tellin’ you. I got a steamer off

the Gridiron Shoal, and piloted her into deep water just afore the gale come on. That's where I got the money."

"That's how you happened to be clear down to Bangsport?" said Mrs. Brindley.

"That's just how, mother."

"Why didn't you tell a body on't?"

"'Cause I wanted to see things take their nateral course. Now, Cap'n Bellmore, I'm ready to pay up," said Tom, turning to the amazed and indignant creditor, who had saved his debt, and got cheated out of his revenge.

The Captain performed the problem in exchange which the British currency on the table suggested. He was gloomy and sullen, and made some mistakes in his arithmetic, which Tom corrected, for Si Ryder, who was a pretty good scholar, had figured out the sum for him. The business was closed, much to the disgust of the Captain, but entirely to the satisfaction of the rest of the party, including the small children, who had stood with mouths agape during the entire scene.

Captain Bellmore left. Mrs. Brindley danced around the kitchen like a lunatic when Tom showed her the rest of the gold. Two hours of steady talking explained the past, and foreshadowed the future. It was decided to put the rest of the money out at interest, reserving only a small sum to pay for some necessary repairs on the Leopold, with which Tom intended to follow up the fishing business.

The story of the young pilot flew through the village, and Tom was a lion. Bob Barkley was justified. Even Joe Bass and Si Ryder were second-class lions. The conclusion was unanimously reached that the boys were not good-for-nothings.

Tom Brindley kept his good resolutions. He became the man of the house at home. He worked well at his business, and was successful. When the winter came, the fact that he had not been able of himself to change pounds to dollars induced him to go to school. He studied faithfully, and, though learning was not exactly his *forte*, he obtained a fair education in time. He is now twenty-two, and is a steady, industrious fisherman; not intellectually brilliant, but bold, dashing, serviceable in any emergency. His mother still lives, and thinks that Tom is a greater man than ever Captain Bellmore was. Tom was married last Thanksgiving to Jenny Bass, and as this catastrophe seems to be a proper stopping-place for our story, we will leave Mr. Brindley to finish working out the fortunes of a good-for-nothing without our assistance.

Oliver Optic.



ROARING RUN.

Roaring Run ravine is a deep hollow between two mountains, through which pours a brook, tumbling helter-skelter over the great gray rocks till it gets out of sight in a dark forest; and at the time of which I am thinking there stood only a few pine-trees off from the edge of the ravine, and an old house, or rather its shell, for the stairways were crumbling in pieces and the plaster dropping from the walls, the windows were out, the fences were gone, the chimneys had tumbled down, the spiders had hung all the mouldy old rooms with their spinning, and the rats scampered impudently about in the halls. In the winter the snow whirled in at the open windows and piled itself in great drifts on the rotting floors, the rain dripped through the broken roof, the wind blew through the crazy building as if it had been a sieve, and it was altogether a shivering, wheezy, shaky, dismal old den, not fit for an eagle's nest; yet two children, Yolande and Harold, lived there, because they were too poor to live anywhere else, and all day long, and often far on in the night, Yolande spun wool and flax, and Harold, who was a cripple, and could not stir from his bed, lay near the hearth and watched her.

The coldest day in the winter had come. The road and ravine looked as if candied in ice. The north wind whuddered about the windows, and blew pins and needles of frost through the chinks, that made Yolande sting and ache all over, and shook the doors as if trying to burst them open, and yelled down the chimney, "Oho! call that a fire, do you! I could make a better one of icicles";—for Yolande was her own wood-sawyer, and, being small and weak, could only chop off bits here and there of the great pine trunks with her hatchet; and the fire was smoking in a very miserable way, as if it was out of spirits at having to burn flat on the old hearth, without any firedogs, and when at dark Yolande boiled the meal for their supper, it fell into such a low frame of mind that it very nearly went out altogether. "O, this won't do!" said Yolande; and looking about her for something to split up, she spied an old chair, with a high back perfectly straight, with queer little knobs and lines and balls all over it, that stood grimly in the corner as if it were thinking, "You *would* now, would you? Split me up for firewood, indeed!" At the first sound of her hatchet, the spiders, every spider of them, grew stiff with horror in the midst of their webs, saying, "Did you ever! A respectable old chair, that has been of no earthly use to anybody for the last forty years, to be degraded in this way!" And the rats answered darkly from their holes, "She would sooner have frozen to death, if she had proper feeling." And a lot of beetles held a spirited meeting out in the hall,

declaring that this sort of thing must be stopped. But the fire blazed up merrily, and Harold put out his little thin hands from his bed, and said, "Ah! that is nice; and the meal was nice, too,—almost as good as beefsteak; and if my feet were only warm, I think I could go to sleep."

Yolande took off her only woollen skirt and wrapped it about his feet, and, as he had said, he fell fast asleep. The balls, and the carvings, and the twisted legs, and even the grim back of the chair, crackled, and sent out flashes of flame and heat, and Yolande went to and fro in the dim light, turning the great wheel, and drawing out the long loops of wool, but slowly; because it was hard work to drag about feet that could neither bend nor feel; and because it was getting so numb at her heart, and so heavy at her head; and because the tingling and pricking of her skin and the ache in her fingers were all gone, and she wanted to sleep; and because she was spinning now, not wool, but a woollen blanket for Harold, and a feather-bed for herself,—she slept on the floor,—and flannel skirts, and yarn stockings, and shawls, and pillows, and everything that ever was warm and comfortable; and because the great wheel turned slower and slower, as was quite natural when it was bringing forth such prodigious things; and because the distaff had dropped from her hand, and she was down on the floor beside the wheel—asleep.

The fire, that had burned away almost to ashes, made one last leap up the chimney, and called loudly out to the pines, "You there! stop your creaking, and listen to me. Here is a little girl freezing to death, and I am going out, and can't stop myself."

And the pines groaned over it in their solemn way, yet never stirred a leaf to help; but the Wind, and the Snow Goblin clumping along the road just then in his great wooden shoes, and the Roaring Run down in its ravine, heard what the fire said to the pines.

The lawyer's house stood in the village at the foot of the mountain, and that night the lawyer sat by the fire in his cosy study, warm to the very core with the jolly blaze on his hearth, and an occasional sip from the pitcher of ale that stood beside him. He was studying a very profound book, as lawyers always do in all their spare moments, and was at the fourth paragraph on the sixty-third page. The windows were all closed, the door was shut, the bell didn't ring, and yet—there—certainly—was—a person in his study; a large, fat, red person, with a bushy beard, and the queerest voice in the world; for one moment he was squeaking like a fife, the next he was growling down in the bass, and a third sent him off in all kinds of little shakes and turns and trills. His legs too were as shaky as his voice. He was turning somersaults, and pirouetting, and sliding, and rushing into corners, and whizzing up

and down the chimney, doing everything in the world but sit or stand still, while his breath, as he danced about the room, sent a stream of chills down the lawyer's warm back, and the thermometer hanging by the door down to zero.

The lawyer stared, and rubbed his eyes, and stared again; and as lawyers, you know, always argue about everything, he said to himself, "This is a dream, because a big red-faced man like that couldn't come in through the key-hole,—that would be preposterous; and since it is a dream, I had better wake up, because dreams that pop up and down your chimneys, and then put their heads on one side, and wink at you, are not pleasant." But finding that, no matter how he rubbed his eyes, or opened or shut them, here was the pitcher of ale, and there were the book-shelves, and as fast as either of them stood red-face before the fire, still winking at him, he began to argue again, "If this is not a dream, it must be a man, though it is very odd how he got in here; but since it is a man, what can he want?" But though paragraph number four, on the sixty-third page, was a very deep paragraph no doubt, it was not deep enough to tell the lawyer that; and red-face had just taken a run up the book-shelves, and sat there on the top of them, with his legs dangling, which put the lawyer so entirely out of countenance that he could not ask him; and strangely enough, in the midst of his perplexity, he began to think of the old house at Roaring Run, and the longer he looked at the red-faced man, the more he wondered what had become of the two children there in this bitter weather.

"They are freezing to death, thank you," said his visitor, precisely as if the lawyer had spoken his thought aloud; "and if you should put the truth over their graves, which you won't, of course, you would write, 'Died of the squire, the doctor, and the lawyer, who kept their own folds warm and comfortable, and left these stray lambs out in the cold to perish; because the doctor thought it was the squire's business, and the squire thought it was your business, and you thought it was the minister's business, and so nobody made it his business, though you knew that, all the time, they needed to eat, sleep, and be warm, just like people who have houses to do such things in.' Hurricanes and tornadoes! as surely as my name is the North Wind, I have not frozen anybody to death in the last hundred and fifty years with half the pleasure that I shall freeze you to-night; and I have done a number of such little jobs in my time."

"This is some madman escaped from the asylum," thought the lawyer. "I will slip out of the room, and call for help";—and being very clever, he set about it shrewdly. You see, a stupid man would have bolted for the door outright; but first he yawned, and then he rose from his chair as if to stretch himself, and then he edged out a step

or two from



behind the table, when “Oho!” said the Wind, “that is your game, is it?” and with a single puff blew him back in his chair, like a feather, and at the same moment the lawyer’s conscience, wherever it came from, popped out, and tied him in it fast.

“You need not think in your heart about the squire and the doctor,” said his conscience; “they will be looked after in their turn, and because they are black, you are none the whiter.”

“Now,” said the lawyer, “I couldn’t have *dreamed* this, for I don’t remember my conscience from one year to another; and it cannot really be here, because it is up stairs in the pocket of my Sunday coat, where I always keep it. I must be mad, after all,”—and, settling himself back in his chair, he resigned himself to his fate. The Wind blew upon the fire; it went out at the first puff. He blew down the lawyer’s back, he breathed on the lawyer’s legs, he nipped his toes, he pinched his ears, he tweaked his nose, when luckily came in the lawyer’s wife.

“Bless me!” cried she, “the fire all out, and you here fast asleep, and as cold as a stone, I declare!”

The lawyer jumped up in his chair. "Where is the Wind?—I mean the fellow that was freezing me to death—I mean——." Here he got his eyes wide open, and saw there was no one in the study but his wife. At that he was so delighted that he actually turned a somersault, and cried, "Hurrah!" cutting a very funny figure in his dressing-gown and slippers, I assure you. Then he rang every bell in the house with all his might. All the servants came running.

"Get out the sleigh, and the horses, and a lot of blankets, and brandy, and beef-tea, and wood, and spoons, and forks, and the buffalo robes, and butter, and sugar, and pepper, and salt, and whatever you bring people that have been frozen to death to life with," said the lawyer, "and be quick. I am going up the mountain, to the old house at the Roaring Run."

Away flew all the servants, gabbling and getting in each other's way. Away posted his wife after the doctor, to tell him that her husband had gone mad. The doctor had gone to bed; yet he got up at once, and came with the lawyer's wife, and a long face, to look after the lawyer's wits. But by that time the lawyer had straightened them out himself, and so the doctor put the blister that he had brought for the lawyer's head in his pocket, and, getting into the sleigh, rode with him up the mountain, to see, I suppose, if he could use it on Yolande.

It happened that day that the squire had come for a walk up to the head of the ravine of the Roaring Run, and being a stout man, buttoned up to the chin in a warm overcoat, instead of a poor little half-starved girl in a calico dress, he found climbing and scrambling about in the keen air such famous sport, that the day was almost gone when he turned about to go home. Unluckily, he passed the spot where, about a mile below the falls, the path that led to the village came down to the edge of the brook; and though he went back and searched for it, and climbed up the rocks, and down the rocks, till it was nearly dark, he could not find it. The squire was in a mighty rage, for to follow the Roaring Run down its bed was to walk three times as far, to say nothing of the fact that the stones were as slippery as ice could make them. But while he was grumbling to himself, he spied a boy sitting on a rock, with his hat pulled over his nose, like Sam Hopper; and without stopping to think that people are not apt to sit out on rocks on such nipping nights as that, he called out, "I say, Sam, will you show me the best way home?"

"S'pose I can," grumbled Sam.

"But *will* you do it, is the thing," said the squire.

"P'raps you won't like my way," answered Sam. "I allers takes the rough ways. There, now, didn't I tell you? There you go!"

What do you suppose the squire had done? Only stepped on a bit of thin ice,

and tumbled sprawling into the black water, that splashed about him as if it laughed. The stream was deep and strong. It sucked him under and held him fast. It soaked him through in a moment; it made his boots as heavy as lead, and his blood like ice. When he got up, you never saw such a figure! He was dripping from his hat, and his hair, and his nose, and his whiskers, and his coat; he was shivering from his head to his toes; he was spluttering, for the water in his nose and mouth would not let him talk; and he was the very most angry man that ever got a ducking. The boy went on before him chuckling, and, though water of course never giggles, it plashed on the stones in a way that sounded curiously like it. Even the grim old pines, that had seen the whole from the sides of the ravine, followed the squire with a windy guffaw. But let laugh who would, that unlucky man had quite enough to do to mind his own business; for first he slipped down on his back, and then he tumbled on his nose, and a rock gave him a poke in the side, and the skin was off his knee, and there was a hole in his trousers, and a stone bruised his pet corn, and he was quite fagged out of breath, and worst of all, the moon, breaking through a cloud, showed him the waterfall where the Roaring Run pours over the head of the ravine. That wicked Sam had led him back to the place from which he started, two hours ago.

“You young villain!” roared the squire, flourishing his stick in one hand, and making a grasp at Sam with the other; but the boy slipped through his fingers, and, with a whisk and a whirl like a scrap of flying mist, there sat his guide half-way up the waterfall, his big red tongue lolling out of the great mouth that he opened wide to laugh, and his little black eyes twinkling maliciously.

“Good evening, Squire,” said the figure, “and good luck to you in finding your way home; and the next time that you want a guide like me, ask for the Goblin of the Roaring Run.”

How the squire got back to the little path that he had missed in the twilight, he himself never knew; get there he did somehow, however, and lay groaning by the road, till, a wagon coming past, the driver came to his relief; but it was so dark that the squire could see nothing, except that he was a stout man in a white frock, and that the horses, pawing the ground impatiently, were as white as snow. The carter helped him into his wagon and started at a tremendous pace, and no sooner were they off than it began to snow; such snow!—it was so thick that it actually seemed to fly from the man’s white frock, and the horses, as they plunged furiously onwards, looked like driving clouds. The wagon bumped, and bounded, and jumped from one side of the rough road to the other, throwing the squire about like a bag of meal. On one side was a great mountain, on the other a dreadful ravine, going down, down several hundred feet, rough with rocks and pines, and at its bottom, dimly showing,

the Roaring Run. The squire looked about him in astonishment, for they were not on the road to the village, but going up the mountain with the speed of an express train. The driver cracked his whip and shouted. The horses seemed to fly. The road narrowed and crumbled away, till the wagon-wheels ran on the very edge of the precipice.

Just then commenced behind them a terrible clattering; for the lawyer and the doctor, coming along in their sleigh at a lively pace, turned up the mountain road just behind a man in a white frock, who drove a pair of white horses that reared and plunged furiously, and threatened to overturn his wagon at every step; and though the lawyer's horses were quiet beasts enough, some mischief must have been abroad in the air, for from an even trot they fell into a hurried trot, and from a hurried trot they broke into a gallop, and, getting finally the bits between their teeth, burst into a run, and raced like mad after the wagon up the steep road. "Whoa!" shouted the lawyer, and "Whoa!" quavered the doctor; but they might as well have said, "Get up!" The crockery and tins bounced about in the bottom of the sleigh, and kept up a deafening clatter; the bundle of bedding, standing straight up in the back of the sleigh, burst open; a pillow flew out, and then a sheet, and a big "comfortable" tumbled down over the heads of the doctor and the lawyer.

While they were struggling to get out, they came to the narrowest and most dangerous part of the road, where a few months before a pedler had fallen off with his cart, and been dashed in pieces. "Murder!" screeched the lawyer, half suffocated in the "comfortable" that the doctor in his fright was holding down tight about them. "Fire! thieves! help! whoa! I say," yelled the doctor. The squire, pitching helplessly about in the wagon, heard the shouting and clattering behind, and, looking down, saw the jagged rocks of the ravine, and the wagon toppling over them. He shut his eyes, and seized tight hold of the wagon-side, saying, "O, here we go! Good Lord deliver us!" Instantly the driver faced about and gave the squire three hearty thwacks over the shoulders, with the handle of his whip. The horses reared, the wagon tilted, and the squire rolled out, as if he had been a cheese, at the door of the old house at the Roaring Run. The doctor and the lawyer had by this time their heads out of the un-"comfortable," and saw something tumble out of the wagon before them; the lawyer's horses stopped short, the something picked itself up and began rubbing its legs; and getting a little closer, they recognized the squire. So here were the squire, the lawyer, and the doctor, all at the old house of the Roaring Run. The squire, the lawyer, and the doctor, being there, rapped on the door, and hallooed by turns, but the sigh of the wind in the pines was their only answer. Then they did the next best thing,—opened the door and walked in. The place was silent, dark, and cold;

nothing stirring but the spiders curling themselves up in corners, and the rats and beetles, that eyed the intruders with huge disgust. "Going to build another fire!" said they. "What is this world coming to?"

Yolande had fallen asleep feeling only that curious numbness all over her body which made her so sleepy she could not spin; but she woke aching till she cried for pain; and there was such a fire on the hearth that she thought she was dreaming it, and Harold lay by it smiling at her, and she was lying on a real bed, (she had to pinch it to make sure that she was not dreaming that too,) and around it stood the three grand gentlemen of the village, the squire, the lawyer, and the doctor, smiling also, but she fancied that she saw tears in their eyes at the same time. "And you are to lie down and be quiet now," said the squire, "and when you are better I shall take you and Harold home to live with me." And then Yolande was sure that she was dreaming, but, as it was too pleasant a dream to wake up from, she just shut her eyes and went comfortably to sleep.

"And what do you think of all this?" asked the fire of the pines.

"Oh!" creaked they, "we have seen much more wonderful things than that, and it would never have come about at all if we had not groaned."

Louise E. Chollet.



HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

V.

True to his promise, Father Brighthopes set out one day to pay little Kate Orley's mother a visit.

On the way he had to pass a bend in the river, where, in a broad, shining sheet, it came sweeping around through the meadows until the willows on its banks grew within half a stone's throw of the road. Behind the willows he heard boys' voices, accompanied by a splashing of oars, and saw the ripples of a boat's wake stretching in oblique lines to the farther shore. But the boat itself he could not see.

He could hear, however, altogether too much. The boys were talking and laughing as they paddled along, evidently quite unconscious of the good old clergyman's presence so near them; for such language was certainly not intended for his ears! It made his very heart ache with sorrow for those foolish, profane boys,—a sorrow rendered all the more poignant by the fact that he recognized one or two of the voices.

The boat passed on one way, and he walked on the other; the voices were lost in the distance; the ripples died on the shore, and the shining surface was smooth again; but the wounds his spirit had received did not close so readily. He was thinking of those boys, and of what he should say to them at their next meeting, as he drew near Mr. Orley's house. It was a little yellow house close by the street, with nothing attractive about it but a few lilac-bushes; but they were in full bloom, delighting the eye and filling the air with fragrance.

"So it is with the least refined natures," thought Father Brighthopes, all the sunshine of his spirit breaking forth again. "However rude and unbeautiful they may be, there is always a lowly lilac-bush, or a honeysuckle climbing the door of their hearts, to adorn their commonplace lives and sweeten the air around them." For the sympathetic old clergyman had never yet known a person so hardened and depraved that there was not still, lurking somewhere in his nature, an imperishable root of tenderness or goodness, forever putting forth green leaves again as it was trampled upon.

Seeing at a distance, coming from the opposite direction, a little girl whom he thought he recognized, he walked on and met her. It was little Kate, with a basket on

her arm, returning from her errands. The lonesome face brightened with pleasure at sight of him.

“Well, how have you been, my little girl?” he said, turning to walk back with her.

“Pretty well,—better than I was, I think. I have been happier,—ever so much happier! I have thought of what you said every time when—when she has been cross to me, and it has been just like something warm in my heart. O, such a comfort!”

“Have you been sent for shavings since?”

“O yes, twice. There’s the house, away off there among the trees, beyond the mill. The first time I went before it was dark; but last night I had to go again after eight o’clock. There wasn’t a soul to be seen all down the long, dark road. The wind was blowing, and it made such a noise in the great old trees! The trees seemed to me to be giants whispering together, and I almost expected to see one reach down a great long arm and pick me up. Then the house was so hollow and gloomy! There wasn’t a dark corner that I didn’t see some awful creature crouching in, ready to spring out at me; and all the doors had robbers behind ’em,—I could see their feet, or their horrid faces looking out. My skin crawled all over me, and I was just going to run home with only half a basket of shavings, when I remembered what you said,—that God would take care of me, and keep me from harm. Then, O, something strong came right up in my breast; I thought the robbers were there the same, but I didn’t fear ’em. And so I got my shavings, and went home just as thankful and happy as I could be.”

“That was right; that was true courage, my child,—with a trustful spirit to brave the danger you had feared. And your mother,—hasn’t she been a little better to you than she was?”

“I don’t know but she has. I haven’t pouted, but I have been just as cheerful as I could be; and that has seemed to please her.”

“No doubt of it,” said Father Brighthopes. “If you keep your own spirit warm and bright, you may depend upon it, that will influence everybody around you. You have no idea what a little sunbeam like you may do in a house!”

“O, but it is so hard always to keep cheerful when everybody else is cross!” said little Kate.

“I know! it is almost the hardest thing in the world. But then the harder it is, the greater the triumph, if you succeed. If you at last overcome the evil influences around you, tending to make you sour and sad,—if you can keep your heart light and bright, like a bubble on these dark waves, there will be scarcely anything else in the world that you cannot do.”

"I'll remember that," said Kate; "and oh! I will be good!"

"You will find the reward in your own heart, even if you do not seem to soften very much those who are unkind to you. But your father,—you haven't told me about him."

"My father used to be a good man, I guess, and would be now; but she almost worries the life out of him. He drinks a little sometimes,—to drown care, he says; but oh! it brings more care than it drowns. It's like killing flies in summer: they say that, when you kill one, three will come to bury it."

"That may not be true of flies, but it is certainly true of cares which we endeavor to drown by dissipation of any kind," said the old clergyman, delighted with the child's intelligence and simplicity. "The only way for a man or a child to get rid of troubles is to face them cheerfully, and do one's duty trustfully in spite of them,—just as you carried away the shavings from the new house; for, indeed, our cares are often as shadowy and unreal as the hideous creatures you imagined were watching to catch you."

They had by this time arrived at Mr. Orley's gate. The child threw it open, and ran in, showing the way.

"You good-for-nothing young one! what was you gone so long for, when you knew I was waiting for that ginger?" cried a shrill female voice; and a sharp-featured woman appeared in the door, angrily confronting the child.

At sight of the venerable old clergyman, entering with slow step, and serenely smiling countenance, she drew back in confusion.

"I am afraid," said he, pleasantly, as if he had received the most cordial welcome, "that it is my fault, and not the child's, that she is late. My feet cannot carry me as fast as they used to; and she was so good as to stay and keep me company, instead of running home, as I suppose she ought to have done. You'll excuse her, I hope; and next time she meets a decrepit old gentleman, who begins to talk to her, she'll know better what to do."

"If you—certainly, if you wanted to talk with her, she did perfectly right; I wish she always knew as well what belongs to good manners," stammered the poor woman. "I shouldn't have spoken so if I had known; but she does always loiter so when I send her of errands!"

"That is the way with children," said Father Brighthopes, entering the house, and seating himself in a chair she hastily placed for him. "We mustn't expect too much of them. They don't always realize the importance of doing things with despatch; and often we ourselves are too impatient. I have taken a great interest in your little girl, madam," he continued. "I have seldom met a better-hearted, brighter child. Making

her acquaintance naturally gave me a desire to meet her mother; and this is my apology for calling on you.”



The poor woman, evidently a slack housekeeper, caught in the midst of habitual disorder, was hurriedly setting the room to rights. But at these words she stopped suddenly, and looked first at her visitor and then at little Kate with astonishment. “That child? Are you talking of that child?” she said, amazed that any one should see the least good in the little “beggars.”

“Of her, and of no one else,” replied Father Brighthopes, smiling confidently. “It is long since I have conversed with a young girl who has interested me so much.”

“Well, I guess you are the only person that thinks so!—Kate!” sharply, “go and get some chips and kindle that fire!”

“I think, indeed, that few persons know her,” said the visitor, as Kate left the room. “I noticed that there was some prejudice against her among her schoolmates.

But I could see at once what a heart she had; it is a gentle, affectionate heart, that tender influences can do almost anything with.”

“O, well,” said Mrs. Orley, with a bitter smile, “I’m glad you’ve made the discovery, for I am sure I never did!”

“That is not surprising to me,” Father Brighthopes rejoined, very gently. “You seem to me to be a woman who has had many troubles; and I know how those eat into the heart, and affect all our thoughts and feelings.”

“Troubles! haven’t I had troubles?” exclaimed Mrs. Orley, touched, in spite of herself, by his tone of sympathy. “It’s a wonder that I’m alive this day!” And she went on, pouring forth a tearful torrent of complaints.

“A hard lot,—a hard lot truly!” said Father Brighthopes. “But don’t you think that, with a steady will, and a firm, loving heart, you might have overcome much that you complain of?”

“I don’t know! I don’t know! It has rained misfortunes with me!” she exclaimed, with swift tears.

“But the greatest misfortune of all you have not named,” said Father Brighthopes. She looked up with surprise. “It is this: that you have suffered yourself to become embittered by your sorrows. If you could have avoided that, all your other misfortunes would have been benefits, making you stronger and happier. The moment we are embittered, everything looks dark to us, everybody appears hateful. Then we blame others, when the principal fault is in ourselves. I am sure you would have seen your little Kate’s excellent qualities, and no doubt have employed a somewhat different discipline with her, and so have made of her a great help and comfort to you, instead of a trial, if it had not been for the cloud upon your own spirit.”

“It may be, it may be,” said the woman, strongly agitated, but not offended, his words, and the tone in which they were uttered, were so kind.

So the old clergyman continued to talk with her until Kate returned. He took the hand of each. “My dear child,” said he, “I have been talking with your mother, and I find that she has had many bitter trials that a little girl like you can know nothing about. I want you to remember what I say, and think of them when she seems unhappy, and do all you can to make her forget them. Will you not, my child?”

“I will! I will!” came from the child’s heart so earnestly, that the mother then for the first time seemed to catch a glimpse of her true character.

This was the effect the old clergyman had designed to produce. He felt that his work for the time was done, one or two things only remaining to be said. These he introduced casually, as he was about taking leave.

"How much longer will it take me to go home by the new house, where you go for shavings, little Kate? If it is not much farther, I will go that way, and your mother will perhaps let you take your basket and go with me; and that will save your going after dark. It is a great trial for her to go for shavings after dark,—do you know it, Mrs. Orley?"

"I know she's afraid; and that's one reason why I send her, to teach her not to be. Nothing will hurt her, and I tell her so. I don't mean to bring her up to be a coward."

"She has a very vivid imagination; but that is not cowardice. If it is a fault, I fear that it will only make it worse, to compel her to encounter the fancied dangers of the dark. She needs encouragement to overcome her fears; driving her will not do it. Take my advice, and, unless it is quite necessary, do not send her again after dark."

"She has been making a confidant of you, I see," said the woman, coloring with embarrassment. "What else has she told you?"

"She has confided to me the reason why other children are prejudiced against her; and I think it is a great pity that so unimportant a thing as dress should produce so unhappy a result."

"She must learn to be independent of them!" exclaimed Mrs. Orley, with some heat.

"I know, I know! But consider how young she is, and how extremely sensitive! Such a dress as other children wear would make a new creature of her, not only in their eyes, but in her own estimation. But, of course, you do what you can. Now that I know what you have gone through, I can scarcely blame you for anything you do or fail to do," he added, soothingly.

So he departed, leaving in that wretched home the leaven of an influence which was destined to work a happy change in its condition and fortunes before long. Mrs. Orley would not let him return by the new house, the way was so long; but she promised that Kate should in future go for shavings before dark.

As he was returning by the bend in the river, he saw some boys landing from a boat at an opening between the willows. "Shut up, Burt!" he heard one say; "there comes the old minister; he'll hear you!"

"Ah, good evening, my young friends!" said Father Brighthopes, approaching them. "How beautiful the river is this evening! Look at the sunset sky through those trees! Did you ever see a sweeter picture?"

The boys looked, and seemed to be then first aware of the exquisite loveliness of the scene,—viewing it, so to speak, through his eyes. For it was one of the old clergyman's finest gifts, the faculty of holding up to others the glass of his own spirit,

in which were mirrored the every-day beauties of life, seldom seen by the busy or the dull. A change came over the boys; and he noticed that one took something from his mouth and held it behind him. It was the stump of a cigar.

"I was passing this way an hour or two ago," he resumed, "and I was enjoying exceedingly the tranquillity of the afternoon, the beauty of the river and of those green meadows, when—what do you suppose I heard? Some boys in a boat going up the stream. You may have seen them, if you have been out long."

"We haven't seen any boys in a boat—except ourselves," said Cary Wilson.

"Well, I did not see them myself; and I was very glad I did not, for what I heard made me very sad. About every third word they spoke was a bad one. A band of buccaneers could not have been more profane."

Even if the old clergyman had not been aware that he was addressing those very boys, their sheepish looks and hanging heads would have betrayed them. He went on, however, without seeming to notice their confusion.

"O my children, if those boys could only have stood where I stood, and have listened to themselves! It would have been enough to cure them forever of that vulgar habit of swearing, to have known just how it sounded to other ears. To say nothing of its wickedness, how very foolish it is! If you do happen to meet with such boys, I entreat you not to learn their language, but to shut your ears against it. The use of profane and indecent words is something far more easily learned than unlearned. I have before now seen young men who were quite unfitted to appear in respectable society, being so accustomed to fill up their speech with oaths and by-words, that, when it became necessary to omit such entirely, they could only stammer. Another thing I noticed as those boys were passing; it was the smell of tobacco-smoke. If they could only know what a silly habit smoking is, too, for a young lad to fall into! To me there are few more revolting sights than that of a boy swaggering with a pipe or cigar in his mouth, which he takes out only to spit or swear."

"My father smokes!" said Burton Thorley, stoutly.

"And does he swear, too?" Father Brighthopes inquired.

"No, sir,—I never heard my father swear in his life."

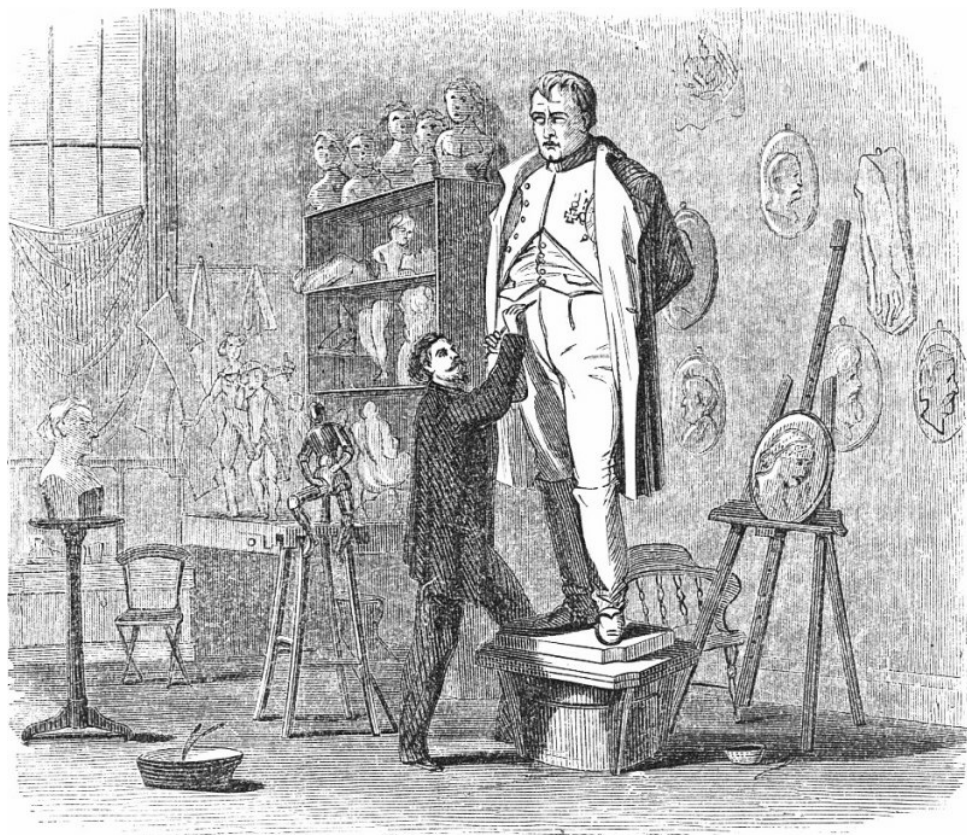
"And it would not be very pleasant for you to hear him, would it? No, my boy; if you should hear your father use such language as you sometimes hear certain low-minded men and boys use, it would be a shock to you, would it not? You believe your father to be a high-minded, refined man; and any exhibition of useless profanity on his part would lower him in your thoughts. Then how do you think he would feel, if he should hear *you* swear? or if your pure-minded mother should hear you? If your

father smokes, it is a habit which, he has himself told me, was formed in his youth, most foolishly, and which he would now give anything to be rid of. Boys do not take to tobacco from the love of it originally, but because they consider it something smart, a sign of manliness, to have a cigar or pipe-stem stuck in the corner of their mouths, and to spit the juice; but they are so much mistaken! The filthiness of the habit, and the offence it gives to many people, should alone be sufficient to keep them from it. Think how unbecoming it is to old age! think of yourself as an old man, your nerves shattered by the use of stimulants, sitting in the chimney-corner, lost to all sense of cleanliness, spattering the floor and your clothes, and even with the disgusting juice running down the corners of your mouth! That is a repulsive picture, which I dislike to hold up to you; but it is better that you should *see* a repulsive picture now, than *be* one in your old age.”

The aged clergyman himself, so cleanly, so beautiful, so serene and strong, presented at the same time, by way of contrast, a picture of pure and spiritual old age. All the better boys were strongly impressed by it: they saw, as never before, the two roads which lay before them, one leading directly to miserable and unlovely old age, if they ever should arrive there, the other to noble manhood and a glorious fulness of years and wisdom. Which road would they choose? Which road, my dear young folks, will *you* choose?

“And now, good evening to you all,” said Father Brighthopes. “Come and see me when you can, and we will talk more about these things. In the mean time, if you fall in with the boys I spoke of, you can tell them what I say.”

J. T. Trowbridge.



AMONG THE STUDIOS.

II.

At the close of our article in the September number of this Magazine, we promised the reader a nearer view of the studios in Tenth Street. One bright morning, not long since, we found ourself in the shadowy corridors of the Studio Building. But the place was deserted; the hospitable doors refused for once to turn on their hinges; our knock was answered only by its echo. "Out of Town," "Will return Next Month," "Gone for the Summer"—were the salutations which greeted us from little placards and slates, as we wandered from door to door.

One room, however, was occupied, and as this room chanced to be one of the most attractive in the building, we blessed our good luck.

"Come in!" said a cheery voice, in reply to our doubtful knock. And we stood in Mr. Thompson's studio.

Launt Thompson is the only sculptor among the artists here, and his room has the advantage of being like none of the other studios. For those of our readers who have not been in the workshop of a sculptor—indeed, these notes are addressed exclusively to them—we will venture a brief description of Mr. Thompson's, though our artist, whose sketch we give above, has cleverly forestalled us.

Imagine a large square room lighted by a double window, to which are fitted two movable cloth screens, so arranged that the light can be subdued or increased at pleasure. With the exception of this window, and a heavy oiled-pine mantel-piece strewn with old letters, French clay-pipes, and all sorts of odds-and-ends, there is nothing very striking about the room itself. The walls and ceiling are plainly finished, and the neatly-swept floor uncarpeted. The furniture is as simple, consisting of five or six camp-chairs, an uncomfortable lounge, and a mahogany table with rather uncertain legs, but very quaintly carved,—a relic of our great-great-grandmothers.

Here and there a small oil painting, or a crayon sketch from some master hand, lights up the somewhat sombre apartment. Over everything in the room is a thin coating of marble-dust and plaster of Paris, making the place appear as if it had been left out over night, by mistake, in a slight snowstorm.

The attractions of the room lie in the works of the sculptor. At your right hand on entering stands a colossal statue of Napoleon I., in plaster, shortly to be cast in bronze. Behind this, arranged along the wall, are ten or twelve medallion portraits, also in plaster: these are the models from which the marble is cut, and are usually retained by the artist. The choicest of these is the head of a child, the brows encircled by a fillet of morning-glories. Next, in our liking, is the ideal head of Elaine,

the first of a series of medallions representing the four heroines in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." On a high shelf over this is an odd procession of portrait busts, mostly of young folks. There they are, in single file, seven or eight of them, all facing one way, and looking so lifelike that one cannot help smiling to think how expeditiously they would clamber down from that dusty old shelf if somebody hadn't deprived them of their arms and legs.



On the opposite side of the studio, on handsomely draped pedestals, are three life-size busts, to two of which is attached an enduring interest, —a bust of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, and a fine portraiture of Bryant, the poet. This latter is merely the design for a much larger work in bronze, which is to be placed in the New York Central Park. The third bust is *The Trapper*, a type of backwoods beauty, standing in strong contrast with the intellectual brooding face of Hamlet, and the seer-like

brows of the poet.

All our readers have an idea of how a picture is painted; but few of them, we dare say, are familiar with the process by which a piece of statuary is created. On the morning of our visit to the studio, Mr. Thompson was about to commence a portrait bust. An outline of the progress and completion of the work may interest our readers.

On a tall circular table, the top of which revolves easily on a pivot, the artist first erects what is called "a skeleton," that is, a simple upright of wood, the height and thickness of which are determined by the size of the work proposed. The upright passes perpendicularly through the bust to give strength to the neck; a cross-piece serves to support the shoulders. This slight frame is fastened securely to the table: the sculptor then builds up around the cross with modelling clay a rough imitation of the human head and shoulders.

This much is merely mechanical. Now comes the real work, which can no more

be explained than the growing of a beautiful flower, or any other every-day miracle. With a hundred little wooden tools of all sorts of inexplicable shapes, the sculptor goes to work, scraping off a bit of clay here, sticking on a piece there, now punching the thing with his thumb, now raking it with a kind of wooden tooth-brush, till after a while, say an hour or so, this lump of inanimate clay begins to assume an absurd resemblance to the person who sits over there in a chair, the person whose likeness is being taken. This is the first sitting. Day after day the work goes on, the sitter getting more tired, the sculptor more interested, and the bust more lifelike, until, gazing on the motionless face, the story of Pygmalion, who modelled a statue with such wonderful skill that it came to life one day, doesn't seem to be such a very big story as it is.

We will suppose the bust completed in clay. This, to us, is its most interesting stage. The clay bears the real touches of the sculptor; it is a creation fresh from his own hand. Moreover, his work generally ends here. From the clay model is made a plaster cast;—the model is of course destroyed in obtaining the mould. Any of our young friends who have seen castings in an iron-foundry are familiar with the process.

After the plaster bust is cast, it is placed in the hands of a workman, who executes a minute and exact copy of it in marble. People usually think of a sculptor as shaping his beautiful thought out of the marble with his own inspired hands. Many sculptors never touch a chisel to their statuary. Mr. Thompson, indeed, after his assistants have nearly completed the copy, always finishes it himself, giving it that exquisite texture for which his marbles are notable. To copy a bust in marble is a matter of measurement and industry, requiring but little more skill than is necessary to be a good carpenter. Of course some workmen do it more carefully than others, just as one carpenter may produce better work than another.

The three stages involved in the production of a statue, or a bust, have been aptly typified as follows,—the clay model as Life, the plaster cast as Death, and the marble statue as the Resurrection. The simile is not without significance, since the fragile clay model has to undergo demolition before the sculptor's creation can attain the purity and immortality of marble.

We have, to the best of our ability, told the reader how to make a portrait bust; but we imparted the information confidentially, for if he should set to work and make one, the probability is that Mr. Thompson would never again admit us to his studio. And that would be unfortunate, for, as the reader is correct in thinking, this studio—crowded with these men and women in white, those half-bodies up there on the shelf, those ghastly hands and legs on the walls—is a curious place in which to

lounge and meditate. For our part, we get thoughts here that come to us nowhere else. If we write a certain story which we have in mind, our young friends will be indebted to this same studio for suggesting it to us. We will conclude our paper by giving the reader a glimpse of this unwritten little romance, and if we never write it, he will have the satisfaction of knowing what a capital story we didn't tell!

One summer afternoon, just as twilight was setting in, we chanced to be in the studio alone. Now the studio after dark is not the same thing it is by daylight; for all the busts and statues are covered with sheeting to keep off the dust. This, with the aid of twilight, renders them exceedingly unpleasant to behold. Nothing could be more disagreeably ghostly than the results of Mr. Thompson's art under such circumstances.

As we sat there, contemplating as it were a roomful of spectres, the twilight grew denser and denser, gradually deepening into night. When we were a boy, we used to whistle very violently on passing any old churchyard after nightfall. On the present occasion we were tempted to resort to that means of keeping up our cheerfulness. We might, indeed, have left the studio; but we came there to keep an appointment, and it would have been weak to retreat. Well, we were about to whistle down all the goblins, ghosts, and spirits we ever heard of, when a singular fancy flashed across our brain. Suppose these statues, busts, and medallions should suddenly come to life, and, throwing off their temporary shrouds, have a social, old-fashioned chat together! What a story it would make to tell the Young Folks!

Mr. Napoleon, for instance, would give us his views on the downfall of the Southern Confederacy; Mr. Hamlet would deliver to us one of his most subtle soliloquies; Mr. Bryant would graciously recite his last poem from the manuscript; Mr. Trapper would thrill us with a recital of his backwoods adventures; and all the little snow-heads on the shelf yonder would keep up a terrible racket,—in the midst of which, perhaps, Miss Elaine would timidly venture some tender inquiries concerning Lancelot!

Wouldn't that make a charming story, especially if we could tack a moral to it? We shall write it some day. In the mean while we claim to have patented the idea, and we hereby warn all young ladies and gentlemen of the quill, throughout the realm, not to make use of our plot until the expiration of fifty years.

T. B. Aldrich.



WINNING HIS WAY.

CHAPTER XXI. CONSECRATION.

As the weeks passed by, bringing no intelligence to New Hope that Paul was living,—when there was no longer a doubt of his death,—Father Surplice held a memorial service. It was on Sunday, and all the people were at church. Appropriate for the occasion were the words which he read from the New Testament of the widow of Nain,—how, “as Jesus came nigh to the city, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said, ‘Weep not!’”

Consoling and comforting were his own words, which sank deep into the hearts of the stricken people; and though the good man said, “Weep not!” tears dropped from his own eyes, and fell upon the great Bible which lay open before him. It was a sad and solemn service. Though the heart of the mother was yearning for her son, yet she could say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Mrs. Parker still lived in the little old cottage. The neighbors were very kind, and she wanted for nothing, for Colonel Dare remembered his promise. Peaceful was her life. The birds sang cheerful songs; sweet was the humming of the bees, fragrant the flowers in the garden, and steady the flowing of the river; and as she listened to the waterfall, she thought of Paul as standing by the River of Life. How, then, could she mourn for him? Yet she missed him. Sometimes she listened as if to hear his footsteps coming up the garden walk. Sometimes her eyes filled with tears, as her heart went out to the lonely battle-field where she thought him lying. O, if she could but behold him again,—clasp him in her arms,—and once more lay her hand upon his brow, and bless him with a mother’s tenderest love!

But he was gone, and for him she could work no more. His comrades were bearing on the flag, upholding it on bloody fields, fighting as he fought, suffering as he suffered, needing help and comfort and cheer from those at home. There was work to be done for them; so through the days she sat in the old kitchen, knitting and sewing for the soldiers, wishing that she had half a dozen hands instead of two, that she might help them more.

There was one who came to aid her every day,—Azalia, who, in the silence and

seclusion of her chamber, had looked out upon the yellow harvest-fields where the farmers were gathering the first ripe ears of seed-corn, and had tried to still the wild commotion in her heart by remembering that it was just and right for the Lord of the harvest to gather his "choicest grains." Down on the lowlands by the river the nurserymen were selecting their fairest trees, and transplanting them in their orchards on the pleasant hills beyond the stream. Why, then, should she complain if the kind Father had seen fit to do the same?

It was consoling to take from her bureau drawer, where her keepsakes were stored, the letters which Paul had written, undo the black ribbon which she had tied around the package, and read again and again that which she almost knew by heart. What manly words were there: "Life is worth nothing unless devoted to noble ends. I can see the millions yet to come beckoning me to do my duty for their sake. What answer can I give them if I falter?"

So read one of the letters. They were words which she could not forget. They were written from the trenches before Vicksburg, when the prospects of the country were dark and gloomy,—when craven men at home were crying, "Peace! Peace! Let us have peace at any price!" forgetting that there can be no reconciliation between right and wrong. Paul had sacrificed everything—life itself—for the sake of those who were to come after him,—for Truth and Justice. She thought of him as asleep beneath the sod of the battle-field where he fell,—of all that was mortal lying there, but of his soul as having passed up into heaven, perhaps even then beholding her from the celestial sphere. "What answer can I give to those who come after me?" The question haunted her through the waning days and the lonely nights. What could she do? How listless her life! of how little account! How feeble, forceless, and narrow all her efforts! What sacrifices had she made? None. She had lived for herself alone. Was this all of life? In the silent hours, when all around were hushed in slumber, her longing soul, with far-reaching sight, looked out upon the coming years, and beheld the opening prospect,—a country saved, a nation redeemed, justice and truth triumphant, and Peace, with her white wings, brooding over the land! This through sacrifice of blood, of strength, of ease and comfort. To withhold the sacrifice was to lose all. To her the coming millions were beckoning as they had beckoned to him. With prayers of consecration she gave herself to the country,—to go wherever duty called, to labor, to endure hardship, and brave scenes which would wring out her heart's blood,—to face disease and death itself, if need be, to hand down a priceless inheritance to the coming ages.

"You will get sick, my child. You have not strength to be a nurse in the hospital," said her mother, when Azalia told her that she must go and take care of the soldiers.

"I cannot spare you, my daughter," said her father, tenderly taking her in his arms, and kissing her ruby lips. She was his only child, and he loved her dearly. "I don't think it is your duty to go; and how lonesome the house would be without my darling!"

And so, knowing that it was her duty to do whatever her parents wished, she tried to be content. But the days dragged wearily. She was ever thinking of the soldiers,—thinking through the days and through the nights, till the bright bloom faded from her cheek. Her heart was far away. Her life was incomplete,—she felt that it was running to waste.

Her father saw that his flower was fading. At last he said, "Go, my darling, and God be with you."

"I don't think that Judge Adams ought to let Azalia go into the hospital. It isn't a fit place for girls," said Miss Dobb, when she heard that Azalia was to be a nurse. But, giving no heed to Miss Dobb, with the blessing of her parents following her, she left her pleasant home, gave up all its ease and comfort, to minister to the sick and wounded, who had fought to save the country.

She went to Washington, and thence to the hospitals at Annapolis. It was hard work to stand all day by the side of the sick, bathing their fevered brows, moistening their parched lips, binding up their bleeding wounds. It was painful to look upon the quivering flesh, torn and mangled by cannonshot. But she learned to bear it all,—to stand calmly by, waiting upon the surgeon while he ran his sharp knife into the live flesh. It was a pleasure to aid him in his work.

Her step was light upon the floor; soothing and tender the touch of her hand. There was no light so sweet and pure as that which beamed from her earnest eyes. The sick waited impatiently for her appearance in the morning, watched her footsteps through the day, thanked her for all she did, and said, "God bless you!" when she bade them good night. Men who were in the habit of uttering fearful oaths wept when she talked with them about their mothers; she wrote their letters, and read to them the words of affection which came from home. She sang the songs they loved to hear. It was like wine to the weak. The down-hearted took new courage, and those who were well enough to be hobbling about on crutches, who were telling stories of the battles, forgot what they were saying while listening to her voice. Her presence was noonday, her absence night. Once, when through long watching and patient waiting her strength gave way, and the fever raged in her own veins, it was touching to see their sorrow. The loud talking spoke in whispers, and walked noiselessly along the wards, for fear of increasing the pain which racked her aching head; the sick ones, who missed the touch of her magic hand, and the sweet music

of her voice, and the sunlight of her presence, whose fevers were raging because she was absent, when the physician went his rounds in the morning, at noon, and at night, inquired not about themselves, but her. When the fever passed,—when she was well enough to walk through the wards, and hold for a moment the hands which were stretched out on every side,—it was as if her very presence had power to heal.

How blessed her work!—to give life and strength; to soothe pain, change sorrow to joy; to sit beside the dying, and talk of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; to wipe the dampness of death from their brows, listen to their last words, and, when the spirit had flown, to close the sightless eyes, and cut from the pale brow a lock of hair for a fond mother far away, thinking ever of her dying boy.

So the months went by,—autumn to winter, winter to spring, and spring to summer.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

THERE was no change at Andersonville, but in the loathsome prison it was ever the same terrible scene of starvation, corruption, disease, despair, and death. Every morning those who had died during the night were collected by the prisoners and laid in rows by the prison gate, where, during the day, they were piled upon the dead-cart and borne out to the trenches. There was no hope of relief for the living, and each prisoner looked forward with indifference to his inevitable fate. Above them floated the Rebel flag. They were kept there beneath its folds by Jefferson Davis and General Lee, till thirteen thousand had been starved and murdered.

Paul knew that, notwithstanding Uncle Peter's constant care and nursing, he was growing weaker; but he had learned to look death calmly in the face, and so was undisturbed by the prospect. He knew that God, who takes care of the sparrows, would not forget his mother, and he felt that Azalia would sometimes shed a tear when she thought of him.

But one morning there was an unusual stir among the prisoners. "You are to be exchanged and sent home," said the Rebel officers. They had been told the same thing so many times, and had been always so cruelly deceived, that they did not believe the statement till orders were issued for a portion of them to be ready to march to the cars at an appointed hour. Paul was among those who were ordered away. All were ready in an instant, for they had no baggage to pack up, no knapsacks, no equipments, no overcoats,—nothing but the rags upon their bodies.

Those who were so weak that they could scarcely creep from place to place rose and stood upon their feet when told that they were to go home. Paul felt a fresh wave of life sweep over him, thrilling every fibre of his wasted frame. Hope revived. Home! O the blissful thought! He rose weak and trembling from his bed on the cold, damp ground, wrapped his rags about him, and, leaning on a cane, supported by Uncle Peter, hobbled out and took his place in the long line of skeletons, and waited with eager eyes to see the gate turn upon its rusty hinges.

It was hard to part with Uncle Peter, who had been so kind to him. "God bless you and reward you for all your kindness to me," said Paul, bidding him good by, and shaking hands for the last time.

"I'se sorry to part with ye, Kurnel, but I bless de Lord you is gwine. We'll meet again, one of dese days, whar de Rebs won't trouble us, and whar we will be free foreber," said the old negro, looking up into heaven. He could not go. He was a

slave. There was no freedom for him till the rebellion was crushed, or till the grave opened.

The gates turned on their hinges, and the regiment of skeletons in rags took up its march. Such a procession never before was seen on earth. A thousand emaciated forms, tottering, reeling, hobbling on canes and crutches, wending their way to the cars,—not to luxurious cushioned seats, but to hard, jolting cattle-cars,—for a long ride of hundreds of miles before reaching the sea-coast. But hope inspired them. They were breathing fresh air, and were gazing on smiling fields, waving with grain. They were on their way home. The birds cheered them, singing of home. “Going home, going home!” said the car-wheels, as they passed from rail to rail. In joy and gladness they sang:

“I’m going home, I’m going home,
To die no more, to die no more.”

It was as if they had left behind them forever all sorrow and suffering, and that for them there could be no more distress, or pain, or anguish. It was a long, weary, dusty ride. Some died on the way, but hope kept most of them alive.



They reached the city of Charleston, passed from the cars to a steamboat, which was to take them down the harbor to the place of exchange. The waters danced joyfully around them, as if greeting them with gladness. The breezes came in from the dark blue ocean and fanned their wasted cheeks. The waves, like a loving mother, gently rocked them, and sung a soothing lullaby. But O what joy to behold once more the dear old flag! How serenely and lovingly it floated in the breeze! They saluted it with cheers,—shed tears of gratitude,—clasped each other by the hand,—rushed into each other's arms. Those who were able to stand danced in a delirium of joy! Paul was too weak to sit up. He could only lie upon the deck, and gaze upon the flag till his eyes filled with tears, and say: "Thank God, I have seen it once more!" Beneath that flag there was joy, peace, comfort, food, clothing, and freedom. Hospital nurses were there with blankets, and great kettles filled with soup and coffee. For the wounded there were bandages; for the sick there were cordials, wines, and medicines. There were tender-hearted men, ready to relieve all their

sufferings. It was like passing from the prison of despair into a paradise of peace and rest, and in joy and gladness they began to sing,

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.”

The strong men on board of the ship, the nurses, and the stout-hearted sailors wept like children, and spoke hard words against the Rebels when they looked upon the haggard countenances, the hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, of the skeleton forms around them.

Although Paul was so weak that he could hardly lift his hands to his head, although his comrades were passing away, although every day he saw their bodies, wrapped in hammocks and weighted with shot, cast into the sea, yet he never experienced such bliss, such contentment, as while lying on the deck through the long summer day, looking up to the old flag, and the clear sky, and out upon the calm and peaceful sea, thinking of the sea of glass and the great white throne, and the calmness, serenity, and rest of heaven. And at night, when lulled to sleep by the rippling waves, how enchanting his dreams of home, of his mother, of the scenes of other days,—the old house, the swallows twittering around its eaves, the roses blooming beneath the window, the night-wind sweeping down the valley, the church bell ringing the evening hour, its deep tolling when the funeral train passed on to the cemetery in the shady grove,—his friends welcoming him home once more, Azalia among them, queen of the hour, peerless in beauty, with rose bloom on her cheek,—of Mr. Chrome, Judge Adams, and Colonel Dare, all saying, “We are glad to see you,”—dreaming, and waking to find it only a dream.

But the ship was bearing him on. The distance was lessening. One more day, and the voyage would be at an end, the ship in port. O, if he could but see his mother once more,—feel her hand upon his brow, her kiss upon his lip,—then he could die content! A desire for life set in. Hope revived. He would fight death as he had fought the Rebels, and, God willing, he would win the victory.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The hospital steamer, with its freight of living skeletons, had accomplished its voyage in safety, and lay moored at the wharf in Annapolis. Nurses and sailors were carrying the emaciated forms from the ship to the shore, to the clean and tidy wards of the hospital.

It was a sight which wrung tears from the eyes of those who did not often weep. The ship was a charnel-house. Death in its most horrible forms was there,—from starvation, from corruption, scurvy, lockjaw, gangrene, consumption, and fever. How ghastly the scene! Men, once robust and strong, weak and helpless as babes, with hollow cheeks, toothless gums, thin, pale lips, colorless flesh, sunken eyes, long, tangled hair, uncombed for many months, skeleton fingers with nails like eagles' claws, lying in rags upon the deck,—some, with strained eyes, looking up for the last time to the dear old flag which waved above them, for which they had fought, for which they had starved, for which they were dying, gazing in rapture on its blessed folds, till their eyes were fixed in death, and the slowly heaving heart stood still forever! They, and all their comrades, sleeping on a hundred battlefields, and mouldering in the trenches at Andersonville, were the victims of Jefferson Davis and General Lee, whose names shall rot through all coming time.

There was work for the gentle-hearted nurses who stood waiting in the hospital wards,—work which required tenderest care;—removing the rags, washing the fevered skeletons, bathing the bleeding wounds where the sharp bones had pierced the skin; feeding them,—a crumb at a time; administering cordials drop by drop, to bring back with delicate nursing the receding tides of life.

With a bleeding heart, but yet with steady nerves, Azalia passed among them, doing her appointed work. There was one who was lying as if asleep, with his hands clasped upon his breast. His beard had been long uncut. His cheeks were wasted, his eyes sunken, but he had a manly brow. A strange fear and trembling crept over her,—a shuddering of the heart. Alarmed and frightened at she knew not what, she brushed back the matted hair from his temples, and laid her hand upon his brow, cold and damp with the dews of death. The soldier opened his eyes, looked into her face, stared wildly around him, and tried to speak. It was but one word, and that a whisper,—her own name, “Azalia!”

A cry rang through the ward, startling the physicians and the nurses, and waking those who were asleep. She clasped him in her arms, fell upon his face, and kissed

his wasted lips. "O Paul! Can it be that you are here?" she said.

The throbbing of her heart was like the fluttering of a frightened bird. Sweet, calm, and beautiful as the setting sun was the smile upon his face, and in his eyes the celestial light of Peace! They closed, and he lay again as if in slumber.

"They told me that you were dead," she said.

There was no reply; she laid her hand upon his heart, but could feel no beating there; touched her fingers to his fleshless wrist, but could find no throbbing of the pulse. The thin blood was receding from his colorless lips,—the tide was going out. "Doctor! Doctor! O come quick! Save him!" she cried.

The doctor came and gazed upon the face of Paul. "He is not quite gone," he said, then moistened his lips with brandy. There was a quickening of the pulse. "If he rallies from this, we may save him," he said.

They wrapped him in warm flannels, rubbed his fleshless limbs, and gave him cordials, drop by drop. How long the hours,—the weary hours of hope and fear,—of expectation and distress,—while the faltering spirit, as if tired of earth, was but fluttering awhile along the shore of Time before taking its returnless flight over the dark and silent river to another land! Through the night Azalia sat by his side, watching him with sleepless eyes, fanning his pale brow. The morning sun beamed upon her still sitting there. Those who were accustomed to watch for her appearance in the early morning, restless with fever, beheld her as clothed with celestial brightness, and said one to another, "There sits our Angel of Light!"



Through the day she was there, watching the slow heavings of his heart, holding her breath while listening to assure herself that he was still breathing; hoping and fearing, holding her hands at times upon her own heart to still its wild, tumultuous beating,—giving him atom by atom the needful nourishment,—bending over him to smooth his pillow,—opening the casement for the winds to blow upon his bloodless cheek,—thus snatching him from the very jaws of death and winning him back to life!

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME.

A despatch came clicking into the telegraph office in New Hope that Paul Parker was alive,—that he had been a prisoner at Andersonville, was very feeble, but in a fair way to get well, and would soon be at home. It was from Azalia. Mr. Magnet read it in amazement, then ran as fast as he could to carry it to the little old cottage. “Good news!” he shouted, rushing into the house out of breath, without knocking. “Paul is alive! Paul is alive!”

“My son alive!” exclaimed Mrs. Parker, her heart leaping wildly.

“Yes; there is the despatch.”

She read it in fear and trembling, her brain in a whirl. She must fly to him! O if she only had wings! Paul alive! The old clock took up the word, “Alive—alive—alive,” it said. A robin perched in the great maple sang all day, “He is coming home—is coming home,” while the swallows from their nests under the eaves looked into the old kitchen through the open door, twittering together, as if saying, “How glad we are!” Never so bright the sunshine as on that morning, nor so fragrant the flowers! All nature was glad, and rejoiced in her joy.

Mr. Magnet told the news through the village, the people listening in wonder. Mr. Chrome threw down his paint-brush, took off his old hat, swung it over his head, and gave three cheers. Through the day he kept saying to himself, “That beats the Dutch!” The children ran through the streets shouting, “Paul is alive! Paul is alive!” Father Surplice, Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and the neighbors—a dozen at a time—went down to shake hands with Paul’s mother, making it such a day of gladness as never was known before in New Hope.

Impatiently they waited for the day when Paul would be with them again.

“We will let him know that we have not forgotten him,” said Colonel Dare; “but it is little that we can do for one who has suffered so much.”

So also said Judge Adams, and Mr. Capias, and all the people.

The day came at last. He was on board the train, feeble and weak, but Azalia was by his side, supporting his weary head,—sustaining him when his strength was gone. All New Hope was at the depot to receive him, looking with eager eyes down the level track to see the approaching train when it rounded the distant curve.

“It is coming! There it is!” shouted the boys. They loved him, their dear old teacher. The train stopped, and the conductor came out with Paul leaning on his arm, Azalia following. The people were going to hurrah, but when they saw how poor,

pale, and emaciated he was, how thin his cheeks, how hollow and sunken his eyes, how languid and weary, how little there was left of one who once was so manly, they held their breaths, and felt a strange choking in their throats.

Blessed the meeting of mother and son! He had come back from the grave. He was even then almost a corpse, but he was alive! She had no words to utter; her joy was silent and deep. She could only clasp him in her arms, fold him to her heart, and, looking up to heaven, with streaming eyes, give silent thanks to God.

The people bowed their heads and stood in silent reverence. Colonel Dare came with his carriage. Mr. Chrome took Paul in his arms, and lifted him into it as if he was but a child. The people came one after another and touched his hands. The children brought flowers and laid them in his arms. They all had words of welcome for Azalia. She had saved him. "God bless you, darling!" said her father, kissing her cheeks, still round and fair, though watching, anxiety, care, and sorrow had robbed them of the bright bloom of other days.

"The Lord sent you in the way, as he sent Joseph into Egypt," said Father Surplice.

Deep, tender, and hearty the love of friends! Daphne came with choicest delicacies. How pleasant to hear her voice! How cheery her laugh! Mr. Noggin brought a box of his best honey. Mr. Chrome, who loved to hunt and fish, brought quails and pigeons. Even Miss Dobb sent up to know if there was not something that she could get for him. The birds came, the robins and swallows, singing and twittering and brimming over with joy.

How enchanting the music which came swelling up the valley from the water by the mill, from the woods beyond the river, from the crickets in the fields, from the church bell, blending with the night airs, and filling his soul with peace! But more blessed than everything else on earth was the holy light which beamed upon him from Azalia's eyes, which went down deep into his soul.

"You have always been my angel of light and goodness, and nothing but death shall part us," he said, as she sat by his side.

"I am glad if I have helped you, Paul," she said, laying her soft hand upon his brow, and kissing his lips. Pure and true the love which had deepened through many years, which had beamed from each other's eyes, but which till then had never been spoken. Like a brook gushing from springs in distant mountains, so, far back in childhood, had been the beginning of their affection, and now it was a river.

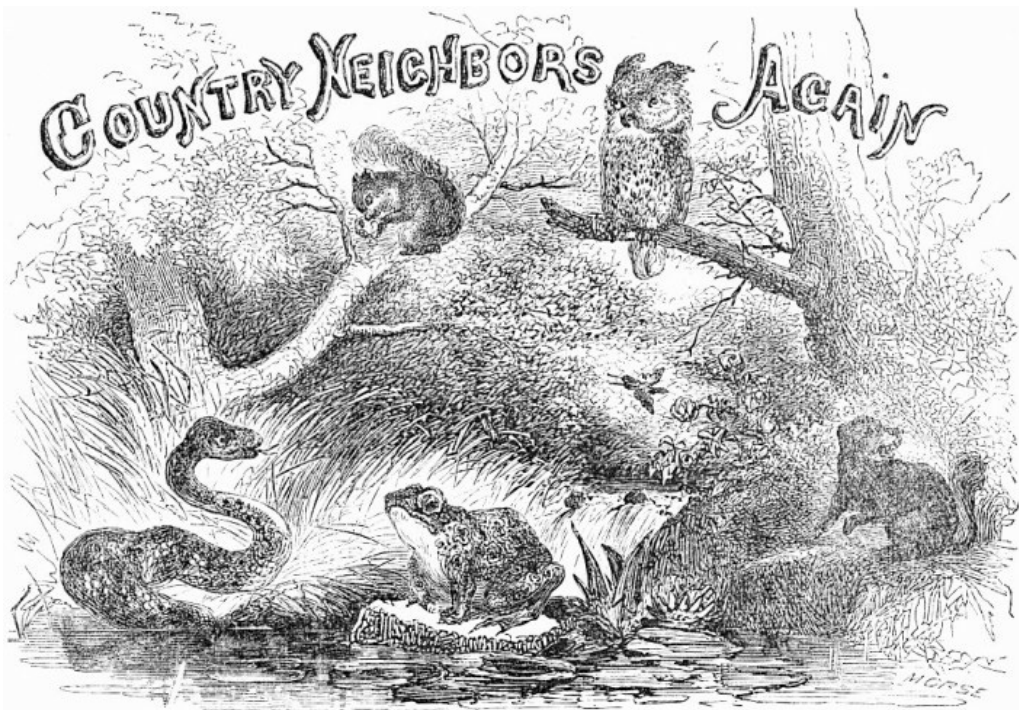
Day by day his strength returned, the flesh came again upon his wasted limbs, and health bloomed upon his cheeks. Then they walked together in the garden, talking of the dear old times, and looking onward to a future more golden than the

sunniest day of all the past.

Beautiful and pleasant shall be the coming years to them! With smiling friends around them, living not for themselves, but to make the world better, to relieve suffering and sorrow, to help those who have been maimed and wounded while fighting for the old flag, they shall receive every day the richest rewards of life,—joy, happiness, contentment, peace, the blessing of God, the thanks of the poor, and the best wishes of all the “Young Folks” in the land.

Carleton.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS AGAIN



Do my dear little friends want to hear a word more about our country neighbors? Since we wrote about them, we have lived in the same place more than a year, and perhaps some of you may want to know whether old Unke or little Cri-cri have ever come up to sit under the lily-leaves by the fountain, or Master Furrytoes, the flying squirrel, has amused himself in pattering about the young lady's chamber o' nights? I am sorry to say that our country neighbors have entirely lost the neighborly, confiding spirit that they had when we first came and settled in the woods.

Old Unke has distinguished himself on moonlight nights in performing bass solos in a very deep, heavy voice, down in the river, but he has never hopped his way back into that conservatory from which he was disgracefully turned out at the point of Mr. Fred's cane. He has contented himself with the heavy musical performances I spoke of, and I have fancied they sounded much like "Won't come any more,—won't come any more,—won't come any more!"

Sometimes, strolling down to the river, we have seen his solemn green spectacles emerging from the tall water-grasses, as he sat complacently looking about him.

Near by him, spread out on the sunny bottom of the pool, was a large flat-headed water-snake, with a dull yellow-brown back and such a swelled stomach that it was quite evident he had been making his breakfast that morning by swallowing some unfortunate neighbor like poor little Cri-cri. This trick of swallowing one's lesser neighbors seems to prevail greatly among the people who live in our river. Mr. Water-snake makes his meal on little Mr. Frog, and Mr. Bullfrog follows the same example. It seems a sad state of things; but then I suppose all animals have to die in some way or other, and perhaps, if they are in the habit of seeing it done, it may appear no more to a frog to expect to be swallowed some day, than it may to some of us to die of a fever, or be shot in battle, as many a brave fellow has been of late.

We have heard not a word from the woodchucks. Ever since we violated the laws of woodland hospitality by setting a trap for their poor old patriarch, they have very justly considered us as bad neighbors, and their hole at the bottom of the garden has been "to let," and nobody as yet has ventured to take it. Our friends the muskrats have been flourishing, and on moonlight nights have been swimming about, popping up the tips of their little black noses to make observations.

But latterly a great commotion has been made among the amphibious tribes, because of the letting down of the dam which kept up the water of the river, and made it a good, full, wide river. When the dam was torn down it became a little miserable stream, flowing through a wide field of muddy bottom, and all the secrets of the under-water were disclosed. The white and yellow water-lily roots were left high and dry up in the mud, and all the muskrat holes could be seen plainer than ever before; and the other day Master Charlie brought in a fish's nest which he had found in what used to be deep water.

"A fish's nest?" says little Tom; "I didn't know fishes made nests." But they do, Tommy; that is, one particular kind of fish makes a nest of sticks and straws and twigs, plastered together with some kind of cement, the making of which is a family secret. It lies on the ground like a common bird's-nest turned bottom upward, and has a tiny little hole in the side for a door, through which the little fishes swim in and out.

The name of the kind of fish that builds this nest I do not know; and if the water had not been drawn off, I should not have known that we had any such fish in our river. Where we found ours the water had been about five feet above it. Now, Master Tom, if you want to know more about nest-building fishes, you must get your papa and mamma to inquire and see if they cannot get you some of the little books on fishes and aquariums that have been published lately. I remember to have read all
about these nests in one of



them, but I do not remember either the name of the book or the name of the fish, and so there is something still for you to inquire after.

I am happy to say, for the interest of the water-lilies and the muskrats and the fishes, that the dam has only been torn down from our river for the purpose of making a new and stronger one, and that by and by the water will be again broad and deep as before, and all the water-people can then go on with their housekeeping just as they used to do,—only I am sorry to say that one fish family will miss their house, and have to build a new one; but if they are enterprising fishes they will perhaps make some improvements that will make the new house better

than the old.

As to the birds, we have had a great many visits from them. Our house has so many great glass windows, and the conservatory windows in the centre of it being always wide open, the birds seem to have taken it for a piece of out-doors, and flown in. The difficulty has been, that, after they had got in, there appeared to be no way of making them understand the nature of glass, and wherever they saw a glass window they fancied they could fly through; and so, taking aim hither and thither, they darted head first against the glass, beating and bruising their poor little heads without beating in any more knowledge than they had before. Many a poor little feather-head has thus fallen a victim to his want of natural philosophy, and tired himself out with beating against window-panes, till he has at last fallen dead. One day we picked up no less than three dead birds in different parts of the house. Now if it had only been possible to enlighten our feathered friends in regard to the fact that

everything that is transparent is not air, we would have summoned a bird council in our conservatory, and explained matters to them at once and altogether. As it is, we could only say “Oh!” and “Ah!” and lament, as we have followed one poor victim after another from window to window, and seen him flutter and beat his pretty senseless head against the glass, frightened to death at all our attempts to help him.

As to the humming-birds, their number has been infinite. Just back of the conservatory stands an immense, high clump of scarlet sage, whose brilliant flowers have been like a light shining from afar, and drawn to it flocks of these little creatures; and we have often sat watching them as they put their long bills into one scarlet tube after another, lifting themselves lightly off the bush, poising a moment in mid-air, and then dropping out of sight.

They have flown into the conservatory in such numbers that, had we wished to act over again the dear little history of our lost pet, Hum, the son of Buz, we should have had plenty of opportunities to do it. Humming-birds have been for some reason supposed to be peculiarly wild and untamable. Our experience has proved that they are the most docile, confiding little creatures, and the most disposed to put trust in us human beings of all birds in the world.

More than once this summer has some little captive exhausted his strength flying hither and thither against the great roof window of the conservatory, till the whole family was in alarm to help. The Professor himself has left his books, and anxiously flourished a long cobweb broom in hopes to bring the little wanderer down to the level of open windows, while every other member of the family ran, called, made suggestions, and gave advice, which all ended in the poor little fool's falling flat, in a state of utter exhaustion, and being picked up in some lady's pocket-handkerchief.

Then has been running to mix sugar and water, while the little crumb of a bird has lain in an apparent swoon in the small palm of some fair hand, but opening occasionally one eye, and then the other, dreamily, to see when the sugar and water was coming, and gradually showing more and more signs of returning life as it appeared. Even when he had taken his drink of sugar and water, and seemed able to sit up in his warm little hollow, he has seemed in no hurry to flee, but remained tranquilly looking about him for some moments, till all of a sudden, with one whirr, away he goes, like a flying morsel of green and gold, over our heads—into the air—into the tree-tops. What a lovely time he must have of it!

One rainy, windy day, Miss Jenny, going into the conservatory, heard a plaintive little squeak, and found a poor humming-bird, just as we found poor little Hum, all wet and chilled, and bemoaning himself, as he sat clinging tightly upon the slenderest twig of a grape-vine. She took him off, wrapped him in cotton, and put him in a box

on a warm shelf over the kitchen range. After a while you may be sure there was a pretty fluttering in the box. Master Hum was awake and wanted to be attended to. She then mixed sugar and water, and, opening the box, offered him a drop on her finger, which he licked off with his long tongue as knowingly as did his namesake at Rye Beach. After letting him satisfy his appetite for sugar and water, as the rain was over and the sun began to shine, Miss Jenny took him to the door, and away he flew.

These little incidents show that it would not ever be a difficult matter to tame humming-birds,—only they cannot be kept in cages; a sunny room with windows defended by mosquito netting would be the only proper cage. The humming-bird, as we are told by naturalists, though very fond of the honey of flowers, does not live on it entirely, or even principally. It is in fact a little fly-catcher, and lives on small insects; and a humming-bird never can be kept healthy for any length of time in a room that does not admit insects enough to furnish him a living. So you see it is not merely toads, and water-snakes, and such homely creatures, that live by eating other living beings,—but even the fairy-like and brilliant humming-bird.

The autumn months are now coming on (for it is October while I write),—the flowers are dying night by night as the frosts grow heavier,—the squirrels are racing about, full of business, getting in their winter's supply of nuts; everything now is active and busy among our country neighbors. In a cottage about a quarter of a mile from us, a whole family of squirrels have made the discovery that a house is warmer in winter than the best hollow tree, and so have gone in to a chink between the walls, where Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel can often be heard late at night chattering and making quite a family fuss about the arrangement of their household goods for the coming season. This is all the news about the furry people that I have to give you. The flying squirrel I have not yet heard from,—perhaps he will appear yet as the weather gets colder.

Old Master Boohoo, the owl, sometimes goes on at such a rate on moonlight nights in the great chestnut-trees that overhang the river, that, if you did not know better, you might think yourself miles deep in the heart of a sombre forest, instead of being within two squares' walk of the city lamps. We never yet have caught a fair sight of him. At the cottage we speak of, the chestnut-trees are very tall, and come close to the upper windows; and one night a fair maiden, going up to bed, was startled by a pair of great round eyes looking into her window. It was one of the Boo-hoo family, who had been taken with a fit of grave curiosity about what went on inside the cottage, and so set himself to observe. We have never been able to return the compliment by looking into their housekeeping, as their nests are very high up in hollows of old trees, where we should not be likely to get at them.

If we hear anything more from any of these neighbors of ours, we will let you know. We have all the afternoon been hearing a great screaming among the jays in the woods hard by, and I think we must go out and see what is the matter. So good by.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST:
OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LI. AROUND THE EDGE.

Discouraged by their failure, our adventurers remained upon their perch till nearly noon of the next day, in listless lassitude. The exertions of the preceding day had produced a weariness that required more than a night's rest, for not only their bodies, but their spirits were under the influence of their long toil, until their state of mind bordered upon despondency. As the hours wore on, and their fatigue was gradually relieved by rest, their spirits rose in like proportion; and before the sun had reached its meridian, the instinctive desire of life sprang up within their bosoms, and once more they began to consider what steps should be taken to prolong it.

Should they make another attempt to cross the lagoon by swimming? What chance would there be of steering in the right course, any more than upon the day before? They were just as likely to go astray a second time, and perhaps with a less fortunate *finale*. If again lost amidst the waste of waters, they might not be able to get sight of the tree-tops, but swim on in circles or crooked turnings, until death, arising from sheer exhaustion, or want of food, should complete their misery.

Even the Mundurucú no longer urged the course in which he had formerly expressed such confidence; and for some time he declined giving any advice whatever,—his silence and his gloomy looks showing that he felt humiliated by the failure of his plan. No one thought of reproaching him; for although their faith in his power was not quite so strong as it had hitherto been, there was yet confidence in his superior skill. Had they been castaways from a ship, escaping in an open boat, or on some raft or spar, in the middle of the great ocean, their cook would doubtless have disputed his right to remain master. But in the midst of that strange inland sea, whose shores and islands consisted only of tree-tops, the Mozambique acknowledged himself to be no more than a novice.

Trevannion himself took the lead in suggesting the next plan. It was not intended to give up the idea of crossing the lagoon. It was a general belief that on the other side there must be land; and therefore to reach it became the paramount thought of the party. To go around it, by keeping upon the trees, was clearly out of the question. Even had these continued all the way with interlacing branches, still the journey would have been one that apes alone could perform. It would have occupied days, weeks, perhaps a month; and what certainty was there of finding food for such a length of time? Still, if they could not travel upon the tree-tops, what was to hinder them from going *under* them? Why should they not use the forest to

steer by,—swimming along the edge of the trees, and making use of them at intervals for rest, and for a sleeping-place during the night?

The idea was excellent, and, coming from Trevannion himself, was of course approved without one opposing voice. Even the Indian acknowledged that it was a sagacious design, and superior to his own. Fortunately it required but slight preparation for trial, and as the sun shone down from the zenith they forsook their resting-place, and once more betook themselves to the water, with their swimming-belts carefully adjusted again about them.

CHAPTER LII. THE MASSARANDUBA.

They advanced at the rate of about a mile an hour. Could they have kept on steadily, this would have given them ten or twelve miles a day, and two or three days might have brought them to the other side of the lagoon. It was necessary, however, that they should stop at intervals to obtain rest; and their progress was further impeded by the piosoca plants,—the huge water-lilies already described,—whose broad, circular leaves, lying along the surface like gigantic frying-pans, came directly in their course. Here and there they had to traverse a tract of these lilies several acres in extent, where the rims of the rounded leaves almost touched each other; and the thick succulent stalks formed a tangle underneath, through which it was very difficult for a swimmer to make way. More than once they were compelled to go around these watery gardens for a distance of many hundreds of yards, but thus shortening the journey made in the right direction.

On account of such impediments they had not gone more than three miles from their point of starting, when the Mundurucú recommended a halt for the night, although it could not have been later than six o'clock, as could be told by the sun, still high up in the heavens.

"I am hungry, patron," said the Indian at last; "so are you all. We must have some supper, else how can we go on?"

"Supper!" echoed Trevannion. "Yes, sure enough we are hungry. I knew that an hour ago. But upon what do you propose to sup? I see nothing but trees with plenty of leaves, but no fruit. We cannot live upon leaves like the sloth. We must be starving before we take to that."

"We shall sup upon milk, master, if you don't object to our making a camping-place close by."

"Milk!" exclaimed Tom, "What div yez say, Misther Munday? Div yez mane milk? Och! don't be afther temptin' wan's stomach with a delicacy that can't be obtained in this land av wather! Shure now we're not only a hunderd moiles from the tail av a cow, but a thousand, may be, from that same."

"You may be wrong there," interrupted the Paraense. "There are cows in the Gapo as well as upon land. You have seen them yourself as we came down the river?"

"Troth, yis,—if yez mane the fish-cow" (the Irishman alluded to the *Vaca marina*, or manatee,—the *peixeboi* or fish-cow of the Portuguese, several species

of which inhabit the Amazon waters). “But shure the great brute could not be milked, if we did cotch wan av them; an if we did we should not take the throuble, when by sthrippin the skin av her carcass we’d get somethin’ far betther for our suppers, in the shape av a fat steak.”

“Yonder is what the Mundurucú means!” said the guide. “Yonder stands the cow that can supply us with milk for our supper,—ay, and with bread too to go along with it; don’t you see the *Massaranduba*?”

At first they could see nothing that particularly claimed attention. But by following the instructions of the guide, and raising their heads a little, they at length caught sight of a tree, standing at some distance from the forest edge, and so far overtopping the others as to appear like a giant among pygmies. It was in reality a vegetable giant,—the great massaranduba of the Amazon,—one of the most remarkable trees to be found even in a forest where more strange species abound than in any other part of the world. To Tom and some others of the party the words of the Mundurucú were still a mystery. How was a tree to supply them with a supper of bread and milk?

Trevannion and Richard required no further explanation. The former had heard of this singular tree; the latter had seen it,—nay, more, had drank of its milk, and eaten of its fruit. It was with great joy the young Paraense now looked upon its soaring, leafy top, as it not only reminded him of a spectacle he had often observed in the woods skirting the suburbs of his native city, but promised, as the *tapuyo* had declared, to relieve the pangs of hunger, that had become agonizingly keen.

CHAPTER LIII. A VEGETABLE COW.

THE tree which had thus determined them to discontinue their journey, and which was to furnish them with lodgings for the night, was the famous *palo de vaca*, or “cow-tree” of South America, known also as the *arbol de leche*, or “milk-tree.” It has been described by Humboldt under the name *Galactodendron*, but later botanical writers, not contented with the very appropriate title given to it by the great student of Nature, have styled it *Brosium*. It belongs to the natural order of the *Atrocarpads*, which, by what might appear a curious coincidence, includes also the celebrated bread-fruit. What may seem stranger still, the equally famous upas-tree of Java is a scion of the same stock, an *atrocarpad*! Therefore, just as in one family there are good boys and bad boys, (it is to be hoped there are none of the latter in yours,) so in the family of the *atrocarpads* there are trees producing food and drink both wholesome to the body and delicious to the palate, while there are others in whose sap, flowers, and fruit are concealed the most virulent of poisons.

The massaranduba is not the only species known as *palo de vaca*, or cow-tree. There are many others so called, whose sap is of a milky nature. Some yield a milk that is pleasant to the taste and highly nutritious, of which the “hya-hya” (*Tabernæmontana utibis*), another South American tree, is the most conspicuous. This last belongs to the order of the *Apocynæ*, or dogbanes, while still another order, the *Sapotacæ*, includes among its genera several species of cow-tree. The massaranduba itself was formerly classed among the *Sapotads*.

It is one of the largest trees of the Amazonian forest, frequently found two hundred feet in height, towering above the other trees, with a top resembling an immense vegetable dome. Logs one hundred feet long, without a branch, have often been hewn out of its trunk, ready for the saw-mill. Its timber is very hard and fine-grained, and will stand the weather better than most other South American trees; but it cannot be procured in any great quantity, because, like many other trees of the Amazon, it is of a solitary habit, only two or three, or at most half a dozen, growing within the circuit of a mile.

It is easily distinguished from trees of other genera by its reddish, ragged bark, which is deeply furrowed, and from a decoction of which the Indians prepare a dye of a dark red color. The fruit, about the size of an apple, is full of a rich juicy pulp, exceedingly agreeable to the taste, and much relished. This was the bread which the Mundurucú hoped to provide for the supper of his half-famished companions.

But the most singular, as well as the most important, product of the massaranduba is its milky juice. This is obtained by making an incision in the bark, when the white sap flows forth in a copious stream, soon filling a calabash or other vessel held under it. On first escaping from the tree it is of the color and about the consistency of rich cream, and, but for a slightly balsamic odor, might be mistaken for the genuine produce of the dairy. After a short exposure to the air it curdles, a thready substance forming upon the surface, resembling cheese, and so called by the natives. When diluted with water, the coagulation does not so rapidly take place; and it is usually treated in this manner, besides being strained, before it is brought to the table. The natives use it by soaking their *farinha* or maize-bread with the sap, and it is also used as cream in tea, chocolate, and coffee, many people preferring it on account of the balsamic flavor which it imparts to these beverages.

The milk of the massaranduba is in great demand throughout all the district where the tree is found, both in the Spanish and Portuguese territories of tropical South America. In Venezuela it is extensively used by the negroes, and it has been remarked that these people grow fatter during the season of the year when the *palo de vaca* is plenty. Certain it is that no ill effects have been known to result from a free use of it; and the vegetable cow cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the most singular and interesting productions of beneficent Nature.

CHAPTER LIV. A MILK SUPPER.

It was some time before they swam under the massaranduba's wide-spreading branches, as it did not stand on the edge of the forest, and for a short time after entering among the other trees it was out of sight. The instincts of the Indian, however, directed him, and in due time it again came before their eyes, its rough reddish trunk rising out of the water like a vast ragged column.

As might have been expected, its huge limbs were laden with parasites, trailing down to the surface of the water. By these they found no difficulty in making an ascent, and were soon safely installed, its huge coreaceous leaves, of oblong form and pointed at the tops, many of them nearly a foot in length, forming a shade against the fervent rays of the sun, still several degrees above the horizon.

As the Indian had anticipated, the tree was in full bearing, and ere long a number of its apples were plucked, and refreshing the parched palates that would have pronounced them exquisite had they been even less delicious than they were. Munday made no stay even to taste the fruit. He was determined on giving his companions the still rarer treat he had promised them, a supper of milk; and not until he had made some half-dozen notches with his knife, and placed under each a sapucaya-shell detached from the swimming-belts, did he cease his exertions.

They had not long to wait. The vegetable cow proved a free milker, and in twenty minutes each of the party had a pericarp in hand full of delicious cream, which needed no sugar to make it palatable. They did not stay to inquire how many quarts their new cow could give. Enough for them to know that there was sufficient to satisfy the appetites of all for that night.

When, after supper, the conversation naturally turned to the peculiarities of this remarkable tree, many other facts were elicited in regard to its useful qualities. Richard told them that in Para it was well known, its fruit and milk being sold in the streets by the negro market-women, and much relished by all classes of the inhabitants of that city; that its sap was used by the Paraense joiners in the place of glue, to which it was equal, if not superior, guitars, violins, and broken dishes being put together with it in the most effective manner, its tenacity holding against both heat and dampness. Another curious fact was, that the sap continues to run long after the tree has been felled; that even the logs lying in the yard of a saw-mill have been known to yield for weeks, even months, the supply required by the sawyers for creaming their coffee!

And now our adventurers, admonished by the setting of the sun, were about stretching themselves along the branches, with the intention of going to sleep. But they were not to retire without an incident, though fortunately it was such as to add to the cheerfulness lately inspiring the spirits of all, even to the macaw and little monkey, both of whom had amply regaled themselves upon the succulent fruits of the massaranduba. The great ape, again left behind, had been altogether forgotten. No one of the party was thinking of it; or, if any one was, it was only with a very subdued regret. All knew that the coaita could take care of itself, and under all circumstances it would be safe enough. For all this, they would have been very glad still to have kept it in their company, had that been possible; and all of them were glad when a loud chattering at no great distance was recognized as the salutation of their old acquaintance, the coaita. Directly after, the animal itself was seen springing from tree to tree, until by a last long leap it lodged itself on the branches of the massaranduba, and was soon after seated upon the shoulders of Tipperary Tom!

While the swimmers were proceeding by slow stages, the ape had kept them company among the tops of the adjacent trees; and, but for its being delayed by having to make the circuit around the various little bays, it might have been astride the vegetable cow long before the swimmers themselves. Coming late, it was not the less welcome, and before going to sleep it was furnished with a fruit supper, and received a series of caresses from Tom, that in some measure consoled it for his double desertion.

CHAPTER LV. ONLY A DEAD-WOOD.

Despite the coarse netting of the hammocks on which they were constrained to pass the night, our adventurers slept better than was their wont, from a certain feeling of security,—a confidence that God had not forgotten them. He who could give them food in the forest could also guide them out of the labyrinth into which their own negligence had led them.

A prayer to Him preceded their breakfast on the cream of the cow-tree, and with another they launched themselves upon their strings of shells, with renewed confidence, and proceeded along the curving selvage of the trees. As before, they found their progress impeded by the “ovens” of the piosoca; and, despite their utmost exertions, at noon they had made scarce three miles from their starting-point, for the gigantic tree that had sheltered them was full in sight, and even at sunset they could not have been more than six miles from it.

In the forest about them there appeared no resting-place for the night. The trees stood closely together, but without any interlacing of branches, or large horizontal limbs upon which they might seek repose. For a time it appeared as if they would have to spend the night upon the water. This was a grave consideration, and the guide knew it. With their bodies immersed during the midnight hours,—chill even within the tropics,—the consequences might be serious, perhaps fatal. One way or another a lodgment must be obtained among the tree-tops. It was obtained, but after much difficulty. The climbing to it was a severe struggle, and the seat was of the most uncomfortable kind. There was no supper, or comfort of any kind.

With the earliest appearance of day they were all once more in the water, and slowly pursuing their weary way. Now slower than ever, for in proportion to their constantly decreasing strength the obstruction from the piosocas appeared to increase. The lagoon, or at least its border, had become a labyrinth of lilies.

While thus contending against adverse circumstances, an object came under their eyes that caused a temporary abstraction from their misery. Something strange was lying along the water at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from them. It appeared to be some ten or twelve yards in length, and stood quite high above the surface. It was of a dark brown color, and presented something the appearance of a bank of dried mud, with some pieces of stout stakes projecting upward. Could it be this? Was it a bank or spit of land?

The hearts of the swimmers leaped as this thought, inspired by their wishes,

came into every mind. If land, it could be only an islet, for there was water all around it,—that they could perceive. But if so, an islet, if no bigger than a barn-door, would still be land, and therefore welcome. They might stretch their limbs upon it, and obtain a good night's rest, which they had not done since the wreck of the galatea. Besides, an islet ever so small—if only a sand-bar or bank of mud—would be a sort of evidence that the real dry land was not far off.

The dark form at first sight appeared to be close in to the trees, but Munday, standing up in the water, pronounced it to be at some distance from them,—between fifty and a hundred yards. As it was evident that the trees themselves were up to their necks in water, it could hardly be an island. Still there might be some elevated spot, a ridge or mound, that overtopped the inundation. Buoyed up by this hope, the swimmers kept on towards it, every eye scanning intently its outlines in order to make out its real character. All at once the projections which they had taken for stakes disappeared from the supposed spot of mud. They had assumed the shape of large wading birds of dark plumage, which, having spread their long, triangular wings, were now hovering above the heads of the swimmers, by their cries proclaiming that they were more astonished at the latter than they could possibly be at them.

It was not until they had arrived within a hundred yards of the object that its true character was declared. "*Pa Terra!*" Munday cried, in a sonorous and somewhat sorrowful voice, as he sank despairingly upon his breast;—"no island,—no bank,—no land of any kind. *Only a dead-wood!*"

"A dead-wood!" repeated the Patron, not comprehending what he meant, and fancying from the chagrined air of the Indian that there might be mischief in the thing.

"That's all, master. The carcass of an old *Manguba*, that's been long since stripped of his limbs, and has been carried here upon the current of the Gapo; don't you see his huge shoulders rising above the water?"

Richard proceeded to explain the Indian's meaning. "The trunk of a dead tree, uncle. It's the silk-cotton-tree, or manguba, as Munday calls it. I can tell that by its floating so lightly on the water. It appears to be anchored, though; or perhaps it is moored among the stalks of the piosocas."

The explanation was interrupted by a shout from the Indian, whose countenance had all at once assumed an expression of cheerfulness,—almost joy. The others, as they turned their eyes upon him, were surprised at the sudden change, for but a moment before they had noticed his despairing look.

"The Mundurucú must be mad, Patron," he shouted. "Where is his head? Gone down to the bottom of the Gapo along with the galatea!"

“What’s the matter?” inquired Tom, brightening up as he beheld the joyful aspect of the Indian. “Is it dhroy land that he sees? I hope it’s that same.”

“What is it, Munday,” asked Trevannion. “Why do you fancy yourself insane?”

“Only to think of it, Patron, that I should have been sorry to find but the trunk of a tree. The trunk of a tree,—a grand manguba, big enough to make a *montaria*, an *igarite*,—a galatea, if you like,—a great canoe that will carry us all! Cry *Santos Dios*! Give thanks to the Great Spirit! We are saved!—we are saved!”

The words of the *tapuyo*, wild as they might appear, were well understood. They were answered by a general shout of satisfaction,—for even the youngest of the party could comprehend that the great log lying near them might be made the means of carrying them clear of the dangers with which they had been so long encompassed.

“True,—true,” said Trevannion. “It is the very thing for which we have been searching in vain,—some sort of timber that would carry its own weight in the water, and us beside. This dead manguba, as you call it, looks as if a ton would not sink it a quarter of an inch. It will certainly serve us for a raft. Give thanks to God, children; His hand is in this. It fills me with hope that we are yet to survive the perils through which we are passing, and that I shall live to see old England once more.”

No flock of jacanas ever created such a commotion among the leaves of the Victoria lily as was made at that moment. Like frail leaves the thick stems were struck aside by the arms of the swimmers, strengthened by the prospect of a speedy delivery from what but the moment before seemed extremest peril; and almost in a moment they were alongside the great trunk of the manguba, in earnest endeavor to get upon it.

CHAPTER LVI. THE STERCULIADS.

In their attempts at boarding they were as successful as they could have expected. The top of the gigantic log was full six feet above the surface of the water, and there were huge buttresses upon it—the shoulders spoken of by Munday—that rose several feet higher. By dint of hard climbing, however, all were at length safely landed.

After they had spent a few minutes in recovering breath, they began to look around them and examine their strange craft. It was, as the Indian had alleged, the trunk of a silk-cotton-tree, the famed *Bombax* of the American tropical forests,—found, though, in many different species, from Mexico to the mountains of Brazil. It is known as belonging to the order of the *Sterculiads*, which includes among its *genera* a great number of vegetable giants, among others the *baobab* of Africa, with a stem ninety feet in circumference, though the trunk is out of proportion to the other parts of the tree. The singular hand-plant of Mexico called *Manita* is a sterculiad, as are also the cotton-tree of India and the gum-tragacanth of Sierra Leone.

The bombax-trees of Tropical America are of several distinct species. They are usually called cotton or silk-cotton trees, on account of the woolly or cottony stuff between the seeds and the outer capsules, which resemble those of the true cotton plant (*Gossypium*). They are noted for their great size and imposing appearance, more than for any useful properties. Several species of them, however, are not without a certain value. *Bombax ceiba*, and *B. monguba*, the monguba of the Amazon, are used for canoes, a single trunk sufficing to make a craft that will carry twenty hogsheads of sugar along with its crew of *tapuyos*. The peculiar lightness of the wood renders it serviceable for this purpose; and there is one species, the *ochroma* of the West Indies, so light as to have been substituted for cork-wood in the bottling of wines.

The silk or cotton obtained from the seed-pods, though apparently of an excellent quality, unfortunately cannot be well managed by the spinning-machine. It lacks adhesiveness, and does not form a thread that may be trusted. It is, however, extensively used for the stuffing of couches, cushions, and other articles of upholstery; and the Amazonian Indians employ it in feathering the arrows of their blow-guns, and for several other purposes.

A peculiarity of the Sterculiads is their having buttresses. Some are seen with immense excrescences growing out from their trunks, in the form of thin, woody

plates, covered with bark just like the trunk itself, between which are spaces that might be likened to stalls in a stable. Often these partitions rise along the stem to a height of fifty feet. The cottonwood (*Populus angulata*) and the deciduous cypress of the Mississippi (*Taxodium distichum*) partake of this singular habit; the smaller buttresses of the latter, known as “cypress knees,” furnishing the “cypress hams,” which, under their covering of lime-washed canvas, have been sold (so say the Southerners) by the Yankee speculator for the genuine haunch of the corn-fed hog!

In spite of its commercial inutility, there are few trees of the South American forest more interesting than the manguba. It is a conspicuous tree, even in the midst of a forest abounding in types of the vegetable kingdom, strange and beautiful. Upon the trunk of such a tree, long since divested of its leaves,—stripped even of its branches, its species distinguishable only to the eye of the aboriginal observer,—our adventurers found a lodgment.

CHAPTER LVII. CHASED BY TOCANDEIRAS.

Their tenancy was of short continuance. Never did lodger retreat from a shrewish landlady quicker than did Trevannion and his party from the trunk of the silk-cotton-tree. That they so hastily forsook a secure resting-place, upon which but the moment before they had been so happy to plant their feet, will appear a mystery. Strangest of all, that they were actually driven overboard by an insect not bigger than an ant!

Having gained a secure footing, as they supposed, upon the floating tree-trunk, our adventurers looked around them, the younger ones from curiosity, the others to get acquainted with the character of their new craft. Trevannion was making calculations as to its capability; not as to whether it could carry them, for that was already decided, but whether it was possible to convert it into a manageable vessel, either with sails, if such could be extemporized, or with oars, which might be easily obtained. While thus engaged, he was suddenly startled by an exclamation of surprise and alarm from the Indian. All that day he had been the victim of sudden surprises.

"The *Tocandeiras*!—the *Tocandeiras*!" he cried, his eyes sparkling as he spoke; and, calling to the rest to follow, he retreated toward one end of the tree-trunk.

With wondering eyes they looked back to discover the thing from which they were retreating. They could see nothing to cause such symptoms of terror as those exhibited by their guide and counsellor. It is true that upon the other end of the tree-trunk, in a valley-like groove between two great buttresses, the bark had suddenly assumed a singular appearance. It had turned to a fiery red hue, and had become apparently endowed with a tremulous motion. What could have occasioned this singular change in the color of the log?

"The *Tocandeiras*!" again exclaimed Munday, pointing directly to the object upon which all eyes were fixed.

"*Tocandeiras*?" asked Trevannion. "Do you mean those little red insects crawling along the log?"

"That, and nothing else. Do you know what they are, Patron?"

"I have not the slightest idea, only that they appear to be some species of ant."

"That's just what they are,—ants and nothing else! Those are the dreaded *fire-ants*. We've roused them out of their sleep. By our weight the manguba has gone

down a little. The water has got into their nest. They are forced out, and are now spiteful as hungry jaguars. We must get beyond their reach, or in ten minutes' time there won't be an inch of skin on our bodies without a bite and a blister."

"It is true, uncle," said Richard. "Munday is not exaggerating. If these ugly creatures crawl upon us, and they will if we do not get out of the way, they'll sting us pretty nigh to death. We must leave the log!"

And now, on the way towards the spot occupied by the party, was a fiery stream composed of spiteful-looking creatures, whose very appearance bespoke stings and poison. There was no help for it but to abandon the log, and take to the water. Fortunately each individual was still in possession of his string of sapucaya-shells; and, sliding down the side of the log, once more they found themselves among the grand gong-like leaves of the gigantic lily.

CHAPTER LVIII. A LOG THAT WOULDN'T ROLL.

It now became a question, what they were to do. Abandon the log altogether, for a swarm of contemptible insects, not larger than lady-bugs, when, by the merest chance, they had found a raft, the very thing they stood in need of? Such a course was not contemplated,—not for a moment. On gliding back into the Gapo, they had no idea of swimming away farther than would secure their safety from the sting of the insects, as Munday assured them that the fire-ants would not follow them into the water. But how regain possession of their prize?

The ants were now seen swarming all over it, here and there collected in large hosts, seemingly holding council together, while broad bands appeared moving from one to the other, like columns of troops upon the march! There was scarce a spot upon the surface of the log, big enough for a man to set his foot upon, that was not reddened by the cohorts of this insect army!

“How shall we dispossess them?” inquired Trevannion.

“Shure,” said Tipperary Tom, answering as if the appeal had been made to him, “can’t we sit thim on fire, an’ burn thim aft the log? Cudn’t we gather some dry laves out av the threes, an’, make a blaze that’ud soon consume ivery mother’s son av thim?”

“Nonsense, Tom. We should consume the log, as well as the ants, and then what would be the advantage to us?”

“Well, thin, iv yez think fire won’t do, why can’t we thry wather? Lit us thry an’ drownd thim off the log. Munday sez they can’t swim, an’ iv they can’t, shure they must go to the bottom.”

“How would you do it?” asked Trevannion, catching at the idea suggested by the Hibernian.

“Nothing asier. Give the did three a rowl over on its back, an’ thin the ants’ll get undher the wather; an’ won’t they have to stay there? Lit us all lay howlt on the log, an’ see iv we can’t give the swate craythers a duckin’.”

Convinced that there was good sense in Tom’s counsel, swimming back towards the log, they stretched their arms upward, and commenced trying to turn it over. The attempt proved unsuccessful. Partly from the enormous weight of the dead tree, saturated as one half of it was with water, and partly owing to the great buttresses acting as outriggers, they could only turn it about one tenth part of its circumference. It rolled back upon them, at first dipping a little deeper, but afterwards settling into its

old bed. They were about to discontinue their efforts, when a cry came from Tom, as if some new source of terror had been discovered in the manguba. Soon each and all found an explanation in their own sensations, which were as if they had been sharply stung or bitten by some venomous insect. While shouldering the log in vain endeavors to capsize it, some scores of the ants had been detached from its sides, and fallen upon the bodies of the swimmers. Instead of showing gratitude for this temporary respite from drowning, the spiteful insects had at once imbedded their poisoned fangs in their preservers, as if conscious that they owed all their misfortunes to the intruders who had so rudely disturbed their rest. But when these stray ants that had been stinging them were disposed of, their attention was once more directed towards the manguba, with a still more determinate resolution to repossess what in their eyes was more valuable than a selected log of the finest Honduras mahogany!

Mayne Reid.



ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



PUZZLES.

No. 15.

My first is in Handsome, but not in Fair;
My second is in Cherry, but not in Pear;
My third is in Sunrise, but not in Dawn;
My fourth is in Deer, but not in Fawn;
My fifth is in Bitter, but not in Sweet;
My sixth is in Head, but not in Feet;
My seventh is in Hate, but not in Love;
My eighth is in Pigeon, but not in Dove;
My whole is the name of one of our Generals.

I. M. P.

No. 16.

Taken as I am, I am a coin of Lombardy and Venice.

Curtail me, and I am what we call a man when he has been fooled.

Curtail me again, and I am the king of day.

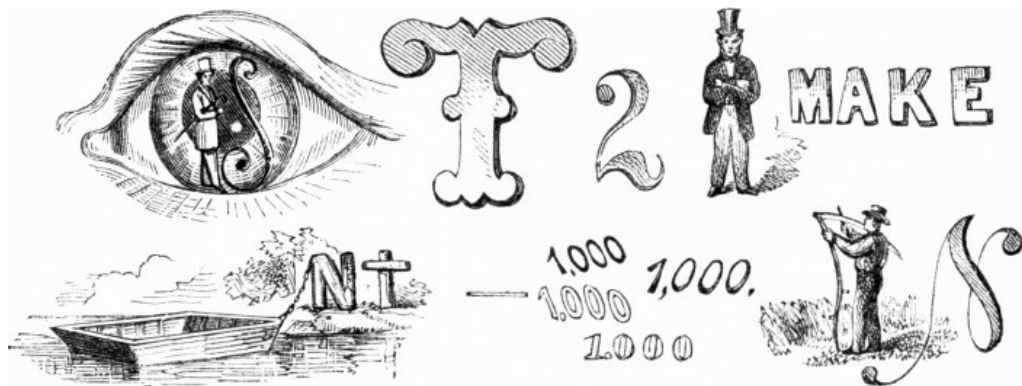
Curtail me still again, and find an adverb.

W. C. E.

CONUNDRUMS

28. When is a seat at a public entertainment like a bashful man?
29. Why is the Rebellion like an old straw bonnet made into a fashionable shape?
30. What precious stone is useful on a farm?
31. How many sticks go to make a crow's nest?

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 30.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 31.



CHARADES.

No. 21.

My *first* is myself, and I oft do my *second*;
My *third* very often reflective is reckoned.
My *whole*'s a refiner, and put in our food;
But taken alone, it is not very good.

PROCTOR.

No. 22.

My *first* is the Latin for a thievish little beast
That steals for a living without minding it the least.
He has a sleek little body and four cunning paws;
His morals are the easiest; his conscience never gnaws.

My *second* is a pronoun, a Latin pronoun too,
And it stands for a person, but I shall not tell you who.
Run, get your grammar, and you will quickly find
My name, case, gender, person, and how I am declined.

My *third* is good plain English, and if my name you'd know,
Scan the first friend you chance to meet, with care, from top to toe.
I'm small and oft looked down upon, but not devoid of soul;
The inner life, not outward form, is under our control.

My *whole*'s a little creature born under summer skies,
That eats and drinks and sings his song, and unlamented dies.
If more than this you'd like to know, I'd strongly recommend
That you should come to Salem the summer months to spend.

No. 23.

Ruy Gomez gives his horse the rein,
And gallops far and fast.
Had Moslem hound his pathway crossed,
That hour had been his last.
His hand is on his jewelled blade,
And lightning in his eye;
A kerchief waves from yonder tower,—
Why rides Ruy Gomez by?

He spurs him to my *second's* gate,
Where yearns his steed to stay;
But see, far up the rugged path
The bandit speeds away,
And laughing spies from mountain steep
Ruy Gomez storm below;—
He'll do my *first* to each young knight
Whose hounds he chance to know!

Ruy Gomez turns with altered pace,
And slowly hies him back;
The rain falls thick from murky clouds,
And night grows stern and black.
Then drawing o'er his draggled plume
My *third*, with wrathful soul
He curses all who follow in
The footsteps of my *whole*.

A. R.

No. 24.

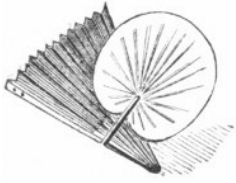
He left his lodgings at break of day,
Nor took of the landlord my *whole*,
But softly and silently crept away,
And around the corner stole.

The car passed by on its noisy way,
But he viewed it with hopeless look,
For my *first* had been missing, for many a day,
From his empty pocket-book.

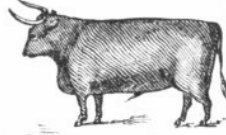
O'er his features a look of sorrow passed,
And his mind was filled with pain,
For he thought how all things would be my *last*,
If his pocket were full again.

CARL.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 32.



Y



ENIGMAS.

No. 23.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 9, 8, 7, was once king of Israel.

My 10, 2, 7, 4, is what we could not do without in our food.

My 1, 9, 7, 4, 2, 3, is the highest officer in Turkey.

My 2, 4, 7, 5, 10, is necessary to a scholar.

My 7, 2, 1, 4, is not first.

My 6, 7, 2, 10, 1, is what every one who goes to school is in.

My whole is the children's winter friend, who appears but once a year.

L. L. S.

No. 24.

My whole of 46 letters is a piece of good advice, which few, if any, can *literally* follow.

My 40, 37, 14, 46, 35, is a command which those who play often disregard.

My 31, 13, 22, 4, 18, 38, 32, walks as if he had 27, 21, 9, 45, 20, of 12, 6, 17, 12, 2, 42.

My 8, 2, 10, 5, 25, 41, 1, 39, 15, 42, proved no obstacle to Leander's love; while

My 7, 18, 24, 28, 11, 44, 16, 36, 3, 33, was a glorious obstacle to tyranny.

A. L.

No. 25.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 10, 5, 12, 11, 14, is a boy's name.

My 1, 11, 4, is the boy himself.

My 8, 2, 7, 3, is his dinner-time.

My 6, 13, 4, is his friend who dined with him.

My whole is a city in England, and its situation.

H. F. C.

No. 26.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 10, 18, 5, 15, 25, 2, draws tears.

My 21, 3, 29, 17, 11, is a kind of craft.

My 22, 13, 26, 22, 20, 32, is an ancient gymnast.

My 4, 18, 9, 20, 12, 21, is what old people lose.

My 19, 24, 25, 8, 6, 30, is a necessary of life.

My 1, 7, 27, 14, 5, raises a blister.
My 31 is essential to sight.
My 33, 28, 23, 32, 16, is unconditional surrender.
My whole is a popular song.

HUNTER.

No. 27.

I consist of 17 letters.
My 11, 6, 17, 15, 7, on a gallows hung.
My 13, 9, 13, 3, 4, was a friend of Paul.
My 5, 3, 8, was a friend of Moses.
My 2, 12, 8, 15, 7, was Abram's brother.
My 1, 3, 10, 14, was a son of Ham.
My 16, 13, 11, 12, 17, 6, 8, was Daniel's father.
My 1, 3, 4, 5, 9, was Joab's servant.
My whole kept Israel in subjection eight years.

T. H. N.

No. 28.

I consist of 17 letters.
My 11, 12, 6, 1, 2, was a servant of the Cenachrean church.
My 5, 2, 14, 7, was Levi's mother.
My 4, 10, 3, 17, was a grandson of Ham.
My 17, 14, 9, 9, 16, 3, 7, was a town of Naphthali.
My 13, 16, 9, 14, and my 18, 15, 12, 6, 5, are towns of Benjamin.
My whole is a town mentioned in one of the prophets.

T. H. N.

ANSWERS.

ENIGMAS.

20. Nathaniel Bowditch.
21. Pride will have a fall.
22. Murder will out.

PUZZLES.

11. Because it is *guessed* with too great ease (two great E's).
12. What.
13. Wheel.
14. A water-lily.

CONUNDRUMS.

24. Because it makes men mean.
25. Because they are always breaking their word.
26. When it has been re-seated (receipted).
27. Because he always kept his collar (choler) down.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Flute.
2. Drake.
3. Keel.
4. Plough.
5. Acorn.
6. Goat.
7. Cape.
8. Drum.
9. Bowl.
10. Plover.
11. Bann.
12. Amite.
13. Barrow.
14. Tweed.
15. Pruth.
16. Cash.

CHARADES.

17. Pat-riot.
18. Green-back.
19. Ma-tri-mony.
20. Candle-stick.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

25. Crabbed age and youth cannot live together. Shakespeare.
 [(Crab) (bed) (age) & (youth) (can) (knot) L(eye) V e (toe) g (ether)
 (shakes) (pear) e.]
26. From discontent grows treason, and on the stalk of treason death.
 [From (disc *on* tent) g (rose) (trees *on* and *on* the) (stalk) of (tree) (s *on*
 death).]
27. Reform in yourself those things you blame in others.
 [Re (form *in* ewer) s (elf) t (hose) (*thin* g's) u (B *lame*) (inn) others.]
28. Cattle love to browse; cats to prow!; and dogs to bark; some creatures are
 eatable, none useless to man.
 [(Cat) I (Love) (two brows); (cat) (stoop) R (owl); & (dog-stew) B (ark);
 (sum) (*craters*) R e(table), (nun) (U's *less* 2) (man).]
29. The longest *lane* has a turning.



JUST MY LUCK! IV.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

Illustrations have been relocated due to using a non-page layout.

Some photographs have been enhanced to be more legible.

Champs Elysées was corrected from *Champs Elyseés*.

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