

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

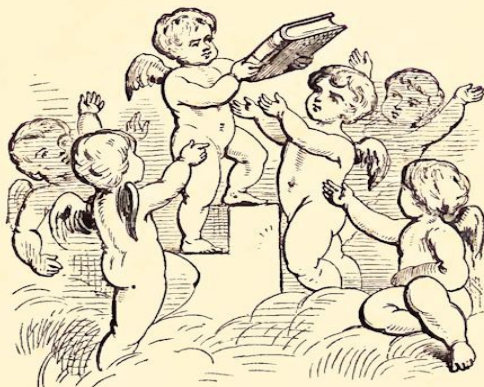
BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

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

VOL. I.

March, No. III



BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1865.

No. III.

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THE CITY GIRL.



icely, called Garnet at the foot of the stairs.

“Yes, I’m coming,” responded Cicely from the depths of her pretty little chamber.

“It’s time to go.”

“Yes, I’m coming,” repeated the gentle voice.

Garnet supported himself on his elbow and right foot, attempted to scale the stairs on his heels and head, and made other interesting experiments; but finding that Cicely did not come, he climbed up outside of the balusters, over the gallery railing, and bounced into her room. She was standing before the glass, surveying her little self with great complacency.

“Now, how long will you be prinking there, and me waiting down stairs?” cried Garnet. “I never did see anything like the time it takes girls to dress.”

“O, I’m quite ready this minute,” answered Cicely, hastily catching up her bonnet.

“But mehercule!” shouted Garnet, who was devoting himself to the study of Latin with great vigor. “What do you call this?”—and he clutched Cicely’s hair with no very gentle grasp.

“O, don’t touch it! you will have it all down!” cried she hurriedly; “that is a waterfall.”

“A waterfall! A *waterfall!* Let it fall quick then. It makes you look for all the world like our skew-tailed chickens. I never saw such

an animal.”

“O Garnet, now I thought it looked so pretty!” said Cicely; and her bright face was so clouded that even Garnet was rather sorry he had spoken so decidedly.

But then certainly it was a case that called for decision. Poor Cicely had spent at least half an hour before the glass, and tired her little arms till they ached; and the result was a *knob* of hair hanging on one side of her head, and bobbing hither and thither with every motion. Garnet’s comparison was not entirely out of place. “But what could make you think of tricking up such a fright?” he asked.

“Why, Garnet, there’s a new girl going to be there from Boston. She’s going to live with Miss Attredge. And Olive said—” Cicely hesitated.

“Well, what did Olive say?”

“Why, Olive said—she said that—Olive said the girl would have everything so nice because she came from Boston, and Olive said they wore silk dresses and waterfalls in Boston, and Olive is going to wear her blue merino and a waterfall, and I made mine,—Olive told me how,—and now you say it is not pretty.”

“Olive’s a born simpleton,” said Sir Oracle Garnet. “You take that bobbing bag off your head. I don’t believe they wear them in Boston, and if they do, you sha’n’t. I suppose you’d tie yourself up in a meal-bag if they did in Boston.”

“But, Garnet, what shall I do?”

“Do! curl your hair just as you always do, and brush it in a civilized manner.”

“Oh! then I shall not look fine at all. Olive said we should show Mary Ravis that we were not just country-girls. We know what the fashions are. Mary Ravis will think we are just country-girls.”

“And I should like to know what you are?”

“Well, I know, but—” Cicely hesitated, and faltered, and rather reluctantly began to pull down the comical little contrivance which she dignified with the name of waterfall, and to brush out the long ringlets as she was commanded. And to be sure, she did look like a different girl; still there was many a misgiving in her heart as to the figure she should make in the eyes of the little city lady.

Garnet had no share at all in her misgivings. He had a very favorable opinion of his sister, and especially of himself. “Hold up your head, Cicely,” was his admonition, “as you never could with that ten-pound weight hanging on to it, and don’t call the king your uncle!”—though what that had to do with holding up her head, Cicely could never quite make out.

By the time they reached Miss Attredge’s house, where the party was to be, most of the children had assembled. They all went to the same school, and were well acquainted with each other,—all except the little city girl, who sat in a corner, and seemed quite as much in awe of them as they were of her. But Cicely took note that she had no silk dress, nor even a waterfall. On the contrary, her hair was short, and her dress a very pretty plaid, but not at all beyond the standard of the dresses in Applethorpe. She was, too, very quiet,—a pale, silent girl,—that was all Cicely saw.

“What do you think of her?” whispered Olive to Cicely.

“We mustn’t whisper about her,” replied Cicely, who had hardly had more than a glimpse of her. But they pulled Cicely into the dining-room, and would tell her that she was “real proud. She just sits there, and won’t do anything.”

“Yes,” said Olive, “and not so much to be proud of either. Nothing but a plaid dress, and not a speck of trimming, nor a net, nor a bow, nor anything,”—and Olive thought very pleasantly of her own French blue merino with its elaborate embroidery.

“Oh! I don’t think it’s proud,” said Erne Mayland. “We are all strangers to her, and she doesn’t feel at home.”

“Nonsense,” cried Olive, “we have been here half an hour, and asked her to play, and Miss Attredge wanted her to play, and she won’t do a thing.”

“But I don’t think it is nice at all to be here talking about her,” said Cicely.

“No, nor I neither,” declared Erne. “Come, let’s go into the parlor.”

“I shall not go into the parlor to court Miss City-fied anymore,” answered Olive. “It’s too bad she should come here to spoil all our good time.”

But Erne and Cicely went into the parlor. Miss Attredge was just gathering them into a circle to play “Hunt the Slipper.” Cicely was about to take her place with the rest, when she noticed that the little stranger still sat apart, looking rather lonely and homesick. So she approached, her and asked, rather timidly, “Won’t you play?”

“I don’t know how,” answered Mary.

“But I will tell you all about it.”

“I would rather not.”

“Then I won’t play, either,” said Cicely, cheerfully. “I’ll show you Miss Attredge’s photographs. No, I won’t; I’ll show you her snakes and birds. Miss Attredge always lets me touch them”;—and Cicely took from the lowest shelf of the bookcase a book so heavy she could hardly lift it; but the kindness in her heart put strength in her arms, and she tugged it

along to a chair.

It was not in the nature of any girl ever so shy to resist the temptation of looking at pictures so beautiful and so dreadful as those that Cicely pointed out. The birds were wondrously brilliant, and the snakes coiled themselves in folds so fearful that Mary quite forgot her forlorn little self, and the two children were soon kneeling before the chair and pressing their eager heads close together in breathless excitement. When the others had grown tired of "Hunt the Slipper," they too gathered around the chair, and the two heads were quite overtopped by a crowd of heads, and the two voices lost in a dozen voices chattering and exclaiming and explaining. The girls pretended to be very much afraid of the snakes, and shook and shivered. The boys pretended to have a great regard for snakes, and stroked their necks with brown, battered hands.

"Oh!" cried Olive, who had joined them; "but this is a paper snake, Mr. Nathan. If it was crawling on the grass, you would be careful how you touched it."

"Pooh!" cried Nathan, "I'd just as soon touch it as touch your kitten. They're twice as handsome."

"Indeed they are," said Garnet. "Sweet little pets! dear little darlings!" and he made believe caress the snakes, but made rather awkward work of it, as boys generally do when they undertake to mimic girls. "Why, the other day, last summer, we caught a snake and tied him round the bedpost, and kept him there all night."

"Now, Garnet Moreford, you don't expect us to believe that!"

"Yes, he did, the dreadful creature!" cried Cicely. "Barney went into his room in the morning, and there 'twas; and she screamed and 'most fainted, and Garnet laughed, and it was dreadful."

"Pooh! that's nothing," said Nathan. "I caught a little snake once, and wove him into my button-holes, and wore him all the forenoon. It's girls for being afraid of harmless pretty little things."

"Girls are no more afraid than boys," replied Olive, stoutly, always ready to stand up for her sex. "I found a nest of field-mice last summer, and took them up and brought them into the house in my apron. But a snake isn't harmless. Snakes poison you."

"Ho!" cried Nathan, "calling it courage not to be afraid of a mouse! Why, there was a mouse in the closet last Sunday, and he ran and hid under a crust of bread, and stuck his tail right up straight in the air, just like a handle, and I took hold of it as dainty, and carried him out-doors."

"And let him go?" asked Mary Ravis, eagerly, her fears of strangers quite vanished in the excitement of the horrible stories they were telling.

"Yes, I let him go. But Tabby had a word to say on that subject, and he didn't go very far."

"Well, I know what you *are* afraid of, Nat," said Olive, decidedly,—"*a setting hen*. For I was at your house when your mother wanted you to take one off the nest, and you did not dare. You said she pecked you so furiously you couldn't!"

"O, pshaw!" laughed Nathan, good-humoredly, and giving himself a whirl, as if to shake off this disagreeable home-thrust, "what are you talking about? Mary Ravis will think we are a set of savages, telling her all sorts of scaring things. You never saw a snake, now did you, Miss Mary? She thinks butter grows on trees in brown burrs, and we get honey by milking bees in a ten-quart pail."

Mary would have been very much frightened, half an hour before, at being thus addressed before them all; but she had lost her first shyness, and Nathan's banter was so good-natured that she did not feel at all embarrassed, but laughed as heartily as the rest, while a little fresh

color stole into her pale cheeks and a good deal of sunshine lighted up her brown eyes.

“No,” said Garnet, kindly, “I warrant you this sly little puss knows a great deal more than any of us. Why, what do you think? She carries the Falls of Niagara in her pocket, or something.”

“O, what a story!” laughed Mary.

“Why, Cicely, didn’t you tell me so this morning?” asked Garnet, gravely.

“Why, no,” answered Cicely, opening her astonished eyes, and pursing her rosy lips into the most decided denial. “I never said such a thing.”

“Now Cissy, Cissy, young woman, what trouble have you led me into? Didn’t you say the young lady from the city was going to bring a waterfall here, and didn’t you want me to go and get the mill-dam to fasten on the back of your neck by way of offset?”

And then, being forced in self-defence, Cicely told the story of her waterfall, and they all laughed very merrily, somewhat to Olive’s discomfiture. And then came other plays, games of forfeits, in which Mary readily joined. All manner of odd sentences they pronounced upon each other. Nathan in particular found no mercy at the hands of his girl-judges. He was condemned to wriggle across the room like a snake, to jump up in a chair like a squirrel, to bark like a dog, all of which he did so readily and so well, that he made them great entertainment.

“O, I never did see such a nice party in all my life!” whispered Mary confidentially to Cicely. “You all do such funny things!”

“O Mary!” said Cicely modestly, “you can do a great many beautiful things that we can’t, I do suppose?”

“No, I don’t do many things at all,” said Mary. “I can dance, that is all; but I can’t tell stories, and I can’t play plays, and I can’t think of forfeits, and I never did any funny things.”

“Can you dance? Oh! I do like to see dancing.”

“Do you? and I like to dance. Mr. Piccini says I dance very nicely, and O, I can dance the Shawl Dance, and the Highland Fling; would you like to see me?” she asked simply.

“O, of all things! and so would all the girls.”

“Well,” said Mary, “if Miss Attredge will play, I will. But do you think they would care to see me?”

“I know they would! O Garnet! Olive! O all of you! Mary Ravis will dance the Highland Fling and everything Miss Attredge will you play boys all come and sit down!” Cicely was too eager to be particular about her punctuation; but they understood her well enough, much better, indeed, than they understood the Highland Fling, which most of them had never heard of. But they were delighted with the sound of it.

So Mary went up stairs and put on her costume,—a marvellous little black velvet bodice adorned with gold lace, a bright plaid frock, delicately embroidered slippers, a cap and feather for her little shorn head, and a long scarlet scarf in her hands. The company gathered at the lower end of the parlor, and Mary, smiling and happy at the upper end, began the dance. Never were such doings seen in Applethorpe as went on between Mary and her scarf. In and out, back and forth, she wove it and flung it, and wreathed herself in it. She skipped up and down the room like a zephyr, she whirled about on the tips of her dainty slippers, she charged down upon the admiring crowd, and withdrew again, swift and graceful as a bird, for at least twenty minutes I should think, and then she made the sauciest little courtesy, and danced out of the room. Never were admirers more enthusiastic, and when she reappeared in her usual dress once more, they quite overwhelmed her with their delight.



“And to think,” said Olive frankly, “that I thought you were proud because you wouldn’t play; and here you have done the beautifullest thing for us I ever saw.”

“O, proud!” laughed Mary, “it’s all I can do. It would be a pity if I couldn’t do something.”

“But then we were so cross, I wonder you did it at all.”

“You are not cross, I am sure,” cried Mary eagerly.

“Yes I am cross,” persisted Olive; “I am always cross if people don’t do just as I want to have them right away. Cicely Moreford is the good one, and Erne Mayland, and all those midgets. For my part, I don’t see how people can be so horribly good and patient all the time,”—and Olive put on such an air of despairing humility that they could not help laughing at her.

So it happened that the “good time” which the little city girl was going to spoil, turned out to be not only not spoiled, but made a great deal better by her presence,—and all because one or two little girls went to work the right way, instead of standing scornfully aside and letting everything go the wrong way. But the impression that seemed to linger longest on Cicely’s mind was, “And she was just like us. Why, she didn’t even have a waterfall!”

Gail Hamilton.

ANDY'S ADVENTURES;

OR, THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

(Concluded from the February No.)

Having thought it all over, Andy resolved to make a new start, and not be deceived by anything again. Finding his coat very wet, he concluded to wring it out, and hang it somewhere to dry. He saw a log and a large wood-pile near by; and he was going boldly to spread his coat on them in a good sunny place, when he happened to think that these also might be cheats, and that it would be wise to test them before going too near.

He took up a pebble, and threw it. He hit the end of the log, which immediately changed into a head with a hat on it; and the log jumped up, and strode fiercely towards him, on two as good legs as ever he saw.

"What are you stoning me for?" cried the log, with a terrible look.

"O Mr. Log! I didn't mean to! I didn't know it would hurt you!" said Andy, clasping his hands.

"I'll teach you to throw stones and call names!" growled the log,—no, not the log, but the teamster, whom Andy had mistaken for a log as he lay on the roadside by his wagon. And he gave two or three extra stripes to the boy's trousers with his long whiplash. "I didn't mean to! I didn't know it would hurt you!" he said, mockingly, as he went back to his team; while Andy rubbed his legs, and shrieked.

Now, when wagon and driver were gone, and the lad saw that there was neither log nor wood-pile anywhere by the road, he became more and more alarmed about himself. Everything was a lie, then; and, the best he could do, he could not help being deceived and injured. Bitterly he regretted using old Mother Quirk so ill; and he said to himself that he would never tell another lie in his life, if he could now only get safely home, and find things what they appeared to be.

Being very tired, he looked about for a stick to walk with. He thought, too, something of the kind would be useful to feel with, and test the truth of things. Soon he saw a very pretty stick lying in the sun. It was not quite straight; but it had as handsome little wavy curves as if it had been carved. It was beautifully tapered; and as he came quite near it, he saw that it was painted with the most wonderful colors,—glossy black, bright green spots, and silver rings. It appeared to be a cane, which probably some very rich man had lost. Its carved handle was of gold, set round with precious stones, in the midst of which were two very, bright, glittering diamonds.

"Such a cane is worth picking up!" said Andy, highly pleased. "I hope the owner won't come to claim it." And he stooped down to take hold of the stick. But he had scarcely touched it, when it began to move and squirm, and coil up under his hand. He sprang back just in time to save his parents the grief of a funeral; for what he had mistaken for a cane was a living serpent of the most venomous kind; and it raised its angry crest, darted out its forked tongue, and struck at him with its hooked fangs, making his blood curdle and his flesh creep, as he ran screaming away.

Andy reached a wall—or what seemed a wall—and scrambled upon it, putting one leg over it, and looking back; when the stones began to sway and swell under him; and the whole wall rose up with such a tremendous lurch, that he was nearly thrown head foremost to the ground.

And he now perceived that, instead of climbing a wall, he had mounted a horse that lay dozing in the field. Before he could get off, the horse began to walk away. In vain Andy cried "Whoa!" and gently pulled his mane. The horse seemed to understand "Whoa!" to mean "Go along!" and he began to trot. Pulling his mane had the effect of pricking him with a goad; and he commenced to prance. Then Andy gently patted him; but he might as well have struck him with a whip. The animal began to gallop! And when Andy, to avoid being flung off, clung to him with his feet, it was as if there had been sharp spurs in his heels, and the animal began to run!

Across the fields; faster and faster and faster; wildly snorting; measuring the ground with fearfully long leaps, and making it thunder under his hoofs; clearing fences and ditches, and heaps of brush and logs, as if he had wings; away—away—away!—through thickets, through brier-lots, through gardens, and orchards, and farm-yards; with Andy hugging his neck in terror extreme, thrusting into his ribs the heels that seemed to have spurs on them; the wild steed scudded and plunged.

Andy clung as long as he could. The terrible bounces almost hurled him off; the wind almost blew him off; the thickets, and briars, and boughs of trees almost scratched him off. Everywhere along his track people came out to stare, and to stop the horse. Men hallooed and shook their hats; boys screamed and shook their bats; women "shooed" and shook their aprons; all contributing to frighten him the more.

And now Andy felt his breath partly jolted out of him, and partly sucked out by the wind. And for a moment he scarcely knew anything, except that he was losing his hold, slipping, sliding,—a hairy surface passing rudely from under him,—and the ground suddenly flying up, with a stunning flap and slap, into his face.

In a little while a young lad, considerably resembling Andy, might have been seen sitting on the grass of a field, rubbing his shoulder, with a jarred and joyless expression of countenance, which seemed hesitating between fright and tears,—between numbness and deadness of despair, and a returning sense of pain and grief. He saw a gay-looking horse frisking and kicking up along by the fence; felt in vain for his hat, but found a shock of wild hair instead; saw his torn trousers, wet not with water only, but also with blood from his scratched legs; arose slowly and sufferingly to his feet; looked imploringly about him; and began to snivel.

Not knowing what to do, he sat down again, and wept miserably, until he heard a sound of wheels, and a voice say, "Get up, Jerry!"

"That's our wagon—and father and mother!" exclaimed Andy, in great joy, springing up as quickly as his sore limbs would permit him. "Father! father!" and he ran towards the road.

The vehicle rattled on. His father either did not hear or did not heed him. He could not make his mother look up, scream as loud as he would. Jerry trotted soberly on, as before. Only Brin the dog pricked up his ears, gave a surly bark, leaped the fence, and approached him shyly, bristling and growling.

"Brin! Brin! here, Brin!" said Andy, alarmed at the dog's extraordinary behavior.

"Gr-r-r-r!" said Brin, with a snarl and a snap.

"O father! father!" shrieked Andy.

"Whoa!" said Mr. Mountford, stopping Jerry, and turning to look. "Come here, Brin!" And he whistled.

Brin, having paused to take a sagacious snuff of Andy, without appearing to recognize him, ran back to the road, the boy following him.

"What's the trouble?" said Mrs. Mountford. "What a strange-looking dog that is!"—fixing her eyes on Andy. "It looks to me like a mad dog, and I'm afraid Brin will get bit. Come here,

Brin!”

Brin ran obediently under the wagon; and Andy, flinging up his arms, rushed towards his parents.

“O, it’s me! it’s me! Father! mother! it’s me!”

“Get out, you whelp!” exclaimed Mr. Mountford, striking at him with his whip.

“Oh! oh!” shrieked Andy, hit in the face by his own father’s lash!

“Ki-hi, then!” And Mr. Mountford drove on.

Andy still followed, running as fast as he could, wildly weeping and calling.

“What a hateful dog that is!” said Mrs. Mountford. “Give me the whip!” And as soon as Andy got near enough, she beat him mercilessly over the bare head.

Then Andy, exhausted, out of breath, his heart broken, fell down despairingly, with his face in the dust, while the vehicle passed over the hill out of sight. There he lay, sobbing in his misery, and moistening with a little trickling stream of tears the sand by the bridge of his nose, when an old woman came hobbling that way on a crutch.

“What’s this?” said she. Her back was curved like a bow; but she bent it still more, stooping over to look at Andy.

The boy raised his head, brushed the adhering dirt from his nose, lifted his eyes, and recognized good old Mother Quirk. But he could not speak.

“I declare!” said she, “one would think it was Andy Mountford, if anybody ever saw Andy Mountford in such a plight as this!”

That encouraged the wretched boy to open his mouth, spit out the dirt that obstructed his speech, and in grievous accents pour forth the story of his woes.

“But how do I know this is true?” said Mother Quirk, putting up a pinch of snuff under her hooked nose.

“It is true, every word; as true as I am Andy!” wept the boy.

“But how do I know you are Andy? Folks and things lie so, in this world!” said Mother Quirk. “But never mind; I suppose it is fine sport; and if it is really you, Andy, I suppose I may as well leave you to enjoy it!”

She adjusted her crutch, and was hobbling away, when Andy, on his knees, called after her, making the most solemn promises of truthfulness in the future, if she would help him home.

“How do I know what to believe?” said the old woman, piercing him with her black, sparkling eyes. “You may be a reptile. I’ve known more than one that pretended to be human, and honest, and grateful, turn out a reptile at last. Everything is so deceitful, we never know what to depend upon.”

She was passing on again; but Andy ran after her, and caught her gown, still pleading and weeping.

“Bless my heart! Is it really Andy?” said she, leaning on her crutch. “I’ve a good mind to trust you, and try you once!”

“Do, do! good Mother Quirk!”

“Well, come along; my house is close by; and there comes my black cat to meet me!”

Andy was overjoyed, and clung to her as if he was afraid she too would turn out a delusion,—a lie,—and work him some new mischief.

They passed a field, in which the old woman picked up a hat, which she placed on his head, and a handkerchief, which she told him to put into his pocket. “If you are Andy, they belong to you,” she said, with a shrewd look out of her coal-black eyes.

They reached her cottage, where she washed him, combed his hair, took a few stitches in

his clothes, and stroked his hurts with hands dipped in some exquisitely soothing ointment. Then they set out to return to his father's house.

She accompanied him as far as the well, where she gave him a sudden box on the ear, which set him whirling. The next he knew, he was getting up from the grass, like one awaking from a dream. He thought he had a glimpse of a crutch and a dark green gown vanishing behind the wood-shed, but could not be certain. He looked in vain upon his person for any evidence of rents and bruises, bee-stings or drenching. He was as good as new, to all appearance; and one who did not know the subtle power of old Mother Quirk would have said that he had merely fallen asleep on the door-yard turf, and had a dream.

"Andy!" cried a voice.

That was a reality, if anything was. His folks had returned, and it was his father calling him. "Andy! come and open the gate!"

He hastened to swing the old gate around on its hinges, while Brin ran up eagerly to caress him and leap upon his legs, and Jerry walked slowly through, drawing the family one-horse wagon.

"Have you been a good boy, Andy?" asked his mother, dismounting at the horse-block.

"Yes, ma'am. I mean," he added, fearing that was an untruth,— "I don't know,—I guess not very!"

"What! you haven't been doing any mischief, have you?" cried his father.

Andy remembered the stories he had made up about the hawk killing the chicken, and the Beals boy throwing a stone through the pantry window. But he also remembered his terrible adventure in a world of lies,—mishaps and horrors which were somehow dreadfully real to him, whether he had actually experienced them, or dreamed them, or been insane and imagined them. So he falteringly said, "I—I—killed the top-knot with my bow-and-arrow!"

There indeed lay the top-knot, stark dead by the curb. His parents looked at it regretfully; and his father said, "I am sorry! sorry! that nice chicken! But you didn't mean to, did you?"

"I didn't think I should hit it!" said Andy, hanging his head with contrition.

"Well, if it was an accident, let it pass," said his mother. "It isn't so bad as if you had told a lie about it. I'd rather have every chicken killed, than have my son tell a lie!" And she caressed him fondly.

"You haven't done anything else, I hope?" said Mr. Mountford.

"I—I—shot at the cat, and sent my arrow through the window!" Andy confessed.

"Haven't I told you not to shoot your arrow towards the house?" cried his father, sternly. But, at a glance from Mrs. Mountford, he added, relentingly, "but as you have been so truthful as to own up to it, I'll forgive you this time. Nothing pleases me so much as to have my son tell the truth; for the worst thing is lying."

That was what Mother Quirk had said, and it reminded Andy of the false alarm which had brought her to the house. That was the hardest thing for him to confess! And it was the hardest thing for his parents to forgive.

"Poor old Mrs. Quirk, with her lame leg!" his mother reproachfully said. "How could you, Andy?"

"I didn't think,—I didn't know how bad it was!" he replied.

"What did she say to you? What did the poor woman do?"

"She scolded me, and boxed my ears, and made me crazy, I guess,—for such awful things have happened to me! I never can tell what I have been through—or dreamed I went through—till she brought me back! But I've made up my mind I never will tell another lie, or act a lie again,

if you will forgive me this once!”

“I forgive you! we forgive you! my dear, dear boy!” exclaimed Mrs. Mountford, folding him in her arms, while Mr. Mountford smiled upon him, well pleased, and stroked his hair.

J. T. Trowbridge.

WINNING HIS WAY.

CHAPTER III.

MERRY TIMES.

When the long northeast storms set in, and the misty clouds hung over the valley, and went hurrying away to the west, brushing the tops of the trees; when the rain, hour after hour, and day after day, fell aslant upon the roof of the little old house; when the wind swept around the eaves, and dashed in wild gusts against the windows, and moaned and wailed in the forests,—then it was that Paul sometimes felt his spirits droop, for the circumstances of life were all against him. He was poor. His dear, kind mother was sick. She had worked day and night to keep that terrible wolf from the door, which is always prowling around the houses of poor people. But the wolf had come, and was looking in at the windows. There was a debt due Mr. Funk for rice, sugar, biscuit, tea, and other things which Doctor Arnica said his mother must have. There was the doctor's bill. The flour-barrel was getting low, and the meal-bag was almost empty. Paul saw the wolf every night as he lay in his bed, and he wished he could kill it.

When his mother was taken sick, he left school and became her nurse. It was hard for him to lay down his books, for he loved them, but it was pleasant to wait upon her. The neighbors were kind. Azalia Adams often came tripping in with something nice,—a tumbler of jelly, or a plate of toast, which her mother had prepared; and she had such cheerful words, and spoke so pleasantly, and moved round the room so softly, putting everything in order, that the room was lighter, even on the darkest days, for her presence.

When, after weeks of confinement to her bed, Paul's mother was strong enough to sit in her easy-chair, Paul went out to fight the wolf. He worked for Mr. Middlekauf, in his cornfield. He helped Mr. Chrome paint wagons. He surveyed land, and ran lines for the farmers, earning a little here and a little there. As fast as he obtained a dollar, it went to pay the debts. As the seasons passed away,—spring, summer, and autumn,—Paul could see that the wolf grew smaller day by day. He denied himself everything, except plain food. He was tall, stout, hearty, and rugged. The winds gave him health; his hands were hard, but his heart was tender. When through his day's work, though his bones ached and his eyes were drowsy, he seldom went to sleep without first studying awhile, and closing with a chapter from the Bible, for he remembered what his grandfather often said,—that a chapter from the Bible was a good thing to sleep on.

The cool and bracing breezes of November, the nourishing food which Paul obtained, brought the color once more to his mother's cheeks; and when at length she was able to be about the house, they had a jubilee,—a glad day of thanksgiving,—for, in addition to this blessing of health, Paul had killed the wolf, and the debts were all paid.

As the winter came on, the subject of employing Mr. Rhythm to teach a singing-school was discussed. Mr. Quaver, a tall, slim man, with a long, red nose, had led the choir for many years. He had a loud voice, and twisted his words so badly, that his singing was like the blare of a trumpet. On Sundays, after Rev. Mr. Surplice read the hymn, the people were accustomed to hear a loud Hawk! from Mr. Quaver, as he tossed his tobacco-quid into a spittoon, and an Ahem! from Miss Gamut. She was the leading first treble, a small lady with a sharp, shrill voice. Then Mr. Fiddleman sounded the key on the bass-viol, do-mi-sol-do, helping the trebles and tenors climb the stairs of the scale; then he hopped down again, and rounded off with a

thundering swell at the bottom, to let them know he was safely down, and ready to go ahead. Mr. Quaver led, and the choir followed like sheep, all in their own way and fashion.

The people had listened to this style of music till they were tired of it. They wanted a change, and decided to engage Mr. Rhythm, a nice young man, to teach a singing-school for the young folks. "We have a hundred boys and girls here in the village, who ought to learn to sing, so that they can sit in the singing-seats, and praise God," said Judge Adams.

But Mr. Quaver opposed the project. "The young folks want a frolic, sir," he said; "yes, sir, a frolic, a high time. Rhythm will be teaching them new-fangled notions. You know, Judge, that I hate flummiddles; I go for the good old things, sir. The old tunes which have stood the wear and tear of time, and the good old style of singing, sir."

Mr. Quaver did not say all he thought, for he could see that, if the singing-school was kept, he would be in danger of losing his position as chorister. But, notwithstanding his opposition, Mr. Rhythm was engaged to teach the school. Paul determined to attend. He loved music.

"You haven't any coat fit to wear," said his mother. "I have altered over your grandfather's pants and vest for you, but I cannot alter his coat. You will have to stay at home, I guess."

"I can't do that, mother, for Mr. Rhythm is one of the best teachers that ever was, and I don't want to miss the chance. I'll wear grandpa's coat just as it is."

"The school will laugh at you."

"Well, let them laugh, I sha'n't stay at home for that. I guess I can stand it," said Paul, resolutely.

The evening fixed upon for the school to commence arrived. All the young folks in the town were there. Those who lived out of the village—the farmers' sons and daughters—came in red, yellow, and green wagons. The girls wore close-fitting hoods with pink linings, which they called "kiss-me-if-ye-dares." Their cheeks were all aglow with the excitement of the occasion. When they saw Mr. Rhythm, how pleasant and smiling he was,—when they heard his voice, so sweet and melodious,—when they saw how sprily he walked, as if he meant to accomplish what he had undertaken,—they said to one another, "How different he is from Mr. Quaver!"

Paul was late on the first evening, for when he put on his grandfather's coat, his mother looked at it a long while to see if there was not some way by which she could make it look better. Once she took the shears and was going to cut off the tail, but Paul stopped her. "I don't want it curtailed, mother."

"It makes you look like a little old man, Paul; I wouldn't go."

"If I had better clothes, I should wear them, mother; but as I haven't, I shall wear these. I hope to earn money enough some time to get a better coat; but grandpa wore this, and I am not ashamed to wear what he wore," he replied, more resolute than ever. Perhaps, if he could have seen how he looked, he would not have been quite so determined, for the sleeves hung like bags on his arms, and the tail almost touched the floor.

Mr. Rhythm had just rapped the scholars to their seats when Paul entered. There was a tittering, a giggle, then a roar of laughter. Mr. Rhythm looked round to see what was the matter, and smiled. For a moment Paul's courage failed him. It was not so easy to be laughed at as he had imagined. He was all but ready to turn about and leave the room. "No I won't, I'll face it out," he said to himself, walked deliberately to a seat, and looked bravely round, as if asking, "What are you laughing at?"

There was something in his manner which instantly won Mr. Rhythm's respect, and which made him ashamed of himself for having laughed. "Silence! No more laughing," he said; but, notwithstanding the command, there was a constant tittering among the girls. Mr. Rhythm

began by saying, "We will sing Old Hundred. I want you all to sing, whether you can sing right or not." He snapped his tuning-fork, and began. The school followed, each one singing,—putting in sharps, flats, naturals, notes, bars, and rests, just as they pleased. "Very well. Good volume of sound. Only I don't think Old Hundred ever was sung so before, or ever will be again," said the master, smiling.

Michael Murphy was confident that he sang gloriously, though he never varied his tone up or down. He was ciphering in fractions at school, and what most puzzled him were the figures in the bars. He wondered if $\frac{6}{4}$ was a vulgar fraction, and if so, he thought it would be better to express it as a mixed number, $1\frac{1}{2}$.

During the evening, Mr. Rhythm, noticing that Michael sang without any variation of tone, said, "Now, Master Murphy, please sing *la* with me";—and Michael sang bravely, not frightened in the least.

"Very well. Now please sing it a little higher."

"*La*," sang Michael on the same pitch, but louder.

"Not louder, but higher."

"*La!*" responded Michael, still louder, but with the pitch unchanged.

There was tittering among the girls.

"Not so, but thus,"—and Mr. Rhythm gave an example, first low, then high. "Now once more."

"*LA!*" bellowed Michael on the same pitch.

Daphne Dare giggled aloud, and the laughter, like a train of powder, ran through the girls' seats over to the boys' side of the house, where it exploded in a loud haw! haw! Michael laughed with the others, but he did not know what for.

Recess came. "Halloo, Grandpa! How are you, Old Pensioner? Your coat puckers under the arms, and there is a wrinkle in the back," said Philip Funk to Paul. His sister Fanny pointed her finger at him; and Paul heard her whisper to one of the girls, "Did you ever see such a monkey?"

It nettled him, and so, losing his temper, he said to Philip, "Mind your business."

"Just hear Granddaddy Parker, the old gentleman in the bob-tailed coat," said Philip.

"You are a puppy," said Paul. But he was vexed with himself for having said it. If he had held his tongue, and kept his temper, and braved the sneers of Philip in silence, he might have won a victory; for he remembered a Sunday-school lesson upon the text, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." As it was, he had suffered a defeat, and went home that night disgusted with himself.

Pleasant were those singing-school evenings. Under Mr. Rhythm's instructions the young people made rapid progress. Then what fine times they had at recess, eating nuts, apples, and confectionery, picking out the love-rhymes from the sugar-cockles!

"I cannot tell the love
I feel for you, my dove,"

was Philip's gift to Azalia. Paul had no money to purchase sweet things at the store; his presents were nuts which he had gathered in the autumn. In the kindness of his heart he gave a double-handful to Philip's sister, Fanny; but she turned up her nose, and let them drop upon the floor.

Society in New Hope was mixed. Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and Mr. Funk were rich men. Colonel Dare was said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. No one knew what Mr. Funk

was worth; but he had a store, and a distillery, which kept smoking day and night and Sunday, without cessation, grinding up corn, and distilling it into whiskey. There was always a great black smoke rising from the distillery-chimney. The fires were always roaring, and the great vats steaming. Colonel Dare made his money by buying and selling land, wool, corn, and cattle. Judge Adams was an able lawyer, known far and near as honest, upright, and learned. He had had a great practice; but though the Judge and Colonel were so wealthy, and lived in fine houses, they did not feel that they were better than their neighbors, so that there was no aristocracy in the place, but the rich and the poor were alike respected and esteemed.

The New Year was at hand, and Daphne Dare was to give a party. She was Colonel Dare's only child,—a laughing, blue-eyed, sensible girl, who attended the village school, and was in the same class with Paul.

“Whom shall I invite to my party, father?” she asked.

“Just whom you please, my dear,” said the Colonel.

“I don't know what to do about inviting Paul Parker. Fanny Funk says she don't want to associate with a fellow who is so poor that he wears his grandfather's old clothes,” said Daphne.

“Poverty is not a crime, my daughter. I was poor once,—poor as Paul is. Money is not virtue, my dear. It is a good thing to have; but persons are not necessarily bad because they are poor, neither are they good because they are rich,” said the Colonel.

“Should you invite him, father, if you were in my place?”

“I do not wish to say, my child, for I want you to decide the matter yourself.”

“Azalia says that she would invite him; but Fanny says that if I invite him, she shall not come.”

“Aha!” The Colonel opened his eyes wide. “Well, my dear, you are not to be influenced wholly by what Azalia says, and you are to pay no attention to what Fanny threatens. You make the party. You have a perfect right to invite whom you please; and if Fanny don't choose to come, she has the privilege of staying away. I think, however, that she will not be likely to stay at home even if you give Paul an invitation. Be guided by your own sense of right, my darling. That is the best guide.”

“I wish you'd give Paul a coat, father. You can afford to, can't you?”

“Yes; but he can't afford to receive it.” Daphne looked at her father in amazement. “He can't afford to receive such a gift from me, because it is better for him to fight the battle of life without any help from me or anybody else at present. A good man offered to help me when I was a poor boy; but I thanked him, and said, ‘No, sir.’ I had made up my mind to cut my own way, and I guess Paul has made up his mind to do the same thing,” said the Colonel.

“I shall invite him. I'll let Fanny know that I have a mind of my own,” said Daphne, with determination in her voice.

Her father kissed her, but kept his thoughts to himself. He appeared to be pleased, and Daphne thought that he approved her decision.

The day before New Year Paul received a neatly folded note, addressed to Mr. Paul Parker. How funny it looked! It was the first time in his life that he had seen “Mr.” prefixed to his name. He opened it, and read that Miss Daphne Dare would receive her friends on New Year's eve at seven o'clock. A great many thoughts passed through his mind. How could he go and wear his grandfather's coat? At school he was on an equal footing with all; but to be one of a party in a richly furnished parlor, where Philip, Fanny, and Azalia, and other boys and girls whose fathers had money, could turn their backs on him and snub him, was very different. It was very kind in

Daphne to invite him, and ought he not to accept her invitation? Would she not think it a slight if he did not go? What excuse could he offer if he stayed away? None, except that he had no nice clothes. But she knew that, yet she had invited him. She was a true-hearted girl, and would not have asked him if she had not wanted him. Thus he turned the matter over, and decided to go.

But when the time came, Paul was in no haste to be there. Two or three times his heart failed him, while on his way; but looking across the square, and seeing Colonel Dare's house all aglare,—lights in the parlors and chambers, he pushed on resolutely, determined to be manly, notwithstanding his poverty. He reached the house, rang the bell, and was welcomed by Daphne in the hall.

“Good evening, Paul. You are very late. I was afraid you were not coming. All the others are here,” she said, her face beaming with happiness, joy, and excitement. She was elegantly dressed, for she was her father's pet, and he bought everything for her which he thought would make her happy.

“Better late than never, isn't it?” said Paul, not knowing what else to say.



Although the party had been assembled nearly an hour, there had been no games. The girls were huddled in groups on one side of the room, and the boys on the other, all shy, timid, and waiting for somebody to break the ice. Azalia was playing the piano, while Philip stood by her side. He was dressed in a new suit of broadcloth, and wore an eye-glass. Fanny was present, though she had threatened not to attend if Paul was invited. She had altered her mind. She thought it would be better to attend and make the place too hot for Paul; she would get up such a laugh upon him that he would be glad to take his hat and sneak away, and never show himself in respectable society again. Philip was in the secret, and so were a dozen others who looked

up to Philip and Fanny. Daphne entered the parlor, followed by Paul. There was a sudden tittering, snickering, and laughing; Paul stopped and bowed, then stood erect.

"I declare, if there isn't old Granddaddy," said Philip, squinting through his eye-glass.

"O my! how funny!" said a girl from Fairview.

"Ridiculous! It is a shame!" said Fanny, turning up her nose.

"Who is he?" the Fairview girl asked.

"A poor fellow who lives on charity,—so poor that he wears his grandfather's old clothes. We don't associate with him," was Fanny's reply.

Paul heard it. His cheek flushed, but he stood there, determined to brave it out. Azalia heard and saw it all. She stopped playing in the middle of a measure, ran from her seat with her cheeks all aflame, and walked towards Paul, extending her hand and welcoming him. "I am glad you have come, Paul. We want you to wake us up. We have been half asleep."

The laughter ceased instantly, for Azalia was a queen among them. Beautiful in form and feature, her chestnut hair falling in luxuriant curls upon her shoulders, her dark hazel eyes flashing indignantly, her cheeks like blush-roses, every feature of her countenance lighted up by the excitement of the moment, her bearing subdued the conspiracy at once, hushing the derisive laughter, and compelling respect, not only for herself, but for Paul. It required an effort on his part to keep back the tears from his eyes, so grateful was he for her kindness.

"Yes, Paul, we want you to be our general, and tell us what to do," said Daphne.

"Very well, let us have Copenhagen to begin with," he said.

The ice was broken. Daphne brought in her mother's clothes-line, the chairs were taken from the room, and in five minutes the parlor was humming like a beehive.

"I don't see what you can find to like in that disagreeable creature," said Philip to Azalia.

"He is a good scholar, and kind to his mother, and you know how courageous he was when he killed that terrible dog," was her reply.

"I think he is an impudent puppy. What right has he to thrust himself into good company, wearing his grandfather's old clothes?" Philip responded, dangling his eye-glass and running his soft hand through his hair.

"Paul is poor; but I never have heard anything against his character," said Azalia.

"Poor folks ought to be kept out of good society," said Philip.

"What do you say to that picture?" said Azalia, directing his attention towards a magnificent picture of Franklin crowned with laurel by the ladies of the court of France, which hung on the wall. "Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy, and dipped candles for a living; but he became a great man."

"Dipped candles! Why, I never heard of that before," said Philip, looking at the engraving through his eye-glass.

"I don't think it is any disgrace to Paul to be poor. I am glad that Daphne invited him," said Azalia, so resolutely that Philip remained silent. He was shallow-brained and ignorant, and thought it not best to hazard an exposure of his ignorance by pursuing the conversation.

After Copenhagen they had Fox and Geese, and Blind-man's-buff. They guessed riddles and conundrums, had magic writing, questions and answers, and made the parlor, the sitting-room, the spacious halls, and the wide stairway ring with their merry laughter. How pleasant the hours! Time flew on swiftest wings. They had a nice supper,—sandwiches, tongue, ham, cakes, custards, floating-islands, apples, and nuts. After supper they had stories, serious and laughable, about ghosts and witches, till the clock in the dining-room held up both of its hands and pointed to the figure twelve, as if in amazement at their late staying. "Twelve o'clock! Why,

how short the evening has been!" said they, when they found how late it was. They had forgotten all about Paul's coat, for he had been the life of the party, suggesting something new when the games lagged. He was so gentlemanly, and laughed so heartily and pleasantly, and was so wide awake, and managed everything so well, that, notwithstanding the conspiracy to put him down, he had won the good-will of all the party.

During the evening Colonel Dare and Mrs. Dare entered the room. The Colonel shook hands with Paul, and said, "I am very happy to see you here to-night, Paul." It was spoken so heartily and pleasantly that Paul knew the Colonel meant it.

The young gentlemen were to wait upon the young ladies home. Their hearts went pit-a-pat. They thought over whom to ask and what to say. They walked nervously about the hall, pulling on their gloves, while the girls were putting on their cloaks and hoods up stairs. They also were in a fever of expectation and excitement, whispering mysteriously, their hearts going like trip-hammers.

Daphne stood by the door to bid her guests good night. "I am very glad that you came to-night, Paul," she said, pressing his hand in gratitude, "I don't know what we should have done without you."

"I have passed a very pleasant evening," he replied.

Azalia came tripping down the stairs. "Shall I see you home, Azalia?" Paul asked.

"Miss Adams, shall I have the delightful pleasure of being permitted to escort you to your residence?" said Philip, with his most gallant air, at the same time pushing by Paul with a contemptuous look.

"Thank you both for your courtesy," said Azalia, "but I think I shall accept Paul's offer";—and putting her slender arm through his sturdy one, she passed out of the doorway, leaving Philip to console himself at his deserved discomfiture as best he could.

Paul was a proud and happy youth as he went out into the street with Azalia under his charge, among the lively groups busy with their comments upon the enjoyments of the party and their good-nights as they separated on their homeward ways. The night was frosty and cold, but it was clear and pleasant. The full moon was high in the heavens, the air was still, and there were no sounds to break the peaceful silence of the winter night, except the water dashing over the dam by the mill, the footsteps of the departing guests upon the frozen ground, and the echoing of their voices. Now that he was with Azalia alone, he wanted to tell her how grateful he was for all she had done for him; but he could only say, "I thank you, Azalia, for your kindness to me to-night."

"O, don't mention it, Paul; I am glad if I have helped you. Good night."

How light-hearted he was! He went home, and climbed the creaking stairway, to his chamber. The moon looked in upon him, and smiled. He could not sleep, so happy was he. How sweet those parting words! The water babbled them to the rocks, and beyond the river in the grand old forest, where the breezes were blowing, there was a pleasant murmuring of voices, as if the elms and oaks were having a party, and all were saying, "We are glad if we have helped you."

Carleton.



THE RED-WINGED GOOSE.

From his dream Mihal was waked by a loud hiss, and, starting to his feet, he saw that the moon shone like day on a goose with brilliant crimson wings, followed by six snow-white goslings, just disappearing in the forest. He did not wait to rub his eyes, but darted away on the track of the birds as fast as he could go, still keeping the nearest one in sight. Nothing could tire his patience or wear out his courage; the crooked roots of the old beech-trees seemed to crawl and twist purposely before his eager little feet, and more than once the low brambles of the forest scratched his face sharply as he fell forward among them. But Mihal had a stout heart; he scrambled up as he best might, and pursued the goslings with fresh ardor over hill and valley, far beyond the pine forest, and skirting its borders, till at length he found himself at dawn near the same hill where he had entered the dwarfs' cave, and as he followed the goslings up the hill-side, slippery with dry grass, he fell at length by the bubbling fountain. Tears of fatigue and discouragement came into his eyes; but as he raised his head slowly from the ground, lo! there on the edge of the spring sat the goose and her brood, wellnigh as tired as he. Mihal stretched his hand forward slowly and softly, till he grasped the snowy down of the gosling that sat nearest him, and twisted a finger about its neck; the goose and goslings sailed away, flapping their wings heavily, and Mihal tied his treasure tightly and safely with a little leathern thong, wondering where he should bestow it, when he heard a voice at his ear, and, turning, saw the grizzled head of the Dwarf-king, set, as it might be, under a round stone in the hill-side, with his little glittering eyes fixed on the child's prize. In fact the king was looking out of his chamber window, only that happened to be under a stone, and as Mihal saw the outside alone, nor could guess at the inside, he was naturally a little startled, though he laughed and held up the gosling in triumph. The dwarf nodded at Mihal, and asked him in to breakfast, for he was mightily in good-humor that morning because his miners had found a carbuncle as big as a goose-egg the day before, and brought news of a streak of pure gold right across the nearest mountain; moreover, he offered to keep the goslings for him, give him a good meal whenever he came to bring one, and told him always to wait for them by the forest cross, as they flew by there every night after moon-rise. So the boy dropped an acorn into the fountain, and the little old woman came to the door and let him in. He saw his bird safely caged, ate an excellent breakfast, and then trudged home to find his brothers and sisters still asleep; so he stole in to his own corner and slept too, till noon, for his mother wisely thought he had better sleep than eat.

The next night, after much the same adventures, he caught another gosling on the bough of a fir-tree far beyond the pine-forest, and carried it for many a mile before he reached the Dwarf-king's hill; and then, after his warm breakfast, the day was so far gone he did not care to go home, but made a nest of dry leaves under a great tree, and took a long nap in the sunshine. Nor did he leave the forest till night, for with an oaten cake and a bit of smoked boar's flesh that remained from his breakfast, and the sweet water of the spring, he supped like a lord. But by sunset he hastened home to find his mother watching without the hut, her hand shading her eyes from the level rays, and her mother-heart sore lest some evil had befallen her little lad. Mihal feigned to eat his crust with the others, but put it slyly into Zitza's hand, told the others stories till they slept, and then made his way through the woods and the midnight, as well as he might, to his place of waiting. Very dark and rustling was the old forest that night, full of sighs and whispers and moaning winds; the boy's heart shivered, and his flesh crept, for he was cold

and weary, and as he sat down beside the stone cross the shadows closed and pressed upon him till he could scarce breathe, and a chill sweat stood all over him. How in this black darkness was he to see the birds he came to pursue?

Suddenly a whirl of wings freshened the heavy air, the glittering white of the goslings' plumage shone even in that deep gloom, and from the red wings of the goose herself a tender, rosy light spread and glowed like a wandering sunset-cloud. Mihal remembered no more cold, or darkness, or fear, but started to his feet and pursued his chase as manfully as ever. This time they took a new track, deep into the heart of the forest, and sorely was Mihal's patience tried to follow them. Sometimes, just as the last one seemed to be within reach, his eager hands would close over a feather fallen from its wings, or a lock of wool caught from some lost sheep, instead of the bird he grasped at, and in the uncertain light that struggled through the thick boughs it was not always easy to see even the nearest gosling; but as day began to dawn, this strange hunt and child hunter came out of the forest into a gray and dismal marsh, through which ran slowly a muddy stream, winding through tussocks of coarse grass. On its brink the birds lighted to drink, and Mihal stole carefully up behind them, sure at last of success. They stood quite still, eagerly drinking, all unaware of the enemy behind them, while he, careless of the dwarf's directions, and anxious for the prey, determined this time to catch two instead of one, and stretching out his left hand toward the nearest, grasped with his right at another; but, poor child! so sure of the nearest was he, that, in trying first to seize the other, he fell full length in the soft black mud of the marsh, and the goslings, taking wing, were out of sight before Mihal, his face plastered with mire, could pick himself up from the side of the stream and see whither they went.

When he found they were really gone, he sat down on a stone and began to cry bitterly. Cold and hungry, tired out, disappointed, conscious withal that his fault lay beneath his failing, he was near to despair, and knew not how to look for comfort, when in the midst of his distress he heard a short, sharp laugh close at his side, and, looking up, perceived the Dwarf-king right before him, holding a square mirror, over which peered his keen, twinkling eyes and grizzled head circled with the ring of gold.

"Look here, child!" said he, tapping the frame of the mirror. Mihal looked, and beheld therein his own piteous figure perched upon a rugged stone, his old baize jacket more torn and soiled than ever, his coarse hat of oaten straw bruised and askew over one ear, his face daubed with mud, through which the tears made little paths till he was well striped in black and white. A funny sight he was to see, and while he kept looking at this quaint vision he forgot to cry, began to smile, and at last laughed outright; for surely it was a sight to make any stone saint in Prague Cathedral shake his hard sides with rocky laughter.

"There," quoth the Dwarf-king, "a laugh is as good as a loaf; the toad-marsh needs no salting of tears; take heart, little lad, take heart! Wash thy face and gather grace,—'There is always life for a living one!'"

Mihal rid his features of their stripes, tucked away the tangled curls of his hair, and turned again to the mirror with a smile that showed his small white teeth, glittered in his sloe-black eyes, and printed many a dimple deep in his rosy cheeks and chin; the thousand tiny bells on the mirror frame tinkled for joy, and the dwarf pulled out of his snake-skin pouch some savory meat and cakes, with which the child refreshed himself heartily and well. But Mihal was not spared a good rating after all the food had vanished.

"Thou art a pretty one," said the dwarf, "to keep counsel and follow fortune; but he that breaks his arms must needs hold by his teeth, and he that hath two must also have seven,

though it be seven years seeking. Four nights must pass before yonder spell-ridden bird may again see the pine-tree and the Fountain of Silence, and the bird that is frightened is swift of flight thereafter. Still, I counsel thee to go forward.”

Mihal hung his head, and made a reverence to the dwarf, while with his eyes he looked his gratitude, and also his fresh resolve. The little king showed him a short way homeward, and suddenly disappeared just as a slant ray from the new-risen sun touched the spot where he stood; for these hill people love not sunshine,—it does not jingle or feel heavy, and it mocks them with its yellow brightness. Mihal made his way home, and for four nights tossed wearily upon the straw under his sheepskin blanket. In vain the waning moon shone through the crevices of the hut, in vain the mild night-airs from the pine-trees breathed their mystic fragrance abroad. He would not now despise the dwarf’s wisdom, he would wait if he might not watch or pursue. At last the fifth night came, and long before the late moonrise Mihal leaned against the forest cross. High overhead, the stars marched through the purple heaven in glittering state and splendor, and meteors spun their threads of fiery light from planet to planet, as bent on some celestial errand; but soon clouds gathered above the lonely earth, storm-rack fled through the vaults of air, gusts of wind bent the forest, that sighed and groaned before the gale; afar off the howl of a wolf added another discord to the tempest-chorus, and the wild yell of the witch-owl, or the scream of a benighted eagle driven by the powers of air from his eyrie, smote Mihal’s heart with terror, and filled his soul with dread. A sob of fright burst from his lips, but a voice of good cheer beside him said, “Patience!” and as the word fell on his ear he heard the rush of the goose’s wings, a dull red light gleamed in the north and spread along the clouds, and once more his chase began.

Long, long, and dreary it was this time; sometimes he thought the birds would never light, to rest or drink; on and on they flew, while on and on he followed, though his head whirled, and his heart beat as if it would break. At last the line of the goose’s flight led past a thick cedar whose boughs swept the ground, and the last gosling, swerving a little from the line, flew headlong into the thickest branches, and before it could flutter itself free was safe clutched in Mihal’s two hands. Speedily he made his way to the Dwarf-king with his treasure, had his sore and bleeding feet anointed and bound up carefully, was well warmed and fed, and freely praised by the little master for his good-will and courage.

It would take long, and too long, to tell how slowly Mihal caught the other three; what mountain ridges rose up in his path and daunted his bravery for a time; what trackless forests, what desert heaths, what solitary lakes on whose margin the heron stalked and the gull screamed, what mighty rolling rivers, were traversed and passed in his nightly chases; but he that keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut comes at last to bed and table, though it be never so long first; and when Mihal grasped the sixth gosling on the shore of a dark inland sea, sombre with the shadow of overhanging cliffs, the red-winged goose herself, loath to leave the last of her brood, lighted upon his shoulder, and he carried her home in triumph.

Once there, he built for her a large and light cage of little pine-boughs, and strewed its floor with sweet leaves of fir and birch, where the beautiful bird contented herself, and ere long laid therein snowy eggs like any other goose. These Mihal carefully stored, and when he had a goodly number sent them to the land-steward of a great lord who had a castle in that country. Now this mightily pleased the land-steward, who above all things liked fried goose-eggs for his supper,—so much that he sent for Mihal to come and live with him, and also bestowed food upon the eight children, and five roods of good land upon Otto Koenig.

Mihal lived with him till he became as his son, and, after years enough had passed to make

the boy a man, the land-steward made him under-bailiff on the great lord his master's estate, and built him there a nice wooden house with two windows and a door that would shut. Here Mihal lived for some time with only the red-winged goose and Zitza for company, but Zitza needs must marry and go away, so Mihal asked the land-steward's pretty daughter to marry him. Hanne had much ado to say "No," as modest maidens should, even if they say "Yes" after, as she did; so the banns were read, and they were wedded, like all good people, with priest and mass-book.

The Dwarf-king was seen no more; long ago had he eaten a goose-pie of marvellous flavor, made from the six goslings, that Mihal dressed and the jackdaw woman compounded into the pastry with spices abundant, and crispy crust; and maybe it was in return for this that on Mihal's wedding-day a red apron curiously wrought with gold and silk threads fell down the chimney right into Hanne's lap. Mihal at least believed it was the Dwarf-king's present, for the like of it had never been seen in all Bohemia, and whenever the little wife put it on, all house-matters went smoothly and right.

And there never was but one thing that troubled Hanne about her man, in all their long life; but alas! if ever she made a pudding before she cleaned the pot, if ever she poured in the cream before she scalded the churn, if ever she went to mass before the children were washed and fed, or rated a beggar from the door and bought the Virgin in the castle chapel a costly offering, Mihal would shake his head and say, "Hanne! Hanne! thou shouldst catch the nearest one first!" Nor could either tears or kisses persuade him to tell her what this strange speech meant. So everybody must allow she was an ill-used woman, as all women are—when they think so!

And this is all, about THE RED-WINGED GOOSE.

Rose Terry.





MY HEAVENLY BIRD.

Out of the deeps of heaven
A bird has flown to my door,
As twice in the ripening summers
Its mates have flown before!

Why it has flown to my dwelling,
Nor it nor I may know;
And only the silent angels
Can tell when it shall go!

That it will not straightway vanish,
But fold its wings with me,
And sing in the greenest branches
Till the axe is laid to the tree,

Is the prayer of my love and terror,
For my soul is sore distress,
Lest I wake some dreadful morning,
And find but its empty nest!

R. H. Stoddard.

OUR DOGS.

I.

W e who live in Cunopolis are a dog-loving family. We have a warm side towards everything that goes upon four paws, and the consequence has been that, taking things first and last, we have been always kept in confusion and under the paw, so to speak, of some honest four-footed tyrant, who would go beyond his privilege and overrun the whole house. Years ago this begun, when our household consisted of a papa, a mamma, and three or four noisy boys and girls, and a kind Miss Anna who acted as a second mamma to the whole. There was also one more of our number, the youngest, dear little bright-eyed Charley, who was king over us all, and rode in a wicker wagon for a chariot, and had a nice little nurse devoted to him; and it was through him that our first dog came.

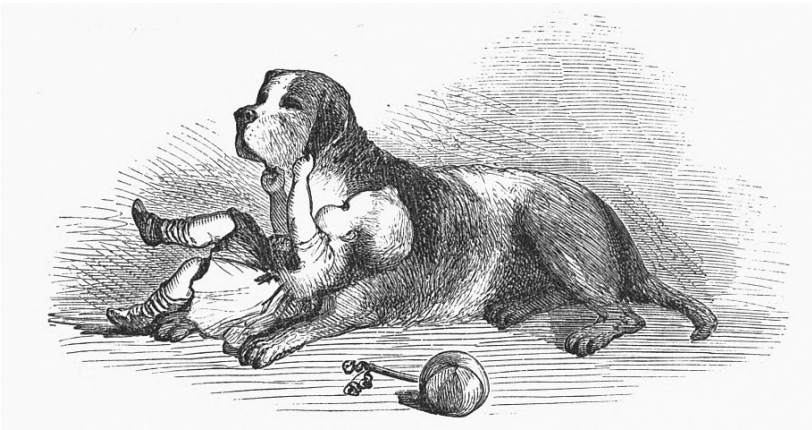
One day Charley's nurse took him quite a way to a neighbor's house, to spend the afternoon; and, he being well amused, they stayed till after nightfall. The kind old lady of the mansion was concerned that the little prince in his little coach, with his little maid, had to travel so far in the twilight shadows, and so she called a big dog named Carlo, and gave the establishment into his charge.

Carlo was a great, tawny-yellow mastiff, as big as a calf, with great, clear, honest eyes, and stiff, wiry hair; and the good lady called him to the side of the little wagon, and said, "Now, Carlo, you must take good care of Charley, and you mustn't let anything hurt him."

Carlo wagged his tail in promise of protection, and away he trotted, home with the wicker wagon; and when he arrived, he was received with so much applause by four little folks, who dearly loved the very sight of a dog, he was so stroked and petted and caressed, that he concluded that he liked the place better than the home he came from, where were only very grave elderly people. He tarried all night, and slept at the foot of the boys' bed, who could hardly go to sleep for the things they found to say to him, and who were awake ever so early in the morning, stroking his rough, tawny back, and hugging him.

At his own home Carlo had a kennel all to himself, where he was expected to live quite alone, and do duty by watching and guarding the place. Nobody petted him, or stroked his rough hide, or said "Poor dog!" to him, and so it appears he had a feeling that he was not appreciated, and liked our warm-hearted little folks, who told him stories, gave him half of their own supper, and took him to bed with them sociably. Carlo was a dog that had a mind of his own, though he couldn't say much about it, and in his dog fashion proclaimed his likes and dislikes quite as strongly as if he could speak. When the time came for taking him home, he growled and showed his teeth dangerously at the man who was sent for him, and it was necessary to drag him back by force, and tie him into his kennel. However, he soon settled that matter by gnawing the rope in two and padding down again and appearing among his little friends, quite to their delight. Two or three times was he taken back and tied or chained; but he howled so dismally, and snapped at people in such a misanthropic manner, that finally the kind old lady thought it better to have no dog at all than a dog soured by blighted affection. So she loosed his rope, and said, "There, Carlo, go and stay where you like"; and so Carlo came to us, and a joy and delight was he to all in the house. He loved one and all; but he declared himself as more than all the slave and property of our little Prince Charley. He would lie on the floor as still as a door-mat, and let him pull his hair, and roll over him, and examine his eyes with his little

fat fingers; and Carlo submitted to all these personal freedoms with as good an understanding as papa himself. When Charley slept, Carlo stretched himself along under the crib; rising now and then, and standing with his broad breast on a level with the slats of the crib, he would look down upon him with an air of grave protection. He also took a great fancy to papa, and would sometimes pat with tiptoe care into his study, and sit quietly down by him when he was busy over his Greek or Latin books, waiting for a word or two of praise or encouragement. If none came, he would lay his rough horny paw on his knee, and look in his face with such an honest, imploring expression, that the Professor was forced to break off to say, "Why, Carlo, you poor, good, honest fellow,—did he want to be talked to?—so he did. Well, he shall be talked to;—he's a nice good dog";—and during all these praises Carlo's transports and the thumps of his rough tail are not to be described.



He had great, honest yellowish-brown eyes,—not remarkable for their beauty, but which used to look as if he longed to speak, and he seemed to have a yearning for praise and love and caresses that even all our attentions could scarcely satisfy. His master would say to him sometimes, "Carlo, you poor, good, homely dog,—how loving you are!"

Carlo was a full-blooded mastiff,—and his beauty, if he had any, consisted in his having all the good points of his race. He was a dog of blood, come of real old mastiff lineage; his stiff, wiry hair, his big, rough paws, and great brawny chest, were all made for strength rather than beauty; but for all that he was a dog of tender sentiments. Yet, if any one intruded on his rights and dignities, Carlo showed that he had hot blood in him; his lips would go back, and show a glistening row of ivories, that one would not like to encounter, and if any trespassed on his privileges, he would give a deep warning growl,—as much as to say, "I am your slave for love,—but you must treat me well, or I shall be dangerous." A blow he would not bear from any one: the fire would flash from his great yellow eyes, and he would snap like a rifle;—yet he would let his own Prince Charley pound on his ribs with both baby fists, and pull his tail till he yelped, without even a show of resistance.

At last came a time when the merry voice of little Charley was heard no more, and his little feet no more pattered through the halls; he lay pale and silent in his little crib, with his dear life ebbing away, and no one knew how to stop its going. Poor old Carlo lay under the crib when they would let him, sometimes rising up to look in with an earnest, sorrowful face; and sometimes he would stretch himself out in the entry before the door of little Charley's room,

watching with his great open eyes lest the thief should come in the night to steal away our treasure.

But one morning when the children woke, one little soul had gone in the night,—gone upward to the angels; and then the cold, pale, little form that used to be the life of the house was laid away tenderly in the yard of a neighboring church.

Poor old Carlo would pit-pat silently about the house in those days of grief, looking first into one face and then another, but no one could tell him where his gay little master had gone. The other children had hid the baby-wagon away in the lumber-room lest their mamma should see it; and so passed a week or two, and Carlo saw no trace of Charley about the house. But then a lady in the neighborhood, who had a sick baby, sent to borrow the wicker wagon, and it was taken from its hiding-place to go to her. Carlo came to the door just as it was being drawn out of the gate into the street. Immediately he sprung, cleared the fence with a great bound, and ran after it. He overtook it, and poked his head between the curtains,—there was no one there. Immediately he turned away, and padded dejectedly home. What words could have spoken plainer of love and memory than this one action?

Carlo lived with us a year after this, when a time came for the whole family hive to be taken up and moved away from the flowery banks of the Ohio, to the piny shores of Maine. All our household goods were being uprooted, disordered, packed, and sold; and the question daily arose, “What shall we do with Carlo?” There was hard begging on the part of the boys that he might go with them, and one even volunteered to travel all the way in baggage cars to keep Carlo company. But papa said no, and so it was decided to send Carlo up the river to the home of a very genial lady who had visited in our family, and who appreciated his parts, and offered him a home in hers.

The matter was anxiously talked over one day in the family circle while Carlo lay under the table, and it was agreed that papa and Willie should take him to the steamboat landing the next morning. But the next morning, Mr. Carlo was nowhere to be found. In vain was he called, from garret to cellar; nor was it till papa and Willie had gone to the city that he came out of his hiding-place. For two or three days it was impossible to catch him, but after a while his suspicions were laid, and we learned not to speak out our plans in his presence, and so the transfer at last was prosperously effected.

We heard from him once in his new home, as being a highly appreciated member of society, and adorning his new situation with all sorts of dog virtues, while we wended our ways to the coast of Maine. But our hearts were sore for want of him; the family circle seemed incomplete, until a new favorite appeared to take his place, of which I shall tell you next month.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



LITTLE SARAH'S SKATES.



Little Sarah always begged Nurse Day to loop up one of her window-curtains when she went to bed, that she might go to sleep watching the stars twinkle, and in the morning see the great sun rise, and after he had risen, see if his goldy locks were all on end, as her own often were, when she had forgotten to put on her cambric cap the previous night. So one morning she awoke, not quite as early as usual, and found her room full of light, which seemed to dance about some bright object on a chair by her bedside, but which she was at first too sleepy to investigate; for a moment she lay quite still, thinking that perhaps it was some fairy's wand which caused such a glitter, and that presently a real live fairy, with beautiful gold wings, would perch on her thumb and offer to grant her three wishes, like other obliging fairies she had read about. And the very first wish that came into her head was for a pair of skates; and having got fairly awake at last, behold! what was this same bright something by her bedside, but a handsome new pair of skates,—indeed, so bright that she could see her own face in them!

“O my! *how* nice! A *real* pair of skates!” and she was out of bed in the twinkling of an eye, and vainly trying to strap them upon her tiny bare feet; but finding herself unskilful, she pattered across the room, opened the door, and called, “Nurse Day, please come and dress little Sarah, she’s broad awake,—come quick!”

“Here I am, honey!” said Nurse, as she came bustling in. “And what’s the hurry? Hungry?”

“Hungry!” repeated Sarah, indignantly; “I’ve got something better to hurry me. Has papa gone to his office?”

“Yes indeed.”

“Then I am glad, for I can go right out on the Park and learn to skate before he comes home. See, Nurse, my beautiful skates! And won’t he be surprised when he comes home round by the Park, and sees me skating just like Mrs. Mason?”

“I should think so,” said Nurse Day; “but you’re not going to wear your cap out, honey?”

“O yes,” she answered, “I shall wear my skating-cap, that you crocheted for me!”

“But not your nightcap, miss?” for Sarah in her haste had forgotten to take off her cap and have her curls smoothed.

"No, of course not!" said she, laughing at herself; and Nurse laughed with her, and they got so good-natured about it that Sarah forgot to say "Oh!" when the comb met a snarl among her ringlets.

"Now," said Nurse, "since your papa has been so kind, and bought you such grand skates, I hope you will think of nothing so much as how you can best please *him!*"

"O, that's what I've been thinking about since ever I woke up, and so I want to learn to skate, right away; aren't you most done?"

"Almost. But, Sarah, I don't think you had better go to-day; some other time your papa will take you, and with him there will be no danger of your falling and breaking any limbs!"

"Pooh! I don't want any one to show *me* how to skate; I can slide right off myself; who can't? It isn't anything to do after you've got your skates!"

"That's all you know about it, miss! It takes a great while to learn, and you would be sure to fall, and——"

"How foolish!" interrupted Sarah, "I know I can slide without any trouble";—and, looking thoughtfully at her little bare arms, asked, "Nurse Day, do people's arms break just like doll's?"

"How is that?"

"Why, you know; didn't my Lady Bountiful's right arm come off so that it wouldn't ever stay fixed again? Would mine break so?"

"No," answered the nurse; "you break the bone, and the doctor comes and gives it a pull that is ever so painful, and binds two pieces of wood upon it, and bandages it with linen, and it aches badly, and you carry it in a sling, and can't feed yourself, nor hold a book, nor sew your patchwork, till ever so long!"

"I don't think I should mind that a great deal," said Sarah, with the air of a young martyr. "I think I could bear it, if I had pleased papa, and learnt to skate: but then I *mustn't* break my arm!"

"Now get my things, please," said she, after the dressing was finished.

"I am afraid to let you go," said the nurse; "you must wait till I see your papa."

"And I want to surprise him!" and withal, Sarah begged so hard, and coaxed so prettily, that at last Nurse Day promised to take her out, if she would come home as soon as she found herself mistaken about her ability to skate. But Sarah was quite certain of spending the morning on the ice;—haven't some of us been equally as certain of an uncertainty?

"Come, now, and eat your breakfast first," called the nurse.

"I'm sure I can't eat a thing," said Sarah; but Nurse insisted, though it was only a mouthful. Perhaps you and I have felt something as Sarah did, when we have been going to some favorite place of amusement, where we expected a great deal of pleasure;—don't you remember a picnic, to which you went last summer, and how hungry you were before luncheon-time, just because you couldn't or wouldn't eat your breakfast before starting?

They were soon ready, and Sarah tripped gayly along, with the magical skates hanging upon her arm, and the chill air bringing roses out upon her plump cheeks, and the beautiful sunlight entangling itself among her curls and sparkling in her blue eyes.

The Park was nearly covered with skaters, who floated so easily and happily along, that Sarah clapped her hands in high glee, and was in haste to share the fun; and, sitting down for Nurse to strap on her skates, she noticed another little girl, who seemed much interested in the sport without joining in it.

"Why don't you skate, too?" asked Sarah; "you aren't afraid of falling, are you?"

"No; I can skate pretty well, but I haven't any skates. Daisy Hastings lent me hers last winter, while she had the whooping-cough, but now she wants them herself," answered the

little girl, whose name was Bessie.

“O, that’s too bad! But why don’t you ask your father to buy you a pair of your own?”

“I haven’t got any father,” she returned.

“To ask papa” was Sarah’s “Open Sesame!”

Without doubt, Nurse Day was very foolish to let Sarah have her own way in such a matter as this; but maybe she was so fond of her, and thought her such a wonderful little sprite that she *could* skate, or do almost anything without practice; or, Nurse Day may have believed it best that she should suffer something from her own self-will, and learn whose judgment was the wisest. When the skates were snugly on, she led Sarah out upon the glassy ice, tottering, but still believing in herself and her skates, when once free of restraint.

“Now, Nurse, dear, go and sit down, and see me go like the others!” implored Sarah, balancing herself with much effort.

“No, honey dear, I must keep hold of you till you are steady on your feet.”

“You promised to let me skate, and that’s not keeping your word, you know: *do* go away, I haven’t got any room to push along in. Just this once; if I fall down, I will go right home.”

Very unwillingly Nurse left her swaying from side to side,—one moment firm on the ice, the next almost down; at last, calling, “Look, Nurse Day!” she pushed one foot forward, sure of dazzling success, which achieved, with triumph radiant on her face, she slid forth the other, quite as they did at the dancing-school, and ah!—she was down upon the cold, unkindly ice!

Nurse Day and little Bessie both rushed to her help, though Nurse, herself unused to the ice, fell, and got a great bruise, which she scarcely knew, in her anxiety for Sarah; for when they reached her, she saw to her dismay that she made no movement.

“What is the matter?” asked Bessie, white as a sheet herself. “Is she dead?”

“Dead! no indeed!” answered Nurse Day, a little sharply; “she has merely fainted. O, she has broken an arm!”

Then the other skaters gathered about, and some one ran for a carriage, and some one for the doctor, and so they carried her home. She was quite crestfallen when she recovered from her fainting, and could hardly keep back the tears that made her eyes look as glassy as the Park. And then her arm ached so!

“O dear! papa will be so disappointed!” sighed Sarah, looking regretfully through her tears at her pretty skates.

“Your papa will feel much worse about your broken arm, I think,” said little Bessie, who had gone home with her. “But by and by, when it gets mended, you can learn quite as well.”

“O, but I *wanted* to learn before papa came home!” said Sarah, crying now with the pain.

“And perhaps you will”;—for Bessie thought, from her better experience in skating, that he must have gone to Europe, or some place a good way off.

When the doctor came, he splintered and bound the arm up, and Sarah had to carry it so for six weeks, in a sling. Sometimes it ached badly; and she couldn’t dress her dolls all that time, nor sew; and she had to turn the leaves of her story-books with her left hand, and feed herself so too; and Nurse Day had to cut up her meat, and butter her bread, and wait upon her by inches; and altogether it was so tedious that she was almost in despair, before it was pronounced safe to use the arm freely.

Little Bessie came often to see her, and brought what slender consolation was in her power, such as the incidents of the skating-park, the ups and downs of life on the ice. One afternoon she had got dreadfully weary of turning the leaves of her book with so much difficulty, and as Nurse was sewing on her new frock, and couldn’t stop to read to her, she grew very dull and

low-spirited. "O dear!" said she, "I wish I had never been born!"

This made Nurse Day laugh heartily, to think that any one should make such a circumstance of a little weariness, when many others had to endure a thousand times as much, and a great deal more pain and distress than Sarah could conceive of; but it only made Sarah vexed to be laughed at.

"I don't see why you laugh," said she. "Wouldn't you rather not have been born, if you could do nothing but count the snow-flakes or the ticking of the clock?"

"Well," said Nurse, "I don't know how you would get along if you were Miss Francis across the way there: she's been bedridden these ten years."

"Bedridden! What's that?"

"She can't get off her bed, but lies there night and day, and she is lifted upon another when they make it up."

"Can't she walk at all, nor be bolstered up in an arm-chair, nor ride out?"

"No indeed, she never sets foot on the floor."

"And can't the doctors cure her? What made her so?"

"She fell off her horse, and injured her spine. And the next day she would have been married; her wedding-gown was all made, she had just tried it on before going out for an airing; but she never put it on again; and the beautiful wedding-cakes were all baked, and the guests invited. No one ever hears *her* wishing she had never been born, though."

"Ten years," said Sarah, thoughtfully; "that's a good while. I can't see how she amuses herself: doesn't she cry sometimes?"

"Not she; but she writes verses and books; that is, she dictates them, and some one—her amanuensis—writes them down."

"Well, but you see I can't write books."

"You can do something else; one can always find *some* employment for one's thoughts, if the usual ones are taken away from them. I've read of a man who was kept in prison in France, with nothing under the sun to do but walk in a little paved court, where he could see only a little square of the blue sky."

"And what did *he* do?" asked Sarah, for Nurse Day stopped to find the needle she had dropped on the carpet.

"Why, he found a little root growing between two broken tiles, and made it his pleasure and occupation daily to watch and cherish it, till it grew and blossomed; and he loved it so tenderly, and thought about it so constantly, that it almost killed him when the wind nearly uprooted it, one stormy night."

"That was too bad! And what happened then?"

"He built a little arbor over it with sticks and straws, so that no future tempest might harm it. Then there was another prisoner, whom I heard your papa talking of one day; when he was confined, he had nothing but his misfortunes to think about,—and that is not often, either, an agreeable or profitable subject of thought,—and he was allowed no books nor writing-materials, nor the visits of friends; and, thus brought to his wit's end, he looked about him, and made friends with a spider that spun a web in the cell; and he grew so fond of it, that when he was set free he would have liked to take it away with him, but *that* that would have been treating his funny friend much as he himself had been served."

"I should have thought it would have bitten him."

"I suspect that even such little creatures know when one means them kindly. But there was one man who carried his violin to prison with him; and when he played, a rat crept out of its

hole, and sat down on its haunches, a good ways from him, to listen; and every day it came a little nearer, till by and by it would sit close beside him, and eat part of his food; and so with his rat and violin he lived quite contentedly.”

“And wasn’t he afraid of the rat?”

“No, indeed; the rat was afraid of *him* at first, but the tune the violin sang won upon it. Now John Bunyan, he who wrote your little ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ was another of these wise men, who could find something worth thinking about in a ‘Slough of Despond.’ He was once imprisoned, with only his own thoughts to come and go upon; and he said to himself, ‘I want a trifle of amusement; here are bare walls and grated windows, a heap of straw and a wooden stool,—how can I best extract pleasure from these?’ So what does he do but take one leg out of his wooden stool, and with his jack-knife fashion it into a flute, and so transformed monotony into harmony. By and by he hears the tread of the turnkey, who is coming to see if the music he hears issues from John Bunyan’s cell; but he slips the flute back into its old place in the stool, and thus puzzles the gaoler, and keeps it without let or hindrance.”

“How nice!” said Sarah. “But then, Nurse, what would you advise *me* to do?”

“John Bunyan didn’t have any advice; he thought it out for himself.”

“Well, then, in the first place, I think—I think that, when Bessie comes again, I will lend her my skates. She hasn’t any, you know. I didn’t remember that before. In the next place, I have made up my mind not to try skating alone again; and in the last place, as I can’t make a flute, nor play a violin, I will sing a song”;—and singing so, little Sarah sang herself into sleep and dreams.

Mary N. Prescott.



HOW MARGERY WONDERED.

One bright morning, late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round gray eyes, which had yet scarcely opened upon half a dozen springs and summers.

There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues of pinks and violets. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the waters at the sun, and wondered!

For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day;—it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined calyx,—a flower without a stem! Or was there a strong stem away behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?

Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide was coming in, and the waves, little at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up, along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking, and whispering, as they tumbled over each other, like thousands of children hurrying home from somewhere, each with its own precious little secret to tell. Where did the wave come from? Who was down there under the blue wall of the horizon, with the hoarse, hollow voice, urging and pushing them across the beach to her feet? And what secret was it they were lisping to each other with their pleasant voices? O what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim, too, away off where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea-birds, were gliding out and in?

But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock, and wondered, there came a low, rippling warble to her ear from a cedar-tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten that there were birds, and that birds could sing. So she wondered again what the music was. And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a bluebird, but then it was the first bluebird Margery had ever seen. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as well as the cedar-berries, which were dusty-blue, the color of his coat. But how did the music get into his throat? And after it was in his throat, how could it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the bluebird flown from, across the snow-banks, down to the shore of the blue sea? The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves; they seemed to know each other well; and the ripple and the warble sounded so much alike, they must both have learned their music of the same teacher. And Margery kept on wondering as she stepped between the song of the bluebird and the echo of the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.

The grass was surely beginning to grow! There were fresh, juicy blades, running up among the withered blades of last year, as if in hopes of bringing them back to life; and closer down, she saw the sharp points of new spears peeping from their sheaths. And scattered here and there were small dark green leaves, hiding buds which were shut up so tight that no eyes but those which had watched them many times could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by and by. So no one could blame Margery for not knowing that they were only common blossoms, dandelions, and cinquefoil; nor for stooping over the tiny buds, and wondering.

What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what there was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprang up in this,—and did they know, themselves, what kind of flowers they should blossom into? Had flowers souls, like little girls, that would live in another world when they had died here?

Margery thought she should like to sit down on the bank and wait beside the buds until they opened; perhaps they would tell her their secret if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. So she only wondered, and wondered!

But the dash of the waves grew louder, and the bluebird had not stopped singing yet, and the sweet sounds drew Margery's feet down to the beach again, where she played with the shining pebbles, and sifted the sand through her plump fingers, stopping now and then to wonder a little about everything, until she heard her mother's voice calling her, from the cottage on the cliff.

Then Margery trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks, for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told, nor cared to know, the reason why. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said, "O mother, do let me live on the door-step! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad? Don't you like to wonder?"

Margery's mother was a good woman, but there was all the housework to do, and if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander from that; and just then she was baking some gingerbread, which was in danger of getting burnt in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the door-step, saying to herself, as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"

But Margery sat on the door-step, and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world, from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

Lucy Larcom.



LESSONS IN MAGIC.

I.

Most of the readers of this Magazine have no doubt from time to time witnessed the performance of some “Professor,” “Thaumaturgist” or “Prestidigitateur,” and, whilst they have wondered at the tricks exhibited, have felt a curiosity to know how they were done. Not so much that they might do them, as to gratify that “eternal hankering” after knowledge which is so characteristic of the Yankee mind, and which has led to so many valuable inventions and discoveries.

This curiosity I now propose to satisfy, and will endeavor, in this and succeeding articles, to explain in a clear and simple manner, not only all the tricks that are commonly shown in public, but also to initiate the readers into the mysteries of Legerdemain,—an art of which, although we hear a great deal, yet we see very little, as the majority of “stage tricks” owe their effect almost entirely to some cunningly contrived apparatus, and not to any skill on the part of the performer. In fact many of those styling themselves “Prestidigitateurs” assume the name merely because it is high-sounding, being totally incapable of performing the simplest sleight, and, when once away from the boxes and traps with which their stage is laden, are no more magicians than one of their audience.

I will begin by explaining a few sleight-of-hand tricks, which will, I hope, be the source of much amusement to “Our Young Folks,” and, after they have become familiar with these, will describe the more complicated ones, most of which are purely ingenious specimens of mechanism, and last of all,—and these to my mind are the most beautiful,—those effected by the aid of Electricity; so that I hope not merely to teach a little Magic, but also introduce considerable Natural Philosophy.

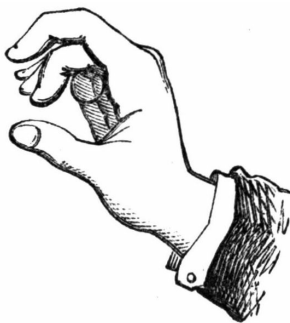
I will now ring up the curtain, make my bow, and proceed to show how

To Palm a Coin.



This is a necessary beginning for any one who wishes to become an expert sleight-of-hand performer, as about one half the art of “Prestidigitation” is dependent on it. To explain it clearly is rather difficult, for although it is readily understood when *shown*, yet it is a hard matter to *describe* it. This however is about it. Balance a half-dollar on the tips of the second and third

fingers, or, what is better, on the second finger only, steadying it by touching it lightly with the thumb. Now close the hand quickly, and you will find that the coin lies in the palm. Throw forward the thumb, so that the coin is held between the ball of the thumb and that part of the palm which lies beneath and between the second and third fingers, as shown in figure, and the thing is done. Practise this well before attempting it "before folk," for if you are once caught *palming*, it spoils the effect of all the tricks that depend on it. After becoming a proficient with the right hand, try it with the left.



The following, besides being an excellent little trick, affords first-rate practice.

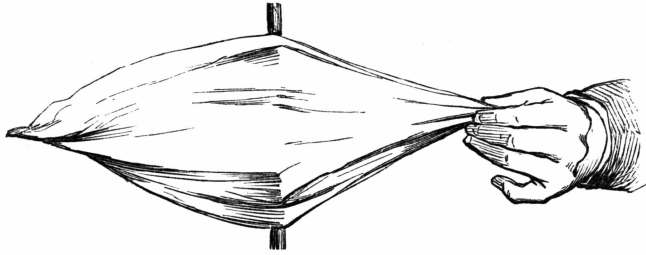
To pass a Coin invisibly from one Hand to another:

Begin by informing your audience that you are now about to attempt a very difficult feat, and that it is to borrow two silver half-dollars. (A half-dollar, or an old-fashioned cent, is the best to palm, on account of the size.) Having got the coins, lay them on a table. Then tuck up your sleeves and call attention to the fact that you have nothing concealed there. Pick up one half-dollar with the thumb and second finger of your *right hand*. Now *pretend* to place the coin in your *left hand*, which you immediately close, but in fact *palms* it with the *right*. If neatly done, the right hand will *apparently* be empty, and the audience will suppose that the coin is in the left. Now take the other coin in the right hand, put that hand behind your back, keeping the left before you, command the coin to "Pass," and at the same moment clink the two coins together (which are both in the same hand), and your audience will imagine that the coin actually passed from the left to the right hand. I have performed this hundreds of times, and never failed to elicit tokens of surprise.

Should you be requested to repeat it, and *are very expert at it*, you may do so; but remember, as the first Rule of Magic, NEVER REPEAT A TRICK IMMEDIATELY, *as the second performance is more closely watched, and you are liable to be detected*. Of course, it will not do to refuse point-blank, but excuse yourself as best you can, and propose to show something equally mysterious; as, for instance,

The Russian Ring Trick.

A ring is borrowed from one of the company, placed inside a handkerchief, and given to some one to hold. A small stick is now held by each end, by two others of the audience, in such a way that the centre of it is covered entirely by the ends of the handkerchief. The performer then takes one end of the handkerchief and pulls it suddenly, when, lo! the ring is gone from it, and is found whirling round the centre of the stick.



This is the manner of performing it. In one corner of the handkerchief you have a pocket, in which is placed a ring, after which the pocket is sewed up, so that the ring is held there; or you can fold one corner down, which will answer as long as you conceal and hold the ring in it. Borrow a plain gold ring, and pretend to place it in the centre of the handkerchief; but, instead of doing that, you *palms* the ring, and then, requesting one of the audience to hold the handkerchief, you give them the ring which is sewed in the corner. You then give a stick for examination, and, when it is returned, take it in your left hand and slip the ring, which is concealed in the right hand, and which is held by the second finger of that hand, as shown in the cut, over it. The ring now being on, be careful not to remove your hand, which should be about the centre of the stick. Request two of the audience to come forward and take hold of each end of the stick, which you place so that the centre is entirely covered by the handkerchief. You may now remove your hand and take hold of one end of the handkerchief, requesting the person who holds the ring to let go of it when you say, "Three." Then count, "One,—Two,—Three,—Pass!" Pull the handkerchief, and there is the ring whirling round the stick as if it had just that moment dropped on it, the whirling motion being caused by pulling the handkerchief over it.

The attention of the audience being altogether taken up with the ring and stick, you put the handkerchief in your pocket, where you should have another which you can give them should they desire to examine it.

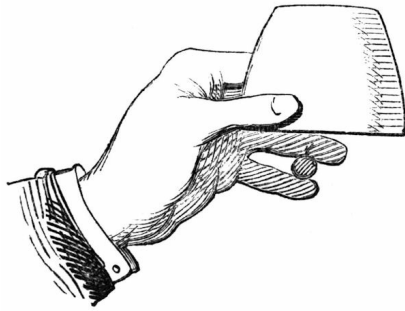
This is a very simple trick, requires but little practice to perform it, and is very effective, and, like the other that I have described, may be exhibited anywhere, and requires no confederates.

Another, rather more wonderful, but equally simple when known, is

The Travelling Cone and Ball.

The articles used in this trick are a common coffee-cup, a small cork ball, a paper horn, such as at Christmas time is filled with candies for my little friends, and a block of wood about two and a half inches in length and one inch in diameter, in shape resembling a miniature sugar-loaf.

The cup is placed mouth downward on the floor or on a table, the company first being satisfied that it contains nothing. The ball is then laid at a distance from it, and covered with the paper horn. The block of wood or "cone," as it is called, is placed in the hand, and when the word of command is given, lo! a marvellous change has taken place, for the hand is empty, the cone is under the horn, and the ball under the cup. To conclude the trick, each article is made to resume its former position.



To perform this, you must get a turner to make you a solid block of wood, sugar-loaf shaped, as described. Then have a *second block* made, just a *shade larger than the first*. This second one you have completely hollowed out, so that it is in fact nothing but a shell, and, if properly made, should admit of the solid block being placed inside of it.^[1] Be particular about this being nicely made, as much of the success of the trick depends on it; and if too great a discrepancy exists between the size of the solid block and the shell, you risk discovery. Next cut *two* cork-balls as near of a size as possible, and blacken them in the flame of a lamp. Before meeting the audience, place the solid block inside the shell, and set it on a table. Your apparatus is now complete, and you are ready to perform your trick. Begin by handing the paper-horn for examination, and when you receive it back, remark, "There is really no preparation about this, it is a simple paper-horn, and *merely used to cover this block*,"—and, suiting the action to the word, you do cover the block, and immediately raise the horn again, pressing the sides slightly at the same time, and bringing off the shell inside the horn. Lay the horn down on the table with the point towards the audience, so that they cannot see the shell. You may now hand the solid block for examination, and also the coffee-cup, and *one* ball. After all are examined, give the ball to one of the audience to hold. Take the second ball from your pocket secretly, (or, what is better, from a shelf which you should have on the back of your table, as you will find it very convenient,) and hold it between the ends of the third and little fingers of the right hand. Pick up the cup with your left hand, calling the attention of the audience to the fact that it is still empty, pass it to the right hand, grasping it at the edge with the forefinger and thumb of that hand; bend the third and little fingers slightly towards the palm, and this movement will bring the ball, which is concealed in those fingers, directly under the mouth of the cup, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Set the cup mouth down, and just before it touches the floor or table that it is to rest on, let go the ball, and withdraw the fingers that held it.

The ball is now under the cup, and if you have practised this well and done it quickly no one will suspect it. Take the ball which the audience have, place it on the table and cover it with the horn, still being careful that no one sees the shell which is inside. The *trick* itself is now done, but much remains to be shown for the sake of *effect*. Tell the company, "I propose to remove the ball which is under the horn and place it under the cup, which I do in this way," run your forefinger along the horn, and then hold the finger up to view, asking them if they see the ball on the end of the finger. "Of course not, it is yet invisible; but I will throw it into the cup, so,"—making at the same time a movement in that direction. Now take the solid block, pretend to put it in your left hand, but *palm* it with the right; place the left hand under the table as though you were pushing the block up through it. The block, which is concealed in your right hand, you had better put in your pocket, whilst the audience are watching your left. Show the

company that the block is in neither hand, and lift the horn, *without pressing the sides*; the shell will remain on the table, covering the ball, and the audience will imagine it is the solid block. Request some one to raise the cup, and to their surprise they will find under it the ball.

To finish the trick, you cover the shell again with the horn, take the block from your pocket, keeping it concealed in your hand, as though *palming* it. The hand being apparently empty, place it under the table and pretend to pull the block through, at the same time letting it fall from your hand on the floor. Cover the ball with the cup, and as you do so, make an awkward movement, as if taking the ball away, but do not touch it. This will probably cause a whispering amongst your audience, who will imagine that they have detected the trick. "O, I beg pardon, but you suppose I took that ball away; that would be clumsy enough"; raise the cup, and show that the ball is still there; pick it up, and say, "This is the way to get rid of any little object like this,"—pretending, at the same time, to put the ball in your left hand, whilst you palm it. Then count, "One,—Two,—Three,—Pass!"—move the hand towards the horn, and show that the ball has left it. Raise the horn, pressing the sides this time, and there appears the ball.

[1] The writer is prepared to furnish apparatus for this or any other trick. His address may be obtained of the Publishers.

These few simple tricks contain most of the principles of Legerdemain, and when once mastered are easily enlarged on.

In conclusion, I would urge upon my readers the necessity of being provided with an abundance of "small talk," or "gags," as stage-folk call it, in order to take off the attention of the audience as much as possible from yourself in general and your fingers in particular. I would also advise them to be perfectly self-possessed, to have entire confidence in themselves, for they must remember that these tricks are great mysteries to outsiders, no matter how transparent they may be to those who have taken "Lessons in Magic."

P. H. C.

AFLOAT IN THE FOREST:

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER X.

A TROPICAL TORNADO.

Notwithstanding the apparently complete security thus obtained for the craft, the Mundurucú did not seem to be easy in his mind. He had climbed up the mast to the yard, and, having there poised himself, sat gazing over the tops of the trees upon the patch of brimstone sky which was visible in that direction. The others all talked of going to sleep, except the young Paraense, who counselled them to keep awake. He, too, like the Mundurucú, was troubled with forebodings. He understood the weather-signs of the Solimoës, and saw that a storm was portending. Though the sun had not been visible during the whole day, it was now about the hour of his setting; and as if the storm had been waiting for this as a signal, it now boldly broke forth. A few quick puffs, with short intervals between them, were its precursors. These were soon followed by gusts, stronger, as well as noisier, in their advent; and then the wind kept up a continuous roaring among the tops of the trees; while above the thunder rolled incessantly, filling the firmament with its terrible voice. Deep darkness and the vivid glare of the lightning-flashes followed each other in quick succession. At one moment all was obscure around the crew of the galatea,—the sky, the trees, the water, even the vessel herself; in the next, everything was made manifest, to the distance of miles, under a brilliance garish and unearthly. To add to the unnatural appearance of things, there were other sounds than those of the thunder or the storm,—the cries of living creatures, strange and unknown. Birds they might be, or beasts, or reptiles, or all these, commingling their screams, and other accents of affright, with the sharp whistling of the wind, the hoarse rumbling of the thunder, and the continuous crashing of the branches.

The crew of the galatea were on the alert, with awe depicted on every face. Their fear was lest the craft should be blown away from her moorings, and carried out into the open water, which was now agitated by the fury of the storm. Almost under the first lashing of the wind, huge waves had sprung up, with white crests, that under the electric light gleamed fiercely along the yellow swell of the turbid water. Their anxiety was of short continuance; for almost on the instant of its rising, it became reality. Unfortunately, the tree to which the craft had been tied was one whose wood was of a soft and succulent nature,—a species of *melastoma*. Its branches were too brittle to bear the strain thus unexpectedly put upon them; and almost at the first onset of the tornado they began to give way, snapping off one after the other in quick succession. So rapid was the process of detachment, that, before fresh moorings could be made, the last cord had come away; and the galatea, like a greyhound loosed from the leash, shot out from among the tree-tops, and went off in wild career over the waves of the Gapo. Before any control could be gained over her by her terrified crew, she had made several cables' length into the open water, and was still sweeping onward over its seething surface. To turn her head towards the trees was clearly out of the question. The attempt would have been idle. Both wind and waves carried her in the opposite direction, to say nothing of the current, against which she had been already contending. The crew no longer thought of returning to the tree-tops, out of which they had been so unceremoniously swept. Their only chance of safety

appeared to be to keep the craft as well balanced as circumstances would permit, and run before the wind. Even this for a time seemed but a doubtful chance. The wind blew, not in regular, uniform direction, but in short, fitful gusts, as if coming from every point of the compass; and the waves rolled around them as high as houses. In the midst of a chopping, surging sea, the galatea tumbled and pitched, now head, now stern foremost, at times going onward in mad career, and with headlong speed. The parrots and macaws upon the yard had as much as their strong claws could do to keep their perch; and the monkeys, cowering under the shelter of the *toldo*, clung close to its timbers. Both birds and beasts mingled their terrified cries with the creaking of the galatea's timbers and the shouts of her crew. The Gapo threatened to engulf them. Every moment might be their last! And with this dread belief, scarce for a moment out of their minds, did our adventurers pass the remainder of that remarkable night, the galatea galloping onward, they could not tell whither. All they knew or could remember of that nocturnal voyage was, that the vessel kept upon her course, piloted only by the winds and waves,—at times tossing within deep troughs of turbulent water, at times poised upon the summits of ridge-like swells, but ever going onward at high speed, seemingly ten knots an hour!

For a long while they saw around them only open water, as of some great lake or inland sea. At a later hour, the lightning revealed the tops of submerged trees, such as those they had left behind; but standing out of the water in clumps or coppices, that appeared like so many islands. Amidst these they were carried, sometimes so close to the trees as to give them hopes of being able to grasp their boughs. Once or twice the rigging of the galatea brushed among the branches; and they used every effort to stay their runaway craft, and bring her to an anchorage. But in vain. The storm was stronger than the united strength of the crew. The twigs clutched with eager hands parted in twain, and the storm-driven vessel swept on amid the surging waters.

Daylight arrived at length, breaking through a red aurora, soon followed by a brilliant sunrise. This somewhat cheered our despairing adventurers. But the tempest was still raging with undiminished fury, the wind as loud and the waves as high as at any period throughout the night. Once more they were in the middle of a waste of waters, neither trees nor land in sight. Another great lake or inland sea? It could not be that over which they had been already carried? No. The wind was now blowing more steadily; and could it not have shifted? Even if it had, they had not returned through the archipelago of tree-top islands. They were in another opening of the Gapo. Munday was of this opinion, and that was proof sufficient to satisfy his companions. As we have said, the returning day did little to restore the confidence of the galatea's crew. The tornado still continued. Despite the sunlit sky, the storm showed no signs of abating; and the crazy craft gave tongue in every timber of her frail frame. The sounds were ominous to the ears of those who listened to them. It was too evident, that, unless there should soon come a lull, the galatea would go to the bottom. She had not been constructed to stand a strain like that to which she had been thus unexpectedly exposed, and an anchorage either to *terra firma* or the tree-tops would soon become necessary to her salvation. Her crew, convinced of this, were one and all upon the look-out, scanning the horizon as closely as the crested billows would admit. The Mundurucú had mounted to the top of the mast, where, with one of the monkeys that had perched itself on his shoulders, he clung with the tenacity of despair. All at once he was heard to cry out, the monkey mocking him in mimic tone.



“What is it, Munday? What do you see?” were the inquiries that reached him from below.

“Land,” was the laconic reply.

“Land!” went up the echo from half a score of joyous voices.

“Maybe not land,—I mean the *terra firma*,” pursued the observer, in a less confident tone.

“It may be only the top of a thick forest like what we tried to penetrate yesterday. Whatever it is, patron, it seems along the whole edge of the sky. We are drifting towards it, straight as the wind can carry us.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Trevannion, “anything is better than this. If we can get once more among the tree-tops, we shall at least be saved from drowning. Thank God, children. We shall be preserved!”

The Indian descended from the mast, close followed by the monkey, whose serio-comic countenance seemed to say that he too was satisfied by the observation just made. Still careering madly onward before the tempest, the boat soon brought the tree-tops within view, and, after a brief debate, the conclusion was reached that it was only a submerged forest. But even this was better than buffeting about on the open billows,—every moment in danger of being swamped; and with a universal feeling of joy our adventurers perceived that their craft was drifting toward that dark line. They were powerless to control her course. Her rudder had been unshipped during the night, and they could trust only to the tempest still raging to carry them to the confines of the forest. In full hope that this would be the result, they took no measures either to promote or frustrate the steering of the storm.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GALATEA TREED.

Tossed by the tempest, the galatea preserved her course towards the tree-tops, thus keeping up the spirits and confidence of her crew. Despite some divergences caused by an occasional contrary gust of wind, she kept an onward course, in due time arriving within such distance of the forest, that it was no longer doubtful about her drifting among the trees. In this there was a prospect of temporary safety at the least, and our adventurers had begun to congratulate themselves on the proximity of the event. Just then, a gigantic tree—it must have been gigantic to stand so high over its fellows, though it could scarce be fifty feet above the surface of the water—presented itself to their eyes. It stood solitary and alone, about a quarter of a mile from the edge of the forest, and as much nearer to the craft, still struggling through the wind-lashed water. Like that in the top of which they had first gone aground, it was a sapucaya—as testified by the huge pericarps conspicuously suspended from its branches. High as may have been the inundation, its stem rose still higher, by at least ten feet; but half-way between the water's surface and the branches, the colossal trunk forked in twain,—each of the twin scions appearing a trunk of itself. Through the fork was the water washing at each heave of the agitated Gapo,—the waves with foaming crests mounting far up towards the top of the tree, as if aspiring to pluck the ripe fruit depending from its branches.

Towards this tree the galatea was now going as straight as if she had been steered by the finger of Destiny itself. There was no other power to control her,—at least none that was human. The wind, or destiny,—one of the two,—must determine her fate. The waves perhaps had something to do with it; since the next that followed lifted the galatea upon its curling crest, and lodged her in the sapucaya in such a fashion that her keel, just amidships, rested within the forking of the twin stems.

“Thank God!” exclaimed her owner, “we are safe now. Moored between two stanchions like these, neither the winds of heaven nor the waves of the great ocean itself could prevail against us. Make fast there! Make fast to the limbs of the tree! Tie her on both sides. These are no twigs to be snapped asunder. Hurrah! we are anchored at last!”

The gigantic stems of the sapucaya, rising on both sides above the beam ends of the galatea, looked like the supporters of a graving-dock. It is true the craft still floated upon the bosom of a troubled water; but what of that? Once made fast to the tree, she could not be carried farther; therefore was she secure against wind and wave. The tornado might continue, but no longer to be a terror to the crew. These, partly relieved from their fears, hastened to obey the master's commands. Ropes were grasped, and, with hands still trembling, were looped around the stems of the sapucaya. All at once action was suspended by a loud crash, which was followed by a cry that issued simultaneously from the lips of all the crew; who, before its echoes could die away among the branches of the sapucaya, had become separated into two distinct groups!

The crash had been caused by the parting of the galatea's keel, which, resting in the fork of the tree, had broken amidships, on the subsidence of the wave that had heaved her into this peculiar position. For a few seconds the two sections of the partly dissevered craft hung balanced between the air and the water, the fore-deck with its stores balancing the quarter with its *toldo*. But long before the beam was kicked, the occupants of both had forsaken them, and were to be seen—some of them clinging to the branches of the sapucaya, some struggling

beneath against the storm and the current of the Gapo. By noble devotion on the part of those who could swim, the whole crew were placed beyond the reach of the waves upon the branches of the sapucaya, where, from their elevated position, they beheld the craft that had so long safely carried them parting in two and sinking out of sight.

CHAPTER XII.

A DANGEROUS DUCKING.

Before the dismembered vessel quite disappeared under the storm-lashed waves, every individual of her crew had found a foothold upon the branches of the sapucaya. The tree, while causing the wreck of their vessel, had saved them from going with her to the bottom of the Gapo. For some time, however, they were far from feeling secure. They were in different parts of the tree, scattered all over it, just as they had been able to lay hold of the limbs and lift themselves above the reach of the swelling waves. Scarce two of them were in the same attitude. One stood erect upon a branch with arms around an upright stem; another sat astride; a third lay along a limb, with one leg dangling downwards. The young Paraense had taken post upon a stout *Iliana*, that threaded through the branches of the trees, and, with one arm around this and the other encircling the waist of his cousin, Rosita, he kept both the girl and himself in a position of perfect security. Young Ralph found footing on a large limb, while his father stood upon a still larger one immediately below. The pets, both birds and beasts, had distributed themselves in their affright, and were seen perched on all parts of the tree.

For a time there was no attempt made by any one to change his position. The tornado still continued, and it was just as much as any of them could do to keep the place already gained. There was one who did not even succeed in keeping his place, and this was Tipperary Tom. The Irishman had selected one of the lowest limbs, that stretched horizontally outward, only a few feet above the surface of the water. He had not exactly made choice of his perch, but had been flung upon it by the swelling wave, and, clutching instinctively, had held fast. The weight of his body, however, had bent the branch downward, and, after making several fruitless efforts to ascend to the stem, he had discovered that the feat was too much for him. There was no choice but to hold on to the bent branch or drop back into the boiling Gapo, that threatened from below to engulf him; terrified by the latter alternative, Tom exerted all his strength, and held on with mouth agape and eyes astare. Soon the tension would have proved too much for him, and he must have dropped down into the water. But he was not permitted to reach this point of exhaustion. A wave similar to that which had landed him on the limb lifted him off again, launching him out into the open water.

A cry of consternation came from the tree. All knew that Tipperary Tom was no swimmer; and with this knowledge they expected to see him sink like a stone. He did go down, and was for some moments lost to view; but his carrot-colored head once more made its appearance above the surface, and, guided by his loud cries, his situation was easily discovered. He could only sink a second time to rise no more. Sad were the anticipations of his companions,—all except one, who had made up his mind that Tipperary Tom was not yet to die. This was the Mundurucú, who at the moment was seen precipitating himself from the tree, and then swimming out in the direction of the drowning man. In less than a score of seconds he was in the clutch of the Indian, who, grasping him with one hand, with the other struck out for the tree.

By good fortune the swell that had swept Tipperary from his perch, or one wonderfully like it, came balancing back towards the sapucaya, bearing both Indian and Irishman upon its crest,

landing them in the great fork where the galatea had gone to pieces, and then retiring without them! It seemed a piece of sheer good fortune, though no doubt it was a destiny more than half directed by the arm of the Indian, whose broad palm appeared to propel them through the water with the power of a paddle.

To whatever indebted, chance or the prowess of the Mundurucú, certain it is that Tipperary Tom was rescued from a watery grave in the Gapo; and on seeing him along with his preserver safe in the fork of the tree, a general shout of congratulation, in which even the animals took part, pealed up through the branches, loud enough to be heard above the swishing of the leaves, the whistling of the wind, and the surging of the angry waters, that seemed to hiss spitefully at being disappointed of their prey.

Tom's senses had become somewhat confused by the ducking. Not so much, however, as to hinder him from perceiving that in the fork, where the wave had deposited him and his preserver, he was still within reach of the swelling waters; seeing this, he was not slow to follow the example of the Mundurucú, who, "swarming" up the stem of the tree, placed himself in a safe and more elevated position.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONSULTATION IN THE TREE-TOP.

It would scarce be possible to conceive a situation more forlorn than that of the castaway crew of the galatea. Seated, standing, or astride upon the limbs of the sapucaya, their position was painful, and far from secure. The tempest continued, and it was with difficulty they could keep their places, every gust threatening to blow them out of the tree-top. Each clung to some convenient bough; and thus only were they enabled to maintain their balance. The branches, swept by the furious storm, creaked and crackled around them,—bending as if about to break under their feet, or in the hands that apprehensively grasped them. Sometimes a huge pericarp, big as a cannon-ball, filled with heavy fruits, was detached from the pendulous peduncles, and went *swizzing* diagonally through the air before the wind, threatening a cracked crown to any who should be struck by it. One of the castaways met with this bit of ill-luck,—Mozey the Mozambique. It was well, however, that he was thus distinguished, since no other skull but his could have withstood the shock. As it was, the ball rebounded from the close woolly fleece that covered the negro's crown, as from a cushion, causing him no further trouble than a considerable fright. Mozey's looks and exclamations were ludicrous enough, had his companions been inclined for laughter. But they were not; their situation was too serious, and all remained silent, fully occupied in clinging to the tree, and moodily contemplating the scene of cheerless desolation that surrounded them.

Till now, no one had speculated on anything beyond immediate safety. To escape drowning had been sufficient for their thoughts, and engrossed them for more than an hour after the galatea had gone down. Then a change began to creep over their spirits,—brought about by one observable in the spirit of the storm. It was, you remember, one of those tropical tempests, that spring up with unexpected celerity, and fall with equal abruptness. Now the tempest began to show signs of having spent itself. The tornado—a species of *cyclone*, usually of limited extent—had passed on, carrying destruction to some other part of the great Amazonian plain. The wind lulled into short, powerless puffs, and the comparatively shallow waters of the Gapo soon ceased to swell. By this time noon had come, and the sun looked down from a zenith of cloudless blue, upon an expanse of water no more disturbed, and on branches no longer

agitated by the stormy wind.

This transformation, sudden and benign, exerted an influence on the minds of our adventurers perched upon the sapucaya. No longer in immediate danger, their thoughts naturally turned to the future; and they began to speculate upon a plan for extricating themselves from their unfortunate dilemma.

On all sides save one, as far as the eye could scan, nothing could be seen but open water,—the horizon not even broken by the branch of a tree. On the excepted side trees were visible, not in clumps, or standing solitary, but in a continuous grove, with here and there some taller ones rising many feet above their fellows. There could be no doubt that it was a forest. It would have gratified them to have believed it a thicket, for then would they have been within sight and reach of land. But they could not think so consistently with their experience. It resembled too exactly that to which they had tied the galatea on the eve of the tempest, and they conjectured that what they saw was but the “spray” of a forest submerged. For all that, the design of reaching it as soon as the waters were calm was first in their minds.

This was not so easy as might be supposed. Although the border of the verdant peninsula was scarce a quarter of a mile distant, there were but two in the party who could swim across to it. Had there existed the materials for making a raft, their anxiety need not have lasted long. But nothing of the kind was within reach. The branches of the sapucaya, even if they could be broken off, were too heavy, in their green growing state, to do more than to buoy up their own ponderous weight. So a sapucaya raft was not to be thought of, although it was possible that, among the tree-tops which they were planning to reach, dead timber might be found sufficient to construct one. But this could be determined only after a reconnaissance of the submerged forest by Richard Trevannion and the Mundurucú, who alone could make it.

To this the patron hardly consented,—indeed, he was not asked. There seemed to be a tacit understanding that it was the only course that could be adopted; and without further ado, the young Paraense, throwing off such of his garments as might impede him, sprang from the tree, and struck boldly out for the flooded forest. The Mundurucú, not being delayed by the necessity of stripping, had already taken to the water, and was fast cleaving his way across the open expanse that separated the solitary sapucaya from its more social companions.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRACAS HEARD FROM AFAR.

The castaways watched the explorers until they disappeared within the shadowy selvage. Then, having nothing else to do, they proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, by selecting for their seats the softest branches of the sapucaya. To be sure there was not much choice between the limbs, but the great fork, across which the galatea had broken, appeared to offer a position rather better than any other. As the swell was no longer to be dreaded, Trevannion descended into the fork, taking little Rosa along with him, while the others sat on higher limbs, holding by the branches or stout lianas growing above them. At best their situation was irksome, but physical inconvenience was hardly felt in their mental sufferings. Their reflections could not be other than painful as they contemplated the future. Their shelter in the sapucaya could be only temporary, and yet it might continue to the end of their lives. They had no assurance that they might be able to get out of it at all; and even if they should succeed in reaching the other trees, it might be only to find them forty feet deep in water. The prospect was deplorable and their forebodings gloomy.

For nearly an hour they exchanged no word. The only sound heard was an occasional scream from one of the pet birds, or the jabbering of the monkeys, of which there had been five or six, of different kinds, on the galatea. Two only had found refuge on the tree,—a beautiful little *Ouistiti*, and a larger one, of the genus *Ateles*, the black Coaita. The others, chained or otherwise confined, had gone down with the galatea. So, too, with the feathered favorites, of many rare and beautiful kinds, collected during the long voyage on the Upper Amazon, some of which had been bought at large prices from their Indian owners, to carry across the Atlantic. The caged had perished with the wreck, others by the tornado, and, like the *quadrumana*, only two of the birds had found an asylum on the tree. One was a splendid hyacinthine macaw, the *Araruna* of the Indians (*Macrocercus hyacinthinus*); the other a small paroquet, the very tiniest of its tribe, which had long divided with the little ouistiti the affections of Rosa.

About an hour had elapsed since the departure of the swimming scouts, with no signs of their return. The party cast anxious glances towards the place where they had last been seen, listening for any sounds from the thicket that concealed them. Once or twice they fancied they heard their voices, and then they were all sure they heard shouts, but mingling with some mysterious sounds in a loud, confused chorus. The coaita heard, and chattered in reply; so, too, did the ouistiti and paroquet; but the macaw seemed most disturbed, and once or twice, spreading its hyacinthine wings, rose into the air, and appeared determined to part from its *ci-devant* protectors. The call of Ralph, whose especial pet it was, allured it back to its perch, where, however, it only stayed in a state of screaming uncertainty. There was something strange in this behavior, though in the anxiety of the hour but little heed was paid to it; and as the voices soon after ceased, the araruna became tranquillized, and sat quietly on the roost it had selected.

Once more, however, the shouting and strange cries came pealing across the water, and again the araruna gave evidence of excitement. This time the noise was of shorter duration, and soon terminated in complete tranquillity. Nearly two hours had now expired, and the countenances of all began to wear an expression of the most sombre character. Certainly they had heard the voices of Richard and the Mundurucú mingling with those unearthly sounds. There was time enough for them to have gone far into the unknown forest, and return. What could detain them? Their voices had been heard only in shouts and sharp exclamations, that proclaimed them to be in some critical, perhaps perilous situation. And now they were silent! Had they succumbed to some sad fate? Were they dead?

CHAPTER XV.

THE JARARÁCA.

There are bodily sensations stronger than many mental emotions. Such are hunger and thirst. The castaways in the tree-top began to experience both in an extreme degree. By good fortune, the means of satisfying them were within reach. With a “monkey-cup” emptied of its triangular kernels they could draw up water at will, and with its contents conquer the cravings of hunger. At his father’s request, and stimulated by his own sensations, Ralph began climbing higher, to procure some of the huge fruit-capsules suspended—as is the case with most South American forest-trees—from the extremities of the branches. The boy was a bold and skilful climber among the crags and cliffs of his native Cordilleras. Still a tree did not come amiss to him, and in a twinkling he had ascended to the top branches of the sapucaya, the macaw making the ascent with him, perched upon his crown. All at once the bird began to scream, as if

startled by some terrible apparition; and without losing an instant, it forsook its familiar place, and commenced fluttering around the top of the tree, still continuing its cries. What could be the cause? The boy looked above and about him, but could discover nothing. The screams of the araruna were instantly answered by the little paroquet in a tiny treble, but equally in accents of terror, while both the coaita and ouistiti, chattering in alarm, came bounding up the tree. The paroquet had already joined the macaw, and, as if in imitation of its great congener, flew fluttering among the top branches, in a state of the wildest excitement! Guided by the birds, that kept circling around one particular spot, the boy at length discovered the cause of the alarm; and the sight was one calculated to stir terror.

It was a serpent coiled around a liana that stretched diagonally between two branches. It was of a yellowish-brown color, near to that of the liana itself; and but for its smooth, shining skin, and the elegant convolutions of its body, might have been mistaken for one parasite entwining another. Its head, however, was in motion, its long neck stretched out, apparently in readiness to seize upon one of the birds as soon as it should come within striking distance.

Ralph was not so much alarmed. A snake was no uncommon sight, and the one in question was not so monstrous as to appear very formidable. The first thought was to call off the birds, or in some way get them out of reach of the snake; for the imprudent creatures, instead of retreating from such a dangerous enemy, seemed determined to fling themselves upon its fangs, which Ralph could see erect and glistening, as at intervals it extended its jaws. The little paroquet was especially imprudent, recklessly approaching within a few inches of the serpent, and even alighting on the liana around which it had wrapped itself. Ralph was ascending still higher, to take the bird in his hand, and carry it clear of the danger, when his climbing was suddenly arrested by a shout from Mozey, the Mozambique, that proclaimed both caution and terror. "Fo' you life doant, Mass'r Raff!" cried the negro, following up his exclamation of warning. "Fo' you life doant go near um! You no know what am dat ar snake? It am de *Jararaca!*"

"*Jararaca!*" mechanically rejoined Ralph.

"Ya—ya—de moas pisenous sarpin in all de valley ob de Amazon. I'se hear de Injine say so a score ob times. Come down, Mass'r! come down!"

Attracted by the screaming of the birds, and the chattering of the monkeys, the others listened attentively below. But upon the negro's quick cry of warning, and the dialogue that ensued, Trevannion ascended higher, followed by Tipperary Tom,—Rosa remained alone below, in the fork where her father had left her. Trevannion, on coming in sight of the snake, at once recognized it as all that Mozey had alleged,—the most poisonous of the Amazon valley,—a species of *Craspedocephalus*. He knew it from having seen one before, which the Mundurucú had killed near Coary, and had described in similar terms,—adding that its bite was almost instantly fatal, that it will attack man or beast without any provocation, that it can spring upon its enemy from a distance, and, finally, that it was more feared than any other creature in the country, not excepting the jaguar and jacare!

The appearance of the reptile itself was sufficient to confirm this account. Its flat triangular head, connected with the body by a long thin neck, its glittering eyes and red forking tongue, projected at intervals more than an inch beyond its snout, gave the creature a monstrous and hideous aspect. It looked as if specially designed to cause death and destruction. It was not of great size,—scarcely six feet long, and not thicker than a girl's wrist; but it needed not bulk to make it dangerous. No one knew exactly what to do. All were without arms, or weapons of any kind. These had long since gone to the bottom of the Gapo; and for some minutes no

movement was made except by young Ralph, who, on being warned of his danger, had hastened to descend the tree. The birds were left to themselves, and still continued screaming and fluttering above. Up to this time the snake had remained motionless, except his oscillating head and neck. Its body now began to move, and the glittering folds slowly to relax their hold upon the liana.

“Great God! he is coming down the tree!” The words had hardly left Trevannion’s lips before the snake was seen crawling along the liana, and the next moment transferring its body to a branch which grew slantingly from the main trunk. This was soon reached; and then, by means of another liana lying parallel to it, the reptile continued its descent. All those who stood by the trunk hastily forsook the perilous place, and retreated outward along the branches. The jararaca seemed to take no note either of their presence or flight, but continued down the limb towards the fork of the main stem, where stood little Rosa. “O heavens!” cried Trevannion, in a voice of anguish, “My child is lost!”

The girl had risen to her feet, being already fearful of the danger threatening her friends above; but on looking up, she beheld the hideous reptile coming straight towards her. Her situation was most perilous. The liana by which the snake was descending rose right up from the fork of the sapucaya. The child was even clasping it in her hand, to keep herself erect. The reptile could not pass without touching her. In fact, it must pass over her person to get down from the tree. There was no likelihood of its gliding on without striking her. Its well-known character—as the most malicious of venomous serpents—forbade the supposition. The snake was scarce ten feet above her head, still gliding onward and downward! It was at this crisis that her father had given voice to that despairing exclamation. He was about to scramble down to the trunk, with the design of launching himself upon the serpent, and grappling it with his naked hands, reckless of consequences, when a sign from Mozey, accompanied by some words quickly spoken, caused him to hesitate.

“No use, Mass’r!” cried the negro, “no use,—you be too late. Jump, lilly Rosy!” he continued, calling to the child in a loud, commanding voice. “It’s you only chance. Jump into de water, an ole Mozey he come down sabe you. Jump!” To stimulate the child by his example, the negro, with his last word, sprang out from his branch and plunged into the water. In an instant he was upon the surface again, continuing his cries of encouragement. Rosa Trevannion was a girl of spirit; and, in this fearful alternative, hesitated not a moment to obey. Short as was the time, however, it would have proved too long had the snake continued its descent without interruption. Fortunately it did not. When its hideous head was close to the child’s hand, where the latter grasped the liana, it suddenly stopped,—not to prepare itself for the fatal dart, but because the negro’s heavy fall had splashed much water against the tree, sprinkling child and jararaca too. It was the momentary surprise of this unexpected shower-bath that had checked the serpent, while Rosa dropped down into the Gapo, and was caught by her sable preserver.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOLD ON!

Mozey’s noble conduct elicited a cry of admiration. It was the more noble as the negro was a poor swimmer, and therefore risked his own life. But this produced another effect, and in the shout there was no tone of triumph. The child was perhaps only rescued from the reptile to be swallowed with her preserver by a monster far more voracious, the engulfing Gapo. Nor was it yet certain that she had been saved from the serpent. The jararaca is a snake eminently

amphibious, alike at home on land or at sea. It might follow, and attack them in the water. Then, too, it would have a double advantage; for while it could swim like a fish, Mozey could just keep himself afloat, weighted as he was with his powerless burden. In view of this, Trevannion's heart was filled with most painful anxiety, and for some time neither he nor any beside him could think what course to pursue. It was some slight relief to them to perceive that the snake did not continue the pursuit into the water; for on reaching the fork of the tree it had thrown itself into a coil, as if determined to remain there.

At first there appeared no great advantage in this. In its position, the monster could prevent the swimmers from returning to the tree; and as it craned its long neck outward, and looked maliciously at the two forms struggling below, one could have fancied that it had set itself to carry out this exact design. For a short time only Trevannion was speechless, and then thought, speech, and action came together. "Swim round to the other side!" he shouted to the negro. "Get under the great branch. Ho, Tom! You and Ralph climb aloft to the one above. Tear off the liana you see there, and let it down to me. Quick, quick!"

As he delivered these instructions, he moved out along the limb with as much rapidity as was consistent with safety, while Tipperary and Ralph climbed up to carry out his commands. The branch taken by Trevannion himself was that to which he had directed the negro to swim, and was the same by which Tipperary Tom had made his first ascent into the tree, and from which he had been washed off again. It extended horizontally outward, at its extremity dipping slightly towards the water. Though in the swell caused by the tornado it had been at intervals submerged, it was now too far above the surface to have been grasped by any one from below. The weight of Trevannion's body, as he crept outward upon it, brought it nearer to the water, but not near enough for a swimmer to lay hold. He saw that, by going too far out, the branch would not bear his own weight, and might snap short off, thus leaving the swimmers in a worse position than ever. It was for this reason he had ordered the untwining of the creeper that was clinging above. His orders were obeyed with the utmost alacrity by Tom and Ralph, as if their own lives depended on the speed. Almost before he was ready to receive it, the long liana was wrenched from its tendril fastenings, and came straggling down over the branch on which he sat, like the stay of a ship loosened from her mast-head.

Meanwhile Mozey,—making as much noise as a young whale, blowing like a porpoise, spurting and spitting like an angry cat,—still carrying the child safe on his shoulders, had arrived under the limb, and, with strokes somewhat irregularly given and quickly repeated, was doing his very best to keep himself and her above water. It was evident to all, that the overweighted swimmer was wellnigh exhausted; and had not the end of the long liana plumped down in the nick of time, the Mozambique must indubitably have gone to the bottom, taking his charge with him. Just in time, however, the tree-cable came within his clutch, and, seizing it with all his remaining strength, Rosa relieved him of her weight by laying hold herself, and the two were drawn up into the tree amidst cries of "Hold on! hold on!" ending in general congratulation.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE PAROQUET.

Alas! there was one circumstance that hindered their triumph from being complete. The jararaca was still in the tree. So long as this terrible tenant shared their abode, there could be neither confidence nor comfort. There it lay coiled upon its scaly self, snugly ensconced in the fork below, with skin glittering brightly, and eyes gleaming fiercely in the golden sunlight that now fell slantingly against the tree. How long would the monster remain in this tranquil attitude, was the question that presented itself to the minds of all, as soon as the first transport of their joy had subsided. It was evident it had no intention of taking to the water, though it could have done so without fear. No doubt the sapucaya was its habitual haunt; and it was not likely to forsake it just to accommodate some half-score of strange creatures who had chosen to intrude. Surely some time or other it would reascend the tree, and then—?

But all speculations on this point were soon interrupted. The little paroquet, which had shown such excitement on first discovering the snake, had been quiet while all were engaged in the salvage of Mozey and the child. Now that a certain quietness had been restored, the bird was seen returning to the jararaca for the supposed purpose of renewing its impotent attack. For some minutes it kept fluttering over the serpent, now alighting upon a branch, anon

springing off again, and descending to one lower and nearer to the jararaca, until it had almost reached its head. Strange to say, there appeared no hostility in the bird's movements; its actions betrayed rather the semblance of fear, confirmed by the tremulous quivering of its frame whenever it came to rest upon a perch. The spectators' suspicion was further strengthened by the little creature's continued cries. It was not the angry chattering by which these birds usually convey their hostility, but a sort of plaintive screaming that betokened terror. At each flight it approached closer to the serpent's forked tongue, and then retreated, as if vacillating and irresolute.

The reptile meanwhile exhibited itself in a hideous attitude; yet a deep interest enchained the spectators. Its head had broadened, or flattened out to twice the natural dimensions; the eyes seemed to shoot forth twin jets of fire, while the extensile tongue, projected from a double row of white, angular teeth, appeared to shine with phosphorescent flame. The bird was being *charmed*, and was already under the serpent's fascination.

How could the pretty pet be saved? Young Ralph, noticing the despair upon his sister's face, was half inclined to rush down the tree, and give battle to the jararaca; and Tipperary Tom—whose general hostility to snakes and reptiles had a national and hereditary origin—purposed doing something to avert the paroquet's fast-approaching fate. Trevannion, however, was too prudent to permit any interference, while the negro appeared only anxious that the magic spectacle should reach its termination. It was not cruelty on his part. Mozey had his motives, which were soon after revealed, proving that the brain of the African is at times capable of conception equal, if not superior, to his boasted Caucasian brother. There was no interruption. The end was not far off. By slow degrees, the bird appeared to grow exhausted, until its wings could no longer sustain it. Then, as if paralyzed by a final despair, it pitched itself right into the mouth of the reptile, whose jaws had been suddenly extended to receive it! There was a slight flutter of the wings, a tremulous motion of the body, and the self-immolated creature appeared to be dead. The serpent, half uncoiling itself, turned its head towards the tree, and, once more opening its jaws, permitted the now lifeless paroquet to escape from their clasp, and drop quietly into the crotch formed by the forking of the stem.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LLIANA UNLOOSED.

The spectators of this little tragedy of animal life had hitherto prudently refrained from taking part in it. Curiosity now exerted an equal effect in preventing their interference; and without speech or motion they sat on their respective perches to observe the *finale* of the drama, which evidently had not ended with the death of the paroquet. That was but the beginning of the end, for the prey was yet to be devoured. Though provided with a double row of teeth, it is well known that animals of the reptile kind do not masticate their food. These teeth, set trenchantly, as is commonly the case, are intended only to capture the living prey, which enters the stomach afterwards by a process termed deglutition. At the spectacle of just such a process, with all its preliminary preparations, were the group in the sapucaya now to be present,—the principal performer being apparently unconscious of, or at all events unconcerned at, their presence.

Having deposited the dead bird in the fork of the tree, the serpent changed its coiled attitude into one that would give it a chance of filling its belly with less inconvenience. There was not room for it to extend itself fully; and, in default of this, the tail was allowed to drop

down along the stem of the tree, at least two thirds of the body remaining in a horizontal position. Having arranged itself apparently to its satisfaction, it now directed its attention to the paroquet. Once more taking the dead bird between its teeth, it turned it over and over until the head lay opposite to its own, the body aligned in a longitudinal direction. The jaws of the snake were now widely extended, while the tongue, loaded with saliva, was protruded and retracted with great rapidity. The serpent continued this licking process until the short feathers covering the head of the bird, as also its neck and shoulders, seemed to be saturated with a substance resembling soap or starch. When a sufficient coating had been laid on to satisfy the instincts of the serpent, the creature once more opened its jaws, and, making a sudden gulp, took in the head of the paroquet, with the neck and shoulders. For a time no further action was perceptible. Yet a movement was going on: and it was to assure himself of this that the Mozambique was so attentive.

We have said that he had a motive for permitting the pet to be sacrificed, which was now on the eve of being revealed to his companions. They all saw that there was something upon his mind, and eagerly anticipated the revelation. Just as the jararaca had succeeded in bolting the anterior portion of the paroquet,—that is, the head, neck, and shoulders,—Mozey rose from his seat, stole towards the stem of the tree, and let himself down toward the fork, without saying a word. His purpose, however, was manifest the moment after, for he stretched out his right hand, clutched the jararaca around the small of the neck, and flung the serpent—no longer capable of defending itself—far out into the waters of the Gapo! The monster, with its feathered morsel still in its mouth, sank instantly, to be seen no more: so thought Mozey and his associates in the sapucaya.

But, as the event proved, they had hastened to an erroneous conclusion. Scarce had their triumphant cheer echoed across the silent bosom of the Gapo, when the paroquet was observed floating upon the water; and the snake, having ejected the half-swallowed pill, was once more upon the surface, swimming with sinuous but brisk windings of its body in rapid return to the tree. The situation seemed more alarming than ever. The fiend himself could hardly have shown a more implacable determination.

To all appearance the jararaca was now returning to take revenge for the insult and disappointment to which it had been subjected. Mozey, losing confidence in his own cunning, retreated up the tree. He perceived, now that it was too late, the imprudence of which he had been guilty. He should have permitted the snake to proceed a step further in the process of deglutition, until the disgorging of the paroquet, against the grain of its feathers, should have become impossible. He had been too hasty, and must now answer the consequences. Sure enough, the serpent returned to the sapucaya and commenced reascending, availing itself of the liana, by which all of its enemies had effected their ascent. In a few seconds it had mounted into the fork, and, still adhering to the parasite, was continuing its upward way.

“O heavens!” ejaculated Trevannion, “one of us must become the prey of this pitiless monster! What can be done to destroy it?”

“Dar’s a chance yet, Mass’r,” cried Mozey, who had suddenly conceived a splendid thought. “Dar’s a chance yet. All ob you lay hold on de creepin’ vine, an’ pull um out from de tree. We chuck de varmint back into de water. Now den,—all togedder! Pull like good uns!”

As the negro spoke, he seized the liana, by which the serpent was making its spiral ascent, and put out all his strength to detach it from the trunk of the sapucaya. The others instantly understood his design, and, grasping the parasite, with a simultaneous effort tried to tear it off. A quick jerk broke the liana loose; and the jararaca, shaken from its hold, was sent whirling and

writhing through the air, till it fell with a plunging noise upon the water below. Once more a triumphant cheer went up through the sapucaya branches, once more to be stifled ere it had received the answer of its own echoes; for the jararaca was again seen upon the surface, as before, determinedly approaching the tree.

It was a sight for despair. There was something supernatural in the behavior of the snake. It was a monster not to be conquered by human strength, nor circumvented by human cunning. Was there any use in continuing the attempt to subdue it? Mozey, a fatalist, felt half disposed to submit to a destiny that could not be averted; and even Tipperary Tom began to despair of the power of his prayers to St. Patrick. The ex-miner, however, as well acquainted with the subterraneous regions as with upper earth, had no superstition to hinder him from action, and, instead of desponding, he at once adopted the proper course. Catching hold of the creeper, that had already been loosened from the trunk, and calling upon the others to assist him, he tore the creeper entirely from the tree, flinging its severed stem far out upon the water. In a moment after, the snake came up, intending to climb into the sapucaya, as no doubt it had often done before. We wonder what were its feelings on finding that the ladder had been removed, and that an ascent of the smooth trunk of the sapucaya was no longer possible, even to a tree snake! After swimming round and round, and trying a variety of places, the discomfited jararaca turned away in apparent disgust; and, launching out on the bosom of the Gapo, swam off in the direction of the thicket,—on the identical track that had been taken by Richard and the Mundurucú.

CHAPTER XIX.

SERPENT FASCINATION.

It was some time before Trevannion and his companions in misfortune could recover from the excitement and awe of their adventure. They began to believe that the strange tales told them of the Gapo and its denizens had more than a substratum of truth; for the protracted and implacable hostility shown by the snake, and its mysterious power over the bird, seemed surely supernatural. Trevannion reflected on the singular behavior of the jararaca. That a reptile of such contemptible dimensions should exhibit so much cunning and courage as to return to the attack after being repeatedly foiled, and by an enemy so far its superior in strength and numbers, together with its hideous aspect, could not fail to impress him with a feeling akin to horror, in which all those around him shared. The very monkeys and birds must have felt it; for when in the presence of snakes, they had never before exhibited such trepidation and excitement. Long after the serpent had been pitched for the second time into the water, the coaita kept up its terrified gibbering, the macaw screamed, and the tiny ouistiti, returning to Rosa's protection,—no longer to be shared with its late rival,—sat trembling in her lap, as if the dreaded reptile were still within dangerous proximity.

This feeling was but temporary, however. Trevannion was a man of strong intellect, trained and cultivated by experience and education; and after a rational review of the circumstances, he became convinced that there was nothing very extraordinary, certainly nothing supernatural, in what transpired. The jararaca—as he had heard, and as everybody living on the Amazon knew—was one of the most venomous of serpents, if not the most venomous of all. Even the birds and beasts were acquainted with this common fact, and dreaded the reptile accordingly, not from mere *instinct*, but from actual knowledge possessed and communicated in some mysterious way to one another. This would account for the wild terror just exhibited, which in the case of the parouquet had come to a fatal end. There was a mystery about this for which

Trevannion could not account. The power which the serpent appeared to have obtained over the bird, controlling its movements without any apparent action of its own, was beyond comprehension. Whether or not it be entitled to the name given it,—*fascination*,—certainly it is a fact,—one that has been repeatedly observed, and to which not only birds, but quadrupeds, have been the victims; and not only by ordinary observers, but by men skilled in the knowledge of nature, who have been equally at a loss to account for it by natural causes. But this link in the chain of incidents, though mysterious, was not new nor peculiar to this situation. It had been known to occur in all countries and climes, and so soon ceased to excite any weird influence on the mind of Trevannion.

For the other circumstances that had occurred there was an explanation still more natural. The jararaca, peculiarly an inhabitant of the Capo lands, had simply been sunning itself upon the sapucaya. It may have been prowling about in the water when overtaken by the tornado; and, not wishing to be carried away from its haunt, had sought a temporary shelter in the tree, to which an unlucky chance had guided the galatea. Its descent was due to the behavior of the birds; which, after having for a time tantalized it,—provoking its spite, and in all likelihood its hungry appetite,—had temporarily suspended their attack, returning down the tree with Ralph and the negro. It was in pursuit of them, therefore, it had forsaken its original perch. The commotion caused by its descent, but more especially the ducking it had received, and the presence of the two human forms in the water below, had induced it to halt in the forking of the tree, where shortly after its natural prey again presented itself,—ending in an episode that was to it an ordinary occurrence. The choking it had received in the hands of the negro, and its unexpected immersion, had caused the involuntary rejection of the half-swallowed morsel. In the opaque water it had lost sight of the bird, and was returning to the sapucaya either in search of its food, or to reoccupy its resting-place.

It is well known that the jararaca has no fear of man, but will attack him whenever he intrudes upon its domain. The Indians assert that it will even go out of its way for this purpose, unlike the rattlesnake and other venomous reptiles, which rarely exert their dangerous power except in self-defence. So this jararaca reascended the sapucaya undismayed by the human enemies it saw there, one or more of whom might have become its victims but for the timely removal of the liana ladder.

On this review of facts and fancies, the equanimity of our adventurers was nearly restored. At all events they were relieved from the horrible thoughts of the supernatural, that for a time held ascendancy over them. Their hunger and thirst again manifested themselves, though little Rosa and her preserver no longer suffered from the last. In their short excursion both had been repeatedly under water, and had swallowed enough to last them for that day at least. Yet they were in want of food, and Ralph once more climbed the tree to obtain it. He soon possessed himself of half a dozen of the huge nut capsules, which were tossed into the hands of those below, and, water being drawn up in one of the emptied shells, a meal was made, which if not hearty, was satisfactory. The group could do no more than await the return of their absent companions; and with eyes fixed intently and anxiously upon the dark water, and beneath the close growing trees, they watched for the first ripple that might betoken their coming.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WATER ARCADE.

We must leave for a time the castaways in the tree-top, and follow the fortunes of the two

swimmers on their exploring expedition.

On reaching the edge of the submerged forest, their first thought was to clutch the nearest branch, and rest themselves by clinging to it. They were no longer in doubt as to the character of the scene that surrounded them, for their experience enabled them to comprehend it.

“The Gapo!” muttered Munday, as they glided in under the shadows. “No dry land here, young master,” he added, clutching hold of a liana. “We may as well look out for a roost, and rest ourselves. It’s full ten fathoms deep. The Mundurucú can tell that by the sort of trees rising over it.”

“I didn’t expect anything else,” rejoined young Trevannion, imitating his companion by taking hold of a branch and climbing up. “My only hope is that we may find some float timber to ferry the others across. Not that there’s much in it if we do. How we’re to find our way out of this mess is more than either you or I can tell.”

“The Mundurucú never despairs,—not even in the middle of the Gapo,” was the Indian’s proud reply.

“You have hope then? You think we shall find timber enough for a raft to carry us clear of the inundation?”

“No!” answered the Indian. “We have got too far from the channel of the big river. We shall see no floating trees here,—nothing to make a raft that would carry us.”

“Why then did we come here, if not for the purpose of finding dead timber for that object?”

“Dead timber? No! If that was our errand, we might go back as we’ve come,—empty-handed. We shall float all the people over here without that. Follow me, young master. We must go further into the Gapo. Let old Munday show you how to construct a raft without trees, only making use of their fruit.”

“Lead on!” cried the Paraense. “I’m ready to assist you; though I haven’t the slightest conception of what you mean to do.”

“You shall see presently, young master,” rejoined Munday, once more spreading himself to swim. “Come on! follow me! If I’m not mistaken, we’ll soon find the materials for a raft,—or something that will answer as well for the present. Come along, there! Come!”—and he launched himself into the water.

Trevannion followed his example, and, once more consigning himself to the flood, he swam on in the Indian’s wake. Through aisles dimmed with a twilight like that of approaching night, along arcades covered with foliage so luxuriant as to be scarce penetrable by the rays of a tropic sun, the two swimmers, the Indian ever in advance, held their way.

To Richard Trevannion the Mundurucú was comparatively a stranger, known only as a *tapuyo* employed by his uncle in the management of the galatea. He knew the tribe by rumors even more than sinister. They were reputed in Para to be the most bloodthirsty of savages, who took delight not only in the destruction of their enemies, but in keeping up a ghastly souvenir of hostility by preserving their heads. In the company of a Mundurucú, especially in such a place,—swimming under the sombre shadows of a submerged forest,—it can scarce be wondered at that the youth felt suspicion, if not actual fear. But Richard Trevannion was a boy of bold heart, and bravely awaited the *dénouement* of the dismal journey.

Their swim terminated at length, and the Indian, pointing to a tree, cried out: “Yonder—yonder is the very thing of which I was in search. Hoohoo! Covered with sapos too,—another thing we stand in need of,—cord and pitch both growing together. The Great Spirit is kind to us, young master.”

“What is it?” demanded Richard. “I see a great tree, loaded with climbers as you say. But

what of that? It is green, and growing. The wood is full of sap, and would scarce float itself; you can't construct a raft out of that. The sipos might serve well enough for ropes; but the timber won't do, even if we had an axe to cut it down."

"The Mundurucú needs no axe, nor yet timber to construct his raft. All he wants here is the sap of that tree, and some of the sipos clinging to its branches. The timber, we shall find on the sapucaya, after we go back. Look at the tree, young master! Do you not know it?"

The Paraense, thus appealed to, turned his eyes toward the tree, and scanned it more carefully. Festooned by many kinds of climbing plants, it was not so easy to distinguish its foliage from that of the parasites it upheld; enough of the leaves, however, appeared conspicuous to enable him to recognize the tree as one of the best known and most valuable to the inhabitants, not only of his native Para, but of all the Amazonian region. "Certainly," he replied, "I see what sort of tree it is. It's the *Seringa*,—the tree from which they obtain caoutchouc. But what do you want with that? You can't make a raft out of India-rubber, can you?"

"You shall see, young master; you shall see!"

During this conversation the Mundurucú had mounted among the branches of the *seringa*, calling upon his companion to come after him, who hastily responded to the call.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SYRINGE-TREE.

The tree into whose top the swimmers had ascended was, as Richard had rightly stated, that from which the caoutchouc, or India-rubber, is obtained. It was the *Siphonia elastica*, of the order *Euphorbiaceæ*, of the Amazonian valley. Not that the *Siphonia* is the only tree which produces the world-renowned substance, which has of late years effected almost a revolution in many arts, manufactures, and domestic economies of civilized life. There are numerous other trees, both in the Old and New World, most of them belonging to the famed family of the figs, which in some degree afford the caoutchouc of commerce. Of all, however, that yielded by the *Siphonia elastica* is the best, and commands the highest price among dealers. The young Paraense called it *Seringa*, and this is the name he had been accustomed to hear given to it. *Seringa* is simply the Portuguese for syringe, and the name has attached itself to the tree, because the use which the aborigines were first observed to make of the elastic tubes of the caoutchouc was that of squirts or syringes, the idea being suggested by their noticing the natural tubes formed by the sap around twigs, when flowing spontaneously from the tree. For syringes it is employed extensively to this day by Brazilians of all classes, who construct them by moulding the sap, while in its fluid state, into pear-shaped bottles, and inserting a piece of cane in the long neck.

The caoutchouc is collected in the simplest way, which affords a regular business to many Amazonians, chiefly native Indians, who dispose of it to the Portuguese or Brazilian traders. The time is in August, when the subsidence of the annual inundation permits approach to the trees; for the *seringa* is one of those species that prefer the low flooded lands, though it is not altogether peculiar to the Gapo. It grows throughout the whole region of the Amazon, wherever the soil is alluvial and marshy. The India-rubber harvest, if we may use the term, continues throughout the dry months, during which time very large quantities of the sap are collected, and carried over to the export market of Para. A number of trees growing within a prescribed circle are allotted to each individual, whose business it is—man, woman, or boy—to attend to

the assigned set of trees; and this is the routine of their day's duty.

In the evening the trees are tapped; that is, a gash or incision is made in the bark,—each evening in a fresh place,—and under each is carefully placed a little clay cup, or else the shell of an *Ampullasia*, to catch the milky sap that oozes from the wound. After sunrise in the morning, the “milkers” again revisit the scene of operations, and empty all the cups into a large vessel, which is carried to one common receptacle. By this time the sap, which is still of a white color, is of the consistency of cream, and ready for moulding. The collectors have already provided themselves with moulds of many kinds, according to the shape they wish the caoutchouc to assume, such as shoes, round balls, bottles with long necks, and the like. These are dipped into the liquid, a thin stratum of which adheres to them, to be made thicker by repeated immersions, until the proper dimensions are obtained. After the last coat has been laid on, lines and ornamental tracings are made upon the surface, while still in a soft state; and a rich brown color is obtained by passing the articles repeatedly through a thick black smoke, given out by a fire of palm-wood,—several species of these trees being specially employed for this purpose. As the moulds are usually solid substances, and the shoes, balls, and bottles are cast *on*, and not *in* them, it may be wondered how the latter can be taken off, or the former got out. King George would have been as badly puzzled about this, as he was in regard to the apples in the pudding. The idea of the Amazonian aboriginal, though far more ingenious, is equally easy of explanation. His bottle-moulds are no better than balls of dried mud, or clay; and so too, the lasts upon which he fashions the India-rubber shoes. Half an hour's immersion in water is sufficient to restore them to their original condition of soft mud; when a little scraping and washing completes the manufacture, and leaves the commodity in readiness for the merchant and the market.

The seringa is not a tree of very distinguished appearance, and but for its valuable sap might be passed in a forest of Amazonia, where so many magnificent trees meet the eye, without eliciting a remark. Both in the color of its bark and the outline of its leaves it bears a considerable resemblance to the European ash,—only that it grows to a far greater size, and with a stem that is branchless, often to the height of thirty or forty feet above the ground. The trunk of that on which the Mundurucú and his companion had climbed was under water to that depth, else they could not so easily have ascended. It was growing in its favorite situation,—the Gapo,—its top festooned, as we have said, with scores of parasitical plants, of many different species, forming a complete labyrinth of limbs, leaves, fruits, and flowers.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BATTLE WITH BIRDS.

Scarce had the Paraense succeeded in establishing himself on the tree, when an exclamation from his companion, higher up among the branches, caused him to look aloft. “Hoo-hoo!” was the cry that came from the lips of the Mundurucú, in a tone of gratification.

“What is it, Munday?”

“Something good to eat, master!”

“I'm glad to hear it. I feel hungry enough in all conscience; and these sapucaya nuts don't quite satisfy me. I'd like a little fish or flesh-meat along with them.”

“It's neither,” rejoined the Indian. “Something as good, though. It's fowl! I've found an arara's nest.”

“O, a macaw! But where is the bird? You haven't caught it yet?”

“Haven’t I?” responded the Mundurucú, plunging his arm elbow-deep into a cavity in the tree-trunk; and dragging forth a half-fledged bird, nearly as big as a chicken. “Ah, a nest! young ones! Fat as butter too!”

“All right. We must take them back with us. Our friends in the sapucaya are hungry as we, and will be right glad to see such an addition to the larder.”

But Richard’s reply was unheard; for, from the moment that the Mundurucú had pulled the young macaw out of its nest, the creature set up such a screaming and flopping of its half-fledged wings, as to fill all the woods around. The discordant ululation was taken up and repeated by a companion within the cavity; and then, to the astonishment of the twain, half a score of similar screaming voices were heard issuing from different places higher up in the tree, where it was evident there were several other cavities, each containing a nest full of young araras.

“A regular breeding-place, a macaw-cot,” cried Richard, laughing as he spoke. “We’ll get squabs enough to keep us all for a week!”

The words had scarce passed his lips, when a loud clangor reverberated upon the air. It was a confused mixture of noises,—a screaming and chattering,—that bore some resemblance to the human voice; as if half a score of Punches were quarrelling with as many Judys at the same time. The sounds, when first heard, were at some distance; but before twenty could have been counted, they were uttered close to the ears of the Mundurucú, who was highest up, while the sun became partially obscured by the outspread wings of a score of great birds, hovering in hurried flight around the top of the seringa. There was no mystery about the matter. The newcomers were the parents of the young macaws—the owners of the nests—returning from a search for provender for their pets, whose piercing cries had summoned them in all haste to their home. As yet, neither the Indian nor his young companion conceived any cause for alarm. Foolish, indeed, to be frightened by a flock of birds! They were not allowed to indulge long in this comfortable equanimity; for, almost on the moment of their arrival above the tree, the united parentage of araras plunged down among the branches, and, with wing, beak, and talons, began an instant and simultaneous attack upon the intruders. The Indian was the first to receive their onset. Made in such a united and irresistible manner, it had the effect of causing him to let go the chick, which fell with a plunge into the water below. In its descent, it was accompanied by half a dozen of the other birds,—its own parents, perhaps, and their more immediate friends,—and these, for the first time espying a second enemy farther down, directed their attack upon him. The force of the assailants was thus divided; the larger number continued their onslaught upon the Indian, though the young Paraense at the same time found his hands quite full enough in defending himself, considering that he carried nothing in the shape of a weapon, and that his body, like that of his comrade, was altogether unprotected by vestments. To be sure the Mundurucú was armed with a sharp knife, which he had brought along with him in his girdle; but this was of very little use against his winged enemies; and although he succeeded in striking down one or two of them, it was done rather by a blow of the fist than by the blade.

In a dozen seconds both had received almost as many scratches from the beaks and talons of the birds, which still continued the combat with a fury that showed no signs of relaxation or abatement. The Paraense did not stay either to take counsel or imitate the example of his more sage companion, but, hastily bending down upon the limb whereon he had been maintaining the unequal contest, he plunged head foremost into the water. Of course a “header” from such a height, carried him under the surface; and his assailants, for the moment missing him, flew

back into the tree-top, and joined in the assault on Munday. The latter, who had by this become rather sick of the contest, thinking of no better plan, followed his comrade's example. Hastily he flung himself into the flood, and, first diving below the surface, came up beside the Paraense, and the two swam away side by side in silence, each leaving behind him a tiny string of red; for the blood was flowing freely from the scratches received in their strange encounter.

Mayne Reid.



ROUND THE EVENING LAMP

A Treasury of Charades, Puzzles, Problems and Funny Things.

CHARADE.

NO. 4.

The sun shone down on fields of waving grain
That glistened in the slumberous summer air;
A dream of quiet brooded o'er the plain,
And veiled the landscape with a magic rare.
Past quiet meadows, and by clumps of trees,
The sleepy river glided to the sea,
Its tranquil flood, unruffled by a breeze,
Seemingly still, it moved so lazily.
A scene of peace and quietness and rest,
No sign of man its placid beauty cursed,
Save where, upon yon hillock's woody crest,
Reposed the gay pavilions of my *first*.

An hour more, the still and calm repose
Had gone from meadow, plain, and sleepy stream,
And on that charmed landscape shrilly rose
The ring of steel, the clash of angry blows,
The shout of Hate, and Frenzy's maddening scream.
Fiercely the din and rush of battle surged,
And lance met lance, and visor rang again,
And valiant knights their foaming coursers urged
'Mong fearful heaps of wounded and of slain,
Where stilly waved, but now, the rustling grain.

The day is done! one army's valiant head,
Enfeebled by my *second*, yields at last:
He falls upon a mound, all gory red
With his own blood, that gushes thick and fast.
Yet ere he sinks the failing hero calls
With one faint cry his followers to his side:—
In vain! the weakened voice unheeded falls,
Lost in the angry swell of battle's tide.
The day is lost: alas! the potent arm
No foeman yet e'er conquered or withstood,
Tremulous now, is powerless to harm,
The palsy of my *second* in its blood.

Night falls on meadow, plain, and tranquil stream;
The din of strife is hushed and still,—and fled
The clash of arms, the lance's deadly gleam:
The moonlight shimmers on a heap of dead.
From the far distance rings a joyous burst
Of bugle-peal, and shout, and booming gun,
With which my jubilant and conquering *first*
Tells the glad story of the battle won.
The hero, by whose fall an army falls,
With bitter sorrow preying on his soul,
Banished from home, must live in prison walls,
And drag away my *second* as my *whole*.

ENIGMAS.

NO. 3.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 3, 15, 4, 10, the poor need this winter.

My 4, 9, 7, 11, 14, 16, most of you will be next summer.

My 1, 2, 6, 11, was the first rebel.

My 3, 12, 5, 1, 14, the Copperheads want.

My 8, 12, 13, 1, 10, the Rebels will soon beg for.

My whole is the name of one of the contributors to "Our Young Folks."

A. O. W.

NO. 4.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 5, 14, 13, 19, 18, 14, is very hard.

My 16, 2, 15, 9, 3, 18, 19, was best known in the Inquisition.

My 4, 11, 12, 5, is a French coin.

My 16, 12, 15, 8, 11, 13, 19, 18, is often baked for good children.

My 8, 17, 9, is something that squirrels appreciate.

My 4, 8, 6, 18, 19, we should avoid.

My 1, 15, 6, 7, 11, you can trace an Indian by.

My 10, 14, 8, 16, is a time when much fish is sold.

My 15, 19, 13, 14, 18, 14, is what every loyal citizen does for the Union.

My 5, 8, 7, 13, 14, 10, is what cowards do.

My 4, 6, 7, 8, 1, is an excellent person.

My 14, 6, 4, 9, is in the neighborhood of sunrise.

My whole is the name of a hero, contemporary with Napoleon Bonaparte.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

NO. 6.

Take just one half of forty-one,
And when you think 'tis rightly done
Add twenty-one, and, sure as fate,
The sum will be just twenty-eight.

NO. 7.

To six perpendicular lines add five, and get nine for a result.

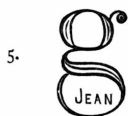
J. T. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 4.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 5.

(NAMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS.)



ANSWERS.

CHARADE.

3. New Bedford.

ENIGMA.

2. The Young Voyageurs.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because they make shells burst on the kernel (colonel).
2. A bald head.
3. Because their words are candid (candied).
4. Because she's always a-railing.
5. Because it is a sinecure (sign o' cure).

TRANSPOSITION.

1. [Words.] Drive—stable—harness—horse—buckle
—breaching—spike—tongue—chaise.

PUZZLES.

1. Ungava.
2. Baboon—a boon.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

3. $1 + 98 + \frac{3}{6} + \frac{27}{54} = 100$.
4. COW.

1ST SOLUTION.

5. Be sure C and I by an L to divide;
And then, if you please, place an O at I's side;
The riddle's solution at once you'll divine:—
'Tis CLIO,—one Muse to be taken from Nine.

2D SOLUTION.

(Very ingenious, although not the answer intended.)

50)101(2

100

To remainder—1—add a cipher, and you have 10; IX is 9; take away I, and you have X, equal to 10. D. S. L.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

2. We propose to make our flag shelter the oppressed wherever it waves.

[(Weep) (rope O's) (tomb) a (cow)r (flag) (shell)t(earth) o(press)d w(hare)(eve)r (eye)t (waves).]

3. Great talkers are barking dogs whose teeth are harmless.

[(Great) (tall curs) R (bar) (king) (dogs) w(hose) (teeth) R H(armless).]

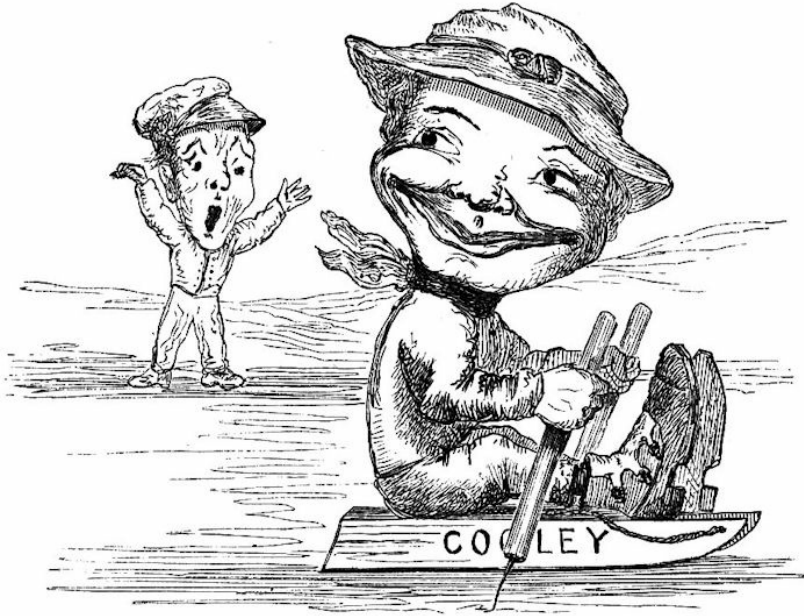
THE NAUGHTY BOY.

There was a bad youngster named Ned,
Who ran off with another boy's sled.

He cried, "This is nice,—
To slip over the ice!"

This impenitent youngster, young Ned.

B. H. T.



Transcriber's Notes:

Archaic spellings, hyphenation and grammar have been retained. Printer's errors have been corrected without note.

[The end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Vol 1, Issue 3* edited by John Townsend Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom]