went on with her work again, and so the afternoon wore away.

At length, when the sun was about an hour high, she saw her husband emerge from the woods near the house. She left her spinning-wheel, and, with the baby in her arms, met him at the door as if nothing unusual had occurred.

As he came up to the door leading the horse with one hand, and holding on the bag of flour with the other, he spoke out:

"Well, wife, I am thankful nothing has happened to you while I was gone. I suppose it was foolish, but I could n't help worrying all the time."

"I don't know as it was foolish, husband. But hitch the horse, and bring the bag in. I want to talk with you."

When the bag was deposited in the house, Mrs. Pope said. "So you were nervous about us then?"

"Yes. I don't remember ever being so nervous before in all my life."

"Well, husband, I was nervous too. I could n't help thinking what could I do, if a bear should come down from the mountain after the sheep."

"Why, common sense would tell you what to do; shut the door, take care of yourself and baby, and let the sheep go."

"Do you think so, husband?"

"Of course I do. What else could you have done?"

"You will see if you go out behind the barn and look."

"Behind the barn! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Go and look behind the barn."

Mr. Pope started out in the greatest wonder, while the wife buried her face in the baby's apron, to smother the womanly tears she could no longer restrain.

To his utter astonishment Mr. Pope found the dead bear behind the barn, with the pitchfork sticking in its side.

When he went in and heard the whole story from his wife, he fully realized that something had happened in his absence, and that he had more reason than ever to be thankful.

I am indebted to the wife of James Harris, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, for this history of Mrs. Pope's encounter with the bear. Mrs. Harris's father—Rev. Timothy Locke—lived not far from Mr. Pope's house at the time. Mrs. Harris still distinctly remembers seeing the bear's skin nailed on the outside of the barn, where it remained all Summer, while Mrs. Pope became famous throughout the neighborhood for her heroism.

A LONDON CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

By William H. Rideing.

THE poorer classes of London children are not travelers as a rule, and their excursions do not often extend farther than a few miles. A trip made on one of the steamers that carry passengers a short distance for a penny is considered an important and delightful outing, while a whole day's sail is something never to be forgotten. A favorite holiday journey is to Kew, where the finest botanic gardens in England are situated, and when you happen to be in London I should advise you to make this trip, as it is a pleasure in itself, and will also enable you to see how the children there enjoy themselves.

The starting-point is at the London Bridge which is so old in story and history. The Thames here is shallow, black, sluggish and narrow. You can almost throw a stone across it, and it is not easy to think of it as the great stream about which you have read so much. Large vessels cannot ascend so far, as the water is not deep enough, but you can see a forest of masts in the extensive docks lower down. The river steamboats are moored at a little pier under one side of the bridge. They are bits of side-wheelers, not much larger than the tow-boats of America, and not much handsomer. The only accommodations for passengers are a few uncovered wooden benches on deck and a gloomy little cabin below. They are built of iron and painted black or gray. In shape—or in model, as a sailor would say—they are pretty enough, and they look as though they might be swift; but they have no other element of beauty.

Comparisons between friends are odious, but I really wonder what a young Londoner would think were he to see one of our small river-boats on the Thames—say the "Sylvan Glen" of the Harlem line, or the "Pomona" of the Staten Island line. Perhaps he might imagine it to be a part of the

Lord Mayor's show,—a pageant that occurs once a year,—out of date. He certainly would not suppose that a craft of such elegance could be intended for the common traffic of a ferry.

You buy your tickets at an office on the pier, as a warning bell hastens you on board. The captain stands on a bridge between the paddle-boxes. Underneath there is a small boy, with a very old-fashioned face, who seems to be paying diligent attention to nothing in particular. But at a motion of the captain's hand, without lifting his eyes, he drawls out to a man on the lower-deck, "Ahead, half-speed!" and you can feel the paddle-wheels revolving. You expect to see some one boxing his ears the next moment for misleading the engineer; but he still sits on the grating of the boiler-house, solemnly contemplating the knots in the planks. Again the captain raises his hand. "Full spe-e-e-d!" the small boy screams, and the engine goes faster at his command. By and by you begin to understand that he belongs to the boat, and is a substitute for a bell, and you cannot help admiring the modesty with which he comports himself.

As the boat shoots under the arches and up the river, the bridge comes into view—the busiest place in all busy London. About eight thousand people on foot and nine hundred vehicles pass over it every hour in the day. The rumble of the traffic as it comes to us on the boat is like the roll of distant thunder. I can compare it to nothing else, trite as the simile is. In the background you can see the Tower, in which offenders of the Government were imprisoned in the barbarous times of old; and Billingsgate, the largest fish-market in the world. The dealers and their customers are notorious for the use of bad language, and the word "Billingsgate" is commonly accepted in writing and conversation as meaning abuse or profanity.

The bridge has been rebuilt several times, and the present one cost ten millions of dollars in gold; so you may imagine how substantial it is. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were stores on each side, with arbors and gardens, and at the south end there was a queer wooden house, brought from Holland, which was covered with carving and gilding. In the middle ages it was the scene of affrays of all kinds, and it was burned down several times, three thousand persons perishing in one fire alone. The heads of rebels were stuck on the gate-houses, among others those of Jack Cade, and of Garnet, who was concerned in the gunpowder plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The heads of good Sir Thomas More, brave Wallace of Scotland, and the pious Bishop of Rochester were also placed there, and until a comparatively recent date such ghastly trophies glanced down on the passers-by. They were fastened on iron spikes, and in a gale of wind they sometimes rolled to the ground or into the water.

Three hundred and fifteen years ago the Lord Mayor of London was Sir William Hewet. Hewet lived in a house on the bridge, and had an infant daughter named Anne. The current of the Thames was then very strong, as there was a fall of several feet underneath the arches. One day a nurse was playing with baby Anne at a window overlooking the river, and in a careless moment she let her little charge fall. A young apprentice named Osborne plunged into the boiling stream after her, and with great difficulty saved her, thus earning the life-long gratitude of his master, the Lord Mayor. Anne grew to be a beautiful woman, and, as her father was very wealthy, many noblemen, including earls and baronets, sought her hand. But she loved Osborne the best, and to all other suitors her father said: "No; Osborne won her and Osborne shall have her." So he did, and he afterward became the first Duke of Leeds.

Hogarth and other celebrated painters once lived on London Bridge. Alexander Pope, the poet, and Jonathan Swift, who wrote "Gulliver's Travels," were often to be found at the store of a witty bookseller in the Northern Gate; and a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS might be filled with anecdotes of the famous people who have been associated with its history. But for us this glimpse must be sufficient.

The little steamer moves slowly up the river, and soon passes under another bridge. As you approach, you wonder how she will do it, as her smoke-stack—or funnel, as the English people call it—is too high to allow her passage. The next moment you see it thrown back on a line with the deck, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke drifts from its mouth among the ladies and children on the seats at the stern. As soon as she is clear of the bridge, it is raised again by some invisible machinery worked below. It is like the blade of a penknife opening and shutting. You are a little startled when you first see it coming down upon you, but you are quickly re-assured by the unconcern of the others, to whom it is no mystery. The masts of the barges on the river are worked in the same way. When a bridge is near, one of the boatmen turns a crank and the mast is seen to fall gradually back until it is parallel with the deck. When the bridge is passed, the crank lifts it into position again.

Most of these barges, by the by, are in striking contrast with the surroundings of the river. They are lavishly painted in the gaudiest colors—red, yellow and green being a favorite combination; and the cabin windows are usually draped with a trim bit of muslin, which indicates the presence of

a woman. The other vessels, the small-boats and the ferry-boats included, are black and dreary, and on the southern side of the river a line of smoky warehouses and a strip of black mud add to the cheerlessness of the scene.

The steamer plods yet farther on, occasionally stopping at a pier, where a few passengers are landed and a few others received. The small boy is closely attentive to the movements of the captain's hand the while, lustily calling "Slow 'er!" or "Stop-per!" as it is raised or lowered, and never moving from his perch on the gratings of the engine-room.

Not very long ago, the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster was lined on both sides with tumble-down old stores and houses, which gave it a miserably shabby appearance. A wonderful improvement is being made, however, in the construction of an ornamental embankment of stone, which is already completed for a distance of about two miles. It has a fine road-way for vehicles and a promenade for walkers, sheltered by an avenue of trees; and when it is entirely finished, it will be one of the finest public works in the world. It is called the Victoria Embankment, in honor of the Queen; and at Chelsea, a part of London at which we shall arrive by and by, there is another similar embankment on the opposite side of the river, which is called the Albert Embankment, in honor of her husband, the good Prince Consort, who died some years ago.

Near where the Victoria Embankment begins is the Temple, with its beautiful gardens and old brick houses and church. It was the residence of the Knights Templars, who fought so valorously in the Crusades against the infidels of the East. They first came to England from Jerusalem in the year 1128, and they called themselves "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon."

When out of battle, they lived the lives of monks, and passed their time in prayer and self-mortification. They were forbidden to talk aloud, jest, or receive or write letters without the consent of a master. When traveling, they were required to lodge only with men of the best repute, and to keep a light burning all night, "lest the dark enemy, from whom God preserve us, should find some opportunity."

In time these monkish knights grew rich, proud, and corrupt, and eventually they were put down. Their monastery then became—and it still remains—a great residence for lawyers and literary men. Among those who have occupied it are notable people without number, including Congreve, the old play-writer; Sir William Blackstone, who wrote the best commentary on the English laws; Edmund Burke, the brilliant orator; Dr. Samuel Johnson, the dictionary-maker; Charles Lamb, the essayist; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the wittiest man of his time, author of the "School for Scandal;" and the three poets Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, and William Cowper.

These are only a few well-known names, which I have selected at random, from the long list of celebrities who have inhabited the Temple at different times. I ought not to omit mention of Butler, who lived here and who wrote "Hudibras," nor of a pretty little fountain in the gardens, which Charles Dickens beautifully described in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

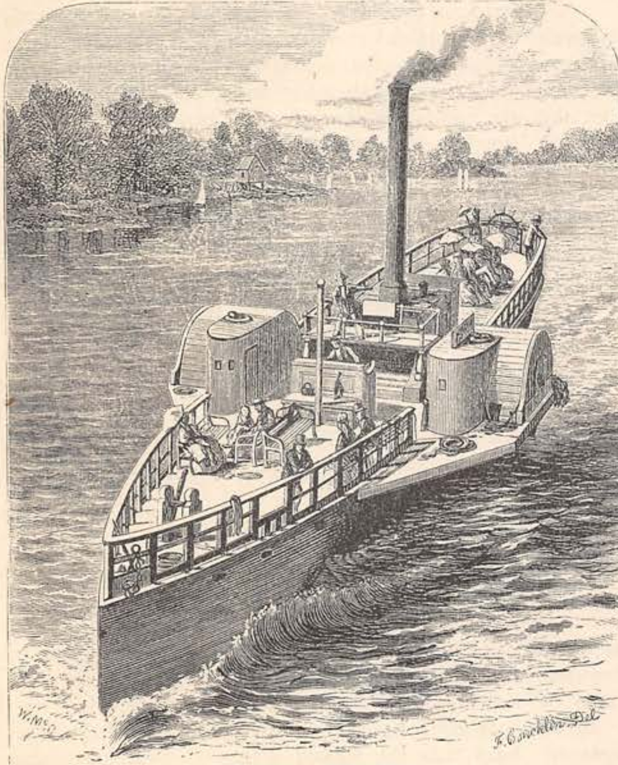
The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the noblest religious buildings in existence, is in view about three miles behind, and we are fast nearing Westminster. We pass under many bridges of the most varied design, some of them built of painted and gilded iron, and others built of stone on solid arches black with age and dirt. On both sides there are thick clusters of houses and warehouses, towering above which a palace or a public building is occasionally seen. A pall of smoke floats above all, and the sunlight is subdued and yellow.

The Houses of Parliament—the House of Commons and the House of Lords—stand close by the river at Westminster, with the Abbey in the rear. Probably you will be more pleased with them than with the other buildings that you have seen in London. For, while they are large and imposing, they have a sort of airy grace, which is produced by numerous towers, spires, and abundant scroll-work. To what can I compare them? They seem so finely wrought that they might be woven of lace instead of stone, and they realize all one's ideas of a palace, even of a fairy palace. At night, too, when the Parliament is in session and all the windows stream forth light, they are still more beautiful and still more inviting to the fancy. The interior is also exquisitely grand; and this is the great legislative hall where the Queen, the Lords and Commoners meet in council to frame laws for the people.

Westminster Abbey is a much older and nobler building than the Houses of Parliament. Within its walls rest the remains or monuments of all those Englishmen who have distinguished themselves by brave deeds in peace and war. "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" cried Lord Nelson in entering one of his sea-fights, and he echoed a common ambition. Burial in this sacred place is the highest honor that can be paid to an Englishman, and it is only allowed to the greatest. At one side there is a small space called the "Poets' Corner," containing the fresh grave of Charles Dickens. Silent neighbors to him are the memorials or remains

of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Camden, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Handel, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Macaulay, Thackeray, Palmerston, and others no less famous in history and literature. Another part of the abbey is divided into ten chapels, within which repose the kings, queens and princes; and the transepts and aisles also shelter illustrious dead.

The landings of the steamer are made with scarcely a minute's delay. A plank is thrown between the deck and the pier. Passengers step on board or ashore without hurry or confusion. "Go ahead!" the small boy shouts, and we start into the stream again at full speed. This is one of the things they manage better in London than in America. People do not try to jump on board after the steamer has started, nor to jump ashore before she has arrived, and so there are few accidents and delays.



THE THAMES STEAMBOAT.

Near Lambeth Bridge, on the southern bank of the river, there is a stone building which looks half like a castle and half like a fort, and which is neither. It is Lambeth Palace, formerly a place of confinement for heretics and now used as the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. You are much disappointed with its appearance, no doubt: for palace is a grand and promising word, exciting to the imagination. But this, like the other palaces of London, is a very ordinary-looking building, and you can scarcely decide whether it is not as ugly as the Millbank Prison, with its eight thousand criminals, on the opposite side.

After Lambeth, the next stopping-place is Chelsea, where we change boats for Kew. A row of old-fashioned houses fronts the river, and one of them is the home of the great writer, Thomas Carlyle. The place is most famed, however, for its buns, which are sold at all the confectioneries in England. They are not like other buns, and they contain no currants. They are richer, sweeter, softer, and altogether more palatable. You should see their color too. It is bright yellow within, and a delicate brown without. In the center of each there is a dainty bit of citron, and the crust is generously sprinkled with sparkling grains of crystallized sugar. As for myself, I have outgrown my taste for confectionery, but I cannot resist these superb Chelsea buns—they are so wholesome, and, withal, so delicious.

We resume our voyage in another steamer, different from the London Bridge boat in name only. Another small boy sits under the bridge to convey the captain's orders to the engineer, and he, like our old friend, is of a silent and retiring disposition. The wonder is that, though he is reading a story-paper all the while, he never misses a movement of the captain's hand and never fails to chirp "Stop-per!" "Slow 'er!" as alertly as though his whole mind was in his business. His bright eyes seem centered on the paper, but he has a corner, I suppose, reserved especially for the man on the bridge.

Our fellow-passengers are changed. Only two or three of those who came with us on the first boat remain. The others, including several little Londoners in holiday dress, arrived at Chelsea earlier, and were waiting. Some musicians, with a violin, harp and flute, have also joined the company, and strike up a lively tune as we approach a more beautiful part of the Thames. For a short distance the boat steams between two muddy shores; then we see a green field, and, farther on, some trees. Soon afterward we are in a lovely country, beyond the smoke and toil of the city. On the banks of the river, set back among the

woods, are the villas of wealthy people, with picturesque boat-houses and velvet-like lawns reaching to the water's edge. Occasionally we hear the tap-tap of a hammer, and pass a boat-builder's yard, where some workmen are repairing a sharp-looking scull. Next we come to Putney, the starting-point in the annual boat-race between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, which is celebrated the world over, and attracts such a crowd of spectators as can only be seen in London. Swift rowing-boats, pulled by splendid fellows in fancily colored dress, shoot by us, and yonder are two boys making life happy in a tiny canoe.

Between Putney and Mortlake the river is given almost entirely to aquatic sports. There are many pretty boat-houses on the banks, with fleets of cedar sculls before each. It was here that the Americans from Harvard College were defeated in a contest with the Oxford men; and here, too, exciting swimming and rowing matches take place nearly every day in Summer. The villages on the route are composed of queer old houses built among sweetbrier and honeysuckle. The roofs are covered with warm red tiles, and the walls are white, with lattice-work porches by the doors. Near Hammersmith, one of the quaintest of these quaint villages, Thomson wrote his poem, the "Seasons," and in the same neighborhood George Macdonald, the novelist, has a home.

About three-quarters of an hour after our departure from Chelsea we are landed at Kew. Close to the pier there are tea-gardens without number, each displaying a sign, "Tea for ninepence" and "Hot water." It is in these tea-gardens that the London children will end their holiday. Their parents have brought heavy baskets filled with eatables, and, when they have inspected the botanic gardens, they will come here to feast. The landlord supplies hot water, chairs and tables, charging twopence (or four cents) for each person; and the visitors supply their own food. Of course all visitors do not follow this plan. There are fashionable hotels in Kew at which eight shillings (or two dollars) are charged for dinner. But such people as we saw on the boat—the mechanics with their wives and children—will surely do so, and you may be certain that they will enjoy themselves. In the evening they will return to the city by the third-class train, and will not have another holiday, perhaps, for a year.

THE CYCLOPS.

By Mary Treat.

The Cyclops is a tiny animal, very common, found in all of our fresh-water ponds and stagnant pools. It is about the sixteenth of an inch in length, easily discernible to the naked eye. It belongs to the great class of animals called *crustacea*, of which the lobster and crab are familiar examples. The *crustacea* carry their bones outside of their bodies. What a nice arrangement this is, to be enveloped in a bony coat-of-mail! The crustaceans ought to be a happy race of animals to have their bodies so well protected against the dangers which surround them. With us the order is reversed. Our bones are covered with flesh, and we have to be very careful what we handle, and where we step with our naked feet. But we are supposed to know more than the crustaceans, and the more we know the more difficulties are placed around us, as if to try us, to see how much we can overcome.

The Cyclops is an active, nimble creature, and under the microscope looks very pretty. It has two pairs of feathery *antennæ*, and five pairs of feet with tufts of plumose hairs set at each joint, and a long tail terminating in bristles.

It has one eye set in the center of the forehead, like the wicked giants of mythology, after whom our tiny Cyclops is named. This eye is a marvel of skill and wonderful workmanship, far exceeding in elaborate construction the eye of insects. It is composed of a number of simple eyes set on a footstalk and placed under a shining, glassy cornea, and a great many muscle-bands are attached to this compound eye, so that the animal can move it about in any direction. The footstalk is movable on a hinge, so that the eye can be projected or withdrawn at pleasure; and when the animal is tired of looking about, it can pack its eye away in a little hollow prepared expressly for the purpose.

I hope my readers will duly appreciate the "portrait" of the Cyclops, for I exhausted a good deal of patience and considerable time in catching the