

Missie Baker.  
Highest Grade, Class A.

# IN VACATION

AND

OTHER STORIES

FROM THE

PANSY



BOSTON

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## IN VACATION.



**E**DNA CLARKE was very busy. She was going back to school in a few days, and there were many things which she thought she must do before leaving home. Some way the long summer vacation had slipped away and many things she had planned were undone. She was very busy at work upon a tidy for her room at the seminary; she had agreed with her room-mate to take time during the vacation to make certain fancy articles to adorn their room. "To make it seem more home-like," Edna said. And consequently, though the morning was so pleasant, and everything out of doors seemed to second the pleading of her little brother Harry to "Come out for a walk," Edna really could not spare the time; and so with a sorrowful look on his chubby face, Harry called

the dog Frisky, and trudged off with his basket, now chasing butterflies, now wading out into the swamp after the cattails which looked so pretty, he thought, in the vases in the dining-room. True, he was a sorry-looking little fellow when he came in to dinner, as to clothes as well as hands and face. But he was full of chatter about the pretty things he had seen, in his rambles here and there.



EDNA CLARKE.

“You’d ’ave had a better time than you did working on your old tidy, if you’d gone with me!” he said to Edna, with emphasis.

“But I have my finished tidy to show for my morning’s work,” replied Edna; “and if I had gone with you I would have had only a pair of muddy boots and a lot of freckles to show!”

“But freckles are better than pale cheeks, and muddy boots preferable to round shoulders!” said papa. “I wish, Edna, that you

would live out of doors for the remainder of your vacation and not touch a needle nor a book—that is what would please me.”

“Go out into the fields and woods and see what you can learn,” was Mr. Clarke’s advice as he left the dinner-table. And Edna, though sorely against her inclinations, prepared to follow out the suggestion. Harry was delighted with the prospect of an afternoon with Edna. She had given him little of her society during her stay at home, and he was prepared to enjoy the unexpected treat to the utmost.

“Where shall we go?” she asked as they started out.

“Let’s go down to the harvest field,” replied Harry. “Tom is there, and we’ll make him sit down under the big trees and talk to us.”

So to the harvest field they went. Mr. Clarke’s farm was a large one, and there were many work people in the field, both men and women. The children made their way to that part where brother Tom was busy directing the work; as they came within hearing, Harry called out:

“Say, brother Tom! we want you!”

“Want me! what for?”

“To come over here and tell us stories.”

Tom laughed.

“ Well, little man, that would be a queer thing to do right in the middle of the afternoon.”

“ But we *want* you ; there are men enough to do the work.”

“ Can’t go now,” said Tom decidedly, “ but wait until we stop for afternoon lunch, then I’ll talk to you.”

With this promise, the children were obliged to be satisfied, and so they went off to the pond, and to the wood, returning in time for lunch. The old trees under which they were sitting were of the species known as butternut, and when Tom said :

“ Well, what shall we talk about ? ” Edna said, “ I don’t know as it will interest Harry, but I wish you would tell me something ; these old trees reminded me just now of what I heard papa say the other morning ; he said you were going over to the ‘ butternut orchard ; ’ what I want to know is why they call it butternut orchard, and where it is ? ”

Tom laughed.

“ It isn’t anywhere ; he said.

“ Isn’t *anywhere* ? ”

“ There is nothing which answers to the de-





THE HARVEST FIELD.

scription as far as I could see. One or two old stumps of butternut-trees are about all there is left to mark the place, but there was once a large grove of these trees near a place called Oneida Castle, and the Oneida Indians used to occupy the grounds as a *council chamber*. But the Indians have mostly disappeared from that vicinity as well as the trees. But people around here often refer to the place by the old name. The Oneidas belonged to the confederacy known as the Six Nations, the most of whom have migrated to reservations in the West."

"I learned something about the Six Nations in our history at school, but I can't remember all the names," said Edna.

"The Confederation consisted at first of five tribes, the Senecas, Oneidas, Mohawks, Cayugas, and Onondagas; about 1712 the Tuscaroras were admitted, and after that the Confederacy was known as the Six Nations. It is also known as the Iroquois. During the Revolutionary War these Indians were for the most part on the side of the British, and as a return for their services the British government gave the Mohawks a tract of land in Ontario along the Grand River. The Oneidas removed to Wisconsin; but Harry

here would like to hear something *he* can understand."

"I was just thinking you didn't talk to *me* any," said the little fellow.

"Well, my little man, I'll tell you an Indian story and then I must go to work. Among the first settlers here in Central New York was a man who was called Judge White. Among the Indians in the vicinity was one who had always been friendly. One morning he appeared at the house of Judge White and asked permission to carry off for the day the little grandchild of the judge. The mother felt afraid; for though this one had always seemed very friendly, yet you know the Indians were often treacherous. How do you suppose your mother would feel if an Indian should come and want to carry you off? Well, all day the poor frightened mother waited and trembled for her baby's safety."

"Why didn't she tell the old Indian that her baby shouldn't go?" asked Harry.

"Because it would not have been a good thing to make the Indian angry. She let the child go because she was afraid, and then she was afraid after the Indian walked off with the little one; you see it was a hard place to be in, whichever

way you look at it. Well, as I said, all day long the poor mother watched, and I expect she was very unhappy, but just at nightfall she saw the old Indian coming, and what do you suppose she saw on the baby's feet? A new pair of moccasins! That is what the Indians called the soft leather shoes which they wore. I think mother has a pair laid away, all covered with bead work. You see Judge White's little grandchild had just begun to walk, and the old Indian wanted to surprise its mother with a present, so he carried off the baby and made the shoes for its little feet! There, my boy, how will that do for a story? Now I *must* go to work. O, I forgot to tell you that a whole township was named after Judge White. It was then a very large town covering all Western New York, but now it has narrowed down to a moderately sized town in Oneida County, named Whitestown."

"Why, that is where Edna goes to school!" exclaimed Harry. Tom laughed at the surprise on the boy's face as he took himself off to join the working force. Edna looked admiringly after her brother and wondered within herself if she would ever know as much as Tom.

## RUFFLES AND HISTORY.

THE "Industry Band" held a fair in Patterson's Hall. All through the bright summer days and along into the autumn, the girls had worked at articles useful and fancy to be shown for sale, at fair prices, mind you. (That word fair means *reasonable*, not *festival*.) What were they doing it for? Well, last spring, Mrs. Peters lost her cow, which was a very sad thing for Mrs. Peters, for all the little "*Peterses*," as Lou Brandt said, were hungry for the fresh milk which was the chief part of their breakfast and supper. So what did the "Industry Band" do but buy a cow to take the place of the one that died. Colonel Brandt made them an offer. He would let Mrs. Peters have the cow right away, and if the band would raise the money by the first of January, the cow was to be hers; if they failed, then he was to take the cow back if he saw fit.

"You see," said Lou Brandt, "it is really

running into debt; papa says he would not encourage *that*; but he is just lending the cow to Mrs. Peters until we are ready to buy her."

The Band decided to accept this generous offer, and as I have said, they had been very busy all summer getting ready for the fair, the proceeds of which they hoped would be sufficient to pay the sum asked for the pretty cherry heifer which had been chosen out of the colonel's herd. The boys of the Band had contributed towards the purchase of materials to work with, and lately they had been saving their pocket money to spend at the fair.

"You may as well buy your neck-ties and handkerchiefs and your Christmas presents of us," said Satie Howe, "for we mean to sell as low as you can buy anywhere. All we expect is a good profit."

The boys laughed and promised. They would promise Satie almost anything. She had coaxed them into doing a great many things to help along. They had done a great deal towards decorating the hall and arranging the tables, and at length the eventful evening arrived. It proved to be a very pleasant one and quite a crowd of people were there. Of course all the

fathers and mothers and big brothers and sisters of the Band came, and the people who knew Mrs. Peters came until there were as many as could be comfortable in the hall.

Lou and Satie were at the table where they sold dainty collars and cuffs, handkerchiefs, etc. Colonel Brandt in his round of the room, halted before the table.

“What is this?” he asked, taking up with his forefinger a fluffy bit of muslin.

“O, that is a Marie Antoinette ruffle,” replied Satie.

“And what is a Marie Antoinette ruffle?” asked the colonel.

“Why, it is a ruffle for the neck,” said Lou. “Don’t you see, papa, it goes like this.”

“O, I know that, but why do you call it a Marie Antoinette?”

“I suppose she wore ruffles somewhat like this,” replied Lou.

“And who was *she*?”

“She was Marie Antoinette; everybody knows about her.”

“Well, if *you* know, tell me. Come, now, I’ll buy the whole lot if you and Satie, here, can give me the outlines of her history.”

Lou looked at Satie and Satie looked at Lou. Those ruffles or frills had been hard to sell; a sort of drug in the market, and here was a chance to sell out the whole lot at once. If only they



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

knew enough about Marie Antionette! The question was, Did they?

The colonel waited. Lou nodded at Satie as if to say "You commence," and Satie began:



“Marie Antionette was the daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany. She was very lovely in character and was trained very strictly by her queen mother. Her childhood and girlhood were passed in her German home very happily, but she was married at fifteen to the king of France.”

“You do not mean just that,” interrupted Lou.

“Well, he was *afterwards* King Louis the Sixteenth. They did not ask her if she wanted to be his wife,” continued Satie indignantly, “but just for the sake of politics she had to marry him whether she wanted to or not. She led a pure and sweet life—but the people in France did not like her; partly because of her mother, and partly because they did not understand her. She was very gay and impulsive and careless of public opinion and did not observe the court etiquette and rebelled at court ceremonies, and after a while she became the victim of cruel slanders. Her husband was a kind-hearted, honest man, but had not character enough for those times, and the troubles culminated in the outbreak of the French Revolution. She knowing how the people hated her, at-

tempted to get away, but did not succeed, and was put into prison."

"Yes; and what became of her?" asked the colonel, looking at his daughter.

"When the royal family were brought back from the borders of Germany where they had stopped to change horses, for they travelled in carriages, they were thrown into a prison called The Temple, and the king was charged with the crime of treason in trying to escape from his country. He was tried, condemned and executed, and the queen was also executed."

"Strange I haven't seen anything of this in the newspapers," mused the colonel. "When did all this happen?"

The girls laughed, and Lou answered:

"O, you naughty papa! It was about a hundred years ago—I don't believe you read the newspapers much then."

"It was in 1793 that Louis the Sixteenth was beheaded," said Satie, "and his queen was executed the next October."

"Well, I think I am bound by the terms of the contract to pay for the ruffles," said Colonel Brandt. "You are sure that these are exactly like the ones the unfortunate queen wore?"

“When we get home I’ll show you a portrait of her, and you can judge for yourself,” replied Lou.

The receipts of the evening were more than enough to pay for the cow.

“We have five dollars and seven cents to start anew with,” said Lou.

## A RAINY DAY AND ITS LESSON.

NEVER were more anxious watchers of the signs of the weather than were in the Burnham household that midsummer morning. It was the day set for the Sunday-school picnic and the young Burnhams had looked forward to it and talked of nothing else for several days. And now it looked like rain! Edna ran to the window when she wakened to see if there were threatening clouds, and at eight o'clock, they were all, Edna, Chrissy and Katrine, with Carl and Fritz, out in the yard looking at the sky and holding up their hands to see if they could feel a sprinkle.

"It does rain!" said Edna, with a sort of a wail in her voice, and when two or three great drops fell on Chrissy's face and she echoed the words of her eldest sister, they all turned and went into the house. Very sober faces they wore. It seemed hard. The fresh, white dresses were laid out; Edna's hair was already combed

and adorned with a rose which set off her dark locks and brunette complexion; the boys' Sunday things were all ready to put on; the cake was in the basket; no wonder it was a rather sad-faced group that gathered in the sitting-room.

"If it were anything but a picnic we could put on our waterproofs and go," said Edna; "but rain spoils a picnic, anyway."

"Yes," replied Carl, "there wouldn't be any fun in the woods, of course, but we might go somewhere or do something. I could put on my rubber coat and my rubber boots and tramp all over the country and not get a bit wet."

Presently the rain fell heavily, and the children realizing that they were shut in for the day, began to look about for amusement. *Kat*-rine hugged her large rubber doll, while *Fritz* bounded his ball, though lightly, fearing to break the windows or mirrors. *Edna* resorted to her beloved drawing, and sketched the dim outline of the distant hills with the clearer landscape that lay in the valley below. Now and then she erased a false line with the head of her pencil. *Chrissy*, trying to reduce her abundant hair to something like order, began coaxing her mother for a circle comb.



**THE ANXIOUS WATCHERS.**

“What good would it do you? You would break it in almost no time,” replied Mrs. Burnham.

“Oh, no! they don’t break easily! Minna Swartz has one and she can bend it almost double. You know they are made of rubber and are ever so limber!”

“Dear me!” said Carl; “I’d like to know what isn’t made of rubber! There are our overshoes, our coats, our hats, and grandpa says his eyeglass bows are made of rubber; and mother’s clothes-wringer is made of rubber, at least the rollers are, and my suspenders are made of rubber, and ever so many other things, like hairpins and jewelry!”

“My dolly is made of rubber, too,” said Katrine, “but it isn’t black like Minna’s comb.”

“But they are made of the same thing, anyway!” affirmed Carl; “I know, for I read about it in a book.”

Here Grandpa Burnham, seeing breakers ahead, came to the front. He had been watching the falling rain from the window and enjoying the flowers which Katrine had gathered for him early in the morning. But while he had appeared to be otherwise absorbed, he had

not lost a word of the children's talk. He always had a listening ear for his grandchildren, and being full of the wisdom of years, gathered from books and from observation, he was ever ready with a suggestive word or with an array of facts.

"Carl is right, little one," he said, patting Katrine's head lovingly. "They all come from the same thing, all these different articles you have mentioned, and many more, and a very useful substance it is too. What would Edna's picture look like if she had to leave all her mistakes in it, having no way of erasing them? Or how would Carl, here, get over to the post-office to-night after my paper without his boots and coat? And yet when I was a boy we had none of these things."

At this the children opened their eyes in astonishment; even Edna looked up from her drawing and seemed eager to hear more.

"And you can remember when India rubber was first invented, or discovered, or whatever you call the way it was introduced to the world?" said she.

"Yes; I remember very well the first pair of rubber overshoes I had; I think you would



laugh at them. They were of solid rubber, the sole and heel as thick as my finger and the upper part as thick as a piece of very heavy leather. Pencil erasers were not common then, and when a pair of overshoes was worn out, we used to cut the remnants into small pieces to be used as erasers. That was about the year 1828, though I believe India rubber was in use for erasing pencil marks one hundred years ago; and I read somewhere that a piece an inch square cost thirty or forty cents."

"But, grandpa, please tell us what it is made of," said Chrissy.

"And who discovered it?" said Edna.

"And I want to know why some of it is black like my shoes, and some white like my dolly," added Katrine.

"I know what it is made of," said Carl, "it comes from a tree; the tree grows in the Tropics, or the trees, for there are several varieties that produce the gum. They tap the trees, not just as we do for making maple sugar, but they cut out a chip with an axe as high up the trunk as a man can reach, and the sap or juice that runs out is what the rubber is made of."

"Edna wants to know who discovered it,"

said grandpa. "The use of the pure gum which was just the juice of the tree dried either in the sun or over a fire, was known to the natives of the tropical regions where the tree grows, long ago; and it began to be used in France and England about the beginning of the present century, but it was not until 1844 that a man named Goodyear made some important scientific discoveries in regard to it and patented his invention for using it in a variety of forms. The difference in color is owing to the difference in the manner of preparing it for use."

"I suppose Goodyear made a great deal of money out of his inventions?" said Carl.

"I presume he did at last; but he was very poor while he was studying the subject and making his experiments. It is said that he was so poor that his bed was sold to pay his debts; and that his credit was so low he could not buy a farthing's worth of anything. Often there was neither food nor fuel in the house, and still he worked on, not for a little while, but for ten long years! It took so long to find out how to make something very useful out of what was before that an almost useless gum! There is a lesson of patience and perseverance for you, Carl."

“I was just thinking,” said Edna, “how many things God has given us that we have to study about, and find out, by thinking how to use them.”

“Yes,” said grandpa. Then a far-away look came into his eyes and presently he said:

“But *Himself* we cannot find out even by searching. ‘Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!’”

## A TALK ABOUT BEARS.

ANNIE CLARK was spending a few days with aunt Lora in the city.

“We will go to the Zoölogical Gardens this morning,” said aunt Lora at breakfast.

Annie was delighted, and gave her auntie a tremendous hug.

“Dear me, child,” said aunt Lora, “you are as strong in your arms as a young bear.”

“Did you ever try the strength of a young bear?” asked her husband.

“No; but I have read that the bear is accustomed to crush the life out of smaller animals, and sometimes men, by clasping their fore paws about the body and hugging the victim to death.”

“Well, I shall not go near any bears to-day,” declared Annie.

“There is a family of bears at the Gardens which I wish you to see; there are several young ones and they are all very tame. However, we

will keep out of their reach, for I do not think it is safe to trust them too far ; I will have some sweet cakes put up for you to give them. Bears are very fond of sweet things. I remember that in my school reader there was a story of a bear who in his search for food wandered into a yard where bees were kept, and scenting the honey he overturned one of the hives. Out swarmed the angry bees and stung poor Bruin to death. At least I think that is the way the story ended."

"I have seen a bear," said Annie. "A man went through Vernon leading a tame bear."

"I presume that was a black bear," said Mr. Wheeler. "They are of a more gentle disposition than some other species and oftener tamed. Their fur is smooth and glossy. They are found in all parts of North America. They make their homes in the forest regions, but when spring comes they sometimes venture into the open country, and even visit the settlements. They are fond of green corn and often make nocturnal visits to the cornfields. I think it is the black bear that hugs its victims to death."

"Mr. Bates has a very long gray beard," said Annie, "and I heard some one say he looked like a grizzly bear. What did that mean?"

“The grizzly bears have long hair which is a mixture of black and brown and white. They are shaggy, and very ferocious looking, and they are as fierce as they look. Even the large buffalo or bison is not able to repel the attack of a grizzly who is strong enough not only to kill the huge creature, but to carry off the carcass as well.

“Then there is the polar bear which has pure white fur. The favorite food of the polar bear is the seal. He will not attack a man when his favorite food can be had. There is an incident told of a seal hunter who went one day out upon the ice to examine his nets which he had set for seals.

“He found a seal caught, and at once set to work to take the animal from the net. I suppose his thoughts ran upon the quality of the fur, and took a leap forward to the sale of the skin and the spending of the money. Perhaps he meant to add to the little store which he was saving to buy a home somewhere in a warmer climate, or maybe he meant to put this with others to make his wife a cloak which would be the envy of her neighbors; but while he was still busy stooping low over the seal, a heavy

blow between his shoulders startled him. Supposing it to have been struck by one of his hunting companions he straightened himself, prepared to return the joke. But to his amazement, and perhaps his terror, he was confronted by a polar bear, a grim old fellow who took the seal out of the net without further ceremony and proceeded to eat his supper.

“But he paid no attention whatever to the man, who stole away, fearing the bear’s appetite might not be satisfied with one seal, and that for want of another, he might fall upon the man himself by way of dessert.”

“My!” said Annie, drawing a long breath. “I don’t think I like bears.”

“They have one very remarkable habit,” continued her uncle. “And that is their hibernation.”

“What does that mean?” asked Annie, in an earnest manner. “I don’t understand that long word.”

“I know,” exclaimed cousin Charlie; “it is a Latin word; we had it in Cæsar; and it means to go into winter quarters.”

“Right!” said Mr. Wheeler; “and that is just what it is; the bear goes into winter quarters.”

“In the fall — generally in November — bears of most species, at least those which live in north latitudes, select a place in the shelter of a rock where they prepare their winter home by scraping away the snow and sometimes hollowing out the earth uuderneath, and allowing the snow to fall around them — rather upon her, for it is the mother bear who makes this home for herself and her cubs. It is so strange that one can scarcely believe it, but it is a fact that she eats very heartily and gets very fat before settling for the winter, and after she is shut up in her snow cave she eats nothing until she emerges in March.”

“And she does not starve to death?” exclaimed Annie.

“Why, no; how could she emerge from her seclusion in the spring if she were starved to death?”

“Well, that is the strangest thing I ever heard of. But I should think she and her cubs would suffocate under the snow.”

“No; the warmth of her breath will keep a passage open, and you can understand how, when the snow falls, it constantly falls into the hole, and no matter how deep it gets, there is a hole



through the top, and the breath melts the snow enough at first to make it turn to ice, so that the cell has an icy ceiling. The young bears are too delicate to endure the cold of the first winter unprotected, and the mother's instinct teaches her to shelter them in this way."

"Well, bears are interesting, but I should not care to meet one running loose," said Annie, excitedly.

"Especially after the long winter fast," returned Mr. Wheeler.

"That is the time," he continued, "they are likely to visit the settlements seeking food. But you will not be apt to see any walking into your village. You are too far away from the forest region."

"Come," said aunt Lora, growing impatient over this long talk, "if you spend all the morning talking about bears we shall not get to see them."

"Who began it?" asked her husband, laughing.

## THE MISSION OF ONE FLOWER.

**T**O-MORROW would be Easter Sunday, and the teachers in the Sunday-school of the little chapel at West Side were busy with the floral decorations. The children had been asked to help by bringing their plants if they had any; there was no danger of too many being brought, for flowers were not plentiful at West Side. This school had only been opened the year before, among a people who had lived all their lives without Church or Sunday-school privileges. Most of the people were poor, some of them wretchedly so. The tenement houses were all crowded from attic to cellar. In one of these cellar homes, if homes they might be called, crowded and uncomfortable, lived the Doyles. It was a mystery to most people *how* they lived. I am not sure that it was an altogether clearly demonstrated problem



**KATY, BRINGING HER ONE TREASURE.**

to themselves, but they managed to exist, and since the children became members of the Sunday-school, they had actually had glimpses of comfort; little of love or kindness had they known heretofore, but for little Katy at least, light had begun to dawn. She loved the Sunday-school, and when the request was made that the children should bring flowers and growing plants, Katy's face was radiant. The idea had been Miss Miller's, and when the other teachers said:—

“Don't you think it would be easier to get the flowers direct from a greenhouse?”

She replied, “Easier perhaps, but I doubt if the effect would be so good.”

“Why, do you think these poor children have finer plants than we could get at Brown's?”

“I was not thinking of that sort of effect, but of the good it will do the children to have a hand in the work. Some of them have tried to cultivate a single plant, and to feel that their effort is so far successful will encourage them to persevere, and you know that flowers are wonderful educators.”

So Miss Miller had her way, and at the appointed hour Katy appeared bringing her one

treasure, a stunted geranium, which showed the want of sunshine in the pale and scattered foliage; but Miss West received it from the trembling hands of the child with a smile, and placed it in a prominent place, moving back a choice plant from her own conservatory to make room for it.

Later on in the day, Katy peeped in at the chapel door to see if her plant was safe, and sped away with a joyful heart; bursting in at the door of the room she exclaimed:—

“O, mammy! ye must go to the chapel to-morrow, and see where the teacher has put my flower.”

Mrs. Doyle had said that morning, “They’ll niver notice the likes o’ ye, and ye’re a dunce to think it; ye’d better lave the posy at home. What’ll those foine folks want o’ yourn amongst the grand posies?” The object of many an earnest effort had been to draw Mrs. Doyle into the school, but thus far every effort had failed. “Indade she’d not go!” But the desire to see Katy’s posy drew her at last, and she came with the little girl to the morning service, and how eagerly she scanned the rows of flower-pots until her eye fell on Katy’s! Then she settled

down to the enjoyment of the singing, and as the beautiful words of the Easter anthem fell upon her ears, "Christ our Lord is risen to-day!" a look that Katy had never seen, crept over her mother's face. Somewhere away back in her childhood *she* had heard those words, and with the repetition of them this Easter morning there came back to her the story of the Cross. The soul of the woman was strangely stirred.

"How did ye like it, mammy?" asked Katy as they went out of the chapel.

"Ah, Katy! I shall go agin next Sunday."

And she did. Again and again she went, until she learned anew the story of the crucified and risen Christ; learned it and received it into her heart. The cellar home became a Christian home.

## THE BOY EMPEROR.

**D**ID you ever think what it is to be Emperor of China? To be the presiding officer of our grand and beautiful country with its fifty millions of people is a very great responsibility, as you know. But we are a self-governing people, and to a certain extent are ourselves responsible for our laws and the execution of them. But to be absolute monarch of four hundred millions of people! Think of being responsible for the welfare of such an army of subjects! The Emperor can rule at will. It is true that he is restrained by a code of regulations, but he has power to change this code. The most noted Emperor China has ever known was Ching Wang, under whose rule the great wall of China was built. He ordered this wall to keep back the barbarians who inhabited the region north and west of the Chinese Empire. Several millions of men were employed in the work for ten years, and over half a million



A CHINESE CRIMINAL.



of those employed, died during the time. The wall is twenty-five feet high, and wide enough on the top for six horsemen to ride side by side, and much thicker at the base. It is now, after more than two thousand years, thrown down in many places, and is of no further use. Mr. Seward, in his *Travels Around the World*, says that the stone and brick and other material used in the wall, would be sufficient to build a wall six feet high and two feet thick, twice around the world !

But I started out to tell you of the present Emperor of China. The one upon whom the interests of this multitude of people hangs to-day, is a boy fourteen years old. A short time since his fourteenth birthday was celebrated. While he is under age, the government is managed by Ministers of State, and he spends his time — a part of it at least — in preparing for the duties of his future position. His name is Kwang Su. He lives in the old palatial apartments in which the Emperors that preceded him lived. He eats with gold-tipped chopsticks of ivory, and sleeps on a bedstead which is ornamented with gold and carvings in ivory. It is the bedstead which has been

used by Emperors for centuries. The person of this boy is considered sacred, and he is worshipped as if a god. Whenever his father and mother come into his presence, they kneel as they enter the room. His mother visits him only once a month.

The boy Emperor is constantly attended by eight servants who do everything for him. When he eats — although the table is loaded with every dainty — the servants restrain him, lest he overload that precious stomach of his! Think of it, you boys of fourteen with your healthy appetites! How would you like to be watched by eight servants lest you eat more than is good for you? It strikes me that a boy fourteen years old ought to have learned to use his judgment enough to be able to decide when he has eaten enough.

The distance from the gate of the palace — by which the Ministers of State enter — to the centre of the palace where the apartments of the Emperor are, is about half a mile, and every morning when these officials come for a conference with their royal master, they are obliged to take this long walk. It is said, however, that when they get old and infirm they may be car-



WHEN THEY ARE OLD THEY MAY BE CARRIED IN CHAIRS.

ried in a chair. The boy spends several hours every day in study, and in riding and shooting, as these accomplishments are considered essential in his future position. Plenty of handsome things fill his rooms, but he has no companions and is described as a very unhappy-looking boy. It is said that he weeps often from very loneliness. O, boys of these United States, rejoice in your freedom! I mean freedom to run, and jump, and skate, and play ball, and to eat all you need to satisfy the cravings of your appetites. It is also stated as a remarkable, as well as fortunate circumstance, that Kwang Su was vaccinated before he was chosen to this high and sacred destiny, else the operation never could have been performed; for his body is now sacred, and it would be profanation to touch him with a lancet.

It always seems to me that play is the birthright of every boy; and surely poor Kwang Su is to be pitied in that he is cheated out of his birthright. To be rich, and honored, and of high position, does not always make happiness.

## INDIA.—THE HOME OF THE TIGER.

**I**N the south of Asia, cut off from the rest of the continent by the Himalayas, stretching southward into the Indian Ocean, lies a great peninsula, eighteen hundred miles long by fifteen hundred wide in the widest part; and this vast region is densely populated, the most so of any country in the world. It is estimated that the people of India number three hundred millions. There are many large cities and broad fertile plains, and besides there are deep, wild, almost impassable jungles. These jungles are dense forests where the growth of trees and underbrush is so thick and impenetrable that human beings rarely undertake to traverse them. These jungles are the home of wild animals. Among the most ferocious is the tiger. If you see the tigers in their cages at the Zoölogical Gardens, you may not think them so very ugly; indeed a tiger and her young ones frolicking together



THE TIGER AND HER YOUNG AT PLAY.

may be a pretty sight, but crouching under the brush and rank growth of tropical plants ready to spring out upon the hunter, they are not so pleasing.

It is said that hundreds of children are carried off by tigers every year. One of the old religions of India enjoins upon its devotees that they should not kill or injure any living animal. And it is probably because of this care of all animals that the wild beasts have become so numerous. Within a few years the English government has offered a reward for every tiger killed.

Fannie Roper Feudge tells us of the "Jain Hospital for Animals," in Bombay. She says, "Here are received and maintained all sick, helpless, and deformed animals of every species, the nursing and attendance being continued until they either die or recover. Just inside the gate is a large court surrounded by sheds where are kept only oxen and cows. These animals being regarded as sacred by the Hindus receive the first care. In the next court are disabled horses, and in the next dogs, cats, and monkeys. All are constantly supplied with clean straw, and water in abundance, and have the same gentle

care bestowed upon them as upon human beings.”

Boys who are sometimes cruel in their sport with a stray cat or dog, might learn a lesson from the Hindus.



“ONLY TEN MINUTES.”

CHARLOTTE BALLOU sat curled up on the sofa in the library, lost in thought. It was not such a very important matter that absorbed her mind either. She had been reading, but had stopped to consider whether she would not have acted differently under the circumstances in which the heroine of the story was placed.

Charlotte had one prominent fault which unfortunately she could not be made to consider as of much consequence. She was always a little behindhand, given to dilly-dallying. Tom had called her twice, saying the last time —

“I shall be at the door with the horse in a jiffy, and if you want to ride you must be ready.”

Presently she put away her book and went upstairs, glancing at her watch. “Ten minutes of three! I’ll be ready at three and that will be soon enough; Tom need not be in such a fret.”

As the hall clock chimed out the hour she went down-stairs, She could do things quickly when she once got at them. The trouble was, the habit of delay in starting was strong upon her. She opened the door and stood upon the steps waiting for Tom. Just then the stable boy came around the corner.

"Where is Tom?" she asked.

"Gone to the city."

"Gone!"

"Yes'm; he said I was to tell you he could not wait any longer as he had an engagement in the city and must be there before banking hours were over."

"Bother!" said Charlotte in a vexed tone. "He can't have been gone more than a minute or two!"

"No, ma'am; he only just went, but he said every minute was precious;" and here the boy stopped suddenly, which Charlotte noticed and she insisted upon his finishing the sentence.

"Well, Miss Charlotte, it was nothing, only he said he had given you time enough to get ready."

Charlotte went slowly up-stairs and indulged in a hearty cry; she was disappointed, for she very much wanted to do some errands in the



**CHARLOTTE BALLOU.**

city, and now they must wait until Monday, for this was Saturday. She would be obliged to wear her old gloves to church, and her little brother and sister must do without the Sunday treat from the confectioner's which she always provided for them. "It was just horrid of Tom, anyway!"

Three hours later they met at the tea-table; some way the story had leaked out, and Mrs. Ballou seeing Charlotte's sober face and knowing how great had been her disappointment, said gently,

"Tom, dear, couldn't you have waited for Charlotte this afternoon?"

"No, mother; I was obliged to be in the city at half-past three, and I told Charlotte to be ready at ten minutes of the hour, so as to allow for delays. And as it was, I didn't get away until almost the hour."

"You said ten minutes of three, and I was ready and down-stairs at the door at three. I'm sure ten minutes isn't much to wait. I don't think that would have made much difference."

"I could tell you of a time when ten minutes saved a whole regiment," remarked Mr. Baiou

quietly. "We didn't know what we were saving up the minutes for, but we found out when we came to the river."

"Won't you tell us about it, sir?" asked Tom.

"It was during Colonel Grierson's expedition through Mississippi in 1863. We were approaching the Pearl River, and we knew it was the season of high water and consequently it would be impossible to ford the river. The bridge was our only hope. If the enemy had succeeded in destroying the bridge before we reached it we would be at their mercy. Every horse was urged to its utmost speed and every man anxious for his life, was on the lookout for the gleaming of the river. Before we caught sight of the waters we heard the roar of the rushing flood, and above that sound came the crashing of the timbers which told us that the enemy were at the work of destruction. I tell you, Charlotte, ten minutes made all the difference to us between life and death, or at least between liberty and a Southern prison. The work of demolition was ended by a short encounter, and we passed over the bridge, on and beyond the reach of the coming army. That ten minutes might easily

have been spent in getting started, if our commander had been like our Charlotte in thinking that a few moments more or less could make no difference.”

“But, father,” said Charlotte, “that was in war, and of course it was important to save up the minutes.”

“My child, we did not know that ten minutes would make us too late, and you may come to a bridge, just a little too late, when you least expect it.”

“I hate to be always hurrying!” pouted the young girl.

“There is no need of hurry. If you are always prompt to put the right work in the right time you will never have to hurry. I’ll venture to say that you hurried to get ready this afternoon and were too late, after all, because you did not save the minutes in the first place.”

Charlotte’s cheeks flushed as she replied :

“Well, I know it is a bad habit. Next time I’ll be on hand !”

“Let it be not only next time, but *every time!*” responded Mr. Ballou. “For you can never foresee the exact spot where your ten minutes will make the difference.”

## “EVERYTHING, BUT.”

A STORY which has moved me strangely, comes from far-off China, and I want to tell it to the boys and girls who may not have seen it elsewhere.

Mrs. J. B. Chaplin, a missionary, received a call one evening ; her visitor was a lady of high rank. She was dressed in silken robes, heavy with embroidery. The rich and elaborate garment was covered with representations of birds, flowers and butterflies. The hair was dressed very high upon the head and profusely oiled and decorated with jewels. She was accompanied by a servant and companion. It was evident that she desired to have the call a secret one. With a request for a private interview she called the missionary lady aside, and then she said,

“ I have despised you, and the low people you teach, and I know only one person who loves your God. I have a sore heart and am bowed down very low. I have been to our temples with

offerings of fruit and flowers, but my gods do not help. I have gone day after day to the shrine of my ancestors, but no one, not even my tender mother, answers when I call. I want to find *the* God. I want his love. I will give him my love. He comforted my one friend over the coffin of her sweet child. I want him but he will not come to me."

Mrs. Chaplin tried to tell her how to find Jesus; telling her of the simple offers of peace and comfort, offers free to all, and urged her to accept the gift of Christ's love. But she only said mournfully,

"O, I know that! my friend who knows your God has told me all, but I *cannot find Him!*"

The missionary lady was baffled; the woman seemed so earnest, so desirous of knowing the way, and so anxious to find the true God, yet something seemed to stand in her way. And knowing that God never turns a deaf ear to any who come to him sincerely, Mrs. Chaplin could not understand it. She sought out the woman whom her visitor had mentioned as knowing God, and asked her to go and help her seeking friend. What was her astonishment to hear this reply:



"Oh, God will not take her ; she is rich and amiable, the wife of a government officer, but she is a drunkard, though no one knows of it, for she hides herself away when the drink is upon her. But you know Christ sees and he will not accept drunkards for his friends. Not until they put it away, can they come."

The wife of the government officer could not rest and she came again to talk with Mrs. Chaplin. The missionary asked her if she was willing to give up all for Christ.

"Yes, everything, but — but —" She could not fill up the sentence and Mrs. Chaplin finished it for her : "Everything but your *wine*?"

"Yes, all but that!" the poor woman answered with sobs. "I cannot give that up, but I will drink only at night and sleep off my disgrace and no one will never know. I shall never disgrace *Him*. He will not refuse me, will He? He will not ; He shall never have reason to be ashamed of his new disciple!"

The missionary explained to her that no such compromise could be made; that God would allow no reserves, that the surrender must be unconditional. For a long time the lady held to the idea and thought she ought to be accepted

upon her promise, "I will never shame my God by open drunkenness."

But at last she yielded and gave up her wine for Christ's sake.

Some of us, dear boys and girls, would like to be Christians ; we know the way, we long for a consciousness of Christ's love in our hearts, but, is there something we cannot give up? Must we, speaking truthfully, say, "Yes, everything, but?"

Christ accepts no half-way surrender. Shall we make it complete *now?*

## TEN YEARS.

THE name of Prescott became famous a century ago. It was Colonel William Prescott who gave the command "Fire!" on that memorable day at Bunker Hill, when the American army met the British with a thundering that was echoed and re-echoed all the way down to the present day.

William H. Prescott was a grandson of the hero of Bunker Hill. Born and reared in an atmosphere of books, his father being a lawyer and a member of Legislature, and afterwards judge, we need not be surprised at the love of study which the young man developed. But when we are brought face to face with the difficulties under which he studied, we are astonished at the results of his study and the painstaking nature of his researches. While yet in college, by a painful accident he was deprived of the sight of one eye. And as is so often the case in such misfortunes, inflammation attacked



THAT MEMORABLE DAY.

the other, rendering him blind for some years. And though the inflammation afterwards subsided, the organ was much weakened, so that he may well be called the "blind historian." Yet there were, as he says in his autobiography, periods extending over many months when he was able to read by daylight, but he was never able to dispense with a curious sort of contrivance for writing called the noctograph. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he took high rank in college, in general and classical literature.

His first great work, the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, was published in 1837, ten years after he began to collect materials for it. He found in the library at Harvard College many volumes of old Spanish literature, and besides the aid which he derived from this source he procured from Madrid important manuscripts. He was obliged to depend upon his ear rather than his eye. His secretary read to him, and from the reading he made notes, and the secretary read these notes again and again, until Prescott became familiar with them. In this slow and laborious way the great historian became familiar with his subject and prepared himself for composition. And when after ten

years of research and labor the work was published it at once became famous. It was translated into foreign languages and was so popular that when the author wished to write another book the royal library at Paris, and some ancient and carefully guarded records of Italy, were open to him. And if it were possible, the second work had a popularity even greater than the preceding. The title of the second is *Conquest of Mexico*. You boys and girls who read history, as I hope you all do, will find these histories of W. H. Prescott interesting reading, and profitable as well.

You who are in a hurry to get things done will do well to consider that here we have another illustration of the truth that the best things take time. Ten years Prescott spent in persevering labor before bringing out his first book, and these not including the years of preparation in classical study and in general research in ancient and modern history. But these were years that told upon the quality of the work. He who turns out a good piece of work must be patient, persevering, and painstaking.

In Prescott's library were two swords crossed

over the recess of a deep window. The history of these relics is interesting. One of them was worn by the grandfather of W. H. Prescott when he commanded the forces at Bunker Hill, and the other was worn by the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott, who commanded a ship of war which was in the affray of that same day on the British side. I will copy for you a few lines from a biography of our author in regard to these swords :

“It was certainly a curious coincidence that in the train of human events these weapons which former owners would have been ready on that day as public enemies to bury in each other’s bosoms, had occasion required it, should have been brought by the marriage of their descendants of the third generation, into such an amiable relation as to hang peacefully together, a principal ornament to a scholar’s room, fitted up expressly for literary and historical pursuits.”

The swords were, at the death of Prescott, presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and crossed as in the library of the former owner, were given a prominent place in the rooms of the Society.

## NAMING THE BABY.

THE Markham baby was two months old and had no name. The older children as they clustered about the baby in its waking moments called him "darling," and "sweetest," and all the list of pet names; and the mother gathering this youngest born to her bosom called him "precious," and even Papa Markham had a name for the newcomer. Of course it could be no less than "the governor," but after all, the baby had no real name. Nurse said it was a shame, but mamma smiled and said :

"We shall find a name by and by for the darling."

But there came a day when all agreed that the baby must be named, and much discussion followed. In the midst of the talk Clara, who was ten years old, and who read the *Wide Awake*, said :

"I know a good name. Call him Peter Cooper."



Papa and mamma laughed heartily, then papa said :

“Why, little woman, what do you know about Peter Cooper?”

“O, I know quite a *considerable!* Miss Lansing told us about him in the ‘general information class,’ and I read his biography and wrote an abstract for school. So I ought to know about him.”

“I should think so!” said papa, drawing a long breath. “Suppose you tell us what you know.”

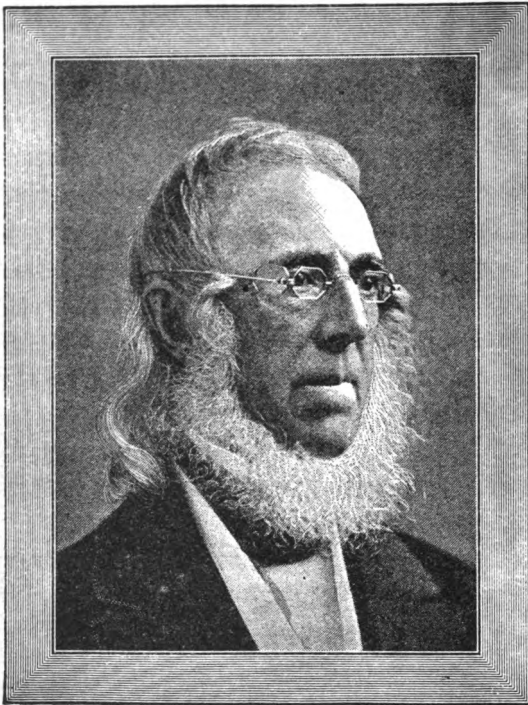
Mr. Markham seemed to have quite forgotten that they were going to name the baby! The truth was, he liked better than almost anything else to hear Clara talk, and was always drawing her out.

“Well,” began Clara, settling herself in an attitude peculiar to herself, on a low stool with her hands clasped in her lap, “in the first place he was a poor boy.”

“Most boys are!” said papa.

“I mean his father was very poor and could scarcely feed and clothe all the children. Old Mr. Cooper used to make hats and Peter helped him. He never went to school much, because

they were so poor, and besides he was not very strong. Well, he learned the business of car-



PETER COOPER.

riage building, but he only earned his board while he was learning the trade, excepting as he worked over hours, and in that way he used to

earn about fifty cents a week. Just think, papa, that is just what you give me for pocket money! But he studied every minute he could spare from work, and he used to say, 'When I get rich I'll build a school for poor boys and girls.' And he thought more and more about that, and after he went into business for himself and began to lay up money he lived economically and worked hard so as to save all he could for his school building. But though his heart was set upon carrying out his scheme, he helped his father and used the first few hundred dollars he saved to pay his father's debts. But he made a great deal of money and built Cooper Institute, where Miss Lansing studied painting. She has told us all about the building and about the evening schools where the boys who have to work during the daytime can go to evening classes and study just the same as in a day school. And she described the great library and the art rooms so that it seems to us girls as though we had been there. It was forty years from the time he began to work for it before he was ready to build. But he kept up his courage all that time. After the building was opened he used to visit it every day almost as long as he lived,

and he was so interested in the boys and girls who studied there."

"Miss Lansing has succeeded in making quite a hero worshipper of our little Clara!" said Mr. Markham, addressing Clara's mamma, with a little laugh. "But suppose we let Clara name the baby? It is a good name and belonged to a true man. A man who had a purpose in life and lived to some purpose. He was devoted to this scheme of providing free education for the working people, and sought wealth for this object. Yet in the midst of his money making he was thoughtful of the interests of his workmen. He was never hard on them for the sake of building a monument to his name. And when he died there was universal mourning. I think we may as well call the baby 'Peter Cooper Markham.'"

## CANDY SWEET.

**J**OHN WILLIAMS had an idea! It was not often he got hold of a new one, but this he considered strictly his own, and he set to work to carry it out.

There was to be a great celebration in the village. John didn't exactly understand what was the occasion which was to call forth a crowd, and as he did not tell me I cannot inform you. But I suppose that one hundred years ago *somebody* did *something* which had to be commemorated on the centennial anniversary. Anyway it was expected that there would be a "big crowd," and of course this crowd would have to be fed. And there would, of course, be boys and girls among the crowd who would need sweets to satisfy their appetites. And on this thought John was about to act. I think myself that John was quite a sensible boy to think out such a grand idea, and that he

was made of the right sort of stuff, as they say, was proved by his setting himself to work to carry out his thought. His mother made the best molasses candy and sugar candy and caramels of anybody he knew, and his plan was to have her make up a supply which he would sell at reasonable prices on the day of the celebration. Mrs. Williams was ready to encourage this sign of mercantile taste and prove if her boy had mercantile ability as well.

Down by the old lilac that hung over the doorway fence, John, with very little help from his father, constructed quite a respectable booth, and very early on the morning of the celebration he was ready for customers. His mother prepared an early breakfast, for of course it would be impossible for the young merchant to stop for breakfast. He had arranged to have his sister Martha bring his dinner out to him. Indeed, he had engaged her to act as assistant in case the trade should be driving at any time during the day. A pile of squares of white paper was at hand to wrap up the candy sold; a conspicuous sign told the passers-by of the establishment, and everything was ready for the rush! And as true as you live, it came. John



THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

was at first overjoyed, then hurried, then worried, for the candy was likely to give out, but Mrs. Williams was equal to the coming emergency, and she sent Martha down street after more sugar and chocolate. And soon she had a fresh supply for the enterprising young salesman. All day trade thrived, and when the accounts were settled at night there was a nice little profit for John to put in his pocket.

Several miles back from the village, half way up the mountain that rises above John's home, stands a farmhouse that is Mary Fillmore's home. She lives alone there with her father and mother and very seldom comes down into the valley. But such an occasion as the celebration always brings the Fillmores down from their perch. Very early that morning Mr. Fillmore, having milked his cows and attended to other matters about the barns, harnessed the farm horses, and as soon as breakfast was over, Mary, with her father and mother, seated in the old carryall, was riding down the mountain road. Arriving at the village, Mr. Fillmore first secured a very good place for the horses and then set out to enjoy the various exercises of the day. Mary had enjoyed the bewitching music,



CANDY SWEET.

the large procession with the gayly trimmed wagons and gay uniforms of those who took part in the procession. She had lived through the speech which her father seemed to enjoy; and when all was over, hanging to her father's hand, she wandered about the town. Presently she espied the sign, the pretty booth, and remembered the silver quarter of a dollar she had in her pocketbook, and which she intended to spend before going home.

Either John was taken with the bright face of the little girl, or else his unparalleled success had turned his head, for he gave such remarkable weight that Mary thought it could never be possible that her silver piece could buy so much candy. Not even at Christmas had she ever possessed such a quantity.

"Home made," said John when Mr. Fillmore expressed a fear that his little daughter would make herself sick. "Can't hurt anybody; my mother made it, sir!"

As they rode homeward Mary said:

"Father, what did the boy mean? I thought all candy was *bought*?"

Mr. Fillmore laughed. "Didn't you buy yours?"

"Yes; but I thought it was bought in the first place! And that boy said his mother made it."

"Well, this is home-made candy, you see."

"What did she make it of?"

"Why, of sugar, I suppose."

"Did she make the sugar?"

"Why, no; she *bought* the sugar."

Mary was still a moment. A new thought had come to her. A question had arisen in her mind which sooner or later would have to be answered. Presently she said:



MARY FILLMORE.

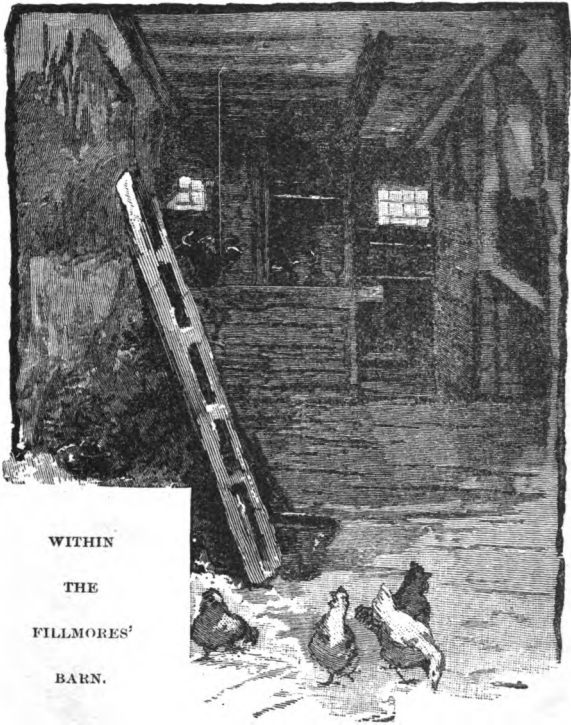
"Father, I wish you would tell me where sugar comes from."

Then Mr. Fillmore was glad to be able to recall a period of his life when he had spent a few months in Louisiana, and had also taken a trip to Cuba, so that the process of sugar-making was somewhat familiar to him. And yet as he remembered the many and varied processes through which the cane juice passed, and the complicated machinery, it

seemed impossible to make his little girl understand what was so clear to him.

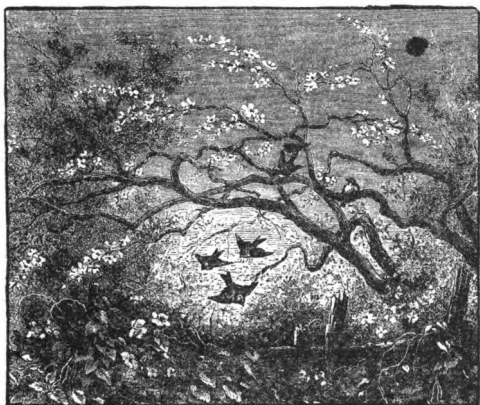
“The greater part of our sugar is made from sugar-cane, and this is cultivated in the Southern States, in Cuba, and many other warm countries.

“The cane is carried — after being cut and stripped of leaves and the bushy top — to the factories, where it is ground by being run between heavy rollers, and the juice falls into tubs or vats, first passing through a strainer which takes out the bits of cane. Then this juice is heated and clarified by adding a little slacked lime. This causes the dirt and all impurities and such matter as ought not to go into the sugar, to rise to the top. In some mills this is skimmed off with great skimmers, in others the syrup is drawn off from the bottom of the vat. Now there are different ways of boiling down the syrup. In the old mills it is done by keeping open pans over a furnace, and as the juice evaporates passing it along to a hotter place until it reaches the last, which is called the “striking pan.” When a little of the thick syrup can be drawn to a thread, it is done, and is left to cool and harden. Then there



WITHIN  
THE  
FILLMORES'  
BARN.

are processes of draining by which our finer sugars are made. The sugar is run into pointed moulds like a cone, and when hard, a cap of clay is put over which drives the molasses to the top of the cone, so that the large end is



NEAR MARY'S HOME.

left perfectly white. That is our loaf sugar. When I was in Louisiana they used these open pans, but now different processes have been introduced, called the vacuum process, in which the work is done by steam."

Mary listened attentively. As her father paused she said :

"Thank you ; I see a little how it is."

“Sugar is made from beets and some other vegetables,” continued her father. “And you have eaten maple sugar made from the sap of maple-trees. The making of sugar from cane and from beets also, is a very long and intricate piece of work. A great many men are employed, a great quantity of fuel is required, and a large amount of bone charcoal which is used for filtering. Bones are gathered all over the world, and sold for the purpose of making bone charcoal to be used by sugar makers.”

“My!” said Mary, looking at the white cream candy which she held in her hand, “how much trouble it has been to make this little bit of candy! But it is good now it is made.”

And so we all think.

## A TALK ABOUT DEER.

SAY, Em, how much money have you got saved up?"

Archie Mills was going to the nearest village, which was five miles away. It was the first time that he had been trusted to drive the slow farm horses so far from home. His question was put to his sister, a year younger than himself, in a whisper as he came up to the kitchen sink where she was wrestling with the breakfast dishes.

"About half a dollar, I guess. Why?"

"Well, you know we didn't buy any Christmas presents because father was so sick, and I thought that maybe you'd like to put your money in with mine and get something for father and mother. As I am going into town I could buy the things, you know."

If there was an undue emphasis on the "I am going into town," who shall blame the boy?

"What would you get?" asked Emma.

"What do you think would be nice? I've got seventy-five cents. You know father's hands trouble him so since he was sick, I thought of a pair of buck-skin gloves with a lining of wool. Mr. Wilson has a pair, and they only cost fifty cents."

"That *would* be a nice thing to get!" said Emma, much pleased.

"And now, what do you say get for mother?" asked Archie.

"O, I'm sure I can't tell. I know she wants a new flour sieve *dreadfully*, but get anything you like."

So, armed with unlimited authority as to the spending of the little hoard, Archie went on his way.

That evening, when mother's present had been duly admired, and father had again and again expressed his gratification over the gloves, which he said were just what he needed, Emma said, "Father, why are they called buck-skin?"

"They are made of the skin of the male deer. Sometimes the skins of sheep and even of calves are used and called buck-skin. This pair looks like a first-rate quality." This





THE DEER IN HIS NATIVE FOREST.

pleased the children, and Emma was sure that no one could have made a better bargain than her brother.

“When I was a young man,” continued Mr. Mills, “I used to go into the Adirondacks to hunt deer. I don’t feel now much as I did then. You know there are a great many little lakes up there in the woods; we used — a party of us — to camp out for weeks and hunt and fish. I remember one morning cousin Will Denny and myself with our guide went out before sunrise in a boat. As we were lying to in a little cove, we heard a splash and waited listening. The object, whatever it was, was hidden from sight by a point of land and some bushes hanging over the water, but in a moment the head of a deer above the water appeared in sight. ‘Fire,’ whispered the guide, and I obeyed. It was a good shot, and I killed my deer. We had a good deal of trouble in landing him, he was such a large fellow, but I was proud enough over my success, and we were all glad of the vension.”

“But, father, are there not a good many kinds of deer?”

“Yes; the deer found in Northern New York

and in the Alleghany Mountains is the roe-buck. It differs from the European roe-buck, being more like the European fallow deer. The skins are used in making gloves, and who knows but this very pair may have been made from the hide of a deer of my own shooting? Stranger things than that have happened."

"Father," said Emma, "I saw a picture the other day of a deer with two young ones, but the old one had no horns. I thought all deer had horns."

"The females do not have horns, and besides, the males shed their horns once a year. Sometime during the winter months the antlers loosen and fall off, and for a time the animals hide themselves in the thickets, but the new ones begin to grow very soon and very rapidly."

"Why do they hide themselves?" asked Archie.

"Perhaps because their instinct teaches them that they are shorn of their glory, and perhaps because while the horns are growing they are very tender and this same instinct teaches them to remain secluded until the horns become hardened."

"How queer!" said Archie, reflectively.

“David says, ‘As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.’” It was Mrs. Mills’ voice from the depths of her rocking-chair where she was resting after the incessant labor of the day — resting and listening to the talk.

“The hart, which is a name for the large red deer of Europe and Asia, is mentioned twice in the Bible,” responded Mr. Mills. “The other instance is where Isaiah speaks of the time when the lame shall leap as the hart. Deer are uncommonly agile animals, and they love the mountain streams. To one who understands their habits these references are very beautiful and suggestive.”

“I was thinking,” said Emma after a little pause in the conversation, “of how much more interesting and beautiful many verses in the Bible seem when we come to know about the things to which they refer.”

*Classified List.—Pansy.*

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**THE PANSY BOOKS.**

There are substantial reasons for the great popularity of the "Pansy Books," and foremost among these is their truth to nature and to life. The genuineness of the types of character which they portray is indeed remarkable.

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