Title: Our Little French Cousin

Author: Blanche McManus

Release date: September 28, 2013 [EBook #43831]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Emmy, Beth Baran and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

Our Little French Cousin

THE

Little Cousin Series

(TRADE MARK)

Each volume illustrated with six or more full page plates in tint. Cloth, 12mo, with decorative cover per volume, $1.00

LIST OF TITLES

By Col. F. A. Postnikov, Isaac Taylor Headland, Edward C. Butler, and Others

Our Little African Cousin
Our Little Alaskan Cousin
Our Little Arabian Cousin
Our Little Argentine Cousin
Our Little Armenian Cousin
Our Little Australian Cousin
Our Little Austrian Cousin
Our Little Belgian Cousin
Our Little Bohemian Cousin
Our Little Brazilian Cousin
Our Little Bulgarian Cousin
Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Great Northwest
Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Maritime Provinces
Our Little Chinese Cousin
Our Little Cossack Cousin
Our Little Cuban Cousin
Our Little Czecho-Slovac Cousin
Our Little Danish Cousin
Our Little Dutch Cousin
Our Little Egyptian Cousin
Our Little English Cousin
Our Little Eskimo Cousin
Our Little Finnish Cousin
Our Little French Cousin
Our Little German Cousin
Our Little Grecian Cousin
Our Little Hawaiian Cousin
Our Little Hindu Cousin
Our Little Hungarian Cousin
Our Little Indian Cousin
Our Little Irish Cousin
Our Little Italian Cousin
Our Little Japanese Cousin
Our Little Jewish Cousin
Our Little Jugoslav Cousin
Our Little Korean Cousin
Our Little Malayan (Brown) Cousin
Our Little Mexican Cousin
Our Little Norwegian Cousin
Our Little Panama Cousin
Our Little Persian Cousin
Our Little Philippine Cousin
Our Little Polish Cousin
Our Little Porto Rican Cousin
Our Little Portuguese Cousin
Our Little Quebec Cousin
Our Little Roumanian Cousin
Our Little Russian Cousin
Our Little Scotch Cousin
Our Little Servian Cousin
Our Little Siamese Cousin
Our Little South African (Boer) Cousin

Our Little Spanish Cousin
Our Little Swedish Cousin
Our Little Swiss Cousin
Our Little Turkish Cousin
Our Little Ukrainian Cousin
Our Little Welsh Cousin
Our Little West Indian Cousin

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY (Inc.)
53 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

GERMAINE

Our Little French Cousin

By
Blanche McManus

Illustrated by
The Author

Boston
The Page Company
Publishers

[iv]

Made in U. S. A.

Published May, 1905
Fourth Impression, May, 1908
Fifth Impression, October, 1909
Sixth Impression, June, 1911
Seventh Impression, February, 1913
Eighth Impression, October, 1915
Ninth Impression, March, 1918
Tenth Impression, May, 1919
Eleventh Impression, February, 1922
Twelfth Impression, March, 1926

PRINTED BY C. H. SIMONDS COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

---

[v]

INTRODUCTION

If a little girl or boy helps another who is in trouble, they are sure to be the best of friends. In the early days, before this country became a great nation, when the Colonies were at war with England, fighting for the independence and freedom which we now celebrate each year on the Fourth of July, a French nobleman by the name of Lafayette came across the sea to help us. We needed his help, and when the brave Colonial soldiers at last won a great victory, and the Colonies became one nation, we were very grateful to Lafayette for the help he had given, and because he was a Frenchman, the people of France and the people of the United States became fast friends.

[vi]

This story was written to help us learn more about our wonderful French cousins. Germaine, "Our Little French Cousin," happened to live in Normandy, but her every-day life, her parents and her friends were just like those of other French children. True, she travelled more than most children, but if she had not, the story would not tell so much about other parts of her native land.

It was in the early days of August, 1914, that the French people learned that Germany, her

conqueror in the Franco-Prussian war, had again declared war, and was even then hammering at the forts of Belgium so she could march her armies right into their beloved France.

The news stirred the French people, but while the brave little army of Belgians halted the German troops, an army was gathered quickly under the leadership of Joseph-Jacques-Cesaire Joffre, a man of humble birth whom every one loved. We all know how the Prussian army defeated the Belgians and how the French were forced to retreat until they reached the River Marne, and then how they made a stand which resulted in such a glorious victory for France. [vii]

During these bitter days Germaine, and thousands of other French children, learned how to suffer and yet smile. She learned that her beloved France could produce heroes as great as Bayard, Du Guesclin, Ney, Henry of Navarre, Lafayette and Rochambeau. She never tired of hearing stories of the great General Petain, a quiet, reserved man who filled his troops with a new spirit which urged them on to another great victory at Verdun.

When, in 1917, the American soldiers went to France to help the French, the English, the Canadians, the Australians, the Belgians and all the other Allies drive the Germans out of France and Belgium, General Pershing, commander of the American Army, visited the tomb of Lafayette. He placed a wreath upon the tomb and made the greatest speech that was ever made in so few words. He said, "Lafayette, we're here." So we repaid our debt to France. [viii]

Then General Ferdinand Foch was made Commander-in-chief of all the armies that France and all the other nations had raised to show the Germans that right is greater than might. Then Germaine became even more proud of her native land when she was told of Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger" premier, who was so brave and so sure, always, of success, and who played such a great part in making peace again throughout the world.

As a reward for her many sacrifices during the four years of the most cruel war the world has ever known, France regained her two lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. In another volume, "Our Little Alsatian Cousin," is told the story of the home life, the work and the play of the little folks who live in these provinces which were long a part of Germany, not because the people wanted it, but because Germany had won the Franco-Prussian war.

Preface [ix]

"Our Little French Cousin" is an attempt to tell, in plain, simple language, something of the daily life of a little French girl, living in a Norman village, in one of the most progressive and opulent sections of France.

The old divisions, or ancient provinces, of France each had its special characteristics and manners and customs, which to this day have endured to a remarkable extent.

To American children, no less than to our English cousins, the memories of the great names of history which have come down to us from ancient Norman times are very numerous.

Besides the great Norman William who conquered England, and Richard the Lion-hearted, [x] there are the lesser lights, such as Champlain, La Salle, and Jean Denys,—the discoverer of Newfoundland; and before them was the Northman ancestor of Rollo, Lief, the son of Eric, who was perhaps the real discoverer of America. All these link Normandy with the New World in a manner that is perhaps not at first remembered.

"Our Little French Cousin" lives in Normandy, simply because she must live somewhere, and not because any attempt has been made to specialize or localize the every-day life of Germaine, her parents, and her friends. Indeed, for a little French girl, it may be thought that she had remarkable opportunities for acquaintanceship with the outside world.

But to-day even little French girls live in a progressive world, and what with tourists and automobilists, to say nothing of a reasonably large colony of English-speaking folk who had actually settled near her home, it was but natural that her outlook was somewhat different from [xi] what it might have been had she lived a hundred years ago.

So far as France in general goes, the great world of Paris, and much that lay beyond, were also brought to her notice in, it is believed, a perfectly rational and plausible fashion; and thus within the restricted limits of this little book will be found many references to the life and history of Old France which, in one way or another, has linked itself with the early days in the history of America, in a manner of which little American cousins are in no way ignorant.

Joliet, Champlain, La Salle, Père Marquette, and many others first pointed the way and mapped out the civilization of America, when it was but the home of the red man, now so nearly disappeared.

Later came Lafayette and Rochambeau, who were indeed good friends to the then new nation, [xii] and lastly, if it is permissible to think of it in that light, the great Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbour, is another witness of the friendliness of the French nation for the people of the United States. A reciprocal echo of this is found in the recent erection, in Paris, of a statue of Washington.

To her cousins across the sea little Germaine, "Our Little French Cousin," holds out a cordial hand of greeting.

Les Andelys, Eure, January, 1905.

Contents

[xiii]

List of Illustrations

[xiv]
[xv]

[xvi]

Our Little French Cousin

[1]

CHAPTER I.
AT THE FARM OF LA CHAUMIÈRE

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Germaine, as she jumped out of bed and ran to the window, "how glad I am it is such a beautiful day."

Germaine was up bright and early on this sunshiny day, for many pleasant things were going to happen. However, this was not her only reason for early rising. French people always do so, and little French children are not allowed to lie in bed and to be lazy.

At the first peep of daylight Germaine's papa and mamma were up, and soon the "little breakfast," as it is called, was ready in the big kitchen of the farmhouse. Even the well-to-do [2] farmers, like Germaine's papa, eat their meals in their kitchens, which are also used as a general sitting-room.

Everything about a French house is very neat, but especially so is the kitchen, whose bare wooden or stone floor is waxed and polished every day until it shines like polished mahogany. On the mantelpiece of the kitchen of Germaine's home, which was more than twice as tall as Germaine herself, was a long row of brass candlesticks, a vase or two, and a little statue of the Madonna with flowers before it.

The fireplace took up nearly all of one side of the room, and was so large that it held a bench in either side where one could sit and keep nice and warm in winter. Hanging in the centre, over the fire, was a big crane,—a chain with a hook on the end of it on which to hang pots and kettles to boil. There were beautiful blue tiles all around the fireplace, and a ruffle of cloth along the [3] edge of the mantel-shelf.

Not far from the fireplace was a good cooking-stove, for the better class farmers do not cook much on the open fire, as do the peasants.

All about the walls were hung row after row of copper cooking utensils of all kinds and shapes, all highly polished with "*eau de cuivre*." Madame Lafond, Germaine's mamma, prided herself on having all her pots and pans shine like mirrors.

"Be quick, my little one," said Madame Lafond, as Germaine seated herself at the table in the centre of the room. "You have much to do, for, as you know, we are to see M. Auguste before we go to meet Marie; and we must finish our work here, so as to be off at an early hour."

Germaine's breakfast was a great bowl of hot milk, with coffee and a slice from the big loaf [4] lying on the bare table. The French have many nice kinds of bread, and what they call household bread, made partly of flour and partly of rye, is the kind generally eaten by the country people. It is a little dark in colour, but very good.

It was to-day that Germaine was to go with Madame Lafond to the station at Petit Andelys to

meet her sister Marie, who had been away at a convent school at Evreux, and who was coming home for the summer holidays. On their way they were to stop at the Hôtel Belle Étoile, for it was the birthday—the fête-day, as the French call it—of their good friend the proprietor, M. Auguste, and Madame Lafond was taking him a little present of some fine *white* strawberries which are quite a delicacy, and which are grown only round about. M. Lafond was to meet them at the station, and all were to take dinner with her Uncle Daboll at his house in the village, to celebrate Marie's home-coming. [5]

So, as may be imagined, Germaine did not linger over her breakfast, but set to work at her morning tasks with a will.

"Blanche, you want your breakfast, too," she said, as she stroked her pet white turtledove, who had been walking over the table trying to attract her attention with soft, deep "coos," "and you shall have it here in the sunshine," and, putting her pet on the deep window-ledge, she sprinkled before it a bountiful supply of crumbs. "That, now, must last until I get back."

"Now, come, Raton," she called to their big dog. "We must feed the rabbits," and, taking a basket of green stuff, she ran across the courtyard into the garden.

In France the farm buildings are often built around an open square, which is entered by a large gate. This is called a *closed* farm. In olden times there were also the fortified farms, which were built strongly enough to withstand the assaults of marauders, and some of these can still be seen in various parts of the country. [6]

The gateway was rather a grand affair, with big stone pillars, on top of which was a stone vase, and in the gate was a smaller one, which could be used when there was no need to open the large one to allow a carriage or wagon to enter.

On one side of the yard was the *laiterie*, where the cows were kept and milked. There were a number of cows, for M. Lafond sold milk and butter, carrying it into the market at Grand Andelys.

On another side was the stable, where were kept the big farm-horses,—Norman horses as we know them, one of the three celebrated breeds of horses in France. Near by were the wire-enclosed houses for the chickens and geese and the ducks, which ran about the yard at will and paddled in the little pond in one corner. [7]

In the centre was the pigeon-house, a large, round, stone building, such as will be seen on all the old farms like this of M. Lafond's. It was an imposing structure, and looked as if it could shelter hundreds of pigeon families. Under a low shed stood the farm-wagons and the farming tools and implements.

La Chaumière, as the farm was known, took its name from the thatch-covered cottage. Many of the houses in this part of the country have roofs thatched with straw, as had the other buildings on the farm. Germaine's home, however, had a red tile roof, though it was thatched in the olden days, for it had been in M. Lafond's family for many generations.

On the opposite side of the house was the garden, surrounded by a high wall finished off with a sort of roof of red tiles. The square beds of fine vegetables were bordered by flowers, for in France the two are usually cultivated together in one garden. Against the wall were trained peach, pear, and plum trees, as if they were vines; this to ripen the fruit well. In a corner were piled up the glass globes,—shaped like a bell or a beehive,—which are used to put over the young and tender plants to protect them and hasten their growth. [8]

Against one corner of the wall were the hutches for the rabbits, built in tiers, one above the other, and full of dozens of pretty "bunnies," white, black and white, and some quite black.

It was Germaine's duty to feed them night and morning, and she liked nothing better than to give them crisp lettuce and cabbage leaves and see them nibble them up, wriggling their funny little noses all the time. "Well, bunnies, you will have to eat your breakfast alone this morning; I cannot spare you much time," Germaine told them, as she gave them the contents of her basket. Raton was leaping beside her and barking, for he was a great pet, and more of a companion than most dogs in French farms. They are usually kept strictly for watch purposes, the poor things being tied up in the yard all of the time; but Germaine's people were very kind to animals, and Raton did much as he pleased. [9]

"I am ready, mamma," said Germaine, running into the kitchen.

"So am I, my dear," and Madame Lafond took from behind a copper saucepan hanging on the wall a bag of money, from which she took some coins and put the bag back again in this queer money-box. She then placed the basket of strawberries on their bed of green leaves on her arm, and she, Germaine, and Raton set off.

Madame Lafond had on a neat black dress, very short, and gathered full around the waist, and a blue apron. Her hair was brushed back under her white cap, and on her feet she wore *sabots*, the wooden shoes all the working people in the country wear. [10]

Germaine's dress was her mother's in miniature, and her little *sabots* clacked as she ran down the road, carrying in her hand a pot holding a flower, carefully wrapped about with white paper for M. Auguste. It was a beautiful walk through the fields and apple orchards, into the road, shaded by old trees that led to the top of the hill, and then down the hillside past the old Château

THE FARM OF *LA CHAUMIÈRE*

Gaillard; that wonderful castle whose history Germaine never wearied of hearing.

It seemed to her like a fairy-tale that such things could have happened so near her papa's farm, though it all took place many hundreds of years ago, when there was nothing but wild woods where now stands their farm and those of their neighbours.

The château was built by the great Norman who [11]
became an English king. He was known as Richard the Lion-hearted, because he was so brave and fearless. Perhaps our little English cousins will remember him best by this romantic story. Once King Richard was imprisoned by his enemies, no one knew where; his friends had given him up for lost—all but his faithful court musician Blondel, who went from castle to castle, the length and breadth of Europe, singing the favourite songs that he and his royal master had sung together. One day his devotion was rewarded, for, while singing under the windows of a castle in Austria, he heard a voice join with his, and he knew he had found his master.

At that time France was not the big country it is now. Normandy belonged to the English Crown, and the Kings of France were always trying to conquer it for their own.

So Richard built this strong fortress on the river [12]
Seine, at the most important point where the dominion of France joined that of Normandy. He planned it all himself, and, it is said, even helped to put up the stones with his own hands. It was begun and finished in one year, and when the last stone was placed in the big central tower, King Richard cried out: "Behold my beautiful daughter of a year." Then he named it Château Gaillard, which is the French for "Saucy Castle," and stood on its high walls and defied the French king, Philippe-Auguste, who was encamped across the river, to come and take it from him,—just as a naughty boy puts a chip on his shoulder and dares another boy to knock it off. Well, the French king took his dare, but he also took care to wait until the great, brave Richard had been killed by an arrow in warfare. Then for five months he and his army besieged the castle, and a desperate
fight it was on both sides. At last the French forced an entrance. After that, for several hundred [13]
years, its story was one of bloody deeds and fierce fights, until another French king, Henri IV., practically destroyed it, in order to show his power over the Norman barons whom he feared; and so it stands to-day only a big ruin—but one of the most splendid in France.

Germaine often wondered why it was called "Saucy," for it did not look so to her now. The big central tower with its broken windows seemed to her like an old face, with half-shut eyes and great yawning mouth, weary with its struggles, leaning with a tired air against the few jagged walls that still stood around it.

But it looked very grand for all that, and Germaine was fond of it, and she with her cousin Jean often played about its crumbling walls. Jean would stand in the great broken window and play he
was one of the archers of King Richard's time, with a big bow six feet long in his hand, and [14]
arrows at his belt, and that he was watching for the enemy who always travelled by the river, for in those days there were few roads, and journeying by boat on the river was the most convenient way to come and go.

There is no finer outlook in all France than from King Richard's castle at Petit Andelys, for one can look ten miles up the river on one side and ten miles down on the other. Thus no one could go from France into Normandy without being seen by the watchman on the tower of the Château Gaillard. Three hundred feet below is the tiny village of Petit Andelys, looking like a lot of toy houses.

As they entered the main street of the village, Madame Lafond stopped at the *Octroi*, to pay the tax on her strawberries. All towns in France put a tax on all produce brought into the town,
and for this purpose there is a small building at each entrance to the town where every one must [15]
stop and declare what they have, and pay the small tax accordingly.

"I hear the '*Appariteur*,'" said Germaine, as they walked down the narrow cobble-paved street, "I wonder what he is calling out." The "*Appariteur*" is a sort of town-crier, who makes the announcements of interest to the neighbourhood by going along the streets beating a drum and crying out his news, while the people run to the windows and doors to listen. It takes the place of a daily newspaper to some extent, and costs nothing to the public.

They were soon at the Hôtel Belle Étoile, and found stout, good-natured M. Auguste at the entrance, seeing some of his guests off. He was delighted with the strawberries, and when Germaine gave him the bouquet of flowers, with a pretty little speech of congratulation for his
birthday, he kissed her, French fashion, on both cheeks, and took them into the café, where he [16]
gave them a sweet fruit-syrup to drink. It is always the custom among our French cousins to offer

some kind of refreshment on every possible occasion, and especially on a visit of ceremony such as this. So when M. Auguste asked Madame Lafond what she would take, she and Germaine chose a "*Sirop de Groseilles*," which is made of the juice of gooseberries and sweetened. A few spoonfuls of this in a glass of soda-water makes a delightful cool drink in hot weather, and one of which French children are very fond. There are also syrups made in the same way from strawberries, raspberries, peaches, etc., but this is one of the best liked.

"There is Madeleine making signs to you outside the door. Run and see what she wants, my little one," said M. Auguste. "I can guess," he said, laughingly, as Germaine ran to greet the waitress of the hotel, who always looked so neat and pretty in her white country cap, her [17] coloured apron over a black dress, and a coloured handkerchief around her neck, with neat black slippers on her feet.

"Let me show you how we are going to celebrate the fête-day of M. Auguste," said she, smiling, and, opening a box, she showed Germaine the sticks of powder, which they would burn when night came, and make the beautiful red and green light such as all children and many grown folks like. The first of these sticks was to be burnt at the very entrance door, that all the village might know that it was M. Auguste's birthday. Madeleine and the cook and the housemaid and the washerwoman and the boy that blacked the guests' boots had each given a few centimes (or cents) to buy these, as well as other things that wriggled along the ground and went off with a bang, as a surprise for M. Auguste. Also the American and English visitors at the hotel had [18] bought "Roman candles" and some "catharine-wheels," which were to be let off in front of the Belle Étoile; so the hotel would be very gay that night.

M. Auguste's name-day had also been celebrated in another way some time before. On the fête of St. Auguste it was the custom to carry around a big anvil and stop with it in front of the house of every one who is named Auguste or Augustine. A cartridge was placed on the anvil and hit sharply with a hammer, when of course it made a frightful noise; and for some unknown reason this was supposed to please good St. Auguste as well as those who bore his name. Then the person who had this little attention paid him or her would come out and ask every one into their house to have a glass of *calvados*, which is a favourite drink in this part of France, and is made from apples.

The Belle Étoile, like most of the hotels of France, was built with a courtyard in the centre, and [19] around this were galleries or verandas, on which the sleeping-rooms opened. Carriages passed through an archway into this courtyard, on the one side of which were stables, on another the kitchen and servants' quarters, and the entrance to the big cellar where were kept the great barrels of cider.

Most of the courtyard was given up to a beautiful garden, set about with shrubs and flowers. At little tables under big, gay, striped garden-umbrellas, the guests of the Belle Étoile ate their meals. In the country, every one who can dines in the garden during the summer months, which is another pleasant custom of this people.

M. Auguste was very fond of little Germaine, and often told her of his boyhood days in the gay little city of Tours, where the purest French is spoken, with its fine old cathedral and the lovely [20] country thereabouts all covered with grape-vines; and how in the bright autumn days the vineyards are full of workers filling the baskets on their backs with the green and purple grapes; how late in the evening the big wagons, full of men, women, and children, come rolling home, piled up with grapes, the pickers all singing and joyous, with great bunches of wild flowers tied on the front of each wagon. "A very happy, gay people, my dear," would remark M. Auguste, "not like these cold, stolid Normans." But to us foreigners all the French people seem as gay as these good folk of Touraine, the land of vineyards and beautiful white châteaux.

M. Auguste had also been a great traveller, for his father was well-to-do, and he thought that his boy should see something of his own country—though French people as a rule are not great travellers. They are the most home-loving people in the world, and their greatest ambition is to [21] have a little house and a garden in which to spend their days.

So M. Auguste had seen much. He had been to the bustling city of Lyons, where the finest silks and velvets in the world are made. He had journeyed along the beautiful coast of France where it borders on the blue Mediterranean, where palms and oranges and such lovely flowers grow, especially the sweet purple violets from which the perfumes are made. From here also come the candied rose-petals and violets, that the confectioners sell you as the latest thing in sweetmeats.

He had visited the great port of Marseilles, the most important in France, where are to be seen ships from all over the world, and there he learned to make their famous dish, the *bouillabaisse*, which is a luscious stew of all kinds of fish—for M. Auguste prides himself on the special dishes that he cooks for his guests, and Germaine is often asked to try them. He had been also to the [22] rich city of Bordeaux, where the fine wines come from. Oh, M. Auguste is a great traveller, thought Germaine, as they sat together in the kitchen of the Belle Étoile, while M. Auguste talked with Mimi, the white cat, sitting on his shoulder, while Fifine, the black one, was on his knee. They were great pets of M. Auguste, and as well known and liked as himself by the guests at the Belle Étoile.

CHAPTER II.
TO ROUEN ON A BARGE

GERMAINE and her parents, and her Uncle Daboll and his wife, and their little son Jean, just one year younger than Germaine, were all at the station long before the train was due. The two children were fairly prancing with glee, while Raton leaped about no less excited. They were very fond of Marie, as was every one who knew her, for she was a gentle, kind-hearted girl, and though several years older than Germaine, they were great companions. This was her first year away from home, and Germaine had missed her sadly.

"There she is," cried Germaine, as the train pulled slowly in, and a young girl appeared at the window of one of the third-class carriages, waving her handkerchief, and throwing them kisses. [24]

Her father lifted her down, and every one kissed her twice, on either cheek, and amid much laughing and talking they walked toward Uncle Daboll's house, while Raton danced in circles about them as if he had gone mad.

"Oh, Marie," cried Germaine and Jean in the same breath, "we have such a lovely surprise for you! You have heard, of course, of the grand 'Norman Fêtes,' which are to be held at Rouen next week! Well, just think, we are all going to see them, that is, you and Jean and me and uncle and aunt, and better still—how do you think we are going?" "Why, on the train, of course," laughed Marie, "and won't we have a good time." "No," spoke up Jean, quickly, "we are going a brand-new way. What do you say to going on a barge on the river?" "A barge," cried Marie, "but I thought no one was allowed to travel on the barges, except the people who ran them and lived on them." [25] "That is true," said Germaine, "but uncle has fixed all that; you know he sends lots of brick to Rouen by the barges—one is being loaded up now at the quay, and he has arranged that we go on it to Rouen and stay on the barge while it is being unloaded, and see the fêtes. Then we will come back by train. Won't it be glorious?" "And," chimed in Jean, "papa is going to tell us all about the history of these fêtes after dinner."

M. Daboll's home was a neat little cottage, with its upper part of black beams and white plaster, and a pretty red-tiled roof, the ground floor being of stone. M. Daboll owned a large brick-kiln, and was quite well-to-do.

They all gathered for dinner about a round table in an arbour that overlooked the river. The arbour was ingeniously formed by training the branches of two trees and interlacing them as if they were vines, which gave complete shelter from the sun. [26]

Every one was eager to listen to Marie's account of her school life at the convent. It was a very old convent, with beautiful gardens surrounding it, built as usual around a courtyard, in the centre of which was a statue of St. Antoine, who is a favourite patron saint of schools, and considered the special guardian of children. He also, according to tradition, helps one find lost articles, and as we all know how school-children are always losing their belongings, this may be another reason for having the kind St. Antoine as a protector of school-children. At six the girls are up, and study an hour before the "little breakfast" of a roll and butter and chocolate or coffee. Lessons take up the time until noon, when they have their dinner of soup, meat, vegetable, and cider, with a *gâteau*, as they call a cake, on Sundays. After dinner they are taught plain sewing, [27] and when the sewing hour is over they can play about the gardens until the study hour comes around again. A plain supper of bread and cheese, chocolate or milk, follows, and by nine o'clock every one is in bed. The children dress very simply,—plain cotton frocks, which indoors are always completely covered with a black apron or *tablier*. On Thursdays they have a half-holiday, and in the care of the Sisters go on little excursions or walks in the neighbourhood. A pleasant, simple life, and, as M. Lafond said, as he pinched Marie's cheek, "It seems to agree with you, my dear."

"Now, papa, you promised to tell us about these Norman Fêtes," said Jean, when the table had been cleared away, and the little coffee-cups brought out.

"So I will, Jean, and first you bring me that big roll which you will find on the side-table in the dining-room."

Jean was back with it directly, and Uncle Daboll unrolled a big poster, advertising the fêtes. It [28] showed a fine, strong man in ancient armour, seated on a prancing horse, carrying on his arm a shield, emblazoned with two red lions, and holding aloft a spear. Below him on the river were to be seen three small boats, each with one sail, and also arranged so that it could be rowed by hand.

"This represents Rollo," went on M. Daboll, as the children clustered around him, "the leader of a great race of people whose home was in the cold, far-away North. Tall people they were, with golden hair, and great sailors, who sailed in tiny ships, like those you see in the picture, over the bleak, stormy sea which lies between their land and France, until they came to the river Seine, where it empties into the Atlantic Ocean.

"They rowed up the river and camped where the fine city of Rouen now stands, and from these [29] fair-haired Northmen are descended the present-day Normans. It has been many centuries since all this happened, so the good people of Rouen thought this a suitable time to celebrate the founding of their city, and of the great Norman race, at one time the most powerful in France."

"And at Rouen we shall also see the spot where poor Jeanne d'Arc was burned," said Marie. "We have just been reading her history at the school."

"Tell us her story again," said Jean.

"She will on the barge. You will have plenty of time then," said M. Lafond; "but we must be getting home now. It is quite a walk, and our little Marie must be tired after her long day."

It was about six o'clock in the morning of the next day when the gay little party found themselves on the barge bound for Rouen.

"Now here comes our tow that we must tie up to," said the bargeman, as a tug with five barges [30]
in tow came puffing down the river; and taking a long pole with a hook in the end of it, he began pushing the barge away from the shore until it moved toward the middle of the river. Then the tugboat slowed down until the long line of barges was just creeping along; one could hardly see that they moved at all. Just as the last one passed that which carried our party, the man in the stern of it threw them a rope which was quickly caught and fastened to the forward end, and as it grew taut, the barge began to move and soon took its place at the tail-end of the long procession.

The children at once began to make themselves at home in their new surroundings. "Did you ever see anything nicer?" said Germaine, as she dragged Marie into the little house under the big tiller, where the bargeman and his wife lived.

"Does it not look like a doll's house?" said Marie, as they went down the ladder into the tiny [31]
living room. Everything was as neat as could be, and painted white, with lace curtains at each of the small windows.

It was wonderful how much could be stowed away inside, and yet leave plenty of room. A sewing-machine stood in one corner; a bird-cage was hanging in the window, and a little stove, a table to dine on, and a couple of chairs completed the arrangements, save the pictures on the walls, the china in a neat little cupboard, and the beds which were built like shelves, one above the other, to allow all the floor space possible. On deck, one side of the house was given up to a shelf full of gay flowers in pots, and vines were trained up against the side of the house. There was also on deck a chest to hold the meat and vegetables, so as to keep them cool and fresh, and a small cask was made into a house for the dog. Every barge has its dog and cat, which usually [32]
get on together very well, considering their crowded quarters. Everything about the house end of the barge was painted white with green trimmings, and all was very clean and neat.

Jean then came up to tell them that he had found out that every barge in the tow belonged to a different owner. This he had learned from the gaudy colours with which they were decorated. "You will see," said he, "that ours has a big white triangle with a smaller red triangle inside of that painted on the bow. The one next to us has a broad red band with two white circles, and there is another yellow with two big blue stars on either side. These are the distinguishing marks of the different companies to which they belong."

They were now leaving behind them the great high cliffs of white chalk that shine like snow, [33]
through which the river runs almost all the way from Mantes to Rouen. Just here it wound through rich green meadows. Along the water's edge were clumps of willow-trees, whose long, pliable twigs are used by the country people to weave baskets. They trim off the branches, but leave the tree standing for more branches to grow, and so they never use up their basket material. The French take very good care of their trees, and when they cut one down, always plant another in its place.

Often the barge passed other long tows, whose barge-people would shout greetings across to them. For most *bargees* are acquainted, at least by sight, and the dogs would bark "How do you do's" as well. Great coal barges from Belgium passed, having come laden many hundreds of miles across France; and others with hogsheads of wine from the south, which have been brought by sea to Rouen.

A merry dinner was served on a table on deck under an awning. The wife of the bargeman had [34]
cooked a good meal on the little stove which stood on one of the hatches right out in the open. They had a favourite country soup first, beef and cabbage soup with a crust of bread in it. (French soups are usually called *potage*, though the real country soup is often known by the name we call it ourselves—*soupe*.) Then there was a crisp green salad, big jugs of Normandy cider, which is a beautiful golden colour, *blanquette de veau*, which is veal with a nice white egg sauce over it. *Lapin garnne* followed, which is nothing more than stewed rabbit, and a dish of which all French people are very fond, and have nearly every day when it is in season. Fresh Normandy cream cheese and cherries and little cakes finished the meal, with the usual coffee and *calvados* for the older people.

"We will soon see Pont de l'Arche," said the bargeman, and they had barely finished dinner [35]
when the picturesque church of the town was seen rising above the trees.

"It has no spire nor towers; it looks like half of a church," said Jean.

"Which is true, but it is quite a famous church, nevertheless," said his father. "It is probably the only church in the world which is dedicated to 'Art and to the Artists.'"

"Our Lady of the Arts" it is called. Artists are beginning to visit it more from year to year, and it is a veritable place of pilgrimage now.

The barge soon passed under the old bridge at Pont de l'Arche, and left behind the church, standing high above the town, a landmark for miles along the river.

Marie had promised to tell the children the story of Jeanne d'Arc, as they wanted to have it fresh in their minds when they visited Rouen, for every part of this old city is full of memories of [36] this wonderful little peasant girl who saved her country, and, by so doing, made possible the existence of the great French nation of to-day.

Sitting under the awning, as the barge glided along, Marie told the story of the little peasant girl, only sixteen years old, who lived in the far-away village of Domremy. Believing that Heaven had chosen her to save her country from the hands of the English, she made her way to the court of Charles VII., then King of France. It was at Chinon in the valley of the Loire—that other great river of France—that she finally reached her king, and in one of the great castles, whose ruins still crown the heights above the city, eloquently pleaded her cause. Visitors there to-day can see the room with its great fireplace in which this famous meeting took place.

Her plea convinced the king, and she was made commander-in-chief of the army, which she led [37] on to Orleans, raised the siege of that city, and drove the English off. There is to-day no city in France as proud of the "Maid" as is Orleans; indeed she is known as the "Maid of Orleans." The house she is supposed to have stayed in is now preserved as a museum, and every May, on the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, a great celebration takes place in front of the cathedral, and a procession of priests and people carrying banners marches around the town chanting hymns in her praise. Jeanne d'Arc did break the power of the English in France, true to her promise, and finally brought King Charles to the magnificent cathedral at Reims, where the French kings were always crowned, and herself, amid great rejoicing, placed the crown upon his head. But the king forgot what the "Maid" had done for him and for his country, apparently, and finally she was betrayed into the hands of her enemies, who took her to Rouen, and, after a mock [38] trial, poor Jeanne was sentenced to death, and burnt in the market-place at Rouen.

In later years the French nation recognized the great good she had done, and the memory of the little peasant girl of Domremy is loved and venerated throughout the land. There is scarcely a city in France that has not honoured her in some way, either by erecting a statue to her, or naming a *place* or street in her honour.

The children were so much interested in the wonderful story of Jeanne d'Arc that they had not realized how time was flying. They were drawing near Rouen, for over the flat fields of the river valley on the left rose the tall chimneys of the cotton factories at Oissel and Elbeuf.

There is much cotton cloth made in the vicinity of Rouen, and shipped all over France. On the quays there may be seen the bales of cotton that is grown on the plantations in the Southern [39] States of America, and shipped from New Orleans direct to Rouen.

Just here the bargeman pointed out to them the tiny church of St. Adrien. The "Rock Church," as it is known, is cut out of the chalk cliff, hanging high above the river. It looks like a bird's house perched up so high, with its four small windows and tiny bell-tower.

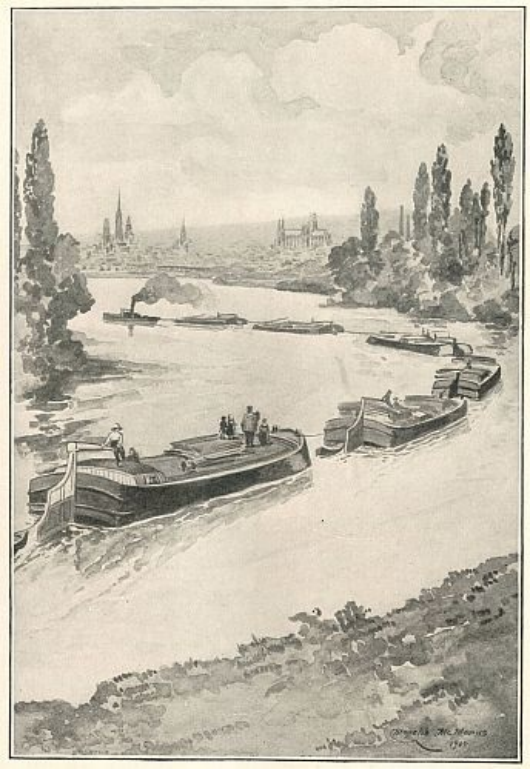
Presently Uncle Daboll said, "Look way down the river, children, and tell me what you see."

"Oh," cried Jean, "I see three church spires."

"More than that," said Germaine. "I can count seven."

"Both of you are right," said Uncle Daboll. "The three spires are those of three of the most beautiful churches in France. That tall, needle-like one belongs to the Cathedral of Notre Dame."

[40]



"THE CITY BEGAN TO UNFOLD BEFORE THEM"

"There is one which looks as if it has a crown on the top," said Germaine.

"It does look like a crown made of stone, and so it has been called the 'Crown of Normandy.' It is on the central tower of the church of St. Ouen."

The city began to unfold before them, with its long rows of quays lined with shops, hotels, and cafés on the one side, and ships from all parts of the world on the other.

Their barge soon deftly glided into what seemed a perfect tangle of barges of all kinds, and came to anchor next to a big Belgian coal-carrier, whose occupants, like themselves, were evidently bent on getting as much enjoyment out of their visit to Rouen as possible.

CHAPTER III.

THE FÊTES AT ROUEN

[41]

It was growing dark when our little party scrambled over the decks of several barges, and finally found themselves walking up the quay.

The lights were beginning to twinkle in all directions, and in a few minutes the river and city were ablaze. It seemed like fairyland to the children. The bridges were outlined with golden globes and festoons of tiny lamps of red, white, and blue. Wreaths of lights, in the shape of flowers of all colours, made innumerable arches of light across the streets. Everywhere were flags grouped about shields on which were the letters R. F., which stand for the words "Republic of France."

[42]

Walking in any direction was not easy. A mass of people swaying hither and thither blocked streets, bridges, and quays. Our little Les Andelys party did not attempt to stem the torrent. "We will just drift along," said Uncle Daboll, "and see what we can, and you children hold each other's hands and keep closely to us."

It was a motley and most good-natured crowd. Ladies in Parisian gowns mingled with country women in their fanciful white caps, kerchiefs, and short skirts. There were Breton fisherfolk and dark-skinned people from the far south; sailors and soldiers in their gay red and blue uniforms, and every now and then one would hear a clear English voice.

[43]

Vendors of toys for the little ones, and souvenirs for everybody, stood on every corner and did a flourishing trade, and high above the heads of every one floated masses of the small red, white, and blue balloons, held captive on a long string, without which no French fête is complete. On the sidewalk in front of the cafés, people were sitting at small tables sipping their coffee and the numberless sweet drinks of which the French are so fond, while at each café a band was playing for the amusement of its guests, but was also enjoyed by the passing throngs. It took the combined efforts of many natty policemen—"*gendarmes*," they are called—to keep an open pathway through the crowd.

A *gendarme* looks more like a soldier than a policeman, in his dark blue uniform and soldier-

cap, a short sword by his side, and a cape over his shoulders, all of which gives him quite a military air.

Presently, at a corner, they were stopped by an even denser throng who were watching a gaily dressed crowd of people entering a brilliantly decorated and illuminated building.

"What is this?" asked Uncle Daboll of a man near him. [44]

"It is the grand costume ball at the theatre, where every one is expected to dress in old Norman costume," was the answer.

"Oh," said Germaine, "that is why the ladies are wearing those funny tall head-dresses; look, Marie, there is one quite near us."

The costume was both pretty and odd. The lady had on a white head-dress made of embroidered muslin, very like a sunbonnet in shape, with a high crown, around which was tied a big bow of ribbon. A bright-coloured kerchief was about her neck, and she wore a square-necked cloth bodice neatly laced in front, with sleeves to the elbow; underneath this was a white *chemisette*, as it is called. Around the neck and sleeves of the bodice were bands of velvet. A very short skirt, gathered as full as possible about the waist, a dainty little apron of coloured silk with lace insertion, wooden *sabots*, prettily carved, and lace mitts on her hands, completed her [45] unusual costume.

The gentleman with her was also in Norman dress. He had big baggy trousers, a high velvet waistcoat embroidered in bright colours, a short round jacket with gold buttons, a high white collar with a big red silk handkerchief tied in a bow around the neck, enormous *sabots*, and all topped off with a high silk hat, with a straight brim.

While the children were busy looking at the details of the costumes, a carriage halted so near Germaine that she could have put out her hand and touched its occupant, who was a young girl about her own age. Germaine was at once attracted to her. She had a sweet pretty face, bright rosy cheeks, and soft blue eyes; her waving, brown hair fell loosely about her shoulders, and across her white dress was draped a small silk flag which Germaine recognized as the British [46] flag, known as the "*Union Jack*." She wore a wreath of red roses and carried in her hand a bunch of the same flowers in which were stuck two small silk flags—one French and the other British. Beside her sat a portly gentleman in a gorgeous robe of black and red trimmed with fur, while around his neck was a massive golden chain.

As Germaine was watching her, the little girl leaned eagerly out of the carriage window, and in so doing dropped her bouquet at Germaine's feet. "Oh, papa, I have lost my flowers," she cried. Meanwhile Germaine quickly picked them up, and handed them back to her; and not a moment too soon, for the carriage was moving on again and the bouquet would have been crushed under its wheels.

"Thank you so much," cried the little girl, looking back and waving her hand. Germaine did not understand the words, but knew she had been thanked in English.

Germaine had been so taken up with this little incident that she had not noticed that the crowd [47] had separated her from her companions. Her heart gave a bound, and with a startled cry she realized that only strange faces were about her, and she stood motionless with fright. Her terror was fortunately short-lived, for through the crowd she saw Uncle Daboll making his way toward her, and rushing up to him thankfully clasped his hand, which he made her promise not to loose again until they were safe back on the barge.

It was not until later, when they were sitting on the deck of the barge watching the fireworks on the heights around the city leave fiery streaks and showers of shining stars on the blackness of the summer sky, that Germaine had the opportunity of telling the family of her adventure with the "little girl of the roses," as she called her.

Aunt Daboll thought that probably she belonged to one of the parties of English visitors who [48] had come to Rouen to take part in the Fêtes.

Very early the following morning they finished their coffee and rolls and began their round of sightseeing, all of which had to be crowded into the morning, as the afternoon was to be given over to the Water Tournament, to which the children were looking forward with great excitement.

Jean, especially, had been impressed with the posters which showed in brilliant colours men in unfamiliar dress, tumbling into the water and being fished out again, with, apparently, great unconcern as to the consequences.

"Well, what shall we see first?" asked Uncle Daboll.

"Oh, the big clock," said Jean, "and then let's climb the iron spire of the cathedral."

Germaine wanted to see where poor Jeanne d'Arc had been put to death; the others were ready [49] for anything.

"Everywhere one sees the name of Jeanne d'Arc," said Marie. "This street is named after her, and last night we were in the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc."

"And just at the top of this same street," said Uncle Daboll, "we shall see the Tower of Jeanne

d'Arc, where the poor girl was imprisoned during her mock trial in the great castle, of which only this one tower is left standing."

They soon turned into a narrow street, and there was the great clock, built in a tower, under which runs the roadway itself.

Another turning brought them to the Palais de Justice, with its big dormer windows elaborately carved in stone.

A few steps more, and they were in the old market-place, and little Germaine with bated breath looked at the stone let into the pavement at her feet, which marks the spot where poor Jeanne [50] bravely met her terrible death by fire. All about the place the market people were peddling their wares, bargaining and calling out the merits of their various vegetables and fruits and poultry, the scene not unlike what it may have been in those olden days when the Normans ruled.

Our party could not, however, linger very long over memories of the "Maid," for Uncle Daboll hurried them away to see the great church of St. Ouen, with such large windows that it seems to have walls of glass, and its curious Portal of the Marmosets, all over which are carved little animals which look like ferrets. They passed the little church of St. Maclou, set like a gem in a tangle of streets that were little more than alleys. As Jean said, the tall, old houses seemed to be leaning over toward one another as if they were trying to knock their heads together.

At one street corner there had been erected a triumphal arch which was surmounted by a [51] facsimile of the statue of William the Conqueror, the original of which stands in the little Norman town of Falaise, where he was born.

All French children know the history of this great Norman, who was an unknown boy in an obscure little village, but who in time sailed across what is now known as the English Channel, conquered England, and made himself King of England as well as Duke of Normandy.

When they came to the cathedral, our party were glad to enter and rest awhile within the cool, lofty aisles and say a short prayer.

Marie remembered her favourite St. Antoine and dropped two sous in the box at the foot of his statue, for the poor.

While Uncle Daboll and Jean climbed up the iron spire, the rest of the party were taken by the [52] "*suisse*" to see the chapels with their tombs and tapestries.

The *suisse* is an imposing person in gorgeous dress of black velvet and gold lace, a big three-cornered hat covered with gold braid, white silk stockings, shoes with big buckles, and he carries a tall gold-headed stock.

It is his duty to guard the church and, for a small fee, to show visitors the chapels and other parts of the church not generally open.

Marie and Germaine felt quite in awe of him at first. They had never seen anything so magnificent before, but seeing their great interest in all that he pointed out to them, he unbent, and when he showed Germaine the spot where was buried the heart of King Richard, and she told him that she lived near the great castle the king had built, at Les Andelys, he smiled in a most friendly way, and patted her on the head.

It was quite a change when, after Uncle Daboll and Jean joined them, they went out from the [53] dark church into the square blazing with sunlight, and full of booths with all sorts of things to sell, toys, souvenirs, and picture post-cards galore.

Jean was full of his experiences in the tower: how they went up a little winding stairway to the very top, and they could see for miles around the city, and how the people looked like tiny black dots far below; and how, when coming down, he got a bit dizzy, and his father made him shut his eyes and sit still for a minute or two; but that was doing better than a grown man who was just behind them, and who had to go back just after they had started.

When Jean had finished telling his experiences, everybody found out that they were very hungry. Uncle Daboll laughed, and said he had never known them to be so much of one mind before.

"Well, follow me, little ones, and we shall find something," he said, and led the way down the [54] street, gay with flags, wreaths, and flowers.

"Just one moment, uncle," cried Marie, "let us stop and buy some post-cards to send home."

"It will be better," said Uncle Daboll, "to get them after dinner, and while we are having our coffee at a café we can write them and send them off. If we stop now, we shall be late for dinner, for it is past noon."

"Here is our place for dinner," he continued, as they entered a small square surrounded by old-time houses near the river. On one side was a modest little hotel called the "Three Merchants." Going up an outside stairway, they entered a small room with a low ceiling and a stone floor, with a long table down the centre.

It was a typical place for the farmers to come for their dinners when they brought their [55] produce into the markets. Some of these farmers were now sitting at the table with blue or black

blouses over their broadcloth suits, with their wives in black dresses and white caps, all talking and gesticulating away over their dinner.

There were two pleasant-faced curés in their long, tight black gowns closely buttoned up the front, the brims of their flat black hats caught up on either side with a cord, who had evidently come in from some country parish to see the fêtes. There was also a solitary bicyclist whose costume betrayed the fact that he was a Frenchman, for no other bicyclists in the world get themselves up in so juvenile a manner as do the French. A loose black alpaca coat, a broad waistband in which was sewed his purse, baggy knickerbockers of gray plaid, and socks with low shoes, leaving the leg bare to the knee, completed his marvellous costume.

You would think this a little boy's dress in America, would you not? [56]

These were the guests to whom our party nodded, which is a polite and universal French custom when entering and leaving a room where others are, even though they may be unknown to you.

After a bountiful middle-class dinner, our party passed out into the crowded streets again, when the energetic Jean exclaimed: "Now for our post-cards!"

"Now for a place to rest a little while," cried uncle and aunt in the same breath.

"Here is a pleasant, cool-looking little café across the street; the one with the green shrubs in boxes before it. We will have our coffee there while you select your post-cards. You will find them in that corner shop."

In a few minutes the children were back with the cards. Jean had selected a view of the [57] cathedral, because he wanted to show his uncle and aunt the great spire up which he had climbed; Marie sent several showing the decorations in the streets to various of her school friends, and Germaine did not forget her friend, M. Auguste, after sending one each to her father and mother.

Before two o'clock everybody was hurrying toward the river to see the water sports.

"Oh, aunty," cried Germaine, pulling her aunt by the sleeve, "look, there is my 'little girl of the roses,' see, walking this way with those ladies and gentlemen!"

Germaine was quite trembling with excitement as she saw the little girl recognized her, and came quickly toward them.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," she cried. "I have wanted to see you again to thank you. Oh, but isn't it stupid of me?" she went on, with a sign of vexation. "Of course you don't know English, and I can't speak French, except to say *merci* and *bon jour* and *bon soir*, so how can we talk to [58] each other?" Then she stopped and laughed, and Germaine laughed, too, and the two little girls stood smiling at one another, when the portly gentleman, whom Germaine had seen in the carriage, hurried up. "Ethel, my dear, why did you run off like this?"

"Oh, papa, this is the little girl who handed me back my roses, when they fell from the carriage last night. You know my special programme was tied with the flowers, and I would not have lost it for anything."

Just then some French people came up who also spoke English, and the little girl explained the situation. Germaine then learned that Ethel was the daughter of the mayor of the English town of Hastings, and he had been invited to represent England at the fêtes, for it was at Hastings that William the Conqueror had landed, and near there that the great battle of Hastings was fought, [59] which gave England to the Normans.

That was so very long ago that everybody in England is now very proud of it, and the English cousins from Hastings were taking as much interest in the fêtes as the French themselves.

Germaine blushed while the gentleman was telling her all this, and Ethel took a little English flag that she had pinned on her dress and gave it to Germaine. When Ethel's papa heard where Germaine lived, he said he had been to Les Andelys, he had stayed at the Belle Étoile, and knew M. Auguste, and perhaps next year he would come there again and bring Ethel and her mother, and then they should all meet again.

After the French gentleman kindly made all this known to Germaine, the little girls shook hands and parted, for the Tournament had begun.

Two queer-looking craft, much like gondolas, took up their positions, one at either end of the [60] course. The crew of one had a white costume with red sashes and red caps—the other was in similar dress, except that their caps and sashes were blue. These respective crews were known as the "Blues" and the "Reds."

On a raised platform at the end of his boat stood a "Red," with a long lance at rest; opposite was a "Blue" in the same position. At a given signal, the boats came toward one another, and one lance-man attempted to push the other off into the water.

Great was the excitement among their partisans on the banks, and cries of encouragement came from friends on either side. Jean had picked out the "Blue" as his choice, while Marie and Germaine hoped the "Red" would win. By this time the children were standing on their chairs, Jean waving his cap with great enthusiasm. Suddenly "Red" gave a stronger push, and down went [61]

poor "Blue," head foremost in the water. However, he did not seem to mind it, as he sat dripping in the rescue boat. Jean felt rather badly over the fall of his hero, but another man took his place, and this time Jean's man won, to his intense delight. So the fun went on until late in the afternoon. Another evening's walk through the illuminated city, and the children were quite ready for their beds on the barge,—for the men of the party slept on deck while the rest had the little house to themselves.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING HOME BY TRAIN

[62]

It was with real regret that our little friends parted from the good barge people and their floating home, as well as from the beautiful city of Rouen, where they had seen so much, and had such a good time.

Germaine, who had not been before in a big railway station, was somewhat bewildered at the confusion about her, while Jean, who had been once to Mantes, was proud to be able to explain things to her. The tall man in a blue uniform was the station-master, and one could always tell him from the other blue-uniformed officials, because he wore a white cap. It was his duty to send off the trains, which he does by blowing a small whistle, after which some one rings a hand-bell [63] that sounds like a dinner-bell, and off goes the train.

The men who were pushing luggage around on small hand-trucks were the porters, in blue blouses like any French working man, except they were belted in at the waist by a broad band of red and black stripes.

Presently the station-master whistled off their train. "Keep a sharp lookout," said Uncle Daboll, "and, as soon as we leave this tunnel we are now going through, look out on the right side and you will have a fine view of the city."

Sure enough, in a few minutes they were on the bridge, crossing the river, and before them stretched out a panorama of Rouen, with a jumble of factory chimneys and church spires, and rising above all the grand three-towered cathedral.

Perhaps American children might like to know what French trains are like; they are so [64] different from theirs in every way. To begin with, there are first, second and third class cars,—carriages, they are called,—and each carriage is divided into compartments, each compartment holding six persons in the first class, three on each side, and eight persons in the second, and in the third class, five on a side—ten in all. There is a door and two small windows in each end of a compartment.

The first and second classes have cushioned seats, but there are only wooden benches in the third. In many of the third class the divisions between the compartments are not carried up to the roof, and one can look over and see who his neighbours may be. The people who travel third class on French railways are a very sociable lot, and every one soon gets to talking. A French third class carriage under these conditions is the liveliest place you were ever in, especially when the train stops at a town on market-day and many people are about, as they were on this occasion. [65]

Well! Such a hubbub, and such a time as they had getting all their various baskets and belongings in with them.

The big ruddy-faced women pulled themselves in with great difficulty, for these trains are high from the ground and hard to get into, especially when one has huge baskets on one's arm, and innumerable boxes and bundles are being pushed in after one by friends.

The men come with farming tools, bags of potatoes, and their big *sabots*, all taking up a lot of room.

One tall stout woman, with a basket in either hand, got stuck in the doorway until Uncle Daboll gave her a helping hand and her friends pushed her from the outside. She finally plumped down on a seat quite out of breath, when from under the cover of one basket two ducks' heads appeared with a loud "quack, quack, quack." "Ah, my beauties, get back," and she tapped them [66] playfully and shut the lid down, but out popped their heads again with another series of "quacks," just like a double jack-in-the-box. How the children laughed, and that made them all friends at once.

Germaine offered to hold one of her baskets, for there was not a bit of room in the overhead racks, or anywhere else. When she took it on her knee, she thought she saw a gleam of bright eyes through the cracks, and sure enough it was full of little white rabbits. The old woman, seeing her interest, let her stroke their sensitive little ears, while she told how she had bought them at a *bon marché*, a good bargain, and was taking them home to her grandchild, just Germaine's age.

Next to her were two women who were evidently carrying on some dispute that had begun early in the day, and each was bent on having the last word. So their talk went on, an endless [67] stream, while the fat woman sat by and laughed at them both. Perhaps no wonder one of them

was cross. She looked every little while at a big basket of eggs she carried, some of which were broken, and with small wonder, it would seem to inexperienced eyes, for they were packed in the basket without anything between them. When she found one badly broken, she swallowed it, as much as to say, "That is safe anyway," and then she would talk faster than ever.

Uncle Daboll talked to the man next him about market prices, and the cider crop, and what a fine fruit year it was. One had only to look out at the orchards they were passing to see the truth of this, for the apple-trees were so full of fruit that branches had to be propped up with poles to keep them from breaking down.

In the next compartment a party of four were playing dominoes, one of the women who was [68] with them having spread out her apron for a table.

Another party was evidently making up for a meal they had lost, while doing business. The mother took from a basket a part of a big loaf, from which she cut slices and distributed them, with a bit of cheese, to her party, at the same time passing around a jug of cider.

There was an exciting time when one of the chickens escaped from a market-basket and had to be chased all over the carriage. Such a clattering of tongues, flapping of wings, and distressful clucks from the poor fowl, which was at last caught just as she was about to fly out of a window, were never heard before.

The chattering was increased by elaborate good-byes, as one by one the passengers dropped off at the small stations. No one grumbled at having to help sort out the luggage each time, but cheerfully and politely helped disentangle the belongings of the departing ones, and carefully [69] helped to lift the baskets on to the platform, amid profuse thanks, where more friends and relations met them, and there was as much kissing on both cheeks as if they had been on a long journey instead of merely to market.

At one of the stops Germaine noticed a woman, holding a horn and a small red flag, standing by the sliding gates, where the road crossed the railway. She had seen these women before along the line, and her uncle explained that the railway is fenced in on either side by hedges or wire fencing, and wherever a road or street crossed, there are gates, which must be kept closed while trains are passing. Not only must the gatekeeper, who is generally a woman, have the gates tight shut, but she must also stand beside them like a soldier at his post, with her brass horn in one hand and a red flag, rolled up, in the other, showing that she is prepared for any emergency. If [70] she were not there, the engineer of the passing train would report it to headquarters, and she would doubtless be dismissed. The gatekeeper lives in a neat cottage adjoining, and some minutes before each train is due she takes the horn and flag from where they hang on the wall, and is at her post.

At the station were M. and Madame Lafond to welcome them home, and you can imagine how everybody talked at once, and how much there was to tell. The fête at Rouen was the topic of conversation until its glories paled before Petit Andelys' own special fête, which was held some weeks after, and which our little friends, with true French patriotism, thought the finest in the world, not excepting the more elaborate affair at Rouen.

CHAPTER V. [71]

THE MARKET AT GRAND ANDELYS

THERE was always much noise and activity in the farmyard of La Chaumière on Mondays, for that was market-day at Grand Andelys,—*the* important event in a country neighbourhood in France.

For miles about, from the farms and small villages, every one meets in the market-place in the centre of the old town; not only to buy and sell, but to talk and be sociable, to hear news and tell it.

The French folk are very industrious, and they do not take much time for idle gossip unless there is some profit connected with it; but on market-day they combine business with pleasure, [72] and make good bargains and hear all the happenings of the countryside at the same time.

"Come, Germaine," called out Marie, after dinner on this particular Monday, "let us see them put the little calves in the cart. Papa is going to take four of them to market."

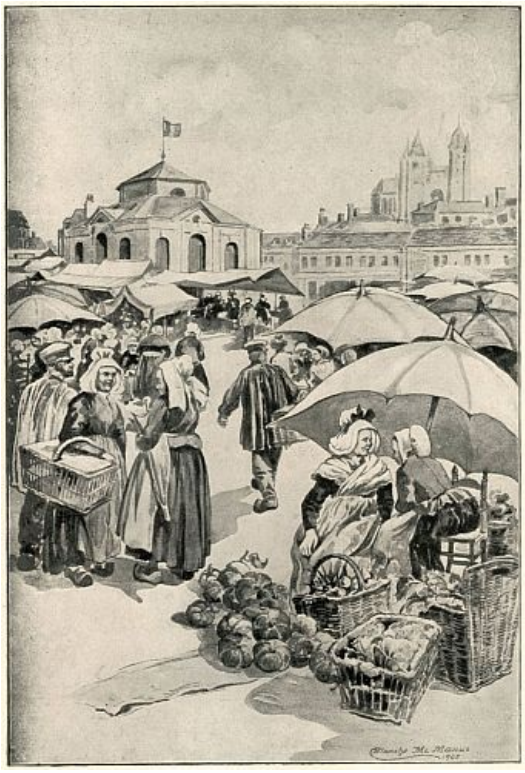
"I know it, but I felt so sorry I did not want to see them go," said Germaine, for she was very tender-hearted. Rather reluctantly she followed Marie into the farmyard. Marie was also very fond of the farm animals, but, having been away at school, had naturally not made such pets of them as had Germaine, who petted everything, from the big plough-horses to the tiny chickens just out of the shell. They were to her like friends, and it was really a grief to her when any of them were taken away to the market. But she tried to conquer the feeling, for it was part of her papa's business to sell cattle in the market, and he did so to provide for his two little daughters. [73] All French parents, of whatever position, will stint and save in order to accumulate a "dot," as it is called, for their children, and will make any reasonable sacrifice to start them well in life.

The four little calves had been tied in the cart with many bleatings, and much protesting on the part of their mothers. "Papa is going to take them to market, and mamma is to drive you and me," said Marie.

Madame Lafond and the two girls climbed into the cart hung high above its two great wheels. All three sat together on the one seat, which was quite wide. These country carts are almost square and also rather pretty. They are built of small panels of wood arranged in more or less ornamental patterns, and are usually painted in bright colours, and have, also, a big hood which can be put up as a protection from the rain.

The back of the cart was filled with baskets of eggs, from a specially famous variety of fowl, for which the farm was noted. [74]

The road to Les Andelys was crowded with their neighbours and friends bound in the same direction, and all in the same style of high carts, drawn by a single horse.



THE MARKET-SQUARE

They drove beside the river that flows through the two villages, along which the washerwomen gathered when they washed their clothes. They knelt by a long plank and gossiped as they beat out the dirt with a paddle, rinsing the clothes afterward in the running water of the stream itself.

At the town they drove into the courtyard of the hotel of the "Bon Laboureur," where there were dozens of country carts like their own, from which the horses had already been taken. They left the stableman to take charge of theirs, and walked across to the market-square.

Booths, with awnings, held everything that could be imagined, from old cast-off pieces of iron, locks, keys and the like, to the newest kinds of clothing; for everything under the sun is sold at these markets, and it is here that the people do most of their shopping rather than in the shops. Laces, crockery, imitation jewelry and furniture, and most things useful to man or beast are sold here. [75]

Big umbrellas were stuck up for protection against sun and rain. Some of them were of brilliant colours, reds, blues, and greens, some were faded to neutral tints by the weathers of many market-days—looking like a field of big mushrooms.

On one side of the square was the vegetable and fruit market, where the women in their neat cotton dresses and white caps sat under their umbrellas, with heaped up baskets of peas, beans, cauliflower, melons, and crisp green stuff for salads around them. These vegetable and fruit sellers are known as the "Merchants of the four seasons," because they sell, at various times, the products of the four seasons of the year. [76]

Near by were the geese, ducks, and chickens packed in big basket-crates, piled one on top of the other, and all clucking and restless. Quantities of little rabbits were also there, and when a buyer wished to know if the rabbit were in prime condition, he would lift it up by the back of its neck just as one does a kitten, and feel its backbone. One does not know whether the poor rabbits like it or not, but they look very frightened, and seem glad when it is over.

Madame Lafond made her way toward the egg-market, where the eggs are displayed piled up in great baskets, stopping to speak to a friend or an acquaintance by the way. She was soon in her accustomed place, and had opened up her eggs for her customers, for eggs from La Chaumière never went begging.

The two little children of the wagon-maker joined Marie and Germaine, and the four amused themselves looking at the booths, and planning what they would buy if they had the money, or amused themselves watching the crowd that quite filled the big market-place. "There are the English," some one said, and, turning, Germaine saw her friend Mr. Carter, and his wife, the Americans who were spending the summer at the Belle Étoile, standing at one of the booths, buying a *baton Normand*, a rough stick of native wood, with a head of plaited leather, and a leather loop to hold it on the arm, for they are used by the peasants in driving cattle, and they frequently want to have their hands otherwise quite free. "This will make me a good walking-stick," said Mr. Carter, coming up to the little girls and shaking hands with them. "This is your sister back from school, eh? Well, when are you two going to take that ride with me?" [77]

It had been a promise of long standing that when Marie was at home, they were to go for a day's trip in Mr. Carter's big automobile. "Well, I must fix on a day, and let M. Auguste send word to your mamma so that you and Marie can come to the Belle Étoile, and we can start from there." [78]

"Won't it be lovely?" said Marie; "we shall feel as fine as M. Lecoq, the rich farmer who comes

to market in his great auto, wearing his fur coat over his blouse, with his *sabots* on just as if he was in the farm wagon, riding behind his four white oxen."

All French working men wear the blouse. It is almost like a uniform, and by the colour of his blouse one can generally guess a man's trade. Painters, masons, grocers, and bakers wear the white blouse; mechanics and the better class of farmers seem to prefer black, and the ordinary peasants and labourers wear blue.

The blouse is made like a big full shirt, and reaches nearly to the knees. You will see men well [79] dressed in black broadcloth, white shirts and neat ties, and over all the blouse. It is really worn now to protect the clothes, but is a survival of the olden times when all trades wore a livery.

At the market at Grand Andelys one could but notice the neatly dressed hair of the women folk.

All Frenchwomen, of whatsoever class, always dress their hair neatly and prettily: and as the young girls seldom wear a hat or a bonnet, it shows off to so much better advantage. This is all very well in summer, but one wonders that they do not take cold in winter. The women wear felt slippers, and thrust their feet into their *sabots*, when they go out, which are not so clumsy as those of the men, dropping them at the door when they come into the house. You will always see several pairs of *sabots* around the entrance to the home of a French working man. [80]

The children by this time had got to where the calves stood in their little fenced-in enclosure. They were not put in the market by the church with the big cattle, and Germaine felt much happier when she heard that they had been sold for farm purposes, and not for veal to the big butcher in his long white apron, who stood by, jingling his long knives that hung at his side from a chain around his waist.

As they were near the bakers', Marie suggested they buy a *brioche*, and take it home to eat with their chocolate. *Brioche* is a very delicate bread made with eggs and milk, and is esteemed as a great delicacy. The bakery looked very tempting filled with bread of all kinds and shapes,—sticks of bread a yard long, loaves like a big ring with a hole in the middle, big flat loaves which would nearly cover a small table, twisted loaves and square loaves. [81]

When they had made their purchases and rejoined their mother, they found her with Madame Daboll, who told them that poor M. Masson, the wealthy mill-owner, who had been ill so long, was dead, and there was to be a grand funeral at the church of St. Sauveur the next day.

In France great respect is paid to the dead, and funerals are conducted with as much pomp as one's circumstances permit.

M. Masson was connected, in one way or another, with nearly every one in the neighbourhood, and the little church of St. Sauveur was crowded with the friends and relatives all in deep black, the men wearing a band of crape on the arm. Over the church door was a sort of black lambrequin with the letter M. embroidered in silver. As the funeral passed through the streets, the "*suisse*," the clergy, and the mourners, following the hearse on foot, made an impressive and [82] solemn sight. As the cortège passed, all who met it bowed their heads or removed their hats, as is the custom all over Europe.

The only thing out of place seemed to be the ugly wreaths made of black, white, and purple beads, with which the hearse was covered. To our taste they seem hideous, but Germaine thought the white bead lilies with black jet leaves very beautiful, for she was used to seeing the graves in the small cemetery covered with such tributes.

CHAPTER VI. [83]

GERMAINE AND THE ARTIST

All artists are fond of painting French country life, and there is no part that they like better than the picturesque old villages, farms, and apple-orchards of Normandy, while perhaps Les Andelys is one of their favourite stopping-places.

Germaine had made many friends among them, for they often came to draw or paint the quaint jumble of old buildings at La Chaumière.

Germaine and the English artist who was staying at the Belle Étoile were great friends. He was painting near the farm, and he often dropped in to sit in their garden and drink a glass of cider.

This warm bright morning Germaine could see his white umbrella under the apple-trees, [84] whereupon she ran into the *laiterie* where her mamma was putting away butter in stone jars for winter use.

"Mamma, I see that Mr. Thomson is painting again in the field. It is so hot. May I not take him a glass of cider?"

"Yes, truly, my little one, but do not stay too long, for I shall need you later to help me." Madame Lafond knew that when her little daughter was watching the painting of a picture, she would forget all about how time flies.

Germaine went into the dark cellar where the large casks of cider were kept cool, and drawing off a jug full, took a glass, and holding an umbrella over her, carefully carried it down the hillside to Mr. Thomson, who was lying full length on the grass, smoking vigorously and scowling at his picture.

"Oh, Germaine," he called out, when he caught sight of her, "you are a jewel, a good little girl [85] to bring me a cold drink. It was just what I wanted, and I was too lazy to walk up to the farm and ask for it. I am stuck and can't do a bit of work. I don't believe this picture is good for anything, after all."

Germaine could not believe this, for had she not heard Mr. Carter tell of pictures that Mr. Thomson had sold for so many thousands of francs that it took away her breath. Besides, did it not look just like her papa's wheat-field, with a bit of the river showing between the trees?

She shook her head. "I think it is a most beautiful picture," she said as she looked at it admiringly.

"Oh! if all the folk who buy pictures had your good taste, Germaine, how lucky we artist chaps would be," he said, draining the cider jug. "I feel much refreshed and must get to work again, for [86] the light is changing fast. Sit there in the shade, child, and tell me what you are going to do at the fête of St. Sauveur next week."

There was nothing Germaine liked better than to watch the picture grow under the quickly moving brushes; and Mr. Thomson talked to her so pleasantly in his queer French that it amused her. Germaine never smiled, even when he made mistakes in grammar that a French child of eight would not have made.

The French are a proverbially polite people, and at no time is their politeness so apparent as when a foreigner is speaking their language. They never laugh nor take the slightest notice of the worst blunders, but with the greatest pains try to understand them, and even go out of their way to set them right.

But to-day it was not the fête that Germaine wanted to talk about. "Tell me more about Paris," she said, shyly.

"Oh, Germaine, you are just like all the world—wild about Paris," laughed Mr. Thomson. He [87] lived in Paris during the winter, and his big studio looked out on the fine old gardens of the Luxembourg, and from the windows could be seen the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, under which is the tomb of the great Napoleon.

It was the dream of Germaine's life to see this wonderful city of Paris that she had heard so much about. So she listened eagerly when Mr. Thomson told her of the broad boulevards shaded by chestnut-trees, with fine shops on either side, and the great avenue of the Champs Élysées, at the end of which stands the Arch of Triumph, erected by Napoleon in memory of his victories.

Along this avenue passes the gay world of Paris in carriages, automobiles, and on foot, bound for the Bois de Boulogne. A part of this great park is set aside for the special use of the children. [88] No noisy automobile is allowed in this special enclosure, and carriages can only drive at a moderate pace. Here the Parisian mothers bring their children for a good time. They can romp over the grass and play among the pretty flower-beds; have games of tennis, croquet, or battledore and shuttlecock (which is a favourite game with them), while their older relatives sit around on little camp-stools, which every one carries with them to the parks, and talk or do fancy work.

There are ornamental refreshment houses where cakes and milk and sweet drinks can be had: thus it is a veritable children's paradise!

"But there is even more fun to be had in the gardens of the Tuileries; *there* is where I would like to take you, Germaine," said Mr. Thomson.

"There among bright flower-beds and shady alleys the little children play games around the feet of the marble statues; roll their hoops; run after their toy balloons; and trundle their dolls [89] about, or sail toy boats with red, blue, or white sails, on the little pond, while their *bonnes*, or nurses we would call them, in their long cloaks and big caps with streamers of bright ribbons, sit gossiping on the benches.

"We would walk along until we found Guignol, which English and American girls and boys call 'Punch and Judy;' but they would enjoy it just as much as do the French children, for even though Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy speak French, the show is just the same.

"And then we would go on a little farther and join the crowd standing around a man with birds flying all about him. He is the 'bird charmer,' who seems to draw the birds to him by some magic. He whistles, and they perch on his head, shoulders, and hands, eat out of his mouth, and perform tricks on the stick he holds in his hand. This greatly amuses the children, and they are always [90] ready to give the man a few sous, so it is a profit to him as well as an amusement."

Then there is the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is probably the best known church in all the world. It stands on the river bank, for Paris is built on either side of that same Seine that Germaine sees through the trees in the distance as she sits under the apple-trees on her father's farm.

Mr. Thomson tells her also of the new Palace of Art, where, among many thousands of others, he hopes to exhibit this picture he is now painting; and of the beautiful Alexander III. bridge near it, with its lofty white columns crowned by the great golden-winged horses, named after a Czar of Russia, for the French and Russian people are very friendly.

"Ah, yes! Paris is a great city," Mr. Thomson would always say when he had finished.

"Papa said when I was older perhaps he would take Marie and me there," said Germaine. "But now I must go," she added, jumping up; "mamma will be waiting for me to help her with the chickens," and saying good-bye to her friend, Germaine ran toward the farmyard gate. [91]

CHAPTER VII. [92]

THE FÊTE OF ST. SAUVEUR

St. Sauveur is the patron saint of Petit Andelys, and its little church is the church of St. Sauveur.

Each year Petit Andelys, as do most of the towns of France, celebrates the fête-day of its patron, and does it so well that the lustre of the fête has spread far and wide, bringing many visitors, which pleases the good folk of the little town, for they are proud of it and everything connected therewith.

The fête-day of St. Sauveur has no connection whatever with Petit Andelys' big twin town of Grand Andelys, which has its own fête, but nothing like so grand. There is some little jealousy between the two Andelys. The size and importance of Grand Andelys throws the other quite in [93] the shade, but Petit Andelys has the river, and the people of Grand Andelys have to walk a dusty mile before they reach it, and that is one reason that visitors like the Belle Étoile.

So Petit Andelys arranges its own fête. The mayor and its leading citizens organize committees, and great preparations go on for weeks beforehand.

One day the children running out of school at the noon hour saw, in the square in front of the church, many wagons with poles, and flapping canvas strewn about. These were the booths for the fair, which were being put up.

The great attraction of every fête is its fair, and these *foires*, as the French also call them, move about the country from town to town in wagons like an old-fashioned circus, planning to reach an important town for some special occasion—such as its fête-day.

The participants in these fairs live in their lumbering wagons very much as do gipsies, selling [94] all sorts of knickknacks, and performing little plays, or feats of agility or strength.

In a few days the little town was dressed out with flags and wreaths, gay streamers and paper lanterns.

Marie and Germaine, who were staying at their Uncle Daboll's for the fête, were awakened at five o'clock on the opening day by a succession of terrific noises, which were set forth on the official programme as a "Salvo of Artillery."

They were soon dressed and out, but even at that early hour the whole town was astir. Later on the booths in the square opened up for business.

There was a merry-go-round, "flying horses" the children call them, with big pink pigs to ride on, and swings in the shape of boats, and a marvellous "wheel of fortune" for those who wanted to try their luck.

Germaine never tired of admiring what seemed to her the most beautiful things set out for [95] sale.

Jean's great ambition was to hit some of the pipes in the shooting-gallery, and win a wonderful knife that contained everything from a corkscrew to a file.

The real gaiety, however, only began in the evening, when a torchlight procession marched up and down the main streets.

First came the "Salvo of Artillery" again, which, after all, was a very simple affair. A cartridge was placed on a paving-stone and struck with a big hammer. It made a tremendous noise, however, and everybody jumped, and Germaine put her fingers in her ears when she saw the hammer coming down.

Behind came men and boys carrying lighted paper lanterns, and then the band of the *pompiers* (the village fire department), and then more people, while all along the route was burned red and [96] green fire. Lanterns and fairy lamps in front of the houses and around the square were lighted, and the band played on a platform near the booths for the young people to dance.

Jean rode on one of the pink pigs on the merry-go-round, but Marie and Germaine preferred the chairs shaped like swans, for they were afraid of slipping off the round pigs. The only trouble was that the man who had charge of these wonderful beasts cut the rides rather short.

Uncle Daboll and M. Lafond broke several of the pipes in the shooting-gallery, and Germaine's papa even hit one of the funny paper ducks that kept bobbing up, and got a walking-stick for his pains, but no one succeeded in hitting the white ball that swung at the end of a string.

Germaine's mamma bought her a little toy *laiterie*, which looked just like the one at their farm. [97]
There was a little cow on one side, and in the other the milk-pans and churn—all true to life.

Perhaps the booth which had the most custom was the one with the gingerbread, which is a very popular variety of cake throughout France. Our little friends were soon there buying quite a menagerie of animals made of gingerbread. Jean chose a horse, Marie an elephant, and Germaine a cat, which, strange to say, was as big as Marie's elephant.

Then they all crowded into the little theatre; the funniest one you ever saw. The stage was made up out of a wagon, and the audience sat under an awning in front. There was no scenery, but a piece of cloth with a queer-looking picture painted on it, and the actors never changed their costumes once, but every one laughed and enjoyed it as much as if it had been the big theatre in Grand Andelys.

It was late when everybody got home, that is, it was ten o'clock, which is a very late hour for a [98]
French village, where every one is usually sound asleep by half-past eight or nine. The fête was to last a week, and every day had something new to offer.

The next day Jean announced, "There is a circus down on the quay," as he burst into the kitchen where the family were gathered for breakfast. "The baker's boy told me he could see them from the bakery. They came late last night, and are waiting to get permission from the mayor to put up their tents in the town."

"Oh, let's go and see them at once!" said Marie and Germaine in the same breath. Jean quickly disposed of his breakfast by taking a slice of bread and eating it as he went.

The quay presented a lively appearance indeed. There were nearly a dozen gaudily painted wagons, while near by were tethered the horses. The women were preparing the morning meal [99]
outside the wagons, which served for houses, while the men fed the horses or fished in the river, and the children played about, or followed the visitors with outstretched hands asking for pennies.

"I should like to give them something," said Marie, "but you know they are not allowed to beg while they are in the village, and we should not encourage them to break the law. I will go back, though, and ask aunty to give me some cakes for them," and the kind-hearted girl ran back to Madame Daboll's.

Meanwhile Jean was wondering what was inside the wagons with CIRQUE painted in big black letters on their sides. Near a bright yellow van were tethered two goats which were carried for their milk. Goat's milk is much used in France among the poorer classes, especially in the
southern part of the country, and the white goat's milk cheeses are rather good, when one gets [100]
used to the peculiar flavour.

THE CIRCUS

Germaine was getting acquainted with a lot of dark-skinned little children, who looked chubby and well taken care of in their neat cotton dresses.

Their mother was a gipsy-like woman who had fancy baskets for sale, and she told Germaine she had nine children, which set Germaine to wondering how they all stowed themselves away in the one wagon. It was a big one, to be sure, divided into two rooms, and wonderfully compact, and as they sat and eat out-of-doors on the ground or the steps of their wagons, they could easily get on without tables and chairs.

Here Marie came running up with her cakes, which she divided among the little ones who gathered about her.

By this time they had got the desired permission to open up the circus on the square, and that afternoon [101]
our three little friends had the pleasure of seeing the horse that could find a hidden handkerchief, the performing dogs, and all the other wonders of the show.

The grand events of the fête were saved up for the last day. There were to be the sports in the afternoon, and a grand illumination and display of fireworks in the evening. The sports, in which the young boys were to take part, were held in the square. Jean was to participate in one of these, and was one of the first to be at the roped-in enclosure in the middle of which stood two high poles. Between these poles were hung a dozen or more tin buckets all filled with water, except the

middle one. In this was a new five-franc piece. To each bucket was attached a string, and when a boy was blindfolded, and an enormous grotesque mask put over his head, it was a somewhat difficult task to walk up and to pull the string of the bucket which held the five-franc piece. [102] Should he pull any of the others, down would tumble a pail full of water all over him, amid the laughter and jeers of the bystanders. Jean had talked for weeks beforehand how he would spend the five francs if he were fortunate enough to win it. He had in imagination bought most of the things in M. Carré's shop. Five francs, which is equal to one American dollar, was a big sum to a little French boy such as Jean.

"I do hope you will get it, Jean!" whispered Germaine; "remember to try and walk straight." Jean was so excited as he groped his way along he could not have told whether he was going backwards or forwards. "Oh, he will get it! Keep where you are! You're in the right place!" shouted Jean's friends, as they watched his hand touch the strings with indecision. Little Germaine held her breath. "Oh, he has done it!" she cried, jumping up and down and clapping [103] her hands. "Marie, he has it!" as the bag with the five franc piece tumbled on top of his head.

Jean was the hero of the hour among the children, and some of his prize was soon spent at one of the booths on *sucre du pomme*, which was distributed lavishly among his admiring friends. *Sucre du pomme*, by the by, is a very nice candy made in sticks of various sizes from sugar and the drippings of the cider apples. Each stick is carefully wrapped in a pretty paper, and tied together, in bundles of six or a dozen, with bright ribbons.

Jean's father and M. Lafond took part in the men's sports on the river-front, but neither had Jean's luck. One feat was quite difficult. It was something like what children elsewhere know as "climbing the greasy pole," but in this case it was a bar that extended over the river, in which at regular intervals were placed, hanging downward, wooden pegs. These pegs were well greased, [104] and one had to swing himself by his hands from one of these pegs to another in order to reach the extreme end of the bar, where was fastened a small bag of money. Well, you may imagine this was not easy to do, and generally about the third or fourth peg the participant would drop into the water with a splash, and be picked up by a waiting boat, to the intense amusement of the lookers-on, who thronged the banks of the river. After many trials, one venturesome fellow grabbed the bag just before he slipped off, taking it with him, however, into the water.

After this came the diving matches and the swimming contests, and then everybody got ready for the evening's grand wind-up. In the Belle Étoile all was bustle and confusion; the maids were flying about, for there were many visitors who had come in for the usual *apéritif*. The café was full, the gardens were filled up with extra tables, and M. Auguste was quite distracted in his [105] endeavours to be polite and attentive to every one, besides stopping to take a glass with his friends, as was his custom. He had barely a moment to pat Germaine on the cheek, and to hear the story of Jean's success.

Mr. Carter, with the help of the young lady artists, was hanging lanterns in the front windows, and getting ready a big lot of Roman candles as the contribution of the visitors of the Belle Étoile to the evening's gaieties, while Mimi, the white cat, sat in the doorway regarding things with her usual lofty air of superiority.

As it grew dark, our two parties found themselves once more on the quay, amid a great throng of tourists, country folk, visitors in automobiles and farm carts, on bicycles, and in lumbering buses from out-of-the-way villages.

The prosaic little neighbourhood was changed for the night into a gorgeous panorama of light [106] and colour. The river banks burned with red, green, and white Bengal fires. Queer boats rigged with golden lamps, and sails of coloured lanterns, floated down the stream, and into the sky burst showers of gold and silver stars.

Suddenly there was heard a great boom, and from the top of Château Gaillard rose a red cloud of fire, and the old walls and turrets stood out red against the dark blue sky, a beacon for miles of country roundabout. It was a mimic reproduction of the destruction of the grand old castle many hundreds of years ago.

Germaine caught Marie's hand, it seemed so real. It seemed as if her cherished playground were crumbling away, and that never again could she picture the great king and his knights riding out of its massive gateway to do battle against its foes.

"Ah! *Messieurs* and *Mesdames*, is it not a wonderful sight; a grand occasion for our city?" The [107] voice brought Germaine back to earth again. It was the indefatigable little *sous-Commissaire*, the one policeman of the village, speaking to them. The little man had come unwearied and triumphant through the excitements of the great day. Ah! it was he who had managed it all so successfully! It was he who had kept order among the vast throng. No other *sous-Commissaire* in all France could have done better, and the little man swelled with pride.

The light had faded off the château; the last rocket had been fired; the band of the *pompiers* played the "Marseillaise,"—the national air,—and the great event of the year for Petit Andelys was over.

CHÂTEAU GAILLARD

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AUTOMOBILE JOURNEY

[108]

EARLY one morning three of the happiest children in France were stowed away in the back of Mr. Carter's big automobile. They were still more delighted when Pierre, Mr. Carter's fine, black French poodle, jumped up on the seat beside him, looking very jaunty with his fore-locks tied up with a blue ribbon, and as complacent as if he was driving the auto himself.

"I thought we would go by way of La Roche-Guyon to Mantes and have lunch there, and then come back by way of Vernon; that ought to show you children a bit of the country," said Mr. Carter.

[109]

The children were ready for anything, and off they went at a pace that nearly took away their breath.

They were soon flying through rolling farmlands, where the various crops were planted in such regular fields that they looked like a great patchwork quilt, with squares of green, yellow, and brown spread out for miles. There were no divisions by fences or hedges, except sometimes at each corner of a farm a small white stone marked the boundary. Suddenly, they slowed down.

"Here is something which always stops me," said Mr. Carter. "It is like running into a big spider's web."

A woman coming up the road was driving eight or nine cows, each attached to a long rope, which she held in her hand. It seemed like a maze to an outsider, but she drew in first one rope, and then twisted another, and pulled back another, until she finally got her charges to one side of the road.

[110]

The cows are taken out to pasture, where there are no regular fields where they may run loose. So they must be guarded in this manner, and when they have eaten one spot up clean, they are taken on to another.

Farther up the road two children were watching some goats on the side of the road, but in this case each goat's rope was tied to an iron stake which was driven in the ground, so the children could amuse themselves until it was time to move the animals on to a fresh bit of pasturage.

"Your horses wear gay clothes," said Mr. Carter, as they passed a great lumbering wagon, swung between two big wheels, drawn tandem-wise,—that is, one horse in front of the other,—by five heavy-limbed Norman horses.

[111]

Around their big clumsy wooden collars, which are usually painted in bright colours, was draped a dark blue sheepskin blanket. On their heads bobbed big tassels of blue and red, or blue, red, and yellow, which so dangled in their eyes that one wonders how they could see at all.

The leader was more finely dressed than the others. His neck-blanket had long stole-like ends, that hung almost to the ground, and an extra high collar with more tassels. All this may not be comfortable for the horses, but they looked so very picturesque, one hopes that they did not mind

it.

The automobile now whizzed by a team of slow-moving cream-coloured oxen,—beautiful beasts with yokes twisted around their horns instead of around their necks. They never so much as lifted their sleepy eyes to look at our party.

"This is another frequent obstacle in the way of the automobilist," said Mr. Carter, as they came in sight of a flock of sheep with their shepherd, which completely blocked up the road. "But I do not object to stopping in this case, for it is worth one's while to watch the sheep-dogs do their work." [112]

The children stood up in the auto and watched the amusing performance with much interest, and Pierre barked his appreciation. The dogs knew perfectly well which side of the road must be left open for the automobile, and they began to drive the sheep toward the other side, pushing them and barking at them; the slow ones they would catch by the wool, give them a little shake, as much as to say "you had better move quickly," and then pull them out of the way, looking back every few minutes to see how near to them was the automobile.

"They act with as much judgment as human beings," said Mr. Carter, as he carefully steered through the flock. The shepherd, who had let the dogs do the work, was a fine-looking fellow, in a long grayish white cloak, striped with colour, which made him look like a shepherd of Bible times. [113] In the field near by stood his house, a kind of big box on wheels, just large enough for him and his dogs to sleep in, which he could move about where he liked.

They were now running down a long, steep hill into La Roche-Guyon.

"Look!" cried Germaine, "there are chimneys and stovepipes coming up out of the ground; is it not funny?"

"Those are the cave-dwellings," explained Mr. Carter. "These people have cut their houses in the side of the cliff; you can see the openings to them, often in tiers one above the other, and those chimneys you see come from the houses. There are many such dwellings all over the country, especially along the other great river of France, the Loire."

"Are people living in them?" asked Jean, "and how can they see in them? Are they not dark and gloomy?"

"Well, as you can see, there is always a door and often one or two windows. The poorer people [114] do sometimes live in them, though not so much as they used to many years ago when the French peasant was much worse off than he is now. The working people are now building and owning their own little homes, and these caves are being used more for storehouses and, in the grape districts, for cellars in which to store the wine-crop."

"I should not like to live in the ground like that," declared Jean.

They only stopped long enough in the town to look at the big château, which to-day belongs to the noble French family in whose possession it has been for hundreds of years. This splendid building was very odd, for the back had been built into the high chalk-cliff which towers above it.

"I can see the towers of a big church in the distance," said Germaine, presently.

"That is the church of Mantes, and we shall soon be in the town," replied Mr. Carter. "It is said [115] that this church was built by William the Conqueror to replace one that was destroyed while he was besieging the town, and it was at this same siege that he was mortally wounded."

After lunch and a walk around the town, they started for home over a fine broad road shaded with trees.

"This is a 'National Road,'" said Jean. "Papa told me about these great highways laid out all over France by the great Napoleon, so that soldiers could be moved easily from one part of the country to another."

"Oh, look! What is that big gray thing in the sky just above that clump of trees? It looks like a fish," suddenly cried Marie, as they were passing a small village lying just off the highroad.

"Why, bless me if it is not an air-ship!" ejaculated Mr. Carter. "I remember now that the big [116] sugar manufacturer lives near here, who is so much interested in flying-machines, and every now and again he sends one up to find out how his experiments are getting on. Well, children, that is a sight for you that I did not anticipate. Who knows, however, but what you will live yet to see a flying-machine express going between Rouen and Paris, stopping at Les Andelys to take up passengers."

This was sufficient to give the party something to talk about until they reached Vernon, where they stopped at a pretty riverside café to have a *sirop de groseille*, and, as Mr. Carter jokingly said, to rest the horses.

It was still early when they again came in sight of Château Gaillard, and so ended a blissful day for our young people, who had something to talk about for many a long winter evening.

THE END.

[A-1]

Selections from The Page Company's Books for Young People

THE BLUE BONNET SERIES

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume $1.75

A TEXAS BLUE BONNET

By Caroline E. Jacobs.

"The book's heroine, Blue Bonnet, has the very finest kind of wholesome, honest, lively girlishness."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

BLUE BONNET'S RANCH PARTY

By Caroline E. Jacobs and Edyth Ellerbeck Read.

"A healthy, natural atmosphere breathes from every chapter."—*Boston Transcript.*

BLUE BONNET IN BOSTON

By Caroline E. Jacobs and Lela Horn Richards.

"It is bound to become popular because of its wholesomeness and its many human touches."—*Boston Globe.*

BLUE BONNET KEEPS HOUSE

By Caroline E. Jacobs and Lela Horn Richards.

"It cannot fail to prove fascinating to girls in their teens."—*New York Sun.*

BLUE BONNET—DÉBUTANTE

By Lela Horn Richards.

An interesting picture of the unfolding of life for Blue Bonnet.

BLUE BONNET OF THE SEVEN STARS

By Lela Horn Richards.

"The author's intimate detail and charm of narration gives the reader an interesting story of the heroine's war activities."—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

[A-2]

ONLY HENRIETTA

By Lela Horn Richards.

Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated $1.90

"It is an inspiring story of the unfolding of life for a young girl—a story in which there is plenty of action to hold interest and wealth of delicate sympathy and understanding that appeals to the hearts of young and old."—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

HENRIETTA'S INHERITANCE: A Sequel to "Only Henrietta"

By Lela Horn Richards.

Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated $1.90

"One of the most noteworthy stories for girls issued this season. The life of Henrietta is made

very real, and there is enough incident in the narrative to balance the delightful characterization."—*Providence Journal.*

THE YOUNG KNIGHT

By I. M. B. of K.

Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated $1.75

The clash of broad-sword on buckler, the twanging of bow-strings and the cracking of spears splintered by whirling maces resound through this stirring tale of knightly daring-do.

THE YOUNG CAVALIERS

By I. M. B. of K.

Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated $1.75

"There have been many scores of books written about the Charles Stuarts of England, but never a merrier and more pathetic one than 'The Young Cavaliers.'"—*Family Herald.*

"The story moves quickly, and every page flashes a new thrill before the reader, with plenty of suspense and excitement. There is valor, affection, romance, chivalry and humor in this fascinating tale."—*Kansas City Kansan.*

THE MARJORY-JOE SERIES

[A-3]

By Alice E. Allen

Each one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated, per volume $1.50

JOE, THE CIRCUS BOY AND ROSEMARY

These are two of Miss Allen's earliest and most successful stories, combined in a single volume to meet the insistent demands from young people for these two particular tales.

THE MARTIE TWINS: Continuing the Adventures of Joe, the Circus Boy

"The chief charm of the story is that it contains so much of human nature. It is so real that it touches the heart strings."—*New York Standard.*

MARJORY, THE CIRCUS GIRL

A sequel to "Joe, the Circus Boy," and "The Martie Twins."

MARJORY AT THE WILLOWS

Continuing the story of Marjory, the Circus Girl.

"Miss Allen does not write impossible stories, but delightfully pins her little folk right down to this life of ours, in which she ranges vigorously and delightfully."—*Boston Ideas.*

MARJORY'S HOUSE PARTY: Or, What Happened at Clover Patch

"Miss Allen certainly knows how to please the children and tells them stories that never fail to charm."—*Madison Courier.*

MARJORY'S DISCOVERY

This new addition to the popular MARJORY-JOE SERIES is as lovable and original as any of the other creations of this writer of charming stories. We get little peeps at the precious twins, at the healthy minded Joe and sweet Marjory. There is a bungalow party, which lasts the entire summer, in which all of the characters of the previous MARJORY-JOE stories participate, and their happy times are delightfully depicted.

THE YOUNG PIONEER SERIES

By Harrison Adams

Each 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume $1.65

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE OHIO; Or, Clearing the Wilderness.

"Such books as this are an admirable means of stimulating among the young Americans of to-day interest in the story of their pioneer ancestors and the early days of the Republic."—*Boston Globe.*

THE PIONEER BOYS ON THE GREAT LAKES; Or, On the Trail of the Iroquois.

"The recital of the daring deeds of the frontier is not only interesting but instructive as well and shows the sterling type of character which these days of self-reliance and trial produced."—*American Tourist, Chicago.*

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE MISSISSIPPI; Or, The Homestead in the Wilderness.

"The story is told with spirit, and is full of adventure."—*New York Sun.*

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE MISSOURI; Or, In the Country of the Sioux.

"Vivid in style, vigorous in movement, full of dramatic situations, true to historic perspective, this story is a capital one for boys."—*Watchman Examiner, New York City.*

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE YELLOWSTONE; Or, Lost in the Land of Wonders.

"There is plenty of lively adventure and action and the story is well told."—*Duluth Herald, Duluth, Minn.*

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE COLUMBIA: Or, In the Wilderness of the Great Northwest.

"The story is full of spirited action and contains much valuable historical information."—*Boston Herald.*

THE FRIENDLY TERRACE SERIES

By Harriet Lummis Smith

Each one volume, cloth, decorative, 12mo, illustrated, per volume $1.75

THE GIRLS OF FRIENDLY TERRACE

"It is a book that cheers, that inspires to higher thinking; it knits hearts; it unfolds neighborhood plans in a way that makes one tingle to try carrying them out, and most of all it proves that in daily life, threads of wonderful issues are being woven in with what appears the most ordinary of material, but which in the end brings results stranger than the most thrilling fiction."—*Belle Kellogg Towne in The Young People's Weekly, Chicago.*

PEGGY RAYMOND'S VACATION

"It is a clean, wholesome, hearty story, well told and full of incident. It carries one through experiences that hearten and brighten the day."—*Utica, N. Y., Observer.*

PEGGY RAYMOND'S SCHOOL DAYS

"It is a bright, entertaining story, with happy girls, good times, natural development, and a gentle earnestness of general tone."—*The Christian Register, Boston.*

THE FRIENDLY TERRACE QUARTETTE

"The story is told in easy and entertaining style and is a most delightful narrative, especially for young people. It will also make the older readers feel younger, for while reading it they will surely live again in the days of their youth."—*Troy Budget.*

PEGGY RAYMOND'S WAY

"The author has again produced a story that is replete with wholesome incidents and makes Peggy more lovable than ever as a companion and leader."—*World of Books.*

"It possesses a plot of much merit and through its 324 pages it weaves a tale of love and of adventure which ranks it among the best books for girls."—*Cohoes American.*

FAMOUS LEADERS SERIES

[A-6]

By Charles H. L. Johnston

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume $2.00

FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADERS

"More of such books should be written, books that acquaint young readers with historical personages in a pleasant, informal way."—*New York Sun.*

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

"Mr. Johnston has done faithful work in this volume, and his relation of battles, sieges and struggles of these famous Indians with the whites for the possession of America is a worthy addition to United States History."—*New York Marine Journal.*

FAMOUS SCOUTS

"It is the kind of a book that will have a great fascination for boys and young men."—*New London Day.*

FAMOUS PRIVATEERSMEN AND ADVENTURERS OF THE SEA

"The tales are more than merely interesting; they are entrancing, stirring the blood with thrilling force."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

FAMOUS FRONTIERSMEN AND HEROES OF THE BORDER

"The accounts are not only authentic, but distinctly readable, making a book of wide appeal to all who love the history of actual adventure."—*Cleveland Leader.*

FAMOUS DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS OF AMERICA

"The book is an epitome of some of the wildest and bravest adventures of which the world has known."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR

Who Led the United States and Her Allies to a Glorious Victory.

"The pages of this book have the charm of romance without its unreality. The book illuminates, with life-like portraits, the history of the World War."—*Rochester Post Express.*

By Edwin Wildman

[A-7]

FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY.—First Series

"Are these stories interesting? Let a boy read them; and tell you."—*Boston Transcript.*

FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY.—Second Series

"As fascinating as fiction are these biographies, which emphasize their humble beginning and

drive home the truth that just as every soldier of Napoleon carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every American youngster carries potential success under his hat."—*New York World.*

THE FOUNDERS OF AMERICA (Lives of Great Americans from the Revolution to the Monroe Doctrine)

"How can one become acquainted with the histories of some of the famous men of the United States? A very good way is to read 'The Founders of America,' by Edwin Wildman, wherein the life stories of fifteen men who founded our country are told."—*New York Post.*

FAMOUS LEADERS OF CHARACTER (Lives of Great Americans from the Civil War to Today)

"An informing, interesting and inspiring book for boys."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

". . . Is a book that should be read by every boy in the whole country. . . ."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FAMOUS AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS With a complete index.

By Charles Lee Lewis
Professor, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

"Professor Lewis does not make the mistake of bringing together simply a collection of biographical sketches. In connection with the life of John Paul Jones, Stephen Decatur, and other famous naval officers, he groups the events of the period in which the officer distinguished himself, and combines the whole into a colorful and stirring narrative."—*Boston Herald.*

STORIES BY EVALEEN STEIN [A-8]

Each, one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated, with a jacket in color $1.65

THE CHRISTMAS PORRINGER

This story happened many hundreds of years ago in the quaint Flemish city of Bruges and concerns a little girl named Karen, who worked at lace-making with her aged grandmother.

GABRIEL AND THE HOUR BOOK

"No works in juvenile fiction contain so many of the elements that stir the hearts of children and grown-ups as well as do the stories so admirably told by this author."—*Louisville Daily Courier.*

A LITTLE SHEPHERD OF PROVENCE

"The story should be one of the influences in the life of every child to whom good stories can be made to appeal."—*Public Ledger.*

THE LITTLE COUNT OF NORMANDY

"This touching and pleasing story is told with a wealth of interest coupled with enlivening descriptions of the country where its scenes are laid and of the people thereof."—*Wilmington Every Evening.*

WHEN FAIRIES WERE FRIENDLY

"The stories are music in prose—they are like pearls on a chain of gold—each word seems exactly the right word in the right place; the stories sing themselves out, they are so beautifully expressed."—*The Lafayette Leader.*

PEPIN: A Tale of Twelfth Night

"This retelling of an old Twelfth Night romance is a creation almost as perfect as her 'Christmas Porringer.'"—*Lexington Herald.*

THE HADLEY HALL SERIES

[A-9]

By Louise M. Breitenbach

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume $1.65

ALMA AT HADLEY HALL

"The author is to be congratulated on having written such an appealing book for girls."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ALMA'S SOPHOMORE YEAR

"It cannot fail to appeal to the lovers of good things in girls' books."—*Boston Herald.*

ALMA'S JUNIOR YEAR

"The diverse characters in the boarding-school are strongly drawn, the incidents are well developed and the action is never dull."—*The Boston Herald.*

ALMA'S SENIOR YEAR

"A healthy, natural atmosphere breathes from every chapter."—*Boston Transcript.*

DOCTOR'S LITTLE GIRL SERIES

By Marion Ames Taggart

Each large 12mo, cloth, illustrated, per volume, $1.75

THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE GIRL

"A charming story of the ups and downs of the life of a dear little maid."—*The Churchman.*

SWEET NANCY: The Further Adventures of the Doctor's Little Girl.

"Just the sort of book to amuse, while its influence cannot but be elevating."—*New York Sun.*

NANCY, THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE PARTNER

"The story is sweet and fascinating, such as many girls of wholesome tastes will enjoy."—*Springfield Union.*

NANCY PORTER'S OPPORTUNITY

"Nancy shows throughout that she is a splendid young woman, with plenty of pluck."—*Boston Globe.*

NANCY AND THE COGGS TWINS

"The story is refreshing."—*New York Sun.*

IDEAL BOOKS FOR GIRLS

[A-10]

Each, one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, $1.10

A LITTLE CANDY BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By Amy L. Waterman.

"This is a peculiarly interesting little book, written in the simple, vivacious style that makes

these little manuals as delightful to read as they are instructive."—*Nashville Tennessean and American.*

A LITTLE COOK-BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By Caroline French Benton.

This book explains how to cook so simply that no one can fail to understand every word, even a complete novice.

A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPING BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By Caroline French Benton.

A little girl, home from school on Saturday mornings, finds out how to make helpful use of her spare time, and also how to take proper pride and pleasure in good housework.

A LITTLE SEWING BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By Louise Frances Cornell.

"It is comprehensive and practical, and yet revealingly instructive. It takes a little girl who lives alone with her mother, and shows how her mother taught her the art of sewing in its various branches. The illustrations aid materially."—*Wilmington Every Evening.*

A LITTLE PRESERVING BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By Amy L. Waterman.

In simple, clear wording, Mrs. Waterman explains every step of the process of preserving or "canning" fruits and vegetables.

A LITTLE GARDENING BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By Peter Martin.

This little volume is an excellent guide for the young gardener. In addition to truck gardening, the book gives valuable information on flowers, the planning of the garden, selection of varieties, etc.

THE SANDMAN SERIES

[A-11]

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume $1.75

By William J. Hopkins

THE SANDMAN: His Farm Stories.

"Mothers and fathers and kind elder sisters who take the little ones to bed and rack their brains for stories will find this book a treasure."—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE SANDMAN: More Farm Stories.

"Children will call for these stories over and over again."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE SANDMAN: His Ship Stories.

"Little ones will understand and delight in the stories and their parents will read between the lines and recognize the poetic and artistic work of the author."—*Indianapolis News.*

THE SANDMAN: His Sea Stories.

"Once upon a time there was a man who knew little children and the kind of stories they liked, so he wrote four books of Sandman's stories, all about the farm or the sea, and the brig Industry, and this book is one of them."—*Canadian Congregationalist.*

By Jenny Wallis

THE SANDMAN: His Songs and Rhymes.

"Here is a fine collection of poems for mothers and friends to use at the twilight hour. They are not of the soporific kind especially. They are wholesome reading when most wide-awake and of such a soothing and delicious flavor that they are welcome when the lights are low."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

By Helen I. Castella

THE SANDMAN: His Fairy Stories.

This time the Sandman comes in person, and takes little Joyce, who believes in him, to the wonderful land of Nod. There they procure pots and pans from the pansy bed, a goose from the gooseberry bush, a chick from the chick weed, corn from the cornflower, and eat on a box from the boxwood hedge. They have almost as many adventures as Alice in Wonderland.

[A-12]

By Harry W. Frees

THE SANDMAN:His Animal Stories.

"The simplicity of the stories and the fascinating manner in which they are written make them an excellent night-cap for the youngster who is easily excited into wakefulness."—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

THE SANDMAN:> His Kittycat Stories.

"The Sandman is a wonderful fellow. First he told farm stories, then ship stories, then sea stories. And now he tells stories about the kittens and the fun they had in Kittycat Town. A strange thing about these kittens is the ability to talk, work and play like boys and girls, and that is why all of the little tots will like the Sandman's book."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

THE SANDMAN: His Bunny Stories.

"The whole book is filled with one tale after another and is narrated in such a pleasing manner as to reach the heart of every child."—*Common Sense, Chicago.*

THE SANDMAN: His Puppy Stories.

Another volume of Mr. Frees' inimitable stories for tiny tots, this time about the "doggie mothers who lived with their puppies" on the other side of Kitty-way lane in Animal Land. The illustrations are from photographs posed by the author with the same appeal which has characterized his previous pictures.

By W. S. Phillips (El Comancho)

THE SANDMAN: His Indian Stories.

The Indian tales for this Celebrated Series of Children's Bedtime Stories have been written by a man who has Indian blood, who spent years of his life among the Redmen, in one of the tribes of which he is an honored member, and who is an expert interpreter of the Indian viewpoint and a practised authority on Indians as well as a master teller of tales.

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

Page xiii, "107" changed to "108" to reflect actual start of chapter VIII.

Page 81, "nother" changed to "another" (another, with nearly every)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OUR LITTLE FRENCH COUSIN ***

derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you

within 90 days of receipt of the work.

• You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent

future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.