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THE
STORY OF RASMUS;
OR,
THE MAKING OF A MAN.

BY

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"JUG-OR-NOT"; "EMERALD SPRAY SERIES"; "CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS"; "THE
BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD"; "NOTHING TO DRINK"; ETC., ETC.

"Where is Abel, thy brother?"
Our brother! Dear Lord, is a decent Christian expected to find a brother in a
Street Arab?

NEW YORK:

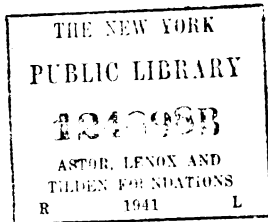
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THE MAKING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER I.

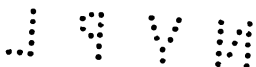
RASMUS IN THE RUSHES.

“Then banks came down with ruin and rout,
Then beaten foam flew all about,
Then all the mighty floods were out.”

BETWEEN two forlorn landscapes, a mighty tawny flood, dominant over its natural bounds, is flinging itself across the country, sending terror before it, leaving desolation behind, boastfully tossing its plunder on its muddy breast. Sweeping resistlessly southwest, with a hollow roar as of far-off, persistent thunder, the swollen Ohio carries trees, lumber, cord-wood, chicken-coops, sheds, furniture, hay-ricks, straw-stacks, a dead brute or two, a drenched cock gloomily voyaging on a raft of corn-stalks, an unhappy cat, clinging desperately to the roof of a shed—all these, tumbling, jostling, tossing, half submerged. In mid-stream, drifting heavily, the windows of the second story not far above the water-line, went a small house. Behind it, float-

ing fast in its wake, sped a stout pig-pen, well built of heavy planking, one-half of it provided with a roof. It was a pen that had long been tenantless, washed by rain, swept by wind, bleached by the cleansing sun; it floated like a raft on the surface of the angry river, offering no resistance to the water, and following hard upon the slower motion of the deeply-sunken house. In the pig-pen, luxuriously established on a bed of new straw and corn-stalks, of a tint brighter than the pale crocus-hue of the new dawn, flat on his back, his face to the feebly-growing light, his arms flung over his round, black, curly head, his skin tanned by exposure to a strong, perennial red, sleeping the sleep of the just, lay a nineteenth century Moses in the bulrushes—Rasmus—a tramp.

The pen moved faster than the house, and behind it, in the path traced by the larger building along the water. The distance between the two speedily diminished: the pen came with a crash against the dwelling, and a projecting plank crushed in the window. The fracas woke the child of luck; he sat up, alert, and in possession of himself, as much surprised as he ever allowed himself to be, and remarked to himself, "Here's a go!" Then he rose to his feet, shook the straw from his clothes, combed with his fingers



stray wisps from his hair, and continued his monologue. "Here, if I haven't gone and set myself up with a yacht, while I was asleep! Going off down the river on a tower! and now if I ain't likely to become a bloated householder!" He seized the window-sill, and wrenched the remnant of the fragile sash from its place. Then clasping his knees against the panes, and his elbows like grappling-irons within the window, he held firmly by the house found derelict, and thrusting head and shoulders through the empty frame, surveyed the interior. The upper story was but one room: a table heaped with books, a row of pegs holding clothing, a bureau with open drawers, promiscuously filled, as if in some hasty attempt at salvage—three or four chairs, the muddy Ohio water washing almost a foot deep on the floor—in the far corner a bed—on the bed a pillow, with light, soft hair floating loosely across it.

At this sight the tramp recklessly flung himself into the window, and went softly toward the bed. He touched the wavy hair with a gentle finger, and just as gently moved down the bed-clothes, and with an expression of deep disappointment, said, "Straight as a die! I might have knowed it. I never have any luck!" After which inscrutable remonstrance against the

straightness proper to a young boy, he sat on the edge of the bed, his feet dangling in the water, and putting his hand under the sleeper's chin, cried, "Wake up, brother!"

A good mile away this "brother" might have heard the stentorian challenge: it called him back from farthest dreamland, whither deep exhaustion and the cradling of the waters had carried him. He sat up, eyed the stranger, the disordered room, the broken window, the pen rudely bumping against the house, the tossing, yellow flood—deduced and expressed the facts of the case.

"Why! This house was carried off while I was asleep!"

"You bet!" said his morning guest. "Where's your folks?"

"Haven't any—not around here."

"None? Whose things are these? Whose house is it?"

"Mine, I suppose. They were old Tom Andrews', till he was buried yesterday morning. What made me sleep so hard I did not know I was carried off was, I have been nursing him about two weeks."

"Relation of yours?"

"Kind of a cousin. I saw the water was coming into the down-stairs room, last night,

but I never thought it would sweep away the house. I brought up all the things I could, and then I read till the lamp burned out, and I lay down, dressed—and the thing got away while I was asleep.”

“You’re a plucky one!” said the tramp; “there’s many a little shaver wouldn’t have took easy to sleeping alone in a house the first night a corpse was carried out of it.”

“I don’t see what there was in that,” said the boy; “but I wouldn’t have stayed if I’d thought of being carried away while I was asleep.”

“I reckon not,” drawled the tramp; “and there’s my new yacht got carried away while I’m awake!” He plashed along to the window, and looked after the pig-pen, that, having fulfilled its destiny, had swung clear of the house, and was making its accelerated way down-stream.

The boy had found his shoes on his bed, and reaching for comb and towel from the bureau, proceeded to make his toilet, using the river water that washed about the floor.

“Rayther of a dandy, ain’t you, brother? But I go in for that sort of thing, myself,” said Rasmus. Then his eye fell on a big tin pan standing on a chair. Bread, meat, butter, a jug of milk, in the pan, reminded him of breakfast. Appetite with Rasmus was always “yours to

command." He carried the pan to the bed, and invited his host to breakfast. He looked about as he ate.

"And these is all your things, says you? Pity to leave 'em all to go to the bottom of the river. I see a suit on the nails as would fit me handsome."

"If they're going to the bottom, I would like to save a change of clothes," said the lad; "but where are *we* going?"

The house gave a sudden lurch, and then righted; but a new flood had entered at the window, and the structure lay deeper.

"We're going to get off this craft before she breaks up," said Rasmus, "and the first thing will be to take to the roof, then we'll know where to find ourselves. Is that your grip-sack? Will you make me a present of it?"

"You may have whatever you want!" cried the boy, desperately, as he felt the poorly-built house quivering.

"Then, brother," said the tramp, cheerfully, "over your head is the scuttle-hole; and on yon piece of furniture I see a leather bag. I recommends you to tumble in it whatsoever you want to save, and then climb out on the roof, an' I'll follow you. Don't stop to get a razor, or white kid gloves; go in for solid plunder."

Even while he was speaking, he took the best, man's-suit from the pegs, underwear from the open drawers, and filled the carpet-bag he had requested for himself, with flannel and kerchiefs.

He evidently believed in the survival of the fittest, and had a singular facility in selecting the same.

"I say, brother!" he shouted through the scuttle, "you don't mind my taking a boiled shirt, do you? They'll go to the bottom, anyway."

"Take them all; I don't care," said the young owner, who had filled his small satchel judiciously and quickly, and clambered to the roof.

"Not all," said Rasmus, solemnly, shaking his head. "I don't set up for no Vanderbilt."

His plunder being piled on the bed, he stood there himself, shifted his clothes with the celerity of a "transformation man," filled his bag, tied the remaining provisions in a clean towel, and fastened his wet shoes and socks to the bag handle. Then he rolled his new trousers to the knee, knotted a red bandanna about his brawny neck, put a blue one in his coat pocket, and finally crawled up through the scuttle, gay and glowing. He had never been so well dressed in his life.

The sun had fully risen; the mid-sky was an

intense blue, the east a vivid flame, and in the glory of the sunshine the river was transmuted to a flood of molten gold. The birds broke into song; sudden bluebirds and premature robins appeared on the distant shrubs or fences; the sweeping Ohio uplands, and the low-lying Virginia hills were no longer gray, but bronze; and twig and tree, and long bramble whips, had the tints of red and green, that speak a new spring-life in flowers. But the river roared and threatened, and hurled its *débris*. The roof of the truant house sloped, but not sharply, from front to back. The building now gave another lurch forward, and the water poured as before in at the upper windows, while the few articles of heavy furniture fell to the declined side, and the whole structure settled and filled until the roof was lying nearly level, and only a foot or two above the water.

“You’d have been drowned in your sleep, brother, if we hadn’t happened to come aboard,” said Rasmus, calmly.

“Will she float this way long?” asked the alarmed boy.

“No, pardner, she won’t. She’ll go to pieces,” replied Rasmus, with the tranquillity of one whose normal condition had been a succession of untoward accidents.

“But what shall we do? We can’t swim in this flood!”

‘If she breaks up,’ said Rasmus, looking longingly at his new plunder, “I can’t save you and the grip-sack. Howsumever, brother,” he added with a sigh, “I’ll save you. I give you my hand on it. I’ve lived without riches; but I couldn’t live with a yellow-haired boy’s drowning lying heavy on my mind.”

He held out his big hand, and the boy made haste to seize it in token of sealing the compact, but it did not reassure him. The house cracked and quivered with the pressure of the tumultuous water. He gave an involuntary cry.

“Always keep brain end up, brother,” said the tramp, coolly, “or you’ll come to some bad end.” He then demonstrated the presence of mind which he characterized as “brain end up,” by studying the river, and the course of the flotsam borne on it. Then he spoke cheerily.

“Now, brother, I’ve lost my yacht this morning without a murmur, and likewise we have got to lose our house. I’m not kicking about it. Seeing as I’m alone in the world, I don’t know as I care to be a householder. I might not like to pay taxes. You notice, pardner, that all that goes ahead of us catches in that eddy, ’bout a mile down-stream, and swings up against them

trees? There's quite a pile of wrack below them, and our house will turn in there too. She will hang by a bit, owing to the rest of the rubbish, and we must light out into the trees."

"But then the trees will tear out," said the boy, despairingly. "I see trees floating down."

"Not this kind. These trees take a good grip of the earth, and then the wrack that's caught there braces 'em. They're a better chance than this cranky house. Keep tight hold of your luggage. When this craft swings to, I'll grip hold of a branch, and do you climb up first. I say, brother, did we leave any money behind?"

"No. There wasn't any money; only a little in my pocket."

"That's correct. Never let go the main chance. Money's the main chance. I hope that log that's cavorting after us will be a little careful, and not knock into our boat. If any fortune-teller had told me yesterday morning that this morning I'd been captain of an Ohio boat, I wouldn't have believed it. We never can tell what we are coming to in this world. I may be going to be President yet, or maybe a member of Congress. I've got brass enough if that's all the stock in trade that's wanted. Now, brother, stand up, grip your bag, and brace yourself—

tackle my elbow if you don't feel confidence in your under-pinning. When I get myself forked and planted like a pair of dividers, I'm Gibraltar, and no mistake."

The eddy was sweeping the truant house toward a spot where a woody shoulder of the shore set into the stream. Entangled among the stems and submerged branches, some of the wreckage of the river was there stayed, and succeeding drift clung upon it a little before being whirled away by the force of the current. The leafless branches of the sycamore-trees, now growing on an island, though usually far above water-mark, reached over the turbid flood, and as the current sucked toward them, Rasmus seized one just when he felt the floating house checked for a moment against the wreck-formed jetty. The boy scrambled into the tree, and Rasmus gave him his bag, bidding him climb as high as he could and make for himself a seat by putting his satchel between two branches. He then followed, scrambling up, agile as a cat, his sack in one hand. Arrived at a convenient crotch, he braced himself against the limbs and made preparations for a stay of some duration.

"I live where I stop," he said placidly, "so I'll unpack."

He hung the towel of provisions on a branch

close at hand, and tied his shoes to dry in the wind.

“I’m careful about my eating,” he remarked. “I like fodder kept in good sweet air. I don’t take to cellars nor yet to refrigerators. They give grub a taste that isn’t natural—a kind of mixedness not fit for humans.” Then being comfortably established on his carpet-bag, Rasmus continued to hold forth. “A man’s health, brother, depends on what he puts into his mouth. If he puts in too little, he’s weakly in the back and legs; if he puts in too much he’s likely to die of ’plexy. If he puts in onhealthy truck, he’ll turn onhealthy himself, which ain’t to be indulged in by a tramping man. A man with a home, good bed, money in the bank, and somebody to wait on him, may allow hisself to get sick, and call it kind of a winter picnic; but a tramping man belongs nowhere. If he falls ill he has to go to the hospital or the poorh’us’; and which ever it is takes him in begrudges him as not belonging to their deestrick.”

“You don’t look as if ever you’d be ill,” said the boy, openly admiring the herculean build of Rasmus.

“I’m rarely healthy,” admitted the tramp.

“Mr. Andrews used to say that stout health was the salary given by a good conscience,” said the boy.

“Sounds well,” said Rasmus, “but wot’s conscience agin?”

“Conscience? Why, don’t you know what conscience is? Conscience is—doing what you ought to do—I mean, it’s knowing what’s proper, and then doing it.”

This boy was not born for a mental philosopher: he was shockingly bad at definition. Rasmus was more prompt, if no clearer. He retorted: “Why, now, pardner, I call that my grit.”

The boy began to muse, perhaps on this definition of conscience, perhaps on the rising of the river. His handsome, delicate face took a mournful expression, and Rasmus honestly bent on cheering him, went on. “Now, this is what I call comfortable. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, good fresh air; nobody to interfere with you. How do you find yourself, pal?”

“How ever are you to get off this?” cried the boy, dolefully.

“Why, lad! we’ve just got on! Variety is the seasoning of life, and I’ve had a cheerful variety this morning—a yacht, a house, and a sycamore-tree. We are as comfortable as crows in a corn-field.”

“How can you be so jolly?” snapped his comrade.

“I let lodgings to fun in my upper story,” said the tramp, genially; “if I hadn’t I’d been dead long ago. I think I’ll tie this red kercher as far out on the limb as I can get it for a kind of flag of distress—for if we sit here all night you’re liable to spill yourself into the drink. Chirk up, brother, and tell me your name. I’ve observed most folks gets more cheerful when they begins to talk about theirselves, even if they’re telling their misfortunes. I’ve seen old ladies sit an’ tell over their miseries, an’ cry over ’em, till they got as lively as crickets. What’s your name?”

“Rod Harris. What’s yours?”

“Rasmus.”

“Is that your given name, or your surname?”

“Reckon it’s my only name, seein’ I ain’t got no other; but look here, lad, if you go to chaffin’ me with hints that I keep several aliases to get away from the bobbies, I’ll tumble you into this creek, quick as wink.”

“Why, I never thought a thing of the kind!”

“O, all right, then. You come pretty near making me mad. When folks don’t say nothing to make me mad, I don’t get mad; but when I’m riled, I’m a reg’lar tearer—I’m a whole menagerie!”

Rasmus proffered this information in a drawl-

ing tone, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his open palms, his countenance round, red, and placable, as a "full moon in the seventh night."

"You see, I've got two names," said Rod Harris.

"Well, I'm no high-flier. One's all the sail I can carry, and I'll eat my head if I know where I got that one. Now, pardner, you says your folks is all buried, and now your goods and home are all drownded, what are you going to do about it?"

"I meant to sell my goods and get money to go to New York."

"What to do in New York, brother? I notice boys takes to the city, as flies takes to a candle, and like them, they are apt to get burnt. You don't consider yourself over and above safe sittin' up here on a tree limb, over this boomin' river, but what with a dive on one side the street, and a grog-hole at every corner, I tell you, you are most miraculous safe here, to what you are in the city."

"I was going to find my uncle. I've got a rich uncle there, I think. He was there six or eight years ago. I've got a letter he wrote my mother—Mr. Andrews gave it to me the day he died, and said I'd better go to him."

"An' the letter and your bag is all your fortin?"

“And a five-dollar bill, and this watch.”

Rod pulled out a huge open-faced silver watch, of a turnip shape. Rasmus regarded the relic with respect.

“I had some money once,” said Rod, “a thousand dollars, about; but Mr. Andrews said he was very sorry, but he’d lost it all in mines.”

“Now, brother,” said the philosophical Rasmus, “which is it better, to be me, as never had nothing, or to be you, as lost all you had?”

“I don’t think he ought to have gone fooling with my money in mines,” said Rod, “but I suppose he meant no harm.”

“If you don’t lay up nothing agin him, I don’t,” said Rasmus, cheerfully.

“And he taught me a great many things. What I’m going to my uncle for is, to get him to send me to college.”

“Kind of a mill, ain’t that, where they grind out sense instead of flour?” inquired Rasmus. “There’s some folks as can’t live without book-learning. I can; I don’t know one letter from another. Eddication was neglected when I was a small shaver. You see your old man did better by you.”

“And so he ought—especially after losing all my money,” said Rod—secretly angered at losing what seemed to him a great fortune, but of

which he had known nothing until his late guardian told him of it, in the last hour of his life. "I don't think he had any right to fool away what didn't belong to him. Folks said he was forever speculating, and never had luck. It looks to me kind of like stealing—it was mine, and it's gone—all through him."

"Well, hold hard there, he's dead," said Rasmus, who, if he knew no Latin, yet held firmly to the precept, "de mortuis nihil nisi bonum." "Now, I never say no harm of them as is gone where they can't do better, nor answer back. If any one had any call to fault one, I had to fault my old man—but I seldom does, and when I mentions any part of his doings, as a bit of my 'speriences, I don't mention as it is my father I'm talking of, and so nail him up in view, like a bat on a barn-door, but I merely says, 'I knowed a man.' No more do I lay any of his doings to him in partic'lar, but to what he had a habit of layin' in as cargo. When a boat carries a load of powder, as blows up and sends her kiting, I s'pose it's more the powder's fault than hers. So, if I might lay evil to my dad's door, I don't. I lays it to whiskey. I mind when I was a little chap he had a way of going to beer gardens Sunday, and taking mammy and me along. The first baby I remembers was my little sister, the

neatest little mite in a pink dotted long-gown Well, when we was coming home from a garden one Sunday afternoon, he would carry her—it was his way when rather drunk, and I 'member he dropped her crash on the walk! Well, he picked her up, and she cried a little—and I mind going home, and mammy putting me an' the baby to bed in a corner—and in the morning when I woke up, she lay staring, her blue eyes wide open—and never paid no attention to me when I played with her—and then if the poor little thing wasn't dead! Now there is a thing that I might lay up against him, if I would. That was worse than fooling some money in mines."

At this moment Rasmus fixed his eyes on distance, and stood up, shouting "Whoop! whoop!" in great excitement. Rodney cried out:

"Is some one coming to take us off?"

"No! We'll get off when the river goes down. Hooray! The red-bud's out. I see a red-bud in blossom: the dogwood will come next, hooray!"

"What of that," said Rod, crossly; "what good will red-bud do us when we are up a tree?"

"O, you get," retorted Rasmus, "red-bud

and dogwood mean spring, and summer—days all sun and birds, and flowers, and life outdoors! Warm streams to swim in: green roadsides to walk on. Red-bud means living, brother.”

“But this river means drowning! See the water comes up, higher and higher,” cried Rodney.

Rasmus looked, and his countenance fell. The water was whirling up with increased velocity, and down the tossing current came hemlock trees and logs. The southern affluents of the Ohio had not spent their fury, and the headwaters of the Allegheny had now come down upon them. Rasmus saw the danger.

“The rivers have all broke loose at once. I thought it was as high as it could get, for it is sixty-two feet, if it is an inch, and here’s the Allegheny. I know by the hemlock. I say, brother, much more of this will dig out our tree. If a boat don’t come along, we’re done for.”

There was a sudden roaring in Rod’s head, as if the entire Ohio flowed through his ears, and he seemed to reel between flood and sky.

CHAPTER II.

RASMUS' REMINISCENCES.

“Stately prows are rising and bowing,
Shouts of mariners winnow the air,
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.”

It was past noon; the river had surmounted the high-water mark of sixty-five feet, reached in the inundation of 1832. The angry waters surged within a yard of the dangling feet of the prisoners in the tree, and most of the wreckage that had been stayed by the sycamores, had gone down-stream. Rod had recovered from his momentary faintness. He was accustoming himself to the situation, and taking heart of grace from his plucky comrade.

“We'll eat our dinner,” said Rasmus; “there's nothing like a square meal to keep a man's dander up.”

While they were eating, they heard a heavy panting and snorting, as of some mighty beast, and saw beyond a bend in the river a plume of white smoke drifting south.

“There’s a steamer!” cried Rasmus, in high excitement: “she’s climbing up stream, and she’ll take us off, unless her wash roots us out before she gets in to us.”

Slowly the huge craft climbed the heavy current, fighting her way along the flood, seeming at times only to hold her own. She rounded the bend at last, and came into full view, a splendid floating castle, glittering in white paint, and blue and scarlet stripes, and gilt blazonry—the muddy water almost even with her lower deck. Passengers and officers crowded the boiler-deck, and rising above were the hurricane-deck, the texas, and the pilot-house; shining and flashing in a gala dress of new paint; pipes black; flag flying, a great wheel plunging and lifting in the water behind, churning it to a mass of snow, with depths and reflections of amber. Rasmus climbed out along a limb and waved his red signal with all his might. He was answered by the blowing of the steamer’s whistle.

“She’ll get here before the tree breaks loose, unless the swash carries it out—in which case they’ll have to fish for us,” said Rasmus. “Now, boy, we’re pardners, and when two folks is together, it’s a waste of words for ’em to contradict each other—likewise it’s manners for the

youngest to let the oldest speak. I'm the oldest. What I say, you sticks to."

"Depends on if it's so," retorted Rod.

"Don't go in for no lies—eh, brother?"

"No. I'm a gentleman."

"But I ain't."

"There's nothing to hinder you acting like one."

"Well, I'll eat my head, if that ain't the best joke as ever was got off! You can act like one—says he!"

"Every one can," said Rodney, sulkily, "and you needn't think because I was afraid of drowning, that I'm afraid of folks. I'm not. I'm not afraid of you."

"You've got more sand in you than I thought, brother," said Rasmus, dryly; "but maybe it is the coming up of the boat, as helps your mortar to stick together. But I'm some particular myself, and I don't keep yarns for small change the way some folks do."

Meanwhile all eyes on the steamer were intent on the pair in the tree, and opera-glasses and telescopes had them in range.

"Shall I send out a yawl?" said the captain to the pilot, who is after all the great potentate of a Western river boat.

"They couldn't get up against the water.

She'd float down-stream. Are there women folks there?"

"No, a man and a boy."

"Then I'll put her nose to the bank, and they must drop on the hurricane-deck, aft the texas, as she swings round. They can do it."

The pilot brought the enormous craft up as he had indicated, as easily as a child directs his toy float. Rasmus was ready. He flung the two bags across the lessening distance, then as the hurricane-deck came under the branches, Rod leaped aboard, and Rasmus followed him, as the boat, which in rounding-to, had barely held her own, fell off a little, and then resumed her laborious way up-stream.

"Where did you come from?" asked the captain.

"'Bout thirty mile up," responded Rasmus vaguely. "Our house was carried off in the night, nice little two-story wooden house, with all my furniture in it. Didn't see nothing of it, did you?"

"We saw a roof, and a bedstead, and some people pulling in a bureau, about fifteen miles below," said the clerk.

"She's broke up," sighed Rasmus, "as pretty a house as one would wish to live in! Well, I've got my fortin to make over again, that's all. Made it quick, and lost it quick."

“Did you lose any of your folks?” inquired a passenger.

“No, we two are all the folks there was—but, I lost a boat—as tidy a craft! Didn’t see nothing of her, I reckon? Lost her just about daybreak. I wouldn’t have taken any money for her.”

The captain had not seen this crown-jewel of boats.

“Good luck to whomsoever gets her,” said Rasmus virtuously, deeply impressing the bystanders with his resignation.

The captain left his guests to themselves, and Rasmus smoothly asked Rod: “How did them remarks please you, brother?”

“You said it was your house and furniture,” replied Rod, in disgust.

“Well, brother, I puts it to you. Didn’t you say to me, ‘Take ’em all—I don’t care?’ Wasn’t them words of yours being owner, a making over all that property to me for owner, so they was mine on the spot, hammer down?”

“But you said you had a boat—lost a boat,” said Rod, shifting his accusation.

“Brother, what’s a boat? I asks you as a two-legged dictionary.”

“A boat,” said Rod, “well, a boat is a craft, a water craft, an open vessel, a thing to go on water.”

"There, now! Wasn't what I had the very moral of a boat? Wasn't it an open wessel? A thing going on water, and going proper well, too? Wasn't it the moral of a sailing craft—strong, trim, convenient? Oh, I vow, there's some folks so scrup'lous that they'll say things what ain't so, for the sake of showing up other folks wrong. But I'm not quarrelling with you, brother."

Presently the captain came back.

"What are you going to do, now; all your things are lost?"

"We are going to New York, to our relations," said Rasmus. "We meant to go about this time, anyway. We was meaning to sell out. The boy is a smart boy, and he has to be put to school. He's going to be college eddicated if I'm not," added Rasmus, with aplomb.

"I will carry you as far as Pittsburg," said the captain. He felt sorry for their losses, and then Rod was a pretty boy, while there was an irresistible good-nature in the rubicund countenance of Rasmus, a buoyancy in his loud, ready talk, that would beguile into a kindly act a far less generous and hospitable being than a Western steamboat captain. Rasmus accepted the captain's proffer as readily as he had accepted Rod's gift of all that was his; but he did not feel quite

at home among what he called the "high-fliers on the top deck"; so, taking Rod by the elbow, he went below. Rod sat on a coil of rope, his head on his hands, vaguely watching the yellow current and the devastated shores, under the laughing April sky. Whether he thought of the scene, or of his own fortunes, the tramp could not tell. While the boy watched the water, Rasmus watched the boy. He was greatly taken with him. Whether it was his floating light hair, or his clear gray eyes, or his innocent fourteen years, or his aloneness, or the softness of one side of his own nature, the heart of Rasmus clave to this salvage which he had made on the turbid Ohio. He was a social being, but the comrades who were naturally offered him in his roving life were not to his taste. He could imagine nothing more enchanting than to ramble on, over a summer world, with this young comrade. But after all summers, winters fall, and in winters are required shelter and means of support. The boy offered an objective point for the tramp's life; he could wander through the summer with him, and when the autumn frosts came, with prophecies of winter, he and the boy could drop with the autumn fruits into the hands of the rich uncle, and Rasmus could make much of his exploits in rescuing

the boy from drowning, bringing him safe along the dangers of the way—and what then could the rich uncle do but reward him bountifully?

“If he is half a man,” said Rasmus, “he’ll give me as much as a hundred dollars. It’s worth a hundred to resky a boy like that. I’ve heard tell Vanderbilt, and some of them rich fellows, don’t make more of a hundred dollars than I do of a cent.”

After a while, Rodney turned his head.

“How am I to get to New York? Will five dollars buy my ticket? That is all I have.”

“I reckon it would take as much as three fives to buy it.”

“And I’ve nothing to sell, except the watch.”

“But, pardner, you don’t want a ticket. There’s nothing more risky than riding on the cars. There’s sure to be accidents. What does any one want of tickets, when they’ve got legs? I’ve walked between here and New York dozens of times. That’s no great of a walk.”

“Why, how long would it take?”

Rasmus eyed his interlocutor carefully, calculating how far he might venture to deceive him.

“Two weeks or so,” he suggested. “From here to Harrisburg—from there to Allentown—then over to Jersey City—and across the ferry to New York. Easy as wink.”

"You're good in geography," said Rodney.

"What's that agin? I'm talking about what I know. I've been over it. There don't need no geography to tell me. I've legged it."

"But the nights, and the meals, and the bad weather, and the long, long way," suggested Rodney.

"That five dollars is oceans for the lodgings and grub, and I've got hundreds of friends all along the road, and there isn't any bad weather, and one never gets tired along the road," asserted Rasmus boldly. He sat on the coil of rope beside Rodney, and went on with enthusiasm. "Tired! You couldn't get tired. You find yourself more every day. Oh, that's living along the roads, and no mistake. The road-sides is so soft and springy, it's like walking on Injy-rubber; every breath you swallow tastes clean and good; there's sun, if you feel chilly, and shade if you get too warm; and beds of pine needles, or dry leaves, or hay, to lie on, if you feel tired; and each one smells sweeter than t'other; and the woods are full of birds. I could tell you all their names and calls, from a crow to a chippy; and every day has new flowers; and you can tell the time by the sun, and by the opening and shutting of the flowers; and the lay o' the land by the bark on the trees,

and the moss on the fences. Why, I can't see a colt, or a cow, or a sheep in a field, or horses leaning their heads over a rail fence, but I want to stop and make friends with 'em! Many is the time I thought if I had only found my Robin, how happy I would have been, roamin' all over the country with him. But then, if I had found him, I wouldn't have roamed."

"Who was your Robin?"

"He was my little brother." The tramp gave a great sigh, and Rodney began to feel sympathetic.

"I don't mind telling you," said Rasmus. "When I looked in your window, and see your yellow hair lying over your pillow, my heart gave a great lift, and I says, 'Have I got him, now?' For just so, his yellow hair used to lay, poor little chap, and I've looked for him up and down the world, for ten long years."

Was this the rollicking Rasmus? His voice had fallen from its hearty shout, and his jolly moon of a face had darkened, as when clouds drift across the bright night sky, and his twinkling eyes were full of gloom.

A colored waiter came up with two mugs of coffee.

"Here's suffin the stewa'd sent you, and ef you'd like stronger, you kin get treated at the bar."

"It wouldn't be healthy for us at the bar,"

said Rasmus nonchalantly, taking the coffee with a profound bow. "Make my respects to the steward."

"Jes as you like, sah; but ef I gets asked to the bar, I don't wait for two askin's. Keep you from gettin' col' after being out over the water so long, to have a mint julep or a toddy hot."

"I've lost too much along of julep an' toddy," said Rasmus.

"Ef you've los' more by them than you has by water, you has been powerful onlucky," said the negro.

"I lost more valyable things," said Rasmus, sedately. "A house can be built, and a boat can be bought, and so can furniture, and good clothes; but along of bars I lost what can't be had back."

"As what, sah?" said the waiter, with interest, while Rodney and Rasmus took mouthfuls of coffee.

"I lost, first place, a little, blue-eyed sister—pretty as you make 'em," said Rasmus, gloomily.

"That was a loss, sah: overdose of gin, now, for colic?"

"Skull cracked by a fall—let drop," said Rasmus.

The negro shook his woolly pate. "Mighty pity, sah!"

"And a father. He had in him the makings of a very good dad—big, strong, jolly; but he took to drink, and so good-bye any use of him; and finally killed he was."

"You've been blame onlucky," said the waiter.

"And a mother," said Rasmus, continuing his enumeration of losses. "A good one she was, but so worn down and distracted, and broke up, by what whiskey did for her family, an' she died heart-broke."

"There's a raft of women goes that way," said the negro, "white women 'specially. They're kind of tender like."

"And a brother," said Rasmus, finishing his coffee, in a very gloomy frame of mind. "As handsome, sweet-natured, bright a little chap—him I lost too, all on the same account; and here I am alone in the world—me and the boy," he added, hastily correcting himself.

The negro took the empty mugs. "There's a state-room for you, and if you'll come I'll show it to you."

"I'll eat my head," said Rasmus, when escorted to his room, "if here isn't a flowered carpet, and lace curtains, and a looking-glass with gilt all round, and up here among the quality The cap'n's been doing right handsome by us.

Now, brother, you can have the first-story bed, and I'll have the second-story, the first-story being best."

Rodney saw nothing strange in the surrender of the best to himself. Old Mr. Andrews had been neither kind nor cross to him. He had lived apart from other people, and knew little more of the world and many of its selfish ways than he did of the planet Mars.

The clerk of the steamer had given, as Rasmus said, his guests a "room among the quality." Rodney was evidently a refined, gentle boy. Rasmus, in the best suit of the late Andrews, albeit the suit was rather bizarre in taste, looked the well-to-do mechanic, and the tale of the loss of a good house and boat, had stamped the pair as comfortable people, tasting a sudden come-down in the world. Rodney seated himself on the side of the lower berth, and Rasmus established himself on a high stool. Said Rasmus: "This is most as good as walking, so early in the season. But I tell you, pardner, a few such suns as we have to-day will bring out everything in a hurry. Spring will come booming along as lively as this rampageous river."

But the mind of Rodney was intent on what he had heard. He had read the title-page of some romance or tragedy of real life, and he wanted

the rest of it. "How did you come to lose your brother?" he demanded.

"I don't mind telling you, pardner," said Rasmus. "First place as ever I lived was New York City, and a beastly place it was, way down among the slums, with dirt and smells enough to make a dog sick. We lived—or starved—down there, 'cause my dad found he had to pour all he earned down his throat in the shape of whiskey. A mason's tender, dad was—he might have been a mason hisself, or even a master mason, for he was smart enough, as you could easy tell by me—but along of whiskey, tender he was, and not promoted higher. All he got of wages he used in getting drunk, of course. I never met a man yet but myself that didn't get drunk."

Rod thought fit to challenge so sweeping an assertion: "Mr. Andrews didn't—"

"I said, I met, brother. I never met him."

"Nor yourself. Did you ever meet yourself?"

"You've got me there, pardner," laughed Rasmus.

"And ministers don't get drunk," said Rodney.

"They're another breed. There's men and men. My dad was the kind to get miraculous drunk. I don't know how many there was in

all of us children. Seems to me a good many got carried off in a black cart ; but I lived, and so did Robin. Robin was eight years younger than I was, and, poor little chap, he had a crooked back. Dad was always over-lovin' to the kids when he was drunk, an' as he was carrying of Robin, over he went into the gutter, atop the poor little lad, lyin' across the curb-stone. But Robin had a mighty pretty face, and lots of yellow hair. My father got killed falling off a staging where he was working at a church tower. When a man has to go up into the air a hundred feet or so, he needs pretty steady brains and sure foot, you bet. I don't know as we were any worse off for want of him, poor man. There's dads that don't count for much, worse luck ! Robin was three then, and next year mother died, and left him to me. She warn'd me to take good care of Robin, and she told me most partic'lar never to prig anything lest I'd get to jail and be parted from him. Robin was no end 'fraid of drunken men. He'd scream blue murder if he see one, so that put me against all drink—that and my past troubles with it. Robin was a soft-hearted little man. He'd cry at rough or swearin' words, so I never could swear any. I made our livin' by sellin' little things round the streets—matches, whistles,

whirligigs, balloons, all sorts of small truck, and I kept Robin warm and clean, and I think people bought for the sake of his nice little face.

“Two years me and him lived together, and so we'd have gone on, only one rainy day, when I'd left him home, tearing along round a corner, come a team drove by a man whooping drunk, and over me it went, and broke me up pretty well all over. I've heard since if I had been a rich boy, or had friends to do for me, I could have got a fortune in damages out of that; but a poor boy of fourteen isn't up to them dodges. I was knocked senseless, and carried to a hospital, and it was days 'fore I come to. Then all my cry was for Robin, and fearing I'd pine to die, my doctor, a kind young man he was, went off to find him, and he came back and said the people in the house had carried the little chap to a Children's Home. They told me he would get all heart could wish, good things to eat, good bed, playthings, and a suit of clothes, with a yard to play in, and when I got well I could go see him.

“If I'd had friends, you see, they'd gone to look after Robin and brought me word; but I hadn't, and six long months it was before I got out of hospital, for my doctor took pride in mending me up as good as new. Then they

give me a tidy suit, some of 'em, and three dollars, and I made off on directions given to get Robin. Well, I'm blessed, when I got there, says they, they thought I was dead, and Robin had no folks at all, and being he was delicate for fresh air, they'd went and give him away to a man out West who had 'dopted him! They said he was proper well off, and give me his directions; but losing him like that took all the grit out of me, and when I went into the street I was so 'mazed and miserable, that I staggered round a bit, and fell down, and the bobbies came along, and took me to the station-house for drunk. The next day I was up in court, first and last time that ever happened to me. I said my say 'bout the hospital, and me and Robin, and the judge was a kind sort of man, and he said I ought not to been 'rested. But when it came out as I had no home, nor relations, nor money, and not mended quite strong yet, he said that would never do. I must be took care of, or I'd be a wagabone. A big farmer man was there in court, and he said he'd take me if I was bound to him till I was eighteen, and so I was on the spot, and off he takes me. I'd died then, sure, only he took me to the country. I never see flowers and garden sass growing before, nor animals running round

loose, and it chirked me up. The folks was very good to me, and wanted me to learn reading, but I didn't take to that, only to working out of doors. My heart was set on Robin, and in two years I saved up ten dollars, and then I ran away to find my little chap. I walked five months, and got clear out into Indianny, and when I got there the folks what had 'dopted him had moved away West for a year, and nobody knew where, and they said he had the little chap, and set store by him, and he was pretty as a picter, only his back. It broke me all up. I hadn't no more spirit to work. I just went wandering 'long, looking for Robin, now here, now there, chasing after all the little chaps I could hear tell of with yellow hair and faces like angels. I've never found him. I've gone everywhere. I've walked over Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Indianny, Illinois, and New Jersey. I've pickt hops, and dug canals, and worked railroads, and husked corn, when I wanted a suit of clothes or a little money for the winter ; but so long as I can't find Robin I don't care for money. I've planned, lying out nights, and looking up at the stars, how, if I found him, I'd earn a house and keep him like a gentleman, and have him learn a lot of wisdom ; but so long as I don't know if he is alive or dead, what do

I care? Only I have been partic'lar not to do a thing that Robin didn't like, so I'd be proper company for him, if ever I found him, poor little chap!"

Rasmus fell into silence, and gloomily eyed the pattern of the carpet. Rod was deeply moved.

"Why not advertise for him? He'd see it in the paper, and answer. That's the way they find people."

Rasmus started up. "When can I do it?"

"Little papers round here wouldn't do. It is a big New York paper you want. I say, I'll get my uncle to do it when I get to him."

"Look-y'," said Rasmus, "you're hunting an uncle, and I'm hunting a brother; let's stick together to New York."

But the answer Rasmus had at that moment was a shriek from all parts of the steamer, "Fire! Fire!"

CHAPTER III.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

**“When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I wonder sometimes how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout.”**

THAT cry of fire was a tocsin dear to the soul of Rasmus. The love of destruction that seems born in every human heart, had not in him been tempered by the toil of acquisition. As do children, he regarded property rather as a spontaneous growth, than a result of painful processes. A fire gave scope for his herculean strength and rampant energies. Contending against the river, he had thought of his luggage, but challenged by the cry of fire, he flung himself out of the state-room, oblivious alike of bags or “pardner.”

“Forward—forward all! We are quite safe!” shouted the captain to the crowd of passengers, who were already running wildly about, calling for their friends, snatching after their scattered possessions, or lamenting their

fates : women and children screaming, and men giving useless and contradictory directions.

“ If the passengers were told to go forward,” thought Rasmus, “ then the fire must be aft ” ; and thither he rushed. The steamer was already heading for shore, and a cloud of smoke was rising from the lower deck, near the stern, where the luggage of some of the poorer deck passengers had taken fire. Not far from the blazing beds and bundles stood a score of blue barrels containing kerosene. One of these was already flaming outside, when Rasmus appeared above the scene, hanging by one hand and one foot to the railing of the boiler deck. He had thrown off his coat as he came through the saloon, and balancing above the fire he saw that the burning luggage might be thrown overboard, and so possibly render effective the use of the water which the boat hands in line were dipping up in buckets.

“ Over with the truck ! ” he shouted ; and letting himself drop into the midst of the fracas, he seized a burning bed, and threw it overboard. His shirt-sleeves caught fire, but he snatched at the next blazing article ; and now, two vigorous workers dropped down beside him, the captain and chief steward.

“ Over with the bar'l ! ” bellowed Rasmus,

catching up a smoldering bed-quilt, which he held spread abroad, as he ran at the chief source of danger, the kerosene : the captain and steward aided, and with some burning of hands, singeing of hair, and scorching of clothes, the flaming barrel was cast overboard, and began to drift swiftly downstream, before the fire had done more than blaze along the outside. The mate had already headed a gang of stevedores who were rolling the other barrels out of the way ; between smothering flames, throwing overboard burning material, and flooding with water, by the time the pilot had brought the boat to the nearest bank, the fire was almost extinguished, and the captain was shouting, " All safe ! " However, every one seemed nervous and suspicious : the dank land looked more desirable than the boat, and the officers determined to lie by for a few hours, and calm the minds of the passengers, by allowing them to go ashore. Thus the steamer lay at her improvised landing, while stewards and stevedores, with soap, water, scrubbing-brushes, sponges, and paint, endeavored to do away with all traces of the little disaster ; and in admiring this process, all minds were restored to calm.

Rodney had rushed after Rasmus when he bolted from the state-room, picked up his abandoned coat, and stood looking down after him,

as he recklessly plunged into smoke and flame. Of a slender figure, brought up apart from the athletic sports which develop assurance and hardness of muscle, possessing rather moral than physical courage, Rodney held in the greatest admiration, bravery, daring, muscularity. When Rasmus agilely balanced himself above the scene of disaster, and dropped himself into the smoke and flame, with all the readiness with which he would have taken a header into a summer stream, he became a demi-god to Rodney. When Rasmus came up from the arena of his achievements, his face blackened, his curls singed, his shirt-sleeves burnt off, and his hands scorched, he looked to Rodney a hero, and however Rodney an hour before might have been disposed to regard the proposition to go to New York, on foot, in his company, he was now ready to follow Rasmus to the ends of the earth.

Rasmus, clad in the best clothes of the defunct Andrews, with a clean starched shirt, and a flaming red kerchief at his neck, had looked the substantial yeoman, and had been regarded after his rescue from the tree, as a gentleman of decayed fortunes. Now he was suddenly lifted to the plane of a hero. His shirt was burnt and black; his shoe had broken open from aiding, with a mighty kick, the clearance of a burning

barrel ; his trousers were soaked with muddy water—but he was surrounded by an admiring crowd. The captain came up, his beard singed, his hands blistered. “I hope you’re not hurt, my good fellow—you did us first-rate service.”

“O, when anything partic’lar happens, I’m there every time, boss,” said Rasmus, always inclined to make the most of his exploits. “My shirt’s gone, and my shoes, and that’s bad for a man just drowned out by this blooming river ; but if I hadn’t got them things overboard, there wouldn’t have been no boat by this time. When I went head-first into that blaze, I says, ‘Now, Rasmus, good-bye, do your duty.’” This was a huge exaggeration, but the public were wound up to a state of appreciation, and no one thought of taking a single leaf from the laurel wherewith Rasmus bound his own brows. A dozen ardent admirers of courage dashed into their rooms, and returned with shoes, shirts, and trousers, beseeching the preserver of the boat to take his choice ; three charming ladies came tearing up cambric kerchiefs, and bringing camphor-ice, and vaseline, to dress his burns ; the barber closed the scene by leading Rasmus by the arm to his most sacred shrine, there to bestow on him the cares of the surgeon and the hair-dresser Rasmus came out from bath and shaving, his

hair redolent of rose-water, new-shirted, new-shod, wearing a pair of fine checked trousers, a gorgeous satin tie with golden half-moons on a field of green, joyful in the possession of a pocket-book with ten dollars in it, hastily contributed by his admirers—altogether in such a state of glory, that he would have felt that he conferred favor on a king in calling him cousin. He was quite up to the mark of patronizing the captain, and had come very near patronizing the barber. But this sudden growth of honors had not been, as often happens, a deadly upas to darken the heart of Rasmus. When, desirous of exhibiting his new splendors in the light of the sun and before a crowd of admirers, Rasmus had marched up and down the deck, with all the stately self-consciousness of a peacock explicating a very fine tale, he heard from the lower deck sounds of woe. He looked down. The portion swept by the fire had been cleaved out and scoured—the lading restored to its place, and a dozen of deck passengers, two poor families, whose carelessness in the midst of their combustibles, had occasioned the slight disaster, had crept back to the space originally occupied by them. But that space was desolated. A few tin and iron utensils, a basket, and a bag or two, drawn and cracked by the fire, only re-

remained to them of their little property. All their belongings had been recklessly kicked overboard by Rasmus and his coadjutors. They were not reviling any one, these poor people; they were glad they were all alive and unburned; but the men stood moodily with hands in their pockets, wondering where withal they should get beds to sleep on, and raiment to wear; the children were terrified, cowering together in a knot, and three women wept aloud unrestrainedly; one old woman plucked frantically at the gray locks which fell from under her cap, she belonging probably to the family of that Bion, of whom Cicero speaks, "a truly foolish king, who tore his hair in grief, as if baldness were likely to lighten his woe." But thus the unlettered have exhibited chagrin in all ages—and doubtless Bion, though a king, knew nothing more of his alphabet than did this woman from the Greenbriar mountains. As the moans and sobs fell on the ear of Rasmus, his heart smote him: he began to wonder if he could not have spared some of the scorching, smoking trash which he had ruthlessly kicked overboard. He had lost many things in this life: the last twenty-four hours had represented his first continuous run of good luck—he knew what it was to lose and lament. He looked down, as he had looked

down at the blaze, but now no destructive gleam was in his eye—he hailed, with the stentorian lungs which called the attention of all, not only on the port-bow and fore-castle, but on the boiler-deck, and the shore.

“Halloo there, granny, what’s the matter?”

“Wind up,” said one of the gloomy men, in a low, but not ugly tone, to the wailing woman. He had that decent reticence that will hide its woes, no matter how deep they gnaw. Rasmus heard it, and felt greater sympathy. One of the children, a lad of twelve, was less discreet; he shrilled out, “We’ve lost all our things—we ain’t got no beds, nor no clothes, nor nothin’; that’s what the women folks is goin’ on about,” and he looked as if it took all his incipient valor as “men folks” not to go on also.

“I vow if that ain’t a shame!” cried Rasmus, heartily; “lost all your things! And a power of very good things you had, too! Much as a hundred dollars worth! Why, I see beds and overcoats, and blankets, and tables, and cheers, when I pitched ’em overboard to save this bloomin’ boat! It’s all the same to you now as if she’d burnt to the water’s edge. Your things is gone. Where are you going?”

“Up to Pittsburg—to the glass-works,” said a man.

“ And a raft of you there is to go—and wages low, and a many mouths to fill, and not a stick of furniture left to put in your houses ! I feel for you, I do. Wish to goodness I hadn’t lost my things, and I’d give you the lot of ’em. All your things gone, and you in a strange place, and weather unsettled ! ”

He had accomplished a double purpose : his sympathy had comforted the mourners, and his high estimate of their lost goods had raised their self-esteem, and he had bawled his condolences until every ear had shared them. Now he addressed his larger audience. “ Ladies and gentlemen, I’ve been and lost all my things to-day—house, boat, furniture, and I know how it goes. You’re all big-bugs and high-fliers, and rich as Cresses. Can’t you chip in, and give these poor souls a lift ? I’ll send round the hat, and here’s a silver dollar to go in fust, and I’d give it if it was the last ever I had. Where’s that boy of mine, to carry round the hat ? I hope he hasn’t gone and got hisself into danger. I’m willin’ to be rash, and resk myself, but the boy’s made of rayther a fine kind of china, and I have to be careful of him.” Having introduced Rodney to favorable public notice by this bragadocio, Rasmus, who had seen him quite clearly all the time, fixed his eye on him, and held

out his own cap and a silver dollar. Rod appeared between two pretty ladies, who were bestowing on him the surplus admiration which overflowed from the share of Rasmus.

“O, you’re all right, brother,” said Rasmus cordially. “I’m glad you’ve looked out for yourself, and minded what I’ve told you, always to keep brain end up. A boy that’s going to college can’t be too partic’lar, and there’s your uncle to be considered of.”

Having made clear Rod’s status, Rasmus sent him round on his quest, and himself aided charity by sitting on the deck-rail, and roaring encouragement to his protégés. “Don’t give way—your dishes are all broke, and your chairs and beds are gone, but the ladies and gentlemen will give you money to put ’em all back. Somebody on the boat as knows all about Pittsburg, will take you to the cheap place to buy, and you’ll get the worth of your money, and they’ll feel that what they give has gone to the right place. Chirk up, little gal; I see several little ladies round here of your size, and they’ll be sure to give you a petticoat or a gown out of their things. Don’t you shiver so, granny. I know a kind lady here will find a shawl to give you. Keep your heart up over the baby, woman; ain’t there adies here as will soon step down to you

with clothes to cover him? O, you'll have it made up, never fear."

Thus Rasmus, and he proved a true prophet, for thirty dollars were given to each of the mothers to replace her lost goods. The old granny got a good shawl, and a procession repaired to the lower deck at intervals all the evening, bearing gifts.

By this time Rodney had no more idea of questioning that Rasmus was to convoy him to New York, and even see him through college, than he had of quarrelling with the law of gravitation. That pathetic story of the little lost boy had clothed Rasmus with the romance that clung about the knights of old, Sir Galahad, and Sir Launcelot, and the others, who sought the Holy Grail; while his boasted deeds by flood and fire, invested him with the dash and powers of the Cid, Hercules, Samson, Antæus, Greatheart, Jack the Giant-Killer, and all the other heroes of the boy's very promiscuous reading. Instead of longer questioning what manner of company he was, Rod was contented to go to supper with him, enjoying a good place at the table, and very minute attention from the waiters. After tea the steamer resumed its way up-stream, the band came out and played its best, then some one sat down at the piano, and a dance was ar-

ranged, and Rodney and Rasmus saw with equal amazement the curious bowings, salutings, and other manœuvres of the "Lancers." Rasmus confided to Rodney that "he'd eat his head if that wasn't the very queerest going on ever he heard tell of, or set eye upon." At the forward end of the saloon, a party of men sat round a table playing cards, with accompaniment of several bottles of wine. As Rasmus and Rodney passed them on their way to bed, they were invited to stop.

"Take a hand," said one, "and the boy shall cut the cards for luck. A young lad like that always helps a game."

Rasmus contemplated Rodney thoughtfully for a minute. "No, thank'ee, pardners," he said, finally. "I'm partic'lar in raisin' boys, and I don't 'low him nothin' of the kind."

"That's holdin' a pretty tight rein," said one of the men.

"Yes, pardner, it is," admitted Rasmus, seating himself on the edge of the table, "but you see if he don't begin he can't go on. I s'pose he might begin with the cards and the bottles, too, and come to no bad luck all his life. He might, but I ain't nowise sure—and I am sure of his luck if he lets 'em both alone. He might try 'em both, and not hurt hisself. I don't say not,

but he might, you know, stumble over just such a bottle into a gutter, and he might handle the cards till he got drove to try a razor 'crost his pretty little neck. I put it to you, he might; mightn't he? Men do go that way, don't they, brothers all? And began by being very pretty boys, too, didn't they? I've seen it, and you've seen it, now haven't you?" He reached out his arm and pulled Rodney closer, eyed him with an investigating air, summed him up. "So young and pretty and innocent as he is, to-day—his mammy needn't be ashamed to own him if she was a queen, or an angel with wings,—and yet, he might, you know, trip over a bottle, and get all this nice, yellow hair drenched in the slime of the gutter" (Rasmus tossed absently with his big hand the floating yellow hair of Rodney), "or he might, you know, be so drove desperate over them cards as to draw a knife right along his pretty little throat," (he drew his finger swiftly under Rod's chin, and the boy, with a shiver he never forgot, felt as if the cold steel of a razor was cutting into his flesh). Rasmus led his charge off to the state-room, and there continued his explanation. "I made up my mind if ever I found my little chap, I wouldn't let him take to none of them doings, and I sha'n't let you. I've seen a plenty of fellows come to grief

along of 'em, but I never see no one hurt by lettin' of 'em alone."

Rodney was too sleepy to reply ; he tumbled into the lower berth, and heard, as in a dream, the voice of Rasmus coming from the upper berth, in an effort to speak low, that made his words sound like the rumbling of distant thunder. "Pardner, let's be mighty close-mouthed about ourselves ; talking too lively don't do no manner of good, it often lets a fellow down."

The succeeding days were days of glory. Rasmus and Rodney were a mutual admiration society ; to Rasmus, Rodney was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a very beautiful lad ; to Rodney, Rasmus was an athlete and a leader. They were both new to the luxurious table, and gay people about them. Rodney was friends with all the children, and petted by all the ladies ; Rasmus was called "Mr. Rasmus," and sometimes "Mr. Harris," from Rod's last name, and no one dreamed that this was in truth a tramp, without so much as a surname, or a knowledge of the alphabet, and that a little before he had been floating down the Ohio River, asleep in a pig-pen, on a bed of straw and corn-stalks. Little Moses out of his woven cradle was carried to a palace, and Rasmus, rescued from the rushes, was feasting and fêted in an Ohio River boat.

Heathen would here be prone to remark that Fortune is just as potent and just as blind to-day as in antiquissimis temporibus. Christians would say that to-day, just as intently and individually as in days of yore, does Divine Providence watch over humanity, and lead each soul in its destined way.

The hot suns had fulfilled the prophecies of the child of Nature. Spring, particolored and laughing, had come with a dash. All along the banks the red-bud spread its crimson blossoms, and the dogwood, yellow and white, not waiting for the departure of its natural predecessor, expanded wide bloom. Each tree was like a huge bouquet, scarlet, primrose-color, white; the grass grew green, the noisy crows followed the plow; blackbirds with necks blue and green, or with broad red epaulettes, glittered in the sun, flashing from tree to tree, on the edges of the swamps; blue-birds built, robins sang, yellow hammers pounded away on the hollow trees. All this glorious reviving of the world filled the heart of Rasmus with ecstasy, and the progress of the boat up-stream seemed very slow, so did he long to be out once more along the roads. In fact, the boat was making poor time. She was due at Pittsburg Saturday noon, and it was evident that she would not arrive there before

midnight on Sunday—there had been the afternoon's delay, and then the heavy climb up the swift strong current of the flooding river. Sunday morning an unusual stillness hung over the boat. Many of the passengers were those who were accustomed to be in their own homes or at their churches on the Sabbath, and the talk and amusement of the week fell into a sudden hush. To Rasmus all days were alike. When he had lived during two years with the farmer, he had occasionally been taken to church; since then, he had only been two or three times in a church, and then by accident. After breakfast Rodney found him looking at the water over the port-bow, and wondering how soon he could be on dry land. "Rasmus, they're going to have preaching."

"What's that agin?" asked the child of the nineteenth century.

"Why, church—don't you know? It's Sunday, and there is a preacher on board, and he's going to have a service in the saloon. I s'pose you'll come?"

"Certain," said Rasmus. "I lay out to do whatever is respectable, now I've got into good clothes. What'll it be like, brother?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you've never been to church?"

“O yes, I have. I rambled into one last summer, as ever was. It was a powerful hot day, down in Jersey, and I dropped into a church I see by the roadside, thinking it would be a fairish sort of place to take a cool nap; but not a wink of sleeping could I do. Whew! wasn't that parson giving it to all kinds of wickedness. I was glad I was a good man, or I'd been scared out of my skin. He didn't let badness have no quarter, but he got it down and hammered it. I'd rather hear him than see a mill any day. He struck square out from the shoulder, as pretty as anything ever you see in your life.”

Rodney was rather confounded by this pugilistic description of a sermon. Mr. Andrews had considered it a proper part of a boy's education to send him to church and Sunday-school, and keep him within doors Sunday. He had not been a religious man himself, but he had respected religion, and had had a vague notion that he should bring up Rodney as his dead parents would have done. The boy had had a few religious books that had belonged to those parents, “The Life of Payson,” “The Life of Brainerd,” “The Life of Judson,” and a few volumes of missionary experiences, with his Bible and “Pilgrim's Progress.” These had

furnished him with some religious ideas, while Mr. Andrews had been a disciplinarian in the way of morals. Thus Rodney's advantages had been much greater than those of many boys, while far less than those of boys with Christian parents. As for Rasmus, he was an embodiment of nineteenth century heathenism—an example of how, in the bosom of a Christian country, one can go from babe to man untouched by the religiousness of the country in any particular—can be without a letter of the alphabet, or a line of the ten commandments, and know nothing of God, except as His name is used in an oath. Of such heathenism Rasmus was a profound example, and yet endowed with a shrewd mind and a kindly disposition, he had been kept from immoral courses by the memory of his little brother, and the dim hope of meeting him and being his life-companion. He followed Rodney to the grand saloon, where sofas and chairs had been arranged to accommodate the audience, and he listened with attention to a sermon, of which he understood almost nothing, because he was ignorant of those rudiments of Christian truth which the minister was obliged to take it for granted that every one understood. During prayer, Rasmus decorously covered his eyes—as other people did, but he peeped through his

fingers, and was amazed at seeing "the parson talking away with his eyes shut," and also at the reverend demeanor of his fellow-worshippers. What pleased him most was the singing—and especially the voice of Rodney, fresh and sweet, in the beautiful old hymns. After service, several who had noticed Rodney's singing, asked him to sing for them, and a lady played the accompaniment while he sang—

"Hark, hark, my soul, angelic strains are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and oceans wave-beat shore,"
and

"Come unto me when shadows darkly gather—
And the tired soul is heavy and oppressed."

"I tell you what, boy," said Rasmus, confidentially to him, when they went on deck, "if you don't find your uncle, you won't starve—for they'll be glad to pay you to sing in a theaytre, or a concert saloon."

"I wouldn't do it," said Rodney angrily; "I'm made for something better. "I'm a gentleman, and I shall be a scholar."

"If that don't beat all!" said Rasmus; to him the oiled and painted, waxed-mustached singer in a cheap theatre or a concert hall was a demi-god, to be named with admiration and viewed from afar worshipfully—and Rod thought this all beneath him!

CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE MAN.

“ Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
‘Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle and sleepily sing.”

THE river had by this time begun to fall ; there was little of wreck and drift whirling by ; it had gone down-stream. Instead, the surface was crowded with all varieties of craft taking advantage of high water. There were “ coal tows ”—great barges with square ends—knit close together, an acre of them almost, lying five or six abreast, and pushed by one of the great stern-wheel steamers that set its strong prow against them, while the big wheel churned and dashed the muddy water behind. The coal barges lay low, almost at the water’s edge, and the coal rose in a rough heap in each like a little black hill with points that glittered in the sunshine. Then came the lumber-rafts, mighty processions, gliding silently along, the mellow creamy hue of the fresh lumber, glowing against

the tawny color of the turbid water, and the fresh green of the banks—an acre of sweet-smelling boards welded into one raft—at the front five or six “sweeps,” like great oars, fastened for steering—at the stern, three or four new board huts for eating and sleeping, and cooking—along the length three or four poles, where lanterns swung, or torches flared of nights; the crew, a dozen or so, big, red-shirted men; and now and again across the raft a swaying, sagging line of clothes, red, white, blue, brown, ingenuously supposed to be clean, after a washing in the muddy river. Down came the “keel-boats” or “barges,” relics of old time, trading-boats that could go down with the current, but never come up, and must be sold below, come down for trading, owned perhaps by the family that inhabited each one. These might take from six to nine months going to New Orleans and coming back, if laboriously poled; so in these days of steam, they are generally sold at the end of the down trip, which may last three months. These barges had families living in them, and were laden with glass from the Pittsburg glass works, or with pottery, or small wares, and turned in to trade at all the river towns. Ferry-boats bustled from shore to shore between the towns. Small “stern-wheelers”

made short trips between the larger villages, and now and then a gigantic and splendid "side-wheel boat" majestically passed, going up or down between Pittsburg and Cincinnati, or New Orleans.

To watch this stirring life, Rodney and Rasmus sat in a favorite place of theirs on a great coil of rope lying on the forecastle. Between landings this spot was nearly deserted, and there they would sit for hours, looking at the shores and talking. Too much of "the grand company," as Rasmus called the saloon passengers, oppressed them both. On this Sunday evening as they sat there in the long, slow sunset of April, Rasmus had been meditating on the astounding fact that Rodney expected to be something far better than an actor, or cheap-hall singer. What could the lad be thinking of? Rasmus had some shrewd and practical sense, if he had no learning, and had been dazzled by actors the very few times he had been able to afford ten cents or a quarter for a cheap show.

"I say, brother, what are you going to do with all that college learning you propose to get?"

"I don't know," said Rod, who was rather a dreamer; "the first thing will be to get it."

"But ain't there no object in getting it?" asked Rasmus.

“ Yes, of course ; to know something.”

“ But for what, brother ? What will you do with it ? ”

“ I can find that out afterwards,” said Rodney easily.

“ I don’t make you out, pardner,” objected Rasmus. “ I see when folks puts a cargo on a boat they knows where to carry it, and what it will come to. When we loads up a cart we knows where we’re going to carry the load, when the farmer plants corn or ’taters, he knows pretty well where he’ll find a market ; and seems to me if you’re going to load up your head, likewise you should know what you’re going make out of it.”

“ You see, Rasmus, there’s a certain amount of learning that must be a beginning for any profession. I must have Latin and Greek and mathematics, and—”

“ What’s them agin ? ” asked Rasmus.

“ Why, languages and—figures, numbers.”

“ O, as for langidge, I’ve got a pretty lively tongue in my head ; and as for numbers, I can count as far as all the dollars I’m likely to get.”

“ O, there’s more than that ; this counting and so on is just arithmetic. I’ve been through that ; but what do you think of being able to tell how much the world weighs, and how far it

is to the sun, and how far it is from one star to another?"

"I don't see any use in it," said Rasmus. "It's farther to the sun or moon than the strongest man can throw, and who cares to know how far it is from one star to another, seeing no man can go it? I'd much rather know how far it is from Pittsburg to Harrisburg; there's something you can tie to in that. And then, who can tell how much the world weighs, just as if there is any one who can pick it up in his hand, like one can a cake?"

"So there is," said Rodney; "God can. It says in the Bible that God holds the seas—the ocean, you know—in the hollow of His hand, and takes up the islands as a very little thing, same as I could an apple-seed."

"I don't believe it," said Rasmus, promptly.

"But you have to; it's in the Bible, and that's true. Then if one studies what I tell you of, one learns all the names of every star, and that some of them make a big bear, and some a little bear, and some a man named Orion, walking along the sky, and some a pair of little fat twins, and some a great snake."

"That's most awful bamboozle, not a word of the truth."

'It is true. I saw it in a book, a celestial

atlas; Mr. Andrews had it. I wanted to bring it along, but it was too big. I'll get my uncle to buy me one. And it tells you all how the world goes flying round the sun."

"Now ain't you ashamed, Rod, to tell such awful lies, on a day as you've heard preaching in the morning! I know the sun moves, 'cause I see it, but the world don't move, or I'd have seen that."

"But you're on the world, you know."

"What difference does that make?"

"Were you ever on a railroad train? Didn't the trees and fences seem to spin by you, and you stand still? While really it was you that went, and they kept still? So the world goes whirling round the sun, and the sun don't go at all. We keep going round the sun."

"I swan!" cried Rasmus, who was cosmopolite in speech.

"You see the world is round—" began Rod.

"I don't see no such thing," said Rasmus rising and looking about. "Well, yes, the sky does seem to settle kind of circ'lar. Yes, mebby it is round like a plate."

"Not like a plate—like a ball—shape of an orange."

"O, you stow that, Rod. I'll get mad if you try to fool me too much. I can't stand everything."

“I’m telling you the truth. If I had wires and apples, little and big, and potatoes and nuts, I could make it all out for you, and show you the hang of the whole thing. The world is round, and goes rolling over and over.”

“Then we’d fall off,” interrupted Rasmus, “and what’s more, some would stand up straight, and some would stand heads down, and some kittering. Now all the men ever I see stood straight, only when they was drunk.”

“The world is so great, you see, and the—what we call sky, so far off, we always are straight in regard to all that is around us, and that is all that’s needed.”

“No,” said Rasmus, virtuously, “we ought to be real straight if we pretend to be; ‘tain’t enough to say we’re straight.”

“Why, see here,” said Rod, looking for a symbol. “If I’m good-natured to all people around me, all that ever see me, then I am good-natured, ain’t I, even if in my mind I said I was furious mad at the emperor of China?”

“He’d shake in his shoes if he knew it,” said Rasmus, with a big wink, thrusting his tongue into his cheek.

But Rodney was intent on science. “And we don’t fall off the world, and go flying through the sky, because of something in the world,

called the attraction of gravitation, which holds us fast to it—sticks us, you know.”

Rasmus considered this attraction of gravitation in the light of bird lime, or other sticky substance, and meditatively turned up the broad sole of his shoe. Then he said :

“ Don’t try to humbug me. If we were stuck like that, we couldn’t go, and we wear shoes and change shoes. I tell you, pardner, if this kind of truck is what you learn going to college, you’ll learn ten times more along the road. Do you know what time of day the chickweed wakes up: what time the dandy lion goes to sleep, why the sorrel folds its leaves down the stem of nights? Did you ever see a flower eatin’ flies, and know how it does that same? When you find a nutshell in the woods, can you tell what kind of a critter ate the meat of the nut? Do you know whether crows can count, and whether ants can count? Do you know whether flowers like ants or hate ’em? Did you ever see a woodpecker storing up food for himself? Do you know what kinds of animals laugh? If you see a little round hole in the ground, ’bout the size of a little pipe-stem, would you know what made it?”

No, Rodney would know none of these things.

“That’s the kind of learning I’ve got along the road,” said Rasmus with pride, “and there’s sense in that.”

“I should like to learn these things too,” said Rodney.

This placated Rasmus—he replied affably : “You see your learning may be good of its kind, though it is powerful hard to swallow some of it. Still, if you can make it clear to me, I don’t mind hearing some of it. I don’t object to nothing I can get without much trouble, ’cept the small-pox, or a fever, or some of them things. Now you and me is going in for a good time. I’ll tell you just how we’ll work it. We’ll stop aboard here till to-morrow, and then we’ll look over our traps and get ready for the road. The weather’s just beautiful. We’ll take it easy along, and I’ll show you every day a hundred new things you never see before. You’ll feel as if you’ve got ten eyes instead of two in your head, and the way you’ll get acquainted with all kinds of bees, and bugs, and birds, and little animals, and flowers, will make you just as happy as a king. I shouldn’t think kings would enjoy themselves much, anyway. I’ve see their pictures, with a great heavy thing, like a piece of carpet or table-cloth with a spotted border, trailing from their shoulders to the

ground, and behind 'em, and a great heavy pointed thing like a piece of a pot-rim, called a crown, on their heads; standing stiff as a poker—what's the use of being king, I says, if you can't have your liberty? And as I was planning to you, brother, by them same cheerful ways, we walks along the roads, and the scenery is just beautiful—until finally we come to New York, and finds your uncle, and I'll advertize for my Robin; but I've got nine dollars in my pocket, and I asked the steward if they had pretty big papers in Pittsburg, and he said they had, so I guess I'll drop one advertize in the paper there, to ease my mind, as I go along."

"But where will you say he is to address you, if he sees it, and you will be going all the time, you know?"

At this puzzle Rasmus shook his round black head.

"The man in the newspaper office might tell you. And how will you write out your advertisement?"

"Suppose you do that," said Rasmus.

"All right—you tell me what you want in."

Rodney took out a little note-book and pencil, and waited.

"Why, pard, you say that 'bout twelve year ago—no, you say that information is wanted, of

a little chap named Robin, with a mighty pretty face, and curly yellow hair, as got took from a Home for the Friendless, in New York City, and carried into Indianny, and from there west; and his brother wants him, and can take good care of him, and wants whoever has him to give him up."

"But that won't do. It must be short—the longer you make it, the more they charge."

"I don't mind charge. I'll pay the nine dollars."

"But you'll need some of that; and you want to say for other papers 'to please copy'; and they won't, if it is a whole chapter long. Now, if you and Robin had a last name—"

"But we haven't; if ever we had I've forgot it. I was Rasmus and he was Robin, and dad was dad, and mammy was mammy; and dad was called 'drunken Bobby' by the neighborhood boys, and I used to lamm them good for their sass. S'pose he was drunken, they needn't go to throw it up at him; plenty of 'em was beginning that line theirselves, spending their pennies on gin and chewing-tobacco, and hanging round the grog-shops for treats. Dear knows, Rod! how many of them little chaps I used to play shinny with, and making dams in the gutter, do you s'pose is reelin' about, drunken

men, now, or in State's prison, or dead in fights, or in the streets, mostly along of liquor?"

"Good many of them, I guess," said Rod; "they say sixty thousand a year go that way, and I suppose a good many come out of New York."

"They weren't such bad little chaps, if they'd had half a chance," said Rasmus; "downright jolly, kind-hearted, plucky little men they were, some of 'em. Had the makings of as nice men as me, or the boat captain, in 'em. But what did they ever see but badness? What was ever so much in their way as whiskey? They sucked it with their mother's milk; they got it by example. Why, if it hadn't been for Robin, and me taking care of him, and then two years in the country with the farmer, where I had plenty to eat, and good milk and coffee, and hard work to keep me out of mischief, and good enough bed, and a warm fire to sit by, I'd have gone that way, too, I reckon; and after I ran away, I always had my mind on one thing—finding Robin, and I knew he wouldn't take to me, and I couldn't do for him, if I took to drinking. But when I look back and think of all them little fellers I played with 'long the streets, or down to the Battery evenings, why, it goes against my grain, to feel how such a raft of them

came into this 'ere world, without half a chance for theirselves; and no one to lend 'em a hand, and no one hindered their destruction, and they had a bad time all through, and went to the bad altogether."

During this monologue, Rodney had toiled away at a form of advertisement, and produced the following :

"WANTED TO FIND:—A little boy, named Robin: with yellow hair, and a hump-back, by his brother, Erasmus. Other papers please copy. He went West. Address—"

"I've left the address out, till we ask the men at the paper office."

"Well, brother, you must put in he's pretty, or, seeing that 'hump-back,' some one might allow he was ugly, and he ain't."

"Well: I can say—'pretty face.'"

"Yes—ladle that out; but my name ain't Erasmus; it is Rasmus, and no *E* to it; he wouldn't know me."

"It ought to be *Erasmus*," insisted Rod, "for that's right."

"What makes a name right, is bein' so," said Rasmus, stoutly, "and I don't care what my name ought to be. I know what it is; it's Rasmus, and you set it down so."

There was now silence: Rodney and Rasmus

each lost in thought. During this silence a head rose over some boxes piled not far off, and a pair of keen eyes, under heavy gray brows, began to scrutinize the man and the boy, sitting on the coil of rope. The head rose more and more above the boxes, until the shoulders came into view. The head was large, and had abundant long hair and full whiskers and beard, all iron-gray, like the brows. The face was middle-aged, sensible, and kindly, tanned as if by much out-of-door life. After a long inspection of Rodney and Rasmus, this person came round from behind the boxes. He was very short—only about the height of the boy Rodney, but his shoulders were broad. His hands were slender, and though browned, were soft, as if he had not worked at manual labor. He wore a corduroy suit, a soft, wide-brimmed felt hat, and a fine gray flannel shirt, laced up the front. He came softly up to the pair on the rope, and said, abruptly, “I heard all you said.”

“We don’t say nothin’ we’re ashamed of!” retorted Rasmus.

“So I should suppose,” replied the little man, blandly, taking a seat near them. “I have seen you since you came on the boat, but I have not spoken to you, for what I have to say does not generally interest folks. I’m more acquainted

with plants and insects, than with people. I spend my time in the summer, travelling about the country, and observing, and in the winters I compare in the libraries, and write up what I know."

"There, now, brother," said Rasmus, turning to Rodney, "here's a learned man, as studies the roads. Wish you luck, dad," he added irreverently to the stranger.

"I understand from what you say," said the little man, "that you contemplate a trip across the country, to New York?"

"What's that agin?" asked Rasmus, dubiously.

"You mean to walk from Pittsburg to New York?"

"Maybe we do."

"And I'm going that very way myself, and I'd like to join you, till we get tired of each other," said the little man.

"Two's company," said Rasmus, looking rather suspicious.

The little man made no reply; he retired behind the boxes, and presently reappeared. He held out his hand. "What's that?"

"Nothin' but a little red ant," said Rasmus.

The little man seemed to cage the little ant, and then handed the cage to Rasmus. "What's that?"

“O fury! I do declare! ain’t he big! Is that him? Why, that’s witchcraft, dad, and you must be in league with the Wicked One; you’ve turned him into a raging lion. O look at his jaws, and his feet, and his hairs!”

“That’s a microscope,” said Rodney sedately.

The little man took back his instrument, and returned it in a moment.

“What is that?”

“Welwet, and jewelry, and feathers, and gold-dust,” said Rasmus in ecstasy.

“It is a bit of a butterfly’s wing. This is spider-web.”

“I went through the silk-mills onct,” said Rasmus; “they ain’t to be named along with that there spider’s work.”

The little man went up to his state-room, and when he came back with a case of black wood, brass, and glass, he set it under the eye of Rasmus.

“Land!” shouted Rasmus, “if there aint tear in’ fish, and crocodiles, and alligators and snakes, what’s that?”

“Something that you drink,” said the little man.

“I don’t drink it,” retorted Rasmus. “It’s brandy, sure, for it looks just like ’lirium trembles let loose.”

“It is not brandy. It is water out of this river”

“If I ever!” cried Rasmus. “But I don’t drink this water if I can help it; dirty stuff in flood time, sure. But I’ve see water sparklin’ up out of a deep well, cold as ice, and clear as diamonds: and I’ve see springs tricklin’ out of a rock, or out of a hollow like a moss cup, would make your heart glad only to look at ’em, they didn’t have these wild beasts in ’em.”

“Not so many, but all some.”

“Well, I don’t care,” said Rasmus, after meditation. “My back is up. I ain’t going to hate water, for all you may say.”

“I don’t want you to hate it. I will explain all these things to you some day.”

“If such raging demons is in water, what’s in beer and gin and rum?” demanded Rasmus.

“I’ll show you sometime from beginning to end.”

“Say, boss, if we travels in company, will you take that witchcraft along with you, and let me look at it?”

“With pleasure. I will show you that little simple beetles carry files and saws and pocket-knives, rolled up tight as a round watch-spring, and inside of flowers I will show you a hundred things that you never dreamed were in them.

You have, it seems, observed much of the birds, flowers, insects, along the way ; you can tell me much that I do not know of their habits, perhaps, and I certainly can tell you much that you don't know about what they are. We will travel well together."

"The boy must have his say," said Rasmus, "we're pardners."

"I'm agreed," said Rodney.

"But, boss, you're kind of a high-flier, maybe, and me and the boy are not high-fliers. We're not flush of money. We can't go to hotels. We've got to take it poor."

"I'm poor myself," said the little man. "I travel round, in my observation-making, in the humblest way, for I am saving all the money I possibly can, to get out a great book on what I discover, and it costs a deal of money to have colored plates of flowers and insects made and printed. Still, to make such a book and leave it to the world, will be worth what I deny myself for it."

"After all," said Rasmus, "if we find we don't agree, we can part, and that's better than married folks has it."

"Or worse," said the little man, "for knowing that one can quarrel and part, may put a premium on altercation."

"You talk too much dictionary for me," said Rasmus resignedly; "however, I'll put up with it, boss, and I may catch some crumbs of your conversation, suited to the size of my mouth."

"And as you are fond of learning, and mean to have an education," said the little man to Rodney, "I may make the time we pass along the road useful to you. You were speaking of Greek and Latin."

"Wot's them, agin?" demanded Rasmus.

"Why, languages; foreign languages," said Rodney; "people don't all talk the same language, you know."

"No more they don't," said Rasmus; "I've heard 'em. I've heard men-along the road talking a lingo I couldn't understand, nor no other sensible man couldn't. *Italian* they called it; blame nonsense, that's what it was, sure as I'm alive."

Rodney laughed. "Pshaw! it was as good talk for them, as ours is for us; but Italian, French, and so on, are not like Greek and Latin. Greek and Latin are dead languages."

"I don't take stock in dead things, myself," said Rasmus.

Such a thick fog came up that they were obliged to go into the cabin to keep from being drenched by the penetrating, insidious dampness, and the steamer could not proceed. When

Rodney woke next morning, the boat was still climbing the yellow current. However, soon after breakfast, Pittsburg's canopy of black smoke proclaimed the end of the boat trip. There was a rush and a bustle. The boat was a gallant sight. The sun smote the great gilt eagle hanging between the fancy-topped chimneys, and the kindred bird, wide-winged, above the pilot-house; the flag floated in splendid waves of color from the jack-staff; great volumes of smoke belched from the chimney, and rolled southwest in a dun plume; the furnace doors were open, and the red fires roared and glared; the crew shouted and crowded, and unhappily swore on the forecastle; a deck-hand stood poised with a great coil of rope to fling on the wharf; the bell rang, the whistle screamed lustily; the passengers in gala dress of hats, shawls, and cloaks, were ready to rush over the gang-planks; the wheel churned the dirty water into snow-clean foam; the steamer backed and lunged forward, and settled to her place; the gang-plank grated against the wharf; the hack-drivers and carmen rushed like eager friends to greet the stream of passengers; wheels grated, boys shouted, peddlers screamed, and almost alone on the hurricane-deck stood Rodney, Rasmus, and the little man.

CHAPTER V.

ALONG THE ROAD.

“I take the land to my breast
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me the hills are best,
And all that is made is mine.”

“Now, brother,” said Rasmus to Rodney, “we must get our grip-sacks ready and start on our trip. It’s about as good a day as ever I see for travelling.”

They went into the state-room, and Rasmus packed all his possessions tightly into the carpet-bag, and dressed himself for the road. “These high-flyin’ trousers will be my style for New York,” he remarked; “the suit I got from our house takes my idee for the road.” And sure enough the redoubtable Rasmus made a fair figure for travelling.

The vest and trousers that had been Mr. Andrews’, were of heavy green tartan plaid, narrow lines of red, yellow, and blue marking off the squares; his shoes were low and wide, his hat a stiff-felt helmet, his coat a dark green

flannel sack with various large pockets. He had bought from a deck-passenger two stout oak sticks or canes, and on one of these he carried his bag slung over his shoulder, the other he gave to Rodney.

“Let’s look at your loadin’, brother,” said Rasmus to the boy; “you must go light, if you are makin’ a long trip, an’ if your things ain’t neat packed they’ll spoil, and not carry so easy, neither.”

Rodney emptied into the lower berth rather a promiscuous collection of goods, and Rasmus with great neatness began folding up shirts, kerchiefs, socks, and under-clothing. “Another suit wouldn’t have hurt you, brother, or a pair of breeches, at the least.”

“These are nearly new; they’ll last till I get there,” said Rodney, unconscious of the length of the journey.

Rasmus shook his head, but prudently refrained from alarming the young traveller. “What books is these?” he demanded, seizing two.

“That one is my Bible.”

“Books is heavy, pardner, and readin’ ain’t necessary on the road. Couldn’t you get another like it some day?”

“I could, but I won’t,” said Rodney. “I

sha'n't throw away my Bible—and besides, it was my mother's."

"If it was your mother's, in course you'll keep it. I wish I had something of my mother's, poor soul. Now this 'ere book ain't your Bible too, is it?"

"No. It's a 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"What's that agin?"

"Well, it's a story—all about a man that went travelling."

"Took the steam-cars like other fools I s'pose?"

"No, he walked ever so far."

"That showed his sense. I wouldn't mind hearin' about him some day," said Rasmus, turning the leaves curiously.

"Here's a picter. What's this on his back? I vow if it ain't his plunder, all done up mighty keerless. I could show him how to pack better than that! There, now, the duds is all in, and they're not too heavy. If I see you getting tired, I'll carry your truck 'long with mine. I wonder if dad is ready?"

"See here, you ought not to call him dad."

"Why not?"

"Well, he isn't old enough to be your dad."

"Yes, he is—just about. I'm twenty-six, and I reckon him up at fifty; he'd do me very well for a dad, and you too."

“ Well, he is not, and it is not a polite way to call him, nor boss, either. Boss means somebody who has men under them for work.”

“ S’pose I try ‘ Gov’nor,’ or ‘ Yours Respectfully,’ ” said Rasmus. “ Anything to make your mind easy ! ”

“ That won’t do. Let’s call him professor.”

“ What’s a professor ? ”

“ A man that knows a great deal, and studies, and teaches people what he knows—he said he’d teach us.”

“ All right, if so be I can twist my tongue to it—Professor.”

They went into the main saloon, and found the little man with his property spread out on a large table. A small knapsack was so neatly packed with indispensable articles, as to call forth the warm admiration of Rasmus.

“ Here’s too much luggage,” he added, coolly picking up a flat Japanned box, but finding it very light. The little man opened it ; it was a case for carrying his specimens of flowers, beetles, and butterflies. In a leather bag, arranged with a strap to hang over his hip, he had chloroform, entomological pins, some square white cards, two note-books of very thin paper, two other books, and his microscope reduced to its smallest compass, also a very small case

of very fine and sharp steel instruments. In his breast-pocket he had two little red books, his small microscope, a knife and pencil, also a pen with ink in the handle, which aroused all Rodney's admiration. His outfit was completed by two nets for catching beetles and butterflies, and a stout walking-stick.

"Well, dad—no—what's the title, pardner? Per—yes, Perfesser, you've got a grist of things in a small size; I couldn't pack better myself," said Rasmus, amiably, "and you look mighty proper too. Corduroy is high style for the road. I always thought I'd like it myself, but I never could wind up to earning a suit of it."

"Come, now," said the naturalist, "we are ready for a start."

"You've got to find the captain, Rasmus," said Rodney, "and thank him for taking us aboard, and bringing us up here."

"So we have! You're the right sort, pard, to think of that. We'll see him and the rest of 'em down below. I just had a view of their heads going down-stairs."

Rodney walked up to the little group of officers, and held out his hand with grace: "You have been very kind to us," he said, "and we thank you for it."

"That's all right—you're welcome," said the

captain. "You are as nice a boy as ever I saw in my life. Going to friends in New York, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Going to foot it? That's pretty rough for you. We could make up the amount of your tickets in a few minutes."

"No, no," said Rodney, averse to charity.

"We prefers walking; it's safer and pleasanter," said Rasmus.

The captain eyed him for a minute or two, then took Rodney aside.

"That's a nice, jolly, honest fellow; but he looks over-well used to the roads. Now, my lad, for people that like land, and don't mind walking, a trip across country may be a fairly good thing; but to get in love with rambling, to take to idling about from place to place, sleeping where you can, and picking up your meals where any one will give them to you, is the worst kind of life one can lead, unless it is joining a thieves' band, and it often leads to that. Tramps are a curse of our country. They are like an army of locusts blown from East to West and back, and no good to any one. I've heard of people so falling in love with gypsy ways that they left civilized business and took to roaming round with the vans; but it is ruin and nothing better. Go to New York, if you are going,

but don't get bamboozled into drifting along the roads."

"Why, of course not, sir. I'm going to go to college as fast as I can, and the journey won't take so long, and I shall pay for whatever I have. I've got five dollars."

"Is Mr. Llewellyn going with you?"

"Who, sir? The little man in corduroy? Yes, sir."

"Then you're all right. I've known him this good while. He'll make the time profitable to you, and see you don't get led off. You stick to Llewellyn."

Rodney shook hands with the captain and rejoined his comrades. Instinctively he placed himself beside Mr. Llewellyn. It had not before occurred to him that Rasmus was a tramp. He had heard tramps only spoken of with aversion and condemnation, as idle, dirty, profane, thievish, and drunken. Rasmus had seemed moral, if ignorant, and brave, if poor. Also he had a reserve of humane and tender feeling, and of nature-loving, which had attracted Rodney. But now the captain suggested that Rasmus belonged to the genus tramp, and would lead him astray; would stamp his status thaire he was with him. Rodney could not accommodate himself to these ideas, and he pre-

ferred for the present to cleave to the naturalist. Rasmus on his part was so glad to find his feet on dry ground, and his locomotion under his own control that he did not notice Rodney's sudden coolness. He was in the habit of walking alone, and if he had companions in sight that was enough for him. His step rang along the pavement, and his whistle high and clear caused the passers-by to turn their heads as in envy of one who seemed so happy.

"Brother," he cried to Rodney, "you remember our advertize."

"Yes," said Rodney, checking himself, and asked Mr. Llewellyn if he knew where was the office of the largest paper. "Rasmus has lost his little brother and wants to find him."

Mr. Llewellyn promptly called to a halt. They were near a great stone church, and went up into the porch to be out of the way of the passers-by, while Rodney, with some hints from Rasmus, gave the main facts of the case.

"I see, I see," said the naturalist. "Dear, dear, this is a sad story. I know the paper that you should advertise in, and I'll write out an advertisement for you there. Have it put in coarse print in the editorial column, and ask other papers to copy. I have an address where my papers and letters always reach me, and we'll

have news sent there, if you like. Don't be too down-hearted, man, you may find the child yet."

Rasmus shook his head hopelessly, he had been so often disappointed. When he recalled little Robin it cast a gloom and silence over him for some time. In such he was lost until they left the printing-office. Then he happened to see a large building not far off, and woke into animation. "See that place. There's a great hall there where they have lectures, and I went there to one two years ago—only one I ever was to. A man named Gough. He had white hair and beard. I was sort of hanging round the door looking at the folks go in; but not knowing how to read the posters up by the door, I didn't savvy what was going on, when such a man takes me by the elbow, and says, 'Coming in, friend?' 'What for is going on?' says I. 'Temperance talk,' says he, 'by a man as knows both sides of it. Come in.' 'It will be werry good,' I says, 'I make no doubt. I've see both sides, and I know which I tie to; but I s'pose it's pay, and I'm rayther short.' 'Come along in,' says he, 'I reckon my face is good for us both.'

"So we walked in, and he give me a seat, and I vow if that very same man didn't go up before all the folks to give the lecture! The way he

raged and tore round was just tremendjous ! O, I tell you when he told his stories I could fairly hear the flesh crawl on the bones of all that audience. I was so carried out of my skin, I just stood right up and yelled, ' Give it to 'em, Guv'nor, it is blessed truth ! ' and everybody clapped like mad. Well, when he got done talkin,' my, wasn't he done out, and every man there near out of his head with what he heard. You would have thought that one speaker was ten to hear him do all kinds of woices and manners. Don't talk of theayters nor circus to me. He'd take the shine clear out of anything I ever heard ! And at the end he said ' whoever believed him, come sign the pledge.' Well, I'd never signed no pledge. Cause why ? I couldn't write ; but I clean forgot that. I went up along with the rest. When it came my turn, ' Here you are, my man,' says he. So I says, ' Guv'nor, you write it for me. It's Rasmus, and no more ; but it is good for what I say. Never a drop shall cross my lips.' And he said a kind of a short blessin' to me, and he writ, ' Rasmus,' and there it stands in black and white."

This reminiscence served to beguile the passage through a long street. Then Rasmus fell back to his meditations, and Rodney and the naturalist moved on together.

“A fine, hearty chap,” said the professor.

“Something the captain said about tramps and a kind of warning made me feel a little queer about him.”

“He has the makings of a man in him,” said the little gentleman. “He has been betrayed into this tramping by longing to find his little lost brother, and failing of that consolation, nature has soothed his heart. I can understand him, I think. That is a pitiful story of his loss, and his years of disappointment; a new fashion of the tale ‘Evangeline,’ which has moved so many hearts.”

“I never read it,” said Rodney, who like other boys of his age was only moderately sympathetic, and thought more of himself than of other people, which is a provision of nature, and should not discourage older people. “But I mean always to be a gentleman, and I was wondering if I ought to walk across the country with a man like that. I’m glad you’re along, sir.”

“He’s not a man to hurt you. An ordinary tramp would be the last person for you to make a comrade of; and to take to tramping, the last thing you should do. But a walk over the country, with good reason and good company, is as healthful and improving an experience as can come in your way, if you make use of it by ob-

serving men and things. I often wish boys were trained to walk more—long walks with eyes open to what God has made; walks with elder brothers, or teachers, parents, or other relatives. I have read some French books written by a Swiss schoolmaster named Topfer, who had a boarding-school for lads, and every summer he took them on a six weeks' tour afoot through Switzerland, or France, or North Italy, or parts of Germany. Sometime Mrs. Topfer went along. They carried a change of clothes, and stayed at inns nights or very stormy days. They learned about birds, flowers, minerals, historic facts; they observed the life of the rural people; they learned to appreciate scenery; they must have been better boys for it."

"But that was in those wonderful lands, over sea, sir."

"Our land, as you will find, is just as wonderful, and as beautiful. When I have seen families taken in the summer to a fashionable watering-place—the lads exposed to the temptations of hotels, and the lack of discipline in boarding-houses, the life of their summer vacation just as artificial and stimulating as the life of all the rest of the year—I have wondered why, instead, the fathers, if the mothers cannot go also, do not take the children that are old

enough, for a pedestrian tour. During the ten or eleven months at home, they could read about minerals, flowers, birds, insects, and in the summer be prepared with keen eyes, and instructed and inspired brains, to note the wonderful things which God has made. In plain, strong clothes, with plain, wholesome food, days in the open air, health and happiness, and sound, innocent thought would be stored up. There would be less boys go to the bad, if that plan were followed. The summer resorts are often mere schools of mischief to lads, and lassies, too."

"I'm glad you think it's a good thing to do," said Rodney, "for indeed I like Rasmus; but there is no one to look after me but myself, and I'm bound to come to something, and I can't afford to begin any foolish thing. Mr. Andrews, my old cousin, the night he died, warned me about bad company, and told me a man is known by the company he keeps; and there's the old copy, you know, sir—'Evil communications,' and the rest of it."

"Yes, I know; very good to remember and practice; but we are not likely to find perfect people to go with; and do the best we can, there will be plenty of evil round us to demoralize us if we let it. After all, what we are depends on ourselves, more than on those we are

with, and the best plan is, to polish our virtue to such a surface that evil won't stick to it."

Rasmus here overtook them. They had reached the limit of the side-walks, and come to the suburbs, where grass grew along the roads, dandelions starred the sod, and tiny chickweed flowers, wreathed with their delicate but common bloom and foliage, the line of the fences, where, sheltered from some of the fierceness of winter, they had come early into bloom. A little stream of clear water rippled down the wayside gutter, and on its edge, clinging near a stone, was the first blue violet. Rasmus greeted it with a shout.

"I don't know whether to pick it, or not," he said to the naturalist. "Do you suppose flowers like to live, and mind being torn off the stem, or carried away from the place where they grew?"

"At least, they were made to produce seed, and increase their kind, and if you leave that one there, next year three or four little plants may be there, blue as the sky, from the seed shed by this one. Many a heart has got a lift from seeing the first violet of spring—

"'A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.'"

Rasmus listened, entranced. "Did that come in a book?" he said. "What a thing learning is! It's twelve o'clock, pardners."

"How do yo know?" demanded Rodney. "My watch says half-past."

"Then your watch is wrong," said Rasmus. "I know by the sun, and by that there dandy-lion. He says twelve—he's my watch. I vow, I was so elewated to start off this morning, I never thought what we'd do for grub."

"I got some rolls, cheese, and an apple-pie from the steward," said Mr. Llewellyn, "and a little farther on, are some stones by the road, where there will be a warm, dry seat for us while we eat."

"I'll go into the house there, and get a jug of water," said Rasmus.

But the owner of the house was in the garden, trimming his shrubbery, and seeing the three sit down to eat by the wayside, he wrathfully opposed Rasmus as he entered. A noisy, puffing, choleric little man, he shouted: "What now? You want nothing here. I'm out with tramps and travellers. We don't buy anything nor give anything—so out, if you don't want to be kicked out."

"Well, boss," said Rasmus, coolly, "'tain't so much disgrace to get a kick as to deserve it,

and I reckon there's more water in the world than grows in your well."

Rodney's face flushed. "Now, that's what I hate," he said; "it makes me feel so mean."

"I think Rasmus' philosophy very good," said Mr. Llewellyn, tranquilly. "I've had people think it so strange that I asked for a curious flower out of their garden, or to be allowed to search for some special variety of insect in their vegetable beds, that they have come out to watch their clothes-lines, supposing my scientific zeal a mere cover for designs on the family shirts."

"Well, I have see tramps," said Rasmus, "as could carry off a whole raft of handkerchiefs or towels, right while folks was looking at them. I was walking along with a man once, and we turned in to a house to ask for a drink of milk. The lady was by the kitchen table, making pies, and she told the gal to get us the milk. She had laid her rings on the edge of the table, and if that man didn't take them, right from under her eyes, and he talking 'bout the weather, and how much he liked religious reading—innocent as a baby all the time! When we got into the road he showed 'em to me. 'Good haul,' says he, bragging; 'let's step out brisk.' 'Why, you mean, or'nerly sneak of an ungrateful scoun-

drel!' sez I; 'you stole her rings while she was feeding of you, you black-hearted snake!' 'Ef I did,' says he, 'you needn't turn yourself into a hornet, two yards long. It didn't hurt you.' I laid him as flat as a pancake in half a second, and I took them rings, and back I went, just as the lady and her gal had begun an uproar, and seeing me, they shrieked out, 'Murder!' and locked the doors. 'Here's your rings, ma'am,' I hollered through the key-hole; 'that bummer took them, and I've thrashed him. They're on the step.' I reckon after we was clean out of sight, they opened the door, and took them in. But it did rile me to be held as an or'nery thief, by that nice lady, and I did not walk with chaps found along the road again."

After the noon halt, they rambled on, and still departing from the smoky city, they found the roads wider, the houses smaller and more scattered, and all the fields in the waking beauty of spring. The air had the sharp, bitter-sweet scent exhaled by the rising sap, the sky was blue as the bloom of the myosotis; the twitter of birds and the shrill chirp of insects filled the air.

"The earth," said the naturalist, "is our nurse, and our first friend. Out of its bountiful breast come food, fuel, clothing, the money that pays

for art and toil. After long months in the city, shut in by winter, I fly back to the country, as a child to the arms of its mother."

They were walking upon a smooth, wide road, from which turned, here and there, narrow lanes, to reach the farm-houses. A district school had closed, and the children were scattering homewards through the fields and by-paths. The eye of Rasmus traversed the scattered groups, and at last fixed on a child, plodding on more slowly than the rest. He quickened his own step, bent on overtaking the child. Rodney saw that this little pilgrim was a small boy, with long, light hair, a somewhat halting pace, and carrying his head in a way that suggested a deformity. The long, swinging step of Rasmus soon overtook this wanderer. "Wait a bit; stop you, my little chap!" he cried.

The little boy turned. A shadow fell over the face of his pursuer. This was not the face of Robin, photographed upon his inmost heart. But his voice still was kind, lowered from its hilarious shout. If the child were not Robin, it was still a fair-haired boy, with Robin's misfortune. "Where are you going, little chap?"

"Home—over to that red house."

"What ails your walking, my good little man?"

“Foot hurts,” replied the child.

Rasmus lifted him upon the fence, carefully took off his shoe and stocking, and investigated. A tiny bit of gravel had worked against the small foot, causing it to swell and redden. Rasmus rubbed the foot, shook out the shoe and sock, put them on again, and said, “Now I’ll set you on my shoulder and carry you home. I’ll leave my bag here. You’ll like to be carried.”

He went off to the red house, carrying the child. When he returned Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney were standing by his bag. Rasmus looked shamefaced.

“I never can pass by a lad like that,” he said, “and when I saw him ahead of me the old feeling would come back, though I’ve been disappointed enough to kill it dead. I thought it might be my own little Robin, but it wasn’t.”

“See here, Rasmus,” said Rodney, “how old was he when you got run over that time in New York?”

“Six,” said Rasmus. “Mother was dead then two years.”

“Yes; and how long ago is it since that time?”

Rasmus mused. “Why, pardner, two years I was with the farmer, and ten years I’ve gone looking for him. Sixteen I was when I left the

farmer. Mother, when she died, said, 'Rasmus, you're twelve, and Robin's four only,' and twenty-six I am this summer, sometime."

"Well, then, Rasmus, don't you see, you are wrong to look for a little Robin. He will be eighteen years old by this time. Four years older than you were when you lost him; not a little child like that."

It was a terrible truth that Rasmus had never faced. He had always remembered Robin as only a little child.

"Time has moved on with him as with you," said the naturalist.

Rasmus gave a bitter cry. "Then we won't know each other!"

"I think you will when you meet," said Mr. Llewellyn. "Some way God will make you clear to each other. And he is safer perhaps as grown than as a child. I remember a verse—

" 'Not as a child shall we again behold her,
But when with rapture wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.' "

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAVELLERS FIGHT WITH BEASTS.

“And twa of us will watch the road,
And other twa between will gang—
And I will go to jail-house door,
And hold the prisoner unthought lang.”

“You can buy our supper,” said Mr. Llewellyn to Rodney, “as I got the dinner. There comes a baker’s cart.”

“All right,” replied Rodney; “but what shall I get?”

“A brown loaf.”

“Wouldn’t a white twist be nicer?”

“It would not be nearly so nourishing. The bolting and refining process which fine flour goes through, to give it its extreme whiteness, robs it of its most nutritious qualities. You will get more food by half for us three in the brown loaf, than in the white one. I often wonder at the way in which poor families, families whose living must be reduced to the minimum of expense, patronize the baker’s cart. Bought bread is dear bread. The baker must have back what he expends on horses, cart, and driver, besides the ex-

penses of the shop. And so the bought loaf costs often four times the price of the home-made loaf. But that is not all. These poor people, who can buy only a limited quantity of food, and should get the most for their money, buy fine white bread, and so get the least nutrition out of their nine or ten cents. If they do not know how to make loaf-bread, or have no way of baking it, corn-meal mush, or pones, would give them five times the amount of nourishment."

"But," said Rasmus, "you'll find that most poor folks say they hate corn-meal, and won't eat it, and high-fliers must have their corn-bread for breakfast. Most poor folks take their corn in the shape of whiskey, when all the nourishment, as you call it, is out of it."

The cart came up, and Rodney bought a loaf for nine cents, which loaf Mr. Llewellyn divided into three pieces.

"We can't make a supper just on bread, can we?" said Rodney.

"We can get a drink at the next well," said the naturalist.

"But that won't help out much," said Rodney, who had been living royally on the boat, and whom Mr. Andrews had accustomed to a cooked supper.

“Now, I will tell you a good saying, which shall serve as a salad for your supper,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “‘The wise man has always three cooks, who season his most simple dishes, sobriety, exercise, and contentment.’”

“Now, that I call good,” said Rasmus, “but, at the same time, dad—I mean Professor—if we buy every meal, our money won’t hold out. I’ve got seven dollars, and the boy has five, and they won’t take us to New York, buying all our meals.”

“See here,” said Rodney, “you told me five dollars would be oceans to take us to New York.”

Rasmus was now convicted of an enormous prevarication, but his conscience was tough in that particular, and he met Rodney’s look with an undaunted eye.

“And, if we don’t buy what we have, how will we get it?” demanded Rodney.

“Why, pardner, ask for it. The folks along the road has a plenty. When we want a meal’s victuals, all we have to do is ask for it, likewise a lodging.”

“That would be begging!” cried Rodney indignantly.

“Brother, where’s the harm?” said the ingenuous Rasmus.

"Harm! I'll starve before I beg! I'm a gentleman," said the angry Rodney, falling back on his usual plea.

They had seated themselves on a stone-wall to eat the bread.

"Rodney," said Mr. Llewellyn, "give him a more sensible answer."

Thus driven to define himself, Rodney pulled his ideas together. "It is not honest for a man who is well and strong and able to work, to try and live without working. You have no right to expect strangers to earn your bread for you. What would happen to the world, if everybody tried that plan? God expects every person that is put into the world to do something, that is what we owe God and man, unless we are idiots, or very feeble all the time. The Bible says, 'If any man will not work, neither let him eat,' and every man 'must work, and eat with quietness his own bread,' and 'Work while it is to-day,' and 'Why stand ye all the day idle?' and a great deal more; only I know that all decent people look down on idleness and begging."

"I'm sorry you look down on me that way, brother," said Rasmus, much crestfallen, "for I've never done much else. So I ain't company for you two, and I'd better leave, gentry."

This was other than Rodney expected. He liked Rasmus.

"See here, Rasmus, there's no reason you should go on so, just because you began that way. You can work."

"I don't think I like work," said Rasmus.

"No one does out of the habit of it. We get to like it by practice. But now you'll most likely find your little brother by advertising, and how are you going to take care of him? You wouldn't take him up and down the country, asking for things?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Rasmus. "Do you think I'll find him? I'd turn to then, and work like a horse. It was along of him I stopped; from I was six years old I worked like a good fellow, till I ran away from the farmer. Ask that farmer if I didn't do fair by him. But going up and down the country, looking for Robin, I couldn't settle to anything. You see if I had even been sure he was dead it would have been different; but this always hoping and expecting, kept on tenter-hooks all the time, of course I couldn't fix my mind on work, and I just drifted about. I didn't think it so bad to ask for what I wanted. I got used to it."

"There is much to be said in behalf of Rasmus," said Mr. Llewellyn. "If I manage this

trip, he will find things can be done in a different way, and by the time we get to New York he will be ready to settle down. You're young yet, Rasmus, and there is no reason why you should not yet have a happy life."

"Mr. Andrews said no one had a happy life," said Rodney.

"What makes a happy life?" asked Rasmus.

"A Russian nobleman has given five points as needful to a happy life," said Mr. Llewellyn. "I will give them to you, and see what you think of them. The first condition of happiness he gives, is, that we must live close to nature. That is, we must have freedom and enjoyment of the light, the sunshine, the fresh air; we must see the mountains rise, and the rivers run; we must know the beauty of the forests, and be acquainted with plant life and animal life. We must know how flowers grow, and birds build and sing, and see how beautiful the insects are, and how they make their homes. This freshness of out-of-door life, he considers a chief element in happiness."

"Well, I've got that," said Rasmus. "If I hadn't had it, I'd have died over some hard troubles, sure."

"Then he says, the next condition of happiness is work. That no person is really happy

who is doing nothing. A man should work and love his work, to be happy ; and I think he is right, for God meant us to work, and when we lead idle lives, our consciences must be unsatisfied, and if they are not reproaching us, at least they are not approving. Work is not merely a means of getting support, or a method of passing time : it is a real source of pleasure, in good and useful things accomplished."

"I don't know anything about that ; p'r'aps it's true," said Rasmus.

"The third condition which he gives for happiness is family life. He says man was made for family life ; to have about him those he loves, and help them, and be helped by them."

"I guess that's true," said Rasmus, "for if I had found Robin, I know we'd been happy living together. And sometimes I think if our poor mother had lived, and I had got big and strong, and worked for her, we could have got out of the slums, into a tidy little home for ourselves, and sent Robin to school, and she should have had a rocking-chair, and a clean cap, and a good gown, and we'd been real happy, all of us."

"The fourth condition of happiness he makes is friendliness ; that we should feel brotherly and kindly to every one. Not be cold and self-

ish, and stiff in our ways; but all be like brothers, and help each other."

"You'll find more poor people like that than rich, except where they are so mis'able poor they are kept snapping and fighting at each other like hungry dogs, along of so much drink and poverty," said Rasmus.

"And lastly, he says we must have bodily health if we would be happy."

"Well, I've got that—loads of it. Seems I lack only two things to be happy—work and family. If I get Robin, I'll set to and work, and then I'll have all."

"All that the Russian mentions; but I should say there is another condition of happiness, greater than all these, and that we should have first of all; and that is God's love. I saw a poor, sick man in a Cincinnati hospital, shut out of every one of these five conditions; and yet he was very happy; he had great peace."

"Now, dad—professor—you're gettin' way outside of my depth, entirely," said Rasmus, getting down from the wall.

"About two miles from here," said Mr. Llewellyn, "is a place where I usually stay all night, the first day's walk from Pittsburg. An old man and his wife have a little old house, of three small rooms below, and one above. The

upper one has four cot beds in it, and each bed is ten cents a night. The old folks make their living from an acre of ground. They are worth visiting, and you will see how they are happy."

They moved along, Rodney lagging far behind the other two. He wondered how Mr. Llewellyn could take the journey so easily, and how Rasmus could think it so delightful. He was sure he should never get to New York. His legs ached; his feet were sore; he was so tired he thought he should drop dead. Rasmus had carried his bag for him a great part of the way. Mr. Llewellyn had taken it in change for his own lighter knapsack, but Rodney had come to the conclusion that tramping was the most disastrous work done. Thinking over his miseries, and prognosticating worse, helped to pass the time, and before he expected it he saw before them the little, low house, ancient and red, a trumpet honeysuckle climbing over one side, a wisteria, just ready to bloom, on the other; and in the garden, very busy, an old man and an old woman, both seventy. They recognized Mr. Llewellyn as a friend. He told them his party had had supper, and would need only to refresh themselves with a wash at the pump behind the house.

"But the boy's feet are sore," said Mr. Llewellyn; "he is not used to the road, and if you

have a basin of warm water handy, it might be a relief to him."

Mr. Llewellyn then took a chair from the kitchen, placed it near the old man, who was thinning and setting lettuce plants, and sitting down, began to talk to him. Rasmus stretched himself at full length on a bench by the back door, and put his hands under his head. Rodney noticed the complete relaxation, the intense repose, of his whole figure : he was resting every inch of him. The old woman brought Rodney a wooden pail of warm water, and he put his swollen feet in it, as he sat on the kitchen door-step. The old lady sat beside him, talking cheerfully.

"Our little place looks pretty nice, don't it? This is a fine spring for growing things. That rail fence you see shuts in our place. Half the acre is for the cow and chickens. You see the fence? That long, low house is for the chickens, and the shed at the end is for the cow. The other half acre, except what is used by the buildings and sheds, is our garden. We keep a hundred and fifty fowls, but they don't get leave to come in the garden from first of April to first of October. You see we have two apple-trees by the house. They bear every year, whether the other trees do or not, and give us plenty of apples. There, along the side fence, are our

bees—twenty hives. You see how nice my currant-bushes look? I make some fifty pounds of jelly to sell to private families, out of them. And the rest is our garden. I have some borders of flowers for me and the bees. We sell eggs, honey, chickens, and jelly, and garden stuff, and it keeps us nice. We had a bigger place once—thirty acres—but we have had much sickness—we lost our children—and we sold twelve acres to get money to help one of our boys through his studies; and a good boy he was—nearly ready for a doctor. He said he'd take care of us when we were old; but the Lord took him—and took care of us Himself. Five acres more we sold for money to get our second girl learned the millinery and dressmaking in the city. Dear child, she was drowned, boating with a pleasure party, just after she was ready to go into business. And so, with one thing and another, the doctors and medicine, and funerals and graves, and so on, all is gone but this acre we live on. Yet we do live."

"I should think, missis," said Rasmus, lifting his head, "that you'd be proper unhappy, losing all your children."

"We are lonely, to be sure, and miss them; but it was God's will; and they're in heaven, where we look to meet them. It would have been worse to have them go wrong. If they

had run away, or taken to drink and wickedness, that would be worse."

The twilight deepened. The old man finished his planting: the old lady lit the lamp. The old man said:

"We'll have worship, so you can all get to bed."

He took the Bible, read a chapter, and as all knelt, he prayed, praying for each one. Rasmus was amazed. He had never, to his knowledge, been prayed for before. An awe fell over his daring, careless spirit. What was this potent Presence, to which this old man talked in ordinary and earnest tone, as one confident of being heard? The little house seemed mysteriously full. He went to bed in silence.

In the morning they all had as much bread and milk as they could eat, and Rasmus paid a quarter for that.

"Let us have worship before you go," said the old man.

It was daylight now, and Rasmus felt less alarmed: he looked round narrowly, to see if the little house were different from other houses, or the old man had anything supernatural about him. The old lady opened a little melodeon, of an ancient fashion. It was sacred to the touch and memory of a daughter who had died long ago, and was only used at worship.

“This boy can sing,” said Mr. Llewellyn, motioning Rodney to the instrument. He and Rodney stood one on each side of the old lady, and helped her sing. Her voice was sweet, if tremulous, and the old man rumbled along, with a hearty, if broken, bass, as they sang to the tune, Brattle Street :

“While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better thoughts be filled.”

And so on to the close—

“My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see—
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.”

After this little service was over, the party set out with a cheery “Good-morning.” Rasmus felt as if he had been dismissed on his way by angels. If he had known anything of the little book with pictures in it, he would have said that he had tarried at the House Beautiful, been laid to sleep in a fair chamber, called Peace, and been sent forward on his way by the sisters, Prudence, Piety, and Charity. However, he knew nothing of these things, and he was greatly subdued and overawed, and it was two hours before he recovered his dash and elasticity. By that

time, Rodney, who, at beginning his journey, had felt singularly stiff, and as if each of his legs was an unwieldy and jointless tower, began to get limber, and more cheerful. He had casually asked Mr. Llewellyn if people were apt to get killed or crippled by pedestrianism, and had been told that such an instance was unknown, where pedestrianism was properly carried on, not for a wager, but as in walking at reasonable pace, with proper rests. Mr. Llewellyn, indeed, said he had known many weakly people to become, by these means, robust. Getting relieved in mind and body, Rodney picked up interest in what was around him.

“What is this growing in the field?” he asked.

“Barley,” replied Rasmus; “don’t you know barley?”

“I thought it was some sort of grass,” said Rodney; “how did it get to be so high so soon in the spring?”

“’Cause it was sowed, and got started last fall,” said Rasmus; “don’t you know nothing?”

“I know about digging coal out of a bank, and about boiling salt, because they did those things where I lived.”

“It’s nice-looking barley,” said Rasmus, gazing over the field, “but what’s the good of it? They’ll turn it into beer, that’s all.”

“Pliny says it was the first grain cultivated for the food of man,” said Mr. Llewellyn.

“Who’s Pliny, agin?” asked Rasmus.

“A Latin, who died a good many hundred years ago. He wrote books that tell us about many things in ancient times. Barley grows in hot and cold countries; no grain grows so generally and easily over the earth’s surface. In hot climates two crops a year can be got. There is no grain fitter for food; it is healthful and nourishing; barley bread is coarse, but men and cattle can live and be strong on that and water. If people would use it well boiled into porridge, as wheat and oats are used, they would have an excellent article of food. Drinks made of boiled barley-water with lemon are very good in fevers, and for all the grain is so good and useful, men have set themselves to destroy it, and make it a poison. Sit down here while I begin to show how it is done.”

They all sat down, and Mr. Llewellyn showed them a grain of barley, then he cut it open, and putting it under the microscope, showed the fine, white, meal-like substance which made it such a valuable food. Then he took from a little bottle, where he had put them to soak the morning before, some grains of barley and showed them, starting into growth, softened by the

water. "Now," he said, "these seeds are alive, and if put into the ground and let grow, will produce stalks and heads of barley, and so from these few seeds, reproducing themselves year after year, great harvests could rise. But when the brewer gets his seeds right here, and it is a question of life or death—he says death, not life—and upon this point of growth comes death, or fermentation: To begin with, the maltster uses his seeds as nearly as he can in the fashion of planting; he gives them warmth and moisture to coax them into growth. These seeds I show you have been in soak only half as long as the maltster keeps them. He changes the water once, and at the end of fifty hours they are soft and swollen. Then the soft grain is piled in a deep bed on a slate or tile floor, and the close packing keeps in the heat that comes from the process of growth, and so germination goes on, until from one part of the seed the rootlets start, and from the other part the stem, which is never to become a plant, and sometimes this is allowed to grow for half an inch. Up to this time they coax the seed to grow; then at once they turn about and check growth and destroy life, by roasting or drying it, at a great heat, until the husks snap with a noise like sparks. In this process the barley loses one-fifth its

weight, or out of every hundred pounds, you get but eighty. There, that does for to-day; let us march on. If you will gather up along the roads any seeds or acorns just starting to grow, I will show you, in the microscope, the little roots and stems sprouting out, only carry them carefully or they will break."

About three o'clock the interest in the microscope was surpassed by an adventure. They came near a district school-house. On a hill above it was a large farm-house, and in the yard of the house a well. Beside the well, brandishing a club, stood a huge man, with heavy hair and beard, gray and unkempt. He wore a thick canvas garment, shaped like a carter's frock, to his ankles, and on his feet carpet shoes. He was roaring and threatening in an unearthly manner, while down the hill from him fled, shrieking, two boys of twelve; the bucket which they had carried up the hill for water, fallen from their hands, was trundling down the ascent like a hoop. The noise had brought teacher and pupils to the school-house door. The teacher, wringing her hands, seemed in great agony, and the children were screaming, "Ammi's out! Ammi will kill some one! Ammi's broke loose!"

"What's wrong?" demanded Rasmus, as the flying boys gained the school-house porch.

“O, he’s out! My, he came near killing us. He’d brain us in a minute! He was hid all crouched behind the well, waiting, and just so soon as we got hold of the handle, he pounced out, and brought down his club, whack! most on my head. You’d better believe we run!”

“But the house—the house!” cried the teacher. “What has he done at the house?”

“Dunno—they’re yelling like mad, and shutting it up.”

“I guess he’s killed them,” said a ghoulish girl, in a tone of deep conviction, and enjoyment of a horror.

“There’s no one there,” said the teacher, turning with tears to the travellers; “they’re alone, the men are all away; can’t you help, could you catch him?”

“We can do anything,” said Rasmus the bold, “if you’ll tell us what is wanted. Who is he?”

“He’s my father!” cried the poor teacher, a very pretty girl, in great distress, “and he’s crazy, and he’s broken out of his cage. My mother and sisters are alone in the house. If he is not caught, he will kill some one

Rasmus took in the situation at once.

“He hides behind the well, and jumps out, does he?”

"Yes."

"Then all get inside here till he drops back again. Make your children still, missis, so we can plan a bit."

The children became very quiet, and all eyes hung on Rasmus.

"Does that stone fence run pretty near up to the well?"

"Yes, and he hides between the fence and the well."

"Now all of you keep quiet, and we'll capture him," said Rasmus.

In the centre of the school-room hung the bell-rope. Rasmus climbed up and cut off nearly the whole length, and made a slip-noose, and waiting till the maniac was reported in hiding, so he could get over the wall unobserved, set a boy to watch at the window.

"Been crazy long?" he asked.

"Four years."

"What made it?"

"Hard cider," said the poor school-teacher. "He was a hard-cider drunkard, and it has made him crazy. There were five brothers of them, and all have gone the same way. One cut his throat while drunk; one died of consumption brought on by drink; one is in an asylum; one is paralyzed; and my poor father is the fifth, as

you see him. All big, strong men ; all destroyed by cider."

"He's hid!" cried the watcher at the window.

"Now, Rod," said Rasmus, as if asking Rodney to do the easiest thing in the world, "we'll catch this man. You give me four minutes by the school clock, then you go as calm as a cucumber, and pick up the pail, and start up the hill, whistling or singing to attract him. He'll out of his hiding to bellow at you, and dash his club about, and before he has a chance to brain you, I'll whirl the slip-knot over his shoulders, and have him pulled on his back, with his arms to his sides close. You draw him out and I'll catch him."

Without waiting to see how Rodney relished this plan of campaign, Rasmus leaped the fence, rope in hand, and crawled off in shadow of the well. Rodney had not much physical courage, and little muscularity ; but Rasmus had challenged him to share in a bold act, and he felt as if he would rather die than show the white feather. He set his teeth, grew pale, fixed his eye on the clock, and at the appointed second marched boldly up the hill, carrying the rescued pail, and whistling—with a little quiver, "My Grandfather's Clock." Mr. Llewellyn took the school-poker, clambered over the wall, and kept

even and hidden pace with Rodney, to defend him if Rasmus failed, or aid Rasmus if the maniac proved too much for him. As soon as the whistle of Rodney broke the air, the crazy man peered round the well. Seeing so bold a boy, he enraged himself, and leaping to his feet, like a lion in the spring, he roared at his prey, and brought down his club on the well till splinters flew from the curb. Rodney whistled gallantly, "it was better by half than the old man himself," and kept on, quaking inwardly.

"You're dead, I'll bake you and eat you!" howled the maniac. Then he took the club in both uplifted hands and ran at Rodney.

CHAPTER VII.

HARD CIDER.

'Should appetite her wish achieve,
To herd with brutes her joy would bound ;
Pleased other paradise to leave,
Content to pasture on the ground."

RODNEY gave himself up for dead when he saw his enemy coming upon him in this outrageous fashion. He vaguely recalled that he had heard that when people were struck a heavy blow, they instantaneously felt the air filled with red flames, saw a rain of stars as if the firmament had fallen, and knew nothing more. He hoped his sufferings would be short, and was quite unconscious that he marched up the hill, still whistling, "My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf" in a fashion that made the heart of Rasmus glad, and caused the children at the school-house to think him the bravest boy they had ever heard of. Then a coil of rope crossed the line of his vision ; he saw the maniac caught by the descending loop, which tightened over his arms, and pinioned them to

his side ; then he fell backward to the ground, and his club flew away, while a mighty play of his slippered feet, kept time to a mighty bellowing from his throat. Mr. Llewellyn came over the wall. Rodney recovered himself, and Rasmus, stepping near his captive, remarked cheerfully :

“We’ve got the wust of you this time, old man—better give in.”

Then the house door opened, and out ran an elderly woman, who looked as if she had had life-long fellowship with sorrow ; and after her, three young women.

“I hope he isn’t hurt !” cried the woman.

“How lucky you came along,” said one of the girls.

“O, indeed, we were in a terrible way,” said another.

“He broke his cage,” added the third.

Rasmus cut off a length of rope, and suddenly seating himself across his captive’s legs, was able to tie his feet.

“Now, let’s look at that there cage—he’s safe,” he said.

They all adjourned to the kitchen, a large, bright room. In one corner, an iron cage of eight by eight feet was fastened to the wall. A canvas bed, with a nice blanket, was swung

across one end, and two large hassocks for seats were provided. The man had succeeded in getting one hinge of the door loose, and so had twisted himself out. Mr. Llewellyn said it could be repaired easily with two or three strong screws, which one of the young women went to the barn to seek.

“O, isn’t it a dreadful place to put the father of a family!” cried the woman, seating herself in a rocking-chair, and swaying to and fro, crying, with her apron over her head.

“Why not put so dangerous a man in an insane asylum?” asked Mr. Llewellyn.

“I couldn’t find it in my heart to do it,” said the poor creature. “Such a proper figure of a man as he was, when we were married! Once love, always love, with me. I cling to him still, such a wreck as he is! And then, he saw this was coming on him, long ago, and he made me promise I’d never put him in an asylum. Besides, he is very wicked to take care of, and I know they wouldn’t have patience with him—no one could; they’d knock him about, maybe nearly kill him. I shouldn’t have peace day nor night, fearing he was suffering; and we’re proud, too; and beyond taking care of ourselves, and keeping up the place, we could not raise four hundred to pay his board at the asylum, and we

couldn't have him a pauper patient. He has owned this place, and so did his father before him—a good family, too. I couldn't have him a pauper.”

The younger women looked as if they could have almost anything, rather than the deplorable way affairs were going.

“You're laying out a murder, missis, I'm afraid,” said Rasmus.

“It may be ; I don't know, indeed !” cried the unhappy wife, with a burst of grief ; “but he don't often get out. If one of the men had been home to-day, we could have stopped it ; but all seemed pretty safe, and they had to be away. One of them had to go to the abattoir, near Pittsburg, with a cow and six calves we had to sell, and the other man had to take a wagon and a plough and some other things to the smith's shop.”

“The door is all safe again,” said Mr. Llewellyn, “but if you will keep him in here, I think you should have a staple in the wall, and a strong girdle about him, so he cannot get out far if he breaks the cage. It could be so long as not to interfere with his moving as he liked inside.”

“He'd tear up a soft one, and a hard one like a chain would hurt him,” said the wife.

“I can tell you where to get a rubber band that would be just the thing. He could not part it, and it would not hurt him.”

“Then I wish you would, and I’ll send for it at once,” said the eldest daughter, “and I’ll have the smith come set the staple; for such days as this will be the death of all of us. In fact, I would not wonder if he wore us all to death, and had to go to the asylum, because there was no one of his family left alive to take care of him.”

“O, Matilda!” said the mother, “you should not speak so of your unfortunate father!”

“Shall I bring him in?” asked Rasmus.

“Yes,” said the woman, hastening to fill a little willow basket with cakes, apples, and lumps of sugar, and set it in the cage.

Rasmus and Mr. Llewellyn went after the maniac. All was quiet at the school-house. The teacher had gathered in her pupils, and was making up for lost time.

The herculean prisoner was led in, taking short steps because of his fettered feet. Rasmus put him in the cage, and locked him in; then he reached through the bars and untied his feet, and then took the rope from his arms.

“Don’t leave him any rope!” cried the woman, “or he will hang himself!”

The first use the prisoner made of his partial

freedom, was to go to the basket of comestibles, and deliberately fire the several dainties at the heads of his enemies assembled in the room. After this dispersion of benefits, he tried to break down his cot by jouncing upon it. As he failed in that undertaking, he sat upon the cot, looked steadfastly at the floor, and repeated in a rapid tone :

“Am I Ammi, or am I not Ammi? Some say I am Ammi, some say I am not Ammi. I say I am not Ammi; but if I am not Ammi, who the nation am I?”

This formula he repeated again and again, with ever-increasing rapidity, until it seemed as if his tongue must fly out of his head.

“Let us come away,” said the eldest daughter. “He will go over that faster and faster, until he gets worn out and falls asleep. He may sleep for twenty hours after this outbreak. He is not always so excitable; sometimes he lies still on his bed; sometimes he sits looking at us; sometimes he wails and moans and mourns for hours.”

“Why do you not give him some opiate or sedative?” asked Mr. Llewellyn; “he must be past being hurt by them.”

“The trouble is, he is past being helped by them,” said the youngest girl. “We have worn such things all out on him.”

“I guess we’d better be moving along,” said Rasmus.

“Please do not,” said the mother. “Our men will not be home till dark, and I feel too shaken up to be left alone. We have plenty of room, and we’d take it a favor if you’d stop till after breakfast. I see, sir, from your nets and box, you are a scientific gentleman, travelling, and it cannot be an object for you to hurry along.”

“I am in no hurry,” said Mr. Llewellyn, “and I dare say the lad is tired.”

“Such a pretty lad as he is, and so brave,” said the woman.

Rodney had never been called brave before, and he grew red with joy—to be brave was his ideal.

“Then I’ll go down to the school-h’us, and get our bags,” said Rasmus, “and tell the school-ma’am all is right.”

It was now nearly four, and the afternoon was warm and sunny. The women opened their sitting-room, and gave easy-chairs to their guests. The house was admirably neat and furnished with every comfort. In the green yard before the sitting-room, clumps of daffodils were bright as sunshine or molten gold, and filling the air with their delicate odor. The evergreen foliage of the periwinkle had been washed by recent

rains to a vivid gloss, and was thickly sown with the broad blossoms of "hope's blue flower." A bed of crocus, purple, white, and yellow, yet lingered to attract the first butterflies, relics of last year's dazzling bebies; a great bush of daphne shook out its yellow bloom, and about it swung and hummed the bees; swallows, blue-birds, and robins were darting about for straws, and threads and ends of string, for their nests; all the world seemed fair and calm and sweet. The rattling sound of the disquisition on Ammi, "Am I Ammi, or am I not Ammi?" came from the kitchen, until the elder girl closed both doors between, and then silence reigned through all the farm-house, and one casually looking in might have fancied it an abode of serene content. The mother disappeared for a moment, and returned with a fresh cap and a black silk apron, sat down in her best chair, and with trembling fingers began to knit. The eldest girl went to a room across the hall, whence came presently the steady click of a sewing-machine. The youngest girl sat by Rodney to make some rick-rack trimming; the remaining daughter opened a desk and went to work at some accounts.

"Oh, me," said the poor mother to Mr. Llewellyn, "I often think when we get sit like this, in

an afternoon, how comfortable a family we would be, if he was only all right. If he was out afield, managing his farm as he knew well how, holding the place he ought to hold, how happy I'd be."

"I wonder you've kept your farm," said Mr. Llewellyn.

"The farm was left to the girls, by their grandfather, and there's a trustee for it, so their poor father couldn't sell it, or we'd have been on the streets long ago. I've six daughters, and many is the day I've thanked the Lord I never had a boy to grow up and go the way the father and the uncles went, and finer-looking men to begin with, I would not ask to see. It all began with my father-in-law making cider, and using it steady for a drink in the family, morning, noon, and night. Forty barrels of cider stood down cellar to get as hard as nails, and drank like so much water! You never would think cider—mere apple-juice, could do such harm, would you? But my daughter Jane, the teacher down here, was telling me, that in the Breton district in France, the men are many of them cider drunkards, and it is considered the worst kind of drunkenness known. My father-in-law held out to be ninety, a man of iron frame, and brought up temperate as a boy. Twenty-two

years he lay paralyzed on his back, and that time he got no strong drink, so he had his mind clear. He saw how his sons were going, the five of them, and he tied the property, for he was the richest man in these parts, so it couldn't all be dissipated. It's true, as long as my poor husband managed the farm, and used the money, we had hard times to get on. Food we had and shelter, but for clothes or education for the girls, I was put to it. But a cousin in New York helped me. Since he has been unfit to see to matters, six years now—and four we have had to keep him, as you see—we have done well; for I know how to run a farm, and we are all industrious, and my girls are great heads for business. Ann, the eldest of all, learned book-keeping, and has a place in Chicago. Matilda, the one in the other room there, is going to be married. She refused a long while on account of her father, but at last they have come to an agreement.”

“Now, mother!” cried the girl with the rick-rack, thinking her parent too communicative.

“What of that, Lucy?” said her mother. “When people have a shadow over their house as we have, the only thing for them to do is to live out in broad-daylight so far as they can.”

The girl resumed her work without reply.

“Never you mind, Miss,” said Rasmus to her urbanely, “I have been through it all. I know how it goes.”

Which was well meant for consolation, but somehow failed of the desired effect.

“Sara is the daughter that has had the school here for two years,” continued the mother, “and Louisa, next older than Lucy there, is in a hospital, for a nervous trouble and prostration, brought on by her terror of her father, poor girl. I suppose when she gets better, I can never have her live home as long as he is here, or it will throw her right back again. Dear me, for years I’ve lived in terror lest he should damage some of them, or kill himself or a neighbor, and three times he has been in prison for attacking people, before he got so entirely out of his mind; and now I suppose he will break out some time, and do a damage, and the county will carry him to the almshouse crazy-ward in spite of me. They’d have done it long ago, only they’re afraid of him. Lucy there is getting terrible worn out. She fainted this afternoon when he got out; but she is going to live in Pittsburg with Matilda, when she is married, and that will only be a month from now, thank God! Isn’t it dreadful, a mother having to be glad to see her girls go? Do you wonder my

head's white, and me only fifty? I've supped with sorrow these years, I can tell you."

Mr. Llewellyn saw that the conversation was becoming too painful for Lucy, and her sister at the desk. He diverted their minds by having Rodney tell his adventures in the flood, and then drew Rasmus out with his story of the lost Robin, which moved the hearts of the women.

Jane, the school-ma'am, came back and helped her mother get tea; and a boy bringing up the cows, Lucy and Delia went out to look after them, and the fowls, as the men were away. Rasmus, however, had an eye to these congenial cares. He had not forgotten his farm-life; he begged as a great privilege to be allowed to feed and water the stock, and do most of the milking, while Rodney and Lucy fed the fowls, and collected eggs.

The unhappy Ammi had fallen asleep from exhaustion. His wife, by means of a long iron rod, skilfully covered him with a blanket, explaining that they were chary of going into the cage, as he sometimes pretended to be asleep, and was yet wide awake, and ready for a spring. The men went into the cage together when needful, one defending the other. A lamp screwed on the opposite wall gave him light all night; the wife reached through the bars a nap-

kin, on which she laid eggs, apples, and bread and butter, and a rubber bottle of milk was hung on a small hook. Thus the prisoner would have all the ameliorations that could be afforded his miserable existence. The family had a very nice supper, and the three guests were shown early to a double-bedded room.

"I was thinking this morning," said Rasmus, "that if my little chap had had the luck to get into such a home as those two blessed old folks had, I could better make up my mind as to losing him. But when I struck this place, and considered what a den that tearing, raving ijit had made of it all these years, I thought, what if my poor, easy-scared little lad had fell into the hands of a drunkard to abuse him, and I vow, the idee nigh took the breath out of me. I felt as if I could jump over all creation."

"Don't think of such a thing as his getting into bad hands," said the naturalist. "There is a good God over all, and I notice He evens up affairs pretty well in this world. Wherever the boy is, make sure the little fellow is safe."

For, though Rod had shown conclusively that Robin must now be a young man, they all thought of him and spoke of him as still a child, for such he was to the heart of Rasmus.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast,

the three set off again, and now Rodney found himself more rested and fresher for the road; his feet were becoming accustomed to constant walking, and his legs seemed limber, and the proper size. Lucy had put up a nice lunch, as much as would do for dinner and supper for them all; the weather was increasingly fine, and their spirits rose as they left the home of so much sorrow behind them.

“Do you believe that’s true?” asked Rodney of Mr. Llewellyn, referring to the story of the house they had left.

“Undoubtedly. I knew of a case in Connecticut where six brothers, hearty men, got infatuated with cider-drinking, so they would touch no other drink. They put a great number of barrels of the liquor in their cellar, and used it, very hard. In less than three years they had all died horrible deaths from the use of cider.”

“Well, it beats me why folks will do like that,” said Rasmus. “Why would he take to cider, when he had such tip-top water as comes out of that well, and such quarts of rich milk as them handsome cows give, and such a cup of tea or coffee as them women know how to make! Land, what fools we mortals be! The things people put into their mouths do beat my time!”

“ I notice one thing about you, Rasmus, quite remarkable in a man living as you do—you use no tobacco.”

“ No, professor, I don't. My little chap had a dreadful delicate nose, he couldn't abide the smell of a man as chewed ; he'd grow sick and whimper pitiful, at smell of a plug, and so of course I wasn't going to have that between him and me, and him such a pretty little fellow, with that misfortune in his back. Then with pipe smoke I fell out when I was a little shaver. I had fever or something, and I was awful sick, and you may bet it wasn't no nice, airy, sweet place I was lyin' in, either ; and my dad he had a kind feelin' when we was sick, and he'd sit beside of me, or on the side of my bed, holdin' of my hand, but all the time smoking the strongest 'bacco ever you see, out of a pipe gone black entirely. Neither me nor my mam dared say a word agin that pipe ; it would set him raving directly ! Oh, it made me so sick I felt I'd die, and I used to duck my head under the covers, and cry dreadful. The doctor never said nothing ; he'd have interfered for a rich child in a minute, I s'pose, but people think us poor shavers can stand anything ! Finally my mammy picked up some geranium leaves, and a broken flower, of a good smell, in the market,

and I tried to keep them to my nose. My mammy always was a good one to do what she could, and the last day she lived, I spent my last penny—I didn't feel like eatin' that day—to buy her a posy of a good smell, and she liked it, and I kept it in water, and put it in the coffin with her. Poor mammy."

Rasmus furtively drew his hand over his eyes, and remarked "the sun was dreadful dazzling."

"And since that time, boss, the very smell of 'bacco smoke calls up the fearful sickness I felt them days, and I can't go it nohow. So much the better for me; I'm healthier, and what little money I have earned has gone for clothes and cleanness. But I tell you what, brothers all, I've often broke my heart wishing my poor mammy could have had her fill of flowers and green fields. But it's no use of wishing; she's dead and done for."

"Perhaps she has them now," said Rodney.

"What do you mean? She were buried in the potter's field, the dreadfulest-lookin' acre ever you see."

"But didn't you ever hear the hymn—the verses,

“There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers.
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.'

"Sounds mighty nice," said Rasmus; "but where is it about?"

"About where dead people go."

"But they're dead and done for."

"They're dead, but not done. They go on living all the same, and that's the kind of a place for them to go. Isn't that so, Mr. Llewellyn?"

"Yes—certainly. Didn't you know that, Rasmus?"

"No; I never heard tell of such a thing. Do you mean to say there is a good place where my poor mammy could get to, and have anything like a decent time?"

"Yes: Heaven. Did she never tell you about it?"

"I mind she said something about God living up in the sky. I used to try to get a sight of Him when I was little, but I never could. I reckoned it was always too shiny, or too cloudy; and—I don't know—seems to me she did tell us something about getting up there. But land! Such a tide of drinking and fighting and misery as was round us, what could we remember? And hard as I had it to keep me and

Robin, I couldn't recollect nothing but to be good to my little chap, and keep out of the hands of the bobbies. And you tell me perhaps she got to a nice place—green fields, flowers spring-time, sparklin' rivers! Do you mean it?"

"God grant it!" said the naturalist.

"That's good news!" cried Rasmus. "How long has she had of it? Fourteen years! I make no doubt she's used to it, and has most forgot what bad luck she had in New York. But tell you what, boss, such a place, where he couldn't get no saloon and no whiskey, wouldn't suit my dad."

Mr. Llewellyn was prudently silent over "dad's" probable fate.

"I wonder if my little lad is dead? It would be better than some kinds of living," said Rasmus, wistfully.

"No, I know he is alive, and you'll find him," said Rodney.

"Once I made sure he was dead—out in Ohio. I'll tell you about it. It was about six years ago. I thought I had got on the track of the people that 'dopted Robin, and I heard that at this Ohio farm there was a little boy with a crooked back, that had been 'dopted. Well, I got there, and inquirin' round for the farm, in the neighborhood, some said they'd heard the

child was dead. Well, I hurried along, and I struck the house, the time of the funeral. The people was standing around and the hearse was at the gate, and the preachin' was going on. Well, I made such a stir outside, among the folks, that they sent for the man of the house, and he said the little lad's name wasn't Robin, but James. I knowed it wasn't much trouble to change a name, so I wouldn't take no for an answer, wanting to see the coffin opened. I don't know how it would have turned out, only the preacher, a young man, he come out to me. Well, I told him how for four years I'd gone up and down the country looking for my little brother. He 'lowed he didn't believe it was my brother, but he said I ought to be satisfied about it, and my lot was hard to bear. So he spoke to the rest of them, and they agreed, and they set the coffin down on the door-step—and a nice coffin it was, too—and they unscrewed the lid. But it was not my Robin; a little lad with straight black hair, not so pretty as Robin, but very peaceable he looked, lying in the box with a rose in his hand. So I thanked 'em for their trouble, and I walked behind the fun'ral to the buryin'-ground for Robin's sake. The hired man of the farm walked with me, and he 'lowed they'd been very good to the little boy:

he said the missis took him 'cause he wouldn't be likely to do for hisself, and most folks would choose strong children, not weakly ones. It went to my heart dreadful when I caught up to that fun'ral, making sure I was on Robin's track at last; and then I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry it wasn't him—glad he'd been left alive for me to hunt for, or sorry as it wasn't him that had been well took care of, and got safe out of this world. I tell you, pardners all, it's a very hard thing to be satisfied, or know what you do want in this world."

They entered a charming piece of woodland, and sat down for their noon meal and rest. Rasmus had brought a bottle from the farm, and went to a brook for water. He came back with his hands filled with cress and wild onions and leeks to add to their repast.

"I must not reject garlic," said Mr. Llewellyn, "as it is the badge of Wales, the country of my ancestors."

"Why didn't you get a nicer plant for a badge?" asked Rodney.

"I do not know, nor do I know why the garlic or onion was chosen. There are many tales imagined to account for it, and probably none of them are correct."

CHAPTER VIII.

LESSONS IN LEAVES.

“And thus among the rocks he lived
Through summer heat and winter snow,
The eagle was the lord above,
And Rob was lord below.”

“I DON'T think I should like to be a farmer,” said Rodney, looking at a man who went up and down, sowing a great field. “It must be tedious and stupid to do such work as that.”

“But it comes to something,” said Rasmus. “If I had to work, I'd take to something about a farm. All we get comes out of the ground, if you go back far enough.”

“Rodney is like many others,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “He prefers the poet who sings the harvest, to the sower, who plants the seed. But without the sower, where would be the harvest to be sung? It is often so in the world. We honor the great general in whose name battles have been won, and we forget the hundreds of soldiers, whose wounds and death brought him his victory. In every great cause, we envy and

honor the chief workers, or the historians who tell of final success, and do not remember the thousands of daily and hourly workers, who counted not their lives dear unto death, that the right might prosper. So you would envy and admire great statesmen and financiers, and forget that all the world goes on by means of him who sows the seed ; and without him who tills a field, there would be neither money in the treasuries, nor people to be ruled."

"What is the most important thing to us that grows out of the earth?" asked Rodney.

"Why, grain, you silly!" said Rasmus.

"You're out, there," replied Mr. Llewellyn.

"What do you think it is? Apples, punkins, cabbage?"

"None of those things would do us any good if we were not alive to use them; and none could keep life in us without the help of another thing that grows. Look across that woodland. What gives it that fine, purplish green color?"

"The young leaves just bustin' out," said Rasmus; "young leaves isn't all of a color. The beech is purple in the young leaf, and the oak is yellow and pink, or a kind of pink and brassy color, and the maples begin red, and some kinds are yellow, and some silver."

"And then they speedily turn green. That

green is a substance laid in little cells, something like the cells in a honeycomb. It is called chlorophyll—I'll call it 'leaf-green'; and if it were not for that, we'd all be dead in short order."

"Why, we don't eat it, or drink it," said Rasmus. "I have heard of very hungry people eating young oak leaves, but they got mighty little good by it."

"I'll explain to you," said Mr. Llewellyn. "There is, in all the bodies of men and animals, a little waste or decay going on, all the time; little particles only to be seen through a microscope—atoms called carbon—are brought into our lungs here, where we breathe. If they remained there, we should die. Fill your lungs with this good air: that is oxygen: it goes into the lungs, and at once the little bad carbon atoms seize it and mix with it. Every two atoms of the clean oxygen get one atom of the dirty carbon; and when we breathe out, after having breathed in, we send out of our bodies this carbon, mixed with oxygen. But it is now not good air: this mixing has made it poison. It is called carbonic acid gas, and it is supposed that from the lungs of men and other animals forty-five million tons are thrown into the atmosphere every day. As it is a poison we'd die of it, at that rate, very soon, if it were not for the green leaves. Now,

the leaves live and grow on this very carbonic acid that kills men. Look at this leaf under my microscope; it is full of little holes or mouths, especially on the under side. In sunshine they are widest open, swallowing all the carbonic acid they can get; but the plant does not want all the carbonic acid, it only wants out of it that little one part of carbon; so it eats that up, and breathes out the two parts of clean oxygen again, so the bad part of the air is eaten up by the plant, and the good part is sent out clean for animals to breathe, and the atom of carbon is turned by the plant—working like a little factory—into sugar, or starch, or wood; and thus made over, we eat it in grain and potatoes, or burn it in our stoves, or build our houses of it. And so, you see, the plant uses and changes what is the waste of our systems, and would poison us; and if this did not go on, in a very little while all the earth would be a great burial-ground, piled with the dead carcasses of men and brutes.”

“Is that breathing out of what you call carbon stuff, what makes the air so bad when a lot of people are crowded together without doors or windows open?” asked Rasmus.

“Exactly that; it causes disease, and sometimes death.”

“ I’ve seen it in the two and five cent lodgings. I’d rather stay out in any storm than in one of them. My head feels as if it was full of blood, and my stomach turns sick, and my ears ring. It’s awful! You see, they crowd them places as full as they can hold, for people to lie right along, and some of them goes in sick, or drunk, or dead tired, and drops asleep directly; and in the morning they feel nigh dead. They have headache, and dizzy, and are stiff, so if they can raise a nickel, they run right off for a dram. There wouldn’t be nigh so much early drunk, if the police didn’t allow them lodging-houses, packed like herring boxes, or if people would see to it that the miserable poor had decent lodgings, with separate beds, and some air in the room. Some of them lodgings the poor folks have nowhere else to go in the morning, and they feel weak and tired, and worse than when they come in, and the keepers can’t get ’em woke up, and cleared out. I’ve knowed where the beds was sacking, strung on rope, and in the morning they untied the end of the rope, and let ’em all down, and that woke ’em up. I don’t want you to think I ever slept in such dens. I’ve got some respec’ for myself. But if there was half-way clean lodgings, lodgings as decent as a pretty good pig-pen, or chicken-house, or car-

stable for poor folks, and a cheap place where they could get hot breakfast, I say there wouldn't be half so much drunken folks. They is drove to drunkenness, many of them. I've lived among them, and the beauty of me is, when I talks, I knows what I'm talking about."

"That is very wonderful about the leaves and the animals," said Rodney, coming out of a reverie. While Rasmus had been giving himself to the practical issues of the matter, Rodney had been devoting his attention to the theoretical.

"It shows, as all nature does, when studied, plan. The more we learn about nature, the more we see the Divine mind and wisdom lying back of it all. It is no mere accident that every plant thrives on what the system of man rejects, and by an interchange of good offices the animal feeds the vegetable world, and the vegetable the animal, while the poison absorbed by the leaf, is in its wonderful alchemy converted into proper food, or fuel, or clothing-fibre for man."

"Then all the plants are thinking about or working for, is to take care of man?" said Rodney.

"No: what they are all busy about is to produce other and healthy plants of their kind, so that the stock shall not die out; and while they

are so busy, they are doing all this in man's behalf. The object of this great oak here by the road, is not to shade us or the cattle: not to clean so many pounds of air to refit it for our breathing: not to grow timber for ships: not to feed squirrels and mice, but to produce these acorns—in multitude, so that while many must perish or be eaten up, some will live and grow into future oaks. While doing this, all those other beneficent acts of shade and oxygenating air, and increasing moisture, and providing fuel, food, and timber come in its way. So, any man, who in his life is with all his might working to some honest end—that end set for him—does incidentally, and by the way, much other good. Now, here is an acorn, buried and sprouted at the root of this tree. Look at it. The shell, thick and varnished, was to keep it safe from rot over winter. Here in the middle, you see the beginning of the big tree-top in this little plumule, like a white feather, and the promise of all the huge roots in this little radicle, like another feather.”

“Why, it's a tree—a little, fine picture of a tree!” cried Rasmus, with great joy.

“Exactly; and these thick parts of the acorn are to nourish the little plant, to feed it, and breathe for it, and be its work-shop, until it is

strong enough to work for itself. These 'seed-leaves' are the property, or inheritance, laid up by the parent oak for its young child."

"And what part of the tree makes the alcohol?" asked Rasmus.

"No part; there is none in the tree."

"Well, in the plant, then—the fruit. They get alcohol out of all kinds of grain, and all kinds of fruit. I've seen 'em. When I worked for the farmer, I carted peaches and apples and grain to a 'stillery."

"And there was not a drop of alcohol in any of them."

"How did it come out of them, then?" demanded Rasmus.

"They were sound and living things, when you took them to the distillery. They were let die, and began to rot: from death and decay, came the alcohol. In all these grains and fruits is some portion of sugar, greater or less: the sugar by heat in decay, ferments, and from the fermentation arises a new substance, not in the healthy and living plant—alcohol. Alcohol is death. It is the child of decay, and it creates decay in living tissues. You may take a dead bug, or a dead snake, and bottle it up in alcohol, and it will keep without rotting. It is by the alcohol protected from outer air, and the alcohol

acts on it in a measure like cooking it ; but put alcohol in a living tissue, as a man's stomach, and it produces fever, indigestion, corruption."

"Is that what makes drinking folks' breath so horrible, and their skin so liable to break out in sores? Now, I never had a sore on me, and if I cut or scratch myself, the skin closes up directly. My flesh is as nice as a baby's," said Rasmus, with great pride, turning up his shirt-sleeve, and exposing his white and muscular arm. Rasmus was a very magnificent specimen of an animal, and he was proportionately vain thereof. He took the naïve satisfaction in himself of a little child, who stands before a glass, and tranquilly remarks: "O, I are pretty! How 'feet I am!"

"Then alcohol is a poison," said Rodney, "got by fermentation?"

"Yes. The distiller drives fermentation to its utmost limit, to turn all the sugar of his grain or fruit into alcohol. When the wash or mash is full of alcohol—that is, when all the sugar has been so turned that can be, for he will lose a little of it, no doubt—he proceeds to separate the alcohol by distillation. In old times, this was done by boiling the wash in a copper vessel, closely covered, when the steam or spirit, rising, went into a long pipe, which passed through

cold water, and was, so condensed, taken into a receiver and distilled again. Out of these processes they got low wines, of a very nauseous taste and smell: spirit, feints, and fusel oil—all of them deadly poisons. Now, they distil by steam, and the apparatus has an analyzer to separate the products, and a rectifier to serve for the second distillation; but the product is still a deadly poison. To turn this alcohol into various drinks, it is mingled with water, burnt sugar, cocculus indicus, and a great many other drugs and poisons, all unfit to go into a human body—or any other body.”

“See here,” said Rasmus, holding out his hand, after they had walked along in silence for a while.

He had three hickorynuts on his palm. One shell was split into two parts: one had a little, smooth, perfectly round hole in it; the third, a small, irregular hole.

“They’re all empty. What got a dinner out of them?”

“Squirrels,” said Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney.

“Only out of the split one. Mr. Squirrel split the shell. Who ate out of the others?”

“Not squirrels?”

“No. A mouse drilled that fine round hole with his neat little teeth. No carpenter or joiner

could do a better job. He goes in for science. But this rough, crooked hole was made by a nut-hatch. He's the smartest little bird ever you saw. He takes his nut, and sets it tight in the crotch of a limb, where every drive he gives at it, will only fix it tighter, and he hews out a bit of the shell and eats the meat. He don't lay out such handsome work as the mouse, but he does good service for himself, in eating; he gets all there is. Did you ever hear one of them woodpeckers laugh? When he strips off a slice of bark, and finds a lot of grubs under it, he is so tickled that he hangs on with his toes and throws back his head, and laughs like a good fellow. Then some of 'em lays up a pantry of provisions; they peck a hole in a rotten tree, and wedge in an acorn; then another, and another, and so on. The sassy little critters know that come spring, each of them nuts will have a big fat grub for 'em to eat, and they don't forget, they goes right back to their pantry and eats what they stored up. I'll tell you what I see one day. A cat had gone to a field where the crows had made nests in some trees, and the crows didn't want him round, so they ranged in a line, and swooped down on him, and made the fur fly one by one. The cat wanted to go home, but whenever he broke cover the crows

come down on him. And it was a sight to see the cat run along under bushes so they couldn't get him, and then spy out for the next nearest, and make a dash, and so to the next, and finally to the barn by zig-zagging all over the field. Once I see all the birds in an orchard, wrens, robins, blue-birds, orioles, black-birds, and sparrows, join that way to chase a cat, and the cat run like mad, and the birds flying low in a long train, screaming and scolding, and led by a plucky little king-bird. When the cat was out of the orchard, the birds lifted up, and went home singing. Set an example to folks to unite when they want to clean out a bad thing."

It was now almost six o'clock, and they were passing a field. Some one behind a hedge shouted, "Is that you I hear, Rasmus?" something as Saul cried, "Is that thy voice, my son David?"

"Hullo," said Rasmus, looking over the hedge. "How are you, Mr. Jackson?"

"Hearty. I knew your voice; you roar like a speaking trumpet. Never heard such a shouter in my life. Helps me to believe what I read of Whitfield preaching to thousands at once, and making 'em all hear. Why, you are never going past us without stopping, Rasmus?"

"I didn't know you was home," said Rasmus.

“And, you might stop and ask. You face up the lane.”

“But—I’ve got company.”

The farmer looked through the hedge at the company, and approved them. “Go on; go, all of you; you’re all welcome. There’s a room at the house, and a mow of hay sweet as a lily at the barn, and provender plenty. You go on. I’ll take the horses out of the plow, and come after you.”

“I’ll take the horses up,” said Rasmus. “It does me good to have to do with farm-work.”

“Why the nation then don’t you settle to it? I’ll give you twenty-two dollars a month, and your board, from this till the first of January, if you’ll close the bargain.”

“I can’t,” said Rasmus; “I’d like it powerful: you’re the right sort of a man, Mister Jackson; but I’m advertising for my little chap, and I make sure I’ll find him this trip.”

Mr. Jackson shook his head. “You’ll go on that hunt, Rasmus, till you’re old and gray, all for nothing, I’m afraid.”

“I’ll tell you, Mr. Jackson, this is my last throw. If I don’t find Robin, I’ll come to you Christmas, and work for my board till April first, and from that round till my year’s up for them twenty-two a month, and there’s a bargain.”

“So it is,” said Mr. Jackson, “and mind you keep it.”

He left Rasmus with the horses and went up the long green lane with Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney.

“That’s a very fine fellow, spoiling as a vagabond, all to find some one that is dead,” said Mr. Jackson. “I can’t bear to see it; honesty, muscle, smartness, good nature, all going to waste. Two years ago he came along and I gave him leave to sleep in the barn. That night, along of a foolish girl and hot ashes, we’d all have been burnt in our beds, only for him; he saved us, and saved our house. We kept him two weeks to cure up burns he never complained of, and we all got fond of him, but he wouldn’t stay longer. Couldn’t bear, he said, to have a good home, while his little brother, perhaps, had none, or was abused. Last May he strolled up here, when we men folks was off at the far field, and he came just in the nick of time to save my best Alderney cow from choking on a turnip my little grandson had given her. He’s always up to doing some good act for other folks, and never anything for himself. But I will say he does no bad turns for himself in whiskey or tobacco. Why, he’d make a tip-top farmer.”

They passed a very pleasant evening at the farmhouse. Rasmus insisted on going to the mow, while Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney had the room at the house. The farmer's daughter sang and played on her organ, and Rodney helped her sing "The Land of the Leal," and "Auld Lang Syne."

There was rain in the night, but it was clear by morning, and all along the roadside the flowers were out—dandelions, forget-me-nots, yellow oxalis, stars of cinquefoil, white wreaths of strawberry; in the woods anemones and sanguinaria, and liverwort, with white and pink and purple bloom. Rodney learned to his wonder that the choice and really needed parts of the flower were the little clustered stamens and pistils in the middle, which made the seeds, and that all this beautiful broad bloom of petals, all this fragrance and honey, were merely so many means of attracting bees and flies, and beetles and moths, and butterflies to come to the flower, and get the pollen upon their heads or bodies, and so carry it about to other flowers, and make stronger and better seed plants.

"It seems as if all the world were thinking," cried Rodney.

"So it is," said Mr. Llewellyn; "that is, God is thinking and writing out His thoughts through it all."

That day was Thursday, and in the evening they came to a little village where almost the first house was a small red cottage with a high, peaked roof, and an old woman was milking a cow in the side yard. As soon as the woman saw the travellers, she ran to the gate.

“You’re not going by, Mr. Llewellyn; me and sister have looked for you this week past. Come in, come in.”

“Go in, sir, if you’ve friends,” said Rasmus, “and me and the boy will look out for ourselves till morning.”

“No, no! come in, all of you,” said the old lady; “we don’t often have company, and Mr. Llewellyn has been our friend for ten years. Why, sir, all our accounts are to make, and we want to take advisement what to do with a little money we have saved up.”

She held open the gate and the travellers went in. Rasmus went straight to the cow, finished the milking, and put the animal in her shed, after giving her a pail of bran and water that stood ready. Another little old lady came to the door to welcome Mr. Llewellyn, and they were a funny group, the three were so old and small and sharp-looking. A tea was soon spread, abundant for all, and then Mr. Llewellyn passed the evening in going over the year’s accounts of

these old people, looking over their little expenses, the modest taxes, the humble gifts, the frugal outlay for living, and the small income from eggs, milk, dried fruit, and tailoress work.

“Don’t it seem odd,” said Rasmus to Rodney, “them two little mites of old women, making their way, and having a little money over, to lend out at interest, and big, strong men complaining they can’t make a living! The closer folks stick to the ground, the surer they are of a living. The ground don’t strike, and eggs and milk don’t go out of fashion. If I find Robin, him and me will live this way.”

The next morning it rained, and Mr. Llewellyn gave his time to drawing and coloring some sketches of what Rasmus called “weeds,” but which he called very “curious and highly developed plants.” Rasmus applied himself to the old lady’s wood-pile, and cut and piled wood. Rodney aided him, brought in a quantity of kindling, and mended the door of the chicken-house, and the latch of the front gate. The old ladies enlarged upon the great convenience of having men around; but at eleven o’clock the rain had ceased, the sun came out hot, and the men went their way. They were in the north-eastern portion of Westmoreland County at the foot of Chestnut Ridge, a woody and mountain-

ous district. The forest was full of the new stir of spring-life—the brooks rippled full to overflowing; the ferns were unrolling their fronds; birds were building, singing, hammering away at the decayed bark; the squirrels ran round and along the branches; rabbits darted by. Mr. Llewellyn's nets were busy catching beetles and flies for his collection or examination. About five o'clock he began to wind in devious ways from the straight path; finally he stopped. "Now, Rasmus, I want the use of your lungs; shout 'Bob' three times, as loud as you can, with O between each."

Rasmus obediently shouted, and a cry came back. It was repeated several times, and finally a man looked down from a cliff above them. He stood on the extreme verge, holding on by a tree.

"Hello, Mr. Llewellyn!"

"All right, Bob. Can we come up? There's three of us."

"Come along; your kind's a safe kind," said Bob.

Mr. Llewellyn led the way, climbing up a steep, winding path, something like a corkscrew. Then he turned, and they saw a kind of barricade of stone wall; behind it a platform of rock, and opening upon it a cave. A curtain of skins

was looped back from the door or entrance, and within were shelves hewn in the cave wall ; and two long beds or couches of pine needles and hemlock boughs, with a skin cover for each. On the rock platform a fire was burning, and a very good smell rose up from it, for a 'possum and a rabbit were roasting, and a big corn-cake was catching the dripping, and browning before the coals.

“Pile up your goods, and make yourselves to home,” said Bob—a big man, very rudely clad, who seemed chary of his words, and very devoted to his cooking. “There’s things for you on the long shelf, Mr. Llewellyn, and in the tin box is a note-book, where I wrote out all the observations you wanted me to make.”

Mr. Llewellyn secured the indicated treasures, and Rodney saw that he laid a folded bank-note in the box, in exchange for the note-book. About this curious abode walked a collection of pets, fearless and in amity. An old dog lay by the fire, and a crow sat comfortably on his head. Three cats were taking their ease in their inn ; a lame woodpecker fluttered where he chose ; a tame rabbit nibbled at some leaves whereof Bob was making a salad ; and a big turtle just come out of his winter quarters, clattered around the rock. With these pets Rasmus at once

made great friends, and all received his advances cordially. Every animal seemed on friendly terms with Rasmus. The squirrel ran up his shoulder, the woodpecker sat on his head, the cat came to his knee. Bob eyed this with satisfaction. Rodney was particularly interested in the cooking. He had never in his life been so hungry as in these last two days, and perhaps never so happy.

“Do you live up here, all alone?” he asked Bob.

“Yes: I’m a hermit. I never go over ten mile from this rock. Sometimes folks come up here to buy skins or baskets of me. They call down below, and if I say come up, they come. I live here year round with my animals.”

“Don’t you get lonesome?”

“I’m used to it.”

“I don’t believe I could ever make up my mind to it.”

“I hope you’ll never have my reason to. I lived among men, till whiskey got so the better of me that I broke the hearts of all that ever cared for me; and when my wife died, I took a vow never to touch a drop. I couldn’t keep it, and live where whiskey was; so, as the whiskey wouldn’t go, I did. I came here, and here I’ve been ten years.”

CHAPTER IX.

A SABBATH IN CAMP.

“Thou Linnet! In thy green array,
Pervading Spirit, here to-day—
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.”

“I THINK I'd rather stay and fight it out,” said Rodney to this communication. “I knew a man once, who wanted to stop smoking, and he bought a box of cigars, and set them on his table, where they could stare at him all the time, and then he fought the taste until he conquered it. So, I read of a man who meant to stop drinking, and he filled a bottle with gin, and set it on the window-sill, and there it stood all his life, to remind him he wouldn't touch it.”

“That's all very well when a body is made so they can do it; but when you know and have proved you can't keep up that style of fight, it's better run than perjure yourself.”

“That's so,” said Rasmus. “It takes a great deal of sand in a man to fight like that; and it's no disgrace to live as you do up here, giving up all you are used to, just to keep straight.”

“But how do you get things to live on?” asked Rodney.

“It takes a great deal less to live on than you think. I need salt and corn-meal, and sugar or molasses, and people bring me them, who come to get skins of me, or nuts. I get quantities of berries to dry, or to eat fresh. I have nuts in plenty. There are streams here, where I get very good fish: I catch rabbits and birds, and other things for food. The boys who come up here bring me powder and shot and fish-hooks, and I trade young birds or squirrels to them. There are some gentlemen near here in the summer, for two or three weeks' vacation, and they leave me clothes, flour, pork, and crackers, for what I do making and keeping their camp. I have some fowls up here; I brought two when I came. That's a true hymn I used to hear my mother sing: 'Man wants but little here below. It's true, I'm shut out from doing much good here, but I was one of those poor creatures, that so long as I lived among men was only doing harm, and it came to 'run or ruin,' and I ran. It was as the good Book says: 'If they persecute you in one city flee into another.' Whiskey persecuted me, and I fled into the desert. I think of Moses and Elijah, and John Baptist in the desert when I'm up here. It might be

worse. I'm better off than if I'd got myself into State's-prison."

"I should think you'd freeze here in the winter."

"There's fuel plenty, and I dress warm, and I build a shed and barricade, that I take away when April comes."

The supper was now cooked. The hermit had made a tea of sassafras leaves, and he got four pieces of birch-bark for plates. A couple of yellow basins and three mugs made up his assortment of crockery ; but each person got on very well, with the bark and a slice of corn-pone for dishes. Rodney thought he had never tasted so good a supper. The hermit told him that a great many things called "weeds" made good food. Chickweed, or groundsel, was nearly as nice as spinach ; cress and wild leeks were green all the year round. Nettles, when young, were as good as asparagus, and if one were feverish or had a headache, nettle-tea was better than a whole apothecary-shop. Dandelions and wild mustard and young milkweed made good greens, so the hermit did not need other vegetables, while sorrel made him a salad, and chiccory, and a medicine ; and various roots of wild plants were almost as good as potatoes. As for chestnuts roasted, or boiled, or dried and pounded

into flour, the hermit thought he could live on them. In fact, Rodney perceived that the world was wider and fuller than he had dreamed, and Nature is no niggard in providing for her children. Sleep on the pine-needle bed was very sweet. The moon was full, and from where he lay, Rodney watched the flood of silver light poured into the dark cup of the valleys. He saw the shoulders of the mountains, black with pine and hemlock, thrust boldly into the white radiance. He heard owls and whip-poor-wills calling, and streams rushing down into the glens.

They breakfasted on the remnants of the supper. Mr. Llewellyn packed his new specimens collected by the hermit, and they pursued their way, moving toward the outlying spurs of the Laurel Hill Ridge, and so into the southern portion of Cambria County.

“We must stop as early as four to-night to make our camp,” said Mr. Llewellyn to Rasmus.

“I’m always ready to stop and ready to camp. I’d rather by half have a camp than stop in a house. But what are you making one to-night for?”

“To lie by in to-morrow. We don’t travel Sunday.”

“I’m blessed!” cried Rasmus; “are you go-

ing to lie by every Sunday, rain or shine? What for?"

"Because God said, 'Withdraw thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day.'"

"When did He tell you that?" asked Rasmus.

"He tells everybody that in his book, the Bible."

"You've got me there," said Rasmus. "I never knowed nothin' of such a book; couldn't read it if I had. But I had as lief stop over. If we spend every Sunday campin' in the woods, I'd as soon have two in a week."

"I hope sometimes we can spend them near a church and go to service."

"If there's good singin' and some square hittin' out at thieves and drunkards and other rascals, I don't mind the church," replied Rasmus, like other people, very willing to hear his neighbor reprehended, and with no notion that he needed reproof or instruction for himself.

As it was Saturday, the country children, ordinarily in school, were out in full force in the woods and by the roads, and Rasmus had his wrath excited by the robbing of birds'-nests. He rescued several for the time being, carried off one little boy, holding him over his shoulder

by the leg, to "pay him out" for breaking up a wren's nest, and gave one rascal who had ruthlessly murdered a nestful of blue-birds, a sound drubbing, in which Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney acquiesced. Rodney was introduced to a cedar-bird, with little patches of vermilion on his gray wings, looking as if he had been sprinkled with drops of sealing-wax.

"He's a scout, I guess," said Rasmus; "it's too early for him up here yet."

Going through a thick piece of woods, Rasmus felt himself very happy to see a shrike, or butcher-bird.

"He's goin' to set up housekeeping here for the summer. In a few days he'll pick out a good place for a nest."

"Why do they call such a pretty thing a butcher-bird?"

"Because he keeps a meat-shop and hangs up his meat on hooks. You watch him a bit."

And sure enough the shrike, who darted about picking up and eating spiders and beetles, came upon an unlucky cricket, and coolly went and impaled him on a thorn, to save for future need; after a little he brought a second and then a third, and stuck them up in his shop.

"Horrid little wretch!" said Rodney.

"So he is: he eats smaller birds, too. I saw

one kill a humming-bird once. Greedy thing ; he hangs up more food than he can eat, and goes away and forgets it. Now, I like woodpeckers. Here's the nest of one in this hollow tree, and the front-door being too large, you see he has plastered it up with mud to the right size. They are as handsome birds as we have, unless the jays are finer. It is time for the flicker or golden-wing now, and we'll see him to-day ; and then there is the red-wing and the red-head and the yellow-breasted : they are awfully kind to each other, and take turns sittin' on the nest so each can go feed ; and they are neat, too, they clean up their nest every night."

About four o'clock Mr. Llewellyn found a dry and sheltered spot near a stream, where, he said, the camp should be made. Rasmus was a master-hand at woodcraft. He set Rodney to bringing stones for a hearth, where the fire should be made ; then he chose two trees standing in line, and laid across the first crotch in each a long sapling reaching from tree to tree. Mr. Llewellyn brought several long, dead branches, and set them sloping from this sapling to the ground, to form a slanting roof for a shelter-hut, open to the fire. Over this framework was laid a thatch of cedar boughs, and the ends were closed up in the same way ; beds were

prepared of pine needles, dry leaves, and hemlock twigs ; Rodney dragged a great pile of fuel to be in readiness. Mr. Llewellyn then went to work at his sketching and coloring, and mounted the day's plunder of beetles and butterflies on cards.

"You will never be able to carry all you have, soon," said Rod.

"I shall express a box of them from Johnstown to a friend to be taken care of. Now, tonight we will have a moth hunt, and you will set the traps. Take this little bottle, about dusk, and go among the trees, and with the brush put some of the sweet, sticky stuff on the bark of the trees, only mark your way by blazing, that is, by breaking branches, so as not to forget where you went. I should not wish to leave the night-fliers to die in the traps and serve no good end."

Rasmus had gone off to find a pool for a bath, which he pronounced splendid, and which refreshed him to make great preparations for supper. A large loaf, a dozen eggs, and some potatoes had been purchased at a farm-house ; a tin pail, coffee, sugar, and ham at a country store. The eggs and potatoes were roasted in the ashes of the fire ; the ham was toasted by hanging it on green twigs before the blaze ; the

coffee was made in the pail. Mr. Llewellyn had a folding metal cup in his pocket, and Rasmus had invested five cents in a mug ; Rodney was obliged to drink his coffee from the pail-lid, but thought that had its advantages in cooling quickly.

Close by the edge of the stream grew a clump of colt's-foot, and the handsome blossoms catching the eye of Rasmus, he asked why flowers were different colors.

"I don't mind learnin' things," said Rasmus, "when learnin' comes so easy, as just havin' you explain agreeable when I ask."

"The colors of flowers are usually in the petals—the flower, as you call it—and these are hung out as signs or handbills, to call the attention of insects who are wanted to carry the pollen from flower to flower ; and as different kinds of insects are wanted, flowers have different colors. The original and most common color is yellow ; beetles like yellow ; the flowers that wish for customers a promiscuous lot of little flies, are usually white ; flowers that bid for night-fliers or moths, are white or pale yellow, as they are best seen in the dark ; and flowers that desire visits of bees and butterflies are red, purple, and blue, for these insects prefer such colors. Bees are very fond of blue. If you put honey or sugar on different colored paper,

the bees will go first and oftenest to that which lies on blue ; if you cut off the petals of a flower, even a bee-loved flower, the bees will no longer go to it, even when you leave the honey sacs."

"I have made up my mind," said Rodney, "that if I can get to college, I shall study most the Natural Sciences. I'll put my spare time all on them, and I will have that for my business in life, to learn and teach and write about the wonders of flowers and insects and birds. It seems to me these are all in partnership."

"Now you talk," said Rasmus ; "now you've got a notion what kind of a cargo to take on, and what kind of a market to carry it to. I told you a week ago that was what you needed, and now you've took my advice. You'll find you generally handle yourself right, if you go the way I tell you."

At this glimpse of the cheerful satisfaction Rasmus had in himself, in spite of having thus far brought his life to nothing, Rodney laughed until he fell back and rolled over on the grass.

Late in the evening, provided with pine-knot torches, they went out to look at the moth-traps, and found fast a number of very beautiful "night butterflies," as Rasmus named them. Then they returned to the hut, and the last thing Rodney heard was a monologue from Rasmus concern-

ing the "curious way things was made to fit into each other; and how there were birds, animals, bugs, and butterflies that liked day best; and other birds, bugs, butterflies, and animals that kept stirrin' all night"; and then an enumeration of these several kinds from Rasmus, kept up in a lower and lower rumble, until sleep overtook him.

When they were eating breakfast, Rasmus announced that he meant to go out and catch a rabbit for dinner.

"No, you won't," said Mr. Llewellyn; "you'll keep Sunday quietly."

"Then I'll catch you a lot of beetles and hunt some new flowers, and you'll have all day to paint them."

"No. I mean to give the day to holy rest."

"What's that agin?" asked Rasmus.

"You'll see by nightfall."

"Here goes for rest," said Rasmus, "though I ain't tired, and no more I ain't holy."

He dropped himself on the grass, all his muscles relaxed, his hands loosely placed under his head, and tried to yawn.

Rodney had taken out his two books, and Rasmus catching sight of the "Pilgrim's Progress," remembered there were pictures in it. He seized it, and opened to Giant Despair.

“What’s this all about, pardner?” he demanded.

“Well, you see, two men, Christian and Hopeful, were going on a long journey, and in a place where the road was rough they saw a good meadow, and a stile leading over the fence, and they thought they would walk there instead.”

“I’ve done that often,” said Rasmus. “Read how they got on.”

Rasmus listened with great interest to the account of the storm, the fall of Vain Confidence, and the terror of the pilgrims.

“Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.”

“You better believe it is,” said Rasmus; “lay that up in your head-piece.”

When the gray morning dawned and Giant Despair made his appearance on the scene, Rasmus was much excited.

“If he was so down on trespass,” he said, “it was his duty to set up a board ‘No Trespass’ nigh to that there stile.”

The account of the terrible dungeon and its sufferings filled the heart of Rasmus with pity. He vowed if ever he met that old rascal, he’d let him have a taste of his muscle, and when he

heard of the escape he shouted with joy. "I know what his fits were," he said, "'lirium trembles' as plain as day—all the signs of it, shaking and raging and falling over. Hope he died with it. If that about that fight with Napoleon, or whoever it was, is in there, I wish you'd read it out."

"Apollyon? Yes; it's here." So Rodney began to read. Rasmus was so delighted that he gathered himself up, and sat listening with his arms about his knees.

"Wasn't he a dreadful-looking critter? the bad one himself, I guess; they say he does walk sometimes, though I never met him. That Christian did have pluck. I'd like to have helped him. I reckon I know just how he gave him that fall wrastlin'. I'll teach you the trick of it some day; it's all in the way you handle your knee. Goody! He's beat; ain't I glad! That was as pretty a battle as ever I heard of. Did that Mr. Christian ever get to the end of his trip?"

"Yes," said Rodney, turning over the leaves. "They found the city at last, and got let in at the gate, 'and they had raiment put upon them that shone like gold, and all the bells of the city rang for joy. . . . And when I had seen this, I wished myself among them.'"

“I don’t wonder you did, brother,” said Rasmus, cordially, “for it was as handsome treatment as ever I heard tell of.”

Rodney was tired of reading aloud, and Rasmus turned to Mr. Llewellyn. “Anything about tramping in your book?”

“Yes; here is the story of a whole nation that travelled for forty years in the wilderness.”

“Gypsies, I reckon.”

“No; Jews.”

“It’s all the same,” said Rasmus. “How did they get on?”

“Very well. There was not one sick or feeble all that time.”

“No one ever is tramping—air is healthy for folks.”

“And their clothes and shoes never wore out all the while.”

“That’s a tougher story, boss.”

“And for food they had a white, sweet grain, that rained down with the dew every night; also, sometimes quails; and for drink, a brook that flowed full all along their way. For guide, a cloudy pillar went before by day, and at night it turned to a column of flame, and stood still, and lighted all the camp. It was the presence of God, who led them.”

“Then He made ’em stop Sundays, and He

knowed if they didn't; but I'm blessed if I think He'd have knowed if *we* kept on travelin', or caught bugs and rabbits in these woods. Not that I'm kickin' about stoppin'. I'm havin' a very good time. But He wouldn't have knowed. He's got all them rapscallions in the city to look after."

"Did you ever go into a telegraph office?" asked Mr. Llewellyn.

"Yes; once I did. I got kind of curious about it, and I see a very pleasant-faced chap sitting by a desk, so I went in, and he took me round and showed me all of it. He needn't been so close-mouthed over it, though. I didn't lay out to steal his trade."

"How was he close-mouthed?"

"Why, I asked him what electricity, as he called it, was, and the great fool wouldn't tell. I didn't want to steal the patent of it."

"Perhaps he couldn't tell."

"Land, dad, he was handlin' it every day. In course he knowed what it was."

"Are you pretty strong, Rasmus? Let me see some of your strength."

Rasmus, glad to be active, leaped to his feet. He made a run, sprang, caught a tree-branch, and hung by one hand. Then he swung from branch to branch. Then he suddenly grasped

Rodney by the waistband, and held him at arm's length. He made three prodigious leaps; he seized a large stone from the earth, held it out and threw it.

"Haven't I got muscle?" he demanded.

"Now lie down and be perfectly quiet."

Rasmus dropped into his favorite attitude of intense repose.

"Are you tired? Are you sick? Are you weak?"

"Not a bit of it."

"How then do you come to lie there so quiet?"

"Why, I want to, boss. I'm choosing to lie still. I'm willing to lie here."

"And if you were willing, in a minute you could spring up, leap the brook, climb a tree, or jump over my head?"

"You know I could."

"What was it in you that jumped and threw and ran?"

"My strength."

"Exactly—strength or force. Now I'm going to teach you a lesson. All your actions are an output of force, and you put out that force because you will or wish to do it. Your brain or mind in some way orders your legs to leap, your arms to throw; all your strength or force then

can be counted back to your wish, to what we call your will."

"I understand that, dad."

"Now, Rasmus, if you take this stone and pound it up, what?"

"Grit, like coarse sand."

"Yes. The stone, all stones and rocks, the world itself is made up of little particles, held tight together by a power or force, or strength, we call cohesion, or sticking power. You throw a stone up, you jump up, drop an apple or a nut, and all comes to the earth, it does not spin off in the air; that is because of a drawing force in the earth, which we call attraction or gravitation. It is a force—lightning is one form of electricity; electricity is a kind of force—you know it can tear things to pieces in short order if it gets loose; wind is a force; heat is a force; all things depend on force; the trees and plants grow by what we call vital or life force. Now you, Rasmus, have in your mind, your wish or will, to exert or direct your force; but rocks, stones, earth, plants—these other things have no wish or mind or will of their own, and yet some will or mind force must keep them in action, or all would crumble and fall apart; the earth would fly to atoms. Now when we look for this will-force for things that have no will of

their own, we come to God, God who made all and keeps all. By Him this brook runs to some greater river, and that out to the sea, and the sun drinks up the water of the sea, until it lies in the air as mist or cloud, and comes down in rain and fills the fountains of the brooks, and so the circle of the waters sweeps around the world. And from this God, Erasmus, you thought you could get away, here in the woods, where His power is lifting every tree up into the sunshine, and sending the sap up into every leaf, and causing the breeze to blow, and the sun of spring to shine! You cannot get away from Him, because He is here, present and strong. And so, Erasmus, we find Him around you. But more than that, He is in you. What keeps your blood running in your veins, your heart beating day and night, when if it stopped one minute you would die? and yet you never think to keep your heart moving; you could not move nor stop it, if you would. Who keeps up the thought, the mind in you, by the willing of which all your force is put in motion? Not you; behind your conscious power, or your possible power, stands God, and you thought He was busy in the city, looking after rascals, and would not notice what you did. If He stopped noticing you for one

second, you would be gone, like a candle snuffed out."

Mr. Llewellyn returned to his book, and left the strong native powers of Rasmus to work upon the problems presented to him. Rasmus looked about with a curious awe. The sky had grown higher, the world wider, the whole creation more majestic and awful, because suddenly felt to be pervaded by that great Being, to him, up to this time a truly "unknown God." After considering the enigma of the Unseen and Incomprehensible for some time, he burst out :

"I say, dad, I wish you hadn't told me that. It makes me beastly uncomf'table !"

"My not telling you would make no difference with the fact, so long as the thing is so."

"I didn't mind it, so long as I didn't know it, boss."

Mr. Llewellyn returned once more to his book, leaving Rasmus to wrestle with the statement in his own way.

Occupied entirely in the study of nature, and seeing and knowing comparatively little of people, Mr. Llewellyn had not suspected that a Christian country, such as the United States, was full of heathens like Rasmus. Possibly, however, there are few like Rasmus ; there are

many, very many, just as blankly ignorant, but few of them so innocent. Ignorance in most has begotten viciousness. But Rasmus, of a tender, genial nature, had been kept comparatively pure and decent by the memory and influence of the lost and beloved child. He had sought to keep his own action and thinking in the condition of simplicity and goodness in which he remembered Robin, and in which he fondly imagined him yet remaining. He had been momentarily shocked at being assured that Robin must have grown nearly to manhood. He had already shaken off the impression, and the lost brother was still to him a little, blank, and less lad. Brought into contact with Rodney and the naturalist, the mind of Rasmus was rousing from its primitive state.

When, in the truant pig-pen, he floated down the Ohio, asleep on the corn-stalks, Rasmus might be catalogued as "a featherless biped." Mr. Llewellyn was watching in him, and with intense interest, what he called the "Evolution of a Man."

"Rod!" cried Rasmus testily, "don't you wish God would go away?"

"In that case, who would take care of me?" asked Rodney.

CHAPTER X.

RAW MATERIAL.

“Then, let us pray, that come what may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, or a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.”

THAT Sabbath stood forth as a golden milestone in the life of Rasmus. It was a day forever remembered as enriched by rest, by wakened thought, by the serene beauty of the woods, by wonderful histories, and the voice of song. The thought suggested to him by Rodney, that his hapless mother had only begun a new life in going out of this world, and that a life of happiness and blessing, was as a star of hope risen over the horizon of his soul. He recurred to it, asking Rodney to “sing a little something about where dead people go,” and Rodney sang “Jerusalem, my happy home.”

That was very delightful, but was it true, Rasmus questioned.

“P'r'aps it's all make up! Folks makes up songs. I know a strollin' man once made right good ones.”

“This is true,” said Rodney, “because it really means just what is in the Bible, and that’s true, for God made it.”

He then read the last two chapters of Revelation. In these Rasmus could only discern a great and dazzling splendor, which produced in him no definite ideas, but only an impression of some immense good arrived at by his mother.

This beautiful Sabbath passed quickly away, and on Monday morning the three travellers packed their small luggage, and resumed their journey. The keen eyes of Rasmus soon espied a big bee on a dandelion.

“See there !” he shouted, “that bee has seen the dandelion’s yellow sign-board, and has called for honey. Now, I’m going to see if, as you say, he pays for the honey by carrying round the dusty stuff. I vow,” he added, bending near the freebooter of the spring, “he is all covered with yellow dust !”

“Let us have a look at the yellow dust,” said Mr. Llewellyn ; “pick several different kinds of flowers.”

They were passing along a woody district, where a brook ran between sloping banks, and made in its spring overflow wide spots of semi-marsh land. In a few minutes, from such fortunate botanical circumstances, they had secured

adder-tongue, sanguinaria, bell-hyacinth, and dandelions. Mr. Llewellyn prepared his strongest microscope, and stuck a little dandelion-pollen upon a piece of glass. Rasmus watched in wonder and a half-superstitious awe as of necromancy, when successive grains of pollen from various flowers were showed him, all differing, and on the glass the simple dust became beads of carved amber, filigree of gold, chaplets of pearls, spur silver, marvels of fairy wax-work ; then to learn that each of these lovely atoms was a little bag, and each sack was full of liquid, in which forever quivered a little glittering atom of ceaseless motion, as the beating heart of the plant.

“What is it ?” cried Rodney.

“I do not know,” said Mr. Llewellyn ; “I can only tell you that if that atom ceased to tremble in the pollen-case, the pollen would be worthless, and would not vivify a seed.”

“What I asks,” said Rasmus, with insistance, “is, what’s life ?”

“I don’t know,” said Mr. Llewellyn.

“Not ? Why, you’re studying flowers all the time, I thought you knowed all about ’em.”

“You have lived twenty-six years,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “Now, do you tell me what your life is.”

“Why,” said Rasmus, “it’s—being alive—not dead.”

“The wisest man you may ask,” said Mr. Llewellyn, “will not be able to tell you much more clearly. He can only explain ‘life’ by some word or phrase meaning the same thing. His answer can be brought down to about your terms. Life is being alive. However far and bravely we may travel on any path of knowledge, we come at last to some river too deep for us to cross, some wall too high for us to scale. The man who has studied nothing, can ask a question of very simple form, too hard for any student to answer. You were angry at the operator in the telegraph-office, who, after he showed you all he had to show, declined to tell you what electricity was. You made sure he ought to know what he was daily handling; he only knew how to handle it, just as you know how to take care of your life, to shield yourself from injury, and don’t know what life is. What is that tree you are leaning against?”

“It’s a dead ash.”

“And the one beside it?”

“It’s a live ash.”

“And one, all summer, will be clothed with leaf and beauty, the other will be barren sticks all for that difference of a word, life or death.

In all these things which we do not understand, we have only to say, 'This is God acting in a way that we see and cannot explain, beyond a certain point.' We reach the limit of our wisdom, 'whether the chain of our knowledge is long or short, God is at the end.'"

"That don't make it better to me ; I don't like it a bit. I am worried by it," said Rasmus.

"In the Bible, God's book, it tells us the way to get over that. Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace. We are not apt to be in terror of a person with whom we are on friendly terms."

Then Mr. Llewellyn walked on ; he had told Rasmus enough, and thought he should study out some things for himself. The present upshot of Rasmus' thought was, that he did not want to hear any more about God, it made him uncomfortable, and he concluded that Rodney was a much more interesting talker than the naturalist.

A day or two after, it was unusually warm, and they stopped early for their noon rest. After a while, Mr. Llewellyn fell asleep. Rasmus was lying on his back beneath a tree, his knees drawn up, and his hands under his head. Rodney had got into the tree, and was lying on a big limb, and looking down. Rodney felt like talking ; he said, "Rasmus, I'm going to tell you

a story. Once upon a time this world had no people, nor trees, nor seas, nor houses, nor animals, nor grass on it. It was a big ball of fire : red-hot melted rocks, and it went whirling round and round so fast that for all it was just melted stuff, like the melted glass in the Pittsburg works, it didn't fly off or spill round."

"I see a man once whirl a cup of water round so fast that it couldn't spill," said Rasmus. "I might believe that, but about it's being red-hot, that's yarns."

"No : it's so. And now, this very day, it is red-hot in the middle. If you could dig clear in, you'd come to the red-hot melted rocks."

"Yarns : cellars is dug in, and they're cooler than the house."

"They're only dug a little way, and they're out of the sun. But there's mines, Rasmus, deep-down mines, where it is so hot the men have to pull off their shirts to work, and the sweat rolls off them."

"Right you are, pardner ; I mind now, a man told me he worked in one of them deep, hot mines."

"Well ! The world went whirling round, and it began to cool and cool, and made a crust, and a thicker crust. And there was an ocean over all of it."

“Where did the water come from?” asked Rasmus.

“From vapor, or a kind of steam, and I can’t explain where that came from, only it is made of gas.”

“You’d ought to go to college, and learn the rights of things,” observed Rasmus, with deep disdain.

“And this water was boiling hot, and sent off steam, miles and miles deep, round the world, so not a star or a sun could shine through. And when it all got cooler, and was lukewarm only, by reason of the fire inside, a moving and bubbling kept on, and some of the solid crust got lifted over the water, and that was land. And on that land things began to grow, and all the trees were moss and ferns, and that kind. What would you say, Rasmus, to moss, such as your head lies on, so tall you could not reach the top, and so thick you couldn’t reach round it?”

“I should say it wasn’t so,” said Rasmus, promptly.

“Well, it was so. And the ferns had stems as thick as oaks, and all the animals were giants. There were no men; but the animals, in the water and out, were the biggest things and the ugliest things ever you could fancy. There is nothing in the world so big and ugly now; great things

they were, with scales and wings like bats, and long legs, and little heads, and huge teeth ; all running round in a kind of warm fog, with no more light than a foggy day or twilight."

"What became of the things?" asked Rasmus, with interest.

"O, they died. We find their bones, or their foot-tracks, and wise men put them together, and make pictures of them, and plaster-paris models of them. And all those big ferns and mosses have been roasted into coal, and boiled down into kerosene oil, and, you see, we fill our lamps and warm our toes by those things that were once forests, where these horrid creatures ran round, and chewed up the branches, and bel-
lowed and fought each other."

"I'm glad such things aint lyin' round loose now," said Rasmus. "I'd be afraid to sleep out of doors nights ; and there would be no fun in tramping about if there were no flowers small enough to pick, and no birds or butterflies that were pretty, and whenever you turned a fence-corner, you might see a horrid dragon, with its mouth wide open, tearing round at you. It would be worse than bobbies."

"It's a good thing you're satisfied with the world as it is."

"O, I ain't satisfied with it, by no means,'

said Rasmus. "It is all out of kilter, I think. I wouldn't have any rich or poor in it, if I had my way. I don't think that is fair. If we hadn't been so poor when I was little, I would have had a home to be took to when I was hurt, and nobody would have carried off my little chap."

"But you know you wouldn't have been so poor and had no home, if your father had not used up his money in drink. You would not have lived in the slums; he would have been a working mason, or a master; your mother would have stayed alive; you and Robin would have been in school; you wouldn't have been run over, and he wouldn't have been sent to the Friendless Home."

"That's all so; but I've seen poor folks that had not spent their money on drink, real poor, too. If I had the making of the world I'd have no whiskey or beer in it."

"What else would you have?"

"I'd empty all the stores and big houses, and divide up all things fair and even. Nobody should live in a palace, and no one should live in a cellar or a hut. Share and share alike, would be my plan. Nobody need work, and everybody should have a horse to ride. Every man should have roast-beef and garden-sass and

apple-pie for dinner, and all should be as jolly as blackbirds."

"And how long would that last?" asked Mr. Llewellyn.

"Why, forever."

"Not six months, and I'll tell you why. When no one worked, in six months every ounce of dug coal and cut wood would be burned up; all the oil and gas and candles would be gone; and, more than that, all the food would be gone. The world is never more than six months off from famine, as a whole. If no work was done, and no man could keep or sell, or benefit himself in his work of producing food, by the end of six months all the world would have common share of—hunger. The horses every man had, would starve for lack of forage. All men being idle and pampered, would quarrel much more than they do now, and the streets would quickly be full of fights, and the wounded and dead; and, in a little time, of the starving. If you secured this beautiful state of Communism, there would be no government, and so no law, for law is no good without a government to keep it in force, and the object of government, as a great Latin writer says, is 'that every man should have his own.'"

"Well, if I had anything to lose, I'd agree to

that. If I had my own, I'd want to keep it. As I haven't anything, I cry up all things even, and you'll find that's the case generally, boss. I reckon your Latin man was rich, and wanted to keep his own."

"I can tell you what I think a great deal better style of arrangement than you have planned. I would allow no beer, liquor, wine, or strong drink of any kind to be made. I would have compulsory education, and every child should be put to school from the time he was six until he was fourteen. And in school he should learn the Ten Commandments as well as the multiplication table. Every boy should learn some kind of a business or handicraft. I would have absolutely no idlers : for property changes hands so easily and often that idlers mean in the end paupers. I would give every man his Sunday's rest, and his night's rest. That is, he should have as much time as his proper night's rest. Ten hours a day should be the longest day's work, and the workingman should have fair wages. No one who could not read and write should be allowed to vote. If all our people could read and write, and knew a trade, we should have sober, useful, contented citizens, all making as much money as they needed. When no man's money went for liquor, every man's money would

keep his family in good beds, good dinners, and good shoes. The domestic affections would have a chance to grow, and fathers would be acquainted with and love their children."

They were travelling at a leisurely pace in a county famous for coal and iron, for great furnaces and foundries. About the middle of a bright afternoon, they had entered one of these black and busy towns, built about great works. It was an hour when the employés are generally occupied, the streets engrossed only by the necessities of traffic, and the sounds heard are the crash of wheels, the clank of machinery, and the roar of great fires. But as this peaceful strolling party entered the town they were aware of a great uproar, of rage and not of labor. Following the central street, they soon saw a crowd of nearly five hundred men, surging and shouting about a large building.

"It's a mob," said Rodney.

"A strike," said Rasmus.

Most of the shopkeepers had prudently closed their windows and doors, but some were standing on the door-sills watching to see what would happen. Women were hanging about corners, children in their arms, or clinging to their gowns, and these women were most of them anxious or whimpering, and wishing "the men would

settle down peaceable, or trouble would come of it."

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Llewellyn of an old grocer.

"Well, the men struck Saturday for an advance in wages. I reckon if they'd sent a committee to insist on it they'd have had it without striking, for it was reasonable, and was given them on Tuesday morning. The men were right. They were not getting what their work was worth, and every man wants to be able to keep his family in some sort of shape by what he does."

"You're right," said Rasmus the ready; "but if they got what they wanted, what are they kickin' about now? says I."

"Why, here is where the foolish part of the matter comes in. Having got what they wanted and had a right to ask, they went to asking what they had no right to expect. These men all belong to some kind of a union or league, very good of its kind, no doubt, and useful to them if they will make it so; but ten of the workmen did not belong to that society, and as soon as the strikers got what they asked, instead of turning in and working, they said they'd stand out till these ten men were dismissed. That's the row to-day, and I

don't call it fair. The ten have families, and are decent men, and to turn 'em out means to starve 'em. I don't think it is right. The company is standing out on that head, and I hope they will stand out everlastingly."

"Land, what fools we mortals do be!" said Rasmus, all excited to draw nearer and hear how affairs got on. He pressed to the outskirts of the ever-increasing mob. They were besieging the company's office, and now an elderly gentleman appeared at a second-story window, stepped boldly out on a little wooden shelter over the office-door, and endeavored to address the throng. He had no fear of his men, and had no cause to fear; he was not unpopular, for they knew him to be just, and, on occasion, generous. But he could not secure a hearing—all were talking—all wanted to talk. Ejaculations, exhortations, threats, jibes, florid oratory rose from every part of the crowd. The master tried to dominate this storm of wordy waves, but only some syllables, fragments of speech, losing all sense in their disconnection, were able, swimming above that tumultuous sea of sound, to save themselves from the general shipwreck of his discourse. But, on the other hand, one could clearly comprehend many taunting or injurious words shot far above the din, which

came cutting through the air, flung out of lungs accustomed, in their ordinary conversation, to contend to advantage with the thunder of trip-hammers and steam rollers and the rush and hiss of floods of molten metal poured forth in terrible splendor. The master gave up the contest of speech, but he folded his arms on his chest, and he shut close his mouth, with its long Scotch upper lip, and leaning back against the house, he stood at bay, and his whole person read boldly—"No surrender."

Now a new orator appeared in the midst of the mob. Suddenly a box and a barrel were placed, one atop the other, for a staging, and a big-headed, red-faced man was handed up. On his fat hands were rings; a big pin ornamented his gorgeous necktie.

"He ain't no workingman," quoth Rasmus to Rodney.

"He is the keeper of the big liquor-store," said a man who stood by Rasmus' shoulder.

This speaker had the advantage of standing in the midst of the crowd; also, he had other advantages—some of the men were his cronies, others his debtors. He burst forth into a hot tide of challenge and accusation of the company. The company was domineering, arbitrary, unjust. They rolled in wealth, while the

men by whom their riches came wallowed in penury. The masters had coaches, the men went on foot. The men had little frame houses, the masters great mansions. These were honored, those were despised. All things should be free and equal—all the land, houses, mines, furnaces, should be share and share alike. Companies should get no more than the men. Thus he raged on, and the men got more and more surly and excited. Their rage began to turn on the master, who stood angry, silent, resolved, above the door. There were murmurs of stoning him, egging him, breaking into the office, gutting the foundry, and so on. Insensate hate was being stirred in their usually orderly hearts.

But the soul of the lately communistic Rasmus was drawn to this defiant master who failed to be heard. A new man rose within him, first from the simple consciousness that he could be heard if he chose. Close to the office were two buildings, between which, at the second story, was a heavy beam. To reach this beam from the outside was a thing which no one had ever thought of attempting: it was to go up the face of the wall and around a jut by the insufficient aid afforded by ends of beams and portions of iron stanchions and rods

where a building had been taken down from between the two left standing. Rasmus addressed himself to this task, and the mob soon saw an athletic stranger going up these perilous ways that seemed only fit for a fly to travel. The strength and address displayed at every motion held them breathless, and when finally he had reached the beam, and stood erect and triumphant, far overhead, the crowd sent up a hearty shout. But if the muscular skill of Rasmus had carried the onlookers by storm, yet more did his tremendous lung-force astound them as he roared at them heartily, "Let the best fellow talk! If any man can climb higher or holler louder than me, let him; if there ain't no such a man, listen to me. Them's fine remarks that fat man has been a-makin' down on the bar'l! He wants you to be all as brothers and divide up and have things common; and good it sounds. I mind in tellin' you what ought to be divided: he never mentioned what come in his line; he didn't say the whiskey and beer ought to be free to you all without pay, if the company's works ought. It's well for him to talk about wages. Does he earn wages? He lives on wages, on your wages. And if you'll cast up in your minds, them as shares their wages most with him has the raggedest clothes,

the poorest victuals, the meanest-looking wives and children, and the wust houses. He told you what a brother he had been to all of you, a-buyin' of Tim Jenks' coffin and paying for his hearse. But I asks of you, what so wonderful charitable was it in a tradesman to box up and carry home his own goods? I'm told Tim Jenks died in the rum-shop so full that he was more rum than man, poor critter; and whose goods was he then, I asks? Now, that's enough for him and his views about dividing up of prop-putty. Then, brothers all and pardners dear, about this other little matter, I says it plain, right you was to ask for more wages when you didn't get enough, and right the company is to give it to you fair, and right you are to belong to a union if so be it helps you, and you does enjoy it. We're free people, and we acts accordin'; and, brothers all, seeing these is your opinions, and that every man should follow out his own idees and have his liberty to choose for hisself, you takin' that liberty for yourself, right you are, and uncommon handsome you looks takin' ten of your workin' brothers by the neck and pitchin' of them into the gutter, denyin' of 'em work 'cause they don't feel inclined to join your league!! Free workingmen is we all; we chooses our own kind of work, and we picks

out our own wives, and we buys what we likes for our houses, and if we has any reasons that suits ourselves for not joining a league we gets turned into heathen paupers! O, I've heard said there's no crueller tyrant to a workingman than a workingman. I don't believe that, pardners all, for there's whiskey to the fore. I've heard say that workingmen gets more kicks from their kind than from their bosses, but I don't believe it. Don't I see your kindness and your generosity here this day? Don't I see you going back on your work and kicking up a row just to get ten honest workingmen put into the street, their wives made hungry, their babies put in tatters—not for any ill turns, not for thieving or drinking—only 'cause being free men they chose not to join your Order, and you being free men chose to join! Brothers all, I say three cheers for the Order, and let them as ain't in stay out till they get ready to join." Whereupon, poised high on his dizzy eminence, Rasmus executed a *pas seul* which "brought down his house."

The mob cheered itself into a good humor. Then came from sheer exhaustion a lull, a silence that might be felt, and the master thought his time had come to speak.

"My men: I gave you what you asked for

yourselves, because it seemed right for you to have it ; but these works may stand idle till all their timbers crumble into dust before I will be guilty of the iniquity of discharging honest and faithful workmen merely on account of their opinions. I am no persecutor. You may belong to what creed you like, what political party you like, and what society or order you like, and you may refuse to belong to any, and that shall never be a reason for discharge ; but what men, and what place has been a school for strife I see, and I'll rent no more stands to liquor-dealers."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

“ And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies.”

THE movement for the dismissal of the non-union workmen had not proceeded freely from the whole body of employés, and their natural sense of justice had in many instances revolted from it. The current of opinion was now setting strongly against this piece of social tyranny. The mob broke up into little knots for discussion; the leaders of the movement retired to their headquarters for further consideration, and it was generally considered that peace would be restored, and the men return to their work, on the basis of the terms which they had at first proposed, and which the company had accepted.

Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney, having nothing more to see or hear, moved out of the crowd, and up the road that led from the town. They were soon joined by Rasmus in a state of happy unconsciousness that he had made himself con-

spicuous. But they had not gone far, when a "Ho! there!" stayed their steps, and they saw a robust and gray-haired workingman following them. He held out his hand to Rasmus, and gave him a warm shake. "You spoke my views exactly. That is the way that workingmen should feel. I'm one of the bosses here. I've come up from a little ragged, barefoot orphan, making my pennies by bringing water and dinner-pails from the men. We men who have always worked ought to know what we are talking about. Where are you going so fast?"

"We're trotting along 'bout our general gait," said Rasmus; "we're going to New York!"

"To New York!"

"Yes," said Rasmus, blandly. "This here boy is going to find his uncle, and get sent to college to load up his head. This old gentleman is a science-man, and is going to New York to print a book, all along of flowers and birds; and then, you see, they ain't neither of 'em so very big, and I'm a man of muscle, so I goes along to warn off dogs and loafers, and any such wild animals that comes by."

The "boss" looked as if he found this a queer company, but he persisted in his friendly communications.

“Come, come; it’s four o’clock. I consider you’ve done us good service to-day. We want to know more of you. So does the company. I’ve got a trig little house down yonder, and a smart wife, and a pretty family. Come back, all of you, till to-morrow morning, and let us be friendly.”

Rasmus heard the invitation, and with a longing eye turned to his comrades. He was a social soul, and, like the old Athenians, always ready to hear or tell some new thing.

“By all means, if you wish,” said the naturalist.

“I’m agreed,” said Rodney.

So they all followed the “boss” to his little white cottage.

“Here you are!” cried the house-mistress, who had topped her gray hair with a new pink-ribboned cap, and tied a white apron over her check gown. “Hearty welcome you are! come in, come in! Bless my life, what a pretty boy this is; like a picter. There, Thomas ’ll put by all your things. Take chairs. I’ve got a glass of lemonade ready. You, sir, must be tired of speaking! Such a shouting as you made I never heard, and your ideas did me good! O you spoke most beautiful!”

Rasmus was the hero of the hour. He was

called "sir"; had the best chair and the first glass of lemonade. He swelled with gratified pride, until he seemed a third as large again as usual, which was needless, for he was one of the sons of Anak at his most humble times.

"You gave our notions exactly about whiskey," said the garrulous house-mistress. "O we've seen it, him and me," with a side nod at her Thomas. "Wasn't he left a poor orphan along of it? His first wife, dear soul, died of a great overdose, give her by a nurse, which same brought on fever, and died she did. My first husband died in an awful way from drink, heaven help him, and left me with a baby a week old. Thomas had a girl of only eight, and a bit of a small baby. Well, next year, when he asked me to undertake the care of him and the children, I says, 'Thomas, married folks should be agreed in their views, I sez, and agreed we are as to whiskey.' 'Right you are, Mary Jane,' says he, being no great of a talker. But, law! I've never wanted for anything with Thomas—here's his daughter Sally coming in. She's a milliner."

In came Sally, a bouncing, rosy lass, in a "gown of sprinkled pink," a pair of smiling gray eyes, and a row of the whitest of teeth, shown in the frankest of smiles.

"My girl," says boss Thomas Crew, simply,

and Sally smiled all around, and shook hands with Rod, as offering the safest investment for that courtesy. But Rasmus rose up to Sally, and eclipsed himself in a bow.

“O, it’s you, is it?” says the laughing Sally. “Goodness! thought sure you’d break your neck. I saw you climb, and it brought my heart way up in my mouth.”

“I wouldn’t have climbed a step if I’d thought it would worry such a young lady as you,” protested Rasmus.

“O, I was glad you went up, so long as you came down all right. I do like to see brave things done,” and Sally glanced with open admiration at the goodly proportions of Rasmus.

“He spoke beautiful, didn’t he, ma’am?” she said to her step-parent.

“’Deed did he,” said dame Mary Jane.

“I couldn’t ha’ said a word if I’d knowed you was a listening,” declared Rasmus.

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t know it, for I heard every word, and it did more than a bit of good, didn’t it, father?” said Sally.

“’Deed did it,” responded her paternal, heartily.

Then in from school bolted the two juniors of the family; the boy and girl of the same age, belonging respectively to the boss and Mary Jane.

“Make your manners, George,” said the boss to his step-son, while the girl was taken in hand by her step-mother, relieved of her sunbonnet, had her ruffled hair smoothed by a pass or two, and was bid “speak to the gentleman like a lady.”

The girl was now a safe investment for Rasmus; he said she was “a nice child, and looked like her sister.” Whereupon Rodney thrust his head out of the window to take the air and laugh. But the maternal pride of mistress Mary Jane created a diversion.

“George is a great schollard,” she said. “He minds his book well, and when he grows up, he may speak as fine as you do, sir. It’s composition to-day, and George had a beautiful composition. Read it to the gentleman, my man.”

“Yes, do,” said Mr. Llewellyn.

So Rodney drew his head in from the window, and George took a proper attitude, with his toes on a seam of the sitting-room ingrain carpet, and read his essay :

“HABITS.

“Habits are very bad things to have, for at the last habits will make you go on the gallows. If you have the habit of telling falsehoods you will go on until you begin the habit of drinking and telling your parents that you does not drink. After that you will begin to steal, then you will be threatened

by some one to catch you and put you in prison ; then you will arm yourself for to meet them and in the first place you see the person that threatened you ; and you will kill him. Then the police or constable will catch you and arrest you, and set you in jail ; then you will be tried for murder, and if you doesn't have money enough to hire a good lawyer the lawyer for the State will outspcak the other lawyer and the case will be in favor of the State, and at the last you will be hung, and habit is the cause of your evil life and death. Then the only way to keep from habits is, to put your foot on them and never lift that foot up from the beginning of life to the end, and thus keep them from getting into your brains, then you will be respected by all your fellow-men.

“GEORGE MACK.”

“Isn't that sweet?” said Mrs. Mary Jane, wiping her eyes ; “it most made me feel as if I could see him getting hung, he spoke out so earnest ! I declare the boy was cut out for a lawyer, if ever one was.”

“Now, Mary Jane,” remonstrated her husband, “don't go to putting foolish notions in his head, or yours. If he minds his book, and learns figures, and gets took into the company's office, I'll be satisfied.”

“So will I,” said the mother. “Show your piece to the gentleman, George, to see how beautiful it is writ out.”

George handed it to Rasmus first, and it was great good luck that he did not hand it upside down, for Rasmus would have examined it in-

nocently in that position, and not for worlds would Rasmus have betrayed his ignorance before the blooming Sally. For the first time in his life, Rasmus felt ashamed of his ignorance. To see a little lad of ten, able to write so grand an essay on habits, overcame Rasmus, and made him wish he had not been too idle to learn to read and write. However, George's school-mistress had taught him manners, if not logic, and he handed his composition right side up, to the inspection of Rasmus, and Rasmus glared at it with an owl-like gravity, that sent Rodney's head out of the window again, charging like a catapult into a snowball bush outside. Then Rasmus said "it was fine, and he never would have believed it," and the literary production was passed on to Mr. Llewellyn, who genially discussed it with George, and artfully showed him that it was bad habit he had in view, and got him to put that little adjective in title and composition, and to exchange it in some places for evil, to avoid repetition—and so George was the better of a little lesson in reasoning and rhetoric—for Mr. Llewellyn was one of those who sowed his life, wherever he went, with some benefits to his fellow-creatures.

Meanwhile, Sally and her mother went to get tea, and Mr. Crew took Rodney and Mr. Llew-

ellyn, to show them the works. Rasmus did not care to go. He would not have resisted the attractions of a stable full of cattle, or a yard of fowls, or a flock of sheep to be salted; but furnaces were not to his mind; no green things grew on the acres and hills of slag and cinder, around the black smoke-and-flame-belching buildings. If he remained with the children, in the neat sitting-room, he would have the inestimable privilege of seeing Sally's pink-spotted gown and rosy cheeks, as she laid the table in the clean kitchen, setting it out with the best figured red and white dishes, and putting a brown jug of snowballs in the middle of the array. How Rasmus hoped that the young milliner would not find out that he did not know his letters! How vexed he was that he did not know how to spell SALLY! He thought the name of such a fine girl, must be a very recondite piece of spelling. He set George and Marie to spelling their names à la schoolmaster, but that did not help him. "And how do you spell your name?" he asked Sally, who stood laughing in the doorway.

"With a *y*," says Sally; "I'm not proud" and neither did that help him. He longed for some way to cover up his sense of deficiency, and suddenly bethought himself of the micro

scope. He would try and borrow the big one after tea, and exhibit it to Sally and the children, and some of the young neighbors. He knew a deal, now, of the wonders of the microscope, for he had been indefatigable in tormenting Mr. Llewellyn to show him things.

The supper was admirable. Rasmus was sure Sally must have fried the ham, and brewed the tea, and mixed the cake. In his secret soul he did not give that notable housewife, Mary Jane, credit for any of it. After tea, he preferred his request to Mr. Llewellyn, who generously adjusted the lens, and lent him the microscope, and then went off with Rodney and the "boss," to see a collection of fossils, kept in the company's office. Rasmus was soon at a table, performing the part of a scientific teacher, with his pupils around him.

"What's this first thing that you see? Look, one after another. That's the leg of a fly, though it looks big enough to be the leg of a frog for a Frenchman's breakfast. See the comb set along the side; that's what he cleans his head and neck with, for flies is great dandies: now look at the foot, and you sees a little sort of cup there; that is what he walks upside down on a ceiling with: the bottom of his foot is a kind of a sucker, what sucks out the air from under

it, and so sticks, and I explains that to you by a round, wet leather, with a string in the middle, as you lads plays with on the walks, and stick it does."

The audience appreciated the illustration, and Rasmus set another object.

"This ain't the head nor jaws of a lion, nor yet a tiger, though they look as they might be that same. This is the head of a beetle—just you look at the big saw he carries, likewise a jack-knife, and you see how it is all carved, like the handsomest picter-frame ever you see. Now, here I puts you the mouth of a wasp. There's the scissors he cuts leaves with, and there's the chisel he digs out wood with, and the jaws he chaws 'em into brown paper with, and the knife as he spreads and builds his nest."

The naughty boy of the neighborhood here clapped a piece of old cheese under the glass, demanding, "What's that?"

Rasmus was not disconcerted.

"That's cheese, and cheese mites, and some likes it so, but I prefers my victuals served up separate and genteel. Ain't it a beautiful sight, to see 'em divin' and delvin' as if they was min-in' for gold, an' growin' so fat an' hearty in that there bit of cheese!" and the joyful Rasmus winked openly at the smiling Sally.

Thus Rasmus happily filled the professorial chair.

The next morning the three travellers again set forward. At the first halt Rasmus said to Mr. Llewellyn :

“I say, dad, can't a fellow learn to write, without knowing how to read?”

“No, he cannot. He must know the letters, and what they spell, or he cannot put them together in writing.”

“Not just a very little letter, without much in it?”

“O, I declare!” cried Rodney, going off into a convulsion of laughter. “Rasmus wants to write Sally a love letter!”

“I vow, I'd not stop long over choking you, Rod,” said Rasmus, wrathfully; but Mr. Llewellyn interposed.

“What is there strange or wrong for a fine fellow, like Rasmus, liking a nice girl, such as Sally? If Rasmus would educate himself in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and settle down to steady work, he would have as good a right to a wife as any one. Now, Rasmus is not the kind of selfish chap that can live and work for himself: he needs a home, some one to care for, to work for, and to encourage him. If he finds his brother, they two will want a home and a

home-mistress; if he does not find him, Rasmus must settle in a home, with a good wife to help him get over his sorrow. Every healthy, honest, sober fellow like Rasmus, owes one more good home establishment to the public good. Now, Rasmus, you don't want to be ashamed before your wife, or hindered in getting on, because of ignorance; nor to make your wife ashamed of you. Since I knew you, I have been anxious you should learn to read and write, but I wanted to let the proposal come from you, so you would stick to it."

"But could I ever do it, Mr. Llewellyn?"

"Why not? Every little child in school does it."

"But there's such a plagued lot of letters. Rod's two books is full of 'em; so is yours! I'd never get round them all, if I lived to be a hundred."

"O, you mistake—there are only twenty-six letters."

"O, hold up there! I've see twenty-six million, more like."

"But they are the same repeated, as blades of grass."

"Don't now, gov'nor," protested Rasmus, "don't try to fool me. Didn't the boy read to me out of his books all 'bout the tramps, an'

the good place, an' the big fight, an' the old giant took with trembles? Now, twenty-six letters never made all that."

"Indeed they did, Rasmus."

"Then they're the all-firedst-twenty-six-letters ever was!"

"Now, Rasmus, I'll prove it to you by showing you what five letters can do. If you'll learn five, just as many as the fingers on one hand, I'll make it all clear."

"That's a fair bargain; I can tackle five."

"Here they are," said Mr. Llewellyn, printing clearly on a card *m-e-a-n-t*, "meant, as you meant to do well. Rod meant to be good. This first letter, with three legs, is *m*."

"Yes, an' there's the other *m*!" cried Rasmus.

"Look closer. That other has but two legs, and is *n*."

"*M-n*," said Rasmus, looking close, as if short-sighted.

"This one is *e*."

"*E*! It's a queer little quirl, anyhow. No good, is it?"

"It is the most used of any letter. This is *a*."

"Looks like a praying beetle, or piece of an ant."

"And this is *t*."

"Yes, pretty good fish-hook. *M-e-a-n-t*, *m-n-e*." Rasmus held the paper close to his

eyes, and bellowed like a bull of Bashan, as if nearness of sight and noise would impress his mind with the five letters. As he was naturally of good abilities, and now in earnest to learn that day's lesson, he soon had the five letters fairly mastered.

Then Mr. Llewellyn took the card, saying, "Now, I will show you how many words can be made with these five letters, m-e-a-n-t, meant; leave off the t, and you have mean, a mean act; m-e, me; a-n-t, ant; a-t, at; a-n, an; t-e-a, tea; m-e-n, men; t-e-a-m, team; m-e-a-t, meat; m-a-t, mat; t-a-m-e, tame; m-a-t-e, mate, and so on. Now, all those words you got from five letters. I could find you others. I want to show you that few letters can make many words, according as they are placed. Letters are like seeds. You plant a few seeds, and how many thousands will grow up: you take one little word like m-e-a-n-t, and you can make many words out of it."

"I couldn't write a letter out of them five, could I?" said Rasmus, looking at the cabalistic signs with intense respect.

"No: but if you will try you can soon learn all the 26; then you will before long know how to spell words with them, and can write a fair letter."

"Now, here goes," said Rasmus, "I'll learn. Last night when I heard that splendid writing

'bout habits, from that little chap, sez I, maybe my little chap learned to read and write, too, for he had a head-piece on him, you know! He was as smart as they make 'em, and if so be he learned, and I found him, I'd sort of hate to tell him I didn't know letters, I would hate to shame the little chap: he had nice feelin's."

Moved by these considerations of his "little chap," and by unexpressed ideas concerning the blooming Sally, Rasmus took the card, and went on studying as they resumed their way. He bawled his lesson aloud, as they do in Chinese temples of learning, but happily all the world was his school-room. On went Rasmus thus:

"A! n! t! ant!!! here's one 'long the road, lugging a little white bundle. Here's an ant-hill moving, Mr. Llewellyn! See what a string of 'em, all carrying bundles. Them bundles is baby-ants, and here they're piling of 'em round the new house, and them within-side is taking 'em down. Once, when they were doing that, I picked up three bundles on a blade of grass, and hid 'em behind a pebble some ways off, and soon they missed 'em, and when they'd carried the rest down, they scouted round till they found them three. A-n-t. T-e-a-m. Rod, what does that spell?"

"What is this coming up the road?"

"Dog? No, a team."

“That’s it, now you talk,” said Rodney.

“T-e-a-m, team? Now, stick there, team,” and he gave his head a blow with his fist. “M-e-a-t, pork. No, meat. That’s the ticket.”

Mr. Llewellyn here perceived a flaw in his instructions. At evening he gave his pupil a lesson on the sounds of letters, showing him that though pork might be a form of meat, m-e-a-t could not spell pork. An adult pupil may have his advantages, but the simple docility of a child is also a happy factor in receiving the rudiments of education. Rasmus was inspired to demand why mat was spelled m-a-t, and why they did not spell it some other way, and so on. Mr. Llewellyn, seeing that the hope of writing was the mainspring of this studiousness, taught him to write the letters as he learned them. After a week Rasmus became unhappy over his slow progress, and the distant prospects of letter-writing, though by that time he had learned all the potent twenty-six signs. Mr. Llewellyn, to encourage him, proposed that Rodney should write to Sally, asking that if her father found any fossils, not wanted by the company, he would save them for Rodney. Rasmus seized eagerly on this hint, and watched with anxiety the progress of the letter. It was a rainy evening, and they had stopped at a little country-tavern.

"I'll say Rasmus sends you his love," said Rodney.

"That would be too steep," said Rasmus seriously.

"Well, in ancient times when knights lived, they used to write to the ladies, 'I kiss your hand.' I'll say, 'Rasmus kisses your hand.'"

"But I don't," said Rasmus, "and she'd be mad."

"Then I'll say, 'Rasmus thinks of you night and day,'" said the mischievous Rodney.

"Rod Harris! I'll choke you, sure as you're born!"

"Then, tell me what to say."

"You say we're all well, and hoping she's the same, and Mr. Llewellyn and the rest desires their regards."

Rasmus felt better after that letter was dispatched, and attacked his studies with new vigor. He tormented his companions to know how to spell everything, and forthwith wrote it down. He bought a long pencil, and picked up every scrap of paper he saw, to print on.

"Rod! how do you spell a cow? Dad, how do you spell leaf? Is leaves spelt the same way, eh? Why in sense do they turn out that *f* and put a *v* in? That ain't fair. I shall say l-e-a-f-s, leaves."

“Then Sally will laugh at you,” said Rod, and that brought Rasmus to reason.

“It’s a big shame I was left like this,” said the burly pupil, one day. “I ought to been taught all this an’ the figgering things when I was little. The police ought to caught me and sent me to school every day, an’ the school ought to furnished my book, and towel, and water to wash my face if I was dirty. You see, in the cold an’ rain I’d just took to a warm, tidy room to sit in. An’ for all the poor, little hungry lads that has no dinner or breakfast, police ought to make a list of ’em, and have a kitchen where they could get a bowl of hot soup and a chunk of bread. Police stands ’bout the corners, and nabs kids for stealing, when perhaps the poor little shavers is so hungry they fair has to snatch a bite. When they gets drunk, or acts werry bad, the bobbies sends ’em to the station-house, and so to the island, an’ graduvates ’em to the gallows, like George Mack’s composition. Why don’t they stop it before it begins? School-house is much better place for the kids than grog-shops to get warm in. Out of the school-house they’ll get to a stove-pipe hat and good books. Out of grog-shops over to the island, every time. Poor kids!”

CHAPTER XII.

THE WIDENING WORLD.

“Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.”

DAY after day drifted slowly by, as our travellers faced the rising suns, and, leaving their shadows behind them, went slowly on, until their shadows fell before them in the evening splendor. The woods, that wore but a dim silver and purple haze when they left the river, were now in the full luxuriance of their summer green. They saw the purple lady-slipper and the arum blossoming in the woods; the golden flowers of the jewel-weed draping the moist banks of the ditches; the birds of the summer, the oriole, and the shrike, and jay, succeeded the birds of spring; red, ripe strawberries glowed from under the leaves; the bramble shed its white petals, and hung out large, red berries, purpling and darkening day by day. The noons were hot, the summer nights were warm. They

climbed great mountain ranges; they saw the fields of grain growing yellow for the reaper; the berry-fields and the clover-bloom loaded the air with fragrance; the grass was almost ready for the mower. Over Rodney such change had passed, as over the ripening season; his cheek was a healthy brown; he swung along the roads with a vigorous step, he carried his load without fatigue, he no longer wondered that his two companions were untired, for he was tireless himself. If Rasmus, progressing in his reading, and writing, and ciphering, made daily positive and appreciable acquisition, Rodney did not less, for Mr. Llewellyn was an unwearied and skilful master, and few boys who have spent their years in school, become as skilled in botany or entomology, as Rodney did in his summer trip across Pennsylvania.

Nor were these the only studies in which Mr. Llewellyn aided him. Geology had its place in his instructions, and also history. Rodney and Rasmus listened entranced to stories of the early Indian tribes, their legends and beliefs. Then came tales of the first settlers, stories of French, Indian, and English wars; accounts of the blameless Moravians, who established their villages and mission stations; accounts of the Quakers; the German Dunkards, with their

honest hearts, their homely ways, their industry and faithfulness. There were anecdotes of the Revolution to be told and heard, and histories of Washington and other heroes; and following from theme to theme, their discourse crossed the sea, and Mr. Llewellyn became the chronicler of the fatal and fated house of Stuart; the happier destinies of the house of Hanover, and the age of Cromwell, glorious in the annals of England.

Then there were many hours, sometimes whole days, when Mr. Llewellyn was engrossed in his painting or writing—days when the journey came to a pause, and Rasmus built a booth, and Mr. Llewellyn gave himself to some investigation, and Rasmus and Rodney, lying under the trees, with nothing particular to do, devoted themselves to each other's instruction and entertainment. It was in such days that Rodney enthralled Rasmus by beginning the tales of the Knights of the Round Table, and the Search for the San Grail.

“What's the San Grail?” demanded Rasmus.

“Well, don't you remember all I've read you Sundays about the Lord Jesus—that was born in Bethlehem—and died for men on Calvary?”

“Who's forgetting?” demanded Rasmus, resentfully.

“ And you recollect what Mr. Llewellyn read, last Sunday, about that Last Supper, and the bread, and the wine, and ‘ when He took the cup He blessed and gave to His disciples ’—you remember it ? ”

“ Why wouldn’t I remember it ? ” demanded Rasmus. “ Only, I want to know, Rod, what kind of wine that was ? I don’t hold, from what I’ve heard of Him, as He’d go for to give anything improper. ”

“ No, Rasmus ; that old Mr. Andrews I lived with, was a man that knew a great deal about some things. He was a great temperance man, too, and I’ve heard him arguing about that. He said the Lord was born a Jew, and always kept the Jewish law very perfectly, and that that last supper was the Jew Passover, and was kept very strictly then. Even now, all good Jews, before the Passover, go all through their houses, and clean out all fermented stuff—wouldn’t have a bit of malt or yeast, or ferment of any kind round.* Now, we have to look to the Jews if we want to know just what wine the Lord used that time. He and all His apostles were good Jews, keeping Passover, and the wine He put in the cup was Jew Passover wine, and

* The article in Herzog’s Encyclopædia gives a different view ; but we appeal to leading English and American rabbis.

hadn't one drop of fermentation or alcohol in it. Do you see, if it had had anything like that in it, it would not have been allowed at the Passover Supper. It was just fresh-pressed grape-juice, boiled well, and good Jews nowadays will use such at Passover, and Mr. Andrews had travelled, and said Jews in London gave him such wine during Passover week. The Jews are the oldest people in the world, and we have to go to them to learn a good many things, Rasmus."

"Well, I reckon that's about a clear truth, along of the wine. Now, let's hear what was that there Grail?"

"Now, you see, in those times of the Round Table and King Arthur, that I have been telling you about, they got up the idea that that cup the Lord passed round at the Last Supper, was a cup of pure gold, and that it was hid somewheres about in the world, and they wanted to find it."

"I don't blame 'em," said Rasmus heartily.

"They called it the San Grail, or Holy Grail, or Cup. Sometimes it is spelled another way, but I suppose you don't care about that."

"Drop the spellin', pardner—I'm nigh dead of spellin'."

"Well, all these knights of King Arthur

wanted to go and find the San Grail, or Holy Cup. They thought if they found that, then they'd get to heaven, sure."

"But can folks get to heaven such ways, pardner?"

"No, of course they can't. They've got to believe."

"As for that," said Rasmus, "I'm willin' to believe everything I hear—pretty near. I'll believe all that's so."

"But you've got to believe on the Lord, d'ye see?"

"O, I believe on Him, sure," said Rasmus cheerfully.

"Rasmus," said Rodney, taking professional airs, "there's more than one kind of belief. If it is only historic belief, I don't know as it's going to take you to heaven."

"You get out with historic belief!" retorted Rasmus. "How can it be that, when I don't even know what it is? You go on about the San Grail."

"Well, you see they all swore to go out and find the Holy Grail; and away they all went, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Gawain, and Sir Madoc, and Sir Bedivere, and Sir Tristram, and a lot more, and Sir Galahad—and they searched all the world over for a great while."

“Much as thirteen years—or ten years?” asked Rasmus wistfully, beginning to associate that search for the golden cup, with his search for the golden head, so well loved.

“Yes—more than that.”

“I hope they found it!”

“Yes—you shall hear. They crossed mountains, seas, rivers, sometimes together, sometimes alone. They fought beasts, and heathen knights, and giants, and dragons, and the devil. And angels helped them sometimes, and sometimes they got weary, and rested, or fell in love, and turned away from the search, all but Sir Galahad. He was the youngest of all, and the holiest of all, and his heart was firm set on just that one thing—the Grail. He was awful strong and brave, and all enemies went over before him. The poetry about him reads—

“‘My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.’”

“So on he went. He prayed in every church, and by every tomb and wayside cross; he helped every poor person, redressed every wrong, and ‘he kept fair through faith and prayer.’ And he sailed in magic boats over unknown seas, and climbed enchanted hills, and when his

heart was ready to despair, he heard a sweet sound, and saw a light, and in the sky beheld three angels who carried the Holy Grail, and so he knew he was on the right track. He had such a charger, or horse, as never was seen, white as snow ; and his armor was white, and here is the poem I learned about it :

“ A maiden knight to me is given
Such hope I know no fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven,
That often meet me here.
I muse on joys that will not cease—
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams.
And, stricken by an angel's hand
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.’

“ And so after a while he found the Holy Grail, and the angels gave him to drink from the sacred wine, and then he was carried into heaven, for he was the youngest and purest of all the knights of Arthur.”

“ If I've got to be like that, I'll never find my little lad.”

“ But I guess no one is like that, Rasmus.”

“ I'm so bad I think I'll never find him,” said Rasmus, in deep despair. “ But you'll find him,

Rod. I really guess you will. You're young, and you have no bad ways."

"I'd be mighty glad to find him," said Rodney.

"I say, Rod, suppose you never find your uncle? What do you mean to do?"

"Why, I must find him."

"But your letter from him is old. It is years since he wrote it; he was old then, most like; he may be dead. Your Mr. Andrews has died; perhaps your uncle has?"

"Then, I suppose, I'll have to go to work."

"What work can you do, Rod?"

"I don't know. I never was taught any."

"There's the rub. They don't pay boys that's learning. You are too old for a cash-boy; you don't know your way for a messenger-boy; you don't know how to wait in a restaurant; and then, what will you do about college?"

"I don't know," said Rod, in deep despair.

"I'll tell you, Rod. I'll get Mr. Llewellyn to find a school for you, where they'll take you and dress you for twenty dollars a month, and I'll go back to farmer Jackson, who'll give me that twenty-two dollars a month, and I'll work for him till I get you through college. I'll take the other two dollars a month to advertise for my little chap. How long will it take you to get through, Rod?"

“Five or six years,” said Rod, hopelessly.

“Chirk up. That ain’t forever. I can stand it that long.”

“But what will you have for clothes?” asked Rodney.

“O, I won’t need much clothes; perhaps I can work nights for them for the neighbors. I never get tired.”

“But there’s Sally,” said Rodney. “If you are spending all your money on me, you could not marry Sally.”

“Maybe she’ll wait,” said Rasmus, dubiously.

“Suppose she wouldn’t?”

“That would be awful! But if she does, I’ll learn all the time more, and be more of a man for her, you see.”

“Rasmus,” said Rodney, heartily, “I think you are the best-feeling fellow in the world, and the most generous. I know you’ll find the little Robin; I know you’ll marry Sally; I know I’ll find my uncle; and then, Rasmus, men that are going through college don’t have to be all the time dragging on some one else. They can earn money themselves; they get places to teach, or to write books, or copy papers; they have ways of earning money.”

“Well, keep up your pluck, pardner,” said Rasmus, rolling over on his face for a nap.

"I'll stick to you like a pinch-bug, see if I don't."

That was considered a compact, as they went on their way.

"I didn't know," said Rodney, a day or two after, "that grass was so beautiful and so different"—and he held out a handful of various kinds, some yellowish, some with a soft, purple bloom; some red, flecked with white; some in compact clumps; others in loose, waving panicles.

"It's in bloom," said Rasmus.

"Why, grass don't bloom," said Rodney.

"It does; we talked at the farm always of the grass blooming."

"Did you never read in the Bible, 'as the flower of the grass he shall pass away'?" asked Mr. Llewellyn.

"Anywise, boss," said Rasmus, "I can't see as it spreads out any of them sign-boards or placards you told of, for bugs and bees."

"The grass is not bidding for their custom."

"What does it bid for, then?"

"Only for the wind. All the grasses, and many other flowers, especially the flowers of trees, as oak, lime, maple, ash, have very small, simple flowers, such as you would hardly notice. They depend entirely upon the pollen being carried by the wind, and they have the stamens and

pistils loosely hung, so as to be blown by every breeze. They prefer not to have bees or bugs about them, and so have no honey, almost no odor, and often no petals."

"Well, all I knowed about it before," said Rasmus, "was, that when it looked like this, it was ready to cut."

By this time in the season, with all the economy practiced, and all the hospitality received, Rodney and Rasmus had exhausted the funds with which they left Pittsburg. Mr. Llewellyn knew this, and was making his plans. The next day they reached a great farm, where several hundred acres were in grass. The great, white house, handsome barns, larger than the house, and numerous out-buildings, together with the flocks of fowls of all kinds, and the many cows, the yokes of young oxen, the horses and colts, made Rasmus rejoice greatly. He burst forth—

"If I owned a lamp, such as that fool fellow 'Laddin, that Rod told me about last night, had, I tell you I wouldn't go to rubbin' it and askin' for jew'lry, fine houses, slaves, clothes, and big feasts. No, siree! I'd rub it for a farm like this, with guinea fowls and turkeys, and mares with colts running by 'em, an' stout young bullocks like them, and acres of corn and clover, and apple orchards and bee-hives, and garden.

sass, and big, fat, white pigs in the pen, and little pigs with pink skins—them's the things to make a man independently happy !”

“ Here's the owner, and he looks contented,” said Mr. Llewellyn, as a hale farmer crossing the road stopped and held out his hand.

“ Hullo, my friend ! Still out after bugs ? Come in, come in ; you're not going to pass us by ; we're always glad to see you ; and the boys have laid up some curiosities for you that they make sure they will some day see all painted in your book.”

“ You haven't begun the haying yet ? ”

“ Begin to-morrow. Splendid weather and splendid crop, but short of hands. Now, here's a man looks as if he could do good work in a hay-field.”

“ You're right, boss,” said Rasmus, genially.

“ He and the boy would both be good help. What do you say to taking them through haying ? ”

“ Like nothing better, if you recommend their characters. I could have hired plenty of strays, but I will have men I know to be decent. No moral pestilence for me. I've my own boys and other boys here, and I can't spoil their morals for a little grass ; nor will I risk having my barns burnt down by a set that drink on the sly.’

"I'll guarantee both these," said Mr. Llewellyn.

"Then stay is the word, if you like," said the farmer. "I'll give board and washing, a dollar a day to the boy, and a dollar and a quarter to the man; and I'll want you two weeks. Now, my rules are, steady work in work hours, no swearing, and no quarrelling, and I'll do the best I can for you."

"I reckon we'll pull together, gov'nor," said Rasmus; and they all went to the house.

The top of the house was a huge, airy garret, with plenty of windows in the roof. It was divided into two great rooms, each with four clean, good beds. Each person in the room had a bureau drawer, and four pegs for his clothes. Behind the kitchen was a shed, with great stone troughs or basins of running water, where toilets were performed by the aid of unlimited brown soap, and plenty of clean roller-towels. Rasmus said "these things just met his ideas." Rodney felt as if he would have preferred a room to himself, and a private dressing apparatus, but he took with a good grace the accommodations that were going. Opening out of the kitchen was a long room, the floor painted yellow, the walls as white as fresh lime could make them; in this room a long table, covered

with a brown linen cloth, and surrounded by some twenty chairs : here, the great farm family took their meals in common. The farmer and his wife sat side by side at the upper end of the table, their daughters next them on either hand, then their sons, then Mr. Llewellyn, and the hired hands. After supper, the farmer pushed back his chair from the table, reached for his Bible from a shelf, and had prayers. Before each meal he stood up, and with lifted hand, asked a blessing. The table was bountifully provided, and all the household seemed contented. The evening Rodney arrived, the farmer's wife, who took a great fancy to his handsome face, openly declaring he "was far prettier than any girl she had," asked if he had any thinner clothes than he was wearing.

Rodney said he had not.

"Well, my youngest boy outgrew two good, linen suits, a couple of years ago, and they've been cumbering up my closet ever since. You'll wear them, or you'll melt in the harvest-field, and can't half work."

The third night after the work began, the farmer, Mr. Weld, said at supper :

"Now, boys, all, to-morrow we mean to start work fifteen minutes earlier, and have fifteen minutes less at noon, and work as lively as we

can, and quit work at quarter after five, for I want to take you all to the village in two big wagons, to a temperance meeting. We want our side to turn out strong, for we are going to try for local prohibition, and there's those as will fight against it hard. Our friend, Mr. Llewellyn, here, will make us a speech, and we'll see if we can't bowl down the doggeries for a while. Once we have tried it, and proved the value of it, lightening taxes, and stopping crime, and improving health and safety, I make sure common-sense will keep it up for us."

The next day this programme was carried out, and all the big family of the farm went off in two great hay wagons, to the temperance meeting. Farmer Weld was chairman of the meeting, and, as he indicated, there was a strong party of opposers to local option, or local prohibition. When the discussion was well opened, Mr. Weld called upon "his learned friend, Mr. Llewellyn, for a speech"; and as Mr. Llewellyn came on the platform, Mr. Weld added sotto voce, "and let fly at 'em well with statistics." Mr. Llewellyn, therefore, chiefly devoted himself to the figures of the occasion. He said, among other things:

"The cost of intoxicating drink, last year, was over eight hundred millions. The money

spent by consumers on drink, each year, is nine hundred millions; and the losses in time, material, injuries, crimes, fires, and so on, arising from drink, reach nine hundred millions more. Seven hundred thousand people waste half their working time in drink. Seventy million bushels of grain are destroyed yearly, in making intoxicating drinks. Profits on beer are as high as four hundred per cent. People say, 'there is not bread enough.' How can there be, when so much grain goes to liquor? It keeps bread dear. People say money is scarce. Why not, when nine hundred millions are yearly thrown away? That keeps men poor."

One of the opposite party rose, and said that this was all very true: whiskey was a bad thing when badly used, and it could be very badly used, indeed. At the same time, we are free people, and every man must judge for himself, and we have no right to coerce our neighbors to follow our opinions. We are not children, whose hands must be tied, or from whom dangerous things must be set on high shelves. Whiskey wouldn't hurt those who let it alone, and every man could let it alone, if he liked. A man might get drunk, and hurt nobody. No one should be restrained of his liberty to get drunk, if he chose. If a man is such a fool, or

knave, as to get drunk, just let him take the consequences.

When this speaker sat down, Rasmus leaped up, exclaiming :

“I want to talk ! I’m just b’iling over, and I must speak, or bust !”

At this curious exordium there was a general laugh, and several waggish fellows cried, “Go ahead, go ahead ! Ladle it out !” while the chairman relieved himself of a difficulty as to who had the floor, by announcing, “Mr. Rasmus.”

“I didn’t come here to make a speech,” said Rasmus. “I never made but one speech in my life, and that was such a good one, I meant never to make another, for fear I’d spoil all. But I can’t stand what that last man said, ’cause it ain’t so. He thinks it’s so—he means well—but then, it ain’t so. Now, he says, ‘Let it alone, and it won’t hurt you’; and that’s all foolishness, for whiskey’s such a blunderin’ critter, that it goes off like a gun, an’ the one it most generally hits, ain’t the one as is foolin’ with it. Why, my land ! There’s a blessed old woman, hobblin’ off to the poorhouse ! She hates whiskey ; she never touched a drop ; she ought to have on a good, black gownd, and have knittin’ in her hand, while she rocks the grand-

baby's cradle with her foot; but her husband drank up their farm, and her son followed suit, and she, poor critter, hasn't home, nor gownds, nor chair, nor relations—trottin' off to the poor-house, an' tears rollin' over her wrinkled face! I've see her! That there little lad, with yellow hair, never touched no whiskey, but whiskey broke his back for him, all the same. I knowed as temperance a farmer as Mr. Weld, and whiskey down a strange man's throat set all his barns and houses afire. O, don't tell me, let them as drinks take the consequences! Half the consequences falls on other folks. I tell you, when sons and husbands goes to the bad along of drink, it's many a innocent woman takes them there consequences. I've see bare-foot babies shivering in little ragged gownds, all pinched up with hunger, on the winter street corners, takin' the consequences of father's and mother's grog. I've see big, red-faced men kickin' their wives, as part of the consequences of gin. I've see great ravin' women tearin' their children's hair, or drivin' little gals out of doors by night, to all the danger and badness of the streets, and on them little gals fell the consequences. An' jails, and hospitals, and alms-houses, and asylums, and taxes, are consequences, and Mr. Weld says he has to help

carry a heavy end of 'em. Where all these consequences falls is not fair, I says."

Here Rasmus sat down, amid great applause.

"Rasmus," said Rod, as they went home, "I'll write Sally what an elegant speech you made."

"Wasn't it good?" said the ingenuous Rasmus. "I never thought I'd turn out so smart, did you, when you first knew me, dad?"

"You're a man of true genius," said Rodney the hilarious.

"Rasmus' speech had these three great points of telling oratory," said Mr. Llewellyn. "He had something to say; he said it clearly, and he stopped when he got done. Also, he knew what he was talking about—the 'magna pars fui' of Virgil, is a very strong point in speech-making."

"I vow," said the gratified Rasmus, "I didn't know I was putting any furrin tongues into it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOWN GRADE.

"I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught me to read :
He lent me the world for a book."

THE haying was over at the Weld farm. The pockets of Rodney and Rasmus were replenished with righteous wages. Mr. Llewellyn, during his stay at the farm, had arranged much work, and now the party were ready to set forward once more. Rasmus, as usual, being a remarkably genial and vigorous worker when he had once made up his mind to undertake a thing, had an offer of a permanent place from the farmer. But he explained that he must go to New York and find his brother, and also Rodney's uncle, and if the uncle was not to be found he must look out for Rodney. The farmer's wife had set her heart on Rodney ; every woman found a ready place in her affections for the handsome and courteous lad, who had that attractiveness which the French assign to a special

species of individual, "l'homme charmant." Perhaps the secret was that Rodney was always immaculately neat, never uproarious, and never forgot his manners. Mrs. Weld said that if Rodney did not find his uncle he must let them know, and they would try and help him find some way to go to the academy, where their youngest son spent the winter. Mr. Llewellyn had examined Rodney's progress, and thought two years of such work as a boy of his physique should do, would fit him for college.

After the fortnight of delay, the freedom of the woods and roadsides seemed more beautiful than ever, and the eyes of the three travellers were open to every new and curious object on their route. Now that the weather was hot, and the travellers were hardened by weeks of outdoor life, they spent many nights in the open air, providing themselves merely the shelter of little booths of green branches. Sometimes a dismantled mill or a ruined barn gave them a sleeping place. Oftener than in the early part of the trip they bought food at the farms or corner-groceries, and cooked their meals in gipsy fashion by some purling stream. There was one glorious day, when the party came upon an encampment of the State militia. They were camped in a fair green field, just outside a pretty

town, and at the foot of a range of hills. As Mr. Llewellyn and his two companions came from the woodlands upon the crest of the hill, they heard the music of fife and drum, and saw the military deploying beneath upon the plain. There had been a rain the previous day, and so while the ground had dried, there was no dust. Our party sat down on some jutting boulders to enjoy the spectacle. The white tents duly planted in rows, gleamed in the clear light : flags were flying ; as the troops manœuvred, the uniforms glittered in the sun like a river of silver, blue, and gold. Outside the camp were booths, where were knives, pins, kerchiefs, and other little wares for sale, and many more, where fruit, cakes, confectionery, lemonade, and other refreshments were offered.

“I wonder if I’d like to be a soldier,” said Rasmus.

“Those are not real soldiers, only militia,” said Rodney.

“It’s all the same,” said Rasmus, “only spelled various.”

“What do you think of them, Mr. Llewellyn?” asked Rodney.

“I heartily hope the day will come when the affairs of nations will be settled chiefly by arbitration,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “International

law and political economy and finance are all studies tending to teach men the propriety and safety of settling controversies peaceably. Yet, as things are now constituted, if we had neither army nor navy, we should not be able to maintain our prestige at home or abroad. A large army would be a useless burden to a republic situated as ours is, and our standing army must only serve as the nucleus of a great army of citizen-soldiers, that our land could send forth in case of real need, as if a harvest of dragon's teeth. A nation of freemen should be a nation of soldiers, devoted to the arts of peace. Our generals and our statesmen should be as Cincinnatus, found standing at ease between the handles of a plough. If we had no liquor made and sold, the chief disadvantages of our militia and our regular army would be done away. When some hundreds of young men are together drilling in their barracks, and a beer-saloon or grog-shop is allowed across the street or round the corner, there will be those who will propose to go there in intervals of drill for drinks. Many who have no idea of taking intoxicating liquor will be tempted by soda-water, butter-milk, iced lemonade, or sherbet, sold at these places, to begin a patronage which will extend to wine, beer, brandy. Too often these liquors

are provided at regimental balls and suppers, or in encampments like the present ; if not openly allowed in the camp, are too easily to be procured, and the devil has always his emissaries to foster their use. If we would have our militia accomplish its true end, and not be a danger and temptation to our brave young men, we should prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. In the regular army, infinite abuses have been corrected, and the status of the soldier raised, and his comfort increasingly secured, and yet wrongs, injustice, cruelties of imprisonment entirely inadequate to offences still exist in the regular army. The soldier, who should have the gratitude of the citizen, the careful cherishing of the government, and the constant care of all Christian people over his moral, mental, and religious interests, by means of whiskey is the victim of cruel temptations and abuses. The soldier is forbidden to drink ; penalties are attached to drunkenness. That is not wrong ; but at the same time, the officers wink at the fact that licensed sutlers or commissaries put before the soldier pressing temptations in offering to sell him liquor. The sutler, by law, is forbidden to sell liquor ; he keeps it and sells it, as is proved by the intoxication of the men. Then the seller has not even a reprimand, but the soldier, for

some petty fault or error committed during intoxication, can be sentenced to a term in a military prison far overlapping the period of his enlistment; so, for some small matter, committed only because in defiance of law, sutlers or commissaries are permitted to sell him strong drink; the soldier, during his last year or six months of enlistment, may get a sentence of two, three, or four years, making his five years of enlistment reach up to seven, eight, or nine,* while, to crown all, these cruel sentences are often pronounced in court-martial by officers who set the example of drinking, and whom these very soldiers have seen under the influence of liquor."

"Well, I don't want to be no soldier, after that talk," said Rasmus energetically.

"Evidently you are made to follow father Adam's trade, and be a tiller of the ground," said Mr. Llewellyn, "and a raiser of cattle and sheep."

"But, though I don't mean to be a soldier, I like to see 'em and hear the music," said Rasmus; "and as it is a hot day for travelling, let

* This is but a very inadequate statement of cruel facts, and our military prisons should be investigated, and imprisonment exceeding enlistment, except in case of great crimes, should be prohibited by Congress.

us stop-over here. You'll always find enough to keep you busy, professor, and the boy and I can look at the soldiers. There's a nice little empty shanty back there, where we can set up house-keeping. I'll make leaf-beds in the corners, and there's a hearth to boil our kettle on."

"Very good," said Mr. Llewellyn, "a day's rest in addition to Sunday, is no disadvantage this weather."

After the halt was arranged at the cabin, the beds provided while crisp and dry from the mid-morning heat, fuel provided for evening, and a swim enjoyed in a brook at the foot of the hills, Rasmus and Rodney set out for a nearer view of the camp. The hangers-on were as interesting to them as the militia. There were Italians with harps and violins; two Germans with a dancing-bear, an organ-grinder with a monkey or two, and a puppet-show. These, not permitted in the camp-ground, hung about the outskirts, and reaped shekels of the country people come to see the soldiers. Little boys were numerous, playing shinny, ball, or marbles, and asserting pre-emption rights to the land on which they had settled for their games.

"You look out, there, kicking my marbles! I won't vote for you when I get big if you act like that!" bawled a little lad to Rasmus,

whose foot inadvertently displaced a big "alley."

Rasmus quailed before the power of the future voter.

"I wasn't expectin' to run for Gov'ner, but there's no tellin' what I may come to yet," he said cheerfully. "I didn't expect to be a learned man, and make speeches, but I've got that far on the up grade."

Rodney, in his zeal to look inside one of the officer's tents, the open curtain of which showed some dazzling decorations, went farther and farther upon the sacred precincts, until he was gazing entranced at the paraphernalia wherewith a rich militia-captain of twenty-five, surrounds himself when he goeth forth to innocuous wars, and expects to be called upon in his glory by young lady friends. However, a pacing sentinel beheld the intruding Rodney, and cried at him :

"Away, you young rascal, or I will lock you up in the guard-house !"

At this awful threat, Rodney felt as if he had not legs enough to run with ; but Rasmus, who was near, caught Rod by the shoulder, and retorted to the guard :

"He's doing no harm ; don't turn yourself into a hornet, two yards long, just because he wants to look at things !"

A merry laugh from an approaching party greeted this championship, and a young lady cried out :

“O, what a pretty boy! How I wish I had his hair!”

“I am sure your own leaves nothing to be desired,” said her escort, the young captain, owner of the tent.

Rodney certainly made a very admirable appearance. When he left Mrs. Weld, she had presented him with a suit of white duck, that had formed, a year or two before, the Sunday splendor of her youngest son. She had washed and ironed it with her own hands, and her eldest daughter had further beautified it with one of her own blue neckties. Rodney had had no opportunity of wearing this dazzling array, until this “training day,” when he had taken it from his valise, to the delight of Rasmus, who assured him that he “looked as nobby as one of them soldiers.”

“What’s the matter?” asked the captain, beholding the defiant air of Rasmus.

“There ain’t nothin’ the matter, only your soldier’s been sassin’ the boy,” said Rasmus.

“Strangers are not allowed inside the camp, without permission,” suggested the captain.

“Why didn’t he say so, then, way back there,

where he first came on, and he wouldn't have come where he wasn't wanted. Now, he threatens guard-house. Catch him!"

"There's no question of guard-house, and I am sure you did not intend to intrude: the sentry should have spoken in the proper place."

"Plain enough why he didn't," said Rasmus, looking wrath at the slim, dandified youth, playing soldier. "He was strutting up and down, here, like a turkey on a front walk, thinking of himself, which is 'bout the same as thinking of nothin'."

"Come, come, that will do," said the captain, while the young lady who admired Rod's hair, had slyly beckoned him to come to her, and volunteered to show him all the glories of all the tents. Rasmus left the youth to his fortunate fates, and for an hour or two Rodney had fine times with his new friends, telling his experiences in the Ohio flood, his scientific ramble over the country, giving a sketch of Rasmus that mingled fun and pathos, and finally lunching in style with his entertainers. About the middle of the forenoon, he went to find Rasmus, and beheld that versatile genius acting as head clerk in an establishment for selling corn-balls, lemonade, and ginger-pop. The rush of trade was slackening, now that noon-thirst had been ap-

peased, and Rasmus, seated astride a barrel that had come, filled with lemons, sugar, and other comestibles, to the field of battle, was discoursing to the owner of the booth concerning the profit likely to be found in a restaurant run on temperance principles.

“If ever I set up one,” said the booth-keeper, “I’d like you for head clerk, for you’ve an uncommon knack of watering the lemonade just to the right notch, and making it look awful sweet, with the flourish with which you drops in the sugar. What do I owe you for your help?”

“You don’t owe me nothin’, as I knows of. You gave me a werry good dinner, and I’ve had an uncommon nice time. I guess we’re square. That you, Rod? You’ve been dinin’ with quality, I reckon? Well, you are a high-flier, and no mistake. Come along, now; the perfessor will be looking for us. There’s one good thing about you, you never get stuck up with attentions give to you.”

Having thus craftily conveyed to by-standers a proper notion of Rodney, and the company he kept, Rasmus escorted his ward up the hill.

As they were about making their evening meal, a middle-aged man, who looked like a traveller, came by. Rasmus was the soul of

hospitality and good fellowship. He had himself often been lonely, and sometimes hungry, on his rambles, and he could not forget those experiences. At once he hailed the stranger, as one would hail a ship at sea—few speaking-trumpets, in fact, would have got the better of Rasmus in a noisy contest. Mr. Llewellyn frequently observed to him, that in the days of town-criers he would have made lasting renown; and now that those functionaries were discarded, he need never go hungry while there were auctioneers in want of assistants.

“Hillo, brother!” cried Rasmus. “How’s the world goin’ with you?”

“It’s turning round, as usual,” said the stranger.

“Would it go against your grain any, to sit down and have supper with us? We ain’t proud, and a singed herring, a brown loaf, and a good pot of coffee makes a very good spread, in my notion.”

The stranger looked about hastily, as Rasmus made the proffer, to see if it were seconded. There was a certain delicacy in the glance, as if he did not wish to intrude, that hinted of former better circumstances, though evidently here was one on the down grade. Mr. Llewellyn waved his hand toward a place, and Rod moved a little

to make room. The stranger sat on the grass by them.

“Seems to me I saw you selling lemonade down yonder,” he suggested to Rasmus, as they waited for the coffee to boil, and the herrings to singe on a little bed of green sticks before the coals.

“And seems to me, you asked me for suthin’ stronger than lemonade, and I remarked to you, that that wasn’t my style.”

“Just so,” said the stranger, “and nothing stronger did I get. It seems, there’s a kind of local option round here, and also liquor is prohibited round this camp, while it’s here. Dry work that.”

“There’s some things,” said Rasmus, “that the more you drinks of ’em, the drier you gets. I think I heard you singing, down yonder, and a very proper voice you had.”

“Yes, I sang. I pick up a little living that way. So far, I pay my way, though sometimes it is poor pay, and a poor way. Not having had any of the strong waters you objected to, I’m in rather a melancholy mood to-night, but I won’t give way to it. That’s a very fair supper cooking there, and while it cooks, I’ll sing you a song for my share of it. It is a new song, just got from England. I observe in the mid-

land counties they like sea songs, and on the coast they are better pleased to hear about the mountains, and 'when the kye come home,' and so on. This is a new song called—

“ ‘CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HILL.’

“ ‘Come all you jolly seamen and landsmen likewise,
Come listen to my story, 'twill put you in surprise.
It's of a sloop, a voyage took, from Ireland to England—
Our sloop being new, I'll tell you true, belonged to fair Scot-
land.

“ ‘We loosed from Belfast harbor, the weather being clear,
And round the coast of Galway, our course we then did steer,
Our sloop being bound for Liverpool—our men were seamen
four ;

Our captain was Alexander Hill, who never reached the shore.

“ ‘We had a pleasant sailing breeze, till the sixth hour that
night,

When a dreadful storm it did arise, and put us in a fright.
The seas they ran like mountains high, and our sloop it ran.
The captain cries, “ My brave boys, let's cut for the Isle of
Man.”

“ ‘Our captain cries, “ Let us run for Ross, and try the raging
main ” ;

But we had no water to get in, which did increase our pain.
We heaved out our anchor, to wait upon the tide—
But oh, and alas, my brave boys ! our ship it would not ride.

“ ‘Our sloop was named the *Ellen*—to Aberdeen she did be-
long,

And as for our three mariners, their glasses they had run,
The two McCormick brothers were, the third, Alexander
Hill,

So I'll give o'er and say no more, in hope I've said no ill.' ”

Mr. Llewellyn had sat looking fixedly at the ground. He now raised his eyes, and said abruptly, "You sang better than that once, and better songs."

"No doubt," said the man, uneasily.

"You started out in life to be one of the leading tenor voices of the day ; you were—"

"Don't say it ! Let the name, at least, lie in peace !" cried the man, holding out his hand. "Now I am Tom Rowley, and my past is dead and buried. How did you find me out ?"

"I love a good voice, and going to hear great singers has been one of my few luxuries. I heard you sing with—shall I say whom ?"

"No ; let it drop ! When I think of what I was, and now a mere strolling roadside singer !"

"I thought you had one of the noblest tenor voices I ever heard ; there were notes in it I could not forget. And to-night I caught the echo of such tones again, and I set myself to associating these tones with my past, and so, step by step, as you sang, I went back to where I had heard you, and to whom you were."

"Yes ; you are right. And this is all that's left of me—a couple of shirts, a patched shoe, a few dimes in my pocket, a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth ; and yet, though I have Cain's fate, I have not sinned Cain's sin."

“What has done it?” asked Mr. Llewellyn.

“Whiskey did it,” said the ex-tenor, bitterly.

Here Rasmus announced supper. He had laid the herring on a clean plate that Rodney had woven out of oak-leaves, put the broken loaf into a basket that he had himself whiled away an afternoon hour in plaiting from rushes; the sugar was in the cups, and the coffee was steaming and fragrant. The eating put an end to conversation for a while. But the words of Mr. Llewellyn had recalled the past, and the singer reverted to his former life. He must discuss his fate, although he concealed his name. They were all sitting under the trees, watching the glories of the sunset, and the sifting of the light through the leaves.

“Yes, whiskey did it,” he said, mournfully.

“But I thought that strong drinks were of the things that singers, for the sake of their art, must eschew?”

“So they ought; but the passion for drink became by degrees stronger than devotion to music. Other people warned me. I knew myself where I was going. I knew what I might be, sober—what I would be drunken; but wine and brandy had their fatal fascination for me. I drank, though I knew every cup stole something from the purity, sweetness, and strength of song.”

“And if it had not, if to all outward sound the notes had remained the same, yet, prostrate as a slave under the feet of strong drink, your song would have lost the grand element of rightness, it would have been no true song. Do you not know that in all art, whether music, statuary, painting, we must have rightness, the true and honest soul expressing itself, or the art is worthless, and will never aid in lifting up men? We must have truth in ourselves, or we shall have no mission in any art, and the result of all our efforts will be to deprave.”

“I have been most unfortunate,” said the singer, gloomily; “all fate has been against me.”

“Let me answer you in the words of Carlyle, ‘No man oppresses thee, oh, free and independent franchiser, but does not this stupid pewter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid three go or come, but this absurd pot of “heavy wet” can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and of this accursed dish of liquor, and thou pratest of thy liberty! Thou entire block-head.’”

“That’s good,” said Rasmus, with serene approbation, “very good. I don’t believe I could have said anything better myself. Do you, Rod?”

But Rod went into his fits of laughter, which were frequently induced by the naive vanity of Rasmus, and laughed till he went rolling down the green grass of the hill.

“What’s the matter of that boy, now?” demanded Rasmus, with the greatest interest, of Mr. Llewellyn.

Unable to get any explanation as to the conduct of Rodney, Rasmus took the part of mentor to the tenor-singer. “I say, what seems wrong with you is, you haven’t sand enough in you—grit, mortar, I mean; if you knowed that drinking would spoil your singing, you shouldn’t ought to drink. Seeing you know it now, you’d ought never take another drop.”

“It’s too late to get back my voice, now; it’s gone.”

“Well, ’tain’t too late to be a honest man, is it? Seems to me that’s some account,” said Rasmus.

“See here,” said the singer, taking a round boulder, and giving it a gentle impetus on the shoulder of the hill. It rolled along, as if uncertain whether to go on or stop, then it came to a little steeper curve, and gathered swiftness of descent, then on faster, then whirling along the sharp declivity, then it leaped from jut to jut, and spun out of sight, and was lost with a crash in the gorge below.

“Behold me and my fate,” said the tenor, “it is on the down grade, darkness and loss await it. So for me. I began on the down grade slowly, but then I went faster and faster, and now I shall never stop till I am lost forever to the light of day.”

Mr. Llewellyn offered him the shelter of their cabin for the night, and a share of breakfast in the morning. It rained in the night, and was cloudy and dark, but with dawn Nature re-wrought her divine alchemy, and turned all things to gold in the crucible of the sunrise, and in that blaze of splendor they parted with the man on the “down grade.”

CHAPTER XIV.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

“So, when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Along the lives of men.”

“Look down there,” said Rodney, waving his hand toward a village in the valley, “there is a funeral.”

They saw beneath them the village, with its white houses, its long, straight street, the church in the centre, with the white spire pointing to the sky. Beside the church was the graveyard, a small green field, sown with white or gray headstones, in the centre a taller column than the others, marking the resting-place of some rural magnate. Toward this graveyard a funeral was moving, while the church-bell, slowly tolled, kept time with the mourners' steps. From the distance there was no sound or motion in the hamlet, except those connected with the funeral.

“I don't see why everything has got to come to an end by dying,” said Rasmus, with great

dissatisfaction ; “ why can't everybody get about old enough to be strong and comfortable, say as old as I am, and stay that way ? The flowers are as beautiful as flowers can be, why need they fade for other flowers to come ? Why must the birds die, just to make room for other birds, and why need winters come after summers ? I hate winter, and I hate death, and why must they be ? ”

“ You wish to judge the ways of God, not to merely accept them. That is what all we humans are too fond of doing, whether great or small, wise or ignorant. But can you not put a why at the other end of the chain of events ? Why is there life ? Why are men born ? Are you sure that anything dies, or only sure that it dies ? When the summer drinks up the water in a pond, has it gone or only changed its place ? The leaves and flowers fade, and fall, and perish, we say in the ground, but the earth is a great laboratory, where everything is renewed, and the leaf, dead and decayed, rises again into the light and air in the tissue of other leaves. Nothing is lost in God's economy ; all serves its end, destined from the beginning in the thought of God. Man taken out of this world is but born into another world, where he exists forever, and in this world he does not perish in his influence ;

in his word, work, example, for good or evil, he lives on."

"It seems as if more good could be done by living right on than by getting out of the world," said Rasmus.

"You feel so now; but the older you grow the less you will like the prospect of continuous living in this world. The worst punishment that fiction has been able to find for a sinner was to live on and on and on forever, as the Wandering Jew."

"Who was he agin?" demanded Rasmus.

"It's only a story—a legend, Rasmus," said Rodney. "It is said that when the Lord Jesus was going through the streets of Jerusalem to be crucified, He was very tired, and wished to rest on the door-step of a shop, and the shop-keeper standing in the door drove Him on."

"Mean wretch!" cried Rasmus in indignation. "If I'd been there, I'd knocked his head for him!"

"Well, a different punishment fell on him: that was, never to die till Christ comes back to the world."

"That was much too good for him; it was giving him good luck for his badness," said Rasmus, positively.

"Not as it turned out for him. He had to

keep travelling on and on and on all over the world."

"That was nice, too," said the tireless Rasmus. "I'd like nothing better, so long as I knowed I had time for it, and wouldn't die in a hospital."

"Perhaps this man did not think it so bad at first. But as time went on, he had more and more misery in it. All the people of his own family and day died. Age after age he wandered over the world, and saw the nations change, and he was still the miserable fugitive that nothing could kill. He could hope for nothing, fear nothing, care for nothing, only just travel still across the world."

"Maybe it would get pretty lonesome after a time," assented Rasmus.

"Suppose you know, that you had lived so long that you knew Robin was dead and forgotten, and you never could find him, and that Sally Crew was grown old and wrinkled and dead, and that Mr. Llewellyn had gone, and I had grown an old man and died, and that no matter how many you met, or liked, they would all get old and die, and leave you behind?"

"Yes; it would look sort of tedious," admitted Rasmus; "but I don't think people live half long enough."

“That is mostly their own fault, or the fault of their near ancestors,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “I do not think that people live nearly as long as God intended them to live. The human body is a very nicely made machine, that should remain strong and complete for many years. Death, you know, is the fruit of sin, and by increase of sin death comes more swiftly and in more varied and terrible forms. God made the human body to have work and rest at regular times ; He made the night for our sleep, the day for activity ; He gave us muscles that should not be weighted and restrained by unnatural clothing, but should be decently covered by simple and easy garb, not over-heating, not exposing to chill, not fettering the action of our organs. He made our eyes to be used chiefly by natural light ; our teeth to chew food of a temperature near that of the mouth ; He gave us stomachs to be regularly fed with plain and simple food ; He gave us the model drink for our needs, in water ; He gave us a large abundance of fruit food, especially adapted to our systems. If we heeded all these indications of nature for our good, we should, no doubt, live much longer and more comfortably than we do. Parents, so living, would have healthful children, likely to be long-lived, and the death-rate of the

race would be wonderfully reduced and the life-rate increased."

"How long do the oldest men live now?" asked Rodney.

"Seventy to eighty is now long life. I have met a number of people of ninety or a hundred. A famous man in England, named Old Parr, lived to be, they thought, over one hundred and fifty-two years old. An English author tells of a visit to an Irish family near Dublin, where a number of generations lived on a farm, the oldest of the men being one hundred and thirty. But you must consider how many children die under five; how many young men do not reach twenty-five; what numbers of the human race perish in the prime of middle life when they could be most useful. And it is very evident that our own follies shorten life. The greatest number of child deaths occur in the children of drinking parents; the children of drinking people are not likely to reach old age, even if they survive infancy. The hereditary effects of drunkenness are to deprave blood and shorten life. Then, drinking people themselves are more liable to disease, less likely to recover when ill, more subject to epidemics, and very seldom reach sixty. Now, there are exceptional human constitutions which, even to old age, withstand

the effects of strong drinks, and a capital is made of these cases by the advocates of intoxicants. Drinking is accompanied by late hours, strong excitements, and abnormal tastes in food, all of which have evil effects on the human frame. We eat too often; we eat unnatural, greasy, highly-spiced food; we over-eat; we eat food too hot; we follow scalding soup by freezing sherbet or ice-cream, and expect our teeth to stand such changes of their temperature; we use too much liquid in the shape of varied, even if harmless drinks. Then we use our eyes by artificial light, or in imperfect light, in unnatural positions, or we overstrain them and wonder why they wear out. We complain that God did not give us stronger eyes. We forget that He gave us good organs for good use, and we give them bad use, and are angry that they do not last! God gave us night for rest; He giveth His beloved sleep, and men take the peaceful night to follow a wakeful, laborious day, with drinking or carousing; we spend it at a card-table or in a theatre, and we wonder that our human machine gets overworked and wears out. Instead of wondering so much about death and disease, and complaining that God sends these, let us see if a great deal of the trouble is not brought by ourselves, by defying divine commands."

Such talks occupied the way, and helped the making of a man of Rasmus.

Every Sabbath was a day of rest for our travellers, and that it might not be a day of exhaustion instead of rest, they stopped early on Saturday, whether they camped in a wood or tarried at an inn or farmhouse. Among the Pennsylvania hills, especially in the districts peopled by those of German descent, the charges at the little, old-fashioned inns were very reasonable. Clean beds, a plain, good table, and quiet were to be had for a few dimes. The earth brought forth bountifully; all kinds of food-stuffs were at very low prices; many of the hamlets seemed a simple, little Arcadia, quite outside of the strife and troubles of the general world. To such a little village, with the odd name of "Stalking Deer," Mr. Llewellyn had had his letters directed, as he would there pass the Sabbath. Rodney had a letter from the blooming Sally Crew. She asked if "Mr. Rasmus" had made any more speeches, and sent her regards to Mr. Llewellyn and the rest. Rasmus thought this a magnificent letter, when Rod read it to him, sitting on a bench by the inn door. Rasmus took it and looked at it carefully, wondering if ever he would write well enough to address a young woman who could make such a good letter as that.

“Yes, indeed, before long,” said Rodney.

Mr. Llewellyn put his head from the window of the inn sitting-room. “Rasmus, nine years is a long time, and many changes happen in it but I think I have news of your little brother for nine years ago—”

Rasmus leaped up. Sally had vanished from his mind ; he returned to the grand passion of his life—to Robin. He jumped through the open window ; to go round by the door would take too long. The ruddy Rasmus was pale. “Let’s hear,” was all he could say.

“A lady in the West has seen the advertisement copied from the Pittsburg paper, as an item of interest, and she writes to the New York publisher, and he sends the letter to me. She says that nine years ago she had in her Sunday-school class, in Illinois, a little hump-backed lad, very sweet and pretty-mannered.”

“I knowed it ! That’s just like Robin !” cried Rasmus.

“He had been adopted from a New York Home, and all his friends were dead.”

“No such thing ; I wasn’t dead !” cried Rasmus.

“The Home people thought you were, and probably said so ; but hear the rest of it. The little boy was named Robin, and she was very

fond of him. He showed her a picture-book that had been given him when first taken by the family, and in it was a picture of a street-lad selling things, and he had had the lady he lived with write 'Rasmus' beside it, because he thought it was like a brother he had had. And when she gave him a red Testament he got her to write 'Robin and Rasmus' on the first page. He seemed to have a great affection for this brother, and finally told the lady 'that he prayed God every day not to let his brother be dead.' The lady was so interested in the case that she wrote to the Home in New York City, and finally traced the brother up to a farmer near New York, but found he had disappeared from there."

"O," cried Rasmus, with a burst of grief, "if I'd stayed I'd found my Robin!" Then after a little silence he cried out fiercely, "What I wants to know is, was he happy and well took care of?"

"The lady says in this letter that he was much thought of by the good people who had him, and very happy."

"They'd better think well of him!" shouted Rasmus, clenching his fist, "or I'd go break every bone in their body! But where is he now? I'm going to start right after him, to-night. You

can get Rod to his uncle. I'm going after my boy, I've waited long enough."

"My poor Rasmus, you will have to wait longer, for the lady says these people moved away, and she does not know where they went, but their name was Long, and she gives the town they lived in nine years ago, and I will write to the postmaster there, and to some leading citizen, and we are that much nearer the lad; you have just so many more points for advertising again, and you know at least that he was in good hands, with people who cared for him, soul and body."

The immediate effect of this news was to make Rasmus very uneasy and unhappy. His eagerness to find his brother was all renewed; the love of little Robin for him touched his heart. Earth seemed to have no good aside from Robin; the beauties of the way, the subjects of interest that Mr. Llewellyn tried to start, could not call his attention; he went his road in moody silence, his hands thrust in his pockets, his head down, his shoulders bent under the bag which he usually carried so easily. It was Rodney who found a way to rouse him.

"Rasmus, if those folks sent Robin to the Sunday-school, of course they sent him to day-school too, and by this time he must have learned

a great deal. Of course he's alive, for if he lived through all the troubles he had when he was little, and three years after you lost him, it is likely he is living yet. In a good home and good care, what would make him die? If that strange lady saw the advertisement, he will too, or some other one you put in, and then you'll find him, and he'll like to find you some learned, too. He would feel hurt if you couldn't read and write."

"Think so, Rod?"

"Dead sure of it."

"Then here goes; I'll tackle my spellin' again. But, I say, I have the hardest luck ever fell to any man."

"No, you haven't. S'pose circus folks had stolen him, and been banging him about all this while? You've found out he had a good home, and was happy, and you're growling at that! What would suit you?"

"Finding him!" cried Rasmus, with unction.

"That will come in good time," said Mr. Llewellyn.

Rasmus roused himself and returned to his studies. He had now not merely the hope of finding himself able to write a letter to the milliner-maiden Sally, but he must see to it that Robin was not ashamed of him when they met. He spent hours along the road, spelling the

name of all that he saw, writing words on bits of wood, or picking out chapters of the Gospel of John from Rod's Testament, Mr. Llewellyn telling him that no reading-book in the English language is so well suited to a beginner, having so many and easy English words. Sitting by the camp-fire in the evening, Rasmus planned for the future. Would Robin care for him still, after these further nine years of absence? Did Robin think he had forgotten him, and gone bad, after running away from the farmer? Would Robin wish, like Rodney, to go to college? Was not Robin just the right age to go? How should he be able to put him through a college?

"I'll get my uncle to help," said Rodney, confidently.

"My lad," said Mr. Llewellyn, "your uncle may be just as hard to find as Robin is, and when found, even, he may not be able or willing to do what you wish for you. Don't expect too much, for fear of preparing a disappointment too heavy to bear."

"His letter was that of a very nice man," said Rodney.

"Suppose you let us see it," said Mr. Llewellyn.

Rodney got out a little yellow note-book, and

sat by Mr. Llewellyn while he unfolded all his family records. Rasmus kneeling behind them scrutinized all as closely as if he could by anxious looking read every word, while in truth he could not decipher one of the crabbed records made by Mr. Andrews.

“Now, first,” said Rodney, “here is a little writing on this page by Mr. Andrews, telling that my parents were drowned crossing a ford, and left me, five years old. Under it is a line he wrote the day he died, saying that he sent the account of the drowning to my mother’s uncle, and did not mention that I remained alive, and so my mother’s uncle thought me dead. Next page he says that he was made my guardian, and the amount of all my parents left was one thousand dollars. And here he shows how he invested it, and here how he lost it. And here is the address of my mother’s uncle on Fulton Street, New York, where he used to be, that is. And this is the last line Mr. Andrews wrote, asking him to look out for me; and here in this pocket is the letter.” Rodney took out a crumpled yellow letter, written on square business paper, the short letter of a busy man :

“MY DEAR MARY:

“I am glad to know you and yours are in health, and like your new home. I hope you will prosper. If the day comes

when I get so free of business care that I can travel, and see the great West, I shall call on you, and it will do me good to meet you once more. Left lonely as I am in the world, having lost all my dear family, I do not forget that you are the only child of my only sister, who is now in heaven. I have now good health, and nothing to complain of in my affairs. But what comfort is money to a lonesome man? I hope you will write me often. May God bless you.

“Your affectionate uncle,

“PETER WALDON.”

“It seems the letter of a kind man,” said Mr. Llewellyn; “but you have no reason to infer a very rich one.”

“Mr. Andrews said he was rich, he thought.”

“And I should fancy, also, an old man; he may now not be living. He had had much loss and trouble.”

“If the uncle don’t turn up, I’ll stick by him,” said Rasmus. “I said I would, and I will, honor bright.”

Rasmus did not realize how different these thoughts were from those of a few months before, when he had planned an idle walk across country with Rodney, to end in getting a hundred dollars from a “rich uncle” for the care of the lad. Rasmus had grown honestly fond of Rodney, and in the company of Rodney and the naturalist, a new life had risen in him; he had been a lazy, overgrown boy; now he was changing to a thoughtful, upright man.

"I say, Rod," he demanded, soon ; "suppose you find your uncle is a liquor-dealer, and wants you to stay with him, and sell—what then?"

"I wouldn't do it," responded Rodney, indignantly.

"Well, suppose he don't draw it quite so tight as that ; suppose he is a liquor-seller, but is willing to be a father to you, and send you through college—what then?"

"I won't do it. I don't want to be supported on money that has been got in destroying people. It is a wicked way to make money, and I'd have nothing to do with that kind of a relation. If I began, I'd maybe go on, to selling the stuff myself."

"Got lots of sand in him, hasn't he, for a little chap?" said Rasmus admiringly, to Mr. Llewellyn. "Now, I'll lay you any odds you like, my Robin will be just like that."

"Without stopping to bet," said Mr. Llewellyn, "I dare say he is a very steadfast little man—his clinging to your name as he did, shows that."

"Don't it?" said Rasmus, immensely delighted. "Now, I know it ain't in me to stick to a body like that! Robin was always worth ten of me, any day."

"And I think you need not be raising the

liquor-dealer bugbear about Rodney's uncle. The letter does not show such a man. As far as I know, liquor-dealers are not likely to console themselves with the idea that their friends are in heaven, nor do they seek God's blessing on themselves or anybody else."

"Well, if it don't beat all, your finding all them notions in that little letter," said Rasmus.

"I think, to save time," said Mr. Llewellyn, "Rodney had better at once write a letter to his uncle, to that old address, telling his story, and requesting a reply, directed to my care, at Allentown. And I will, to-night, send an advertisement to the *Herald*, about Robin, and ask any answer to be sent as that other was."

It was well Mr. Llewellyn took this step, tending to allay the impatience of Rodney and Rasmus, for the trip met a delay. They had made their next Saturday camp in a hilly region, beside a little river. When all was in order, Mr. Llewellyn began his usual explorations. He had gone up the bank overhanging the stream, and was reaching after a new variety of flower which he saw growing on the extreme edge, when the ground gave way under him, and he fell into the brook, a distance of twenty-five feet. He struck against a boulder, breaking his left arm above the elbow. They were

but two miles from the village. Rasmus hastily changed Mr. Llewellyn's clothes, and told Rodney to walk slowly with him toward the village, to find a surgeon, while he broke up their encampment, and followed with the rest of the goods. The day was hot and dusty. The sudden chill of falling into the brook had been a severe shock, and before a doctor could be found, the broken arm had swollen badly, and Mr. Llewellyn was feverish. The doctor assured him that bones, at his age, did not mend as beautifully as for young folks. He must go to bed, and it would be at least two weeks before he should resume his rambling life. After the arm was set, Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney went to the little inn, the doctor taking them there in his buggy.

"My life!" cried the stout hostess, as they alighted, "if this isn't Mr. Llewellyn, the Welsh gentleman, as is so daft on flowers and bugs! I always said, sir, gallivanting round as you do, you'd break your neck, and now you've gone and done it."

"Not quite so bad as that," said Mr. Llewellyn.

"Well, whatever is broke, here you'll be well taken care of, till you're mended. There's as nice a cool room as ever was, right up at the

stair head, so come along and get quiet as soon as possible."

Mr. Llewellyn did not feel very quiet. His arm was very painful, and this was a distressing check in his journey. He did not wish Rodney and Rasmus to go on without him. He was greatly interested in their fortunes; in two weeks he would be hardly able to go on, and carry his luggage alone, and he knew neither Rodney nor Rasmus were in funds to pay their board for a fortnight, and the extra tax on his own narrow means would be heavy. While he was lying, rolling his head from side to side, on his uneasy pillow, wondering what should be done, Rasmus came in, his face beaming like a full moon. Disasters seemed native air to Rasmus, and in them he thrived famously.

"Now, boss, you have done it, haven't you?" he said gaily, as he seated himself on the bedside. "But you displayed your good judgment in finding a proper place for the fracas. Nice little hotel this—nice landlady. Rod's going to take care of you here, for two weeks, and if he don't do it well, him and me will make a settlement, to his disadvantage. I'm going to hire out harvesting. I made mention to the landlady I couldn't lie round doing nothin' for two weeks, and she said a farmer right near town

was in a dreadful way for extra help; and after supper I'll go strike a two weeks' bargain with him. I'll get my board, and be able to pay Rod's, too. So you be easy."

"I can pay my nurse's board, Rasmus, if you look out for yourself," said Mr. Llewellyn.

"And I'm going to write here every evening, till I get up a letter to Miss Sally," said Rasmus.

By the time Mr. Llewellyn could travel, this letter was written :

"KIND MISS SALLY:

"This is to let you know we are all well, and hope you think about us as we do about you. And more is to be said some other time by your servant,

CHAPTER XV.

THE END IN VIEW.

“Ashore, ashore! weariness bringeth balm,
And tired souls thereby be doubly blessed.
Ashore, ashore! the Father, with His calm,
Granteth His toilers rest.”

AGAIN the interrupted journey was resumed. The pockets of Rasmus rattled like castanets with fourteen dollars of wages, earned during the delay, and to this music, the thoughts of Rasmus worked upon brilliant plans for the future. The possession of an unencumbered fortune of fourteen dollars woke acquisitiveness in him. He turned to his mentor.

“Mr. Llewellyn, could a man ever save up a thousand dollars of earnings?”

“Certainly.”

“How long would it take?”

“It depends on the value of the earnings. Skilled workmen, as carpenters, joiners, plasterers, master masons, and others, who pursue valuable trades, get three or four dollars a day; so can a printer. But you, Rasmus, are in the

ranks of unskilled labor. The days when you should have been at school, fitting for apprenticeship, you were allowed to run the city streets, picking up what few pennies you could. Later, when you should have been perfecting yourself in a handicraft, you have been wandering up and down the country. The most you could earn would be two dollars a day—no doubt less. But put it at that figure, board, clothes, and so on, will at least take one dollar a day; then you save at most six dollars a week. Money does not accumulate fast now at interest, for interest is low on safe investments. But let us say, that in three years, all ordinary accidents and interruptions considered, you could save up a thousand dollars.”

“Then I tell you what I’d do. I’d buy a farm, and stock it, and have a house on it all furnished, and Robin should live with me—maybe I could get some one else, too, to come keep it; and I’d have a lot of little, poor kids from the city, that never see grass, nor have any chance for themselves, and I’d give ’em a start in life.”

“A thousand dollars is quite a large sum, but it would not do all that, I think, Rasmus.”

“Then I’d work six years, and make it two thousand. You see, dad, I’ve got used to look-

ing a long while ahead, and to waiting for what I want."

As the days went on, Rasmus planned more and more for his future, and seemed to take it for granted that he should surely find his lost Robin. His buoyant spirits rose, and he spent hours in explaining how he would furnish his house, and what color his cows should be, and what he would name them, and what kinds of fowls he would keep. What Robin should be and do puzzled him most. Were hump-back men ever lawyers or doctors or preachers? Would Robin be likely to write books?

Mr. Llewellyn began to fear for him, the reaction of disappointment, and encouraged him to look at the possibility of not finding Robin, and yet preparing a home, to which he might invite Sally.

On a charming August afternoon, Rodney was travelling along by himself some little time behind his two companions. They had overtaken an artist sketching in a field, and he had requested Rodney to stand for a figure in his picture. The point of meeting for six o'clock had been settled, and now Rodney was coming on by himself. Passing through a small village, he saw a familiar face at a window.

"I declare! I believe that is Ammi's young-

est daughter, Miss Lucy," he said to himself, and lifted his hat.

At once the girl left the window, and came flying down the walk to the gate. It was indeed Lucy, but looking much brighter and better than in the spring.

"O, it is really you, Rodney! I'm so glad to see you! I saw two passing a while ago that were just like Mr. Llewellyn and that funny Mr. Rasmus, but I was not quite sure. How are you all?"

"O, we are very well, and you look much better, Miss Lucy," said Rodney.

"I feel quite different, I assure you. I have been here a month. In a week we are going to Pittsburg. Matilda married, finally, and we came here to visit her new family."

"And—how are—all at your home, Miss Lucy?"

"Things are better there, at last. A little after you left, father had a terrible wild time, and we had to keep two men on the watch. It ended in a kind of fit, and an illness, and when he came out of that he was paralyzed, so he can't move from his chair, nor use his hands much. But his mind became much better, and he talks reasonably, and he likes to sit in a big chair and watch the road, or see the work going on; and

he talks very pleasantly. So, poor mother says she is seeing better times than she has had for years. And, indeed, he is now not so different from other paralytics, and in comparison with the cage and the screaming, and the terror of being murdered, why, it is quite heavenly."

"That's good news."

"And my sister Louisa can now come home from the hospital, since she can live with mother without being frightened out of her life; and the doctor says the country air will be much better for her than where she is."

"And that, too, is good."

"It's good of its kind," said Miss Lucy; "but it's a poor kind. Why, here where we are, my brother-in-law's father is just my father's age, and not so well educated as my father, and started much poorer, and he's a member of legislature, and all the people round here look up to him, and he is an office-bearer in the church, and he is as fine and hearty-looking a man as one could see. And to think of my poor father, sitting crippled in his chair, and having been years like a wild beast shut in a cage! It's dreadful!"

"I wouldn't look at that side of it, seeing it will do no good," said Rodney, philosophically. "I'd think that now he is pretty comfortable,

and that it is a good thing that he never killed anybody."

"I suppose that is the best way," said Miss Lucy. "I'd like to ask you in, but my sister and the rest are off for a ride, only the lady of the house, and she has a very bad nervous headache, and our talk would disturb her. I tell you what I will do, I'll give you some late Pittsburg papers!"

Miss Lucy seemed to regard this as such a splendid offer, that Rodney felt that it would be discourteous to say that he did not care for Pittsburg papers, as he did not know the name of a street or person in that grimy and busy city. Miss Lucy ran back to the sitting-room for the papers, and assured Rodney that there was "lots of reading in them."

Having said "good-bye," Rodney continued his pursuit of his fellow-travellers, carrying his papers under his arm. He found his party camped in an ancient mill. The wheel was broken and motionless; no water came through the dry race; holes were in the roof, and the boarding had been ripped off in places from the sides. Some of the flooring was intact, and several great logs that had never found their way to the saws, lay across the beams. The mill had been for grist as well as for lumber, and

two or three worn-out grindstones lay in the cellar, having fallen through the rotted portions of the floor. The rats had deserted their ancient haunts, but high up in the eaves pigeons and swallows lived in concord.

“Why are there so many of these ruined mills? We have seen three or four; one would think the country was going to decay,” said Rodney.

“Decay and growth have much the same initial processes,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “The seed sown, rots and dies in the process of germination and renewed life. These deserted mills mark not the decay of trade, but trade taking larger strides by means of steam; for several of these small and inefficient mills we have now, in some favorable locality, the great steam-mill, with all modern improvements.”

Rodney narrated his interview with Miss Lucy.

“I hope to gracious,” said Rasmus, “that the day will come when every distillery in the country will be standing as wrecked and forsaken as this old mill. I vow I’d be willin’ to foot it ’cross country, and eat a picnic in every one of ’em! That would be a decayin’ that meant growin’, a dyin’ that meant livin’, and a ruin that meant buildin’ up.”

“The distilleries and breweries are most of them large, strong, and handsome buildings,” said Mr. Llewellyn; “so, I hope, instead of falling into decay, they will be turned into silk and cotton mills, or knitting-mills, or factories for making the numerous small wares that will be in great demand as soon as every family can have the necessaries of life, and not be robbed by having its head lay out all his earnings in drink. Trade would look up wonderfully if all the money locked up or destroyed in the liquor business were let loose on the country. If all barefoot children were able to be shod, the shoe factories would hum with business; if all half-clad men and women could have woven hose and under-clothing, think how trade would revive in the knitting-mills. If every house could have its sitting-room carpet, and its window-shades, and its good chairs, the production of these articles would double. It is not by the lavish purchases of the rich, who usually demand foreign products to satisfy their fantastic tastes, but by the comfort and thrift in the homes of working-people, who are home manufacturers, that the prosperity of a people is built up.”

“Well, I reckon your plan is better than mine,” said Rasmus, whose fire had now burnt down to coals, so that he could arrange for the

bàking of some potatoes. "Now, Rod, it will take a proper while for them 'taters to cook themselves to my notion. Let's hear what's in them papers while we're waiting."

"There's nothing in them, I guess," said Rodney, unfolding the journals, and looking them over. "Why, yes there is! Here are some letters from a village, or town. Let me see. O, Mr. Llewellyn, do you remember our hermit, up on Chestnut Ridge?"

"Certainly, he is an old friend of mine."

"Well, let me run this over, and tell you about it. I am glad she gave me these papers. Why, this is fine! Now, see here. It says that about four weeks ago, a party of idle fellows got on a spree there, and took a jug of whiskey to the woods, to get as drunk as they liked; and one of them got a fall, and got killed. It was near the hermit's place, and he helped the others—who were so scared they got sober—to weave a hurdle, or a kind of bier, and they carried it to town. There they set it down in the middle of the main street, and the hermit made a great speech over it, telling the people to come and see what the whiskey that they allowed did for people. The burgesses were having a meeting in the hall, and the hermit had the bier with the dead man carried there, and

he made a speech to the burgesses, telling them that it was all very fine, the roadmaster looking after the highways, and leaving liquor-shops along them like pits and rocks, and wild beasts, to destroy the passers-by; and he said it was fine for the poormaster to be talking of the cheapest and best way to provide for paupers, and they licensing the shops that were mere mills to turn out paupers; and it was gay work to keep the assessor assessing taxes, and the collector collecting them, and allow liquor to be made and sold, which created the need of over half the taxes. There was their work before them, he said: what did they think of it? A youth who might have been a useful citizen, and one of the burgesses themselves, left to drunken parents, and the streets, and to temptations to drink; and there he lay, ruined and dead, and he not much more than a boy. Then he had the men pick up the bier again, and away they went to the church, where they were having a meeting, to raise money for a new church, with a tall steeple; and in they went, and laid the dead man down before the pulpit, and the hermit spoke again, and said it was fine times to serve God with temples of brick and stone, and the human temples He chose rather for His home, were left to go to ruin. And he asked, who of

the church members had tried to help or save that young man : who had fought against the saloons, and the dram-selling, resolved never to stop till they stopped? O, he went on in the church, till all the people got crying, and the minister got praying ; and then they picked up the bier once more, and carried it to the saloon, and told the keeper there was his finished work come home, and what was he going to do with it? And from that, a tremendous stir about temperance, and meetings are held, and in all the villages and county school-houses round ; and the hermit is speaking at all, and they call him Peter the Hermit, preaching a nineteenth century crusade, and though he was so afraid of the whiskey before, that he had to hide on the mountain, now, since he has come down to fight it, he is not afraid at all, but says all desire for it is taken out of him, and it makes him sick to think of it."

" Really, that is great news," said Mr. Llewellyn.

" I'd like to be there, to make a speech," said Rasmus, who had taken great conceit of himself as an orator.

" Since you can't, suppose you don't let the potatoes burn."

" Well, I vow, Rod, I'd forgot them 'taters ;

but they are done just to a turn. I think myself that men ain't much good at housekeeping. Women give just the right touches to cooking, and men gets their minds occupied like, with various things, and lets things go wrong. There should be houses, and then there should be women to keep 'em."

"And every woman should be named Sally, and have red cheeks," asserted Rodney, boldly.

The next day, as they rambled along, Rodney discovered that the sole of his shoe was loose, and Mr. Llewellyn, finding himself limping, perceived that he had lost a boot-heel. They must therefore stop for repairs at the cobbler's, in the first village. They found the cobbler in a little shop, under a great horse-chestnut tree. The village looked quiet and thriving; the blacksmith's-shop was opposite the cobbler, and the forge glowed red. But the cobbler had a very gloomy face, and evidently took a dismal view of life. Rodney and Mr. Llewellyn, perched on two stools, sat in their stocking feet, having resigned their shoes to the man of wax-ends. Rasmus stretched himself like a big dog in the doorway.

"How's trade?" asked Rasmus the affable.

"Bad," said the cobbler. "I 'spect we'll all end in the poorhouse, for 'no man can make a living, these days."

“What’s the matter with the days?” asked Rasmus, mildly.

“They are all out of gear,” said the cobbler, pounding pegs in Rod’s shoe-sole. “There’s nothing but communism, and riots, and strikes, from one end of the country to the other. No one is satisfied—I’m not satisfied, myself.”

“That’s bad,” said Rasmus.

“So it is. There’s no encouragement or safety. Why, I wouldn’t be hired to live in a city. I’d expect mob law to be proclaimed any minute. Then houses are torn down, stores are gutted, pavements wrenched up, property destroyed, military is called out, and when the fuss is over, the State is called on to pay the bill, and the State takes it out of us, raisin’ it in taxes. Now, I expect to pay part of the few pennies I get of you, for this job, in taxes that will be laid out paying for some villain riot or another. It’s nothing but sedition and trouble, and seems as if it always was going to be.”

“Seditions and troubles have been the cry these many years,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “Lord Bacon wrote an essay about them, two hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts. And he made these remarks: ‘The surest way to prevent seditions, if the times permit, is to take away the material of them, for if there be fuel pre-

pared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. Now, the material of seditions is of two kinds, much poverty and much discontent.' ”

“That’s as true a word as ever was said,” replied the cobbler, “and what are you going to do about it?”

“I think the chief raw material of riots is to be found in intemperance,” said Mr. Llewellyn. “From drinking comes destitution: from destitution, anger, envy, revenge. Drink destroys the money that should purchase breadstuffs or manufactured articles. Trade is slack, mills close, the operatives are out of work, or on reduced wages; they have thus little money to put into the stream of commerce; the retail dealers make less demands on the wholesale; the wholesale men send few orders to the mills; the factories press more heavily on the hands. Then come riots, strikes, revenges on property owners, by men who, but for drink, might very likely have been property owners themselves. Mobs are not made up of men who have anything to lose. The man who owns his house, and comfortable furniture therein, is not likely to imperil this possession by inciting a mob, with its ensuing fire and plunder. But, at the same time, the rich aggravate all the evil by

making, using, selling, protecting strong drink. Intemperance has among us two strong protectors, the wealthy and the impoverished. These demand and protect the liquor-traffic, and between them the great middle class, which as a rule supports the temperance cause, is crushed, and opposed, and pressed, as between upper and nether millstones."

"Well, I hadn't looked at it just that way before," said the cobbler, handing Rodney his mended shoe.

"You'd better look at it that way from this out, brother," said Rasmus, "and instid of complainin' of the bad times, just turn your attention to quarrëllin' with what makes the bad times."

"I don't see what I can do about it," said the cobbler, "I am not a person of influence."

"You've got a tongue in your head, and it seems you don't mind wagging it. Wag it right. It's as easy to be right as wrong, and more convenient. Got any kids?"

"A couple," said the cobbler.

"Well, there's influence for you; bring 'em up right. What makes so many men crooked to-day is that so many boys was 'lowed to be crooked yesterday."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Llewellyn, "that

you could do much to arouse temperance opinion if you studied the matter honestly, and talked of it heartily to those who came into your shop? We all have influence, and the more we exert ourselves to make good use of it, the more it grows."

"Still, one man alone is such a small affair."

"So is a blade of grass. But it is the growth of individual blades that covers the field and feeds the cattle. Besides, my good friend, when you go up to judgment, God will not ask you for the work of eight or ten lives, but for your own single work, in your own especial place. He will not ask you for the work laid out for the judge's bench, or for the banker's office, or the governor's chair, but for the work to be done in a cobbler's shop, to the sound of driving pegs and pulling waxed ends; and believe me, He will be just as insistent on having a full, clean account of that work given, as He is about the most important work on earth."

The cobbler handed Mr. Llewellyn his shoe, with a new heel. "I don't know as I ought to charge anything for my work, when I've had such an amount of useful conversation," he said.

"It would be a poor commentary on our principles and our theories if we did not honestly pay our way," said Mr. Llewellyn, handing him the money due.

“And, brother,” said Rasmus, picking himself up from the doorway, “don’t say you’ve no influence, nor nothing to do, so long as there’s a raft of boys lying round to be talked to. I was a boy, allowed to come up, hit or miss, myself, and I know how bad luck it is.”

“What shall I teach my boys?” said the cobbler, earnestly.

“The Alphabet and the Ten Commandments,” said Mr. Llewellyn.

“And work,” said Rasmus. “It’s lying round loose, does it. Teach ’em work, savin’ up, earnin’ somethin’ of their own, and knowin’ how to take care of it. Land! having nothin’ to do, and doing of it industrious, has nigh been the ruination of me.”

“I never saw such a party in my life,” said the cobbler, looking after the three as they went up the street. “Proper pretty boy, looks like a gentleman; little old man with spectacles, looks like a learned scollard of some kind, with his tin boxes and bug nets; but the big fellow, with the roaring voice and the merry eye, beats my time! Looks like a tramp made over into a boss of some kind, and I don’t believe that’s possible.”

Rasmus was certainly getting made over; but into what, was not yet apparent.

And now they were nearly across the State;

Blair and Huntingdon Counties, with their mountain magnificence, were far behind them ; Dauphin and Lebanon had given place to the wonderful luxuriance of agricultural Berks County ; and then they had seen the lumber camps and sightly peaks of Lehigh, and the heart of Rasmus had risen high with assurance of hope as the spires of Allentown met his view. It was on a Saturday evening that they reached this goal of their hopes. Although weary with the warm day and the journey, they hurried at once to the post-office. There was a letter for Rodney from the dead-letter office, enclosing the one written by him to his uncle. Across the envelope was written, "No person of this name known in this neighborhood."

"There, Rod!" cried Rasmus, dropping promptly to the depths of despair, as suited his versatile disposition. "I knowed your uncle was dead! I told you so all along."

"This does not prove it," said Mr. Llewellyn. "It merely shows that for some years he has not done business in that neighborhood. He may have retired from business, or gone to some other part of the city. That remains to be proved. Our search will be more difficult, that is all."

"But where is my letter?" demanded Rasmus.

“There is no answer to the advertisement, so far.”

“Then there will never be any! It is weeks now!”

“But we will try another, and we will try in more than one paper. All hope is not lost yet.”

“Yes, it is; we’re done for, Rod and me; but I’ll stick to Rod, since I haven’t anything else to do.”

“Here’s a letter advertised for you on the bulletin,” said Rodney, who was solacing himself by looking about the office. And he pointed out, “Mr. Rasmus, Allentown.”

Rasmus promptly secured his letter. “Is it from Robin?” he demanded, scrutinizing the envelope.

“No, from Sally. I can tell by the post-mark,” said Rod.

But a letter even from the lovely Sally could not compensate Rasmus for the failing of his long-cherished hope, about the little lost lad. Mr. Llewellyn took his companions to a small inn on the edge of the town, where he meant to pass the Sabbath, and then Rasmus and Rodney, perching themselves on an adjacent fence, opened the letter of Miss Sally:

“DEAR MR. RASMUS:

“I never had so short a letter as the one from you. It seems that it is not short for want of something to say, but

you save up your news for another time. I had a beautiful letter from Rodney. He told me you were making more splendid speeches on temperance. I am proud to know a great orator; you will beat Mr. Gough. I send my love to Mr. Llewellyn, and my best wishes to Rodney, and my regards to any other of my friends that cares for them.

“SALLY CREW.

“P. S.—Mother and all are well. George wrote a most beautiful composition on Spring. I wish you had a slice of my last cake, it is elegant.”

“Isn't that an awful nice letter?” said Rasmus.

On the Tuesday morning after this they entered New Jersey, and directed their steps across that little State toward Jersey City. Mr. Llewellyn had received word of a convention of botanists, whom he wished to meet, and proposed that Rasmus and Rodney should complete the trip to New York without him, and he would follow in a few days. He gave Rasmus the address of a safe little lodging-house, where they could stay until he came, or until the uncle was found.

“You must get this year's Directory,” he said, “and look for the name of Mr. Peter Waldon. If you do not find such a person, go to the police-station nearest his former address, and ask if they can give you any information about him. And get the old Directories from the date of the letter down, and trace him by them. If all fails we will try something else when I come.”

A week later Rasmus and Rodney were poring over a Directory in a drug-store. Rodney had never seen such a book before, and while he understood the list of proper names, he did not understand the abbreviations that followed them. "Andrew Waldon—no ; Albert Waldon, Arthur Waldon—what a lot of names. Waldon, J. Benjamin, undertaker—no."

"Follow the initials down to the letter you want," suggested the druggist, "they stand in order."

CHAPTER XVI.

ROBIN! ROBIN!

“There’s some ill planet reigns,
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.”

“Now I’ve got it!” cried Rodney. “Peter Waldon. What does ‘W. 15th St.’ mean?”

“That means West Fifteenth Street. Go to that number on 15th Street, and you’ll find your man. Keep up this street to 15th, then turn that way, d’ye see? and go on till you find that number. It will be on the left hand.”

Away went Rasmus and Rodney, feeling that all was right. To talk in the confusion was impossible; they just hurried on.

“I say, Rod!” cried Rasmus, as they reached the desired number, “this ain’t no sort of a place for your uncle to be!”

Indeed, the name Peter Waldon graced the door of what Rasmus denominated “a crack saloon.” But Rodney was dazed and almost overwhelmed by the excitement of his ended quest, and the uproar of the first great city he

had ever traversed. He blundered up the steps, and into the resplendent den, and Rasmus stoutly followed at his shoulder, until the two stood in the centre of the place, looking about in an amazed manner.

“Come now, my lads, what shall I serve you? What do you want?” cried the stout, red-faced owner of the establishment, when he saw the new-comers standing as if petrified.

“We don’t want nothin’,” said the stout Rasmus.

“What did you come in for then?” asked the saloon-keeper.

“We wanted to see Peter Waldon.”

“Well, here I am; what’s wanted with me?”

“Nothin’. You ain’t the kind of man we looked for.”

“You’d better explain yourself, or get out.”

“We’ll do both,” said Rasmus the ready. “This boy was a-lookin’ for his uncle, Peter Waldon, to ’dopt him, and do the fair thing by him, that’s all.”

“O, get out. I haven’t any nephew; I’m no uncle.”

“You’re no uncle for us, that’s a sure pop,” said Rasmus. “I ain’t brought down to giving him over to a saloon-keeper. He’s a boy as can make his way. He’s a handsomer boy than any in New

York ; and he's book-learned, and he's smart, and he's got a voice that every concert-hall in the city'd be fighting for if they heard him sing ; and he's a boy can make his fortune, and we don't need uncles."

Rasmus' inveterate habit of boasting of Rodney having thus got the better of him, had turned all attention to the beautiful and embarrassed boy, and a change passed over the spirit of the saloon-keeper's dreams. He spoke up :

"You needn't be in such a hurry before a man can get his ideas together. So I have a nephew, and if this is the boy, why, I make him welcome, and do an uncle's part by him. Shake hands, my lad."

But Rodney, silent, red and pale by turns, kept his hand by his side, and looked about in gathering dismay.

"O, you needn't change your mind," said Rasmus. "I'll take him away ; this ain't no place for him."

"It is a very good place," retorted the man of bottles, taking something of the measure of Rasmus, and perceiving he was no kin to the pretty lad. "It shall never be said I turned my fesh and blood on the street ; and as soon as he got in trouble, I'd be responsible. You're welcome, my boy. I've always wanted a son,

and haven't any. So take your duds up-stairs, and I'll do well by you, and make a man of you in the business."

"That's not what he's come for!" cried Rasmus. "He don't aim to go into business, and special not this business. He expected you'd send him to college for a matter of five or six years."

"Hang college! I never set up for learned myself," said the saloon-keeper, who was aiding his two assistants in compounding juleps and Tom-and-Jerry. "I'll teach him to mix first-class drinks, and that's education enough for him."

"Then I sha'n't leave him," said Rasmus, violently.

"And who are you to meddle, I wish to know?"

"I'm his gardeen, and I mean to do my jooty right up to the handle. Didn't I pick him up out of the Ohio River, floatin' round like a drowned rat, and didn't I bring him clear to New York? I'm his gardeen, and I don't allow him round no liquor-shops. Come, Rod."

"I've only your word for it that he's my nephew; but as such I take him, and here he stays. I won't have him idle round the streets with such as you. You leave him."

“Not much. Mr. Llewellyn would be down on me if I left Rod, a temperance teetotaler, in a saloon.”

“Who’s Mr. Llewellyn?”

“He’s his other gardeen; a book-learned man he is, and stopped over in Jersey to a meetin’; but he’ll be here in two days, and he would raise trouble if I’d done wrong by Rod.”

“The boy seems well provided with guardians,” laughed one of the numerous customers, who had been listening to this discussion with great interest.

“You bet he has gardeens,” said Rasmus, perceiving that he had fallen upon a potent word, and resolved to handle it vigorously; “and Mr. H——, the publisher, is his gardeen, too. I’m a gardeen of muscle, and I’ll lay any man flat who interferes,” and Rasmus struck out his brawny arm with an ingenuous pride in its construction and capabilities. “Mr. Llewellyn is a gardeen with brains; he has the headpiece; ’tends to haby corpys and post mortuums and Alfer Davits, and that kind; and Mr. H——, he is the gardeen with money in his pocket, and he’ll back us to look out for the boy. Wake up, Rod, and come along, or I’ll have to thrash you or somebody; I’m risin’.”

“Better let them go, Waldon. You know

you said he was no nephew of yours to begin with," said a customer.

"But I've thought better of it."

"Or worse. If the boy don't choose to stay, and there are three or four to make a fuss if you insisted, better drop it. A boy of that age that didn't choose to help you might be very balky."

"I could break the rascal's neck," said Waldon, sulkily.

"You'd break mine first, I think," interposed Rasmus.

"And neck-breaking is apt to be interfered with by process of law," said the customer, laughing.

Rodney roused himself.

"If you are my uncle," he said to Waldon, "it makes no difference. I won't stay; we should never get on well. I had no right to ask anything, and now—I don't want anything. I couldn't stay where liquor was sold, for I think it is wicked."

Then with one of those bows full of natural grace which always won hearts for him, Rodney turned from the saloon, and Rasmus, looking twice as big as usual, ostentatiously covered his retreat. They went a few paces in silence, when a voice cried: "Ho, there! Stop a moment."

They turned, and saw the most gentlemanly of the Waldon customers, the one who had interfered most in the discussion.

“How did you come to think he was your uncle?” asked the gentleman, overtaking them.

“From the name,” said Rodney. “I looked him up in the Directory. I lived in Ohio, but all my friends there are dead, and my house was swept away in the April flood, and I had a letter signed by Peter Waldon, my uncle, who seemed to be a good man, and well-off, and I came on here to look him up. I thought he might take care of me; but I can help myself. From the letter, I thought he was lonesome, and all his folks were dead. He was not my own uncle, but my mother’s.”

“O, an elderly man, then?”

“I suppose so.”

“Not this man at all. This man is only about forty, and he has a wife and several daughters. If you only went by the Directory there may be other Peter Waldons, it is not such an unusual name.”

Rodney had searched out his note-book, and now proffered the letter. The stranger read it.

“Never written by this Pete Waldon,” he said. “Let us try the Directory again. Step in this stationer’s store. Here, now, let us look

over the list. Here are Peter M. and Peter G., but your man signs no middle letter. Here, now, I guess we have him; plain Peter Waldon, broker. I would not be surprised if that was right, and I'll write the address on this card."

"We'll go there right off," said Rasmus.

"It will do no good. It is nearly five. I see his house is way out of the city—up the river. He will be gone from his office by now. Your plan will be to go there in the morning by half-past ten; by that time he will be in from his house, and not started into Wall Street. Try him in the morning."

They went back to the sidewalk.

"I hope you'll have better luck next time," said the stranger.

"If it's another liquor place, I won't go in," said Rodney.

"Not? Suppose you found a rich uncle ready to make you his heir and send you to college and all that—only a liquor-dealer—you wouldn't object?"

"Yes, I would," said Rodney, earnestly. "I don't want anything to do with it. I don't believe any good would come of money that was made in such a way."

"Got lots of sand in him," said Rasmus,

anxious to explain lucidly to the stranger the phenomenon—"Rodney."

"I wish I had as much," said the stranger, with a laugh and a sigh. "I fancy my mother would be glad of it."

"A mother, says you, brother!" cried Rasmus. "A mother! an' you a-hangin' round a saloon? That beats my time. I had a mother—she's dead, poor soul! Died of misery and trouble 'casioned by drinking; but not by hers or mine, I do assure you. Do you s'pose, brother, if she was 'live now I'd leave her sittin' alone aggrawatin' herself 'cause I was in bad company? Would I fret her poor heart by drinkin'? Would I bring tears in her eyes, because I didn't respec' her wishes? Would I let her die pinin' that she'd had all her troubles for a boy as didn't set store by her? No, brother; if I was half of a man, I wouldn't treat my mother like that."

"I wish she had a better son in me, I'm sure."

"Why not, then? Where's your sand? What are you made of? What's to hinder your going home to her, to make her heart glad, and makin' it gladder an' gladder every day you live? I tell you, brother, if you'd had life like as I have—no mother, only a poor, wore-out dead one, in a potter's field—no home, no

friends, nobody to care a rap for you, you'd know what a chance you've got, with your mother sittin' at home, ready to welcome you! Why, I wouldn't go nigh that rascal saloon forever-and-ever, amen, says I, if I was you."

"Good-bye to you both, and good luck," said the gentleman, shaking them heartily by the hand. "I'll tell my mother all about you, and she may see cause to be glad of the day you picked out the wrong uncle."

Rasmus and Rodney returned to their lodging-house for supper, and in the evening Rasmus took Rodney out, and showed him some of the glories of the city,—splendid buildings, wide avenues, electric lights, store windows blazing with jewelry, flowers, confectionery in a hundred seductive forms, pictures, book-stores, stores full of all manner of fantastic elegances, of which Rodney did not even know the name or guess the use. The streets were crowded with well-dressed people, with carriages, cars, stages—all was bustle and lavish display.

"I didn't know the city was so splendid!" cried Rodney.

"'Cause I'm only showing you the good side. There's a wrong side to this here welwet carpet, brother, and a pretty side it ain't. There's rags, and dirt, and hunger, and cold, and dead bodies,

and starved babies, and widows and orphans, and broken heads, and bruises, and fevers, and smells, and smashed windows, and bare feet, and swearin', an' lyin', and drinkin', an' fightin', an' stealin', an' ravin', an' hell let loose is the name of it, and who is puttin' out a hand to change it?"

"A great many good people, I hope," said Rodney.

"May be that same, but it don't seem to make much impression. Seems as if all the clean, strong hands in the world ought to be stretched down into that black wickedness, to drag out them as can't help theirselves. Now, Rod, here you be, standing on that very corner, where I was knocked down, with my basket in my hand, and all broke up, and carried off to hospital, and lost my poor little Robin. I can't take you down in the slums, where our house was. I often wonder what happened to him that night, he a poor, little lonesome fellow, crying and shivering all by hisself, no one to get him a supper, and a-fretting his little heart for me! I mind I told him as I would bring him a apple, if he'd be good, and bide in, that rainy day."

Rasmus turned abruptly about, and on a jog-trot sought the lodging-house, followed by Rodney. He did not speak again that night, but

Rodney heard him sighing and moaning, until he fell asleep. That fatal corner had recalled all the bitter misery of the past.

The next morning the search for an uncle was to be resumed. Rodney, after yesterday's experiences, had not much courage; but Rasmus always renewed his youth every morning, and rose from sleep as a giant refreshed. He told Rodney to "prink himself up as well as he could, and he should do the same, for brokers were a kind of apple that grew on the very top of the tree." The simile seemed to rouse ulterior considerations in the mind of the valiant Rasmus, for he further observed that, "Broker or no broker, if he gave them any *sass*, as they got yesterday, he'd knock the whole shop higher nor a kite." Thus Rasmus sallied forth, prepared for peace or war, and Rodney followed humbly in the shade of his muscular "gardeen."

The new address was found without difficulty. It was a fine-looking, first floor office, several clerks being at various desks. Rasmus asked for "Mr. Peter Waldon."

"He is here, but he's busy. What do you want? I'll see to your business," said an airy clerk.

"No, you won't. It's private, and mighty partic'lar."

"Matter of a few hundred millions, I reckon?" chuckled a junior clerk—a very short clerk, at a very tall desk.

"It's worth more'n any millions," said Rasmus the determined.

"Call again. To-day is a very busy day."

"I'll call 'Mr. Waldon!' at the top of my lungs, and you'll find they ain't a very easy pair of bellowses, when I lets all steam off to once," said Rasmus.

"Better let the old gentleman clean them out for himself," suggested an older clerk, from a corner.

"Mr. Waldon and his private secretary are in that room—take your chance there," said the first interlocutor.

Rasmus unabashed said in his usual mild roar :

"Come along, Rod. We'll tackle 'em," and led the way to the indicated door, which he opened without ceremony.

It was an inner office, handsome and quiet. A rich carpet on the floor, dark walnut furniture, telephone tubes on the wall, a telegraph key on a table in a corner, and bending over it, the electric tongue clicking under the tap of his finger, was a figure, in partial gloom. He lifted his hand, waving it backward, as if for silence, as they entered, so that Rasmus stood stock-

still, and Rodney gently closed the door behind them.

Thus they stood, but all Rasmus' faculties seemed concentrated on the figure tapping at the mysterious key. Rodney saw that the form was young and slender, and hair like his own—golden, and half-curled, but longer and more profuse—fell over his shoulders. Presently the click ceased.

“What is it?” asked the stranger, and turned to them, lifting himself, and stepping from a stool—a youth of Rodney's height, but slightly humped at the shoulders, and with a face of great beauty.

Rasmus' eyes were set, his hands extended; great drops rolled over his face. He gave a kind of cry, that was not any articulate word.

“Robin!” cried a voice—an old voice—from behind a curtain, “who is in the office?”

“Robin! Robin!” shrieked Rasmus, darting forward. “Are you my own little Robin that I lost? I'm Rasmus, Rasmus, don't you mind?—Rasmus! Are you my Robin, that they took to the Home, when I was hurt, and that a man 'dopted and carried away?”

He had reached the golden-headed secretary, and grasped his arm.

“Rasmus! Rasmus, my brother! O, I made

sure you were not dead! I've wanted you all this while." And the big, brawny brother, and the little, curly-headed hump-back, were in each other's arms, saying only, "Robin!" "Rasmus!" "I knowed it!" "I have looked for you!"

"What's the matter?" demanded another voice, and the curtain that divided the office was pushed back by an old man. "What is going on?"

Neither of the recovered brothers heard him. They were all occupied, saying, "Robin, little Robin!" "Dear, big Rasmus!"

"What is it?" said the old man to Rodney.

"Why—Rasmus seems to have found his brother."

"Rasmus! You don't say so? Is that the Rasmus he is always talking about? Bless my life! And how did he come here to look for him?"

"He didn't."

"How did he get here, then?"

"Why, he came with me. He was not expecting to find his brother, but I was looking for my uncle."

"Yes? One of my clerks? Very lucky. I'm sure. What was your uncle's name?"

"Peter Waldon, sir."

“Why, I’m Peter Waldon, but I didn’t know I had any nephew. Who are you?”

“My name’s Rodney Harris. Did you ever write this letter to my mother?” and Rod held out the letter.

“Rodney Harris! Why, I thought Rodney Harris was swept away in a house, and drowned in the Ohio flood, last spring. Who are you? Yes, I wrote this letter.”

“Why, I’m Rodney Harris. I was swept away in my house, that is, in Mr. Andrews’ house; but I was not drowned. I got in a tree, and a steamboat took us off, Rasmus and me. The captain could tell you. And Mr. Llewellyn was on the boat, and he has been with us ever since. He will be here in a day or two.”

“Why, why, bless my life! Rodney Harris! Mary’s boy! Come here till I get a good look at you! Until I saw that in the paper, I did not know Mary’s boy had escaped when she was drowned.”

“That was Mr. Andrews’ fault, sir; he has written all about it in this note-book,” said Rodney, as Mr. Waldon pulled him to the window, and scrutinized his face.

“Yes, yes; you don’t need any book! You are like your mother, but more like your grandmother, my dear little sister. She was just like

that, at your age! Let me see the note-book! This has been a bad business. Why in the world didn't you come to me at once?"

"Well, sir, I didn't know as I'd find you—or as you'd want me—and—I didn't have enough money for a ticket—and—I thought I'd like a walk—and I didn't know it would take so long, not more than two weeks or so—and I've been coming ever since."

"What! Walked! Walked! No, Mr. Jimson, I'm not going to the Gold Board this morning; I'm engaged. You may go for me. Yes; I don't care what you do. I am too busy to talk business. Walked, boy? And you might have got killed, or I might have died, and all my money gone to strangers. My goodness! you foolish child—walked. And I so grieved that I had not known you all these years, and had lost you so. Very wrong—this Andrews—very bad man, only he's dead, and you are here—and so we'll forgive him. And so Robin has found his brother! How did you fall in with him?"

"Why, he found me floating away in my house, and took me out, or I'd have been drowned. He has come all the way with me. Rasmus is a splendid fellow."

"Mr. Waldon," said the little private secre-

tary, "this is my brother; he was a little father to me when I was a poor, hump-backed, cross baby, and he has spent all his time for over ten years looking for me."

"Bless my life! I'm very glad to see him. Could not have been more glad to see anybody, except my nephew. Robin, this is my nephew that I supposed was drowned last spring. And it seems your brother was the one that fished him out of the river. Shake hands, Rasmus; you are welcome for my nephew's sake, and for Robin's sake, and for your own sake."

Rasmus gave Mr. Waldon's wrinkled old hand a mighty shake, and benevolently remarked that he "was glad to know him, and he seemed to be about the right sort."

Then Rasmus returned to a sense of his wrongs, and glaring fiercely at his brother, demanded why he had "not answered any of his advertisements?"

"Advertisements, my dear Rasmus, I never saw any."

"What do you read the papers for, then? Or what's the use of my advertizin' in the *Herald*? Yes, in August?"

"Why, Rasmus, we were up in the Adirondacks then, and did not see the newspapers," said Mr. Waldon.

Rasmus' sudden gloom lightened. He put his arm over Robin's shoulders. "Now, boy, I've got you, and I'll keep you, and I'll take care of you, never fear!"

"But I don't need any taking care of," said Robin, cheerily. "I live with Mr. Waldon, and I get a salary of eighteen hundred a year."

"Eighteen hundred!" gasped Rasmus; "then you don't need me no more. You're a rich man, and don't need nothin' of Rasmus. And Rod don't need me; he's found his uncle, and will go to college, and get all he wants."

"Certainly he will," interjected Mr. Waldon.

"But, Rasmus, I want you, if I can take care of myself. I've wanted you ever since the last day I saw you. I've had you in my mind day and night. I'm all alone in the world, and you're my brother. I tell you, my big brother Rasmus, you're not going to lose me again. I'll keep hold of you this time."

"So you might," said Rod, "he is the best fellow going! He said if I didn't find my uncle he'd work days' work, and give me all his wages, and send me through college himself, and he'd have done it, too. And yesterday, when we were looking for my uncle, and came on a Peter Waldon who had a saloon, and said he was my uncle, and wanted to keep me, Rasmus was

ready to have a fight all round rather than leave me in such a place. And he's the strongest fellow ever you saw, and the boldest; why, he's afraid of nothing!"

Greatly impressed by this eulogy of the crimson Rasmus, Mr. Waldon rose up, and shook hands a second time with much energy, declaring "he was glad to meet him, and that Robin was glad, and that Rodney was under great obligations to him; and that though Robin was a private secretary, making his way in the world, 'and down for a little something in my will,' his brother Rasmus was by no means a superfluity in his existence."

"But how did you come by Robin?" demanded Rodney.

"I made that trip West, that I wrote of to your mother. I made it four years ago. At Denver I called on the widow of a gentleman that I had had some business relations with. I was sick at her house, and Robin here, who lived with her, was very attentive to me. I saw that he was very bright, and not fit for hard work, and I took a great fancy to him. The family had not been left well-off, and this boy was an adoption from a home in New York. I offered to charge myself with his future, and brought him East with me. I gave him a year

in a good French and German school, and two years in a commercial college, and to learn telegraphy, and for a year he has been my private secretary. He has often told me of his forlorn early life, comforted only by his good brother Erasmus, and I've advertised for Rasmus, and looked for him by means of the police, hoping to restore him to Robin. Now, Robin, I think we had all better go home. We'll take our friends out to the house: we can get acquainted better there."

"Our things," said Rodney, "are down at a lodging-house on Vesey Street, and Mr. Llewellyn will be there to-morrow."

"I don't know who he is," said the old gentleman; "but if he is a friend of yours he is welcome. Rasmus shall come in to-morrow for the things, and take Mr. Llewellyn out to the house too, and I'll make his acquaintance. Robin, telephone to Jones, the outfitter, to send a man out to the house this afternoon, to take measures and an order."

Rasmus looked on with interest while Robin, putting his mouth to a hole in the wall, conversed with a distant and mysterious individual known as Jones. Then they sent for a coach, and were whirled off to the station; caught a train, and rattled twenty miles into the country,

and walked along a chestnut-shaded road to a great gate that opened on a lawn, and there was an old-fashioned, comfortable house, with gardens at the side and behind, and a barn some ways off, and distant cackling of hens, and cooing of pigeons, and a rising pasture-land, where cows were feeding, and a sweep of field where corn stood cut in yellow shocks. At all these sights the raptures of Rasmus broke forth.

“You never saw such a fellow,” cried Rodney laughing. “He is just mad over horses and cows and pigs and chickens and farm-work. And the farmers all say he beats every man they ever saw for farm-work, and for a knack at everything of that sort. Why, he can graft trees and prune them, and cure sick cattle. I tell you, Rasmus ought to have been born with a farm on his hands.”

The shadow of anxiety was lifted from Rodney's heart, and he overflowed with boyish joy. He had found a relation, a kind, gracious, dignified old gentleman; he was welcome. He was to go to college; he had a home. Rodney became in an hour or two more his real self than the repressing influences of his early life had ever allowed him to be. He talked, he joked, he laughed, he told adventures from his late trip, and his uncle heard with increasing delight.

“There is no reason why Rasmus should not have a farm on his hands, if he was not born with one,” he said.

The hastily warned housekeeper prepared a great dinner. It was like the feast spread before the returned prodigal son. After dinner, “Jones’ man” came, and Rodney was placed like a lay figure, while “Jones’ man” and Mr. Waldon discussed the proper outfit for him, and Rodney was left dumb with wonder at the many things that were supposed to be needful for one boy.

Then Rasmus was called in, and “Jones’ man” took an order for him, including the long-desired suit of corduroy, and a suit of gray tweed. After this, Rasmus and Robin set off to view the farm, in its length and breadth, and Rasmus was wonder-struck at the fact of Robin’s having a little pony to carry him round the farm, and to and from the station.

“You’ve struck it rich, Robin,” said Rasmus.

“You cannot think how good God has been to me all my life,” said Robin. “The people who took me when I was carried West, from the Home, were just as kind as they could be. I was taught, and had every good thing. And then, Mr. Waldon has been like the best of fathers to me.”

"And you are so learned," said Rasmus. "I'm glad of it, but you'll be ashamed of me. I only learned to read and write, and figure some, this summer."

"That's nothing," said Robin. "If you'll take lessons of me, I'll teach you every evening, until you are all right."

Meanwhile, Mr. Waldon was leaning back commodiously in his study-chair, and Rodney, sitting on a window-sill, was rattling away heterogeneous scenes from his life. Finally he struck the theme, Rasmus, and described Rasmus' speech to the mill men, and what he was pleased to call Rasmus' courtship of the blooming Sally.

"Now, see here," said Mr. Waldon, "if he proves the right man, he shall be my farmer. I've wanted an enthusiastic, lusty farmer this long while, and Robin can keep his accounts for him. He must work up a little education. I have a fine little farm-house here, just on the rise of the hill, and why should he not marry Sally, say next spring, and settle down here?"

Then Mr. Llewellyn was described and discussed, and Mr. Waldon said if Mr. Llewellyn filled Rodney's description of him, Mr. Llewellyn should be invited to spend the winter there, and use the Waldon library, which was very

good, and go to the Astor library when he needed to do so.

“And you shall go to school, Rodney, and then to college, and if you keep straight, and avoid all drinking and gaming, and all evil ways, you have a very fortunate life before you, for all I have will be yours some day.”

“I don’t know how I could go very far crooked, with so many of what Rasmus calls ‘gardeens,’” laughed Rodney. “I have you and Mr. Llewellyn, and Robin, and Rasmus; and Rasmus is a very peremptory sort of guardian when he chooses to be.”

And so the wanderings of Rodney and Rasmus were happily over.

THE END.

