OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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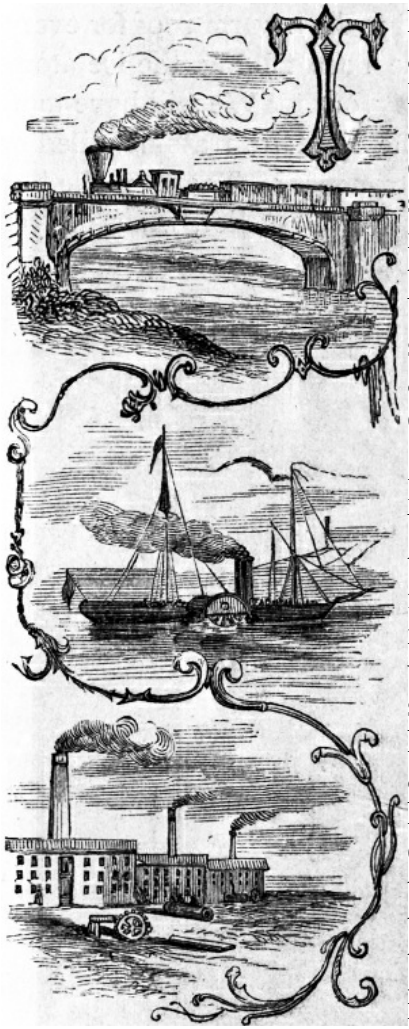
[This table of contents is added for convenience.—Transcriber.]

HARVESTING.

SECOND LECTURE ON HEAT.
BY MY LORD HIGH FIDDLESTICK.



The King, the Court, and the little traveller were assembled to hear what atoms can do. The King looked very serious. He was thinking that atoms were a bore, but that it was his duty to encourage them. The courtiers looked very serious too. They were thinking, each one, that, if he was King, he would have anybody hung that dared to talk about atoms. A table stood before the Lord High Fiddlestick. On the table stood a copper basin, filled with pounded ice and salt, and two strong bottles of iron, each closed by a screw firmly fixed in the neck.

"Your Majesty," said my Lord High Fiddlestick, taking up one of them, "these iron bottles are half an inch thick, and, as you see, they are firmly fastened at the top. They are filled with water, and I am going to place them in this pounded ice and salt, and freeze the water to show you what atoms can do. But I should like first to explain, as well as I can, how water freezes. The water is made up of atoms, or tiny particles, of vapor, which are held together, like the atoms of iron, by cohesion. But water is always much warmer than iron; and, you remember, we found out that Heat is motion; so, when I say that, I mean that the atoms of water have much more motion than the atoms of iron. The iron has so little Heat motion, that cohesion can hold its atoms tight and firm, and we call the iron hard and solid. The water atoms have so much Heat motion, that cohesion can hardly hold them in its grip, and the atoms roll over each other so loosely that we call water a liquid. I place these bottles in this ice and salt. The water atoms are chilled, and begin to huddle

together. The motion of Heat will keep the atoms apart as long as it can, but as the atoms grow colder,—that is, as they lose their heat,—they lose their motion, and press closer together, till you may say the Heat motion is gone entirely. The dancing water atoms cling together hard and stiff, and the water now takes up less room in the bottles than it did at first. Almost everything, when freezing, becomes smaller, and stays smaller till it is warmed again; but this is not the case with water, luckily for the fish; for if the ice remained smaller, it would sink to the bottom, warm water would rise, be frozen and sink in its turn, till the lake or river was frozen solid; but 'no,' say the water atoms, 'we know better! We draw together close and hard, till we freeze, and then, crack! we stretch out on every side. We grow larger and lighter, and make a warm roof for everything below.' Now, your Majesty, while I have been talking, the ice atoms in the bottles have been stretching and pressing out. 'We will have more room,' say they. 'You can't have it,' answer the rigid iron atoms, piled on each other half an inch thick. Which is the strongest? There go the bottles, broken from top to bottom! And now, Mr. Traveller, what do you think of the soft water atoms, that can break iron?"

The traveller said nothing. “Very curious,” observed his Majesty.

“Your Royal Highness,” cried my Lord High Fiddlestick, much delighted, “do you remember how two weeks ago the Pink Page forgot to turn off the water? Just what has happened now in these bottles happened then in the pipes. The water froze; the ice atoms tried to stretch themselves; the pipes would not stretch, and were broken as the bottles are. When a thaw came, it was nothing but dribble and leak all over the palace; and your Majesty will recollect that the Queen’s pink satin gown, which the Dame of the Slippers had carelessly left in the Powder Closet, was quite ruined.”

“The Pink Page deserves to be hung, and you too, since you knew all about it,” growled the King.

“Your Majesty, I should like to show you some more atom-work,” said the Lord High Fiddlestick, in a flurry.

“If flooding the palace is atom-work, I should say I had seen enough,” grumbled the King; but the Lord High Fiddlestick pretended not to hear, and took out from a refrigerator a large block of ice.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “here, as you see, is a block of ice. In front of it I place a glass, and before the glass a white screen. Here I have what is called an electric lamp. I am going to send a warm beam from this lamp through the ice, as I have not a sunbeam handy. If anything happens in the ice, it will be reflected in this glass; but this is a peculiar glass; whatever is reflected in it will be made larger, and its image cast on the screen so that you can all see it.”

“Likely story!” growled the traveller, “as if anything worth seeing could happen in that piece of ice.”

“We know,” continued the Lord High Fiddlestick, “that the ice atoms came close together, but we do not know whether they scrambled together, and are now lying head and shoulders, or came in order; but we can take down the block of ice, and find of what it is built, as we could take down a house. I send a beam through the ice. The light passes through. But there was Heat in the beam. He has found work to do, and he stays among the ice atoms. He is going from atom to atom, and urging them apart. They are all in motion, and the solid block is coming down in water,—melting, as you would say. We are taking down the ice now; look on the screen!”

The King and the courtiers looked. “Oh! la!” screamed everybody. The sour little traveller had determined not to look; but he was so curious to know why everybody cried Oh! la! that he could not help turning his head, and what he saw is shown upon the next page.

“Very fine,” remarked the King; “but handsome is that handsome does! I should think better of these stars and sprays if they had not flooded my palace.”

My Lord High Fiddlestick knew better than to remind the King, that, if the

Pink Page had been as orderly as the ice atoms, the palace would not have been flooded. Instead, he brought out a little furnace filled with live coals, on which stood a tea-kettle, filled with boiling water.

“Your Majesty has seen,” he said, “that water atoms can break iron, and are, in fact, ‘giants in disguise.’ We have seen, also, that they are orderly giants, and, at the word of command, fall into stars and sprays, as the soldiers of your Majesty’s regiments fall into line. Now we have the water atoms and our old friend Heat here in this furnace. He is at his usual work,—fighting with cohesion, and pushing the water atoms apart. Cohesion presses down with all its weight, but Heat is quite strong enough to lift it. Then the water atoms spring apart in fine steam particles. The water needs now much more room than it did in the beginning. The water atoms are greatly heated, that is, they are in furious motion, and are stretching and pushing for more room; and once more we see here that Heat is Force. This water, which would yield to the finger when cold, is now strong. It whirls, and spins, and presses so hard, that, if there were no spout through which it could escape, and the cover of the kettle were fitted tight, it would burst the kettle. These atoms, your Majesty, will push and drag tons. They will saw, and grind, and punch, and plane stone and iron. They—”

“Yes,” cut in the traveller, “but what could your wonderful water atoms do without the fire?”

“Just so,” answered my Lord High Fiddlestick with a benevolent smile. “Just what I was coming at. We can hear now the roaring of the wheels and hammers in his Majesty’s iron-mill near by. What is making that noise? Force, you say. He is twisting, and turning, and rolling, and pounding iron, and every time he turns a wheel, or brings down a hammer, he dies, ‘poor fellow!’ So we go there to mourn over him, and we find, as I said before, Heat in the wheels, and in the instruments with which Force worked, and in all the places where he has been. You know that Force can take more shapes than one, and you begin to suspect, since Heat always comes where Force disappears, that Heat is only one of his shapes. You ask, ‘Why, where did Force come from?’ ‘From the steam,’ says somebody. But what is steam? Why, water atoms, pulled apart from each other, and set in violent motion. But why does this water not keep still, like other water? Because it is heated. Getting heat is getting motion.

“But all this motion and strength of the wheels comes from the motion of the water, and all this strength and motion of the water comes from the heat of the fire! Yes. Why, then, all this force comes from Heat! and, Mr. Traveller, your friend Force only gave you one of his names. His proper name is Heat, Motion, Heat; and when he has done his work, he does not die, but only slips back into his old shape of Heat again.”

“My Lord,” exclaimed the King, waking suddenly from a nap, “I am delighted! I have learned a great deal; but it is always necessary to think of what we learn, or our ideas will be jumbled in our brains, like fruit in a

pudding.”

So the King and the courtiers went away, stretching and yawning, to think over what they had learned from the Lord High Fiddlestick.

Louise E. Chollet.

THE PETERKINS AT THE MENAGERIE.

It was a sad blow to the Peterkin family when they found Solomon John had nothing to say in the book which he tried once to write.

"I think it must happen often," said Elizabeth Eliza; "for everybody does not write a book, and this must be the reason."

"It is singular," said Mr. Peterkin. "To be wise enough to write a book, one must read books; and yet how can we read them until somebody is wise enough to write them?"

But nobody answered Mr. Peterkin.

"We ought to see more things," said Solomon John.

"We ought to go to the menagerie," said the little boys.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin, "we might learn something at the menagerie."

"There is a giraffe at the menagerie," said the little boys.

"Well, my sons," said Mr. Peterkin, leaving the breakfast-table, "let every one learn something about the giraffe this morning, and we will go and see him in the afternoon!"

So the family all separated, and spent their morning trying to learn about the giraffe.

Mrs. Peterkin sat and thought. Agamemnon borrowed a book. And the rest went out and asked questions.

In the afternoon, all the family came together in the entry, ready to go to the menagerie,—the little boys in their india-rubber boots.

"The giraffe," said Mr. Peterkin, "is the same as the camelopard. Can any one tell me more about him?"

"The camel is sometimes called the ship of the desert," said one of the little boys.

"But this is the camelopard," interrupted Solomon John; "it is quite a different thing."

"Let Agamemnon speak first," said Mr. Peterkin; "he was a week in college, and ought to know."

"The fore legs of the camelopard," began Agamemnon, "are much longer than the hinder, which are very short."

"It must look like a rabbit," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Yes, mamma," they all said.

“But, then,” said Solomon John, “I think the *fore* legs of the rabbit are short, and the hinder ones long.”

“We can easily see,” said Mr. Peterkin; “we can go and look at our own rabbits.”

“Yes,” cried the little boys, “let us all go and see our rabbits.”

So they went to the rabbit-hutch, at the very end of the garden,—Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John and the little boys in their india-rubber boots.

“You are right,” said Mrs. Peterkin, “their hind legs are long. How very singular an animal must look made the other way!”

On the way back through the garden, Mr. Peterkin asked some more about the camelopard, or giraffe.

“The French call it the giraffe,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

“Let us call it the giraffe, then,” said Mr. Peterkin; “then we shall learn a little French; and, to be wise, it is best to learn all we can.”

“It feeds on the leaves of trees,” said Solomon John. “It is tall enough to crop them.”

Mrs. Peterkin stopped, and exclaimed, “An animal like a rabbit turned the other way, tall enough to feed on the leaves of trees! Solomon John, you must be mistaken!”

“The trees in that country,” said Elizabeth Eliza, “are not so high, perhaps.”

“Do let us go and see,” cried the little boys, impatiently.

“Well,” said Mr. Peterkin, “perhaps we had better not wait any longer.”

They all went out into the street, and walked along in a row,—Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John and the little boys.

It might have made people stare, but all the other families in the village were on their way to the menagerie, which was open for the first time that afternoon.

The little boys would have liked to stop outside to see the picture of the Two-Headed Woman, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin hurried them in.

There was a great crowd inside the tent, and Elizabeth Eliza thought she heard some bears roar. The little boys stopped the first thing to look at the monkeys.

“Papa,” they asked, “do not monkeys usually have grinding organs?”

“I have seen them with grinding organs in the streets,” said Mr. Peterkin, “but I should not expect it in a menagerie.”

Mrs. Peterkin passed on to the ostrich.

“Is this the geeraffe?” she asked of the keeper.

The family hurried her on. “That is the ostrich; don’t you see it is a bird?” said Agamemnon.

“Let us stop and look at it,” said Mr. Peterkin.

“It does look like a camel, ma’am,” said the keeper, “and, like the camel, it inhabits the desert. It will eat leather, grass, hair, iron, stones, or anything that is given, and its large eggs weigh over fifteen pounds.”

“Dear me, how useful!” said Mrs. Peterkin; “I think we might keep one to eat up the broken crockery, and one egg would last for a week; and what a treasure to have at Thanksgiving!”

But there were so many things to look at, the Peterkins had very little chance to talk or to ask questions.

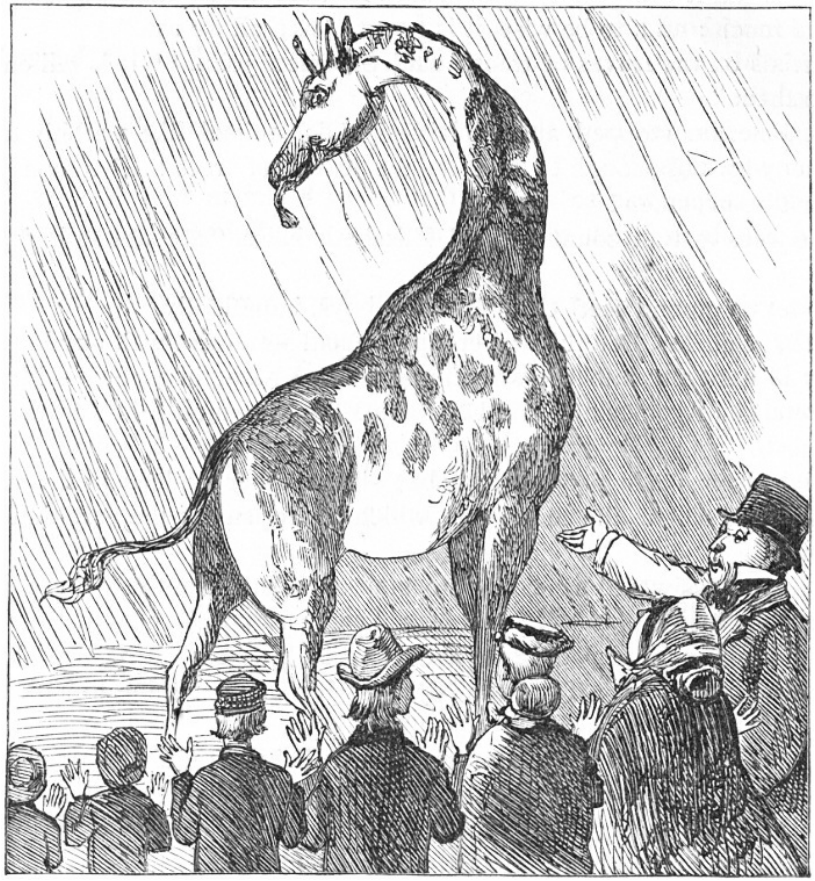
There was a polar bear, walking up and down his cage, as if he were looking for the North Pole.

Then there were some porcupines with orange-colored teeth, and some owls whose eyes were very large and round.

“I should like an owl,” said Mr. Peterkin to his wife; “they look very wise.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Peterkin, “*their* wisdom must come from looking at things, their eyes are so very large.”

So she opened her eyes wide, and went and looked at a jaguar.



They soon came to the giraffe. “It is a tall animal,” exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin; “do they have many of them in the country this comes from?” she asked of the keeper.

“Half of him is a ‘ship of the desert,’ ” cried one of the little boys, “the other half is a leopard.”

But no one paid any attention to what he said.

“It must be hard to ride him,” said Solomon John, “there is such a slope from his head to his tail.”

“He is quite different from a rabbit,” said Mrs. Peterkin; “there is such a difference in the length of the legs, and this animal is very much taller than a rabbit.”

One of the little boys thought he should like to have a giraffe by a cherry-tree, then he could coast down his back when he wanted to come down the tree.

The Peterkins stayed at the menagerie till it was quite dark, wandering

round, and asking questions, and wondering at the strange animals they saw.

At last, when they were outside the tent again, they counted up the children, and found the little boys were missing.

“They must have stayed in with the monkeys,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

They all turned back to look for them; but the doorkeeper would not let them go in without paying again.

To this Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin objected, and Mrs. Peterkin begged and entreated the doorkeeper to let her in; how hard-hearted he was!

“Suppose his little boys should be left as food for lions,” she cried. “Had not he any feelings?”

The doorkeeper was so moved, that at last he let in Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, and Elizabeth Eliza, while Agamemnon and Solomon John waited outside.

But in vain they looked round; no little boys were found. Mrs. Peterkin stopped a long time in front of the tiger’s cage; the tiger looked quite wicked enough to have eaten the little boys, but the keeper explained to her that they could not have got in between the wires, even if they had tried.

Elizabeth Eliza looked closely among the monkeys, but could not find the little boys; she could have told them by their india-rubber boots.

A number of stray little boys were brought to Mrs. Peterkin, but they were not the right ones.

The crowd was growing less, so it could be easily seen the little boys were not there, and they went sadly out.

Solomon John then suggested that perhaps they had gone in to see the Two-Headed Woman, so his father gave him a ticket to go in and see. He saw the Two-Headed Woman, but no little boys.

Mrs. Peterkin was filled with the blackest fears, and wanted to sit down and cry; but the postmaster and his daughter came along, and the daughter advised Mrs. Peterkin to go home; she thought they might find them there, and she agreed to go home with her and Elizabeth Eliza. Meanwhile the postmaster and Mr. Peterkin were to walk round the enclosure in one direction, and Agamemnon and Solomon John in another direction, and two policemen were to pass through the middle.

This was done, and all the parties met in a place behind the tent of the Two-Headed Woman. And just there, sitting on a log, were the two little boys, each eating AN APPLE TART!

Lucretia P. Hale.

CORN HARVEST.

The fields are filled with a smoky haze.
The golden spears
Of the ripening ears
Peep from the crested and pennoned maize.
All down the rustling rows are rolled
The portly pumpkins, green and gold.
Altogether
’Tis very fine weather,
Just as the almanac foretold.

In early summer the brigand crow
Made ruthless raids
On the sprouting blades;
The weeds fought long with the farmer’s hoe;
And the raccoons and squirrels have had their share
Of all but the good man’s toil and care:
The shy field-mouse
Has filled her house,
And the blackbirds are flocking from no one knows where.

But now his time has come: hurrah!
To the field, lads! to-day
Our work will be play.
Let the blackbirds scream, and the mad crows caw,
And the squirrels scold on the wild-cherry limb,—
We’ll take from the robbers that took from him!
Come along, one and all, boys!
Big boys and small boys,
Long-armed Amos, and Joel, and Jim!

Bring sickles to reap, or blades to strike.
Before they have lost
In sun and frost
The nourishing juices the cattle like,
Sucker and stalk must be cut from the hill;

Surround them, and bend them, then hit with a will!
Left standing too long,
They grow woody and strong;
The corn in the stook will ripen still.

Carry your stroke, lads, close to the ground.
Set the stalks upright,
And pack them tight
In pyramids shapely, and stately, and round.
Give the old lady's skirts a genteel spread;
Slope well the shoulders, so as to shed
The autumn rain
From the unhusked grain,
Then twist a wisp for the queer little head.

There she is, waiting to be embraced!
Reach round her who can?
'Twill take a man
And a boy, at least, to clasp her waist!
Was ever a hug like that? Now draw
Tightly the girdle of good oat-straw!
With the plumpest waist
That ever was laced,
Goes the narrowest nightcap ever you saw.

We bind the corn, and leave it snug,
Or rest in the shade
Of the shocks we have made,
To eat our luncheon, and drink from the jug.
The children come bringing the bands, or play
Hide-and-go-seek in the corn all day,
And now and then race
With a chipmonk, or chase
A scared little field-mouse scampering away.

All day we cut and bind; till at night,—
Where a field of corn in
The misty morning
Waved, in the level September light,—
All over the shadowy stubble-land,
The stooks, like Indian wigwams, stand.
Compact and secure

Compact and secure;
There leave them to cure,
Till the merry husking-time is at hand.

Then the fodder will be to stack or to house,
And the ears to husk.
But now the dusk
Falls soft as the shadows of cool pine-boughs;
Our good day's work is done; the night
Brings wholesome fatigue and appetite;
Up comes the balloon
Of the huge red moon,
And home we go, singing gay songs by its light.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE WHITE HOODS OF GHENT.

The pressure of the feudal system, which bore heavily upon all classes in the Middle Ages, crushed even the semblance of liberty out of the common people. The peasant was the bond-slave of the gentleman, compelled to plough the lands, harvest the crops, thrash and winnow the grain, and do other menial service for his master, with no other reward than the right to live on the estate from which he dared not escape. The noble treated the peasant as a mere beast, deserving no reward for service done, and to be beaten or robbed with impunity.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the dissatisfaction of the peasantry with their oppressed condition found vent in murmuring, and at length in open rebellion. Ballads were sung by the people, one of which asked, —

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who then was the gentleman?"

John Ball, an English priest, preached every Sunday to crowds in the open air that slavery was wrong, and that the people should unite to free themselves from bondage. His words were repeated from mouth to mouth all over England, until, under the lead of John Ball, Jack Straw, and Wat Tyler, they rose in rebellion, marched to London, and overawed the King himself; but, discouraged and dispersed by the death of their principal leader, they were made to suffer still greater hardships as a punishment for their rash attempt to gain freedom.

In France, not only the peasantry, but the citizens of Paris, rose in rebellion against the cruelties and exactions of the King and nobles. Several times the Jacquerie, as the rebels were derisively styled, revolted, and sought to exterminate the nobles, but always without success.

In Flanders, the revolt was more successful, because not only the poor people and the ordinary citizens, but the richer burghers, took part in the struggle against the nobility. Here the contest was carried on for many years, and although at last the citizens failed to subdue the nobility, they succeeded in wresting from them important privileges which were never after surrendered.

The chief cities of Flanders were Ghent and Bruges, both places of much trade and consequent wealth. Under the feudal system, cities were allowed especial privileges, which were jealously maintained by the citizens. With their

increasing wealth and importance, additional privileges were claimed, and sometimes allowed. The people of Ghent had manifested such tendency towards complete freedom, that their sovereign, the Earl of Flanders, deemed it prudent to check them. He not only refused their demands for greater privileges, but trespassed on those they had long enjoyed. They remonstrated, but their remonstrances met with contemptuous answers, and those who complained were treated with great harshness. Alarmed at the disposition of their sovereign, and discovering the steps he had already taken for striking a blow, not only at their freedom, but at their commerce, the Ghentese gathered in council, resolved to withstand the aggressions on their privileges, assumed white hoods as a badge of union, and chose a leader. The Earl thereupon sent an insulting message, demanding that the white hoods should be laid aside, and the people cease their opposition to his pleasure,—following his message by an attempt to seize and kill the popular leaders. The White Hoods, learning his intention, at once commenced war. The surrounding nobility, indignant at this defiance of one of their order by the common people, assisted the Earl, whilst the citizens of some other towns joined the Ghentese. Thus the peasantry of England, the commonalty of France, and the merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics of Flanders, were at one and the same time warring against their sovereigns and feudal superiors. Nobles had frequently warred against their sovereigns, but at last the hitherto despised or unthought-of common people had risen against both kings and nobles.

Long and tedious was the struggle between the Flemish people and their lords, and varying the course of victory. But at last the well-appointed forces of the nobles, trained in the art of war, pressed the unskilled citizens sorely, and town after town was subdued, until Ghent alone remained unconquered. Even the Ghentese were discouraged. The White Hoods held a last council in the market-place, to decide whether to carry on the war, or submit to the cruel mercies of the Earl.

Whilst the great council of the people was holding in the market-place, in a modest house in a quiet quarter of the city a young man was pacing thoughtfully to and fro. The book he had been studying lay open on the massive table, at one end of which sat a venerable woman, anxiously watching the young man’s movements. The two were Philip van Artevelde and his mother,—the son and widow of that Van Artevelde who, many years before, had led the Ghentese against their tyrannical ruler, won freedom, and been murdered by the men to whom he had given liberty.

“Son, much study disquiets thee,” said the mother, laying her hand on the book. “What hast thou been reading?”

“It is not that, mother,” said Philip, stopping suddenly, and looking anxiously towards the window. “Hark! dost thou hear nothing?”

"Not a sound. What should I hear?"

"Listen, mother. The people of Ghent have been driven within their walls by the cruel Louis. The White Hoods are beaten and discouraged. The Earl swears a cruel vengeance on them,—on us all. The people meet to-day in the market-place—Hark! Surely I heard a shout. Should they remember what Jacob van Artevelde did for them—"

"Let them remember what they did for *him*," broke in the widow, her face darkening with the recollection. "He gave them freedom, and for it they slew him in his own house. There is the token of their gratitude on his own hearthstone."

Philip glanced at a dark stain on the paved floor, and took two or three turns across the room, with bent head and folded arms. Stopping in front of the wall on which hung the heavy sword of Jacob van Artevelde, Philip contemplated it thoughtfully. "Peter den Bosch—" he commenced with hesitation.

"Ay, I thought his mission here boded no good. He has put an end to thy studies and to my quiet life. Their ingratitude reft me of a husband, and now they seek the life of my son."

"But Louis of Flanders will visit the deeds of the father upon the head of his son. Should he, proud and cruel, enter Ghent, there will be another stain upon the hearthstone."

At that moment came a knock at the door. Philip hastened to open it, and Peter den Bosch, followed by a dozen of the leading men of Ghent, entered. Philip drew back, pale, agitated, and anxiously awaiting their message. It was soon told. At the meeting in the market-place, when all was doubt and discouragement, Peter den Bosch addressed the people. After recounting the many public services, and praising the valor and wisdom, of Jacob van Artevelde, who, were he then alive, would have saved the city, he announced that the son of their former leader dwelt in retirement among them, that he inherited the wisdom and valor of his father, and that to him alone could the people look for the needed leader. No sooner was his name announced, than all the people set up a great shout. A deputation, headed by Peter den Bosch, was appointed to seek him out, and offer him the government of the city. In the execution of that commission they had come.

With glistening eyes, Philip advanced to accept the trust offered him, when his foot stepped on the slab stained with his father's blood. He drew back in sudden distrust.

"My father was your leader,—and you killed him."

"And, to make amends, we offer the leadership to his son," said Peter den Bosch.

"And I accept it!" said Van Artevelde, taking down his father's sword from

the wall. “Mother, I go to save Ghent in my father’s name.”

“And, I fear, to meet thy father’s fate. But the will of God be done. All I have is now given to my country, and my work on earth is done.”

Philip hastily embraced his mother, and accompanied the committee to the market-place. Thither most of the people had flocked, and were anxiously awaiting the return of the deputies. At last they appeared at a window of the town hall, followed by a young man who was presented to the people as Philip van Artevelde, son of the good Jacob, who was, like his father, to be the deliverer of Ghent. A tremendous shout arose from the crowd. With one voice they cried, “Give us Van Artevelde for our leader!” Then one by one the great men of the city swore submission to their new ruler. With a tremendous shout, the people also swore to obey him faithfully. Then the crowd slowly returned to their homes, having full faith that relief would now come through the wisdom and valor of their new ruler.

Scarcely had Philip become governor of the city, and assumed command of the White Hoods, when stirring news came. The Earl of Flanders had summoned a great army, and was marching to besiege his rebellious subjects. Some of the Earl’s troops, under command of the Lord d’Anghien, had attacked the small town of Grammont, burned it, and put its inhabitants to the sword, sparing neither men, women, nor children. When news of this dreadful slaughter came to Ghent, there was great wrath. A party of White Hoods set out to revenge the massacre of Grammont. Their work was done sooner than expected. The Lord d’Anghien and a large party of knights were met on their way to another expedition like that against Grammont, and, being outnumbered by the White Hoods, were slaughtered without mercy,—very few, and those mostly of the commoner sort, escaping. The Earl was fearfully enraged on hearing of the disaster, for d’Anghien was his favorite knight. He swore a terrible vengeance, and lost no time in preparing to put his threat into execution. Orders were issued to all the neighboring cities and provinces, that there should be no more trade with Ghent, nor should it be supplied with provisions. Thus famine at last entered the city, and from every house went up a cry of distress. The people were starving to death.

Philip van Artevelde was in the great hall of the Earl's palace, which had been given him for a residence. Peter den Bosch and other leaders of the White Hoods were seated at one end of the hall, talking in a low voice. Philip paced up and down in deep thought. From without came loud and confused noises as of a great and turbulent crowd. Philip went to the window and looked out. The narrow street was thronged with people, thin, hollow-eyed, starving. When they saw him, they raised a shrill, despairing cry for bread: "Give us bread, or we die!"

Sick at heart, Philip turned from the window. After a few hasty steps up and down the hall, he went up to the council, who were discussing in low tones what should be done, and broke in upon their conference. His voice was harsh, as if the words were wrung from him with pain.

"Debate is useless. There is but one way, and that is submission. I go to

beg the Earl's mercy for these poor wretches. What is to be my fate I care not, so that the starving people obtain pardon and bread."

The council rose in dismay. Peter den Bosch stepped in the way of Philip, who was leaving the hall.

"Philip van Artevelde, art thou mad? Is it thus a Van Artevelde abandons the people who set him over them? What mercy dost thou expect from Louis of Flanders, other than the wolf's mercy to the sheep?"

"I ask no mercy for myself, so that he shows mercy to these people, whose piteous cries pierce my soul."

"Listen," said an aged citizen who had taken part in the council; "the words of Van Artevelde are good, but there is a better course yet to pursue. Let ten or twelve of us, known leaders of the people, seek out the Earl, and submit to his mercy, so that he pardon the people of Ghent. But let him swear he will shed no blood, neither of us nor of them, his vengeance being satisfied with our banishment and the seizure of our goods."

To this there was immediate agreement by all but Peter den Bosch, who swore never to place his head within the power of the cruel Louis.

Small preparation was needed for the journey. In a short space, Philip and eleven others set out for Tournay, where they expected to meet the Earl. As they passed through the market-place, all the people of the city gathered to bid them God-speed, having heard of their intended errand. Philip mounted the steps of the town hall to speak to them, when with one accord the multitude fell on their knees, and, raising their emaciated hands in supplication, begged him to bring them back peace, cost what it would. Then Philip, choking with tears at their sad condition, promised that if peace could be had with safety and honor to them, it should be gained, though he himself never saw them more. So, with the prayers and cries of a starving people ringing in their ears, the twelve deputies set out for Tournay, to beg mercy of the pitiless Earl.

It was near the festival of Easter when the deputies set out for Tournay. Easter week passed without a word of tidings reaching the distressed city. Gloomy enough was that time, usually so full of joy and pleasure. The churches were not decorated, and, to the thousands who crowded them to beg that mercy from God which was denied by men, the hymns of gladness pertaining to the season seemed but a mockery. Other days rolled by, still no tidings. At last, at dusk, when the gates of the city were about to be closed, twelve horsemen rode slowly into the gate leading towards Tournay, and immediately separated, each taking the way leading to his own home. One of these was recognized as Philip van Artevelde. A crowd gathered, hailing him with joy, and begging him for the glad news of peace. But he rode silently on, his head dropped on his breast, his hood pulled low down to his eyes. Fear fell upon the hearts of the people as they followed him, with dread of the message

he brought, to his door. There he dismounted, and, before entering the house, turned gloomily to the people.

"Get you to your homes," said he, in a voice that struck a chill of fear to their hearts, "and may God preserve you from harm! To-morrow morning at nine o'clock, in the market-place, you shall know all."

Then, again dropping his head dejectedly, he entered the house. The crowd, sorrowful and full of dread, dispersed to their homes.

Little was the sleep taken in Ghent that night. Before the sun had risen, the whole population was astir, and crowding towards the market-place. Very feebly most of them went, leaning on their sticks; for, so scarce was food, that over thirty thousand had tasted no bread for a fortnight, and in many houses lay the bodies of those who had died of hunger. None that could come or be carried to the market-place remained in their houses that morning. Those that were but lately stout, stalwart men tottered slowly along, clinging to the walls to save themselves from being pushed down. Famished mothers hugged emaciated babies to their bosoms, and hurried to hear their doom. Some, too weak to walk, were borne on pallets to the meeting-place; of these, some died before the appointed hour for the meeting had come. Among the others came a woman clad in deepest black,—a gray-haired woman, bent with age and sorrow. It was the widow of Jacob van Artevelde. She had given her all to support the poor in her neighborhood, and now, famished as the others, and full of anxiety for her son, had come to hear his fate and that of the city.

It was a silent, dejected crowd that thronged the market-place. The news of Philip's gloomy return had rapidly spread, and the worst was anticipated. What could be worse than starving to death it was hard to conceive, and that fate seemed inevitable. The eagerness of curiosity that had brought them there was fast giving place to the lethargy of despair.

The great bell began to toll. The hour had come. A high window in the town hall opened, and out on the broad sill stepped Philip van Artevelde, clad in complete armor. The leaders of the White Hoods, and the deputies who had gone with him to Tournay, gathered in the window behind him.

Not a shout or cry greeted their chief as he looked sadly upon the thousands of ghastly faces turned towards his. There was a silence as of death in all that vast crowd. Not a motion, save that one old and bowed woman, clad in deepest black, clasped her withered hands, and sank to her knees with a heart-broken sob. She knew, with the first glance at her son's face, that all was lost.

Slowly, painfully, Philip told his story. He and his fellow-deputies had gone to Tournay, but the Earl refused to see them, and remained in Bruges. Great nobles, moved with pity at the dreadful sufferings of the Ghentese, pleaded with the Earl in their behalf, but to no purpose. At length, after many

weary days of waiting, came the cruel answer. All the men in Ghent, between the ages of fifteen and sixty, bareheaded, barefooted, naked to their shirts, and with halters around their necks, should come out of the city six miles to a plain. There, kneeling on the bare ground, they should place themselves at the mercy of the Earl, to be killed or pardoned as it pleased him. So bitter was his hatred, that small indeed were the hopes of pardon for the greater number.

Piteous was the distress of the people, when the dreadful message was delivered. Men, women, and children clung to each other, bewailing with tears their husbands, fathers, brothers, and neighbors. No such sorrow had been seen in Ghent since it was a city. Philip himself was so moved that for some minutes he could not speak to the people. At last he commanded silence. He told them a decision must be made, and that quickly. One of three things must be done. Either close the gates securely, go into the churches, confess their sins, and die of starvation, like martyrs abandoned of men but resting themselves in God's mercy; or submit to the hard conditions of the Earl, trusting to his forgiveness, but prepared to meet a shameful death; or hastily choose out five or six thousand men to march suddenly upon the Earl at Bruges, either to win relief for Ghent or to meet honorable death. Those nearest him asked what was his advice, for into his hands they placed themselves, having no hope elsewhere.

Instantly Philip's face lighted up with enthusiasm. Drawing his sword, he lifted it in the sight of all the multitude, in a few ringing words spurring them on to a last glorious attempt for life and freedom. The flash of his blade kindled the enthusiasm of the people into flame. A thousand swords were drawn in answer. Even the old men, tottering with age and famine, waved their sticks and crutches. Women pressed their children convulsively to their bosoms, thinking of the possible victory that should bring them bread. The meeting broke up in haste, every one hurrying home to prepare for the march that was to take place on the morrow.

Never had army set forth to seek battle like that which on May-day, 1382, left the city of Ghent and took the road to Bruges. Five thousand gaunt, haggard men, so weak with long-continued hunger that they tottered under the light armor they wore, and scarce had strength to wield their heavy weapons. Two days must pass before they could expect to give battle, and for the support of five thousand men during those two days, they had but seven cart-loads of provision,—five being of bread and two of wine. Even this scanty supply seriously diminished the store that was to provision the city until their return.

Those who were left behind were more miserable and hunger-stricken than they who set forth, for all capable of bearing arms and of marching had been taken. Wretched objects were they who lined the streets, feebly waving a farewell to their scarcely less wretched friends who were setting forth to battle.

“Good friends,” said one of the leaders of those left behind to Philip and his comrades, “you see what you leave behind; but never think of returning, unless you can do so with honor, for you will find nothing here. The moment we hear of your defeat or death we will set fire to the town, and perish in the flames, like men in despair.”

Thus with death from hunger behind, and death in battle menacing them in front, marched out of Ghent the miserable five thousand. The heavy gates shut with a clang as the last White Hood passed out. The people within the walls betook them to the churches to pray for victory and deliverance.

It was on a Thursday that the White Hoods set out for Bruges. That night they encamped after about three miles’ march. On Friday, they marched all day, and in the evening encamped within three or four miles of Bruges. During the whole time they touched no part of their slender store of provisions, staying their hunger as best they might with such few supplies as they could pick up on the way.

Saturday morning broke clear and bright. It was the festival of the Holy Cross, and the people of Bruges, with the Earl Louis and his army, who were in the city, prepared to celebrate it with great pomp and splendor. The churches were filled. The services were made more than usually imposing by the magnificent vestments of the priests and the costly decorations of the altars, which fairly blazed with gold and gems. Long processions with golden crosses and silk banners marched through the streets. In the midst of all this pageantry came news that the half-starved White Hoods of Ghent were within a few miles of the city, preferring to be killed in battle rather than to die at home of hunger. The Bruges men were filled with merriment at the thought of these starvelings marching upon them. No sooner were the church services over, than they armed themselves hastily to rush upon and slaughter the small and weak band who had come out to seek death. Earl Louis and his knights rode with them; the whole army numbering over forty thousand men, well armed and well fed. The Ghent army numbered but five thousand, enfeebled by long fasting and by their weary march.

There was but little rejoicing among the White Hoods when the sun rose that morning. They were weak, weary, and hungry. Every minute they expected to see the Bruges army marching upon them. Badly conditioned as they were, they remembered it was a festival day. With the first light, religious services were held throughout the camp. Sermons were preached by the monks, encouraging the men to bravery and resolution; after which the White Hoods embraced, taking leave of one another as men who parted never to meet again. Many were the tears shed as they thought of those left miserably at home. After the services were over, they gathered around a small hill, where Philip addressed them, recounting the causes of the war, the many evils

suffered at the hands of the Earl, and the distress brought upon them through his hard-hearted rejection of their appeals for mercy. He told them defeat was death to themselves, and worse misery to their wives and children than what they now endured. Then he bade them divide the provisions so carefully preserved, and to spare none; for if they lost the battle, there would be no occasion for eating, and if they won it, there would be food enough for themselves and for all Ghent.

The bread and wine were soon divided and eaten. Then the White Hoods waited patiently the coming of the army from Bruges, which they judged would not wait long before attacking them. Soon they were seen coming,—a mighty host, eight times their number, the citizens first with bows, swords, sharp-pointed staves, or short spears, and with rude cannon, which they fired upon the Ghentese as they advanced. Behind the first body of Bruges men came the Earl, with his knights and men-at-arms, in complete armor, with banners displayed, and the bright points of their long spears glancing in the sun. But the sun which glittered on their spears also shone full in the faces of the Bruges men, greatly discommoding them, as their eyes were dazzled.

When this powerful army neared the position of the Ghentese, the latter suddenly fired all their cannon, and with loud shouts of "Ghent! Ghent!" rushed fiercely upon their enemies, striking desperate blows. A panic seized the men of Bruges. Instead of fighting, they dropped their swords and staves, running in terror in all directions. In a few minutes the whole forty thousand were fleeing in confusion, treading one another underfoot in their hurry to escape, whilst the White Hoods knocked them down right and left, without getting a blow in return. Right into the gates of Bruges the victors pursued their enemies, and through the streets they hunted them. The Earl, who escaped only by changing clothes with his servant, and stealthily creeping through the narrow streets in the darkness, secreted himself in the straw under the roof of a poor widow's little cottage, where he remained until, with the assistance of a friend, he got away from the city.

That night, in the middle of the market-place of Bruges, which was lighted up with hundreds of torches, Philip van Artevelde issued his orders as ruler of the two chief cities of Flanders. That night the men of Ghent feasted as they had not done for long weeks before. Next morning, with the first light, messengers on fleet horses were despatched to Ghent, announcing that immense stores of provisions were on the way to relieve their distress. Soon the bells of that city were joyfully ringing, the churches were filled with people weeping for joy at their deliverance, and then crowds went out in procession to meet the long trains of carts loaded with food and wine. In a few days the news of the victory had travelled far and wide, so that all Flanders, France, and even sea-girt England, were ringing with the great deeds of the WHITE HOODS OF

GHENT.

J. H. A. Bone.

AUTUMN.

The earth is turning brown, dear,
The earth is turning brown;
The birds, full-grown, have already flown,
And the leaves are whirling down.
There's no green grass in the lane, child,
There are no red berries in the wood;
The world is no longer at Spring, child,
It has chosen another mood.

There's not a nest but hangs confessed
Empty and quite forlorn;
The frogs have forgotten the score of June,
The crickets have come and gone;
Rose-trees that bloomed in the summer noon
Have nothing left but a thorn.

Yet think you Nature loves not as well
Her season of dumb repose?
Think you she misses the bluebird's swell,
The robin's trill, the thrush's thrill,
Or even the fragrant rose?
I trow she knows that the drifting snows
Are good for the dreaming flowers;
That Spring doth borrow a hint from the sorrow
Of these bare, brown Autumn hours.

Whether the earth be brown, child,
Whether the sky be blue,
Whether the roses be plenty,
Or whether the lilies be few,
There's always work in the vineyard,
Waiting for me as for you.
Then let us smile in the Autumn,
Let us be glad in the Spring,
Knowing the final rejoicing
Depends on the sheaves that we bring.

Mary N. Prescott.

THE TALK OF THE TREES THAT STAND IN THE VILLAGE STREET.

How still it is!—nobody in the village street; the children all at school, and the very dogs sleeping lazily in the sunshine; only a south wind blows lightly through the trees, lifting the great fans of the horse-chestnut, tossing the slight branches of the elm against the sky, like single feathers of a great plume, and swinging out fragrance from the heavy-hanging linden-blossoms.

Through the silence there is a little murmur, like a low song; it is the song of the trees; each has its own voice, which may be known from all others by the ear that has learned how to listen.

The topmost branches of the elm are talking of the sky,—of those highest white clouds that float like tresses of silver hair in the far blue,—of the sunrise gold and the rose-color of sunset, that always rest upon them most lovingly. But down deep in the heart of the great branches, you may hear something quite different, and not less sweet.

"Peep under my leaves," sings the elm-tree, "out at the ends of my broadest branches. What hangs there so soft and gray? Who comes with a flash of wings and gleam of golden breast among the dark leaves, and sits above the gray hanging nest to sing his full sweet tune? Who worked there together so happily all the May-time, with gray honeysuckle fibres, twining the little nest, until there it hung securely over the road, bound and tied and woven firmly to the slender twigs,—so slender, that the squirrels even cannot creep down for the eggs, much less can Jack or Neddy, who are so fond of bird's-nesting, ever hope to reach the home of our golden robin?

"There my leaves shelter him like a roof from rain and from sunshine. I rock the cradle when the father and mother are away, and the little ones cry, and in my softest tone I sing to them; yet they are never quite satisfied with me, but beat their wings, and stretch out their heads, and cannot be happy until they hear their father.

"The squirrel, who lives in the hole where the two great branches part, hears what I say, and curls up his tail, while he turns his bright eyes towards the swinging nest which he can never reach."

The fanning wind wafts across the road the voice of the old horse-chestnut, who also has a word to say about the bird's-nests.

"When my blossoms were fresh white pyramids, came a swift flutter of

wings about them one day, and a dazzlingly beautiful little bird thrust his long, delicate bill among the flowers; and while he held himself there in the air, without touching his tiny feet to twig or stem, but only by the swift fanning of long green-tinted wings, I offered him my best flowers for his breakfast, and bowed my great leaves as a welcome to him. The dear little thing had been here before, while yet the sticky brown buds which wrap up my leaves had not burst open to the warm sunshine. He and his mate, whose feather dress was not so fine as his, gathered the gum from the outside of the buds, and pulled the warm wool from the inside; and I could watch them, as they flew away to the maple yonder; for then the trees that stand between us had no leaves to hide the maple as they do now.

"Back and forth flew the birds, from the topmost maple-branch to my opening buds; and day by day I saw a little nest growing, very small and round, lined warmly with wool from my buds, and thatched all over the outside with bits of lichen, gray and green, to match what grew on the maple-branches about it; and this thatch was glued on with the gum from my brown buds. When it was finished, it was delicate enough for the cradle of a little princess; and the outside was so carefully matched to the tree by lichens that the sharpest eyes from below could not detect it. What a safe, snug home for the humming-birds!

"By the time the two tiny eggs were laid, I could no longer see the nest, for the thick foliage of other trees had built up a green wall between me and it. But for many days the mother-bird stayed away, and the father came alone to drink honey from my blossom cups; so I knew that the eggs were hatching under her warm folded wings; for I have seen such things before among my own branches in the robins' nests and the bluebirds'.

"Now my flowers are all gone, and in their place the nuts are growing in their prickly balls. I have nothing to tempt the humming-bird, and he never visits me; only the yellow birds hop gayly from branch to branch, and the robins come sometimes." And the horse-chestnut sighed, for he missed the humming-bird; and he flapped his great leaves in the very face of the linden-blossoms, and forgot to say, "Excuse me." But the linden is now, and for many days, full of sweetness, and will not answer ungraciously even so careless a touch.

Yes, the linden is full of sweetness, and sends out the fragrance from his blossoms in through the chamber windows, and down upon the people who pass in the street below; and he tells, all the time, his story of how his pink-covered leaf-buds opened in the spring mornings, and unfolded the fresh green leaves, which were so tender and full of green juices that it was no wonder the mother-moth had thought the branches a good place whereon to lay her eggs; for, as soon as they should be all laid, she would die, and there would be no

one to provide food for her babies when they should creep out.

"So the nice mother-moth made a toilsome journey up my great trunk," sung the linden, "and left her eggs where she knew the freshest green leaves would be coming out by the time the young ones should leave the eggs.

"And they came out indeed, somewhat to my sorrow; for instead of being, like their mother, sober, well-behaved little moths, they were green canker-worms, and such hungry little things, that I really began to fear I should have not a whole leaf left upon me, when one day they spun for themselves fine silken ropes, and swung themselves down from leaf to leaf, and from branch to branch, and in a day or two were all gone.

"A little flaxen-haired girl sat on the broad doorstep at my feet, and caught the canker-worms in her white apron. She liked to see them hump up their backs and measure off the inches of her white checked apron with their little green bodies. And I, although I liked them well enough at first, was not sorry to lose them when they went. I heard the child's mother telling her that they had come down to make for themselves beds in the earth, where they would sleep until the early spring, and wake to find themselves grown into moths just like their mothers who climbed up the tree to lay eggs. We shall see, when next spring comes, if that is so. Now since they went I have done my best to refresh my leaves and keep young and happy; and here are my sweet blossoms to prove that I have yet within me vigorous life."

The elm-tree heard what the linden sung, and said, "Very true, very true: I too have suffered from the canker-worms; but I have yet leaves enough left for a beautiful shade, and the poor crawling things must surely eat something." And the elm bowed gracefully to the linden, out of sympathy for him.

But the linden has heard the voices of the young robins who live in the nest among his highest boughs; and he must yet tell to the horse-chestnut how sad it was, the other day in the thunder-storm, when the wind upset the nest, and one little bird was thrown out and killed, while the father and mother flew about in the greatest distress, until Charley came, climbed the tree, and fitted the nest safely back into its place.

How much the trees have to say! And there is the pine, who was born and brought up in the woods: he is always whispering secrets of the great forest, and of the river beside which he grew. The other trees can't always understand him; he is the poet among them, and a poet is always suspected of knowing a little more than any one else.

Sometime I may try to tell you something of what he says; but here ends the talk of the trees that stood in the village street.

Author of "The Seven Little Sisters."

LITTLE DILLY; OR, THE USE OF TEARS.

I.

I have something to tell you about a little girl named Dilly, and her servants.

Dilly was six years old, and her servants were just as old as she was. Their names were Blue Eyes, Rosy Lips, Nimble Fingers, and Ten Toes. I call these her servants, because they had to do exactly as she bade them.

Now Dilly did not treat all her servants alike, but made Nimble Fingers and Ten Toes do all the hardest of the work. This came pretty hard upon poor little Ten Toes; for, though there were plenty of them, they were very small. In fact, among them was that very same Little Toe that cried "Quee, quee, quee," because he could not get over the barn-door sill. It was their business to carry Dilly everywhere she wanted to go. And a hard time enough they had of it,—always on the trot, up stairs, and down stairs, and in the lady's chamber.

Nimble Fingers had to string beads, to write letters on the slate, and to pick the flowers for Dilly to make wreaths of. They had also to wait upon Rosy Lips, and feed them with bread and milk, and cherries.

But, of all her servants, Dilly thought the most of Blue Eyes. These held the highest place, and looked down upon all the rest. It was their duty to be always on the watch from morning till night. They had to see that Nimble Fingers did their work well, and to look out for thorns when they picked their roses.

Dilly had reason to think a good deal of her Blue Eyes, for without them she wouldn't have known whether a rose was pink or black. She couldn't have seen the stars, or the moonlight, or the sunshine. She couldn't have known how the baby looked. Shut up your eyes for five minutes. Ask your mother to tell you when the time is up. Have you done it? How dark it was! Now don't you think a great deal of your eyes?

Dilly did. She let them take care of the most precious things she had in the world. Can you guess what those were? Think what your eyes have to take care of, and then you'll know. They were her tears. Dilly let Blue Eyes take care of her tears. Besides this, they always had to help Rosy Lips to smile. Look at your little cousin when she is pleased, and you will see that her eyes and lips always laugh together. They laugh together, and they cry together.

But I think Rosy Lips had the prettiest things to do, and the pleasantest. They had the songs to sing, and—something else, very nice. Can you guess what I mean? Kissing? Yes, kissing; they had to do every bit of the kissing, and liked it too.

Do you know now why I call Blue Eyes, Rosy Lips, Nimble Fingers, and Ten Toes the servants of Dilly? I call them her servants because they had to do exactly as she bade them. If she bade them do wrong things, they had to mind her, as you will see if you keep on reading this little bit of a story, which is hardly a story at all, but only something about Dilly.

I shall make believe that Dilly talked to her servants, and that they talked to her very softly, so that nobody could hear.

One day she told Nimble Fingers to pop into the sugar-bowl, for Rosy Lips wanted a lump of sugar. They used a great deal of sweetening in their kisses.

"Shall we get a big lump or a small one?" asked Fore Finger, who was always foremost in everything.

"A big one," said Dilly,—"the very biggest."

But before the biggest lump was found, her mother called out, "Dilly, Dilly! that's not the place for your fingers. I can find better work for them than stirring up my white sugar!"

"What shall we do?" asked Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"Yes, cry," said Dilly. "Let the tears come, because I can't have a big lump."

"And what shall we do?" asked Rosy Lips; "shall we pout? Yes, we will pout."

So Blue Eyes cried, and Rosy Lips pouted. But Dilly's mother said, "Come and help me. I'm shelling peas."

"Shall we stop crying?" asked Blue Eyes.

"Not quite yet," said Dilly. "I must have a few more tears."

But at last she told Nimble Fingers to wipe them all away and shell as fast as they could. And Nimble Fingers minded every word she said. Nobody would have believed they would have filled the tin cup so soon. But then, you know, they were just right to shell peas.

After all the peas were shelled, Dilly went out to play in the garden.

"We want to trot along in that path," said Ten Toes. "All the prettiest flowers are blooming there."

"But you can't go there," said Dilly. "Sister Ellen says they are her very nicest flowers. She won't allow me there at all."

"Only see how smooth the path is!" said Ten Toes; "no stones to hurt us."

"Well," said Dilly, "if you will be ever and ever so careful, I will let you trot along there just this once."

And growing there was a beautiful white lily, very sweet and graceful.

"We want to break it off," said Nimble Fingers, "because it is so pretty, and it has no thorns."

"But," said Dilly, "I was told never to break off a flower without leave."

"Only just this once. O, how smooth the stem is! Do let us," said Fore Finger, who was already feeling about it. So Dilly let Nimble Fingers do as they pleased, and they broke off the beautiful white lily.

But when her grown-up sister Ellen saw what she had done, she said, "O Dilly! did these naughty fingers do this? They must be punished."

So she took a black string,—quite a wide black string,—and tied it around Fore Finger, saying, "This must be kept on your finger all day, that you may not forget what a naughty thing it did."

Then Blue Eyes said, "What shall we do? shall we cry?"

"Yes," said Dilly. "For when Brother Eddy comes home he will say, 'Dilly, what do you wear that black string for?' And I shall have to say, 'Because I broke off the lily.' "

So Blue Eyes let out their tears, and they went rolling down the little fat cheeks; and one got into a dimple, and couldn't get out.

Just then Eddy came in from school. Eddy was ten. He came running into the room, calling out, "Heigh, Dilly! ho, Dilly! your tears are all running away; get something to hold them." So he held a porringer under her chin.

Then Rosy Lips said, "We are going to smile. We must." So Blue Eyes had to send back their tears, for you know that when Lips wanted to smile, Eyes had to help them.

Then dinner was ready, and they went to eat their peas.

After dinner, Dilly’s mother said, “Now, my little girl, you must sew a piece twice as long as your longest finger.”

So Dilly measured a piece twice as long as her longest finger, and stuck in a pin. The name of the longest finger was Middle Finger. It always stood next to Fore Finger, and was a head taller. In fact, it was the tallest of the row, and, on that account, was permitted to wear a hat.

When it had been half an hour, Dilly found she had only sewed a piece as long as Little Finger, which, you know, is the very shortest of all, and always stands at the foot. The truth was, she had been looking out of the window to see a yellow dog with a black tail. A boy was making him sit on his hind legs.

“O dear!” said Dilly, “what a little bit I have sewed! I shall never get done!”

“You must make your fingers work faster,” said her mother; “they are lazy fingers.”

And so they were, considering they had two thumbs to help them.

So Dilly said to Nimble Fingers, “Work, work, work! Fly as fast as you can, but don’t prick yourselves.”

And in fifteen minutes she had sewed to the pin, and three stitches on the other side. Her work was a pillow-case for the pillow of her little bed.

"Now, Blue Eyes," said she, "you may look out of the window just as long as you please."

But the yellow dog had gone, and carried his black tail with him. He went to dig up a bone he had buried the day before. Still, there were other things quite as well worth looking at. Wouldn't you rather see a flock of sheep, with their little white lambs, than a yellow dog with a black tail? To be sure you would; anybody would.

And a flock of sheep with their little white lambs was just what went past the window. Then Rosy Lips began to laugh, and to say, "Baa, baa"; and Blue Eyes helped them laugh, and watched the sheep and lambs till they had passed by; and as for Nimble Fingers, they clapped as fast as they could, because Dilly was so pleased.

Then said she to Ten Toes, "Bestir yourselves now, for I must run and see where the sheep are going with their white lambs this fine day. And I shall ask the man to sell me the very smallest one of all for my ten-cent piece and my five-cent piece and my bright cent. And if he does, I shall tie a pink ribbon round its neck, and name it Angelina."

Then Ten Toes bestirred themselves gladly enough, for they had been quiet nearly a whole hour. And in two minutes Dilly had opened the gate, and was running off bareheaded after the sheep.

But her father, who was in the yard tying up a rose-bush, called out, "Where now, Dilly?"

"To catch the sheep," said she.

"O no, no," said her father, "it won't do to run after the sheep. You'll get lost."

"O dear!" said Dilly.

"What shall we do?" said Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"Yes," said she, "cry; for now I can't have any little lamb, and can't tie a ribbon round its neck and call it Angelina. O dear!"

Then the tears came gushing out, and wet Blue Eyes all over; and it was just as much as Nimble Fingers could do to wipe them away.

Just then there came along a beautiful coach drawn by four white horses, with silver upon their harness. And somebody on the top was playing a tune. It was too bad, but Dilly could not find out what was painted on the coach door. She couldn't see through her tears; and though Nimble Fingers hurried as fast as they could to wipe them, yet the coach had gone by before she could tell whether what was painted on the coach door was a bunch of roses with a stalk of green leaves, or a lady in a red dress carrying a green parasol. And she doesn't know to this day, nor what the man on top was playing his tune upon.

While Dilly stood at the gate, watching what a cloud of dust the coach left behind, there came along somebody whom the children called the funny man. He loved all the little folks, and was always talking with them just for the fun of it, to see what they would say; and was always feeling in his pockets for something to give them, but never had anything there.

When the funny man saw Dilly standing there so sober, his eyes began to twinkle; and he began to scratch his head, and to feel in his vest-pocket with his thumb and finger.

"Is that you, Dilly?" said he. "O yes, that's you,—isn't it? So 'tis. Don't you want some shiny shoes?"

"I have a pair," said Dilly. "My mother keeps them in her shoe-bag."

"Oh!" said the funny man. "Well, don't you want a new hat with pink feathers in it?"

"Yes, sir," said Dilly.

"Turned up, or turned down?" said the funny man.

"Turned up."

"And don't you want a spangled dress?"

"Yes, sir," said Dilly.

"Silver spangles, or gold?"

"Silver," said Dilly.

"Well," said he, "when my ship comes you shall have them. Let me see—if I can find anything—in my other pocket."

So he felt in every one of his pockets, but all he found was a piece of chalk.

"Here," said he, "go and ask your mother to make a man on the door with this nice chalk,—a man with a tall hat, and a kitten chasing him home."

Then said Blue Eyes and Rosy Lips, "What shall we do? shall we laugh?"

"Yes, laugh," said Dilly, "for it will be such a funny picture!"

Then she ran to tell her mother, and began to pick out the door for her to mark on.

But her mother said, "I don't know how to make a man with a tall hat, neither do I know how to make a kitten chasing him home. Besides, chalking on the door is not a nice thing to do. The door will not look clean."

"What shall we do?" said Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"Yes, cry," said Dilly; "for now I can't see the kitten chasing home a man with a tall hat."

"Here are some cross words," said Rosy Lips; "shall we let them out?"

"Let them come," said Dilly.

And the cross words came, but I don't like to say what they were.

"Heigh, Dilly! ho, Dilly!" cried Eddy, bursting into the room. "What's to pay? And how many times have you cried to-day? Do you know that

something is going to happen? It is something that you will like very much, and I shall like it a hundred times more."

But Dilly did not answer, for Rosy Lips had no pleasant words ready. So Eddy gave a loud whistle, and ran off to jump on the hay. The grass in the yard had been mown down.

After he had gone, Dilly began to wonder what it was that was going to happen. She wondered so much that she forgot to cry. At last she peeped out of the window, thinking it might happen in the yard. But she only saw Eddy jumping on the hay. Dilly liked to play in the hay herself; most little girls do. She ran down, hoping Eddy would tell her what was going to happen.

"Come here, little Sissy Dilly," said he, "and jump in the hay. It smells nice."

"I wish you would tell me what is going to happen," said Dilly.

"Wait till I've jumped over this haycock three times," said Eddy, "and then I'll tell you."

And when he had jumped three times over the haycock, he said, "Now, little Sissy Dilly, what is going to happen is this. I am going to have a live pony! And when I get my pony, I shall get also a whip,—quite a small, cunning whip, with a snapper to it. And when I am on his back, I shall snap my whip, and say, 'Get up, pony.' No, I sha'n't say, 'Get up, pony.' He must have a name. Pony isn't a name. Suppose that when I wanted you I should say, 'Girl, come here a minute.' You would laugh."

"And what will your pony be named?" asked Dilly.

"I shall name him Jumper," said Eddy, "because I mean to jump him over fences."

"Do girls have ponies?" asked Dilly.

Eddy burst out laughing. "O dear!" said he, "how funny it would be for a girl to have a pony! Boys don't have dolls,—do they? But I'll tell you what you can have," said he, for he saw that Dilly looked very sober.

"What can I have?" she asked.

"You can have a ride behind me."

"Can I hold on?"

"Yes, you can hold round my waist."

"And what if you should fall off?"

Eddy burst out laughing again. "I fall off?" said he. "How can I fall off? I'm a boy."

"Oh!" said Dilly, and she began to feel quite happy again.

"We are going to smile," said Rosy Lips.

"We will help you," said Blue Eyes.

"There's a little song behind us, that wants to come out," said Rosy Lips.

"Let it come out," said Dilly. And a merry song it was, with a "tra la la" to

every line.

"We want to dance," said Ten Toes.

"Dance away," said Dilly, "there's nothing to hinder."

So she went clapping and dancing through the yard, and through the entry, and never stopped till she came to a nice cool room, where the people were eating supper.

And they had biscuits, and honey, and strawberries, and little sugar cakes; and in the middle of the table was a vase of flowers.

After supper, the day was almost done. The sun was low down in the west. The birds had nearly all done singing, and were getting their little birds to sleep. The flowers that couldn't keep awake all night were shutting up their eyes. Dilly sat a long time, watching the blue and crimson clouds.

At last Blue Eyes said, "We are tired; we want to let our little fringed curtains fall over us, and go to sleep."

And Ten Toes said, "We are tired. Let us rest upon the soft bed. Let us carry you now to your crib."

Then came Dilly's mother with a nice white nightgown. She undressed Dilly, and then took her up in her lap; for the baby was asleep long before.

And she held Dilly close in her arms, and sang to her beautiful evening songs.

And when she had sung many sweet songs, she said to her in a low voice, almost in a whisper, "Dilly, dear, do you know how many times you have cried to-day?"

"No," said Dilly, "I can't remember."

But just then she felt the black string on her finger, and she said, "O, when I broke off the lily I cried."

"Yes," said her mother, "that was once. Now think again."

"When I couldn't chase the sheep was twice," said Dilly. "And when you wouldn't chalk a man and a kitten on the door was three. I guess I've cried three times."

"And the lump of sugar?" asked her mother.

"Four times that makes," said Dilly.

"And you cried before breakfast, because you couldn't wear your new shoes. That makes five times. If you cry five times a day, in a week you would cry thirty-five times."

"O dear!" said Dilly. "I don't want to cry thirty-five times!"

"Did crying get you the sugar?" asked her mother.

"No," said Dilly.

"Did crying make your father let you run after the sheep?"

"No, mother."

“Did it put back the lily upon its stem?”

“No, mother.”

“Did it put the new shoes on your feet?”

“No.”

“Then what good did it do?”

“No good.”

“And what do you cry for, if it does no good?”

“I don’t know,” said Dilly, “but I think it is because the tears come.”

“And what else comes besides tears?” asked her mother.

“I don’t know,” said Dilly. “What does come?”

“Cross looks and naughty words came to-day, almost every time you cried,” said her mother.

“I sha’n’t cry any more after Eddy’s pony comes,” said Dilly.

“I hope not,” said her mother, “but I’m afraid you’ll forget.” And then she whispered in Dilly’s ear this question:—

“Do you know who will help you be a good girl, if you ask him?”

“God,” said Dilly, very softly.

“Yes,” said her mother; “but you must ask very often, and you must try, yourself, all the time. You may say your hymn now, Dilly.”

Dilly said one verse, and it was this:—

“Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care;
Forgive me all my sins, I pray,
And listen to my evening prayer.”

Then Rosy Lips said, “We have a little kiss.”

So her mother stooped down, and took the little kiss from Rosy Lips, and gave one of her own in return.

And when Dilly’s mother saw that her eyes were almost shut, so that she could only see just a little bit of the blue, she laid her down upon her little bed, and covered her over with a nice white bed-cover, made on purpose for it, with a fringe around the edge.

As soon as she had fallen fast asleep, Eddy came in on tiptoe, and whispered to his mother that the pony had come, and was named Jumper, and he wanted her to come and see him before he was put in the barn. So she left Dilly sleeping, and went out softly to see Eddy’s pony.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

MARJORIE’S ALMANAC.

I.

Robins in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew!
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm, and larch,—
Don’t you think that May-time’s
Pleasanter than March?

II.

Apples in the orchard,
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses, faint with sweetness;
  Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine;
  Moonlight bright as day,—
Don’t you think that Summer’s
  Pleasanter than May?

III.

Roger in the corn-patch,
Whistling negro-songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red-leaf, and gold-leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother “doin’ peaches”
All the afternoon,—
Don’t you think that Autumn’s
Pleasanter than June?

IV.

Little fairy snow-flakes
  Dancing in the flue:
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells,
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
  (Pussy’s got the ball!)—
Don’t you think that Winter’s
  Pleasanter than all?

T. B. Aldrich.

LESSONS IN MAGIC.
XII.

Of all the tricks in a conjurer's programme, there are, according to my idea, none so interesting, beautiful, or wonderful, as those which owe their effects to electricity, or rather to electro-magnetism. Owing, however, to the expense attending them, they are unsuited to any but a "professional"; and yet, being my "pets," I have ventured, in this my concluding Lesson, to introduce one, and I think my readers will admit it to be as mysterious as any I have yet explained. What, for instance, can be more wonderful than a drum which beats of itself whilst suspended by cords from the ceiling? There is some motive power, no doubt; but what is it? It cannot be clock-work, for that, when once started, keeps going until run down; whereas this power has an intelligence moving and stopping at command. What is it then? Well, my gracious reader, the motive-power is clock-work, controlled, however, by an electro-magnet. But what is an electro-magnet? Ah! I fear much you have slighted your lessons in natural philosophy, or you would know that "an electro-magnet is made by coiling copper wire around a bar of soft iron,"—the most powerful ones are made by bending a thick, cylindrical bar of soft iron into the form of a horseshoe,—"the wire must be insulated by being wound with some non-conducting material, as silk, so that the electric current may pass through the whole length of the wire. With the instrument thus prepared, if the two ends of the wire be connected with the poles of a voltaic battery which is in action, the bar will be magnetized, and will hold up a heavy weight so long as the current is passing through the wire. Whenever the current is cut off by disconnecting the wires, the weight will fall, as the bar has lost its magnetic power."

Now that you understand this, I will explain to you in detail

The Drum Trick.

A small drum is suspended from the ceiling by two cords, and, at the word of command, it begins beating, although untouched by human hands, and without the aid of drumsticks.

Suddenly the performer orders it to stop, and it immediately obeys. To convince the audience that it is not moved by clock-work, he desires them to say when it shall recommence drumming, and when stop. The audience, of course, are astonished, until one sagacious gentleman suggests that "it is not

the drum which is hanging there that we hear, but another directly beneath it, under the stage." This idea is immediately seized upon by the rest of the company, who are thoroughly convinced of its truth, when, of a sudden, the performer detaches the wonderful drum from the cords by which it is hung, and carries it up into the aisle of the hall.

It is now silent; but, picking it up, he approaches the incredulous gentleman, and, begging him to place his ear close to the drum, orders it to begin beating. This it does in the most deafening manner, much to the mortification of the listener.

The performer then carries it back to and off the stage, the drumming still continuing.

From what I have already said, my readers partly understand the trick; but there is still a great deal to explain.

Inside the drum is an arrangement of clock-work very similar to a common clock alarum, placed so that, when it is set in motion, the hammer will just touch the head of the drum.

Over the pallet of the alarum is fixed a lever working on a pivot; one end of this lever is made to press against the pallet by means of a spring, and to the other end is fastened a small piece of iron. Directly under this iron piece is placed an electro-magnet, the wires of which lead outside the drum. The cords by which the drum is held, and which appear to be merely silken ones, are, in fact, insulated wires, which lead from the battery, which is behind the stage. Now, if these wires are connected with the wires of the magnet which is inside the drum, and the battery be set in action, the magnet will attract the piece of iron which is opposite it, the lever will be raised, the pallet of the alarum set at liberty, the clock-work commence running, and the drum begin to play.

To stop it, the assistant who works the battery has only to break the connection, when, of course, the lever will fall again on the pallets, the clock-work stop, and the drum cease to beat. So much for the electrical part. There is also a connection from the outside of the drum, by which the lever which holds the pallet is raised; and it is in this way, by merely pressing with the fingers, that the drum is set beating, when disconnected from the wires and carried through the house.

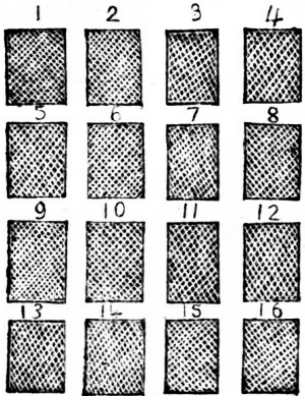
Some magicians, when exhibiting this trick, have a drummer under the stage, who keeps time with his drum to the music of a piano, whilst *the* drum, which is hanging from the ceiling in full view of the audience, merely beats a sort of reveille.

There are a number of electrical tricks, but in all of them an electro-magnet is the motive power; amongst the best of them are The Crystal Casket, The Wonderful Clock, The Obedient Bell, The Patent Fire-arm, and The Electrical Tripod. This last, I believe, is only exhibited by one magician,—Mr. Wiseman,

—and was, I understand, made by the Messrs. Chester, the electrical and telegraph instrument-makers, of New York, from designs furnished by him.

The following little card trick, though extremely simple, has a very mysterious appearance, and, when shown before a circle of friends, will at once establish the performer's reputation as a great "prestidigitateur."

Let a person draw a card from the pack, and, when he replaces it, manage to keep your eye on it, or, what is still better, get the little finger of your right hand on it. Now shuffle the cards well, but all the time keep in sight (or keep your finger on) the one that was drawn. Now take a number of cards from the pack, and amongst them the one that was drawn, and lay them out in four rows, four in a row, with their backs up. In one of these rows you place the card that was drawn. I annex an illustration, showing the manner in which the cards are laid. I will suppose that No. 6 is the one that was drawn. Request the person who drew it to choose four cards. If he chooses the bottom row, you pick it up. Ask him to choose four more, and four more, and so on until there remains but the row in which the drawn card is. Now ask him to "choose two from those four." If he says "seven and five," you take those up. There are now but two remaining; "Choose one of these two, if you please." Say that he chooses No. 6, which is the one he drew; in that case you pick up No. 7, saying, "You have chosen the other, so we will dispense with this: now what was the card you drew?" And, when he has answered, you blow mysteriously on the remaining card (which is his), and, turning it over, you show him his card,—making it appear as if by wonderful skill you had changed another into his card.



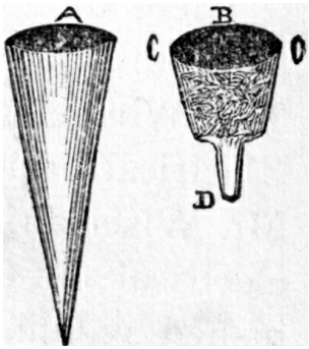
Do my readers understand? The whole trick consists in *misunderstanding* your audience, so that if they *choose*, in the first instance, the card that was drawn, you pick up all the rest, leaving that alone; whereas, if they select another, you take it up; *in all cases leaving the card that was drawn on the table until the last*.

I will now *conclude* my LESSONS IN MAGIC, by explaining

THE HORN OF PLENTY.

This is a tin horn, about two feet in length, shaped like a "candy horn," and painted black both outside and in. The outside, however, is generally ornamented; but this is mere fancy. The performer shows that it is empty by holding the mouth of it to the

audience, and rattling his “wand” in it; and yet the next moment he brings from it a bouquet of flowers, large enough of itself to fill the inside of the horn, and follows this by *bonbons*, toys, &c.



In the accompanying illustration, A represents the horn, and B a piece of tin which goes inside it,—being of such a circumference that the top of it, marked C C, just fits inside the top of the horn; the inside of this lining is painted black, so that the audience, who are at a distance, suppose they see the inside of the horn, whilst the outside is painted to represent a bouquet, and the end of it, marked “D,” is white, for the paper with which the bouquet is wrapped.

To show the trick, the horn is filled to within a short distance of the top with toys and candies, and then the lining is placed inside. When exhibiting the trick, care is taken that the audience only see the sides of the lining, which they imagine is a large bouquet, the horn being held high up, so that they may not see that this bunch of flowers is hollow. The lining being out, of course all that remains to be done is to take out the other articles, and distribute them amongst the audience,—this part being the most attractive feature of the trick.

I must now bid my young readers good by, and only hope that they have been as much pleased in reading as I have been in writing LESSONS IN MAGIC.

P. H. C.

OUR LITTLE PRINCE.

"Little Charley is a prince,"—
So we said in joyous pride,
As we loitered side by side
Where the roses bloomed and died
Half a dozen summers since.

He was rustling through the leaves
Where the golden tassels swayed,
Half in pleasure, half afraid;
Hiding in the furrowed shade
Where the August cricket grieves.

Silken tassels on the corn,
Silken curls about his head.
"Which is which?" we laughing said,
While the sun a glory shed
On the curls and tasselled corn.

Saxon eyes and Saxon hair,
Saxon blood in every vein,
Cheeks like roses after rain;
Never shall we see again
Childish loveliness so rare.

When the apple and the quince
All their summer fragrance shed,
How we miss our darling dead!
How we miss the curly head
Of our darling little prince!

G. W. Seares.

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

XV.

"I have not latterly said much about the Dean; but you may be very sure that such a fine fellow could not fail to be greatly delighted with the change that had come about, as it not only led us away from our desolate life on the desert island, but gave us the promise at least of the rescue which we had so earnestly prayed for. 'We ought to be very thankful,' said the Dean to me one day, 'very thankful indeed for this deliverance.' But as I did not much relish the habits and customs of these savages, I did not find myself in the same thankful spirit; so I replied to the Dean, that the change looked much like that of the fish who fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. 'You should not say so,' replied the Dean. 'I see the hand of God in it; and he who has mercifully preserved us through so many trials and dangers will not desert us now.'

"The Dean said no more at that time, but he became very thoughtful, while, as for myself, I felt quite ashamed that I had spoken so slightingly of the savages, and had shown so much impatience with their rather disagreeable company; for, to tell the truth, their ways were somewhat offensive, as they never washed their faces, and were altogether rather a filthy set.

"The Dean, however, did not stop with preaching about them, but, on the contrary, did everything he could for them. One of the hunters had gone to catch seals, and, the ice breaking up, he was drifted out to sea, where he took refuge on an iceberg, upon which he managed to drag his dogs and sledge. Here he lived through terrible storms and cold for a whole moon (that being the way they reckon time), and he only escaped finally by the iceberg drifting in near the land, when the sea froze around it. After great trouble he got ashore, with both of his feet dreadfully frozen, which is easily accounted for when you know that the poor fellow had no shelter at all while on the iceberg, and had nothing to eat but his dogs, all of which died of starvation. This savage had no wife, and the Dean took care of him, and dressed his frost-bites, and was so good to him that the savages all called him '*Paw-weit*' which means 'Little Good-heart.' So the Dean got on famously; but the poor frozen savage that he

had been so kind to died at last, and was buried in the snow.

"A child fell on the ice, and broke its arm, and the Dean set it, and made it all right, and to other people he did many things to show his sympathy for them; but, when he began to tell them about our religion, they did not understand him, and had no mind to listen. This very much grieved the Dean; for he wanted to convert the whole of them, and thought, if he only knew their language better, he could persuade them all to be Christians,—which I think very likely, for nobody could resist him.

"We remained at the snow village several weeks, but we did not do much more hunting, as the savages seemed to think they had enough for their present wants; and since they are almost constantly moving about from place to place in search of food, they never store up much for the future. Having enough to eat for the present, they let the future take care of itself; and, sure of a good meal, they amuse themselves mostly by telling stories, usually about each other,—that is, when they are not eating or sleeping, which I must say occupies most of their time.

"They had a singular custom in their story-telling which I have never seen among any other people. One person recites the story, and the listeners break in, every now and then, with a laughing chorus, that is nothing more than a repetition of the meaningless words, '*amna aya*,' which are sung over and over to any extent. The women generally enjoy it the most, and sing the loudest, especially when a man is concerned. I will give you a specimen of this kind of song,—translated, of course, as I have long since forgotten how to speak their language.

"Eatum is telling the story of a bear-hunt, improvising it as he goes along; and as you will see that it is a kind of song, I will sing it for you, and you can join in the chorus just as well as if you were all little savages yourselves. We will call it

“THE SONG OF KARSUK’S BEAR-HUNT.

“A bear is seen upon the ice,
Amna aya;
Karsuk goes out to hunt the bear,
Amna, amna aya.

“The dogs get quick upon the trail,
Amna aya;
The dogs are pulling all they can,
Amna, amna aya.

“The bear is running all he can,
Amna aya;
The bear gets tired and cannot run,
Amna, amna aya.

“He turns around to charge Karsuk,
Amna aya;
Karsuk jumps off and runs away,
Amna, amna aya.

“He runs away all full of fright,
Amna aya;
So full of fright he tumbles down,
Amna, amna aya.

“Bear kills the dogs and breaks the sledge,
Amna aya;
What girl will marry such a man?
Amna, amna aya.”

and so on, after that, they keep *aya*ing, *aya*ing, and *amna-aya*ing uproariously, until they are entirely broken down with shouting and laughing, in the midst of which Karsuk is pretty sure to run away.

“In the same manner I have heard the story of Metak’s love adventure sung, or rather recited, or *amna-aya*-ed, as one might say.

“They use the same *amna-aya* chorus when they sing over the dead, or sing praises of the dead, only, instead of being lively, then it is sung in a solemn tone. I will repeat one called

“THE GRAVE-SONG OF MERAKUT.

“Merakut, Merakut, Merakut dead!
Amna aya;
Merakut dead, her lamp is smoking,
Amna, amna aya.

“Her children are crying, her baby is freezing,
Amna aya;
O, her hut and our hearts are all cold!
Amna, amna aya.”

and after that, as in the other song, they keep on *amna-aya*ing for a long while, but with a very doleful voice and manner. Indeed, it is quite as distressing to hear them *amna-aya* the dead as it is amusing to hear them *amna-aya* the living.

“The Dean and I very much wanted to go on another bear-hunt, but the savages said it was too late in the season for that, as the ice had many cracks in it, and there was no use chasing a bear, as he would jump into the first crack he came to, and swim over it to the other side, and there he would be safe enough. And, indeed, when I climbed one day to the top of a tall iceberg, and looked out in the direction of our solitary island, I could see several cracks from a yard to a hundred yards wide, so that it was very fortunate we escaped from the island when we did.

“The savages now said it was time to be moving, or a crack might come between us and the shore. Indeed, the season was getting well advanced; the snow was melting a little, and in places it was quite sloppy; so everything in and about the snow huts, including our own property, was packed upon the sledges, and away we went to the main-land, which was not more than ten miles distant. Here we came upon a village of three huts, built in the hillside very near the sea, and in many respects fitted up as our own had been; only they had regularly constructed walls of stones and turf, which, tapering in from either side, joined at the top, making a space large enough to accommodate two or three families in each hut. Into these three huts were crowded all the men, women, and children that had been in the snow village.

“There we lived five days, after which we took up our march again, keeping along near the shore, where the ice was most solid and safe. Then we came to a deep, broad bay, where the hillside, which was exposed to the south, was quite free from snow, the snow having melted and run down to the sea. Here we halted, and the savages went to some great piles of stones, and brought out from under them a number of seal-skins, which were spread over

some narwhal horns that were just like ‘Old Crumply,’ and in a few hours they had pitched two comfortable tents, under which we all slept soundly, being very tired. The next day they got more seal-skins, and pitched three more tents, and a few days afterward other people came along, and put up two other tents, making in all seven,—quite a little seal-skin village, and a much more comfortable-looking one than the snow village had been.

“Here it seemed to be the intention of the savages to remain for some time, as they went regularly to work to prepare for hunting various kinds of game, chiefly walruses and seals, and besides these, among others, an animal I had not seen before,—a beautiful rabbit, or hare, rather, very large and pure white. These were quite numerous, and fed upon the buds and bark of the willow-bushes, and were caught by stretching a very long line across the tops of a great number of stones, or piles of stones, rather, which are placed about six feet apart, the line itself being about a foot from the ground. To this line they tied a great number of loops, and then all the people, going out, surrounded the rabbits and drove them under the line, and several of them found themselves noosed when they least expected it. I saw there also a beautiful white bird called a ptarmigan, which is a grouse, but it could not be caught.

“By this time we had become quite domesticated among the savages. They called me *Annorak*, which meant that I resembled the wind when I talked,—that is, I talked when I liked and where I liked, and nothing could stop me, while the Dean was much more sober. Him they finally called *Aupadleit*, which means ‘Little Red-head,’ though the Dean’s hair was not exactly red, but very bright, and the savages admired it very much; so the Dean, to humor them, cut off great locks of it, and gave it to them all round, just as I have known some girls to do when their coquettish fancies got the better of their discretion.

“I took a great interest in Eatum’s children, and this further inclined Mr. and Mrs. Eatum to have a good opinion of me. As they were people of much consequence in their tribe, this was a matter of great importance; and, in truth, the juvenile Eatums were quite an interesting pair of savages, and were fond of play, like any other children. One was a boy and the other a girl. I cannot remember their right names, but the Dean and I christened the boy, *Mop-head*, because of the great quantity of dirty black hair that he had, and the girl we called *Gimlet-eyes*. Mop-head had a little sledge made of bones, just like his father’s; and with this the two children used to play at travelling and other games. Gimlet-eyes had little dolls carved out of bones, which she used to dress up in furs and put on the sledge for Mop-head to drag when they went on their journeys; and he had little spears, and she had little pots and lamps, and they used to make excursions over the snow that you could hardly throw a stone to the end of; and then they would build little snow houses and put the

dolls in them, and, while Mop-head went off to hunt, Gimlet-eyes would *amna-aya* them to sleep. Thus you see little children are much alike all the world over.

"In these playful exercises we used to amuse ourselves with the children; and when we were travelling about in earnest, the Dean and I pulled Mop-head's sledge for him sometimes, when we were going slow: and he thought it great fun to have the white-faced strangers drag his sister's lamps and pots and dolls along.

"And now the summer was fairly come. The snow was melting very rapidly, and first in small and then in large streams the water came rushing and roaring down into the sea. The birds soon afterward came back from the south,—the eider-ducks and the little auks, which we had caught in the summer-time when upon the island; and then, as soon as the snow was all gone, the moss and stunted grass grew green, and plants sprouted up here and there, and the butterflies with bright yellow wings went gathering the honey from flower to flower, and you cannot imagine how glad we were once more to come out of the dreary winter into this bright sunshine and this pleasant summer.

"It was apparent now why the savages had come to this place, for the little auks arrived in much greater numbers than on our island; and they lived among the stones on the hillside for miles and miles. There must have been millions on millions of them, and the savages caught them, as we had done, in nets. There were some reindeer too, but these were not often caught. When the savages went on this kind of hunting, two always went together, walking so close, one behind the other, as to appear like one man. As soon as the deer saw the hunters, the latter would turn round and go back the other way, and the deer, being very curious, would follow them. Thus a deer may sometimes be enticed a long distance; and if through a narrow defile, there is then a chance of catching him; for one of the hunters drops down suddenly behind a rock, while the other goes on as if nothing had happened. The deer, thus cheated, keeps following the single hunter, where he had before followed a double one all unknown to himself, and at length approaches very near to the hunter lying behind the rock. As soon as the deer comes within a few yards of him, this concealed hunter rises, and throws his harpoon, the line of which he has previously made fast to a rock. If fortunate enough to hit the deer, and the harpoon to hold, the animal is easily killed by the two hunters, who attack it with their spears.

"Besides the birds that I have told you of, there came a great many snipes, and different varieties of sea-gulls, and ducks of various species, and gerfalcons, and ravens,—also some little sparrows.

"I was very desirous to know how they managed to make their harpoon and spear heads, as I observed that they were all tipped with iron. So one day they

took us over to a place they call *Savisavick*, which means ‘The Iron Place,’—the name being derived from a large block of meteoric iron, from which the savages chipped small scales; and these were set in the edges and tips of their harpoon and spear heads, just as I had done with my brass buttons. They also made knives in the same way. Many of their spear-handles were nothing more than narwhal horns, just like ‘Old Crumply’; and so you see how the Lord provides for all his creatures, endowing them all, whether white or black or copper-colored, with the same instinct of self-preservation, which leads them to seek and obtain for the security of their lives the materials that He places within their reach. How beautiful are all His works! and how constantly He watches over the rich and the poor, the savage and the Christian, the just and the unjust, alike!

“Thus occupied, we drifted on (as nearly as we could keep our reckoning) into the final week of July. There was scarcely any snow left on the hillsides by this time; the air was filled with the incessant cry of birds and the constant plash of falling waters. We could sleep well enough once more on the green grass in the open air; and another period of watching now began, for here it was that the vessels passed nearly every year, as the savages told us. Sometimes, however, they did not stop; but, when the ships appeared, the savages always went to a valley facing the sea, from one side of which the snow never melted, and, running to and fro over the white snow, endeavored to attract the attention of the people on the ships.

“We were much alarmed to find the ice holding very firmly along the shore; and, as far away as the eye could reach, there was not much water to be seen. At last, however, a strong wind came, and started the ice. Some cracks were soon opened, and then a long lead or lane of water was seen stretching away to the south, and running close in by the land.

“The savages said that the *Oomeaksuaks* (big ships) would come very soon now, if at all, so we watched very carefully for them. The Dean and I did not hunt any more, as the savages, seeing how anxious we were, and how our hearts yearned for our own homes and kindred, provided us with food in abundance; and, besides this, they sent some of their women and young lads to aid us in looking out for the ships.

“Thus the time wore on, and we were becoming very fearful that the ships would not come at all. This was a dreadful thought to us, for, although the savages were very kind, yet we looked forward with great dread to living long with them. Besides this and our longing to get home, we had had quite enough of this cold, desolate part of the world, where the sun never sets in summer nor rises in winter.

“While reflecting in this way, we heard one of the savages cry out ‘*Oomeaksuak, oomeaksuak!*’ several times; and, running a little higher up the

hillside whence the cry proceeded, our eyes were gladdened by seeing far off, with the hull yet hidden below the horizon, a ship under full sail, bearing directly towards us. At first the Dean, who had been so often cheated, thought it might be an iceberg; but it was clearly a ship that we saw this time. From fear that it might be an iceberg, we passed now to fear that it might hold off from the land, and not discover us, which would be even harder to bear.

"After a while the hull of the ship was plainly to be seen, and soon afterward we discovered that the ship was not alone, but that another was following only a few miles behind it; and by and by two more were seen, making four, and then a fifth hove in sight some hours later.

"You will see directly how fortunate it was for us that there were so many of these ships; for, as we had feared, the first ship held so far away from the land that it was hopeless to think of being seen from her. But the lead through which this first ship had sailed off from the land was closed up before the others could enter it; and now these other ships were forced to come nearer to us. Seeing this, we hastened to the white hillside I have spoken of before, all the savages accompanying us, and we all began running up and down; but the next ship was still too far away to discover us. And the same with another, and still another. Thus had four ships gone by without any soul on board being aware that two poor shipwrecked boys were so near, calling to them, and praying with all their might that they might see or hear.

"But there was yet a fifth ship, a long way behind all the others, and we still had hope. If this failed us, all was over, and we must be content to live with the savages. We had observed one thing which gave us great encouragement. Each ship that had passed us came a little nearer to the land; and this we saw was in consequence of the ice drifting steadily in before the wind. Indeed, by the time the last ship came along, the ice had pushed in ahead of her, and had touched the land, while the other ships had run through just in time.

"When the people on board saw what was ahead of them, and that they could not pass, they tacked ship, and stood right away from us; but we saw clearly enough, from our elevated position on the hill, that they were not likely to get through in that direction,—which was, no doubt, a much more pleasant thing for us than for the people on board. This prediction proved true; for presently they tacked again, and stood straight in towards where we were standing. Coming very near the shore, we did everything we could to attract their attention. We shouted, we threw up our caps, and waved them round our heads, and we ran here and there across the white snow,—all the savages doing the same.

"The ship is so near, at last, that we can faintly see the people on the deck; why can they not see us?

“The sails are shivering; the ship is coming to the wind! Have they seen us? are they heaving the vessel to? will they send a boat ashore to fetch us off?

“We hear the creaking of the blocks; the yards are swinging round; the braces are hauled taut; the other tack is aboard; they *are not* heaving to!

“The vessel fills away again; the sails are bulging out; the vessel drives ahead; they have not seen us!

“Shout again! Up and down, up and down once more across the snow,—shout! shout all in chorus! but it is of no use.

“The bows fall off; the vessel turns back upon her course. Where is she going now? is she homeward bound?

“O no! she steers for the land; she nears it; she passes beyond a point below us, and is out of sight! Where has she gone?

“We follow after her, hurrying all we can. Miles of rough travelling over rocks and through deep gorges,—climbing down one side and up the other,—in breathless haste hurrying on. The savages are with us.

“What is our hope? It is that the vessel, failing to get through the ice, has sought the land for shelter.

“Soon we round a lofty cliff, that rises almost squarely from the sea, with only a narrow, rugged track between it and the water, and we come upon a narrow bay. A little farther, and there the vessel lies before us,—quietly at anchor, with her sails all snugly furled.

“Again we see the men upon the deck,—faintly, but still we see them.

“Again we shout.

“We see a man halting by the bulwarks; something glitters in his hand. Is it a spy-glass?

“No; he moves away.

“Is that a man mounting to the mizzen cross-trees?

“Yes, it is a man.

“Is that a spy-glass glittering in his hand? Yes, surely it must be.

“He waves his cap; he shouts to those below; he descends; all is bustle on the deck; a boat is lowered to the water; men spring into it; the oars are dropped; the men give way; the boat heads for the spot where we are standing; we are discovered! O, God be praised! at last, at last!

“The boat cuts through the water quickly; it nears us; again we see white human faces; again we hear human speech in a familiar tongue.

“ ‘In oars!’—the boat touches the rocks, and we are there to take the painter, and to make her fast.

“Two of the men spring out; a man rises in the stern; he shades his eyes with his hands, as if to protect them from the glaring sun, and stares at us, and then at the savages, who—of both sexes, and of every age and size—surround us. Then he calls out, ‘Is there a white man in that crowd?’

" 'Yes, sir; two of them.'

"He paused a moment, and his boat's crew all seemed startled by the answer. Then he stared at me again, and cried: 'Is that the lubber Hardy, of the Blackbird?'

" 'Yes, sir; it is.'

" 'Is that other chap the cabin-boy?—him they called the Dean?'

" 'Yes, sir,' spoke up the Dean.

"In an instant the man was on the rocks, and had us by the hands; and now we recognized *him*. He was the master of a ship that lay alongside the Blackbird when we first went among the ice, catching seals. His ship was the Rob Roy, of Aberdeen.

"He told us that, the Blackbird not having been heard from in all this time, it was thought that she must have gone down somewhere among the ice, with all on board; and he told us further, that he was on a whaling-voyage now, and then he said, 'The Rob Roy will give you a bonny welcome, lads.'

"All this time the savages were *yeh-yeh*ing round us, greatly to the amusement of the captain of the Rob Roy and his boat's crew. Then, when I told the captain how good they had been to us, he sent his boat right back to the ship, and had fetched for them wood and knives and iron and needles in such great abundance that they set up a *yeh, yeh*, in consequence, which, for anything I know, may be, as it ought to be, going on even to this present time.

"We kept our promise to give Eatum all our property; but the captain of the Rob Roy wanted 'Old Crumply' and 'The Dean's Delight,' and our pot and lamp, and some other things; so he gave the savage other valuables in place of them. Then we said good-by to our savage friends, which we of course did not do without some feelings of sorrow and regret at parting from them, remembering as we did how kind they had been to us, and how they had rescued us from our unhappy situation; and the savages seemed a little sorry too. First came Eatum and Mrs. Eatum, and then the two little Eatums (Mop-head and Gimlet-eyes) that I had so often played with; then Old Grim, and Big-toes and Little-nose; and Awak, the walrus; and Kossuit; and the two young ladies who might have been our wives; and then all the rest of them, big and little, old and young.

"Then off we started for the Rob Roy; and, a fair wind coming soon, the ice began to move away from the land, the Rob Roy's sails were unfurled to the fresh breeze, and now, with hearts turned thankfully to Heaven for our deliverance, we are again afloat upon blue water,—whither bound we do not know, but *homeward* in the end."

"O, how glad you must have been!" said Fred.

"How splendidly the rescue and all that comes round!" said William; "just like it does in all the printed books. Why, Captain Hardy, it couldn't have been

better if you'd made the story up, it sounds so *real*!"

While, as for little Alice, she never said a word, but only looked upon the old man wonderingly.

Conclusion.

Again the Mariner's Rest receives the little people; again the Ancient Mariner is there to welcome them. But a shade of sadness is upon the old man's face, and the children are not so gay as is their wont; for all things must have an end, and holidays are no exception to the rule.

"Isn't it too bad," said William, looking very sober,—"isn't it too bad that this is to be the last of it?"

"Not so bad for you as for me," replied the Ancient Mariner; and the old man looked as gloomy and forsaken as if he had been cast away in the cold again. But he soon cheered up, and in a much livelier way he said, "Well now, my hearties, since this *is* to be the last of it, suppose we close the story in the 'Crow's Nest,' where we first began it; for you see, if the Dean and I were rescued from the desolate island and the savages, we were not home yet. Now, what do you say to that, my dears?"

"The Crow's Nest! Yes, yes, the Crow's Nest!" cried the children all at once; and away they scampered to it, as light and merry as if they had never for an instant been sad at thought of the parting that was so soon to come.

And now once more our little party are together in the dear old rustic vine-clad arbor, and, as on the first day of meeting there, the old man takes his long clay pipe out of his mouth, and sticks it in a rafter overhead; and then around little Alice he puts his great big arm, and he draws the fair-haired, bright-eyed child close to his side, and thus "ballasted," as he says, he "bears away for port."

"Now, to bring our story to an end," ran on the Captain, "I must say first that the Rob Roy was a good stout ship; the master a bluff, good-hearted Scotchman; the mate a kindly man, and altogether different from the red-faced mate that was on the Blackbird; and the people were all just as good and kind to us as the savages had been. But they gave us right away so much coffee to drink and ship's biscuit to eat (neither of which had we tasted for three years, you know), that we got a dreadful colic, and were like to die. 'Nearly killed with kindness,' as the Dean said, as soon as he had strength to speak.

"The worst was, they would make us tell our story over and over again, as I have been telling it to you, until we almost wished we had never been rescued at all. It is, indeed, a fearful thing in anybody's life ever to have met with any adventure that is at all peculiar; for to the end of his days people will never get done asking him about it; and most likely their questions are of the most

ridiculous kind, like, ‘Hardy, wasn’t it cold there?’ just as if anybody could be cast away in the cold, and find it anything else; or, ‘How did you feel, Hardy?’ as if *feeling* has anything at all to do with you when you are trying to save your life.

“The captain of the Rob Roy took a great fancy to our odd-looking fur clothes, especially our undershirts, which were made of birds’ skins; and he gave us in place of them some fine new clothes out of the ship’s stores. You may be sure that we were glad enough to get these nasty fur clothes off, and be rid of them forever. The captain offered to keep them for us, but we said ‘No, no,’ for we had had quite enough of them.

“So we went after whales, and made a ‘good catch,’ as the whale-fishers call a good ship-load of oil, and then we bore away for Aberdeen, only stopping on the way at two or three half-savage places.

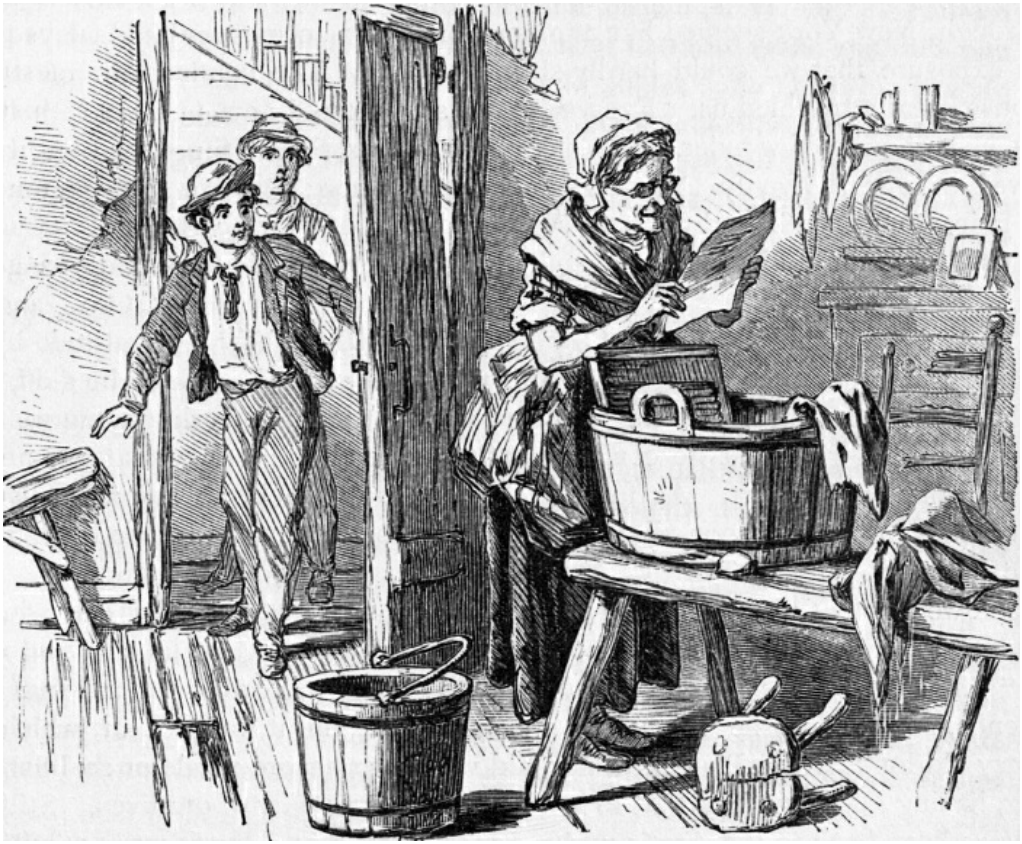
“When we reached Aberdeen, there was a great talk made about us, and, when we walked through the streets, people stuck out their fingers, and said, ‘There they go! look!’ so we were great lions there, and had to tell our story so much that we found out what they liked most to hear, which we repeated over and over again; and by this system we saved much time and talk.

“The very first thing the Dean did, after landing, was to write a letter to his mother, sending it off right away by post. It was just like the little fellow to do it, and like him what he said. It began thus: ‘Through the mercy of Providence I have been saved, and am coming back to you, mother dear.’

“Then we were shipped on board an American vessel, by the American Consul, for New York, where we arrived, after a prosperous voyage, in good health, and without anything happening to us worth mentioning.

“As soon as we had landed, we set out for the hospital, to find the Dean’s mother. The Dean had directed his letter there, thinking that if she had got well, and gone away, they would know where; and this they did, so we took down the address, and hurried on. It was in a little by-street, and we had no easy work finding it; but by and by we came upon a tumble-down old house, and were shown into a little tumble-down old room, with a tumble-down old bed in it, and a tumble-down box for a chair, and a small tumble-down table, and right in the middle of the floor stood a little woman that was more tumble-down than all. It was the Dean’s poor mother. She stood beside a tub, in which she had been washing clothes, and she held a scrap of paper in both her hands, which, bony, and hard with work, work, work, and scrub, scrub, scrub, were trembling violently, while she tried to puzzle out the contents of the Dean’s letter (for this it was), that she held up before a face the deep wrinkles on which told of many sorrows and much suffering. The letter had arrived only a few minutes before we did, and she had only just made out that it was from the Dean, and we could see that this had started great tears rolling down her

cheeks.



“But there was no use to puzzle more now. There was her darling, bright-haired boy, whom she ‘always felt sure,’ she said, ‘would come back again,’—never losing hope; and now you can imagine how she was not long in recognizing him, and how she greeted him, and cried over him, and called him pretty names, and all that,—or, rather, I mean to say, you can’t imagine it at all, for I never saw the like of it. It seemed to me as if she would never let him go out of her arms again, for fear she should lose him; and, seeing how matters stood, I went outside, where, after a while, the Dean joined me, and, having some money in our pockets, that we had earned on board the Rob Roy and the American packet-ship, we went right off and bought the best supper we could get, and had it brought into the tumble-down room and spread out upon the tumble-down table; and never was any poor woman so glad in all the world as the Dean’s mother, and never were any two boys so happy as the Dean and I. The Dean’s mother would sometimes laugh for joy, and sometimes cry for the same excellent reason; and, when neither of these would do, nor both together

even, she would fly at the Dean with open arms, and hug and kiss him until she was quite exhausted, and temporarily quieted down. Meanwhile the Dean, besides eating his supper, was trying to tell his mother what he had been doing all the time,—to neither of which purposes were these maternal interruptions peculiarly favorable.

"So now you see we were at home at last, safe in body and thankful in spirit. Transported with delight, we could hardly believe our senses. After so many years' absence, and such hardships and dangers as we had passed through, New York seemed like another world. So accustomed had we been to exposure that we could hardly sleep in-doors. The confined air of the house greatly troubled us. Everything we saw seemed new, and we were in a constant state of wonder. We did not, however, forget the obligation we owed to our Heavenly Father for our deliverance; and we lost no time in going to a church, and there, in secret, pouring out our hearts to Him who rules the winds and the waves, and never forgets any of the creatures he has made.

" 'And now,' said the Dean, 'I am going to further show my gratitude by making my mother comfortable for the rest of her days,'—which he did by getting her into a better house, where she did not have to work any more,—the Dean declaring that he could hereafter make all the money that was necessary for her support. As for the ready money the Dean had when we came home, that was soon all gone, and mine too, for that matter, as I helped the Dean, of course. Then we looked about us for a good ship to go to sea in, as we felt that we should make better sailors now than anything else; indeed, neither of us knew what else to do.

"The story of our remarkable adventures getting abroad, we found many friends, so you may be sure, when we shipped again, it was not in such a crazy old hulk as the Blackbird, nor did we go any more whale or seal fishing, having got enough of that to last us for the remainder of our lives. Still, I have been back to the Arctic regions once since then; but it was not with a red-faced mate to torment me.

"I did not feel like coming up to Rockdale yet, being still very much ashamed, not having made anything, as I could see, by running away. Besides, I learned that my father had given me up for dead long ago, and had moved with all my brothers and sisters to Ohio, where I wrote to him, telling all about my voyage and shipwreck,—the best I could, that is; for, having neglected my studies when at school, I could not write very well.

"And now, my dears, that ends the story of how I was *cast away in the cold*, and it is high time too; for, as you have said, the holidays are at an end, and see there! the sun is sinking down behind the trees, and once more, as on the first day we met and parted in this pleasant little arbor, the shadows trail their ghostly length across the fields. But to me the shadows have another

meaning now. They will lie there heavy on the ground until you come to lift them, and I shall be very, very sad and lonely now without my little friends. The night is closing in, my dears, as if it were a curtain dropped purposely to hide what we would gladly see again; and the dew is falling heavy on the grass, my dears, and so ‘good by’ is the word.”

The Captain paused and bent his eyes upon the golden light that lay far off behind the trees, as if he would divine something of the future that was before himself and the little children by his side, and which he thought the golden sunlight held; but, while he looked, it seemed as if some tender chord within his gentle heart had snapped asunder and had been badly tied again, for he said quite hurriedly, “Well, well, my hearties, we must pass the word, and get it over. Good by,—there it is! God bless you, and good by!”

“Good by, dear Captain Hardy,” said William, putting out his hand,—a hand that promised to be a very manly one indeed some day,—“good by, and thank you for all your goodness to us,” and the little fellow could not keep a tear from coming out upon his plump and rosy cheek.

“Good by,” said Fred, and, as he said it, there were two tears at the very least on his.

“Good by,” dear little Alice would have said, though she didn’t; but instead she threw her arms about the old man’s neck and kissed his sunburnt cheek.

“Good by,” the Captain was about to say again, but (he was always good at getting out of scrapes) at that very moment he contracted a suspicion that something moist was getting up into his own big hazel eyes; and so he began to whistle briskly, and then, to cry out loud enough to call all hands to close reef the top-sails in a gale of wind: “Port and Starboard! Port and Starboard! come here, old curs and land-lubbers that you are,—come, bear a hand and be lively there, and say ‘good by.’ ”

And along Port and Starboard came, bounding at a tremendous rate, barking “good by” at every bound, and with their great bushy tails wagging “good by” besides.

The foreign ducks stopped shovelling and spattering mud, and quacked “good by.”

The chickens stopped stuffing themselves with grasshoppers, and, while the hens cackled “good by,” the roosters crowed it.

And, lastly, Main Brace came waddling along on his sausage legs, and from his plum-duff head let off “good by” at intervals, as a revolving gun lets off its balls, without appearing to have any more idea of what it was all about than the gun itself, until he reached the arbor, when he broke out into a loud “boo-hoo,” which was the only “good by” he was now equal to; and as the first “boo-hoo” let loose a second, and the second a third, and the third a deluge and

an earthquake all in one, there is no knowing what might have happened, had not the children scampered off and stopped the outburst,—Fred running on ahead, and William following after, leading his sister Alice by the hand, while the gentle little girl turned every dozen steps to throw back through the tender evening air, from her dainty little fingertips, a loving kiss (there was no laughing now) to the Ancient Mariner, whose face beamed brightly on her from the arbor door, and whose lips were saying plainly, “Good by, and God bless you till you come again!”

Isaac I. Hayes.

OUR FANNY.

Once for a whole fortnight it was very still at The Maples. Everything was in a dreadful state of order and precision. Not a chair was out of place. The rug lay undisturbed upon the hearth, and the tables did not need dusting or rearranging from one day's end to another. Even the horses of divers colors and dimensions that inhabited the stable under the *étagère* kept as quiet as the painted steeds in your picture-books; and the carts and wagons that bore them company entirely forgot that their party-colored wheels were made to revolve.

The truth was, that Lulu and Willie and Harry, with their papa and their big brother, had gone to visit uncles and aunts and cousins a great way off, and that is the reason there was so little commotion at The Maples.

Mamma was quite an invalid, not well enough to go on a journey with such a party of little people. So she helped pack the trunks and the lunch-basket, buttoned up coats and cloaks, tied down caps and hoods, and wrapped the shawls about the eager, dancing figures that could scarcely keep still the while, kissed all the little faces,—and the big ones too, for the matter of that,—said good by to everybody, and then seated herself at the little table in the library to write a story. Doubtless she thought this would be a capital time for such business,—not a soul to interrupt, not a single piping voice to ask questions! But, dear me!

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,"

and she found the unwonted stillness more distracting than the patter of tiny feet and the murmur of childish voices. The brain children, both little and big, with whom she had to deal, proved very unmanageable, and would do and say just the things they should not have done and said. So at last she closed her portfolio in despair, and, hunting up her knitting-work, determined to "possess her soul in patience," until her own real flesh-and-blood children, with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks, their noise and their mischief-making, should come home again.

The fortnight came to an end at last, and, one chilly evening in March, Mick drove to the depot to meet the returning travellers. The train was on time, and erelong carriage wheels slowly ascended the hill. Presently there was a rush, a confused murmur, a bursting open of the door; and a small whirlwind of coats, cloaks, and skirts, extended arms and laughing faces, came in with the

night air. What a tumult, to be sure, with the kisses and the questions, and all the glad confusion of the coming home!

After all, it was a great deal better than the going away.

"Isn't it funny?" said Willie. "We were so glad to go, and now we are ever so much gladder to come back!"

"O mamma! we've got her! we've got her!" shouted little Harry, trying to disengage himself from his muffler.

"Yes, and she's just the dearest little thing!" said Lulu, tossing her muff on the sofa.

"That's so!" cried Willie. "Mamma, you never saw such a pretty little creature in all your life."

"Just about as tall as I," added Harry, in his turn.

"And not a bit cross," chimed in Lulu. "O mamma! I'm so glad!"

"A brown coat," continued Willie.

"The tiniest little feet," persisted Harry.

"You'll want to put your arms right round her neck and pet her," cried Lulu. "Cousin Jule did."

"Her name is Fanny," said they all in one breath.

"And all her things are coming! She's got—"

Here Master Will paused, for papa began to laugh,—partly at the hubbub, and partly at mamma's look of mute bewilderment.

"Whatever are you all talking about?" the latter asked at length. "Name Fanny; brown coat; tiny feet; as tall as Harry, and all her clothes coming! What —"

"O mamma! I didn't say *clothes*, I said *things*," cried Willie, with a scream of laughter. "O dear, dear!"

"Well, what's the difference?" asked mamma. "You say that girls always call their clothes their things."

"No, mamma," said Lulu, gravely. "Only their hats and sacks and shawls. We don't call dresses and aprons *things*. But she's coming to-morrow, truly."

"Who? What are you talking about? Has Lulu found the little sister she has been hunting for for so many years?"

"Why, mamma! don't you know, really?" shouted one and all. "We thought papa had written you all about it."

Mamma shook her head. A momentary hush fell upon the laughing group.

Then Lulu said, "Don't let us tell her, boys, and she will be so surprised to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Willie. "But then there's Harry. He's so little, he'll be sure to tell. He can't keep a secret."

"Ho! see if I can't," interrupted Harry, straightening himself up in his indignation. "I can keep a secret just as well as if I was bigger."

"I'll trust Harry," said Lulu, laying her hand lovingly upon his head. Then, with a mischievous glance at her father, she added: "The real trouble is, that papa always tells mamma everything."

Papa laughed. "Too true, little daughter. But I won't betray you this time."

"Won't you tell, truly now, papa?" and the light figures clustered about him like—to use an entirely new simile—bees about a flower.

"Truly I won't tell," answered papa. "What is it that you children always say? 'True as I live and breathe and draw—' "

"O papa!" exclaimed Harry, with a horrified face. "Don't say *that*! Mamma says it is wrong, and foolish too."

The last words were very faintly uttered, and the blushing face was half hidden; for the idea dawned upon the little boy's mind, that perhaps he had overstepped the bounds, and that it was not for him to correct his father. But papa lifted him to his knee, kissed the downcast cheek, and said, "Papa won't say it, my boy. He thinks it *is* rather silly himself."

Then Harry brightened up.

"But you won't tell?"

"Not a word; not a syllable. Mamma shall be surprised to-morrow."

"But, mamma," whispered Lulu, as she came for her good-night kiss, "it isn't the little sister. I only wish it was."

The next morning, at least three children in this world were up betimes.

"Is the clock right, mamma?" asked Willie, as he rose from the breakfast-table. "Seems to me it is ever so much too slow. Only eight o'clock."

"Perfectly right, my son. Why do you think it too slow?"

"I guess he is in a hurry to surprise you, mamma," said little Harry. "Papa says he is to go to the depot at eleven o'clock."

"To meet your new friend?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the hesitating reply; and Harry ran off to Lulu, as if afraid of being questioned. But he need not have been uneasy. Mamma was quite willing to be surprised, though, to tell the truth, a shrewd suspicion or two were beginning to light up the dark corners of her mind.

Half past eight. Nine. Half past nine. Ten. How slowly the hours passed! Somebody had surely been meddling with that pendulum. But at length it was half past ten.

"There, mamma! now it is really time for Willie to go to the depot," cried Lulu. "Here, Will, here are your cap and mittens. Where's your comforter?"

With a spring and a half-stifled "hurrah!" Willie bounded down the hill, and was out of sight in a trice.

Lulu and Harry stationed themselves at the parlor window.

"There's the train! I hear the whistle," said Lulu, clasping her hands impulsively. "O, I do hope Willie has got there! Fanny will be so frightened if

—” then with a quick glance at mamma, who was quietly reading in the next room, she inclined her head to Harry’s, and finished the sentence in a whisper.

In about half an hour there was a great clapping of hands.

“There they come! there they come! But, O mamma, don’t come to the window yet,—not quite yet, please!”

“Never you fear. I’ll be blind and deaf as long as it is necessary,” was the laughing reply. “You can call me when you want me.”

So Lulu and Harry went out to meet Willie. There were exclamations of delight, little shouts of laughter, hurried whispers, a great deal of brushing, and multiplied sounds of preparation. But mamma never so much as glanced toward the window. She was bound to be surprised for once in her life, if such a thing were possible. Presently Lulu entered.

“Now, mamma, we want you to come and be introduced to Fanny. She is here waiting.”

“Why didn’t you bring her in and take off her bonnet first?” asked mamma, demurely. “She must be cold.”

Harry clapped his hands over his mouth, but in spite of that a smothered laugh found its way out between his fingers.

But they led mamma out on the piazza, and there stood Willie holding Fanny, not by the hand, but by the—bridle!

“Now, didn’t we tell you so, mamma?” the children began all at once. There was no such thing as telling which was which. “Isn’t she just the dearest little thing? and hasn’t she a brown coat? and tiny little feet? And see, her head is just as high as Harry’s, and she is as good-natured as a kitten. Not a bit afraid of the cars,—O you dear little Fanny!”

Mamma did not wonder that the young folks were delighted. There the new-comer stood,—a dear little Shetland pony about as large as a sheep, brown as a berry, with a long mane and tail, lifting her small feet daintily, but so gentle, withal, that even wee Harry might caress her freely without fear of a kick or a bite. The dear mother was astonished, and she praised and admired the pretty creature until the children were entirely satisfied.

“But where are her ‘things’?” she asked at length. “Did not the young lady bring her effects with her?”

“They are all at the depot,” Willie explained, triumphantly, “but you see I could not bring them. Mamma! there’s a real buggy, painted red, white, and blue, with such funny little wheels! and a harness, and a saddle, and a whip, and everything! O dear! I really am afraid I shall go crazy!” and, dropping the bridle, the boy turned a somerset in the exuberance of his delight. Fanny viewed the procedure quite coolly, and then rubbed her nose against Harry as if to say, “Take care of me, little master; my first friend has left me to my own devices.”

A world of new delights was opened to the children at The Maples by Fanny's advent. The next summer was one never to be forgotten. Long before the June roses faded, the little people had become quite familiar with the art of horsemanship. Very early in the morning, mamma would hear light footsteps and cautious movements in the chamber overhead; and, more than half asleep herself, she would turn over, and say, "Lulu is preparing for a ride this morning."

Soon she would be aware that some one was softly stealing down stairs, and would hear the low click as the front door was unlocked; and, if she rose and went to the window, she would see a little figure flying over the grass in the direction of the stables.

"Lulu is going to saddle the pony herself, this morning," would be the next thought; and, sure enough, in a very short time Fanny would appear, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the ride", every strap in the right place, and every buckle fastened by her young mistress's own small fingers.

Lulu would mount and away! Cantering fearlessly over the quiet country roads,—now following the windings of our beautiful Otter, now pausing for a moment beneath the dark shadow of the pines, now looking up with awe and wonder at majestic Killington, mantled with rosy purple and crowned with golden glory. Then she would come home to breakfast, as bright and happy as the summer day.

Then there was the buggy, with two seats, just large enough to hold four children. Glory McWhirk, with all her capacity for dreaming, never once dreamed of more "beautiful times" than Willie and Harry were "in" when they had permission to take Cousin Bessie and her little brother, or lovely, blue-eyed, motherless Nellie, out for a drive. It was almost better than riding, because, unfortunately, Fanny, willing as she was to oblige her playmates, could not carry double, and each little rider must go alone; and sometimes it happened that they all wanted to ride at once.

One day, when Fanny had been a member of the family about three months, mamma sat with her work at the window in the back parlor. Suddenly she heard a queer little tread upon the piazza floor, and, lifting her head, she found a delicate brown nose in close proximity to her own; with Master Harry upon her back, Miss Fanny was taking a deliberate survey of matters and things in-doors.

"O mamma! mayn't I ride right into the house? The pony is so little,—do let me, please!"

Mamma reflected! It was not quite as bad as the pigs we read of in Irish cabins, and she had actually heard of a hencoop in a bedroom. So, after due consideration, she said, "Yes, come in."

So in they came at the kitchen door,—the little hoofs making a strange

“tramp, tramp,” upon the painted floor,—through the dining-room and into the parlor, followed by Katy and Margaret, laughing at the unwonted spectacle. Do you think Miss Fanny was abashed by her unaccustomed position and surroundings? Not a bit of it. She was as nonchalant, as much at ease, as her young master himself. Very quietly she marched about, caring for carpets as little as for straw. Evidently she was no respecter of places. A piano was rather a new thing, to be sure; but what of that? It was no better, and, from her standpoint, not half as useful as her manger. She snuffed at the books on the table, cast a critical glance at the statuettes on the mantel, viewed the other pretty things with an air of wise indifference, walked into the hall and examined the hat-stand for a minute or so, then came back, retraced her steps through dining-room and kitchen, marched down the steps with a sort of slow dignity, and betook herself to nibbling grass as unconcernedly as ever,—wise little Fanny!

If our Fanny ever dies,—which may the gods forbid!—the children at The Maples will sit in sackcloth and ashes. But love is never lost, even that which is lavished upon a poor dumb beast. And, when the parting hour arrives, they may feel, as others have felt before them, that it is

“Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

Julia C. R. Dorr.


J.P.DAVIS-SPEER Sc

MELODY FROM THE OPERA OF "LES HUGUENOTS."

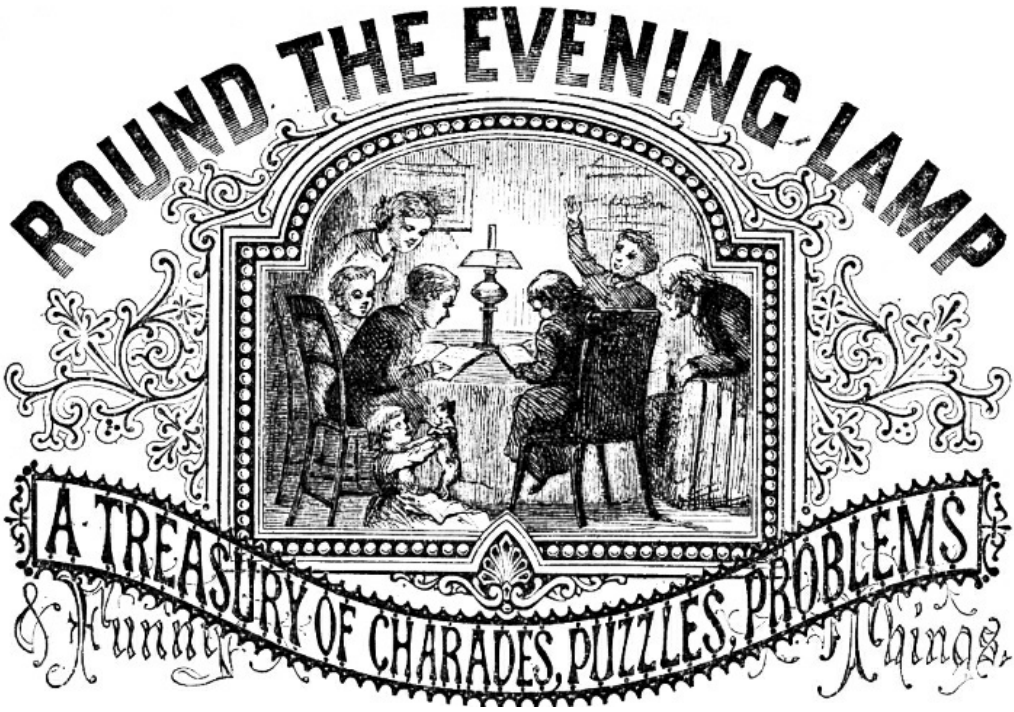
MEYERBEER. Arranged by ALBERTI.


Allegro moderato.
Più lento.
f
p espress.
Andantino cantabile.
riten.
dol.


espress.
sf


Piu Mosso.
sf
mf
dim.
dol.
f
vivo.
mf
f
ff


Allegretto.
fz
mf
2 1 2 3
5 1
cresc.
f



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

CHARADES.

No. 66.

Always roaming round the earth,
Sometimes here and sometimes there,
None can tell where I had birth,
Or ever see me anywhere.

I sometimes glide in through your doors,
And, if in gentle mood I come,
And sing soft airs to while the hours,
I'm welcome in your quiet home.

But when I come with sighs and moans,
And hint of peril and distress,
You, shudd'ring, wish me to begone,
And I'm no more a welcome guest.

BECKY.

No. 67.

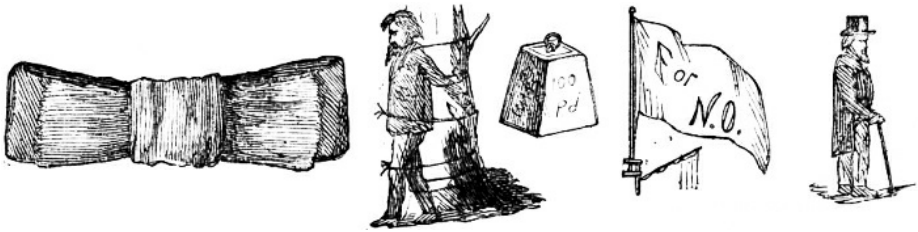
My *first*, a learned Jewish scribe,
Some eighteen hundred years ago,
Stood before Cæsar's judgment-bar,
Complaint against the Greeks to show.
And many books this wise man wrote,
Far from the scenes of noise and strife;
The Jewish Plato he was styled,
And famed for contemplative life.

My *second* is a name derived
From the same source the scribe had drawn,
Though often borne by those who fail
To show it forth at eve or dawn.
I think of one who bears it now,—
A merry, apple-faced old maid,
Full of her pranks and sportive glee,
But very far from learned or staid.

For they who ever would succeed
In winning at the world's best goal,
Must surely have no little share
Of sweetness, patience, and my *whole*.

EX. ALT.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 68.



A. H. S.

ENIGMAS.

No. 69.

I am composed of 72 letters.
My 1, 6, 15, 7, is a metal.
My 37, 2, 29, 20, 9, 35, is a type for printing.
My 25, 27, 8, 54, 17, 3, is a valuable gem.
My 46, 34, 18, 4, 24, 26, is an order of knighthood in England.
My 5, 31, 28, 18, 40, is a river in France.
My 10, 42, 20, 19, 45, 61, is a boy's name.
My 11, 2, 30, 16, 52, 26, is a relative.
My 12, 56, 45, 50, 67, is a garden vegetable.
My 13, 38, 49, is a kind of fairy.
My 14, 53, 65, 61, is an insect.
My 21, 60, 71, 22, is a kind of pavilion.
My 44, 55, 54, 46, 50, is an Eastern fruit.
My 23, 49, 18, 43, is a stringed musical instrument.
My 32, 62, 9, 8, 64, was the goddess of flowers.
My 33, 66, 18, 70, 47, is a girl's name.
My 41, 63, 55, 39, is an East Indian tree.
My 48, 60, 66, 69, is a water-fowl.
My 58, 2, 36, 6, is a motion of the sea.
My 59, 40, 70, 57, is a part of the body.
My 72, 55, 68, 6, is a tropical fruit.
My 51, 50, is an abbreviation.
My whole is a short verse which all would do well to remember, as it teaches a good lesson.

L. F. H.

No. 70.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 11, 1, 21, 6, 17, 10, is an American poet.
My 3, 13, 14, 15, 2, 8, was an English poet.
My 11, 12, 8, 21, 18, 17, was a celebrated English writer and poet.
My 7, 10, 4, 19, 3, 20, 8, is an American poet.
My 6, 19, 19, 16, 7, 2, 8, was an English poet.
My 5, 4, 7, 14, 4, 21, was a great religious poet.
My whole is a proverb often seen in copy-books.

LEILA ROCKWOOD.

Je suis composé de 24 lettres.
Mon 16, 6, 11, 2, 16, est tyran romain.
Mon 11, 23, 18, 6, est la reine des fleurs.
Mon 13, 9, 23, 16, est du règne animal.
Mon 10, 23, 18, 19, 2, 16, est une ville d'Amérique.
Mon 24, 2, 22, 18, 9, 16, 12, est un des grands musiciens.
Mon 5, 21, 24, 2, 1, 17, est un légume.
Mon 5, 23, 7, 3, 12, 13, 14, 6, est trouvé sur le rivage de la mer.
Mon 4, 8, 13, 9, 20, 17, est une fleur brillante.
Mon tout est un proverbe français.

F. R. B. B.

ANSWERS.

57. Early to bed and early to rise,
    Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
    [(Ear) (L) Y (toe) (bed) & (ear) ly II (rye) Z M (ache) (Sam Ann) (heel) (thigh) (well) thy & y z.]
58. RoW,
    ElizA,
    VictualS,
    OH,
    LevI,
    UnioN,
    ThronG,
    InvenT,
    OhiO,
    NuN.
59. Indians often attack white men. [(Indians) O F (ten) (a tack) (white men).]
60. Not-ice.
61. The letter A.
62. Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
    Through which the living Homer begged his bread.
63. Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps.
64. M-o-us-e.
65. For Freedom now so seldom wakes,
    The only throb she gives
    Is when some heart indignant breaks,
    To show that still she lives.
    [(IV) (*f*) (*re*) (dome) Now (sow) S (L) (dome) W (ache) S (tea) (he *on* L Y) (T H *robs* he) (*g* iv) (sis) W (hen) (sum) (heart *in* D I G N) (ant) (bee) (rake) (stew) (show) (tea) (hats) (till) S (heel) (ivy) E S.]

OUR LETTER BOX

Gypsy. The *o* in song, long, dog, and gone should be pronounced like the *o* in on.

L. L. You should try to be right, although you are only children.

H. W. B. B. A spy-glass, to be really serviceable, should cost not much less than five dollars. Cheap ones can be bought at a very much less price, but they are not accurate, and the workmanship will not prove strong and good.

Emma. We have used that subject once or twice.

W. J. B. Your rebus might just as well read “last and least.” Always *prove* a rebus as you would a sum.

Linnie. Certainly it would be proper for you to ask “to be excused” from remaining at the table, if the meal had ended, and your elders kept their seats only to continue their own conversation more conveniently. But if the meal were still unfinished, you should wait quietly, although your own wants might have been satisfied.

Ward. Did your enigma have answers to each question, as well as a final solution? Pray remember that we receive enigmas by the hundred.

Nelle. “Aunt Fanny” would rather not tell her “real name” just now.—Spectacles were first used about the end of the thirteenth century.

Ella Constance P. No, thank you.

Kitty & Frank, Jr. Will you try again? Your rebuses are almost good enough; they are certainly well sketched.

Nina. It is not polite to whisper in company, and there is seldom any occasion for so doing. Almost any communication will *keep* until there is a favorable opportunity for making it.

F. B. sends this:—

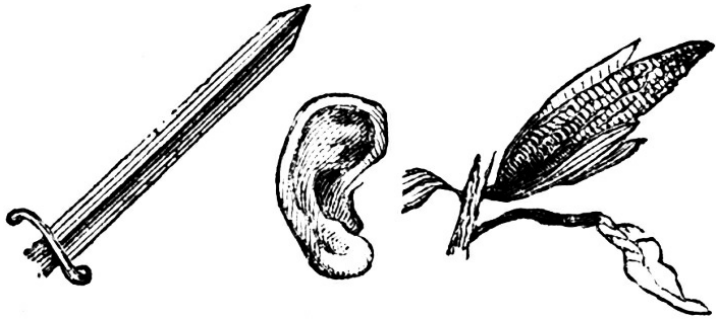
“LITTLE WARRIORS.

“Little blue eyes, black, or brown,
In the country or the town,
Can you fight?
Not with gleaming sword or gun,
Not in mimic fray for ‘fun,’
But in earnest, sturdy strife
For the right
On the battle-field of life?

“You were born to strive, and do
Something for the good and true,
And you can!
Will you, then, stand by and see
Others fighting manfully
With the hosts of wrong and sin?
Like a man
Help the right and true to win!

“Deal oppression blow on blow,
Let deceit and error know
Where you stand!
Fight intemperance, cruelty,
Wickedness, and bigotry!
Ever to the cause of right
Lend a hand,
And be *foremost* in the fight!”

“An ounce of discretion equals (*or* is worth) a pound of wit.” That’s it exactly, and a very good proverb it is for all people who are tempted to say just what comes to their tongue’s end, without stopping to consider what is best to be said. But another puzzle waits below.



TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

[The end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Volume 4, Issue 10* edited by J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom]