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GENERAL PRESCOTT AND THE YANKEE BOY.
CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN THREE MILES HIGH.
THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF IRELAND.
THE STORY OF THE SUMMER BOARDER, MOSES, AND THE TWO VISITORS.
THE FAIRY PAINTERS.
A WIDE-AWAKE RUSSIAN SENTRY.
THE SONG OF THE WREN.
WILD BOARS.
TAKING—NOT STEALING.
THE FIRST VALENTINE.
THE KING'S BABY.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
OUR POST-OFFICE BOX
TOO FAT AND TOO THIN.

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"DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD GET IT?"

GENERAL PRESCOTT AND THE YANKEE BOY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

General Prescott, commanding the British forces on Rhode Island in 1777, was a petty tyrant, imperious, irascible, and cruel. He would command citizens of Newport who met him on the streets to take off their hats in deference to him, and if not obeyed, he would knock them off with his cane. If he saw a group of citizens talking together, he would shake his cane at them, and shout, "Disperse, you rebels!" For slight offenses citizens were imprisoned and otherwise ill-treated. This unworthy conduct made the people despise and hate him. His tyranny became unbearable.

Prescott's summer quarters were at Mr. Overing's house, on the borders of Narragansett Bay, a few miles from Newport. On a warm but showery night in July, 1777, Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, with a few resolute men, went down the bay from Providence, in a whale-boat, landed near Prescott's quarters at about midnight, secured the sentinels, entered the house, and ascended to the door of his bedroom in the second story. It was locked. A stout colored man who accompanied Barton, making a battering-ram of his head, burst open the door. The General, in affright, sprang from his bed, but was instantly seized, and without being allowed to dress himself, was conveyed to the boat, and taken quickly across the bay to Warwick. Thence he was sent, under guard, to Washington's head-quarters in New Jersey.

In the spring of 1778 Prescott was exchanged for General Charles Lee, and returned to Rhode Island. Soon afterward the British Admiral invited the General to dine with him and his officers on board his ship, then lying in front of Newport. Martial law yet prevailed on the Island, and men and boys were frequently sent by the authorities on shore to be confined in the ship as a punishment for slight offenses. There were several on board at that time.

After dinner the free use of wine made the company hilarious, and toasts and songs were frequently called for. A lieutenant remarked to the Admiral, "There is a Yankee lad confined below who can shame any of us in singing."

"Bring him up," said the Admiral.

"Yes, bring him up," said Prescott.

The boy was brought into the cabin. He was pale and slender, and about thirteen years of age. Abashed by the presence of great officers, with their glittering uniforms, he timidly approached, when the Admiral, seeing his embarrassment, spoke kindly to him, and asked him to sing a song.

"I can't sing any but Yankee songs," said the trembling boy.

"Come, my little fellow, don't be afraid," said the Admiral. "Sing one of your Yankee songs—any one you can recollect."

The boy still hesitated, when the brutal Prescott, who was a stranger to the lad, roared out,

"Give us a song, you little rebel, or I'll give you a dozen lashes."

This cruel salutation was innocently met most severely by the child, when, encouraged by kind words from the Admiral, he sang, with a sweet voice and modest manner, the following ballad, composed by a sailor of Newport:

"Twas on a dark and stormy night—
   The wind and waves did roar—
Bold Barton then, with twenty men,
   Went down upon the shore.

"And in a whale-boat they set off
   To Rhode Island fair,
To catch a redcoat General
   Who then resided there.

"Through British fleets and guard-boats strong
They held their dangerous way,
Till they arrived unto their port,
And then did not delay.

"A tawny son of Afric's race
Them through the ravine led,
And entering then the Overing house,
They found him in his bed.

"But to get in they had no means
Except poor Cuffee's head,
Who beat the door down, then rushed in,
And seized him in his bed.

"Stop! let me put my clothing on!"
The General then did pray;
'Your clothing, massa, I will take;
For dress we can not stay.'

"Then through rye stubble him they led,
With shoes and clothing none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

"Soon the alarm was sounded loud:
'The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him have carried hum.'

"The drums were beat, sky-rockets flew,
The soldiers shouldered arms,
And marched around the grounds they knew,
Filled with most dire alarms.

"But through the fleet with muffled oars
They held their devious way,
And landed him on 'Gansett shores,
Where Britons held no sway.

"When unto land the captors came,
Where rescue there was none,
'A bold push this,' the General cried;
'Of prisoners I am one.'"

The boy was frequently interrupted by roars of laughter at Prescott's expense, which strengthened the child's nerves and voice; and when he had concluded his song, "I thought," wrote a gentleman who was present, "the deck would go through with the stamping." General Prescott joined heartily in the merriment produced by the song, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a coin, and handed it to the boy, saying,

"Here, you young dog, is a guinea for you."

The boy was set at liberty the next morning, and sent ashore.

CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN THREE MILES HIGH.

The ice-bound peak of the Alps known as the Matterhorn, situated between Switzerland and Italy, forty miles northeast of Mont Blanc, and twelve miles west of Monte Rosa, towers skyward nearly 15,000 feet, presenting an appearance imposing beyond description. The peak rises abruptly, by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear 5000 feet above the glaciers which surround its base. There seemed to the superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys to be a line drawn around it, up to which one might go, but no farther. Within that invisible line good and evil spirits were supposed to exist. They spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed, they gravely shook their heads, told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls, and warned you against a rash approach, lest the infuriate demons from their impregnable heights should hurl down vengeance for your audacity.

Previous to 1865 several attempts had been made by daring tourists to reach its summit, but no one got beyond 13,000 feet, the remaining 2000 feet being generally regarded as inaccessible. But in the year just mentioned a little party of hardy English climbers accomplished the ascent. The achievement was made, however, at the cost of four human lives.

The story, as told by one of the leaders of the party, Mr. Edward Whymper, who had already made seven unsuccessful attempts, is an exciting one.

The ascent was made in July, in company with Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Hadow, and three guides. On the first day they did not ascend to a great height, and on the second day they resumed their journey with daylight, as they were anxious to outstrip a party of Italians who had set out before them by a different route. Difficulty after difficulty was surmounted. The higher they rose, the more intense became the excitement. What if they should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off; at length they could be detached from the rope which bound the party together; and Croz and Mr. Whymper, dashing away, ran

a neck-and-neck race, which ended in a dead-heat. At 1.40 P.M. the world was at their feet, and the Matterhorn was conquered. Hurrah! They had beaten the party of Italians, whom they saw on the southwest ridge, 1250 feet below, and who did not prosecute the ascent farther. For an hour the successful climbers revelled in the scene which lay at their feet. There were black and gloomy forests, bright and cheerful meadows; bounding water-falls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid *plateaux*. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines; low perpendicular cliffs and gentle undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn, or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones, and spires. There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

Alas! their naturally triumphant feeling of pleasure was but short-lived. They had commenced their descent, again tied together with ropes. Croz, a most accomplished guide and a brave fellow, went first; Hadow, second; Hudson, as an experienced mountaineer, and reckoned as good as a guide, third; Lord F. Douglas, fourth; followed by Mr. Whymper between the two remaining guides, named Jaugwalder, father and son. They were commencing the difficult part of the descent, and Croz was cutting steps in the ice for the feet of Mr. Hadow, who was immediately behind him. A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa Hotel, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorngletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw: Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet one by one into their proper positions. "At this moment," says Mr. Whymper, "Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Jaugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorngletscher below—a distance of nearly 4000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them. So perished our comrades."

The bodies of three of the men who thus miserably perished were afterward recovered; but that of Lord Francis Douglas was never again seen. It was a melancholy ending, and may well excite a feeling of surprise that so many brave and useful men can thus be found year by year hazarding their lives for what is in many cases no higher purpose than that of pleasure or sport.

THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF IRELAND.

Although Ireland is not generally regarded as one of the gold-producing countries of the world, gold has been found there in paying quantities, especially in the county of Wicklow.

Tradition commonly attributes the original discovery of the Wicklow gold mines to a poor school-master, who, while fishing in one of the small streams which descend from the Croghan mountains, picked up a piece of shining metal, and having ascertained that it was gold, gradually enriched himself by the success of his researches in that and the neighboring streams, cautiously disposing of the produce of his labor to a goldsmith in Dublin. He is said to have preserved the secret for upward of twenty years, but marrying a young wife, he imprudently confided his discovery to her, and she, believing her husband to be mad, immediately revealed the circumstance to her relations, through whose means it was made public. This was toward the close of the year 1795, and the effect it produced was remarkable. Thousands of people of every age and sex hurried to the spot, and from the laborer who could wield a spade or pickaxe to the child who scraped the rock with a rusty nail, all eagerly engaged in the search after gold. The Irish are a people possessed of a rich and quick fancy, and the very name of a gold mine carried with it ideas of inexhaustible wealth.

During the interval which elapsed between the public announcement of the gold discovery and the taking possession of the mine by the government—a period of about two months—it is supposed that upward of two thousand five hundred ounces of gold were collected by the peasants, principally from the mud and sand of Ballinvally stream, and disposed of for about ten thousand pounds, a sum far exceeding the produce of the mine during the government operations, which amounted to little more than three thousand five hundred pounds.

The gold was found in pieces of all forms and sizes, from the smallest perceptible particle to the extraordinary mass of twenty-two ounces, which sold for eighty guineas. This large piece was of an irregular form; it measured four inches in its greatest length, and three in breadth, and in thickness it varied from half an inch to an inch; a gilt cast of it may be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. So pure was the gold generally found, that it was the custom of the Dublin goldsmiths to put gold coin in the opposite scale to it, and give weight for weight.

The government works were carried on until 1798, when all the machinery was destroyed in the insurrection. The mining was renewed in 1801, but not being found sufficiently productive to pay the expenses, the search was abandoned. There prevails yet, however, a lingering belief among the peasants that there is still gold in Kinsella, and only the "lucky man" is wanting.

THE STORY OF THE SUMMER BOARDER, MOSES, AND THE TWO VISITORS.

BY THE FAMILY STORY-TELLER.

I warn you, said Family Story-Teller, looking round upon the family circle the next evening, that this is a story of mistakes. It will be a hard story to follow, and unless you pay close attention, you will forget which is Evelyn and which is the other girl, and why it was that Mrs. Stimpcett thought her boy Moses had broken his leg. I mean, of course, Mrs. Stimpcett of the village of Gilead.

Mrs. Stimpcett's summer boarder, Mr. St. Clair, was forgetful. He liked well to gaze at a brook, a pond, the clouds, the blue sky, the flowery fields, and often he forgot to stop doing so, and kept on gazing when it was meal time, or bed-time, or some other time.

Mrs. Stimpcett took also another summer boarder, a rich lady of the name of Odell. Mrs. Odell was tall, and slim, and pale, and in her cap, just above her forehead, was set in a row three pink muslin roses. Mrs. Odell was silly enough to be proud of being rich, and stingy enough to like to save her own money at other people's expense.

EVELYN.

Mrs. Odell had a six-year-old niece named Evelyn, a pale, delicate little girl, who lived in the city, and this Evelyn was coming to Gilead to visit her aunt Odell. She was coming in the cars to Mill Village in care of the conductor, and her aunt Odell was to send a carriage to the station to fetch her to Gilead. If the carriage was not there when the cars arrived, she was to stay with the station-man till it should arrive. I trust my story is plain thus far.

It happened that Mr. Stimpcett was going to Mill Village that same day, to get some corn ground, and Mrs. Odell, though it would take him very far out of his way, asked him to go round by the station and get Evelyn. This would save hiring a carriage.

Now Mr. St. Clair thought it would be a pleasant thing to go to mill, and asked if he might go in the place of Mr. Stimpcett. Mr. Stimpcett said, "Oh yes, if you will be sure to bring back the meal." So Mr. St. Clair went to mill; and Moses Stimpcett, a boy about nine years old, went with him, for the sake of the ride, and to see his aunt Debby, who lived not far from the mill.

They set off soon after the hour of noon. Moses wore his Zouave cap, and his second-best summer clothes, and Mr. St. Clair wore a black alpaca coat, a blue neck-tie tied in a bow, a broad-brimmed straw hat, a white vest, and white trousers. Moses drove the horse, and they reached the mill without accident. While the miller was taking in the [Pg 188] corn, Moses bought a roll of lozenges at a store near by, and as he came out with them a man passed that way, leading a small but valuable dog. Said this man to Moses, "I wish you would hold my dog while I step into the mill;" and Moses took the string.

Mr. St. Clair hitched his horse a little way from the mill, and then said to Moses, "When the man takes his dog, you can go to your aunt Debby's. I will call for you there, after I have been to the station and got the little girl." Mr. St. Clair then walked up the bank of the stream to see the waters flow.

Moses led the dog along to the mill, and leaned against the building awhile; then sat down on a barrel. Soon the barrel began to move. The reason of this was that it stood on an elevator. Moses had not noticed that the barrel stood on an elevator. First he wondered what the matter was, and second, he thought he would jump; but by that time the barrel was quite a way off the ground, and, besides, he was troubled by holding the string of the dog, and the lozenges. The barrel rose higher and higher, and when the little dog found himself swinging in the air, he kicked and yelped, and jerked the string so that Moses was obliged to let it go, and also to drop the lozenges, for he had to grasp the barrel with both hands. The dog fell, and broke one of his legs. [Please remember that it was the *dog*, and not Moses.] Moses and the barrel were taken in at the third story. A traveller passing through the place heard of this elevator accident, and told of it that afternoon at a house in Gilead. But this person understood that it was the *boy* who broke his leg—"a Stimpcett boy," he said, in telling the news. Mrs. Stimpcett heard of it soon after milking-time; but this will be spoken of farther on in the story.

MOSES LETS THE DOG FALL.

Mr. St. Clair walked far up the bank of the stream, and when he came back, the miller told him that his bag of meal had been put into his cart. He went out, and seeing a cart with a bag of meal lying at the bottom, he stepped in, and drove around to the station.

Now this cart which Mr. St. Clair took belonged to a man who came from Cherry Valley. Here, you see, was a mistake. But Mr. St. Clair not only took the wrong cart, he took the wrong little girl, as will now be told. He drove in haste to the station, knowing he had staid too long walking up the bank of the stream. On the platform of the station sat a roly-poly, chubby-cheeked little girl, with a carpet-bag and a heavy bundle. He asked her, "Are you waiting for some one to come for you?" "Yes, sir," she answered. "All right," said Mr. St. Clair; and he helped her into the cart. I hope you understand that this very fleshy child was not Evelyn Odell. She was Maggie Brien. Maggie Brien lived with her grandmother, not far from the station. Her mother did the cooking in a family two miles away, and she had promised to send that day for Maggie to come and make her a visit, and Maggie was sitting on the platform waiting for the man to take her.

Mr. St. Clair took her, and drove from the station, thinking to go to Aunt Debby's and get Moses, and set off for Gilead; but while he was gazing up at the sky, the horse—which you will remember was not Mr. Stimpcett's horse—turned into a road which led to his own master's house at Cherry Valley. Mr. St. Clair had now the wrong horse and cart, the wrong meal, the wrong girl, and the wrong road. Presently the horse trotted up to the door of a farm-house, and stopped. Three heads of three young maidens popped out

of three chamber windows, and a bare-armed woman, wiping her hands on her apron, rushed to the door. "Where is my husband?" she cried. "Is he hurt? Is he killed? Tell me the truth at once!"

"I assure you, madam," answered Mr. St. Clair, mildly, "that I have not seen your husband."

"Why, then, have you come with his horse and cart?" she asked.

"This horse and cart, madam," said Mr. St. Clair, still mildly, "belongs to Mr. Stimpcett, of Gilead."

"Do you think I don't know our horse and cart?" cried the woman, in an angry tone. "Besides, here's my husband's name on the bag—I. Ellison."

"I must have taken the wrong horse and cart," said Mr. St. Clair. "I will go back at once and find Mr. Ellison."

"The quicker the better," said the woman, as he turned the horse.

Just after Mr. St. Clair had passed from the Cherry Valley road into the mill road, a man came out of a wood path and sprang at the horse, crying, "Stop thief!"

"Where is the thief?" asked Mr. St. Clair, looking all around.

"You are the thief!" cried the man. "You have stolen my horse and cart."

Maggie Brien began to cry.

"Are you Mr. I. Ellison?" asked Mr. St. Clair.

"Yes, I am," said the man, angrily.

Mr. St. Clair explained his mistake, and gave up the horse and cart to Mr. I. Ellison. He then took Maggie's carpet-bag and heavy bundle, and walked all the way to Aunt Debby's.

By the time they reached Aunt Debby's it was nearly dark, and as for Moses, he was already travelling home in his father's cart. It happened in this way. Aunt Debby heard that Mr. St. Clair had been seen driving off, and knew he must have taken the wrong horse and cart, for Mr. Stimpcett's was still standing near the mill. Therefore, as Moses had already waited until after supper, she let him take his father's horse and cart and drive home behind a man with an ox team who was going by a roundabout way to Gilead.

Now as soon as Moses had driven off, Aunt Debby locked her doors and went to an evening meeting, so that when Mr. St. Clair came there on foot, with Maggy Brien and her bag and bundle, to find Moses, he found no one. He questioned some boys standing by a fence, and they told him that Moses had gone home in his father's cart, behind an ox team. Maggy Brien began to cry again. "Don't cry, dear," said Mr. St. Clair. "I'll hire a buggy."

He hired from the stable a buggy, a fast horse, and a driver, and away they started for Gilead, and reached Mr. Stimpcett's house at about half past eight o'clock in the evening. Moses had not arrived.

Mr. St. Clair found Mrs. Stimpcett, with her bonnet and shawl on, walking the floor, sobbing and sighing and wringing her hands. Grandma, also crying, was wrapping a bottle of the Sudden Remedy in a piece of newspaper.

"Oh, how *is* Moses?" cried Mrs. Stimpcett. "*Will* it have to be taken off?"

"Is not Moses here?" asked Mr. St. Clair, in a mild voice.

"Here!" cried Mrs. Stimpcett. "How can he be here, when he has broken his leg? I am going to him as soon as Mr. Stimpcett can borrow a horse."

Mr. St. Clair thought that Moses must have fallen from the cart on his way home; but before he had time to speak, Mrs. Odell came in.

"Where is my niece?" she cried. "Where is Evelyn?"

"'HERE SHE IS,' SAID MR. ST. CLAIR."

"Here she is," said Mr. St. Clair, presenting Maggie Brien.

"What do you mean?" shrieked Mrs. Odell. "That my niece? No! no! no! Oh, Evelyn! Evelyn! Evelyn! Dear child, where are you?"

Maggie Brien began to cry bitterly.

"Alas! what a wretch I am, to have made this mistake!" cried Mr. St. Clair. "But I'll find your Evelyn. I'll go for a horse. I'll take this child back. Don't cry, little girl. I won't rest till I find your Evelyn;" and he rushed from the house, almost knocking down several children in the passageway—the Stimpcett children; for Obadiah, Debby, and little Cordelia had been awakened by the noise, and had come down in their night-gowns.

But the lost Evelyn was near, and coming nearer every moment. You will remember that Maggie's mother, Mrs. Brien, was to send for Maggie to come and visit her. The man whom she sent went back and told her that he could not find Maggie, and that her grandmother was afraid she had been stolen from the station. Mrs. Brien hired a horse and wagon, and drove to the station, and inquired of the station-master. A stable-boy who stood near told her he saw a little girl who looked like Maggie riding off in a buggy with a man, and that the man hired the buggy to go to Gilead.

"The wretch!" cried Mrs. Brien; "to be stealing away my child! I will keep on to Gilead. I will follow him up."

"I wish you would let this little girl ride with you to Gilead," said the station-master. "She has been waiting

a long time for some one to call and take her to Mr. Stimpcett's, and Mr. Stimpcett will help you find your Maggie." He then brought out a slender, flaxen-haired little girl, and placed her in Mrs. Brien's wagon. This child was Evelyn Odell, and Mrs. Brien took her to Gilead.

It happened that they reached Mr. Stimpcett's just as Moses was driving into the yard with his father's horse and cart, and they three, Mrs. Brien, Moses, and Evelyn, went into the house together.

Scarcely had they entered before Mr. Stimpcett, and then Mr. St. Clair, arrived in haste, each with a horse and wagon. Mr. Stimpcett rushed in to get his wife, and Mr. St. Clair to get Maggie. There they found Mrs. Stimpcett with her arms around Moses, Mrs. Odell with hers around Evelyn, and Mrs. Brien with hers around Maggie; and there were huggings and kissings and laughings and cryings, and it was, "Oh, you dear!" and, "Oh, you darling!" and "Oh, my child!" and, oh other things! Grandma held the Sudden Remedy bottle, looking at Moses's legs as if not quite sure yet that they did not need some of it rubbed on, while Obadiah, and Deborah, and little Cordelia stood staring and sniffling and smiling, now and then wiping their eyes with their night-gown sleeves.

"Will nobody hug me?" cried Mr. Stimpcett. Upon this little Cordelia climbed into his arms, and they two hugged each other.

Mr. St. Clair told his part of the story, Moses his part, and Mrs. Brien her part.

"After all," said Mr. Stimpcett, "Mr. St. Clair did not bring back the meal!"

THE FAIRY PAINTERS.

The Fairy Queen had built herself a palace of gold and crystal. The rooms were hung with tapestry of rose leaves, and the floors were carpeted with moss. The great hall was the grandest part of all. The ceiling was made of mother-of-pearl, and the walls of ivory, and the lights which hung from the roof sparkled with diamonds. These ivory walls were to be covered with paintings; so the Queen called the fairy artists, and bade them all paint a picture for her by a certain day. "He whose picture is best," she said, "shall paint my hall, to his everlasting renown, and I will raise him, besides, to the highest fairy honors." The youngest of the fairy painters was Tintabel. He could draw a face so exquisite, that it was happiness only to gaze at it, or so sad that no one could see it without tears. No fairy longed as he did for the glory and renown of painting the Queen's palace.

He wandered out into the wood to dream his idea into loveliness before he wrought it with his hand. "Never shall be picture like my picture," he said aloud; "I will steal the colors of heaven, and trace spirit forms." But Orgolino, that wicked fairy, heard him. Now Orgolino painted very grandly. He could draw wild and strong and terrible beings, which thrilled the gazer with wonder and awe. Of all his rivals he feared Tintabel only. So, when he saw him alone in the wood, he rejoiced wickedly, and said, "Now I will rid myself of a foe;" and he flew down upon the poor Tintabel, and being a more powerful fairy, he caught him, and pinned his wings together with magic thorns, and fastened him down with them among the fungus and toad-stools of the damp wood. Then he flew away exulting, and painted day and night. It was a magnificent picture, with stately figures, powerful and triumphant, and Orgolino's heart swelled with pride at his work, and he said to himself, "I might have left that poor wretch alone. The weakling could do nothing like this."

Meanwhile Tintabel cried bitterly, because his hope was lost, his praise would never be heard among the fairies, and the beauty he had hoped to create he should never see. The elf that lived in the toad-stool looked up as the tears fell upon him, and gathered them up from his fungous coat, where they sparkled like dew.

"What sweet water!" he said.

"Alas!" sighed Tintabel—"alas for my vanished hopes! Oh! how lovely should my picture have been, and now I am bound down here to uselessness;" and he could not feel the pain of his bruised and bound wings because of the pain at his heart. The elf in the toad-stool looked up and said,

"Fairy, paint me a picture, here on the smooth surface of the toad-stool, for I have never seen one."

Tintabel stopped his wailing to think how wretched was the elf who had never seen a picture.

"Ah! elf," he said, "I have neither pencil nor colors. How can I paint?"

But the elf pointed to one of the thorns which fastened Tintabel's wings. The end was long, so that the fairy could reach it.

"There is a pencil," said the elf; and the artist's longing came upon the fairy, and he seized the thorn. Poor hurt wings! how they quivered and pained as the point of their fastenings pressed hither and thither over the surface of the toad-stool, and crushed and dragged and rent them in its course! But the thorn had a magic in it, and Tintabel found it possessed more than fairy power. The sharper his pain, the more perfect the stroke he could make. As the delicate film of the wing was torn, the rainbow tints dropped off, and gave him lovelier colors than the hues of heaven; and the elf held up his tears as water for the painting. He painted his remembrance of fairy-land and his weariness of earth.

When the appointed day came, the Fairy Queen called her painters together. The great hall was filled with them, but of all the pictures none was so great as Orgolino's. He had painted "The Triumph of Strength." Then said the Queen, "Where is Tintabel?" and no one knew.

"He has not cared to obey your Majesty's command," said Orgolino.

But the Queen looked at him steadily, and said, "Tintabel must be found."

Then all the fairies went in search of him. Soon one returned and said, "Tintabel is bound in the wood among the fungus and toad-stools, and before him is a picture more beautiful than any fairy ever saw."

"Come," said the Queen; and her subjects followed her to the wood.

There, on the white toad-stool's top, was a tiny picture, lovelier and grander at once than any fancy could dream, and it showed "The Triumph of Pain."

Then Orgolino was turned out into the wood among the cold and creeping things, and Tintabel was taken to great honor.

A WIDE-AWAKE RUSSIAN SENTRY.

BY DAVID KER.

Eighty or ninety years ago, when the Russians had a good many wars upon their hands, their best general was Marshal Alexander Suvoroff, whose name is still famous in Russia. Any old soldier you meet there will tell you plenty of stories about him, and strange enough stories too, for he was a very curious kind of man. In the coldest weather, when even the hardiest soldiers were wrapping themselves up, he would go about in his shirt sleeves just as if it were summer; and very often he would be up before any one else in the camp was astir, and startle the first officer whom he saw coming out of his tent by crowing like a rooster as loud as he could, just as if to say, "You ought to have been out before." Then, too, Count and General though he was, dining with the Empress herself almost every week, and going about the palace as he pleased, he dressed as plainly as any peasant, and slept on straw like a common soldier. Once or twice the palace servants, seeing this untidy little fellow coming up to the grand entrance, took him for a tramp, and wanted to drive him away; but they soon found out that *that* would not do.

Another of his queer ways was to try and puzzle any one he met by asking him all sorts of strange questions, such as how many stars there were in the sky, how many drops of water in the sea, and so forth. He *did* puzzle a good many people in this way, but once or twice he got an answer quite as smart as his questions, and that was just what he liked.

One day a soldier came to him with a dispatch, and Suvoroff, seeing that he was quite a young, simple-looking fellow, thought it would be good fun to try his hand upon *him*.

"How many fish are there in the sea?" he asked.

"Just exactly as many as haven't been caught yet," answered the lad at once.

The General was rather taken aback, but he went on, nevertheless:

"If you were in a besieged town, without food, how would you supply yourself?"

"From the enemy."

"How far is it from here to the moon?"

"Two of your Excellency's forced marches."

Suvoroff smiled and looked pleased, for he was very proud of being able to move his men so quickly, and had won many a victory by it.

"Which of your officers do you like best?" was the next question.

"Captain Masloff."

Now this Captain Masloff happened to be a very handsome young fellow, while Suvoroff himself was frightfully ugly, so he thought he would catch the soldier in a trap by asking him, "What's the difference between your captain and myself?"

"Why," said the soldier, looking slyly at him, "my captain can't make me a corporal, but your Excellency has only to say the word."

The General burst into a loud laugh, and clapping him on the shoulder, said, "Well, then, I *do* say the word: you're a corporal from this day forth, and a right good one you'll make. If I can find another man as smart as you, I'll make him a sergeant."

Two or three months after this adventure, Suvoroff and his army were down on the Lower Danube, keeping watch over the Turks, in the middle of the hardest winter that had been known in that country for many a year. But of course, being Russians, they didn't mind *that* much, and Suvoroff went about in the snow and the frost as if he didn't know what cold was.

Well, one bitter night in the beginning of January, the old General was making the round of the camp, as usual, to see that his sentinels were all keeping good watch at the outposts, when suddenly he came upon a sentry who seemed to have got the coldest place of all, for he was right down upon the bank of the river, with the cold wind blowing through him as if it would cut him in two.

"Good-evening, brother," said the General, speaking as if *he* were only a common soldier too.

"Good-evening," answered the sentinel, pretending not to know him, although he had recognized the General's voice in a moment.

"Plenty of stars out to-night," went on Suvoroff, looking up at the frosty sky. "Can you tell me how many of them there are altogether?"

"Just wait a bit, and I'll count," said the soldier, quite coolly. And forthwith he began: "One, two, three, four, five, six," and so on, as if he were never going to leave off.

At first Suvoroff was rather amused at his smartness; but he soon found the game getting much too cold to be pleasant, for he was in his usual light dress, while the sentry at least had on a good thick frieze coat. Keener and keener blew the bitter night wind, till the poor old General felt as if he should never be warm again. For a while he bore up manfully, hoping the soldier would get tired and leave off; but when the man got up to a thousand, and was still counting away as if he meant to keep it up all night, Suvoroff could

stand it no longer.

"What's your name, my fine fellow?" asked he, as well as his chattering teeth would let him.

"Vasili [Basil] Pushkin,"[1] answered the soldier, "private in the Seventh Foot."

"Very good," said the Marshal; "I won't forget you. Good-night."

The next morning Pushkin was sent for to the General's quarters; and Suvoroff, turning to his staff officers, said:

"Gentlemen, here's a man whom I tried to fool last night, but I met my match, and something more. I said I'd make any man a sergeant who was smart enough for that, and I must keep my word."

And he did so that very day.

THE SONG OF THE WREN.

BY MRS. MARGARET EYTINGE.

BIRDIE AND HER LITTLE FRIENDS.

In a certain wild but beautiful country place, far from this great city, stood a little white cottage all by itself, there being no other house for ten or twelve miles, over which, in summer-time, the wild rose vines clambered until they reached the very chimney, where, clinging to the red bricks, they flung out in merry triumph slender flower-laden branches like pennons on the breeze. Under the cottage eaves some swallows built their nests every spring, and to the garden came, as soon as the yellow and white honeysuckles and blue larkspurs and many-colored four-o'clocks bloomed, myriads of humming-birds, looking like rubies, and diamonds, and opals, and emeralds, and topazes, and sapphires, that had taken to themselves wings, and flown from all parts of the world to visit the living gems in this lovely spot. In the autumn, when the leaves, dressed in their gayest dress, were bidding farewell to the sunshine and the wind and each other, hundreds of robin-redbreasts—"God's birds"—hopped like little flames about the ground, and in a hollow tree near the cottage door a pretty red-brown wren and his mate had found shelter for a long time, and reared several broods. As for the saucy, chattering, busy, fearless sparrows, they had feather-lined nests wherever a sparrow's nest could be placed, and that is almost everywhere—on the pump, behind the wood-pile, in the barn, among the trees—and these nests they never forsook all the year round. What wonder that the cottage was called Bird House, and the dear wee girl whose home it was answered to the name of Birdie? No brothers or sisters had the innocent, blue-eyed child, and, save the birds, no little friends. But they loved her dearly, and were always near her; so she never grew lonely, but was happy and contented from morning until night. At early dawn, when a soft light in the eastern sky told that the sun was coming, they tapped on her window-panes to waken her; and when she appeared at the cottage door, they flew to meet her, lighting on her fair head, her shoulders, her outstretched hands, with loud, sweet, twittering welcomes. Even strange birds just passing that way would join the merry throng, and joyfully and gratefully partake of the crumbs the dear one scattered for her friends. And often at night, when Birdie awoke from a pleasant dream, and found her room filled with the silver of the moon, she would hear the sparrows and swallows say—still dreaming they—"Birdie, sweet Birdie!"

She had learned their language when she was but a babe, and knew when they were glad or sad; when they praised or scolded; when they gave warning that the spirits of the storm were abroad; when they said to their young, "Courage, little ones; it is time to try your wings"; when they softly chirped, "To sleep, to sleep"; and when they sang songs of love or farewell.

And so it happened that she understood every word of the song that the wren sang to her that winter afternoon. The snow had been falling, and the sunshine was just coming back, when she went out in the garden, in her Little Red Riding-hood cloak, to share her bread with the sparrows and snow-birds. Around her they flew, uttering cries of joy, when suddenly the wren, forgetting his shyness, appeared among them; and this is the song he sang:

"In the time of violets,
   When the Spring came dancing
O'er the meadow, through the wood,
   Sunbeams round her glancing—
'Birdie's sweet, sweet, sweet,
   Sweet,' sang the swallow,
'And where'er her footsteps roam,
   I will follow, follow.'

"When the roses bloomed and blushed,
   And the fragrant Summer
Kisses warm and sparkling smiles
   Gave to each new-comer—
'Birdie's sweet, sweet, sweet,'

Sang the blackbird clearly;
'Sweet as daisy-buds, and I
Love her dearly, dearly.'

"When the autumn leaves began
Gold and crimson turning,
Robin-Redbreast sang—his breast
Bright as sunset burning—
'Birdie's sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet as dewy clover,
And her praises shall be sung
All the wide world over.'

"Wrens and sparrows—all the birds,
Dear, that fly above thee,
For thy gentle words and ways,
For thy beauty, love thee.
Birdie sweet, sweet, sweet—
Happy be forever!
While the birds can guard thee, sweet,
Harm shall reach thee never."

"Thank you, dear wren—thank you, dear birds," said Birdie, with tears in her beautiful blue eyes, when the song was ended; and she went away to her own little room and said a prayer of thankfulness.

And from that time the child's heart was lighter than ever, and she sang all day long like a tuneful mocking-bird, blending all the sweet strains of her friends in one delightful song, until winter passed away, and the snow melted, and the snow-drop peeped out of the ground, and said, timidly, "I am here: spare me, O Wind!" and while the spring covered the earth with daisies and dandelions and May buds and brave honest grass, and flung delicate blossoms all over the orchards. Then came the summer once more, and started millions of lovely "green things a-growing," and filled the trees with thousands of joyous young birds.

And one glowing July day, early in the morning, Birdie wandered off to the woods, as she had often done before, to look for wild flowers, and gather some green food for her feathered pets. "I'll be back again in a little while, mamma," she said, as she left the cottage. But the hours went by, and noon came, and she had not returned.

"Where is my little maid?" called her father, cheerily, as he came in to dinner from the field where he had been working; but no little maid replied.

"She has gone for bird weeds and flowers," said her mother. "She will be here in a few moments."

But the dinner was eaten, and the father went back to his work, and still no Birdie came.

The clock struck one—struck two—struck three, and then, her heart growing heavier and heavier at every step, the frightened mother started out to look for her darling. North, south, east, west, half a mile each way from the cottage, she ran, stopping every few minutes to call, "Birdie! Birdie!" but only the echoes answered her call. At last to the field where her husband was working she flew. "Leave the plough," she cried, wringing her hands, "and look for the child."

North, east, south, west, a mile each way from his home, went the father, shouting, "Birdie! Birdie, little maid!" and the echoes repeated, "Birdie! Birdie, little maid!" but no other sound he heard except the rustling of the leaves and the whir of insect wings. The sun was beginning to sink in the west when, tired and heart-sick, he came back again. "Perhaps she is there now," he thought, a ray of hope lighting up his face as he neared the garden gate; but a glance at his wife's tearful eyes as she came to meet him told him he had hoped in vain. "I'll saddle the horse and ride to the village," he said, "and every father there will join me in the search for my child. And we'll find her, never fear."

"God grant that you may—and alive!" sobbed the poor mother. "My darling! oh, my darling!"

At that moment a flock of birds came in sight—so large a flock that, wheeling around the head of the sorrowing mother, it almost shut out from her the light of day.

Round and round her the birds circled, uttering strange, eager sounds; then flew away a short distance, to return with louder calls than ever.

"They miss her," said the father, who was just about to mount his horse. "They have come to be fed."

"They have come to lead us to her," cried his wife, her whole face growing glad and bright. "Look at them! They are asking us to follow."

And the birds turned as she made a few steps forward, and flew slowly before her. To a narrow path up the nearest hill they led—so narrow that the horse had to be left behind, and the father, who in his impatience had ridden on in front, was obliged to dismount and follow on foot. Over the hill and across a bridge that spanned a wide stream they went, then up some steep rocks, and down, down into a tiny green valley, from which another flock of birds arose with welcoming cries; and there, in a little cave, imprisoned by a huge stone that had fallen from the rock above across its mouth, the trees and shrubs around her black with watching birds, sat Birdie, her little hands patiently folded in her lap, a smile on her pale lips, and faith shining from her heaven-blue eyes. And for once—her heart being full to overflowing with love for her wee daughter, and gratitude to the good God and them—the mother too understood the language of the birds as they sang,

"Birdie, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Happy be forever!
While the birds can guard thee, sweet,
Harm shall reach thee never."

WILD BOARS.

The wild boar is one of the most dangerous of beasts. Although it belongs to the same great family as the lazy, good-natured pig that lies in utter contentment in the farmer's pen, it is an altogether different creature, and few animals are so difficult to hunt.

In appearance it has the same general characteristics as domestic swine, with the difference that it is larger, covered with coarser bristles, has fiery, glowing eyes, and is armed with two terrible tusks, sometimes ten inches long, with which it can inflict dangerous wounds.

Formerly wild boars roamed in great numbers through the forests of Great Britain, but for many years they have been extinct in that country. They are still found in some parts of France and Spain, and are very numerous in Germany and the wild jungles of India. They are also found in Poland, Southern Russia, and Africa. Du Chaillu, the African traveller, mentions encountering a hideous red-haired wild hog in the wondrous equatorial forests of the "dark continent." Notwithstanding its size it was tremendously savage, and very agile, jumping and running like a cat.

Wild hogs are gregarious, and are found in herds. They are fond of living near water, in which they like to roll and wallow; indeed, a bath appears almost indispensable to them, as they will sometimes travel miles to obtain it. Their food consists of roots, nuts, and all kinds of fruits and grains. In Egypt and India they do much injury to the vast tracts of sugar-cane, the thick growth affording them excellent hiding-places and shelter against attack.

It is said that wild hogs will not attack a man unless hunted or enraged; but as they are not only daring, but also very cautious and watchful, they suspect the least approach to be offensive, and proceed to defend themselves.

The sow guards her little ones with great care, and becomes wild with fury if they are touched. She will run with great speed if she hears them call, and few hunters have succeeded in capturing young specimens without first killing the parent. A man once riding through a forest in Germany came upon two little wild pigs which had strayed into the pathway. Delighted with his prize, he rolled the piggies in his horse-blanket, sprang to his saddle, and hastened on his road. But the smothered squealing of her babies reached the ears of the mother, and the man soon heard a loud grunting. On turning round he saw a furious sow, with gleaming eyes, coming after him at full speed. Being unarmed, he was compelled to fling the little pigs on the ground, and ride for his life.

The wolf, the lynx, and even the sly fox are terrible enemies of wild hogs, for with patience and cunning watchfulness they often succeed in making off with very young pigs, which form a most savory repast.

A WILD BOAR AT BAY.

Wild-boar hunting has been held for ages as a royal sport, and in former times no banquet was considered perfect unless the table was graced by a boar's head. Kings and emperors rode to the hunt in those days with numerous followers and huntsmen, all armed with the cross-bow and boar-spear, in search of this royal game. At present wild-boar hunting is carried on to some extent in Germany; but in India it is a favorite sport, as the boar of that country is the largest and fiercest of any in the world, not fearing even the tiger, its savage companion of the jungles. Stories are told of dead boars and tigers being found together, each bearing the marks of a terrible and evenly balanced fight.

In India boars are hunted on horseback, the chief weapon used being a spear with a stout two-edged blade. A horse must be thoroughly trained to this sport, and must possess great fleetness of foot, as the boar is a very rapid runner. The time chosen for the hunt is at daybreak, as the boar has probably been eating sugar-cane or other food all night, and is sleepy and heavy in the morning, and less capable of a long run. Savage and powerful dogs are used in the chase, which often prove serviceable in bringing the beast to bay. For dogs the boar has a most violent hatred, and will rush at them blindly often, with its superior strength and formidable tusks overpowering them, unless the hunter be near to use a spear or send a bullet through its heart.

In this country the hog was unknown originally in a natural condition, having been introduced by settlers from the Old World; and the wild boar in our Western and Southern States, and in Canada, is merely the domestic animal relapsed into a primitive state of wild ferocity.

TAKING—NOT STEALING.

BY HANNAH SHEPPARD.

"So that's your game, is it, my lads? Guess I can help you a bit. I'll try, anyhow, if it's only for the love I bore your fathers before you. And you're fine fellows too; but you've got a wrong twist somewhere, or you'd never in the world do such a thing as that." And quickening his step at the close of his soliloquy, "Captain Dan," as he was called, came up behind two boys who were standing in front of the principal fruit and candy store of the busy town of Hamilton.

A large bag of pea-nuts, with many other things, was displayed outside under the window, and the old man's attention had been attracted by seeing the elder of the boys carelessly pick up a nut as he chatted with his companion, who soon followed his example. Evidently neither one had any thought of doing wrong as they stood eating the nuts and crushing the shells in their fingers.

They started as he laid a hand heavily upon the shoulder of each, but answered his greeting so cordially that it was easy to see they were warm friends. He stopped them, as, linking their arms in his, they began to turn him around, by saying: "Going toward home, are ye? Well, I don't mind if I do go a piece with you after a bit, if you'll go down to the shore first, for I want to take another look at that vessel I had a sight of a good hour ago, and see if I can find out where she hails from. There'll be a fine sunset, too, with the clouds piled like yon"—as he pointed seaward. "I 'most wonder you're not out in the *Firefly*. How is it, Dick?"—turning to the lad on his right hand.

"Why, you see, Captain Dan," replied the boy, slowly, as if bringing his thoughts back from a long distance, "Ethel wanted Maurice to row her over to the Island, though I don't think he knows much more about a boat than May."

"Did they take her with them?" asked the captain, eagerly.

"Yes," answered Dick; "and I'm sure mamma would not have let her go if she'd been at home. But she was out riding with papa, and May begged so hard that Ethel would take her in spite of all I could say."

"Oh, well, there's no great harm done that I know of," quoth Captain Dan, "though I'm free to confess that I don't think your cousin knows as much of boats as he does of his books. However, as you feel uneasy, we'll wait about the landing till they come, and they can climb the cliff with us if they like. Many's the time little 'May bird' has gone up it on my shoulder, little pet!" Then, as he noticed how intently Dick was watching, he added, "They'll surely be back before long, and it won't hurt us to talk here awhile, 'specially as I've a word to say to you, my hearties."

"That's all right," responded Dick, good-humoredly; "for you know Theo and I like nothing better than to have you spin us a yarn—eh, Theo?"

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Theodore Murray, giving a vigorous kick to a stone which lay in the captain's path.

By this time they had reached the shore, and after looking off toward the Island and seeing nothing of their boat, they all sat down on a rock, which seemed almost as though it might have been shaped for a seat, only that it was rather roughly finished.

"You really needn't look so anxious, my boy," said Captain Dan, turning to Dick, "for I don't think your party could possibly come to harm. Why, the water is as smooth as glass, and we can see them the moment they round the corner of the cove."

"If Ethel only wasn't so awfully polite," groaned Dick, "but would just take the oars herself, I'd not mind a bit, for she can row beautifully; but Maurice hasn't an idea how to manage a boat, though he's first rate on land. We're all ready for your yarn, though, captain, as soon as you've got your breath ready to begin to spin it."

Captain Dan smiled, half sadly. "It's no 'yarn' to-night, my lads. But, Dick, what would you call a man who took what didn't belong to him?"

"Why, a thief, of course," answered the boy, promptly.

"'And what would you say if any one called your father's son a thief?" pursued the old man.

"Tell him he lied!" exclaimed Dick, quickly, springing to his feet, and confronting his questioner with flashing eyes. "What ever *do* you mean, sir, by such strange talk?"

"Sit down quietly again, and I'll tell you; for though I saw both you and Theo helping yourselves to what didn't belong to you this afternoon, yet I never could find it in my heart to call you thieves; for I suppose you would say it was only 'taking,' and not 'stealing.'"

"What do you mean?" asked Theodore, who had been listening in silence, but with a most puzzled face.

"Just this—that as I walked up the street I saw each of you take a nut or so from the bag which stands in front of Mr. Baker's store."

"Oh," said Dick, drawing a long breath of relief, "that was all, was it?"

"Why, that wasn't *stealing*, Captain Dan," broke in Theodore, eagerly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," observed their friend, dryly. "I didn't know you'd paid for the nuts, or I'd not have mentioned the matter."

"Paid for them!" exclaimed both boys at once. "Of course we'd not paid for them; but then that's not stealing, you know, for we only each took one or two, and we were right there in open sight. It's a totally different thing."

"I beg leave to differ entirely from you," answered the captain, in his slow way. "But suppose there'd been a water-melon lying there on the step, would either of you have carried it off without paying for it, or eaten it there, either?"

"Of course not," said Dick, indignantly; but Theodore broke in, abruptly, as he sprang up, his cheeks glowing with shame:

"I never thought of it so before! Why, it's just dreadful, Dick; for Captain Dan is right—we were stealing, though we never meant it. Oh, what would my mother say?" he added, with a choke in his voice.

"I don't see it in that light at all," persisted Dick, sturdily; "it was only a pea-nut or so, and we didn't do it 'on the sly,' as we would if we'd been 'stealing,' as you say. Why, the very word makes me mad all over"—doubling up his fists as he paced up and down before them, now and then giving himself a shake like a great dog.

"Hold on a minute, my son," said the old man, gently, "and I think I can make it clearer. Suppose a basket of apples was standing in Smith's grocery store. On my way home I stop in to buy a pound of tea, and while it is being weighed out I pick up an apple to eat. You drop in next to get some crackers, and you take one while waiting. Then Theo's mother sends him for a pound of cheese, and he also helps himself. Others follow our example, and though no person takes more than a single one, yet by night the basket is emptied,

without a cent of profit to the grocer, though he has paid the farmer for them. Yet you say we have not been stealing. How is it?"

The color had been slowly mounting in Dick's frank face as he stood before his friend with folded arms, and looking far out to sea. But the instant he heard the question with which the speaker concluded, he turned and said, impulsively: "You're right, Captain Dan, and I'm all wrong. It *is* stealing, and nothing else, just as you said; but I never thought of it so before, and it's just dreadful. I can't bear to think of it, even though I've hardly ever done it; still, the part I hate just the worst kind is that I've done it at all, and never saw the harm of it till now."

"Tell you what, Dick," exclaimed Theodore, hurriedly, "I mean to go in and tell Mr. Baker about it on my way home to-night; will you go with me?"

"Of course I will; and we'll pay him for everything we can possibly remember. But I say, old fellow, what if Jack Stretch saw us, or any of those other street chaps? They could turn the tables on us splendidly, you know, after our asking them to go to Sunday-school with us. They'd be likely to tell us we'd borrowed their trade, and would say we needn't preach to them again."

Theodore looked troubled, and then brightened somewhat as a happy thought struck him. "I mean to tell my mother the whole thing before I go to sleep this night," he said, "and I'm sure she'll help us out."

"You're right, my boy," observed the captain, nodding his head with a pleased air. "Your mother's a wise woman; so is yours, Dick, and I advise you to adopt the same plan; for when boys get too old—or too something—to talk over their troubles and their pleasures with their mothers, you may be pretty sure they're going wrong somehow; at least that has always been my experience."

"But, Captain Dan, there are lots of people who surely can't look at this thing as you do, and as we do too, now that you've shown us," remarked Dick, thoughtfully, "for I've seen men, and women too, pick up little things to taste in the stores, and never seem to think of paying for them."

The old man sighed wearily. "I know it, lad," he answered; "and I can tell you more than that. For I've heard of some cases—I hope and trust they're rare ones, though—where boarding-house keepers in large cities, who were poorly off, would go from one store to another, and from stand to stand in the markets, pricing and buying in a small way, while all the time they would be picking up a nut or so here, an apple or orange there, or a few raisins over yonder, and in this manner get enough for a dessert, till their tricks came to be well known, and they were watched carefully."

"How dreadful!" cried the boys.

"And perhaps," added Theodore, "they began as we did, without thinking anything about it, and I'm ever so much obliged to you, Captain Dan, for telling us."

"Yes, indeed!" struck in Dick, earnestly, giving himself a shake; "I see it exactly now; and I don't mind telling mamma about it half so much as I do thinking to myself that I ever did such a mean thing, don't you see."

"Yes," responded his friend, as he looked up into the pure manly face, feeling that so long as the fact of losing his own self-respect was so much worse than to lose that of others, he would always have a safeguard—"yes, I understand. But isn't that the *Firefly* off yonder?"

The boys ran down to the water's edge, followed at a slower pace by the captain.

"Dear me! why don't Ethel take the oars and show him how to row?" burst forth Dick, impatiently, as they watched the tiny craft moving irregularly toward them.

"Gently, laddie," said the captain; "remember we must all have a learning; and no doubt you did as badly as that when you began, even though you're such a crack sailor now; and you know Miss Ethel mightn't like to give a lesson unless she was asked to do so."

The little boat gradually neared them, though in a very jerky fashion, showing how unskilled the rower was, till, unhappily, glancing over his shoulder, he caught sight of the group awaiting them, and raised his oars by way of salute. But, in lowering them, one fell from his hand, tired with the unusual exertion; he leaned over too far to reach it, and the next moment they were all struggling in the water.

In an instant the boys' coats were off, and they dashed in to the rescue; nor was Captain Dan much behind them, while it was truly wonderful to see how agile he was, when swimming, for after his slow steps on land, the water appeared like his native element. Fortunately the boat was not far from the shore when the accident happened, and the captain's powerful strokes soon put him ahead of his younger companions. He reached the spot just in time to catch May—his "baby," as he always called the five-year-old prattler—as she was sinking for the last time, in spite of the frantic efforts made by Maurice, who, though no swimmer, had retained his presence of mind, and had caught the edge of the overturned boat, which he was trying to float toward Ethel, while holding May tightly with the other arm. But the child had struck her head against the oar as she fell, and was stunned so as to be quite insensible.

"Keep your hold of the boat," called the captain; "I've got the baby all safe, and the boys have reached Miss Ethel. Hullo, Dick!" he shouted, suddenly; "let Theo help your sister, and bear a hand here, will you?" For he saw that Maurice was fast giving out, though the gallant old man was supporting him with one hand, while holding the child firmly with the other; and encumbered in this way, swimming was slow work.

"Here we are!" sang out Dick, who soon reached them; and remembering "Nan the Newsboy's" directions, with the captain's aid managed to turn Maurice upon his back, for by this time he had quite lost consciousness, and then struck out steadily for the land. In the course of a few more moments the little party were anxiously gathered around Maurice and May, who were still insensible. Theo had started off for help, which soon came, and they were carried to the nearest house, where Maurice after a time revived. But poor little May remained so long unconscious that they had almost given up hope, when Dick, who had been helping to rub her, and would give up his post to no one, exclaimed he was sure he felt her heart beating, which, to his great delight, proved to be the case, and a while afterward she opened her eyes, and looked around vacantly.

But the blow on her head had been a very severe one; the shock to the little frame was so great that it was followed by a serious illness; and though she recovered after weeks of suffering, and was her own bright self again, yet the boys agreed that Captain Dan's kindly sermon had been followed by enough to make that day one of the most eventful in their lives, and never to be forgotten.

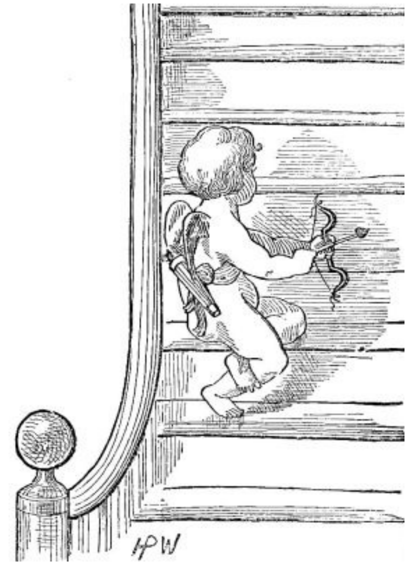
And though they could not go to the store that night, yet they went early the next morning, told the whole story, and were most kindly received by Mr. Baker, with whom Captain Dan had had a private conference just before their arrival, so that he was fully prepared for them.

In spite of their urging, he would not take their money, though he thanked them "for coming in such a manly way to confess their fault," adding, as he shook hands with them, that while they had only done what was right, yet he wished men as well as boys would have the moral courage to confess when they had done wrong, for so often these little beginnings of evil lead the way to greater sins.

THE FIRST VALENTINE.

Ah, Jamie, don't you understand
The little heart that's in my hand?
The plain white heart with rosy band;
Can you not read the simple sign?
It is your first sweet Valentine.

"Come here and take it from me, dear;
It will not hurt, you need not fear;
You'll see, if you will come more near,
It only bears one little line,
'To Jamie! My first Valentine!'"



Then Cupid, laughing, said, "Ah me!
How calm this baby beau can be!
But wait awhile, and we shall see
What toys, with gold and jewels fine,
He'll send to some sweet Valentine.

"Just leave your heart, Miss Leonore,
He'll take it soon, and long for more:
The little lad is only four.
Some day, a hero bold and fine,
He'll send full many a Valentine."

THE KING'S BABY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATSKILL FAIRIES."

The baby was put to bed as usual, in his wooden cradle, and his mother had rocked him to sleep, singing some national cradle song, like the mothers of all lands. He was a stout little fellow of five months old, with dimples in his brown cheeks, curly dark hair as soft as silk, and great black eyes, such as the children of Spain and Italy alone possess. When the baby was asleep, his parents busied themselves with their duties of the evening, and at an early hour also went to bed.

Their home was located in the province of Murcia, in Spain. The house was built of stone, half in ruins, and was surrounded by a poor little farm. Before going to bed the father had looked out of the door to see that all was safe for the night. Spain is a country where little rain falls, because armies long ago destroyed the forests covering mountain slopes, in time of war. Now the traveller sees these hills as bare rocks, with deserted towns on their sides, and the beds of rivers become heaps of dry stones for the majority of the year, parched with summer drought. In the city of Alicante two years sometimes pass without a drop of rain

falling. The season of the year (1879) was very different. In the late summer and autumn fearful storms of thunder and lightning burst over several provinces usually so dusty and arid; persistent rains followed, until the channels of the rivers became filled with rushing torrents from the heights where springs have their source. The waters of the Guadalquivir rose five meters in a few days.

The baby's father looked out of the door on a valley flooded by one of these swollen rivers which had overflowed its banks, and felt safe, as his home was perched on a slope, and the village, with its church, convent, and steep streets of old houses, was between the farm and the stream. Then he had gone to rest, and sleep soon settled on the household. The night was dark, and no sound was to be heard except the drip of the rain or the rustling murmur of the distant river.

At two o'clock in the morning the church bell pealed wildly. "Quick! Danger is at hand, good people; save yourselves!" the bell seemed to say, and its vibrating note rang out on the awful darkness, chilling all hearts with sudden fear.

Stupid with sleep, the baby's father rose. Water was trickling along the floor of the chamber; outside was a deep sound of roaring waves, the crashing of trees, and the fall of buildings, mingled with the clang of the bell and the cries of human beings. Nothing could be more terrible. An embankment had given way, and the river, which already had spread over the lowlands, now deluged the village, sweeping away many houses, and surrounding the poor little farm, where the baby slumbered peacefully in his cradle. Already the cottage swayed and shook on its foundations. The mother awoke, and wept. She had no time to snatch the baby in her arms, for the father opened the door, and lifted the cradle near it. He returned for his wife; and just then a wave entered the door, and washed away the baby. It was not a moment too soon. There was a snapping, grinding sound, and the house fell apart and slid into the dark waters as if it had been a house of cards. The whole country was like a sea, and the church bell no longer rang, because the bell-ringer strove to save himself from being drowned.

The little waif, cast to the mercy of the wind and the flood, did not sink. God watched over it. The wooden cradle became a tiny boat; the baby waked up, stretched out his little hands, and cried; then, in the midst of frightful peril, fell asleep again, rocked by the motion of the stream.

At length the day broke, a cold gray mist seeming to blot out everything except the sheet of water, which was of a muddy and yellow color, and rolled along with giddy swiftness, gathering everything in its course. In some places the trees had their roots under water, and their branches, still dry, gave shelter to whole families. These cried out:

"Oh, look at the little baby! Who will save it?"

But the cradle sailed on, while the trees often bent beneath the wave. The boiling eddies of the current swallowed many objects, and caught the cradle, and spun it about in circles as if it had been a walnut shell, until the baby cried with fear; but then a friendly wave was sure to rescue it, and once more bear it onward.

Ah, at last! The poor baby must be drowned. A great tree had fallen into the river, with all its tangled roots high in the air, and the stream snapped off the smaller twigs and branches as it moved along. Every moment it struck some floating object with its gnarled roots and forest of branches; occasionally the shock was so great that the trunk rolled from side to side; but the object always sank, whether broken boat or dead animal; while the tree floated on. The baby's cradle was alone on the waste of waters; the tree approached slowly and surely. The cradle tossed up and down, and then—the forked branches caught and held it firmly just above the water-line. The tree became a raft.

The young King Alfonso of Spain stood on the shore, near a town, surrounded by officers in brilliant uniforms. Large boats full of his guards had ventured out from shore to try to save objects swept down from the country. They saw a tree with a cradle caught in the branches. Was the cradle empty? No, a little black head could be distinguished inside. Bravely the boat approached; the tree swerved about, and struck it so rudely that it nearly upset; but at that moment the soldier in the bow leaned over, and caught the baby by his little gown. Away whirled the tree on the swift tide, and the cradle, detached by the shock, drifted apart, overturned.

How the people ran about and talked! How the women cried, and caressed the little stranger thus safely brought to shore! The King saw it all, and approached.

"He shall be my child, and I will adopt him," he said.

"May he grow up to serve you, sire!" said one of the councillors, who wore a glittering star on his breast.

Then the "King's Baby," saved in a little wooden cradle from the perils of the night, crowed and smiled.

ME AND MY LITTLE WIFE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

He was black as the ace of spades, you see,
And scarcely as high as a tall man's knee;
He wore a hat that was minus a brim,
But that, of course, mattered nothing to him;
His jacket—or what there was left of it—
Scorned his little black shoulders to fit;
And as for stockings and shoes, dear me!
Nothing about such things knew he.

He sat on the curb-stone one pleasant day,
Placidly passing the hours away;
His hands in the *holes* which for pockets were meant,
His thoughts on the clouds overhead were intent;
When down the street suddenly, marching along,
Came soldiers and horses, and such a great throng
Of boys and of men, as they crowded the street,
With a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" the lad sprang to his feet,

And joined the procession, his face in a grin,
For here was a good time that "*dis chile* is in!"
How he stretched out his legs to the beat of the drum,
Thinking surely at last 'twas the *jubilee* come!
Then suddenly wondering what 'twas about—
The soldiers, the music, and all—with a shout
He hailed a small comrade, "Hi, Cæsar, *you* know
What all dis purcession's a marchin' fur so?"

"Go 'long, you George Washington," Cæsar replied,
"In dis yere great kentry *you* ain't got no pride!
Dis is Washington's Birfday; you oughter know dat,
Wid yer head growed so big, burst de brim off yer hat."
For a moment George Washington stood in surprise,
While plainer to view grew the whites of his eyes;
Then swift to the front of the ranks scampered he,
This mite of a chap hardly high as your knee.

The soldiers looked stern, and an officer said,
As he rapped with his sword on the black woolly head,
"Come, boy, clear the road; what a figure you are!"
Came the ready reply, "*I'se George Washington*, sah!
But I didn't know nuffin about my birfday
'Till a feller jist tole me. Oh, golly! it's gay!"

Just then a policeman—of course it was mean—
Removed young George Washington far from the scene.

South Groveland, Massachusetts.

I have been gathering a cabinet of curiosities since I was nine years old (I am now fourteen), and I have stones and shells and pieces of wood from a great many of the States, from the arctic regions, from South America, Oceanica, and Europe—more than two hundred in all. Among the rest is a Proteus (*Menobranchus maculatus*) taken from the Winooski River by Thompson, once State Geologist of Vermont. I would like to know if any other of your correspondents has got a Proteus, and also if any has a cabinet.

Edwin A. H.

Melrose, Massachusetts, *January 25.*

I found some willow "pussies" yesterday. I hope I have found them first.

A. L. H.

Yes, you have found them first. It is very remarkable to find them at all in January in the locality where you live, but as the buds set in the autumn, the singularly mild weather of January has made them swell and burst thus early in the season. Thank you for so promptly reporting these first signs that spring is near. Now let us see when the "pussies" will appear in other sections of the country.

Dover, New Jersey.

I was five years old the 21st of January, and I had such a happy birthday. In the morning when I got up I found at the foot of my crib six books of natural history full of pictures for little folks, a piano, a box of colors, and two dancing bears, one black and one brown. And when I went down to the dining-room, on my tray was a beautiful cup and saucer, and on the cup, in gold letters, "A Gift." And in my chair was a box with twenty-five things in it from my auntie Lou; and in the afternoon I had a tea party. I wish all little boys and girls had such happy birthdays. To-day I am sick, and I tell mamma just what to say, and she is writing it for me.

Louis C. Vogt.

Sterling, Kansas.

I have taken Young People since Christmas, and I find it very nice indeed. I have a nice young uncle in Washington who sends it to me, and told me to write to you. I have a pony named Ben, who is only four feet and a half high, and is very wild sometimes, but I can ride him without either bridle or saddle.

NELLIE S.

CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have a bird. It is a bullfinch. It is real pretty, and whistles like a boy. It likes potatoes and corn very much, and eats them out of my mouth and hand. When it whistles it says "Pretty Poll" just as plain as a parrot, and when it bathes it spatters me all over.

LENA E. SCHMIDT.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

I want to tell you about a cat-bird or mocking-bird that built its nest in the tree near our house last summer. I have three brothers, and when we all go off to play, mamma could not always make us hear when she called. She bought a whistle, and when she blew it once, it was for me, and two, three, and four times for my brothers. The mocking-bird learned to imitate the whistle so well that we could not always tell whether it was mamma calling or the bird. It would also imitate the squeaks of the saw when the men were sawing wood. We hope it will come back again next spring.

M. I. WATROUS.

TROY, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old, and take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I watch for it every week. I have three pets—two cats and one squirrel. The cats are twins; one is named Girofle, and the other Girofla. They were born on Palm-Sunday, and are nearly three years old. They are so much alike that you can not tell them apart. My squirrel's name is Prince.

GRACE MACLEOD.

WAYNE, ILLINOIS.

I am a boy ten years old, and I have a cat older than myself. Its name is Noah. One day last summer it caught a rat in the yard as big as a half-grown kitten. The rat squealed so loud that a large Newfoundland dog at the store across the street heard it, and came running over to see what was the matter. The dog scared old Noah so much that it let the rat go, and ran under the shed. I think that dog better mind his own affairs hereafter, and let my old Noah catch rats.

ALLE TRULL.

SCOTTSVILLE, NEW YORK.

I am nine years old, and I go to school nearly every day. All the pet I have now is a white kitten. I did have an oriole, which was caught when very young. We put it in a cage and hung it in the cherry-tree, and its mother came and fed it every day until it was time for the birds to go to a warmer climate. It used to be very fond of bread and milk.

MARY L. MACVEAN.

Maggie M. M. has a big Newfoundland dog, just her own age, nine years, which is her faithful friend.

Belle Metzgar, Jessie Edna, C. F. Cooper, Harry B., and Charles Bentley all send pretty accounts of domestic pets, which we would be glad to print if there was space to spare.

EVA MITCHELL.—*The Virginians in Texas* is published in "Harper's Library of American Fiction," and will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States on receipt of seventy-five cents.

L. K.—Chapman's Drawing-Books are the best to use in beginning your studies.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I once had three pigeons, and when I fed them they would turn round and round. Will you tell me how to feed guinea-pigs?

MARK FRANCIS.

You can feed guinea-pigs on cabbage leaves, bits of bread and cake, and all kinds of fruit. They like carrot tops better than any other food, especially in the spring, when the green is fresh and tender. You must give them plenty of water.

N. L. COLLAMER.—Your monthly magazine is very well edited. It is difficult to determine the correct spelling of Shakspeare's name, as equally reliable authorities disagree.

"LITTLE MARIE."—Your puzzle is very neatly done; but as "every large city" is not so favored as the one where you live, we fear it would not be easy to solve.

ELLA W.—You may send the one entirely original, and if it is pretty and very short, we might use it.

RICHARD S. C.—Your plan for a magnetic motor is very ingenious, and the machine would no doubt make a pretty and curious toy.

WILLIE H. S.—We will endeavor to send you the solution of your puzzle.

Eddie L. A., Minnesota, after expressing great pleasure in YOUNG PEOPLE, writes: "My papa thinks I am a pretty smart boy. I am eleven years old, and I milk the cow, and do most of the work, and go to school besides." You are a smart boy, Eddie, if you do all that, and do it well. If you persevere in that course, always attending to school duties and home work besides, there is every prospect that you will grow to be a smart man.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Will you please tell me why the land north of Behring Strait is called Wrangell Land?

MAMIE E. F.

Ferdinand Wrangell, a Russian baron and traveller, who was born near the close of the last century, and died in 1870, commanded a sledge expedition which explored the polar sea north of East Siberia about 1822. In 1867 Captain Long, in traversing that part of the sea navigated by Wrangell, discovered a large tract of land which the Russian explorer had vainly endeavored to reach, and which he named Wrangell Land.

HENRY W. R.—Every harpoon thrown into a whale before he dies is entitled to a share of the oil.

W. B. AITKIN.—The sun is supposed to be moving slowly through space, carrying the earth and all the planets along with him. The great astronomer Herschel assigned the constellation Hercules as that toward which we are moving, and the calculations of more recent astronomers have also pointed to that same direction.

ANITA R. N.—The "good news" mentioned in the ballad is not recorded in history, and although many inquiries have been made concerning it, no satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at.

G. FUNNELL.—The oldest inhabited building in the territory of the United States is an ancient house built of adobes, or sun-dried brick, in the city of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Before the annexation of New Mexico, St. Augustine, Florida, which was settled in 1565, was the oldest town, and contained the most ancient buildings.

Welcome favors are acknowledged from Edward Haines, Lillie Hathaway, Arthur G. Wedge, Alice Y., Marion Frisbie, Fannie G., Maggie W. C., H. J. Perkins, Mattie E. Church, Mabel G. Nash, Ernest F. Hill, George and Belle Hume, J. Edwards H., Louie D. M., Eddy Lock, Belle Mandeville, Lizzie F., Ethel M. R., Frank Griffin.

Correct answers to puzzles received from Kittie A. C., Edith A. M., Lilian Forbes, Lillie McCrea, M. I. Watrous, E. J. Gould, Robie Caldwell, Mary Chapel, George, Mary Bemis, Hattie L. S., Stella M., G. K. Richards, Mamie E. F., Frederick C., Edith E. Jones, Frank Coggswell, Kitty E., Lulu Craft, P. S. S., Alma Hoffmann, G. W. R., Herbert R. H., G. S. S., Theodore E., J. S., A. H. Patterson.

We acknowledge only those answers to puzzles which are mailed previous to date of publication of solution.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My 9, 14, 5, 3, 13, 8 is a division of land.
My 10, 2, 12, 7, 14 is a game.
My 1, 3, 11, 6 is something good to eat.
My 7, 9, 4 is a form of address.
My whole is the name of a distinguished author.

Mamie M.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

First. A Salutation.—Second. A Girl's Name.—Third. Taverns.—Fourth. Latest.

E. S. C. M.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in break, but not in tear.
My second is in rabbit, also in hare.
My third is in pay, but not in trust.
My fourth is in earth, but not in dust.
My fifth is in spring, but not in fall.
My sixth is in great, but not in small.
My whole is a poet of world-wide fame.
Now see if you can guess his name.

Lettie.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 5, 4, 8 is to hit gently.
My 3, 6, 1 is to snatch.
My 7, 2, 9 is an animal.
My whole is the name of a great general.

Ernest B. Cooper.

No. 5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A sounding vessel of metal. A river in Spain. To come back. A metal. A color. A woman devoted to a

religions life.

Answer—two cities of Europe.

E. ALLEN CUSHING (12 years).

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In this useful and sensible work, which should be in the hands of all classes of readers, especially of those whose means are slender, the author does for private economy what Smith and Ricardo and Bastiat have done for national economy. * * * The one step which separates civilization from savagery—which renders civilization possible—is labor done in excess of immediate necessity. * * * To inculcate this most necessary and most homely of all virtues, we have met with no better teacher than this book.—*N. Y. World.*

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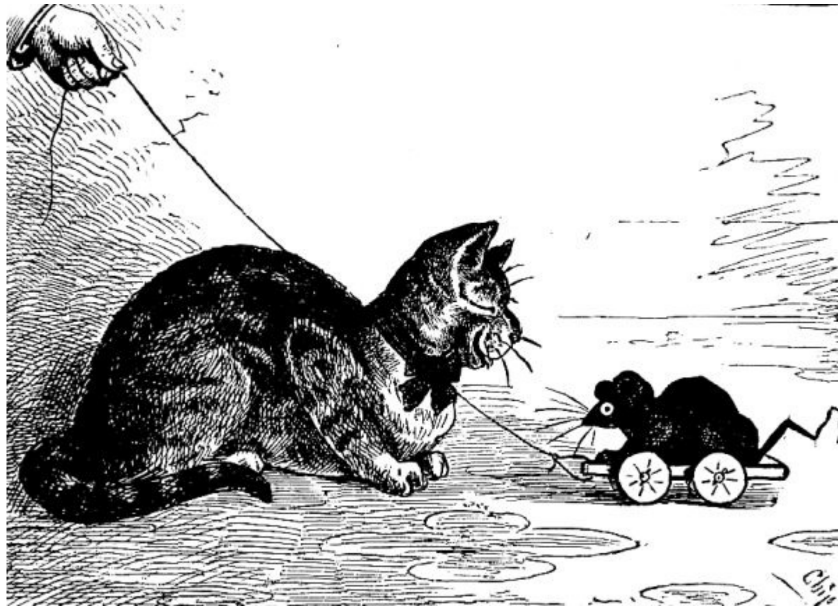


TOO FAT AND TOO THIN.

A fat cat sat
On the parlor mat,
When through the room came whirring,
Right up to where the cat was purring,
A strange and ill-conditioned rat,
As though to tempt the pussy fat.
But, "No," said Puss, "this is too thin;
Such shams may take Skye-terriers in.
I've had too many first-class meals
To try to eat a rat on wheels."

The Ribbon Dance.—Children's balls are now in great vogue in France. The latest novelty for them is the ribbon dance. Eight ribbons of different colors are attached to a ring in the ceiling. Four girls and four boys hold the ends of the ribbons. The orchestra strikes up, and the eight children dance a measure which enables them to plait the ribbons. The orchestra then starts another measure, the children another step, and the plait is unplaited. Each of the dancers may be dressed according to the color of the ribbon that he or she holds, and the mingling of the colors will be all the more brilliant. The idea might easily be taken for a cotillion figure.

A CAUSE FOR WORRIMENT.

Ada,(*on the morning of her birthday party, looking at the clock and feeling her pulse*). "Oh dear! I wonder if I will be well enough for the party to-night?"

Search, if you like, the wide world over,
   Barnum's the very best fellow that's known;
Now that we young ones are left here in clover,
   Here's for a jolly good show of our own.

BROKEN RHYMES.

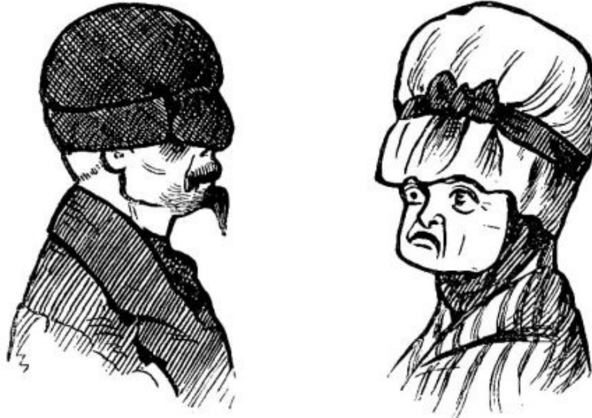
[Behead the word that completes the first line, and you have the word necessary to complete the second. This in turn beheaded gives the word that will complete the third line.]

"Beware the ice!" I heard him ____,
"Which is not safe unless 'tis ____:
Take my advice, for I am ____,
   And do not venture here."
"But, oh! we want so much to ____.
He's like the dog," said saucy ____,
"Who could not eat what others ____,
   Yet barked when they came near."

"But do not go so near the ____;
'Tis safer far within the ____;

The water here's as dark as ____:
To go would be a sin."
They heeded not, and in a ____,
Like little birds that feed on ____,
The merry girls flew o'er the ____;
And now, alas! they're in.

But when he heard the dreadful ____,
And saw the drowning maidens ____,
He hurried with his stick of ____
Along the slippery ground.
And others came, and with a ____
They crept around the dangerous ____,
And lifted dripping o'er the ____
The maids so nearly drowned.



SHADOWS OF GREAT MEN.

Who can turn this old woman into the Duke of Wellington, and the rough-looking man with a broken nose into Napoleon III.? You will not need any fairy wand nor magic sentence to do it; just trace the heads upon a piece of thick paper, and cut them out carefully with a pair of sharp scissors; then place them so that their shadows may fall clearly upon a sheet of paper, and the change is complete. You can make many different surprises of the same kind by drawing other heads yourselves.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] All purely Russian names end either in "off" or "in," the "ski's" being all Polish, and the "ko's" all Cossack.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, FEBRUARY 17, 1880 ***

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