

# NIGNI, THE DWARF

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE MAN, AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

No. 6—He Sails for England.

M. H. YEDDO'S plan was for a tour of Europe, exhibiting me in all the cities and towns, and I was pleased with it. The idea was to have my father go along, as now I had no mother, but he shook his head and said: "I am getting to be an old man. I have never traveled, even in my own country, and to go among people whose customs and languages are strange to me would not give me any pleasure. I am quite rich now, thanks to you both, and I prefer to remain right here in my own town and live in a quiet way."

"But I must have Nigni," said the showman.

"Well, I have been thinking," continued my father. "He is now about 8 years old, and has been traveling for nearly two years. While he is only 11 inches high and his weight is only nine pounds, I think he can almost take care of himself. Couldn't you hire some one to go along and watch you both a little?"

"I can and will. I have a nephew named Arak, who is a steady, sensible young man, and he will be glad to go along for the wages I will offer. He will look out for Nigni with all the care you can ask for."

It was settled in that way, and then I exhibited Mr. Yeddo. While on exhibition I had seen but few English, French or German people, and not even one American. I could only speak our language, and had no idea of learning any other. When mother died and I returned home, it happened that an English family with a little boy 10 years old came to the village to live. The boy was named Ben, and we liked each other on sight. We could not converse, but we soon set about learning each other's language. We would point to houses, trees, animals and other things, and I would give their names in the Japanese language, and he would give them in English. It wasn't long before we could pronounce the names of everything to be seen, and in three or four months we could converse in either English or Japanese. We made some queer blunders and funny mistakes, of course, but the great showman was dumb with surprise when I said to him quietly:

"I speak not English like a boy English, but him I very well speak."

"What! Have you been learning the language?" he almost shouted at me.

"The language I learn till almost English I am," I replied proudly.

"How grand! Why, Nigni, I was feeling cast down over the thought that you would not be able to speak one word to the English people, and here I find you talking like a parrot. You have been a sharp boy to pick it up, and it will add greatly to your popularity. You need not mind French or German, though you will pick up many words as we go along. I will now say to you in English:

"My little man, when will you go on this journey?"

"In two days, I'll ready be," I replied, and my father laughed and said:



"I WONDER IF THE LITTLE FELLOW WOULD BITE IF I PULLED HIS HAIR!"

that the English tongue reminded him of the barking of the baboons in the forest.

In two days I bade my father and all my friends good-by, and we journeyed down to the sea and boarded a steamship which sailed away for London. It was only when we got aboard that I met Arak, who was to be my friend, companion and servant. I liked his looks and ways at once, and after a few minutes he picked me up in his strong arms and said:

"Little fellow, I like you, and I am sure that we shall get along together and become the best of friends."

There were many English passengers on the ship, and on our first day out, as I was walking the deck with my sword

by my side, I heard one of them say to another:

"I wonder if the little fellow would bite if I pulled his hair."

"Sir!" I said, as I turned on him and drew my sword, "something worse than a bite you will get if my hair you make hold to pull," and pretty soon all the people were laughing and saying that I had as much courage as a man of six feet. That was the only time of the voyage that any one tried to poke fun at me. All became very friendly and were kind enough to help me along in speaking the English language. In my next I will tell you how I landed in London, and of my first exhibition. The public had heard of me, but did not believe that I was as small as the papers said.

parlorful of young people in the evening just as much as it will a class at recess time. And it will instruct them, too.

First, appoint a leader, who starts the game by assigning to each player a country. To No. 1, we'll say, he assigns the United States; to No. 2, England; to No. 3, Scotland; to No. 4, Ireland; to No. 5, Germany; to No. 6, Russia; and so on until all every player has a country.

When that has been done the players should refrain from talking for a while, so that they may do a little thinking, and you know very well that if you keep on talking to each other there will be no chance to think. But when the thinking is over you may talk as much as you please.

The thinking is to be a little test of your knowledge of geography, for the leader is going to call on you, skipping about from one to another, and when you are called you have to rise and give the name of a river in the country that you represent.

For example, the leader says, "Let us hear from Germany," and the player whom Germany has been assigned rises and says, "My name is Rhine, and I am a river of Germany."

Now, as you cannot tell when you may be called on, you must think of your country as soon after you get your country as possible, and that is why you must not talk for a little while.

The game may be made a little more interesting if the leader will assign to the players countries that are not so well known as those we have mentioned. It may be varied by using the States of the Union instead of countries and towns instead of rivers.

## DIDN'T GET THE BADGER GLORY OF MORNING DIVERT HUNTERS' THOUGHTS

SOME years ago, during a visit to friends at Sudeley Castle, Gloucestershire, the late Sir John Stainer, the famous organist and composer, joined in a badger hunt which had a most unexpected ending, one that was undoubtedly wholesome both for the badger and his hunters, says the Youth's Companion.

The manager of the hunt was an old huntsman by the name of Mr. Stainer, and he had not then been knighted—having been told that there was to be a meet at a place called Pincock Cliff, an extensive woodland in the Cotswolds, expressed a desire to take part in it.

At midnight, accordingly, in company with the manager, the Rev. Robert Bowne, who was then curate of Sudeley, and a few others, Dr. Stainer started to tramp to the rendezvous, which was about four miles away. The hunters were left at a certain point with instructions to "run half an hour" and then to "be off." This being effected, they were quietly awaiting the appearance of the badger, who, disturbed on his rambles by the beater's dogs, would probably ere long charge at the entrance. While they waited, the approach of the morning was heralded by that mysterious light which at that time of year—it was June—begins to be seen about 2 o'clock.

It was one of the finest mornings possible to imagine. There was no wind, the sky was clear, and the small patches of detached mist, lazily creeping up toward the eastern horizon, were in a lethargic suggested celestial beings winging their upward way.

The birds soon began their morning scolding, with their shrill, shrill notes, then in the far distance the cuckoo, the wood pigeon and the dove cooing to his mate, and then the hosts of other birds, one after another, until all the other birds were in a state of excitement. Then Dr. Stainer, raising his hands, exclaimed:

"That have life and breath sing to the Lord!" the opening words of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

The manager caught at it in an instant and hummed the trombone part.

"You know, I don't get the doctor."

The manager nodded.

"Let us have the first chorus," said Dr. Stainer.

The choir sang from memory, as well as they could, the first chorus from the "Hymn of Praise," Dr. Stainer taking the treble, Mr. Bowne the alto, the manager the tenor and another the bass.

Nature, however, did not get the badger. Never was badger in this humor mood, and it is easy to imagine the dazed beast, who never could have heard such sounds as his previous existence, giving his earth a wide berth.

## CLEVER BLIND CHILDREN THEY STAGE A PLAY WITHOUT A SINGLE HITCH

A COMPANY of blind children enacted the play of "Jack the Giant-Killer" at St. Louis recently.

It was their first attempt in the histrionic line, and was pronounced the success of the season by the theater-goers.

The children belong to the Missouri School for the Blind, and the entertainment was arranged in celebration of the institution's 51st anniversary.

The teachers made all of the costumes and trained the performers for weeks beforehand. The latter entered into the spirit of the occasion with all the zest which more favored children might have exhibited. The remarkable feature was the keenness of perception which they displayed. Guided by the directions of their never made one false step, but passed and repassed each other on the stage and always found their respective places without a hitch. Their movements were all exact and freedom and grace and their steps were as firm and full of confidence as though they had been blessed with the brightest and keenest of eyes.

Sightless as they were, they bowed to a blind king and queen in courtly style. A blind fairy waved her wand over their majesties without once touching their crowns. The blind girl, Blunderbuss, marched in all his terrible might across the stage with the most threatening strides and blind Jack the Giant-Killer strutted gloriously up and down with his trusty sword. It was all done with such astonishing accuracy, and never was there a mistake in word or action. The orchestra which furnished the music was composed of 15 blind boys, and the attendants of the king and queen numbered some 21 sightless little ones.

So that it was a company which really crowded the narrow stage and made the excellence of the performance all the more notable. A particularly pretty scene was that in which Jack led the Princess and Fairy Good in a dance which was very much like the Virginia reel.

After the play, S. E. Green, superintendent of the institution, was the recipient of many congratulations upon the histrionic achievement of his pupils.

"They can do things and accomplish goals in the world, just the same as people that have eyes," he said proudly. "Our motto is this: 'It is the soul that sees.'"

"We took that motto several years ago to impress on the public the fact that blind people are not a lot of helpless, unnatural creatures, as some suppose. Aside from the misfortune of being deprived of their sight, blind children are affectionate, they like to romp and play, they want to be in the fresh air and the sunshine, and they enjoy hearing, the songs of the birds and smelling the perfume of the flowers."

Flowered organizes of the Dolly Varden order are the latest variety and they seem to belong to the broad, flat, drooping hats with lace trim and the pretty lace-trimmed which women are to wear in the evening.

—New York Sun.

# GREAT FOOD SWINDLE

THE WAY MR. MOCKINGBIRD USPET MR. ROOSTER'S BOOKKEEPING BY RAYMOND FULLER AYRES

AT ONE time the birds were in great danger of starving to death, for there had been no rain for a long time, and as nothing could grow without rain, there was almost nothing for the birds to eat. They got along very well for a while, because almost all of them had some provisions put away, but when those were gone they were really in a bad fix. They all got as thin as could be, and if it had not been for Mr. Rooster's store they certainly would have starved.

Mr. Rooster was very well acquainted with Mr. Man, and could get all the corn, oats and other grain that he wanted in exchange for eggs, with which his family kept him well supplied. He had a little store just on the edge of the woods, and here the birds usually went for their provisions during the famine. Mr. Rooster had to trust them all, for their money was all gone, but their credit was good, and besides, Mr. Rooster charged fearfully high prices. Even Mr. Hawk, Mr. Crow and Judge Owl were obliged to go to Mr. Rooster to get provisions on credit, and there were so many of the other birds around the store at times that Mr. Rooster became afraid that they would

absent-minded to be getting two bags of corn in one day." Then Mr. Whistler knew that the corn he had just got had been charged to Mr. Sparrow.

All of the birds had been careful to make the provisions that they bought at Mr. Rooster's store go just as far as possible, and they went hungry most of the time, for they knew that although they could get as much as they wanted at the store, still they would have to pay it back some time, and if the drought lasted very much longer they would get so deeply in debt to Mr. Rooster that they would be unable to pay him for a very long time, no matter how hard they worked. Mr. Whistler had reckoned as much as the others, but now he decided he would eat all he pleased, no matter how long the drought lasted, and he would not have to pay for it, either.

He ate his bag of corn in one day and the next day he went back to the store and, imitating the voice of Mr. Robin, he asked for some oats. Mrs. Hen handed out the oats without a word, and Mr. Rooster charged them to Mr. Robin. The next day Mr. Whistler imitated Mr. Rice Bird's voice when he ordered some rice, and the rice was charged to Mr. Whistler. Mr. Whistler kept this up every day, imitating the voices of all the birds he knew, and when he came to the end

he asked him to look at the books again. Mr. Rooster was perfectly willing, and told Mr. Crow that he could look at them too. If he wanted to, so they both examined the books very carefully, and sure enough, there were a lot of charges against Mr. Crow for goods that he said he never had seen.

As they were looking over the different entries, Mr. Crow happened to notice Mr. Whistler's account, and he saw that it was scarcely anything, compared with that of the other birds. Then he remembered that all through the famine Mr. Whistler had been plump and strong looking when every one else was thin. He did not say anything, but went off at once to find Mr. Whistler.

Mr. Whistler was sitting on his front porch smoking a pipe when Mr. Crow found him. Mr. Crow said that he was surprised to see Mr. Whistler looking so fat and strong after the terrible famine they had all been through. Mr. Whistler said he was surprised himself, but that it was doubtless because he never worried about anything.

Then they talked about the weather, and other things, and Mr. Crow noticed that Mr. Whistler would talk first in the voice of one bird and then in the tones of another. He seemed to have forgotten his natural voice completely, and Mr. Crow would have believed that he was 50 different birds on Mr. Whistler's porch if he had not seen him.

Mr. Crow was astonished at this, at first, but when Mr. Whistler spoke in Mr. Crow's voice, Mr. Crow almost fell off the porch. He could not bear it to have any one speak to him in his private voice, so he went off to Mr. Rooster at once, and told him that he had found out how Mr. Whistler had done it. Mr. Whistler was arrested and taken before Judge Owl. He broke down completely and confessed how he had fooled Mr. Rooster by imitating the voices of other birds. Judge Owl decided that Mr. Whistler should pay Mr. Rooster all of the extra charges on the bills of the other birds. Mr. Whistler could not pay, for the amount was so large, so he had to seek for Mr. Rooster for two years to settle the debt. He was never able to speak or sing in his own voice after that, and as he kept mocking the other birds they changed his name to Mr. Mockingbird. There is hardly a kind of reading in which excellent books are not to be found. Do not read the second-rate or third-rate books, because you think there are none better. If you like adventure, try "The Three Musketeers," which is a story of a man of adventure who will tell you how to reach the best reading.

"And the best reading is the wisest investment. A great book can never be used up; there is always in it new food for the mind, new pleasure. The best books are called 'best' because they have been most enjoyed. There is no sense in wanting those inferior books when there are so many good books that you will never find time to read.

"Many letters come to this department telling of books children own and have read, and their lists are for the most part well chosen. But very few of our readers write for advice as to books on certain subjects or of certain kinds. Let us know what sort of books you prefer—giving a few examples, perhaps—and we will ask our older readers to act as your guides into this great new world of books modern days and modern ways have made for us."



MR. CROW ALMOST FELL OFF THE PORCH.

break in and steal the whole storeful of things. So he built a shelf outside of a little window, and made the birds stand outside and ask for whatever they wanted through this window.

Mrs. Hen would put the packages of goods through the window on the shelf, while Mr. Rooster sat inside before a big book, and charged the birds with whatever they bought. Mrs. Hen was kept so very busy handing out packages of corn and other things to the crowds of birds that came to the store that she seldom looked out of the window when a customer asked for anything, for as every one knows, birds sing whatever they have to say, and Mrs. Hen knew the songs of each one. At first she used to call out the name of each customer to Mr. Rooster, but she soon gave that up, for while Mr. Rooster sat where he could not see out of the window, he could hear the orders as well as Mrs. Hen could, and he knew whom to charge the things to, for he knew the voices of each customer as well as Mrs. Hen herself.

One of the first to go to the store at the very beginning of the famine, was a bird called Mr. Whistler, from the extraordinary ways in which he could whistle. He could sing, too, but he seldom did so, for he said that almost any bird could sing, while it required a gentleman of education and intellect like himself to whistle.

One day as Mr. Whistler was standing in line with a lot of other birds who were waiting their turns to reach the window of Mr. Rooster's store, to get something to eat, he noticed that Mrs. Hen scarcely looked at any one who bought, and that she gave him an idea. He noticed that Mr. Sparrow had just left the window with a bag of corn, and when it was his turn to go to the window he imitated Mr. Sparrow's voice exactly and asked for a bag of corn. Mrs. Hen handed it out without even looking at him, and as he went away with his corn he heard Mr. Rooster say to himself, "Mr. Sparrow must be getting

over the list of acquaintances, he began all over again with Mr. Sparrow, and so on. He grew sleek and fat, while all the other birds were so thin that you could almost see through them, and their feathers, looked all rusty and worn out from want of proper nourishment.

At last the drought came to an end; the rain fell in torrents; the grass and vegetables began to grow finely, and the birds worked in the fields as happily as could be and raised large crops, all that is, except Mr. Whistler, who had become so lazy while he was living high during the famine that he could not bring himself to work very hard again, and so he raised just enough vegetables to live on. Then, one day, Mr. Rooster sent in his bills for provisions to all of the birds. Mr. Whistler's was very small. There had been nothing charged to his account since very early in the famine, but the other birds were so thin that they could hardly stand, and they were all very angry about it. They said that Mr. Rooster should be ashamed of himself for charging such high prices, anyway, without trying to make them pay for twice as many provisions as they had bought from him.

Of course, they went to Mr. Rooster and told him that they had been overcharged, but he insisted that their bills were all right, for he had kept the books himself, and he never made mistakes. Then the birds were very angry, and said that they would not pay for those extra charges, and then Mr. Rooster was angry and said that he would see about that.

Mr. Crow had appeared with the rest to protest about his bill, but when he heard all the other birds complaining about their bills, he was astonished, and made up his mind that Mr. Rooster must be trying to cheat every one. So, when it came his turn to talk with Mr. Rooster,

From "Books for Reading," a department in the April St. Nicholas, this has been copied:

"Many grown people are ready and eager to help you to find the reading you will most enjoy. Many of you are wasting time upon poor books when better books of the same sort are ready to your hands. There is hardly a kind of reading in which excellent books are not to be found. Do not read the second-rate or third-rate books, because you think there are none better. If you like adventure, try "The Three Musketeers," which is a story of a man of adventure who will tell you how to reach the best reading.

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"Many letters come to this department telling of books children own and have read, and their lists are for the most part well chosen. But very few of our readers write for advice as to books on certain subjects or of certain kinds. Let us know what sort of books you prefer—giving a few examples, perhaps—and we will ask our older readers to act as your guides into this great new world of books modern days and modern ways have made for us."

Hans Breitmann's Party.  
Hans Breitmann gave a party:  
Dey had him playin';  
I totted out lots o' Mexican frau,  
Her name was Madilla Yane,  
She had hair as brown ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes was himmel-blue,  
Her feet was like de best o' adenve,  
Dey shitt mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann give a party:  
I vent dere, you'll be bound,  
I valent mit Madilla Yane  
'Tend vent spintun round and round,  
Dey pedest out rauten in de house,  
She sayed "put two hundred pound,  
Und efery dime she give a shoomp  
She make de windows sound.

# A BATTLE IN THE SNOW

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF AN UNEQUAL FIGHT BETWEEN A GRIZZLY BEAR AND A COUGAR

THE "survival of the fittest," a law among wild animals, accounts for most of them having about the same amount of intelligence, of course varied according to the scale of animal intellect. But once in a while an animal excels his fellows by superior wisdom, strength, or craft, and becomes a veritable leader of his kind. And it was by a series of occurrences that Puma, the little cub-cougar, grew up to be one of the strongest and wisest of his race.

He always had been remarkably bright, and as he grew older and stronger he became one of the most reckless, fear-inspiring animals that ever played havoc with cattle and sheep, or that ever was so suggestive of death to the inhabitants of the small town of Birchcreek.

Several months had passed, and one day, late in November, Mother Cougar was leading her young ones home to their den.

It was a wintry day; the snow covered the ground, and dark clouds were swept across the sky. The little cougars had grown considerably, although Puma's shaggy hair had developed some internal trouble which made it hard for him to swallow or to digest food without discom-

fort, and so he was eating most of the time.

Just as they were coming around a small hill a huge grizzly bear loomed up in front of them. At first he didn't see them, but Mother Cougar arched her back and uttered a blood-curdling scream, which was a good enough warning for any animal but a grizzly to change his direction. The little fellows were fairly frightened to death, and ran back some distance into the woods. But still the grizzly kept on until he got quite near Mother Cougar, and again she uttered that wild scream. She was terribly enraged now, and was prepared to fight if he made another step in the direction of her little ones. The bear raised up on his hind legs and awkwardly continued his way, as though he thought himself more terrifying in that exalted position. But Mother Cougar's fighting blood was up, and she made a couple of bounds and a leap that landed her square on the grizzly's shoulder. She buried her teeth deep in the fleshy folds of his chest, and fell to work with all her 30 claws.

For a few seconds there was a terrible fight, the snow flying in all directions; and the agonized roars of the grizzly were ghastly to hear. But as soon as the bear could shake one arm free, he raised it like a powerful club high in air and

brought it down with one awful, crushing blow on Mother Cougar's head.

And that was all. She dropped to the ground limp and lifeless, while the grizzly made the best of his way to the woods, roaring with pain and fury.

The little ones? Well, they were bereft of their one and only friend in the world. They had crept up nearer during the fight, and when they saw her drop lifeless to the ground they ran up to her. But it was all so strange; she was so still and quiet; and they, not knowing what to do, ran whimpering off into the woods. Clarence Edwin Booth Crossman in the June St. Nicholas.

Talking Rivers: A Recess Game.  
Some of the boys and girls, perhaps, would rather have a big game of romps out in the school yard, at recess, than stay indoors and play one of the games that we are giving here. On the other hand, some of them would rather stay indoors than play outside.

That is natural, of course, for we cannot expect them all to feel alike. But the advantage about these games is that they may be played at home just as well as at school, so that they will afford amusement to you all. Here is one, for instance, that will be sure to amuse a

# THE DOROTHY BROWN PAINT PICTURES.



Dorothy is Glad That She Can Say "Thank You" in French

VI—DOROTHY AND REGGIE IN FRANCE.

When one goes to a foreign land, one sees strange things on every hand. The houses, towns and people all seem so different from ours.

When Dorothy and Reggie found themselves in France they looked around, and everywhere their wondering eyes were met by new things to delight. Then Dorothy was glad that she had studied French so faithfully.

And how Reggie felt quite small, for Dorothy talked with them all. Dorothy's hat was gray and green, with ribbons of a silver shade. Of soft old-rose tint was her gown, with stripes of mauve, tint up and down. And Reggie's clothes were a soft gray; his shirt was pink and cream, quite gay. White caps were on each French child's head; the oldest wore a crown bright red. The little one paint blue and white; her hair is yellow, soft, but bright.

# THE LAMENTABLE TALE OF JEREMY GIZZLE AND SAMUEL STUFF

Jeremy Gizzle and Samuel Stuff  
Of eating and drinking could never get enough,  
(List to the tale I tell!)

Nothing but eat did Samuel Stuff;  
No pastry too rich and no gristle too tough,  
(List to the song I sing)

With appetite seeming insatiate,  
Lobster and pickles and pie he ate;  
"More!" he sighed as he passed his plate.  
(Greed is an awful thing!)

Jeremy Gizzle did nothing but drink;  
He'd swallow a quart without even a wink,  
(That was the record he had!)

And so for a while went on these two;  
They grew and ate and they drank and grew,  
(T'lest how the story ends)

Coffee and water and milk and tea  
Until one day a fairy grand  
Appeared on a sudden and waved her hand,  
Look down below and you'll understand  
The way that my story ends.

C. F. Lester

