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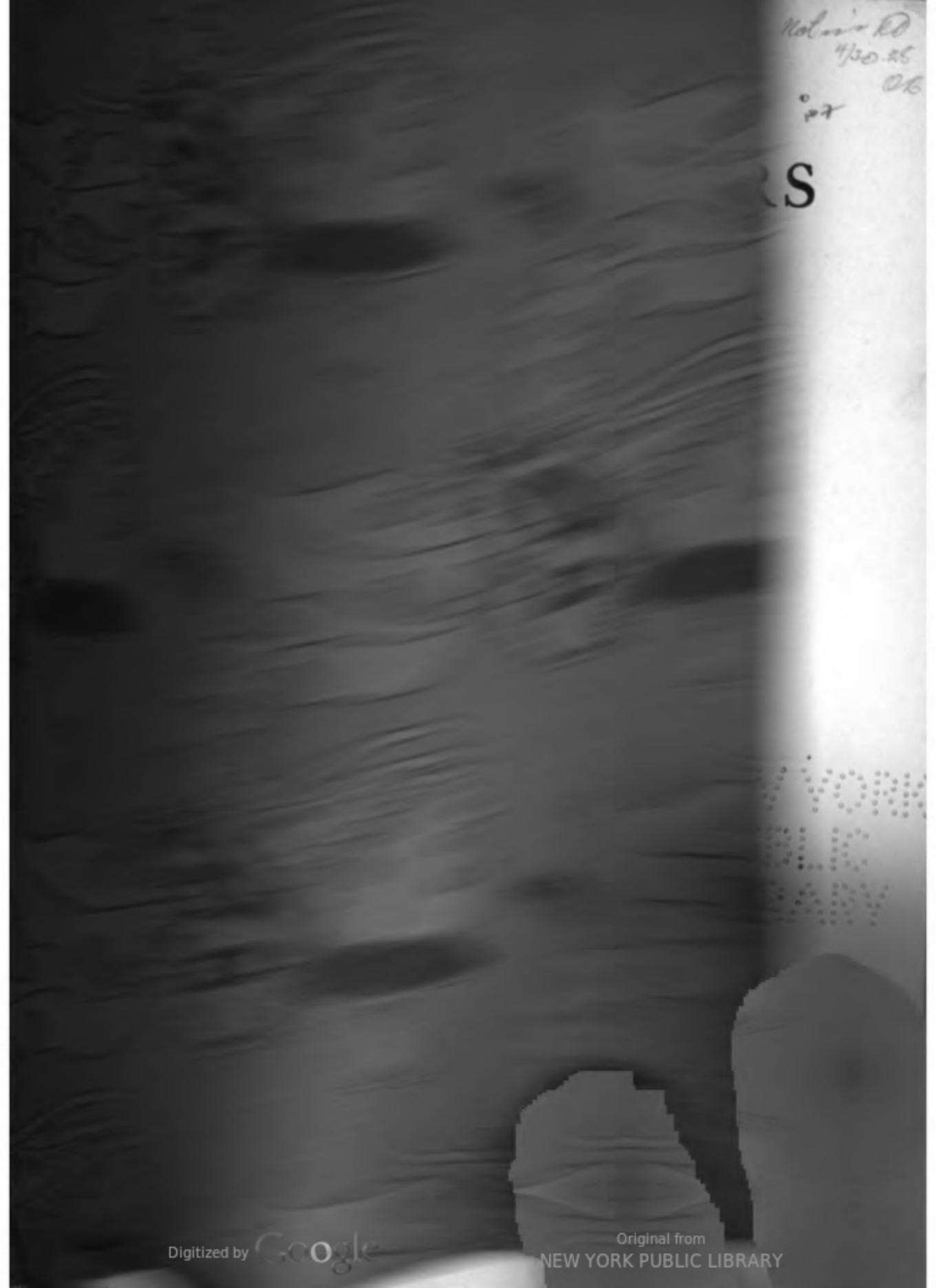
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THE WINSTON READERS

FIFTH READER

BY

SIDNEY G. FIRMAN

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

AND

ETHEL H. MALTBY

OF CORNING, NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY

FREDERICK RICHARDSON

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

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WILLIAM TELL, THE BOWMAN OF ALTDORF

In the days when Switzerland suffered under the oppression of the Austrians, the Swiss people were governed by a cruel tyrant named Gessler. Among the patriots who tried to throw off the oppressor's yoke was a famous bowman of Altdorf named William Tell.

One day Tell and his son William went to the market place at Altdorf, where there was a scene of unusual activity. Gessler had also arrived to see how the work on his castle was progressing. As soon as he heard that Tell was there, he determined to carry out his long-cherished scheme of compelling the people to bow down to his cap.

The people in the market place were surprised at the sight of an advancing troop of soldiers, the leader of whom carried a pole upon which was a cap with the governor's coat of arms. They halted in the center of the square, and a soldier read in a harsh voice an order requiring all the people to uncover their heads and bow down before the governor's cap on pain of death.

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The people were astonished at this despotic order. They had endured patiently until this time because they knew the day was approaching when the banner of freedom would be unfurled and lead them to victory. Such an order as this was a severe strain upon their patience; and they looked on indignantly as the soldiers filed through the market place. The air was filled with murmurs, eyes flashed with anger, and many a fist was clenched.

Tell had intended to remain in Altdorf until evening, but now he decided to finish his business and leave town as soon as possible, so that he should not see the uplifted emblem of shame. At last, having attended to his business, he took his son's hand, and they walked along a side street in the direction of their home. As they reached a corner, Tell suddenly saw the pole and the cap with two guards near them. For an instant he paused. He had supposed they would set up the pole in the market place, but here it was right before him! What should he do? Should he turn back, or should he steal through the gardens on either hand? Whichever he might do would be of little use, for he was so near the cap that he could not go back or turn aside without giving offense. The guards watched him with malicious smiles.

At last William said: "Look, father, there are soldiers behind us, and Gessler is coming from the market place."

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Tell quickly walked along and passed the cap as if he did not see it. At this the guards sprang forward, presented their swords and ordered him to halt. They also told him he had incurred a penalty by not obeying the governor's order.

"What is the penalty?" asked Tell.

"The governor will inform you," replied one of the guards. "There he comes."

A number of armed attendants followed the governor, and also a crowd of curious and idle people. Gessler rode slowly up, his pale face betraying his anger. Tell watched him unmoved.

"Why are you detaining Tell?" he asked the guards.

One of them answered, "This man passed the emblem of authority without uncovering his head."

Gessler had been told that Tell had listened to the reading of the order in the market place, so he cunningly suggested, "He may not have heard the order. Am I right, Tell?"

"I heard it, sir," he replied.

"You also are stubborn, I see," replied the governor. "You must be aware that you owe respect to the emblem of authority. Therefore you need not think it strange if I impose a severe penalty upon you."

"Then tell me how much fine I must pay," replied Tell.

"Who told you that you would be let off for money?"

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said Gessler. "Am I not master here? I have authority to fix all penalties." Then pointing to Tell's crossbow, he added: "Why do you carry weapons? The game in this country belongs to the king; and when the land is threatened by forces, he can protect it with his soldiers."

Tell answered, "I carry weapons because it is one of the ancient privileges of my countrymen. Hunting in the woods and among the mountains is also an ancient right, of which no one had dared rob the Swiss."

Tell's bold words infuriated the governor. "We will see about that," said he. "If you peasants carry weapons, you must be prepared to use them."

Many were alarmed by these words and the manner in which they were spoken. Gessler was silent for a moment, and then he asked, "Is that your son?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Tell.

Tell's Punishment

"You are said to be the best shot in the mountains," said the governor. "So your penalty shall be to shoot an apple from your son's head." Turning to a soldier, he added: "Pick an apple from the branch of this tree, and lead the boy to yonder lime tree."

Then again addressing Tell, the tyrant said, "Stand where you are and shoot that apple from your son's head. If you miss the apple, you shall die."

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Had the earth suddenly opened under them and a dragon appeared, the crowd could not have been more terrified than they were by these words. Even the faces of the soldiers around Tell grew pale.

Tell stood motionless for a moment, and then looked at his son, who was regarding him appealingly, as if he were not sure he had heard clearly.

"How long do you intend to wait?" asked Gessler. "It seems to take you a long time to make up your mind."

The soldier returned with an apple, which he had knocked off with his spear. "My lord," said Tell, "you cannot be in earnest in demanding such a terrible thing of a father! Take all my property as a penalty, but spare me from aiming an arrow at the head of my own child."

Several women standing near by raised their hands, and begged him to show mercy to Tell. The men stood pale and motionless. A priest who chanced to be passing that way, advanced and said: "O, my lord, have pity on this poor man. If he deserves punishment, he has already been punished a hundred-fold by your words. My lord, do not cruelly jest with a father's feelings any longer."

"Who says I am jesting?" answered Gessler, laying his hand upon his sword. "My order shall be executed without delay. Drive the people to one

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side with your spears, and lead the boy to the lime tree."

The soldier who was holding the apple took the boy by the hand, but Tell sprang forward and tore him away. Then Gessler said, "Now hear my last words, Tell, if you do not shoot, both you and your son shall die."

Tell embraced his son, who looked up with innocent eyes and said, "Shoot, father, I will stand still and you will not miss the apple."

With that he released himself from his father's arms, took the apple from the soldier's hand, ran to the lime tree, placed himself in position, and put the apple on his curly head himself. His father stood leaning on his crossbow, more disturbed than he had ever been before. The men, apparently, were thinking of the possible results that might follow an attack upon the soldiers.

Tell suddenly recovered his composure, and selected two arrows from his quiver. He placed one in the groove of the bow and the other in his belt. "Shoot, father," said the boy, in a loud, firm voice. "I am not afraid. I am standing still."

Tell raised his eyes for a moment toward heaven, and then placed his bow in position. Almost in an instant the string twanged and the arrow flew and pierced the apple, which dropped to the ground. A

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joyful exclamation arose when the boy picked up the apple and the arrow. Tell stood pale and silent as his son ran joyfully to him. He embraced the boy, uttered a shrill exclamation, and then fell fainting. William knelt over him, crying, "My father, O my father! My father is dead!"

Men and women, with tears in their eyes, came forward and consoled him. "He has only fainted," said a man. "Your father is not dead."

At last Tell opened his eyes and saw his weeping son with the apple and the arrow in his hands. In a little time he arose and said: "Take the apple to the governor so he may see that the penalty has been paid."

William went to Gessler and gave him the apple. Then Tell took his son by the hand and they started for home. But Gessler found a pretext for imposing a fresh penalty. He called after Tell, "Why did you take two arrows from your quiver and hide one in your belt?"

"To shoot you, tyrant, had I killed my son," replied Tell.

"For doing that," replied the governor in a rage, "I shall shut you up where your arrows will not harm any one in the future. Here, soldiers, seize him and bind him."

Tell's first thought was to grab the spear of the soldier nearest him, and defend himself at the peril of his life, but he thought better of it and let them bind

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him without making any resistance. William clung to him crying, but a soldier tore him away and pushed him to one side.

There was a law at that time which forbade the imprisonment of any Swiss citizen outside the section of country where he belonged, but Gessler paid no attention to it. He decided to take Tell across the lake in a boat. They had not gone far when a great storm arose and the boat was tossed about like a nutshell. The sailors became alarmed and lost control of the boat. Gessler was more alarmed than any of them and called out, "What can be done? What can be done?"

"Tell is a fine sailor and if anyone can save us, he can," replied the pilot.

When Gessler heard this, he quickly unbound Tell and bade him take charge of the boat.

Tell grasped the tiller and steered the boat near the rocky shore and then seized his crossbow and leaped from the boat. He landed safely on the shore and hid himself in a defile of the mountains. Gessler also escaped the storm, but as he was passing through the defile, he was pierced by Tell's unerring arrow. Thus was the country released from the most cruel of tyrants.

—George P. Upton.

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KING ARTHUR

In the days when Uther was king of England, there was a mighty duke in Cornwall who made war against him for a long time. This duke was named the Duke of Tintagil, and he had a beautiful wife named Igraine.

At last the king sent for the duke to come to him and bring his wife with him; but he replied that neither he nor his wife would come. Then was the king very angry, and sent word again, bidding the duke be ready; for within forty days he would come and drag him forth from his castle.

When the duke had this warning, he supplied and strengthened two strong castles, one of which was

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called Tintagil, and the other Terrabil. Then he shut up his wife in Tintagil and himself in Terrabil, intending thus to divide the king's forces; but soon King Uther came in haste, with a great host, and laid siege to the castle of Terrabil, and there was a great battle and many people were slain. The duke thought to outwit the king by stealing out of the castle at night to distress the king's men; but the duke himself was slain, and thus was the castle taken.

Then all the nobles begged the king to make peace with Lady Igraine; wherefore the king sent a knight named Ulfius to bring her from the castle of Tintagil; and the next morning the fair Igraine and the king were married in all haste, with great mirth and joy.

King Uther and Queen Igraine lived happily for many years, and at last a son was born to them. On the day of his birth, Merlin wrapped the child in a cloth of gold and took him to a brave knight named Sir Ector. None knew what had become of the child; and Sir Ector's wife brought him up as her own son and named him Arthur.

Within two years of that time, King Uther fell sick of a great disease and died. Then all the king's enemies came to fight against the land and there was none to protect it. So every great lord desired to be king, and the nobles fought each other for many years. At last Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury,

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advising him to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen in arms, bidding them to come to London by Christmas; for Christ, who was born on that night, would show by some miracle who should be king of the land. So the Archbishop of Canterbury sent for the lords and gentlemen in arms, as Merlin had said.

On Christmas day those who had been bidden, went to pray in the great church of London; and when prayers were over, there was seen in the churchyard a great square stone of marble. Fastened to the stone was an anvil a foot high, and in the anvil was stuck a sword on which was written in letters of gold:

"Whoso pulleth this sword out of the anvil, is by right king born of England."

The people marveled and told the archbishop what they had seen.

"I command you," said the archbishop, "to keep within the church, and that no man touch the sword until the services are over."

So when the services were over, all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. Then they read the writing, and some who would be king, tried to pull out the sword, but they could not move it.

"The one who shall remove the sword is not here," said the archbishop; "but, doubtless, God will make him known." And the archbishop chose ten knights to guard the stone and the sword.

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On New Year's Day when the services were over, the nobles rode to the fields to have some bouts of arms. Among them was Sir Ector and Sir Kay, his son, and young Arthur, who had been brought up as his brother. It happened that Sir Kay had left his sword at home, and begged Arthur to go and get it for him. But when Arthur came to Sir Ector's house, Lady Ector and all the other women had gone to see the bouts, and he could not enter to get the sword.

Then was Arthur angry, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword that is stuck in the anvil, for my brother Kay shall not be without a sword this day."

So when he came to the church, Arthur dismounted and tied his horse to the stile. Then he went to the stone and took the sword by the handle and easily pulled it out of the anvil. With it he quickly rode away until he came to his brother, Sir Kay, and gave him the sword. As soon as Sir Kay saw it, he knew that it was the sword that had been in the anvil; so he rode to his father, Sir Ector, and said:

"See, here is the sword from the anvil, therefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector heard that, he took Sir Kay and Arthur and hurried back to the church, and there he made Sir Kay swear how he came by the sword.

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"My brother Arthur brought it to me," declared Sir Kay.

"And how did you get this sword?" Sir Ector asked of Arthur.

"Why, father," replied Arthur, "when I went home for my brother's sword, I found nobody there, and as I did not wish Sir Kay to be swordless, I came and drew this sword out of the anvil."

"Now I know," said Sir Ector, "that you must be king of this land."

"For what cause should I be king?" asked Arthur.

"God will have it so," answered Sir Ector, "for no man could draw this sword out of the anvil unless he should by right be king born of England. Now see whether you can put back the sword as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is easy," said Arthur as he put the sword back in the anvil again.

Then Sir Ector tried to pull it out, but he could not; so he said to Sir Kay, "Now you try." But he could not move the sword.

"Now you may try," said Sir Ector to Arthur; and Arthur pulled it out easily.

Then Sir Ector and Sir Kay kneeled down to the earth; but Arthur said, "Alas, my own dear father and brother, why do you kneel to me?"

"I am not your father," said Sir Ector; and then

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he told Arthur how Merlin had brought him as a babe, to be brought up, but he did not know who was his father or mother. Then was Arthur very sad when he learned that Sir Ector was not his father.

On the twelfth day all the barons came to the church again and attempted to draw out the sword; but there was none who could pull it out. Therefore, they used many harsh words and said it was a great shame to be governed by a boy of no high birth. So they put off the choosing of a king until Candlemas, when all the barons should meet again. But ten knights remained behind to watch the sword day and night.

At Candlemas many great lords came again to try for the sword; but they could do nothing. However, as Arthur did at Christmas, so did he at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily. Wherefore all the barons were angry, and put off the choice until Easter; but as Arthur did before, so did he at Easter. Wherefore the lords put off the choice until Pentecost.

At the feast of Pentecost all manner of men tried to pull out the sword; but no one except Arthur was able to do it. Whereupon all the people, both rich and poor, cried with one voice, "We will have Arthur for our king!"

Thus was Arthur made king.

—*Thomas Malory.*

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CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, near Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His parents died while he was very young, and with practically no education, he had to begin to support himself when but a mere child. He studied shorthand at home and in the British Museum and became a reporter for one of the leading London newspapers. He soon earned the reputation of being the most rapid stenographer of his time; and was able to take every word of the addresses of even the most rapid speakers in Parliament.

Dickens never forgot his own unhappy childhood, and had great sympathy for the poor and unfortunate. He labored constantly for reforms, and did more than any one else to better the condition of prisoners in England. Fortunately he lived long enough to see some of the results of his labors.

Most of his books are about people who are poor and unhappy. Much that he wrote was humorous, and while some parts of his books will make you sad, others will make you laugh. Among his best books are "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "A Christmas Carol," and "A Child's History of England," from the last of which the following account is taken:

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ALFRED THE GREAT

Alfred the Great was a young man, three-and-twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on religious journeys; and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for then, that when he was twelve years old he had not been taught to read, although of the four sons of King Ethelwulf he was the youngest and the favorite.

But Alfred had—as most men who grow up to be good and great generally have—an excellent mother. This lady, whose name happened to be Osburgha, happened one day to read to her sons a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that time, and the book from which she read was written by hand in beautiful, bright letters. The brothers admired it very much and their mother said, "I will give it to the one of you four princes who first learns to read."

Alfred found a tutor that very day, and applied himself to learning with such diligence that he soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

The great king in the first year of his reign fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that

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they would leave the country. They pretended to take a very solemn oath, by swearing on the bracelets which they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but they cared little for oaths and treaties, and cared nothing about breaking them, and of coming back again, to fight, plunder, and burn as usual.

One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, they spread themselves over the whole of England, and so routed the king's soldiers, that the king was left alone and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, while the Danes sought him far and wide, King Alfred was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which were baking upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes by and by, he forgot the cakes and they were burned. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, "you will be ready enough to eat them by and by, and yet you cannot watch them for a few minutes!"

At length the Devonshire men overcame a new host of Danes who landed on their coast; and killed their chief and captured their flag. There was a likeness of a raven on the flag, which was a very fit flag for

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a band of robbers like that. The loss of their flag troubled the Danes greatly; for they believed it was enchanted. King Alfred joined the Devonshire men, and encamped with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a swamp in Somersetshire, and prepared to bring vengeance on the Danes and deliver his oppressed people.

But first it was important to know how numerous those wicked Danes were, and how they were fortified. King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman or minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, and everything that he desired to know; and he soon entertained them with a different tune.

He summoned all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as their king whom they had given up as lost or dead. He put himself at their head, marched to the Danish camp and defeated the Danes with great slaughter. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, instead of killing them, he proposed peace, on the condition that they should depart from the western part of England and settle

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in the eastern, and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the true religion, which now taught his conqueror to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him.

This Guthrum did. At his baptism, King Alfred was his godfather. Guthrum was an honorable chief, who well deserved mercy; for ever afterwards he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They plowed and sowed and reaped, and led good honest lives. And I hope the children of these Danes played many times with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English travelers benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat around the red fire, talking of good King Alfred.

All the Danes were not like those under Guthrum. After some years, more of them came over to plunder and burn in the old way. Among them was a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend, with eighty ships. For three years there was a war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country and a plague upon human creatures and beasts. King Alfred's strong heart never failed him. He built large ships with

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which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and encouraged his soldiers to fight bravely against them on shore. At last he drove them all away, and there was peace in England.

King Alfred was as great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, and he never rested from his labors to improve his people. He liked to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English, and it was one of his labors to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue.

He made just laws that his people might live happily and freely; and removed from office all unjust judges, so that no wrong might be done. He was so careful of their property and punished robbers so severely that it was commonly said that, under the great King Alfred, garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched them.

He founded schools; and it was the great desire of his heart to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier than he had found it. His industry in behalf of his people was quite astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time

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exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burned down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours by the clock. But when the candles were first made, it was found that the wind and draughts of air caused them to gutter and burn unevenly. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases made of wood and white horn; and these were the first lanterns, or light-horns, ever made in England.

All this time he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are well remembered to the present hour.

This noble king possessed all the Saxon virtues. He was hopeful in defeat and generous in success; and in his care to instruct his people, probably did more to preserve the beautiful old Saxon language than any one else in England.

—*Charles Dickens.*

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THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Arabian Nights are wonderful tales of adventure and enchantment that, after being told for many generations, were finally collected and named "The Thousand and One Nights." A Frenchman named Gulland found them written in Arabic, in Constantinople, several hundred years ago, and translated them into French, from which they have been translated into almost every known language. Doubtless many of the stories were first told in Bagdad when Haroun al-Roschid was caliph.

The story is told that there was once a sultan who married a wife one day and tired of her so quickly that he cut off her head the next day and married another. This went on from day to day for a long time. At last a brave and good maiden, the daughter of the sultan's chief minister, begged her father to allow her to marry the sultan, saying that she would die in the attempt or save the rest of her countrywomen from such an awful fate.

Her father was shocked at her strange request and entreated her to drive the thought from her mind; but nothing could shake her determination to be the sultan's bride.

Accordingly, she married the sultan, and on the evening of her marriage entertained him with an inter-

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esting story that was so long that she could not reach the end of it that night. The sultan liked the story so much that he offered to spare her life the next day, on condition that she should continue the story the following evening. You may readily understand that there was no difficulty in securing her consent to this.

This went on from evening to evening. She always ended a story and began a new one early in the evening and left off in the most interesting place, so that the sultan would be sure to insist upon hearing the rest of it the following evening. For one thousand and one nights the story-telling continued, and by the end of that time the sultan had grown so fond of his wife that he could not think of parting with her.

Among the best of the stories are: "Aladdin," "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Ali Baba,"—the last of which is given here for you to read. When you have finished reading "Ali Baba," try to suggest another title for the story.

Since the earliest of these stories were first known in Europe, many others have been found. Strange as it may seem "Aladdin," now one of the best-known of the tales, was one of the last to be found.

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ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

In an old town of Persia there lived two brothers named Cassim and Ali Baba.

Cassim married a wife who owned a fine shop and some land, and he became one of the richest men in the whole town.

Ali Baba married a wife who was as poor as himself, and lived in a very humble house. He earned his living by cutting wood in the forest, and carrying it about the town on three donkeys to sell.

One day Ali Baba went to the forest, and had nearly finished cutting as much wood as his donkeys could carry, when he saw a thick cloud of dust rising high in the air, and which seemed to be coming towards him. He looked at it until he saw a great company of men on horseback, who were riding rapidly into the woods. Ali Baba thought the horsemen looked like robbers, so without stopping to think what might become of his donkeys, his first and only thought was to save himself. So he quickly climbed up into a large tree with thick leafy branches. Here he could see everything that passed without being seen.

The robbers rode swiftly up to this very tree, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them. Each horseman took the bridle off his horse and tied it to a tree. Then they took their traveling bags,

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which were so heavy that Ali Baba thought they must be filled with gold and silver.

The Captain of the thieves, with a bag on his shoulder, came close to a rock, at the roots of the tree in which Ali Baba had hidden himself.

Then he called out, "Open, Sesame!" and a door in the rock opened; and the Captain and all his men quickly passed in, and the door closed again. They stayed there for a long time. Meanwhile, Ali Baba was compelled to wait in the tree, as he was afraid some of them might see him if he left his hiding-place.

At length the door opened, and the forty thieves came out. The Captain stood at the door until all his men had passed out. Then Ali Baba heard him say, "Shut, Sesame!" Each man then bridled his horse and rode away.

Ali Baba did not come down from the tree at once, because he thought the robbers might have forgotten something, and come back. He watched them as long as he could, and did not leave the tree for a long time after he had lost sight of them. Then, remembering the words the Captain had used to open and shut the door, he made his way to it, and called out, "Open, Sesame!" Instantly the door flew wide open!

Ali Baba expected to find only a dark cave, and he was much astonished at seeing a fine large room, dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach.

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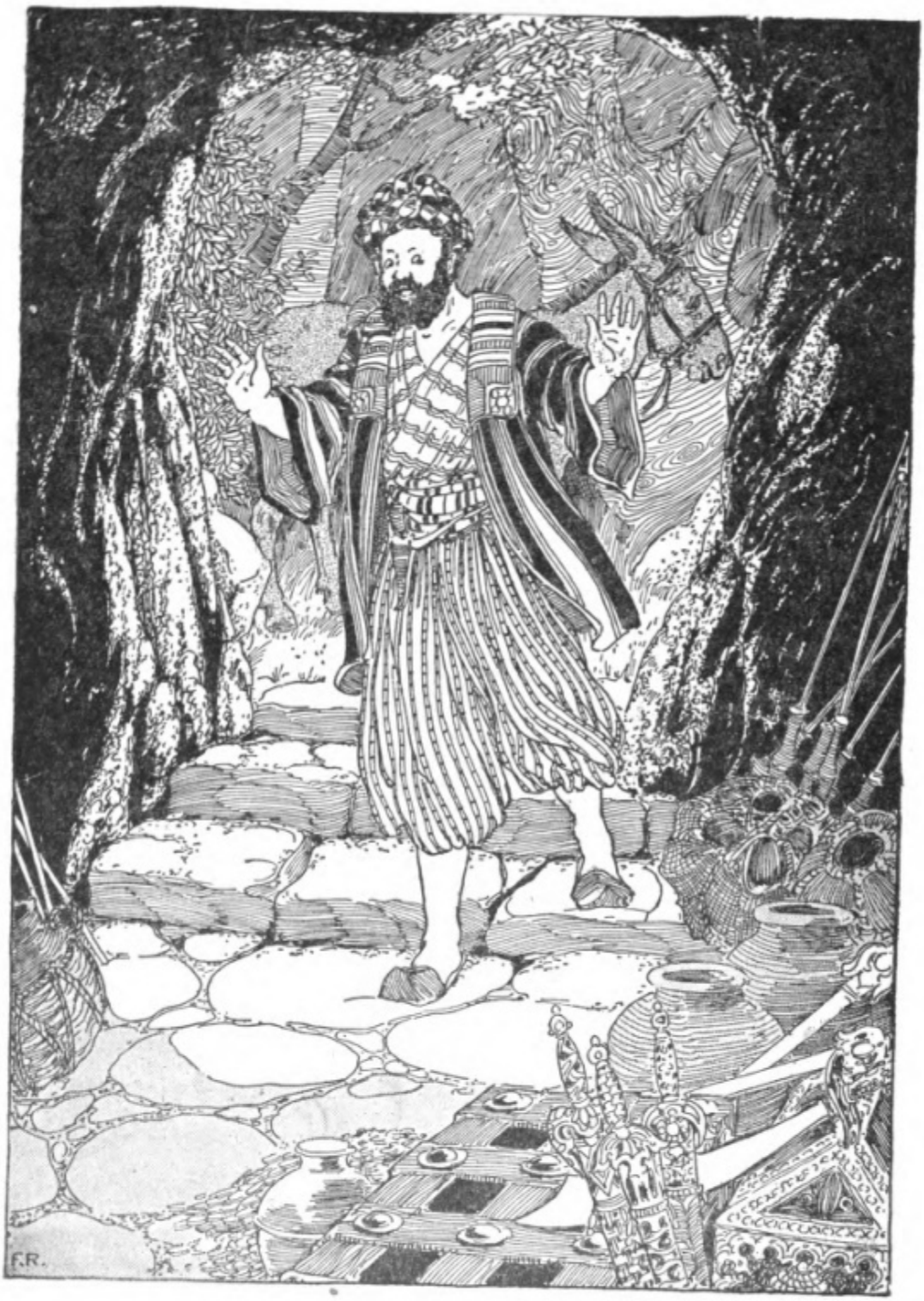

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It received its light from a hole in the top of the rock. In it were all sorts of rare fruits, bales of rich merchandise, silks and velvets, and great heaps of money, both silver and gold, some loose and some in large leather bags. The sight of all these things almost took Ali Baba's breath away.

But it did not take him long to decide what he should do. He went boldly into the cave, and as soon as he was there the door shut; but he knew the secret by which to open it, and this gave him no fear. Leaving the silver, he turned to the gold, which was in the bags. When he had gathered enough to load his three donkeys, he brought them to the rock, loaded them, and covered the sacks of gold with wood so that no one would suspect anything. Before he left, he said, "Shut Sesame!" and the door closed.

Ali Baba took the road to the town, and when he reached home, drove his donkeys into the yard, and shut the gate with great care. Then he threw off the wood, and carried the gold into the house and piled it up before his wife, who was sitting upon the couch.

When he told the whole story of the cave and the forty thieves, his wife rejoiced with him, and began to count the money, piece by piece.

"What are you doing?" said Ali Baba. "You never could count all of it. I will dig a pit to bury it in. It is not safe to leave it here."

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"However, we should know nearly how much there is," replied his wife. "I will go and borrow a small corn measure, and while you are digging the pit, I will find how much there is."

So the wife of Ali Baba went to the home of her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived but a short distance away. Cassim was not at home, so she begged his wife to lend her a measure for a few minutes. "I will with pleasure," said Cassim's wife.

She went to find a measure, but knowing how poor Ali Baba was, she was curious to know what kind of grain his wife wanted to measure. So she put some tallow under the measure where she was sure it would not be seen.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home, and placing the measure on the heap of gold, filled it over and over again until she had measured the whole of it. By this time Ali Baba had dug the pit for it, and while he was burying the gold, his wife went back with the measure to her sister-in-law, but without noticing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it.

As soon as the measure had been returned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of it, and was astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. "What!" said she, "Ali Baba measures his gold! Where did he get so much?"

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When her husband came home, she said, "Cassim, you think you are rich, but Ali Baba must have far more wealth than you. He does not count his gold as you do. He measures it." Then she showed him the piece of money she had found sticking to the bottom of the measure.

Far from feeling glad at the good fortune of his brother, Cassim grew so jealous of Ali Baba that he passed almost the whole night without closing his eyes. Next morning before sunrise he went to see his brother. "Ali Baba," said he, harshly, "you pretend to be a poor beggar, and yet you measure your money in a corn measure." Then Cassim showed him the piece of gold his wife had given him, and added, "How many pieces have you like this one that my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure yesterday?"

From this speech Ali Baba knew that Cassim and his wife must suspect what had happened. So, without showing the least sign of surprise, he told Cassim by what chance he had found the den of thieves. He also told him where it was, and offered to share the treasure with him.

"I certainly expect this," replied Cassim in a haughty tone, "otherwise I will go and inform the police of it."

Ali Baba even told him the words he must say to open and close the door of the cave. Cassim made

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no further inquiries of Ali Baba. However, he determined to seize the whole treasure, and set off next morning before break of day with ten mules carrying large hampers which he intended to fill. He took the road that Ali Baba had pointed out, and soon found the rock and the tree.

Having cried, "Open, Sesame!" the door opened. He entered, and it closed again. The greedy Cassim spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold; but he remembered that he had come to take away as much as his ten mules could carry. Therefore, he filled his sacks, and coming to the door, he found that he had forgotten the secret words, and instead of saying, "Open, Sesame," he said, "Open, barley." But the door, instead of flying open, remained closed. He named various other kinds of grain, but he could not think of the right one, and the door did not move.

Cassim was not prepared for this. He threw the sacks he had collected on the ground and paced backward and forward in the cave.

The thieves returned to their cave a little before noon; and when they were within a short distance of it, and saw the mules with the hampers, standing about the rock, they were much surprised. They drove away the ten mules, which fled into the forest. Then the Captain and his men dismounted and went towards

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the door, with their sabres in their hands. The Captain said, "Open, Sesame!" and the door opened.

From the inside of the cave, Cassim heard the horses trampling on the ground and did not doubt that the thieves had come, and that his death was near. Resolving to make an effort to escape, he placed himself near the door, ready to run out as soon as it should open. The words, "Open, Sesame," were scarcely pronounced before it opened and he rushed out with such violence that he threw the Captain to the ground. However, he could not escape the other thieves, who slew him with their sabres.

On entering the cave the thieves found the sacks that Cassim had left near the door, but they could not imagine how he had been able to get in.

They decided to divide the body of Cassim into four parts, and place them in the cave to frighten away anyone else who might have the boldness to break in. Then, leaving it well secured. they mounted their horses, and rode away.

In the meantime, the wife of Cassim was in the greatest uneasiness. When night came, and her husband did not return, she went in the utmost alarm to Ali Baba, and said, "Brother, I believe that Cassim has gone to the forest. He has not come back, and I fear some accident may have befallen him."

Ali Baba did not wait to be urged to go and seek for

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Cassim. He immediately set out with his three donkeys, and went to the forest. As he drew near the rock he was astonished to see that blood had been shed near the cave. When he reached the door, he said, "Open, Sesame!" and it opened. He was struck with horror to find the body of his brother near the entrance. He decided to carry it home, and wrapped it up and placed it on one of his donkeys, covering it with sticks to conceal it. He quickly loaded the other two donkeys with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as before. Then he commanded the door to close.

After waiting in the forest until nightfall, he took the road to the city and returned without being seen. When he reached home, he left the two donkeys that were laden with gold for his wife to unload. Then, having told her what had happened to Cassim, he led the other donkey to his sister-in-law.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, who was a clever female slave. When he had entered the court, he took from the back of the donkey the wood and the body, and said, "Morgiana, I have to ask you to keep a deep secret! Here is the body of your master. We must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Now let me speak to your mistress."

Morgiana went to call her mistress, and Ali Baba told her all that had happened. "Sister," added he, "here is a sad affliction for you, but we must contrive

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to bury my brother as if he had died a natural death; and then we shall be glad to offer you a shelter under our own roof."

The widow of Cassim decided that she could not do better than consent. She therefore dried her tears and thanked Ali Baba for his kindness.

Ali Baba and Morgiana went to a druggist and asked for a particular kind of medicine to be used in dangerous illness. The druggist gave her the medicine and asked who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Cassim himself. He can neither speak nor eat!"

Meanwhile, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen in the course of the day going backwards and forwards to the house of Cassim, no one was surprised on hearing in the evening the piercing cries of his widow and Morgiana, which announced his death. At a very early hour the next morning, Morgiana, knowing that a good old cobbler lived near, who was one of the first to open his shop, went out in search of him. Coming up to him, she wished him a good day, and put a piece of gold into his hand.

The Cobbler

Baba Mustapha, the cobbler, always had something laughable to say. Looking at the money,

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and seeing it was gold, he said, "A good hansel, what's to be done? I am ready to do what I am told."

"Baba Mustapha," said Morgiana, "take all you want for sewing, and come directly with me. But you must let me put a bandage over your eyes when we come to a certain street."

At these words Baba Mustapha began to shake his head. "No," said he, "you want me to do something wrong."

But putting another piece of gold into his hand, Morgiana said, "I want you to do nothing wrong. Only come with me, and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha then followed Morgiana, and when they reached the street she had mentioned, she bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and led him to Cassim's house. She did not remove the bandage until he was in the chamber where the body lay. Then taking it off, she said, "Baba Mustapha, I have brought you here, that you might sew these pieces together. Lose no time, and when you have finished, I will give you another piece of gold."

When Baba Mustapha had finished his work, Morgiana blindfolded his eyes again before he left the chamber, and having given him a third piece of money, she led him to the place where she had first put on the handkerchief. Then she left him

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to return to his house. And so the body of Cassim was prepared for burial, which took place the same day.

Ali Baba and Morgiana followed the body to the grave, but his widow remained at home to lament and weep with her neighbors, according to the usual custom. At the time of the burial, all her women friends came to her house, and joining their cries to hers, filled the air with sounds of woe. Thus the manner of Cassim's death was so well hidden that no one in the city had any suspicion of it.

When the forty thieves came back to their cave, they found the body of Cassim was gone, and with it much of their treasure. "We have been discovered," said the Captain, "and we shall lose our lives if we are not very careful. All that we can now tell is, that the man whom we killed in the cave knew the secret of opening the door. But he was not the only one. Another must have found it out, too. Having slain one, we must not let the other escape. One of you must go to the city, without arms, and in the dress of a traveler, and try to discover the name and the residence of the man we killed."

The thief who agreed to carry out this plan disguised himself so that no one could tell who he was. Then he set out at night, and entered the city just as day was dawning. When he entered the square,

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only one shop was open, and that was the shop of Baba Mustapha, the cobbler.

Baba Mustapha was seated on his stool, with his awl in his hand, ready to begin his work. The thief went up to him and wished him good morning. "My good man," said he, "you rise early to your work. You must find it hard to see clearly at this early hour."

"Whoever you are," replied Baba Mustapha, "you do not know much of me. Old as I am, I have good eyes; and so you would have said if you had known that not long ago I sewed up a dead body in a place where there was no more light than we have now."

The thief felt great satisfaction at having so soon found a man to give him the very news he wanted. "A body?" said he, with attempted surprise. "Why sew up a dead body?"

"Oh!" replied Baba Mustapha, "I know; you want me to tell you all about it, but you shall not know another word."

Thereupon the thief drew out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said, "I have no desire to know any secret. The only thing I ask of you is to come with me and show me the house where you sewed up the dead body."

"I cannot," replied Baba Mustapha, "and I will tell you why. They took me to a certain street and

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there blindfolded my eyes, and then led me to the house. When I had finished I was led back the same way."

"But," said the thief, "you must remember the way you went after your eyes were covered. Come with me, I will put a bandage over your eyes, and we will walk together along the same streets, and follow the same turnings. Come, here is another piece of gold."

The two pieces of gold tempted the cobbler. "I cannot say," said he, "that I exactly remember the way they took me, but since you insist, I will do my best!"

So Baba Mustapha got up to go with him, and, without shutting up his shop, he led the thief to the spot where Morgiana had put the bandage over his eyes. Here the thief, who had a handkerchief ready, tied it over the cobbler's eyes, and walked by his side, partly leading him and partly being led by him, till he stopped.

The cobbler was exactly in front of the house which formerly belonged to Cassim, and where Ali Baba now lived. Before he took the bandage from his eyes, the thief quickly made a mark on the door with some chalk he had for the purpose. When he had taken it off, he asked him if he knew to whom the house belonged. Baba Mustapha replied that he did not live in that part of the town, and could not tell him. As the thief found he could learn nothing more from Baba Mustapha, he thanked him for the trouble he

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had taken, and left him to return to his shop, while he himself took the road to the forest.

Soon after this, Morgiana had occasion to go into the street, and saw the mark which the thief had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. "What can this mark mean?" thought she; "has anyone a spite against my master, or has it been done only for fun? In any case, it will be well to guard against the worst that may happen."

Several of the doors, both above and below her master's, were alike, so she took some chalk and marked them in the same manner. Then she went in without saying anything of what she had done either to her master or mistress.

The thief in the meantime arrived at the forest, and told the success of his journey. They all listened to him with great delight, and the Captain, after praising him, said, "Comrades, we have no time to lose. Let us arm ourselves and depart. We will enter the city separately and meet in the great square before we go to find the house with the chalk mark."

Thus the thieves went to the city in parties of two or three without causing any suspicion. The thief who had been there in the morning then led the Captain to the street in which he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house that had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out,

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saying that was the one. But as they continued walking on, the Captain saw that the next door was marked in the same manner. At this the thief was quite confused, and knew not what to say. And they found four or five other doors with the same mark.

The Captain, in great anger, returned to the square, and told the first of his men he met to tell the rest that they had lost their labor, and that nothing remained but to return to the forest.

When they had reached the forest, the Captain declared that the mistaken thief deserved death, and his head was at once cut off by his companions.

Next day another thief went to the city, found the cobbler, who led him to Ali Baba's house, whose door he marked with red. But a short time afterwards, Morgiana went out and saw the red mark, and did not fail to make a similar red mark on all the neighboring doors.

The thief, when he returned to the forest, boasted of his success, and the Captain and the rest repaired to the city with as much care as before. The Captain and his guide then went to the street where Ali Baba resided, but the same thing occurred as before.

Thus they were obliged to return again to the forest, where the second thief had his head cut off.

The next day the Captain himself went to the city, and, with the help of Baba Mustapha, found the house

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of Ali Baba. But he did not waste any time in making marks on it. He examined it so well, by looking at it, and by passing before it several times, that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

Thereupon he returned to the forest, and told the thieves he had made sure of the house, and had made a plan that they must help him to carry out.

First he sent them into the neighboring towns and villages to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leather jars for carrying oil. One of the jars must be full of oil, and all the others empty.

In two or three days the thieves returned, and the Captain made an armed man enter each jar and then closed the lid. Thus they appeared full of oil. And he also rubbed the oil on the outside of the jars.

The Oil Merchant

The mules were soon loaded with the thirty-eight jars and then the Captain led the way to the city. He arrived there about an hour after sunset, and went straight to the house of Ali Baba. He found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the cool evening air. He stopped his mules. "Sir," said he, "I have brought this oil from a great distance to sell to-morrow in the market. I do not know where to go to pass the night. If it will not cause you too much trouble, do me the favor to take me under your roof."

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Although Ali Baba had seen the man who now spoke to him in the forest, and had heard his voice, yet he had no idea that this was the Captain of the forty robbers disguised as an oil merchant. "You are welcome," said he, and immediately made room for him and his mules. Then Ali Baba called a slave, and ordered him to put the mules in the stable and to give them some hay and corn. He also took the trouble of going into the kitchen to ask Morgiana to get supper for his guest, and to prepare his room and bed.

When Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, the Captain of the thieves went into the court as if he were going to the stable to look after his mules.

Having told Morgiana to look to his guest, and see that he wanted nothing, Ali Baba added, "To-morrow before daybreak I shall go to the bath. Take care that my bathing linen is ready, and have some good broth for me when I return." After giving these orders he went to bed.

In the meantime, the Captain of the thieves went to give his people orders. Beginning with the first jar, and going to the whole number, he said, "When I shall throw some pebbles from my chamber, do not fail to rip open the jar from top to bottom with your knife."

Having done this, he returned to the house, ate his supper, and was shown to his chamber. To avoid any suspicion, he put out the light, and lay down in

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his clothes, ready to rise as soon as he had taken his first sleep.

Morgiana did not forget Ali Baba's orders. She prepared his linen for the bath and gave it to a slave, who was not yet gone to bed. Then she put the pot on the fire to make the broth, but while she was skimming it, the lamp went out. There was no more oil in the house, and she had no candles. At last she went to take some oil out of one of the jars in the court.

As she drew near to the first jar, the thief who was concealed within, said in a low voice, "Is it time?"

Although he spoke softly, Morgiana heard him. Any other slave except her would have made a great uproar at finding a man in the jar instead of some oil. But Morgiana imitated the voice of the Captain, and answered, "Not yet." She approached the next jar, and the same question was asked. She went on to them all in turn, making the same answer to the same question, until she came to the last, which was full of oil.

By this means, Morgiana discovered that her master, who supposed he was giving a night's lodging to an oil merchant, had given shelter to thirty-eight robbers. She quickly filled her oil-can from the last jar, and returned to the kitchen. After putting some oil in her lamp and lighting it, she took a large kettle, and went again into the court to fill it with oil from the

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jar. This done, she brought it back again, put it over the fire, and made a great blaze under it with some wood. As soon as the oil boiled, she took the kettle and poured into each jar, from the first to the last, enough boiling oil to scald the robbers to death.

This being done without any noise, she returned to the kitchen and shut the door. Then she blew out the light and remained silent at the kitchen window to see what would happen.

Before she had waited a quarter of an hour, the Captain of the robbers awoke. He got up, opened the window and looked out. All was dark and silent. He gave the signal by throwing the pebbles, many of which fell on the jars with a rattling sound. He listened, but heard nothing. He became uneasy at the delay, and threw some more pebbles down. They all struck the jars, yet nothing moved, and he was at a loss to account for it. He went down into the court in great alarm, and with as little noise as possible. He went up to the first jar, and was just going to ask if the robber in it was asleep, when he smelled burning oil. He went to the next jar, and to the others in turn, and discovered that all his men were dead. Terrified at this, he jumped over the garden gate and made his escape.

When Morgiana saw that all was still, and that the Captain of the thieves did not return, she was over-

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joyed at the success of her plan. Then she returned to her room and soon fell asleep.

Ali Baba went to the bath before daybreak followed by his slave. He was totally unaware of the events which had taken place in his house during his sleep. When he returned from the bath, he was surprised to see the jars of oil still standing in the court. He asked Morgiana why the oil merchant had not gone to the market.

"My good master," said Morgiana, "may God preserve you and all your family. You will soon know the reason, if you will take the trouble to come with me."

Ali Baba followed Morgiana, and when she had shut the door, she took him to the first jar and bade him look in and see if it contained oil. He did as she desired, and seeing a man in the jar, he hastily drew back and uttered a cry of surprise.

"Do not be afraid," said she, "the man you see there will not do you any harm. He has attempted it, but he will never hurt you or any one else."

"Morgiana!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what does all this mean?"

"I will explain," replied Morgiana, "but be careful not to arouse the curiosity of your neighbors. It is very important that you should keep the matter secret. Now come and look in all the other jars."

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Ali Baba examined all the rest of the jars until he came to the last, which contained the oil, and he noticed that its oil was nearly all gone. At last he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"The merchant," replied Morgiana, "is no more a merchant than I am." Then she described the marks made upon the door, and the way in which she had copied them. "You see," said she, "that a plot has been made by the thieves of the forest. There are not more than three of them left, but you will do well to be on your guard against them, so long as even one remains."

Ali Baba was full of gratitude and replied, "I will reward you as you deserve before I die. I owe my life to you, and from this moment give you your liberty, and will soon do still more for you."

Meanwhile the Captain of the forty thieves had returned to the forest full of rage, and determined to revenge himself on Ali Baba.

The Merchant

Next morning he awoke at an early hour, put on a merchant's dress, and returned to the city. He took a shop and brought some wares to sell in it. This shop was exactly opposite that which had belonged to Cassim, and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

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The Captain of the thieves soon made friends with the son of Ali Baba, who was young and good-natured. He often invited the young man to sup with him and gave him many rich gifts. When Ali Baba heard of it, he decided to make some return for this kindness of the merchant. He little thought that the pretended merchant was really the Captain of the thieves. So one day he asked the merchant to do him the honor of supping, and spending the evening at his house.

"Sir," replied he, "I am grateful for your kindness; but I must beg you to excuse me. I never eat of any dish that has salt in it, so I could not eat at your table."

"If this is your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not prevent you from coming to supper with me. The bread which is eaten in my house does not contain any salt; and I promise you there shall be none in the meat which is served to you."

So Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and asked Morgiana not to put any salt into the meat she was going to serve for supper. Morgiana could not help being annoyed at this, and asked, "Who is this man who cannot eat salt? Your supper will be good for nothing without it."

"Do not be angry," replied Ali Baba. "He is a good man; do what I wish."

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Morgiana obeyed, but she felt some curiosity to see this man who did not eat salt. On looking at the pretended merchant, she instantly knew him to be the Captain of the robbers, in spite of his disguise. She saw that he had a dagger hidden under his dress.

"I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master. He is his greatest enemy, and means to kill him, but I will prevent it!"

When supper was ended, the Captain of the forty thieves thought that the time had come for revenging himself on Ali Baba. But Morgiana did not allow him time to carry out his wicked plans. She dressed as a dancer, and wore a girdle round her waist, to which was fastened a dagger. Her face was hidden by a very handsome mask. When she had thus disguised herself, she made a courtesy, and performed several dances. At length she drew out the dagger, and plunged it into the heart of the robber.

Ali Baba and his son were terrified at this. "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "What have you done? You have ruined me and my family forever."

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your safety." Then opening the robber's robe, she showed Ali Baba the dagger which was concealed under it. "Look carefully," said she, "and you will recognize the pretended oil merchant

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and the Captain of the forty thieves! Do you now see why he refused to eat salt with you?"

Ali Baba now saw that he owed Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time. He cried out, "Morgiana, some time ago I gave you your liberty, and at the same time promised to do more for you at some future time. That time has now arrived, and I present you to my son as his wife and welcome you as a daughter."

A few days after this, Ali Baba's son and Morgiana were married. After the marriage, Ali Baba decided to again visit the cave of the forty thieves. On reaching it, he dismounted, and went up to the door, and repeated the words, "Open, Sesame." At once the door opened, and he entered the cave. He found that no one had been in it from the time that the pretended merchant had opened his shop in the city. He therefore knew that the whole band of thieves had been killed, and that he was the only person in the whole world who knew the secret of the cave.

From that time Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret, enjoyed its riches and lived in great happiness and comfort to the end of their lives.

—*Arabian Nights.*

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PANDORA

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its infancy, there was a child named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother. In order that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country, to live with him and be his playmate and companion. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box; and almost the first question she asked after crossing the threshold, was this:

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, poutingly. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh, come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors and play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and

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Pandora were alive, and the world is very different from what it was in their time. Then everybody was a child. There was no need of fathers and mothers to take care of the children; because there was no danger or trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink.

When a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree; and if he looked at a tree in the morning, he could see the bursting blossoms of that night's supper. It was a very pleasant life, indeed. No work to be done, no lessons to be studied; nothing but games and dances. The sweet voices of children could be heard talking or caroling like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the livelong day.

What was most wonderful of all was that the children never quarreled among themselves. Oh, what a good time that was to live in! The fact is that those ugly little winged imps called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been heard of. It is probable that the greatest unhappiness that a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only the faint shadow of trouble; but every day it grew more and more, until, in a little while the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

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"Where did that box come from?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it?"

"You're always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus at last; for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk about something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"You're always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, fretfully.

"Well, then," replied Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and I don't care if I never have any more!" answered the fretful little Pandora. "And, besides, my mind is taken up with thinking about this ugly box that I never have any merry times. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, becoming a little vexed. "So how can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sidewise at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

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And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box that had been trusted to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest anything more. However, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very pleasant and intelligent, and who could hardly keep from laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of cloak, and wore a cap that seemed to be made of feathers, so that it looked as if it had wings."

"What kind of staff had he?" asked Pandora

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and it was carved so naturally that at first I thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Mercury, and he brought me here as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and probably it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for both of us to eat."

"Perhaps so," replied Epimetheus, as he turned away. "But until Mercury comes back and tells us so, neither of us has any right to lift the lid of the box."

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"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more interest in things!"

For the first time since Pandora's arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking her to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Mercury, or whoever the messenger was, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it. It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it without Pandora continually stumbling over it and making trouble for herself and Epimetheus.

After Epimetheus had gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had said that it was ugly more than a hundred times; but in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other mirror, it is a wonder that she did not value the box merely on this account.

The edges and the corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there

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were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen. But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, which stole the beauty from all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind.

The most beautiful face of all was in the center of the lid. There was nothing else, save the smooth polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at the face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be sad when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The face had a very mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it must speak. If the mouth had spoken, it probably would have said something like this:

"Do not be afraid, Pandora. What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he is, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

The Knot

I had forgotten to say that the box was fastened, not by a lock, but by a very complicated knot of gold

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cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, and it defied the most skilful fingers to untie it. And yet, this very difficulty made Pandora all the more anxious to examine the knot to see how it was made. Two or three times she had stooped over the box and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without trying to undo it.

"I really believe," she said to herself at last, "that I see how it can be done. Perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, I am sure. I need not open the box, and I should not, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind, so she would not be constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life before any troubles came into the world, that they really had a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing hide and seek among the flowers, or blindman's buff, or whatever games had been found out, while mother earth was in her babyhood.

But, after all, I am not sure but the box was something of a blessing to her. It supplied her with so many things to think of and talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen. When she was in good

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humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides, and the rich border of beautiful faces that ran all around it. If she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box get—and it deserved all it got. But certain it is that if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

It was an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be? Just imagine how busy your wits would be if there was a great box in the house which you might have reason to suppose contained something new and pretty for your Christmas present. Do you think you would be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep. I do not think Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box, and therefore she was very anxious to take a peep.

On this particular day, which we have been so long talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater

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than it usually was that at last she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could.

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy, quite too heavy for the slight strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards she almost fancied she heard something stir inside the box. She held her ear as closely as possible and listened. Really there did seem to be a kind of murmur within. Or, could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or not. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself, "but I think I could untie it. I am resolved to at least find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into its mysteries as much as she could. Almost without intending it, or knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to untie it. Meanwhile, the bright sunshine came through the open window, as did likewise the merry voices of the

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children playing at a distance. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser if she were to let the troublesome knot alone and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playmates and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were busy with the knot; and, happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong? I have the greatest mind in the world to run away."

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of twist which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever saw!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been fastened to one another; and when she tried to recall the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be

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done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

Then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. She could not tell whether it was fancy, or not; but there was quite a tumult of whispers in her ear that said, "Let us out, dear Pandora, let us out! We will be such nice little playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there anything alive in the box? Well, yes, I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep! And then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time since his little playmate had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right, nor was he nearly as happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a

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ripe fig; or, if ripe at all, they were over ripe and unfit to eat. There was no mirth in his heart; and he grew so uneasy and discontented that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him any better than they did. For you must remember that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature and habit to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single one of these children had ever been sick or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that something or other was wrong, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora. With the hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers, and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely—roses and lilies, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind as Epimetheus carried them along.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden dim light.

He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora, and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she should be aware of his

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approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased—as heavily as a grown man, as heavily as an elephant—without Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus saw her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was determined to find out the secret, he determined that she should not be the only wise person in the cottage. If there was anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it for himself. Thus, after all his wise speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish and nearly as much at fault as she.

Pandora Opens the Box

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had also been a low grumbling and muttering,

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which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora, why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let the lid fall, and, starting up, looked about her to see what had happened to Epimetheus. The cloud over the sun had so darkened the room that she could not see very distinctly what was in it; but she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies or mosquitoes were buzzing about.

As her eyes grew more accustomed to the dim light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking very wicked, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and fright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more noise about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now if you wish to know what those ugly things

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were which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you they were the whole family of earthly troubles. There were evil tempers; there were a great many kinds of cares; there were more than a hundred sorrows; there were diseases; and more kinds of naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has harmed the souls and bodies of mankind ever since, had been shut up in that mysterious box, and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to keep safely, in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear from that hour until this moment.

It was impossible, as you will easily guess, for the two children to keep the ugly troubles in their cottage. On the contrary, the first thing they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them. Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been severely stung and were in a great deal of pain. Of course, they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

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"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head,

But either Epimetheus did not hear the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing, "not to speak to me!"

Again came the tap. It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who is inside this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within: "Only lift the lid and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, "I have had enough of lifting the lid. You are inside the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters flying about the world already. You need not think I shall be so foolish as to let you out!" She looked towards Epimetheus as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he praise her for her wisdom; but the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"You had better let me out," said the sweet little voice again. "I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers

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and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you could only get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

Indeed, there was a kind of cheerfulness in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything that the little voice asked. Pandora's heart had grown lighter at every word which came from the box. Epimetheus, too, had turned half around, and seemed to be in better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, I have," answered he in no very good humor, "but what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," replied Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other trouble in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, the naughty boy!" cried the voice within the box, with a laughing voice. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid, for I am in a great hurry to comfort you.

"And as the lid seems very heavy, I will help you," cried Epimetheus, as he ran across the room.

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So, with one consent, the two children lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little creature, and hovered about the room, throwing brightness wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance in dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, just so looked the fairy stranger amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus and laid the least touch of her finger on the spot where trouble had stung him, and immediately the pain was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good deeds, the bright stranger fluttered over the children's heads and looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it was not such a very great mistake to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "Because I am such a cheery little body. I was packed in the box to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly troubles, which was sure to be let loose among them. Never fear! We shall get along pretty well in spite of them all."

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM

A Nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;

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When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song:

For 'twas the selfsame Power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—*Cowper.*

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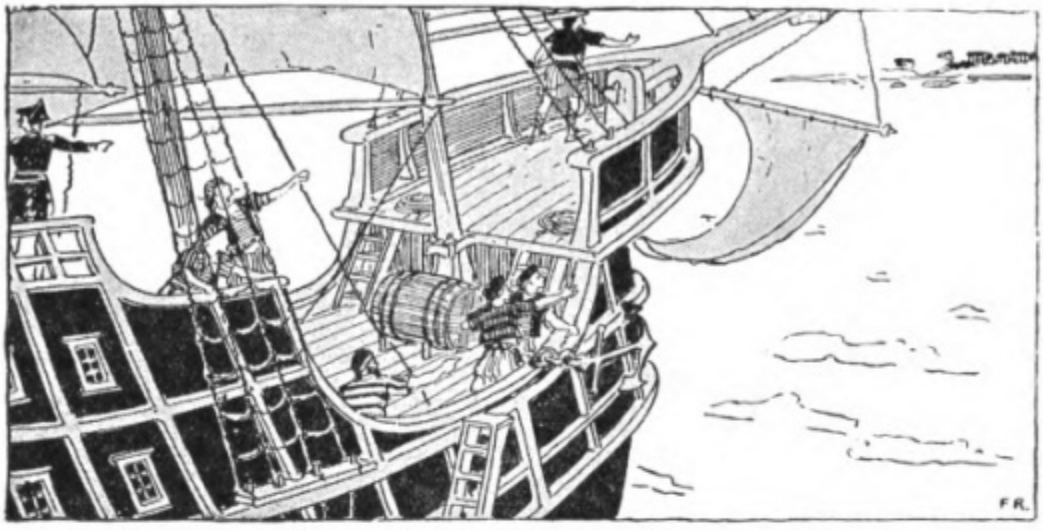

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

In Grandfather's chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by the northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense wig, flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden braid; and his waistcoat, likewise, is all flowered over with gold. His red, rough hands which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adz, are half covered with delicate ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword; and in a corner of the room stands his golden-headed cane of beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an appearance as this did Sir William Phips present when he sat in Grandfather's chair, after the king had appointed him governor of

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Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent looking person.

But Sir William Phips had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease in Grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills, in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a widow, who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by marriage and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house," in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose that he had been to a fortune teller to ask what would happen to him. It was his own energy, and his resolution to lead an industrious life, that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

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Several years passed away, and William Phips had not yet gained the riches which he promised himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phips went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up enough gold and silver to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned he was told of another Spanish ship or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and hitherto nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phips resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James

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listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phips to be captain of a vessel called the Rose Algier, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phips of the English Navy.

Captain Phips sailed from England in the Rose Algier, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small; and most people would have thought that Captain Phips was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the Rose Algier became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortune by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phips to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phips and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors, and besides, the Rose Algier

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was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phips judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phips begged the king to let him have another vessel and send him back to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the Rose Algier would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair. Phips might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phips. He sailed from England, and arrived safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adz and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skilful divers, and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

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The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed around and around it a great many times. They gazed into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see; nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find."

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hands. But he had learnt some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn his breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few minutes

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one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. That single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phips of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cried Captain Phips. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, for fishing gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a costly vessel, which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the king of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes of fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that

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it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards, who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phips and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two they alighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that they were money bags. By remaining so long in salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate, bullion, precious stones, and all was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous to even look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phips in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years

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afterwards, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phips and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phips resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel.

Well they might rejoice; for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfil his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phips a magnificent gold cup, worth at least five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phips left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phips.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spaïn. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells: and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law establishing a coinage

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of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and he was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling that he was continually

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dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whom we will call Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian pudding, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

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On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personal young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law: especially as he had courted Miss Betsy out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to two of his menservants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, she had not the least idea.

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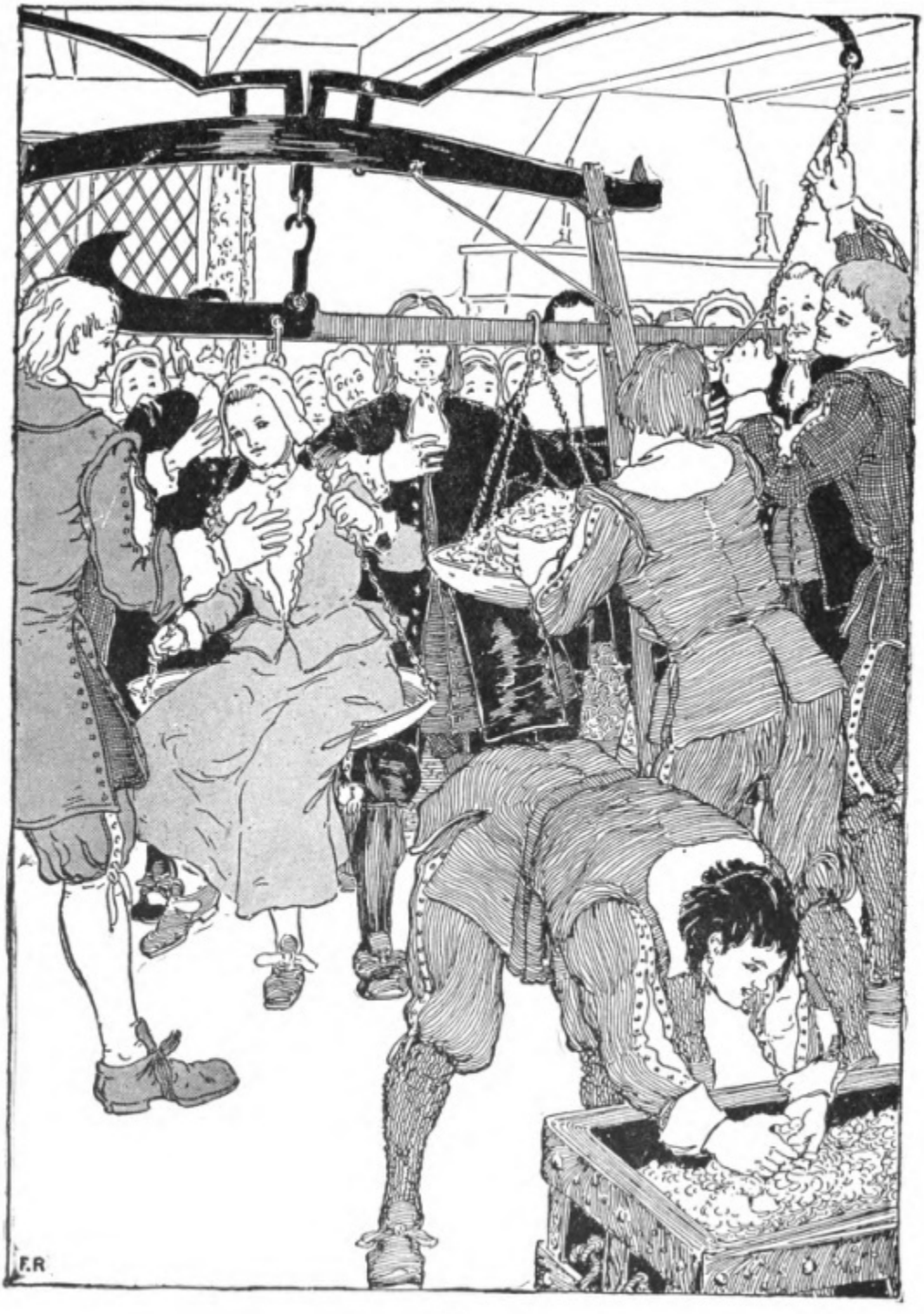

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"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

One evening, a long time ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand grew louder and louder until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking shelter among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow creatures. To think of bringing up their children in this way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing

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should happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. As for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her spinning or making a little butter and cheese from the cow's milk, or doing one thing or another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread and milk, with vegetables and sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes that had ripened against the cottage wall.

But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day, rather than refuse a slice of their own brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey to the weary traveler who might pass before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more generously than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on rising ground, at a short distance from a village, which lay in a valley that was

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about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a small brook, which flowed through the midst of the village and supplied the inhabitants with water.

The valley had been dry land so long that oaks had sprung up, had grown great and tall and had perished with old age and been succeeded by others as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which heaven had smiled so kindly. They were very selfish and hard-hearted, and had no pity for the poor nor sympathy with the homeless. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement,

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when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels and pelting him with stones.

They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveler ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg, or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away.

This was a terrible way to treat poor travelers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons, when they once knew how badly these unkind people and their unkind children and curs were in the habit of behaving, would go miles out of their way, rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, nobody could be more civil and polite than the inhabitants of the village. They would take off their hats and make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to have their ears boxed; and, as for the dogs, if a single cur presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with a club, and let him go without

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any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much more about the money that a stranger had in his pocket than they did for the stranger himself.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs at the farther end of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a long while and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs bark so loudly," said the good old man.

"Nor the children act so rudely!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until they saw two travelers approaching the little hill on which their cottage stood. Close behind them came the dogs, snarling at their heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children who sent up shrill cries and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might.

Once or twice, the younger of the two men, who was very slender, turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff that he carried in his hand. His companion, who was very tall, walked calmly along as if unwilling to notice either the naughty children or the pack of curs.

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Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have enough money in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. This, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt, they feel too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"You go and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste to see whether we can find anything for their supper. A good bowl of bread and milk would help to raise their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon went forward and extended his hand so heartily in welcome that there was no need of his saying:

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, in spite of his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another kind of welcome than we met with in yonder village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a sad smile, "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may do what I can to make up for the unkindness of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveler, laughing; "and if the truth must be told, my companion and

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myself need your help. Those children have bespattered us finely with mud and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I hit him across the muzzle with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits, nor would you have imagined, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a coat, which he kept wrapped closely about him, perhaps because his under garments were shabby. Philemon noticed, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but it was now growing dark and the old man could not see very well. One thing certainly seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler, "but I always found that my feet grew heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that

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Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride."

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door. "Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks, but you will be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall, as he did so. And then something happened that was remarkable, though trifling enough. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage.

Before Philemon could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

The Strange Question

"Was there once a lake," asked the stranger, "covering the spot where yonder village now stands?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon, "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always

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the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know, and doubtless it will still be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," said the stranger. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it would be better if the lake were rippling over their dwellings again!"

The travelers looked so stern that Philemon was really almost frightened; the more so because at his frown the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But a moment afterwards the stranger's face became so kindly and mild that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary person, although he happened now to be dressed so humbly and to be journeying on foot.

Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort, but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable because when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger's face, he

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seemed to see more thought there in one look than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely talkative, and made such shrewd and witty remarks that the good old man burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew more familiar, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So if you call me Quicksilver or Mercury, either name will fit me well enough."

"Mercury? Mercury?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! Has your companion as strange a name?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it to you!" replied Mercury, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, caused Philemon to have a very great awe of the elder stranger. Undoubtledly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was in such a way that Philemon felt moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have when

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they meet with any one wise enough to understand all their good and evil.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to tell. However, he talked quite freely about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented.

He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his face and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmate. It is fair that your wish be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon just then as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis now had the supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

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"Had we known that you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the greater part of to-day's milk to make cheese, and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor except when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

"All will be well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest hearty welcome to a guest works miracles and is capable of turning the coarsest food into the finest fare."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Mercury, laughing, "an absolute feast! You shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

Then they all went into the cottage.

And now shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Mercury's staff, you will remember, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when its master entered the

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door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door steps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity, beside Mercury's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was taken of what the staff had been doing.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was also a good bunch of grapes for each of the guests.

A moderately sized earthen pitcher nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched by poverty. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetities were not quite so large. Why, as soon as they sat down, the

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