

Our Little French, Canadian, and Swiss Cousins

VOLUME FIVE

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Our Little French, Canadian, and Swiss Cousins

Volume 5

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Libraries of Hope

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Our Little French Cousin

Blanche McManus

Illustrated by Blanche McManus



Germaine

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.

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 everyday 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 everyone 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.

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.

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

"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, 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 everyday 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 today 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 what it might have been had she lived a hundred years ago.

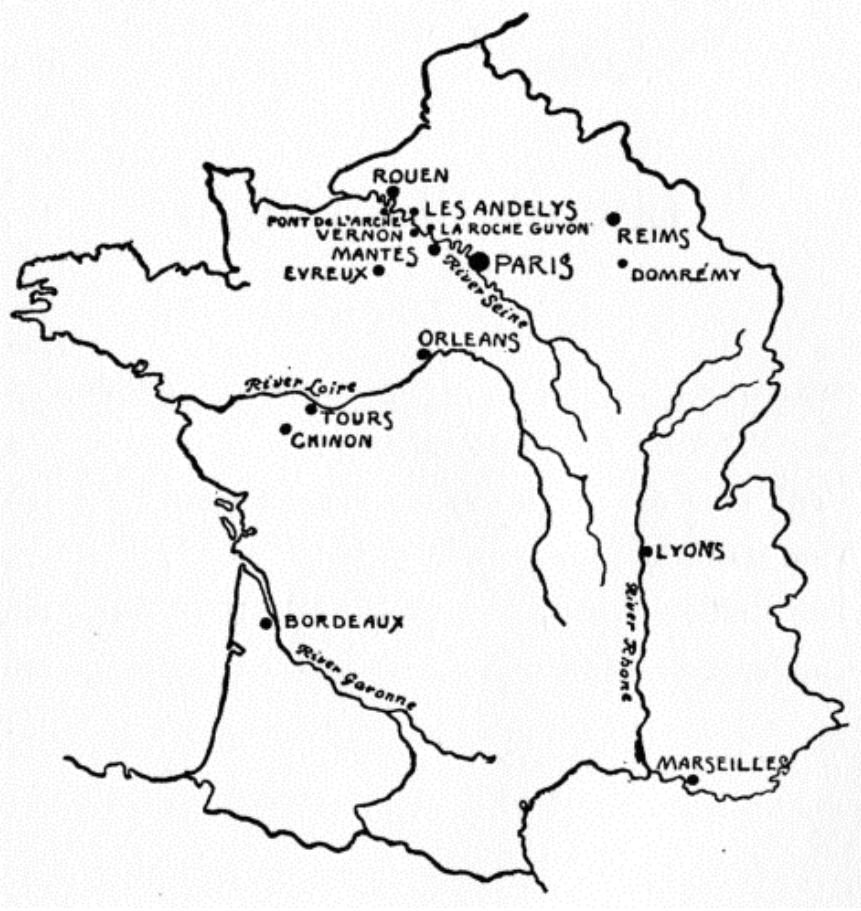
So far as France in general goes, the great world of Paris, and much that lay beyond, were also brought to her notice in, it is believed, a perfectly rational and plausible fashion; and thus within the restricted limits of this little book will be found many references to the life and history of Old 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, 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.


ROUEN
LES ANDELYS
PONT DE L'ARCHE
VERNON
LA ROCHE GUYON
REIMS
MANTES
PARIS
EVREUX
DOMREMY
River Seine
ORLEANS
River Loire
TOURS
CHINON
LYONS
River Rhone
BORDEAUX
River Garonne
MARSEILLES

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 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 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 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 today 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 homecoming.

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.

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. Nearby 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.

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.

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.

"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



The Farm of La Chaumière

she wore *sabots,* the wooden shoes all the working people in the country wear.

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

It seemed to her like a fairytale 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 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 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 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 today 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 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 everyone must 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 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 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 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 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 country thereabouts all covered with grapevines; 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 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 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 everyone 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.

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." "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 brickkiln, 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.

Everyone 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, 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 everyone 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 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 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 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 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 birdcage 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 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, 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 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 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 this wonderful little peasant girl who saved her country, and, by so doing, made possible the existence of the great French nation of today.

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 today 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 on to Orleans, raised the siege of that city, and drove the English off. There is today 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 trial, poor Jeanne was sentenced to death, and burnt in the marketplace 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 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

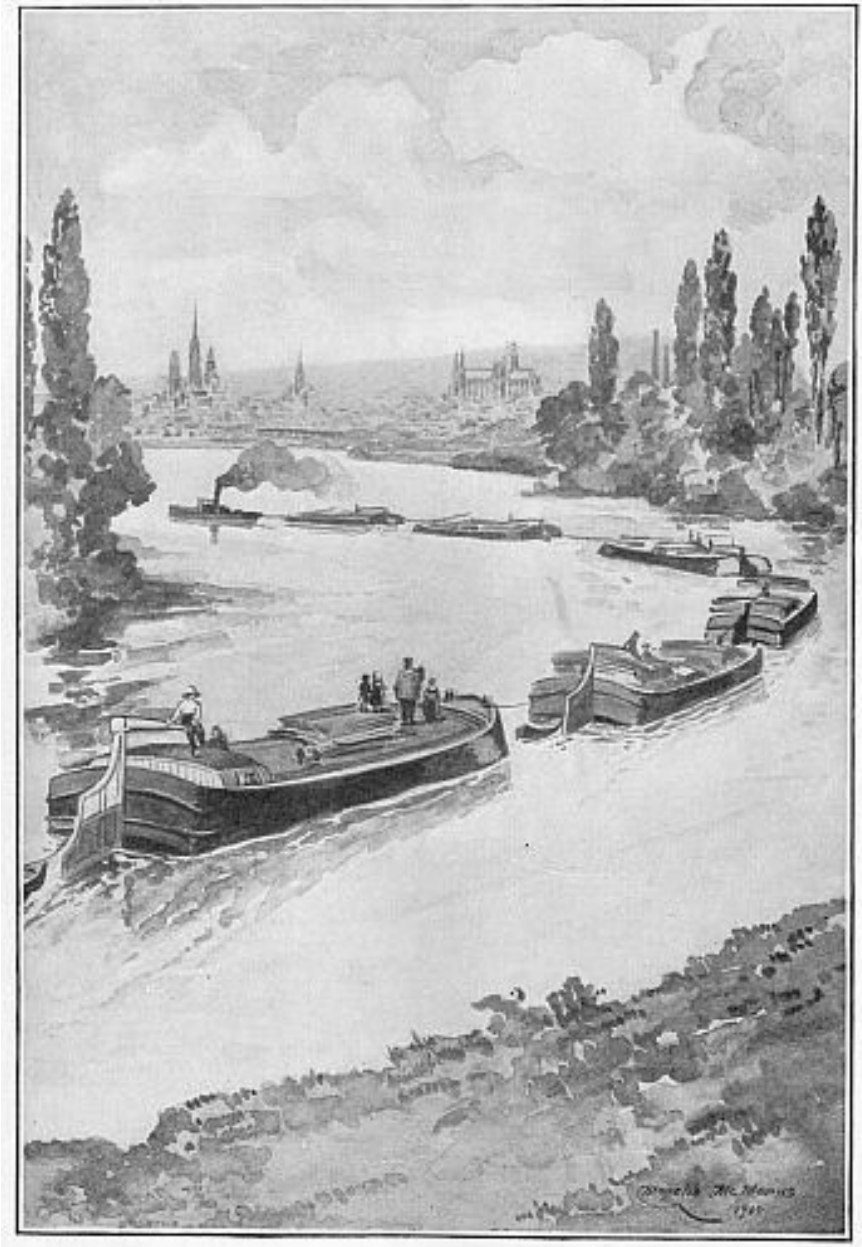
of Notre Dame."

"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.



“The city began to unfold before them.”

CHAPTER III

The Fêtes at Rouen

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."

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.

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.

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

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

The costume was both pretty and odd. The lady had on a white headdress 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 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 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 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 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 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 marketplace, and little Germaine with bated breath looked at the stone

let into the pavement at her feet, which marks the spot where poor Jeanne 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 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 "*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 dark church into the square blazing with sunlight, and full of booths with all sorts of things to sell, toys, souvenirs, and picture postcards 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 street, gay with flags, wreaths, and flowers.

"Just one moment, uncle," cried Marie, "let us stop and buy some postcards 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 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?

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 postcards!"

"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 postcards. 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 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 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, 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 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 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

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 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 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.

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 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 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 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 goodbyes, 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 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 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

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, 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. 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.

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.

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 castoff 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.

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



The Market-Square

year.

Nearby 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 wagonmaker 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 marketplace. "There are the English," someone 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?"

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."

"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 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.

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.

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 millowner, 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 everyone 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 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

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, 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 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 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 today 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 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. 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 flowerbeds; have games of tennis, croquet, or battledore and shuttlecock (which is a favourite game with them), while their older relatives sit around on little campstools, which everyone 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 flowerbeds 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 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 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 goodbye to her friend, Germaine ran toward the farmyard gate.

CHAPTER VII

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 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 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 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 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. 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 everyone 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 French village, where everyone 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 nearby were tethered the horses. The women were preparing the morning meal 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 used to the peculiar flavour.

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 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. 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



The Circus

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 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 riverfront, 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, 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 endeavours to be polite and attentive to everyone, 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 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 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

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 forelocks 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.

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.

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.

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 sheepdogs do their work."

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. 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 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 today 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 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 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.

Our Little Canadian Cousin

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman



"Two children sat on the grass under the lilacs."

Preface

In "Our Little Canadian Cousin," my intention has been to tell, in a general way, although with a defined local setting, the story of Canadian home life. To Canadians, *home life* means not merely sitting at a huge fireplace, or brewing and baking in a wide country kitchen, or dancing of an evening, or teaching, or sewing; but it means the great outdoor life — sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing, hunting, canoeing, and, above all, "camping out" — the joys that belong to a vast, uncrowded country, where there is " room to play."

This wide and beautiful Canadian Dominion possesses, of course, a great variety of climate and of scenery. To treat at all adequately of those things, or of the country's picturesque and romantic history, would require far more scope than is afforded by this one small story.

CHAPTER I

It was the very first day of the loveliest month in the year. I suppose every month has its defenders, or, at least, its apologists, but June — June in Canada — has surely no need of either. And this particular morning was of the best and brightest. The garden at the back of Mr. Merrithew's house was sweet with the scent of newly blossomed lilacs, and the freshness of young grass. The light green of the elms was as yet undimmed by the dust of summer, and the air was like the elixir of life.

Two children sat on the grass under the lilacs, making dandelion chains and talking happily.

Jack, a little fair-haired boy of six, was noted for his queer speeches and quaint ideas. His sister Marjorie was just twice his age, but they were closest chums, and delighted in building all sorts of air-castles together. This afternoon, when she had finished a chain of marvelous length, she leant

back against the lilac trees and said, with a sigh of happiness:

"Now, Jack, let's make plans!"

"All right," Jack answered, solemnly. "Let's plan about going to Quebec next winter."

"Oh, Jackie! Don't let's plan about winter on the first day of June! There's all the lovely, lovely summer to talk about — and I know two fine things that are going to happen."

"All right!" said Jackie again. It was his favourite expression. "I know one of them; Daddy told me this morning. It's about Cousin Dora coming to stay with us."

"Yes — isn't it good? She's coming for a whole year, while uncle and aunt go out to British Columbia — to make him well, you know."

"I wish she was a little boy," said Jackie, thoughtfully. "But if she's like you, she'll be all right, Margie. What's the other nice thing you know?"

"Oh, you must try to guess, dear! Come up in the summerhouse; it's so cozy there, and I'll give you three guesses. It's something that will happen in July or August, and we are *all* in it, father and mother and you and Cousin Dora, and a few other people."

They strolled up to the vine-covered summerhouse, and settled down on its broad seat, while Jack cudgelled his brains for an idea as to a possible good time.

"Is it a picnic?" he asked at last.

Marjorie laughed.

"Oh, ever so much better than that," she cried.

"Try again."

"Is it — is it — a visit to the seaside?"

"No; even better than that."

"Is it a pony to take us all driving?"

"No, no. That's your last guess. Shall I tell you?"

"Ah, yes, please do!"

"Well, mother says, if we do well at school till the holidays, and everything turns out right, she and father — will — take us camping!"

"Camping? Camping out? Really in tents? Oh, good, good!"

And Jackie, the solemn, was moved to the extent of executing a little dance of glee on the garden path.

"Camping out" is a favourite way of spending the summer holiday time among Canadians. Many, being

luxurious in their tastes, build tiny houses and call them camps, but the true and only genuine "camping" is done under canvas, and its devotees care not for other kinds.

As our little New Brunswickers were talking of all its possible joys, a sweet voice called them from the door of the big brick house.

"Marjorie! Jack! Do you want to come for a walk with mother?"

There was no hesitation in answering this invitation. The children rushed pell-mell down the garden path, endangering the swaying buds of the long-stemmed lilies on either side.

Mrs. Merrithew stood waiting for them, a tall, plump lady in gray, with quantities of beautiful brown hair. She carried a small basket and trowel, at sight of which the children clapped their hands.

"Are we going to the woods, mother?" Marjorie cried, and "May I take my cart and my spade?" asked Jackie.

"Yes, dearies," Mrs. Merrithew answered. "We have three hours before teatime, and Saturday wouldn't be much of a holiday without the woods. Put on your big hats, and Jack

can bring his cart and spade, and Marjorie can carry the cookies."

"Oh, please let me haul the cookies in my cart," said Jack. "Gentlemen shouldn't let ladies carry things, father says — but Margie, you may carry the spade if you want something in your hands very much!"

"All right, boy," laughed Marjorie. "I certainly do like something in my hands, and a spade will look much more ladylike than a cooky-bag!"

The big brick house from which Mrs. Merrithew and the children set out on their walk stood on one of the back streets of a little New Brunswick city — a very small but beautiful city, built on a wooded point that juts out into the bright waters of the St. John River. Of this river the little Canadian Cousins are justly proud, for, from its source in the wilds of Quebec to its outlet on the Bay of Fundy, it is indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Our little party soon left the streets, went through a wide green space covered with venerable maples, crossed a tiny stream and a railway track, and entered the woods that almost covered the low hill behind the town. Though it was

really but one hill, the various roads that subdivided it gave it various names, some derived from the settlements they led to, and some from buildings on the way. It was through the woods of "College Hill" that Marjorie and Jack and their mother wandered. Being all good walkers, they were soon back of the fine old college, which stands looking gravely out over the tree-embowered town to the broad blue river.

When the delicious green and amber shadows of the woods were reached, little Jack at once began to search for fairies. Marjorie contented herself with looking for wild flowers, and Mrs. Merrithew sought for ferns young enough to transplant to her garden.

"I am afraid I have left it rather late," she said at last. "They are all rather too well-grown to stand moving. But I will try a few of the smallest. What luck have my chicks had? Any fairies, Jackie?"

Jackie lifted a flushed face from its inspection of a tiny hole in the trunk of a fir tree.

"No fairies *yet*, mother; but I think one lives in here, only she won't come out while I am watching."

Mrs. Merrithew smiled sympathetically. She heartily

agreed with the writer (though she could not remember who it was) who said: "I always expect to find something wonderful, unheard-of, in a wood."

"In olden days," she said, "people believed that there were beautiful wood-spirits, called dryads, who had their homes in trees. They were larger than most fairies, and yet they were a kind of fairy."

"Please tell more about them, mother," said Marjorie, coming up with her hands full of yellow, speckled adder's tongue.

"I know very little more, I am sorry to say," their mother answered, laughing. "Like Jackie with *his* fairies, I have always hoped to see one, but never have as yet."

"Are they good things?" Jackie asked, "or would they frighten little boys?"

"Oh, my dear, they were always said to be kind and beautiful, and rather timid, more apt to be frightened themselves than to frighten anyone else. But remember, dears, mother did not say there *were* such things, but only that people used to think so."

"Please tell us a story about one, mother," Jack pleaded.

But Mrs. Merrithew shook her head.

"We will keep the story for some other time," she said. "Let us have a cooky now, and a little rest, before we go home."

This proposal was readily agreed to. They chose a comfortable spot where a little group of white birches gave them backs on which to lean, opened the precious bag, and were soon well occupied with its crisp and toothsome contents. Mrs. Merrithew, knowing well that little folk are generally troubled with a wonderful thirst, had also brought a cup and a bottle of lemonade. How doubly delicious things tasted in the clear, spicy air of the woods!

By the time Jack had disposed of his sixth cooky he felt ready for conversation, "Mother," he said, "I wish you would tell us all about Dora."

"All about Dora, dearie? That would take a long time, I expect. But it would *not* take long to tell you all that I know about her. I have only seen her twice, and on one of those occasions she was a baby a month old, and the next time only two years, — and as she is now, I do not know her at all."

"But — oh, you know, mother — tell us about her father and mother, and her home, and everything like that. It makes her more interesting," urged Marjorie.

Mrs. Merrithew saw that she was to be beguiled into a story in any case, so she smiled and resigned herself to her fate.

"Well, my dears, I know a great many things about Dora's father, for he is my only brother, and we were together almost constantly until we were both grown up. Then your Uncle Archie, who had studied electrical engineering, went up to Montreal, and there secured a good position. He had only been there a short time when he met a very charming young lady" ("*This* sounds quite like a book story," Marjorie here interposed) "by whom he was greatly attracted. She was partly French, her mother having been a lady of old French family. But her father was an English officer, of the strongest English feelings, so this charming young lady (whose name was Denise Allingham) combined the characteristics — at least all the best characteristics — of both races. Do you know what that means, Jackie?"

Jack nodded, thoughtfully.

"I think so, mother. I think it means that she — that young lady — had all the nicenesses of the French and all the goodnesses of the English."

"That is just it, my dear, and a very delicate distinction, too," cried his mother, clapping her hands in approval, while Jackie beamed with delight.

"Well, to continue: Miss Denise Ailingham, when your Uncle Archie met her, was an orphan, and not well off. She was teaching in an English family, and not, I think, very happy in her work. She and your uncle had only known each other about a year when they were married."

"And lived happily ever after?" Marjorie asked.

Mrs. Merrithew considered a moment, then:

"Yes, I am sure I can say so," she answered. "They have had some business troubles, and a good deal of sickness, but still they have been happy through it all. And they have one dear little daughter, whom they love devotedly, and who is named 'Dora Denise,' after her mother and — who else?"

"You, mother, you," both children exclaimed.

"The chief trouble this happy trio has had," Mrs. Merrithew continued, "has been the delicate health of your

uncle. For the last four years he has not been strong. Twice they have all three gone away for his health, and now the doctors have ordered him to try the delightful climate of British Columbia, and to spend at least a year there if it agrees with him. He needs all his wife's attention this time, and that, my dears, is why little Dora Denise Carman is coming to spend a year with her New Brunswick relations.

"And now, chicks, look at that slanting, golden light through the trees. That means teatime, and homeward bound!"

CHAPTER II

It was a tired and homesick little girl that Mr. Merrithew helped out of the coach and led up the steps of his house, about a fortnight after our story opens. The journey from Montreal had been long and lonely, the parting from her parents hard, and the thought of meeting the unknown relatives had weighed upon her mind and helped to make her unusually subdued. But when the door of the Big Brick House (which had been named by the neighbours when it was the only brick house on the street, and the largest one in town) opened, and her aunt's motherly arms closed around her, while Marjorie's rosy, laughing face and Jackie's fair, cherubic one beamed on her in greeting, her spirits began to revive. The greeting was so warm and kind, and the joy at her coming so genuine, that her fatigue seemed turned, as by magic, to a pleasant restfulness, and her

homesickness was lost in this bright home atmosphere.

Mrs. Merrithew took the little newcomer to her room, had her trunks settled conveniently, and then left her to prepare for the late tea which was waiting for them all. When Dora was ready, she sat down in the little armchair that stood near a table piled with books, and looked about her contentedly.

There was an air of solid comfort and coziness about this house that rested her. This room — which her aunt had told her was just opposite Marjorie's — was all furnished in the softest shades of brown and blue, her favourite colours. The carpet was brown, with a very small spray of blue here and there; the wallpaper was lighter, almost creamy, brown, with a dainty harebell pattern, and the curtains had a rich brown background with various Persian stripes, in which blue and cream and gold predominated. The bed, to her great delight, had a top piece, and a canopy of blue-flowered chintz, and the little dressing table was draped to match it. Just over the side of the bed was a bookshelf, quite empty, waiting for her favourite books. While she sat and looked about in admiration, the door was pushed gently open, and a plump

maltese kitten came in, gazed at her doubtfully a moment, and then climbed on her lap. Then Marjorie's bright face appeared at the door, and, "May I come in?" she asked.

"Oh, please do," Dora cried. "Kitty has made friends with me already, and I think that must be a good omen."

Marjorie laughed, as she patted the little bunch of blue-gray fur in Dora's lap.

"*Jackie* has made friends with you already," she said, "and I think that is a better omen still. He told mother he thought you were 'the beautifulest girl he ever saw.'"

Dora's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "It is the first time I ever was called beautiful," she said, "let alone 'beautifulest.' What a dear boy Jack must be."

Then they both laughed, and Marjorie, obeying one of her sudden impulses, threw her arms around Dora's neck and gave her a cousinly hug. "You and I will be friends, too," she said. "I knew it as soon as I looked at you."

Dora's dark brown eyes looked gravely into Marjorie's blue ones. She seemed to be taking the proposition very seriously.

"I have always wished for a real friend, or a twin sister,"

she said, thoughtfully. "The twin sister is an impossibility, and I have never before seen a girl that I wanted for a great, *great* friend. But you — ah, yes! You are like my father, and besides, we are cousins, and that makes us understand each other. Let us be friends."

She held out her hand with a little gesture which reminded Marjorie that this pale, dark-haired cousin was the descendant of many French *grandes dames*. She clasped the slender hand with her own plump fingers, and shook it heartily. So, in girlish romance and sudden resolution, the little maids sealed a compact which was never broken, and began a friendship which lasted and grew in beauty and strength all through their lives.

At the breakfast table the next morning there was a merry discussion as to what should be done first to amuse Dora. Jackie, who had invited her to sit beside him and beamed at her approvingly over his porridge and cream, suggested a walk to his favourite candy store and the purchase of some sticks of "pure chocolate." Marjorie proposed a picnic at Old Government House. This was approved of, but postponed for a day or two to allow for preparations and invitations.

Mr. Merrithew said "Let us go shooting bears," but even Jackie did not second this astounding proposition. As usual, it was "mother" who offered the most feasible plan.

"Suppose, this morning," she said, "you just help Dora unpack, and make her thoroughly at home in the house and garden; then this afternoon perhaps your father will take you for a walk, and show Dora the house where Mrs. Ewing lived, and any other interesting places. That would do for today, wouldn't it? Then, day after tomorrow we could have the picnic; and for the next week I have a magnificent idea, but I want to talk it over with your father," and she nodded and smiled at that gentleman in a way which made him almost as curious as the children.

"That's the way with mother," Marjorie said to Dora after breakfast. "She never ends things up. There is always another lovely plan just ahead, no matter how many you know about already."

And Mr. Merrithew, who overheard the remark, thought that perhaps this was part of the secret of his wife's unfailing youthfulness both in looks and spirits.

The walk that afternoon was one which Dora always

remembered. Mr. Merrithew had, as Jackie said, "the splendidest way of splaining things," and found something of interest to relate about almost every street of the little city. They went through the beautiful cathedral, and he told them how it had been built through the earnest efforts of the well-known and venerated Bishop Medley, who was afterward Metropolitan of Canada. Then they wandered down the street along the river, and saw the double house where Mrs. Ewing (whose stories are loved as much in the United States and in Canada as they are in England) lived for a time, and where she wrote.

She had called this house "Rika Dom," which means "River House," and had written in many of her letters of the beautiful river on which it looked, and the gnarled old willows on the bank just in front of her windows. These willows she had often sketched, and Dora carried away a spray of the pale gray-green leaves, in memory of her favourite storywriter. It was one of Dora's ambitions, kept secret hitherto, but now confided to Marjorie, to write stories "something like Mrs. Ewing's."

They saw, too, the picturesque cottage in which a certain

quaint old lady had attained to the ripe age of a hundred and six years — a record of which Fredericton was justly proud. This venerable dame had been addicted to the unlimited eating of apples, and her motto — she was not a grammatical old lady! — had been (according to tradition), "Apples never hurts nobody,"

They spent some time in the Legislative Library, where was enshrined a treasure in the shape of a magnificent copy of Audubon's Books of Birds. Then in the Departmental Buildings, nearby, there was a small but well-arranged museum of stuffed birds and beasts, all Canadian, and most of them from New Brunswick. There were other things, too, to see, and many anecdotes to hear, so that it was a somewhat tired, though happy and hungry party which trudged home just in time for tea.

And such a tea, suited to hearty outdoor appetites born of the good Canadian air! There were fresh eggs, made into a white and golden omelette by Mrs. Merrithew's own hands; for even Debby, who had cooked for the family all their lives, owned that an omelette like Mrs. Merrithew's she could not manage — "No, *sir*, not if I was to cook day and

night."

There was golden honey in the comb; there was johnny-cake, hot and yellow and melting in your mouth; strawberry jam that tasted almost as good as the fresh fruit itself; ginger cake, dark and rich and spicy; milk that was almost cream for the children, and steaming fragrant coffee for their elders.

"It is rather nice to get *good and hungry,*" Jackie gravely observed — "that is, if you have plenty in the house to eat. I think life would be very dull without meals."

These philosophical remarks rather astonished Dora, who was not yet accustomed to the contrast between Jack's sage reflections and his tender years. Just now they seemed especially funny, because he was almost falling asleep while he talked. When Mrs. Merrithew saw him nodding, she rang, and the nurse — who, like Debby, was a family institution — came in and carried him off in her stalwart arms, to his little white bed. When his mother stole up a little later to give him a final good-night kiss, she heard Susan singing and paused at the door to listen. "Now the day is over "was ended, and then a drowsy voice murmured:



Fredericton

"Now, Susan, my very favourite song!" And then Susan sang, in her soft, crooning voice "The maple leaf, the maple leaf, the maple leaf forever!"

CHAPTER III

The day of the picnic was hot, very hot, for June, but that did not discourage the younger picnickers at all.

"It will be pretty warm on the river," Mr. Merrithew remarked, tentatively, as they sat at dinner. The dining room windows were open, and the soft air, sweet with the scent of lilacs, blew the white curtains into the room with lazy puffs.

"It will be so lovely when we get to Government House, though," Marjorie cried. "There is always a breeze up there, father, and there are plenty of trees, and three summer houses, and that big veranda. Oh, I think it will be perfect."

"Yes, Daddy, I do, too! I think it will be *gorlious!*" said Jackie.

When, after much hurrying about, telephoning to tardy members of the party, and good-natured discussion as to the arrangement of the canoe loads, they were at last afloat on

the blue, shining river, they all agreed with Jack. Dora was charmed with the slender Milicete canoes. She had seen chiefly canvas and wooden ones. Her father, indeed, had owned a bark canoe, but it was of much heavier and broader build than these slim beauties, that glided through the water like fairy craft, impelled this way or that by the slightest turn of the steersman's wrist.

They landed just back of Government House, the grounds of which sloped down to the water. The house is a long, stone building, with a broad veranda at the back, and in front nearly covered with Virginia creeper. At the time of the picnic it was empty, and in charge of a caretaker, who lived in a small cottage on the grounds. When a suitable spot had been chosen for tea, and the baskets piled close by, Mrs. Merrithew proposed an excursion through the house, and Mr. Merrithew went with Jackie to procure the key. When he returned, they all trooped merrily up the front steps, and soon were dispersed through the great echoing halls and lofty rooms. Most of the grown people of the party had danced here at many a stately ball, for in those days Government House had been kept up in the good old-

fashioned way. Marjorie and Jack delighted in hearing their mother tell of her "coming out" at one of these balls, and how she had been so proud of her first train that she had danced without holding it up, which must have been trying for her partners. Dora was greatly interested in seeing the room where King Edward, then the slim young Prince of Wales, had slept, on the occasion of his visit to Fredericton. When the furniture of Government House was auctioned, a few years before our story opens, the pieces from this room, which should have been kept together as of historic interest, were scattered about among various private purchasers. Mrs. Merrithew described them to Dora, who wished she could have seen the great bed, so wide that it was almost square, with its canopy and drapings of rich crimson, and its gilt "Prince of Wales feathers," and heavy gold cords and tassels.

When they came out of the dim, cool house into the warm air, the elders looked apprehensively at the heavy black clouds which had gathered in the west.

"That looks ominous," one of the gentlemen said. "There will certainly be thunder before night."



In the Government House Grounds

Thunder! That was Marjorie's horror! Her round, rosy face grew pale, and she clung tightly to her mother's arm. The men and matrons held a hurried consultation, and decided that the storm was probably not very near, and that it would be safe to wait for tea if they hurried things a little. It would be a terrible disappointment to the children (all, at least, but Marjorie) to be hurried away without "the picnic part of the picnic." So they all bustled about, and in a short time the cloth was spread, and well covered with good things. The fire behaved well, as if knowing the need of haste, and the coffee was soon made, and as delicious as picnic coffee, by some apparent miracle, generally is. By the time the repast was over, the clouds had drawn closer, the air was more sultry, and even the most optimistic admitted that it was high time to start for home. The canoes were quickly loaded, the best canoe-men took the paddles, and soon they were darting swiftly downriver, running a race with the clouds.

In spite of their best speed, however, the storm broke before they reached their journey's end. The thunder growled and muttered, a few bright flashes lit up the sultry

sky, and just as they landed a tremendous peal caused the most courageous to look grave, while poor Marjorie could scarcely breathe from terror. Then the rain came, and the pretty muslin dresses and flower-trimmed hats looked very dejected before their wearers were safely housed! Still, no one was the worse for that little wetting, Marjorie recovered from her fright as soon as she could nestle down in a dark room with her head in her mother's lap, and they all agreed with Jackie that it had been "a gorlious time."

Before the children went to bed Mrs. Merrithew told them about the plan which she had mentioned two days before, and to which Mr. Merrithew had heartily consented. He was to take a whole holiday, on Thursday of the following week, and drive them all up to the Indian Village, about thirteen miles above town, to see the Corpus Christi celebrations.

Corpus Christi, a well-known festival in the Roman Catholic Church, is one which has been chosen by the Indians for special celebration. As it comes in June, and that is such a pleasant time for little excursions, many drive to the Indian Village from Fredericton and from the

surrounding country, to see the Milicetes in their holiday mood.

The day being fresh and lovely, with no clouds but tiny white ones in the sky, Mr. and Mrs. Merrithew and the three children set off early on Thursday morning. They had a roomy two-seated carriage, and two big brisk, white horses, plenty of wraps and umbrellas in case history should repeat itself with another storm, and an ample basket of dainties. The road, winding along the riverbank most of the way, was excellent, and the scenery Dora thought prettier than any she had seen. The river was smooth as a mirror, reflecting every tree and bush on its banks. Little islands, green and tree-crested, were scattered all along its shining length.

It was almost time for the service when they reached the picturesque little village which went climbing bravely up its hill to the chapel and priest's house near the top. The horses were taken charge of by a sedate young half-breed, evidently proud of his office as the "priest's man," and our party at once filed into the chapel. A plain enough little structure in itself, today it was beautiful with green boughs, ferns, and flowers. The congregation consisted chiefly of Indians and

half-breeds, with a scattering of interested visitors. Most of the natives were clad in gorgeous finery, some of the older ones having really handsome beaded suits and beautifully worked moccasins, while others were grotesque in their queer combination of the clothes of civilization and savagery. The priest, a tall, good-looking man with piercing eyes, sang high mass, and then the procession formed. First came an altar boy carrying a cross, then six boys with lighted tapers, and two walking backward scattering boughs. These were followed by the priest bearing the host and sheltered by a canopy which four altar boys carried. These boys were all Indians, and the mild well-featured Milicete faces had lost their stolidity, and were lit up with an expression of half mystic adoration. After them came the congregation, bare-headed, and singing as they walked. Marjorie and Dora clasped hands as they followed, their eyes shining with excitement. They went down the road and entered a schoolhouse not far from the church, where the host was placed in a little tabernacle of green boughs while the service was continued. Then the procession reformed and went back to the church.

After they had disbanded, the Indians scattered to their houses to prepare for the various other events of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Merrithew and the children were carried off by the priest (whom Mr. Merrithew knew well) to have dinner with him in his house near the chapel. The children stood a little in awe of him at first, but he was so companionable and kind that they were soon quite at their ease. His mother, who kept house for him, was evidently very proud of her son, and did her best to entertain his visitors worthily. The house was rather bare, but clean as wax and the perfection of neatness, while the repast, spread on the whitest of linen, was excellent, and not without some rather unusual dainties — such as candied fruits of many colours for the children, and guava jelly brought out especially in Mrs. Merrithew's honour.

After dinner the good father offered to show them through the village, and they set out together on a tour of inspection. All the full-grown Indians, the priest told them, were holding a pow-wow in the schoolhouse, for the purpose of electing a chief. "There is no need of my being there this afternoon," he said, in answer to Mr. Merrithew's inquiry;

"but this evening, when they have their feast and their games — ah, then I will keep my eye on them!"

Evidently this priest held very parental relations toward his people. The visitors noticed that some boys playing baseball on the green eagerly referred their disputes to him and accepted his word as final. He took them into several of the little wooden houses, all of which, probably in honour of the day, were in splendid order. In one they found twin papooses, brown as autumn beech-leaves, sleeping side by side in a basket of their mother's making. In another a wrinkled old squaw had most dainty moccasins to sell, the Milicete slipper-moccasins, with velvet toepieces beautifully beaded. Mr. Merrithew bought a pair for each of his party (himself excepted), letting them choose their own. Mrs. Merrithew promptly selected a pair with yellow velvet on the toes; Dora's choice had crimson, and Marjorie's blue, while Jackie's tiny pair was adorned with the same colour as his mother's.

"You see, mother dear," he said quite seriously, "yours are a *little* larger, so we won't be mixing them up!"

Then, being in a gift-making mood, Mr. Merrithew

bought them each a quaint and pretty basket, besides a big substantial scrap basket for his own study, and handkerchief cases, gorgeous in pink and green, for Susan and Debby. The small baskets all had broad bands of the fragrant "sweet hay" which grows on many islands of the St. John, but which very few white people can find. Dora was much interested in the Milicete women, with their soft voices and kind, quiet faces. She tried to learn some of their words, and won their hearts by singing two or three songs in French, a language which they all understood, though they spoke it in a peculiar patois of their own.

The bright summer afternoon went all too quickly. Mrs. Merrithew was anxious to reach home before too late an hour, so at five o'clock, after tea and cakes, they "re-embarked" for the return trip. The horses were fresh, the roads good, the children just pleasantly tired. As they drove on and on through magic sunset light and fragrant summer dusk, Dora thought drowsily that this was a day she would always remember, even if she lived to be as old as the dame who ate the innumerable apples.

"I will have such lovely things to write to father and

mother about," she murmured, in sleepy tones — and those were the last words she said till the carriage stopped at the door of "the Big Brick House," and she and Jackie were tenderly lifted out and half led, half carried up the steps. Then she opened her eyes very wide and looked about her in wonder.

"Why, I believe I *nearly* went to sleep for a moment," she said.

And even Jackie woke up enough to laugh at that!

CHAPTER IV

The day before they left for camp, Dora received a letter from her mother, telling something of their surroundings and of the beauties of the Western land. As the others were keenly interested, she read them many extracts, which even Jackie enjoyed.

"We are now," her mother wrote, after describing the journey by the great Canadian Pacific Railway, and speaking encouragingly of the invalid's condition, "comfortably settled in Victoria — which, as of course you know, dear, is the capital city of British Columbia. It is a truly beautiful spot, and the climate is delightful. There are great varieties of climate, we hear, in this maritime province of the West; Victoria is supposed to enjoy a very mild and even one, with roses and geraniums blooming outdoors in December, and the cold weather confined almost entirely to parts of January

and February. There is another delightful part of the country which we may visit later; it is in one of the valleys which cut across the Coast Range of mountains. These deep valleys are entirely shut off from the north winds, and freely admit the warm breezes from the coast, while the rays of the sun are concentrated on their steep sides, helping to make, at times, almost tropical weather. We may spend part of next winter there, as it is even drier than Victoria, and that is very important for your father. Some of our new acquaintances have recommended the southern part of Alberta, where the winter is shortened and made almost balmy by the wonderful chinook winds — so named from the Chinook Indians, who used to occupy that part of the country from which they blow. These west winds, coming from the mountains across the plains, are warm and particularly drying. When they melt the light and infrequent snowfalls of the winter, they also dry the ground almost immediately, so that even the hollows and ravines are free from dampness. Your father is greatly interested in these warm chinooks and we are almost sure to try their effect later. Another pleasure to which we look forward, when he grows a little stronger, is

a trip by boat along the coast. The fiords of British Columbia are said to resemble those of Norway, and the whole coast, with its wooded shores, snowy mountain peaks, and flashing cataracts, is marvellously beautiful."

Dora went to sleep that night with her mother's letter under her pillow, and dreamt that they were camping out on the shore of a British Columbian fiord, when a warm wind came and blew all the tents into little boats, in which they went sailing away to some wonderful country, where no one would ever be sick, and where no winds blew but balmy west ones. She had nearly reached the land, when a soft touch woke her, and she found Marjorie's happy face bending over her.

"Hurry up, dear! Hurrah for camp! We want to start by ten at the latest, and it is seven now, and such a perfect day. Mother says we can take Kitty with us; won't that be fun?"

And Marjorie was off without waiting for an answer. Dora heard her singing, laughing, chatting, as she flashed here and there, helping and hindering in about equal proportions.

The whole house was filled with the pleasant bustle of

preparation. Mr. Merrithew was as much of a boy, in the matter of high spirits, as the youngest of the party. Mrs. Merrithew, blithe and serene, had everything perfectly planned, and engineered the carrying out of the plans with quiet skill. It was she who remembered where everything was, thought of everything that ought to be taken, and saw that every one of the party was properly clad. The party, by the way, was quite a large one, consisting of another whole family (the Greys) besides the Merrithews, Will Graham, a young collegian who was a friend of Mr. Merrithew's, and Miss Covert, a rather delicate and very quiet little schoolteacher whom Mrs. Merrithew had taken under her wing from sheer kindness, but who proved a charming addition to the party. The Greys were six in number: Doctor Grey, a grave professor; Mrs. Grey, a tiny, vivacious brunette, who had been Mrs. Merrithew's "chum" since their schoolgirl days; Carl and Hugh, twin boys of fourteen; and two girls, Edith, just Jackie's age, and Alice, so much older than the rest that she was "almost grown-up," and Marjorie and Dora looked upon her with admiring awe.

Doctor Grey, both mammas, Susan (who was to do the

cooking, as Debby did not dare venture on anything so wild as sleeping out-of-doors), Jackie, little Edith Grey, and all the provisions, tents, and bedding, were to go by stage, while Mr. Merrithew, Will Graham, and the twins were to divide the charge of three canoes and the four girls.

At ten o'clock the big lumbering stage rattled up to the door, and the canoeists saw the others properly packed and waved them a cheerful adieu. Then they gathered up paddles, wraps, and lunch baskets, and hastened gaily off to the boathouse on the riverbank. Here the work of embarking was quickly accomplished, and the four slender birches shot out into the stream, turned, and swept upward, propelled against the current by vigorous arms.

"Please sing, Daddy," Marjorie begged, and Mr. Merrithew promptly began an old favourite, but could get no further than the first verse.

"In the days when we went gypsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best
Were dressed from top to toe —"

So far he sang, and then declared that both memory and

breath had given out, and that the ladies, who had no work to do, must forthwith provide the music. After a little hesitation and some coaxing from Marjorie, Dora sang, in a clear, sweet treble, the well-known and much-loved "En Roulant ma Boule" ("Rolling My Ball"). Then someone started "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and all, even the paddlers, joined in, the little schoolteacher providing a rich alto that took them all by surprise.

The river was deep blue, reflecting the little clouds that floated in the azure overhead. Near the town the river was very broad; as they forged upward, it gradually narrowed, and was thickly studded with islands. They passed Government House, left the ruined Hermitage behind, and then began to feel that they were at last out of civilization, and nearing the goal of summer quiet that they sought. It was slow work, this paddling against the current, but the time went in a sort of enchanted way; the tree-clad shores wore a fairy glamour, and the islands, where masses of grapevine and clematis were tangled over the bushes, might have been each the home of an enchanted princess, a dryad, or any of the many "fair forms of old romance." When about

five miles had been covered, they heard the rush of water hurrying over shallows and nagging at the rocks. This was what the children delighted to call "The Rapids," but old canoemen simply dubbed it "a stretch of swift water." But by whichever name it went, it called for strong and skillful paddling, and Mr. Merrithew proposed that, before they undertook it, they should land and fortify themselves with lunch. This suggestion met with great favour; the canoes were swiftly beached, and soon a merry little picnic party sat under a clump of gray shore willows, while sandwiches, tarts, and cakes of many kinds, vanished as if by magic. Success to the camp was drunk in lemonade — *not* ice-cold — and speeches were made that proved the good spirits, if not the oratorical gifts, of the group.

They rested here for an hour, for one of the camp mottoes was, "Time was made for slaves," and they knew that the ones who had gone on by stage were resting comfortably in a farmhouse, just opposite their destination, till the canoeing party should come to ferry them over. The farmhouse was owned by old friends with whom Mrs. Merrithew and Mrs. Grey would be glad to spend a little

time, and for Jack and Edith the whole place would be full of wonders.

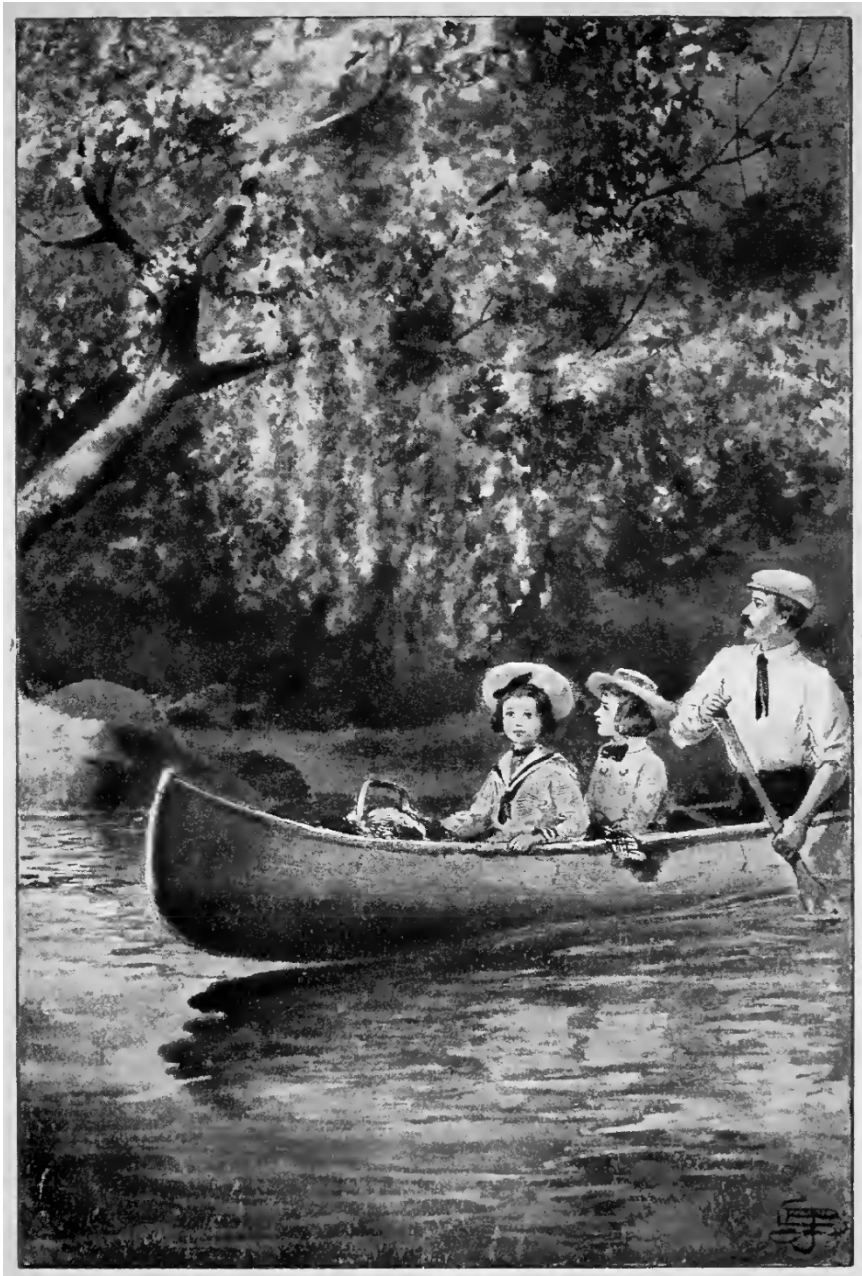
When it came to actually facing the rapids, Dora's heart failed her; her cheeks paled, and her eyes grew very large and dark; but she held on tight to both sides of the canoe, fixed her eyes on Marjorie's back, and said not a word. She tried hard not to see the swirling water and the scowling rocks, but no effort could shut out the confused seething noises that made her feel as if nothing in the world was stable or solid. When at last the rush was over, the sounds grew softer, and the triumphant canoemen drew their good craft in to shore, and paused to rest their tired muscles, Dora gave a deep sigh of relief.

Marjorie turned a beaming face to see whatever was the matter.

"*Frightened,* dear?" she said. "I forgot that you have not had much canoeing. It's too bad."

But Dora laughed, and the colour came back to her face.

"I ought not to mind," she said, "for I have shot the Lachine Rapids. But I think being in a large boat gives one a feeling of safety. I know I wasn't half so afraid then as I



“The tree-clad shores wore a fairy glamour.”

was today. It seemed to me there was nothing between me and the dreadful confusion."

"Shooting the Lachine Rapids is a great experience," Mr. Merrithew said. "I must confess I would not like to try those in a canoe, as Champlain did! But now, boys, let us set off briskly, or we won't get things comfortable before night."

And they did hurry, but for all their speed it was nearly dusk by the time the five white tents were pitched on Saunder's Island. This was a fairly large island, ringed by a sandy beach from which the ground rose steeply to a green bank on which elms, white birches, and maples stood, with a tangle of raspberry bushes, and flowering shrubs among them. Inside the belt of trees was a broad sweep of rich meadow land, with here and there a row of feathery elms or a cluster of choke-cherry trees. Toward the upper end of the island stood an old stone house, empty and almost a ruin; not far from this house were two barns, kept in good repair for the storing of the sweet island hay.

The tents were pitched about a hundred yards from the house, just inside the tall bordering trees, so that part of the day they would be in the shade. These trees, too, would

make ideal places for slinging the numerous hammocks which Mrs. Merrithew and Mrs. Grey had brought.

Dora and Marjorie greatly enjoyed watching the speed with which the tent poles — two stout uprights and a horizontal ridge pole — were got into position, and the skill with which the white canvas was spread over them and stretched and pegged down and made into a cozy shelter. There was a tiny "A tent" tucked away in the shadiest spot for the provisions, and a large tent in a central position which Mr. Grey named "Rainy-Day House," and which was to be used as dining room and parlour in case of severe rains; then the other three were called respectively, "The Chaperons' Tent," "The Boys' Tent," and "The Girls' Tent."

The chaperons' abode was inhabited by Mrs. Merrithew, Mrs. Grey, Susan, Jackie, Edith, and the kitten; "The Boys' Tent" was well filled by Mr. Merrithew and Doctor Grey (who insisted on being boys for the occasion), Will Graham, and the twins; and "The Girls' Tent" sheltered Miss Katherine Covert, Alice Grey, Marjorie, and Dora. The beds were of hay, liberally provided by the friendly farmer — the owner, by the way, of island, house, and barns. Under each

bed was spread either a rubber sheet or a piece of table oilcloth, then over the hay a thick gray blanket was laid. There was another thick blanket to wrap around each person, and still another to put over him, or her, as the case might be. In the chaperons' tent only were they more luxurious; there, two large mattresses took the place of the hay, and made a delightfully comfortable couch for three grown-ups and two children.

While the tents and beds were being attended to, Susan, with a little help from Mrs. Merrithew, had succeeded in getting tea without waiting for any sort of a fireplace to be constructed.

She was rather anxious about the reception of this first meal, as it had been cooked under difficulties. But when she saw the speed with which her fried beans disappeared, and found Mrs. Grey taking a third cup of tea, her spirits rose, and she decided that campers were thoroughly satisfactory people for whom to cook!

After tea was over, and all the dishes were washed, one of the old campers proposed the usual big bonfire, whereby to sit and sing, but everyone was too sleepy, and it was

unanimously resolved that just this once the delightful evening of song and story must be omitted. Hearty "good-nights" were exchanged, and soon each tent for a brief while shone, like that in the "Princess," "lamp lit from the inner" — to be more absolutely accurate, lantern lit; but what is a trifle of one word, that it should be allowed to spoil a quotation?

Then gently, sweetly, silence settled down over the little encampment; silence, save for the soft murmur of the river in its sleep, and sometimes the drowsy chirping of a bird among the branches.

CHAPTER V

Jack was the first to wake in the delicious stillness of the morning. When his mother opened her eyes a little later, she found him sitting up beside her with a look of delight and wonder on his face.

"The river talks in its sleep," he said, leaning over her with shining eyes.

"What does it say, Jackie-boy?" Mrs. Merrithew asked.

"I don't know the words — yet," he answered, "but I will someday."

"Yes, I believe you will, dear," his mother said, with a smile and a sigh, for she firmly believed that her boy, with his vivid imagination and quick apprehension, had the life of a poet before him. Just then a shout from the boys' tent proclaimed that the twins were awake; then Mr. Merrithew's cheery voice was heard, and soon the camp was alive with

greetings and laughter. Under Mr. Merrithew's direction (and with his active assistance), a cooking place was soon made, and a bright fire inviting to preparations for breakfast. The device for cooking consisted of two strong upright sticks with forked tops, and a heavy horizontal pole resting upon them. On this pole two pothooks were fastened, from which hung the pot and kettle, and the fire was kindled under it. Then a little circle of flat stones was made for the frying pan, the pot and kettle were filled with fresh water, and Susan's outfit was complete.

Pending the erection of a "camp washstand," and the choice of a safe and suitable bathing place, faces and hands were washed in the river amid much laughter, and with careful balancing on stones in the shallows. The toilets were barely completed when three toots on the horn announced that breakfast was ready. A long table and benches were among the furniture which Doctor Grey and Mr. Merrithew had planned to make; until their construction, they were glad to group themselves, picnic fashion, around a tablecloth on the ground. The way that breakfast was disposed of showed that the true camp appetites had begun

already to assert themselves. Porridge and molasses, beans, bacon and eggs, and great piles of brown bread and butter, vanished like smoke. Jackie astonished the party (and alarmed his mother) by quietly disposing of a cup of strong coffee, passed to him by mistake, and handing it back to be refilled with the comment that it was "much more satisfyinger than milk."

After breakfast they all set to work with enthusiasm to make camp more comfortable. Susan washed dishes and arranged the provision tent with housewifely zeal; Mrs. Merrithew and Mrs. Grey brought the blankets out, and spread them on the grass to air, drove shingle-nails far up on the tentpoles to hold watches, pin cushions, and innumerable small but necessary articles, and superintended the stretching of a rope from one pole to another, about a foot from the ridge pole. This last arrangement proved most useful, all the garments not in use being hung over it, so that the chaperons' tent, at least, was kept in good order. The gentlemen busied themselves in building the promised table and seats. Mr. Andrews had told them to make use of anything they wanted on his island, so the twins had hunted

about till they discovered a pile of boards near one of the barns. These served admirably for the necessary furniture, and after that was finished several cozy seats were made, by degrees, in favourite nooks along the bank. The morning passed with almost incredible swiftness, and even the youngest (and hungriest) of the campers could scarcely believe their ears when the horn blew for dinner.

In the afternoon some, bearing cushions and shawls, chose shady spots for a read and a doze; some set off in the canoes for a lazy paddle; and others organized themselves into an exploring party to visit the deserted house. Marjorie and Dora, Miss Covert, and Will Graham formed the latter group. The stone house was a curious structure, with an air of solidity about it even in its neglected and failing condition. It had been built many years before by an Englishman, who did not know the river's possibilities in the way of spring freshets. When he found that he had built his house too near the shore, and that April brought water, ice, and debris of many sorts knocking at his doors and battering in his windows, he promptly, if ruefully, abandoned it to time and the elements. It might, long ago,

have been so arranged and protected as to make it a very pleasant summer residence, but, instead it was now used only for a week or two in haying time, when the haymakers slept and ate in its basement — for this quaint little house had a basement, with a kitchen, dining room, and storeroom. Our visitors, having gained entrance to the hall by a very ruinous flight of steps and a battered door, descended to the basement first, admired the fireplace in the kitchen, and looked rather askance at the deep pile of straw in the dining room, where the haymakers had slept. There was a rough table in one corner of the room, and on it some tin cups and plates and a piece of very dry bread. The haying on the island was about half done; there was a short intermission in the work now, but it was to begin again very soon.

They found nothing else of especial interest in the basement, so went to the hall above. Here were two good-sized rooms, one on each side of the hall. Each had a fine, deep fireplace, and in one were two old-fashioned wooden armchairs and a long table. The windows — two in each room — were narrow and high, and had small panes and

deep window-seats.

"Oh, what fun it would be to play keeping house here, Dora!" Marjorie cried.

"Wouldn't it!" Dora answered. "Let us, Marjorie! Let us pretend it is ours, and choose our rooms, and furnish it!"

"That will be fine," Marjorie answered, fervently, and soon the little girls were deep in a most delightful air-castle.

"Let us play, too," said Will, persuasively, and Katherine answered without hesitation:

"Yes, let us! I feel just like a child here, and could play with a doll if I had one!"

"Well, — let me see; we will begin by deciding about the rooms," said Will. "Let us have this for the study — shall we? — and put the books all along this wall opposite the windows!"

And so these two "children of a larger growth" played house with almost as much zest as Marjorie and Dora — and greatly to the amusement and delight of the latter couple when they caught a word or two of their murmured conversation. Upstairs were four rather small rooms with sloping ceilings, and in the middle of the house, just over

the front door, a dear little room without the slope, and with a dormer window.

"This shall be our boudoir," Dora said, as they entered, and then stopped and exclaimed in surprise, for against one wall stood a piano! Almost the ghost of a piano, or the skeleton, rather — at the very best, a piano in the last stage of decrepitude, but still a piano. Its rosewood frame had been whittled, chopped, and generally ill-treated, and more than half its yellow keys were gone, but oh, wonder of wonders, some of those remaining gave a thin, unearthly sound when struck! It seemed almost like something alive that had been deserted, and the little group gathered around it with sympathetic exclamations.

While they were talking and wondering about it, lively voices proclaimed the approach of the twins.

"We won't say anything about our housekeeping play," said Dora, hastily, turning to Mr. Graham, and Marjorie loyally added, "except to mother."

"All right, if you like," the student agreed, and Miss Covert quickly added her assent. The twins admired the stone house, the fireplaces, and the piano, but with rather

an abstracted manner. Soon the cause of their absent-mindedness transpired. Mr. Merrithew had met some Indians that afternoon, when they were out paddling, and had bought a salmon from them. This had led to a conversation about salmon spearing, and the Indians had promised to come the following night, and show them how it was done. They could take one person in each canoe, and Mr. Merrithew had said that Carl and Hugh should be the ones. Of course they were greatly excited over this prospect, and chattered about it all the way back to the tents.

That evening, when dusk had settled down, a great bonfire was built, and they all sat around it on rugs and shawls, in genuine camp fashion. First, some of the favourite games were played — proverbs, "coffee-pot," characters, and then rigmarole, most fascinating of all. Rigmarole, be it known, is a tale told "from mouth to mouth," one beginning it and telling till his invention begins to flag or he thinks his time is up, then stopping suddenly and handing it on to his next neighbour. The result is generally a very funny, and sometimes quite exciting, medley. Tonight Mr. Merrithew began the story, and his contribution (wherein figured a

dragon, an enchanted princess, and a deaf and dumb knight) was so absorbing that there was a general protest when he stopped. But the romancer was quite relentless, and his next neighbour had to continue as best he could. Even Jackie contributed some startling incidents to the narrative, and when at last Mrs. Grey ended it with the time honoured (and just at present, most unfortunately, out-of-fashion) assurance that they all, even the dragon, "lived happy ever after," there was a burst of laughter and applause. Then someone began to sing, and one after another the dear old songs rose through the balmy night. Sometimes there were solos, but every now and then a chorus in which all could join. Dora sang every French song she knew — "A la Claire Fontaine" ("At the Clear Fountain"), "Malbrouck," and "Entre Paris et Saint-Denis" ("Between Paris and St. Denis") proving the favourites. Mrs. Grey, who declared she had not sung for years, ventured on "The Canadian Boat Song" and "Her bright smile haunts me still." At last, when voices began to grow drowsy and the fire burned low, they sang, "The Maple Leaf For Ever" and "Our Own Canadian Home," then rose and joined in the camp hymn



“A great bonfire was built.”

— "Forever with the Lord," with its:

> "And nightly pitch our moving tents
> A day's march nearer home."

The next day seemed to fly, to everyone, at least, but Carl and Hugh. Their hearts were so set on the salmon spearing that for them the time went slowly enough till night brought the four Indians with their torches and spears. Doctor Grey and Mr. Merrithew walked along the shore to see what they could of the proceedings, but the rest — and even Will — were content to sit around the fire as before. Carl sat in the middle of one canoe, and Hugh in the other, both greatly excited and both trying to think themselves quite cool. Only the steersmen paddled — the bowmen kneeling erect and watchful, with their spears in readiness. (The salmon spear is a long ash shaft, with two wooden prongs and a metal barb between them. The spearing of salmon, by the way, is restricted by law to the Indians, and any white man who undertakes it is liable to a fine.) Sticking up in the bow of each canoe was a torch, made of a roll of birch bark fastened

in the end of a split stick. The red-gold flare of these torches threw a crimson reflection on the dark water, and shone on the yellow sides of the birches, and the intent, dusky faces of the fishermen watching for their prey. Slowly, silently, they paddled up the stream, till at last the silvery sides of a magnificent fish gleamed in the red light. Then, like a flash, a spear struck down, there was a brief struggle, and the captive lay gasping in the foremost canoe. It was too much for Hugh. He had enjoyed with all his boyish heart the beauty and the weirdness of the scene, but the beautiful great fish, with the spear wound in his back — well, that was different. He was not sorry that the Indians met with no more luck, and was very silent when the others questioned them, on their return, as to the joys of salmon spearing. When he confided to Carl his hatred of the "sport," the latter shook his head doubtfully.

"But you will help eat that salmon tomorrow," he said.

"Well — perhaps," Hugh answered, "but, all the same, it's no fun to see things killed, and I'm not going to if I can help it!"

The fortnight of camp life passed like a dream, and it is

hard to tell who was most sorry when the day of departure came. Dora, who had written a regular diary letter to her father and mother, and begun one of the stories that were to be like Mrs. Ewing's, said that never in all her life had she had such a beautiful time. Katherine Covert, with lifelong friends to "remember camp by," and all sorts of happy possibilities in her once gray life, bore the same testimony with more, if more quiet, fervour. Mr. Merrithew said that he was ten years younger, and Jackie opined that, in that case, they must have been living on an enchanted island — but added, that he was very glad *he* had not been made ten years younger, like Daddy!

Brown and plump and strong of arm, the campers brought back with them hearty appetites, delightful recollections, and inexhaustible material for dream and plan and castles in the air.

Many pleasant things were waiting to be done on their return; first and foremost, Miss Covert had come to live at the Big Brick House, to teach the children when holiday time should be over, and to be a help generally to Mrs. Merrithew. Also, according to Mrs. Merrithew's plans, to

have a little real home life and happiness — for Katherine had been an orphan since her childhood, and for five years had taught school steadily, although it was work that she did not greatly like, and that kept her in a state of perpetual nervous strain. Teaching a few well-bred and considerate children, whom she already loved, would be quite different, and almost entirely a pleasure.

CHAPTER VI

In the delightful autumn days that followed, the children, accompanied sometimes by Mrs. Merrithew, sometimes by Katherine, spent much of their time in the woods, and taking long strolls on the country roads. In October the woods were a blaze of colour — clear gold, scarlet, crimson, coppery brown, and amber. The children brought home great bunches of the brilliant leaves, and some they pressed and varnished, while others Katherine dipped in melted wax. They found that the latter way was the best for keeping the colours, but it was rather troublesome to do. They pressed many ferns, also, and, when the frosts became keener, collected numbers of white ferns, delicately lovely. Most of these treasures, with baskets full of velvety moss and yards of fairy-like wild vines, were stowed away in a cool storeroom to be used later in the

Christmas decorations.

When the last of October drew near, Mrs. Merrithew made up her mind to give a little Hallow-eve party. She let the children name the friends they wished her to ask, and added a few of her own; then they all busied themselves in preparations, and in making lists of Hallow-eve games and tricks. At last came the eventful evening, and with it about thirty merry people, old and young, but chiefly young. All of the Greys were there, of course; also Mr. Will Graham, who was taking his last year at college, and who spent most of his spare time at Mr. Merrithew's. So the whole camping party met again, and the camp days, dear and fleeting, came back in vivid pictures to their minds.

In the Big Brick House was a large room known as "the inner kitchen," but used as a kitchen only in the winter. This room Mrs. Merrithew had given up to the entertainment of the Hallow-eve party. It was lighted — chiefly, that is, for a few ordinary lamps helped out the illumination — by lanterns made of hollowed pumpkins. Ears of corn hung around the mantel, and a pyramid of rosy apples was piled high upon it. There was a great old-fashioned fireplace here,

and a merry fire sparkled behind the gleaming brass andirons. Every trick that their hostess's brain could conjure up was tried. Those who cared to, bobbed for apples in a tub of water, and some were lucky enough to find five-cent pieces in their russets and pippins. An apple was hung on a string from the middle of a doorway, then set swinging, and two contestants tried which could get the first bite — and this first bite, gentle reader, is not so easy as you might imagine!

A pretty little ring was laid on a mound of flour, and whoever could lift it out between their lips, without breaking down the mound, was to win the ring. This necessitated a great many remouldings of the flour — but finally the prize was captured by Miss Covert. A little later, Dora noticed it hanging on Mr. Graham's watch-guard.

Some of the braver spirits took turns in walking backward down the garden steps, and to the end of the middle path, a looking glass in one hand and a lamp in the other. What each one saw in the looking glass, or whether, indeed, they saw anything, was, in most cases, kept a secret, or confided only to the very especial chum! Then there were

fortunes told by means of cabbages — a vegetable not usually surrounded with romantic associations. Marjorie was the first to try this mode of divination. Well blindfolded, she ventured alone into the garden, and came back soon with a long, lean, straggly cabbage with a great deal of earth attached to its roots. This foretold that her husband would be tall and thin, and very rich!

There were many other quaint methods of fortune telling, most of them derived from Scottish sources. After these had been tried, amid much merriment, they played some of the old-fashioned games dear to children everywhere — blind-man's buff, hunt-the-feather, post-towns, and other favourites. By and by, when the fun began to flag, and one or two little mouths were seen to yawn, a long table was brought in and soon spread with a hearty (but judiciously chosen) Hallow-eve supper.

When the days began to grow short and bleak, and the evenings long and cozy, the children were thrown more and more upon indoor occupations for their entertainment. It was on one of these bleak days, when a few white flakes were falling in a half-hearted way, and the sky was gray and

gloomy, that Jackie had a brilliant idea. Four of them — Katherine, Marjorie, Dora, and Jackie himself — were sitting by the fire in Mrs. Merrithew's "Den," the very coziest room in the house. Mr. Merrithew had a den, too, but he called his a study. Somehow it looked too much like an office to suit the children very well. Most of the volumes on his shelves, too, were clumsy law books; all the books that any one wanted to read, except the children's own, were in "mother's den." Then, one could come to mother's room at any hour of the day or night, while sometimes no one, excepting Mrs. Merrithew, was admitted to the study. On this particular day Katherine was reading "Rob Roy," and Jack building a castle of blocks, while Dora dreamed in the window-seat, watching the scanty flakes, and Marjorie, on the hearth rug, tried to teach reluctant Kitty Grey to beg.

Now Jack had accompanied his mother on the previous Sunday to the anniversary service of the Sons of England, a well-known patriotic society. He had been greatly impressed by the procession, the hymns, and the sermon, and on coming home had asked his father many questions as to the "why and wherefore" of the society. It was this episode

which suggested the bright idea to his active little brain.

"Aunt Kathie," he said — for Miss Covert was now a fully accepted adopted aunt — "why couldn't we form a patriarchal society?"

"A *what,* dear?" said Kathie, in rather startled tones, laying "Rob Roy" on the table, for she liked to give her whole mind to Jackie's propositions and queries.

"A patri — oh, you know what; like the Sons of England, you know!"

"Oh, yes! *Patriotic,* dearie; a patriotic society. You know a patriot is one who loves his country. What sort of a patriotic society would you like to have, Jack?"

"Oh, pure Canadian, of course! Let me see — we couldn't be the Sons of Canada, because we are not all sons."

"Not *quite* all," murmured Dora, with drowsy sarcasm, from the window.

"Why not Children of Canada?" suggested Kathie.

"No, Aunt Kathie, that would never do at all, for mother and Daddy and you must be in it, and you *couldn't* be called children — though, of course, you're not so very old," he added, as if fearing he had hurt her feelings.

"Well, said Marjorie, thoughtfully, "how would The Maple leaves, or The Beavers, do?"

But Jackie scorned this suggestion.

"Those are names that baseball clubs have," he said. "No; I believe 'The Sons and Daughters of Canada' would be the best of all, because everybody is either a son or a daughter, even twins!"

This statement, and the name, were accepted with acclamation, and the quartette, entering thoroughly into the spirit of Jackie's plan, helped him zealously to put it into execution. They insisted that he should be president, and requested him to choose the other officers. So he made his father and mother the honourable patrons, Dora and Marjorie vice presidents, and Kathie secretary treasurer. This office, I may mention, she nobly filled, and also the informal one of general adviser, suggester, and planner. It was she who proposed the twins, Alice and Edith, as members, and the president gave his consent, though he considered Edith rather too young!

"For my part," he said, "I should like Mr. Will Graham, if none of you would mind!" No one seemed to mind, so

Mr. Graham's name was added to the list, which Katherine was making out beautifully, with Gothic capitals in red ink, on her very best paper. Her next proposal was a regular course of study in Canadian history and literature, and this was enthusiastically received. When Mr. and Mrs. Merrithew came home at teatime, they found a well-organized "Sons and Daughters of Canada" club, and Miss Covert already engaged in composing an article on "The Beginnings of Canadian History" — with Jackie in her mind as an important member of her future audience, and therefore an earnest effort to make it simple in language and clear in construction.

All through the winter the club flourished, and indeed for a much longer time. The members met every week, and the history and literature proved so absorbing that the S. A. D. O. C. night came to be looked forward to as eagerly by the older as by the younger sons and daughters. Kathie had the gift of making scenes and people of long-past days live before one, and Carder and Champlain, La Salle and De Maisonneuve, and many another hero became the companions of our patriotic students, both waking and in

their dreams. The works of Canadian poets and novelists began to fill their bookshelves, and pictures of these celebrities to adorn their walls. They had regular weekly meetings, at which there were readings and recitations, and always one short historical sketch. Even Jack learnt his "piece" each time, and said it with a severe gravity which seemed to defy anyone to smile at a mispronunciation! Mrs. Merrithew designed their badges — maple leaf pins in coloured enamel, with a little gilt beaver on each leaf — and Mr. Merrithew had them made in Montreal. But perhaps the proudest achievement of the club was Alice Grey's "Sons and Daughters of Canada March," which was played at the opening and closing of every meeting.

So much pleasure and profit, many happy evenings, and an ever deeper love for their country, were some of the results of Jackie's bright idea.

CHAPTER VII

Now there came, warming the frosty heart of December, that delightful atmosphere of mystery and expectation which forms one pleasure of the great Yuletide festival. The Big Brick House seemed particularly full of this happy spirit of the season. There were many mysterious shopping excursions, and much whispering in corners — a thing not usual in this united family. Jackie showed a sudden and severe self-denial in the matter of sticks of pure chocolate, and was soon, therefore, able to proudly flourish a purse containing, he told his mother, "a dollar all but eighty-five cents," saved toward buying his presents for the family. He also spent much time at a little table in his own room, cutting out pictures and pasting them into a scrapbook for a little lame boy of his acquaintance.

Mrs. Merrithew and Kathie had each, besides

innumerable other matters, a watercolour painting on hand. Each picture, strange to say, was of a house. Mrs. Merrithew's, the Big Brick House itself, with its trees and vines, was clearly intended for Daddy; but for whom, the children wondered, was Aunt Kathie's? It was a spirited little view of the old stone house on Saunder's Island; not so pretty a subject as Mrs. Merrithew's, but set in such a delicate atmosphere of early morning light that even the sombre gray of the stone seemed etherialized and made poetic. While Marjorie and Dora wondered for whom it was meant, Jackie promptly inquired — but she, his dear Aunt Kathie, who had never refused to answer question of his before, only laughed and shook her head, and said that everyone had secrets at Christmas time.

Marjorie and Dora did not, as was their wont, spend all of their time together, for each was making a present for the other. Marjorie was working hard over a portfolio, which she knew was one of the things Dora wanted. She had carefully constructed and joined the stiff cardboard covers, and plentifully provided them with blotting paper, and now she was embroidering the linen cover with autumnal maple

leaves in Dora's favourite colour, a rich, vivid red. As for Dora, though she had no love for needlework, she was laboriously making a cushion of soft, old-blue felt for Marjorie's cozy corner, working it with a griffin pattern in golden-brown silks. Marjorie had a particular fancy for griffins — partly, perhaps, because a griffin was the chief feature of the family crest.

As the long looked for day drew nearer, there was other work to do, almost the pleasantest Christmas work of all, Dora thought — the making wreaths out of fir and hemlock and fragrant spruce. They worked two or three hours of each day at the decorations for the beautiful little parish church which they all attended, and which, being very small, was much easier than the cathedral or the other large churches to transform into a sweet smelling tabernacle of green. Then they trimmed the Big Brick House almost from attic to cellar. The drawing rooms were hung with heavy wreaths, with bunches of red cranberries here and there, making a beautiful contrast to the green. In the other rooms there were boughs over every picture, and autumn leaves, ferns, and dried grasses here and there. Mr. Merrithew was sure to

buy some holly and mistletoe at the florist's on Christmas Eve, so places of honour were reserved for these two plants, which have become so closely entwined with all our thoughts of Christmas and its festivities. The holly would adorn the old oil painting of Mrs. Merrithew's great-aunt, Lady Loveday Gostwycke, which hung over the mantelpiece in the front drawing room. As for the pearly white berries of the mistletoe, they were to hang from the chandelier in the hall, where people might be expected forgetfully to pass beneath them. Jackie, who was very useful in breaking twigs for the wreath making, begged a few fine wreaths as a reward, and carried them off to decorate little lame Philip's room. These lengths of aromatic greenery gave the greatest pleasure to the invalid, and scarcely less to his mother, who spent the greater part of her time in that one room.

Besides all these pleasant doings, there were great things going on in the kitchen. Such baking and steaming and frying as Debby revelled in! Such spicy and savoury odours as pervaded the house when the kitchen door was opened! Marjorie and Dora liked to help, whenever Debby would let them, with these proceedings. It was great fun to shred

citron and turn the raisin-stoner, and help chop the mince-meat, in the big kitchen, with its shining tins, and general air of comfort. Jackie liked to take a share in the cooking, too, and as he was Deborah's pet, he generally got the wherewithal to make a tiny cake or pudding of his own. When it came to the making of the big plum pudding, all the family by turns had to stir it, according to a time honoured institution. Then Mr. Merrithew would make his expected contribution to its ingredients — five shining five-cent pieces, to be stirred through the mixture and left to form an element of special interest to the children at the Christmas dinner. Besides this big pudding, there were always three or four smaller ones (without any silver plums, but very rich and good), for distribution among some of Mrs. Merrithew's proteges.

On Christmas day all the old customs were faithfully observed. It was the rule that whoever woke first in the morning should call the others, and on this occasion it was Jackie who, as the great clock in the hall struck six, came running from room to room in his moccasin slippers and little blue dressing gown, shouting "Merry Christmas, Merry

Christmas," at the top of his voice.

Every one tumbled out of bed, as in duty bound, and soon a wrappered and slippered group, all exchanging Christmas wishes, met in Mrs. Merrithew's den. Here a fire glowed in the grate, and here, too, mysterious and delightful, hung a long row of very fat white pillowcases! These were hung by long cords from hooks on the curtain pole. Each pillowcase bore a paper with the name of its owner written on it in large letters, and they were arranged in order of age, from Jackie up to Mr. Merrithew. This had been the invariable method of giving the Christmas presents in this particular family for as long as any of them could remember.

Armchairs and sofas were drawn near the fire, and the party grouped themselves comfortably; then Mr. Merrithew lifted down Jackie's pillowcase and laid it beside him, as he sat with his mother in the largest of the chairs. Everyone looked on with intensest interest while, with shining eyes, and cheeks red with excitement, he opened his parcels, and exclaimed over their contents. Truly a fortunate little boy was Jack! There were books — the very books he wanted —

games, a top, the dearest little snowshoes, a great box of blocks — evidently Santa Claus knew what a tireless architect this small boy was — a bugle, drum, and sword, a dainty cup and saucer, a picture for his room, and, too large for the pillowcase, but carefully propped beneath it, a fine sled, all painted in blue and gold and crimson, beautiful to behold!

When Jackie had looked at every one of his presents, it was Marjorie's turn, and she was just as fortunate as her brother. So it went on up the scale, till they had all enjoyed their gifts to the very last of Mr. Merrithew's, and every box of candy had been sampled. And still Aunt Kathie's picture of the little stone house had not appeared!

When at last, a merry party, they went down to breakfast, Deborah and Susan came forward with Christmas greetings, and thanks for the well filled pillowcases which they had found beside their beds. The dining room in its festal array looked even cheerier than was its wont. By every plate there lay a spray of holly, to be worn during the rest of the day. The breakfast set was a wonderful one of blue and gold, an heirloom, which was only used on very special occasions. In the centre of the table stood a large pot of white and purple

hyacinths in full bloom, the fourth or fifth of Mr. Merrithew's presents that morning to his wife.

At eleven o'clock there was the beautiful Christmas service, which all the family attended, with the exception of Jackie. He was considered too young to be kept still for so long a time; so he stayed at home with Susan, trying all the new toys and having samples read aloud from each new book. Kitty Grey, decorated with a blue ribbon and a tiny gilt bell, also kept him company, and seemed to take great pleasure in knocking his block castles down with her soft silvery paws.

When the churchgoers returned there was lunch; then, for the children, a long, cozy afternoon with their presents. Mrs. Merrithew and Katherine early disappeared into the regions of the kitchen and dining room, for the six o'clock dinner was to have several guests, and there was much to be arranged and overseen. But by half-past five the whole family was assembled in the big drawing room, and neither Mrs. Merrithew nor Kathie looked as if they had ever seen the inside of a kitchen. Mrs. Merrithew wore her loveliest gown, a shimmering silver-gray silk with lace sleeves and fichu, and

lilies of the valley at her neck and in her abundant hair. As for Katherine, in her fawn-coloured dress with trimmings of yellow beads, and deep yellow roses, Jackie said she looked like a fairy lady — and on the subject of fairies he was an authority. The little girls were in pure white, with sashes of their favourite colours, and the gold and coral necklaces which had been among their gifts; while Jackie, in his red velvet suit and broad lace collar, looked not unlike the picture of Leonard in "The Story of a Short Life."

Presently the guests began to arrive. First came Miss Bell, a second cousin of Mr. Merrithew's, and the nearest relative he had in Fredericton. She was very tall, very thin, quite on the shady side of fifty, and a little deaf. Nevertheless, she was decidedly handsome, with her white hair, bright, dark eyes, and beautifully arched brows. She was a great favourite with the children, and always carried some little surprise for them in her pocket. A little later came a widowed aunt of Mrs. Merrithew's, fair, fat, and frivolous; and a bachelor uncle, who came next in the esteem of the children to Cousin Sophia Bell. Two young normal school students, sisters, who were not able to go home for the holidays, soon swelled the

party, and last, but not least, came Mr. Will Graham, looking very handsome in his evening clothes.

When they went out to dinner Jackie escorted Cousin Sophia, and Marjorie overheard him saying, in urgent tones:

"I wish that you and Uncle Bob would come and live with us — but I don't want Aunt Fairley; she is too funny all the time!"

The Christmas dinner was much like other Christmas dinners, except that Debby's cooking was unsurpassable. After everyone had tasted everything, and three of the five-cent pieces had come to light, the chairs were pushed back a little, and while nuts and raisins were being discussed, they had also catches, rounds, and choruses. Each person with any pretence to a voice was expected to give one solo at least. Jackie, who had a very sweet little voice, sang "God Save the King," with great fervour. But the favourite of the evening was the beautiful "Under the Holly Bough," with the words of which they were all familiar.

Presently, Jackie, who had been promised that he should choose his own bedtime that night, was found to be fast asleep with his head on his green-leaf dessert plate, and a

bunch of raisins clasped tightly in one hand. He was tenderly carried away, undressed, and tucked into bed, without once opening an eye. As Kathie turned to leave him, she picked up one of his best beloved new books — "Off to Fairyland," in blue and gold covers, with daintily coloured pictures — and laid it beside him for a pleasant waking sight the next morning. Downstairs she found the rest of the party gathered around the fire, telling stories of Auld Lang Syne. As almost everyone had been up early that morning, no very lively games seemed to appeal to them; but the children thought no game could be so interesting as these sprightly anecdotes and rose-leaf-scented romances that were being recalled and recounted tonight. "Do you remember —" Cousin Sophia would say; then would follow some entrancing memories, to which Mr. and Mrs. Merrithew, Uncle Bob, and Mrs. Fairley would contribute a running comment of "Yes, yes! she was a lovely girl!" "He never held up his head after she died!" and so on. Then Mrs. Fairley would hum an old time waltz, and branch off into reminiscences of balls — and of one in particular at Government House, where she had lost her satin slipper,

and the governor's son had brought it to her, and called her Cinderella. She put out a satin shod foot as she talked, and Marjorie thought that, though it certainly was tiny, it was not at all a pretty shape, and began to understand why her mother made her wear her boots so loose.

About ten, Susan brought tea and plumcake, and when this had been disposed of, they all, according to another time honoured custom, gathered around the piano, and sang the grand old words that unnumbered thousands of voices had sung that day:

"Oh, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye
To Bethlehem!

Come and behold him
Born the King of angels;
Oh, come let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!"

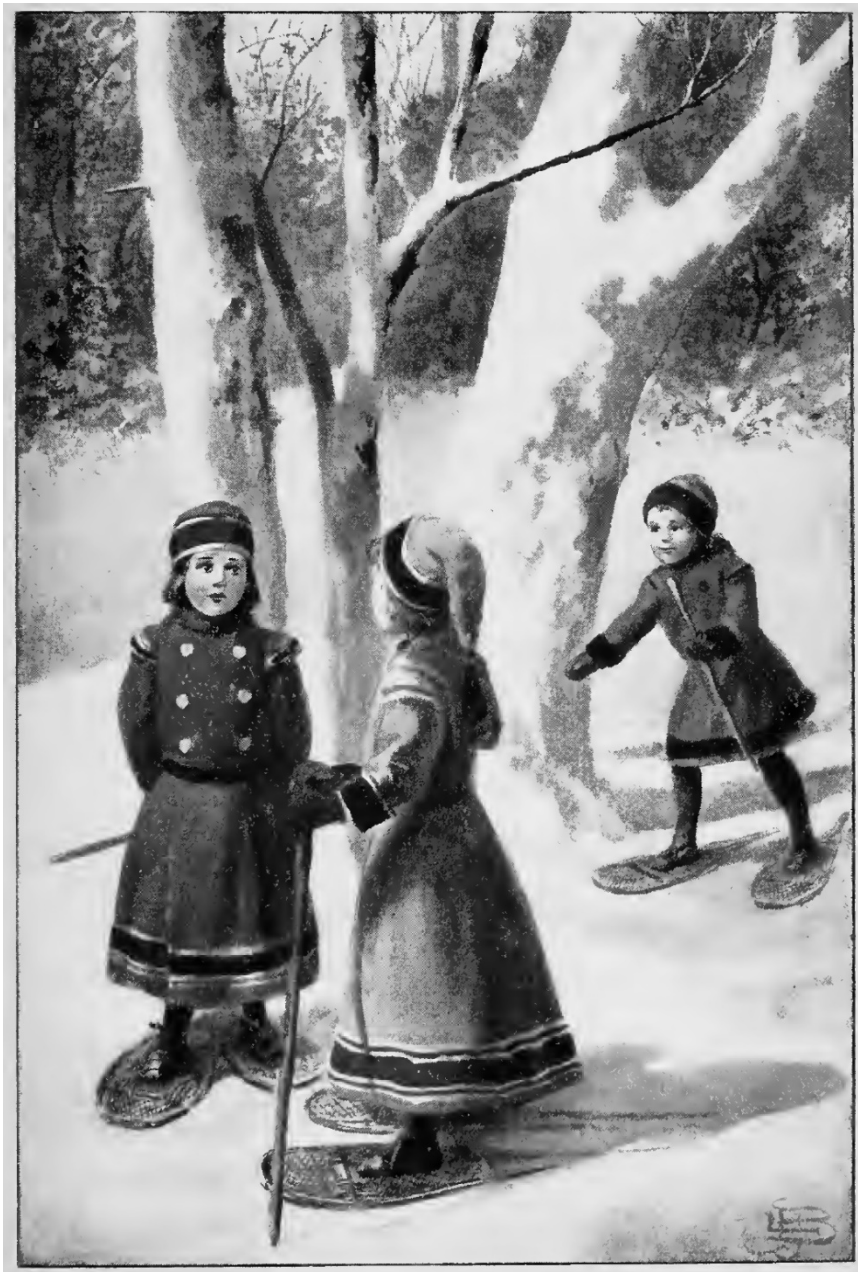
CHAPTER VIII

Snowshoeing is one of the national sports of Canada, in which most Canadians, big and little, are proficient. Marjorie and her cousin were no exception to the rule, and Jackie proved a very apt pupil. He soon learned to avoid striking one snowshoe against the other, and fell quickly into that long, easy swing, which makes the snowy miles go by so quickly. Sometimes the three children tramped on the broad, frozen river, but that was a cold place when there was any wind, so they generally chose the hill roads or the woods. Nothing, Dora thought, could be more beautiful than those woods in winter, with the white drifts around the grayish tree trunks, the firs and hemlocks rising like green islands out of a snowy sea, and the wonderful tracery of brown boughs against the pale blue of the sky. Once, Mr. and Mrs. Merrithew went with them for a moonlight tramp, and that

was something never to be forgotten. It was just after a heavy snowfall, and the evergreens were weighed down with a white covering that sparkled and glittered as with innumerable jewels. Another favourite amusement was coasting — not tobogganing, but good, old-fashioned coasting, generally on College Hill, but sometimes down the steep bank of the river. Coasting parties were frequent, and it was a pretty sight to see the hill dotted with blanket-coated and toqued or tam-o'-shantered figures, and pleasant to hear the merry voices and laughter as the sleds skimmed swiftly down the road.

The winters in Eastern Canada, though cold, are wonderfully bright and clear, and the air is so free from dampness that one does not realize how cold it sometimes becomes, unless one consults the thermometer. Canadians, as a rule, spend a great deal of time in the open air in winter as well as summer, and are as hardy a race as can be found anywhere, but when they are indoors they like their houses good and warm — no half-measures, no chilly passages and draughty bedrooms for them!

Mr. Merrithew did not keep horses, but occasionally he



"Nothing, Dora thought, could be more beautiful than those woods in winter."

would hire a big three-seated sleigh and take the family for a delightful spin. They would all be warmly wrapped in woollens and furs, and snuggled in buffalo robes; the bells would jingle merrily, the snow would "skreak" under the horses' feet, and the white world slip by them like a dream.

One day, about the middle of February, Mrs. Merrithew announced, at breakfast, that it was high time for the drive to Hemlock Point, which Mr. Merrithew had been promising them all winter. As the latter quite agreed with this idea, they decided to go on the following morning, spend a long day with the friends they always visited there, and return by moonlight. Hemlock Point was somewhere between ten and twenty miles upriver — it does not always do to be too exact — and their friends lived in a quaint old farmhouse, on high ground, well back from the riverbank. That evening, when they sat in the Den after lessons were done, Marjorie told Dora about the good folk who lived there — an old bachelor farmer, the most kind-hearted and generous of men, but as bashful as a boy; his two unmarried sisters, who managed his house and thought they managed him, but really spoilt him to his heart's content; and an

orphan niece, who had lived with them for several years, and who was the only modern element in their lives. She graphically described the old loom, the big and little spinning wheels, and the eggshell china, till Dora was as anxious as Jackie for tomorrow to come.

The three-seated sleigh and the prancing horses were at the door of the Big Brick House by eight the next morning, for the drive would be long and the load heavy, and it was well to be early on the way. The girls and Jackie wore their blanket suits — Dora's and Jackie's crimson and Marjorie's bright blue — and Mrs. Merrithew herself, snugly wrapped in furs, brought a grand supply of extra cloaks and shawls. She was always prepared for any emergency. Mr. Merrithew said that he never knew her fail to produce pins, rope, a knife, and hammer and nails, if they were needed. But the hammer and nails she repudiated, and said it was twine, not rope, she carried! The sky was a little overcast when they started, but the prospect of a snowstorm did not daunt them in the least.

The bells, of which there were a great many on the harness, kept up a musical, silvery accompaniment to the

conversation, as the horses swung at a good speed along the level. When the hills began to rise, the pace slackened, and the passengers had a better chance to enjoy the beauties spread on both sides of the road.

"But oh, you ought to see it in summer!" Marjorie said, when Dora praised the varied and lovely landscapes. "There are so many things yet for you to see all around here. You will have to stay two or three years more at least!"

But Dora laughed at this.

"What about all the things there are for you to see in Montreal?" she said. "What about the Ice Palace, and —"

"Please tell about the Ice Palace, Dora," Jack interrupted. "That must be a gorlious sight!"

So Dora tried to give her cousins some idea of the great palace of glittering ice, and the hundreds of snowshoers, in bright costumes and carrying torches, gathered together to storm this fairylike fortress.

"It must be fine," said Marjorie, when the story was done, "but I'd rather storm Hemlock Point, and get fried chicken and buttermilk as the spoils of war."

Marjorie, being a tremendous home girl, generally tried

to change the subject if Dora made any allusions to a possible visit of Marjorie alone to Montreal. She could not bear the thought of parting with Dora, but to part with mother and Daddy and Jack would be three times worse!

The last part of the road was decidedly hilly, and the horses took such advantage of Mr. Merrithew's consideration for their feelings, that Jackie, lulled by the slow motion and the sound of the bells, fell asleep against his mother's shoulder, and knew no more till he woke on a couch in Miss Grier's sitting room. The oldest Miss Grier — whom everyone called Miss Prudence — was bustling about, helping Marjorie and Dora off with their things, and giving advice to Miss Alma, who was hastening to start a fire in the great old-fashioned Franklin. Miss Dean, the niece, was taking off Mrs. Merrithew's overboots, in spite of her polite protests. Jackie's eyes were open for some moments before anyone noticed him; then he startled them by saying, in perfectly wide awake tones:

"I think, Miss Lois Dean, you are the very littlest lady in the world!"

Miss Dean, who certainly could not well be smaller and

be called grown-up at all, and whose small head was almost weighted down by its mass of light hair, looked at her favourite with twinkling eyes.

"Never mind, Jackie, the best goods are often done up in small parcels; and I'm big enough to hold you on my lap while I tell you stories, which is the main thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," Jack cried, jumping up to hug her, which resulted in the pretty hair getting loosened from its fastenings and tumbling in wild confusion around the "littlest lady," where she sat on the floor.

"Now you are a fairy godmother! Now you are a fairy godmother!" exclaimed Jackie, dancing around her.

"Then I will put a charm upon you at once," Lois said. "No more dancing, no more noise, no more anything, until we get the wraps all off and put away; then you and I will go and — fry chicken — and sausages — for dinner!"

The last part of the sentence was whispered in Jack's ear, and caused him to smile contentedly, and to submit without a murmur to the process of unwrapping.

After dinner — which did great credit to Lois and her assistant — they gathered around the Franklin in the sitting

room, with plates of "sops-of-wine" and golden pippins within easy reach, and Mr. Grier and Mr. Merrithew talked farming and politics, while Miss Prudence recounted any episodes of interest that had taken place at or near Hemlock Point during the past year.

Mrs. Merrithew, who had spent her summers here as a girl, knew every one for miles around, and loved to hear the annals of the neighbourhood, told in Miss Prudence's picturesque way, with an occasional pithy comment from Miss Alma.

Dora sat, taking in with eager eyes the view of hill and intervale, island and ice bound river; then turning back to the cozy interior, with its homemade carpet, bright curtains, and large bookcase with glass doors.

After a little while Lois, who saw that the children were growing weary of sitting still, proposed a stroll through the house, to which they gladly consented. Katherine asked if she might go with them, and they left "the enchanted circle around the fire," and crossed the hall to the "best parlour" — which Miss Prudence always wished to throw open in Mrs. Merrithew's honour, and which the latter always refused to

sit in, because, as she frankly said, it gave her the shivers. This was not on account of any ill taste in the furnishing, but because it was always kept dark and shut up, and Mrs. Merrithew said it could not be made cheery all of a sudden. The children, however, loved the long room, and the mysterious feeling it gave them when they first went in, and had to grope their way to the windows, draw back the curtains, and put up the yellow Venetian blinds, letting the clear, wintry light into this shadowy domain. This light brought out the rich, dark colours of the carpet, and showed the treasures of chairs and tables that would have made a collector's mouth water. There was a round table of polished mahogany in the centre of the room, a tiny butternut sewing table in one corner, and against the wall, on opposite sides of the room, two rosewood tables, with quaint carved legs, and feet of shining brass. On the tables lay many curious shells, big lumps of coral, and rare, many-coloured seaweeds — for there had been a sailor uncle in the family — annuals and beauty books in gorgeous bindings, albums through which the children looked with never failing delight, work boxes and portfolios inlaid with mother-of-pearl; almost all

the treasures of the family, in fact, laid away here in state, like Jean Ingelow's dead year, "shut in a sacred gloom."

When this room had been inspected and admired, they lowered the blinds, drew the curtains, and left it again to its solitude. The rest of the house was much less awe-inspiring, but it was all delightful. The loom, now seldom or never used, stood in one corner of the kitchen. Not far away was the big spinning wheel. Miss Dean tried to teach them to spin, and when they found it was not so easy as it looked, gave them a specimen of how it should be done that seemed almost magical. There is, indeed, something that suggests magic about spinning — the rhythmically stepping figure, the whirling brown wheel, the rolls of wool, changed by a perfectly measured twirl and pull into lengths of snow white yarn, and the soothing, drowsy hum, the most restful sound that labour can produce.

Then there was the upstairs to visit. The chief thing of interest there was the tiny flax wheel which stood in the upper hall, and which certainly looked, as Jack said, as if *it* ought to belong to a fairy godmother. In the attic, great bunches of herbs hung drying from the rafters, and the air

was sweet with the scent of them. There were sage, summer savoury, sweet marjoram, sweet basil, mint, and many more, with names as fragrant as their leaves. On the floor, near one of the chimneys, was spread a good supply of butternuts, and strings of dried apples stretched from wall to wall at the coolest end of the one big room.

"If I lived in this house," Dora said, "I would come up here often and write — try to write, I mean!"

"I come up here often and read," Miss Dean said, with a quick glance of comprehension at the little girl's eager face. "I love it! And sometimes, when I feel another way and it's not too cold, I put up one blind in the best parlour, and sit in there."

"I wish you were coming down to sit in mother's den, and read — and talk — and everything!" said Marjorie, and the others echoed the wish.

"So I am, some time or other," Lois answered. "Mrs. Merrithew has asked me, and now it's just a question of how soon Aunt Prudence can spare me. That may be next week — or it may be next winter!"

"It may be for years and it may be forever," Dora quoted,

laughing, and Jackie added, "and then — when you do come — we will make you a Son and Daughter of Canada right away!"

The search for the eggshell china took them back to the sitting room, where Lois begged Miss Prudence to exhibit this most fragile of her belongings. With natural pride, that lady unlocked a china closet, and brought out specimens of the beautiful delicate ware which their grandmother had brought over with her from Ireland, and of which, in all these years, only three articles had been broken. It certainly was exquisite stuff, delicately thin, of a rich cream colour, and with gilt lines and tiny wreaths of pink and crimson roses.

"I thought we would have them out for tea," Miss Alma suggested, but Mrs. Merrithew, with three children, all rather hasty in their movements, to look after, begged her not to think of such a thing.

"Your white and gold china is pretty enough for any one;" she said, "and, my dear Prudence, if you are determined to give us tea after that big dinner, we will have to ask for it soon, or we will be spending most of the night

on the road."

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Prudence, putting back her treasures tenderly, "it does seem as if you'd been here about half an hour, and I do hate to have you go! But I know how you feel about being out late with the children, and you won't stay all night. Come along, Alma, let's hustle up some tea, and let Lois talk to Mrs. Merrithew awhile."

And "hustle" they certainly did, spreading a board that groaned with the good old-fashioned dainties, for the cooking of which Miss Prudence was noted throughout the country. Then the horses were brought to the door, tossing their heads in haste to be off, wraps were snugly adjusted, goodbyes said many times, and they were off.

"I believe Grier has given these horses nothing but oats all day," Mr. Merrithew muttered, as the pretty beasts strained and tugged in their anxiety to run downhill; but when it came to the uphill stretches, they soon sobered down, and were content with a reasonable pace. Warm and cozy, nestled against his mother, Jackie soon slept as before; but the others, with rather a reckless disregard of their throats, sang song after song, in spite of the frosty air, and

dashed up to the door of the Big Brick House, at last, to the sound of:

"'Twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home."

CHAPTER IX

To invalids, or to the really destitute, Canadian winters, clear and bright though they are, may seem unduly long; but for our little Canadian Cousins, warmly clad, warmly housed, and revelling in the season's healthful sports, the months went by as if on wings. With March, though the winds were strong, the sun began to show his power, and by the middle of the month the sap was running, and the maple sugar making had begun. Jackie persuaded his father to take him out one morning to the woods, and to help him tap a number of trees. When they went back later and collected the tin cups which they had left under the holes in the trees, they found altogether about a pint of sap. This they took carefully home, and Jack persuaded everyone to taste it, then boiled the remainder until it thickened a little — a very little, it is true — and the family manfully ate it with their muffins

for tea, though Mrs. Merrithew declared that she believed they had tapped any tree they came across, instead of keeping to sugar maples.

Toward the end of the month Mrs. Grey got up a driving party to one of the sugar camps, and though it was chiefly for grown people, Mrs. Merrithew allowed Dora and Marjorie to go. The drive was long, and rather tiring, as the roads were beginning to get "slumpy," and here and there would come a place where the runners scraped bare ground. But when they reached the camp they were given a hearty welcome, allowed to picnic in the camp house, and treated to unlimited maple syrup, sugar, and candy.

The process of sugar making has lost much of its picturesqueness, since the more convenient modern methods have come into use. Mrs. Grey remembered vividly when there were no camp houses, with their big furnaces and evaporating pans, and no little metal "spiles" to conduct the sap from the trees to the tins beneath. In those days the spiles, about a foot in length, were made of cedar, leading to wooden troughs — which, she maintained, gave the juice an added and delicious flavour. But this their host of the sugar

camp would not admit, though he agreed with her that the process of boiling must have been much more interesting to watch when it was done in big cauldrons hung over bonfires in the snowy woods. When the visitors left camp, each one carried a little bark dish (called a "cosseau") of maple candy, presented by the owner of the camp, and most of them had bought quantities of the delicious fresh sugar.

April brought soft breezes, warmer sunshine and melting snow. It seemed to Dora that people thought of scarcely anything but the condition of the ice, and the quantity of snow in the woods. Then they began to say that there would be a freshet, and Debby, who was apt to forebode the worst, announced that the bridges would go this time, sure! Mr. Merrithew only laughed when Marjorie asked him about it, and said that this prophecy had been made every year since the bridges were built, and that there was no more danger this year than any other. But Mrs. Merrithew, though she could not be said to worry, still quietly decided what things she would carry with her in case of a flight to the hills! The freshet which was talked about so much was, in spite of Mr. Merrithew's laughter, a remote possibility; certainly not a

probability. In his own and Mrs. Merrithew's youth, it had been so imminent that people actually *had* gone to the hills. A tremendous jam had been formed a few miles above town; but a few days of hot sun had opened the river farther down, and the danger had passed. Since the two bridges, however, had been built, some people thought that there was a chance of the ice jamming above the upper bridge. Usually the worst jams were between the islands, not far above town.

Each day some fresh word was brought in as to the river's condition. "The River St. John is like a sick person, isn't it?" Dora said one afternoon. "The first thing everyone says in the morning is, (I wonder how the river is today.'"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when Mr. Merrithew came in hastily, calling out:

"Come, people, if you want to see the ice go out. The jam by Vine Island is broken. Come quick. It's piling up finely!"

In a very few minutes the whole family answered to his summons, and they set out in great excitement to watch their dear river shake off its fetters. They made their way quickly to the wooden bridge, and found a good share of the population of Fredericton there assembled. It was truly a

sight well worth going to see. Below the bridge the dark water was running swiftly, bearing blocks of ice, bits of board, and logs — indeed, a fine medley of things. But *above* the bridge! Jackie clapped his hands with delight, as he watched the ice, pushed by the masses behind it, throw itself against the mighty stone piers, and break and fall back, while the bridge quivered afresh at each onslaught. It was truly grand to see, and they stayed watching it for more than an hour; stayed till Jackie began to shiver, and Mrs. Merrithew hurried them home.

By the next morning the river was rapidly clearing, so that some reckless spirits ventured to cross in boats and canoes, dodging the ice cakes with skill worthy to be employed in a better cause. In a day or two more the deep whistle of the river boat was heard; a sound that brings summer near, though not a leaf be on the trees. But it was not until the ice had entirely ceased running, and the river had begun to go down, that really warm weather could begin, for, until then, there was always a chill air from the water.

But after that — ah, then spring came in earnest, with

balmy airs and singing birds, pussy willows, silver gray, beside the brooks, and little waterfalls laughing down the hills. Then came the greening fields, the trees throwing deeper shadows, and the Mayflowers, pink and pearly and perfect, hiding under their own leaves in damp woodland hollows! The children made many excursions to gather these fragrant blooms, and kept quantities of them in the Den until the season was over.

It would be hard, Mrs. Merrithew thought, to find anything more lovely, and to show how thoroughly she appreciated their attention, she made for each child a little Mayflower picture in watercolours. In Marjorie's the flowers were in a large blue bowl, on a table covered with an old blue cloth; for Jackie she painted them in a dainty shallow basket, just as he had brought them from the woods; and for Dora there was a shadowy green bit of the woodland itself, and a few of the braver blossoms just showing among leaves and moss.

CHAPTER X

Once more the lilacs were in blossom in the garden of the Big Brick House. The blackbirds called and chuckled in the lofty branches of the elms, and robins hopped about the lawns, seemingly with the express purpose of tantalizing Kitty Grey. On the lawn, where the hammocks hung, a happy group was gathered. Mr. and Mrs. Merrithew were there, Marjorie and Dora, Katherine and Jack, and two others who evidently formed the centre of attraction. Of these, one was a tall, thin man, with a frame that must once have been athletic, and a pathetic stoop in the broad shoulders. He sat in a deep armchair, with Dora contentedly nestled on his knee. In a hammock near him sat a lady, with a dark, lovely face, beautifully arched brows, and soft eyes, so like Dora's that a stranger might have guessed their relationship.

Mr. Carman, though still an invalid, was wonderfully better, and both he and his wife were full of praises of the great, beautiful West, its scenery, its climate, and its possibilities.

"I have come to the conclusion," Mr. Carman said, after an enthusiastic description of a sunset in the Rocky Mountains, "that it is no wonder we Canadians are proud of our country."

"Then you and Aunt Denise shall be 'Sons and Daughters,'" cried Jackie, "and you can read a paper about the West at our very next meeting. That *will* be fine!"

And Uncle Archie and Aunt Denise were accepted then and there as members of the S. A. D. O. C.

The travellers had only arrived the day before, so there was still much to ask and tell; but Dora and her parents had already had a long talk as to plans and prospects, and the little girl was radiant with delight over the arrangements that were decided upon. Marjorie, who could not help being a little cast down at the prospect of a separation from her cousin, wondered that Dora did not seem to mind at all. But when, by and by, they strolled off together to the grape

arbour for a talk, she understood the reason of this cheerfulness.

"I want to tell you all about our plans," Dora began, as soon as they were seated in their favourite nook. "You see, mother says that dear father, though he is certainly better, won't be able to work for a long, long time. Next winter they will probably go to Barbadoes, where some friends of mother's are living; and if they do, I am to stay with you *all winter* again — if you will have me, Marjorie! Your mother says *she* will!"

"*Have* you!" Marjorie exclaimed. "Oh, but I am glad! I don't know what I will do without you all summer, but it is fine to know that at least we will have the winter together."

Then Dora burst into a peal of laughter, and clapped her hands over the news that she had to tell.

"Oh, I've got the best to tell you yet," she said. "Father and mother have quite decided to stay *here*, in Fredericton, all summer! They want to rent a furnished house, just as close to this one as they possibly can; and then we will be together almost every minute, just as we are now. *Won't* it be lovely?"

Marjorie sat quiet for a minute, and thought it over with shining eyes. Then she gave Dora a regular "bear-hug," and cried:

"I feel just like Jackie does when he dances a war dance! I was going to say that it was too good to be true, but mother says she doesn't like that saying, for there is nothing too good to come true sometime, if it isn't already. Come and tell Jack and Aunt Kathie, quick! They will be almost as glad as I am!"

So these little Canadian Cousins went hand in hand down the garden path, full of happy thoughts of the long bright summer days that spread before them.

THE END.

Our Little Swiss Cousin

Mary Hazelton Wade

Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman



Carl

Preface

In the very heart of Europe lies a small country nestling among the mountains. It is unlike any other in the world. Its people speak four different languages; they believe in different religions; the government is not alike in different parts; yet the Swiss states are bound together by a bond stronger than unity of language or creed can possibly make.

Our brave Swiss cousins believe in liberty for all and brotherly love. These make the most powerful of ties.

In their mountains and valleys they have fought against the enemies who would have destroyed them, and the tyrants who would have made them slaves. They have driven out their foes again and again, for their cause was noble and unselfish, and today the republic formed by them can teach other countries many wise and worthy lessons.

How the stories of William Tell and Arnold von

Winkelried stir our hearts whenever we hear them repeated! These were only two of many heroes who have made the country famous for its bravery and unselfishness.

Surely we shall be glad to turn our minds for a while to its fertile valleys, beautiful lakes, and the noble mountains among which the good monks live with their trusty dogs, that they may give aid and comfort to unfortunate travellers overtaken by cold and storm.

CHAPTER I

Carl's Holiday

"Tomorrow, tomorrow!" Carl kept repeating to himself.

He was standing at the window of the little cottage and looking out toward the great mountain. He had lived under its shadow all his life. Its snowy summit was coloured a fiery red as it stood against the sky in the sunset light. People in faraway lands would give a great deal to see such a glorious sight.

But Carl saw another picture in his mind. It was the grand procession of the next day, that would celebrate the close of school before the summer vacation. Thousands of children would march in the line. They would carry the flag of Switzerland — the red cross on a white ground. It was the emblem of their country's freedom, and they loved it well.

There would be bands of music; there would be a speech by the mayor of the city. Feasts would be spread, to which

all the children were invited. Yes, the glorious day was near, and Carl was very happy.

"Carl, my boy, are you thinking of the good time tomorrow?" said a voice at the other side of the room.

Carl started, and, turning round, he saw his father standing in the doorway.

"Oh father, is that you? How glad I am to see you!" and the little boy rushed into the good man's arms.

"Yes, I am all ready for the festival. Mother has my best clothes laid out on the bed. She is planning to go, too, and now you are home just in time to go with us. I am very, very glad." Carl was so excited that he talked faster than usual.

"I am tired of working in a hotel in the city, the country is so much pleasanter," answered his father. "And now I shall spend the summer with your mother and you. The people of the village wish me to take the cows to the mountain pasture. You shall go, too, and we will have a good time together."

"That will be fine. I never spent the whole summer there before. How soon are we to start, father?"

"Next week. The days are growing warmer and the

flowers must already be in bloom upon the Alps. But now we must see your mother and talk about tomorrow. On my way home I heard in the village that you were going to the festival. Nearly all the neighbours are going too, aren't they?"

At this moment the door opened and a kind-faced woman came in, bringing a pail of milk in each hand. Her eyes were as blue as the sky, and her hair was nearly as fair as Carl's. It was easy to see that she was the boy's mother.

A happy smile lighted her face when she saw who was in the room. It was as much a surprise to her as it had been to Carl. She supposed her husband was still working in the big hotel at Lucerne, where so many strangers came from other lands.

When her husband told her of the work he had been doing, the heavy trunks which he had to lift till his back had grown lame, her face grew full of pity.

"It was too hard for you, Rudolf," she cried. "It is far better for you to take care of the cows this summer. We will go with you, Carl and I, and we shall have a merry time.

She moved quickly about the room as she strained the milk into the crocks and made ready the simple supper. In

a few minutes the little family gathered around the table. There was sweet, fresh milk from the cows. There was the black rye bread which Carl had been used to eating all his life — indeed, he had never seen white bread in his home. Besides these, there was a round cheese, from which each one cut a slice as he wished.

Best of all, there was a sort of cake made of dough and chopped dried fruits. Apples and cherries and almonds were all mixed in this cake and Carl thought it was very nice. It was put on the table tonight in honour of his father's homecoming.

Night after night Carl had a supper like this. Morning after morning, the breakfast was the same. The only difference was that sometimes there was the cake with the dried fruits.

Yet Carl was very happy and healthy. To be sure, he had meat and coffee for dinner only once a week. This was on Sunday. It was no wonder that he looked forward to that day as the best of all, for it seemed a feast day to him. At the noon meal on other days there was only soup or potatoes with the bread and cheese. There was little change through

the year except at the time when the fruit and nuts were ripe and they could be eaten fresh.

After the supper was over, the family sat a while longer around the table and talked about the school festival. Carl's father had just come from Lucerne. He told the boy how the buildings were decorated. He named the bands that would furnish the music.

"I am to march, father," Carl said. "And I am to carry the flag of my country. Children from all the villages around the lake are to take part, I hear. Just think! although we are back in the country, our school has its place in the procession."

Carl's mother showed her husband the bright red skirt that she was going to wear. It would reach to the tops of her shoes. There was a white waist with big sleeves that she had starched and ironed. There was a new black bodice she had just made; it would be laced about the waist, and it fitted her finely. She had polished the bands of silver to fasten across the back of her head above the long braids of glossy hair. She would certainly look very well in her finery, and her husband would be proud of her. Oh, yes, that was certain.

What kind of a hat would she wear? None at all! There

was no need, and it would be a shame to hide the silver bands; they were too pretty. What did it matter if some of the women of Switzerland dressed like the people of other lands? Carl's mother was not ready to follow new fashions yet awhile. The old customs of her village were good enough for her.

It was a small room where Carl and his parents sat and talked. Everything was fresh and clean; the floor had been scrubbed so that no spot could be seen upon it. The table was unpainted. The chairs had straight, stiff backs; no rocking chair or lounge had ever found a place here. Carl's mother had never rested herself on such a piece of furniture in her life.

There was one strange looking object in the room. It was large and white. It reached far up toward the ceiling, and was made of porcelain. It was the family stove. It had belonged to Carl's great-grandfather, and had stood in this very place, summer and winter, for a hundred years at least. It would not seem like home without it.

When baby Carl was first old enough to notice things around him, he used to creep up to the stove and try to

touch the pictures painted on its sides. One was the scene of a battle where the Swiss were driving their enemies down a mountain. On the other side, a hunter was painted. He was bringing home a chamois that hung from his shoulders.

When the boy grew older, he used to climb the steps that led up to the top of the stove. It was so nice and warm there behind the curtains that hung from the ceiling down to the front edge. It made a cozy little room where Carl could lie and warm himself after a walk in the winter air. Sometimes the boy slept there all night long; but that was only in the coldest weather.

In the daytime his mother often put her fruit there to dry, or perhaps she hung wet clothes there. It had many uses.

There were no real stairs in the house. There was an upper room, however, and when a person wished to enter it he must first climb on top of the stove and then pass through a hole in the ceiling. It was a strange way of building the house; don't you think so?

Perhaps you wonder that Carl did not get burned when he lay on top of the stove. That was because there was never any fire in it! This probably seems the strangest thing about

it, but you must understand that the fire was built in a sort of furnace out in the hall. The heat passed from this furnace into the porcelain stove, so it was not unpleasantly warm when one touched it.

After talking a while with his father, Carl climbed up to the top of the stove, and creeping through the hole in the ceiling, he entered his bedroom. He quickly said his prayers and then jumped into bed. He must get to sleep as early as possible, for he would be called before daybreak. At least, his mother promised to call him, but she did not need to do so — he was the first one in the house to wake.

"Father! mother!" he shouted, before the clock cried "cuckoo," three times.

It was none too early; lights moving from room to room could already be seen in the neigbours' houses. The whole village was astir.

There was a walk of several miles for all who were going to the celebration. This walk would bring them to the shores of the lake. A steamer would be waiting at the pier to take them across to the city of Lucerne on the other side. A party of merry people moved along the road just as the sunrise

coloured the mountaintops. Everyone was dressed in his Sunday best.

There were many little girls, all in white, their yellow hair hanging in long braids. Some of them had immense wreaths of flowers or laurel leaves to carry in the procession, but the flags were carried by the boys.

See! there is the beautiful lake just ahead. How blue its waters are! The shadows of lofty mountains can be seen if you look down upon the clear surface. Brave men have lived on its shores. Noble deeds have been done nearby. Every Swiss loves this lake, as he thinks of the history of his country.

The little steamer was quickly loaded with its gay passengers, and made its way over the waters. Other steamers soon came in sight, but all were moving in the same direction — toward the city of Lucerne.

Such a festival is not held every year. Each village generally celebrates the close of school by a picnic or steamer ride. There is usually something pleasant for the children, but not always a time like this.

When the day was over, it was hard for Carl to tell what

he had enjoyed most. In the morning, after the children had marched around the city to lively music, they went out to a large open space where the feast was served. Everyone had all the coffee and cakes he wished. There were many odd little cakes that only Swiss women know how to make. The children enjoyed them hugely.

After the feast games were played, and there were rides on the flying horses. You will laugh when you hear the name of one of the games. It is "Blind Cow." Carl is very fond of it. It is much like our "Blind Man's Bluff." Carl and his friend Franz chose one corner of a large field. Marie, Franz's sister, and Freda, another little friend, were with them. They were soon joined by other children, and they had a lively game.

Carl was the cow oftener than anyone else. He didn't care. It was great fun stumbling around with blinded eyes, and trying to catch the others. When they thought they were quite safe and out of reach, one of them was sure to laugh and show where he was. Then Carl would make a sudden spring, and catch the laugher.

Before the afternoon was over, the mayor spoke to the

children about the kind teacher who had helped not only the Swiss, but children all over the world. That teacher's name was Pestalozzi. Carl knew the story well, but he loved to hear it over and over again.

More than a hundred years ago there was a good man who lived in Switzerland very near Carl's house. It was a time of war. Soldiers from other countries had chosen Switzerland for their battlefield. They took possession of the homes of the people. They destroyed their crops. They ate their supplies of food. The Swiss suffered greatly. After these enemies had gone away, they found themselves poor, and many of them were starving.

Pestalozzi was not a rich man, but his heart was filled with pity. He went among the poor and gave them all he had. He was especially fond of the children. He cared for them as well as he could; he got them bread to eat and clothes to wear; best of all, he taught them and kept their minds busy. But at last his money was all spent. What could he do now?

He gathered the ragged, hungry boys around him. They had grown to love him, and were willing to do anything he

directed. He showed them how to sew and spin and do many other kinds of work. They were soon able to earn enough money to support themselves and their school.

Pestalozzi did not teach in the way others did. He said:

"It is not enough for these children to study their lessons from books and then be whipped if they do not get them. They must see how real things are; they must study from objects. The living birds and flowers should help them. They must learn to shape things for themselves, and see as much as possible with their own eyes. Then they will love to study; they will enjoy their schools, and be happiest when there."

He set a new fashion for the world. His pupils learned so fast and well that other teachers came to watch and learn his ways. His fame spread to other countries, to England and America. They also copied his manner of teaching. Not only Swiss children, but those of different lands, began to enjoy their schools better. It all came about through the kind and loving work of Pestalozzi.

Carl has never known of a boy being whipped in his school. Such a punishment is seldom given in Switzerland. The teacher tries love and kindness first. If these fail, the boy

is turned out of school. It is a terrible disgrace; it will follow the boy all his life, and he dreads it above everything.

After the mayor had spoken of Pestalozzi to the children, he bade them be proud of their schools and their school buildings, which were finer than even the council houses. He told them to be glad that all children of Switzerland, no matter how poor they were, could go to these schools and learn of the great world around them.

As he spoke, he could see in the faces of thousands of little ones that they were proud indeed.

Carl whispered to Franz, who stood beside him:

"There is no country like ours, is there, Franz? We could not be happy anywhere else, I'm sure."

His friend replied, "No, indeed, Carl. It is the home of free men, and we must grow up to keep it so. I don't care if we do have to study for six hours every school day. We learn all the faster and, besides, we have ever so many holidays."

The best part of the holiday came in the evening, for that was the time for fireworks. There was a grand display on the shore of the lake. There were rockets, and Roman candles, and fire pictures, and many other beautiful pieces which

lighted the sky and were reflected in the waters of the lake. Many of the people watched the display from the decks of the little steamers, which were also bright with coloured lights.

The time came all too soon for the homeward journey.

"What a lovely time I've had," sighed Carl, as he reached his own door. "I only wish it were going to be tomorrow instead of today."

"It was a fine show indeed," said his father. "Everybody looked well and happy. But I must say that I liked the dress of the people of our own village better than that of any other."

CHAPTER II

The Mountain Pasture

"Here, Carl, take this kettle, and you, Franz, may carry the other," said Carl's mother.

It was two days after the school holiday, and again the village was astir before sunrise. There was a great jingling of cowbells as the men and boys moved about from farm to farm and gathered the cattle together.

Rudolf was to take all the cows in the village to the mountain pastures for the summer. Carl and his friend Franz would help him in taking care of them. Carl's mother would make the cheese. In the autumn, they would bring the cows back and divide the cheese according to the number of cows each family owned.

It was a joyful time and well deserving a holiday. Almost everyone in the village would keep the herder and his family company on his way up the mountainside. Their food and

cooking dishes must be carried; the cows must be kept in the right path, while their friends, who were leaving them for months, must be cheered and kept in good heart.

At last everything was made ready. Brown Katze, the handsomest cow in the village, led the line. She tossed her head as though she could already sniff the fresh air of the uplands. How the bells jingled! What gay songs rang out! Carl was a fine singer himself, and if you listened you could hear his voice above all the rest.

The procession at first followed a narrow path through the woods. There were many beech and chestnut trees where Carl would go nutting in the fall. After a while these were left behind, and evergreens were the only trees to be seen.

It was already growing cooler and the cows pushed onward. They seemed to know of the pleasure before them — the sweet grass and herbs which they would soon be able to eat to their hearts' content.

Ah! the woods came to an end at last, and the beautiful pastures were reached. There is nothing in the world like them. It is no wonder that the cheeses made here are noted all over the world.

Here were thousands of the lovely Alpine roses, royal red-purple in colour. Here too, harebells, violets, and pansies were growing wild. It was difficult to walk without stepping on some delicate, beautiful flower.

The party followed a narrow path through the meadow. They soon came to the little cottage where Carl would pass the summer. The building was broad and low, and had a wide, overhanging roof on which great rocks were lying, here and there. They were needed to keep it from blowing off during the hard storms of the winter.

Carl's father opened the door and looked carefully around to see if everything had remained safe since the summer before. Yes, it was all right; no one would know from the appearance that people had not been inside the room for eight months at least.

There was the stove over which the milk would be heated before it could be made into cheese. The rough table stood in the corner, while at the farther end was a supply of hay to be used in case the cattle had need of it.

It was a large room, but there were many low windows, so it would be bright and cheerful when the shutters had

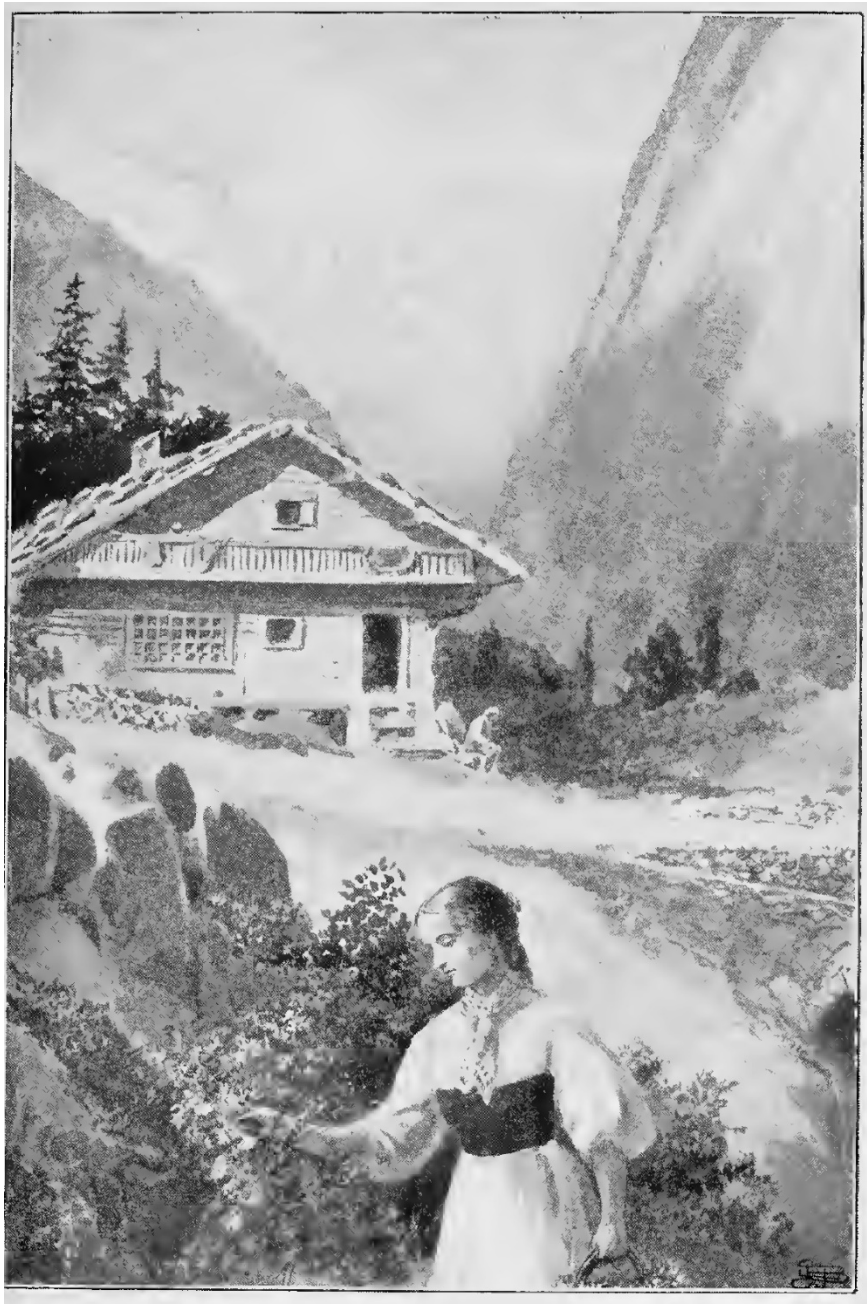
been taken down. Just back of this room was the stable, where the cows could find shelter at night.

Shouldn't you think Carl would be lonely here? No other houses could be seen, no matter in what direction he turned. He might not look upon any human faces except those of Franz and his father and mother for days at a time. In whatever way he might turn, his eyes would meet mountains — mountains everywhere. But he loved to be here; he loved these mountains with all his heart. They gave him a feeling of freedom and of strength, and he would often say to himself:

"Ah! the good God has given us a wonderful world to live in, and we are a part of it all."

Day after day of the short summer Carl and Franz would drive the cows higher and higher in search of new feeding grounds. At last they would come to the bare, brown rocks near the summit, and they would know that the season's work was nearly over.

The villagers who had come with the family had a picnic dinner at the chalet, as the Swiss call a mountain cottage like Carl's. Then a few songs were sung with a hearty goodwill.



The Chalet

The time passed so quickly that the people came near forgetting how late it was growing when one of the party, standing in the doorway, heard the clock strike four.

"Good friends, we must start homeward at once," he cried. "Think of the long climb down and the dark path through the woods."

What a bustle and commotion there was now! What hearty hand shakings were given! Then away they went, calling back from time to time, or blowing another farewell upon their horns when they were hidden from sight by the trees below.

Carl and Franz turned to help Rudolf in the care of the cows, for the milking must be done before nightfall. Carl's mother made up fresh beds from the hay and put away the provisions. She would soon have plenty to do besides, for the cheesemaking would be her work.

"Carl," she said to her boy that night, "you will be old enough to be a herder yourself before long. In four or five years you and Franz can bring the cows here to pasture by yourselves, and do all the work, too. You must learn how to make cheese this summer."

So it was that the two boys took their first lessons, and before many days they had become good helpers inside the house as well as outdoors.

They would lift the great kettles of milk and place them over the fire to heat. At just the right moment, the rennet must be put in to curdle the milk and separate the curds from the whey. Now for the beating with a clean pine stick. Carl's strong arms could aid his mother well in this work, upon which the goodness of the cheese depended.

"Well done," the herder's wife would say. "It is easy enough to make cheese with two such good lads to help me."

She was very fond of Franz, and loved him like a son. The faces of both boys grew bright when they were praised like this, and they were all the more eager to work. There was plenty to do yet, for the boiling and pressing must come next.

At last a big mould was ready to set away; but even now it must be watched and turned, day after day.

Carl's mother proudly watched her store grow larger as the weeks passed by. Those cheeses would bring large sums of money — at least, it seemed so to her. But, of course, the

money would be divided among the different families, according to the number of cows each sent to the pasture.

One morning as Carl was watching the herd, he looked down the mountainside and saw a party of strangers coming up the winding path. Then he heard a voice call:

"Hullo, hullo, little boy! Is your home nearby? And can we get a little something to eat? We are very hungry."

It was a gentleman who spoke these words. A lady and a little girl about ten years old were with him. They looked like Americans. Carl had seen many strangers from other lands, and he said to himself:

"Yes, they must be Americans."

The little girl was very pretty, and she gave Carl a sweet smile when he ran to help her up over a rough place.

"Yes, sir, I'm sure my mother will welcome you," said our little Swiss cousin. "There she is, now." And he pointed to the cottage a short way off, where his mother sat knitting in the doorway.

When Carl went home to dinner an hour afterward, he found the strangers still there. They had lunched on bread and cheese and the rich sweet milk, and they declared they

had never tasted anything nicer in their lives.

"Oh, my!" said the little girl, "I believe I was never so hungry in my life before."

"Carl," she went on, for his mother had told her his name, "do you ever carve little houses to look like this one? If you do, I will ask my father to buy one. He told me that Swiss boys do carve all sorts of things."

"I am sorry," answered Carl, "but I never did work of that kind. Over to the west of us are villages where everyone carves. The men do so as well as the boys. One family will make the toy houses all their lives; another will carve chamois and nothing else; still another will cut out toy cows. But we in our village have other work."

"But why don't the woodcarvers change? I should think they would get tired of always doing the same thing," said Ruth, for this was the child's name.

"I suppose they never think about it. It is hard work living among these mountains of ours. People wish to earn all they can, and if one makes the same kind of thing, over and over again, he learns how to do it very quickly."

"I understand now," answered Ruth. "And I see, too,

why the Swiss have such a queer way of making watches. One man in a village keeps making one part of the works; another man works steadily, year after year, on another part, and so on. All these different parts are sent to the factory in the city, and quickly put together into complete watches. That is what my father told me, and he must know, I'm sure."

"Yes, that is the work of the people around Geneva," answered Carl. "I have never been to that city yet, but I hope to go there before long."

"We stayed there a week. Nearly everyone I met spoke in French, while you talk German all the time, Carl. That seems so queer. You live in the same country, and yet you speak in different languages. Why, father says we shall soon visit another part of Switzerland where I shall hear nothing but Italian."

"I suppose it must seem strange to you," replied Carl, thoughtfully, "yet we all love our country, and each other. We would fight promptly to save Switzerland, or to help any part in time of danger. We even have different religious beliefs; but while we of our village are Catholics, and try to

do as the good priests tell us, there are many others not far away who are Protestants. Yet we are at peace with one another. Oh, I believe our country is the freest and best in all the world. Excuse me, please; I can't help thinking so."

Ruth laughed. "I like you all the better, Carl, for feeling in this way. Of course, I love America the best, and shall be glad to get home again after we have travelled awhile longer. But I think your country is the most beautiful I have ever seen. And father says we Americans can learn some good lessons from Switzerland. I shall understand more about that, however, when I am older."

"How long have you been here in Switzerland?" Carl asked.

"It is two months, I think. But we haven't been travelling all the time. Mother wasn't well and we stayed most of the time at the queerest place I ever heard of. This was so mother could drink the waters and get cured."

"Do you remember the name of the place?" asked Carl.

"Yes, it is called the Leuken Baths."

"I've often heard of those waters. They are boiling as they come bursting out of the ground, aren't they?"

"Yes, but that is not the odd part of it, because there are many other boiling springs in the world. It is the way that people are cured at these baths that made me laugh. Why, Carl, some of them stay in the water all day long! They wear flannel gowns and sit soaking while they play games on floating tables, and even eat their dinners there. The men smoke, while the women laugh and chat. The hot water brings out a rash all over the body, and the blood, after a while, becomes purer."

Carl laughed when he pictured the food on floating tables and people sitting around them with only heads and shoulders out of water.

"Did your mother do like these others?" he asked, and he turned his head toward the beautifully dressed lady who sat talking with his parents.

"No, she said that was too much, but she drank a good deal of the water, and she feels better than she has for years," replied Ruth.

"Come, come, my dear, we have stayed a long time. I fear we have kept these good people from their work. We must thank them, and go back to the town."

It was Ruth's father who said these words. He was standing in the doorway, and ready to start.

"I shall not forget you, Carl," said the little girl. "I shall often think of this little cottage up on the mountain, with the pretty flowers growing around it and the cows feeding nearby."

After they had gone, Carl hastily picked a bunch of Alpine roses.

"She thought they were beautiful," he said to himself. "Perhaps she will press one of them, and keep it to remember me by."

Then with strong bounds and leaps the little boy overtook the party before they had gone very far. When he reached them, however, he was suddenly overcome with shyness. He hastily put the flowers into the hands of Ruth's mother, and was far away again before she could thank him.

"He is a dear little fellow," said the lady.

"He will make a strong man, and a good one, too, I believe. We will always keep these beautiful flowers. Perhaps we may come here again in a year or two, Ruth. Then we can tell Carl how much we thought of his little gift."

CHAPTER III

The Schoolmaster's Visit

"Good news! good news!" cried Carl, as he came running into the house, quite out of breath.

"The schoolmaster is coming, mother. I know it must be he. Come, Franz, let's go to meet him."

The sun was just hiding his head behind the mountaintops, and the little family were about to sit down to their evening meal.

"Do go at once, my dear boys," said Carl's mother. "Tell the good teacher how glad we are at his coming."

It was not a complete surprise, for the schoolmaster had promised Carl to spend a week with him on the mountain pastures, if it were possible.

Another place was quickly set at the table. In a few minutes the boys returned, and with them was a man with a kind face and a hearty voice.

"Welcome, welcome! my friend," said Rudolf. "It is indeed a pleasure to see you here. What news is there from the good folks of our village?"

"They are all well, and send greetings. Even poor little Gretel, the cretin, seemed to understand where I was coming, and she sent you her love."

What is a cretin, you wonder? A person of weak mind is so called in Switzerland. You often find such people who are not as bright as they should be. The mind is dull and dark, it cannot see and understand like others.

Why is it that cretins are often found in the homes of the poor? Some think it is because the Swiss are such hard workers, and yet do not have the nourishing food they should.

"Have you been at home all summer?" asked Rudolf.

"No, I had business that took me over the St. Bernard Pass. It was a hard journey, even in this summertime, for I travelled most of the way on foot."

"Oh, how I wish I could have gone with you," cried Franz. "I have always longed to visit the good monks and see their brave dogs."

"It must be a terrible tramp over the mountain in winter," the schoolmaster went on. "Yet every year there are some people who need to go that way at that season. How much worse it would be, however, if the monastery were not there, with the priests living in it and giving their lives to help others."

"They say that the cold is so great that the monks cannot stand more than a few years of such a life," said Rudolf.

"It is true," replied the schoolmaster. "Many of them die before their time, while others must after a while go down to warmer lands. The noble dogs that they raise stand the cold much better."

"I have often made a picture for myself of a snowstorm on the St. Bernard," said Carl, thoughtfully. He had not spoken for a long time. "How the drifts pile up and fill the pathway. The snow falls thick and fast, and after a while the poor traveller cannot tell which way to turn. He grows cold and numb; he is quite tired out. At last he gives up hope, and perhaps he sinks down, and perhaps he loses all sense of where he is. Now is the very time that the good monks, watching the storm, loose the dogs. But first, food and

reviving drink are fastened to the collars of the trusty animals.

"Off they bound, down the mountainside, scenting the air on every side. They understand their duty and work faithfully. They find the poor traveller in time to save his life and guide him to the home of the priests. Ah! how I love these good men and their faithful dogs."

"Your cheeks have grown quite rosy with the story, my boy," said the schoolmaster. "The picture in your mind must be bright, indeed. But we cannot praise too highly both the monks and their loving deeds. Sometimes, alas! the dogs do not find the travellers in time, however. Then they can only drag their dead bodies to the monastery, where they will stay till friends of the travellers come to claim them. But enough of this sad thought for tonight; let us talk of other things."

"Dear master," said Franz, "please tell us of other things you have seen this summer. We always love to hear your stories."

"Let me see. Oh, yes, now I think of something that will interest you boys. I travelled for quite a distance with a hunter. He had been in search of chamois, but he says they

are getting very scarce now. He was bringing home only one."

"It seems a shame to kill the poor creatures," said Carl's father. "They are gentle and harmless, and take pleasure in living where others find only danger. Once I came suddenly upon a herd of them. They seemed to be having a game of chase together, and were frolicking gaily. But at the sound of my footstep they fled like the wind over the snow and ice. In a moment, almost, they were out of sight."

"Why can they climb where no one else is able to go?" asked Carl.

"Behind each hoof there is another called the false hoof," replied the schoolmaster. "I looked at those of the dead chamois the hunter was carrying home. These extra hoofs give the creature the power to hold himself in places which would not be safe without their aid. Their bodies are very light and their legs are slim, while they seem to be entirely without fear of anything save men."

"Poor little things," exclaimed Franz. "We are taught to be kind to the birds and to protect them in every way. I never in my life knew of a Swiss harming a bird's nest. We ought

to be kind to the chamois as well. I once knew a boy who had a tame one for a pet. His father caught it when it was very young. It was the dearest little thing, following its master about just like a dog. In summer its hair was yellowish brown, but in winter it grew darker and was almost black."

"Did you know that the chamois always have a sentinel on guard while they are feeding?" asked the schoolmaster.

"No, sir," said both boys together.

"Yes, it is true, the hunters have told me so. If this chamois guard hears the slightest sound or discovers even a footprint, he at once gives an alarm. Away flees the herd in search of safety.

"But, dear me! it is growing late and you must be up early in the morning. Then you must show me your store of cheeses," he added, turning to Carl's mother. "The cows are looking fine; they must enjoy the pastures here. And now, good night. May you all sleep well in the care of the loving Father."

In a few minutes every one in the little cottage was resting quietly.



“Following its master about just like a dog.”

CHAPTER IV

The Brave Archer

It was a bright summer day. In the morning Carl's father had said to the boys:

"You may have a holiday and may go where you please with the schoolmaster. I will attend to the cows all the day."

So they had taken a lunch and had climbed to the summit of the mountain. Their kind teacher had told them stories of the flowers and the stones.

"They never seemed so much alive to me before," said Carl, as they sat resting on a big gray rock, far up above the pastures. "I like to hear you talk in school, dear master, but it is far better up here among the grand mountains and in the fresh air. Perhaps William Tell himself once stood on this very spot."

"It is quite likely," replied the schoolmaster. "You know

that his home was not many miles from our village. He was never so happy as when wandering among the mountains. Those were wonderful times in which he lived. But there is the same feeling now as then. We Swiss love freedom best of all, and are ever ready to give our lives for it, if there be need."

"How cruel the Austrians were! They thought that because theirs was a large and powerful country they could do with us as they pleased. But they found themselves mistaken after awhile, didn't they?" said Franz.

"Yes, my boy, but never forget that our freedom started in the work of three men, and three only, who joined together with brave hearts. They worked with no selfish feeling, and, before the end came, they had filled all Switzerland with the daring to be free."

"Yes, yes, we will always remember that. And only think! one of those three men lived here in our Canton. I am always proud to think of it."

"Boys, look at our country now, and then turn back to the sad times long ago. Can you imagine the way those three men felt when they met in the dark night on the field of

Rutli? Can you not see them pledging themselves to their country in throwing off the yoke of Austria?

"They hated their rulers so much that a peacock was not allowed to live in Switzerland. That was, you know, because a peacock feather was the emblem of Austria."

"Wasn't it about that time that William Tell lived?" asked Carl.

"Yes, and he was known through all the country as a brave man and a skilful archer. It was very natural that he should refuse to show honour to the Austrian governor."

"It makes me angry whenever I think of Gessler," cried Franz. "It seems to me only another name for cruel power. But is it possible that he really had his hat stuck up on a pole in the marketplace of Altdorf, and that every Swiss who passed by was ordered to bow down before it?"

"I believe so, although some people think the whole story of William Tell is only a legend, and that is a part of it. Our history shows, however, that this brave man really lived."

"Won't you repeat the story?" asked Franz. "I love to hear it over and over again."

"Yes, if you like."

"After Gessler's hat had been stuck on the pole, William Tell was one of those who passed by. Bow before the hat of the cruel tyrant! It was not to be thought of. Tell took no notice of it whatever. He did not appear to know it was there.

"Now it happened that one of Gessler's spies stood nearby. He watched Tell closely. He sent word to his master at once that there was one Swiss who would not give him proper honour. You know what followed, my boys. Tell was seized and bound.

"Gessler must have said to himself, I will make an example of this insolent peasant.' For Tell was brought before him and ordered to stand at a great distance from his little son and shoot at an apple on the boy's head. If he struck the apple he was to be allowed to go free.

"Do you think Tell feared he could not do it? No, he was too good an archer. But his child was so dear to him that his very love might make his hand tremble. Think again! the boy might move from fright, and then the arrow would enter his body instead of the apple on his head.

"It was a terrible thing to think of. But William Tell

made ready for the trial. The time came. A crowd of people gathered to see the test. The boy did not move a muscle. The arrow went straight to its mark. The people shouted with joy.

"Then it was that Gessler, who had been watching closely, noticed that Tell held a second arrow.

"'Why didst thou bring more than one, thou proud peasant?' angrily asked the tyrant.

"'That I might shoot thee had I failed in cleaving the apple,' was the quick answer.

"'Seize him! Bind him hand and foot, and away with him to the dungeon!' shouted the enraged governor.

"His men seized Tell, and strong chains made the noble Swiss helpless. He was carried to a boat already waiting on the shore, for the dungeon was across the deep, blue waters of Lake Lucerne.

"Ah! how sad must have been the hearts of our people as they watched Gessler and his servants get into the boat and row away. They thought they would never see the brave archer again.

"But this was not God's will. A sudden storm arose

before the party had gone very far. The wind blew fearfully, and the little boat was tossed about on the waves as though it were a feather. The rowers could not keep the boat in her course. It seemed as though, every moment, she would be dashed against the rocks and destroyed. Then it was that Gessler remembered that Tell was as skilful with a boat as he was with a bow and arrow.

"'Take off the peasant's chains,' he cried. 'Let him guide us to a safe landing place. It is our only chance of being saved.'

"Tell was made free. His quick mind told him what to do. He seized the oars, and with strong strokes soon brought the boat close to the shore. Then, springing out, he pushed the boat off into the water.

"Would Gessler be saved? Tell wondered if it were possible. Then he said to himself, 'If the tyrant is not destroyed, he must go home through the pass in the mountains.'

"With this thought, he hurried up over the crags, and hid himself behind a great rock. He waited patiently. At last he heard footsteps and voices. His enemy was drawing near.

He stood ready with bent bow. As Gessler came into view, whizz! flew the arrow straight into the tyrant's heart! He could never again harm Switzerland or the Swiss."

"Brave Tell! Brave Tell!" shouted Carl. "Dear master, have you ever visited the chapel which stands today in honour of this great countryman of ours?"

"Yes, Carl, and when you come back to the lowlands in the fall, you shall visit it with me.

You and Franz must also go to look at the stone on which Tell stepped as he sprang from Gessler's boat. Even now, we can seem to feel Tell's joy when he wandered among the mountains, and thought of plans by which he could help his country. For after Gessler was killed, there was the whole army of Austria to be driven out."

"People needn't tell me that the story of William Tell and the apple is only a legend," exclaimed Franz. "I believe every word of it, don't you, Carl?"

"Indeed I do. Won't you tell us another story? Look! the sun is still high in the sky. We need not go home for an hour yet."

"Let me see, boys. Shall it be a tale of old Switzerland and

of her struggles with her enemies?"

"Yes, yes," cried both boys. "We are never tired of hearing of the lives of our great men."

"Very well, then, you shall listen to the story of Arnold of Winkelried.

"It was a time of great danger. The Austrians were pouring into our country. Their soldiers, protected by the strongest steel armour, bore fearful weapons. Our people were poor, and had only slings or bows and arrows with which to defend themselves. What should be done? There was the Austrian army, closely drawn up, with shields glistening in the sunlight — here were the Swiss, few and unprotected, but burning with love for their country.

"It seemed as though all chance of saving Switzerland was hopeless. Then the brave Arnold spoke.

"'Friends,' said he, 'I am ready to give my life for my country. I will rush into the ranks of our enemies and make an entrance for you. Be ready; follow with all your might, and you may throw them into confusion. You who live after me must take care of my wife and children when I am gone.'

"There was not a moment to be lost.

"'Make way for Liberty!' cried Arnold, then ran with arms extended wide, as if to clasp his dearest friend.

"A hundred spears were thrust toward him. He gathered as many as he could in his hands and arms. They entered his body on all sides, but before the hero fell he had made an opening into the ranks of the enemy through which his comrades dashed. Thrown into confusion, the Austrians fled, and were driven out of our loved country.

"Switzerland was saved for us, my lads, through the sacrifice of that noble man, Arnold von Winkelried. May you live to do him honour!"

"I can see him now, as he rushed into the midst of the cruel Austrians," cried Carl, jumping to his feet. "Noble, noble Arnold! I do not believe any other land has such a hero. Dear master, I will try to be braver and truer all my life, and be ready to serve my country faithfully in time of need."

"I, too," exclaimed Franz, "will be more of a man from this very moment."

"Well said, my dear boys. But come, it is growing late and you will be needed at home."

CHAPTER V

The Haymakers

"Mother! mother! here come the mowers," called Carl, as he came toward the house with a pail of milk in each hand. The wooden milking stool was still strapped around the boy's waist, and its one leg stuck out behind like a little stiff tail. You would have laughed at the sight, as did the two haymakers who had by this time reached the hut.

"What, ho! Carl," said one of the men, "are you changing into a monkey now you have come up to the highlands for the summer?"

"I was so busy thinking," replied the boy, "that I forgot to leave the stool in the stable when I had finished the milking. I am glad you are here tonight. How does the work go?

"Pretty hard, my boy, pretty hard, but I love it," answered

the younger man of the two mowers. "Still, I shouldn't advise you to be a haymaker when you grow up. It is too dangerous a business."

"It isn't such hard work gathering the hay in these parts as it is in most places," said the older man. "Ah! many a time I have worked all day long on the edge of a precipice; it is a wonder I am living now."

"It is not strange that the law allows only one person in a family to be a haymaker," said Carl's mother, who had come to the door to welcome her visitors. "I am very glad my husband never chose the work. I should fret about him all through the summer. But come in, friends, and lay down your scythes. We are glad to see you."

The two mowers were on their way to higher places up on the mountain. They were cutting the wild hay which could be found here and there in little patches among the rocks and cliffs.

Could this work be worthwhile? We wonder if it is possible. But the Swiss value the mountain hay greatly. It is sweet and tender and full of fine herbs, while the higher it grows, the better it is. The cattle have a treat in the winter-

time when they have a dinner of this wild mountain hay. Carl's friends had large nets tied up in bundles and fastened to their backs. Their shoes had iron spikes in the strong soles. These would keep their feet from slipping, as they reached down over the edge of a sharp cliff or held themselves on some steep slope while they skilfully gathered the hay and put it in the nets. But, even then, they must not make a false step or grow dizzy, or let fear enter their heads. If any of these things should happen, an accident, and probably a very bad one, too, would surely follow. When all the nets were filled, they would be stored in safe nooks until the snow should come. Then for the sport! For the mowers would climb the mountains with their sledges, load them with the nets full of hay, and slide down the slopes with their precious stores.

"May I go with you when you collect the hay in November?" Carl asked his friends. "I won't be afraid, and it is such fun travelling like the wind."

"It will take your breath away, I promise you," said the boy's father. He had come into the house just in time to hear what was being said. "I will risk you, Carl, however. You

would not be afraid, and he who is not afraid is generally safe. It is fear that causes most of the accidents. But come, my good wife has made the supper ready. Let us sit down; then we can go on talking."

"How good this is!" said one of the visitors, as he tasted the bread on which toasted cheese had been spread.

Carl's mother did not sit down to the table with the others. She had said to herself, "I will give the mowers a treat. They are not able to have the comforts of a home very often." So she stood by the fire and held a mould of cheese close to the flames. As fast as it softened, she scraped it off and spread it on the slices of bread. Everyone was hungry, so she was kept busy serving first one, then another.

She smiled at the men's praise. They told her they had spent the night before with two goatherds who lived in a cave. It was only a few miles away on the west slope of the mountain.

"They have a fine flock of goats," said one of the men, "and they are getting quantities of rich milk for cheese. But it cannot be good for them to sleep two or three months in such a wretched place. They look pale, even though they

breathe this fine mountain air all day long."

"Carl and Franz don't look sickly, by any means," laughed Rudolf, as he pointed to the boys' brown arms. The sleeves of their leather jackets were short and hardly reached to their elbows. The strong sunshine and wind had done their work and changed the colour of the fair skin to a deep brown.

"You will have good weather for haying, tomorrow," said Franz, who was standing at the window and looking off toward a mountaintop in the distance. "Pilatus has his hood on tonight."

"A good sign, surely," said Rudolf. "We shall probably see a fine sunrise in the morning. You all know the old verse,

'"If Pilatus wears his hood,
Then the weather's always good.'"

The "hood" is a cloud which spreads out over the summit of the mountain and hides it from sight. Carl has often looked for this the night before a picnic or festival. If he saw it, he would go to bed happy, for he felt sure it would be

pleasant the next day.

"I shouldn't think Pilatus would be happy with such a name," said Franz. "I wonder if it is really true that Pilate's body was buried in the lake up near its summit."

"That is the story I heard when I was a little boy at my mother's knee," said the old hay-cutter. "I have heard it many times since. It may be only a legend, but it seems true to me, at any rate."

"Tell it to us again," said Rudolf. "There are no stories like the ones we heard in our childhood."

"It was after the death of our Master," said the mower, in a low, sad voice. "Pilate saw too late what he had done. He had allowed the Wise One to be put to death. He himself was to blame, for he could have saved Him. He could not put the thought out of his mind. At last, he could bear it no longer, and he ended his own life.

"His body was thrown into the Tiber, a river that flows by the city of Rome. The river refused to let it stay there, for it was the body of too wicked a man, so it cast it up on the shore. Then it was carried to the Rhine, but this river would not keep it, either. What should be tried now? Someone

said, 'We will take it to the summit of a mountain where there is a deep lake, and drop it in the dark waters.'

"It was done, and the body found a resting place at last."

"You did not finish the story," said Rudolf. "It is said that the restless spirit of Pilate is allowed to arise once each year and roam through the mountains for a single night on a jet black horse. On that night the waters of the lake surge and foam as if a terrible storm were raging."

"Are you going to the party tomorrow night?" asked the younger mower. "The goatherds told me about it. I wish we could be there, but our work is too far away. The villagers are getting ready for a good time."

"What party?" cried Carl and Franz together. They were excited at the very idea.

"Why, haven't you heard about it? You know there is a little village about two miles below the pasture where those goatherds live. The young folks have planned to have a dance and a wrestling match. I am surprised you have not heard about it. They expect all the herders and mowers to come from near and far. You will certainly be invited in the morning."

And so it was. Before the cows were let out to pasture, a horn was heard in the distance.

"Hail, friends!" it seemed to call.

Carl rushed into the house for his own horn and gave a strong, clear blast, then another and another. It was an answering cry of welcome and goodwill.

A boy about twelve years old soon came into view. He wore a tight-fitting leather cap and heavy shoes with iron-spiked soles like Carl's. He came hurrying along.

"There is to be a party at our village tonight," he said, as soon as he was near enough for Carl to hear. "It will be moonlight, you know, and we will have a jolly time. All your folks must come, too."

Carl and Franz were soon talking with the boy as though they had always known him, yet they had never met before.

"My folks came near forgetting there was any one living here this summer," the strange boy said. "They only thought about it last night, but they very much wish you to come."

He stayed only a few moments, as he had been told to return at once.

"There is plenty to do, you know, to get ready for a

party," he said. "Besides, it will take me a good hour to go back by the shortest path around the slope, it winds up and down so much. But you will come, won't you?"

Carl's father and mother were as much pleased by the invitation as were the boys. The milking was done earlier than usual, and the cows were locked up in the stable before the sunset light had coloured the snowy tops of the distant mountains.

It was quite a long tramp for Carl's mother, but she only thought how nice it would be to join in dance and song again. The wrestling match took place in the afternoon. The father would not have missed that for a good deal, so he left home three hours, at least, before the others. The boys stayed behind to help the mother in the milking and to show her the way to the village afterward.

The party was a merry one. They drank cup after cup of coffee, and all the good old songs of Switzerland were sung with a will. Carl's mother showed she had not forgotten how to dance. Carl and Franz were too shy to join in the dancing, but it was fun enough for them to watch the others. Oh, yes, it was a merry time, and the moon shone so brightly that it

lighted the path homeward almost as plainly as though it were daytime.

"Next week we return to our own little village in the valley," said Rudolf, as the family walked back after the party. "Our old friends will be glad to see us as well as the fine store of cheese we shall bring. Then for another merrymaking. Carl, you must show us then what you learned at the gymnasium last year."

The boy's father was proud of Carl's strength and grace. "How fine it is," he often said to himself, "that every school in our country has a gymnasium, so that the boys are trained in body as well as in mind. That is the way to have strong men to defend our country and to govern it. I will buy Carl a rifle for his very own. The boy deserves it, he has worked so hard and so well all summer. He can shoot well already, and I will train him myself this winter, and in a year or two more he can take part in the yearly rifle match. I am very glad I have a son."

CHAPTER VI

The Marmot

It was the week after Carl got back to the village. What a busy day it had been for his mother! You would certainly think so if you had looked at the wide field back of the house. A great part of it was covered with the family wash. Sheets, sheets, sheets! And piece after piece of clothing! What could it all mean?

And did this little family own so much linen as lay spread out on the grass today? It was indeed so. In Carl's village it is the custom to wash only twice a year. Of course, chests full of bedding are needed to last six months, if the pieces are changed as often in Switzerland as they are in our country.

When Carl's mother was married, she brought enough linen to her new home to last for the rest of her life. Carl's grandmother had been busy for years getting it ready for her

daughter. A Swiss woman would feel ashamed if she did not have a large quantity of such things with which to begin housekeeping.

When the washing had been spread out on the grass, Carl's mother went into the house feeling quite tired from her day's work. The two women who had been helping her had gone home. She sat down in a chair to rest herself, and closed her eyes. Just then she heard steps outside.

"It is Carl getting home from school," she thought, and she did not look up, even when the door opened.

"Well, wife, we have caught you sleeping, while it is still day. Wake up, and see who has come to visit us."

She opened her eyes, and there stood not only her husband and Carl, but a dear brother whom she had not seen for years. How delighted she was! He had changed from a slim young fellow into a big, strong man.

"Oh, Fritz, how glad I am to see you," she cried. "Do tell us about all that has happened. We have not heard from you for a long time. What have you been doing?"

"I have spent part of my time as a guide among the highest mountains of the Alps. There is not much work of

that kind to do around here; the passes are not dangerous, you know. Most of the travellers who come to this part of Switzerland are satisfied if they go up the Rigi in a train. But I have taken many dangerous trips in other parts of the country, and been well paid for them."

"Have you ever been up the Matterhorn?" asked Carl.

"Only once, my boy. It was the most fearful experience of my whole life. I shudder when I think of it. There was a party of three gentlemen besides another guide and myself. You know it is the shape of that mountain that makes it so dangerous to climb. It reaches up toward the heavens like a great icy wedge.

"Of course, we had a long, stout rope to pass from one to another. It was fastened around the waist of each of us, as soon as we reached the difficult part. Our shoes had iron spikes in the soles to help us still more, while each one carried a stout, iron-shod staff. The other guide and myself had hatchets to use in cutting steps when we came to a smooth slope of ice.

"Think of it, as we sit here in this cozy, comfortable room. There were several times that I was lowered over a

steep, ice-covered ridge by a rope. And while I hung there, I had to cut out steps with my hatchet.

"There was many a time, too, that only one of us dared to move at a time. In case the footing was not safe, the others could pull him back if he made a misstep and fell."

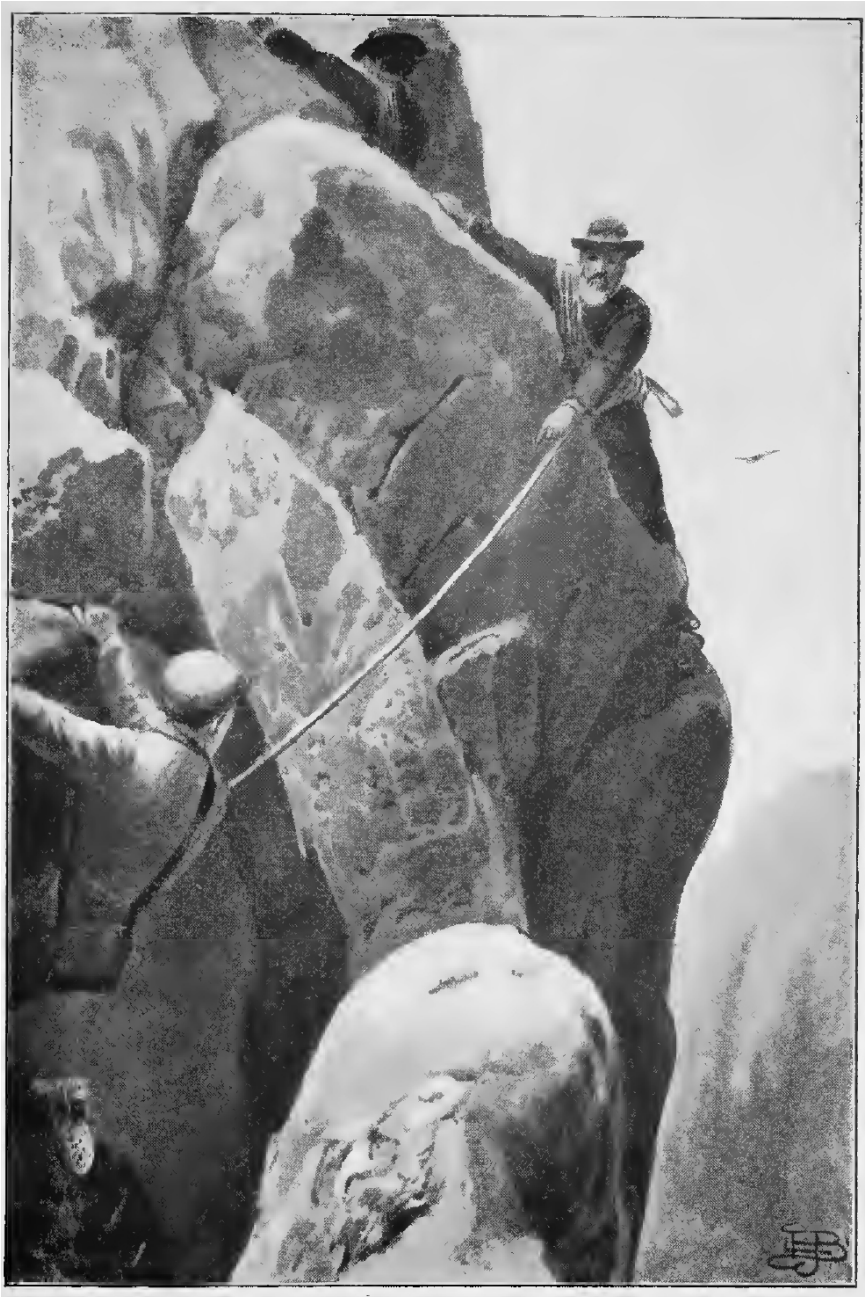
"Did you climb that dangerous mountain in one day?" asked Rudolf. "I thought it was impossible."

"You are quite right. We went the greater part of the distance the first day, and then camped out for the night. Early the next morning we rose to finish the fearful undertaking. And we did succeed, but I would never attempt it again for all the money in the world."

"Oh, Fritz, how did you feel when you had reached the summit?" asked Carl's mother.

"In the first place, I was terribly cold. My heart was beating so rapidly I could scarcely think. It was not from fear, though. It was because the air was so thin that it made the blood rush rapidly through the lungs to get enough of it.

"But I can never forget the sight that was before us. Everything we had ever known seemed so little now, it was



Climbing the Matterhorn

so far below us. Towns, lakes, and rivers were tiny dots or lines, while we could look across the summits of other snowcapped peaks."

"Was it easy coming down?" asked Carl, "that is, of course, did it seem easy beside the upward climb?"

"I believe the descent was more terrible, my boy. It was hard to keep from growing dizzy, and it would have been so easy to make a false step and slide over some cliff and fall thousands of feet. I couldn't keep out of my mind the story of the first party who climbed to the summit of the Matterhorn."

"I do not wonder, my dear brother, the whole world sorrowed over their fate," said Carl's mother. "Only think of their pride at succeeding, and then of the horrible death of four of the party."

"Do tell us about it; I never heard the story," said Carl.

"A brave man named Whymper was determined to climb the mountain," answered his father. "Everyone else had failed. He said to himself: 'I will not give up. I will keep trying even if the storms and clouds and ice-walls drive me back again and again.'

"He kept on trying, but each time with no success. At last Whymper formed a party with three Englishmen. They hired the trustiest guides known in the country, besides two men to carry the tents and provisions. After great trouble they reached the summit and planted a flag there to tell the story of their coming.

"But on their way down one of the Englishmen slipped. He struck the guide as he fell and the two men hung over the precipice. They were fastened to the others by the rope; surely they could be saved! But, alas! the rope broke under the sudden weight. Not only those men, but two others, were swept down four thousand feet!

"The others who were left were filled with such horror they could not move for a long while. Their skilful guide had been killed; could they descend the mountain safely now? It looked impossible; they were dizzy and faint. It seemed as though there were only one thing left: they would have to stay where they were till death should come.

"After a while, however, their courage returned and they succeeded in reaching the foot of the mountain at last without any other accident, but with a sad and fearful story

to tell of those who started out with them."

"I should think we would have heard of your climbing the Matterhorn, Fritz," said Rudolf. "It was a great thing to do, and few have dared it. We are proud of you, indeed.

"How would you have liked to be in your uncle's place, Carl?"

"I wish I could have been with him, father. When I am older, I hope I may have a chance to do such daring deeds. I'll be glad to try, anyway."

Carl's mother shivered, as she quickly said:

"There are other kinds of brave deeds, Carl, which I hope you will be ever ready to do. Speak the truth and be an honest man in all things. That kind of bravery in you will satisfy me. But be willing for your mother's sake to stay away from icy mountain peaks."

The loving woman's eyes had filled with tears. Carl ran to her and put his arms around her neck.

"Don't fret, my dear mother, I will always try to do what you wish." And he kissed her again and again. As he did so, he began to cough.

"I believe Carl has the whooping cough," said his father.

"He never had it when he was little, and every now and then he gives a regular whoop."

"I wish we had some marmot fat; that would cure him quickly," said his mother. "At any rate, it would make him feel better."

"I have a bottle of the oil in my satchel," said his uncle. "It is good for so many things, I keep it on hand. Here, Carl, open the bag and take a dose at once. I got it from the fat of the last marmot I killed."

"Oh, uncle, I never saw one in my life. I've heard so much about marmots, I would rather hear you tell about them than take the medicine."

"You may have both the medicine and the story, Carl. While we sit around the stove this evening you shall hear of the fun I have had hunting the shy little creature."

Uncle Fritz was certainly good company. He helped Rudolf and Carl in doing the night's work about the little farm while the supper was made ready. Two or three of the neighbours came in after that. They had heard of Fritz's arrival, and wished to welcome him. It was a very pleasant evening, for Fritz was glad to see his old friends and had

much to tell.

Before bedtime came, Carl asked his uncle to tell about marmot hunting. "You know you promised me before supper," he said.

"What shall I tell?" laughed Fritz. "You all know, to begin with, what a shy little creature it is, and how it passes the winter."

"It lies asleep month after month, doesn't it?" asked Carl. "The schoolmaster told us so."

"Yes, my dear. It lives high up on the mountainsides and close to the snowline. Of course, the summer season is very short there. All through the long winter of six or eight months the marmot lies in his burrow and does not move. You would hardly call it sleep, though. The little creature scarcely breathes; if you should see him then, you would think he was dead.

"But as soon as there is warmer weather he begins to rouse himself. How thin he is now! At the beginning of winter he was quite fat. That fat has in some wonderful way kept him alive through the long months."

"Does he stay in this burrow all alone, uncle?"

"Oh, no. Marmots live together in families in the summertime, and when the time comes for a long rest, a whole family enter the burrow and stretch themselves out close together on the hay."

"Where does the hay come from?" asked one of the visitors.

"Why, the marmots carry it into the burrow and line it as carefully as birds prepare their nests."

"I have heard," said Rudolf, "that one marmot lies on his back and holds a bundle of hay between his legs, while two or three others drag him through the long tunnel into the burrow. That is the reason the hair is worn off the backs of so many of them."

Fritz held his sides with laughter.

"Did you believe such a silly story as that, Rudolf? I thought you knew more about the animals of our mountains than that, surely.

"When a marmot's back is bare, you may know it is because the roof of his burrow is not high enough. His hair has rubbed off against it as he moved while asleep."

"How large do the marmots grow?" asked Carl. "Are they

pretty creatures, uncle; and are they clever?"

"They are rather stupid, it seems to me, Carl, and they are not as pretty as squirrels.

They are larger, however. The colour of their fur is a yellowish-gray. Their tails are short, like those of rabbits. They move about in a slow, clumsy way."

"Why are they so hard to catch, if that is so?" said Carl's mother.

"While they are feeding, there is always one of them acting as a guard. He stands near the opening into the burrow, and gives a cry of alarm if he hears the slightest strange sound. Then all the others scamper with him through the passageway into their home."

"But can't the hunters easily dig it out and reach them?" asked Carl.

"Sometimes the tunnel that leads to the burrow is many feet long. A friend of mine unearthed one that was actually thirty feet from the outside opening of the burrow."

"How did you manage to catch them? You have killed quite a number, haven't you?" asked Rudolf.

"Yes, I have been quite successful, and this is the way I

worked: If I found any tracks or signs of their burrows, I crept along very softly. I kept looking ahead in all directions. Away off in the distance, perhaps, I saw something looking like a family of marmots asleep in the sunshine.

"I crept nearer and nearer. I must not make a sound or I would lose my chance. At last, when I was close upon them, I lifted a stone and blocked the opening to their burrow. Then I whistled. The poor little things waked up too late and saw that their way home was cut off. They gave a shrill cry, like a whistle, and fled together into the nearest cranny. There they cowered while I drew near and pinned one of them to the ground. It was an easy matter to end its life after that.

"If I wished to carry it home alive, I seized it by its hind legs and dropped it into a bag; the poor little thing was helpless then."

"You will stay with us for a while, won't you, Fritz?" asked one of the neighbours. "You have been a long time away, and have been living a rough and dangerous life as a guide. It seems good, indeed, to see you back again."

"Yes, I shall rest here for a month or so with my good

sister and Rudolf. Then I must be away among my mountains again. I am never so happy as when I am climbing some difficult slope."

"It is growing late, friends," said one of the visitors. "We must bid you good night, for tomorrow brings its work to each of us."

"Good night, good night, then. But let us first have a song in memory of old days," said Fritz.

All joined with a goodwill. Half an hour afterward the lights were out in the little house and every one was settled for a good night's rest.

CHAPTER VII

Glacier and Avalanche

It was cold weather now. Some snow had already fallen, and Carl had helped his father and mother in getting ready for the long, cold winter.

Uncle Fritz had been gone for quite a while, and the family had settled down to their old quiet life. One evening Carl was sitting by the big stove and telling his mother about the day's work at school, when the door opened, and who should stand there but Fritz. Carl rushed into his arms, exclaiming:

"I knew you would come back, because you promised, Uncle Fritz."

"Yes, but I shall stay only a day or two. Then I must be off again. There is a little village up in the mountains about twenty miles away. I must go there before the weather grows

any colder, for if a big snowstorm should come up it would make hard walking."

"Will you go all the way on foot, uncle?" asked Carl. "I do believe you never ride in a train if you can help it."

Fritz laughed. "I must say I enjoy the walking best. But, anyhow, this time my way lies across country. How would you like to go too? I have to cross a glacier before I get there. Did you ever see a glacier, my boy?"

"No, Uncle Fritz, and I have always longed to do so. Oh, mother, may I go? I will study hard at school, and make up all the lessons I lose while I am away."

"How long will you be gone, Fritz?" asked his sister.

"Not over three days, if the weather is good; and after that I shall not stay in this part of the country. I am going to Geneva, so it will be Carl's last chance for a long time to go with me."

In this way it came to pass that Carl went with his uncle.

"Do take good care of him, Fritz," the loving mother called, as the man and boy left the little cottage the next morning. "You know he is my only child."

"Never fear, sister. I will watch well, and try to keep

danger away," Fritz promised.

Soon after the two travellers had left the village, the way became quite rough. Fritz told many stories of his wild life as a guide, and Carl was so interested he had no time to think about himself.

After three hours of hard walking, the two travellers stopped to rest and eat the lunch of bread and cheese Carl's mother had given them. A long tramp was still before them, and the way grew rougher at every step. The sun was just setting when the little mountain village at last came in sight.

It looked, at first, like a small bunch of black dots high up on the steep slope before them. But before it could be reached, the glacier must be crossed.

It was a river, indeed, but not like most other rivers in the world. It was a river of solid ice! When it first came in sight, it seemed like a broad, smooth sheet. Carl was a little bit disappointed. He turned to his uncle, and said:

"I don't see anything wonderful or dangerous in a glacier, I'm sure."

"Wait till you get a little nearer," was the answer. "It is not as easy to cross it as it at first seems."

"Why does it stay a river of ice all the time, uncle? I should think it would melt in the summertime, and be like other rivers," Carl went on.

"High up in the mountains the snow stays all the year round. You know that?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle Fritz."

"Very well, then. The mass gets heavier and heavier, and much of it is gradually changed into ice."

"Yes, I know that, too."

"The great weight makes it begin to slide down. It comes very slowly, of course — so slowly that it does not seem to move at all. But it does move, and brings with it rocks and trees and whatever is in its way."

"I see now why it is called a river of ice, uncle. But it doesn't move as fast in the winter as in the summer, does it?"

"Oh no, it can hardly be said to move at all during the coldest months of the year. In the summertime, however, it moves much faster than it seems to do. I have been crossing a glacier more than once when I was suddenly startled by a tremendous noise. It would seem like the roar of thunder;



“It was a river of solid ice!”

but as the sky was clear, it was certainly not thunder. It was a sound made by the glacier itself as it passed over uneven ground. It is very likely that deep cracks opened in the ice at the same time, making a noise like an explosion.

"But here we are, my dear, on the edge of the ice river. Don't you think now that it is a wonderful sight?"

"Yes, indeed. How beautiful the colour is! It is such a lovely blue. But dear me! look at this mass of rocks all along the edge. The glacier is a giant, isn't it, to make these great stones prisoners and bring them along in its course? They look strong and ugly, yet they are helpless in its clutches. It isn't easy walking over them, either, is it?"

After some hard climbing they found themselves on the glacier. It was not smooth, as Carl had at first thought, but was often cut into deep furrows or piled into rough masses.

"Look out, now, Carl. We must cross that deep chasm ahead of us very carefully. It is wider than it looks. Here! Follow me."

Fritz led the way to a place where the chasm was narrow enough for him to spring across with the aid of his mountain staff. Carl followed, while Fritz reached over from

the other side and seized the boy as he landed. Carl laughed. He wasn't the least bit frightened.

"I think you did that because of what mother said, Uncle Fritz. You act as though I were a child, but I am very sure-footed and have been in slippery places before."

"No doubt of that, Carl. You are a brave boy, too. But it is very easy to make a misstep in such a place. I shouldn't like it very much if you were down at the bottom of that chasm at this moment. It wouldn't be easy getting you up again, even though it is not deep."

Here and there the two travellers met little streams of water flowing along over the surface. The day had been quite warm for this time of the year, the ice had melted a little, and the water was running off in these streams.

"Oh, uncle, look!" cried Carl, as they came near another chasm in the glacier. "Here is another bridge of ice over which we can cross. How clear it is; it looks like glass."

By this time the moon was shining in all her glory. "It is like fairyland," said Carl to himself as he looked back at the glacier which they were just leaving, and then onward to the mountaintops in the distance, lighted up by the soft yellow

light.

"The mountains are God's true temples, aren't they?" said Fritz, after a few moments. "But come, my dear, it is getting late. We must move quickly now, even though we are tired. The lights in the village above us are calling, 'Hurry, hurry, good people, before we sleep for the night!'"

It had been a long, hard day, but Carl had enjoyed every moment. That night as he lay in the warm bed prepared for him, he thought it all over before he slept.

How kind these new friends were, too. Although he and his uncle had reached the village so late, a warm supper was made ready for them at once and everything done for their comfort. Why, the good woman of the house had even taken a hot stone from the hearth and put it into Carl's bed.

"I want you to sleep warm, my boy," she said, as she kissed him good night, "and it must be colder up here than in your own home in the valley."

The next day Carl had a chance to look around the little village. You would hardly call it a village, either. There were only six or eight houses. Their roofs were weighted down with rocks, like the cottage where Carl had stayed through

the summer. It was the only way to be sure of safety, for the winter winds blew fiercely here; Carl knew that. There were long months when the cows must stay in their stable, week after week.

"But how neat the barn is!" exclaimed the boy. "It is almost like a sitting-room. Your father has a table and chairs here, as though he stayed here a good deal of the time."

"Yes, father likes his cattle so much, he wishes to be with them all he can," answered Marie, who was the only child in the house where Carl and his uncle were staying.

"Don't you think our cows are lovely, and did you notice the big black one in the first stall? She is the queen of the herd. Father let me name her, and so I called her 'Marie,' after myself."

"Oh, yes, I noticed her first of all," answered Carl. "I should think you would like it here better in summer than in winter. Aren't you ever afraid of avalanches, Marie?"

"Yes, indeed, Carl. Sometimes I lie awake and tremble all night. I can't help it. That is when the wind blows very hard and the house rocks to and fro. Then I think of the great drifts of snow above us on the mountain. What if they

should start down and come in this direction! There would be an end of us; the whole village would be buried.

"Once last winter, I was wakened by a terrible noise. I knew what it was at once. It was an avalanche. It was coming this way with a sound like thunder. I ran into mother's room; she and father were on their knees, praying. The danger lasted only a few minutes and then all was still. But, do you know, Carl, in the morning we had sad news.

"The house of a neighbour had been carried away. His cattle were buried somewhere in the great snowslide and were never heard of again. But he and his family were safe because they happened to be spending the night with another neighbour."

"Was it a strong wind that caused the avalanche that night?" asked Carl.

"No, father said that could not have been the reason. But you know that sometimes even the cracking of a whip is enough to start the dry snow in the wintertime. Then, as it sweeps downward like a waterfall, more and more is added to it and in a short time it becomes a snowy torrent. Oh, it is fearful then!" and Marie pressed her hands together in

fright at the very thought.

"You poor little girl. Don't talk about it anymore. I'm so sorry I said a word about avalanches," said Carl. His voice was very gentle, because he felt so sorry for Marie. "Perhaps there won't be any more coming down this side of the mountain," he added.

"Then you will be just as safe as I am in my home in the valley."

"Carl, Carl! where are you?" The words came from the direction of the house. It was Carl's uncle, who had wondered what had become of the boy. The children came hurrying out of the barn.

"It is growing dark, my dear, and I was afraid you had wandered off somewhere," said Fritz. "I promised your mother to look out for you, Carl, so you see I am doing my duty. Come into the house now. We will have a pleasant evening with our good friends. Then, with morning light, we must start on our homeward way."

That night many stories were told of the fairies and the gnomes. It is no wonder that when Carl went to sleep he dreamed he was living in a cave with the fairies, and that the

gnomes brought him a pile of gold heavy enough to make him rich all the rest of his life.

CHAPTER VIII

Santa Claus Night

It was two weeks before Christmas. Carl had been back from his visit to the mountain village for more than a month. No harm had come to him on his way home, although heavy snow had fallen, which made hard walking. It was worst of all in crossing the glacier, but the boy's uncle took great care, and no accident came to either of them.

And now the joyful day had come which Carl liked best of all the year. He had saved up money for months beforehand to buy presents for his parents and his friend Franz.

What would he receive, himself? He thought sometimes, "I wonder if father will buy me a rifle. He thinks I can shoot pretty well now, I know that. But a rifle of my own! That would be too good to be true."

It was the custom of Carl's village to have the Christmas tree on Saint Claus's Day, two weeks before the real Christmas Day. They did not wait for the time at which we give the presents. Christmas was a holiday, of course, but it was somewhat like Sunday; everybody went to church. There was a sermon, and a great deal of music.

Saint Claus's Day was the time for fun and frolic. Good children looked forward to that day with gladness; but the bad children! dear me! they trembled for fear they would be carried off to some dreadful place by Saint Claus's servant.

All the day before Carl was greatly excited. He could hardly wait for night to come, but it did come at last. The supper table was scarcely cleared before a loud knocking and stamping of feet could be heard outside.

Rudolf hurried to open the door, while Carl clapped his hands. Who should enter but a jolly-looking old fellow with rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes. He was dressed from head to foot in furs. Surely this was Santa Claus himself. There was a great pack of goodies on his back. Carl could see the red apples and bags of candy sticking out.

But who was the creature that followed Santa Claus? His

face was black, his clothes were black, everything about him was black as soot. He carried a broom over his shoulder.

"This is my servant," said Santa in a big, strong voice. "I hope the child in this house has been good. I just called at a place where there was a boy who had not minded his mother. I was going to let my servant carry him off, but he promised to be good, so I forgave him this time." Santa Claus tried to scowl fiercely while he said these words.

"Have you been a good boy?" he cried, suddenly turning toward Carl.

"Oh yes, sir, I have tried hard," answered the boy, who was half afraid, although, somehow, this same Santa Claus spoke very much like a friend of the family who lived nearby.

"Very well, then." With this, Santa covered the floor with nuts and fruit which he shook out of his pack. A party of men who had followed him and his servant into the house, and were dressed up in all sorts of funny ways, laughed and joked with Carl's father and mother.

After a few moments of fun, Santa Claus went away, first wishing the boy and his parents good night and a merry day on the morrow. They had many more calls to make before

their work would be done, and they must hurry on their way, they said.

When the door was closed, Carl said, "Father, I don't believe that is the real Santa Claus; it is neighbour Hans, who has dressed up like him. I knew his voice, too."

Carl danced around the room laughing, while his father and mother laughed, too.

"When I was a little tot," Carl went on, "I used to be scared, I tell you. I was afraid of doing naughty things all the year for fear mother would tell Santa Claus, and his servant would then sweep me away with his broom. Oh, I know better now." And Carl ran first to his father, and then to his mother, and gave each of them a hearty kiss.

The next morning, when he came downstairs, there was the dearest little fir tree in the corner of the room, and under it lay some mittens and stockings, besides the rifle for which Carl had hoped and longed.

"Santa Claus helped me get them," said Rudolf, and they all sat down to breakfast laughing at the merry joke.

CHAPTER IX

The Wonderful Abbey

It was the beautiful springtime, and the country had begun to look green and fresh again after the long months of snow and frost.

"Carl, my dear, how would you like to go on a pilgrimage to the Blessed Abbey?" asked his father one night as they finished milking the cows. "Easter Sunday is almost here, and the people of the village are talking of going to Einsiedeln together."

"Oh, father, that would make me happier than anything else in the world. What a fine time we can have! And only to think that I can see the place with my own eyes. Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, my boy, but do you think you can walk so far

without getting tired out?"

Carl laughed. "Look at me, father; see how I have grown since last summer," and the boy stretched to make himself seem as tall as possible.

"Very well, then. Your mother knows about it, and is getting things ready for the journey now."

The next three days Carl could think of nothing else. He was full of excitement. The night before they were to start, he said to his father:

"Please tell me the story of the Wonderful Abbey again. I wish to have the picture still brighter in my mind as we journey along our way tomorrow."

Rudolf leaned back in his chair. His face was lighted by a happy smile as he said:

"Carl, my dear child, I love to think of the good souls who have made this world so beautiful by living in it. Yes, they have made it more beautiful than the grandest mountains or the loveliest lakes can make it.

"One of those good men was the holy Meinrad, who lived over a thousand years ago. He came from Germany to teach the priests at a small convent on the Lake of Zurich.

After a while he said, 'I will live the life of a hermit in a little cell in the forest. I can best worship God if I live alone.'

"So he went up on the mountainside and made a hut, where he prayed and fasted day after day. It is said that the wild beasts felt his goodness, and would do him no harm. Whenever there was need, he went out to do good deeds among men. People heard of him through all the country round. They came to ask his advice when they were in trouble, or to seek help in other ways.

"But one day two robbers came to Meinrad's cell. They came with a bad purpose; they thought he must have a store of gold hidden away, and they wished to get it. The holy man gave them food and drink, but what do you think these wicked men did in return for such kindness? They cruelly murdered him! Then, finding no money, they hurried away.

"Meinrad had two birds who kept him company in the lonely forest. They were ravens, and had grown very tame, loving their master dearly.

"When the murderers fled, these birds followed them down the mountainside, across the lake, and into the town. The men stopped at an inn for food and rest. The birds

flapped their wings against the windows, and kept up shrill cries. Everyone in the inn wondered what it could mean. When this had kept up for several hours, the men thought, 'This is a warning to us from Heaven. We will confess what we have done.'

"They told the fearful story, and were put to death by the angry people who heard it. Ever since that time the place has been called the Ravens' Inn, and two ravens were carved out of stone and placed upon the wall. When we go to Zurich, Carl, you shall see those stone ravens, for they are still there."

"Now, please tell me about the holy abbey, father," said Carl, "and how it was blessed by the angels."

"After a while," his father went on, "the priests, who had heard the story of Meinrad's death, decided to build a grand church. It was to be on the very spot where Meinrad's cell had stood and he had been murdered. It was a beautiful building. When it was entirely finished, bishops and knights came to consecrate it to the Lord. People gathered from far and near to listen to the service.

"Now, it was the custom of the good Bishop Conrad to

pray at midnight. On the night before the great day of consecration, he arose for his usual prayer, and, as he did so, was surprised to hear beautiful music in the air around him. He listened closely. Behold! it was the chorus of angels; they were consecrating the chapel. He bowed his head in wonder and awe.

"The next morning, when the people had come together for the sacred service, the bishop waited in silence till nearly noon, and then he told the crowd of listeners what had happened during the night. There was nothing for him to do now; the angels had already made this a holy place.

"But the people would not, could not, believe it. They still pressed the bishop to go on with the service. At last, he felt that he could not satisfy them in any other way, so had already begun, when a clear voice was heard to say, 'Brother, do not go on; for see, it is already consecrated.'

"Then the people were able to understand that the bishop had spoken truly, and the place was indeed a holy one now. Ever since that time good Catholics of France and Germany, as well as from our own country, make pilgrimages to the abbey of Einsiedeln. It is now a very grand

building. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent to make it beautiful.

"And Carl, dear, you shall see there the very image of Jesus and Mary which the good priest Meinrad brought to the place when he first sought his home there. Better still, my boy, you shall drink from the fountain from which Jesus himself once drank, as I have been told."

Carl listened closely to his father's words. Others might tell him afterward that this was only a legend, but he was an earnest little Catholic, and believed that every word of it was true.

The moment of starting came at last. Rudolf, with his wife and Carl, was joined by several others of the village people. Franz was among them, together with his parents. There were many, many miles to walk, and several days must be spent upon the way. The nights were passed at taverns along the roadside. As our friends journeyed onward, they were joined by other parties, all going in the same direction — to the abbey blessed by the angels.

In one party there was a blind man, who hoped to see again after he had drunk from the wonderful fountain. In

another, there was a person who was lame, and who moved painfully along on crutches. He believed he would be able to leave these crutches behind him if he could once reach the abbey.

As Carl drew nearer and nearer, he could see that thousands and thousands of people were all going the same way. And now as they began to climb the mountainside, there were crosses at every turn in the road. He never passed them by without stopping to kneel and pray.

He was a stout little fellow, as we know, but he was growing very tired now. His feet were quite sore, and there were deep cuts in the soles. This showed that he had walked very many miles over the hard roads. But there were many others like him who had never travelled so far from home before; and some of them were old and feeble, too. He would not let his mother think he was tired. Oh, no, not for the world.

Ah! the spires were at last in sight, and every one hurried forward.

It was very, very beautiful, Carl thought, when he had passed through the great doorway, and looked upon the

wonderful sight within. He had never before seen anything half so grand. The walls and ceilings were richly gilded, and there were many statues in the nooks and corners.

But best of all was the precious image of the Divine Child and His mother. It was only a clumsy looking little wooden figure, and was black with age, but it was adorned with precious stones that sparkled brilliantly.

Before Carl entered the sacred building, he first stopped at the fountain, and drank from each one of the fourteen spouts. This alone would make his life better, he thought. But after he had received a blessing from the priest within the church, and had touched the marble on which the image of Jesus rested, he could go away perfectly happy.

There were many small inns in the village, and you may be sure that they were well filled at this time. Carl's family were together with their friends at one of them, and they had a merry time. When they were well rested, however, Carl's father said to the boy:

"We will take a trip to Zurich before going home. It is only a few miles away, and I promised to show you the stone ravens, you know. An old friend of mine lives right on the

shore of the lake, and he will be glad to have us lodge with him."

What a lively place Zurich seemed to the little country boy. Everyone was so busy, and there was so much going on all the time.

"Why is it such a busy place, father?" asked Carl.

"It is largely because of the business in silk, Carl. We do not raise silk in Switzerland; it is too cold. But the cocoons are brought here from Italy, and thousands of people are kept busy in spinning, weaving and dyeing the precious stuff.

"The wife of my good friend is at her loom every moment she can spare from the work of her house. But she tells me the pay is very poor, yet the rich man who gives her the work sells the silk for great prices. Ah! it is hard to be poor."

Yes, it was true. Nearly every little home around the lake had its loom, and one could hear the whirr and the click in the houses as he passed along.

Carl took trips on the pretty steamboats on the lake. They had been built in the city and Rudolf took the boy to the shipyard where others were being made.

"All the iron steamers of Switzerland are built here," he said, "besides others which are sent to Italy and Austria. Yes, it is a great and busy place."

"Our schoolmaster told us once that people call these lakes of ours the eyes of the earth.' Don't you think that is a pretty idea, father? They are very bright and clear, as they lie walled in between the mountains.

"And, father, he says that there were people living on these lakes ages and ages ago. It was before any history was written, even."

"Then how do they know that such people lived on the lakes?" asked Rudolf.

"Whole rows of piles have been discovered under the water. Many were found right here in Lake Zurich. They must once have reached up much higher, but have rotted away!"

"Is that the only proof that people built their houses out over the water, Carl?"

"Oh, no, the schoolmaster says that many tools have been found in the beds of earth between the piles. They were almost all of stone. Besides these, there were things to use in



On the Lake

housekeeping, and nets for fishing, and cloth, and even embroidery."

"Dear me! I never happened to hear of these strange people before," exclaimed Rudolf. "What name did the master give them, Carl?"

"He called them Lake-dwellers, because they built their houses out over the water."

"Does he know any more about them and why they chose such queer places for their homes instead of the pretty valleys or mountainsides?"

"He said it must have been in a warlike time and probably these people felt safer to dwell in this way. You see they could easily defend themselves in such places. Yet they had some farms and gardens, so they did not stay there all the time.

"They had very queer homes. The floors were made of round sticks, laid side by side. The chinks were filled in with clay and rushes. The roofs were made of straw and rushes put on in layers."

"How strange this all is. I don't really see how so much could be discovered," said Rudolf, half to himself. Then he

went on, "I suppose they had no cows or other domestic animals, of course."

"Oh, yes, they had, father." Carl was proud to think he could tell his father so many things about them. "They had cattle, and sheep, and goats, and pigs; and they kept them in stalls in these lake dwellings.

"Why, only think! though it was three thousand years ago, probably, these people not only fished and hunted, but they spun flax and wove cloth. They made bread of wheat and other grains to eat with the fish they caught and the deer they killed. They must have known quite a deal to do that, even if they didn't write books to tell about themselves. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, Carl, I certainly think so. But come, it is getting late and we must go back to your mother and our friends. Tomorrow we shall leave them and turn our faces toward our own little home. Are you ready for the long tramp?"

"Yes, my feet are tough now, and I don't believe they will get so sore as they did in coming. What a lovely time I have had. You are such a good, kind father to bring me here, as well as to the chapel of the holy Meinrad."

Carl looked up at Rudolf with such a happy face that his father bent down and kissed him.

THE END.