

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. IV.



BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,

124 TREMONT STREET.

1868.

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Title: Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Volume 4, Issue 3

Date of first publication: 1868

Author: J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom (editors)

Date first posted: Jan. 8, 2019

Date last updated: Jan. 8, 2019

Faded Page eBook #20190151

This ebook was produced by: Marcia Brooks, David T. Jones, Alex White & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>

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An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1868.

No. III.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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HOLIDAY ROMANCE. IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF MISS ALICE RAINBIRD.*



here was once a King, and he had a Queen, and he was the manliest of his sex, and she was the loveliest of hers. The King was, in his private profession, Under Government. The Queen's father had been a medical man out of town.

They had nineteen children, and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby, and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

Let us now resume our story.

One day the King was going to the Office, when he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound and a half of salmon not too near the tail, which the Queen (who was a careful housekeeper) had requested him to send home. Mr. Pickles, the fishmonger, said, "Certainly, sir, is there any other article, good morning."

The King went on towards the Office in a melancholy mood, for Quarter Day was such a long way off, and several of the dear children were growing out of their clothes. He had not proceeded far, when Mr. Pickles's errand-boy came running after him, and said, "Sir, you didn't notice the old lady in our shop."

"What old lady?" inquired the King. "I saw

none."

Now, the King had not seen any old lady, because this old lady had been invisible to him, though visible to Mr. Pickles's boy. Probably because he

messed and splashed the water about to that degree, and flopped the pairs of soles down in that violent manner, that, if she had not been visible to him, he would have spoilt her clothes.

Just then the old lady came trotting up. She was dressed in shot-silk of the richest quality, smelling of dried lavender.

“King Watkins the First, I believe?” said the old lady.

“Watkins,” replied the King, “is my name.”

“Papa, if I am not mistaken, of the beautiful Princess Alicia?” said the old lady.

“And of eighteen other darlings,” replied the King.

“Listen. You are going to the Office,” said the old lady.

It instantly flashed upon the King that she must be a Fairy, or how could she know that?

“You are right,” said the old lady, answering his thoughts, “I am the Good Fairy Grandmarina. Attend. When you return home to dinner, politely invite the Princess Alicia to have some of the salmon you bought just now.”

“It may disagree with her,” said the King.

The old lady became so very angry at this absurd idea, that the King was quite alarmed, and humbly begged her pardon.

“We hear a great deal too much about this thing disagreeing and that thing disagreeing,” said the old lady, with the greatest contempt it was possible to express. “Don’t be greedy. I think you want it all yourself.”

The King hung his head under this reproof, and said he wouldn’t talk about things disagreeing, any more.

“Be good then,” said the Fairy Grandmarina, “and don’t! When the beautiful Princess Alicia consents to partake of the salmon—as I think she will—you will find she will leave a fish-bone on her plate. Tell her to dry it, and to rub it, and to polish it till it shines like mother-of-pearl, and to take care of it as a present from me.”

“Is that all?” asked the King.

“Don’t be impatient, sir,” returned the Fairy Grandmarina, scolding him severely. “Don’t catch people short, before they have done speaking. Just the way with you grown-up persons. You are always doing it.”

The King again hung his head, and said he wouldn’t do so any more.

“Be good then,” said the Fairy Grandmarina, “and don’t! Tell the Princess Alicia, with my love, that the fish-bone is a magic present which can only be used once; but that it will bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, PROVIDED SHE WISHES FOR IT AT THE RIGHT TIME. That is the message. Take care of it.”

The King was beginning, “Might I ask the reason——?” when the Fairy became absolutely furious.

“Will you be good, sir?” she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. “The reason for this, and the reason for that, indeed! You are always wanting the reason. No reason. There! Hoity toity me! I am sick of your grown-up reasons.”

The King was extremely frightened by the old lady’s flying into such a passion, and said he was very sorry to have offended her, and he wouldn’t ask for reasons any more.

“Be good then,” said the old lady, “and don’t!”

With those words, Grandmarina vanished, and the King went on and on and on, till he came to the Office. There he wrote and wrote and wrote, till it was time to go home again. Then he politely invited the Princess Alicia, as the Fairy had directed him, to partake of the salmon. And when she had enjoyed it very much, he saw the fish-bone on her plate, as the Fairy had told him he would, and he delivered the Fairy’s message, and the Princess Alicia took care to dry the bone, and to rub it, and to polish it till it shone like mother-of-pearl.

And so when the Queen was going to get up in the morning, she said, “O dear me, dear me, my head, my head!” And then she fainted away.

The Princess Alicia, who happened to be looking in at the chamber door, asking about breakfast, was very much alarmed when she saw her Royal Mamma in this state, and she rang the bell for Peggy,—which was the name of the Lord Chamberlain. But remembering where the smelling-bottle was, she climbed on a chair and got it, and after that she climbed on another chair by the bedside and held the smelling-bottle to the Queen’s nose, and after that she jumped down and got some water, and after that she jumped up again and wetted the Queen’s forehead, and, in short, when the Lord Chamberlain came in, that dear old woman said to the little Princess, “What a Trot you are! I couldn’t have done it better myself!”

But that was not the worst of the good Queen’s illness. O no! She was very ill indeed, for a long time. The Princess Alicia kept the seventeen young Princes and Princesses quiet, and dressed and undressed and danced the baby, and made the kettle boil, and heated the soup, and swept the hearth, and poured out the medicine, and nursed the Queen, and did all that ever she could, and was as busy busy busy, as busy could be. For there were not many servants at that Palace, for three reasons; because the King was short of money, because a rise in his office never seemed to come, and because quarter-day was so far off that it looked almost as far off and as little as one of the stars.

But on the morning when the Queen fainted away, where was the magic fish-bone? Why, there it was in the Princess Alicia’s pocket. She had almost taken it out to bring the Queen to life again, when she put it back, and looked for the smelling-bottle.

After the Queen had come out of her swoon that morning, and was dozing,

the Princess Alicia hurried up-stairs to tell a most particular secret to a most particularly confidential friend of hers, who was a Duchess. People did suppose her to be a Doll, but she was really a Duchess, though nobody knew it except the Princess.

This most particular secret was the secret about the magic fish-bone, the history of which was well known to the Duchess, because the Princess told her everything. The Princess kneeled down by the bed on which the Duchess was lying, full dressed and wide-awake, and whispered the secret to her. The Duchess smiled and nodded. People might have supposed that she never smiled and nodded, but she often did, though nobody knew it except the Princess.

Then the Princess Alicia hurried down stairs again, to keep watch in the Queen's room. She often kept watch by herself in the Queen's room; but every evening, while the illness lasted, she sat there watching with the King. And every evening the King sat looking at her with a cross look, wondering why she never brought out the magic fish-bone. As often as she noticed this, she ran up stairs, whispered the secret to the Duchess over again, and said to the Duchess besides, "They think we children never have a reason or a meaning!" And the Duchess, though the most fashionable Duchess that ever was heard of, winked her eye.

"Alicia," said the King, one evening when she wished him Good Night.

"Yes, Papa."

"What is become of the magic fish-bone?"

"In my pocket, Papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"O no, Papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, Papa!"

And so another time the dreadful little snapping pug-dog next door made a rush at one of the young Princes as he stood on the steps coming home from school, and terrified him out of his wits, and he put his hand through a pane of glass, and bled bled bled. When the seventeen other young Princes and Princesses saw him bleed bleed bleed, they were terrified out of their wits too, and screamed themselves black in their seventeen faces all at once. But the Princess Alicia put her hands over all their seventeen mouths, one after another, and persuaded them to be quiet because of the sick Queen. And then she put the wounded Prince's hand in a basin of fresh cold water, while they stared with their twice seventeen are thirty-four put down four and carry three eyes, and then she looked in the hand for bits of glass, and there were fortunately no bits of glass there. And then she said to two chubby-legged Princes who were sturdy though small, "Bring me in the Royal rag-bag; I must

snip and stitch and cut and contrive.” So those two young Princes tugged at the Royal rag-bag and lugged it in, and the Princess Alicia sat down on the floor with a large pair of scissors and a needle and thread, and snipped and stitched and cut and contrived, and made a bandage and put it on, and it fitted beautifully, and so when it was all done she saw the King her Papa looking on by the door.

“Alicia.”

“Yes, Papa.”

“What have you been doing?”

“Snipping stitching cutting and contriving, Papa.”

“Where is the magic fish-bone?”

“In my pocket, Papa.”

“I thought you had lost it?”

“O no, Papa!”

“Or forgotten it?”

“No, indeed, Papa!”

After that, she ran up stairs to the Duchess and told her what had passed, and told her the secret over again, and the Duchess shook her flaxen curls and laughed with her rosy lips.

Well! and so another time the baby fell under the grate. The seventeen young Princes and Princesses were used to it, for they were almost always falling under the grate or down the stairs, but the baby was not used to it yet, and it gave him a swelled face and a black eye. The way the poor little darling came to tumble was, that he slid out of the Princess Alicia’s lap just as she was sitting, in a great coarse apron that quite smothered her, in front of the kitchen fire, beginning to peel the turnips for the broth for dinner; and the way she came to be doing that was, that the King’s cook had run away that morning with her own true love, who was a very tall but very tipsy soldier. Then, the seventeen young Princes and Princesses, who cried at everything that happened, cried and roared. But the Princess Alicia (who couldn’t help crying a little herself) quietly called to them to be still, on account of not throwing back the Queen up stairs, who was fast getting well, and said, “Hold your tongues you wicked little monkeys, every one of you, while I examine baby!” Then she examined baby, and found that he hadn’t broken anything, and she held cold iron to his poor dear eye, and smoothed his poor dear face, and he presently fell asleep in her arms. Then she said to the seventeen Princes and Princesses, “I am afraid to lay him down yet, lest he should wake and feel pain, be good and you shall all be cooks.” They jumped for joy when they heard that, and began making themselves cooks’ caps out of old newspapers. So to one she gave the salt-box, and to one she gave the barley, and to one she gave the herbs, and to one she gave the turnips, and to one she gave the carrots, and

to one she gave the onions, and to one she gave the spice-box, till they were all cooks, and all running about at work, she sitting in the middle, smothered in the great coarse apron, nursing baby. By and by the broth was done, and the baby woke up, smiling like an angel, and was trusted to the sedatest Princess to hold, while the other Princes and Princesses were squeezed into a far-off corner to look at the Princess Alicia turning out the saucepan-full of broth, for fear (as they were always getting into trouble) they should get splashed and scalded. When the broth came tumbling out, steaming beautifully, and smelling like a nosegay good to eat, they clapped their hands. That made the baby clap his hands; and that, and his looking as if he had a comic toothache, made all the Princes and Princesses laugh. So the Princess Alicia said, "Laugh and be good, and after dinner we will make him a nest on the floor in a corner, and he shall sit in his nest and see a dance of eighteen cooks." That delighted the young Princes and Princesses, and they ate up all the broth, and washed up all the plates and dishes, and cleared away, and pushed the table into a corner, and then they in their cooks' caps, and the Princess Alicia in the smothering coarse apron that belonged to the cook that had run away with her own true love that was the very tall but very tipsy soldier, danced a dance of eighteen cooks before the angelic baby, who forgot his swelled face and his black eye, and crowed with joy.

And so then, once more the Princess Alicia saw King Watkins the First, her father, standing in the doorway looking on, and he said: "What have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Cooking and contriving, Papa."

"What else have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Keeping the children light-hearted, Papa."

"Where is the magic fish-bone, Alicia?"

"In my pocket, Papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"O no, Papa."

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, Papa."

The King then sighed so heavily, and seemed so low-spirited, and sat down so miserably, leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the kitchen table pushed away in the corner, that the seventeen Princes and Princesses crept softly out of the kitchen, and left him alone with the Princess Alicia and the angelic baby.

"What is the matter, Papa?"

"I am dreadfully poor, my child."

"Have you no money at all, Papa?"

"None, my child."

"Is there no way left of getting any, Papa?"

"No way," said the King. "I have tried very hard, and I have tried all ways."

When she heard those last words, the Princess Alicia began to put her hand into the pocket where she kept the magic fish-bone.

"Papa," said she, "when we have tried very hard, and tried all ways, we must have done our very very best?"

"No doubt, Alicia."

"When we have done our very very best, Papa, and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking help of others." This was the very secret connected with the magic fish-bone, which she had found out for herself from the good fairy Grandmarina's words, and which she had so often whispered to her beautiful and fashionable friend the Duchess.

So she took out of her pocket the magic fish-bone that had been dried and rubbed and polished till it shone like mother-of-pearl, and she gave it one little kiss and wished it was quarter-day. And immediately it *was* Quarter-Day, and the King's quarter's salary came rattling down the chimney, and bounced into the middle of the floor.

But this was not half of what happened, no not a quarter, for immediately afterwards the good fairy Grandmarina came riding in, in a carriage and four (Peacocks), with Mr. Pickles's boy up behind, dressed in silver and gold, with a cocked-hat, powdered hair, pink silk stockings, a jewelled cane, and a nosegay. Down jumped Mr. Pickles's boy with his cocked-hat in his hand and wonderfully polite (being entirely changed by enchantment), and handed Grandmarina out, and there she stood, in her rich shot-silk smelling of dried lavender, fanning herself with a sparkling fan.

"Alicia, my dear," said this charming old Fairy, "how do you do, I hope I see you pretty well, give me a kiss."

The Princess Alicia embraced her, and then Grandmarina turned to the King, and said rather sharply: "Are you good?"

The King said he hoped so.

"I suppose you know the reason, *now*, why my god-Daughter here," kissing the Princess again, "did not apply to the fish-bone sooner?" said the Fairy.

The King made her a shy bow.

"Ah! But you didn't *then*!" said the Fairy.

The King made her a shyer bow.

"Any more reasons to ask for?" said the Fairy.

The King said no, and he was very sorry.

"Be good then," said the Fairy, "and live happy ever afterwards."

Then, Grandmarina waved her fan, and the Queen came in most splendidly

dressed, and the seventeen young Princes and Princesses, no longer grown out of their clothes, came in, newly fitted out from top to toe, with tucks in everything to admit of its being let out. After that, the Fairy tapped the Princess Alicia with her fan, and the smothering coarse apron flew away, and she appeared exquisitely dressed, like a little Bride, with a wreath of orange-flowers, and a silver veil. After that, the kitchen dresser changed of itself into a wardrobe, made of beautiful woods and gold and looking-glass, which was full of dresses of all sorts, all for her and all exactly fitting her. After that, the angelic baby came in, running alone, with his face and eye not a bit the worse but much the better. Then, Grandmarina begged to be introduced to the Duchess, and when the Duchess was brought down many compliments passed between them.

A little whispering took place between the Fairy and the Duchess, and then the Fairy said out loud, "Yes. I thought she would have told you." Grandmarina then turned to the King and Queen, and said, "We are going in search of Prince Certainpersonio. The pleasure of your company is requested at church in half an hour precisely." So she and the Princess Alicia got into the carriage, and Mr. Pickles's boy handed in the Duchess who sat by herself on the opposite seat, and then Mr. Pickles's boy put up the steps and got up behind, and the Peacocks flew away with their tails spread.

Prince Certainpersonio was sitting by himself, eating barley-sugar and waiting to be ninety. When he saw the Peacocks followed by the carriage, coming in at the window, it immediately occurred to him that something uncommon was going to happen.

"Prince," said Grandmarina, "I bring you your Bride."

The moment the Fairy said those words, Prince Certainpersonio's face left off being sticky, and his jacket and corduroys changed to peach-bloom velvet, and his hair curled, and a cap and feather flew in like a bird and settled on his head. He got into the carriage by the Fairy's invitation, and there he renewed his acquaintance with the Duchess whom he had seen before.

In the church were the Prince's relations and friends, and the Princess Alicia's relations and friends, and the seventeen Princes and Princesses, and the baby, and a crowd of the neighbors. The marriage was beautiful beyond expression. The Duchess was bridesmaid, and beheld the ceremony from the pulpit where she was supported by the cushion of the desk.

Grandmarina gave a magnificent wedding feast afterwards, in which there was everything and more to eat, and everything and more to drink. The wedding cake was delicately ornamented with white satin ribbons, frosted silver and white lilies, and was forty-two yards round.

When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried Hip Hip Hip

Hurrah! Grandmarina announced to the King and Queen that in future there would be eight Quarter-Days in every year, except in leap-year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia, and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children, and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys, and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

On hearing such good news, everybody cried out "Hip Hip Hip Hurrah!" again.

"It only remains," said Grandmarina in conclusion, "to make an end of the fish-bone."

So she took it from the hand of the Princess Alicia, and it instantly flew down the throat of the dreadful little snapping pug-dog next door and choked him, and he expired in convulsions.

Charles Dickens.



*
—

Aged Seven.

THE COLORED MAMMY AND HER WHITE FOSTER-CHILD. A TRUE STORY.

I will tell you something about a little girl born in one of the Southern States, years ago. She was a wee thing, and her mother was too ill to nurse her. Her father had several slaves, and one of them had a healthy baby. He told her to wean her own little one, and give his sickly little child all her milk. The mulatto woman had a very kind heart, and she pitied her "missis," as she called her, because she could not nurse her own baby. She pitied the poor little infant, too, because it was so small and weak, with scarcely any flesh on its little bones. So she willingly put away her own dark baby, and nursed the little white one with the tenderest care. She watched its breathing all the time, to see if it breathed any stronger; but for many weeks she could not perceive that it grew at all. When neighbors peeped into the cradle, they would say, "What a sickly little thing! She'll never live to run about." And the nurse would shake her head, and say, "Yes, she's drefful weakly. She ain't nothin' but skin and bones. I'se most afeard to take her up, for fear she'll fall all to pieces. The poor little thing *tries* to live, but it's mighty onsartin."

The faithful nurse did all she could to help her to live. She kept her wrapped up in soft flannel, and gave her plenty of good, wholesome milk, and sung her to sleep with soothing lullabies, and folded her in warm arms all the night long. Before winter was over, the baby began to grow a little. She stretched out her thin hands, and opened her eyes to look at them. That seemed such a wonderful thing, that nurse had to tell all the neighbors about it.

She was only five months old when news came that her mother had died. The good nurse cried bitterly, as she sat rocking the baby. "You ain't got no mother to kiss you, and love you, poor little thing," said she; "but I'll be your mammy. You sha'n't cry for anything. I'll watch over you, and wait on you, and love you always." The baby waked up, and, seeing those kind eyes looking at her so fondly, she began to smile, as if she understood all that had been said to her. She grew stronger day by day, until she could crow almost as loud as a Bantam cockerel. And when nurse snapped her fingers at her, and chirruped, and talked baby-talk, it seemed to her so funny that she would crow, and laugh right out. They had happy playing-times together. It was a pretty picture to see that small fair face cuddled close to the brown neck, and the little white hands

patting the dark cheeks.

Her colored Mammy thought she was a wonderful child. When the neighbors came in, she had ever so many stories to tell about her. She said she would lie in her cradle for hours, gazing at the far-off blue sky as if she saw something there. There was a very pleasant out-look from Mammy's little cabin, and two grand old trees stretched their boughs over it, as if they were good giants standing there to protect that humble home. When the sun shone on them, the cabin floor was flecked all over with shadows and bright spots. Day after day, Baby Mary tried to pick up the sunshine that was dancing on the floor. When she was sure she had nipped it, she would look at her empty hands and wonder where it was gone. That made her Mammy laugh, and she would say, "Where is it, baby?" Then Mary would begin again, and try ever so long to pick up the spots of sunshine; but she never got her little hands full. She delighted in flowers, especially those that had very bright colors. Nothing she liked better than to have her little fists full of red roses and prince's feather; and when she was ill, or fretful, Mammy said she could always comfort her by giving her a rose to smell of. Her father, seeing how much she liked gay colors, brought her red and green and yellow beads to play with. How she would crow and laugh, as she sat shaking them in the sunshine!



When she began to toddle about, she made friends of all the little animals she could see. She talked to the butterflies, and fed the chickens from her own little plate. She had a particular fancy for sharing her dinner with a small pig, which she and Mammy called a blue pig. I don't believe there ever was such a creature as a blue pig; but they called it blue.

She continued to be a slender, weakly child, but she had a very strong will of her own. She was very tetchy, if her dinner was not ready at the proper time; and if they tried to take her playthings away, to put her to bed before she was sleepy, she would use her hands and feet lustily. Mammy had a husband, who was a slave on another plantation, but he came to see her every Saturday night. He was very fond of little Mary, who called him her Pappy, and showed him all her new playthings. When she was in one of her angry fits, he used to laugh, and say, "Little Missy's a game chicken. She don't mean to die, I knows."

But when she was two years old, she had a very violent illness, and the

neighbors all said she could not live through it. For two days her nurse and her relatives watched her constantly, expecting that every breath would be her last. Finally she ceased to breathe. The good nurse, with many tears, put a clean white robe on the little cold form, and laid it away tenderly in the adjoining room. She moved very quietly about the cabin, and talked in very low tones with the neighbors who came in to inquire about the little one. They went on tiptoe to look at her; and some said, "I always knew she wouldn't live to grow up; she was so weakly." Others said, "How pretty she looks! just as if she was in a sweet sleep." An old gentleman, who came in, took hold of her little cold hand, and looked at her very earnestly. At last he turned to the Mammy and said, "I don't feel quite sure that this child is dead. Bring me a bathing-tub, and some very warm water." Mammy was shocked at the thought of having her little darling's body put into hot water; but she did not dare to refuse what the white gentleman ordered. She heated the water and carried it to him, but she ran away, because she could not bear to see him take up the dead child. She felt somehow afraid that he would hurt her darling. So she hid herself, and listened. Soon she heard a faint cry, and then she rushed into the room, all trembling with joy. The doctor was sent for immediately. He breathed his healthy breath into the nostrils of the reviving child, while Mammy rubbed her limbs with brandy. Color came back into the pale cheeks, she opened her brown eyes, and knew that it was her dear Mammy bending over her. They loved each other better than ever after that. And when Mammy stroked her brown curls, she often said, "This 'ere chile wa'n't brought back to life for nothin'. The Lord's got something for her to do."

For several years they were together most of the time; and wherever the colored nurse went, her little white foster-child was very apt to follow. When she was about six years old, her "black Pappy," as she called him, was seized for a debt that his master owed, and was shut up in jail till the day came for him to be taken out and sold by auction. Mammy was very wretched about it; for she loved her husband, and she didn't know who would buy him, or how far he would be carried away. She went to see him in prison, and Mary wanted to go too.

But when she saw his familiar face through the iron-barred window, and saw the tears rolling down her poor Mammy's cheeks, she clenched her hands tight, and stamped in anger and grief. She said it was a shame, and they shouldn't sell her Pappy, and carry him away. Her nurse, though she was in such great trouble on her own account, took the child in her arms, and tried to soothe her; but she laid her head on the shoulder of that faithful, loving friend, and sobbed as if her little heart would break. That painful scene made a great impression on her; and, young as she was, she began to say, from that day forward, that it was wrong to sell people, and that *she* never would have any

slaves. When she saw colored children abused, she always took their part. When she was old enough to go to a school for young ladies, she heard somebody screaming one day, and found out that it was a slave girl being whipped; and she went to the teacher with her face all aglow, and told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, and that she wouldn't stay at a school where slaves were whipped. Some people scolded at her, and some laughed at her, for being such "a friend to the niggers," as they called them. But she replied indignantly, "My good old Mammy is what you call a nigger; and she has been the most faithful friend I ever had. She has a great warm heart, and I love her."

When Mary's father died, some of his slaves became her property, and among them was her Mammy. She still said, "I will never hold slaves. As soon as I am old enough to do as I choose, they shall all be free." She kept her word; and when she put free-papers into their hands, it was the happiest hour she ever enjoyed. The grateful old Mammy clasped the hands of her darling, and cried for joy, exclaiming: "I said, years ago, that 't wasn't for nothin' the Lord brought you back from death to life; and no more it wa'n't; for he has raised you up to be a blessin' to me an' mine."

Dolly Dixie.



INHOSPITALITY.

Down on the north wind sweeping
Comes the storm with roaring din;
Sadly, with dreary tumult,
The twilight gathers in.

The snow-covered little island
Is white as a frosted cake;
And round and round it the billows
Bellow and thunder and break.

Within doors the blazing driftwood
Is glowing, ruddy and warm;
And happiness sits at the fireside,
Watching the raging storm.

What fluttered past the window,
All weary and wet and weak,
With the heavily drooping pinions,
And the wicked, crooked beak?

Where the boats before the house door
Are drawn up from the tide,
On the tallest prow he settles,
And furls his wings so wide.

Uprises the elder brother,
Uprises the sister too:
“Nay, brother, he comes for shelter!
Spare him! What would you do?”

He laughs, and is gone for his rifle,
And steadily takes his aim;
But the wild wind seizes his yellow beard
And blows it about like flame.

into his eyes the snow sits
Till he cannot see aright,—
Ah! the cruel gun is baffled,
And the weary hawk takes flight.

And slowly up he circles,
Higher and higher still;
The fierce wind catches and bears him away
O'er the bleak crest of the hill.

Cries the little sister, watching,
"Whither now can he flee?
Black through the whirling snow-flakes
Glooms the awful face of the sea,

"And tossed and torn by the tempest,
He must sink in the bitter brine!
Why couldn't we pity and save him
Till the sun again should shine?"

They drew her back to the fireside,
And laughed at her cloudy eyes,—
"What! mourn for that robber-fellow,
The cruellest bird that flies?

"Your song-sparrow hardly would thank you,
And which is the dearest, pray?"
But she heard at the doors and windows
The lashing of the spray;

And as ever the shock of the breakers
The heart of their quiet stirred,
She thought, "O, would we had sheltered him,—
The poor, unhappy bird!"

Celia Thaxter.

MOLLY GAIR'S NEW DRESS.

Molly Gair came slowly down from her mother's room with "a bee in her bonnet," as the saying is; that is, to Molly there had come, in the few minutes' conversation with her mother, a knowledge which gave her new light upon an old subject. It was only a few words. Mrs. Gair had simply said, as she pinned Molly's collar for her:—

"This old merino looks very well, dear, doesn't it? It will last through the winter quite nicely, and save buying a new dress; which is very fortunate just now, of all times, for your father told me last night that his business was unusually dull this season, and that he had met with a good deal of loss."

New light upon an old subject, I said. Ever since Molly could remember, she had heard occasional mention of the dulness of business at different seasons, and had gathered the knowledge that her father was not a particularly prosperous or successful man. This was the old story; the new light was this mention of recent loss. This was the bee that stung Molly as she went down to breakfast. For Molly had been making a brilliant little plan, which was dying now. She had said to herself more than a week ago, when the subject of the school-festival began to be agitated: "I must have a new dress for the festival; which will certainly not be extravagant, considering that I have had my old merino made over again in place of a new school-dress."

Yes, a new dress Molly had fully decided was necessary for the great occasion. She had planned it all out,—a lovely violet poplin trimmed with velvet of the same shade, with those prettiest of crystal buttons, and perhaps a dear little collar and frills of Cluny lace. Such a charming vision! And here it was all dispelled in a breath,—violet poplin, crystal buttons, and the possible Cluny!

"O dear!" and as Molly heaved this sigh, she took her seat opposite her father at the breakfast-table; for Mrs. Gair had been an invalid for a long time, —ever since Molly was ten years old, in fact. That was five years ago, as Molly was fifteen now; and so for five years Molly had presided at the table in her mother's absence.

Mr. Gair overheard this sigh. "What is it, Molly?" he asked, looking across his newspaper at her; "what's the matter?"

"Matter? O, nothing," Molly answered, with a little conscious blush.

Cousin Tom, who was preparing for college, made his home at his Uncle Gair's that winter, and at the same time made it very merry for them, as

school-boys of his age usually are inclined to do.

He heard this sigh of Molly's, too, and saw her "long face," as he called it, and thereupon began what boys term "chaffing" her. And as people will, very often, he blundered upon the truth in this "chaffing"; and without meaning it, to use a boy-expression again, he "hit hard."

"I know what's the matter, Miss Molly," he said; "I know. It's some mighty matter of dress. Sue always gets on a long face, and heaves tremendous sighs in that great contemplation. It's of such awful consequence, you see, whether you get pink or blue or red, that—"

"How silly you are, Tom!" interrupted Molly. "Red! As if Sue or I ever wore red dresses, to begin with."

" 'Red kid shoes and a green glass breastpin,
She was quite a belle!' "

sung out Tom, in solemn comedy.

"It's so silly of you boys, too, to take on such airs about girls' dress. You go and read all the foolish stuff in the newspapers against fashion, and then you think it is fine and manly to talk that way," finished Molly, in a little burst of girlish pique.

There was a good deal of truth in this burst, and Master Tom knew it; but catch that young gentleman "giving in," in his own phraseology!

Not he. Instead of "giving in," he gave out another of his teasing jests, and asked Molly if that scarlet balmoral she wore wasn't a part of her dress. That was red enough certainly. But Molly treated Tom and his jests that morning with great dignity, for Molly's heart was sore.

She was neither a foolish nor an unreasonable girl, nor had she any great amount of vanity; but she was young, and she liked pretty things, as is natural for young persons, and, indeed, for older persons too.

Molly had an aunt of whom she was very fond, and from whom she often quoted this speech: "Beauty is beauty, Molly, whether it is in the flowers God makes, or the sunset, or the copies of them *man* makes. And so in all other things,—in beautiful fabrics, in soft colors, in graceful curves and lines and forms, there is beauty; and it is perfectly natural and right to love it, and seek it as far as we can without neglecting the work in life which everybody has to do some way or other. The wrong lies in overlooking this work, or duty, and grasping only the external beauty, and in making one's self uncomfortable in the pursuit of it. There is lost the greatest beauty of all,—that internal beauty which makes a fine character."

With this speech Molly used to come off triumphant from many a conversation, where her taste for the artistic was called into question, and attacked as simple love of fashion,—a common blunder for people to make.

She had quoted it on more than one occasion to Master Tom, who pretended to see, as usual, only the absurd in it. But, to her great delight, Molly overheard Master Tom quoting the spirit of this speech one day to his father, who rather criticised Tom's dandy neck-ties, and growing taste for elegant sleeve-buttons and fancy studs.

Yes, Molly had come off triumphant on this, as on many other occasions; but on this particular morning, when her heart was so sore over her disappointment, she didn't care to enter into any discussions to defend or assert herself. She just flashed out that one little quick answer, and then Master Tom's fire of raillery was received in silence.

That day from beginning to end was destined to be rather trying to poor Molly. It did seem as if everybody beset her with that subject of dress, which she was trying hard to forget just now.

No sooner had she entered the school-room, than her intimate friend, Katy Mears, came rushing up to her with: "O Molly, mother has bought me the loveliest white poplin for my festival-dress! And it's to be trimmed with blue velvet and Cluny,—the sweetest blue you ever saw! Have you got your violet yet?"

"No; and, Katy, I don't believe I *shall* get it either."

"Not get it! why, pray?" and Katy's brown eyes opened wide in amaze.

Molly told her why. Not the whole story,—that is, not what her mother had said about her father's losses, nor the particular dulness in his business; for Molly had a keen sense of honor, and she knew that neither her father nor mother would approve of her talking about such private matters to anybody outside of the family; but she told Katy just the simple fact that her mother thought she couldn't afford her a new dress.

Katy was sympathetic, and "so sorry," and all that sort of thing; and Molly, though she reasoned with herself, and called herself a foolish girl to think so much of a new dress, was none the less very much disquieted, and wished more than once that Katy wouldn't say any more about it; for Molly had that feeling which people often have in larger annoyances, that "the least said is the soonest mended."

But there was a great deal said that day about this perplexing subject, not only by Katy Mears, but by half a dozen other school-girls. They all seemed to be possessed with that festival, and what they should wear to it. It was the first thing poor Molly had heard in the morning; it was the last thing she heard as she went home that afternoon. She was glad to get away from all this talk,—glad to get back again, even to teasing Tom, for Tom would be sure to have a new topic by this time.

But there was somebody else there,—somebody besides Tom and her father. And Molly's face lighted as she saw who this "somebody" was. It was

Mr. Mitchell,—one of her father's friends, and a great friend of Molly's too. "O Mr. Mitchell, I'm so glad to see you!" burst out Molly, as she went into the parlor.

"Are you? Well, that's nice to hear, Molly. And I'm very glad to see *you*," answered Mr. Mitchell, in his cordial, hearty voice, which seemed to lift Molly like a great wave out of her fret and worry.

There was nobody like Mr. Mitchell, Molly thought. Nobody like him, not only for kindness and encouragement, but for entertainment. Then, too, he didn't always talk to her about her school, as some of her father's visitors did, as if there was nothing else which she could be supposed to take an interest in. No; many a nice chat she had had with Mr. Mitchell where he had seemed to think her words were of as much value as an older person's. So this day she presently got into a brisk discussion with him, and in it forgot all about that violet poplin,—forgot all about it, until Mr. Mitchell himself, or something Mr. Mitchell said, recalled it. They were talking of the handwriting of various persons, and the significance of it, etc., when Mr. Mitchell took from his pocket a roll of paper covered with a fair, open writing, and said, "There, Molly, there is what I call a fine 'hand.' This was copied for me by a lad about your age, who has just sailed for China. I'd give twenty dollars to find such another copyist."

Twenty dollars!

In a twinkling a great light dawned upon Molly, and another bee was buzzing in her bonnet. It did not sting this time, but sung the merriest, sweetest song in Molly's ears. The song was all about a violet poplin and crystal buttons, and Cluny lace.

Twenty dollars for such another copyist!

Don't you see what dawned upon Molly's mind? Perhaps if you had known what a clear, equal handwriting Molly had, and how she had often tested it to her father's satisfaction in copying for him, you would have seen without my help what at once suggested itself to her. Twenty dollars for such another copyist! Molly knew that she wrote quite as well, as openly and plainly, as this lad who had sailed for China. You see now what light it was by which she saw the violet poplin and crystal buttons shining. You see what plan arose in her mind. All through dinner-time this plan kept her thoughts busy, and after dinner she waited as patiently as she could for an opportunity to carry it out. But the opportunity wouldn't come that day. Mr. Mitchell and her father had a great deal to say to each other; and then Mr. Mitchell must go up to Mrs. Gair's room for a little chat; and then, before they thought of it, the evening was gone, and Mr. Mitchell had gone with it. But Molly was nothing daunted by this.

"I can see him all alone at his office to-morrow," she said to herself.

So when the to-morrow came she started earlier than common on her way to school, that she might be sure of her interview; for she knew that Mr. Mitchell was always in good season at his office. Yes, there he was, comfortably reading his newspaper, when she entered. He lifted his head with that cordial smile that never failed, as he saw who it was.

"Well, Rosy-posy!" he exclaimed. "Good morning."

Molly's cheeks grew brighter yet as she thought of her errand. It was a spring morning, but the air was sharp and nipping; and Mr. Mitchell put out his hand to Molly's, and drew her to the blazing fire of sea-coal.

"There, Miss Molly, now make yourself comfortable, and tell me all about it."

"How do you know I've got anything to tell, Mr. Mitchell?" laughed Molly.

"O, I know the signs, for I've known *you*, Miss Molly, for a long time. I remember you before you can remember yourself. We've had many a confidential chat together when you couldn't speak plainly. So now what is it? for I see a prodigious secret shining away back in your eyes, and you might as well tell it at once."

Molly at this invitation laughed a little, and drew out from her pocket a letter she had just finished to her brother Dick, who was in college.

"Is that nice handwriting, Mr. Mitchell?" she inquired, as she held it out towards him.

He looked at it a moment. "Yes, very nice, Molly,—very nice indeed."

"Is it as good as the boy's who has gone to China?"

"Quite as good,—yes, quite," Mr. Mitchell repeated, examining it more closely.

"And you know you said yesterday, Mr. Mitchell,—that—that—"

"Yes, Molly, I said I would give twenty dollars to find such another, and I will; for such clear, open copying as this is invaluable to me. Now tell me where this fine fellow is."

Molly laughed outright. Then the color rose in her cheeks to a deeper scarlet as she said, "I'm the fine fellow, Mr. Mitchell,—that is *my* handwriting."

"What, my little Rosy-posy's, who used to make such crooked pothooks? Well done, Molly! You deserve twenty dollars!"

"O, but, Mr. Mitchell, what I want is just this,—that you will employ me as you did that boy who has gone to China; for, for—" and then Molly told him what for,—all about that new dress and the festival, and how her mother thought she couldn't afford to buy her another dress.

Unconsciously she told him a great deal more than she had told Katy Mears. That is, all the disappointment and the determination to overcome it,

and the tender pity for her father, and the desire to serve him, came out with her little confidence. And Mr. Mitchell understood the whole; the pain and the pity and the determination; and even all about that violet poplin with its crystal buttons and Cluny lace,—understood it just as Aunt Eleanor—that dear Aunt Eleanor whose words she so often quoted—would have understood it.

“And you want to earn this pretty dress yourself, eh, Miss Molly?” he said, smiling.

“Yes, if I can.”

“Of course you can, with that handwriting.”

“And you don’t think I am vain or silly, Mr. Mitchell?” Molly had asked, with just a little fear and uncertainty in her mind.

“Not a bit of it. I think you are a sensible little girl to want to help yourself and your father in this way. Why shouldn’t you like a pretty dress as well as any other pretty thing? I bought myself these sleeve-buttons the other day, because they pleased my taste. But I don’t think you and I, Molly, would make ourselves miserable if we couldn’t get these pretty things.”

It was after these words that Molly knew how thoroughly Mr. Mitchell understood her in the matter, and how thoroughly kind he was.

So it was all settled that she should commence at once upon her work. That very afternoon, on her way home from school, she was to call for the packet Mr. Mitchell would prepare for her.

And you may be sure she did not delay in her task. With such incentives as Mr. Mitchell’s approbation, and the desire to help her father, and the vision of that violet dress, she was not tempted to idleness.

Nora Perry.



ROVER. A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Patience talks Greek; but as I know the kind she talks I can understand her, though only a few people in the world are as learned in that respect as we two are. Yesterday she felt very cross; she was sleepy, and her teeth ached, though you couldn't see them, so she flung herself against my knee, and whimpered out, "Nanna! dap ma!" That is Greek, and it means, "Aunty! tell me a story about driving cows to pasture." You see this is a much shorter language to talk than English is. I was very tired of driving cows for the little maid. I had told her the story by day and night till I never wanted to hear about cows again; but

Patience is never tired of it, so I lifted her into my lap, and laid the golden head on my shoulder, and asked if I mightn't tell her about a little dog instead. "Am! dear, dear!" was her answer,—that is, "Yes, ma'am! that is very nice." And this is the story:—

Once upon a time there was a little dog called Rover; he had four legs and a tail, and he had two great brown eyes, two long brown and white ears, and his hair was all curly, mixed up in brown and white patches. One day he went to take a walk, and round the first corner he met a cat,—a very cross cat, that set up his back, and frizzed out his tail, and began to spit and say, "meaou-aou-aou," as soon as he saw the dog.

"What are you doing in my street?" sputtered the cat, in Categorical language, which is the same as Greek. "Get out of my street, or I'll scratch your eyes out! Dogs are nuisances. I won't have dogs; they ought to be blown up with gunpowder. Get aou-aou-aout!"

But Rover stood still, and said in the Dogmatic language (which is another way to speak Greek), "Dear Mr. Cat, I will go directly; I am sorry to trouble you, but I live in this street, and must go out of it to get into another one. I hope you will excuse me!"

"Hm! meaou," said the cat, "you ain't worth scratching, so get along"; and then he smoothed down his tail, and made his back straight, and sat down in the sunshine, where he began to wink and purr, and wash his face clean.

So Rover trotted along; and the next thing he met was a big white dog, white all over, with pink eyes and a square nose, and a broad chest, who stood on four legs that bowed out a little, and wore two of his biggest teeth outside of his mouth, so that they looked almost as fierce as mustaches. He had a tail so short it must have hurt him to wag it, so he hardly ever did; his hair was very short and stiff, and he strutted a great deal.

When he saw Rover, he stood stock-still in the middle of the walk; and when Rover came up to him, he said, "G-r-r-r-r," with his teeth, and his upper lip got curly all at once.

"Sir," said our little dog, very civilly, "Will you please to tell me where Chestnut Square is?"

The white dog said, "G-r-r-r-r," again, not quite so loud, and then began to sniff at Rover,—for dogs always ask questions with their noses. But Rover did not snap or growl; he only stood as quietly as he could, and waited till the other one had found out all he wanted to know, and then he said again,—

"I should like to know the way, sir; will you tell me which corner to go round?"

"Bow-ou-ou," said the gruff dog. "Square? Square? what do I know about Squares? Good mind to bite, good mind to,—ain't worth it, ain't worth it!"

Here, you small fellow, get along, get along! I've got business to do. I can't be bothered. Follow your nose, follow your nose. Ho! ho! ho! Bow!"

"Yes, sir," said Rover, very prettily; and the dog walked away, his lips all slobbering, and his tail giving little jerks of wag. I am sure it hurt him, for just then he gave a quick scurry and scuttle at the heels of a black man going by, and bit them till they bled, and the man jumped up and down; but perhaps it was because he was a white dog. So Rover went along, and round a corner again, and pretty soon he saw a beautiful dog coming. He was all gray and shining; he had ears like leaves, a very slender nose, and a thin tail that curled over elegantly at the end; his legs were very tall and thin. Rover thought perhaps they might break off if he should jump, but then he didn't jump. He had a red collar with a silver plate on it round his neck, and if Rover could have read he would have seen "ELAN" cut on that plate, for that was his name. But he could not read; so he looked at the gray dog, and thought how shiny and tall he was, and when he came close up to him he said pleasantly, "Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me the way to Chestnut Square?"

The gray dog drew his nose in, and curled up one of his fore-legs, and looked down at Rover as if he was so small he could not see him.

"A-w," said he, "a curly dawg! Young person, why do you wear curls? so vewy vulgar!"

"Dear sir, that is the way my hair was made," said Rover, in a meek voice.

"Made! is it pawisible! but why do you let it curl? really it is dreadful! Couldn't you pull it out or something? And you don't wear a collar!—belong to some nobody, I do believe!"

"No, sir, my master's name is Smith," replied Rover.

"But curls are so vewy much out of style, do try tar or beeswax! really now I must advise tar well mixed with gravel; deah, deah! such a misfortune, even for a common sort of dawg!"

"Thank you, sir," said pleasant little Rover. "I wish my hair was as nice as yours is, but it grew that way. Please, sir, do you know where Chestnut Square is?"

"Chestnut Square! candy and sponge cake!! to ask me where your vulgar holes are! Young person, do I look like a Chestnut Square dawg? No, no! poor little creechur, I know nothing about those low places."

"Good by, sir," said Rover, wagging his tail. "Good mawning," said the gray dog, as he set his foot down, curled his tail over farther, put his nose forward, and walked languidly away.

Rover thought he would ask somebody beside a dog next time, as they didn't seem to know the place he wanted to find. So as he came by an alley he saw a large rooster standing on a doorstep,—a red and yellow rooster, with a fiery red comb, and a sharp beak, and a pair of spurs an inch long. He was

swelling and crowing, his little black eyes sharper than two needles, and very fierce; and he walked up and down, putting down his foot every time with a great deal of pride, as if he was almost too mighty to step on the earth.

"Mr. Rooster," said Rover, standing a little way off from him, "Will it trouble you very much to tell me how I can find Chestnut Square?"

The rooster straightened himself up and answered in the Coccleian language (which is Greek again), "Ker-rick, ker-rick, ker-rick, ker-koo-oo-oo. Ye ignorant spalpeen! hevn't yeez the manners iv a gintle-man, at all, at all? Amn't I a walkin' me lane, a settlin' th' affairs iv the nashin, an' ye puts yer poor little fut into me poy all at wanst, with yer impidence?"

"O sir," said little Rover, "I didn't mean to disturb you. Do excuse me; I will go along and ask somebody else."

"Be jabers, yer out av the fryin'-pan sthraight inty the fire, thin! Ef ye wor a spoonky little cratur I'd lave ye be; but thim as is plisant-spoken gits plisant worrds; Chisnut Square's ferninst the big jail, an' that's round the corner iv the Square, and wanst ye find the wan ye'll get the other dirict."

"Sir?" said Rover, rather puzzled.

"Haven't ye ears in yer head, ye baste iv the worrld?"

"O yes, sir; but I didn't understand you."

"Not undherstand me! ye owdacious young currr! Shure an' I spake the best iv Oirish; and I belave ye are a murderin Saxin toyrant, an' I'll tear yez to smidthereens where ye stand, thin!"

With that Rover took to his heels, and made his feet fly out behind him very fast, while the rooster, who had tried to jump on his head, alighted instead on a round paving-stone, and scratched and pecked at it furiously, till his spurs were worn all blunt, and his bill had no point, and his eyes were bruised all up, while Rover could hear him, as he ran off, crying loudly: "Is it undherstand me now ye does, ye bloody Saxin toyrant? Is it yer-self'll be fur pokin' yer fun anny more at a discindant av Finn McCoul, ye miser'ble thraitor? I'll ate yer oyes, an' dhrink yer heart's blood! Faix, an' I think ye takes it mighty pashint!" And just there the rooster found out he had been belaboring a paving-stone.

Poor Rover ran till he was out of breath, and then sat down by a lamppost to rest; and pretty soon he saw coming along the pavement such a lovely little dog! all white flossy curls, just as clean and bright as could be, with two black eyes peeping from under the curls, and a blue ribbon round her neck.

"Dear me," thought Rover, "there comes a dog that is vulgar enough to have curls,—how pretty she is, too! I think she will know where Chestnut Square is!" So he stepped forward and spoke: "Miss, can you be so good as to tell me where Chestnut Square is?"

The little dog looked at him, and drew sidelong away from him. "O dear!"

said she, "what a very unpleasant smell! and how dirty! Why don't you wash yourself? It makes me quite faint to come near you!"

"Dear miss," answered Rover, "I beg your pardon, but I don't like to get into the water much. I will try though, if I really am disagreeable."

"If you don't like water, can't you use cologne?" said the pretty dog, with some sharpness. "Of course you are unpleasant to persons of delicate nerves. Why, I am washed every day with sweet soap, and have my hair combed too; but I suppose you are a poor dog, and poor people are really—well—not agreeable to stop with."

"They do call me 'poor doggy' sometimes, miss," said Rover, rather sorrowfully; "but do you know which way is Chestnut Square?"

"Chestnut Square? O, the butcher lives there,—it is a dirty place. I advise you not to go there. You ought to get washed, dog, and have your hair combed and soaped, and then I might speak to you sometimes. Chestnut Square is round the corner. Now do get clean, for you have quite an idea of manners for a low sort of dog." And with a gentle whine the poodle waddled off.

"Smell unpleasantly?" said Rover to himself,—“why, I wonder if she knows that she smells just like those big rats with queer tails that live in the river. I guess I should wash me if I smelt that way. And soap! why, it's stuff made of dirt and grease! I wonder if she is a vulgar dog!” But here Rover found himself in Chestnut Square, where his old mistress lived; and she was so glad to see him that she gave him three bones and a bit of stale pie-crust, with which he lay down in the sun and regaled himself, and thought no more about his travels.

In the mean time the cat caught a rat, and went home to his wife with it.

"My dear," said he, in such a voice that nobody would have known how he blustered at Rover, "I have brought you a fine fat beast for dinner."

"Hm!" said Mrs. Cat; "if you hadn't, you'd have been well cuffed! and only a rat after all! Didn't I tell you to fetch me a mouse or a young sparrow? If ever a cat was plagued out of her life by a stupid, blundering owl of a fellow, I am the one!"

"O my dear!" said he, piteously, "I would have caught a sparrow, but a little dog came by just then, and they all flew away."

"Why didn't you tear his eyes out?"

"Well, I really did intend to, but he was so civil and pleasant-spoken I let him go along."

"You're an idiot, Tom, and a great chicken-hearted donkey! You haven't the spirit of a thin grasshopper. Do get out of my sight till you know enough to get your living. Fizz! Spt, spt, spt, meaou-aou-aou!" and the cat ran away like a lamplighter, while his wife sat down and ate the rat up, growling all the while as if she were a big bear.

And the great white dog went home too. He had a little house of his own in the back yard, and he had his dinner in a tin pan before it. "Bow, wow, wow," said he, very loud and gruff. "Fan, Fan, Fan; what's for dinner? what's for dinner?" His wife wagged her tail very much, for it was longer than his, and she knew he would like what was in the tin pan; so he looked at it and began to eat, while she sat by and looked at him.

"Did you get a good bite at anybody to-day, my dear?" said she, after a while.

"First-rate! first-rate! bit a nigger and a match-boy, two stray cows, and a pig. Came across a little dog,—good mind to bite him too,—didn't, didn't; so very civil I let him go."

"Dear me, how good of you!" said Mrs. Dog.

"Pretty good, pretty good! so jolly to hear 'em ki-eye, ki-eye, ki-eye. Ho, ho, ho! no use, though, when a little cur's so civil; like as not wouldn't ha' yelled a yelp; like as not! like as not!"

Here he got up and licked his lips, and his wife sat down and ate up what he left, so they said no more.

But the greyhound went home into a nice barn behind his master's house, where his three little puppies lay safe in a large box, on some hay with a piece of carpet on it; their mother had just stepped out.

"Where have you been, Dad?" they all squeaked and whined at once.

"My dears, my dears," said the elegant dog, "what a word to use! I have been down the street, my loves, to take the air, and there I met a low-lived little dog,—indeed what some persons might call a cur,—but really he was a well-disposed creature; no manners at all, but very amiable and civil; you are not likely to meet him in our circle, of course, but still you might learn from him to be quiet and pleasant to strangers, and not to say Dad, like under-bred puppies. Dear me! my dears, what are you thinking of?" for all the little puppies began to yelp, "Dad! Dad! Dad!" like mad things, and to jump on their father, bite him, and snap at him, and try to knock him over; while he capered, and rolled over, and tumbled them about, and had as good a frolic with the little fellows as if he had been a low-bred yellow dog from Chestnut Square.

Then the rooster, all draggled and forlorn, picked his way to a stable in that dirty alley where the hens lived, and his wife stood at the door.

"Where have you been, thin, ye thafe o' the worrld?" said she.

"Howld yer tongue, Biddy!" clattered he. "Hevn't I been a fightin' wid a cowl'd-blooded Saxin, till I toore me nose an' me feet to smidthereens? Get me a bit o' cowl'd mud alanna, and plasther me head."

"Sorra bit o' mud an the place, thin. What kind av a cratur's that fit ye so?"

"Sure an' it was a brown an' white baste av a little dog, an' a plisant curr he was too, save an' except he made as if he didn't know English an' me

spakin' the best iv Oirish! an' I'd 'a' let him go by but for that; but whan a thraitor insoolts me counthry I'll not lave a bit skin on his bones! An' may I niver! but whan I'd knocked him into next week, an' the hair flyin' wan way an' t'other, 't wasn't him at all only a big stone I had; an' I'm just where he wor if he worn't a stone."

"Ye big gommeral—"

"Howld yer tongue, ye owld hin! or I'll giv yez a blue batin' where ye stan' there."

"Shoo, shoo, shoo!" screamed out Mrs. Malony, coming along with a broomstick; and I don't know how they got along then, for they went into the stable in a great hurry.

But the white poodle had nobody to go home to except her mistress, so she had to talk to herself; and when she was getting washed next morning, she held her head more on one side than usual, and said, "I wonder if that dirty little dog is washed. Poor wretch! what are such creatures good for? I'm sure they only make refined persons ill. I suppose, perhaps, crows could eat them. Dear me! no cologne and no soap! how can they live?" Her mistress heard her whine, and thought she did not like her bath, so she wrapped her up quick in a hot towel, and carried her off.

Patience looked at me with her blue eyes, and asked for more; but that is all. My Patience! isn't it enough?

Rose Terry.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

IX. HEAD-HUNTERS, PIRATES, AND CANNIBALS.



alking of good-looking people," said Joe [Charley had just been saying what a handsome old gentleman Captain Brace was], "the handsomest man I ever saw was a Dyak head-hunter."

"Head-hunter of what?"

"Hunter of heads," said Joe. "I made his acquaintance in Sarawak, and we used to go a-fishing together."

"Heads of cabbages or sermons? How good-looking was he? Where's Sarawak? What did he hunt 'em for? Catch any fish? Was he tattooed? Bait with wor-r-ms? How did you like him?" [That's Mr. Sharpe's style of

investigating a subject.]

"People's heads," said Joe. "Never saw a fellow get so many bites in my life—fish hadn't the heart to disappoint such a good-looking man—Sarawak's in Borneo—hunted 'em for glory—caught a canoe-full—wasn't tattooed, but had black teeth, and brass rings on his legs—baited with shrimps and bobtailed polliwogs—real clever chap. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Did he hunt *your* head?"

"Never once," said Joe; "he only said it would look sweetly smoked. You see he had retired from that grim, exciting line of business, and gone quietly into the fishing line. Besides, you must not think that he was savage by nature, merely because he was a savage by accident. A man may follow the customs of his country, without being necessarily unamiable. It does not stand to reason that if he hunts heads he must eat them, or that because he is a cannibal he likes his missionary raw. I never met a softer-hearted heathen than my friend Jawi; he used to eat his fish with the scales on, because, he said, it must be so unpleasant to have your sides rasped that way with a knife; and once when he

saw Barney Binnacle cutting my hair, he asked me if it hurt, and said he didn't see how Christians could do such dreadful things. And there was Cuttash Nan, the bloody female chief of Chinese Pirates,—when she was hung, everybody said she had been a kind mistress and a tender mother. They say the king of Dahomey, who always, on the anniversary of his father's death, has the throats of about half a thousand slaves and prisoners cut over a pond, so that he can pull across the gore in a canoe, is such a careful, anxious soul, that he keeps a medicine-man on a regular salary to attend his sick monkeys. Then there are the Fiji cannibals, the politest people in the world; you might almost imagine that their grandfathers had caught Lord Chesterfield and boiled him down to a pint; and that, ever since, their children had been sucking his concentrated soup through a straw.

“One Fiji chief will kill another, and eat him too, for merely reaching across his calabash at dinner to help himself to a slice of the stuffed foreigner,—they are so *very* particular. A shipmate of mine once served on a man-of-war where they had a Fiji prince a prisoner. He had led a party of his cannibals in an attack upon an American merchantman, and they had killed the crew and eaten them,—his Royal Highness reserving the choice bits for himself. Now my shipmate declared that for pure affection and sweetness of temper his Royal Highness couldn't be beat; every time one of the officers gave him a lump of sugar or a pipeful of tobacco, he would rub noses with the gentleman and cry. So you see it's a mere matter of taste and the customs of the country; and whenever I hear a head-hunter, or a pirate, or a cannibal slandered, and called hard names, I know it's half prejudice, and I take their part; for, says I, how would the matter have struck you if you had happened to be born in Borneo, or the Ladrões, or Fiji-land?”

“I see,” said Charley; “it's all a toss-up of luck and geography, whether you are providing entertainment *for* Young Folks, or providing an entertainment *of* them,—whether you are treating them or eating them. But what *do* they hunt heads for?—that's the Useful Knowledge that Georgey and I are panting for; and what do they *do* with them when they find them?”

“Well, let's begin at the right end of our yarn,” said Joe, “or we'll get the whole hank in a snarl.”

“Of course you know something about Borneo, else what's the use of going to school, and having a wise man after your brains with a sharp stick; of course you know that Borneo is the biggest island in the world except Australia,—a little larger than Texas, and seven times as large as Cuba; that diamonds are found there, and gold in grains and nuggets, and monstrous teak-trees, and orang-outangs, and porcupines, and bearded hogs, and crocodiles, and flowers that look like great butterflies, and butterflies that look like great flowers,—butterflies all black and green and crimson and gold, and nine inches

from tip to tip of the wings; besides countless millions of curious insects in splendid colors, that fill the air with a peculiar odor.

"The population of Borneo is Mixed. About One Fourth are Malays, who are the Masters of the Country; Two Thirds are the Ab-original Dyaks; there are a Quarter of a Million of Chinese; and the rest—about thirty thousand—are Settlers from Celebes. The Malays claim their Origin from Ma-nang-ka-ban, the central, and once Dom-i-nant, state of Sumatra—*Hem!*"

"Now, Joe," said I, "if you are talking for the Young Folks, you might as well stop, for not another word of that goes down here. My name's George Eager, and I'm responsible for the capers you cut in print. If you insist upon appearing in that crazy style, you must pass over my dead body. Go on, Joe. Never mind the history. What do they hunt heads for? and What do they do with them when they find them? That's the question before this Club."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Joe. "Before the Malays rushed in, the Dyaks were a free, wild people; but now many of the tribes, of which there are more than a hundred, are servants to those fierce sea-tigers,—tilling the ground, cultivating rice, sago, the sugar-palm, and a little cotton and tobacco, spinning, weaving, and making sword-blades, and even fishing and hunting, and occasionally pirating for them. They are generally darker than the Malays, and taller and stronger, but not nearly so active or so cunning, nor so wicked either. My friend Jawi dressed like a true Dyak; that is, he went naked, except for a breech-cloth and the brass rings on his legs and arms. He wore his hair cropped on the forehead, but streaming in a savage fashion down his back, and his reddish-black teeth were made so by constantly chewing a mixture of betel-leaf and areca-nut with lime. At times the expression of his countenance was fierce, as if his old untamed nature was ready to break out; but never sly and treacherous and cruel, like the eyes and the lips of the Malay.

"Since Jawi became a quiet fisherman, and dealt with Christian traders, and even with a gentle, careful missionary now and then, he had begun to have some notions of a God, single and awful, who mysteriously made him and mercifully kept him; and of a soul to be judged, and then—what? Before he was reclaimed from the savage state, he could have told you that there were many gods somewhere; but he neither knew them nor wished to know. He made no idols and said no prayers. But he was familiar with Demons of the earth, the water, and the air; he could show you their haunts in the woods and among the hills, and in seaside caves where the breakers romped and roared, and behind the secret gray curtains of cloud that hung low upon the mountains. His childish imagination, all bewildered with shapeless shadows, and distracted with senseless sounds, groped always in the fear and trouble of these, lest they should fall upon him suddenly, to do him some dreadful hurt. For no inducement would he go alone to the top of a strange mountain; and

when he set out to hunt the leopard or the bear, he looked well to the point of his spear and the edge of his knees and his heavy, two-handed Lanun sword, and to the tough cover of his shield; nor ever failed to hang at his hip the grimmest of his heads, that the spirits of spite might look upon it and be pleased. But Jawi had no temple or priest or sacred book, like the Hindoo or the Birman or the Siamese or the Chinaman; and so much the better for Jawi, and so much the easier for the missionary.

“All except the head-hunting; it was as hard to cure him of that as to convince a pudding-headed pilgrim to Juggernaut of the frantic folly of flinging himself under the wheels of the monster’s seven-storied car, or a devotee of the Goddess Doorga of the hideous humbug of swinging round a churruck post by an iron hook through the small of his back, or to make it clear to a Japanese gentleman that to cut a big hole in his stomach, merely because another Japanese gentleman has kicked him, spoils nobody’s digestion but his own,—or to show a Congo juggler that to stick pins in a clay fetish, and howl to Mumbo Jumbo, can never make his enemy wriggle and die,—or to prove to a Hottentot judge that to compel a prisoner to toss off a gourdful of griping red poison proves nothing,—or to persuade a disgusted Chinaman, who has lost a peck or two of sapecks on a hen-fight, that to jump down somebody’s well, because he feels bad, can never make him square with the chicken that took his cash.

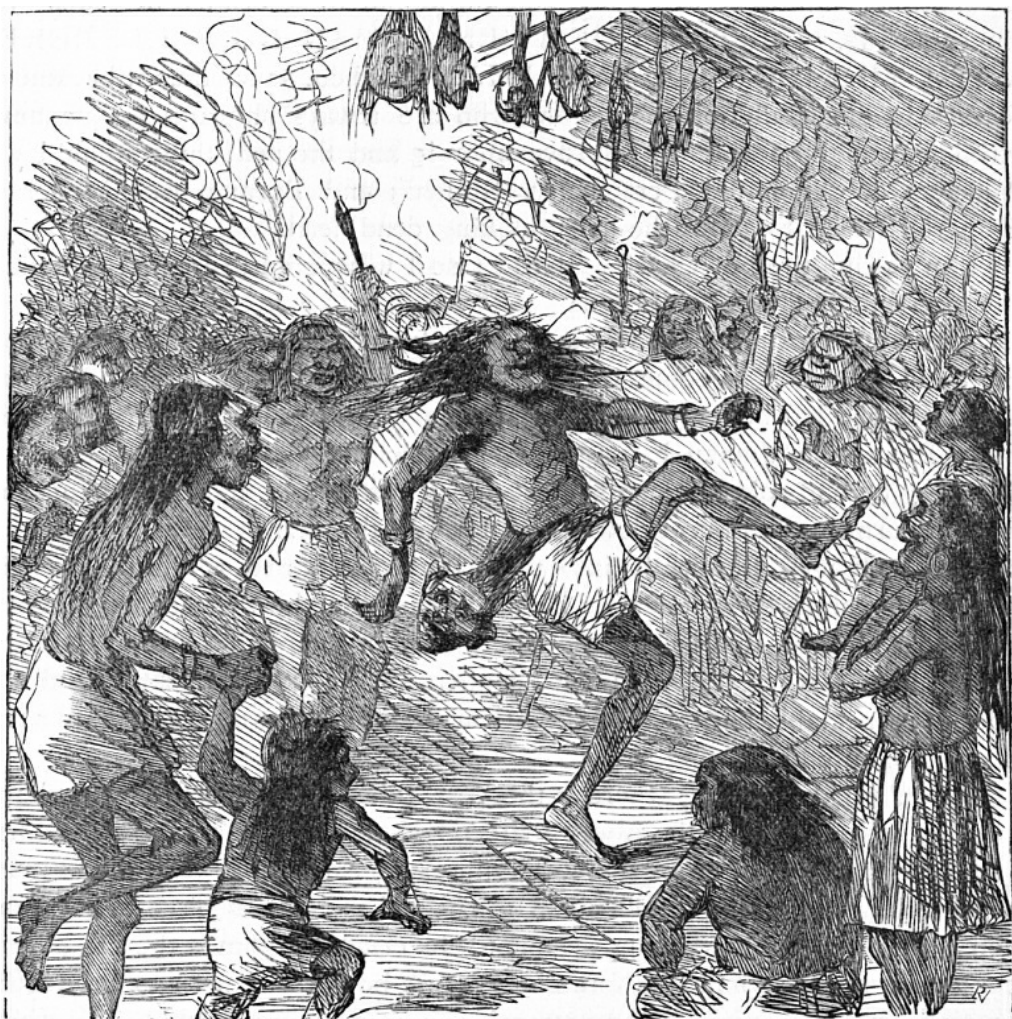
“You see Jawi believed—that is, he *had* believed, for the poor fellow had got as far as a trembling doubt and a feeling of shame on his way to his Saviour—that, somewhere on the other side of his dark, desperate Jordan, he should be *attended and served by those whose heads he had taken on this side*,—that they would constitute his retinue of slaves, and that he should be rich and noble in proportion to the number of them. That’s What he hunted heads for. Besides, they reflected a sort of savage distinction upon him in this life, and he rose higher and higher in the respect and admiration of his tribe with every fresh face that dangled firmly from the brace-band of his breech-cloth, and bounced with a horrid grotesqueness on his hip, as he danced or leaped or ran.

“But never to have taken a head at all! O, that was to be poor and pitiful and vile,—a coward in this world and a slave in the next,—spurned by the men and mocked by the women, the little boys stealing his spear to drive pigs with, and the little girls screaming, ‘No Head! No Heart!’ at him as he slunk along. Without a head at his hip, no Dyak maiden in all Borneo would have been his wife; he might as well have courted her with no head upon his shoulders. So the rule was, ‘One Head at least,—an enemy’s if you can, a friend’s if you must,—a man’s by all means, a woman’s at a pinch, a child’s better than none,—but One Head *anyhow!*’ And sometimes the ‘anyhow’ meant stealing down

to the beach on a dark night, and forcing some lonely, unarmed fisherman to surrender that useful part of his person, without which he could not possibly earn a living in his humble but honest calling; or inviting a friend to take a nap in your hammock, and leaving him to wake up without anything to wake up with,—no eyes to open and no mouth to yawn,—a most helpless and embarrassing predicament.”

Charley declared that for downright meanness and bad manners it went ahead of anything he ever heard of. “But what then?”

“Why, then,” said Joe, “you give a torchlight *bawl*, to which you invite all your friends and relations,—ladies and gentlemen of the first circles of ferocity; and you make your appearance dressed in the height of fashion,—that is, with nothing on but a breech-cloth, your friend’s head, and some brass rings; and you prance around among the torches, so graceful! and you grin and yell, so cheerful! and your friend’s head swings and bounces, so exciting! and all the ladies and gentlemen bawl *toah, wah!* and wave their torches,—Perfectly Splendid! And then you all squat on the ground together, and scoop out the brains, *such* fun! And then you smoke the head with the skin and hair on, over a pitch fire, so interesting! And then you hang it to the middle of the ridgepole of the roof, with a great many other heads around it, such an *imposing* display! And then you prance and grin and yell a little more; and all the ladies and gentlemen bawl a little more and wave their torches; and all the gentlemen are So Agreeable, and all the ladies are Perfectly Lovely, and all the children are Real Sweet; and when they take their leave they all wish-you-many-happy-returns-and-all-that-sort-of-thing; and they’ve all had such-a-real-good-time-perfectly-splendid-you-know.



“And after that, you make your bed exactly under your friend’s head, so that if, disturbed by remorse or too much roast pig, you should not sleep well, you may be refreshed and cheered by the presence of that familiar, pleasant countenance; and in the daytime you take it down and play with it like a doll, making believe to feed it, holding the betel-leaf to its lips, and even kissing the horrid thing.

“Before the heart and mind of my friend Jawi underwent a change of views, as to the elevating tendency of this department of art, he had gloried in a considerable collection of heads; all of which he declared he had taken in fair fight with the enemies of his tribe; except a few that had been left to him by the will of his uncle, who could not have been very particular. But when Jawi began to have his doubts and scruples on the subject, he swapped off his whole

lot for canoes, and nets, and fishing-spears,—only reserving the heads of his own relations as family-portraits; for, you see, a fellow *must* have some sort of a head about him.”

“Well,” said Charley, “that must be a neat style of picture for an Academy Exhibition; sure to be well hung, you know, and to be printed in ‘caps’ in the catalogue, ‘PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN, DONE IN SMOKE, WITH THE HAIR ON, BY JAWI.’ And then, as soon as it became a feature in our Galleries, the fellows who are always showing people new wrinkles would be sure to improve upon it, and the next thing would be a Museum of Celebrated Personages, Stuffed; and Barnum would offer a Hundred-Dollar Prize for the livest-looking dead-head.”

[I’m getting tired of Charley Sharpe; so I whispered to Joe not to notice the interruption; and he didn’t.]

“Once upon a time there was an old Dyak who had so many heads hanging up in his parlor,—some that he had collected himself, and some that his father had left him,—that he considered himself one of the First Families. But an old woman had a great spite against him, because of a rotten duck-egg he had sold her; so she set fire to his house, and everything that wasn’t burnt up was burnt down. And while the flames were roaring, the old Dyak plunged frantically into the flames, again and again, till his hair and his breech-cloth were singed clean off him, and he was cooked on both sides to a turn, so that it was enough to make a Cannibal’s mouth water to look at him,—when the Andaman-Islanders ate his grandfather they did not do that respectable but tough old gentleman half so brown,—and all to save his heads, only his darling heads.

“‘But,’ cried his folks, ‘there’s the Wardrobe.’ ‘Scorch the wardrobe!’ said he. ‘And there’s the Silver Plate.’ ‘Melt the silver plate!’ said he. ‘And the Library?’ ‘Consume the library!’ said he. ‘And the Wines, and the Jewels, and the Coach and Horses, and the Family Tree?’ ‘Abandon them all to the Devouring Element!’ he cried. ‘What’s the use of fine clothes, or silver spoons and forks, or picture-books, or ear-rings, or sleeve-buttons, or 2.40 trotters, or Ancestors, if you haven’t any head?’ And when he found his precious heads were all gone with the rest, he fell down on his stomach, gave one prolonged melancholy howl, and died.”

“But, Joe,” said I, “what do their young folks think of all this? Are the boys trained to hunt heads, and the girls to play with them?”

“As for the boys,” said Joe, “they are taught just one thing from the time they cut their first teeth,—and that is, Heads. In the middle of every Dyak village there is a round house, built on posts, and the only entrance is by a ladder, and through a trap-door in the floor. This is the city Head-house, where all the *public* heads are kept, and here all the boys sleep by turns, some one night and some another; and on certain days the little girls—those that have

been good—are let in, to play with the heads, and roll them about. There are small windows in the roof, and when the wind is high, it blows in and bumps the heads together, in a very lively and amusing manner. As this is always the best house in the place, any travellers who may ask for a night's lodging are hospitably invited to sleep in it,—which is a very kind thing to do, you know, because it combines entertainment with repose.”

Joe says the Dyaks are naturally a simple, gentle, and docile race; but the villanous Malays, who live along the coast and around the mouths of the rivers, have taught them to be pirates, and takers of slaves as well as heads. There are “Hill Dyaks,” and “Sea, or Coast Dyaks”; and by European voyagers who visit Borneo the former are usually termed “Mild,” and the latter “Wild.” At a place called Sakarran, about one hundred miles to the eastward of Sarawak, and on the banks of the Serebas River in the same region, there were, until late years, two tribes of Dyaks more notorious than any of the others for their murderous piracies, in which they were always associated with fiendish Malays and Lanuns. In large and small proas, with oars as well as sails, they undertook long voyages down the coast, and made bloody visits to defenceless villages. Sometimes they cruised near the entrances of the straits leading to Singapore, and attacked and plundered the native trading craft; and then on their way back to their haunts in Borneo, they usually surprised more than one small town on the sea, and dragged into slavery the entire population. During the absence of these fleets the wives and children of the pirates remained at home to guard the booty already collected; and as the women are almost as fierce and warlike as the men, they considered themselves strong enough to beat off other piratical Dyaks, who might attack them.

When those Malays who are unwarlike—in other words, cowardly, and such Malays are rare—wish to plunder a feeble Dyak tribe, and seize the women and children for slaves, without the risk of a fight, they generally employ the Serebas and Sakarran Dyaks to make the attack, according to a regular contract; the Malays getting all the slaves and two thirds of the plunder, and the Dyaks the remaining third, and all the heads. Of twenty Dyak tribes under the government of Sarawak, in 1841, at least ten had been robbed of their wives and little ones in part; and one tribe was wholly without women or children, more than two hundred having been captured and dragged into slavery by Sakarran pirates. Once the entire population of the town of Slaku was cut off in a night attack by a powerful tribe of Coast Dyaks, who came down after human heads. Not a man, woman, or child in all Slaku escaped to tell the tale.

These piratical monsters make no distinction in heads, but coolly chop off the first they find, no matter to whom it may belong, whether friend or foe. A Dyak on a *balla*—that is, a piratical expedition—will cheerfully take the head

(the "top-works," Joe called it) even of his brother or his uncle. And perhaps the strongest motive for this is, that no Dyak lover can win the heart and hand of his ladye-love until he has presented her with a nice fresh head, by way of a valentine. Many an amiable Dyak youth has declared that he would give up head-hunting if it were not for fear of the ridicule and scorn of his sweetheart; and many a romantic wife has threatened to put her *bedung*, or petticoat, on her young husband, if he did not make haste to compliment her with as nice and ghastly a head as any other lady of her acquaintance could wear to church.

As for the Malays, an intelligent Dutchman who lived among them, and knew them well, says it is as natural to a Malay to rove on the seas in his proa as it is for an Arab to wander with his horse on the desert; and it is as impossible to limit his love of adventure to innocent fishing and trading as it would be to confine a Bedouin to a market-place or a house. "As surely as spiders abound wherever there are nooks and corners, so surely have pirates sprung up (in the Indian Ocean) wherever there is a nest of islands, with creeks and shallows, headlands, rocks, and reefs, for hiding, for pouncing, for surprise, for escape; and it is as natural to the Malay or the Dyak to regard any well-freighted, poorly protected trading-proa as his own fair prey, as it is to the sea-eagle sailing over his head to swoop down upon the weaker but harder-working bird, and swallow what he has not had the trouble of catching." And every pirate of them is not only a desperado and a demon of ferocity, but a gambler, and a cock-fighter, and an opium-smoker, and a dandy, besides. "Beware of a Dyak with his ears, and his arms, and his legs full of rings: he is sure to be a pirate!" That's what you hear all along the coast.

When the famous English adventurer, Sir James Brooke, who made himself Rajah of Sarawak, and ruled over all that country with a hard but a kindly hand,—a stern but wise and triumphant missionary, converting head-hunters to honey-hunting and cannibals to cotton-spinning, and changing the kreeses of pirates into ploughshares,—when Sir James Brooke, with a fleet of friendly Malay proas and English gunboats, burned one hundred and twenty war-canoes and put to death two thousand bandits of the Serebas and Sakarran gangs, and broke up their bloody *ballas* forever, he captured among other prisoners a Dyak boy only nine years old, whose father and brother had both been killed in the fight with the pirates. His name was Ranjah, and he was a bright and a brave little fellow. When he was brought to the Rajah's proa he smoked a cigar, and chatted away as carelessly as if he had been at home with his mother among the dear old heads; and when the boats, on their return, approached that part of the country where his home was, he told the English officers he knew where some jars, full of valuables, had been buried; and, sure enough, they found them on the very spot he described. Then he thought he had fairly paid his ransom, and suddenly he began to cry, and begged them to

put him ashore.

"But how," said the kind Rajah, "will you find your way home,—you're such a little chap? Besides, your people have all been gone from their houses these three days."

"Ah!" said the boy, "don't I know the jungle well? And my mother would never go far from home till she knew the last of me."

The Malays said that was very true, and that it would be safe to trust him to his own eyes and keen cunning.

So the Rajah set him at liberty, and gave him some clothes, a can of preserved meat, and a bottle of water, besides a wineglass that he asked for; and then he was landed near the spot where his mother's house once stood,—for it had been burned with the rest of that pirate's nest,—and left to shift for himself.

Some time after that his brother came to Sarawak to see the good Rajah, and told that little Ranjah had wandered in the jungle paths for two days before he found any of his tribe. He had taken good Care of his provisions, and proudly showed his mother the wineglass the *Tuan Besar*—the Great Sir—had given him.

Now who can believe that so bright and plucky and grateful a nine-year-old as that could ever be a Cannibal? And yet he may have belonged to some such tribe as the Kayan Dyaks, who run small iron spits into the fleshy parts of a dead enemy's legs and arms, and then slice off the meat and put it into baskets, and afterwards broil and eat it; but they are "good people" for all that, and "very hospitable." Then there are the Jangkang Dyaks; they are greedy cannibals, and they don't care who knows it. In time of war, broiled Malay or Dyak is a favorite dish with them; and they even kill their own sick and eat them. And when they give their great yearly feast,—the *Makantaun*,—it is said a Jangkang will borrow a fat, tender child from a neighbor, and repay him with one of his own next *Makantaun*; as if it were all a mere matter of spring chickens.

"Well, that's all right," said I,—“custom of the country, you know.”

"But that wouldn't have kept you from squealing, Mr. Philosopher," said Charley, "if anybody had jangkanged you when you were a spring chicken."

George Eager.



WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER. FOURTH PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

Now I will tell you what happened that afternoon.

The school was about half done.

The master gave three loud raps with his ruler.

This made the room very still.

He asked the other teachers to come up to the platform. And they did.

Next, he waved his ruler, and said, "Fold."

And we all folded our arms.

It was so still that we could hear the clock tick.

He told Tom Cush to close the windows and shut the blinds.

Then he talked to us about stealing and telling lies. Said he didn't like to punish, but it must be done. He said he had reason to believe that the boy whose name he should call out was not honest, that he took other people's things and told lies.

Then he told the story, all that he knew about it, and said he hoped that all concerned in it would have honor enough to speak out and own it.

Nobody said anything.

Then the master said, "William Henry, you may come to the platform."

I went up.

Somebody way in the back part shouted out, "Don't believe it!"

"Silence!" said the master. And he thumped his ruler on the desk.

Then he told me to take off my jacket, and fold it up.

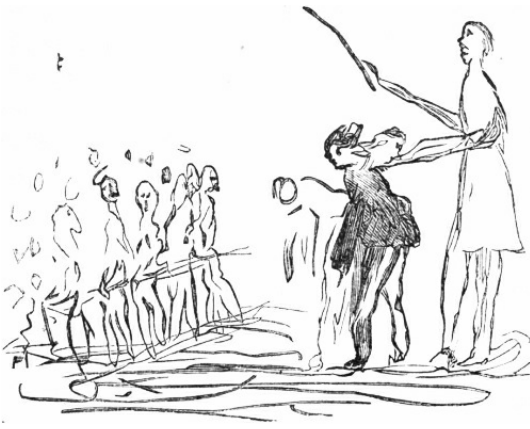
And I did.

He told me to hand my collar and ribbon to a teacher. And I did.

Then he laid down his ruler, and took his rod and bent it to see if it was limber. It wasn't exactly a rod. It was the thing I told you about when I first came to this school.

He tried it twice on the desk first.

Then he took hold of



my shoulder and turned my back round towards him. He said I had better bend down my head a little, and took hold of the neck of my shirt to keep me steady. I shut my teeth together tight.

At that very minute Bubby Short cried out, "Master! Master! Stop! Don't! He didn't do it! He didn't kill it! I know

who! I'll tell! I will! I will! I don't care what Tom Cush does! 'Twas Tom Cush killed it!"

The master didn't say one word. But he handed me my jacket.

The boys all clapped and gave three cheers, and he let them.

Then he said to me, whispering, "Is this so, William?" And I said, low, "Yes, sir."

Then he took hold of my hand and led me to my seat. And when I sat down he put his hand on my shoulder just as softly,—it made me remember the way my mother used to before she died, and, says he, "My dear boy," then stopped and began again, "My dear boy," and stopped again. If he'd been a boy I should have thought he was going to cry himself. But of course a man wouldn't. And what should he cry for? It wasn't he that almost had a whipping. At last he told me to come to his room after supper. Then Bubby Short was called up to the platform.

Now I will tell you how Bubby Short found out about it.

He sleeps in a little bed in a little bit of a room that lets out of Tom's. 'Tisn't much bigger than a closet. But it is just right for him. That morning when Tom got up so early and threw pebbles at me, Bubby Short had been keeping awake with the toothache. And he heard Tom telling another boy about the rabbit.

He made believe sleep. But once, while Tom was dressing himself, he peeped out from under the bedquilt, with one eye, to see a black-and-blue spot, that Tom said he hit his head against a post and made, when he was running.

But they caught him peeping out, and were dreadful mad because he heard, and said if he told one single word they would flog him. But he says he would have told before, if he had known it had been

laid to me.

Wasn't he a nice little fellow to tell?

O, I was so glad when the boys all clapped! And when we were let out, they came and shook hands with Bubby Short and me. Great boys and all. Mr. Augustus, and Dorry, and all. And the master told me how glad he was that he could keep on thinking me to be an honest boy.

Now aren't you glad you didn't feel sorry?

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

Dorry's Letter to his Sister.

DEAR SIS,—

If mother's real clever, I want you to ask her something right away. But if it's baking-day, or washing-day, or company's coming off, or preserves going on, or anything's upset down below; or if she's got a headache or a dress-maker, or anything else that's bad,—then wait.

I want you to ask her if I may bring home a boy to spend Saturday. Not a very big boy,—do very well to "Philopene" with you; won't put her out a bit.

If you don't like him at first, you will afterwards. When he first came we used to plague him on account of his looks. He's got a furious head of hair, and freckles. But we don't think at all about his looks now. If anything, we like his looks.

He's just as pleasant and gen'rous, and not a mean thing about him. I don't believe he would tell a lie to save his life. I know he wouldn't. He's always willing to help everybody. And had just as lief give anything away as not. And when he plays, he plays fair. Some boys cheat to make their side beat. You don't catch William Henry at any such mean business. All the boys believe every word he says. Teachers too.

I will tell you how he made me ashamed of myself. Me and some other boys.

One day he had a box come from home. 'Twas his birthday. It was full of good things. Says I to the boys, "Now, maybe, if we hadn't plagued him so, he would give us some of his goodies."

That very afternoon, when we had done playing, and ran up to brush the mud off our trousers, we found a table all spread out with a table-cloth that he had borrowed, and in the middle was a frosted

cake with "W. H." on top done in red sugar. And close to that were some oranges, and a dish full of nuts, and as much as a pound of candy, and more figs than that, and four great cakes of maple sugar, made on his father's land, as big as small johnny-cakes, and another kind of cake. And doughnuts.

"Come, boys," says he, "help yourselves."

But not a boy stirred.

I felt my face a-blushing like everything. O, we were all of us just as ashamed as we could be! We didn't dare go near the table. But he kept inviting us, and at last began to pass them round.

And I tell you the things were tip-top, and more too. Such cake! And doughnuts, that his cousins made! And tarts! You must learn how. But I don't believe you ever could. Of course we had manners enough not to take as much as we wanted. I want to tell you some more things about him. But wait till I come. He's most as old as you are, and is always a laughing, the same as you are.

Ask mother what I told you. Take her at her cleverest, and don't eat up all the sweet apples.

From your brother,

DORRY.

P. S. Put some away in meal to mellow. Don't mellow 'em with your knuckles.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.



MISCHIEF.

One bright day last summer, little Willie went with Judy, his nurse, to take a walk in the beautiful Central Park, in the city of New York. He was so full of fun and mischief that he wished he could fly up into the windows of the houses, and cry Boo! at the people sitting inside, and make them jump and squeal with fright; and he was perfectly crazy to jump over the moon as the cow did, only there was no moon in the daytime to jump over, which was a pity.

So, instead of this, when he got in the park, he cried Hullo! at every boy he met, and tried to knock his hat over his eyes. He twitched the little girls' curls; and once, when two dear little things were standing close together, telling secrets, he tied the long streamers of their hats together, so that, when they parted, off flew both hats, to their owners' great astonishment.

He snapped at all the dogs with the end of his pocket-handkerchief tied into a hard knot; and poked, and pricked, and scratched poor Judy between whiles. He even picked up a dead tumble-bug, and, pretending to be very loving and kind, said to his nurse,—

“Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise.”

Judy, thinking it was liquorice, shut her eyes and opened her great honest mouth, and Willie popped in the tumble-bug, screaming with laughter, while Judy, howling and blind with fright, fell over on her nose, and upset a little carriage, in which were two nice pretty babies, sucking their thumbs and staring at each other, perfectly happy. They were picked up all in a bunch, with bumped heads, and crying bitterly, and it was a long time before the pain would let them suck their thumbs again in any comfort.

But Willie walked off with his hands in his pockets, a little ashamed, it is true, but not enough ashamed to be sorry.

Presently a young lady and gentleman came slowly along. They were gazing into each other's eyes with all their might and main, and each was thinking the other the very pink of perfection, whatever that may be.

“Hullo!” said Willie, “here is a lover and loveress”; and the moment they passed, he caught up a long dry branch, which had a sharp thorny end, and softly and slyly fastened it to the back of the lady's dress. He might have fastened a whole tree to her skirt, and she would never have been the wiser; for

she sailed off with the dry branch rattling behind her, while Willie slapped his sides, and jumped up and down with delight.

Just please let me tell you something. There are two kinds of mischief; good, nice, funny mischief, and mean, bad, unkind mischief. I am afraid this was the bad sort, a kind of topsy-turvy, behind-before, inside-out mischief. All wrong, *I* think. What do *you* think?

But worse is coming; so don't think at all, until you read to the end of this tale. I wish I were near enough to you to get a sweet little kitteny kiss; then I could tell my story forty times better.

By and by Willie came to one of the lovely lakes. Five snow-white swans were sailing in it. One of them was eating cakes, which a little boy and girl were giving him.

"Hullo!" said Willie, pulling his nurse's gown. "Here, Judy, give me some cakes, quick, quick! *I* want to feed the swans too."

"I hain't got no cakes," said Judy. (I hope you perceive that she talked very bad grammar.)

"Well, buy some; buy some, I tell you, quick!" cried Willie.

"I never seed sich a bother," grumbled Judy; but she walked off to where an old bundle of a woman sat, with a basket of fly-specked cakes, and some dirty little brown squares, which she called "taffee." Willie followed close at his nurse's heels, and the next moment he had two stale old round hearts, for which a penny was paid, and went running quickly back to the lake.



A great beautiful swan was just sailing away from the edge, but I really think she must have had eyes in her tail, and kept a sharp lookout backwards as well as forwards; for the moment Willie held out his hand with a cake in it, the snow-white bird floated softly round to him.

Willie held the cake out until the bird with her bill wide open almost touched it; then the naughty boy suddenly snatched it away, making faces at the swan, and laughing with all his might. "Ba-a! Ah-a! No, you don't!" he cried, swinging his arm round high above his head. "Ki! what fun! never had such fun before!"

"Fun to you," thought the beautiful swan; "but mean as dry chips to me."

O, how he did torment that poor creature! His nurse never minded his mischief, for she had just found out that one of the policemen was her first cousin Paddy, from Cork, and she was talking to him about "Mike," and "Barney," and the "ould red cow" at home, as if her tongue had been wound up like a watch, and would never stop going for twenty-four hours. So Master Willie, in great glee, trotted round to one of the landing-places, where the

pretty pleasure-boats take in passengers. "Now," said he to himself, picking up a little stick,—"*now*, when the swan bends down to get the cake, I'll give her a great crack on the head with my stick." Then he held out his hand once more, and called in a coaxing voice, "Swanie, swan-ie, come, come and get it."

The swan had followed him, and this time she was so quick that she got a bite at the cake. Willie, with a cry of surprise, drew his arm back, turning suddenly round at the same time. One foot caught in the other; he lost his balance, and before he could recover it, pop! he went head-first into the water, his legs kicking wildly up in the air as he disappeared.

The swan could have taken a good nip out of those little fat legs, just as well as not, but she was a tender-hearted, or rather tender-breasted old bird, and merely ate the rest of the cake which fell into the lake, close beside her, and laughed a little in her feathers.

But O, what shrieks and screams and screeches all the nurses and children and ladies and gentlemen set up! The dogs barked, the bumped-headed babies took their thumbs out of their mouths and squealed; and even the lover and loveress, with the dry branch still fast to her skirt, wondered for a moment what all the noise was about; but, as they never took their eyes from each other's face and never stopped thinking each other the pink of perfection, they never found out, and didn't care anyway.

And now Judy came rushing up to the lake, with her eyes as round as an owl's. She looked everywhere for Willie, up in the trees, under the bridge, on top of the bridge, and down the swans' throats, and all but went into flapping hysterics when they told her that the little boy was at the bottom of the lake. She instantly ordered her cousin, the Paddy from Cork, to go in after him, and never come out without him; and he, making a horrible face, as if he had got his mouth full of mustard, threw off his coat and shoes and jumped in, and the water closed over him.

For a moment there was an awful pause and silence; all the nurses glared, the babies with their thumbs in their mouths stared, and the lover and loveress didn't speak to each other for half a minute; the beautiful swans looked on, solemn and sad, though you would think they would have laughed and hurrahed at Willie's mishap, and told each other that it served him *just right*. The tip-end of the left-hand side of my heart tells *me* that it did serve him *just right*, though the rest of my heart is sorry for him. How does your heart feel about it?

The next moment up came Paddy from Cork through the water, blowing and spitting, with his face as red as his hair,—and that was red enough, I assure you. He held Willie fast by his waistband, so that the poor child's head and heels knocked together like a lobster's, though in a lobster's case it is his claws and tail that hit each other when you hold it up. Gasping, sobbing,

choking, the little boy was caught up into Judy's arms, who kissed him, and cried over him, and called him her "darlint," though he had done nothing but pinch and punch her all his days.

But the next moment, remembering all of a sudden what a naughty boy he was, she stood him down hard on his feet, and proceeded to scold him furiously. Then all the nurses and children, the bumped-headed babies and dogs, stopped crying and began laughing, for he did look so ridiculous. The water streamed from his hair and his eyelids and his nose and his ears and his elbows and his knees,—quite a waterfall. In another moment Judy caught him by the top of his arm, pinching it well in her fright, and hurried him off home in double-quick step; and when he got there, he was immediately put to bed, and dosed with castor-oil and emetics and brimstone, for aught I know; and his mamma wouldn't kiss him, which was a worse dose to swallow than all the medicine put together; and that's what he got by his mean, naughty mischief.

And *now* what do you think? If you haven't found out by this time the difference between this kind of mischief and good-tempered pranks and capers, then I say you've got a head and so has a tenpenny nail, and one is just as wise as the other.

But there's one comfort. If you think hard and long, you will certainly get some ideas into *your* head, while you may pound the head of a tenpenny nail for six months without making it the least bit sensible; so when you read some other story,—all about nice, funny mischief,—I am sure you will discover that both stories have been written for examples,—the first to shun, and the second to—I was going to say—to imitate.

Well, never mind. When you and I get together, *we* will do some nice, funny mischief, and have a "real good time." Won't we, you dear little monkey bunkey?

Aunt Fanny.



ANGEL CHILDREN.

Once I took a picture fair
To my heart and kept it there.
And I blessed the artist's thought
Who that lovely picture wrought.
Even as I saw it then
Now it comes to me again.

Three small children on their knees,
Under drooping willow-trees!
Pleased and shy they bend to look
In the mirror of the brook.
Not a flower upon the brink,
Bending gracefully to drink,
Not a bird that skims the lake,
Softer shadowing could make,
Nor behold, reflected there,
Form more innocent and fair.

What, beside those faces three,
In that mirror do they see?
All the blue depths of the sky
In its waters they descry;
And, not theirs alone, but near
Other faces three appear,—
Angel faces, dimly seen,
Serious, tender, and serene;
Bending meekly, bearing trace
Of the Heavenly Father's face.
This is why the children look
Pleased, yet thoughtful, in the brook.

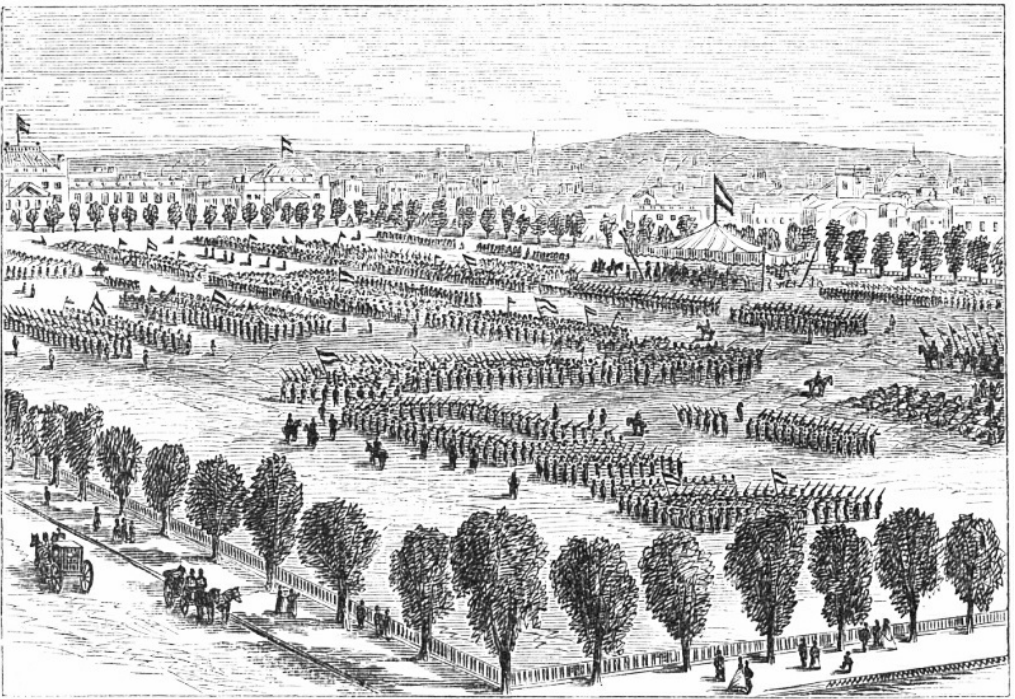
Unto little children here
Seraph forms are always near.
Messages of heavenly things
Angel-child to earth-child brings;
So I blessed the hand that wrought
Into form the shadowy thought.

Mrs. A. M. Wells.



THE FRENCH EXPOSITION FOR TWENTY CENTS.

Paris, as many of my young readers, perhaps, already know, is the most beautiful city in the world. Its parks and public gardens are so numerous, and its avenues so pleasantly shaded with trees, that the country seems to have come on a visit to the city; and then the churches, and houses, and grand public buildings that one sees at every turn are so various and splendid as to remind one of the descriptions in a fairy tale. The very bridges over the river Seine, which flows through Paris, are a show in themselves, and it would take more space to describe them than I have at my command here.



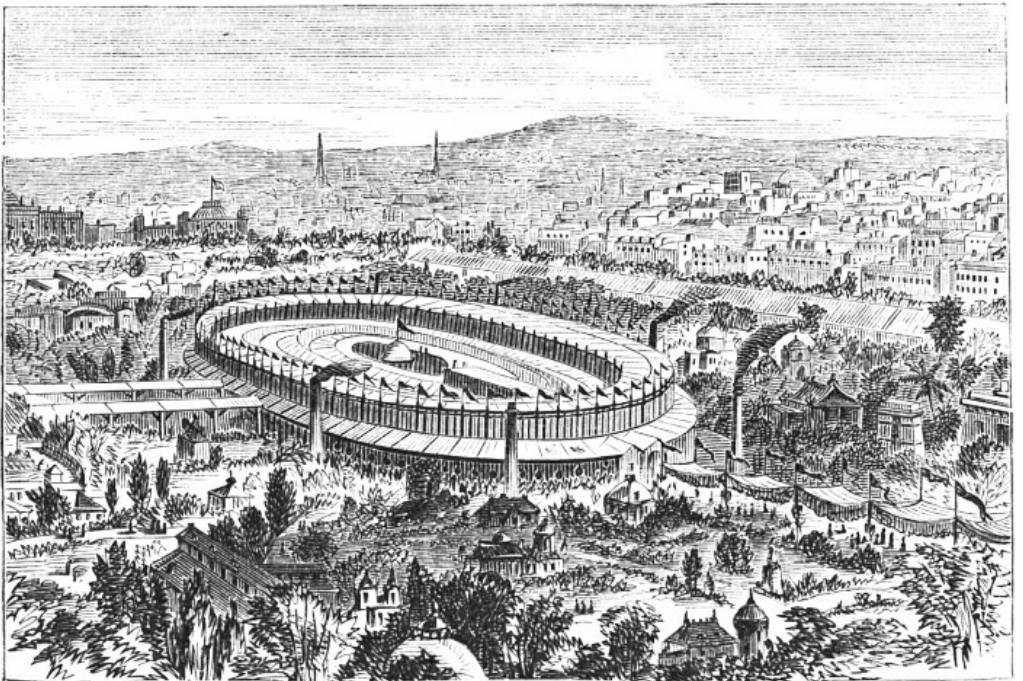
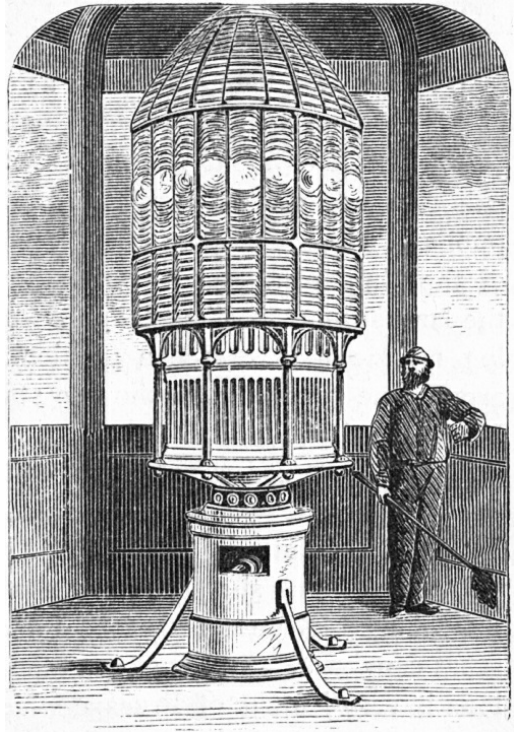
One large piece of open ground in Paris has long been known as the *Champ de Mars*, which, in English, means “Field of Mars.” Among the ancient Romans Mars was supposed to be the God of War, and it was upon this field that reviews of soldiers and military displays of all kinds used to be held. Here,

now, is a picture showing the *Champ de Mars* as it used to appear on such occasions. Near the background the Emperor's tent is seen, and there are large bodies of troops and artillery ranged over the plain; for Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, is a man of war as well as a man of peace, and he loves to indulge himself and the people, now and then, with the pomp and glitter of military parades.

But the picture, as I have said, shows the *Champ de Mars* as it used to be, and not as it appears now. Some two or three years ago it occurred to the Emperor of the French that this field might be converted to some better purpose than that of a parade-ground for soldiers; and so he had it transformed into a beautiful park, one part of which is occupied by an immense exhibition building, while the rest of it is laid out in lovely gardens and ornamental grounds. And all the civilized nations of the earth—yes, and some that are not so very civilized either—were invited to bring specimens of their manufactures, and of the products of their countries, to this great building, in which arrangements were made for showing them off to the best advantage. They were also allowed to build houses and palaces in the park, each nation after its own manner. Numbers of such buildings are to be seen in the park; so that you can fancy how instructive as well as interesting it is to ramble through it, observing the strange dresses and manners and customs of nations which but few of us have ever before had an opportunity of studying.

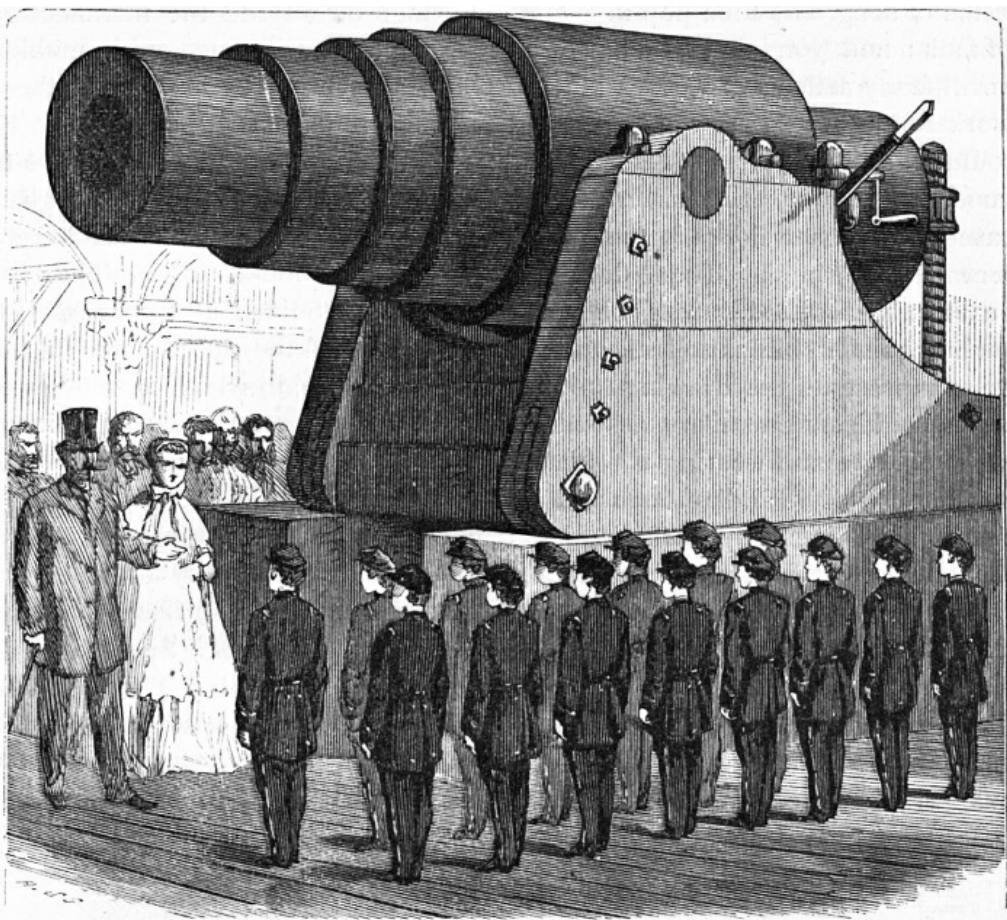
Imagine yourself now with me in Paris. We arrive at one of the grand entrances leading to the park of which I have just been speaking, and, on payment of one franc each,—a franc is just about twenty cents in American money,—we obtain admission to the grounds, through which we find ourselves at liberty to ramble at our will, as well as to enter the great exhibition building itself, in which so many curious and interesting objects are to be seen. Yon tall tower there, in the grounds, is a lighthouse, the lantern belonging to which has been removed, and is placed inside of the exhibition building, where it forms a great attraction from its wonderful brilliancy and curious workmanship. The light inside this lantern, of which here you have a picture, shines out with extraordinary brightness through panes composed of innumerable little pieces of glass, which sparkle like diamonds in the rays of light. Well, numbers of people are streaming toward the tall tower. We follow them, and, ascending to the platform at the top, see, what a grand view lies stretched away far below and far around us! First we look down on the park, with its beautiful buildings and gardens, and the people swarming about them like busy ants. Paris is at our feet, with the gleaming river and the wooded slopes beyond. This picture shows the exhibition building as it appears from the top of the tower. It consists of seven oval galleries built one within another, the outer one being nearly a mile

round. The galleries are walled and roofed with glass, and each of them is appropriated to the display of some particular kinds of arts and manufactures. Inside of the inner oval there is a promenade garden, of which we shall see more by and by.



So, having taken a good view of the scene that lies like a great colored map far down below us, now let us descend, and stroll through the park and buildings, observing, as we go, such things as may be chiefly interesting to young people of about your own age. Here we come upon a parade of young lads dressed in a sort of military uniform, and drawn up in rank. These are pupils of one of the government schools, and they are here for the inspection of the Emperor. Just beyond them is seen the great Prussian cannon,—the largest gun, I believe, ever yet made,—and right under the terrible, gaping muzzle of it we see a gentleman standing, with a lady leaning on his arm. The gentleman is short in stature, and somewhat inclined to be stout. He has a large nose. His eyes are small, and of a leaden hue, and his mustache is waxed out at either end into a spiral thread. The gentleman's name is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and he is the Emperor of the French. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and dressed with exquisite taste. Her name is Eugénie, and she is the wife of Louis Napoleon, and Empress of the French. It is strange to see them standing there under the muzzle of the great cannon sent by Prussia to the Universal Exhibition; for Louis Napoleon is very jealous of Prussia, which is one of the strongest nations of Europe, and particularly remarkable for the manufacture of curious and destructive fire-arms. And now the Emperor addresses the young students with a few words of encouragement, complimenting them on their orderly appearance, and then dismisses them to take their amusement in the grounds.

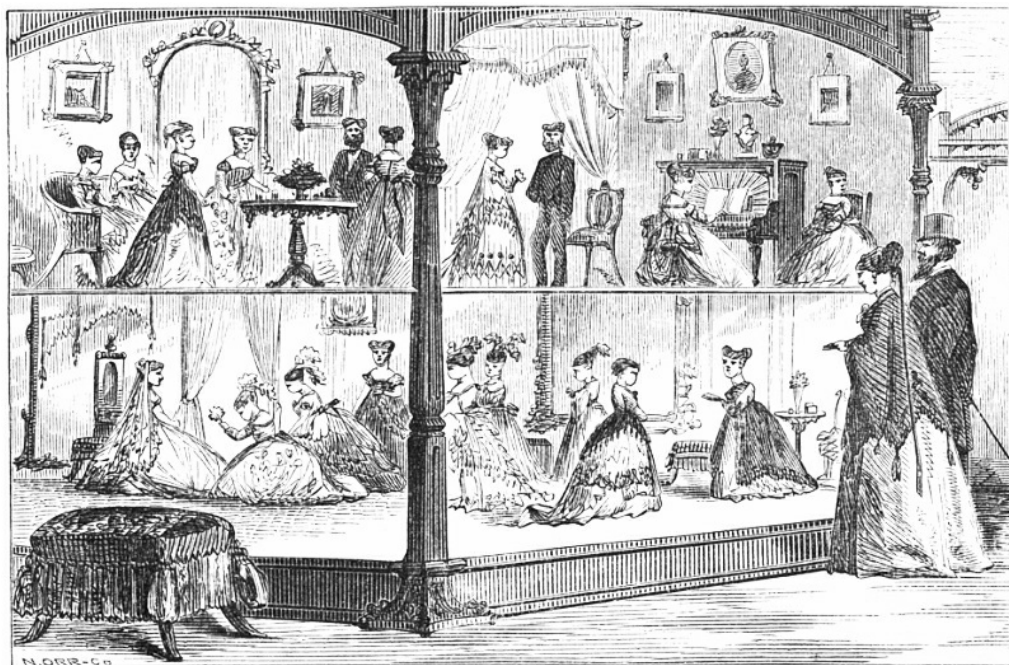
Now, if we were to ramble through the outer oval of the great building, we should see many wonderful things; for it is here that examples of all the great mechanical inventions of the world are exhibited. Huge monsters of engines are here,—monsters into which life can be breathed by steam; and one had better stand out of the way, I can tell you, when such great iron and brazen fellows as these begin to wind their legs and arms about. But there is no finer engine among them all than a splendid American locomotive made at the Paterson Works in New Jersey. This engine, for what reason I do not know, has not been placed in the outer oval, with the rest of the machinery, but occupies a building by itself, in the park outside, where it is an object of attraction to crowds of visitors. Let us pass by the machinery, though, and take a few turns among things that are likely to be more interesting to you.



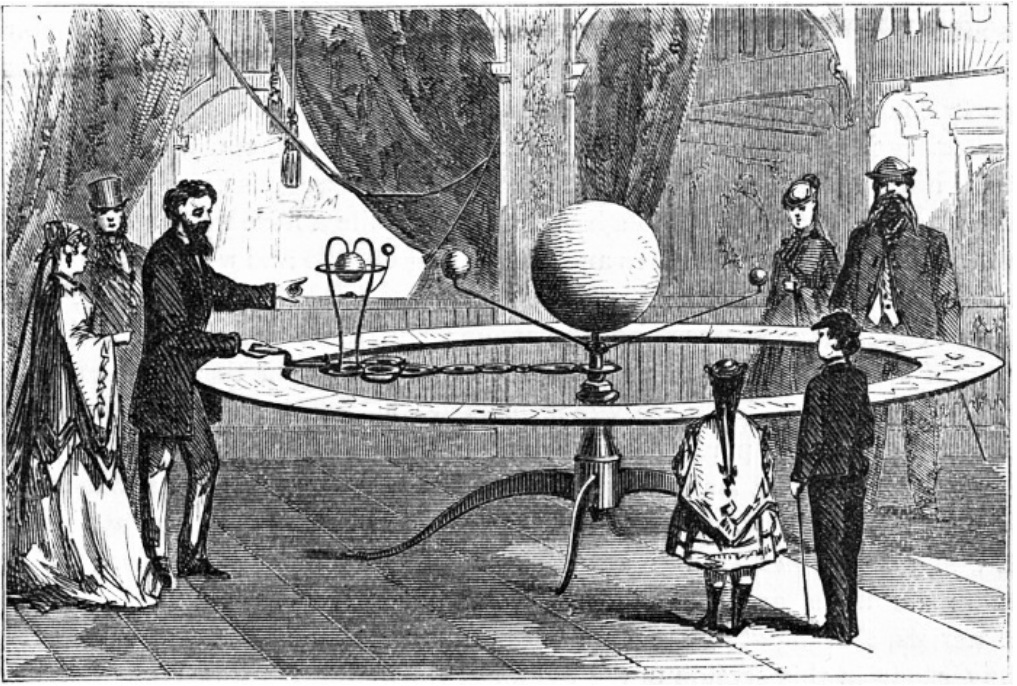
We stroll through the inner ovals, then, and here we see people of many nations working industriously at the various arts and manufactures of the countries to which they belong. In one place we have an opportunity to learn everything connected with the silk-worm and the manufacture of silk. Here weavers are working at their looms—skilful artisans, who manufacture velvets and satins and brocades, and all sorts of rich stuffs. Workers in coral, and in all sorts of precious stones, are to be seen farther on. Cutlers are engaged in finishing weapons of shining steel,—weapons and instruments of all sorts and sizes, from a sabre to a pocket-knife having one blade or one hundred, whichever you please. Clock-makers from Switzerland are here, and they make all sorts of curious clocks, out of some of which little jewelled birds pop at stated times, clap their little enamelled wings, sing little gems of song, and then pop in again. Farther on we see the manufacture of fans; and yonder a number of little girls are busily engaged in making small fancy articles of

various kinds. One learns more by looking at these work-people for an hour or two than one could in many years of travel.

But of all the objects to be seen in these galleries, few are more attractive to young folks than the wonderful dolls. We stand before two large glass cases, which have floors in them like houses, and on these floors the dolls are arranged in groups. These dolls are about eighteen inches high. They are beautifully modelled in wax, their features being moulded and colored with such exquisite skill as to look quite natural. One of the apartments in the cases represents the drawing-room of a royal palace, in which a number of ladies and gentlemen are assembled round a queen clothed in magnificent robes of state, and wearing a golden crown upon her head. This royal lady is covered crisply with diamonds and precious jewels of all kinds, and so stately and dignified is her appearance, that one cannot help regarding her with a sort of awe, notwithstanding that she is made of wax, and only a foot and a half in height. The robes in which she is dressed are of the richest materials, and her train is as long and brilliant as that of a peacock. She is attended by ladies of honor, and by pages, all splendidly arrayed. The ladies of the court are very beautiful, although, of course, it would not be the proper thing for them to be quite so beautiful as their queen; and they have their hair arranged according to all the styles now so much in fashion, which makes a great variety, as you may easily suppose.



Another of these cases has an apartment in which there is assembled an evening party of dolls. There are a great many ladies and gentlemen of the doll kind present,—old people, and young people, and middle-aged people, and *very* young people. They are all dressed in evening costumes of the most fashionable styles. The ladies have a great variety of rich stuffs in their dresses, and they wear the most lovely camellias and roses in their hair,—the flowers being made of wax, as you may suppose, to match the waxen faces of the charming wearers. And the gentlemen are just as stiff and starched as real live gentlemen are at evening parties, looking so natural, indeed, that one wonders why they never grew any bigger. Wonderfully real all these figures look, ranged about the room in groups; ladies and gentlemen sitting and walking, and standing together, just as people might look if seen through a reversed telescope, which diminishes objects, as you perhaps know. In one corner of the room there is a little piano, and a beautiful little lady has just sat down before it, to play a little tune, and, perhaps, to sing a little song. She has taken off one tiny kid glove, which, with her tiny lace pocket-handkerchief, lies loosely upon the lid of the piano. And these gay little puppets, indeed, are all so like real live people, that one almost feels disappointed because they neither move nor talk. They remind one of that fairy tale in which a number of people are turned into marble by a wicked sorcerer, and remain for a hundred years or so without moving or speaking, until a good enchanter, who happens to pass that way, sets them free with a wave of his wand.



And now we wander on and on through the galleries, observing many curious things as we go, until at last we find ourselves in the section where objects of interest from this country are displayed. One of the most ingenious inventions to be seen here is the planetarium,—an arrangement invented by Mr. Barlow, of Lexington, Kentucky, for assisting pupils in the study of astronomy. The accompanying picture will enable readers who have not seen this apparatus to form some idea of it. By means of machinery, the globes representing the moon, the earth, and the planets called Venus and Mercury, are made to revolve; thus giving an attentive pupil an excellent idea of the movements of those heavenly bodies, which are continually moving and revolving in space, though to us on earth they seem to do nothing but twinkle, as we gaze up at them on a clear night. In time this invention will be brought into use in schools, and pupils will learn more about the sun and moon and stars from it, in a short time, than they could by much study of books. A teacher is enabled, by means of this planetarium, to explain clearly to pupils the reasons why we have changes of seasons,—spring at one time, summer at another, and autumn and winter in their regular turns. Also the causes of eclipses of the sun and moon are made clear by this useful invention, as well as a great many other things connected with the movements of the strange bodies that gleam nightly far up in the sky.

But among the most curious and beautiful objects of art that we see as we

keep on our way through the galleries are the birds that fly about, and hop from twig to twig, by means of machinery. Here, in huge flower-pots, grow some rare blossomy shrubs, among the branches of which birds of splendid plumage are seen moving. They flit from one twig to another with a movement so natural as to deceive the observer until he examines them very closely. Then it is perceived that the skins of the birds are indeed real, like those of the specimens which, of course, you have often seen in museums and elsewhere. Inside each bird there is an ingenious arrangement of watch-work, which, when wound up, gives the natural movements,—enabling the bird to spread its wings for flight, to flit up its tail after the manner of its kind, to bob its head here and there as if hunting for insects among the leaves, and to perform many of those little bird tricks that are so interesting to all who study these creatures in their natural state. Each bird is affixed to wires, upon which it slides along; but as these wires are ingeniously concealed amid the foliage of the shrubs, the birds appear to be supported by their wings only, as they flutter from spray to spray.

Carriage-makers are at work in one place that we pass, and the clang of their hammers resounds through the gallery; while a little farther on we hear the tinkle of smaller hammers and the grating of files, and we arrive at a place where makers of musical instruments are at work. Here we see huge silver horns, coiled like serpents about to strike; and there are cornets and trumpets of so many curious shapes, that one longs to hear them played on by skilful musicians. Immense violoncellos are also to be seen here, some of them so tall and so portly that they might pass for the great-grandfathers of the smaller stringed instruments arranged near them. And the pianos and harps are so artfully finished, that it is almost as pleasant to look at them as it would be to hear music struck from them by practised fingers. Then there are flutes and clarionets of wood, silver, ivory, and various precious materials, all ranged in a manner very tempting to musicians, who are apt to linger long in this section of the building, examining the treasures of musical workmanship displayed in it. And so at last we reach the space enclosed by the inner oval, and this space is called the Promenade Garden.

Here it is that visitors who are fatigued by much walking through the galleries are glad to stay and rest themselves for a while. The garden is tastefully laid out with charming shrubs and flowers from all parts of the world. Statues are arranged throughout it, and cool, pleasant fountains throw out their feathery sparkles here and there. At one end of this garden there stands a temple, within which there is a large case containing specimens of the coins of all nations, which make a very brilliant and interesting display. In this case are also kept the splendid crowns and jewels worn by the Emperor and Empress on grand occasions; and these, as you may guess, are gazed at with

great curiosity by visitors, not many of whom have previously had opportunities of seeing them so near. One of these jewels, a large and splendid opal, serving as a clasp for a mantle, is valued at eight thousand dollars; but that is nothing to the costliness of the diamonds, the value of some of which could only be told in figures that would be too much for you to count. The case is a very heavy and strong one, as a case containing such treasures ought to be; and when night is about to fall, the keeper of the jewels touches some machinery, and down, down into the ground sinks the case. Slowly down it goes, just as you may have seen a demon do in a pantomime; and then a great trap-door closes over it, and the coins and jewels are sent to bed safely for the night.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

(To be concluded.)



CAST AWAY IN THE COLD. AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

VIII.

"You now see," went on the Captain, when the story was again resumed, "that the Dean and myself had by this time fallen into a regular course of life. 'What cannot be helped,' said the Dean, 'we must make the best of.'"

"Being thus obliged to make the best of it, we became resigned; and here let me say that even now I feel much surprised at the ease with which we dropped into ways suitable to our new life. You have seen already how one difficulty after another vanished before our patient and persevering efforts; and now that we had a fire to warm us, and a hut to shelter us, we felt as if we could overcome almost anything. So we gained great courage, and became, as the soldiers say, 'masters of the situation.' In truth, we were fast settling down to business, like any other people, feeling that we were at least in no present danger of our lives.

"The Dean and I had a conversation about this time, which I will try to repeat as nearly as I can. We were seated on the hillside overlooking the sea to the west, attracted by what we at first took for a ship under full sail, steering right in towards the island; but you can imagine how great was our disappointment when we found that what we had taken for a ship was nothing more than an iceberg looming up above the sea in a hazy atmosphere. This was the third time we had been deceived in that manner. Once the Dean had come rushing towards me, shouting at the top of his voice, 'The fleet! the fleet!' meaning the whale-ships; but he might just as well have saved himself all that trouble, for 'the fleet' proved to be only a great group of icebergs; but when I told him so he would hardly believe it, until he became at last convinced that they were not moving. You must know that these icebergs assume all sorts of shapes, and it was very natural, since we were always on the lookout for ships, that our imaginations should be excited and disturbed, and ready to see at any time what we most wanted to see; nor were we at all peculiar in this, as many people might tell you who were never cast away in the cold. So it is not surprising that we should cry out very frequently, 'A sail, a sail!' when there

was not a sail perhaps within many hundred miles of us,—not half so surprising, in fact, as that boys should see ghosts and hobgoblins sometimes on dark nights.

“Well, as I was going to say, the Dean and I sat upon the hillside overlooking the sea, thinking the icebergs were ships, or hoping so at least, until hope died away, and then it was that we fell to talking.

“‘Do you think, Hardy,’ said the Dean, ‘that any other ship than ours ever did come this way or ever will?’

“‘I’m afraid not,’ said I; and I must have looked very despondent about it, as in truth I was,—much more so than I would have liked to own.

“I had not considered what the Dean was about, for he was despondent enough himself, and no doubt wished very hard that I might say something to cheer him up a bit; but instead of doing that, I only made him worse, whereupon he seemed to grow angry, and in a rather snappish way he inquired of me if I knew what I was.

“‘No,’ said I, quite taken aback. ‘What do you mean?’

“‘Mean!’ exclaimed the Dean. ‘Why, I mean to say,’—and he spoke in a positive way that was not usual with him,—‘I mean to say,’ said he, ‘that you are a regular Job’s comforter, and no mistake.’

“I had not the least idea at that period of my life as to what kind of a thing a Job’s comforter was. I had a vague notion that it was something to go round the neck, and I protested, most vehemently, that I was nothing of the sort.

“‘Yes, you are, and you know you are,’ went on the Dean,—‘regular Job’s comforter,—croaking all the time, and never seeing any way out of our troubles at all.’

“‘I should like to know,’ said I,—and I thought I had him then,—‘how I can see any way out of our troubles when there isn’t any!’

“‘Well, you can think there is, if there isn’t,—can’t you?’ and the Dean was ten times more snappish than he was before; and, having thus delivered himself, he snapped himself up and snapped himself off in a great hurry; but, as the little fellow turned to go away, I thought I saw great big tears stealing down his cheeks. I thought that his voice trembled over the last words; and when he went behind a rock and hid himself, I knew that he had gone away to cry, and that he had been ashamed to cry where I could see him.

“After a while I went to him. He was lying on his side, with his head upon his arm. His cap had fallen off, and the light wind was playing gently with his curly hair. The sun was shining brightly in his face, and, sunburnt and weather-beaten though it was, his rosy cheeks were the same as ever. But bitter, scalding tears had left their traces there, for the poor boy had cried himself to sleep.

“His sleep was troubled, for he was calling out, and his hands and feet

were twitching now and then, and cruel dreams were weighing on his sleeping, even more heavily, perhaps, than they had been upon his waking thoughts. So I awoke him. He sprang up instantly, looking very wild, and sat upon the rock. 'Where am I? What's the matter? Is that you, Hardy?' were the questions with which he greeted me so quickly that I could not answer one of them. Then he smiled in his natural way, and said, 'After all, it was only a dream.'

" 'What was it?' I asked. 'Tell me, Dean, what it was.'

" 'O, it was not much, but you see it put me in a dreadful fright. I thought a ship was steering close in by the land; I thought I saw you spring upon the deck and sail away; and as you sailed away upon the silvery sea, I thought you turned and mocked me, and I cursed you as I stood upon the beach, until some foul fiend, in punishment for my wicked words, caught me by the neck and dragged me through the sea, and tied me fast to the vessel's keel, and there I was with his last words ringing in my ears, with the gurgling waters, "Follow him to your doom," when you awoke me. "Follow him to your doom!" I seem to hear the demon shrieking even now, though I'm wide enough awake.'

" 'I don't wonder at your fright, and I'm glad I woke you!' said I, not knowing what else to say.

" 'It all comes,' went on the little fellow, 'of my being angry with you, Hardy'; and so he asked me to forgive him, and not think badly of him, and said he would not be so ungrateful any more, and many such things, which it pained me very much to have him say; and so I made him stop, and then somehow or other we got our arms around each other's neck, and we kissed each other's cheeks, and great cataracts of tears came tearing from each other's eyes; and the first and last unkindness that had come between us was passed and gone forever.

" 'But do you really think,' said the Dean, when he got his voice again, — 'do you really think that, if a ship don't come along and take us off, we can live here on this wretched little island,—that is, when the summer goes, and all the birds have flown away, and the darkness and the cold are on us all the time?'

" 'To be sure we can,' I answered; but, to tell the truth, I had very great doubts about it, only I thought that this would strengthen up the Dean; and as I had, by this time, made for myself a better definition to Job's comforter than a something to go around the neck, I had no idea of being called by that name any more.

" 'I'm glad to hear you say that!' exclaimed the Dean. 'Indeed I am!'

" 'There was no need to give me such very strong assurance that he was 'glad to hear it,' for his face showed as plain as could be that he was glad to hear me say anything that had the least encouragement in it.

" 'After this the Dean grew quite cheerful. Suddenly he asked, 'Do you

know, Hardy, if this island has a name?’

“Of course I did not know, and told him so.

“‘Then I’ll give it one right off,’ said he; ‘I’ll call it from this minute the Rock of Good Hope, and here we’ll make our start in life. It’s as good a place, perhaps, to make a start in life as any other; for nobody is likely to dispute our title to our lands, or molest us in our fortune-making, which is more than could be said if our lot were cast in any other place.’

“This vein of conversation brightened me up a little. Indeed, it was hard to be very long despondent in the presence of the Dean’s hopeful disposition. There was much more said of the same nature, which it is not necessary to repeat. It is enough for me to tell you that the upshot of the whole matter was that we came in the end to regard ourselves as settled on the island, if not for the remainder of our lives, at least for an indefinite time, and we made up our minds that there was no use in being gloomy and cast down about it. So from that time forward we were mostly cheerful, and, though you may think it very strange, were generally contented. This was a great step gained, and when we now came to make an inventory of our possessions, we did it just as a farmer or merchant would do. Being the undisputed owners of this Rock of Good Hope, we considered ourselves none the less owners of all the foxes, ducks, eggs, eider-down, dead beasts, dry bones, and whatsoever else there might be upon it; and, besides this, we had a lien upon all the seals and walruses and whales of every kind that lived in the sea.

“We now worked with even a better grace than we had done before, for the idea of being settled on the island for life seemed to imply that we had need to look ahead farther than when our hopes of rescue had been strong.

“And first we finished the hut in which we were to live,—doing it not as if we were putting up a tent for temporary use, but as a man who has just come into possession of a large property puts up a fine house on it, that he may be comfortable for the rest of his days.

“I have told you our hut was about twelve feet square, and that we had, after much hard labor, succeeded in closing it up perfectly, and in making it tight. Along the peak of it, where the two rocks came together, there was a crack which gave us much trouble; but at length we succeeded in pounding down into it, with the but-end of our narwhal horn, a great quantity of moss or turf, and thus closed it tight.

“I must tell you here, while we are on the subject of moss, and since I have spoken about it so often, that the moss grew on our island, as it does in all arctic countries, with a richness that you never see here,—moss being, in truth, the characteristic vegetation of the arctic regions. In the valley fronting us there was a bed of it several feet thick. Its fibres were very long,—as much, in some places, as four inches,—all of a single year’s growth; and as it had gone

on growing year after year, you will understand that there was layer after layer of it. In one place, at the side of the valley to the right as we went down towards the beach, it seemed to have died out after growing for many years; and when we discovered this, we were more rejoiced than we had been at any time since starting the fire; for the moss, being dead, had become dry and hard, and burned almost like peat, as we found when we came to try it in our fireplace; and when we added to it a little of our blubber, it made such a heat that we could not have desired anything better. Indeed, it made our hut so warm that we could leave the door-way and window both open until the weather became colder; so we did not trouble ourselves about making a door, but attended to other matters.

“One thing which gave us great satisfaction was the immense quantity of the dead moss which was in this bed,—so much, indeed, that, no matter how long we should live there, we could never burn up the hundredth part of it. At first there had not appeared to be much of it, but it developed more and more, like a coal mine, as we dug farther and farther into it.

“Our fireplace was therefore, as you see, a great success; but we were, after a few days, most unexpectedly troubled with it. Thus far the wind had been blowing only in one direction; but afterwards it shifted to the opposite quarter, driving the smoke all down into the hut, and smothering us out. Neither of us being a skilful mason, we could not imagine what was the matter; but finally it occurred to us, after much useless labor had been spent in tearing part of it down and building it up again, that it was too low, being just on a level with the top of the hut; so we ran it up as much higher as we could lift the stones, which was about four feet, and after that we had no more trouble with it.

“Having succeeded so well with our arrangements towards keeping up a fire, we next fitted up a bed, as the storms now began to trouble us, and we found, when we were driven away from the grass, and were obliged to sleep inside of the hut, that it was a very hard place to sleep, being nothing but rough stones, which made us very sore, and made our bones ache awfully.

“The first thing we did now was to build a wall about as high as our knees right across the middle of the hut, from side to side; then, across the space thus enclosed in the back part of the hut, we built up another wall about three feet high,—thus, you see, making two divisions of the back part of the hut. One of these divisions we used as a sort of store-room or closet, levelling the bottom of it with flat stone, of which we had no difficulty in getting all we wanted. We also covered the front part of the hut with stones of the same description, thus making quite a smooth floor. It was not large enough, as you will see, to give us much trouble in keeping it clean. Of the second division, in the back part, we made our bed, by first filling it up with moss, then covering the moss over with dry grass.

“Having given up all hope of a ship coming after us, we now gave up watching for one; and we went to sleep together on our new bed, lying on the dry grass, and, as before, covering ourselves over with my large overcoat. We found it to be more comfortable than you would think, and altogether better than anything we had yet had to sleep on. But we came near losing our fire by it, as the last embers were just dying out when we awoke from our first sleep in the hut.

“But this bed did not exactly suit our fancy, and, seeing the necessity for some better kind of bedclothes, our wits were once more set to working in order to discover something with which to fasten together the duck-skins that we had been saving and drying, and of which we had now almost a hundred. We had spread them out upon the rocks, and dried them in the sun; for we had seen that, if we could only find something to sew them together with, we might make all the clothing that we wanted.

“The eider-duck skin is very warm, having, besides its thick coat of feathers, a heavy underlayer of soft warm down, which, as I told you before, the ducks pick off to line their nests with. The skins are also very strong, as well as warm; but the trouble was to find something to fasten them together with; for, until this could be done, they would continue to be to us like the grapes to the fox in the fable.

“Now, however, as at other times since we had been cast away, good fortune came to us; and we had scarcely begun seriously to feel the need of sewing materials before they were thrown in our way, as if providentially. It happened thus:—

“In cutting the blubber from the dead narwhal, we had quite exposed the strong sinews of the tail, without, however, for a moment imagining that we were preparing the way to a most important and useful discovery; for after a few days this sinew became partially dried in the sun, and one day, while busy with some one of our now quite numerous occupations, I was much surprised to see the Dean running towards me from the beach, and was still more surprised when I heard him crying out, ‘I have it, I have it!’ It seemed to me that the Dean was always having something, and I was more than ever curious to know what it was this time.

“He had been down to the beach, and, observing some of the dried sinew, had begun to pull it to pieces; and in this way he found out that he could make threads of it, and he immediately set off to communicate to me the intelligence. We at once went together down to the beach, and, cutting off all that we could get of this strong sinew, we spread it upon the rocks, that it might dry more thoroughly.

“In a few days the sun had completely dried and hardened enough of this stuff to last us for a great length of time; and we found that, when we came to

pick it to pieces, we could make, if we chose, very fine threads of it,—as fine and as strong as ordinary silk. This was a great discovery truly, as it was the only thing now wanting, except some cooking utensils, to complete our domestic furniture. As for the latter, it was some time before we invented anything; but thus far we had been occupied with what seemed to be more important concerns. But on the opposite side of the island I had found some stones of very soft texture; and, upon trying them with my knife, I discovered that they were precisely the same kind of stones that I had often found at home, and which we there called soapstone. Upon making further search there proved to be quite an extensive vein of it; and since I knew that in civilized countries griddles are made out of soapstone, I concluded at once that other kinds of cooking utensils might be made as well. Accordingly I carried to our hut several pieces of it, and there they lay for a good while, just outside of the hut, until I could find leisure to carve some pots and other things out of them.

“Thus you see we were getting along very well, steadily collecting those things which were necessary as well for our comfort as our safety. If the island on which we had been cast away was barren and inhospitable, it was none the less capable, like almost every other land, in whatever region of the earth, of furnishing subsistence to men. Nor was there any great peculiarity in this island upon which we were; for, as we afterwards found, there were many other islands in the region where we might have lived quite as easily; and we found out, also, that there were natives living not a hundred miles from us, and living, too, in all respects about as we were.

“When we saw what we could do with the sinew of the narwhal, we set about immediately preparing some bedclothes for ourselves. This we did by squaring off the duck-skins with my knife, and then sewing them tightly together. Thus we obtained, not only a soft bed to lie upon, but a good warm quilt to cover us.

“This done, we went back to the cooking utensils, which you may be sure we were very much in need of. Out of a good large block of soapstone, by careful digging with the knife, we soon made a large-sized pot, which was found to answer perfectly. We could now change our diet a little,—at least, I should say, the manner of cooking it; for while we could before only fry our ducks and eggs on flat stones, when we got the pot we could boil them. This gave us great pleasure, as we were getting very tired of having but one style of food; still I cannot say that there was so very much occasion for being overglad, as at best it was only ducks and eggs, and eggs and ducks, just like the boy you have heard of in the story, who had first mush and milk, and then, for variety, milk and mush.

“So one day the Dean said to me, ‘Hardy, can’t we catch some of these little birds,—auks you call them?’ ‘How?’ said I. ‘I don’t know,’ said he; and

we were just as well off as we had been before. But this set us to thinking again; and the birds being very tame, and flying low, it occurred to us that we might make a net, and fasten it to the end of our narwhal horn, which we had thus far only used while making our hut. Luckily for us the Dean—who, I need hardly say, was a very clever boy in every sense—had learned from one of the sailors the art of net-making; and out of some of the narwhal sinew he contrived, in two days, to construct quite a good-sized net. And now the difficulty was to stretch it; but by this time our invention had been pretty well sharpened, and we were not long in finding that we could make a perfect hoop by lashing together three seal ribs which we picked up on the beach, and, having fastened this hoop securely to the narwhal horn, we sallied forth to the north side of the island, where the auks were most abundant. Having hidden ourselves away among the rocks, we waited until a flock of the birds flew over us. They flew very low,—not more than five feet above our heads. When they were least expecting it, I threw up the net, and three of them flew bang into it. They were so much stunned by the blow, that only one of them could fly out before I had drawn in the net; and the Dean was quick enough to seize the remaining two before they could make their escape. This, being the first experiment, gave us great encouragement, as it was more successful than we had ventured to hope. We went on with the work, without pausing, for several hours, looking upon it as great sport, as indeed it was; and since it was the first thing we had done that seemed like sport, the day was always remembered by us with delight.



“So now you see we had begun to mingle a little pleasure with our life; and this was a very important matter, for you know the old saying, ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.’ ”

Isaac I. Hayes.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

“No, no, no!” cried five-years old Guy,
“Nurse, don’t wash my face to-day.”
“Why, my boy, pray tell me why;
Just because mamma’s away?”

“When she went away,” said Guy,
“Yesterday, she kissed it over,
Eyes and forehead, cheeks and chin,
And she said ’twas sweet as clover;
But she cried hard by and by,
And her face was very sad;
So I’ll keep these kisses in,
For I know ’twill make her glad.
Just before she let me go,
She put the biggest kisses here;
Then she cried and hugged me so,
And whispered softly in my ear,—
‘Let these stay, my darling son,
Until this short journey’s done.’
So mamma, of course, will come
Back to-morrow to our home,
And these, every one, shall stay;
Nurse, you sha’n’t wash one away!”

Ah, I pity you, boy Guy!
Softer airs the mother sought,
Only far away to die.
You’ll wait longer than you thought!

For *your* journey, hapless Guy,
Did your mother kiss you so,
And her hundred-fold good-by
Into Heaven with you will go.

Not the stormy rains of life,
Tears, nor sweeping hand of care,
Lips of maiden nor of wife,
Can remove the kisses there.

Charlotte F. Bates.



GYPSIES IN THE VILLAGE.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

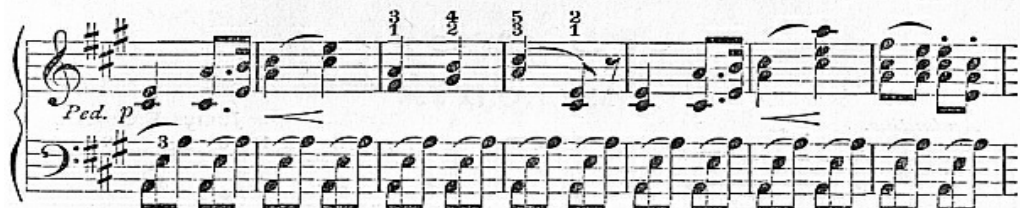
Allegretto.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-7. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with fingerings 4, 1, and 5 indicated. The bass line in the bass clef consists of chords and single notes, with a dynamic marking *p* at the beginning.

poco rit.

Second system of musical notation, measures 8-14. The tempo marking *poco rit.* is present. The melody continues with fingerings 4, 1, 2, 1, 5, 2, 3, 1, 5, 2, and 5. The bass line includes fingerings 1, 5, 1, 2, 3, 1, 5, 3, 4, and 5.

Third system of musical notation, measures 15-21. The melody includes trills marked with 'X' and fingerings 5, 3, 2, 1, 2, 5, 4, and 5. The bass line includes fingerings 4, 5, 3, 4, 2, 5, 3, 4, 2, 5, 2, 5, 4, 5, and 5.



First system of musical notation, Treble and Bass clefs. The Treble staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with various fingerings (e.g., 5, 3, 2, 1, 5, 1). The Bass staff contains chords and single notes, with a *cres.* marking and a *f* dynamic.

Second system of musical notation, Treble and Bass clefs. The Treble staff continues the melodic line. The Bass staff contains chords and single notes, with a *p* dynamic marking.



MELODY.

Andantino.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

Third system of musical notation, Treble and Bass clefs. The Treble staff begins with a *dol.* marking and a *legato.* instruction. The Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Fingerings are indicated above the Treble staff notes.

Fourth system of musical notation, Treble and Bass clefs. The Treble staff continues the melodic line. The Bass staff contains chords and single notes, with dynamics *cres.*, *f*, *dim.*, and *p*. The system ends with *R. H.* and *Fine.*

Fifth system of musical notation, Treble and Bass clefs. The Treble staff contains chords and single notes. The Bass staff contains a more active line with eighth notes, marked *piu vivo.*

Sixth system of musical notation, Treble and Bass clefs. The Treble staff contains chords and single notes. The Bass staff contains a more active line with eighth notes, marked *f*. The system ends with *D. C. al Fine.* and a *p* dynamic.



ROUND THE EVENING LAMP
A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES,
PROBLEMS & Funny Things.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 14.
FOUNDATION WORDS.

An eater. What it eats.

CROSS WORDS.

A bush.
A fruit.
A relation.
A measure.
Is of no use.
Destruction.
An Australian bird.
A singing bird.
BUNNY.

No. 15.
FOUNDATION WORDS.

Great was the boon, and matchless, that he gave,
That spirit, patient, full of zeal, and brave.

CROSS WORDS.

A gentle biped, never known to bribe;
A learned doctor of the Jewish tribe;
A garden fair to see, in beauty lay;
He points to Heaven, and leads himself the way;
A queen of old, betrayed by royal guest;
A native of the luxuriant East;
A poet famed, and long since gone to rest.

M. A. P.

ENIGMA.

No. 16.
GEOGRAPHICAL.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 19, 13, 6, 36, 26, 20, is a county in Texas.

My 10, 39, 30, 28, 23, is a river in California.

My 1, 16, 25, 34, 40, is a lake in Canada.

My 5, 17, 34, 9, 24, 31, 39, is a town in New York.

My 35, 19, 17, 25, 16, 13, is a mountain in New Hampshire.

My 8, 39, 30, 14, 31, 28, 22, is an island in Lake Michigan.

My 3, 11, 34, 40, 27, 32, is a city in Illinois.

My 12, 37, 10, 36, 14, 38, 5, 30, is one of the United States.

My 33, 5, 31, 19, 38, 39, 18, 28, 40, is a lake in Maine.

My 32, 39, 21, 29, 37, is a river in Mexico.

My 38, 13, 28, 15, 2, is a town in Georgia.

My 21, 4, 34, 24, 28, is a city in South America.

My 6, 36, 19, 7, 25, 5, 22, 3, 29, 39, is a lake in New York.

My whole is the name and location of a river in the United States.

A READER.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.



B. D.

PUZZLE.

No. 18.

Of paint and plaster, and of varnish, too,
Vermilion red, or deep cerulean blue,
Black, white, and gray,—nay, brown, too, if you please,—
I'm made for you, my lord, and worn with ease.
Now short and thick as skin of Russian bear;
Now advertised as "light" for summer wear.
Like proud Darius, or Thelestris' mate,
I have been called, p'r'aps falsely, too, "the great."
The cause of strife was I in days long flown,
And "holy" I've been held abroad, you'll own.
I'm cut sometimes, I'm steamed, too, and I'm pressed,
And by the Pope ere now I have been blessed,
Arms I have carried, nay, I bear them still;
Legs I ne'er had, but can be moved at will.
Now in succession three fresh heads supply,
A vessel, then a quadruped you'll spy,
And last a ditch an ancient fortress round,
A safeguard once, but now a grassy mound.
Behead me as a finish, I shall be
A common grain which in the fields you'll see.

KITTIE CARROLL.

CHARADE.

No. 19.

A word of three syllables
 Waits to be guessed,
After hinting at things
 Which can't be expressed.

To the time we devote
 To science or song,
My *first* must apply,
 Or all will be wrong.

In my *second* we learn
 What happened of old
To the first guilty pair
 Of which we are told.

My *third* you avoid
 When companions you choose,
And the offers they make
 You should strictly refuse.

But my *whole* you have guessed
 While I am so long
In describing the gifted
 In story and song.

ANON.

ANSWERS.

8. Love-lock.
9. Despise not the day of small things. [D S (pies) (knot) T (head) (hay) *of's* (malt) (hinge) S.]
10. Fain would I climb but fear to fall. [(Fane) (wood) (eye) See (limb) (butt) F (ear) a f (awl).]
11. BrieF,
ArdoR,
YokahamA,
AcorN,
RoC,
DovE.
12. England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity.
13. Andiron.



OUR LETTER BOX

This is from Ohio:—

“DEAR ‘YOUNG FOLKS,’—

“The ‘Box’ tells me you don’t approve of Biblical conundrums, (1.) Please tell me why; some of the ‘cutest I ever heard were of that kind. And one more important question. (2.) Do you approve of slang expressions, such as “can’t see it”? I have heard lady church members use that, but no one expressed any surprise. I haven’t time for any more now, except that your dear book helps me to be a better girl than I was before I took it.

“COUSIN ALPHABET.”

(1.) Because nothing is safe or good which brings down the Bible, or anything in it, to the level of an amusement. The Bible is indeed for every day in the year, and for every hour in a day; but it is a theme for good thoughts, a help to good acts, and for an inspirer and elevater of daily life,—not as material for jokes and sport. (2.) We do disapprove of slang,—decidedly. No matter who uses it, and no matter though it may not be morally wrong; it is inelegant and unnecessary, and its tendency is towards coarseness and vulgarity.

Allie M. wishes to know:—

- (1.) How old is Queen Victoria?
- (2.) Who invented daguerreotypes?
- (3.) Who invented pianos? and when?
- (4.) What kind of fruits and grain can be cultivated in our new possessions in Russian America?

(1.) She was born May 24, 1819. (2.) A process of taking sun-pictures was known to Leonardo da Vinci in the 15th century; but our present art is based upon the labors of Daguerre, a Frenchman, who brought out his system in 1838. (3.) The piano is claimed by Italy, France, and Germany, and these are their representatives: Bartolommeo Cristofori, of Padua, in 1714,—Marius, a harpsichord maker,—and C. A. Schröter, an organist, in 1717. (4.) It cannot yet be fully told, but it is certain that many vegetables and berries, and the hardier grains, will grow over a large part of this territory.

A. C. S. Good, but too hard.

Lois and Mary write:—

“We are in our teens and are very much perplexed as to what we shall do. We wish you would please tell us candidly what is proper under these circumstances.

“(1.) If a young lady meets a young gentleman, a stranger, at a party in a neighboring town, and a little while afterwards he writes her a letter, without asking her permission, saying that he is pleased with her, and wishes to correspond with her, is it proper or improper to answer and do as he says?

“(2.) If a young lady should meet a gentleman in the street, a perfect stranger to her, and he should bow to her, should she return it? He probably was acquainted with some one who looked very much like her, and if she did not bow it might cause trouble between him and his friend.”

(1.) She should not answer his letter without her parents' leave. Her own “permission” is by no means sufficient in such a case, even if she had given it. A party introduction alone is a very insecure foundation for an acquaintance. (2.) She should take no notice of his bow. His mistake, and any possible “trouble between him and his friend,” are not affairs of hers, and it is not her place to set up a “probably” in excuse for his blunder or (what is more likely)

his forwardness.

Sprite. Del-ta, not del-ter.

W. H. B. The only school upon a military basis which now occurs to us is the “Highland” academy at Worcester, Mass.

Sailors. We cannot recommend you any other such establishment than the one you mention.

Lora asks:—

“(1). Does the middle of anything mean the centre?

“(2). Is centre or center the proper way to spell it?

“(3.) Are there more than two ‘Romes’ in the United States?”

(1). The centre is the exact middle point. (2.) Centre. (3.) Yes, thirteen.

F. Al. G. Read “A Business Letter,” published in a previous number.

E. & E. “Cast Away in the Cold” is an actual picture of what life is in the frozen North; of course the *story* part is “made up,” but the statements are all true.—“Round the World Joe” only tells the truth in his “yarns” about the Chinese. If you have any friends who have been in California recently they will tell you that the Chinese in that State do just such absurd things, and even insist that their bodies shall be carried back to China after they are dead, because they believe that they cannot get to heaven unless their poor, lifeless clay is put away in Chinese soil.—“Good Old Times” is real history,—just as it happened.

Alert. Clocks, moved by weights and wheels, were invented—so nearly as can be determined—in the eleventh century. The invention of clocks with pendulums is claimed for three persons,—Richard Harris, 1641; Vincenzo Galilei, 1649; Huygens, 1657.—Engraving on steel is supposed to be first found on some plates by Albert Durer, dated 1515 and 1516. Steel did not come into general use until this century. Engraving on wood is said to have been practised by the Chinese so early as B. C. 1120. Its appearance in Europe as an art was in the fourteenth or fifteenth century.—The longest balloon passages have probably been made by Nadar, a French aeronaut of the present day.

Mary A. P. Humphrey sends from far Wisconsin these pretty verses, suggested to her by the colored supplement we gave away in December:—

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

“Little Bo-Peep on the hillside stands,
A shepherd’s crook in her sun-browned hands;
Little Bo-Peep in a gown of red,
And a turban gay for her fair young head.

“Up the breezy slope by a winding way
She has led her sheep at the dawn of day,
And with downcast glance serenely sweet
She watches them gather about her feet.

“The breeze with her thorn-rent apron plays,
The laurel pelts her with rosy sprays;
And yellow-eyed daisies and harebells blue
Part the soft grasses and nod to her through.

“Little Bo-Peep, in the vale below
Your cottage is bright in the sunrise glow;
There are pastures green, there are waters still,
Why have you climbed this distant hill?

“The mountain echoes her answer sing:
‘The clearest stream has the highest spring;
The grass is sweetest beside the rock,
And the toilsome path makes the strongest flock!’ ”

Our last month’s puzzle symbolizes *Dogberry*’s description of himself as

“A fellow that hath had losses.”

Here follows another sentence from Shakespeare, also drawn by Mr. Day. This quotation is to be looked for in “Macbeth,” Act V., Scene 3.



THE END

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

[The end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Volume 4, Issue 3* edited by J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom]