

from behind a brush-heap and shot like a bullet into the dim recesses of the wood.

She gave little heed to the pure beauty of the forest, where all was white and green, save when some wild creature flashed its bit of color into the scene. Her thoughts were given more to her small brothers and sisters and to the turkey she was carrying home to them. The prospect of a New Year's dinner that was purely vegetarian had been very terrible, even to the practical mind of one who had resolved to look upon it as merely "fun." Until this winter, when her father had met with an accident while at work in the lumber woods, such strict economy had not been necessary. Kate was the oldest of five children, and, as the mother was dead, she had had to assume the management of the family.

She had not skated far when her ears caught a faint sound that came from far back among the wooded hills surrounding the lake. She stopped to listen, and soon heard the sound again, nearer and more distinct. "It's some hounds running a fox, or perhaps after a deer," she thought, and skated on down the inlet. The baying of the dogs sounded nearer and nearer.

She stopped for a moment, and bent down to tighten a skate-strap. When she raised her eyes, she noticed a movement in the underbrush, and then a small deer pushed its way through the bushes and trotted out on the ice. Seeing her, it was startled, and tried to jump back, but only lost its footing and fell sprawling on the glare ice. It seemed utterly exhausted, and lay there quietly, save that it bleated several times, and was panting as if it had run a long and hard race. It looked at Kate appealingly, with large, gentle, terror-stricken eyes.

"It's too bad to frighten you so! and you're only a last summer's fawn, too!" She came quite near, but did not dare to touch it, lest it should struggle to escape.

There sounded a louder burst of baying from the hounds. The fawn shivered and gave a piteous bleat that was like the cry of a frightened child. Kate remembered how, once, when a large dog had come into the cabin, her little sister had cried out and come running to her for protection.

She caught the deer around the shoulders and dragged it over the glare ice to the snow near the bank. "I can never keep them from killing you if they find you here!" she cried. "You're rested now, and you must go on."

It got upon its feet and trotted off into the woods, but slowly, as if still weak from its long run.

The baying of the hounds sounded louder and louder. In some way she must prevent their following the fawn! She ran to the bank where it had come upon the ice, and trod the snow into its tracks, trying to destroy the scent. But as she worked she felt that it was useless. There was no hope of baffling the keen noses of the dogs for more than a moment: they would be sure to find the trail that led into the woods across the inlet.

Now a hoarse howl, followed by the whimper of a hound that knows he is close to the game, warned her that the dogs were near at hand. In a moment they came into sight, their usually sad faces made savage by the fierce joy of the hunt.

As Kate stamped the snow into the tracks, she had thought of a way of saving the fawn, and now, when she saw the dogs in all their savage eagerness, she acted at once. Seizing the turkey that was on her sled, she tore off the cloth wrapped around it and threw it upon the ice just as the hounds reached the bank.

Their breakfast had been a light one, and this was a tempting meal, yet they might not have abandoned the trail if it had led on with undiminished scent. But, thanks to Kate's efforts, it did not, and they stopped, puzzled; then, seeing the turkey lying on the ice, they fell upon it without further delay.

Kate stepped back a little from the fierce-looking creatures and stood watching them. The turkey was a big one, but it did not take the hungry dogs long to tear it to pieces and swallow most of it. Some of the larger bones were too much for even their jaws, and they lay down on the ice and gnawed and licked them. Their feast made

the dogs good-natured and lazy; the hunt and the game they were tracking seemed quite forgotten. At length, when Kate thought best to move on again down the inlet, they followed after, wagging their tails in most friendly fashion. When the inlet's mouth was reached, they separated from her and trotted off along the lake shore to their home at some hunter's shanty. Their tails were still wagging with the memory of their New Year's feast.

Kate left the ice and plodded along a road through the woods to her home. Here, when her story was told, the children were at first inclined to scold at the loss of their turkey, and had to be appeased by promises of a double quantity of brown sugar. When dinner-time came, her skill had worked such a change in the potatoes and turnips and beans that they all declared that they could hardly tell them from turkey, especially when eaten with a great deal of cranberry sauce.

While Kate's New Year's dinner was cooking, a foot-weary fawn that had slowly made its way back among the hills reached a sheltered ravine where a herd of deer were lying sunning themselves. Several that lay close together were, like the newcomer, young deer only six or seven months old. The weary fawn lay down by this little group, and they made a welcoming stir, and licked it with their soft tongues, for they had feared never to see it again. The fawn that had escaped lay quietly in the sun, looking as if it felt very grateful that its New Year had not been brought to a close by the fierce deerhounds.



## Puzzles

NOTABLE WOMEN OF THE PRESENT CENTURY

By Emily W. Tapley

1. What woman did much of the drudgery of astronomical work for her older brother, and was later appointed assistant astronomer to George III. and member of the Royal Astronomical Society?
2. What woman of the early part of this century far surpassed all others in mathematical and scientific attainments?
3. What woman has gained great fame by her paintings of horses?
4. Of what woman was it said, "She belongs by birth to New England, by marriage to Italy, and by genius to the whole world"?
5. Who is the best-known woman writer on the subject of political economy?
6. What American novelist—a woman—has recently died who gained fame by stories of colonial days?
7. What American novelist—a woman—has recently died in Italy whose fame rests upon stories of the present day?
8. What American novelist—a woman—whose grave is near the summit of a high mountain, has done much by her stories to benefit an oppressed nation?
9. What woman, born on American soil, had one husband who was executed and a second who died in exile? She was wife of one Emperor and grandmother of another.
10. What woman, who was for many years highest authority in points of fashion and etiquette, has passed the last of her life in exile?



## Answers—Pen Portraits

1. Alice and Phoebe Cary, by Whittier.
2. Professor Agassiz, by Longfellow.
3. James T. Fields, by Whittier.
4. Lydia Maria Child, by Lowell.
5. Dr. Holmes, by himself.
6. Whittier, by William Lloyd Garrison.
7. Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Dr. Holmes.
8. Thackeray, by R. H. Stoddard.



## Granted

The charm of being a queen or empress must lie in the power it gives one to do things, to make life pleasant for others. For queens and empresses can do the impossible things. A little German girl wrote a letter addressed "To our dear, good Empress" begging the Empress to allow the performance of "Hansel and Gretel," of which she had heard so much, to be given in the afternoon, as she and her little sister were not allowed to go the theater in the evening. The child's parents, who knew nothing about this, were not a little astonished to receive a letter from the general superintendent of the royal theaters, in which they were informed that as soon as circumstances permitted an afternoon performance of "Hansel and Gretel" would be given.

# For the Little People

## The Child and the New Year

By Mary F. Butts

Little New Year, little New Year,  
Born in the winter weather,  
I am young like you, and hand in hand  
We will journey on together.

Little New Year, little New Year,  
By trying every day,  
I hope to be good company  
Until you go away.

## A Reindeer's Birthday Party

By M. C. Rankin

Perhaps all the animals have birthday parties; but we can't understand their language well enough to know. The only animal party that I ever knew about was given by a reindeer, and he wasn't a live one, either.

He was carved out of wood by some poor man in Germany, then packed with a great many other animals and sent across the water to a store in New York. Then he was bought and given to a little boy named Lawrence Rogers.

Lawrence was too much of a boy to play with dolls, but he loved anything in the shape of an animal. He had several such pets, with which he played a great deal. He put them to bed every night, had each one say its prayer, and then he kissed it good-night and tucked in the clothes just as Mamma did for him.

In fine weather he took them out to drive, let them swing in the hammock, and gathered flowers for them. Once he made a tent for them and let them camp out. He said they enjoyed it very much: but they were too shy ever to say anything to me.

One day I received a queer little letter that I could not quite understand, so I asked Lawrence about it.

"Oh," said he, "it's my reindeer's birthday, and that's an invitation to his party. It's going to be at two o'clock, and you must be sure to come."

A little before two, Lawrence came running to me, saying, "The party's all ready," and he led me down to the library.

In the center of the room was a little table with a white cloth and a good many little dishes. At the table were seated two goats, two cats, a rooster, a squirrel, a dog, and the reindeer.

The reindeer was in the best seat, and had a new blue ribbon around his neck. At his side lay a pile of little packages. I was given a chair quite near the table, and then the party began.

First came little sandwiches, then cake, afterwards fruit, nuts, and candy. Lawrence passed everything to me as well as to his "loves," as he called them, but Reindeer had everything first.

I couldn't see them eat anything, and yet everything disappeared from their plates, so it must have been eaten somehow.

Then the various packages were opened, and Reindeer was shown his birthday presents. He had a new neck-ribbon, a blanket, some candy, and a beautiful picture. The picture was of two deer on the edge of a quiet mountain lake, and was prettily framed with pink crêpe paper. Underneath were these words:

By the pretty lake two deer are seen,  
From men who hide and flee,  
Two deer in the forest wide and green,  
But I am fond of thee.

When you see this picture, think of me  
With kind affection true;  
As I, whenever your face I see,  
Do kindly think of you.

Many happy returns, my Dear,  
Many happy returns,  
With such affection, strong and clear,  
As in my bosom burns.

This little poem was read aloud, and then Lawrence announced that the party was over.

Do you think that any reindeer ever had a nicer one?

## Dolly's Lesson

Come here, you nigoramus!  
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess  
You don't know any letter  
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you—  
This round hole's name is O,  
And when you put a tail in,  
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door  
To walk in at, it's C.  
Then make a seat right here  
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,  
Is I, and stands for me;  
And when it puts a hat on,  
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,  
And half of B is P.  
And E without his slippers on  
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,  
And people call it V;  
And if it's twins, like this one,  
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,  
You'll know a great big heap—  
Most much's I—O, dolly!  
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!  
—The Youth's Companion.

## Queen Victoria's Dogs

Some of the finest dogs in the world are owned by Victoria, Queen of England. Her Majesty is particularly fond of animals, and she loves every species of dog, from the largest St. Bernard to the tiny King Charles spaniel which can be put into a coat pocket. There is a man at Windsor Castle who does nothing else but take care of the dogs; and the royal kennels there are of stone, and the yards are paved with red and blue tiles, and the compartments in which the little dogs sleep are warmed with hot water, and they have the freshest and cleanest of straw in which to lie. There are fifty-five dogs in these kennels, and almost all of them are acquainted with the Queen. She visits them often while she is at the Castle, and she looks carefully after their health and comforts. The dogs of Windsor Castle keep regular hours. They are turned out at a certain time each day for their exercise and sports, and they have a number of courts connected with the kennels upon which they scamper to and fro over green lawns. There are umbrella-like affairs on these lawns, where they can lie in the shade if they wish to, and in some of them there are pools of water where the dogs can take a bath, and in which they swim, and come out and shake themselves just as though they were ordinary yellow dogs rather than royal puppies.

The Queen has her favorites among the dogs, and some of them become jealous of the attentions she pays to others. Among those she likes best is one named "Marco." This is said to be the finest Spitz dog in England. It has taken a number of prizes. Marco is an auburn dog. His hair is of tawny red. He weighs just about twelve pounds, and he has brighter eyes, quicker motion, and sharper bark than any other dog in the kennel. He is just three years old, and he carries his tail over his back as though he owned the whole establishment.

The Queen's collies are very fine, and a number of them are white. One of these is called "Snowball," and another goes by the name of "Lily."

Another little dog, an especial favorite with

the Queen, weighs just seven and one-half pounds, or no more than the smallest baby. This is the Queen's toy Pomeranian "Gina," who is one of the most famous dogs of the world. Gina came from Italy, and has won a number of prizes at the dog shows of England. Gina is a very good dog, and sat as quiet as a mouse while her photograph was taken not long ago.

Among the other dogs of the kennel are a number of pugs, and one knock-kneed little Japanese pug which the late Lady Brassey, the distinguished traveler, presented to the Queen. There are big German dachshunds and little Skye terriers, and, in short, every kind of beautiful dog you can imagine, in these famous kennels. The Queen herself names all the dogs, and near the kennels is a little graveyard where these pets are buried when they die.—*St. Nicholas for November.*

## Two Stories of Two Queens

The following is an interesting story of the little Queen of Holland. It must be a bewildering relation for a little girl to be her mother's Queen. It must take a very wise woman to be a mother and a subject of the same little girl. Her Majesty Wilhelmina, the girl Queen of Holland, is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with an even larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life. Her mother, the Queen Regent, therefore thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severely with Wilhelmina's little ways. Lately the young Queen, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked—not, perhaps, in the most dignified fashion—at the door of the room in which the Queen Regent was engaged. "Who is there?" "It is the Queen of Holland!" (imperiously). "Then she must not enter!" (peremptorily). At this rebuff the little Queen suddenly changed her tactics, and, softening her tones, said, winningly, "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you." "You may come in."

The story is pretty, but it is doubtful if it is true. It bears a close resemblance to a story that is very old, told of Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert.

The Queen was Prince Albert's wife, but she was still his Queen. It is said that when they had been married a short time they had a little dispute. It ended in Prince Albert going to his room. The Queen, it is said, was the first one to be sorry. She went to the door of her husband's room and knocked. "Who is there?" he asked. "The Queen," was the answer. "She cannot come in," was the response of the Prince. The Queen, it is said, waited a few minutes and knocked again.

"Who is there?" was asked.

"Victoria, your wife," was the reply; and the door was opened.

You see how closely the stories resemble each other.

I prefer to think of the little Queen of Holland as the sweet little girl, always dressed in the pretty white dresses her mother chooses for her, playing with the sons of the Emperor of Germany, her visitors, and other playmates, a happy, free little Dutch girl, greatly bored when she must attend court ceremonies.

## All-Time Toys

Perhaps you think, when you push your jumping-jack before somebody and make him say "Oh!" and jump, that the little children who lived ages and ages ago, so long ago that we scarcely know anything about them, did not have such a toy; that only the children in America know it. If you do think so, you are mistaken. It has been found that the children in Egypt had such a toy. And another discovery is that the little girls in Egypt, in the long, long ago, had dolls—queer, misshapen dolls, but dolls that they loved, and for whom they were little mothers.