OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

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

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An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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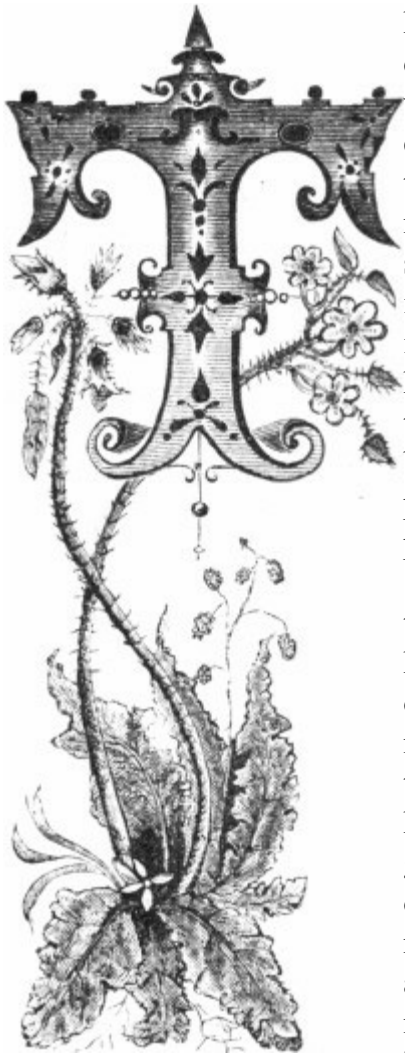
FARMING FOR BOYS.
VII.



he disposition to go ahead which the boys displayed, as well as their aptitude for learning, were strong encouragements with Uncle Benny to continue his fatherly care over them,—to teach them that it was impossible to earn genuine manhood except by steadily and industriously serving out their boyhood. He found his own interest in all their little concerns insensibly increasing, and noticed also that even Spangler himself took constant observation of their doings, though he seldom gave a word of encouragement, but rather doubted whether their labors would ever pay a profit. He estimated results by their money product, not by their moral and educational value.

On the afternoon of a fine early-summer day the old man obtained permission to take them with him to a farm some two miles off, for the purpose of showing them how a really good farmer managed his business. The boys had often heard of this place, and had many times walked by it, but had never ventured up to the house or over the grounds. It belonged to a Mr. Allen, and consisted of sixty acres. The history of this man was so remarkable, that Uncle Benny, thinking it afforded an example that ought to be impressed on the minds of the boys, took occasion, as they walked leisurely along, to relate it to them.

Mr. Allen was one of a large family of children, his father being a laboring man, so poor that he was glad to have them placed out whenever a situation could be found for them. No great pains were taken to see that the places were good ones, where a tolerable share of schooling would be allowed, or where they would be likely to receive a thorough agricultural education. The father was too poorly off in

the world to be very nice in choosing places; besides, his children had had so indifferent a training at home, that whoever took them was quite certain that, if they were ever to do any good, they must be taught how to do it.

This one, Robert, was accordingly placed with a very penurious man, who allowed him very little time, even in winter, for schooling. His very name had a suspicious sound,—it was John Screwme. The poor boy was excessively fond of study, and had luckily learned to read well before he left home. He accordingly read everything he found about the house, and even carried a book of some kind in his bosom whenever he went ploughing. This he read and re-read when he paused to rest his horses, seeking to carry in his memory, while following in the furrow, the information he had obtained. It was so when not at work,—the same passionate desire to obtain knowledge occupying his time and thoughts. But his master's house was a very poor school in which to learn, with very few books or papers about. He therefore borrowed from the neighboring boys all that they were able to lend him.

But this supply was insufficient for his wants, as he had become a rapid reader. He had the great good sense to understand that it was important for him to qualify himself, while young, for the business he was to pursue in after life,—that of farming. Hence he sought for books on agriculture and natural history, but few of these could be obtained.

His master was a widower, with an only child, a daughter, whose temperament was directly the opposite of her father's. She was as fond of cultivating flowers as Robert was of reading books. Her father had indulged her by subscribing for an agricultural paper, which came once a month, and which cost only half a dollar a year. It was the cheapest of all, and therefore he took it. This Robert devoured as soon as it came, but it was far from being sufficient for him. The girl also wanted more; but as neither of them had any money with which to subscribe for other papers, Robert undertook the setting of traps for muskrats, rabbits, and moles, and succeeded in catching great numbers of them. The girl took off the skins and dried them, and Robert walked with his spoils to Trenton, and sold them to the storekeepers. He thus raised money enough to pay for an agricultural paper which came every week. From the reading of this he derived so much information, that he never afterwards permitted the subscription to run out.

Among other useful things, it taught him how to manage bees. So he bought a colony, and, being extremely observant and careful, he gradually multiplied them until the product amounted to twenty or thirty dollars every year. His master made no objection to his doing this, as the bees consumed only such food as would have been wasted had they not gathered it from the fields and flowers. In this bee culture the

daughter, Alice, assisted him very materially, giving him prompt notice of a swarm coming out, and sometimes even assisting him in getting them safely into a new hive. Several times, from the profits of his honey, he was able to present her a handsome book at Christmas, and, on more than one occasion, a new bonnet. His bees thus made it a very easy matter to pay for his weekly paper, as well as to keep himself supplied with numerous new works on his favorite studies.

As might be expected, such a boy was always observant of whatever was going on around him,—of everything from which he could get a new practical hint. Having on one occasion gone to Trenton to dispose of his honey in the market, after he had pocketed his little roll of notes, he strolled leisurely through the long building, from end to end, to see what others had brought there to sell, as well as to learn what

prices they were getting. But he saw nothing that attracted his attention particularly, until, on coming out at the lower end, he noticed an old man with a very rude machine resembling that of a perambulating scissors-grinder, having his foot on the treadle, with which he was driving some kind of a mill. He stood quite a long while looking at the machine, endeavoring to ascertain what the old man was doing. While thus standing, several women and children came up in succession, with little cups in their hands, into which the old man measured a gill or two of a white, pulpy preparation, for which each buyer paid him a few cents. It struck him that the old man must be grinding this pulp; so, coming close up to the machine, he at once perceived a strong odor of horseradish. It was this the old fellow was grinding; and Robert saw that he had customers for it as fast as it could be produced. He had seen in the machine-shops about Trenton many great machines, but this was truly a *grater*.

Now he understood all about raising horseradish, and knew that it could be grown more readily even than potatoes; but never having seen it anywhere except on his employer's table, he had no idea that a large quantity could be sold, and hence was greatly surprised at finding how quickly it went off in the market. He immediately inquired of the old man how much he gave for the roots, of which he had a bushel or two in baskets near him. He replied, two dollars a hundred for the smaller ones, and three or four for the largest; adding, that he would buy as many as he could bring him.

The boy was so elated at this unexpected discovery of something that was exactly in his own line, that he asked no more questions. But that evening he looked over all the old numbers of the agricultural papers in the house, to see if they contained any information about the cultivation of horseradish, what was the best soil, whether there was a superior variety, or any other instructions to guide him in undertaking what he shrewdly thought he could make a profitable operation. He found a dozen articles on the subject, which contained the experience of practical growers, with minute directions how to plant and cultivate, as well as how to harvest, a large crop, and where to find a market for it. He had seen these articles before; but as his mind was not interested in the subject at the time, he gave them only a passing notice. But now that his attention had been directed to it, he discovered in them an almost priceless value. They were exactly what he wanted, and he read them over and over. He made up his mind that, if he had inquired of every farmer in the township how to cultivate so simple a thing as horseradish on a large scale, not one could have told him half as much as did these old numbers of the agricultural papers he had been preserving.

Here Uncle Benny took occasion to remind the boys that it was impossible for a man to be a really good, progressive farmer, without not only having a full supply of the best agricultural papers, but diligently studying their contents, as well as preserving the numbers for future reference. He said they were full of sound advice and instruction, and kept their readers informed of all the new seeds, plants, machines, and breeds of animals, as they were either discovered or introduced. It was only by having his eyes and ears open to these things, that a farmer could get along successfully, and keep up with the best.

He went on to tell them that Robert, discovering that a deep, rich soil was the best for horseradish, immediately made up his mind that the very place for him to plant it would be by the side of a long ditch in the meadow, which had been cleaned out that very fall. As the ditch-bank could not be used for any crop,—at least his employer was not the man to put it to any useful purpose,—Robert easily obtained his permission to plant it with horseradish. He would have refused anything that he could use himself. As may be supposed, Robert thought of this matter the whole winter, and was impatient for spring to come round, that he might make a beginning. At Christmas he went to Trenton and engaged from the old man in the market as many of the lower ends of the horseradish roots as he would need. On measuring the ditch-bank, by pacing it off, he found he could get in three rows containing altogether two thousand roots, and so contracted for that number at five dollars per thousand. The old man had been in the habit of throwing away these "tails," as there was no steady demand for them, and was glad enough to find a customer.

When April came, Robert put the ditch-bank in order with his own hands, doing most of the work by moonlight, and then actually planting the roots by moonlight also, as his employer would not spare him even a half-day for himself. The roots were about five inches long, and were planted in rows. Holes about eight inches deep were made in the ground with a sharp stick, into which the roots were dropped, thus leaving them a few inches below the surface. It was a long and tedious job for a boy like him to undertake and go through with, but he was full of ambition to do something for himself, and this was about the only chance he saw. Then during the whole growing season he kept the ground clear of weeds, and frequently stirred it up on the surface, all which greatly promoted the growth of the plants. They threw up such luxuriant tops, that by midsummer they shaded most of the ground and smothered a large portion of the weeds. All this attention to his horseradish bed was bestowed at odd times.

But he was well rewarded for his labor, as at the close of the season he had a fine crop of roots. They were so large, and there were so many of them, that he was

obliged to hire a man to dig them up and wheel them to the house. His employer had paid no more attention to the crop during the summer than he had to Robert's bees; but when he came to see the splendid result of his labor, he was astonished at his success, and told Alice to help him wash and trim them up for market. This she was willing enough to do, as Robert's tastes and hers were so similar that they had long been close friends, ever ready to oblige each other. By devoting one or two evenings to the task, the roots were made ready for the Trenton market. There Robert was allowed to take them, and there, sure enough, he found the old man at work in the market-house with his machine, still grinding out horseradish for a large circle of customers. He sold his crop for sixty dollars, and was so delighted with his success that he treated himself to a new coat.

He also bought for Alice, in return for the help she had given him, a neat little dressing-box, containing trifles which he thought would please her, for there was not a particle of meanness in Robert's disposition. While he was ambitious, and industrious, and saving, he was far from being stingy. Besides, he had already learned that pleasure was reciprocal, and that no one feels it who does not at the same time communicate it; for to be really pleased, one must be pleasing to others. As he saw that Alice was gratified by his thus thinking of her, he was abundantly gratified himself.

This purchase of a new coat was a clear saving to Mr. Screwme. He was pleased in turn, thinking how much he had saved, and readily gave Robert permission to use the ditch-bank as long as he desired, as his horseradish farm. Thus the industrious fellow was encouraged to look ahead, and a bit of waste land was in a fair way of being turned into a productive one, by the shrewdness and energy of a mere boy. Taking all the land on the farm, there was not an acre that produced more clear profit than this, though the rest had had twice as much labor in proportion bestowed upon it.

Still, the owner did not take the hint thus given to him, and try what could be done on a larger scale. The reason was, that raising horseradish was not regular farming,—it was something out of the usual line,—well enough for a boy to amuse himself with, but not the kind of farming he had been brought up to. Another reason was, the neighbors would ridicule him. In truth he was not a wise man, for wisdom is not the mere seeing of things that are actually before us, but consists in discerning and comprehending those which are likely to come to pass. He would have thought it all right for him to plant an acre of cabbages, because it was done by others; but an acre of what he considered a new farm product, such as horseradish, was too great a novelty, though he saw that the crop paid well. Nor was he sufficiently wise

to see that the time was coming when a plant so easily cultivated would be grown upon fields as large as any of his.

Thus Robert was left in undisturbed possession. He started the second year under better auspices, as, in trimming his roots for market, he had cut off and saved the lower ends for another planting. This would save him ten dollars, besides affording him not only better "sets" than he had begun with, but twice as many. He thought that he would double his crop by planting both sides of the ditch. On asking permission of his employer, he readily gave it, adding that, if he chose, he might plant the bottom of the ditch also.

The boy's ambition seemed to have won some little sympathy from his master; for, when planting-time came the next spring, he actually assisted Robert by ploughing up the ground and putting it in order for him. Then, as Robert made the holes in the ground, he called on Alice to drop the roots into them, as she was quite willing to do. With this help he got on finely with his double crop. But he was obliged to hire a man occasionally during the summer to keep the ground in order, as he knew it was never worth while to set a plant in the ground and then neglect it. But he had the money with which to pay for such labor. Still, it cost very little, as to his ditch-banks was devoted all the spare time he had. His bees gave him no such trouble, as they took care of themselves. The better preparation of the ground caused a quicker and larger growth of the plants, and of course there was a better yield than that of the first season. He sold the second crop for more than a hundred dollars, and could have disposed of three times the quantity. That season his honey sold for over twenty dollars.

Most of this money he saved, spending very little except for books and papers, all which he studied so assiduously, that, by the time he came of age, he was one of the best-informed young men in the neighborhood, with a respectable library about him. He was a fine, handsome-looking fellow, of pleasant manners, steady habits, and, besides all this, had more than four hundred dollars, all made from the profits of his bees and horseradish.

"You see, boys," said Uncle Benny, "how much can be accomplished, from the very smallest beginnings, by a boy who has ambition, good sense and industry. But all these acquisitions, especially the mental ones, come from application. It is the price that every man must pay for them, and they cannot be had without it. To expect good results of any kind without application, would be as absurd as for you to hope for a crop of corn without having planted a hill."

The old man went on with his story. He told them that, when Robert came of age, he was able to manage the farm far better than his employer had ever done. He

continued to do the principal work until he was twenty-three years old, at which time his employer died, and a year after that he and Alice were married.

"Now," continued the old man, "the farm we are going to see is the same one on which Robert Allen began life as a poor boy. All this happened years before you were born, so that you will see great changes from the condition of the farm as it was in the time of Robert's boyhood."

The boys listened to this history with profound attention. It ran so nearly parallel to the current of their own thoughts that they could not fail to be struck with it. They had seen Mr. Allen very often, and two of his sons had been their companions at school; but they had never before had the least inkling that so wealthy a farmer had sprung from so small a beginning. The farm, therefore, as they approached it, acquired a new interest in their eyes, and they surveyed with increased attention whatever belonged to it.

A few steps farther brought them to the gate, which opened into a lawn of moderate size, in which were pear and apple trees many years old, now gorgeous in a profusion of bloom. These living monuments of the thoughtfulness of a former generation had been carefully trimmed of all the dead wood, and their trunks had been whitewashed. Indeed, the fences, the out-houses, and every spot or thing to which whitewash was appropriate, shone out gayly and cheerfully in a coat of brilliant white. A dozen large stones, that lay about in the edge of a luxuriant border near the house, had been brushed in the same way, presenting a beautiful contrast with the rich green of the early springing grass. Even the projecting stump of an old apple-tree, that had once stood in the lawn, held up its slowly decaying head in all the glory of a similar covering.

The stone dwelling-house, evidently very old, but very comfortable, had shared in the same beautifying application. Its ancient doors, and sashes, and shutters, had been replaced by new ones of modern finish. For the old roof there had been substituted a new one, with projecting eaves and ornamental brackets. An ample piazza at the front, built in cottage style, was clustered over with honeysuckles, from whose opening flowers a thousand bees were gathering honey. Some architect, skilled in the beautiful art of transforming an old farm-house into an elegant modern cottage, had evidently touched this venerable homestead with his renovating hand, engrafting on its uncouth outlines not only symmetry, but even elegance. The whole aspect of the premises struck the visitors with admiration of their trimness and cleanliness, while a more practised eye would at once set down the owner as belonging to the higher order of farmers.

As they turned a corner of the house on their way to the rear, they were met by

Mr. Allen and his two sons, the schoolmates of the Spanglers. Greetings being cordially exchanged, the visitors were politely invited into the house; but Uncle Benny replied that he had brought his boys with him to see what there was out of doors, and that he would like them to learn for themselves how a good farmer managed his business.

"Ah," replied Mr. Allen, "it requires a man superior in one way or another, to be a really good farmer."

"But," rejoined Uncle Benny, "men are estimated by their success in life, and by common consent, success is held to be evidence of superiority. You are known as the luckiest man in the township."

"But I don't believe in luck, Uncle Benny," replied Mr. Allen. "It was not luck that made me what I am, but God's blessing on my labors, from the time I was a poor boy up to the present hour."

They walked forward to the barn-yard. The fences round it, and all the adjacent buildings, had been newly whitewashed. There were gutters which carried away from every roof the rains that fell upon it, and led them into a low spot a long distance off, to which the pigs had access as a wallow. The barn-yard was shaped like an earthen pie-dish, lowest at the centre, so that no liquid manure could run away. The bottom had been scooped out and furnished with a coat of clay nearly six inches thick, so that no liquor could soak away into the ground. There was but a single outlet for the fluid, and that led into a capacious cistern, connected with a pump, by which the contents were raised into buckets and used on the garden close at hand. This had been in operation only a year or two; but Mr. Allen described the result on his garden products as almost incredible, and he should use the pump and cistern more frequently than ever. "This liquor," he said, "is what a plant lives and grows fat on, just as a pig grows on what you give to him. If I were able to manure my whole farm with these juices of the barn-yard, I would saturate the manure-heap until the water came away colorless, and spread it over the ground."

As the Spangler boys heard this, they looked up to Uncle Benny in a very knowing way, evidently recognizing the words of this excellent farmer as conveying the identical lesson the old man had taught them at their own squalid barn-yard.

There were a dozen head of cattle in the yard, fine, portly cows, of quiet mien and buttery promise. They had all been born within its enclosure, and had never been allowed to go beyond its limits. During the growing season all their food was cut fresh from the fields, and brought to them regularly three times a day. This arrangement cost additional care and money, but it saved some hundreds of dollars' worth of fences, while it trebled the products of the barn-yard. It saved acres of

clover from being trampled down and wasted, thus enabling the land to feed double the number of cows. The abundant yield of butter found a quick market at Trenton.

From this spot they were taken to the pig-pen, and there they saw the Suffolk and Chester County breeds, all in clean quarters, with warm shelters covered from the rain, the outer part of the enclosure strewed with an ample supply of corn-stalks and other litter, which they were rapidly grinding up into the most valuable kind of fertilizer. Bill Spangler, having a particular home-feeling for the pig-pen, examined the animals in this enclosure with the greatest care. The others were equally interested. Though they noticed how complete the pen was, and how superior were all its arrangements to their own, yet, after a long and close survey, Bill could not help exclaiming to the Allen boys, "There's no sow here equal to our Nancy!"

Author of "Ten Acres Enough."

DICK AND I.

When Dick was ten and I was eight,
Life's morning sweet and early,
When he wore aprons checked with blue
And yet my hair was curly,
We used to read, the livelong day,
Strange tales and old romances;
Dick liked the Indian stories best,
But I had softer fancies.

I clung to fairy tales, alas!
And books with yellow covers;
I thought myself a heroine,
And went in search of lovers.
I made me wreaths of blooming flowers
And spent my mornings crying;
A bird with head beneath my wing,
I fancied I was flying.

We read of war. It seemed to me
A thing how strange and distant!
I thought that Dick might learn to fight,
But I was non-resistant.
In my young heart, in those calm days
Of bright, unclouded weather,
Imps, soldiers, ogres, ghosts, and war
Were all linked in together.

We had one play called Bunker Hill,—
Dick always wished to play it;
I liked dolls better, though, of course,
I was ashamed to say it.
Dick had a company of boys,
The name of one was Moses;
I made him once a soldier's cap,
And trimmed it round with roses.

I followed, in the ranks, myself,
Their only banner bearing;
Dick fastened to my father's cane
The apron I was wearing.

How perfectly one day comes back
When, roused by one another,
Poor Dick and Moses came to blows,
And I ran home to mother!
Dear, gentle heart! Her ready hand
The cause of peace defended;
She bribed both foes with gingerbread,
And so the battle ended.

O happy days, too briefly bright!
O memories quaint, but pleasant!
I cannot bear to link, to-day,
The glad past with the present!
My childhood's visions seem to mock
My lone heart sad and smitten;
In dearer life-blood than my own
The page of war is written!

I know not where in death he sleeps;—
Far distant from each other,
I watched and wept, he fought and fell,
My brave and generous brother!
'T is all we know. O, no! not all,—
He died as heroes perish;
He left a memory for our hearts
To fondly, proudly cherish.

O, even in my darkest hour,
One thought my sorrow hushes:—
Thank God! thank God! we speak of him
With tears, and not with blushes.

Marian Douglas.

THE STORY OF A DOLLY.
FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I came from the country of the Dollys.

A fine place that! It is over the seas and far away,—and there the large Dollys, and the small Dollys, and the little wee bits of Dollys live together.

Only a few, however, were as large as we who came over in the big ship, though many knew more. Indeed, I think I may say they knew a great deal more. Some of our relations could open and shut their eyes, and a friend of ours had a cousin who was acquainted with some very fashionable Dollys that had learned to walk. And grand enough they felt! But we were told that these fashionable Dollys suffered dreadfully, though they never mentioned it, from a horrible spasm called "winding up." This they tried to keep private. But the birds told of it. In the country of the Dollys, bird-talk is understood, and also flower-talk.

There was one family of Dollys who disturbed the whole neighborhood. I mean the crying Dollys. A great many knew how to cry. We wanted to learn, but were told that little boys and girls cried enough, and there was no need of our learning. And since I came over in the big ship, I have seen some of these boys and girls myself. They cry every day, though where the tears come from I can't tell, unless there are little bottles of water upset behind their eyes. But who fills up the bottles?

It is a sad thing, though, never to be able to cry at all! Never to have a tear of your own to shed! You can't tell—nobody can tell—how I have longed, and longed, and longed for a few tears. I will mention one time in particular.

There was a family of us who lived in a splendid baby-house, with a lock on the door, and a key to fit the lock exactly. We had rose-colored bed-curtains, and fringe around the bed-spreads, and looking-glasses with gilt frames, and little smelling-bottles, and fans, and parasols, and gilt-edged dishes, and no end of dresses, made of silk, and satin, and alpaca, and feathers in our hats, and rings, and bracelets, and a cooking-stove with little frying-pans to it. And all around the walls were hung our photographs. And almost every Dolly had a little husband. But I was too big to have a husband. There were none made large enough. And so the little girl played that I was the grandmother, and that my husband had died of the shaking palsy.

One day she got angry with me, because I could crook my elbow but one way, and threw me down flat upon the floor, and I struck on the back of my head, which is a dangerous place. Then she put all the other Dollys in the baby-carriage, and

took them off riding under the trees, where the grass was soft, and the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang, and the yellow butterflies were flying. And the three white kittens were allowed to go also. But I was left all alone, lying there, with my head bumped, in a dangerous place too, thinking how the dandelions would shine in the green grass, and how the white kittens would run up the trees and peep down through the leaves. And then, O how I longed for tears to cry with! If it were only two, one for each eye! But Dollys can never weep. No matter how much they are banged about, their foreheads scraped, the ends knocked off of their noses, the cords of their necks twisted, and their feet broken off at the ankle-bone, they can never shed a tear! There they are, with their eyes set wide open, dry as dried peas, and never a tear! What a pity!

Perhaps you would like to know about my coming over in the big ship.

My friends were sorry to part with me. Those who could shut their eyes closed them tight, that they might not have the sorrow of seeing me go. The crying Dollys made a great noise, but I don't think they felt any worse than the rest. A beautiful walking Dolly came down to the ship, to take leave of her best friend; but when she

saw the box in which we were to be nailed up, she walked away very fast, and never turned her head.

The ship sailed and sailed, and the little fishes got out of the way; but the whales didn't care, they came and bumped their noses right against the vessel. At least, that is what I heard one of the sailors tell a little boy.

And, after many days, there came a great storm. Thunder, and lightning, and hail! The waves rose to the tops of the masts, and almost tipped over the ship. The winds blew and blew, and at last blew her against a tremendous rock, where she was dashed in pieces. My box was carried ashore on the top of a foaming wave, and thrown upon a sand-bank.

The next morning, the skies were blue, the birds sang, and the winds were at rest. There was a crack in the box, which came just across my eyes, so that I could see out. At first, this made me very happy. But presently the sun arose, the great, red, fiery sun, and shone straight into my eyes. O, how they did burn! And you know I could not shut them up, nor even moisten them with a tear.

At last I said, "Let me try what virtue there is in wishing." So I kept wishing that the sun would move away and shine somewhere else. And, if you will believe it, my wish came to pass! He did move away and shine somewhere else,—that great fiery sun! So you see there is no harm in wishing.

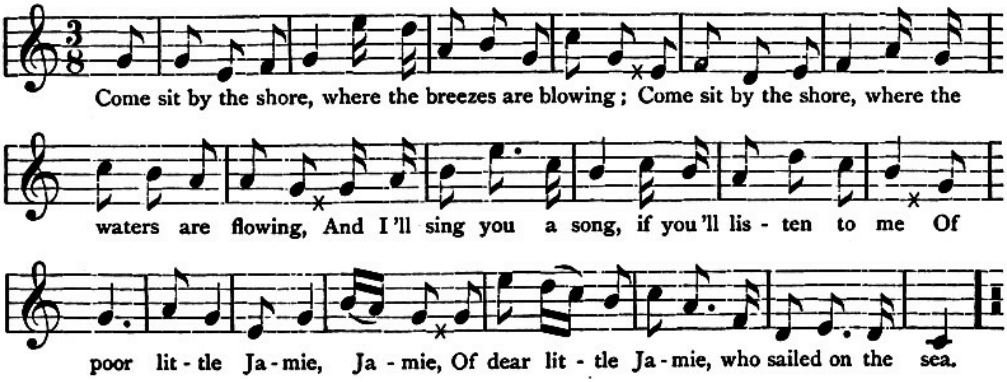
One morning, there came a little boy and girl running down, and the girl had her mother's best tin porringer to paddle with in the water. "See me, Bessie!" said the little boy, "I am going a wading in the Atlantic Ocean."

"Atlantic Ocean. Where?" said Bessie.

"Right here,—this great water," said the boy.

"Poh," said Bessie. "Guess I know better than that: guess I know the Atlantic Ocean! It's all white, with a scalloped edge, and a great yellow Brazil, and a pink Pattygony going down in a peak. Hark! What is that drumming?"

It was a drum, and the boy ran to find it. Bessie began to cry, because she would not wait. But just then there came along a red-cheeked lady, in a cinnamon-colored dress. She sat down by Bessie and began to sing her a song.



The cruel winds blew him far off from the shore,
In his little canoe, without rudder or oar;
But a fine yellow fife in his pocket had he,
And he played on his fife, his fife,
He played on his fife, as he sailed o'er the sea.

So sweetly he played, so loud and so clear,
That the fishes were charmed, and came swimming to hear.
And the birds flew about him, the wild-birds so free,
And they sang while he played, he played,
They sang while he played, as he sailed o'er the sea.

I was sorry not to hear the whole of it, but two sparrows came hopping along just then, and settled themselves down very near me, and made so much noise with their chirping, that nothing else could be heard. It was not the first time, and I knew very well what they came for. They came to eat up two jumping bugs, who had lately come to live underneath my box, with all their family.

About the same time there came a pair of robins, looking about for a place to build their nest. These were genteel robins, and spelt their names with two "b's." They were not content with the comfortable old apple-tree, but sang to each other of snowball-trees, and running roses, and sweet-smelling syringas.

The two sparrows began chirping to each other about them, very softly, with their little bills close together. "Do but see those robins," said one, "what a fuss they make about a nesting-place! Who would think they had lived in a barn all winter?"

"Foolish birds!" said the other. "To think of building so near a house,—close by a window too, and a boy living there! But some birds don't care for comfort or safety, if they can only live in style. It may be, though," she added, very soberly, "that

they think it will be for the advantage of their young ones to live handy to where the table-cloth is shaken."

"Not a bit of it," said the first sparrow. "All pride, all pride. I wish—"

But I never knew what the wish was, or whether it came to pass; for at that moment one of the jumping bugs jumped out in plain sight, and the sparrow stopped to snap him up. And when his wife jumped out to see what had become of him, the other sparrow snapped her up too, as quick as Johnny would a sugar-plum. And all the little jumping bugs were left to mourn.

So the sparrows flew away, and the robins began building their nest in the sweet syringa-bush. But what became of them, or whether they saved their eggs or had them stolen by the boy, I can't say. If something had not happened to me, I could tell all about it, for I heard matters talked over every day by the sparrows and the bluebirds. But something happened to me, which prevented my knowing how it all came out in the end.

I will relate now what happened to myself, and will then speak about the Rose Geranium, who at first was sad, but afterwards glad.

One day I heard some steps on the sand, and then came two bright eyes, peeping through my crack. They belonged to a little girl named Dora. "O father," said she, "do come here!"

Then her father came, and, with a big stick, knocked my box all in pieces. When Dora saw the whole of me, she hardly knew what to say. She turned me over and over, stroked my hair, felt of my shoes, and then hugged me tight.

Dora was a happy little girl. After she had been cross, she was always sorry, right away. But this was not very often. It was in her baby-house that we had all the fine things I told you of.

When she was old enough to have her gowns drag on the sidewalk, I was given to her sister Dovey. Dovey was sweet, and pleasant, and gentle as a violet. She wore blue ribbons in her hair. Her flower-garden was a sight to behold. There grew in it pinks, and sweet-peas, and seven other kinds of flowers.

One day she set me down beside a young currant-bush, while she looked for Bunny. Bunny was apt to eat the plants.

It was such a quiet place, with only a gentle wind stirring, that I could not help hearing the talk going on over my head. The Rose Geranium was whispering to the Currant-Bush. This is what she said, and I think I have the exact words.

"O Mrs. Currant-Bush, I am very sad, and I will tell you why. All last year I never had a blossom. In the winter, I was sent to a place where plants are taught to

open their flowers, and become beautiful. There I had great advantages. I was in genteel society. Plants of such beauty and grace one rarely meets. Many came, in bright array, from lands beyond the seas, bringing with them sweetest odors, and telling wondrous tales of radiant, bright-winged birds and insects gay, all glittering in green and gold. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'I shall certainly do something quite wonderful. When I produce a blossom, it shall be like the white camellia, for that is the most beautiful of all.' But, with all my trying, what do you think came of it? Only a few small, pale flowers! Think how ashamed I felt, among all that brilliant company! And now I am placed here, in the common garden. And here, too, every one does better than I. Look at those pinks. How crimson are their petals! How spicy their breath! Even the verbenas, who can only crawl along the ground, deck themselves in splendid colors. The marigolds wear golden crowns, and so do the double buttercups.

"The roses are not only lovely, but they have the power of blushing. This I know to be a fact, for I have watched while the bees and butterflies were whispering to them. The bees and butterflies come not often to me, nor the humming-birds either. I wish they would; I long to know what they are saying to the roses. Such news as they must bring, from travelling so far! Such sweet things they must tell of wild-wood flowers, and clover-fields, and climbing honeysuckles! Alas! Alas! I shall never know of all these beautiful things."

"Well, but don't sigh, and don't cry," said Mrs. Currant-Bush. "I, too, have had my troubles. Last year, I was quite ashamed of my little green blossoms. One could hardly tell them from leaves. But what do you think? I kept turning them to the sun, and in a little while they changed into bright scarlet berries. It was just as if little grains of rubies were hung all over me! I assure you every one was pleased with me." And then she asked the Snowball-tree if she did not remember about it.

"Yes," said the Snowball, "and about myself too. I thought I was going to have some flowers, and there came only greenish balls. But I waited patiently, and turned them to the sun, and they became so beautifully white! It was just as if a shower of pearls had been dropped upon me."

"But no shower of pearls will ever be dropped upon me," sighed the Rose Geranium, "and no ruby chains will be hung upon me!"

"Perhaps not," said the Snowball, "but you are better off than a poor Dahlia I once knew. Poor thing! She was planted too late, and never bloomed. On the day of her death, she told me all her grief. It was a gloomy day in autumn. The cold rains were beating against her. All the flowers were dead. 'Ah me!' she said. 'Here I have been all the summer trying hard, and have done nothing. And now the frost has

come. The rough winds will strike me dead. And I have not even spelt my name! Nobody knows whether I am a white, a purple, or a crimson Dahlia. I do not know myself. I can only die, and, by burying myself in the earth, make it richer and better for those that come after me."

Just as the Snowball had finished telling about the Dahlia who never spelt her name, Dovey came back, and with her was a beautiful young girl, dressed in pink silk, with a shining necklace, all ready for the grand fancy ball.

"O those Geranium leaves!" exclaimed the beautiful young girl. "I must have some for my hair, and some for my bouquet. I know of no other plant whose leaves are so beautifully fragrant. I would take good care of this plant all winter, even if it never had a blossom. Roses fade, carnations wither, but the leaves of the Rose Geranium we may have always."

At this the Currant-Bush and the Snowball nodded to each other, and to the Clothes-pole, who had stood near and overheard the whole talk. And as for the Rose Geranium, she actually trembled with delight.

I wish I could tell you the wonderful story of the Pond Lily who spun gold, but that will do for another time.

Did you ever see my mistress, my kind little Dovey? She passes your window every day. It is that gentle-eyed child, who carries in her hand a bunch of flowers. Her voice is sweet, and soft, and low. There is a smile upon her face, which comes from a loving heart,—a loving, tender heart, which will never permit her to speak an unkind word. If you have not already discovered this gentle child, I pray that you may soon, for to look upon her is a pleasure.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

MASTER HORSEY'S EXCURSION.

In the State of New Jersey,—a province, my dear little friends, of the Camden and Amboy Railroad,—not twenty miles from the city of New York, is found a range of hills, attractive alike to the student of history, the sportsman, and the lover of nature. To the one it is familiar, as a barrier behind which the army of the Revolution found a secure and timely retreat; while the other associates with its sheltered valleys the whirring of the woodcock, or cherishes its wooded tops as the home of the fringed gentian.

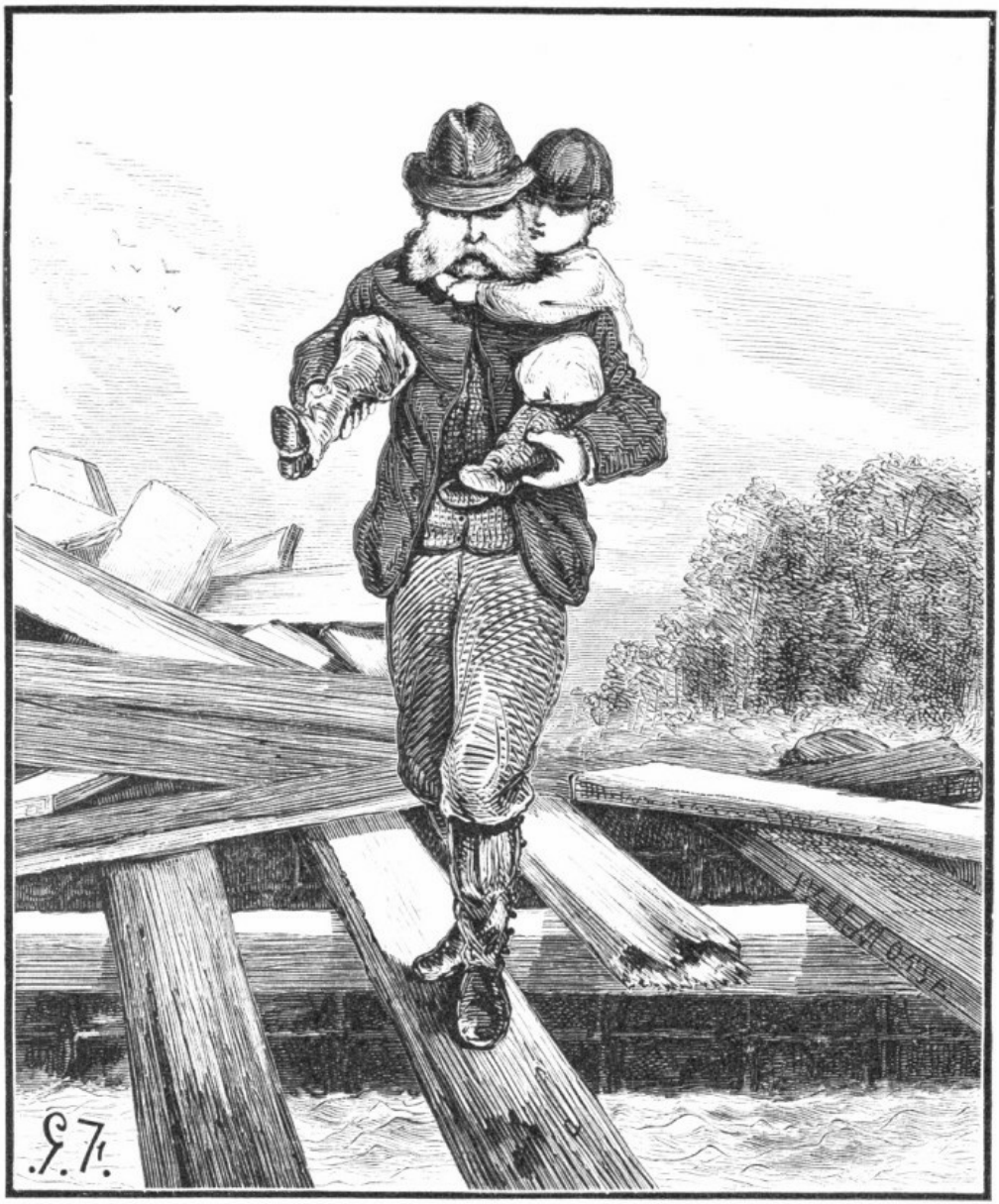
At about the centre of this range of hills is situated the town of South Owlives, a place more particularly distinguished for the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants, its extensive circulating library, its aristocracy, and its *little boys*. Belonging exclusively to the last-mentioned class is Master Charles Horsey, the hero of this little sketch.

Charley is a bright little fellow, about five years of age, with light hair, blue eyes, and the rosiest of cheeks. For animals he has a great affection,—so great, indeed, that he never goes to his meals or his bed—of both which he is extremely fond—without sharing either the one or the other with his cherished wooden favorites. In the season of vegetables he may be seen wandering about the garden in search of some deformed carrot or turnip, which, by careful pruning, he fashions into the likeness of a chosen beast. Horses he adores above everything else, and he may be brought from fits of the deepest dejection, or even rage,—for Master Charley is not a perfect boy,—by simply pretending that he is an unruly colt; although it must be confessed that, in the pantomime incident to the transformation, the stinging switch often plays an important part. If horses and colts hold the first place in his affections, he is not insensible to the charms of cows, calves, cats, dogs, rats, mice, and even snails. To pigs he has a great aversion, for which he is indebted to his beautiful mamma, who, in teaching him lessons of cleanliness, bases her illustrations of untidiness upon the habits of this beast.

One bright morning in October, all was bustle at Owlive Grange; for Master Charley and myself—his elder brother—were about starting on an excursion to the mountain. The uncooked dinner was being prepared, the baskets for chestnuts were being looked up, and a thousand and one preparations making for the happy occasion. At last, everything in readiness for the start, Toby, the house-dog, and Jip, the terrier, were called away. With many injunctions, Master Charley was confided to my care, and as he bounded here and there, in his excess of joy, he was indeed a

picture of ruddy, robust health. The terrier seemed to share his little master's excitement; but sober Toby, disdaining such petty exhibitions of pleasure, walked sedately and with dignity by my side.

To reach the mountain road it was necessary to cross a small stream; but imagine our surprise, on arriving at the bridge, to find the flooring removed, and nothing remaining upon which to reach the opposite bank but some narrow rotten timbers. There was but one course to pursue; so I directed Master Charley to mount upon my shoulders. No sooner said than done; up he scrambled, and, placing his arms about my neck, we started on our perilous journey. As we advanced, the beam cracked ominously; so, taking a firmer hold of my little companion, I moved on with redoubled caution. Reaching the centre of the bridge, I felt the decayed timbers crumbling beneath my feet, and I expected an instant upset into the water. I sprung upon the beam running parallel to the one on which I had been walking, and had barely recovered my balance when a loud splash revealed how narrow had been our escape.



No sooner had we reached the firm ground, than the sharp yelp of Master Jip drew our attention in a new direction. Toby, without knowing why, gave tongue, and, following the lead of the little terrier, was soon buried in a mudhole on the edge of the stream. Master Charley was all excitement, and insisted upon waiting to see the result of the hunt. Yielding willingly to his wishes, I drew a rail from a neighboring

fence, and lifted off the turf, that the dogs might have a better chance to follow the course of the hole. Jip, almost beside himself with excitement, instantly disappeared from sight, while poor old Toby, too large to follow, scratched furiously on the surface. Guided by the muffled bark of the active terrier, we followed diligently with the rail. In a few moments we struck something soft, when, with a suppressed growl, out jumped Master Jip, with a muskrat in his mouth almost as large as himself. One or two shakes, and the rat lay dead! The terrier, encouraged by his great success, gave a whisk of his tail and renewed the hunt. And now, to our astonishment, there came straggling from the ground four young muskrats, about two thirds grown. Charley, myself, and Toby closed with a rush about the innocents, and the poor things, blinded with dirt and half dead with fear, were quickly captured. My little companion, overcome with joy at such an accession to his menagerie, begged that their lives might be spared.

I was only too happy to add to his pleasure, so, placing them carefully in the empty chestnut-baskets, I carried the trembling captives to a neighboring farm-house, to be kept till our return. Having temporarily disposed of our booty, we returned to the stream to watch the progress of Master Jip. We had barely reached the spot, when the terrier reappeared, slowly backing from the yawning trench. By and by the tips of his ears peeped above ground; and then, as he emerged completely to view, we perceived that he held in his mouth a muskrat of most extraordinary age and size. Imagine, my dear little friends, a rat larger than any you ever beheld, gray with age, and rippled all over with wrinkles! The terrier, supposing his adversary to be dead, slackened the firm grip in which he had previously held him, and turned to us for the praise to which he fancied he was entitled. The rat, which was not dead, opened first one of his twinkling eyes and then the other, and, observing the occupation of Master Jip, gave himself a shake, and with one bound sprang into the stream and dived deep under the rushing water. The terrier followed in pursuit,—but too late. The rat, more wary than to trust himself again within reach of those terrible jaws, sank deep into the mud, and sought new companions to which to relate the startling adventures of the day.

While lingering near the stream to give the dogs an opportunity for rest, Master Charley plied me with questions concerning the habits of the muskrat. I answered by counterfeiting their cry, which is a sharp squeak, easily imitated, and used by hunters to draw the usually wary rats within shooting distance. I also told him, that, as a boy, I owned trained minks, that, swimming and diving readily, were taught to enter the burrow of the muskrats. On these occasions terrible combats would ensue between the pursuer and pursued, in which, however, the latter were almost invariably

victorious.

We continued our conversation as we advanced toward the mountain road, but when we struck the ascent I could not but remark, that Master Charley was less eager in his questioning, and that the up-hill work was producing its effect. The journey now became wearisome, and fatigued my little companion; but by partly dragging him along, or chasing the half-grown rabbits into the stone walls that lined the road, or beguiling the time with imitations of his favorite bear "Bruno," we reached at last the top of the mountain.

Now came the consideration of the business of the day. Seating ourselves on a convenient log, we discussed where, after a ramble through the beautiful woods that crown the top of the Owlive mountain, we should build our fire and cook the dinner. Various charming spots were suggested, but I decided that the crystal spring should be the chosen spot. By this time Master Charley having sufficiently rested, we whistled for the dogs, preparatory to a start; the latter, however, were barking so furiously in a copse to the right, as to be entirely deaf to our efforts to attract their attention. Hardly had we reached the spot whence proceeded such a hubbub, than out jumped a little brown rabbit, his white tail glistening in the sun, while in close pursuit followed Jip and Toby, yelping with stunning vigor. Seizing Charley by the hand, we hastened to secure a convenient position from which to view the progress of the chase. Now rabbits, when closely pursued, always move in a circle; acting on this well-known habit, we stationed ourselves behind a clump of bushes. A sight of the rabbit running directly towards us rewarded our precaution. On he came, well followed by the dogs, until he reached a point directly opposite our place of concealment, when, with a quick swerve to the right, he flung himself into the bushes where we were seated. Astonished at finding strangers in such close proximity, he stopped a moment, as if dumb with astonishment; but the cry of the dogs admonished him that he had not a moment to spare. With a dart he was out of the copse and speeding on his circle, his pursuers gaining perceptibly upon him. For the second time he approached our covert, but, wiser than on the first occasion, he passed us at full speed, Jip close upon his heels, while stupid Toby, panting and exhausted, was far in the rear. Again the rabbit made the circle, but, as he approached us for the third time, he gave evident signs of failing strength. Plucky little Jip gained upon him. The rabbit doubled, and the terrier fell head over heels, but quickly recovered himself and made amends for the accident. In vain did poor little Bunny use all his ingenuity to throw off the dog; wiry Jip had seen too much of the chase to be thus easily baffled or discouraged. For the fourth and last time, the rabbit neared our hiding-place; but, driven to desperation, he leaped into the copse, and

directly into Master Charley's lap; and just in time,—for as I seized the terrified animal by the ears, and drew him towards me, Jip's sharp little jaws snapped at his tail. I gave the terrier a pat on the head to reward him for his pluck and perseverance, and replaced the rabbit in Charley's lap.

The latter was quite overcome with excitement, and, with tears in his eyes, asked if he couldn't save the rabbit. As for our little prize, his astonishment had not as yet been mastered by his sense of fear, but the beating of his little heart, and his quickly moving nostrils, testified to the severity of the race. The question now arose as to the disposition to be made of little Bunny. Charley was all eagerness to carry him home, to add to his already extensive collection,—but how to do it? We could not put him in our baskets,—they had been left at the farm-house,—and he would certainly jump out of our pockets! In view of the difficulties of the case, no other alternative presented itself but to release him. Warning Charley to hold fast to the terrier,—as for stupid Toby he was already asleep, and dreaming to the top of his bent,—I placed the rabbit on the ground; he loitered a moment, as if unconscious that he had regained his freedom, but, quickly recovering himself, he gave a whisk of his little white tail, and with a bound disappeared, much to the regret of Jip and his master.

Twelve o'clock was now near at hand, and serious thoughts of dinner were uppermost in Charley's mind, as was apparent from his toyings with and repeated observations concerning the tin pail. He no longer manifested the same interest in passing objects; the bark of the gray squirrel and the chirrup of the chipmunk possessed but feeble fascinations, and aroused but a mild enthusiasm. Striking off into the woods, we hurried towards the crystal spring. Soon, the clump of trees that marked our destination appeared in sight; a few more steps, and a sigh of relief and contentment from Master Charley announced our arrival at the dining-place.

Our first care was to collect some nice flat stones, as a basis for our fireplace; this accomplished, the next thought was of wood. Charley, all eagerness and enthusiasm at the prospect of a speedy termination to his fast, hunted with extraordinary vigor for the necessary fuel. Leaves and wood in ample abundance were thrown into the fireplace, and, all being in readiness, Master Charley claimed the honor of applying the match. With great precipitation he made several attempts and as many failures, but at last the leaping blaze, crackling among the twigs, crowned with success his persevering efforts.

Now that the fire was well started, an inspection was made of the contents of the tin pail. The lid was carefully removed, exposing to view a napkin squarely and neatly folded; this was expeditiously unpinned, disclosing slice upon slice of fresh bread and butter. A quiver of anticipation agitated Master Charley's frame, while Jip

and Toby licked their chops in happy expectation. But what have we here? a small iron pot filled with beef and potatoes, properly seasoned with pepper and salt! A little water from the spring, poured upon this prospective stew, made all ready for the boiling. Cakes and buns,—the latter bearing upon their swelling backs the word "Charley" printed in letters of sugar,—and portly eggs in snow-white bowls, completed the bill of fare. The iron pot, with its savory contents, was placed upon the fire, and soon it commenced to fizzle and boil, while from the steaming mess arose pleasant odors, affecting alike Charley, Jip, and Toby. In due time the iron pot was lifted from the fire, the bowls prepared to receive each its proper share, the eggs cracked, the salt and pepper placed within reach, and, last of all, the napkin pinned about Charley's neck. The latter seated himself upon the hospitable log, and commenced a feast that to his infantile mind had never been equalled. Jip and Toby were not forgotten, for when their master's appetite was satisfied, the relics of the feast were bestowed upon them. But everything must have an end, as well for dogs as little boys. The dogs, in gluttonous emulation, quickly finished their share, leaving no vestiges of the banquet save the smouldering fire and empty egg-shells. The iron pot, bowls, and spoons were replaced in the now no longer mysterious tin pail; perhaps a too familiar acquaintance with the contents of the latter had given us a contempt for that which before was unknown and inspired our respect; at all events, the cover was rudely banged into place, the handle seized with disrespect, and, slinging unnoticed backward and forward, it was thrust negligently upon Master Charley's arm. The call was whistled to the dogs, which, lingering lazily over the relics of the feast, answered but sluggishly the summons, while Master Charley betrayed the heartiness of the repast in his slow and measured step, and indifferent responses to experimental questions. A grassy road through the woods opportunely relieved him of the fatigue of choosing the route. As we advanced, the foliage became more dense, and the underbrush on each side more impenetrable, while the autumn leaves tempted us, with their gay and varied color, to frequent and lengthy halts. During one of the latter, the dogs, impatient of the delay, wandered off in advance, and evidently to some purpose; for a fierce uproar at no great distance announced the presence of some unusual game.

Charley, no longer the eager sportsman of the morning, expressed a disinclination to follow the track of Jip and Toby. Anxious to discover the cause of the confusion, I directed my little companion to remain quiet, and await my return, and, hastening on, found that Jip and Toby were holding at bay a large boar, evidently the property of some neighboring farmer; the animal seemingly looked upon my arrival in the light of a reinforcement, for, quickly turning tail, he broke

cover and fled with great precipitation, the dogs following in rapid pursuit. As the animals disappeared, I turned, and retraced my steps in search of my little companion. Imagine my surprise, on reaching the clump of bushes near which I had directed him to remain, to see no signs of the wayward boy. I called vigorously several times, but, receiving no answer, I became seriously alarmed, and commenced a determined but unsuccessful search. At this juncture a crackling of the leaves announced the return of the dogs, and in a few moments the nimble Jip, followed by the more sedate and careful Toby, burst through the underbrush. Toby had always been accused of being of the St. Bernard breed, a fact which determined me to use the present emergency as a test of the legitimacy of his pedigree. Calling him to me, I directed his attention to the spot where I had last seen little Charley, but with no more satisfactory result than is implied in a stupid look and lazy wag of the tail. I persevered, however, in my efforts, and, urging the obstinate creature to attempt a scent, he seemed at last to comprehend what was expected of him, as with a deep bark he moved off in a direction contrary to that which I had taken in my first search. Although Toby pushed on with more vivacity and certainty, I did not relax my vigilance, but urged him to his work with words of encouragement. We had now reached the thickest of the woods, and, while looking about me seeking some opening through which to pass, I discovered hanging upon a bush a very small moist glove; the dog at the same moment increased his pace to a sharp run. The tangled underbrush prevented my following as rapidly as I could wish, and fearful that, if Toby found the boy, he would stay by him and not return to me, I gave a loud "halloo," which to my great delight was answered, but in a voice so melancholy and faint, that I knew it must belong to my lost excursionist. Pushing through the bushes I emerged at an open spot, in which I was not surprised to see the melancholy and disconsolate Charley, both fists at his eyes, and Toby looking up at him with a most satisfied expression. Jip in the mean time had followed quietly at my heels, having taken no part in what he considered a very foolish piece of business. Charley quickly recovered his spirits, through an evaporation of tears, and showed a little of the enthusiasm of the morning when he once more found himself on the mountain road.

The lengthening shadows of the afternoon warned us to hurry towards our home, and it was quite late when we reached the crest of the mountain. As we looked down into the beautiful valley, a long line of smoke arose from behind old Owlive Grange.

"There go the cars!" exclaimed Master Charley.

"Yes, my dear child," I sadly replied, "that is the smoke from a train on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. One of these fine days, when you grow to be a man

and follow the business of the great city, you may perhaps be a passenger by that road. Then will your present joyousness depart, then will your youth be wrecked in the rush of crashing trains. Night after night, your mother and sister will wait anxiously your return, while you, eager for the expectant supper, will be dragging slowly up some convenient grade, drawn by a panting and exhausted locomotive, the make perhaps of some early dabbler in steam, and bearing as if in derision the name of 'The Comet.'"

As we moved on in the fading twilight, tears gathered in Master Charley's eyes; but whether a tribute to my melancholy picture, or an offering on the altar of prospective suppers postponed and spoiled, time alone can reveal. Night overtook us as we descended into the valley; Toby with dripping tongue, and Jip subdued and careless, passed unheedingly the skipping, white-tailed rabbits. Not a sound disturbed the air, save the echo of our lazy footsteps or the quiet panting of the dogs. Stopping but a moment to reclaim our captures of the morning, our feet soon pressed the well-worn gravel-walks of our dear old home, and as the fire in the cosey room flickered with fitful blaze, lighting the path before us, it revealed the figure of the watchful mother waiting the return of her long absent son.

Gaston Fay.

LITTLE HUGH AND THE FAIRIES. A MIDSUMMER EVE STORY.

It happened a long time ago,—so long ago that the very old man who told the story could not remember how many years before he was born it occurred. It was a long way off too;—away across the Atlantic Ocean, down in a wild and desolate part of England, called Cornwall, where Jack the Giant-killer slew the giant of St. Michael's Mount; where the brave King Arthur kept his Round Table, at which the bravest knights in the world sat at meals, and where he was slain by his treacherous nephew Mordred; where Tom Thumb lived; and where the beautiful land of Lionesse, with all its cities and palaces and churches, was swallowed up by the sea, so that fishermen say they can hear the church-bells ringing down in the water when the winds are blowing and the waves are tossing. Everywhere there are high hills and wide barren moors covered with great rocks, scattered around, some people say, by the giants who lived there before they were killed by the valiant Jack, thousands of years ago. Long after the giants were dead came the Druids, with their white robes and long beards, and wreaths of oak-leaves on their heads. They piled the rocks one on the other to make altars, on which they built great fires, and burned the people that they killed as sacrifices to their savage and terrible heathen gods. The rocks and the altars can be seen now, but the Druids have all been dead long ago, almost as long as the giants have been.

Then came the Fairies, the bright and beautiful little creatures that climbed up the dark and gloomy rocks, and hid the blood-stains of the Druids' sacrifices with carpets of delicate green moss. They held nightly revels in the moonlight, dancing in a circle, sitting to rest on the mushrooms that grew up for their accommodation, and sipping fairy wine from the scented heath-blossoms, till the morning breeze rang the chimes on the blue cuckoo-bells, and the Fairies scampered off to their tiny homes in hollow trees and mossy caverns in the rocks. Then, too, came the Piskies,* comical little fellows, who were always frolicking about, planning mischievous tricks on the lazy and untidy, or helping the industrious and neat. They swept the floors and tidied the rooms of careful housemaids before they awoke, and pinched the noses and pricked the toes of idle and slovenly girls and boys whilst they slept, running off, laughing all the way, if any one awoke and tried to catch them. Sometimes the Piskies would mount men's horses and gallop about all night, until the poor animals were ready to drop with fatigue, when the mischievous little fellows would tangle

their manes and tails into knots, and then leave them at the stable-doors to astonish John the ostler when he came to comb them down in the morning. But their greatest delight was to lead people astray, especially if the traveller had been stopping too long at the alehouse instead of going straight home like a sober and sensible man. If it was dark they would bob along before him with a light, like a lame man trudging along with a lantern, until he was led into a thicket, or into a pond, when the roguish Pisky would put out his light and run away, laughing heartily at the success of his trick. If it was moonlight the Pisky would keep out of sight behind a rock or bank, and call the man by name, and so lead him up and down until he was tired.

Underneath the barren hills, and heath-covered moors, and huge rocks, were veins of copper and tin, and at these the Mining Elves were always at work, their hammering underground being plainly heard by any one who had the right kind of ears and who lay on the earth to listen. Then there were curious little Goblins, and frightful Hobgoblins, and dreadful Nightmares, and a number of other strange creatures, that lived down in Cornwall before the rough miners with pick and gad drove the Mining Elves out of the metal veins, and the huge swaying arm of the mine engine waved the Piskies away, and the scream of the locomotive stopped the moonlight dance and sent the terrified Fairies down, down into their deepest caverns,—so far down into the earth that they will never come up again. It was before that terrible thing happened to the Fairies that little Hugh Carew had his Midsummer Eve adventure.

Little Hugh Carew lived with his grandmother at the foot of Carn Bre, a lofty hill with very steep sides, on which great masses of rock were scattered about, so that it was very difficult to get to the top. Little Hugh, as he played around his grandmother's cottage, frequently looked up the steep hill, and longed to climb among the gray rocks, sit down on the scented heath, gather the beautiful wild-flowers that the older boys told him grew so plentifully around the rocks, and stand on the top of the hill and see the wonders that were visible. For from its lofty top could be seen the far-off sea on the north, and the sea on the south, the strange hill of St. Agnes's Beacon, and the far distant peak of St. Michael's Mount, crowned with towers and battlemented walls. But there were many strange stories about the hill of Carn Bre. It was there that the great Demon fought with the Holy Men who sailed over from Ireland on millstones to drive him away. They tore up huge rocks to throw at each other, and there the rocks lie now, just as they fell. The Demon was driven off the hill, but the stories say, he is always wandering around, seeking to get possession of it again. A wicked giant, too, so big that he could step from the top of Carn Bre to the top of St. Agnes's Beacon, miles away, was many thousands of

years ago buried alive beneath the hill, all but one hand, which still sticks out, turned into stone, near the top of the hill. His fingers are longer than the tallest man, so that he must have been a giant of mighty size. Sometimes the earth would shake, and dismal groans filled the air, as the giant strove in vain to throw off his heavy load. So it is no wonder that any little boy who believed these strange stories should be afraid to mount the dreadful hill.

But little Hugh's grandmother sometimes talked about other strange people, who frequently visited the hill, and she told him how on Midsummer Eve night the Fairies, and Piskies, and Elves, and all the curious and beautiful little creatures, swarmed out of the holes in the rocks, and from the woods, and had a grand frolic on Carn Bre; and how other strange sights could be seen there,—the old Druids coming once more and performing their mysterious rites, and the ruined castle on the hill-top sending out strange visions. She said, too, that these sights could be seen by any one who climbed Carn Bre hill on Midsummer Eve, and who did not speak or cry out, whatever might be seen or heard.

Little Hugh had heard these tales so often, that at length he became very anxious to visit Carn Bre on Midsummer Eve, and see the wonders for himself. So when the night came he lay in his little cot, and thought the matter over; and the more he thought about it, the more anxious he became to go. He thought to himself, "The pretty little Fairies will not hurt me, and, who knows? they may give me a piece of fairy gold, or grant me three wishes, or turn my ragged clothes into velvet and diamonds. And as for the Piskies, I know they are fond of fun and mischief, but they are good-hearted after all, and will not hurt a little boy." The end of his thinking was his getting up and dressing himself for the journey.

He put on his clothes quietly, for he did not want to awake his grandmother. The charm against witches and evil spirits which he wore around his neck was brought out where he could show it if anything should happen to need it; and then he stole softly out of the cottage in his bare feet, putting on his shoes after he got outside.

The moon had not risen when little Hugh set out on his journey, but the sky was dotted all over with stars, and some of them were very bright, and winked encouragingly as he looked up at them. It was a very pleasant night, and it was such a new thing for the little traveller to be out of doors so late that he enjoyed it greatly, and went along without a thought of fear. He never knew before how wonderfully silent it is at night. His own footsteps sounded very plain whenever he stepped off the turf on to the bare ground, and the soft breeze, as it strayed among the rocks and through the bushes, seemed to be whispering very distinctly in his ears. When he reached the foot of the hill he looked back, not certain whether to make the attempt

or not; but the starlight was so deceptive that he could not distinguish the way he came, and he was afraid he could not find his way home if he tried; so he grasped the charm with one hand, whilst with the other he took hold of the rocks and bushes to help himself up hill.

He had gone but a short distance, when, on going around a huge rock that lay in his path, he heard a sort of little cry beneath his foot, and started back in affright. The tiniest and most comical little fellow that can be imagined stood right before him. He was but a few inches high, dressed all in green, with a neat little red cap on his head, and funny long peak-toed boots on his feet. The little fellow was very angry, and scolded Hugh fiercely for being so careless with his feet; but Hugh, although truly sorry, could only bow and express his sorrow by his looks, for if he had spoken all his chance of seeing the wonders of Midsummer Eve would have vanished. The Pisky, for it was one of those little creatures, saw that Hugh knew the consequences of speaking to him, and would keep a still tongue, so he nodded to the boy and offered to show him the way. On they went, among the rocks, over the heath, and through the low bushes, going so fast that Hugh was almost out of breath trying to keep up with him. At last, after climbing the hill and stumbling about among the rocks for a long time, Hugh fell into a pit full of brambles, that scratched him so badly that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. As he scrambled out he heard a loud laughing, and saw his treacherous guide standing on a rock, with several little fellows like him, laughing heartily at his misfortunes. In a moment they all disappeared, but he heard their loud laughter ringing in the air, and echoed from rock to rock until it died away in the distance.

Hugh was very tired with his long walk and sat down to rest. As he did so, he heard a knocking noise in the ground beneath him, and lay down with his ear close to the ground to listen. There it was, plain enough, the regular knock, knock, knock of the miner's pick, with now and then a rumble as of the fall of the loosened rock. Presently the noise stopped, and he heard a voice under the earth say, "Stop work, for the Bael-fire will be lit on the hill soon, and we must obey the Midsummer Eve summons."

Then another voice replied, "We must leave a guard to watch our work, or the thievish mortals will find our treasures of tin and copper, and carry them off."

Hugh jumped to his feet, for he thought it was time to be going, or he should lose the sights on the hill. But whilst he had been resting it had been growing' darker, for a black dragon of a cloud had rushed up the sky and swallowed the stars, one by one, until none were left. The wind no longer whispered softly, but moaned and wailed as if in pain. Strange creatures rustled by, all going up the hill. Jack-a-Lanterns went

dancing along with their lamps of pale blue fire, and dark shadows whizzed past him through the air. Hugh began to be afraid; but there was no chance to turn back, so he followed the light and noises, and began to climb the hill.

From miles and miles away across the wide deserts of moors, and over the barren hills, came the roaring of the giant Tregeagle, who was toiling at his endless task of emptying the water of Dosmery Pool with a limpet shell, and tying up the beach sand into bundles. He had hoped for a holiday on Midsummer Eve, but the mighty spirit that governed him gave him no rest. Hugh shuddered to hear his cries, and turned to look in the direction of the sound, when he saw a fearful sight. The terrible Black Huntsman and his demon dogs were flying through the air, the dogs barking furiously, the black horse breathing fire from its nostrils, and the eyes of the Huntsman flashing lightnings. They were in full chase after sinful souls that might be abroad, and travelled with the speed of the whirlwind. They came flying down towards Hugh, but he grasped the charm that hung around his neck, and held it up towards the fiendish pack, which suddenly whirled around with terrible howls and rushed up the hill.

Hugh was now very much frightened, and his knees knocked together; but just then the moon lifted its great round, good-humored face above the distant hills, and smiled so pleasantly upon the little traveller that he gathered courage, and once more set out upon his journey.

Then came a flash of light from the hill-top, and suddenly the whole mount was lit up with the ruddy glare of the Bael-fire, which for thousands of years had burned on every Midsummer Eve on Carn Bre. Then on St. Agnes's Beacon, and on the far off St. Michael's Mount, flashed up the answering fires. The old castle on Carn Bre, that was built ages and ages ago, and had long fallen into ruin, was lit up by the red fire, and strange shapes passed in and out of its walls and among the huge rocks on which the castle was built.

Then the moon climbed up the sky, and the black dragon cloud was driven away out of sight, and the merry little stars played at hide and seek among the fleecy clouds, that were scattered over the sky like beautiful white sheep on a broad field. The lights and shadows went dancing about over the hill, and among them went Hugh, still climbing to the top. Piskies ran along the path before him; Fairies peeped up shyly from banks of flowers; Goblins grinned at him from behind rocks; Hobgoblins with horrible grimaces endeavored to frighten him from the path; Elves pulled his hair and hung on to his jacket to keep him back; and strong Brownies piled up big stones to stop his progress; but he kept straight on towards the old castle and the big fire until he was close to the top itself. The great strong hand, as he

passed it, clutched at him, and the whole hill trembled with the struggle of the buried giant to free himself; but he was fixed down too tightly, and Hugh passed on in safety.

The top of Carn Bre hill is a long ridge, at one end of which is the old ruined castle, and at the other end a smooth spot, with a short green turf, on which was a fairy ring plainly marked by the fairy feet that for thousands of years had danced there every Midsummer Eve. The great Bael-fire was about half-way between the castle and the fairy ring, and between the fire and the fairy ring was a big rock, behind which Hugh crept that he might see without being seen. He had recovered from his fright, for he knew the charm around his neck secured him from harm, and all would go well unless he spoke, which he determined not to do.

It was a strange scene that little Hugh saw; one that few people have looked on, and which no one now living has seen, for since the steam giant has come upon earth to work mighty machines, drag long trains of carriages full of people and goods up and down the world, and push vessels about on the water without caring for wind or tide, the inhabitants of fairy-land have all disappeared, and taken fairy-land along with them, so that Our Young Folks can only get a peep at it now and then through a story or a picture. But when little Hugh took his Midsummer Eve walk, it was ever so long ago, and the steam giant had not awakened from the long sleep into which he had fallen after the world was made, so that the Fairies and other strange creatures could have their mysterious meetings on Midsummer Eve, as they had done for ages and ages.

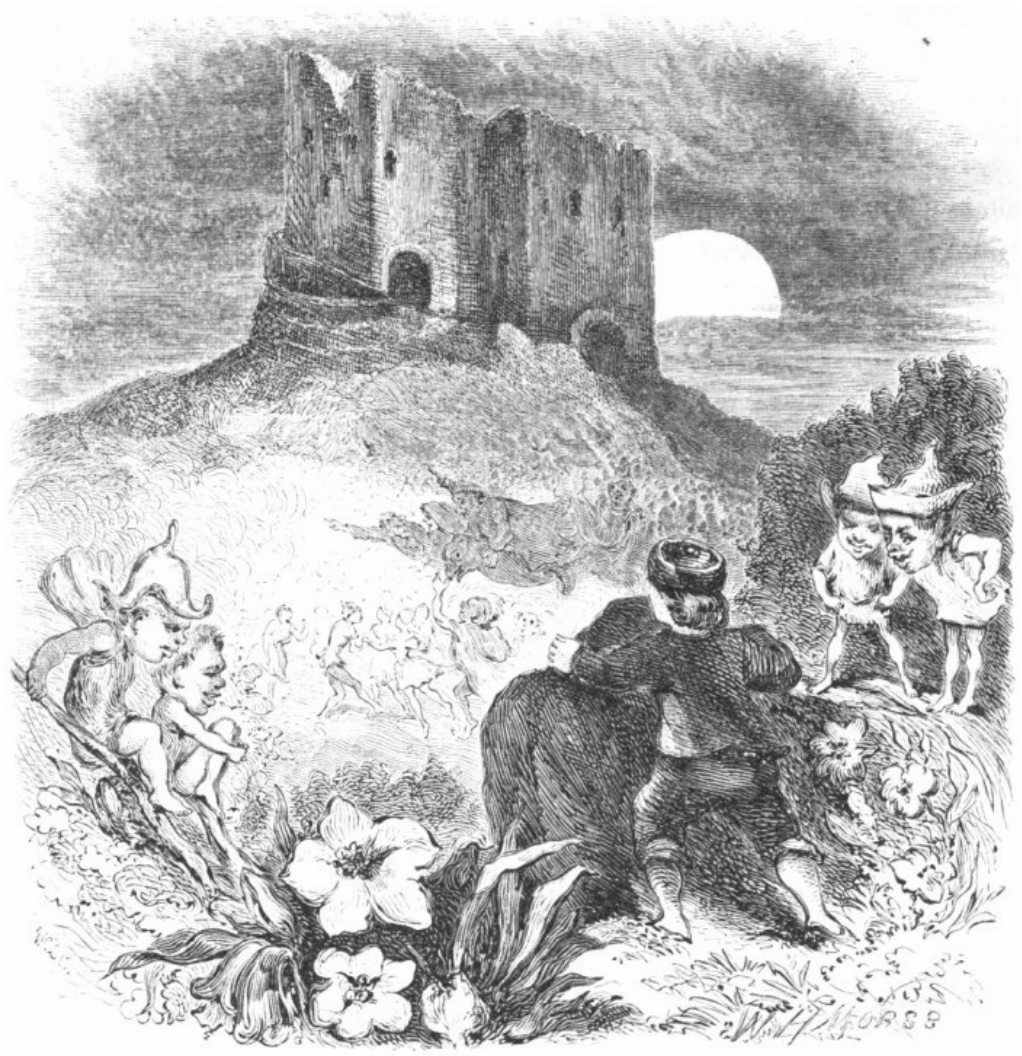
And now they came trooping up the hill, and gathering in a crowd on the top;—delicate little Fairy ladies, in short skirts and thin gauzy veils; handsome Fairy men, no taller than your hand, dressed in splendid clothes, made of rose-leaves, and violets, and cuckoo-bells; lively little Piskies, in their grass-green suit and bright red caps; funny Goblins, with big mouths and odd little twinkling eyes; ugly Hobgoblins, going about making frightful faces at each other and every one that they passed; Jack-a-Lanterns, dancing around with their lights, and offering to show every one the wonders of the hill; and big, clumsy, good-natured Brownies, always ready to do hard work for pleasant people, or to torment those who were ill-tempered and cross. They were like a great crowd of people who had turned out to a big festival, or to see a grand procession, and were waiting for the show to begin. There was much confusion, and scouts kept running to the edge of the hill to look down, and coming back to report that the expected visitors had not arrived. King Oberon, the Fairy monarch, and Queen Mab, his wife, who governed Dreamland in her own right, still delayed, and there was much anxiety, because the festival could not go on

without their presence, and the Fairies and their brethren were afraid that, unless their Majesties arrived soon, the Spirits of Darkness would get possession of the hill and break up the Fairies' festival.

By and by, after they had waited a long time, and were getting very uneasy, the heavy stroke of a bell could be heard ringing wonderfully loud through the air. It was impossible to tell where the sound came from, for there were no bells for miles and miles from the hill, and yet it sounded as if an immense bell was struck close by. Hugh knew it must be the first stroke of midnight. At its sound, the Fairies, and Piskies, and all the rest, ran in a great fright for shelter into the holes, and behind the rocks. At that moment a great black cloud dropped over the sky like a thick curtain, and the big round moon, and the twinkling stars, and the white fleecy clouds, were all shut out of sight together. The great Bael-fire leaped up all the brighter, and made the top of the hill, and the old ruined castle, and the big rock behind which Hugh was hiding, as red as the fire itself; but all around the darkness closed in like a great black wall. The air was full of strange sounds, moanings, and wailings, and pitiful shrieks. Hugh was terribly frightened. He clutched the charm around his neck, and would have cried out, but that he was afraid something terrible would happen if he made a noise.

The bell struck a second time. The great flames leaped higher, and lit up the old castle with a very bright light, and out of the arched doorway came a procession of Druids, in long white robes, with garlands of oak-leaves around their heads, and their white beards reaching to their waists. They carried little branches of the sacred mistletoe in their hands, and they passed around the fire several times, singing a low and sad hymn. When the third stroke of the bell sounded, they disappeared in the darkness, and from the other side came up a crowd of savage-looking people, with a few skins wrapped around them, and the naked parts of their bodies stained blue. They passed silently through the fire, driving their oxen and horses before them through the flames, as the people used to do in that country, many ages ago, to preserve them from the evil spirits. At each stroke of the bell different figures came out from the old castle, and went around or through the fire before disappearing in the darkness. At last the eleventh blow was struck, and then was the most fearful time of all. The fire died down and burned ghastly blue. The air was full of shrieks and cries, and from out the thick darkness the terrible Black Huntsman and his demon hounds rushed furiously in and galloped around the fire, lightnings flashing from their eyes. From far-off Dosmery Pool came with wonderful clearness the fearful cries of the giant Tregeagle, who was unable to accomplish his work in time to prevent another year of punishment. The mighty giant who lay under Carn Bre hill

writhed and struggled to free himself, but failed to shake off the mountain that crushed his breast.



The twelfth stroke sounded. In an instant all was changed. The terrible noises ceased, the mount became still, the black cloud vanished, and the moon and stars shone brightly out. The Black Huntsman and his demon dogs flew down the hill at a tremendous pace. The Fairies, and Piskies, and Goblins, and Brownies all came out of their hiding-places and shouted with joy, for, riding down the path of a moonbeam, in a fairy chariot drawn by milk-white moths, came King Oberon and Queen Mab, to preside over the fairy festival. The Bael-fire was out by this time,

and the strong Brownies gathered up the embers and threw them over the hill. Then they made brooms of the heath, and swept the ashes away, so that Queen Mab and the ladies of her train should not soil their white slippers. The Jack-a-Lanterns put out their lights, for now the moon was shining as bright as day, and they went dancing around as masters of the ceremonies, preparing everything for the grand ball.

At last all was ready, King Oberon and Queen Mab led off the dance, and all the other Fairies and Piskies danced in a circle around them, to the music of five hundred grasshoppers, specially engaged for the occasion. Whilst the dance was going on the Brownies were getting the tables ready for the banquet, and the Goblins and Hobgoblins were cooking the supper. As soon as it was prepared, a Jack-a-Lantern announced the fact, and all the gay party sat down around the mushroom tables, and commenced eating and drinking from the daintiest little dishes and cups that ever were seen. Little Hugh was so interested and delighted at what was going on that he forgot to keep himself hid, and he was seen by the King, who sent a Pisky to find out who the daring intruder was. Now the Pisky that was sent on this errand was the same one who had guided Hugh into the bramble-pit, and he at once told King Oberon the story, who laughed so heartily that the little tears stood in his eyes. The king told Hugh to come forward, which he did, stepping very carefully for fear he should tread on some of the little folks. Queen Mab, taking a golden goblet from the table, filled it with fairy wine and handed it to Hugh, telling him to drink it. He obeyed, and such delicious drink he had never tasted in his life. It seemed to go all through his body, making him feel quite happy. King Oberon filled another goblet, and asked Hugh if he would drink with him. Hugh, who thought he could never have enough of such delicious drink, took the goblet in his hand, and said, "I will, your Majesty."

He had spoken!

In an instant he staggered back as if some one had struck him in the face, and then all was darkness. Mocking laughter rang in his ears as he became insensible and sank to the earth, still grasping the golden goblet.

When the sun rose in the morning, Hugh's grandmother rose too, and called Hugh to get up. He did not answer, and on looking into his bed she found he was not there. "What has taken little Sleepy-head out of bed so early this morning, I wonder," said she. "I generally have to call him half a dozen times before he will get up, and now he is up before me!"

She went to the door to see what sort of weather it was, and there was Hugh,

fast asleep on the step! She awoke him, when he stared around in great surprise, and asked where the Fairies had gone. His grandmother laughed at him when he told all the story of his night's adventures, and told him he had been dreaming, and had walked in his sleep. At this Hugh was indignant, saying he knew it was all true, and to prove it he still had the gold goblet that King Oberon had handed him. He held it out for his grandmother to see,—when, after all, it was only a golden-cup flower, filled with dew!

Now, what do you think,—did little Hugh dream his wonderful adventures or not?

J. H. A. Bone.

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* In Devonshire the Piskies are called Pixies, each name being proper in its own locality only.

Jack and Gerty and Trip and Lillo were so unceasing in their devotion to the railroad, that presently the engineers, firemen, and others employed on the trains began to notice them. A strong little boy, two fresh-faced little girls, and a big black and white dog always bouncing through the gate by the old well to greet the on-coming train, could scarcely fail to attract attention, and they began to think something ought to be done about it. It was too bad for that magnificent fellow, the dog, to run his lithe legs off in rivalry of steam, and no notice be taken of him. So one day the children were startled to see the engineer turn in his place and make them a low bow. Gerty and Trip blushed up to their hair with delight and surprise.

"He bowed to me," shrieked Trip, jumping up and down.

"And to me, too," Gerty put in her claim.

"No more'n to me," said Jack, haughtily.

"Nor me either!" barked Lillo, with an extra kink in his tail.

But the next day the engineer and fireman both faced the group, and made extremely polite bows, with one hand on their hearts, and their hats in the other. And not one of the children saw the least speck of coal-dust and cinders on either of their faces, so delighted were they with the attention.

And what do you think?—two or three days afterwards, as the train came thundering around the curve and dashing into its groove past the old well, "Why, he's a-waving something in his hand!" cried Trip; and to be sure the engineer was waving his hand and telling them as plainly as a man can speak with his arm, that he was going to throw the something out to them. The train dashed by, and it fluttered and fluttered and floated to the ground half-way up the bank. The children rushed down, regardless of the gravel, and found a Boston Daily something, which they carried into the house in high glee, and read more thoroughly than they had ever read newspaper before. After that, every four o'clock afternoon train brought them a daily paper from their kind, though unknown friends, and it was who should first see and seize it where it fell. Once, in their heedless eagerness, they scrambled down the bank before the train passed, and were in imminent danger of jostling each other under the wheels. Evidently the engineer saw it,—for after that he always waited till the last car was by them before he threw the paper. Once on opening it they found written in pencil, "Going to New York to be gone seven or eight days, H. Waterman."

"And so his name's Waterman," said Jack.

"And don't you see how good he is?" cried Gerty. "So's we need not think he's

forgotten us, when we don't get any paper, and isn't going to give us one any more."

"O yes," said Trip, who was always coming in to give a decision. "I knew he was good, he has such a good face."

"Now I tell you what," said Jack, "we ought to do something for that man."

"Why!" stammered little Trip, and stopped.

"Why!" ejaculated Jack, "what is there strange in that?"

"Why, somehow it doesn't seem as if he was a man!"

"Well, now, and what did you think he was?"

"Why, seems as if he was only—a—engineer!"

But man or engineer, Trip was delighted with the thought of doing something for him. All that she had was freely proffered, all that she could she was forward to do; but Jack could not see that any number of "rag-babies," as he ignominiously dubbed her dolls, would be of any use to an engineer,—nor could even Gerty propose to herself anything more desirable than some impossible gold pencil,—an article which she was just then smitten with a great fever to possess.

But next morning Jack took on airs, and so they knew he had thought of something.

"What is it?" asked Gerty.

"What's what?" asked Lord Jack back again.

"What you going to do with that long pole?"

"What should you say if I was going a-fishing for to catch a whale? Where's my jack-knife? Trip, you had it."

"Yes, it's on the—"

"Hush, Trip," cried Gerty, "no 'tisn't. I've had it since, and I won't tell you if you don't tell me about that pole."

"Well," said Jack showing a disposition to come to terms, for he knew Gerty was stubborn. "You give me the jack-knife and I will tell you what I am going to do with the pole."

So the jack-knife came down from the cupboard shelf,—"And now what are you going to do with the pole?"

"Well," said Jack maliciously, "as near as I can find out, I am going to make a split in one end of it." And that was all Gerty could get out of him,—which she seemed to find very unsatisfactory.

The truth was, Jack, like all wise people, never liked to talk about his projects till he was tolerably sure of their success. So long as he kept his plans to himself, nobody would know whether he failed or not. His successes he always announced with great flourish of trumpets. His failures lay all around the premises, in the shape

of boxes, wheels, cogs, and numberless nameless contrivances, but he said never a word.

By and by, when the time came, Jack crept around under the window, and beckoned Gerty and Trip to come out,—which they were not backward to do. "Want to see the new post-office going into operation? Come on, then." He strutted through the well-gate, and took up the long pole that lay in the grass on the railroad bank. "Now, you see," he began to explain to his eager listeners, "here's a contrivance, sir, that I am going to take out a patent for. See this cleft? Well, here's this letter, I stick in here—"

"Where's the letter going?" asked Gerty.

"It's to the engineer. I'll read it to you,"—and he took it out of the envelope very carefully with his brown, battered little paws, and read:—

> "DEAR MR. WATERMAN:—We are very much obliged to you for throwing us out a paper every day. We would like to give you something. We are going to give you some apples. If you will catch this letter to-day, we will give you some apples to-morrow in a basket, if you can catch them. I will hold them up high. I thank you very much for the paper. So does Gerty and Trip. Gerty and Trip are the girls. I am the boy. Gerty is the biggest. I am bigger than Gerty. The dog's name is Lillo. I wrote the letter. Yours affectionately,
>
> JACK."

"Now, don't you think that letter'll do the business, Mr. Gerty?"

"O, I think it's a beautiful letter," interposed Trip, to whom the very name of letter had something of sublimity.

"Now you see," continued Jack, "I stick this letter into the split here—so—and then I stand down on the bank—here,"—and he picked his way down the steep gravel-bank,—"and I hold the pole out, and the engineer comes along, and he sees something, and just runs his arm out and grabs the pole, and there you are!"

"But how's the engineer going to see you?"

"With his eyes, same's he always does."

"But I don't believe he'll know what you want with your pole; I'm sure I shouldn't."

"Now there!" cried Jack, scrambling up to the surface, "there's the difference! A man's got brains, you see, and a girl hasn't. If I've sense enough to make this up, don't you suppose a man's got sense enough to see it when it's stuck in his face?"

"Well, you see," replied Gerty incredulously.

"Well, *you* see!" retorted Jack, a little nettled by Gerty's want of enthusiasm. He had called his sisters out to admire, not to criticise.

But Trip made up for Gerty's incredulity by her own unbounded faith. *She* had no doubts. "Why I could do it myself, just as *easy*! I should know in a minute 'twas a letter."

Presently the black speck appeared far off. It came nearer; it stopped at the station; it started again, "Kchh!—kchh!—kchh!" and Jack took his stand on the slope, his feet firmly planted in the gravel. The engine came roaring around the curve. The engineer waved his paper. Jack waved his letter. He was understood at once. The engineer was a stout, heavy man, but the fireman was smaller and more supple. He held on with one hand, and swung out on the side towards the children. Jack turned so as to have the letter heading the same way as the engine, measured the distance accurately, and the fireman whizzed by, taking pole, letter, and all, as easily as you would pick up a pin. It was all done in a minute. Jack climbed up the bank, his face flushed with excitement and triumph. Words were too weak to express his exultation. He nodded at Gerty as if he had been Jupiter on Olympus. Gerty had nothing to say for herself this time. Jack's victory was overwhelming. Her defeat was a rout, and she laid down her arms at once, and swelled Jack's triumphal train into the house to report matters to their elders, whom Jack had hitherto thought not proper to take into his confidence.

"Now," said Jack, Hero, Knight, and Lord-Lieutenant, in virtue of his unparalleled feat, "I suppose you know the next thing in the order of the day is to get the apples ready for to-morrow."

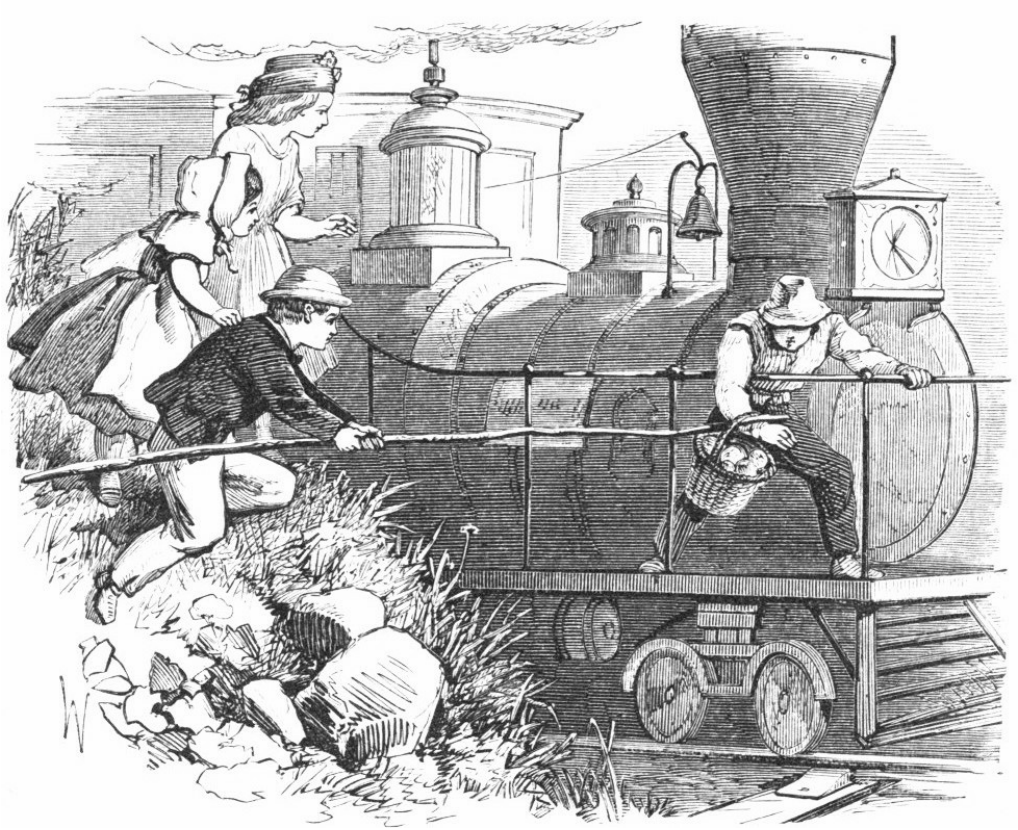
"Yes," said papa, "and as you have only twenty-four hours to do it in, you ought to begin at once."

But Jack was in too high spirits to be "taken down" by any adult satire, and he immediately began to rummage the house for a basket. Gerty and Trip were sent scouting in every direction. "Girls can't do much," said Jack, compassionately, "but you can run up stairs and down. That's something." And when vast treasures of worsteds, and pieces, and all manner of feminine trumpery, had been ruthlessly emptied on floors, beds, and tables, Jack selected a basket that suited him,—a strong white basket with a bail, and down cellar they went, chattering among the apple-bins, picking out the reddest and soundest and juiciest of the early apples. But spin out the time as long as they could, it did not take long. "And O, it seems as if it never *would* be to-morrow at four o'clock!" sighed Trip.

But to-morrow came, and four o'clock came, and the Boston train came, and

this time the fireman had climbed out along the—something—I don't know what they call it, but I dare say all you boys do,—I never found anything yet that you did not know, except your lessons,—that long railing that runs along the side of the engine; and there he was perched on some frightful little point or other right in front of the engine, from which if he had fallen,—well, it would not have been very pleasant. So then he squatted and clung, till he had run his arm through the bail of the basket which Jack held out on another pole, and then he crept back like a fly, and not an apple was spilled.

This exploit was repeated several times, the returning train tossing out the empty basket, till finally it began to be famous. For once, as the train approached, there was an unusual stir. The platforms of the cars were crowded with men. The windows were thrown up and filled with faces. Everybody was agog to see the sight. Whether it was that the unusual excitement made Jack's hand tremble, or whether the strain was too great upon the fireman, I do not know; but, for the first time, the basket was knocked, instead of taken; out went every provoking little imp of an apple dancing under the wheels, rolling into the gutter, dashing up the bank, sputtering about wildly everywhere save where it was intended to go, and there was great fury and disappointment.



I suppose it was thought to be too dangerous a sport, for after that there was no further wayside traffic in apples.

Kind-hearted engineer and fireman, I wonder where you are. Out on the wild Western lands, where the mercury plumps down to thirty below zero, and is not ashamed to stay there,—where the frost piles, inch thick, on the windows spite of the hottest fires,—your pleasant faces and your friendly acts are still talked over in winter evenings with scarcely less of interest, and nothing less of gratitude, than when they brightened the sunshine of Eastern summers long ago.

Gail Hamilton.

WINNING HIS WAY.

CHAPTER XI.
SCOUTING.

"Sergeant Parker is hereby ordered to report immediately at General Grant's Head-quarters," was the order which Paul received the next morning. He wondered what General Grant could want of him. He entered the General's tent, and saw a short, thick-set, middle-aged man with sandy whiskers, sitting at a table, reading letters and smoking a cigar. He was dressed in a plain blue blouse, and as he had no straps on his shoulders, Paul thought he was the General's orderly.

"Is General Grant about?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the man, looking up pleasantly.

"I should like to see him," said Paul.

"I am General Grant."

Paul was astonished to find a general so affable and pleasant, for he had seen some lieutenants and captains strut like turkey-cocks, because they wore straps on their shoulders. Paul saluted the General, and said, "I am ordered to report to you, sir."

"O, yes; you are Sergeant Parker, who made a reconnoissance last night; sit down, Sergeant, till I finish my letters." It was spoken so pleasantly and kindly, that Paul said to himself, "He is a gentleman."

When the General had finished his letters he lighted another cigar, and questioned Paul about his adventures; how far it was to the Rebel camp, and how the camp was situated.

"I will give you a sketch of the place," said Paul; and, sitting up to the table, he drew a map, putting down the creeks, the roads, the woods, the distances from point to point, the place where he came upon the pickets, the position of the tents, and all the objects he saw. The General sat in silence, smoking, and looking at Paul with a keen eye. It was drawn neatly and quickly, and with an accuracy which surprised the General. Paul had kept count of his steps from one object to another. By looking up to the stars he had kept the points of the compass, and knew whether he travelled south, or southeast, or southwest, and so he was able to draw an excellent map.

"Where did you study topographical engineering?" the General asked.

"By the kitchen fire," Paul replied.

"A pretty good college to graduate from, especially if a fellow has good grit," said the General, smiling. "Are you willing to undertake a hazardous enterprise?" he

asked.

"I am willing to undertake anything for my country," Paul replied.

The General then told him that he wished to obtain information about Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. He showed him the positions on a map, and said it was an undertaking of great importance, and which might cost him his life. "I will give you a trustworthy companion," said he.

"I would rather attempt it alone, if you please. Two is one too many; it doubles our risk. If discovered by the Rebels, I couldn't help my comrade, neither could he help me. If we keep together, we shall have the same information. I think I shall succeed better alone," said Paul.

"You are right," said the General, who told him that he might prepare for the trip, and that he would be sent up the Tennessee River on a gunboat, and put on shore a few miles from Fort Henry, and that he must return in ten days. "I hear a good report of you, and have confidence in you. I desire accurate information; for if it is not accurate, it may lead to very disastrous results," said the General.

Two nights later, Paul stood alone on the bank of the Tennessee. The gunboat which had brought him was gone back. He could hear the splashing of her wheels growing fainter each moment. He was in the enemy's country, on an undertaking which might cost him his life. If discovered, he would be hung. For an instant his heart failed him, and he felt that he must turn back; then he remembered that he had enlisted in the service of his country, to do his duty, whatever it might be. His duty was before him. His general had directed him to do it. He was upon the ground. Would not God take care of him? Was not the path of duty, although it might lead to death, the only path of safety? There are times when duty is worth more than life. "Whatever is right before the Eternal God, that I will do," said Paul to himself. His fear was gone. He resolved to be bold, yet cautious, and to keep his thoughts perfectly collected under all circumstances. He had succeeded in one reconnoissance, which made him hopeful; but he reflected that success often makes men careless, so he resolved to be always on his guard. He had changed his uniform for a pair of old butternut-colored pantaloons, a ragged coat, and a slouched hat which had a hole in the crown. He hardly recognized himself he was so altered in appearance. He wondered if Azalia or Daphne would recognize him. He had no weapon or equipments. There was nothing about him which indicated that he was a soldier of the Union army ready to lay down his life for the old flag.

He walked cautiously along the winding path, noticing all the objects; looking up to the north star at every turn of the road, keeping tally of his steps that he might know the distance travelled. He walked stealthily, expecting every moment to hear

the challenge of the Rebel pickets. He was startled by the cry, "Who! Who! Who!" He came to a sudden halt, and then laughed to think that he had been challenged by an owl.

In the morning he came upon a party of men cutting wood, and found that they were Rebel soldiers outside of the picket line. Paul took an axe and went to work, and so became one of them. When they went into camp he accompanied them, carrying the axe on his shoulder, thus passing the picket as a wood-chopper. He found three or four thousand soldiers at Fort Henry, hard at work, throwing up breastworks, digging ditches, hewing timber, mounting guns. He worked with them, but kept his eyes and ears open, noticing the position of the fort on the bank of the river, and how many guns there were. He found out what troops were there, where they came from, and who commanded them. He learned that a wagon-train was going to Fort Donelson after ammunition. He joined it and passed the picket as one of the train guards. As the wagons were empty, he had a chance to ride and thus saved a weary walk of twelve miles.

The little town of Dover, which is near Fort Donelson, he found alive with troops; regiments were arriving from Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, and Tennessee. General Pillow was there in command. He was an officer in the army of the United States and fought in Mexico. General Floyd was there with a brigade of Virginians. He was Secretary of War when Buchanan was President, and did what he could to destroy the Union. He was a thief as well as a Rebel. He was a large, coarse man. Paul despised him, and could hardly restrain himself from knocking the villain down when he saw him ride by wearing the uniform of a traitor. There was not much discipline in the Rebel army, and Paul found little difficulty in going through all the camps, ascertaining what regiments were there. It nettled him to hear the boasts of the soldiers that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, but he said nothing for fear of betraying himself. He found no difficulty in obtaining something to eat at a sutler's tent. He was very tired and sleepy when the second night came, but he found a place to sleep at a house in the village.

"What regiment do you belong to?" asked a girl with a red face and grimy hands.

"I am a scout," said Paul.

"Be you a scout? Wal, I hope you will run across Old Abe Linkum. If you do, jest take his *skelp* for me." (She meant his scalp.)

"Wal, if I *cotch* him, I reckon I'll *skelp* him," said Paul, flourishing his knife, as if he was ready for such bloody work.

"The Yanks are a set of vagabonds; they are the meanest critters on earth," said

the woman. "They'll hang you if they cotch you."

"I reckon I won't let 'em cotch me," said Paul.

"Where be you going next?"

"Down to Cairo, I reckon; though I go wherever the General sends me."

"May be you would do a little chore for me,—get me some pins, needles, and thread?"

"It is mighty skittish business, but I'll see what I can do," said Paul.

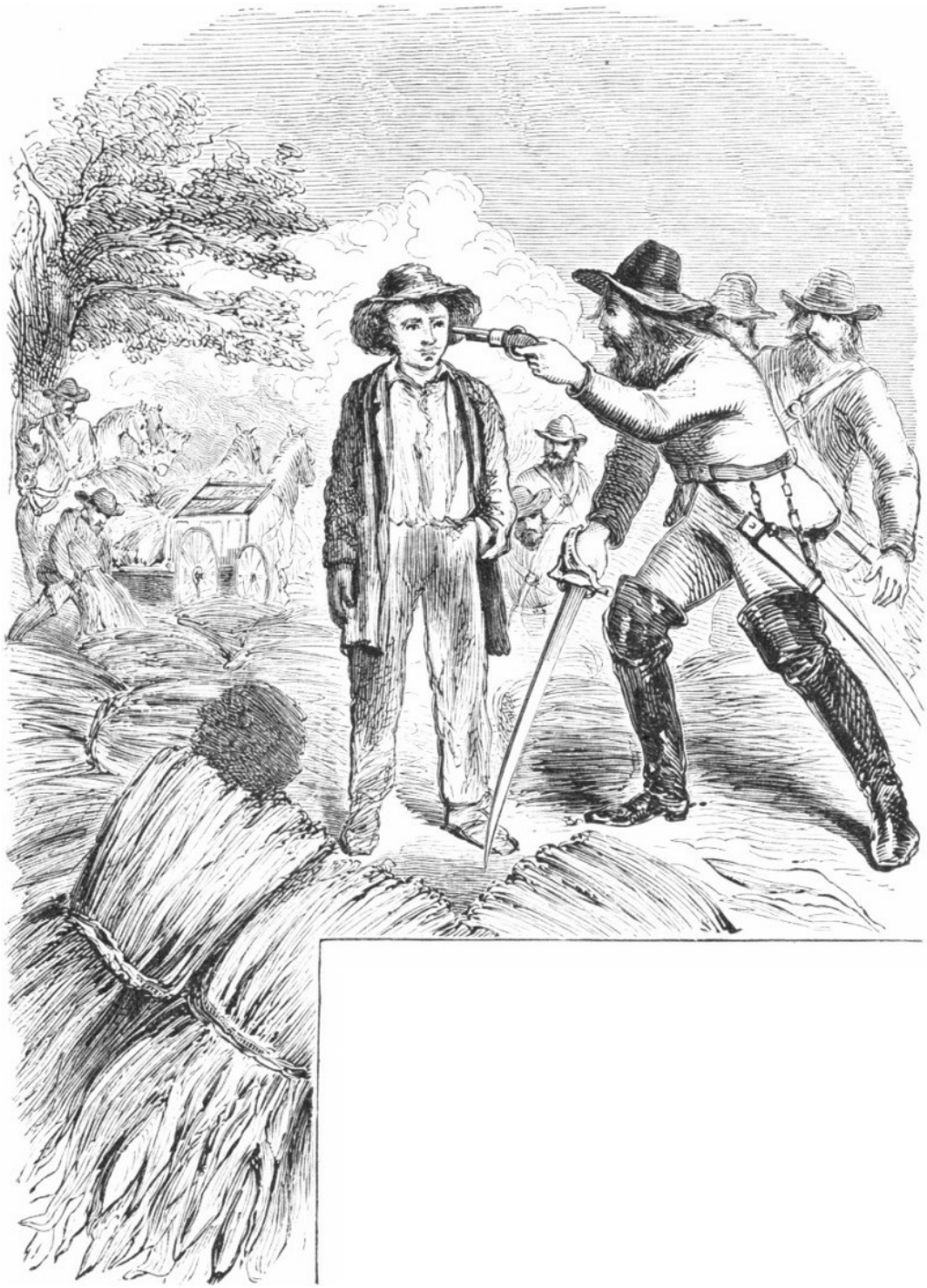
Having obtained his information, his next business was to get away. He waited till the lights were out in the camps at night, then, walking down to the river, found a small boat, jumped in and pushed out into the stream. He could see the sentinels on the parapet of the fort as he floated past, the great guns frowned upon him from the embrasures, but the sentinels did not discover him. Paul congratulated himself that he was beyond the picket line when he heard a hail from both shores at the same time. "Boat ahoy!" He made no reply. "Boat ahoy! come ashore or I'll fire," said both sentinels. He saw that he could not escape by rowing. They would fire if he attempted to go ahead or turn back. If he went ashore, he would be taken to the guard-house, questioned, probably put into prison, perhaps hung as a spy. He resolved that he wouldn't go ashore. There was no time for deliberation. It was mid-winter; the air was keen, and there was floating ice in the river. If he remained in the boat he might be shot, so he lowered himself noiselessly into the water. How cold it was! He felt the chill strike through him, setting his teeth to chattering, and his limbs quivering. There was another hail, and then a flash on both shores. The balls went through the boat. He heard the stroke of oars, and saw a boat pushing out from the shore. He darted ahead swimming noiselessly down stream, gradually nearing the shore, for he found that his strength was failing. He heard the men in the boat say, "We are fooled, it is only an empty dug-out."

How hard it was to climb the bank! He could not stand, he was so chilled. Once he rose to his feet, but tumbled like a log to the ground. He wanted to go to sleep, but he knew it would be his last sleep if he yielded. He drained the water from his boots, rubbed his legs, thrashed his hands, and then went reeling and blundering in the darkness over fallen trees. What a wearisome, cheerless night it was! How he longed for a fire,—a cup of warm coffee,—a comfortable bed! He thought of his own bed in the little old house at New Hope, and wished that he might lie there once more, and snuggle down beneath the warm comforters. His clothes were frozen, and notwithstanding he beat his hands till the blood dripped from his fingers, he could get up no warmth. "Halt! Who comes there?" was the sharp challenge which startled him from his dreaming. He was close upon a picket. He turned in an instant, and

began to run. He heard footsteps following. The thought that he was pursued roused all his energies. The footsteps came nearer. Putting forth all his strength, holding his breath, Paul went on, stumbling, rising again, leaping, hearing the footsteps of his pursuers coming nearer; suddenly he came to a deep, narrow creek. He did not hesitate an instant, but plunged in, swam to the other bank, gaining the solid ground, and dropping behind a tree just as his pursuer reached the creek; who stopped and listened, but Paul remained perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe, till he heard the fellow go back muttering to himself and cursing the creek. The running had warmed Paul, but he was exhausted and drenched once more. Daybreak came, and he did not dare to travel; so, finding some stacks of corn in a field, he tore one of them open, made a bed inside, drew the bundles over him, shivered awhile, and then dropped asleep.

He awoke suddenly to find his house tumbling to pieces,—torn down by Rebel soldiers.

"Hello! What's here? Who be ye? What are ye up to?" said a sergeant, startled to find a man under the bundles. "Deserter, eh? or a spy, I reckon," said the fellow, holding a pistol to Paul's head.



"Better put up your shooting-irons," said Paul coolly.

"Give an account of yourself, how ye came here, *whar* ye have been, and *whar* ye gwine."

Paul noticed that he said *whar* for where, and replied, "I am a scout, and have been down by the river *whar* the Yankee gunboats is."

"I don't believe it; you look like a scarecrow, but I reckon you are a Yankee spy," said the sergeant. He searched Paul, but found nothing. He was commanding a cavalry foraging-party, and was a brutal, ignorant fellow, and had been drinking whiskey, and wanted to show that he had power. "Boys, bring a halter; I reckon I'll make this fellow confess that he is a Yankee."

A soldier brought a rope; one end was thrown over the limb of a tree, and the other made into a slip-noose, and put round Paul's neck. Paul did not flinch. To confess that he was a spy was sure death. He was calm. For a moment his thoughts went back to his home. He thought of his mother, and Azalia, but there was no time for such thoughts. He did not feel that his work was done. "Wal, Sergeant, what be you gwine to do?" he asked.

"Hang you as a spy," said the Sergeant.

"What sort of a report will you make to the General? What do ye think he will do to you when he finds that you have hung one of his scouts?" Paul asked.

"See here, Sergeant, I reckon you are a leetle too fast in this matter," said one of the soldiers.

Paul saw that the time had come for a bold course on his part. He had already ascertained what regiment of cavalry they belonged to. He had seen their colonel at Dover. "What do you suppose Colonel Forrest will say, when he hears of this proceeding of yours?" he asked.

The Sergeant started at the mention of the name of his commander, and he began to see the proceeding in a new light. Paul threw the noose from his neck, and said, in a tone of authority, "I will report you, sir. I will have you arrested. I'll teach you to do your duty better than this. I am an officer. I know General Pillow, General Floyd, General Buckner, and Colonel Forrest. I am out on important business. You found me asleep, and instead of taking me to your superior officer, as you ought to have done, you proceed to hang me. You are drunk, sir, and I'll have you punished."

The Sergeant was very much frightened. He saw how noble a countenance Paul had, and felt his tone of authority. "I didn't mean any harm, sir, I wanted to do my duty," said the sergeant, taking off his hat, and holding down his head.

"Because you are a sergeant, you wanted to show your authority," said Paul. "Now go about your business, all of you, and when I get to General Pillow's head-quarters I will see to your case."

The soldiers who had gathered round started off at once to their work, while Paul walked towards Fort Donelson. He had gone but a few steps, when the sergeant followed him, and, taking off his hat, said, "Please, Colonel, don't be too hard on me, I won't do so again."

"It will be my duty to report you; but if you will promise to be more *keerful* in the future I will tell the General when I make my report not to be too hard," said Paul.

"I'll be more *keerful* next time, and won't get drunk again, Colonel, never."

"Very well," said Paul, walking on till he reached a piece of woods; then, turning from the path, he made his way towards the river again, wondering at his escape. He had a long walk through the woods, but when he reached the gunboats lying in the stream, how his heart leaped for joy!

He kept all he had seen so well in memory, that when he reached Cairo he was able to draw an accurate plan of the forts and country around them.

General Grant listened to his story with great interest, and when Paul had finished said, "You have performed your work acceptably; you understand topography; I wish to keep you at my head-quarters, and therefore appoint you a Lieutenant of Engineers."

It was so unexpected a promotion, and such an expression of confidence, that Paul was very much confused, and could only say, while blushing very red, "I thank you, sir."

CHAPTER XII.
MISSED FROM HOME.

How lonesome it was in New Hope through all these days! Everybody missed Paul. He was missed by the school-children, for the teacher who succeeded him was cross and hard, while Paul was always kind and pleasant. He was missed by the congregation on Sunday, for although Hans did his best as leader of the choir, he could not fill Paul's place. He was missed by his mother, who, through the long, wearisome days and lonely nights, thought only of him, her pride, her joy, her hope. How good Azalia was to visit the Post-office every morning to get the letters which Paul wrote to his mother, often finding one for herself! How pleasant to read what he wrote of life in camp! How thrilling the narrative of his adventures, his visit to the forts, his narrow escapes! As she read it, her heart stood still while the letter was wet with tears. What if the rebels had hung him! It was terrible to think of. What could she do to comfort him? How help him,—how relieve his sufferings and hardships? She would knit him a pair of gloves and stockings. But his comrades needed them as well as he. Why not ask Daphne to help? Why not ask all the girls to do something? So she thought the matter over through the long winter night, planning a soldiers' sewing and knitting society.

Pleasant gatherings they had in the vestry of the church on Wednesday afternoons working for the soldiers. Azalia's cheeks were flushed with rare beauty when she read Paul's letters to them with trembling voice. There were many moist eyes, for all felt that, if he and his comrades were undergoing such hardships and dangers for them, that they might have a home and a united country, they ought to do all they could in return; and so, while knitting stockings for the soldiers, their hearts were knit in deeper love and devotion to their country.

But they had something besides Paul's adventures to talk about; for one Monday morning when Mr. Bond, the town treasurer, opened his office, he found that it had been entered by robbers, who had stolen all the money,—several thousand dollars. It was soon discovered that Philip Funk was missing. The sheriffs and constables set themselves to hunt him up. They got upon his track, followed him to the Ohio River, and across into Kentucky; but he was too swift for them, and succeeded in getting into the Rebel lines with the stolen money. Notwithstanding he was a robber, his sister Fanny held her head as high as ever. She did not attend the soldiers' aid society. She hoped that the South would succeed in establishing its independence, and was glad that Philip had gone to help the Southern soldiers. "I hope he will come

across Paul," said Fanny to Daphne Dare one day.

"So do I, and I hope that Paul will shoot him," said Daphne, with flashing eyes. She had the spirit of her father, and added, "He is a traitor and a robber, and I hope somebody will shoot him."

Fanny spit at the flag which hung over the street every time she passed it, to show her hatred of it. Daphne was very indignant, and proposed to her associates that they should compel Fanny to wave the stars and stripes; but Azalia said it would be a severer punishment to take no notice of her. "We might make her wave the flag, but that would not make her love it, and such forced loyalty would be of no value."

So, acting upon Azalia's advice, all of the girls passed her by, taking no notice of her on the street, at the Post-office, or in church, not recognizing her by word or look. Fanny bore it awhile with a brazen face, but soon found it very hard to have no one to speak to. The great want of the human heart in time of trouble is sympathy. Our wills may bear us up awhile, but sooner or later we must unburden our feelings, or feel the burning of a slow consuming fire, destroying all our peace and happiness. The days were cheerless to Fanny. If she walked out upon the street, she saw only the averted faces of her former friends. They would not speak to her, and if she addressed them they turned away without answering,—avoiding her as if she was infected with the plague. When the cold northeast storms came, when the clouds hung low upon the hills, when the wind howled in the woods, when the rain pattered upon the withered leaves, how lonesome the hours! She was haughty and self-willed, friendless and alone; but instead of becoming loyal and behaving like a good, sensible girl, she nursed her pride, and comforted herself by thinking that her great-grandfather Funk was a fine Old Virginian gentleman. If a still, small voice whispered that it was mean and wicked in Philip to take money which did not belong to him, she quieted her conscience by the reflection that it was right for the Rebels to do all the damage they could to their enemies in securing their independence. When the storm was loudest, she rejoiced in the hope that some of the Yankee ships would be wrecked, or that the Mississippi River would overflow its bank and drown the Yankee regiments in their camps.

Not so did Azalia listen to the storm. When the great drops rattled upon the roof and dashed against the windows, she thought of Paul and his comrades as rushing into battle amid volleys of musketry; the lightning flashes were the artillery in action, the peals of thunder were like the booming of the cannonade; the mournful sighing of the wind was the wailing of the wounded. She thought of him as marching wearily and alone through the dismal forest to perform deeds of daring; she thought of him as keeping watch through the stormy nights, cold, wet, hungry, and weary; not for glory,

or fame, or hope of reward, but because it was his duty,—because God and his country called him. And these were not sad hours to her.

Carleton.

DOGS AND CATS.

And now, with all and each of the young friends who have read these little histories of our dogs, we want to have a few moments of quiet chat about dogs and household pets in general.

In these stories you must have noticed that each dog had as much his own character as if he had been a human being. Carlo was not like Rover, nor Rover like Giglio, nor Giglio like Florence, nor Florence like Rag, nor Rag like Wix,—any more than Charley is like Fred, or Fred like Henry, or Henry like Eliza, or Eliza like Julia. Every animal has his own character, as marked and distinct as a human being. Many people who have not studied much into the habits of animals don't know this. To them a dog is a dog, a cat a cat, a horse a horse, and no more,—that is the end of it.

But domestic animals that associate with human beings develop a very different character from what they would possess in a wild state. Dogs, for example, in those countries where there is a prejudice against receiving them into man's association, herd together, and become wild and fierce like wolves. This is the case in many Oriental countries, where there are superstitious ideas about dogs; as, for instance, that they are unclean and impure. But in other countries, the dog, for the most part, forsakes all other dogs to become the associate of man. A dog without a master is a forlorn creature; no society of other dogs seems to console him; he wanders about disconsolate, till he finds some human being to whom to attach himself, and then he is a made dog,—he pads about with an air of dignity, like a dog that is settled in life.

There are among dogs certain races or large divisions, and those belonging purely to any of those races are called blood-dogs. As examples of what we mean by these races, we will mention the spaniel, the mastiff, the bull-dog, the hound, and the terrier; and each of these divisions contains many species, and each has a strongly marked character. The spaniel tribes are gentle, docile, easily attached to man; from them many hunting dogs are trained. The bull-dog is irritable, a terrible fighter, and fiercely faithful to his master. A mastiff is strong, large, not so fierce as the bull-dog, but watchful and courageous, with a peculiar sense of responsibility in guarding anything which is placed under his charge. The hounds are slender, lean, wiry, with a long, pointed muzzle, and a peculiar sensibility in the sense of smell, and their instincts lead them to hunting and tracking. As a general thing, they are cowardly and indisposed to combat; there are, however, remarkable exceptions, as you will see if you read the account of the good black hound which Sir Walter Scott tells about in "The Talisman,"—a story which I advise you to read at your next

leisure. The terriers are, for the most part, small dogs, smart, bright, and active, very intelligent, and capable of being taught many tricks. Of these there are several varieties,—as the English black and tan, which is the neatest and prettiest pet a family of children can have, as his hair is so short and close that he can harbor no fleas, and he is always good-tempered, lively, and affectionate. The Skye terrier, with his mouse-colored mop of hair, and his great bright eyes, is very loving and very sagacious; but alas! unless you can afford a great deal of time for soap, water, and fine-tooth-comb exercises, he will bring more company than you will like. The Scotch terriers are rough, scraggy, affectionate, but so nervous, frisky, and mischievous that they are only to be recommended as out-door pets in barn and stable. They are capital rat-catchers, very amicable with horses, and will sit up by the driver or a coach-boy with an air of great sagacity.

There is something very curious about the habits and instincts of certain dogs which have been trained by man for his own purposes. In the mountains of Scotland, there are a tribe of dogs called Shepherd-dogs, which for generations and ages have helped the shepherds to take care of their sheep, and which look for all the world like long-nosed, high-cheek-boned, careful old Scotchmen. You will see them in the morning, trotting out their flock of sheep, walking about with a grave, care-taking air, and at evening all bustle and importance, hurrying and scurrying hither and thither, getting their charge all together for the night. An old Scotchman tells us that his dog Hector, by long sharing his toils and cares, got to looking so much like him, that once, when he felt too sleepy to go to meeting, he sent Hector to take his seat in the pew, and the minister never knew the difference, but complimented him the next day for his good attention to the sermon.

There is a kind of dog employed by the monks of St. Bernard, in the Alps, to go out and seek in the snow for travellers who may have lost their way; and this habit becomes such a strong instinct in them, that I once knew a puppy of this species which was brought by a shipmaster to Maine, and grew up in a steady New England town, which used to alarm his kind friends by rushing off into the pine forest in snow-storms, and running anxiously up and down burrowing in the snow as if in quest of something.

I have seen one of a remarkable breed of dogs that are brought from the island of Manilla. They resemble mastiffs in their form, but are immensely large and strong. They are trained to detect thieves, and kept by merchants on board of vessels where the natives are very sly and much given to stealing. They are called *holders*, and their way is, when a strange man, whose purposes they do not understand, comes on board the ship, to take a very gentle but decisive hold of him by the heel, and keep

him fast until somebody comes to look after him. The dog I knew of this species stood about as high as an ordinary dining-table, and I have seen him stroke off the dinner-cloth with one wag of his tail in his pleasure when I patted his head. He was very intelligent and affectionate.

There is another dog, which may often be seen in Paris, called the Spitz dog. He is a white, smooth-haired, small creature, with a great muff of stiff hair round his neck, and generally comes into Paris riding horseback on the cart-horses which draw the carts of the washerwomen. He races nimbly up and down on the back of the great heavy horses, barking from right to left with great animation, and is said to be a most faithful little creature in guarding the property of his owner. What is peculiar about these little dogs is the entireness of their devotion to their master. They have not a look, not a wag of the tail, for any one else; it is vain for a stranger to try and make friends with them,—they have eyes and ears for one alone.

All dogs which do not belong to some of the great varieties, on the one side of their parentage or the other, are classed together as curs, and very much undervalued and decried; and yet among these mongrel curs we have seen individuals quite as sagacious, intelligent, and affectionate as the best blood-dogs.

And now I want to say some things to those young people who desire to adopt as domestic pets either a dog or a cat. Don't do it without making up your mind to be really and thoroughly kind to them, and feeding them as carefully as you feed yourself, and giving them appropriate shelter from the inclemency of the weather.

Some people seem to have a general idea that throwing a scrap, or bone, or bit of refuse meat, at odd intervals, to a dog, is taking abundant care of him. "What's the matter with him? he can't be hungry,—I gave him that great bone yesterday." Ah, Master Hopeful, how would you like to be fed on the same principle? When you show your hungry face at the dinner-table, suppose papa should say, "What's that boy here for? He was fed this morning." You would think this hard measure; yet a dog's or cat's stomach digests as rapidly as yours. In like manner, dogs are often shut out of the house in cold winter weather, without the least protection being furnished them. A lady and I looked out once, in a freezing icy day, and saw a great Newfoundland cowering in a corner of a fence to keep from the driving wind; and I said, "Do tell me if you have no kennel for that poor creature." "No," said the lady. "I didn't know that dogs needed shelter. Now I think of it, I remember last spring he seemed quite poorly, and his hair seemed to come out; do you suppose it was being exposed so much in the winter?" This lady had taken into her family a living creature, without ever having reflected on what that creature needed, or that it was her duty to provide for its wants.

Dogs can bear more cold than human beings, but they do not like cold any better than we do; and when a dog has his choice, he will very gladly stretch himself on a rug before the fire for his afternoon nap, and show that he enjoys the blaze and warmth as much as anybody.

As to cats, many people seem to think that a miserable, half-starved beast, never fed, and always hunted and beaten, and with no rights that anybody is bound to respect, is a necessary appendage to a family. They have the idea that all a cat is good for is to catch rats, and that if well fed they will not do this,—and so they starve them. This is a mistake in fact. Cats are hunting animals, and have the natural instinct to pursue and catch prey, and a cat that is a good mouser will do this whether well or ill fed. To live only upon rats is said to injure the health of the cat, and bring on convulsions.

The most beautiful and best trained cat I ever knew was named Juno, and was brought up by a lady who was so wise in all that related to the care and management of animals, that she might be quoted as authority on all points of their nurture and breeding; and Juno, carefully trained by such a mistress, was a standing example of the virtues which may be formed in a cat by careful education.

Never was Juno known to be out of place, to take her nap elsewhere than on her own appointed cushion, to be absent at meal-times, or, when the most tempting dainties were in her power, to anticipate the proper time by jumping on the table to help herself.

In all her personal habits Juno was of a neatness unparalleled in cat history. The parlor of her mistress was always of a waxen and spotless cleanness, and Juno would have died sooner than violate its sanctity by any impropriety. She was a skilful mouser, and her sleek, glossy sides were a sufficient refutation of the absurd notion that a cat must be starved into a display of her accomplishments. Every rat, mouse, or ground mole that she caught was brought in and laid at the feet of her mistress for approbation. But on one point her mind was dark. She could never be made to comprehend the great difference between fur and feathers, nor see why her mistress should gravely reprove her when she brought in a bird, and warmly commend when she captured a mouse.

After a while a little dog named Pero, with whom Juno had struck up a friendship, got into the habit of coming to her mistress's apartment at the hours when her modest meals were served, on which occasions Pero thought it would be a good idea to invite himself to make a third. He had a nice little trick of making himself amiable, by sitting up on his haunches, and making little begging gestures with his two fore-paws,—which so much pleased his hostess that sometimes he was fed before

Juno. Juno observed this in silence for some time; but at last a bright idea struck her, and, gravely rearing up on her haunches, she imitated Pero's gestures with her fore-paws. Of course this carried the day, and secured her position.

Cats are often said to have no heart,—to be attached to places, but incapable of warm personal affection. It was reserved for Juno by her sad end to refute this slander on her race. Her mistress was obliged to leave her quiet home, and go to live in a neighboring city; so she gave Juno to the good lady who inhabited the other part of the house.

But no attentions or care on the part of her new mistress could banish from Juno's mind the friend she had lost. The neat little parlor where she had spent so many pleasant hours was dismantled and locked up, but Juno would go, day after day, and sit on the ledge of the window-seat, looking in and mewing dolefully. She refused food; and, when too weak to mount on the sill and look in, stretched herself on the ground beneath the window, where she died for love of her mistress, as truly as any lover in an old ballad.

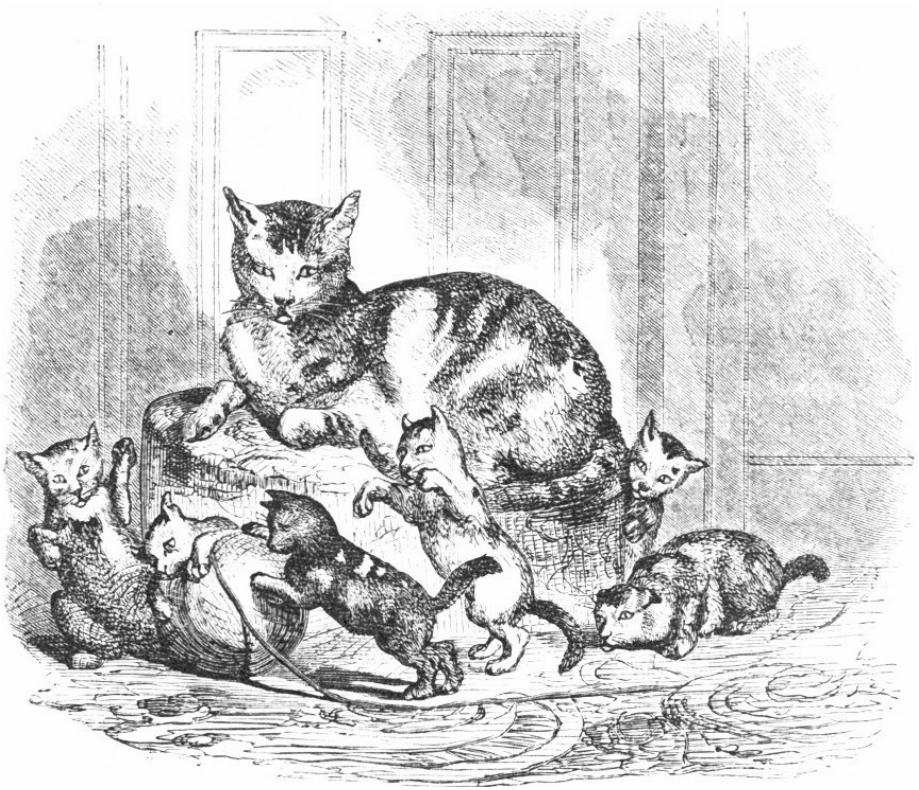
You see by this story the moral that I wish to convey. It is, that watchfulness, kindness, and care will develop a nature in animals such as we little dream of. Love will beget love, regular care and attention will give regular habits, and thus domestic pets may be made agreeable and interesting.

Any one who does not feel an inclination or capacity to take the amount of care and pains necessary for the well-being of an animal ought conscientiously to abstain from having one in charge. A carefully tended pet, whether dog or cat, is a pleasant addition to a family of young people; but a neglected, ill-brought-up, ill-kept one is only an annoyance.

We should remember, too, in all our dealings with animals, that they are a sacred trust to us from our Heavenly Father. They are dumb, and cannot speak for themselves; they cannot explain their wants or justify their conduct; and therefore we should be tender towards them.

Our Lord says not even a little sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father, and we may believe that his eye takes heed of the disposition which we show towards those defenceless beings whom he thinks worthy of his protection.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

I.

Mr. Rensford, the old clergyman,—familiarly known as *Father Brighthopes*, on account of his wonderfully cheerful disposition,—had been passing the winter with his friends at Cherry Vale. It was more than fifteen years since he had had his memorable "vacation"; and his life was all vacation now. He was upwards of eighty years of age; but although the old tenement, as he used to say of his body, was getting somewhat weather-worn and dilapidated, the spirit that dwelt within seemed younger and brighter than ever.

"Do you know," said Squire Reverdy to him one day, "that you have saved me several tons of coal this winter, just by your presence in the house? Sunshine, sir! sunshine! that is better than furnace heat; and the sunshine of the soul, such as you

bring us, is the best of all."

The hospitable Squire used this pleasant metaphor in reply to the old clergyman, who had declared that he could not conscientiously remain longer in a house where he was refused the privilege of paying for his board.

"As for money, sir, how absurd to talk of that, when you are continually giving us what is so much more precious than money! Why, there isn't a family in the Vale that wouldn't be delighted to receive you as a permanent inmate, with no other recompense than your silent influence, even though you should never speak a word. It seems as though things couldn't go wrong where you are, though they should try to. Before you came, this house was every day a scene of more or less jarring and friction. The children were quarrelsome, the servants rebellious, and the parents (one of them, at least, I am sorry to say) too easily fretted by the faults of the rest. Sometimes it seemed impossible to get the simplest and most necessary tasks properly performed. Work was continually getting aground, and laboring to get off again, like the vessel we watched in the river yesterday. But the tide came in with you. The good ship 'Work,' with the heaviest cargoes, went off swimmingly, buoyant as a cork. And faults and discontents, and a hundred things that seemed low and disagreeable in our daily life, were covered, like the oozy banks of the river when the tide is high. Everything has been bright and flowing ever since."

"Ah, but you mustn't give me too much credit for that!" replied Father Brighthopes, with sincere pleasure, but with genuine humility. "It is love—love in your own hearts—that makes life to you beautiful and sweet."

"That is very true; and what I mean to say is, that you have awakened that love in us by your very presence,—just as they say one vibrating string will set another beside it singing the same tune. So much you have done for us. But if that is not sufficient, then I have something else to propose."

"If it is anything I can do for the happiness or welfare of your family or friends," said the old clergyman, his countenance beaming with benevolence, "you can do me no greater favor than by calling upon me."

"It is this," said the Squire. "Miss Thorley, the schoolmistress, has invited some of her young friends to take tea with her at her brother's house this afternoon. They will stop a little while in the evening; and she would like to have you come in and say a few words to them before they go."

"To be sure!" cried Father Brighthopes, eagerly accepting the proposal; for he was always inspired with fresh life and spirit whenever he saw an opportunity of doing good. "Heaven bless the children! It seems such a very little while since I was one like them, that even now I often forget myself, and think I am a child again."

So it was agreed; and shortly after tea, that evening, the old clergyman, taking his staff and Squire Reverdy's arm, sallied forth to call upon Miss Thorley, and have a talk with her young folks.

It was a clear mild night in early spring. The snow had disappeared from the fields, and the ice from the river, which glittered in the moon. The world, after tumultuously tossing in the storms of winter, seemed near its peaceful rest at last, like Noah's ark on the subsiding waters; and the south wind moved softly over it, like the dove returning with the fragrant olive-branch.

"The winter is over; and now for spring,—delicious spring!" said Father Brighthopes, taking long breaths of the sweet evening air, and looking about delightedly on the beauty of the night. "And so, thanks to the kind Providence that rules over us, this winter of our nation, the terrible war, is near its end. Soon peace will come like the spring, and the ice of hatred will melt, and the blasts of conflict will give place to gentle breathings of love and good-will. Those orchard-trees, that stand so bare and silent in the moonlight, are all ready to put forth their summer verdure. So those blessings which the war has stripped bare, and seemed almost to destroy, are ready to blossom again; and the long summer of prosperity smiles before us."

The sound of laughter came to his ears as he was speaking; and, looking down the street, he saw the windows of Mr. Thorley's house cheerfully lighted, and the forms of merry children at play darting to and fro within.

"What a charming sight!" said Father Brighthopes, pausing, and leaning on Mr. Reverdy's arm. "Happy, happy children! How little they think or know of the rude realities of life! And it is well that it is so. I would that all the children in the world were as happy as these are to-night! The Thorleys must be very good people to bring them together, and let them have such a nice, noisy time! O, the laughter of those girls! Isn't it music?"

Mr. Reverdy wished to proceed; but the old clergyman remained a long time listening and thoughtful. "Ah, but the children who have no such good times!" he said, softly, at length. "Do you think that fortunate children ever appreciate their privileges?"

"They are wiser than their parents, if they do," replied Mr. Reverdy. "Since I learned how carelessly I have received all the blessings of my life, seldom stopping to consider seriously how richly blessed I was,—since you taught me that lesson, Father Brighthopes,—I have done finding fault with the young folks for their thoughtlessness. But come; let's go in."

"Don't haste, don't haste," the old clergyman replied. "My coming will check the merriment,—although I should much rather join in it and help it on. Yet I feel that I have many things to say to those dear young hearts which may perhaps have a lasting influence upon their future happiness. Ha! what is that?" The laughter had suddenly ceased, and in its stead a loud wail of anger and pain resounded from the house. "There is somebody hurt! It is time we were on the spot!"

He hastened forward, and Mr. Reverdy introduced him into the hall of his friends' house. There they found themselves in the midst of a throng of children. One, a lad of thirteen, was holding himself half doubled up against the wall, with one hand on his stomach and the other on his organ of mirthfulness, which had received a contusion at the moment of its highest activity. He was bellowing vigorously. Another boy seemed also to have received an injury; for he was feeling his upper lip with an expression of pain and perplexity, and at the same time groping for something on the hall-floor. There were doors at right and left, leading into the lighted rooms where the play had been going on; and from these a crowd of eager boys and girls were pressing forward to see who was hurt.

"It is Grant Eastman and Burt Thorley!" said Emma Reverdy, running to her father. "They were both going from one room to the other as fast as they could; they met coming around the door, and struck their heads together. That's Burton making the most fuss; but I guess Grant is hurt as bad as he," she said to Father Brighthopes.

Emma was a shrewd little observer of human nature. She knew both boys too well to be deceived either by Burton's noise or Grant's silence. Burton, whenever he was hurt at all, and often when he was not, would begin to roar as if bones were broken; and he would limp and snivel and complain sometimes an hour after a braver boy would have forgotten all about the accident. This he did because he loved to be pitied. Emma used to be frightened by his terrible outcries; but one day she saw him slip from a fence, and bruise his shin, when he supposed no one witnessed the mishap,—on which occasion he pulled up his trousers-leg, and looked at the injured part, as if to satisfy himself that there was apparent cause for complaint, then walked off well enough until he reached home, when he became all at once so lame that it was dreadful to see him, and began to utter howls of pretended anguish. Since then she was not so ready to believe he was nearly killed, when he had had a scratch or a fall, as some other people were. Even his parents had not yet learned how to understand his violent demonstrations; or, if they had, their habit of rushing to him at such times, and of endeavoring to console him with attentions and sympathies, had become too firmly settled to be reformed. They were

hastening to him now.

"My poor boy! you have almost killed you, haven't you?" said the mother.

"Who has been hurting Burton?" demanded the father.

"He! he! Grant Eastman!" sobbed Burton. "He ran against me just as hard as he could!"

"He didn't mean to!" cried Emma Reverdy. "I saw them; and Burt ran against Grant just as much as Grant ran against him; and he isn't hurt any more than Grant is!" she added, vehemently, inspired by an ardent love of the truth.

At that Burt roared again louder than ever, averring that his head was broken,—or his stomach,—or both,—and that he could not bear to be touched.

Meanwhile Father Brighthopes, smiling at little Emma's sagacity, had advanced to make Grant's acquaintance.

"So this is Grant, is it? Worthy of the name! He takes reverses like a brave general! What are you looking for, my lad?"

"My tooth," said Grant, still groping on the hall-floor.

"He has got tushes! he ran into me with his tushes!" said the weeping Burton.

"O, do look at that bruise!" said Mrs. Thorley, who had found a slightly discolored spot on the corner of her poor boy's forehead. "There, there! don't cry, my son! it will feel better soon."

"If he hadn't come at me with his darned old tushes!" said Burton, as if that were sufficient cause for refusing to be comforted.

"You didn't mean to, *did* you, Grant?" said Emma, helping him search the floor.

"Mean to! Didn't I have to take it as hard as he did? He knocked out a tooth for me quicker than lightning! I came near swallowing it; I didn't know what it was, and so I spit it out."

"Here it is, my boy!" said Father Brighthopes, seeing something white by Burton's foot. He picked it up. "Not a very formidable tusk, either, but as fine a front tooth as any boy's. If it was one of mine, now, it wouldn't much matter; but young teeth like yours, my son, are too valuable to be scattered around loosely in this fashion. Here! open your mouth!" And he quickly and skilfully replaced the tooth in the cavity where it belonged. "There! press it in its place, and don't laugh or cough or sneeze till to-morrow, and I think you will save it."

"O, see how his lip is swollen!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, his lip appears to have come between his teeth and the other boy's head, very generously!" said Father Brighthopes.—"Thank you!" to Miss Thorley, who came with a basin of water and a sponge.

With her assistance, he had soon removed all traces of the accident from Grant's

face and fingers, except from the wounded lip, which kept swelling and swelling. Grant, with one hand at his mouth, holding the tooth in and checking the blood, smiled gayly.

"He would laugh if he had lost his head, and had it stuck on again!" said the sympathizing Emma.

"He is of the stuff our heroes in the war are made of!" and the old clergyman laid his hand upon Grant's shoulder with a look of fatherly pride and affection. "But it won't be safe for him to play any more to-night. So let us come into the room here, and sit down, and have a little quiet talk. All who do not wish to stay with us may continue their play in the other room."

He thought it best that no one whose heart was elsewhere should be constrained to listen to him; and he was gratified, on looking around, to see the children follow him eagerly into the room, and take their places, all appearing interested to hear what he had to say. There was one exception, however: Burt Thorley, pretending to be disabled, but in reality offended because the general attention had been diverted from him to Grant, had retired from the scene.

Father Brighthopes occupied an arm-chair which Miss Thorley had hastened to place for him; Emma Reverdy stood at his side, holding his hand in both hers,—for the two were very dear friends; while Grant Eastman sat at his right hand, trying to smile with his puffed lip. On the opposite side of the room appeared Miss Thorley's gentle face, surrounded by the beaming faces of her pupils.

"I like that!" said the old clergyman, seeing the girls lean towards her, and try to draw her arm about them, or at least to touch her garments. "I need not ask if your pupils are attached to you. They show that they are, by every look and gesture. No doubt the boys would act just as the girls do; but boys, for some reason, are ashamed to manifest much affection. It is a great pity, for love is so beautiful! It is beautiful, especially, when it knits together the hearts of teacher and pupils."

"I think we are pretty good friends," said Miss Thorley, with the light of a tender smile in her glistening eyes. "I know that all my boys and girls are very dear to me."

"That is evident; for otherwise they would not be so fond of you. As far as I can judge, teachers are very different now-a-days from what they were when I was a boy. I remember very well those grim fellows, the masters, and those sharp-tempered ladies, to whom I went to school in the little old red school-house on the forks of the road. That was seventy years ago, my children; but I recall the teachers of those days, and their ingenious methods of punishment, as well as if I had lived under their iron rule but yesterday. Many things that happened then I remember more distinctly than a thousand things of vastly greater importance that have

occurred since. Besides, those teachers had striking ways of impressing themselves upon the youthful memory. There was one who put his trust in birch rods, which he used to season in the fire with a thoroughness and deliberation appalling to the unhappy wrong-doers upon whose jackets their toughness was afterwards to be put to the proof. There was another who used to sit in his chair and hurl his ruler at the boys' heads, even at the heads of the little girls, sometimes, I am sorry to say. Front teeth were often in jeopardy in those days, I assure you!" and Father Brighthopes glanced pleasantly at Grant by his side.

"I wouldn't have stood it, if I had been in your place," spoke a spunky little fellow in the corner, shaking his head significantly.

"Hush, Cary!" said Miss Thorley; while all the other children laughed.

"O, let them say what they please," said Father Brighthopes. "I have come, not to talk *to* them, but *with* them. I shall want to hear all they have to say. So, my little friend, you think you wouldn't have stood such treatment? What would you have done?"

"I'd have licked 'em after I got grown up to be a man, any way!"

"So I presume I used sometimes to think, at your age," said the old clergyman, indulgently. "But I haven't whipped any of my old masters yet; and it is rather too late now to perform that duty. Ah, my boy! I suppose that not one of them is now alive upon the earth! They have all gone to render a final account for their actions here; and, for my part, I sincerely trust that the rulers they flung and the rods they toughened in the fire have not been remembered against them. I thank Heaven that I forgave them long ago. My children," added the old clergyman, very softly, "we must all, soon or late, go likewise and render up our account; the best among us will not, I fear, be free from the stains of unwise or unjust actions; and we must learn to forgive, as we would be forgiven."

Then, seeing Burton come stealthily to the door, attracted by the laughter, but looking sulky and ashamed of being seen, he began talking on a subject which he thought would be interesting to all, and especially edifying to that young gentleman.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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

CHAPTER XLIII. TWO SLUMBERERS DUCKED.

It was somewhere among the mid-hours of the night, and all appeared to be as sound asleep as if reclining upon couches of eider-down. Not a voice was heard among the branches of the Brazil-nut,—not a sound of any kind, if we except the snore that proceeded from the spread nostrils of the negro, and that of a somewhat sharper tone from the nasal organ of the Irishman. Sometimes they snored together, and for several successive trumpetings this simultaneity would be kept up. Gradually, however, one would get a little ahead, and then the two snorers would be heard separately, as if the two sleepers were responding to each other in a kind of dialogue carried on by their noses. All at once this nasal duet was interrupted by a rustling among the boughs upon which rested Tipperary Tom. The rustling was succeeded by a cry, quickly followed by a plunge.

The cry and the plunge woke everybody upon the tree; and while several inquired the cause of the disturbance, a second shout, and a second plunge, instead of affording a clew to the cause of alarm, only rendered the matter more mysterious. There was a second volley of interrogatories, but among the inquiring voices two were missing,—those of Mozey and the Irishman. Both, however, could now be heard below; not very articulate, but as if their owners were choking. At the same time there was a plashing and a plunging under the tree, as if the two were engaged in a struggle for life.

"What is it? Is it you, Tom? Is it you, Mozey?" were the questions that came thick and fast from those still upon the tree.

"Och! ach!—I'm chokin'!—I'm—ach—drown—ach—drownin'!—Help! help!" cried a voice, distinguishable as the Irishman's, while Mozey's was exerted in a similar declaration.

All knew that Tom could not swim a stroke. With the Mozambique it was different. He might sustain himself above water long enough to render his rescue certain. With Tom no time was to be lost, if he was to be saved from a watery grave; and, almost with his cry for help, Richard Trevannion and the Mundurucú plunged in after him.

For a time, Trevannion himself and his two children could hear, underneath them, only a confused medley of sounds,—the splashing of water mingled with human voices, some speaking, or rather shouting, in accents of terror, others in encouragement. The night was dark; but had it been ever so clear, even had the full moon been shining above, her beams could not have penetrated through the spreading branches of the Brazil-nut, melted and lined as they were with thorns and leafy llianas.

It would seem an easy task for two such swimmers as the Indian and Paraense to rescue Tipperary Tom from his peril. But it was not quite so easy. They had got hold of him, one on each side, as soon as the darkness allowed them to discern him. But this was not till they had groped for some time; and then he was found in such a state of exhaustion that it required all the strength of both to keep his chin above the surface.

Mozey was fast becoming as helpless as Tom, being more than half paralyzed by the fright he had got from being precipitated into the water while still sound asleep. Such a singular awaking was sufficient to have confused a cranium of higher intellectual development than that of the Mozambique.

After having discovered their half-drowned companions, neither Richard nor the Mundurucú knew exactly what to do with them. Their first thought was to drag them towards the trunk of the tree, under which they had been immersed. This they succeeded in doing; but once alongside the stem, they found themselves in no better position for getting out of the water. There was not a branch within reach by which to raise themselves, and the bark was as smooth as glass, and slippery with slime.

When first ascending into the great tree, they had made use of some hanging parasite, which now in the darkness they were unable to find. Even the two swimmers began to despond. If not their own lives, those of their comrades might be lost in that gloomy aisle, whose pavement was the subtle, deceitful flood. At this crisis an idea occurred to the young Paraense that promised to rescue them from their perilous position, and he called out, “The swimming-belts! fling down the swimming-belts!” His uncle and cousin, by this time having a clearer comprehension of what had occurred, at once obeyed the command. Richard and the Indian were not slow to avail themselves of this timely assistance; and in a trice the two half-drowned men were buoyed up beyond further danger.

On getting back into the Bertholettia, there was a general explanation. Tipperary Tom was the cause of the awkward incident. Having gone to sleep without taking proper precautions, his limbs, relaxed by slumber, had lost their prehensile power, and, sliding through the llianas, he had fallen plump into the water below, a distance

of more than a dozen feet. His cries, and the consequent plunge, had startled the negro so abruptly that he too had lost his equilibrium, and had soused down the instant after.

The Mundurucú was by no means satisfied with the occurrence. It had not only interrupted his repose, but given him a wet shirt in which to continue it. He was determined, however, that a similar incident should not, for that night, occur,—at least not with the same individuals,—and before returning to his roost he bound both of them to theirs with *sipos* strong enough to resist any start that might be caused by the most terrible of dreams.

CHAPTER XLIV.
OPEN WATER.

The next day was spent in explorations. These did not extend more than four hundred yards from their sleeping-place; but, short as was the distance, it cost more trouble to traverse it than if it had been twenty miles on land, across an open country.

It was a thicket through which the explorers had to pass, but such a thicket as one acquainted only with the ordinary woods of Northern countries can have no conception of. It was a matted tangle of trees and parasitical plants, many of the latter—such as the climbing jacitara palms, the huge cane-briers, and bromelias—thickly set with sharp spines, that rendered it dangerous to come in contact with them. Even had there been firm footing, it would have been no easy task to make way through such a network; but, considering that it was necessary to traverse the wood by passing from tree to tree, all the time keeping in their tops, it will not be wondered at that a few hundred yards of such progress was accounted a day's journey.

You must not suppose that all the party of our adventurers went even thus far. In fact, all of them remained in the Brazil-nut, except the two who had acted as explorers on the former occasion,—Richard and the Mundurucú. It would have been worse than idle for any other to have accompanied them.

It was near sunset when they returned with their report, which to Trevannion and his party seemed anything but encouraging. The explorers had penetrated through the forest, finding it flooded in every direction. Not an inch of dry land had they discovered; and the Indian knew, from certain signs well understood by him, that none was near. The rapid drift of the current, which he had observed several times during the day, was one of these indications. It could not, he declared, be running in that way, if dry land were in the vicinity. So far, therefore, as reaching the shore was concerned, they might make up their minds for a long journey; and how this was to be performed was the question of the hour.

One point the explorers had definitely determined. The igarápe terminated at their sleeping-place. There was no sign of it beyond. Instead, however, they had come upon an opening of a very different character. A vast expanse of water, without any trees, had been found, its nearest edge being the limit of their day's excursion. This open water did not extend quite to the horizon. Around it, on all sides, trees could be seen, or rather the tops of trees; for it was evident that the thicket-like bordering was but the "lop and top" of a submerged forest. On returning

to the "roost," Munday urged their going towards the open water.

"For what purpose?" inquired the patron, who failed to perceive any good reason for it. "We can't cross it, there being no sort of craft to carry us. We cannot make a raft out of these green branches, full of sap as they are. What's the use of our going that way? You say there's open water almost as far as you can see,—so much the worse, I should think."

"No, patron," replied the Indian, still addressing Trevannion as respectfully as when acting as his hired *tapuyo*. "So much the better, if you give me leave to differ with you. Our only hope is to find open water."

"Why, we have been all along coming from it. Isn't there plenty of it behind us?"

"True, patron; but it's not running in the right direction. If we launched upon it, the current would be against us. Remember, master, 'tis the *echenté*. We couldn't go that way. If we could, it would only bring us back to the river-channel, where, without some sort of a vessel, we should soon go to the bottom. Now the open Gapo we've seen to-day is landward, though the land may be a good way off. Still, by crossing it, we shall be getting nearer to firm ground, and that's something."

"By crossing it? But how?"

"We must swim across it."

"Why, you've just said that it stretches almost to the edge of the horizon. It must be ten miles or more. Do you mean to say we can swim so far?"

"What's to hinder us, master? You have the monkey-pots; they will keep you above water. If not enough for all, we can get more. Plenty of the sapucaya-trees here."

"But what would be the object of our crossing this expanse of water? You say there is no dry land on the other side: in that case, we'll be no better off than here."

"There is land on the other side, though I think not near. But we must keep on towards it, else we shall never escape from the Gapo. If we stay here, we must starve, or suffer greatly. We might search the forest for months, and not find another nesting-place of the araras, or good food of any kind. Take my advice, patron. Soon as comes the light of to-morrow, let us cross to the open water. Then you can see for yourself what is best for us to do."

As the perilous circumstances in which they were placed had altogether changed the relationship between Trevannion and his *tapuyo*, the latter being now the real "patron," of course the ex-miner willingly gave way to him in everything; and on the morning of the next day the party of adventurers forsook the Brazil-nut, and proceeded towards the open Gapo.

CHAPTER XLV.
THE JACANAS.

It will be asked how they proceeded. To swim to the open water would have been next to impossible, even with the assistance of the floats. Not only would the thick tree-trunks and drooping llianas have hindered them from making way in any direction; but there would have been nothing to guide them through the shadowy water, and they must soon lose themselves in a labyrinth of gloom. No sign of the sky could have availed them in the deep darkness below; and there were no landmarks to which to trust. The answer is, that they made their way along much as did the monkeys which had passed them the day before, only that their pace was a hundred times slower, and their exertions a thousand times more laborious. In fact, they travelled among the tree-tops, and followed the same track which their explorers had already taken, and which Munday, on his return, had taken the precaution to "blaze" by breaking a number of twigs and branches.

Their progress was of the slowest kind,—slower than the crawl of a cripple; but by dint of perseverance, and the performance of many feats in climbing and clinging and balancing, and general gymnastics, they succeeded at length in reaching the edge of the forest, and gaining a view of the wide watery expanse. It was a relief to their eyes, so long strained to no purpose amidst the shadowy foliage that had enveloped them.

"Now, Munday," asked Trevannion, as soon as he had recovered breath, after such laborious exertion, "we are here on the edge of the open water. You talk of our being able to swim across it. Tell us how."

"Just as we swam the igarápe."

"Impossible, as you've admitted it can't be less than ten miles to the other side. The tree-tops yonder are scarce discernible."

"We came nearly as far along the canoe-path."

"True; but then we had a chance to rest every few minutes, and that gave us strength to go on. It will be different if we attempt to cross this great sea, where there is no resting-place of any kind. We should be a whole day on the water, perhaps more."

"Perhaps so, patron. But remember, if we do not try to get out of the Gapo, we may be three, four, five, or six months among these tree-tops. We may get no food but a few nuts and fruits,—scarcely enough to keep us alive. We may lose strength, and be no longer able to stay among the branches; we may grow faint and fall, one

by one, into the water, to go down to the bottom of the Gapo or drop into the jaws of the jacares."

The alternative thus brought in terrible detail vividly before them produced a strong impression; and Trevannion offered no objection to any plan which the Mundurucú should propose. He only requested a fuller account of the feasibility of that now suggested,—in other words, an explanation as to how they were to swim a stretch of ten miles without stopping to rest.

Munday made no mystery of the matter. He had no other plan than that already tried with success,—the swimming-belts; only that two additional sets would now be needed,—one for himself, the other for the young Paraense. On the short passage from the sapucaya to the forest, and along the canoe-path, these bold swimmers had disdained the use of that apparatus; but in a pull of ten miles, even they must have recourse to such aid.

No farther progress was to be made on that day, as the fatigue of their arboreal journey required a long rest; and shortly after their arrival upon the edge of the forest, they set about arranging for the night, having chosen the best tree that could be found. Unfortunately, their larder was lower than it had ever been, since the going down of the galatea. Of the squab macaws there were no longer any left; and some sapucaya-nuts gathered by the way, and brought along by Munday, formed the substance of their scanty supper.

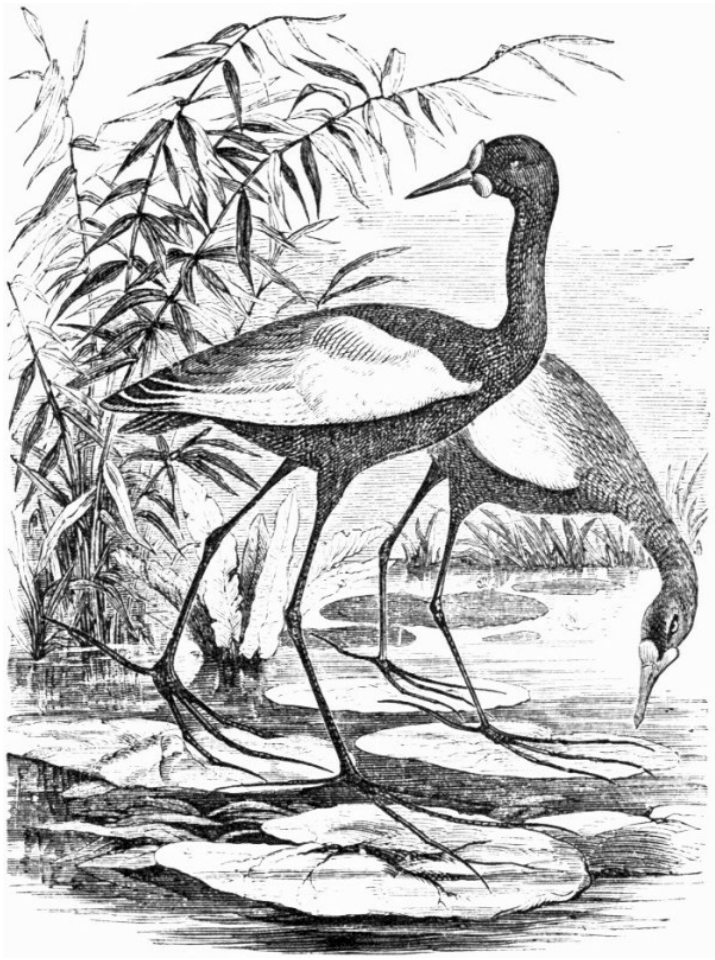
As soon as it was eaten, the Mundurucú, assisted by Richard, busied himself in manufacturing the required swimming-belts; and long before the sun disappeared behind the forest spray, everything was ready for their embarcation, which was to take place at the earliest moment of its reappearance.

As usual, there was conversation,—partly to kill time, and partly to keep off the shadows that surrounded, and ever threatened to reduce them to despair. Trevannion took pains to keep it up, and make it as cheerful as the circumstances would permit, his object being less to satisfy himself than to provide gratification for his children. At times he even attempted to jest; but generally the conversation turned upon topics suggested by the scene, when the Indian, otherwise taciturn, was expected to do the talking. The open water became the subject on this particular occasion.

"It appears like a lake," remarked the ex-miner. "I can see a line of trees or tree-tops all around it, with no signs of a break or channel."

"It is one," rejoined the *tapuyo*. "A real *lagoa*. Water in it at all seasons,—both *echenté* and *vasanté*,—only 'tis fallen now from the flood. There are no *campos* in this part of the country; and if it wasn't a lagoa, there would be trees standing out of

it. But I see a surer sign,—the *piosocas*."



The speaker pointed to two dark objects at some distance off, that had not hitherto been observed by any of the party. On more careful scrutiny, they proved to be birds,—large, but of slender shape, and bearing some resemblance to a brace of cranes or curlews. They were of dark color, rufous on the wings, with a green iridescence that glistened brightly under the beams of the setting sun.

They were near enough to enable the spectators to distinguish several peculiarities in their structure; among others a singular leathery appendage at the base of the beak, stout, spinous processes or "spurs" on the wing shoulders, very long, slender legs, and *tarsi* of immense length, radiating outward from their shank, like four pointed stars, spread horizontally on the surface of the water.

What struck the spectators, not only with surprise, but appeared unaccountable, was the fact that these birds seen upon the water were not seated as if swimming or afloat; but standing erect upon their long tarsi and toes, which apparently spread upon the surface, as if upon ice!

Stranger still, while they were being watched, both were seen to forsake their statue-like attitude, and move first toward each other, and then apart again, running

to and fro as if upon a solid footing! What could it all mean? Munday was asked for the explanation. Were they walking upon the water?

No. There was a water plant under their feet—a big lily, with a leaf several feet in diameter, that floated on the surface—sufficient to carry the weight of the biggest bird. That was what was supporting the piosocas.

On scanning the surface more carefully, they could distinguish the big lily, and its leaf, with a turned-up edge resembling the rim of a chinese gong, or a huge frying-pan. They became acquainted for the first time with that gigantic lily, which has been entitled "the Royal Victoria," and the discoverer of which was knighted for his flattery.

"'Tis the *furno de piosoca*," said Mundy, continuing his explanation. "It is called so, because, as you see, it's like the oven on which we bake our Cassava; and because it is the favorite roost of the piosoca."

By "piosoca," the Indian meant the singular *jacana* of the family *Palamedeidæ*, of which there are species both in Africa and America.

The birds had fortunately made their appearance at a crisis when the spectators required something to abstract their thoughts from the cares that encompassed them, and so much were they engrossed by the curious spectacle, that they did not perceive the *tapuyo*, as he let himself gently down into the water, and swam off under the drooping branches of the trees, pausing at a point opposite to where the piosocas were at play.

From this point they could not have perceived him, as he had dived under water, and did not come up again until the slender shanks of a jacana, enveloped in the lily's soft leaf, were clutched by his sinewy fingers, and the bird with a shrill scream was seen fluttering on the water, while its terrified mate soared shrieking into the air.

The party in the tree-tops were at first amazed. They saw a dark, round object close to the struggling jacana, that resembled the head of a human being, whose body was under water! It was not till it had come nearer, the bird still keeping it close company, that they identified the head, with its copper-colored face, now turned towards them, as belonging to their guide and companion,—Munday. A fire was soon blazing in the branches, and instead of going to sleep upon a supper of raw sapucayas, our adventurers sought repose after a hearty meal made upon roast jacana!

Mayne Reid.

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP

CHARADES.

No. 12.

Amid the balmy air of May
Came floating on the breeze
My drowsy *first*, from orchards gay
With blossom-laden trees.
But hark! the peaceful note is drowned:
Wild War's deep thunders roll,
While loud and long my *second's* sound
Awakes the patriot's soul.

Again sweet Peace returns to Earth.
From every heavenward tower
The bells call men with solemn mirth
To celebrate the hour;

But from the truths the preacher taught
His hearers turned away,
And said, my *whole* described his thought
And style of speech that day.

CLERICUS.

No. 13.

My *first* is something that children do,
And which is both healthful and pleasing too.
My *second* is used on all ships of state,
And ships that now are all out of date.
My *whole* is a plaything of noted rank,
Which is used on a green or mossy bank.

CORA LEE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.

E. D. A. U.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 18.

ENIGMAS.

No. 13.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 12, 22, 13, 23, 7, 4, 20, is a city in Michigan.
My 14, 1, 16, 21, 22, 23, 15, 24, is a cape of North America.
My 6, 19, 18, 22, is a river in Africa.
My 9, 23, 22, 22, 6, 2, 15, 6, 12, is a division of North America.
My 8, 1, 23, is a river of North Carolina.
My 6, 22, 11, 5, 10, 6, is a river of North America.
My 3, 7, 6, 12, 10, 6, is a city in England.
My whole is a true saying.

F. A. L.

NO. 14.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 7, 8, 5, 6, is what all people should be.
My 2, 8, 9, 7, is a weapon.
My 5, 12, 2, is a boy's nickname.
My 2, 1, 3, 4, 9, is to hesitate.
My 10, 8, 6, is a young horned animal.
My whole is an author whose writings I much admire.

C. R. G.

PUZZLES.

No. 7.

When whole, I am a liar;
Behead me, and I spring from fire;
Another letter take away,
And I'm what you do every day;
Another move from its position,
And you will have a preposition;
Again a letter take from me,
And a simple beverage you'll see.

H. H.

No. 8.

Complete I am an ancient weapon; behead me and I am a fruit; then curtail me and I am a little vegetable; restore my tail, and behead me again, and I am on your hand.

W. E. C.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 19.

READER.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

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

Some photographs have been enhanced to be more legible.

[The end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Vol 1, Issue 8* edited by John Townsend Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom]