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WHOLE NO. 294.

Wheat.

MAY.

So many shades of tender green
Are rippling, shimmering, poisoning with delight,
Soft, cool and billowy, like the glimmering
sleeve
Of some grand river in the morning light,
Thrilling with hope, its life is fair,
Its joy is full, all through the lovely May
It simply grows and waves, nor tries to bear
The coming burden of the harvest day.

JUNE.

Steeped in hot sunshine, lightly swing
The long bright stalks, whose bearded heads
hang down
Beneath their fruitful burden, which the
spring,
Departing, laid upon them as a crown.
Sweeter and graver life has grown,
The green just touched to gold by deepening
June,
Warm, bright with glowing, with its mellow-
ing tone
Flecked with the shadows of the afternoon.

JULY.

In serene ranks the golden sheaves
Glean faintly in the sunset's fading red,
While some reluctant blackbird slowly leaves
The timid gleanings for his quiet bed;
And thus, with full fruition blest,
The wheat stands reaped. It hath no more
to yield,
And thankfully, before he seeks his rest,
The weary reaper gazes o'er his field.

—Cornelia Seabring.

THE CHILD SPY.

His name was Stenne, little Stenne. He was a "child of Paris," thin and pale, and was ten, perhaps fifteen years old, for one can never say exactly how old those children are. His mother was dead, and his father, an ex-marine, was the guardian of a square in the quarter of the Temple. The nurses and babies, the old ladies who always carry their own folding chairs, and the poor mothers, all that small world of Paris which seeks shelter from vehicles, in those gardens that are surrounded by pavements, knew Father Stenne and loved him. They knew that under his rough mustache, which was the terror of dogs and disturbers of benches, was hidden a kind, tender and almost motherly smile, and that in order to bring up a child they had only to say to the good...

"How is your little son?"
"For Father Stenne, my little son so much!"
He was so happy in the afternoon when, after his school, the little boy would call for him, and together they would make the rounds of the paths, stopping at each bench to speak to the habitués of the square and to answer their good wishes.

But when the siege began everything was sadly changed. Father Stenne's square was closed and filled with petroleum, and the poor man, condemned to an incessant surveillance, passed his life in the deserted, upturned paths, only seeing his little son late in the evening at his home. You should have seen his mustache when he spoke of the Prussians. Little Stenne, however, did not complain of this new life.

A siege! Nothing is more amusing for such urchins. No more school, no more studies! Holiday all the while, and the streets as exciting as a fair.

The child ran about all day till night-fall. He followed the battalions of the quarter to the ramparts, choosing those that had a good band. Little Stenne was well posted on that subject. He would tell you very glibly that the Ninety-sixth band was not worth much, but the Fifty-fifth had an excellent one. Sometimes he would watch the mobiles training, and then there were the processions. * * * With his basket under his arm he would join the long files that were formed in the dark cold winter mornings, when there was no gas, before the butchers' and bakers' shops. There, with their feet in the wet, the people would make acquaintances and talk politics, and, as he was Mr. Stenne's son, every body would respect him in his opinion. But the most amusing of all were the afternoon games, especially the famous game of galoche, which the Breton mobiles made the fashion during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or baker's shop you would be sure to find him at the square of the Chateau d'Eau. He did not play, however; it needed too much money; he was satisfied in watching the players with all his eyes.

One especially, a great fellow in a blue workman's blouse, who only played with five-franc pieces, excited his admiration. When he ran one could hear the coins jingling under his blouse.

One day as he was picking up a piece that had rolled under little Stenne's feet, the great fellow said to him in a low tone: "That makes you wink, hey? Well, if you wish, I'll tell you where they're to be found."
The game over, he took him to a corner of the square and proposed that he should join him in selling newspapers to the Prussians— that he would make thirty francs for every trip. At first Stenne was very indignant and refused, and what was more, he remained away from the game for three days—three terrible days. He neither ate nor slept any more. At midnight he would see great heaps of galoches piled on the foot of his bed and five-franc pieces moving over it, bright and shining. The temptation was too strong for him. The fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the large fellow and was overcome.

They set out one sunny morning, a linen bag thrown over their shoulders and their newspapers hidden under their blouses. When they reached the Flan-ders gate it was yet hardly dawn. The great fellow took Stenne by the hand

and approached the sentinel—a good civilian with a red nose and kind air. He said to him, with a plaintive tone: "Let us pass, my good monsieur. Our father is ill and papa is dead. We are going to see my little brother and I, if we can't find some potatoes to pick up in the fields."
He cried, and Stenne, who was ashamed, lowered his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, and then, giving a glance over the white, deserted road, "Go quickly," said he to them, moving aside; and then they were in the road to Auberville. How the large fellow laughed!

Confusedly, as though in a dream, little Stenne saw the manufactories transformed into barracks, their tall chimneys which pierced the fog and seemed to reach the sky, fireless and battered. Now and again they would see a sentinel and officers who were looking far off through their field-glasses, and their small tents, wet with snow, which was melting before dying fires. The large fellow knew the way, and would take short cuts over the fields in order to escape the outposts. But suddenly they came upon a large body of sharpshooters too late to escape them. They were in their little cabins, hidden in a ditch half full of water, and encamped along the Soissons railway. This time, though the large fellow recommended his careful story, they would not let him pass. As he was lamenting, an old sergeant, white and wrinkled, and who looked like old Father Stenne, came out of the post guard's cabin.

"Well, little ones, don't cry any more!" said he to the children, "we will let you go after your potatoes, but before you leave, come in and warm yourselves a little." He looks frozen that small boy there!"
"Alas! It was not with cold that little Stenne trembled; it was from fear, from shame. * * * In the post-house they found some soldiers gathered round a small fire, a real widow's fire, by whose blaze they were thawing their biscuits on the end of their bayonets. They crowded close together so as to make room for the children. They gave them a drop of wine and a little coffee. While they were drinking, an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low voice, and then quickly went away. "Boys!" said the sergeant, as he came back radiant, "there will be tobacco to-night. * * * We have found out the Prussians' password. I think this time we will take back from them that Bourget."

Then there followed an explosion of bravos and laughter. They danced and sang and swung their sabres in the air. Profiting by the tumult, the children disappeared. Having passed the breast-works, they remained to be crossed by the plain, at the end of which was a long white wall filled with loop-holes. They directed their steps toward this, stopping every now and then and making believe to look for potatoes. "Let us return; don't go any further," little Stenne said all the while, but the large one only shrugged his shoulders and went on. Suddenly they heard the click of a gun being aimed at them. "Lie down," said the large boy, throwing himself on the ground. When he was down he whispered to another, and they went on, climbing on their hands and knees. In front of the wall, and even with the ground, two yellow mustaches under greasy caps appeared, and the large boy leaped into the ditch beside the Prussians. "That is my brother," said he, pointing to his companion. He was so small—little Stenne—that on seeing him the Prussians began to laugh, and one of them was obliged to take him in his arms in order to lift him over the breach.

On the other side of the wall were large breastworks, fallen trees and black holes in the snow, and in each one of these was the same yellow mustache and greasy cap, and there was great laughing as the soldiers saw the children pass by.

In a corner was a gardener's house, cased with the trunks of trees, the lower part of which was full of soldiers, who were playing cards and making soup over a clear, bright fire. How good the cabbages and the bacon smelt, and what a difference to the shabby floors, and they heard them playing on the piano and opening champagne bottles. When the Parisians entered the room a hurrah of joy greeted them. They gave up their newspapers, and the officers gave them something to drink and made them talk. They all had a proud, hard look, but the large boy amused them with his Parisian gaiety and his gamin slang. They laughed and repeated his words after him, and seemed to wallow with delight in the Parisian mud he brought them.

Little Stenne, too, would have liked to have talked and to have proved that he was not stupid, but something embarrassed him. Opposite to him, sitting apart, was a Prussian, older and more serious than the others, who was reading, or rather seeming to read, for he never took his eyes off little Stenne, and there was in his glance both tenderness and reproach, as though this man might have had a child of little Stenne's age at home, and as if he were saying to himself: "I would rather die than see my son doing such a thing," and as he looked at little Stenne the boy felt as if a hand was clutching at his heart and keeping it from beating. To escape the anguish he began to drink, and soon everything turned around him. He heard vaguely, amid loud laughs, his comrade making fun of the National Guards, of their way of going through their drill, he imitated an assault of arms in the Marais, and a surprise at night on the ramparts. Then the large boy lowered his voice, the officers approached nearer to him and their faces grew more solemn. The miserable fellow was telling them about that night's premeditated attack, of which the sharpshooters had spoken. Then little Stenne rose, furious and completely sobered: "Don't tell that fellow, I won't have you."
But the other only laughed and con-

tinued; but before he had finished the officers were all on their feet, and one of them, showing the door to the children, told them to "Begone!" and they began to talk hurriedly together in German. The large boy left the room as proud as a dog, clinking his money. Little Stenne followed him, holding down his head, and as he was passing the Prussian whose look had so disturbed him:

"Not nice that, not nice," and the tears came into his eyes.
Once more in the plain the children began to run and return toward Paris quickly. Their sacks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and with these they passed the sharpshooters' encampment without any trouble. They were preparing for the night's attack. Troops were arriving silently, and were massed behind the wall. The old sergeant was there, busily engaged arranging his men with such a happy look. When the children passed near him he recognized them and smiled kindly at them. Oh! how badly that smile made little Stenne feel. For a moment he felt as if he should burst out crying and say to them: "Don't go there. * * * We have betrayed you." But the other boy told him that if he spoke a word they would be shot, and so fear kept him silent.

At Courmeuve they entered an abandoned house to divide their money. Truth compels me to say that the division was honestly made, and when he heard the drums sounding under his blouse and thought of the games of galoche, little Stenne thought his crime was not so dreadful after all.
But when he was alone, the unhappy child—when at the gates of the city the large boy left him, then his pockets grew heavy and the hand that had been grasping his heart held it tighter still. Paris seemed no longer the same to him; the passers-by regarded him severely, as if they knew from whence he came, and he heard the word "spy" in all the sounds of the street and the beating of the drums along the canal where the troops were exercising. At last he reached his home, and glad to find that his father had not come in, he hurried to his room and hid the crowns that were weighing so heavily under his pillow. Never had Father Stenne been so good-natured and joyous as he was that night on coming home. Good news had been received from the provinces; the country's affairs were going better. Whilst he was eating, the old soldier looked at his sun lung on the wall and said to the boy, with a hearty laugh: "Hey! my son, how you would go after the Prussians, if you were old enough!"

About eight o'clock they heard the sound of a cannon. It is at Auberville; they are fighting at Bourget," said the old man, who knew where the forts were situated. Little Stenne grew pale, and, feigning great fatigue, went to bed, but not to sleep. The cannons were thundering continuously. He pictured to himself the sharpshooters going at night to surprise the Prussians, and falling into an ambush, and a hearty laugh recalled the sergeant who had smiled at him, and saw him stretched out there in the snow and so many others with blood * * * The price of all that blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of Mr. Stenne—a soldier—his tears choked him. In the adjoining room he heard his father walking to and fro, and then open a window. Down in the street the rattle was sounded; a battalion of mobiles were getting ready to start. Then there was no doubt about there being a real battle going on. The unhappy boy could not keep back his sobs.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his father, entering his room. The child could bear it no longer; he jumped from his bed and threw himself at his father's feet. In so doing the silver crowns rolled down on the floor.
"What is this? Have you been stealing?" asked the old man, beginning to tremble. Then, all in one breath, little Stenne told him that he had been doing, and as he was speaking, he felt his heart grow lighter; it comforted him to make the confession. His father listened to him with a terrible look on his face, and when the story was told, he buried his face in his hands and wept.
"Father, father—" the child tried to say, but the old man pushed him on without replying to him, and picked up the money.

"Is that all?" he asked. Little Stenne made a sign that it was; then the old man took down his gun and cartridges, and putting the money in his pocket, said:
"I am going to return it to them," said he, and without another word, without even turning his head, he went down into the street, and joined the mobiles who were starting off in the night. He was never seen again!
From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Do Monkeys Swim?

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, in reply to a question whether monkeys swim, says: "I was always under the impression that they did not like wetting their fur or hair, but at Sangur, Central India, when I was stationed there I had a little monkey that was exceedingly fond of swimming and diving. One day on taking him to the pond at the bottom of my compound, he jumped off my shoulder and dived (like a man) into the water, which was three or four feet deep; he had his chain on at the time and when he dived in the chain caught in some grass or root at the bottom and kept the monkey down; he was just able to come to the top of the water. Feeling his chain had caught, he dived down, undid the chain, and continued his swim with the chain in his hand. He swam just like a man as far as I could see from the motion of his arms. Several of my brother officers came to see him swimming, very quietly, and cunningly trying to catch the frogs that lay floating on the top of the water."

A Maori Dance.

This extract is from a New Zealand letter in the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "In the evening the natives treated us to a haka, or dance, in honor of the governor. It took place in the carved house I have already spoken of, the weird, grotesque carvings of which added to the strangeness of the scene. There were about a hundred dancers ranged in five rows, the front one consisting of about twenty young women gorgeously apparelled in tight-fitting red or white calico bodices and flaming-colored rags, worn like kilts. When the governor entered they greeted him with the most awful noise, shouting or yelling, laughing, and in some instances imitating the noise of the beating of tin cans, the barking of dogs and rapid hand-clapping. The dance lasted about an hour; it was curious and as a novelty amusing, but rather monotonous. There was but little element of their feet. It consisted chiefly of swaying their bodies and arms about, going down on their knees, imitating rowing and gathering crops, slapping their own legs and then their neighbors'. The men then took the place of the women and went through very similar performances. The whole dance was accompanied by noise that would have put pandemonium to shame. It consisted of a mixture of beating of the dog fighting, gigantic snoring and a fully deep bass rumbling in the throat. At times there seemed to be a kind of rhythmic song, interspersed with yells and short, sharp cries of "Hue, hue!" "Ha, ha!" "Pakeka!" The young women winked and grinned and twisted about beyond what was strictly correct, but they seemed to enjoy the really hard work of the dance most thoroughly. There was always a chief running up and down, dancing and de-lighting in the foreground, bidding defiance to all the world apparently, but in reality, I believe, merely suggesting that he would like to drink his excellency's health. Far the most comical feature of the dance was a naked little imp who stood in front of the first row, exactly opposite the governor, and imitated playing the fiddle with his little thin arms, all the while thrusting out his tongue, rolling his eyes nearly out of his head and making the most fearful faces and contortions. A little girl who tried to do the same had not nearly the same real genius for making herself hideous and grotesque. At last a liberal supply of beer was promised them, and the dance came to an end, and the governor departed amid an uproar, if possible, more awful than before."

A Pigmy Painter.

A recent exhibition of old and new paintings in Holland was a portrait of Oliver Cromwell. It was by no means a masterpiece of art, being a somewhat feeble imitation in style of Sir Peter Lely, the court painter of Charles I. of England. But it was a real curiosity in its way.
Its painter was Richard Gibson, otherwise known as the "dwarf artist." Gibson was three feet, two inches high. He was born in 1615. While serving as a page for a lady at Mortlake, she noticed his talent for painting, and caused him to be instructed by De Keyne, the superintendent of the famous Mortlake tapestry works. The little artist became very skillful as a copier of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, and attracted the attention of Queen Henrietta Maria. She made him her husband's page, and married him to a dwarf young lady of exactly his own height, who waited on her. The wedding of the dainty little pair was honored by the presence of the king and queen, and Edmund Waller, the poet, commemorated it by a poem. When Charles II. succeeded to the throne, he and passed with his queen out of English lines, his little protegee lived and thrived. He had painted the king's portrait, and now was called upon to limn that of the protector. Cromwell regarded him with particular and kindly favor. On the restoration he again changed coats, and entered the service of Charles II. He was drawing master to the Princesses Mary and Anne. But the wild court of the son of his old master did not suit the tastes of the pigmy painter, now grown old. He retired to private life, and died in 1690. His wife, after giving birth to nine children, all of whom attained ordinary size, died in 1709, at the age of ninety."

Tricks of London Bookellers.

A seller of old books in London has written for the *Pall Mall Gazette* a confession of a few of his sins, which would gladden the heart of many an American buyer if the writer gave any evidence of repentance. "A number of us," he says, "crowd into an auction-room, where a library is brought to the hammer, and buy every article. Here all know one another, and each one bids for the rest. There is, therefore, no advance on the first bid, unless an outsider interferes, when we soon run the price up beyond what he cares to give. This trick, repeated as often as necessary, disgusts the outsiders and secures the whole stock for ourselves at far less than its real value." When the auction is over they "retire to a neighboring tavern and repeat it" among themselves. There the volumes go at fair prices, which allows the buyer forty per cent, for profit on his private business. "All being sold, we cast up the totals of the two sales, subtract the smaller from the greater, and divide the remainder equally among those present." This is not all; nor is it the most startling confession. "One of the Craft" has to make. "We have a good many ways of enhancing the value of our wares. Celebrities of all sorts, who are as serviceable to us in a way about to be described as those merely literary, are dying off every day, and their libraries disposed of. In these cases we look up from our stock all likely books, furnish them with sham plates and autographs, and soon get rid of them at fancy prices. It is a fact that after Lord Macaulay's death thousands of volumes which he never saw were sold in this way as coming from his library."

RUSSIA'S MISFORTUNES.

Life in That Country a Veritable "Sea of Troubles."

Russia's complicated misfortunes are possibly unparalleled in the history of any country. Just before the latest Russo-Turkish war the wretched condition of the people in many of the Czar's provinces had brought about extensive eruptions. Then a live tribes of the Caucasus could not stand the levies imposed on them in different shapes by the Russian army and revolted. Being defeated, they were transported to the northern provinces of Russia. This proved so fatal that of the first party of 2,000 exiles one-half died in the first year. There are now 770 families, besides 300 single persons, of these Daghestan and Tersk rebels on their way to exile, and still more have been doomed to transportation. The war with Turkey was resorted to in the hope that it would raise the old patriotic sentiments and turn the minds of the discontented Russians from their domestic troubles. 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