

BEYOND THE SNOW;

BEING A

HISTORY OF TRIM'S ADVENTURES

IN

NORDLICHTSCHEIN.

BY

P. Fiske Reed

Certes, a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of which it is shadowed.

— CHAUCER.



CHICAGO:

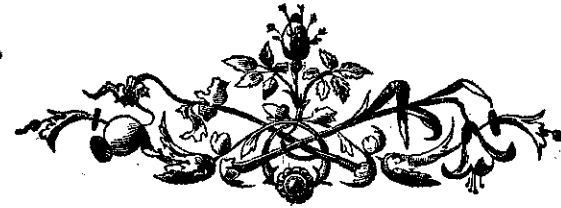
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THIS BOOK,
MY ABBE,
SINCE IT WAS BEGUN FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT
AND ELABORATED FOR YOUR INSTRUCTION,
I DEDICATE TO YOU.



PREFACE.

THIS is the door, through which if any one pass he will meet with many curious things, which he may consider are neither human nor divine; but I will warrant him, as Burke says of love, that they are "partly God, partly Man, and partly Devil," and in nowise strangers.

If, perchance, as he wanders among the dusky chambers, lonely halls and musty crypts, he comes face to face with some malformed and frightful goblin, I beg that he will not turn away until he has looked well at the creature, to see whether or not it is some old acquaintance

Strange noises, too, he may hear, which will at first horrify him with their cacophonian clatter; but let him give ear, for a time, and he may be persuaded

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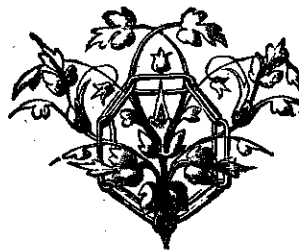
Preface.

that he is listening to the echo of some of his own life's music.

Should any one find the way through these apartments rough and unpleasant, or be vexed at the want of architectural beauty, let him lay the blame to the author; but if he fails to be entertained by his own friends, who herein give him greeting, he may blame himself. But I forgot that this is only the door, and that I am anticipating him in his travels.

P. F. R.

CHICAGO, DEC., 1866.



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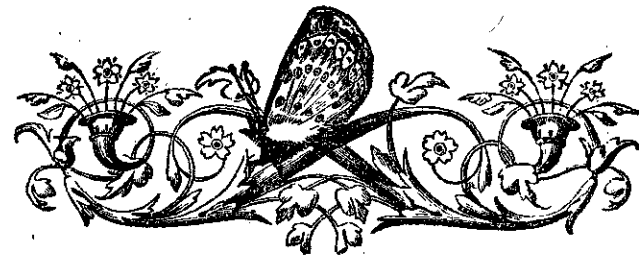
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PROLOGUE.

*SHOWING THE MOTIVE WHICH CALLED
FORTH THIS STORY.*

THERE once lived in Alabama a witty young slave, named LIST, whose wonderful fame in story-telling had spread far and wide through all the country thereabout.

Although a slave, List was scarcely inferior to his Master, either in wit, wisdom or color; but how he had gathered so much learning was a mystery, since the slaves of Alabama were not allowed even common schooling. Yet learned he was, in telling stories at least, for the most marvelous ones were ever at his tongue's end.

He had often kept his Master awake half the night in relating the exploits of the Fairies and Genii, who love and favor good and worthy mortals.

And of the grim Ghouls, who haunt the graveyards and lonely caverns, to the great terror of the timid.

And of the Erl-kings, who strangle and carry off little children, out of pure mischief.

And of the crouching Kelpies, who infest the dark and lonesome ways of the glens and mountains, and who spring upon the unwary traveler, and drag him away to their caves beneath the waterfalls.

All this, and much more, could List tell; for his brain was ever teeming with a strange, wild mixture of beauty, love and horror.

The Master did not fail to appreciate this gift of his slave, and was very kind to him therefore; laughing and playing with him as familiarly as he did with the more favored Chivalry.

But in List's bosom was a wild ambition,—

a deep yearning for liberty,—and though he dare not express it, yet the Master well knew, when he joked him about his “galling chains,” that List would be glad enough to part with them.

Now it so happened that the Master, from high living and idleness, became sad and gloomy; so that the stories of his slave failed to drive away the *ennui* by which he was tormented. At last, still further to excite List's fertile fancy he said:

“Although your stories have ever been very instructive and entertaining, yet they fail to interest me. I now offer you a new incentive: if you will tell me a more wonderful TRUE story than I have ever heard, you shall have your freedom.”

This liberal offer was, of course, accepted. There was a great fluttering somewhere down about the slave's heart, but it was not because of the story he was going to tell, for he had told them all his life-time without any such feeling.

There was a crystal tear trembling in his

eye, but it was not from grief. It was a tear of joy.

He was eager to begin the story at once; but his bosom was so full that he could not have called to his relief a single fairy.

There was so much at stake that he begged the Master to allow him one day to prepare for so great an undertaking.

The request was granted; and the next evening List began a series of stories, upon the success of which hung the greatest boon of his life.



BEYOND THE SNOW.

SHOWING HOW TRIM, THE SAILOR-BOY, DISCOVERED AN ISLAND AT THE NORTH POLE; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE.

FAR away to the North, beyond the great belt of ice, and beyond the Titan icebergs that are surging and plunging through the Arctic waters, Doctor Kane, as you well know, discovered an open Polar sea, where the water was only comfortably cool, and beyond which, he *guessed*, there were pleasant lands, where ice and snow are never known.

But long before the Great Explorer plowed these frozen seas, there was a Yankee ship which, after drifting about among the icebergs

became at last so solidly bedded in the ice, that there seemed little prospect of its ever being thawed out again.

The crew, however, were as hardy and enterprising a set of sailors as ever stemmed the ocean waves, and they were not to be discouraged.

So, having discovered this open sea, and that the waters were pleasant, and that as far northward as the eye could reach there was no ice, they determined to launch out on the lonely ocean, and trust to the chance of finding land.

Accordingly they rigged the life-boat, and, having laid in a supply of provisions from the ship, dragged their boat many cold and weary miles over the rough mountains of ice, till they came to the clear waters of the Polar Sea, when they set forth on their voyage toward the unknown land of the Borean Pole. Only one of them ever reached it:—the others perished from cold and fatigue.

This lone survivor of the crew was Trim, the cabin-boy; who, sad as he felt at the loss of his comrades, and at his strange situation, did not

give up in despair and bewail his fate,—not at all;—but he spoke his thoughts like a true Yankee sailor, and this is what he said:

“Here I am, then, at the very north end of creation, with nothing but water and midnight for company. I don’t see that I can help it though, and what a fellow can’t help he can put up with, and make the best of it. This new ocean is calm enough, just now, but there’s no telling what sort of a temper it *may* have, so I’ll stand by the helm and face the Polar Star whatever comes.”

So Trim settled down to his duty with a bold heart; and in truth he was not so badly off as he might have been, for he had a staunch boat, plenty of furs, a month’s rations, and a compass. This instrument was of little use to him, however, since in this region it pointed the wrong way,—for you must know that the magnetic pole, which attracts the needle, is more than a thousand miles south of the geographical pole, whither he was now steering, and which was little more than half that distance away.

Now when Trim left the ship it was mid-winter, and of course his only light was the Aurora; but he had not been at sea many days when a soft, grey twilight began to appear to the north of him.

As he pushed on the light grew brighter; the water, too, instead of being icy cold, was now as comfortably warm as the waters of his native land; he had also seen several flocks of ducks and geese flying over his head, and had heard the music of their familiar cry.

"Sing away!" he said, gaily. "Your cackle once saved Rome, and who knows but it may yet save me, since we are all bound for the same shore. No man should be too wise to take counsel of a goose, especially when she knows her business. Geese don't go to the North Pole for nothing and if I were as wise as a goose I should expect to find land there, and good living too, may be."

In this merry way did Trim ride these waters which man never rode before, never turning his prow from the Polar Star; and all the time, as

he drifted onward, the twilight grew broader and brighter, the weather warmer, and the star was nearing the zenith.

At last when Trim's larder became so low that he could find nothing at all in it, he discovered a dark belt along the horizon, not a day's sail distant; and then, as he desired to conduct this voyage in regular sailor-like style, he shouted:

"Land ho!" as though he was on the lookout on his own ship.

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead!" he answered himself, earnestly.

So Trim took the helm with fresh courage, and turned not from his course until he ran his boat upon the shore of the UNKNOWN LAND.

It was close upon the border of a forest; and fluttering about in the soft twilight were numberless song-birds, who all joined in one general chorus of welcome.

Trim was so delighted at this good luck that, after thanking heaven for his safety, he actually

danced a sailor's hornpipe to the bird-music; then he turned his attention to the kind of dinner he would be likely to find in this new country.

There were plenty of berries and clams in abundance near the shore. So he lighted a fire, for he had his tinder box with him, and then he treated his palate to a daintier meal than it had known for many a day.

But hungry and weary as he was, he could not help noticing the singular appearance of the country, and the almost total absence of color.

Every thing he looked at was nearly white; and the trees were so tall and slender, and their tops so heavy with foliage that they were bent nearly to the ground,

Trim supposed that the wind had blown them down; for he did not know that, owing to the warm ocean currents, which here rise to the surface and circle round the Island, and to the fact that the air is not influenced by the rotary motion of the earth, as it is at the equator, also from other causes, about which you will

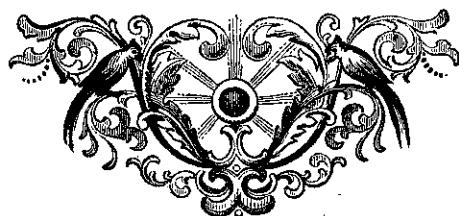
know by and by, the wind blows from every direction alike. Thus it is kept in a quite sort of eddy, never rising above a breeze on the land. And herein is a very curious thing: The rotary motion of the earth, being so very slight, caused, in Trim a strange feeling of dizziness, which almost prevented him from keeping his feet. He felt, too, that his throat was not large enough to supply his lungs with air. It was much the same feeling that one has when on the top of a high mountain.

This is caused by the great velocity of the atmosphere at the equator, producing a sort of suction at the pole, by which means the air being drawn towards the earth's surface, has less depth and less motion.

Trim, however had no desire to study the botany or physical geography of the country. He was glad enough that he had found a haven where he would be likely to get even clams and berries to eat.

He little dreamed that this polar region was inhabited, or that such a strange fate awaited

him. But we will leave him now to enjoy his dinner, while we glance at the country and the people, and see in what sort of plight he will shortly find himself.



*NORDLICHTSCHEIN AND ITS ODD
PEOPLE.*

NOW you must know that the place where Trim had landed is at the very tip end of the North Pole, on an island called Nordlichtschein; and it embraces that portion of the earth which the geographies tell us is indented. So deep is this indentation, and so thin the earth's crust, that the central fires, that are ever bubbling and seething beneath, keep the surface always warm, and in some places quite too hot for comfort.

This island is three hundred and thirty miles in diameter, thirty-three miles of which is a vast volcano, called the Krylizer, whose fires never go out, but leap and foam and flash so fiercely that the heat is felt for many miles around.

And herein is a wise gift of nature, for in this great basin the sun never shines,—never rises and sets,—and there is neither night nor day.

If the earth were rounded at this point, the sun would circle just above the horizon during nine months; and, owing to the refraction of light, which is extreme in this region, there would be twilight the rest of the year. But since the indentation is so deep, the only light is a pale, golden Crepuscule the year round giving beautiful purple shadows over all the land.

In this manner is the country made endurable for living creatures; and though you may think that such a region could not be inhabited, yet you must not forget that there is no part of the beautiful earth that will not support man, and no part that does not require him to possess and control it.

As the sun never shines here, the people of course run up tall and slim, like potato-sprouts in a cellar, as if nature were trying to urge them up into the blessed sunshine.

Some of these people are twenty feet high, and yet so slim that a stout Yankee would outweigh the heaviest.

Their eyes are large, and of a pale blue; and their long, white hair, being braided for an arm's-length from the head, is allowed to hang down their backs till it sometimes trails upon the ground, like a lady's court dress. Their skins are so pure and white that the fairest baby would seem a mulatto in comparison.

Their dress is of skins, feathers and birch-bark ribbons, crowned at the top with a high, sugar-loaf hat, and altogether they look like knights in armor.

They believe that the island on which they live is the whole world, and that it floats on the Infinite Ocean which surrounds it.

They are ruled by a King called KRITIKO-BALLO, who is under the control of PYRO, the presiding demon of the volcano, and of the Infinite Ocean, on which he floats in a great globe of crimson fire. This Pyro is also the author of all good and evil, and visits them with joys

or sorrows, weal or woe, according to their deeds.

Where they came from, or whether they are a special creation, is not known. Their language is a mixture of all languages, and they speak in every tongue, and are sometimes even able to read each other's thoughts; in fact, they are a paradox, being both wise and stupid, simple and cunning, superstitious and skeptical, true and false.

One is scarcely ever known to steal, and with such holy horror do they look upon a lie, that the King of the country causes the head of any one who utters a falsehood to be immediately cut off and cast into the volcano; for they have a tradition among them that their Evil Deity was the king of liars, who was cast into this Krylizer; and they think it no more than just that all liars should be returned to their sovereign.

It is a terrible punishment, to be sure, but not unlike that which we award to our Christian liars; the only difference being that we

leave it for a Higher Power, while they are careful to see that the job is done with their own hands.

This murderous statute in their code of laws was never known to be disgraced by any negligence or lenity on the part of the presiding monarch.

They also have implicit faith in goblins, and are so fond of the marvellous, that, frightful as the penalty is, they are allowed,—and even commanded—to tell the most impossible stories. Yet, if one should be guilty of telling a plain, honest fact, which the king does not understand, a single word settles the matter: "WHIZ," which is at once the sentence, death-warrant and the signal for the executioner, ends the story, and the teller.

They have some wise laws, withal, that would not be amiss in this Christian nation.

No woman is ever allowed to meddle with her husband's affairs, nor can she even poke her fingers in his pocket, short of the severest penalty.

Instead of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, the parents are promptly punished for whatever sins and crimes their children may commit.

It is also a crime for a man to meddle with art, science or poetry; these things being left wholly to the imps, goblins and demons.

If a man, therefore, is ever found guilty of raising his thoughts above the common wants of life, or in any way advancing refinement, he is at once banished to a lonely hill, called Tarfa, whose desolate and rugged sides he may climb to his heart's content.

This is the land, and these are the people to which the sailor-boy is shortly to be introduced.



*TRIM DISCOVERED—WITH THE FEARFUL
RESULTS THAT FOLLOWED.*

WHILE Trim was preparing his dinner there was a native not ten yards distant, watching every movement.

It was the most terrible thing his azure eyes had ever seen; since no one on this island is allowed to kindle, or in any way meddle with fire,—the Krylizer having full monopoly of this commodity,—and had Trim seen his solemn face, and tall, gaunt form, it would have been his turn to be astonished.

But Trim did not see him, so of course he very innocently proceeded with his business; neither thinking nor caring whether the place was inhabited or not.

The native was so alarmed that as soon as

he had made up his mind that he did n't know anything about it, he stretched his long legs over the ground, and in a moment,—although it was ten miles away,—he was at the feet of the King of Nordlichtschein, to whom he gave his report, thus :

"Great Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world, that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is the life and death of all Nordlichtschein, there is a strange little creature like unto man, who has set fire to your majesty's world, and we shall all be burned to ashes."

This astounding news so alarmed the King that he would have turned pale, only it was impossible for him to be any whiter.

But such a monstrous story was not to be listened to for a moment. It must be false, was the King's second thought, and therefore both a violation of the law and an insult to the Great Ruler of all Nordlichtschein.

So Kritikoballo simply said "Whiz," and that was the end of the matter, and the herald as well. For TYPO, the King's lank long-armed

Executioner, who was expecting just such a remark, raised his keen-edged sword, and when it descended, the penalty of lying had been paid.

Hardly had the bleeding head touched the ground, however, when another herald, with staring eyes, rushed to the feet of the King, and cried out :

"Great Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world, that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is the life and death of all Nordlichtschein, there is a strange little creature like unto man, who has set fire to your Majesty's world, and we shall all——"

"Whiz!" cried the King, in great alarm; from mere habit, perhaps, for he was so frightened that he did n't know what he did say.

And in this he was not unlike many of our own rulers when danger threatens them.

The sword of TYPO cut short the report, and this head followed the other, with the last word tottering upon its lips.

From the earliest history of Nordlichtschein, the existence of another world,—from which

this "strange little creature, like unto man," must have come,—had never been admitted, and the fact of a fire being kindled, was not to be thought of for a moment.

While the King yet stared, another herald rushed through the crowd, and cried out:

"Great Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world, that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is ——"

"Whiz!" cried the King, springing from his throne in terrible anger; and away went the head.

The King and the Court were now in the greatest alarm. The news spread through all Kephale,—which is the capital,—and the people came huddling around the palace till the whole court-yard was filled.

Then, full of curiosity, they ran in scores to the sea-shore, that they might satisfy themselves in regard to such a wild and unheard-of report. While they were thus in the greatest confusion, there came another herald; and he cried out:

"Great ——"

"Whiz!" was the answer.

Thus one after another came with the terrific news, and one after another they were sacrificed, till the long arm of the swordsman trembled with its labor; and still they came.

"Great Kritikoballo," said Typo, gravely, "this is a bad business. What is to be done?"

"Whiz!" replied the King, savagely, and so frightened that he did n't know anything else to say. So the performance was kept up, till there were enough bodies piled up to fence in the court yard.

"Great Kritikoballo," said Typo at last, for he began to grow tired of his part of the play, "Supreme Ruler over all the world, what will Nordlichtschein do without men? The growling Krylizer will swallow all the heads in your majesty's world and open his hungry mouth for more! Think you he has become so dainty that he must be fed on your subjects' brains? I pray you let us go and see for ourselves."

The King opened his eyes, till you could

scarcely have told if you were not looking at the sky through two holes in a paper kite, and replied:

"True, I did n't think of that. We will see for ourselves."

And looking around upon the crowd before him, the King counted a score of heralds, with their heads in their hands patiently waiting for the fatal Whiz!

It was several miles to the sea-shore, but their long strides soon brought them to the spot; there, sure enough, was the "strange little creature, like unto man;" and there was the fire consuming the King's world!

"It is a very strange story for a true one," said the master. "Such a barbarous, superstitious and cruel custom is highly improbable, since it has no parallel on earth; and you can hardly show authority for such an immense volcano at the pole."

"Think you so?" replied List. "You are well aware that the earth's crust is no more

than sixty miles in thickness, leaving nearly eight thousand miles of the central fires. Did you ever suppose that the few known volcanoes are sufficient vents for the gases which must be generated in this great seething furnace of molten earth and vaporized metals? Nature is my authority.

"And as to their superstitions: what do you think of the martyrs of all ages, who have been cruelly put to death for opinion's sake?

"And of the slaughter of the Innocents?

"And of the Damaras, who murder their helpless and aged fathers and mothers, because they are of no further use?

"And of the Salem Witchcraft?

"I beg that you will not come down too hard upon the enormities of my people without first looking in among ourselves.

"And as to the absurdity of their beliefs,—there's MARVEL, our next-door neighbor, who will often strangle on a fact, while he thinks

nothing of gulping down a dozen doses of superstitious nonsense.

"But mankind in all ages, from their youth up, are fond of marvel and mystery, and love fiction better than fact; so if they *will* have romance, it is well to dose it with some wholesome lessons. Therefore, my Master, I hope you will excuse the wildness of the stories I am about to tell you, and while you enjoy the honey, do not forget the moral medicine of truth which is mixed with it."

"It seems to me," said the Master, "that we should discover the medicine by its effects, instead of being warned in advance that the honey contains it."

"That is true," replied List; "but some story-tellers give their hearers such homœopathic doses of morality that they must needs be told that they are taking it at all; while others dole out such bitter doses, without a drop of honey to tickle the palate, that one is forced to turn aside for something sweeter."

"Very true," said the Master; "and it is

to be hoped that you will avoid both these extremes."

"It is easier," replied List, "for one man to tell ten men what to do, than to be one of the ten to do it."





*HOW TRIM MEETS THE NATIVES, HOW HE
SAVES HIS HEAD, AND SEVERAL OTHER
CURIOUS THINGS.*

NOW Trim, having gathered a lot of nice clams and berries, was enjoying the repast, when he was startled by a loud shriek, that sounded like the hoarse whistle of the wind through a knot-hole.

Trim looked up with some surprise, you may be sure ; for that hoarse, hollow, moaning shriek came from the King's mouth, which was still wide open,—not only the King's, but a score or two of other mouths,—wide enough open to swallow him!

When Trim saw these specters of the North Pole, with their sky-blue eyes staring at him in such a frightful manner, you might well guess



that he left his dinner and ran away with all his might.

Not a bit of it!

He had knocked about too long over the rough seas, and in strange lands, to know anything of fear; so as soon as he saw them he ran up to the King, whom he supposed to be the chief, from the great crown of sea-shells and precious stones upon his head and said:

"Great King! Immortal Ruler of this mighty Pole! I've been looking for you. Come, now, none of your barbarous tricks on me, but give me some grub, like a good Christian, and I'll tell you all about myself, and how I came to trespass on your Majesty's kingdom. Don't bother me much either, for I've had some trouble in finding this Polar Nation; and besides, I'm as light-headed as a land-lubber on the main truck."

The King was somewhat alarmed, but he did not speak; and Trim looked up in his face, that he might see by his countenance how this speech was received. But the countenance was

so far up in the air that he could scarcely tell; and imagining that his voice was not heard at such a distance, he called out louder than before:

"Say, you, up there, old Hoppergrass, take me to your caboose, quick! What are you looking so solemn about? I'm an honest, little sailor-boy, and will serve you all my life like a Turk. By the jibboom of our gallant ship, you've got legs like a Flamingo."

Typo had a curiosity to get nearer the boy's face, so he knelt down on the ground before him; but as he was twenty feet high, their faces were still far apart. Trim, thinking this movement was intended to give him a better chance to be heard, sprang into his lap and ran up his slender arms as he would up the shrouds of his own ship. When he reached the top he hugged him about the neck in such an affectionate manner that the crowd stared in the greatest terror, fearing that their respected executioner was about to be strangled by some imp of the Krylizer.

Typo sprang to his feet and tried to shake

the boy off; but little as he was, Trim's muscle had the advantage; and as he knew that he would be dashed to pieces by such a fall, he clung all the closer.

"Say, comrade, take me home with you and give me a lunch," he said; "and if you don't find me all right, just take my head, that's all. Good!" he exclaimed as he looked down from his lofty height, "But I'm the first Yankee that ever climbed the North Pole."

Now Trim had no idea that the creature understood one word he said; but to his surprise Typo whispered in his ear:

"You need not offer your head, little one. The King will have it presently. If you would save it tell him some strange story."

Typo, who well knew the King's mind, then proposed that, as the stranger seemed harmless, he might be allowed to keep his head until they should take him to the palace and learn more about him.

"True," said the King, "I didn't think of that. Take him to the palace."

"What a voice!" said Trim. "It sounds like our old boatswain's bassoon. I should think you fellows had a stove-funnel in your throat to make such a noise. Well," he continued, musingly, as Typo gently lowered him to the ground, "I think I've got into a tolerable pickle; and there's no telling what these Polar barbarians may do with me. They ain't going to scare me, though. A Yankee is a Yankee the world over, and I'll stick to my breeding whatever comes."

One of the birch-bark caps was filled with water, which was dashed upon Trim's fire, making an unsightly mess of his clams and berries. Then the whole party started back to the city of Kephale, the King commanding Trim to follow.

Trim looked up in surprise, for a dozen strides of their long legs carried them nearly out of sight.

The King was frantic, lest he should lose this curious imp, so Typo returned and took Trim on his shoulders; but by the time he

reached his party he was sorry enough; for Trim hugged him so tightly about the neck that he was well-nigh strangled, and he puffed so severely that the King doubted the propriety of meddling any further with this strange little creature, and proposed to pitch him into the Infinite Ocean.

It was finally agreed that Trim should be taken to the palace. But how it was to be done was not so clear.

They could never think of creeping over the ground at his snail pace; and being strangled, in the attempt to carry such an imp, was not to be thought of for a moment.

Now the Princess EDYS was one of the party, and being curious to know more of this queer little creature, she offered to carry him in her water-fall; a huge birch-bark basket which she wore on the back of her neck, and which served the purpose of holding her hair, and various trinkets, fruit and lunch; besides many other things which it is handy to have about one's person.

But there was ample room for Trim, and the Princess desiring to touch the curiosity, had slyly suggested to Typo to place him in her basket.

The King was alarmed, and stared wildly, and it was on his tongue's tip to forbid it; but it was too late, for Trim, accepting the invitation, had shinned up her dress, and was already snugly settled in the ample folds of the royal waterfall.

In taking note of his bearings he discovered a mast-like cone upon the Princess' head, made of moss and cat-tail flag, spiked together with hedgehog quills. This is more for ornament than use, and is worn by the women to match the tall, conical hats of the other sex, that they may appear as much like men as possible. It made a capital mast to the craft Trim had boarded; so clasping his arms about it, he prepared for the launch.

The Princess was not frightened, but rather pleased; besides it was no great load, for had she not carried as much when making the

annual pilgrimage to the great Mount of Luz?

All being ready, the march again commenced; but the lengthy strides of the Princess tossed Trim right and left, as though he had been riding a heavy sea on the cross-trees of his own ship. In fact, he was hustled about in such a rough manner, that he had some trouble to keep from falling overboard. It was all he could do on level ground, and now there was a broad ditch, ahead, which the Princess must leap, and which she did leap.

"Hard-a-port, there!" cried Trim, as he flew through the air; but the jolt he received on the opposite side was more than he could resist. The mast was torn from its base with frightful results.

The Princess screamed; and such a scream! The hoarse shriek of a steamer would be a penny whistle compared to it. Trim was hurled overboard, but luckily for him, fell plump into the soft mud at the bottom of the ditch.

Typo, seeing the mishap, quietly reached

down and relieved him from his unpleasant situation, wiped the mud from his clothes, and set him again in the basket.

All right!" said Trim. "Life has its ups and downs, and if a man gets into a slough, he may be glad if even an enemy helps him out of it."

When they came to the palace the King ordered Trim tied to a tree till the time for his execution, which he had fully decided upon; for he could not divest himself of the idea that his prisoner was some imp of the Krylizer, who had been sent by Pyro to frighten him into offering more sacrifices; and when he thought of the great heap of heads in the court-yard, he had no doubt that he had been prompted to the frightful slaughter by this same little imp.

Typo, however, begged that he might take charge of Trim; and when he offered his own head if he should escape, the King consented.

"Think of it!" said Typo. "He might tell your Majesty a clever story. It would be a

bad thing to take his head on no evidence at all; but if he misses the truth in the story, why then, you know, it would be all right. Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity; her religion denounces it and her laws prohibit it."

"True," said the King. "I did n't think of that. He shall tell a story."

So the King seated himself upon a throne formed of scoria from the volcano. It was curiously carved with hideous looking faces and figures, and studded with gold and silver and precious stones. He then placed Trim within a semi-circle of four-and-twenty Mogos, with long and solemn faces, who echoed with loud voices all the great and wise sayings of the King, and sometimes, by repeating his last word, strangely distorted the sense.

Then taking a brilliant red pebble, the King held it before his eyes.

This singular custom of the Nordlichtschein monarchs is unknown in any other country; but, on account of its great virtues, should be adopted everywhere.

By holding this pebble before his eyes, while hearing testimony, they are shielded from the gaze of the witness, who may not know by the expression of the King's face, what his feelings are towards him; and besides, by the use of various hued stones, the King may give such color to the story as suits his humor.

If he happen to be in good humor with himself and his story-teller, he uses a white stone, in which he sees the plain fact as it is. But the witness may well tremble when the King selects a *red* pebble, for this distorts the simplest matter to the color of falsehood and fiery anger.

At this time the King, having already made up his mind that Trim was an imp of the Krylizer, and being in quite an ill-humor withal, very naturally selected a red pebble.

Trim did n't know anything about this, and it would have given him no concern if he had; so he stood there, very leisurely watching the King, as he squinted through the pebble.

"Why do n't you go on?" said the King, who was waiting impatiently for the prisoner to begin.

"What shall I go on to?" asked Trim, with a stare, looking about to see if there was anything like a platform for him to get upon.

"Go on with the story, Imp, and tell us all about everything," said the King, angrily.

"Wise Imp!" echoed the Mogos.

"Bide a bit, old boy," said Trim, hitching up his trowsers, "and do n't be too dainty. A crust is better than no bread, and a hungry stomach does n't ask many questions. I've knocked about a good deal, for a boy, and have seen a thing or two; but I do n't know everything, or I should n't be here I can tell you."

"What!" exclaimed the King. "Do you contradict me? Remember that I am the great Kritikoballo, who comes in a direct line from Megas, the Noble, and could order your head off in a moment. What is your name?"

"All right, my hearty; and no disrespect, Mr. Kritiko-what's-your-name," replied Trim,

touching his cap. "My name is Trim: and I come in a direct line from Cape Cod: and I can just knock the stilts from under you so quick that you wont be able to tell which end your head is on. And although I say it, because there is no one else to recommend me, I'm just as good a boy as ever sucked seal-blubber, or told stories to his captain. But just now I would rather have a word with your cook than any king or captain; and since you confiscated my clams, it belongs to you to give me a snack, like a good Christian. How solemn you fellows all look any way! I should think you had lost a rich uncle, who forgot you in his will."

The King looked confused, and rolled his eyes, first upon Typo, then upon his sword, and finally rested them again upon Trim; as though unable to make up his mind whether it were better to hear more from the boy, or have Typo cut short any further slang with his sword. His curiosity and love of stories, however, prompted him to decide in favor of

the first; for which bit of generosity I have no doubt Trim was truly thankful.

"The laws of Nordlichtschein," said the King, "forbid that the Supreme Ruler of all the world, that rides on the Infinite Ocean, should be guilty of an absurd act, or of suffering a liar to pollute the capital. To do you justice I should take your head, for this insolence; but as I have promised to let you live a little longer, I'll tell you what I'll do.

"My FIB is the biggest story-teller in all the world. Now, if you can tell a more wonderful story than he, I will give you your life, and, puny little pigmy though you are, you shall marry my daughter Edys; and everybody knows that my Edys is the stateliest girl in all Nordlichtschein. Mind you, though, the story must be wild and terrible, to beat Fib's; and if you utter one lie,—if so much as one word is false,—Whiz goes your head!"

Now the King was well convinced that what he proposed was more than his prisoner could do, or he would never have made so liberal an

offer; but as he abhorred an absurdity, he wanted a plausible excuse for his execution. Trim, however, was not easily cowed; so he ran his hands into his pockets, took a long breath, gave a whistle, and replied:

"Bide a bit, old Skipper! That puts me in mind of the story of GRAB AND GET. Have I the head of a toad, with a jewel in it, that you are so bent upon cutting it off? Let me just tell you, that you kill the goose that lays the golden egg; for there's no end to the jeweled stories that are stowed away under my old cap. You may *ask* me to climb an iceberg, or leap from the main truck into the biggest wave that ever swallowed a ship; but being *forced* to terms is more than any Yankee will stand. Say, I guess you do n't feel very well; got worms may be, and if you have, a good swig of bilge-water——"

"Will you go on with your story?" said the King, fiercely.

"If you will do the fair thing by me," said Trim, "I'll tell you stories all the time, for I'm

used to it; and then I would n't mind taking your daughter off your hands, and stopping with you a little spell; especially as there is n't much chance of my getting to Cape Cod yet a while. But now I'm as hungry as a polar bear; have been shipwrecked, and had neither food nor sleep for,—I'm afraid to say how long since you are not fond of lies. Give me good grub, though, and I promise to tell you a story that will make your majesty stare till we can see the stars in your blue eyes; and so terrible will it be that you will turn as white as the foam on the sea-shore. How white you are, any way! Say, do you eat arsenic to make your skin so clear? Come, give us a snack, or I shall soon be past story-telling, and then you will miss the biggest thing you ever heard."

The King was vexed, and out of all patience; but consented, at last, that Trim should be allowed two oras to recover himself.

You must remember that as they have neither night nor day in Nordlichtschein, they measure time by the revolutions of the Great

Bear, or Dipper, round the North Star, which is directly over head, and always visible.

This period, which is about twenty-four hours, they call an ora. One revolution is the time for business and one for sleep.

While Typo was making the arrangement with the King, Trim was taking a survey of the palace and its contents. There were two rows of bunks, running all around the walls, and suspended by living vines that hung from the ceiling. In the corner were some large shelves, constructed in like manner, used for holding their food.

And there was the Princess Edys, with her quaint ballet-dress of skins and feathers, and her demure face half a yard long.

Trim stood there, however, as unconcerned as any of the rest; laughed to himself at the idea of his situation, and began singing:

"My name it is Joe Bowers."

"Great Megas!" exclaimed the King, jumping from his throne. "The culprit told us

his name was Trim, and now he says it is Joe Bowers! If that is n't a lie, I'm no King."

And the Mogos repeated, "No King!"

The executioner wiped his sword and hesitated, in order to give Trim a chance to answer for himself. Trim looked up with an innocent stare.

"Can 't you allow a fellow to sing a little?" he said, when he comprehended what was up. "You may talk about your 'Megas' and your 'Whiz,' and all that, but I want you to understand that I came from Cape Cod, and do n't stand very much nonsense. I did n't mean that my name *was* Joe Bowers,—I was just singing the words of the song."

"True," said the King; "I did n't think of that. Sing us the song."

"That 's all I know of it," replied Trim, demurely, "but I can whistle the whole tune. Say, is that the pantry over there in the corner?"

"Great Megas!" exclaimed the King. "Is

the August Ruler of all the world to be insulted in this manner by an imp of Pyro?"

"That 's the way it looks, just now," said Trim; "for Yankee words go where they will, and a King's ears are as big as other people's."

"Typo, give the rascal some dinner, and let him sleep till the time for your operation upon him," said the King, savagely.

Typo then gave Trim a dinner of berries and bread-nut; a kind of bulbous root, which, in taste and texture, much resembles bread.

After he had satisfied his appetite he was lifted into one of the bunks. It was not much of a bed, but it was better than he had slept on for many a day, and in spite of the impending peril,—in spite, even, of the fearful looking sword, which threatened his neck,—he was soon in a sound sleep.



THE MYSTERIES OF KEPHALE.

WHEN Trim awoke, half an ora after, he was much refreshed; and Typo showed him through the city. It is called Kephale, contains two thousand inhabitants, and is the capital of Nordlichtschein. The palace is sixty feet high, and two hundred feet in diameter, being nearly circular; and is constructed in a very curious manner.

A number of trees are planted as nearly in a circle as possible, and their tops being bent over till they meet, the branches are firmly braided together. They are then suffered to grow, forming such a compact mass of limbs and leaves that the rain never penetrates, even in the longest storm.

This palace is large enough to hold five

hundred persons, who dwell there as one family. The other buildings are of the same character, only smaller, and are grouped around this, like side-shows around a circus.

The doors of these houses are never closed; in fact, they have no need of doors, for stealing is almost unknown, and the temperature is uniform all over the island, except in the region of the volcano; varying but little from seventy degrees above zero.

Trim noticed that the animals and trees were all of the same lank shape, and livid color, as the people. The horses were nearly as high as the men; and the cats and dogs were so tall that he could scarcely reach his hands to their heads, although they were no larger otherwise than those of his own country.

As he wandered about with Typo, great crowds of the natives followed them; all eager to get a peep at the chubby little imp, who was as great a curiosity to them as they were to him.

The girls reached down, patted his cheeks,

and ran their long, slender fingers through his black, curly hair,—so different from their own—and as to his eyes, it seemed as if they could never tire of gazing into their sparkling depths; while the Princess, whose interest in him was growing every moment, stooped down and kissed him, calling him a “sweet little huckleberry.”

“Thank you, my darling,” said Trim, with true sailor-like gallantry, “and you’re a stick of cream candy on stilts; but I hope we shan’t eat each other.”

At this the girls covered their faces with their hands, very much after the fashion of Yankee girls, Trim thought, and scampered back to the palace.

When Trim saw the pile of ghastly heads in the court-yard he was horrified, and looked almost as pale as the natives. For this sight suggested that his own head was in greater danger than he had supposed. But he had made up his mind not to show alarm at anything; so he coolly inquired of Typo if these heads were to be made into soup or soap.

Typo started back with horror, and gazed with some pity upon the boy, wondering, perhaps, whether he had better indulge in the friendship which he already felt for him, or take his head off at once.

"My poor child," he said, at last, "you must know that we are not cannibals—that we never even taste flesh; our food is the natural fruits of the earth."

"That 's why you are so gaunt and lean," said Trim; "and no wonder, either, when you live on huckleberries and ground-nuts. If you would eat plenty of seal-blubber and salt junk, you would have as much muscle as anybody."

"No," said Typo, "it would never do. If any one, through extreme hunger or accident should ever taste flesh, he would be changed to a Demon; become red in the face, and being tortured and haunted by the ghost of that which he had eaten, would be the most miserable creature in the world."

Typo then informed Trim that these heads

would lie there for three oras, when they would be carried to the Krylizer, and cast therein as a sacrifice to the great Pyro, while their bodies would be sunk in the depths of the Infinite Ocean; because it had been decreed that by fire and water the liar should be purified.

"Yes, I know," said Trim; "but I do n't see that these men were liars, as they only told of my coming."

"True!" said Typo; "but the King is the judge of that: and the Krylizer is always hungry enough to swallow all we may please to give him."

Typo then told him about their beliefs and customs, that he might be on his guard while telling his story.

"It seems to me," said Trim, "that you are very particular about the life of a beast; while this stack of heads shows that you are nowise delicate about taking human life. Are animals, then, so much superior to man, that they should be treated more kindly? The wild

beast would not hesitate to gobble you up in a minute."

"True!" replied Typo. "Wild animals will devour men, but that is no reason why man should make a beast of himself and devour them. Besides, the laws of Nordlichtschein do not permit unkindness to any living creature."

"These heads look like it," said Trim. "You're superstitious, that's what ails you. The fact is you're so bewitched with magic that you'd swallow a whirlwind and scare at a breath."

"It is better," said Typo, gravely, "that all Nordlichtschein should perish, than that one liar should escape! These are our laws, and it will become you if you take heed thereto; otherwise your neck will feel the power of my arm. But come, it is now the ora of stories, and Fib will give you an idea of the kind to which it pleases the great Kritikoballo to listen. For Fib is the greatest story-teller that Nordlichtschein has produced since the days when the famous SKRIKA amused the great Megas."

When they entered the palace the King was already seated upon his throne, and Fib was standing within the circle of Mogos, strangely decked out with feathers, and ribbons of birch-bark, and studded all over with gold and silver and precious stones. Typo took his place beside him, sword in hand, that he might be ready in case any accidental slip of the tongue should call forth the fatal "Whiz."

All things being ready, Fib, with a good deal of pride, and in spite of his perilous situation, pompously commenced his wild story.

The next evening the Master and slave again met together, that List might continue his tale.

"I am anxious," said the Master, "to hear what sort of a story your barbarous Nordlichtscheiner has to tell. I presume, however, by the style of your own, that it is full of wild nonsense."

"Wild it may be," said List, "but not so full of nonsense as you may suppose. Very much depends upon our prejudices whether we

receive any great truth. Neighbor Marvel, you know, still plants his corn in the moon; and over his door hangs a horse-shoe to keep out the witches.

"Galileo declared that the earth was not 'flat like a trencher,' and the potentates of his time came near ending his story-telling in consequence. When Doctor Franklin informed the wise heads of his time that he had some bottled lightning, fresh from the clouds, he was laughed at; and had he told it to one of the Kritikoballos of an earlier day, he would have found his head rolling down the lava-lined crater of some sulphurous Krylizer. Yet these very scoffers had scarce lost their faith in the Salem Witchcraft."

"I see you are determined to prove the truth of your stories as you go along," said the Master; "and they probably need proof; but, for the present, we will content ourselves with Fib."

"He shall proceed with his tale," replied List.



*STORY OF THE HAUNTED MOGO.—SHOWING
HOW GUZZLE, THE GLUTTON, FOUGHT THE
IMPS OF THE ENCHANTED LAND.*

GREAT Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is the life and death of all Nordlichtschein, listen well to my story, lest you miss its truth, and I my head.

A great many years ago when Cardia was the capital of Nordlichtschein, and the wicked BAMBOOZLE was king of the world, the people were not so wise as they now are; for the rulers of that day governed rather from the impulse of the heart than from the wisdom of the head.

Imps and goblins had full sway over the minds of the people.

Men yielded to their natural desires, feasted on flesh, and drank their fill of the poisonous melpyr. Thus they brought upon themselves sickness, and sorrow, and were at last swallowed by the hungry Krylizer.

The world was a desolate waste.

The great Pyro, whose blooming face once floated above the world, warming and lighting it with his glory, sunk with sorrow into the Infinite Ocean.

There was no one in all Nordlichtschein who had the courage to stand up in his might and declare himself a man.

At this time one of the King's Mogos, named GUZZLE, was so great a glutton, and made such terrible havoc with the royal pantry, that the King was forced to cut short his allowance; whereupon the Mogo became so insolent that Bamboozle banished him to the Enchanted Land.

So Guzzle was doomed to wander alone among the imps and goblins of that frightful place.

There he traveled for many oras; vainly seeking to satisfy his appetite on the few berries and bread-nuts that chanced to fall in his way. At last, overcome by fatigue and hunger, he sat down by the side of a huge rock and gave way to the wildest grief.

Now this rock, by which Guzzle was sitting, was the enchanted fulmi.

While he was bewailing his condition he heard a frightful rumbling in the earth!

The ground trembled!

The trees shook like blades of grass!

The rock at his side burst with a terrific noise, and a white eber sprang therefrom, and hid himself in the trunk of a large tree!

Then the tree began to sway back and forth as if shaken by the wind; though it was now perfectly calm.

Guzzle listened, and he heard the tree say: "The eber is savory, and pleasant to the taste. Why will you hunger?"

Guzzle's appetite prompted him to arise and seek the eber; but after looking around for

some time he gave up the search, thankful that he had not found the beast.

It was well; for the eber is an enchanted animal, and whoever partakes of its flesh is sure to undergo the severest torture.

While he was wondering at these strange things a limb broke loose from the tree and fell upon the eber.

At the same moment a flame shot from the earth, when the flesh was instantly cooked!

Then arose such a rich and savory odor that Guzzle could scarcely restrain himself; and when he saw, hanging upon a bush near by, a large gourd filled with melpyr, he could forbear no longer.

He ate of the flesh and drank of the melpyr, without giving a thought to the strange perils which he thus brought upon himself.

When he had satisfied his appetite, a stupor came over him and he slept.

When he awoke he was on an open plain of scoria, with no sign of vegetation.

There was not even so much as a blade of grass.

A hunger, ten-fold greater than before, gnawed his vitals.

A burning thirst parched his throat.

His body began to swell; the hot blood rushed like lava through his veins, and his skin was flaming red!

Black smoke gathered about him; and when he felt a sharp sting in his flesh, he knew that he was on the Plain of Poina, and was already beset by the imps who dwell in the body of the eber, and who have the power to make themselves invisible, while they devour whoever partakes of its flesh.

"Yes, I know," broke in Trim. "That eber was bad pork, sure; and had *trichinæ* in it, or I'm no guessing Yankee. It's tolerable bad, and puts me in mind of the story of BLUE MONDAY AND THE NIGHTMARE, which I'd like to tell:

There once lived, down to Cape Cod, a wise

Tailor, who spent all the week in getting tipsy; and then took Monday to drink himself, sober——”

“Hark!” commanded the King, with an angry frown. “This is Fib’s story, and it will be safer for your head if less comes out of it.”

“All right, my hearty,” replied Trim; “but it’s a poor mouth that won’t open to a thought.”

“That’s what ails yours,” said the King. “You are not to interrupt, but listen to, the King’s stories.”

“Yes, I know,” returned Trim. “He listens least who talks most; and it’s a wise man who knows when to hold his tongue. But if you can’t allow a fellow speak, why go ahead with your old Guzzle.”

So saying Trim started, with a bold whistle, on Joe Bowers, which, however, was not heard because of the wild, hoarse voice of the storyteller, who now resumed his tale.



THE PERILS OF THE POINA.

IT was a fearful thing for Guzzle to battle with these invisible imps; but it was play, compared to the perils that were yet to be met; for never before did mortal man encounter such a terrible tangle of adventures.

Presently he stumbled against one of the fulmi, when it exploded with a loud noise, and out leaped the ghost of the eber he had eaten!

It perched upon his head, and with all his strength he could not remove it!

He was so frightened at this that he lost all self-control, and ran over the sharp scoria for many miles; when he struck into a rich growth of berries and bread-nut.

Full of joy at the sight and forgetful of the

ghostly eber upon his head, he gathered a handful of berries; but when he attempted to eat them, they changed to bugs which stung his lips!

Then he endeavored to pull some bread-nut, but before his hand reached it, the vine disappeared!

There was magic on every hand—misery at every step.

Bewildered and discouraged, Guzzle gave up in despair; but it were better that he had not; for it is well known that man has power over all enchantment, and over all trouble that may cross his life-path, if he will maintain his manhood, and not suffer himself to be overcome by misfortune.

Knowing the greatness to which Guzzle afterwards arrived, we wonder that he should have shown himself so weak in the Land of Enchantment.

But weak he was; and throwing himself upon the earth, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that the luscious fruits of Edona were

at my feet, that I might eat my fill, and stay this raging hunger."

He had no sooner spoken than there came tumbling down before him every kind of fruit in great heaps, until his nostrils fairly tingled with their delicious odors. But when he eagerly stretched forth his hand to gather the fruit, it crumbled into red-hot sand!

But Guzzle learned no more from this lesson than from former ones. Still forgetful of the enchantment, he cried out:

"Oh, that the cooling brooks of Kephale were now before me, that I might quench this burning thirst, and lave my fevered limbs in their limpid waters."

Again his wish was granted.

The ground upheaved about him, and the barren plain instantly beamed with beauty.

There were mossy rocks and banks, down which came dancing a sparkling brook, that settled in crystal pools at his feet.

Guzzle was so delighted at the sight of the

shadowy woods and tinkling brook that he dashed himself headlong into the water.

But it was not water. It was hot lava, as it were fresh from the Krylizer, which, if he had not soon released himself, would have burned him to cinders!

And so, with every wish that was prompted by his terrible situation came its fulfilment, only to be changed to torture.

Was the world bewitched? He believed so; for turn which way he would, his senses were deceived. He was sure of nothing but misery.

At last, tired of life, he came upon a little hill, called the Mound of Patella, whereon he threw himself hoping to crush the eber, that still clung about his head, or himself, he cared little which.

But he again forgot that the land was enchanted, and the eber a shadow.

As Guzzle lay upon the Mound of Patella in the greatest grief, he began to reflect upon his terrible situation, and also upon his own acts, which had brought it upon him.

He knew, though Bamboozle had been cruel to him, that he had been still more cruel to himself, in giving way to his passions; and in an excess of feeling, he cried out:

"Great Pyro, how have I fallen from my manhood!

"How have I become evil instead of good!

"The stars frown upon me, and the heavens are black with shame!

"The earth is angry! Her imps devour me!

"Why should I be their slave?

"Man is mighty! He is above all the powers of the earth, and there is none greater.

"And though caverns swallow me, and goblins tear my flesh, even though I go through the flames of the Krylizer, yet will I conquer these frightful demons!

"Light my way, Great Pyro, and there shall again stand a man in Nordlichtschein!"

When Guzzle had spoken there came a fresh breeze across his face, and he heard a Voice, like the Voice of the breeze, saying:

"Brave Guzzle, you are pardoned for all the

evil you have brought upon yourself. It is possible for you to become a true man; it is even possible for you to become the greatest of your people, whose sins you must bear for a time, and whom you may again restore to purity.

"You will meet with many perils, to brave which will require the courage of a hundred men. But your *Will* will sustain you if you use it, and call upon the Higher Powers.

"In a moment you will be delivered from the Plain of Poina, when you must pass through the Cave of Greder, where, if you have the courage to conquer the enemies who now hold possession, you may obtain the magic staff, Retto, which will aid you in every good thing you may desire. But if they are the victors you will never return!

"Watch well, therefore, and while you subdue your enemies, do not forget that your Self has ever been the greatest of them.

"Aim for the Mount of Luz, and when you

have reached the very pinnacle, you will see what you shall see.

"If you will, I will, and as you do, so shall it be."

"All right!" said Trim. "That's pretty sensible advise for a breeze. 'Tis n't every wind that blows us good; and if this one blows a little sense into old Guzzle's head he may be thankful; though I'm thinking he'll find it easier to receive good advice than to follow it."

"Great Megas!" exclaimed the King, savagely. "Can nothing be done to keep your tongue within your mouth, when the King is listening to his stories?"

"Wise mouth!" said the Mogos.

"That's where I try to keep it," said Trim. "For you see I can talk better with my tongue in my mouth than I can when it's out."

"By the Great Pyro! then I will have it out altogether."

"Easy now, my hearty," said Trim. "Before a man stretches another's tongue it's well to see if his own is made of india rubber."

"That's an insult," said the King, springing to his feet, "and no honest court will bear an insult. If you interrupt the King's stories again, Typo shall dissect your tongue, and see what it is made of; for a meddlesome tongue is worse than the vilest imp of the Greder."

"Yes, I know," said Trim; "That's the way it is down to Cape Cod."

But the King's angry manner somewhat disturbed Trim; and the only way he could quiet himself was to sing Joe Bowers. The King frowned, the Mogos stared, and Fib resumed his story.



*BATTLE OF THE GREDER—IN WHICH GUZZLE
MEETS THE IMPS FACE TO FACE.*

AFTER the Voice ceased there came a fearful thundering!

Fierce flames burst from the earth in many places!

The ground whereon Guzzle lay suddenly sank; and he was swallowed in the mighty gulf!

After falling a great way into the earth, he found himself in an immense cavern.

It was the Cave of Greder!

The walls glittered with jewels and precious stones; in the center was a variety of fruits, more luscious than any he had ever seen, even in his wildest dreams.

But most wonderful of all, a strange, deformed Fire Imp, stood in the midst of the fruit, holding a rod of gold in his hand.

The frightful creature swung the rod savagely to and fro, and cried out with a loud voice, while fire and smoke darted from his mouth at every word:

"Begone, vile earth-worm! Why do you come to the Cave of Greder to rob me of my Retto?"

"Take of the fruit before thee, thou glutton, that I may crush thee with the walls of my cavern, and send thee to the bottom of the Krylizer!"

"Never," cried Guzzle. "The Retto shall be mine, and I will soon scatter your wicked magic to the winds."

Guzzle's mortal power, which had all this time deserted him, was now returning; and he determined not to think of gratifying his appetite until he had subdued his enemies.

It was well that he did; for, had he so much as touched the tip of his finger to one of the

berries, he would have been instantly lost; as the place where he stood was close to the Krylizer, which at that moment was bubbling in foamy fire at his very feet; and it would have swallowed him beyond the hope of escape.

Even now there was but one chance! The utmost cunning and the stoutest courage, alone, could avail him.

He knew well the arts and intrigues to which he must resort, and the perils he must encounter, to break the enchantment.

He knew also the mystic word he must pronounce, to get the full advantage of his mortal power.

That word was V O L O !

If he could utter it he was safe.

Now, Guzzle, being the most cunning and artful of all the King's Mogos, could easily have dissolved this enchantment had he not suffered himself to be overcome by fear, and the pangs of ravishing hunger.

But for this he was not so much to be blamed,

for nothing so takes the manhood out of a man as Fear and Want.

The moment he dared to speak the magic word, as he stood there gazing by turns at the tempting fruit and the frightful imp, he cried:

"Wicked Imps of Greder!

"Cunning sorcerers of the Mighty Pyro!

"Why have you lent yourselves to the cruel Bamboozle to torture me with evil, and mock me in my own land?

"Am I then so great a being that all the Powers of the Krylizer are eager to possess me?

"Then am I great enough to break your wicked spells, and free myself for future glory.

"Now I, Guzzle, the Mogo, declare to you that I will be free; and very soon will send you all howling back to the smoky Krylizer!

"By the power of the magic VOLO, I command you!"

At the sound of this mighty word the rocky walls of the cavern began to close together, and flashes of fire shot from their crevices!



The bushes changed to little imps; each twig became an arm and a sword, and the fruit turned to stones.

Guzzle then boldly rushed upon the Fire-Imp, wrenched the rod of gold from his hand, and gave him such a powerful blow that he quickly vanished into the darkness.

Now commenced one of the most wonderful and terrible conflicts ever known on your Majesty's world,—or rather in it,—for the place was very far down in the ground.

The imps began to thrust at Guzzle with their swords, and the stone fruit to pelt him, in the most savage manner.

But the Retto rendered him proof against all their attacks, and he laid about him with such terrible blows that the little swords were broken, and the stones fell harmless to the ground, where they instantly disappeared.

During this conflict the walls of the cavern were slowly closing together.

They were within his reach, and in another moment he would be crushed between them.

He struck the walls with the Retto; when there came forth such doleful howlings and thunderings that he was deafened by the noise, and was tempted to throw down the rod and submit to his awful fate.

While he hesitated, the walls came close upon him, pressing against his sides; and he felt the eber clutching his throat.

Rallying, he cried with all his voice:

"By the power of the VOLO, I command you! Leave me, and cease your magic!"

Again he struck the walls, when they crumbled to dust.

The brave Guzzle having now conquered the last of the imps of the Greder, began to wonder how he should get out of the cavern; although he knew not the great distance he had fallen.

While he wondered, the ground opened above his head, and he perceived steps up the side of the opening, which he at once began to climb.

Up, up, he went; toiling up these weary

steps for half an ora, so far had he been within the bowels of the earth.

"Bide a bit," said Trim, who could no longer restrain himself; "Bully for old Guzzle! But I'm thinking if that's what you call a true story, my head is safe yet awhile."

"What," said the king, "Do you doubt the true history of Nordlichtschein? By the Great Pyro! I will banish you to the Enchanted Glen, where you will find proof enough of its truth."

"Beg your pardon," replied Trim, "I don't doubt anything; and I don't want you should when my turn comes. But go ahead, Mr. Fib. Spin your yarn and let's see how the old Glutton comes out any way. He has overloaded his stomach with roast pork; or got drunk on your Melpyr, which I should take to be egg-nog, and has a fit of *delirium tremens*. That's what ails him."

"It's a wild yarn, though, and puts me in mind of the story of NIP AND TUCK, which I'd like to tell—"

"There once lived in Cape Cod ——"

"Hark!" said the King, "and save your nonsense till your turn does come. And let me inform you, that though the fool may say what the wise know nothing about, yet he still remains a fool."

And the Mogos echoed, "Wise fool!"

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "That's the way it is down to Cape Cod." Then, with a bow to the King, and the four-and-twenty Mogos, and a sly nod to the Princess he placed his finger on his lips in token of silence.

The King looked savage, the Mogos looked glum, while Trim, with the utmost unconcern, began whistling "Joe Bowers;" but the hoarse piping of Fib's voice, as he took up the thread of his story, arrested the tune at the end of the first strain.



*GUZZLE'S ADVENTURES—SHOWING THAT IF ONE
WOULD CONQUER THE WORLD, HE MUST
FIRST CONQUER HIMSELF.*

WHEN Guzzle at last reached the surface of the Earth, he found himself in the midst of beauty and plenty.

It was the vale of Edona wherein he stood; amid the most luxuriant growth of fruit and flowers.

Streams of cool and sparkling water murmured their sweet music among the mossy stones, and cuddled temptingly in quiet pools beneath the grassy banks.

He stood by the Fountain of Viva and gazed upon its crystal jewels, and its rainbows of fire. He looked upon the odorous flowers and the luscious fruits that were spread out, in

all their richness, before him, and thanked Pyro that he was able to enjoy the rare beauty of the Vale of Edona.

But Guzzle was not again to be caught by goblin magic, though he was nearly famished, and longed to taste the rich fruits, and the sparkling waters of the fountain, which in its merry music seemed to utter words.

He listened, and heard the fountain say:

"Noble Guzzle, you have now passed the Plain of Poina and the Cave of Greder, and have conquered the lowest order of the imps of Pyro.

"They are no longer your enemies, but your friends, and will do whatsoever of your bidding their power admits.

"You have now still more dangerous and subtle enemies to subdue, and more fearful trials to endure. Remember the magic Word that has carried you safely through past dangers.

"Bend now the Retto about your waist; the ends will close together and the rod will become

a girdle; which, as long as you wear it, and exert your own mortal power, will protect you from all harm.

"You may now freely eat of all the fruits you see before you; after which you will go to the Cave of Carbos, which you must enter.

"There you will see a precious white Stone; cast it into the Pool of Hela, wherein, after having three times plunged, you will rise to greater power than man has ever known.

"But as no mortal can enter the Cave of Carbos and live, you will need some *charm* that renders powerless the goblins that would otherwise destroy you.

"Pluck, therefore, a leaf from the bush at your side, and touch it to the rod. It will immediately become a cup; fill it with the waters of the Fountain of Viva. On reaching the cave, cast in the charmed water. This will so paralyze the goblins that they will humbly crouch at your feet. Seize then the Stone at once; for if you delay one moment, you will be devoured!

"The imps you have conquered will aid, but the goblins will strive in various frightful ways to prevent your success.

"You will see many beautiful by-paths, bordered with flowers and fruit, but pay them no heed.

"The road you are to travel is in a straight line; and if you turn aside, it will be out of the power of the imps to aid you.

"We bid you, therefore hold fast the Retto, and remember the mystic Word.

"As you do, so shall it be."

The Fountain still kept on murmuring its tender music, but Guzzle could no longer understand the words. He bent the rod about his waist, and the two ends were sealed together.

Then, without fear, he ate of the luscious fruits of Edona; drank of its cooling waters; bathed in the Fountain of Viva, and plucking a leaf from the bush touched it to the rod, when it became a cup, as the Fountain had said.

Filling it with the water he hurried away to the Cave of Carbos.

The way soon led him into a rocky gorge, which at last became so narrow that he could scarcely press through.

This was the Gulf of Abito; a still more dangerous place than the Cave of Greder.

Presently a huge stone rolled into his path, and while he was climbing over it, the walls of the passage closed upon him, holding him so firmly that he could not make another step!

The rocks flew about in every direction, pelting him severely!

Now Guzzle supposed that he was well out of the Enchanted Land, and had paid no heed to the narrowing of his pathway. This new danger, therefore, so terrified him that he dropped his head upon his bosom in despair.

At this the rocks pressed still closer, causing him such agony that he clutched the girdle about his waist.

Instantly the sealed ends parted, and the girdle became again the Retto, and his mortal power returned.

He pronounced the mystic Word, and gave

such a sturdy blow to the rocks that they rolled over the plain with fearful swiftness.

Guzzle leaped from the rock, which at once exploded, and a goblin sprang upon him, crying, with a wild, piteous shriek:

"The Retto! Give me back my son, the Retto!"

And the goblin, whose name was ZELF, pulled with such strength that Guzzle, fearing lest he should lose the rod, bent it about his waist, when the ends were sealed together, and it was out of the power of the goblin to remove it.

"Give me my son!" he again cried fiercely.

"Your son!" replied Guzzle. "What is your son to me? By the Great Pyro, I would have nothing to do with the son, neither the father; so begone!"

"Give me back the rod before I swallow you!" said Zelf fiercely.

"By the power of the Mighty Volo!" cried Guzzle, "I will stop your mischief to mankind!"

So saying he caught up a black shell from the ground, and throwing it upon the goblin, it became a prison about him, from which he could not release himself.

But Zelf could hear from within the shell what Guzzle said; and this was it:

"Vicious goblin! Pest of the human race! This is the reward of your selfish purpose!"

"Neither man nor demon shall break your prison walls!"

"That shell is your home forever, unless a greater fool than yourself sets you free by taking your place!"

Guzzle was now able to pursue his journey; which he did, thankful for his deliverance.

But, as the Fountain had said, the goblins tried every means to obtain the Retto, and to lure him from the path which he had been directed to follow.

When he came to the Dell of Tasche and saw the immense treasures that lay at the bottom,—although he stumbled over great heaps of the precious metals,—yet he restrained him-

self, clenching his fingers, that they might not grasp them.

Your Majesty can well understand what a trial it is for one to pass through the Dell of Tasche without filling his pockets.

"Yes, I know," broke in Trim, "that's the very way it is down to Cape Cod; and that puts me in mind of the story of the WISE BEGGAR.

"A great many years ago, there lived a wise beggar, who was so very poor, and saw money so seldom, that he could n't tell a shilling from a sardine——"

"Stop!" said the King; "That does start off as if it might be a tolerable story; but you can't tell it till Fib has finished his."

"That's just the way," said Trim. "If a new hand offers a good yarn, he's sure to be choked out of the ring. You praise Fib's story because it's old, and abuse mine because it's new; but how are you to know a fresh egg without breaking the shell? If I can't talk;

though, the next best thing is to listen; so go ahead with your Fib.

The King frowned, and bade Fib proceed with his story.

After passing through many severe trials, Guzzle came at last within sight of the Cave of Carbos. Hundreds of goblins were dancing about its mouth; and his heart almost ceased beating when he beheld these new enemies, which he must subdue before he could obtain the treasure. But he was wise enough to know that every good thing of life is guarded by some goblin, which must be conquered before the blessing can be enjoyed.

The thought of his own strength gave him fresh courage, and he walked bravely into the midst of the frisking goblins, and cried:

"Away! or by the Mighty Volo I will sink you all in the depths of the Infinite Ocean!"

Scarcely had the words left his lips when the vicious creatures disappeared, and Guzzle, raising the cup over the cave, said:

"The Will of man is mighty!"

Then, dashing the water down, he bravely followed. But the charmed water had so disturbed the goblins that they rushed past, well nigh strangling him with their poisonous breath.

He reached the bottom at last, and secured the coveted treasure; when another goblin, more frightful than any he had met, sprang from the walls and, clasping him by the neck, shrieked in his ear:

"Vile mortal! Why do you covet my precious stones? Is it not enough that you steal the Retto, and turn it against my brothers, without coming here to rob me, who never did you harm? Lay down the Stone, and take the girdle from your waist, that I may strangle you as you deserve!"

"Vicious goblin," cried Guzzle; "the Stone is mine and the Retto is mine,—granted me by the great Pyro. And by my own mortal power, I will keep them both!"

So saying, he clasped the stone in his hand

and attempted to return; but the goblin threw himself upon it with his mighty strength.

Guzzle, however, pulled away most heartily, and succeeded in dragging them both to the mouth of the cave; when the goblin, choked with pure air, fled back into darkness, while the victor hurried to the Pool of Hela to perform the duties enjoined by the brook.

When Guzzle stepped from the bath for the third time he was a new man. Suddenly he found himself in a dreary glen, while at his feet rolled the dark waters of the Sea of Skota. Far away over the angry waves towered a steep, rugged mountain, whose top was glowing in brilliant light.

While he stood wondering at this sudden change he heard a voice speak his name.

He looked around in every direction, but could see no one, nor anything which he supposed had the power of speech. But as he listened he heard the voice say:

"Great Guzzle, you have done bravely, and are fast regaining your manhood.

"The imps and goblins you have subdued; but the demons are yet to be conquered, and you have still greater trials to endure before becoming a perfect man.

"Above you towers the Mount of Luz; climb it and you will see what no mortal eye has ever seen since the great Pyro left the earth.

"Then all things, and all people, and all the powers of the earth, will be subject to your bidding; and you will never more meet with evil during life.

"The Mount of Luz is guarded by many frightful demons, which you must subdue. The sea of Skota is full of them, and the mountain is under their ban. Hold fast the Retto, and do not forget the word which will pass you safely through all danger.

"The true Path will continually open as you proceed; and let me warn you, turn not aside, whatever comes.

"As you do, so shall it be!"

Guzzle heard the voice no more; so he

bravely stepped into the water, and although he was beset all the way, and nearly strangled by the water-demons, he struggled on, until one by one they were subdued.

At last, weak and weary, he landed on the opposite shore.

After a brief rest, and thanking the great Pyro for his deliverance from the demons, he began his journey up the rugged Mount of Luz.

Guzzle, now sure of success, and full of the feeling that his troubles were over, became careless about his route; and seeing some berries a little way off, forgot the warning of the voice, and stepped aside to gather them. But no sooner had he left the Path than a huge rock fell from the cliff over his head, and knocked the Retto from his hand. The goblin of the Greder instantly appeared, and with a yell of delight snatched the Rod and vanished!

Guzzle was frantic with rage, but he had neither the time nor the power to avenge himself.

Amid wild screams and loud thunders he was whirled through the air with such terrible speed that he lost all consciousness.

When his senses returned he found himself on the Plain of Poina, and the Mound of Patella was before him.

He prostrated himself thereon; and when he had bewailed his condition in proper terms, the ground again sank beneath him, and he was once more in the Cave of Greder!

There was the same fruit, and the same Fire-Imp flourishing the rod of gold which he had just lost.

Guzzle knew very well what he had to do.

The great labors he had performed, and the perils he had passed through, were all to be repeated.

He must again fight the battle of the Greder, must pass through Abito, Carbos, the gloomy Skota.

He knew that his own foolish act had caused all this misery; he also knew that the glory of success is none the less when won by repeated

trials. So he took fresh courage, and in less time than before was climbing the rugged Luz; and you may be sure that he did not again leave the true path.

I need not tell you of the difficulties met on the way,—of the mighty battles with hideous demons who beset him, nor of the frightful noises, jeers and mockings that confused him at every step. It is enough that, after many oras, he stood upon the very pinnacle of the Mount of Luz.

Here burst upon his sight a vision of matchless glory!

Far out upon the purple waves of the Infinite Ocean floated the glowing Pyro—a great globe of crimson fire.

Pyro smiled upon him, flooding him with such a glow of light and warmth that Guzzle was thrilled and almost beside himself with joy.

"I thank thee, Great Pyro," he said, "that I have seen thee face to face; that thou hast smiled upon me with thy beamy countenance,

and that thou art again returning to thy people.

"I now know that through toil and trial glory is won; and that after darkness cometh light.

"It is true, I despaired when passion-strangled on the Plain of Poina; faltered at the Cave of Greder, and nearly lost all by leaving the true Path.

"But the Retto is mighty, and will prevail over all evil.

"It has carried me safely through every trial, and I now stand face to face with the mighty Pyro, whose countenance beams with glorious light, and whose warmth fills me with ecstasy.

"Most glorious above all light art thou, and beautiful in thy glory, and blessed forever!

"Henceforth I will imitate thy bloom and beauty; and become a light to my people as thou art a light to the world,—leading their steps from the evils of life to the higher and fairer destiny which is their right.

"So have I said, and so shall it be."

Guzzle bade farewell to the great, blooming Pyro, and to the Mount of Luz, and began his journey down its rough sides.

But he had no journey to make; for the mountain disappeared, and he stood again in the beautiful Vale of Edona, where he first received his orders.

"Bide a bit," said Trim; "I'll wager a mug o' flip that Fib's been to Cape Cod and heard our parson preach ——"

"Do n't accuse anybody of going to Cape Cod!" said the King.

"Wise Cape Cod," said the Mogos.

"Yes, I know," said Trim; "but old Guzzle puts me in mind of the story of HIDE AND SEEK, which I'd like to tell.

"Once upon a time, down to Cape Cod, there lived a wild old chap with a copper head ——"

"Are you aware that I am the Supreme Ruler of this world?" said the King, angrily, rising from his throne.

"I think you did mention something of that kind once," said Trim.

"Well," said the King, as he settled back to his seat, "I shall tell you so again before long."

"I've no doubt of it," replied Trim; "but if you won't hear a true story, why go ahead with your Fib."

Then he sung

"My name it is Joe Bowers,"

and as that was all he could remember of the song, it gave Fib a chance to continue his story.



*STORY OF MEGAS, THE NOBLE.—SHOWING HOW
GUZZLE, THE GLUTTON, CONQUERS
HIMSELF, AND ALL
THE WORLD.*

WHEN Guzzle recovered from his surprise he was resting on the lilled banks of the Fountain of Viva, whose rainbow spray sprinkled him with cooling showers.

He gazed with wonder upon this magic fountain, and at the many colored flames that leaped from its midst; and grateful for his deliverance, he cried out:

"Thanks to thee, Great Pyro, my work is done, and the glory of success awaits me.

"Since this miserable Bamboozle has seen fit to put me to all this trouble,—which came near sending me to the bottom of the Kry-

lizer,—because I objected to being starved in the midst of plenty, the first thing I do will be to rout him from the throne; when I will govern the people in a more decent manner myself.”

Though Guzzle said this with a good deal of courage, he could hardly feel sure that he was not still under some magic spell; and that even yet another sleep might come upon him.

He pronounced the mystic word,—and immediately the rustling of the leaves and the murmuring of the waters filled the air with sweet music.

The little birds chirped on every limb, and the trees and bushes bowed before him in the most humble manner.

The Fountain of Viva threw up into the sky a brilliant shower of colored stars and crystal spray; and from the fountain there came a voice, sweeter than the song of birds, saying:

“Great Megas,—for since your conquest of the demon world, and, above all, of yourself, your name is no longer Guzzle the Glutton,

but MEGAS THE NOBLE,—we are now your slaves, lent by the Great Pyro, for your service, and whatsoever you wish, we waters are yours to command!”

And the Stones, and the Winds and the Birds cried out: “Yours to command!”

Guzzle,—or rather Megas,—was delighted to find all this good luck real. Looking around upon the display of inanimate warriors, and full of the idea that even the elements were under his control, he cried:

“Slaves of the Great Pyro! I, Megas the Noble, by the power of the mighty VOLO, command you to place me, instantly, within ten miles of the city of Cardia!”

While he yet spake there was a rumbling in the air, like the roar of the Krylizer.

He felt himself in motion, and before he could realize it, was in sight of the capital.

“Slaves of the Great Pyro!” he said again. “I, your master, Megas the Noble, command you to shake the trees and the houses, in and about the great city, and cause the people to

tumble against each other till they cry aloud for some power to rule over them which shall bring peace!"

It was done, and the imps returning said:

"Noble Megas, the willing slaves of Pyro have done your bidding. The people, filled with the greatest alarm, are flying in every direction!"

"Slaves of the Great Pyro," said Megas, "I, your master, Megas the Noble, command you to bring Bamboozle, the king, to this forest; and let every tree become a man, and every stone a dog, and every bush a horse, and let the air be full of roarings and angry thunders!"

In a moment the invisible slaves returned, and whispered in Megas' ear:

"Noble Megas, the willing slaves of Pyro have done as you commanded. The King is before you, and the trees await your bidding."

But the willing slaves of Pyro had no need to tell Megas what they had done, for when he looked around he perceived a great forest of fierce-looking men bowing obeisance to him.



A vast cavalcade of horses, with dogs on their backs, pranced and reared in the most warlike manner.

And there stood the trembling Bamboozle, gazing upon all this with the greatest terror. He could only fall down upon the earth, and hide his face from the much injured Mogo, and from the great forest of angry-looking men, and cry aloud for mercy.

"Mercy!" repeated the Noble Megas. "Should I show mercy to you, who banished me for the great crime of being hungry?"

"Spare, O Guzzle! and you shall again return to court and have free access to the pantry."

"Never!" shouted Megas, fiercely. "True, I shall go back to the court, but not as you desire.

"Know, that I am no longer Guzzle the Glutton, but MEGAS THE NOBLE; that I have stood upon the Mount of Luz, and, face to face have seen the Great Pyro; who is now my friend and your enemy.

"He has given me the forest for men, and the rocks and bushes for animals. Unless you instantly proclaim me King, they will come down upon you, and devour all the people of Cardia, so that there shall not be left a bone to fatten the land!"

"Great Guzzle!" cried the King, humbly, rising to his feet.

"Megas the Noble," prompted the Mogo.

"I beg your pardon, Megas the Noble," replied the King, "I will give you one-half——"

"Unworthy King!" said Megas, sternly. "Do not offer to give me anything, but listen to what I shall give you. I allow you till the sleeping ora to do my bidding and return. If you are not here at the moment, all Cardia will be destroyed. These warriors are cannibals lent me by the great Pyro for this very purpose.

"By the power of the VOLO, I, Megas the Noble, command you!"

At the sound of this mighty Word, the forest of men bowed their heads to the earth, and

the voices of the enchanted animals roared in terrific concert.

The King, hearing and seeing all this was so much alarmed that he rushed away to Cardia at the top of his speed.

When he announced the banished Mogo as their future ruler, his people set up such a shout,—so loud and clear,—that Megas heard it, ten miles away!

When Bamboozle returned, Megas thus addressed him:

"Wicked King, I banish you,—not to the Enchanted Land,—but to Tarsi. You will there find plenty to eat, such as it is; and good enough, what there is of it; and no evil imps shall trouble you, so long as you stay there. But the moment you attempt to return, or take any steps to dethrone me, the first rock that you come to will devour you instantly!"

Megas then took the crown from Bamboozle's head, and placed it upon his own. The King would have spoken, but Megas anticipated him:

"Slaves of the Great Pyro, by the power of the mighty VOLO, I, Megas the Noble, command you to remove the wicked Bamboozle to the farther shore of Nordlichtschein,—to the land of Tarsi,—and look you well that he does not return!"

In a moment the terrified Bamboozle was out of sight.

The Noble Megas now returned to Cardia, where he was received with shouts of joy; the people having always loved the Mogo much better than the wicked King, who had ruled them so cruelly.

Megas removed the capital to Kephale, where he reigned for many years; and by his wisdom brought peace and plenty to his subjects.

So is the story; and if one word be false may the sword of our beloved Typo take my head.

Now this was such a wild and ridiculous story that Trim looked to the King, expecting

to hear the fatal "Whiz;" but, to his surprise, the great Kritikoballo merely said:

"Very good and very true, my noble Fib. Go in peace!"

"Well, it's a tolerable yarn for a heathen nation," said Trim.

"T is well you like it," said the King; "it would not be safe for you to doubt the King's stories."

"Not any, my hearty," replied Trim; "though I was just praising Fib's yarn so that my own may seem all the more wonderful."

The King frowned; and Trim passed into the court-yard, where he met Typo.

"Do you believe all Fib's marvelous story?" he asked.

"Believe it, indeed!" said Typo, opening wide his blue eyes; "we *know* it; and there is not a man in all Nordlichtschein who would dare to doubt it. Did n't the great VIRKA subdue the land of Arrid, and drive out all the imps and goblins, so that it has been pleasant to dwell in ever since? And, instead of living

stones and spiteful trees, does it not bring forth the sweetest and most luscious fruits of the earth?"

"I'm sure I do n't know," replied Trim, "not having been there. But where is this Enchanted Land? I'd give something to be set right down in the midst of it."

"It would be better that you should have the King's 'Whiz' passed upon you," said Typo, gravely, "as, I have no doubt, you will; for you are quite too unbelieving to tell a story that will save your neck."

"Think you so?" said Trim. "Why, bless your ignorance, do you suppose a Yankee can't lie?"

"No, no, my boy," returned Typo, sorrowfully. "No lies to the King; or I shall have a job to do for you that will be unpleasant to us both. You must know, Trim, that I have taken a great fancy to you from the first, and do n't want to take your head off just yet; but unless you keep within the bounds of truth and reason I shall have to do it."

"Nordlichtschein abhors a lie; her religion denounces it, and her laws prohibit it."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "If a man tires, he may rest; and if he can't bear up his load he can throw it off, or break down, as he pleases. But never fear for me. I shall go through my story like a book."

"List," said the master, "your story of last evening contained some wild things about the Enchanted Land, which I should like you to explain, as you claim to be telling true stories."

"You must excuse me, my Master," replied List, "if I do not vouch for all the extravagance of Nordlichtschein lore. Yet if you look well into Fib's story there is more truth in it than at first appears. Many a truth lies at the bottom of *our* superstitions."

"There *is* a philosophy in neighbor Marvel's running a red-hot poker into the churn, to burn out the witch who prevents the butter from coming; in charming away the cramp with a string of woolen yarn; in talking the fire out of

a burn; and in killing his pork in the new of the moon, to prevent it shrinking while being cooked.

"Habit is a strong and vicious power when once it gets the better of us;—equal to any of the imps and goblins of the Enchanted Land.

"You can sift your own moral from their stories, and believe whatever you please; for my part, I shall depend upon Trim to gain my point."

"I hope he will not fail you" said the Master.

"I have great reason to hope so, too," replied List, "and I shall be very careful to stick to the text of his stories, without making any additions of my own thereto."

The Master smiled, and bade List proceed with his story; which he did.



THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGG.

IN Trim's wanderings among the groves of Kephale, he came upon many curious things, which he gathered and hid away, hoping that some day he should be able to astonish the wise Yankees of Cape Cod with his specimens.

Among these was a lump of gold about the size and shape of a goose egg. This he slipped into his pocket; for the notion came into his head that he might make use of it in some way or other, to his advantage.

"If I could only find the goose, now, that laid this," he said, "I think I could save my neck without any of these slop-shop stories."

As luck would have it, not long after this a queer thing happened. Trim heard a wild

squawking over his head, and, on looking up, there was a white goose tumbling down through the tree-tops.

Trim was astonished; but he made haste to capture the bird, and was pleased to see that it was not hurt.

"Now," said Trim, "fortune favors the lucky. I've got the golden egg, and the goose that laid it; so I guess I'll go at once and make friends with old Kritibob. There is nothing like gold to help a fellow out of a scrape. It will buy power, friends, and even love. It will turn the jailor's key and untie the hangman's knot; and I am sure it will take the edge clean off Typo's sword."

With this bit of pleasant philosophy, Trim hurried away to the palace; and, with due ceremony, presented the King with the golden egg.

"Great Megas!" said the King. "It *is* gold, sure enough! And is that the goose that laid it?"

"To be sure it is," replied Trim. "Only I

believe this is a gander. But it's all the same. It's the gander that lays the golden egg."

"Good!" said the King. "Make her lay some more, quick."

"I told you he's a gander," said Trim; "and you need n't insult him by calling him '*her*.' Do you want me to burst him for the sake of a single egg? I guess if you were a goose, and had just laid a four-pounder of solid gold, you'd want a little rest. You must remember, too, that this is a Cape Cod goose, and carries on his business in his own way."

"True," said the King; "I did n't think of that. Let him rest."

So he ordered Trim to tie the goose in the court-yard and watch well for the golden eggs.

"I guess I'm all right on the goose, now," said Trim, as he gladly obeyed the order; "my head is safe for a while, any way."



THE POOL OF HELA.

THE great city of Kephale is the most pleasant spot in all Nordlichtschein,—except the Vale of Edona, which is the garden of the world,—being in the midst of a rich growth of fruit and forest trees.

Here are sparkling brooks, crystal fountains, and sweet-scented flowers which fill the air with fragrance.

Here, too, the voice of the song-bird is never hushed, and the groves and gardens constantly ring with melody and gladness.

As the people never injure any living creature, except in self-defense, all the quiet and harmless animals make their homes in this garden of beauty and plenty.

A little to the south is the famous Pool of

Hela; and farther still the great Mount of Luz,—a sacred mountain,—the highest point in the island; while far away to the north rise the smoke and red glow of the roaring Krylizer.

Beautiful is Kephale, and pleasant to dwell in; though the greater part of the country,—the earth's crust being so thin,—is a barren, rocky waste, full of fissures, pits, and caverns, from which issue, at times, smoke and flame, gases and boiling water.

Scattered about, however, like oases in a desert, are pleasant and fertile spots, and there are the habitations of the people.

Trim, Yankee-like, had a great curiosity to explore this singular region; and a chance soon offered.

It is the custom of the people to bathe once a year in the Pool of Hela, which has such healing powers that it prevents, or cures, all their disorders, and gives them long life.

The King and his nobles take the first bath; after which the people, throughout the land,

flock to this Fountain and wash away all their bodily ills.

The time had now come for the royal trip; when Trim, through the influence of his friend Typo, and the famous goose, and because he had not shown any of the spiteful nature of an imp, was allowed to join the company.

A procession was formed, and as the journey was not a long one, Trim managed, through the aid of Typo and the Princess, to get on quite nicely; and in a short time he stood upon the banks of the famous Fountain.

It was a small jet of boiling water, spouting several feet into the air, and falling into an immense basin in the solid rock.

Typo sat down on the grassy bank; and Trim climbed a rock at his side, that they might the better talk together.

"What do you think of that?" asked Typo, proudly.

"That!" said Trim. "It's a hot spring;—a geyser;—and I've seen many of them."

"That may be," replied Typo; "but this is

quite different from any other; for whoever bathes in it is freed from pain and sickness, and will not die till his time comes."

"I never heard of any one who did," said Trim, laughing.

Typo did not laugh, but looked as solemn as one naturally would who followed his kind of business.

"It's funny, though," said Trim "that you fellows never laugh."

"Why should we," said Typo, "when there is nothing to laugh at?"

"That depends very much upon how we look at things, said Trim." "If you'd swap off your Enchanted Land and it's goblins for a circus and half-a-dozen good clowns, you'd find plenty to laugh at."

"I can not see how any one would live the longer, or be the better for it," said Typo. "How long do your laughing men live?"

"Well, a good, jolly fellow will sometimes live to be a hundred!" said Trim, triumphantly, as though he had the big end of the argument.

"Ah!" said Typo, "we are allowed three hundred years of healthy life!"

"My eyes," said Trim. "And with such solemn faces, too! If I were so sober and so lank as you, I should n't expect to live as many days. How long have you lived here as a people?"

"Forever!" answered Typo, proudly.

"Seems to me, then," said Trim, "that is long enough for you to have filled the whole country. But I suppose the goblins and the Krylizer eat up half the people."

"Yes," said Typo, gravely, "the Krylizer has a very large mouth, and will swallow all we give him. People will lie, and give way to their natural desires, and become too wise; therefore they must suffer."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "That's the way it is down to Cape Cod. But the trouble is, you fellows have n't seen the sun for so long, you are frozen clean through. I've a mind to turn missionary, and convert you from your silly magic to the true Cape Cod faith."

"I do n't know," replied Typo, "what your Cape Cod faith may be; but I am sure I should never accept it, whatever it is. On the contrary, I should wish, for your own safety, that you were converted to the true faith of Nordlichtschein. You speak very lightly of our enchantment; and that shows you know nothing of it. You should not ridicule any Power greater than yourself, until you know whether its imps are for or against you. It is always better to be on the safe side, and flatter the Higher Powers."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "But there's no flattery down to Cape Cod;—except at 'lection times;—and then the Higher Powers flatter us. Some folks make magic out of anything they do n't understand. Did n't old Salem burn a witch every time somebody got the hypo, and the doctors could n't cure him? And that puts me in mind of the story of the WITCH OF ENDOR, which I'll tell."

"There was once an old King named Saul——"

"Save your stories for the King," said Typo. "You will need them before long, for your head is still far from safe. If you can manage to keep it till the time of our pilgrimage to the Mount of Luz you shall go with us; and as we pass through the Enchanted Glen, on the way, you will perhaps be convinced of the truth of the story of Megas the Noble."

"Well, this is a queer country, any way," said Trim. "I always supposed the North Pole to be bedded in ice. Is it never any colder here?"

"Not that ever I heard of," replied Typo. "But a great many ages ago it was much warmer."

"When the great Pyro floated in the sky above us, rich fruits and fragrant flowers filled the earth, and man was happy. Wisdom and Beauty gladdened him on every hand."

"But men forgot their virtue; and Pyro, angry at the sins of his people, hid himself in the Infinite Ocean."

"Then the world was lost in darkness."

"But since Megas the Noble conquered the hurtful demons, and taught men truth and virtue, Pyro is pleased, and is now returning, with slow steps, to bless us with his beamy presence."

Just here Typo clasped his hands, and bowed reverently toward the south.

"There is the signal!" he said. "Pyro smiles upon the Mount of Luz! In two oras we shall start upon our journey!"

Trim looked, and saw a bright, golden light far away to the south, glowing against the blue sky.

"My eyes!" he said. "There's sunshine on a mountain as sure as I'm a Yankee. I've no objection to such magic as that; and shall be glad to make a pilgrimage anywhere to see the blessed sun once more."

Typo at once informed the King; when he and all his people bowed their heads toward the glowing Mount of Luz in the most devout manner.

When their bath was finished, the party

formed in line, and began their march back to Kephale.

On the way, Typo, who had become interested in Trim, as well as the land he came from, desired that he would tell him all about his country. So Trim told him of the climate and the glorious sunshine; of the beauty of his people; of their institutions and inventions; their learning and skill; all of which was most marvelous to Typo, who, though he half believed it, warned Trim to have a care how he told anything of the kind to the King.

"Rulers have their whims," said Typo.

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "That's the way it is down to Cape Cod. But give me fact rather than fancy. One fact is better than two whims; and it is safer to tie to a tree than its shadow."

When they arrived at the palace a great crowd of people filled the court-yard.

It was a convoy from Carpal with a prisoner, who was charged with the crime of murder.

The King was soon upon his throne, while the culprit, with the witness,—who was the great story-teller of Carpal,—was placed in the semi-circle of Mogos. Typo took his stand beside them ready for duty.

All things being in order the witness began his story.





*STORY OF THE KABA OF CARPAL—SHOWING
THE CONTEST BETWEEN WISSAN AND
PODER, AND WHICH WON.*

GREAT Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is the life and death of all Nordlichtschein, the father of this man was DUDAR, the great Kaba of Carpal.

His two sons were named WISSAN and PODER.

Wissan was known for his wit,—Poder for his strength.

A short time ago the Kaba, being old, called his two sons and said:

“I am about to obey the last grave mandate of Pyro, and there will soon be no Kaba in Carpal. Both of you, my children, have great

power; but in such different directions that I am not able to say which most deserves the office. It remains for you to assist me in my decision; and you shall do it in this manner: I desire that each of you exert all his power to comfort me in these my last days; and whichever of you does me the greatest service will I make the Kaba.

“So have I said, and so shall it be.”

When Dudar had thus spoken the two sons bowed submission and went their way.

Shortly after, as the three were gathering fruit on the confines of Carpal, Dudar chanced to fall into a deep gulf in the rocks, and was unable to release himself.

His sons ran to his relief. Poder, reaching down his powerful hand, pulled his father out and laid him on the soft grass. But he was so nearly strangled by the goblin of the gulf that, with all his strength, Poder could not restore him to life.

“What shall we do,” he exclaimed, wringing his hands.

"Your strength, my brother," replied Wissan, "has delivered our father from the clutches of the goblin. I will now try if my skill can restore him."

So saying he ran to a certain bush, near by, and gathering some of its leaves, rubbed them over his father's face; whereupon he recovered.

"My sons," said the Kaba, "you have each done me great service; Poder had the power to drag me from the gulf,—which the slender arm of Wissan could not have done;—but had it not been for the wisdom of Wissan, I should never have been delivered from the charm of the goblin. I can not yet decide between you. Go in peace."

Not long after this, the Kaba being in the woods, a monstrous eber sprang upon him, and was tearing him in pieces, when Poder, hearing his cries, ran to his relief. With one blow of his mighty club, he slew the eber, and taking his father in his arms, carried him home.

"My dear Poder," said the Kaba, "you have saved my life; which all the skill and wisdom

of Wissan would have failed to do. I now see that strength is greater than wisdom.

"To you belongs the office; and I now declare you to be the future Kaba of Carpal!"

Wissan was much grieved at this; but he was wise enough to keep it to himself, hoping that some chance of showing his power would yet occur.

He had not long to wait; for the shock which the Kaba received had so weakened his nerves that he lost all consciousness, and was about to die.

Wissan, who well knew the virtues of plants, gathered some leaves, and making thereof a cordial, put some in his father's mouth; and, by certain motions of the hand over his body, soon restored him to life and health.

The Kaba was so much astonished and pleased, withal, that he again called his sons to him and said:

"My children I am still unable to say which of you is the greater; since Wissan's skill has raised me to life, when all the strength of Poder

would have availed me nothing. Since, then, you are equally great, and as both strength and wisdom are necessary in the Kaba, I give you the office jointly, and hope that you will act your part like men.

"So have I said, and so shall it be!"

Now your majesty may suppose that this wise decision would have settled the matter without further trouble; but a short time after this, the Kaba falling into a gulf, and no one being near, he was forever lost, and the two sons filled the office of their father.

But each soon became jealous of the other, and tried every means to possess himself of the office and its honors alone.

One day while they were gathering fruit, Poder pushed his brother into a deep pit full of smoke; hoping the goblins, therein, would soon strangle him. But Wissan having a magic powder, scattered it about, so that he received no hurt.

Yet the fright so injured his mind that he became insane, and wandered about thinking

only how he might cause the death of his brother.

At last he made a journey to the forest of Perdu, where he gathered an enchanted pebble.

He then returned home, and finding Poder asleep threw the pebble into his mouth.

Wissan knew, very well, what would happen, when he did this. The instant the stone struck Poder's teeth it exploded and blew his head to pieces.

Since that time Wissan has recovered from his insanity, and is as wise as before. Now, he being the rightful Kaba, there are none in Carpal to declare his sentence; therefore we have brought him to your Majesty.

So is the story and if one word be false, may the good sword of Typo take my head.

When this testimony was ended there was silence in the court for the space of five minutes.

The King looked solemn, and the four-and-twenty Mogos gravely bowed themselves before him.

Typo braced himself for whichever head he was to strike off.

"Well" said Trim, hitching up his trowsers, "that's a tolerable cunning yarn for a heathen; it puts me in mind of the story of NIP AND TUCK, which I'd like to tell."

"Will you stop your story, or shall Typo stop your breath?" said the King, fiercely.

"How can I stop before I begin?" asked Trim, with an innocent stare. "And that puts me in mind of the story of the LAMB AND THE WOLF. It's all very well for him to cry stop, who can't run; but I want you to understand that my tongue is a regular Yankee organ; the more stops you put on it, the louder it goes. Well, go ahead; I see that you do n't mean to give me any kind of justice. I wish I was back to Cape Cod again, any way."

"Noble witness," said the King at last, "your story is very good and very true. Go in peace!

"Concerning Dundar and his two sons, this

is my decision. Poder did evil in first trying to destroy his brother, for which his father was to blame, because of his bad training; and if he were not already dead he should at once be banished, according to the law of Megas the Noble.

"Wissan was insane, for which he was not to blame; Poder was the cause; and since the cause is removed, and Wissan recovered from his disorder, there is no further danger, and I now declare him to be the rightful Kaba of Carpal.

"Worthy Wissan, go in peace!"

This remarkable decision was received by all with the greatest applause; especially by the four-and-twenty Mogos. Trim first stared, then laughed, and finally ran his hands deep into his pockets and whistled "Joe Bowers."

"The great Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world, desires to ask again," said the King, angrily turning the red pebble upon Trim, "if you do n't know anything but that everlasting 'Joe Bowers?'"

"Of course I do," replied Trim; "I know 'Yankee Doodle;' but the tunes are so much alike I can't tell which is the other."

"Well," replied the King, sternly, "if you must whistle it all the time, I beg you will mix in a little of the 'Doodle!'"

And the Mogos shouted "Wise Doodle!"

"All right!" said Trim. "I guess I can mix 'em up so you won't have no trouble in not finding neither one."

In honor of the occasion the King ordered a grand concert.

The musical instruments were quite novel, and unlike anything Trim had ever seen, or even heard of; although he had been to the opera and had read "Paradise Lost."

Of course he was quite curious to know how music was to be dragged out of such queer looking machines. Typo answered all his questions with a good deal of pride; assuring him that these instruments were capable of the most terrific harmony.

One machine, called the Dolorine, is an immense log, fifty feet long, split for half its length into four parts. This is laid across two large hollow logs, which act as sounding boards.

To play upon the Dolorine, a long rough pole is used,—coated with a kind of rosin,—which four stout men drag back and forth over the slivered portion of the log.

The friction causes a wild rasping rattle, so terrible, and yet so doleful, that nothing short of hearing it could give one any idea of its monstrous musical power.

Another instrument, called the Shriekeroon, is a large flat rock, rubbed down and polished until its surface is as smooth as glass.

Around this rock may be seated twenty-four musicians, with long poles, pointed at the end, and covered with wetted rawhide. They perform by pushing the poles endwise across the surface, producing a brilliant variety of shrieks, not to be compared to anything on earth.

There are many other instruments that discourse strange music; but these two are the

most wonderful in strength and tone; reminding the hearer of the thundered harmonies of Tartarus.

They would be a grand addition to the orchestras of our own country; since they might effectually drown unpleasant voices in the opera, even though the singer rise on tip-toe and stretch her neck to get a note higher.

They would also be a complete accompaniment to the prima donna in her delicate trills and tremolos. By their use, too, trombones, drums and cymbals might have an occasional bar of rest.

All things being ready, the King gave the signal, and the concert commenced.

At the first blast the earth trembled as though about to burst asunder.

The trees rattled together, and the birds dropped to the ground; while Trim, unable to keep his footing, fell upon his face, and stuffed his ears with grass.

Then came such a fierce screeching, and surging of wild, wierd notes, and such profound

and forcible harmony as was never dreamed of by any musician of modern times. But as the chorus increased in vigor and volume, and burst forth in vehement *crescendo* shrieks, the very heavens seemed to split, and Trim felt quite sure that the whole Starry Dipper was tumbling about his ears.

But this lasted only three hours, and he was both pleased and surprised, when he examined his head, to find it all in one piece.





TRIM'S STORY—AND WHY HE DID N'T TELL IT.

DURING the concert the King's servants had prepared in the court-yard a luscious feast of all the fruits of Kephale, to which the guests and the court were invited. Trim was then informed that it was the ora for his story.

In order that he might be the better heard, a platform had been built in the semi-circle of Mogos, so high that Trim's head was on a level with the rest. Upon this he took his place, with his friend the executioner by his side.

The Princess Edys was near him also; her blue eyes gazing upon him with some pity, for she feared that he might make a failure of the story.

Not so with Trim. He knew what he was about; and he went at it with as little concern as he would have spliced a line.

"Proceed!" said the King, placing the blue pebble to his eyes.

Trim glanced first at the King, then at Typo, and then at the long, savage-looking sword; but which of the three it was that disturbed him, or whether it was done for fun, I am not able to say. At all events he very awkwardly thrust both hands into his pockets, cleared his throat, and began:

"Once upon a time a great many years ago there once lived there might have been seen a queer old King who lived in a fence but the rats never came back and somehow the Princess poured pepper into the punch so that the Queen could n't set on the eggs till the weasel was fast asleep in the buttermilk and they all cried out "Which one" because the Princess had peppered the punch and the punch had puddled the eggs and the eggs had addled the

Queen and as soon as the porpoise had painted the purple porridge-pot the doctor slipped in on the other side and fell to eating the red elephant all the time the Queen was shaving the monkey.—”

Just here Trim stopped to take breath.

“GREAT MEGAS!” exclaimed the King, hitching nervously on his throne, “What is the fellow trying to do?”

“Well!” said Trim, “I believe I’ve forgotten that story altogether.”

“Why do n’t you proceed?” said the King. “Do you mean to say that a Queen ever shaved a monkey?”

“Easy now, Mr. Kritibob. Every story-teller has his style, you know, and that’s mine; I want you to understand that this is the story of HIDE AND SEEK, and belongs to the Namby Pamby Series—six volumes—every one exactly like this word for word.”

“It’s a silly story,” said the King, “and has nothing of hide and seek in it.”

“Yes it has,” replied Trim, “for whatever you seek in this story you will find hidden enough. But I see that you do n’t intend to give me fair play. What do you want to interrupt me for? You never said a word while Fib told his story.”

“To be sure,” said the King, “Fib *told* a story. I knew you could n’t tell a story; and the Mogos knew it, and Typo knew it, and his sword will prove it in a moment more if you do n’t do better.”

Saying this the King laid down the blue pebble and picked up the *red* one.

Trim looked at the pebble.

“You need n’t change glasses,” he said.

“My stories will be high-colored enough, I guess, without that. And do n’t hold Fib up to me as a precious example, either. *I* am going to tell you a *true* story!”

“A true story,” replied the King. “The living Fib behind you is a proof that he did not miss the truth, which is better evidence than you will be able to show. It would be

safer for your head if you could tell a story like Fib's."

"So!" said Trim. "Do you want me to tell a story just like Fib's?"

"If you could, I should very glad to hear it," said the King.

"Well here goes!" said Trim:

"A great many years ago, when Cardia was the capital of Nordlichtschein, and the wicked Bamboozle was king of the world, the people were not so wise——"

"Hold!" cried the King, and he sprang to his feet, frowning fiercely, while the Mogos stared, "You are repeating Fib's story, word for word, Would you insult this court? You are not here to repeat Fib's story, but to tell one of your own."

"You told me," said Trim, "to tell a story just like Fib's, and that 's as near as I can remember it; but if you do n't like that, I 'll try another:

"About three oras ago, there once lived a cruel old King, who cut off people's heads just

for the fun of the thing, and pretended that it was because he abhorred an absurdity. Well, one day he slew a score of fellows for telling him there was an honest little sailor boy cooking his dinner down by the sea-shore;—and that was the truth!"

"Great Megas!" cried the King. "This is too much! Typo, Whiz!"

"But it is true!" said the Princess, stepping forward and winding her long arm around Trim.

"Is it not true?" said Typo. "Your Majesty has no claim on his head. Let him tell another story. Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity!"

"True!" said the King. "I did n't think of that. Let him tell another story!"

"Wise story!" cried the Mogos in chorus.

"I do n't see the fun of all this," said Trim. "You might as well take a fellow's head off at once, as to bother him to death. I wish I was back to Cape Cod again, any way. See here, now, I 'll make a bargain with you."

"Proceed," said the King.

"It is this," said Trim; "I will put you a riddle. If you can not answer it and I can, I shall be allowed to go on in my own way; but if you can answer it and I can not, you are welcome to take my head. Come, now, what do you say to that?"

"Put it in writing," said the King.

So one of the Mogos wrote thus, upon a piece of birch-bark, according to the legal lore of Nordlichtschein:

"This contract is to show that whenever the party of the first part interrupts the party of the second part, the party of the second part shall put the party of the first part his riddle; and if the party of the first part can not answer the party of the second part his riddle, and the party of the second part can answer the party of the second part his riddle, then the party of the first part shall allow the party of the second part his own way to tell a story. But if the party of the second part can not answer the party of the second part his riddle, and the

party of the first part can answer the party of the second part his riddle, the party of the first part is welcome to take the party of the second part his head."

When this contract was read, Trim was extremely puzzled with its ambiguous exactness.

"Is that clear enough?" inquired the King.

"Clear as steamboat coffee," replied Trim. "A Cape Cod lawyer could n't get around that, nor better mix it up so that nobody could n't tell what it did n't mean."

"Good!" said the King, pleased with the compliment. "That's the legal form of all our contracts. Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity. Her religion denounces and her laws prohibit it."

"Wise absurdity," said the Mogos.

The King then commanded a Mogo to add the CLINCHER.

This clincher is a very curious and cunning appendix to the contracts of this country, and

shows the wise forethought the King has for himself. It reads thus:

"And it is further understood, that if there is anything in this writing that may be against the will or interests of the King, the contract shall be as though it had not been written!"

"My eyes!" exclaimed Trim, "that is a clincher, sure enough! It's a regular cut-throat document! Guess you borrowed that from Cape Cod, for I do n't believe you fellows are civilized enough to invent such a thing."

"Is n't it clear enough!" said the King. "It is the law, and Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity!"

"Yes I know," said Trim, scratching his head. "It's clear enough, and that's what ails it. You may talk about your 'absurdity' but my motto is *E pluribus unum*, which means, one is equal to many; and you will find that to be the case, too, if you bother me much more."

"If you are ready," said the King, with a nervous hitch, "proceed; but let the story be your own."

"I will," said Trim; "and here it is:

"Many years ago, in the country I came from——"

"Stop!" said the King. "Do you pretend to say that there is any other country than Nordlichtschein, of which I am Supreme Ruler? By the great Pyro! this throne is not to be insulted in such a manner."

Trim stuck his hands in his pockets, shrugged his shoulders, and relieved himself in the usual way, by whistling "Joe Bowers," with a roll at the end that sounded like Yankee Doodle.

"Do you think I came from no where?" he asked. "I guess you're in a hurry for the riddle, ain't you?"

"The riddle, your Majesty," repeated Typo.

"True," said the King, "I did n't think of that. Tell us the riddle."

"Wise riddle," echoed the Mogos.

"It is this," said Trim. "When you throw a stone into the Infinite Ocean, where does it go to?"

"To the bottom, of course," cried the King. "Your riddle is answered."

"Bide a bit!" said Trim. "If the ocean is infinite, how can it have a bottom?"

"True," said the King. "I did n't think of that. It has no bottom."

"Then," said Trim, "if it has no bottom, what prevents the water from falling out?"

The King looked silly enough; and told Trim that it was not in his power, or that of any other man, to solve so knotty a problem.

"I will answer it," said Trim. "The reason the water does not fall out is because, the ocean being infinite, there is no place for it to fall; and the stone goes on forever."

The King was astonished at Trim's wit, and the Mogos stared in stupid wonder. The case was so very plain that not one of them could understand it.

Trim was then suffered to proceed; and this is his story.



*STORY OF BEN, WHO CONQUERED THE
LIGHTNING.*

THERE once lived, in the country I came from, a very wise man, whose head had more in it than all the heads of Kephale put together, although it was n't half as large as the smallest.

His wisdom was so mighty that when he stretched out his hand the clouds vanished, and the very lightnings slid down from the heavens and humbly crouched at his feet! When he spoke the world wondered, and the earth sent forth her fairest fruits ——

"Very good," said the King, reaching for his white pebble. "That starts off like a story. This Ben of yours is not bad, and if he were

here I would send him to scatter the demons from the Dell of Tasche, at once."

Trim was so pleased with this compliment that he continued his story without whistling a single note of Joe Bowers.

Now Ben began the world by going into the soap and candle business. When he had a good stock on hand he went to work to wash the people of all their sins, and light their dark ways of life.—

"I do n't believe it!" again interrupted the King. "Who ever heard of one man washing the whole world with soap?"

"Wise soap!" repeated the Mogos.

"That 's what it was, sure," said Trim, earnestly; "real Yankee soap, without any *lie* in it. But if you do n't believe the yarn —"

"Believe it!" interrupted the King, savagely, "if you can find a man in all Nordlichtschein who believes one word of the story, I will take off both his head and yours. Typo, Whiz!"

The King looked so fierce and angry when he gave this command that the princess sprang to Trim's side, and wound her long arms about his neck. Typo leaned leisurely upon his sword, and made no motion to obey. The Mogos rose to their feet and stared, while the King leaped from his throne in the greatest fury. This was the first time that his executioner had ever disregarded his order.

Whiz! indeed! Typo would as soon have chopped off his master's head as Trim's.

"What!" exclaimed the King. "Is the Great Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world, who has come in a direct line from Megas the Noble, to be defied in this manner? By the great Pyro! I will take off every head in Kephale!"

"Does that include my goose?" inquired Trim anxiously.

"It includes the greater one of the two," replied the King; "for your goose *has* laid a golden egg, while *you* have never laid even the *plan* of a story."

"The riddle," said Typo, leaning leisurely on the hilt of his sword.

"True," said the King; "I did n't think of that. Tell us your riddle."

"Well," said Trim, looking around as coolly as though the result did not concern him. "What is that which you can not do without; which is of no use to any one else; and which, if you should lose, you would never miss?"

The Mogos stared with the greatest stupidity and the Princess looked pleased.

"Something I can not live without, and might lose without knowing it," mused the King. "What do you mean by all this nonsense?"

"That," replied Trim, "is for you to say; though if you give it up, I will tell you."

"That you can not," replied the King, "unless you have a longer head than mine, which I do not believe. Proceed with the answer."

"It is this," said Trim. "You can not live without your *breath*; it is of no use to any

one else, and if you should lose it, what would you know about it?"

The case was plain to all the court, and Trim was again free.

"So you see," he said, "that the longest legs are not the swiftest, nor the longest heads the wisest. Now this story belongs to the Soap Grease series; and relates the wonderful mystery of the wonderful history of half the great men of Cape Cod. If you would just hear the whole of my story, you could better judge of its merits."

"The whole story!" repeated the King. "One-half such an abominable lie is enough to condemn all Kephale to the Krylizer! Your riddle has saved you, though; for as Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity, I must keep my word. But the clincher gives me the right to stop your story, which I do. I see my Fib will have to tell another. The one to which you listened is nothing;—a mere bit of history. He shall shortly tell one that will fairly choke you with horror, and frighten you

to death,—I hope,—for I am getting tired of you, any way.”

“All right, my hearty! Just fill up my boat with blueberries and ground-nuts and I’ll be off to Cape Cod in a jiffy. Won’t I make a splurge down there, though, with my little, long-legged Princess!”

“The Princess!” cried the King. “Do you think that I would suffer the beautiful Edys,—the stateliest girl in all Nordlichtschein,—to go to such a no-place as Cape Cod? *Your* Princess, indeed!”

“She’s just as good as mine, any way,” said Trim, “for she kissed me once; and besides, was n’t it in the contract? Come now, Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity.”

“But you have not won her yet!” said the King. “When you can beat Fib telling stories, it will be time enough to talk about taking my daughter to Cape Cod. Great Megas! was ever my throne so insulted, and by such a scrubby little pigmy, too? By the great Pyro! I would order you pitched into the

Krylizer, at once, if that were not your native element. The only way to get rid of you is to take your head off; which I will do in a very short time.”

“Easy, now,” said Trim, when the King had finished speaking. “High words travel far, and before you threaten another’s head, it is well to look behind you.”

“Is it possible for your tongue to rest one moment?” said the King, angrily.

“Of course it is,” replied Trim, “but he is a good subject who follows the example of a King.”

“You were ordered here to tell a story,” said the King, “but as you can’t do it, the Court is adjourned; for it shall no longer be insulted by such a vicious little imp.”

“Wise imp,” shouted the Mogos.



THE KING'S BLUNDER AND TRIM'S YANKEE TRICK.

ALTHOUGH the King was quite out of humor with his prisoner, yet Trim was daily growing in favor with the others, especially with Edys and Typo. Just at this time, something happened that made him still more worthy of their respect.

One of the Mogos, while dipping water from the Fountain of Phalia, with a gourd, slipped in and was drowned; whereupon the King, after the manner of rulers, declared that henceforth no one in all Kephale should dip water from a fountain. This wise care of his subjects forced them to quench their thirst by lying flat down, and putting their lips to the water.



It so happened that the King himself, being driven by thirst to drink in this manner, lost his balance and fell headlong to the bottom!

Now the Fountain of Phalia is a shallow pool, with a very muddy bottom, wherein if one should bathe he would come out in a worse condition than he went in. Drinking of it, also makes one more silly and stupid. The people of Kephale, therefore, drank freely of its waters, lest they should become too wise, in which case they would be banished to the lonely Hill of Tarfa.

It was in this fountain that the King tumbled, and while he bored his head into the mud, his legs were twirled about in the air so rapidly, that, although there were but two, it would have puzzled any one to count them.

Typo and Trim being close at hand, the King was dragged out in a sad plight, but with little damage save the loss of his crown, which was still at the bottom of the fountain.

Trim at once plunged into the water after it, to the great surprise of Typo, who sup-

posed that he should soon fish out his lifeless body. But in a moment the diver rose to the surface, and in his hand was the crown, which, with some trouble,—for it was more than four feet high,—he laid at the feet of the King.

This so pleased Kritikoballo that he patted Trim on the head, and promised him an extra ration of blueberries.

The accident, however, caused the King to issue another order: That no one in all Kephale should lie down at any fountain, or pool, to drink.

After three oras under this law, the people clamored so wildly for water that the King was nearly beside himself.

All known means for getting water from the fountains to their mouths were now prohibited. At last Typo ventured to consult the King.

"Great Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is the life and death of all Nordlichtschein, what are your people to do with-

out water? Think you they are changed to goblins, and can quench their thirst with fire? If something is not soon done, every throat in Kephale will be parched to cinders. Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity!"

"In the name of Megas the Noble, what *shall* be done?" said the King. "The word of a King has gone forth, and what has been said can not be unsaid, *till another fills the throne!* That is the law, you know. My own throat is as dry as the Hill of Tarfa; yet we must not forget that the King's watchful care of his subjects must be maintained, and his wise decrees obeyed, if all the world is consumed with thirst."

"Wisdom flows from your lips like smoke from a fire-gulf," replied Typo. "But if the people of Kephale die of thirst, the crown will go to Cardia, and demons will again rule the world!"

"By the great Pyro!" exclaimed the King. "The decree shall extend from Kephale to Tarsi, and we will all die together; for Cardia

shall no more rule the King's world with her hot-hearted sorcery! Go to Carpal, and have a machine invented."

"And then banish the inventor to the Hill of Tarfa, where he may starve, according to the law of Nordlichtschein," said Typo. "Your Majesty's word is mighty, and must be obeyed, though the stars fall. Perhaps a reward would help us."

"True," said the King. "I did n't think of that. Let me see,—I will give ——"

"Offer big, old boy," said Trim with a sly smirk on his lips. "Do n't be stingy, now. Just remember that you have either got to break the word of a King, or all Kephale will be rotting on the ground in less than three oras; and the great Kritiboballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world that rides on the Infinite Ocean, whose word is the life and death of all Nordlichtschein,—especially the death,—will be one of the number. It was a queer notion of yours to veto drinking water in the old way, before you had some other

method to offer. But that is the case in all countries. Did n't General Jackson veto the Old Bank before he had another ready? And did n't South Carolina ——"

"Stop!" said the King. "What have we to do with South Carolina? Drink is what we want; and though I never heard of the country before, I 'm sure that 's no place to go for it."

"I do n't know about that," said Trim; "but go on with your reward."

"True," said the King, alarmed at the side of the picture which Trim had turned toward him. "I will give to him who will supply the people with water,—without breaking the wise commands of the great Kritikoballo,—the Throne of Nordlichtschein, with all its power, for one ora! And let him look well to his head, for by the great Pyro, he shall lose it if he does a foolish thing!"

"Foolish thing," said the Mogos, gravely.

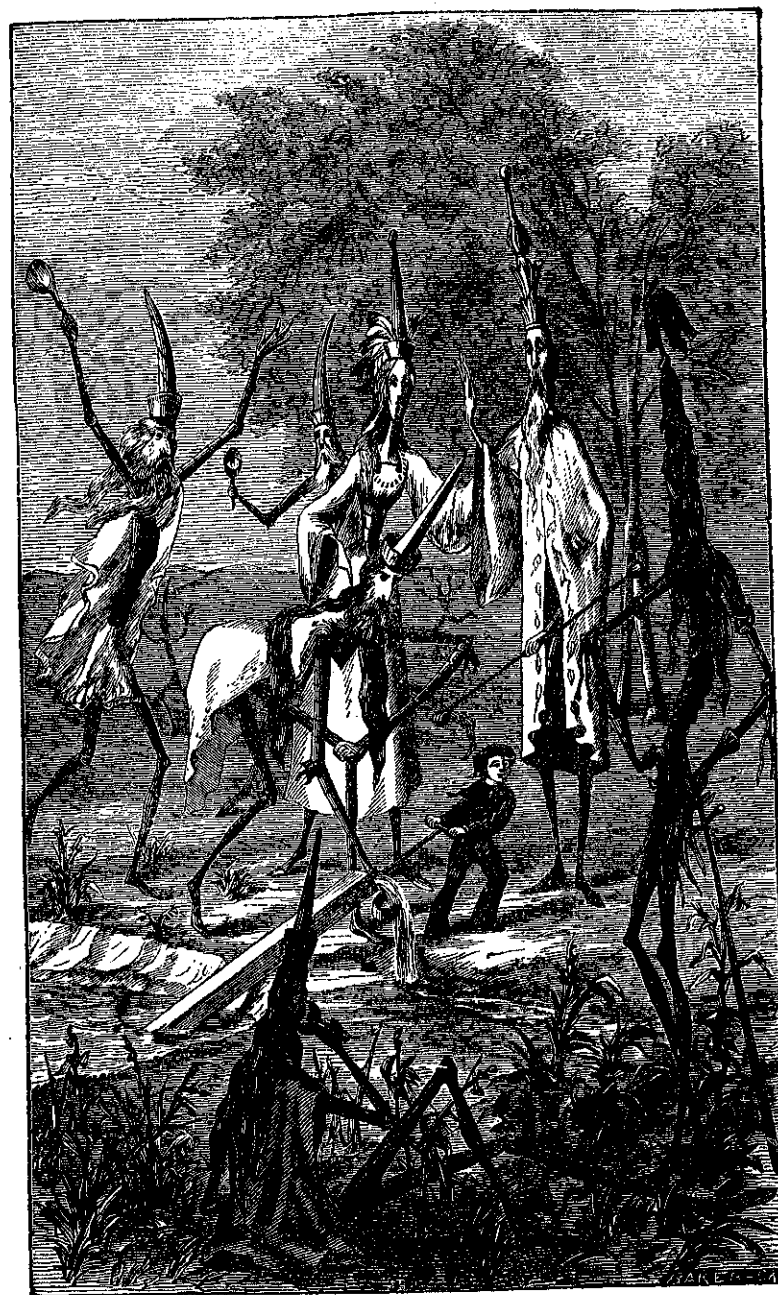
"All right," said Trim; and stepping behind the palace, he brought forth a rude pump, which he had already made. "I expected

this," he said, "and did n't mean to be choked to death yet a while. Get your gourds, now, and come with me to the fountain, and I will show you how to fill them without dipping into the water."

The people flocked around the fountain, and Trim filled their gourds; which so astonished the King that he set Trim upon the throne without demur, and placed the royal crown upon his head. It was rather large, but a great many crowns have been too large for the heads that wore them.

"You are now King of the world for one ora," said Kritikoballo; "but as soon as your term is out I shall banish you to the Hill of Tarfa, for daring to invent a machine!"

"See here!" said Trim, "I'm running this world now; and if you talk saucy to the King I'll have you impeached and sent to the Dry Tortugas. You must remember that I came in a direct line from Cape Cod; and I shall expect you all to be very civil to me. If you



are not, the sword of my friend Typo will settle the matter.

"The first thing I do, will be to revoke the decree of old Kritibob, whose wisdom came near choking all Kephale; and henceforth the people shall be free to get, and drink water when, where, and as they please. But I warn you all not to dip too freely into that vile Pool of Phalia, during my reign, for there's no great glory in being the king of ninnies.

"*Second*: There shall be no more chopping off heads for telling the truth.

"*Third*: Trim shall have a good mess of clams, or a rabbit, now and then, well cooked by his own hands; also he, Trim, shall be exempt from all banishment or punishment whatever, forever and ever.

"This you see, is my decree,
And as you do so shall it be."

"Now go, all of you, and fix up the best dinner the world can afford."

Trim then dismissed the royal audience to

the tune of "Joe Bowers;" while all the people wondered at his wisdom.

The King was angry; but he had no power, now, so he merely said:

"When pigmies bluster in public, wise men whisper in secret."

"Yes, I know," said Trim; that's the way it is down to Cape Cod. But see here! if you go to cutting up any didos, now, or get too saucy to the King, Whiz goes your head! Luck is a jewel, and Fortune comes without bidding; but it is n't every day that a Yankee has a chance to be King of all the world, so I'm going to have a good time while it lasts.

"The world can't be set right in a day; and as you've got it into a tolerable bad pickle, I shall only toggle up enough of the broken machinery to keep it going till my Uncle Sam gets hold of it.

"Now scud away about your business, all of you, and have a good time,

"For I am King of the World, you see,
And as *I* do, so shall it be."



*PILGRIMAGE TO THE MOUNT OF LUZ—TRIM'S
JOURNEY TO CARDIA, AND THE
HARD ROAD HE FOUND IT.*

THE distance from Kephale to the Mount of Luz is two hundred miles; and this is the journey Trim took with the Pilgrims in their yearly visit to that wonderful mountain.

Great preparations were made for this journey. The horses, tall and gaunt as their masters, were brought into the court-yard, and decked in the most fantastic manner, with pinecones, ribbons of birch-bark, feathers and sprigs of cat-tail flag. The royal family and all the court then mounted. But how was Trim to go? He refused the long-legged horse that was offered him, saying he would as soon ride

a guide-post. At last the Princess, ever ready of wit, proposed to lend him her pet dog, which was no taller than an Indian pony. So the dog was rigged in suitable style, and Trim proudly mounted his novel charger. The cavalcade then drew up in line.

First came the King, guarded on each side by two Mogos; next, the Queen, in like manner. Following them, the Princess, Typo and Fib, while the rest of the Mogos brought up the rear. And then came the Princess' dog, who was not guarded at all, but ran about wherever he pleased, carrying his rider with him.

Everything being ready, the hollow, moaning voice of the King called for music. Whereupon the entire cavalcade put their hands to their mouths, and set up such a wild, discordant howl,—in which the dogs all joined,—that Trim was stunned with the racket; but when in addition, the Dolorine and Shriekeroon sent forth their wild wail, he was forced to clap his hands to his ears and scream with pain.

At the end of half an hour the concert closed, and the grand march began.

Trim's nag frisked and capered, first in front, then in the rear; down the outside, back, and down the middle, crossing right and left in true contra-dance style; till one might suppose Trim was the Grand Marshal of the procession.

A few miles, and they left the beautiful groves of Kephale and struck a desolate region of rough, rocky and barren land, with occasionally a stunted tree. There were deep gorges which must be crossed, much to Trim's discomfort; for his nag plunged through them in his own way, and sometimes both were nearly smothered in the long, tangled grass at the bottom.

After traveling over this barren plain for many miles, they came upon a long, narrow rise of ground, called the Ridge of Rumpo.

Along the whole length of this ridge the air has such a whirling motion that whenever a party of people pass over it they are sure to

become confused; when they may be glad if they escape without getting into some ridiculous difficulty.

A little way from this ridge was a rich, green forest; while far in the distance could be seen great clouds of black smoke, with sometimes a flash of red light shooting up into the darkness.

"The Krylizer!" shouted the pilgrims.

And such a shout! It was enough to frighten all the imps of Nordlichtschein; no wonder, then, that an innocent rabbit, tall as a greyhound, darted from his warren in front of the procession, and ran for the woods.

Trim's charger saw it, of course, and thinking it too good game to be lost, started in full chase. Trim threw his arms about the animal's neck, and away they went!

When the Princess saw Trim in this plight, fearing that he might be dashed to pieces, she broke the ranks, and the rules of court and put her horse at full speed after him.

The King, vexed at this unheard of pro-



ceeding, and alarmed for his daughter's safety, struck his horse into a full gallop after *her*.

Typo then took after the King, and the four-and-twenty Mogos after *him*; until, at last, this little disturbance became a perfect rout; and the whole gaunt, long-legged procession, with their white hair streaming behind them, scampered away, leaping and tumbling over rocks, logs and ditches in the most reckless manner.

Such a barking and screaming and hooting, and such a wild clattering hubbub, was never heard since the days of the Wild Huntsman.

But the rabbit soon ended the chase by leaping over a rock, that stood upon the brink of a deep gully.

Trim's courser, nothing daunted, took the leap also: but his load throwing him out of balance, down he went, rolling over and over; his rider clinging to his neck for dear life.

The Princess followed close at his heels, and in like manner on came the whole cavalcade;

and as the hindmost could not see what befel the foremost, over that fatal rock they went, till the whole posse of pilgrims was tumbled pell-mell to the bottom.

Luckily they fell upon a bed of dried grass, from which they soon gathered themselves. Order being restored, the procession again started in the same solemn manner as before.

The King was angry, and would have taken off somebody's head, if there had been any excuse for it; but the blame seemed to rest upon the poor rabbit, which he would on no account have put to death, even if he could have caught it.

Cardia is much like Kephale; but lying close by the Krylizer, it is warmer. The people, too, are more fiery in temperament, doing everything from impulse.

Until the days of Megas the Noble, it was the capital; but this wise King, perceiving that the cool heads of Kephale were better fitted to govern, than the hot hearts of Cardia, declared Kephale the capital. Besides, it

being near the Pool of Hela, the air was fresher, the water clearer, and the fruits more cooling.

The pilgrims were now well into the forest, and Cardia was before them.

The people came running out in great numbers to meet their King, whom they greeted with another concert, much like the first; only there being many more voices, it was a great deal better, or worse, as you may fancy. They soon came to the court-yard, where a grand feast was prepared; and while this was being devoured, great crowds gathered about Trim, wondering what sort of an imp he could be, and desiring that he would tell them all about himself.

But Trim had climbed one of the posts upon which the bark table was set; and being deeply engaged with a heap of blueberries and wild plums, was in no humor for telling stories. The truth is, Trim had a keen relish for the fruits of Cardia, because of their rich, sweet juices.

When the King had been refreshed by sleep, he seated himself upon the throne of Cardia, with due pomp and majesty, to hear the tales and trials of the people, as was his yearly custom. The four-and-twenty Mogos placed themselves in a semi-circle, and the great story-teller of the city, whose name was CLACK, stood in their midst, and recited one of the most puzzling stories to which the King had ever listened.

A quaint fellow was this Clack, being the tallest of all the Nordlichtscheiners; with a voice so loud and shrill that the wildest in Kephale was but a kitten's mew compared with it. But loud voices are needed in Cardia, to be heard above the thunders of the Krylizer. Besides, Clack had traveled so much about the volcano, in search of strange adventures, that the noise had injured his hearing; and he spoke as though every one was as deaf as himself.

But Clack had discovered one wonder too many! He thought to astonish the King with

his wild adventures, and succeeded; but in his turn the King astonished him; as you will see.

When Clack addressed the King, his voice rang through the palace with such a deafening roar that the four-and-twenty Mogos dropped to the ground, and Trim was forced to poke his fingers in his ears; while Typo, undertaking to do the same thing forgot his sword, and cut himself.

"Great Megas!" exclaimed the King. "You will burst every head in Cardia, with such a yell! Do you take us for rocks, that you blast us in this way? If you do n't bring your voice down to a more modest howl, and speak like a man, Typo shall stop your talk altogether! You might as well bring the Dolocrine and Shriekeroon into the palace!"

"Muffle his throat with the Princess' waterfall!" suggested Trim.

"Which I will do, if the fellow howls any more," said the King, placing the red pebble to his eyes.

"Wise howl," cried the Mogos.

"Perhaps your Majesty would allow him to whisper his story," suggested Typo.

"True!" said the King. "I did n't think of that. Let him whisper."

So Clack toned down his orchestral throat to the power of one trombone, and timidly whispered his strange tale.



STORY OF THE BLACK SHELL.

GREAT Kritikoballo, Supreme Ruler over all the world that rides on the Infinite Ocean, listen well to my story, lest you miss its truth and I my head.

Who knows the fierce nature of the demons, or who is able to avoid their spells?

They lurk along the lonesome ways of life, and practice their cruel magic upon us!

They snare us at every step!

But man is mighty above all the earth. He is able to conquer these demons, if he possess the proper charms against them.

These charms are the VOLO and the RETTO; and he who secures these, need fear no evil.

From the time of Megas the Noble, who

freed the world from goblin sorcery, to the days of your wonderful Majesty, they have seldom been seen by mortal eye.

Knowing this, I was determined to explore their haunts and learn their magic.

I gave up all interest in my fellow-mortals, neglected my family and friends, and neither thought nor cared for anything save this wild fancy.

I passed whole oras without food or sleep; and for any use I was to the world, might as well have been out of it altogether.

I strove to step at once to the glory of Megas the Noble, without first having his virtues. But I have since learned that action without wisdom is a wind laden with smoke, which blinds our eyes to the worth of others, and brings us more grief than glory.

Megas met the demons face to face, and conquered them; why not I?

I stood upon the rim of the roaring Krylizer, and gazed into its fiery depths; roamed among the dismal caves of the Enchanted

Glen, and climbed the rocky steeps of Luz, that I might meet with these imps of the elements!

Not one crossed my path! But at last, in passing through the pleasant valleys of Carpal, I came upon a strange looking, black shell, which was so beautiful that I determined to take it to the great VIRKA of Carpal, who has much skill in curious workmanship. Before I had gone far, however, it began to swell in my hands, and finally grew to such a bulk that I became frightened and cast it into a pool of water.

The instant the shell struck the water it burst in three pieces! The water caught fire and was consumed! There was a murmur in the air, like the moan of the sea, and, to my great horror, a strange being stood before me!

It was not human,—nor quite a beast,—yet seemed of both!

I was alarmed, and would have fled, but fear pinned my feet to the ground!

It was not the size of the creature,—who

was no longer than my arm, and of a pleasant aspect,—but the fact that a goblin now actually stood before me, made me tremble!

“Wretched mortal!” exclaimed the goblin, “you have desired to see me. Here I am! I belong to a race who are your enemies. But although you hate us, you alone keep us alive to torment and destroy you!

“You have done me a kindness; therefore the more do you deserve punishment.

“I am the goblin Zelf, imprisoned in that black shell by the Great Megas, when I tried to force the Retto from him, in the Gulf of Abito.

“There I should have remained forever, had not your foolish curiosity prompted you to lift the shell. Others have picked me up before, but none over whom I had power.

“The moment you took me in your arms, I felt that you were my deliverer.

“I am glad to regain my liberty, yet I do not feel grateful; and as I vowed revenge upon Megas, you must expect no better fate

than to be shut up in that same shell! It shall be your prison forever, unless a greater fool than yourself sets you at liberty.”

I began to implore the goblin to spare me, but before I could utter the words he gathered up the fragments of the shell, and throwing them upon my head, they instantly closed about me and I was in total darkness!

I expected to be smothered in a moment; but it was a magic shell, and I wanted neither air nor food.

Strange to say, I felt no regret at being thus imprisoned.

Not many oras had passed, when I heard voices, and felt myself moved. I was rolled over and over so swiftly that I nearly lost all sense.

Suddenly the walls of my prison burst, and I was free! But the sight I beheld made me wish myself in the shell again!

The goblin Zelf was before me!

The horrid little creature frisked about in the air, and twisted himself into so many odd

shapes that I wondered he did not tear himself in pieces.

Presently he was enveloped in a bright, red flame, and while I gazed at this new wonder, another little goblin burst from his blazing body! Then another, and another, till there were more than a hundred, of all sizes and shapes, dancing about, and screaming in the wildest manner!

At last the dance ceased, when the squalling little Zelf thus addressed me:

"Silly mortal! In setting me at liberty you have brought trouble upon yourself!

"You would give the King's crown to escape my power; but that can not be. You had your choice of life-paths, and that which you have chosen, you must travel!

"Much trouble is before you; not that you can not avoid it, but you will not; and man's Will, as you well know, is the ruling power of his life.

"Because you broke my prison-shell I feel inclined to aid you so long as you do my bidding. I will therefore tell you my story, that you may know my power and profit thereby."





THE GOBLIN'S STORY—WHEREIN IS A LESSON.

AFTER the great conquest by Megas the Noble, the goblin world met in council, when it was decreed that we should all be buried in the fiery caverns of the Krylizer, until every feeling of regard for your race should be burnt out of our hearts. Since that time we have never shown kindness to any human being. Luckily for you, I escaped this burning process, or I should be as cruel and relentless as my brothers.

Now I will tell you what befell me in my prison-shell:

After many years, I felt myself moved. I was raised in the air, and knew by the influence that I was in human arms. But I had

no power to burst the walls of my prison. That could not be done till the shell had been three times pressed to a human bosom, and pierced by mortal hands.

According to the judgment which Megas had passed upon me, I could only be released by a greater fool than myself. I must, therefore, look for help to an enemy who would much rather I should stay where I was. Such help came at last, however, and I impelled the man to carry me to Carpal, hoping some cunning workman there might set me at liberty.

The shell was taken to the Kaba, who declared it to contain a jewel of great value. Those present doubting this, the Kaba bored in it a small hole.

I placed my eye at the opening, and the people, seeing its fire, supposed the shell to be full of precious stones.

The Kaba laid it carefully away; but while he slept, the shell was stolen by one of his household, who hid it where you found it.

When Zelf had thus spoken, he gathered up the fragments of my former prison, and placing them in my hands, they became a black shell, as before.

"Now," he said, "as a reward for the kindness you have done me,—which, however, you did not intend,—I give you this shell; and this is its value:

"As often as you find yourself in danger, strike the shell upon your head. It will instantly cover you; when no mortal power will be able to break the charm.

"When you desire to be released, utter the mystic word VOLO!

"But tell the secret to no living being; or you will lose the power to call me to your aid.

"Remember, the gift is for *you* only, and you alone can enjoy it.

"As you do, so shall it be!"

I was about to reply when there was a violent quaking beneath my feet!

The ground opened, and I beheld a great gulf of fire, into which, with a wild scream of

delight, every goblin plunged, and the earth closed again.

"Bide a bit!" said Trim. "I think you must have had a swig of the Melpyr bottle, and things doubled up on you. You had a mighty time, sure; but it's your own fault; for when a fellow seeks curious things that do n't concern him, he must expect to find that which won't please him; or, if he pokes his hand into secret places, he may be glad if he gets it out again. Why did n't you turn your shell into some account? I would have gone into the circus business, and made lots of money; but I suppose you're not civilized enough for that."

"Great Megas!" cried the King. "Am I to be forever tormented with your silly preaching? I want you to know that I am King of the world, and if you do not at once stop this meddling, I will banish you to the Hill of Tarfa, where you can teach wisdom to those who are fond of it!"

Here the King became so excited that he sneezed violently.

"See here, now!" said Trim, with some display of dignity. "Did n't I banish all this banishing business when I was King of the world? I want *you* to understand that the decree of a King who comes in a direct line from Cape Cod is not to be *sneezed* at. And that puts me in mind of a very good yarn."

"You can't tell any stories in this court," said the King. "I have the clincher on you, on that point."

Trim was so vexed that he offered no reply; but he tried to whistle "Joe Bowers" and "Yankee Doodle" at the same time; and as he made a failure, it gave Clack a chance to continue his wild tale.





CLACK'S ADVENTURES WITH HIS SHELL—
WHEREIN IS SHOWN THE CUNNING
OF NASEWEIS AND ITS FEAR-
FUL RESULTS.

FULL of dread and curiosity, still thinking only of myself, and the great power I possessed, I placed the shell in my bosom and wandered homeward.

But I was sad, for I knew that I was in evil hands; and though eager to perform some great wonder, which should astonish all the world, yet I went moping about, scarcely knowing what I did. My wife, NASEWEIS, noticing my sorrow, begged me to tell her its cause. I refused, and she became more urgent; until at last she was as sad as myself.

I so desired to test this new power, that I threw myself into every danger, and sought

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quarrels with my neighbors, hoping thereby to force them to attack me. As this failed I wandered out into the forest of Perdu, where, unseen, as I supposed, I struck the shell upon my head; and before I had time to think, was a prisoner as before!

I feared somewhat, that I should never be able to release myself: but on uttering the mystic Word, the shell parted in three pieces, and I was free! This I did several times, till I was satisfied of the great value of the goblin's gift.

I then placed it in my bosom, and turned my face homeward.

"Precious shell, and precious secret," I said, aloud; "no living mortal but myself shall ever possess the one or the other! They are mine, and mine shall be the glory they win!"

"Not so, Clack!" said a voice at my side.

Your Majesty may well imagine my dismay, I knew that voice. I had heard it often before. It was the voice of Naseweis, who had followed me, to learn my secret!

"Unhappy woman!" I exclaimed. "Why did you follow me? Do you know what you have done?"

"Yes," she replied calmly; "and I also know what *you* have done. I saw it all, Clack!"

I saw it all, too. It was useless to try to deceive Naseweis, even had I dared to break the great law of Nordlichtschein. I therefore begged her to say nothing of what she had witnessed, and she, like the dutiful wife I supposed her to be, followed me home without further meddling with my secret.

But my shell did not seem to be of much value to me, after all. True, I could hide myself in it, but this ceased to amuse me. The gift which at first I was so delighted to receive, was now growing hateful; for it is no pleasure to possess what we can not share with our fellows.

As I walked in the forest of Perdu, a black and hurtful Ursa crossed my path. The savage beast, almost as tall as myself, growled

fiercely, and ran towards me! But I had no fear of his shining teeth and sharp claws!

"Precious shell," I said. "Now do I see your value! Now will I show the mighty power I have over the vicious things of life! Who dare face the ferocious Ursa? Not one, of all the earth!"

By this time the beast was upon me. I drew forth the treasure, and struck myself so severely upon the head that I fell senseless to the ground!

When I recovered, the Ursa was gone,—and the shell also,—but by my side was a hard black stone!

I knew at once who had done this mischief. Naseweis had taken the shell while I slept, leaving in its place the stone which had given me such a stunning blow!

I was angry, not so much at the loss of the shell, as at my wife, who had broken that wise law of Nordlichtschein which commands a woman to keep her hands out of her husband's pocket.

I hurried home, but Naseweis was no where to be found!

I knew what had happened; she could not possess the shell any length of time without trying it upon herself, and to my horror, I discovered it in the woods near Cardia!

My wife was shut up in that shell, without the secret of escape! Full of terror, I carried it home and hid it in the palace.

When the Kaba knew that his daughter was lost, he was greatly enraged, and threatened to banish me to the Enchanted Glen, if I did not find her within three oras!

"Noble Kaba!" said I, "your daughter is in the palace, by your side; yet I can never find her for you; neither for myself."

I expected to have my head instantly struck off for telling a lie, although it was the truth. But the Kaba only banished me to the Enchanted Glen.

For many oras I loitered on the Plain of Poina, and prostrated myself on the Mound of Patella, mourning over the sad fate I had

brought upon myself. In my wanderings I came upon the Greder. Here I fell upon my face, grieved over my foolish conduct, and sorely regretted that I had so yielded to a wild and selfish purpose. I realized that man can not live wholly for himself; for when he shuts his heart to his fellow men, some goblin is sure to take possession of it. While I thus lay, I heard a rushing sound, as of the waters of the sea!

I looked up in dismay, and there was the deformed and grinning goblin of the shell!

"You have abused the goblin's gift," said Zelf, and it is a wonder that both you and your wife were not devoured.

"You lay the blame upon *her*, of course. It is very natural, for you mortals count a good deal on women, to bear the burden of your sins in your warfare with the world.

"You are now in the Cave of Greder, where you have received a little common sense. I am pleased with the liberty you gave me; and feel inclined to do you one more favor. I

should have killed you at once, when you disobeyed my injunction, but you are only *one*; and my revenge upon your race will be increased by aiding you. Return home, and fear not the anger of the Kaba, who will have no power to injure you.

"Behold the might of the goblin!"

I rose to my feet; but Zelf was gone, and I stood at the door of the palace!

The Kaba was greatly astonished at my disobedience, for I was the first, since the days of Megas the Noble, who had dared to return from banishment.

At this moment I saw the fiery eyes of Zelf peering at me from a crevice in the palace wall, and, fearful that he might speak, I ran towards the Forest of Perdu, but was soon caught and bound.

The enraged Kaba ordered me thrown into the Krylizer. Two men, nearly as tall as myself, then took me in charge. But on our way to the volcano, luckily for me, one of my keepers struck his foot against a stone of the fulmi,

which, exploding, blew them both to pieces, at the same time bursting the thongs which bound me. Before me stood my goblin friend!

"Mortals will never learn wisdom," said Zelf. "You desire my aid, but are not willing to abide by goblin law. All benefits have an evil turn somewhere, and favors always come with large pockets which must be filled.

"I have the power to grant you three favors; two you have received. Tell me, then, what shall be the third?"

"Great goblin?" said I. "Help me to be a man, and save me from the anger of the Kaba, and I will ask no more of goblin power."

"I grant your request," said Zelf. "Go now to the Kaba of Carpal,—who has much power over the demon world,—and look you well that you do his bidding, for you will never see me again.

"As you do, so shall it be."

"Bide a bit!" interrupted Trim. "If you

had n't snakes-in-your-boots I 'm no guessing Yankee. This Melpyr of yours beats *hasheesh*, on the goblin. It's a tolerable yarn, though; and puts me in mind of the story of MEDUSA, who had snakes in her head."

Clack stared at the King in surprise; the King frowned and turned the red pebble upon Trim; Typo looked pleased, while Trim completed the tableau by sticking his hands in his pockets, and singing,

"My name it is Joe Bowers."



*STORY OF THE MAGIC STAFF—SHOWING THAT
CLACK WAS NOT A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.*

I WAS much concerned at the goblin's words, and almost persuaded myself to heed his promptings no further, but return to the palace, and confess my evil deeds.

So feeling I walked quickly homeward, as I supposed; but my feet moved in opposition to my desire, and I soon found myself before the Kaba of Carpal, to whom I told my story.

"Great are the secrets of the earth," said Wissan, "and rich treasures shall man yet obtain therefrom; but not now. You are too fast, and mankind too wicked.

"Great is the VOLO! And when man shall have been purified by fire, the whole earth will deliver up her secrets, and the elements bow

to his mighty Will. Then will the glowing Pyro course the blue heavens above us, and there will be no more evil forever.

"You desire to be great from unworthy motives, and are led by evil impulses. Your deeds, therefore, will come back to you, laden with misery.

"You were pleased to meet with Zelf, and secure the shell; but you will shudder to know that the creatures you saw are goblins of your own making, and you their slave!

"There is now but one way by which you can redeem yourself.

"Take this staff. It will free you from all enchantment. But never allow another to touch it, or he will instantly become blind! Neither tell the secret, or the staff will beat you to a jelly! As long as you follow these directions, you are safe from all evil; look well, then, that you put this last gift of the goblin to no bad use!

"Find, now, the shell; and when you have three times struck it with the staff, and pro-

nounced the mystic word VOLO, your wife will be at liberty.

"As you do, so shall it be!"

I returned home and, when all were sleeping, smote the shell, as Wissan had directed. To my joy it crumbled to dust, and Naseweis stood before me. I at once sought the Kaba.

"Noble Kaba," said I, "behold your daughter! I beg that you will ask no questions; neither say aught of what has happened; and all will be well."

"My son," said the Kaba, "your punishment was for the loss of my daughter. Now that she is found you are no longer guilty. Go in peace!"

I now hoped to live in safety; but Naseweis, seeing that I was very careful of my staff, was as curious about this as she had been about the shell. So it chanced, on a time, that she playfully snatched the staff from my hand, when she immediately became blind!

When this new horror was made known to the Kaba, he was not angry, as I expected, but

wept, as we stood in the palace together. At this moment I heard the voice of Zelf, and in my alarm, lest he should be seen, I unconsciously touched the Kaba with the staff, when he, too, lost his sight!

The Kaba was full of sorrow at this affliction; and deeming it a judgment on him for his cruelty to me, begged, in the most piteous tones, to be forgiven.

Knowing the blame was all my own, and full of horror at what I had done, I hurried from the palace without a word, and fled to the Plain of Poina.

"Hateful staff!" said I. "You have done mischief enough! Am I then a selfish dog, that I should destroy others to save myself? Man may not live for his own purpose alone. He is a part of the world, and in doing the world a mischief he brings sorrow upon himself. Therefore, even though I grope in the shadows of the Greder, and be eaten alive by the goblins, yet will I return this hurtful staff to the wicked Wissan!"

I at once hurried to Carpal, and placing the staff in the hands of the Kaba, fled from his presence.

Returning home, I found that Naseweis and the Kaba had regained their sight, the moment I delivered up the staff.

I then related the whole story, as I now repeat it to your Majesty. And if one word be false, may the sword of Typo take my head.

When Clack's story was finished, the four-and-twenty Mogos bowed their heads, in token of a full belief in whatever the King should say. Trim gave a long whistle, twisting the end of it into something like "Yankee Doodle." But the King was too much puzzled, now, to listen to Yankee tunes. He took off his tall, sugar-loaf crown, and, uncourtly as the act was, scratched his head fiercely.

"A vicious story!" he said at last. "And I have half a mind to send all concerned to the Krylizer; only that would n't reach the case.

"First, then, the Kaba of Cardia, for the

bad training of his daughter, shall be sent to the Greder, and kept there till the imps pick the marrow from his bones; and may it teach him to bring up his children in a more decent manner.

"Naseweis, since she is fond of being buried, shall be set upon the ground, while Clack builds a wall of clay about her. This shall be her shell, until she discovers the secret that will release her! She shall also have a pair of her husband's trowsers, that she may fumble in his pockets at her leisure!

"As for Clack, because he meddled with the secrets of the King's world, and buried himself in his own shell, he shall fight the demons of the Sea of Skota until he learns all their wisdom, and is convinced that there are other people in Nordlichtschein besides himself. I will then banish him to the Hill of Tarfa for knowing too much; for by the great Pyro, wisdom shall not rise above the King's crown!

"And when we come to Carpal, I'll make the wicked Wissan wail with wonder!"

"Bide a bit!" said Trim. "Clack's story is none the less true because you can't see it. I tell you, it's mighty; it puts me in mind of the story of NIP AND TUCK, which is too good to let slip any longer."

"Are we never to hear the end of that NIP AND TUCK?" said the King.

"You won't be likely to hear the end of it before I begin it," said Trim.

"You are not in the ring; and could n't tell a story if you were," said the King. "It is time enough for your story when you are called upon."

"But I want to tell it *now*, while it's fresh," said Trim; "I'm sure you would n't like to listen to a stale yarn. It's a mighty story."

"Great Megas," said the King. "Will nothing ever stop your tongue?"

"Nothing that I know of just now," said Trim, "for I'm bound to spin my yarn. I hope you have n't forgotten our contract,—signed, sealed and delivered,—when I was King of the world."

"Well," said the King, impatiently, "I see that the only way to stop your tongue is to let it run."

"All right, my hearty!" said Trim. "Running water never stagnates, and a glib tongue is always fresh. It's very clever of you to allow me to tell a story to save my head; but according to your rule it's a tolerable sure way to lose it."

"That will depend upon the truth of the story," said the King.

"And that will depend upon the pebble you look through," returned Trim.



*STORY OF NIP AND TUCK—OR THE WONDERS
OF THE YANKEE WILL.*

ONCE upon a time there lived in the world two famous warriors, whose names were NIP and TUCK. Nip was tall enough to stand in the valley and pick huckleberries off the highest mountain. Tuck was a dwarf,—so very little that he used to rock himself to sleep in a buttercup. Yet both were so mighty that all the world could not stand against them.

At last a quarrel arose between these men, neither of whom was willing to acknowledge the superior strength of the other. So Tuck invited Nip to tea, that they might talk the matter over. But when the tea was brought on to the table Nip pitched it into the sea.

"That 's an insult!" said Tuck; and he gave a spring that sent him so far in the air that, tall as he was, Nip could scarcely see him.

Presently he fell back to the earth, when Nip accosted him thus:

"Now, I 'll tell you what; one of us must be the stronger; and to settle this matter, let us go to yonder valley and fight it out; for I shall never rest easy till I have tossed you into the middle of the ocean!"

"Agreed!" said Tuck; "for I shall never rest easy till I have tossed you out of the world!"

So the two went to a great valley, hemmed in by high mountains; and having girded on their belts, stood and looked at each other for two years,—all the time working up their will-power.

You may think it queer that the big man should n't be able to destroy his little enemy at one blow; but Tuck had a peculiar knack of lengthening himself out to the size of his

antagonist. So, when two years were passed, the little dwarf burst at once into a powerful giant, and leaped upon his enemy.

But their strength was so exactly matched that neither could move the other an inch; and they stood, locked together for more than a year, straining and tugging so mightily that they sunk up to their eyes in the solid ground!

Tuck was a fiery little fellow, and nowise delicate in his demands. He was trespassing on Nip's land, and saucily told him he intended to stay there.

"That we shall see," said Nip, "but at present we are equal, as wrestlers. Let us now try something else, and I will soon show you your place."

"With all my heart," said Tuck, "and I will soon show you that you have no place."

So saying, he laid hold of a huge tree, tore it up by the roots, and threw it so far into the air that it seemed no bigger than a leaf!

Nip watched the tree, as a boy does his ball;

and as it came down, he caught it in his arms and set it in its place again!

"The feats are equal," said Tuck. "I shall now give you a harder trial."

He then seized one of the great mountains that hemmed in the valley, and hurled it into the ocean!

"You are gaining strength," said Nip. And leaping after it, he caught up the mountain, and tossed it back to its place, so that not a stone was disturbed!

"The feats are equal," said Tuck. "Now let us go to the Great Rock, where we will continue this struggle until you throw me into the ocean, or I toss you out of the world!"

So they grappled there upon the rock, while the world wondered, and the heavens grew black with terror!

But again their powers were so exactly balanced that the struggle lasted eight years! At the end of this time a curious thing happened: Nip, with one tremendous effort, tossed Tuck into the middle of the ocean; at the

same instant Tuck threw Nip far into the sky;—so very far that the stars were beneath his feet!

As Nip was falling to the earth again, his belt caught upon one of the points of the Polar Star, which held him fast!

So is the story,—which is to be continued.

"That's more like a story!" said the King. "And did the man, Nip, ever get down again?"

"No," said Trim. "He's hanging there yet. How he gets back to the earth, again, and the wonders he performs, must be told in another story."

"Tell it now; I'm anxious to hear about this man Nip," said the King.

"How can I tell you how he gets down, while he is still hanging there?" returned Trim. "Do you take me for a prophet, who can tell what a man does before he does it? This story belongs to the Sky-High Series. Such mighty things do n't happen on the earth very often."

"I think so," said the King. "But I hope he'll come down soon, for I should like to see this man Nip."

"Wise Nip!" said the Mogos.

When the King found that he could hear no more of these wonderful men, he bade farewell to Cardia; and the gaunt cavalcade again started on its pilgrimage.

Trim was pleased at this, for although he had received only the kindest treatment from the warm hearted people of Cardia, yet, having heard so much of the enchanted places they were to visit, he was eager to hurry on and see for himself. But Trim will be likely to find more magic than he expects.



THE WONDERFUL KRYLIZER.

THE route of the Pilgrims now lay through a most doleful and desolate region. There were rugged cliffs of granite and black rock to climb, and deep gulfs to leap.

Some of these gulfs contain boiling water, and some are great trenches of molten earth, seething and bubbling many hundred feet below the surface. They send forth flame and a noxious gas, in nowise pleasant to the nostrils, being strongly odored with sulphur.

Sometimes a stream of water is poured into one of them which causes a terrible hissing and explosion; steam and lava, stones and ashes being thrown far into the air, making it dangerous to pass near.

The route of the Pilgrims led along the narrow ridges between these fire-gulfs, toward the Krylizer, whose frightful roar increased as they came nearer.

The Princess, with true womanly anxiety, fastened a thong about her dog's neck and led him; fearing that in some of his pranks Trim might be thrown into the gulf. Typo also rode near, that he might give him aid in case of accident; and thus guarded, Trim passed the fiery ordeal with no hurt, save a severe scorching.

The way was narrow and the heat intense; the flames at times rising above the Pilgrims' heads, which was no small distance, since their towering forms were added to the height of the long-legged horses.

It was a dreary time for Trim, sweltering in the heat, and strangling with the smoke and sulphurous vapor; and he could not help thinking of his own beautiful land, far away, which he knew he should never see again.

Right over his head was the North Star,

and the Dipper wheeling its tireless course round it,—cheering landmarks to the sailor,—which had guided his hand at the tiller for many a weary night. But they served him another purpose now,—they were his only time-piece; and by them he tallied the days of his exile. As he looked, he thought of dear ones, who might at that moment be gazing at the same Polar Star, far to the north of them, little dreaming it was his zenith, and he an exile forever!

It was a sad thought; but Trim was a philosopher, and felt that he must put up with what he could not help.

They were now close upon the volcano, and the sky was all aflame.

They had long since left all green herbage behind them, and now there was not so much as a tuft of moss, nor a patch of lichen, nor a drop of water. The air was hotter than the sunniest noon-day in the tropics, and oppressive with sulphur; while the ashes came down upon them like a shower of snow.

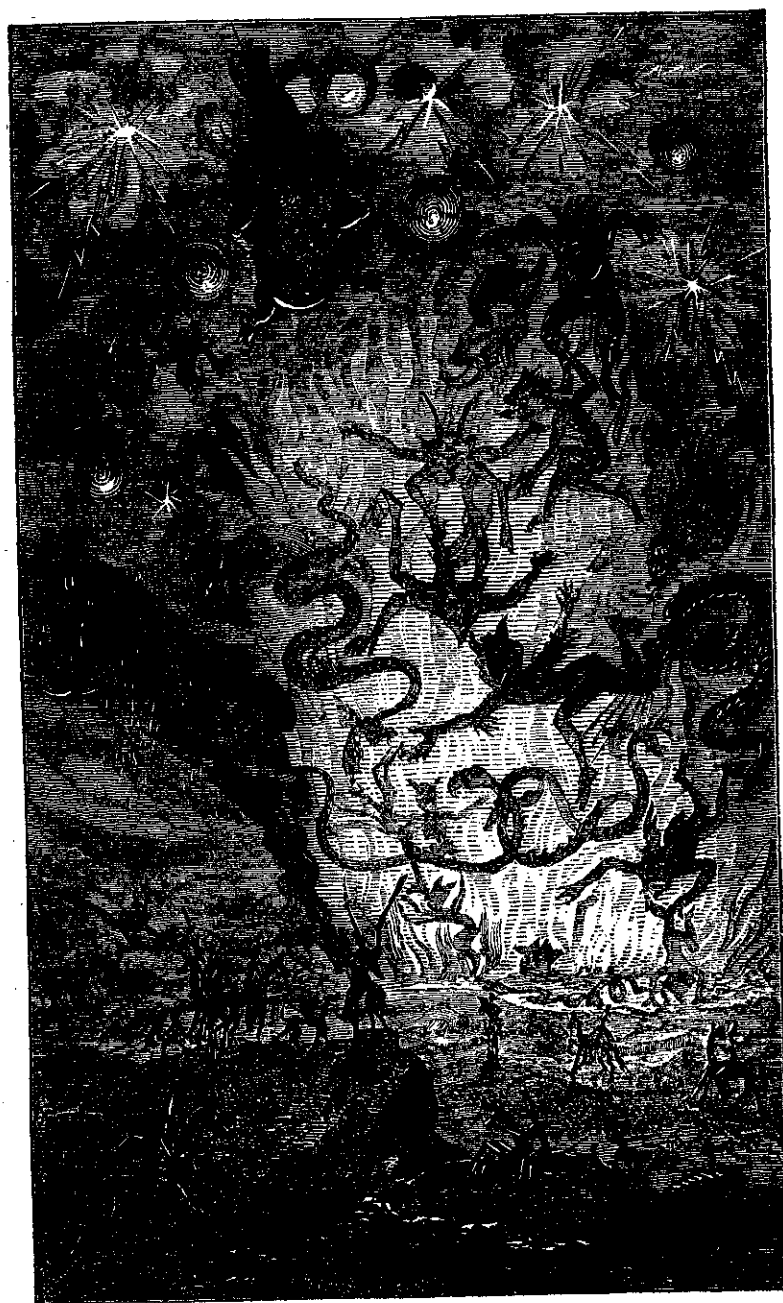
These ashes, however, do not remain long upon the ground, but are driven by the slight wind, caused by the heat of the volcano, into the fire-gulfs; and were no higher than the horses' knees at any time.

After winding through a long deep gorge in the rocks, which was so heated that it seemed like passing through an oven, they came suddenly upon the KRYLIZER.

Here was the most wonderful and magnificent display that Trim's eyes ever gazed upon.

He stood before a great lake of fire, of many colors, from which smoke, flame and seething lava were hurled far up into the lurid sky, with fearful swiftness, twisting and circling in spiral swirls like millions of flaming rainbows! Huge fiery serpents of brilliant flame, and monstrous goblin shapes of red and green fire, darted out and in, and in and out, like streams of lightning, and then madly plunged into the fire-ocean below!

Myriads of immense balls, mighty in bulk, shot up like rockets, and, bursting with a ter-



rific noise, fell back in a shower of brilliant, colored stars!

It seemed to Trim that all the stars of the firmament were being tossed up by some demon juggler of the lower regions.

Now you must know that the Krylizer, being the great vent-hole for the earth's central fires, has no spasms of anger, like other volcanoes, but throws up to a great height a constant stream of fire. Every known mineral is here in a state of flame, each giving out its own peculiar color; and all this immense molten mass, thirty-three miles in diameter, falls back into the mouth of the mighty crater.

This volcano is not a mountain, but a great basin, wholly below the general level; and has once been much larger, as is shown by a kind of beach, which descends for many miles from the outer rim of the crater, where the Pilgrims halted. One may therefore stand upon this rim, where the heat is barely endurable, and have a full view of this vast and most wonderful Krylizer.

As Trim watched the colored flames leaping far up into the sky, and radiating in every direction from the zenith, he felt quite sure that he had discovered the true philosophy of the Northern Lights.

"What do you think of that?" asked Typo, proudly, pointing to the great flaming furnace.

Trim did not hear him, of course; but he saw his gaping mouth move, and he replied:

"Well, it's a tolerable fair show of fireworks. It beats Vesuvius, or even any Fourth of July ever got up down to Cape Cod. I should say that the pit our old chaplain used to talk about could n't be on a grander scale, nor smell any worse. But I never expected to get so near it."

When the pilgrims had three times prostrated themselves before this terrible throne of Pyro, they resumed their journey. It was none too soon for Trim, as the heat was so intense, and the fumes of sulphur so offensive, that he was already nearly strangled.



THE MAGICAL GULF OF ABITO.

AFTER traveling for several miles along one of the ridges that led from the Krylizer, the pilgrims entered a narrow passage between high bluffs of black rock.

"This," said Typo, "is the Gulf of Abito and you will see enough magic, before you get out of it, to convince you that the account given by Megas the Noble is not all fancy, as you suppose."

"All right," said Trim; "magic is what I'm after, just now; and I shall be glad if you are ready to begin the show. But if we should run across anything I do n't understand, it'll be owing more to my ignorance than your enchantment."

Typo answered by pointing to the project-

ing cliffs of black rock overhead. Trim could see nothing strange, and was about to say so, when a huge block of this black rock flew across to the opposite wall, where it stuck fast. Then another, and finally a perfect shower of stones went in the same way,—all sticking where they struck. Trim was a little surprised at this, and picking a piece from the wall, he put it in his pocket, although Typo forbade it.

"Whoever comes into this gulf," he said, "finds all his evil habits taking possession of him; and it is not safe to carry away anything, lest it contain a wicked goblin, who can not well be cast off. It is easier to avoid an evil than to get out of it."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "But sailors do n't go to sea in a paper boat; and a bold heart fears no ghost."

The gulf was now growing narrower at every step, and at last the walls came so nearly together that the pilgrims were forced to pass through in single file. Here a very

strange thing happened. It seemed that every foolish and ridiculous act of one's life was now to be repeated. The King clapped all his pebbles to his eyes at once, looked savage, and cried "Whiz!"

Typo flourished his sword, and the Mogos shouted. Suddenly there was a great hubbub among them.

Fib, the story-teller, who had covered himself with all his ornaments for this occasion, was drawn against the wall with great force, and his horse passing from under him, he was left hanging there in the greatest terror. Supposing he was in the clutches of some vicious goblin, who would soon devour him, he set up a doleful howl, in which he was joined by his fellows, till the chorus rang through the gulf with such a fearful clang, that the stones, being disturbed thereby, commenced a bombardment of the wall whereon Fib was hanging; some of them coming closer to his person than was either safe or pleasant.

Two of the pilgrims grasped each a leg, and

after a few hearty jerks, Fib fell into their arms, leaving his jewels in possession of the invisible goblins!

He was no sooner released than the party were startled by a cry from the King.

When Trim looked up, there was the King of the World, upside down, with his head on a large black rock, and his long legs tangled in the horse's trappings. He at once cried out that the world had turned topsy-turvey, and declared that he should drop down into the sky if the Mogos did not at once set things to rights.

After some trouble the world was made straight, by turning the King's head toward the sky; but his crown was left, sticking fast to the demon rock.

The accident had happened in this wise: At the moment of passing this rock, the King leaned over to fix his foot in the stirrup, when the metal bands that held the jewels of his crown together, were attracted by the enchanted stone; and had there been no help near,



the King must have remained up side down to this day. In truth, Typo told Trim that many of the Nordlichtschein monarchs had thus been upset in the Gulf of Abito, and stayed there all their lives, believing that the world was upside down.

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "That 's the way it is down to Cape Cod."

The King having once more got the world under his feet, the Pilgrims fled from the Gulf of Abito with all possible haste; in no way lessened by Typo's horse striking his foot against one of the stones of the Fulmi, which, exploding, scattered its fragments as though a bombshell had burst in their midst. No harm came of it, however, and they were soon out of this enchanted spot.

"What do you think of goblin power, now?" asked Typo, when they were at a safe distance.

"It is a little queer," said Trim, "but I can't see the goblin power, though; and if you would use a little pluck in the matter, you'd find it all right. Nature does her work in her own

way; and if we do n't understand, it is n't her fault."

As Trim said this he drew from his pocket the stone he had picked up in the gulf, and found that his old jack-knife was clinging fast to it.

"LODESTONE!" he exclaimed. "That 's it, as I 'm a Yankee." He then explained the matter to Typo; but the faith of his fathers was not to be shaken.

"Seems to me you fellows live on Magic," said Trim. "It 's a wonder you have n't invented some boat in which a fellow could paddle across the Krylizer without singeing a hair."

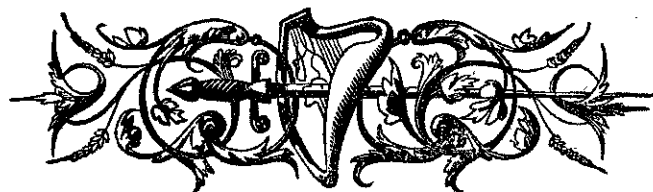
"To be sure," said Typo; "and although I am not the King's story-teller, who knows all about the history of Nordlichtschein, yet I can give you a fact that would be enough to convince any one but you, that the Krylizer *has* been explored by a human being."

"Go on with your yarn, then," said Trim.

"I'm in the humor to swallow anything, just now; and heartily wish it could be a beefsteak. The next best thing is a story: so go ahead."

"I will," said Typo.





STORY OF PYR, THE FIRE-EATER.

NOT long before the reign of Megas the Noble, a person named PYR was in such favor with the goblins, and had so thoroughly studied their arts, that he could handle fire, and even feed upon it. The people believed him to be a demon. Even FARAKA, the King, so feared him that he never opposed his wishes.

One day Pyr, in a fit of anger, seized a huge club, and driving the Mogos from the palace, gave the King a terrible pounding! As soon as Faraka could speak he ordered Pyr to be cast into the Krylizer.

Two stout men took him in charge, and from the outer rim,—where we stood,—

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attempted to cast him into the crater. But Pyr, springing from them, drew a flame-colored robe from his pocket, spread it upon the ground, and seating himself thereon, thus addressed his staring guards:

“Slaves! Your King commands you to cast me into the flames of the Krylizer; but vain are his attempts to destroy by fire him who is the master of fire. Of my own free will I am about to descend its lowest depths, where the heat is a million times greater than the roaring flames before you.

“Do not mourn my loss. I shall soon return, that Faraka may try the journey with me; we will then see who is master!”

So saying, Pyr sprang into the air, and was soon lost in the surge of swirling fire!

The two frightened men hurried, breathless, to the King and told him the strange story; whereupon Faraka banished them to the Enchanted Glen for disobedience of orders.

Not many oras after this, while the King was listening to his story-teller, the great SKRIKA, a

blinding flash of lightening filled the palace; and Pyr appeared, seated on a throne of fire!

"Vile earth-worm! I have come for you!" he cried, fiercely. "Mount this throne with me, and let us see how you relish the tortures you so freely inflict upon others!"

"Vicious imp!" returned the King. "Why are you here in such a plight? Do you think I will have my palace burnt to the ground? You will never snare me in your fire-trap! Away!"

"I told you," replied Pyr, "that I had come for *you*. Here are two seats. One of them is yours; and far more suitable for you than the throne of Cardia; it is also warmer; and as to the palace, give yourself no concern. I shall myself find use for it shortly."

"Off with his head!" cried the King, in a rage. "I will soon settle this insolent imp!"

The swordsman wiped his weapon, but, instead of using it, slunk in among the Mogo's, who were huddled together in the greatest alarm.



"I will save you that trouble," said Pyr, taking off his head with his own hand, and holding it in the flame; when the head cried out:

"Come and take me, who dare!"

But no one dared!

"Tear his heart out!" gasped the frightened King. But neither the swordsman nor the Mogos had any desire to obey.

"I will save you that trouble!" said Pyr, and putting his hand in his bosom, he drew out his own heart, and held it in the flame; the head again crying out:

"Come and take us, who dare!"

But no one dared!

The swordsman and the Mogos were very careful to get well out of the reach of this Fire-eater. Pyr, replacing his head and heart, shouted:

"Cowardly dolts! You can cause me neither pain nor fear; for my head is lava and my heart a rock. As little can you change my purpose, which I have declared to you."

Faraka, now frantic with fear, called upon his Mogos to save him; but they also were paralyzed with terror; and could only stare with open mouth and eyes at the frightful apparition.

Springing from his throne, Faraka would have fled; but Pyr, dragging him to the seat by his side, they instantly darted through the air toward the Krylizer!

While the Mogos were still in the greatest confusion, Pyr returned, and calmly seating himself upon the throne, placed Faraka's crown upon his head, and ordered Skrika to proceed with his story. But the frightened Skrika had not the least idea where he left off, nor, in fact, what the story was about; and he stood bewildered, unable to speak a word.

This so enraged Pyr, that he shrieked with madness, flames darting from his mouth at every breath, and his eyes were red balls of fire!

He sprang upon Skrika and the Mogos, and would have burned them to cinders, but for

the courage of Bamboozle, whose wisdom prompted him to oppose fire with water.

He dashed a gourd full upon the flaming Pyr, who, with a wild hiss, crumbled to ashes.

This exploit was so wonderful, that the people, with great rejoicings, soon crowned Bamboozle King.

So is the story; and if one word be false I will take my own head.

"Is this the same old Bamboozle that Fib told us of, who was too stingy to give Guzzle enough to eat?" inquired Trim.

"The same," replied Typo. "He was the last King who reigned in Cardia. Up to his time, the crown was given only to such as merited it; but since the days of Megas the Noble, the King's veins must contain the blood of that great Law-Giver!"

"Seems to me you are going back on yourselves," said Trim. "One man's blood is as good as another's, down to Cape Cod. I rather like old Bamboozle's plan of putting

Pyr out of office. Cold water is a nice thing. It 'll break up a dog fight, and is even good for politicians,—if they 'd only use it."

"Fire-eaters are dangerous," said Typo.

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "So they are down to Cape Cod; and I think, if I ever get back there, I 'll try them with a little dash of cold water."



THE DELL OF TASCHE.

AFTER traveling several miles from the Gulf of Abito, through the same barren and desolate country, the pilgrims came to a deep and narrow dell, enclosed between shining, white cliffs of great height. This is the Dell of Tasche, and is the richest spot throughout all Nordlichtschein, in gold and silver. Indeed, all the precious minerals are here scattered about in great abundance.

The pilgrims filled their pockets, in spite of the fact that they must answer for it to the goblins who guard the dell, and whom they would pass at the gateway. Yet their greed for gold is much the same as ours, and they are willing to dare almost any danger to possess it.

A very singular people, called NIKKERS, inhabit this Dell; long and gaunt creatures, with scarcely any flesh on their bones. They toil here, all their miserable lives, gathering treasure, which they throw into the fire-gulfs, in order that no one may get any good of it.

Trim saw great numbers of these Nikkers, wandering about, with haggard and woe-begone faces, who worked all the faster when they saw the pilgrims; stopping only to revile them, and pelt them with stones; yet careful to see that the stones they cast were of no value.

Trim watched them with much wonder, and asked Typo if these were the Demons of the Dell.

"No," said Typo; "but they are under the ban of the Demons. The hearts of these Nikkers are filled with smoke, and have dried up in their bosoms, until they have lost all desire for the pleasures of life, and all regard for their fellow-men. Their brains, too, palsied by demon power, are capable of but one

idea,—constantly to gather treasure; though they know not how to enjoy it, except by preventing others from doing so."

"What becomes of them?" said Trim.

"When they can no longer toil," answered Typo, "the Demons carry them away to the Sea of Skota, where they grope about in the darkness, forever hunting for treasure where there is none, and howling perpetually because of the torments they endure."

"Why do n't the King drive out these sneaking Nikkers, and give the people a fair chance of all this wealth?" asked Trim.

"Because," replied Typo, "the Nikkers belong to the Demons, who are too much for us, and who delight in depriving men of their rights. Even should all the treasure of Tasche be given to the people, the Demons would soon have it back in the Dell again. No one would be a Nikker, while in his senses, nor could he be until his head and heart are thoroughly smoked and dried.

"You see those large black shells lying

about through the Dell? They are like the one which brought so much trouble upon Clack; the worst Nikkers hide in them whenever any one comes near. Before we leave they will roll them after us, and we shall be crushed, if we are not on our guard.

"Nikkers are not considered human."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "So they ain't down to Cape Cod."

All this time Trim was stuffing his pockets with gold, and the most brilliant jewels.

"My eyes!" he said; "I would like to fill the old life-boat with these rocks, and get safe back to Cape Cod again. But say, I'm hungry! Gold does very well for the pocket, but it's poor diet. Do you think I have the stomach of a camel, that can take in three days' rations at once, to be chewed at leisure? Here it is past noon; or would be if it was n't always sundown in this climate. After riding for half a day through fire and brimstone, I should say it was time for grub!"

"Finish your story of Nip and Tuck," said

the King, "and let that stay your stomach till we reach the vale of Edona. I'm anxious to know more of that man Nip."

"It's a mighty story," said Trim, "and it may be meet for this occasion; but it is n't meat for a hungry sailor. Besides, Nip is still up among the stars, and Tuck in the middle of the ocean; and I'm neither an astronomer nor a whale, that I should go after them."

The Princess, hearing Trim grumble for his dinner, rummaged about in her waterfall, and drew therefrom a handful of nuts, which she gave him, with the promise of a better lunch when they should come to the Vale of Edona, now near at hand.

But they were still in the Dell of Tasche, and to get out of it was no easy matter. Even now the goblin sentinels could be seen upon the cliffs, above the gateway through which they must pass.

"There are the goblins of the Dell," said Typo. "Keep close to me, and do not dare

look towards them, or we shall be pelted to death with stones!"

Trim at once disobeyed by looking; and there, sure enough, were the goblins,—huge stone sphinxes, with hideous faces,—directly over the only opening which led from the Dell.

"Well, it is a little queer," said Trim; "but I do n't see how a stone image can hurt anybody."

"That is because you do n't know their power!" said Typo. "This is the form given them by the great Pyro. If they happen to be angry, they will so pelt us with stones that we can only escape by casting away the treasures and riding through the gateway as fast as possible!"

"They do look about as human as the Nikkers," said Trim; "but they are no more wonderful than the Old Man of the Mountain or the Pictured Rocks, and I rather guess they are no more dangerous, either."

But Trim was almost inclined to change his mind as they neared the gateway; the ground

being hollow, it seemed like riding over the slated roof of a cathedral. The clatter of the horses' hoofs echoed in the great caverns below, till he felt quite sure that a violent thunder-storm was raging beneath his feet! The columns of the gateway, and the stone goblins trembled, and then a shower of stones rattled down, and the black shells of the Nikkers rolled towards them.

This was the signal for flight. The pilgrims threw down their gold, and away galloped the long-legged horses. Trim's pony, seeing the commotion, darted among their legs, and soon carried his master beyond the reach of danger. But the terror-stricken pilgrims fared not so well; for each endeavoring to be the first out, like people in a church, or theatre, startled by a cry of fire, they became wedged between the pillars of the narrow gateway; the hindmost still receiving a vigorous pelting from the goblins.

Then such a doleful howling as they set up! It was enough to burst the walls and shatter the

cliffs to the ground; a result which seemed probable, for the more they bellowed, the faster came the stones, till at last one of the goblins, unable longer to hold his position, tumbled down in their midst.

This so added to their fright, that the hindmost, supposing they would soon be devoured, rushed upon the screaming mass of pilgrims with such force that they tumbled, topsyturvey, helter-skelter, through the gateway.

There was not much damage done; they soon untangled their long legs, and were ready to continue their journey.

When all was again quiet, and the stones had ceased falling, Trim rode back; and there upon the ground lay the huge stone goblin, with his head broken from his body.

"He won't trouble you any more," said Trim, as he joined Typo, "unless he contrives to stick his head on again."

"That makes no difference," said Typo; "a headless demon is quite as dangerous, for they

have all the evil of the heart without the wisdom of the head."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "Our old chaplain used to say that the heart was desperately wicked; but give me a warm heart rather than a cool head!"

"The world shows," said Typo, "that the impulse of the heart is evil. Were it not for the wise heads of Kephale, all living things would be lost in sin and misery, as in the days of Bamboozle. But those dark ages will never be allowed to return; Nordlichtschein abhors an absurdity."

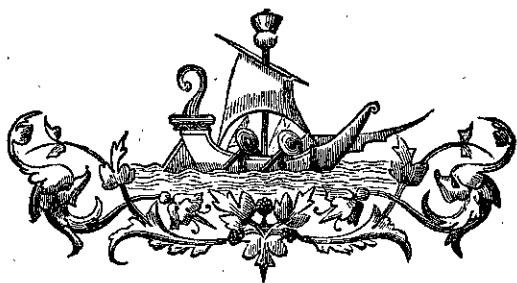
"I should think so," replied Trim, "by the way you fellows made time at the gateway, just now! Your legs were so tangled that I could n't tell which body they belonged to; and all because our tramping over the hollow ground rattled down a few loose stones!"

"It is very hard for you to see the truth; you will have to be convinced in some terrible manner," said Typo.

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "That's what they used to tell me down to Cape Cod."

"Your Cape Cod seems to be very much like this world," said Typo.

"That's so," said Trim; "for wherever human life is, there will be all sorts of nonsense."



THE VALE OF EDONA.

FROM the Dell of Tasche to the Vale of Edona the way led along the margin of the Krylizer. It was much like the road they had just traveled,—being over dangerous ridges between the fire gulfs. After passing a most frightful place of this kind, amid hot, crumbling rocks, and deep chasms of fire, they came suddenly upon the VALE OF EDONA.

Here the most charming view was presented to Trim's gaze; seeming all the more lovely by contrast with the desolate region through which he had traveled. It was a small valley, not more than three miles in length, hemmed in on all sides by cliffs of marble of every color, and crowned at the top with a luxuriant growth of vines and blooming shrubs.

Within this sweet valley are found all the fruits and flowers of the world; groves of every species of tree, beds of sweet-scented flowers, grassy slopes and cosy retreats.

The honeysuckle and woodbine clamber along the crevices of the rocks, fringing the marble walls with a delicate tracery of leaves and flowers.

Birds of gorgeous plumage flutter about in the soft twilight like winged jewels; and song-birds keep the vale ringing with rich melodies, warbling their loves in the most tender manner, the whole year through.

Stingless bees hive their honey in the niches; and no venomous insect, nor hurtful beast, is ever seen in this happy land.

Sparkling fountains leap high into the air, falling in rainbow spray into limpid pools, where golden flecked fishes sport among the shining pebbles.

No storms ever darken, nor sultry heats oppress this valley; the balmy air is laden with the odor of flowers and fruits ever at

their perfection, being constantly nourished by moisture from the fountains; so that this Eden of bloom and beauty basks in the delights of perpetual summer.

In the midst of this valley is the Magical Fountain of Viva, wherein if any one bathe he will gain health and vigor.

The pilgrims gathered honey and fruit, which they devoured in the most greedy manner. Trim, also, lost no time in satisfying his appetite; after which they all walked by a winding pathway, bordered with flowers and berries, to the Fountain of Viva.

Typo sat down upon the grassy bank, dangling his long legs in the crystal water; while Trim, as usual, climbed a high rock at his side, that their faces might be on a level when they wished to talk together. The top of this rock, being covered with a thick growth of soft, delicate moss, made a most comfortable couch; reclining upon it he looked several moments at the fountain without speaking.

It was much like the Pool of Hela, except

that in the midst of the jet of water a stream of fire shot up into the twilight, falling back, in a shower of yellow and purple stars, through clouds of steam and glittering spray.

"Well," said Trim, "this is the most magical place I've found yet! I should n't wonder if this were the very Garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve were brought up."

"I never heard that any such people lived here," said Typo; "but before Pyro left the world, this valley was the abode of his true worshippers, who never did any evil, and were therefore able to overcome the imps and goblins."

"Why do n't people live here still?" said Trim.

"Because," answered Typo, "being too much guided by the heart, they are not good enough for such a place. No human being is allowed to pollute this sacred garden, neither to eat of its fruit, save the King and his court; and they only during the pilgrimage. No imp or demon can now enter the Vale of Edona; but

if man should take up his abode here they would soon follow; for where man is, there also will be the demons to vex and devour him."

"Yes, I know," said Trim. "Follow him up like Norway rats; but I guess neither rats nor demons would trouble us if we did n't feed 'em. And that puts me in mind of the story of BISHOP HATTO, which I should like to tell."

"Stop!" said the King. "Do n't tell any more stories till you have finished your Nip and Tuck."

"That's a mighty story," said Trim.

"I believe you!" said the King. "It's more of a story than anything I have heard from you. I should much like to see this man Nip."

"Perhaps he may come to you before you are ready to receive him," said Trim. And if the King did n't know what this meant, Trim did, as you will find out before this story is finished.



CARPAL AND THE KABA.

THE entrance of the pilgrims into Carpal was not attended with pomp and ceremony, as at Cardia. The people here, being more cool and cunning in their nature, have less impulse, and less respect for their sovereign.

The King's first act, after being refreshed with food and sleep, was to mount the throne of Carpal, and summon the Kaba before him. Remembering his anger in listening to the story of the BLACK SHELL, and the part Wissan had played in it, you may well guess he was not in the best humor.

"Now, wicked Kaba!" said the King, raising the red pebble to his eyes, "I shall show

you that Carpal is still under the control of Kephale, and will not be allowed to carry on these cunning tricks, and laugh at the wise laws of Nordlichtschein, without feeling the King's vengeance.

"Tell me, instantly, everything you know; and, by the great Pyro! if I find you know too much I will banish you to the Hill of Tarfa, where you can apply your wisdom to climbing its stony sides!"

"Kritikoballo," said Wissan,—for he was too proud to give the King his title,—“it would not be well for me to tell you all I know, since you would then be as wise as I am, and thus subject yourself to the same penalty with which you threaten me; besides, what I have already said has brought upon me your displeasure.

"It is true that I relieved the unfortunate Clack from the spell which the goblin Zelf had cast upon him. It is true, also, that the power is given me,—since I had my birth in Kephale and my training in Carpal,—to understand

goblin law, and learn the means by which the demon world brings ruin upon us mortals. After passing through many fearful trials, I am now able to relieve any one from such ruin, who dare do as I direct.

"The world is not so good as is possible for it to be, and he who is able to make it better may consider himself well paid if he receives its abuse——"

"Great Megas!" interrupted the King; "you are not here to teach the world goodness, nor the King wisdom; but to clear up this cloudy story of Clack and the Black Shell; which you had better do at once, or I will send you to the Greder on suspicion."

"Nothing would please me better," said Wissan, "than to make the truth of that story clear to you. Yet I am afraid the strange one I am now about to relate will so confuse your mind with mysteries, that you will be more bewildered than ever. To the owl, light is darkness!"

"Yes, I know," said Trim. That's the way it is down to Cape Cod."

"Is that everlasting Cape Cod to be poked into every nook and cranny of Nordlichtschein?" said the King, savagely. "I want you to understand that this world belongs to the Line of Megas the Noble. You will do well to fill your mouth with silence when the King's story-tellers are before him."

"And I want you to remember my decree when I was King of the world," said Trim, "and not bother me any more. Cape Cod is Uncle Sam's fishing-pole, and has a right to poke itself any where."

The King frowned, Typo looked pleased, and Trim vented his Yankee independence in a strain of "Joe Bowers," interrupted, however, by Wissan's story, which was not prologued with the usual salutation.



*STORY OF VIRA, THE DAUGHTER OF FIRE
AND WATER.*

AFTER living long enough in Kephale to store my mind with wisdom, I removed to Carpal, that I might perfect myself in cunning workmanship; for wisdom without labor avails little.

I had long noticed the delight which the goblins feel in tormenting mankind, and that it is the easiest thing in the world to receive their gifts, and thereby fall into their power.

You are well aware that these gifts, and the spells they put upon us, are very agreeable at first, and lure us on, step by step, till at last we come within the power of the Demons; from whom we may be glad indeed, if we ever escape.

Knowing this, I set about learning the character and customs of these creatures; believing that among so many, there must be some good ones; since evil alone can not exist; and as man is both good and bad, I felt there must be, in the goblin world, two opposite classes, who fight with each other for his possession.

This, then, was the study of my life. But blessings are found by seeking, and good things come through toil; I had no easy task. The starry Dipper many times circled the zenith before I was able to break through the enchantment which hides these good spirits from mortal vision.

I consulted all the magic within my reach, and learned that a certain belt, called the ZOOKEN, possessed such wonderful power, that with it girded about my waist, I might enter the wildest and most fearful goblin haunts in Nordlichtschein, and neither the vicious imps of Greder, nor the hurtful demons of Skota, could do me harm.

After much labor and many disappointments,

I at last found that the only way to obtain this belt was to make it myself; which I lost no time in doing. To my great joy, when I had it finished and girded about my waist, I was conscious of a power which I had never before possessed; and that it was difficult to convince myself that I was not floating among the stars!

I now set forth on my pilgrimage through the Demon world.

My first step was to visit the Vale of Edona; since being the purest and most beautiful spot on earth, and not infested with Demons, I might hope there to meet the better spirits.

After drinking of its cooling waters, and bathing in its healing fountains, I sat down upon the lilled banks of the Fountain of Viva, where the elements meet in sweet concord; having discovered by my magic that here was the home of the good spirits.

I had not long to wait; for presently rising from clouds of steam and flame, I beheld a

form, the most beautiful that ever greeted mortal eyes.

It was the form of a woman, draped in rainbow spray, and upon her head was a crown of fadeless stars.

Her face was like the face of Pyro, seen from the Mount of Luz; her eyes jewels of light; her hair waves of gold floating upon her crystal bosom, and her breath the delicious odors of Edona!

I was so enchanted with this vision of beauty and splendor, that, unable to speak, I sat gazing upon her in dreamy wonder, utterly lost in the blissful consciousness of her gracious presence. But thought soon returned, and I well knew that the great purpose of my life would be lost did I fail to obtain wisdom from this exalted being.

As if to prompt me to my duty, the Zoeken tightened itself about me.

"Bright Spirit of the Elements!" I exclaimed, "beautiful above all daughters of the earth, tell me whom thou art, whence came

those jeweled eyes, which gaze upon me like the stars of Heaven, and that lovely form, clothed in crystal garments?"

"I am VIRA THE PURE," said the Spirit. "The great Pyro is my Father, and the Infinite Ocean my Mother; therefore do I possess the beauty of both; thence came my jeweled eyes, my crystal garments, and my crown of fadeless stars.

"But look not upon my beauty; that alone will never bring happiness. Tell me, what has led your footsteps to this Vale of Edona, where is peace and purity; and why do you gaze at the fountain, which is my temple?"

"Maid of Beauty!" I said; "Spirit of Virtue, whose eyes beam with the light of Pyro, and whose garments drip with pearls of the Mighty Deep, the world has need of thee.

"Behold, girded about me the belt of Zoeken. I am a seeker after truth and goodness, that my people may have power to battle with the Demons who cross our life-path.

"O Daughter of the Elements, with glowing



eyes of truth, and lips that drip with wisdom, I, Wissan, declare to thee I will never leave thy presence, nor depart from the fountain of Viva, which is thy temple, until thou give me that which I seek, and direct my feet in the perfect way!"

"The world is dark with ignorance," said Vira; "and not one is there, since the days of Megas the Noble, who dares to battle with the imps and goblins; his enemies and mine; or mark out a straight path and walk therein.

"It requires great courage to be a Man!

"Were all Nordlichtschein pure, the Vale of Edona would reach out her loving arms, and compass the world with peace and beauty. Then might the people dwell with me in this fruitful vale, and in my temple of starry splendor.

"I well know your name and purpose. Wissan are you called because wisdom is given you, and power to do men good; therefore I grant you much glory.

"This, then, is your duty: Cut a staff from

the trees of spice which grow by the Fountain of Viva; fashion it to your hand, and when you have thrice passed it through the mist and flame of the fountain, it will become the staff of RETTO, possessing such virtues that not all the powers of the demon world can do you evil, nor turn you from the true path. But give not this staff to the vile; for if one touch it who is impure, or even ignorant of its virtues, he will instantly become blind!

"You have already conquered yourself; therefore the world will soon cower before the mighty Retto, which gives you the right of way everywhere. Every blow you strike with it will produce a hundred staffs, and a hundred belts,—every one a Power. As often as you find a true man, worthy of both, to him shall you give them; that the people may become pure, and dwell with me in the fruitful Garden of Edona, gaze upon my jeweled eyes, and crystal garments, and worship with me in my temple of fire, wearing every one, a crown of fadeless stars; for I am Vira the True,

daughter of the beamy Pyro and the Mighty Deep, which is the Infinite Ocean.

"Departing from the Vale of Edona, you will see a straight and narrow path, wherein you must walk; turning not aside, whatever may tempt you.

"If you will, I will, and as you do, so shall it be!"

The beautiful Vira glided from my vision, and only the fountain was before me. Full of delight, I set about my task, following the path as Vira had directed.

On my return to Carpal I praised the great virtues of the Retto and Zoeken, yet the people would not accept them; and I began to despair of doing any good in the world, when the unfortunate Clack, who had fallen into the clutches of the goblin Zelf, came to me; and you may be sure I gave him the staff, full of the fondest hopes. But alas! Zelf had so clouded his mind that it brought him more grief than glory.

Since then I have found no one who will

accept my treasures; therefore is my labor yet to be crowned with success.

So is the story; which is true and fresh from Vira, maid of beauty, and daughter of Pyro and the Mighty Deep, who dwells in the Fountain of Viva, which is life. But true or false, neither the sword of Typo, nor the power of the King can do me harm.

"Great Megas!" exclaimed the King, "your wisdom is enough to ruin all Nordlichtschein in three oras. But I will soon put a stop to your magic. Hear, then, your sentence. You shall be bound hand and foot, and sent to the Hill of Tarfa; which you may climb to the music of Skota's moaning waters, till you learn better manners than to teach wisdom to the Ruler of all the world.

"So have I said, and so shall it be!"

"I have yet to tell you the story of PALYA, THE BEAST," said Wissan.

"If you would save your head, you had better save your stories," said the King, sharply;

"for anything worse than the one we have just listened to, would flood all Nordlichtschein with wisdom."

"Bide a bit!" said Trim. "I think it's the truest and best yarn I've heard yet, and if you had n't owls' eyes you might see the light of it. It puts me in mind of the story of SKY-HIGH——"

"Hold!" said the King. "Can anything be said in this court that does n't put you in mind of something ridiculous?"

"Of course not," said Trim.

"I thought so," said the King. "But you can't tell any more stories till you have finished your NIP AND TUCK."

"That is a mighty story!" said Trim. "But you do n't suppose a fellow wants to tell the same one all the time, do you? I've offered you every story I could think of, and you won't listen. After all I've done for you I think you might give me a decent sort of a chance."

"Great Megas!" said the King, "if bothering the King of all the World with your nonsense, is *doing* for him, you *have* done something."

"See here, now," said Trim; "before you abuse another, it is well to count your enemies. Did n't I snake you out of the Fountain of Phalia, when you went grubbing for eels at the bottom of it? And did n't I water the parched throats of the people when they were nearly choked to death with your wisdom? And did n't I set your hopper-grass legs straight when you got topsy-turvey over there in Abito? Say? And I want you to understand that it is n't every day a King gets a present of the goose that lays the golden egg."

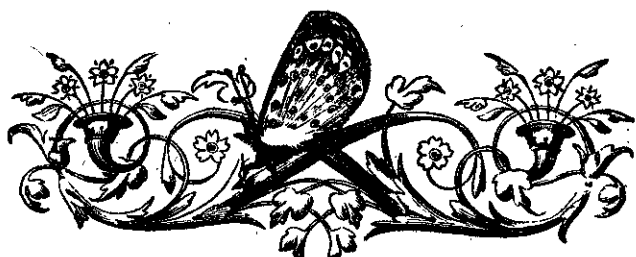
"But your goose is as dry of eggs as your head is of stories," said the King; "for it has never laid but one."

"That's so," said Trim; "and I guess you need n't expect any more; for you see, I forgot to tell you that no goose ever lays but

one golden egg; and does n't need to, either; for that's a fortune and a reputation."

Wissan, having received his sentence, and seeing that the King was in no mood to hear his other story, retired to the court-yard; Trim followed, and the two talked together of many things about which you will hear by and by.





THE WONDERFUL SKY-LAND.

A LITTLE way from Carpal, on the way to the Mount of Luz, is the Forest of Perdu.

This forest, from its dense foliage, is quite dark; and is also full of labyrinths and mazes, from which, if one once becomes entangled, it is not easy to escape.

Within these mazes the pilgrims were now wandering; and though they had passed through many times before, yet they became so bewildered that it was many oras before they found themselves once more in the golden twilight. But they were out at last; the Mount of Luz was before them; and you may well believe that Trim felt a thrill of joy when

he saw the rich warm gleam of sunshine upon the cliffs that towered far above his head.

The eastern side of Luz is very steep and rocky, and at its base lies the moaning Sea of Skota, in the midst of whose shadowy waters rises the Hill of Tarfa; but the other side is quite easy to climb, being covered with short grass and moss, with here and there a stunted tree, or bush of blueberries; and it was here that the pilgrims began their ascent.

When nearly at the top, and just before coming into the sunshine, they reached a little *plateau*, whereon grew moss and violets, and a great profusion of checkerberries.

Here the pilgrims halted for refreshments; and also to look upon the enchanted Fairy-land that is sometimes visible from this point.

Below, in full view, lay the whole island of Nordlichtschein, floating upon the glowing, purple ocean. But beautiful above all things Trim's eyes had ever gazed upon was the picture in the sky, to the southward.

Lifted above the line of the horizon, he seemed to behold the whole world, bathed in a sea of resplendent, golden glory.

There were icebergs, like monstrous diamonds, plunging through the shimmering waters! There, too, mountains and valleys, forests and rivers,—the very picture of his own happy land,—lay sleeping in tranquil beauty. All so far away, and yet so near that Trim fancied himself within reach of home; and could scarcely restrain himself from springing at once into the air, and at a bound, dropping plump into Cape Cod.

Trim was so charmed with this new world of beauty that he did not notice a more singular, if not a grander, view right at his side, until Typo called his attention to it.

It was an immense mountain, towering for miles into the sky, and upon its side a cavalcade of pilgrims, much like his own company.

If Trim was astonished when he first beheld the tall, lank and long-legged creatures of

Nordlichtschein, what must have been his surprise to see these men, horses and dogs, stretched out to four times the length of the tallest native. The men were at least eighty feet high, and yet no more bulky than himself!

While Trim was feasting his eyes upon all these wonders, Typo put him the usual question concerning his opinion of Pyro's magic.

"My eyes!" exclaimed Trim, "I believe you're right. This is a world of enchantment, sure enough. It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw, and I guess it would be past the power of Yankee invention to beat it. What do you call this beautiful country before us, with its forests and valleys sleeping in the sunshine? I suppose you have some goblin theory for it."

"The world you see before you," said Typo, "is the far-off LAND OF DELIGHT, lost to us because of our sins, which at times comes almost within our reach, to excite us to deserve it. It is now the home of Megas the

Noble and his true followers; and when the great Pyro returns to the sky, this world of glory will be ours, and we shall dwell therein forever!"

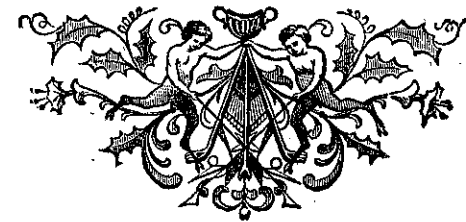
"That 's a very poetic idea," said Trim, "with about as much truth as poetry, and is the most sensible notion I 've heard from you yet; if you knew what I know, you 'd help me to rig up a craft, and go there at once!"

"But what of this airy mountain above us, with those funny-looking spindle-shanks climbing its side? They look, for all the world, like human grasshoppers;—eighty feet high if they 're an inch,—and as to their horses, they could make their two-forty time in about three seconds."

"This," said Typo, "is the spiritual Mount of Luz, where the great Megas and his nobles come every year, to set us the example, and prompt us to our pilgrimage. But neither this mountain nor the beautiful Sky-land is ever seen at any other time than this."

"Yes, I know," said Trim, thoughtfully.

While they were yet talking, all this new world of beauty, and the airy mountain, with its terribly long, spectral pilgrims, vanished from their sight,—fading gradually away till nothing was left but the golden sky.





THE MOUNT OF LUZ.

THE top of the Mount of Luz, for one month in the year, is bathed in the blessed sunshine. When Trim reached this point, his eyes were greeted therewith, and his heart also; he was so glad to see the sun once more that he gave the reins to his dog-pony, and stood gazing with the deepest gratitude.

There, indeed, was the real sun in all its glory, like an old friend, as it was, whom he had not seen for many months, and perhaps would never see again; and he felt that it would be scarcely impiety should he fall down before it in humble adoration.

But these pleasing reflections were soon put to flight by the loud shouts of the pilgrims,

The Mount of Luz.

who were all on their faces, howling an anthem of praise to the great Pyro.

Typo called to him, and desired that he should follow their example, lest he be at once devoured by Demons.

"Not I!" said Trim, whose feelings of worship suddenly left him. "Do you take me for a Parsee, that I should do this thing? *I* worship none but Him who made the sun. You are a set of beggarly barbarians; and I see that I shall have to turn missionary to this North Pole yet; so I'll make a beginning at once."

Just then a queer notion entered Trim's head.

The pilgrims being still on their faces, he climbed a little knoll,—the very pinnacle of the mountain,—and began gathering stones into a heap. When he had them piled as high as his head, he traced on his old pocket-handkerchief a few stripes and stars, with colored clay, tied it to one of the pilgrims' staffs, and set it up in the middle of the mound.

By this time the pilgrims, having finished their devotions, came huddling about him, staring, and wondering what all this could mean.

"Now," said Trim, "I find by my count of time that this is the Fourth of July; and I'm going to make a speech. The fact is, you long-legged storks have run this North Pole long enough to have made something out of it; besides, this pole being the axle-tree of the world, it is n't safe to trust its management any longer in your hands. It's a great wonder you have n't lost a linch-pin, let the wheel off, and sent the globe spinning into space long ago. But I shall take good care that this Hub of the Universe is set right at once.

"Know, then, all men by these presents, that I, Trim, a true subject of Uncle Sam, coming in a direct line from Cape Cod, do hereby take possession of this Nordlichtschein, with all that herein is, in the name of the United States of America, and George Washington!



"In token whereof, I now hang the Stars and Stripes,—which is the Flag of the Free,—on this North Pole; and woe be to him who dares do a hurtful thing to the Star Spangled Banner!

"So have I said, and so shall it be, Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue."

By the time Trim's speech was finished he was so full of the Fourth of July, that he actually whistled "Yankee Doodle" to the end, without a single bar "from Joe Bowers."

"Great Megas!" said the King, squinting through a blue pebble. "What does the fellow mean? What's this nonsense about his Uncle Sam, and all that? I am the Supreme Ruler of this world——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Trim. "I've heard so before.—I was King of the world, too, once and may be again, before long. My Uncle Sam is a very good-natured old chap, and will treat you kindly, if you'll let him; but he's not to be fooled with very much; and when some stray Yankee hangs The Flag on

the South Pole, *he* will then be King of the world, and run it to his own liking."

"Nonsense!" said the King. "I do n't see what your Uncle Sam has to do with the world."

"Very likely," said Trim. "A great many others have failed to see it; but their eyesight came to them at last. A good deal depends upon the *pebble* you look through."

The King was angry and out of all patience; but, as there was no one in particular to vent his spite upon, he ordered the pilgrims to begin their march. When Trim had given three hearty cheers for the Flag, he mounted his dog and followed.

It was a hard road to travel, down the mountain's broken side, but Trim's nag behaved very handsomely, and carried him in safety to the bottom.

Here lay the gloomy Skota, whose inky waters moaned so sadly, as they swirled in and out among the black rocks, that Trim could scarcely keep from crying. There was

the Hill of Tarfa, too, rough and jagged; but no one was climbing its sides, neither were any Nikkers in sight.

"My eyes!" said Trim "if this is n't a doleful place! But where are all those Nikkers you told me of, who are brought here by the Demons of the Dell? And the exiles to Tarfa,—where are they?"

"The Nikkers slink into their shells, and the others hide among the rocks, when any one comes near," said Typo; "none of them like to be seen since they have fallen so low. It is a great misfortune to be either wealthy or wise."

"Yes I know," said Trim. "That's the way it is down to Cape Cod."





*THE ENCHANTED GLEN—IN WHICH TRIM
FINDS MORE MAGIC THAN HE
EXPECTED.*

AFTER traveling with great difficulty over a rough and rugged country, they came upon a dark and rocky glen, bordered with a belt of trees; and here they halted for rest.

This is the Enchanted Glen, and is full of fire-gulfs and streams of boiling water.

Here the ground, being greatly disturbed by the central fires, often bursts asunder with earthquakes, making and filling these fire-pits continually. Scattered about, in great numbers, are the wonderful Fulmi. Trim knew the place very well, from hearing it so often described; but he did not know all its freaks, or he would not have done as he did.

Typo showed him the dividing line; with the warning that he should in nowise overstep it, lest he should be devoured by Fire-Imps.

Trim laughed, and at once disobeyed the order by leaping over the line; which daring filled the pilgrims with the greatest alarm.

"Great Megas!" exclaimed the King. "The fellow is an imp, sure! and now that he has got to his own place, he will fetch his brothers, and we shall all be devoured!"

Trim picked up one of the stones he saw lying about, and playfully threw it among them. Had he known the result, he would have heeded Typo's warning. But he had seen so much of their silly faith in magic, that he believed it all mere fancy.

It was a stone of the Fulmi which Trim threw, and the moment it struck the ground it exploded, frightening the pilgrims half out of their wits, and scattering them in every direction. At the same instant, with a frightful roar, the ground quivered, and burst asunder;

and there was a long, wide fire-gulf between him and them, out of which came fire and sulphurous smoke.

Trim was stunned, of course, and thrown to the ground. When he recovered, he was alone, and the pilgrims were out of sight.

Now Trim was a brave boy, and a philosopher; and he did not wring his hands and give up in despair, but looked well where he trod, lest he should farther disturb the Fulmi, or slip into the pits of fire. Many hours he wandered about, with no prospect of getting out of the glen; neither any chance of a supper, for there was not so much as a single huckleberry in the whole glen,—nothing but fire-gulfs, cinders and frightful rocks, among which he wandered half bewildered.

These rocks had a very hideous appearance, and grinned at him like so many evil demons. The ground, too, trembled and quivered at every step, so that he expected each moment to be swallowed up in fire!

It was dark and gloomy; the air hot and

charged with foul gases, and altogether it was no very pleasant place to be in. Indeed Trim felt that he would much rather be out of it. But to get out was no easy matter, since at every turn he seemed to be driven farther from his purpose.

At last, exhausted, and half suffocated with smoke, he came upon a bank of moss; and here he laid himself down and slept. A long time he slept, and longer still would have been his rest, had it not been disturbed by a fearful howling, near by.

Trim sprang to his feet, and there, right before him was a wonderful and frightful beast; tall as a camel, and about the bulk of a bear. It is called an Ursa, and is a very dangerous animal. The creature growled fiercely, and Trim, shuddering at the sight of his long white teeth, hardly knew whether to stand his ground or run, as in either case he would get the worst of it. The Ursa sprang upon him and in a moment he would have been devoured, had not a stout club, wielded by friendly

hands, come to his rescue. What was Trim's surprise, instead of finding himself in the jaws of the furious Ursa, to feel the long arms of Wissan clasped about him.

You may be sure he felt grateful, and in no-wise regretted having made a friend of Wissan in the court-yard.

"I am glad you are here," said Trim, "for I could n't have better company in this lonely glen. I was anxious to see the magic of the place, but I think I've got enough of it!"

"Not so much as you may have before you get out of it," said Wissan; "for you are now on the Plain of Poina; and have slept on the Mound of Patella."

"I thought something was the matter," said Trim, "for I've got the blues, sure, and feel as sad as though I'd been to camp meeting. But where is the Cave of Greder? I should like to have a peep at that, before we leave."

"I will show you presently," said Wissan. "But we must leave here, at once; or fire and vicious animals may destroy us."

"All right," said Trim, "for I'm getting hungry; and it's a dry dinner we shall find among these parched rocks."

Wissan took Trim on his shoulders and hurried away. It was none too soon, either, for the ground, where they had been standing, burst asunder, when a bright sheet of flame shot into the sky; then the ground closed again, and all was dark as before.

At last, after climbing over hot crumbling rocks, and leaping ditches and fire pits, they came to a sort of gateway at the foot of a high cliff.

"This," said Wissan, when they were well into the darkness, "is the Cave of Greder; and a doleful place you'll find it."

"I think so," said Trim. "It already makes me feel home-sick; and I almost wish I'd never left Cape Cod; nor gone to sea; nor explored this North Pole; nor ever, even, have done anything, but stayed with my mother and remained an innocent little baby to this day."

"That is the way all feel who come to the Cave of Greder," said Wissan. "But a visit to this region, occasionally, is very proper, since it makes one happier after it is over."

"Yes, I know," said Trim; "works like physic. But the best way is for a fellow to behave himself, so he won't need either."

While the two were thus talking, they emerged from the cave, when they entered a more fruitful and less dangerous region; for which Trim soon showed his relish by devoting himself to its delicious berries.

"You had a very wonderful escape," said Wissan, "but you are safe now, from both man and Demon."

"I have never been in any fear of either," said Trim, "and that is why I've got a head. If these poor dupes of your old Kritibob were not so wrapped up in fear, they might be as safe as myself. But they have n't pluck enough to tell the truth; nor even a lie, and stick to it. Talk about your goblins! Fear is the foulest

one I know! Typo's sword will never cut through courage!"

"You are right," said Wissan; "and that is why my bones are not crackling in the Krylizer."

"How about that?" said Trim. "I expected to see you climbing the stony Tarfa, without hands or feet; but as you are off duty, I suppose some friendly imp has spirited away your bonds."

"True!" said Wissan. "The King cares little for his subjects, and seems to think their heads are for no other purpose than to be chopped off for his amusement. My courage saved me; and you know the Retto has wondrous virtue."

"Yes, I know!" said Trim. "I am very curious to hear about that magic staff."

"Great is the power of the Retto," said Wissan, "and wonderful its deeds, though it has still much to perform before the world is purified. The King would not hear my story."

"I will," said Trim; "and let's have it now."

But first let me climb this rock, so you won't have to talk so loud; you fellows are so tall that it's like listening to some one on the house-top."

"I will tell you the story," said Wissan.



STORY OF PALYA, THE BEAST, AND THE MAGIC STAFF, RETTO.

WHEN Megas the Noble had been crowned King of the World, he thought to dwell with his people in peace and purity, supposing all the demons were subdued; but there was one vicious creature who had escaped his notice, because of its power of becoming invisible. It is called the Palya, and has ever been the pest of the world.

The Palya is an immense beast with two faces; one white and comely, the other black and horrible, being covered with thorns instead of hair. His teeth are keen daggers; his tongue long and forked; and he lives by sucking the blood of his victims.

The Palya is visible only at times, and then

his pleasant face alone is seen. He lurks in all public places even in the KALEON where the Mogos make the laws. So sly and cunning is he, that no one feels his attack until so weak from loss of blood that he is without power to resist or fly from him.

Megas soon discovered the mischief this vile beast was doing; and although it was an undertaking requiring greater courage than the world had ever known, he determined to hunt out and utterly destroy him. So, girding on his belt of Zoeken, and taking the Retto in his hand, he set forth.

Megas had no need to go abroad, for the beast was at that moment in the palace. Not knowing this he traveled many weary oras finding only the *tracks* of the Demon, and the bones of his victims!

At last, as Megas walked in the Kaleon of Cardia, he saw, lying on the ground, what seemed the limb of a thorn-tree; but on touching it with his staff, the limb drew away. Megas was delighted; and thanked Pyro that

he had found even the tip of the Demon's tail,—for this it was. He raised the Retto to strike; but bethought him that the tail was the wrong end to begin at; he knew, also, that to bruise this would excite the Palya to be still more wary and cunning. So Megas followed the tail, which grew larger at every step, until he could not reach the top of it, although he was twenty feet high. So long was it, that not till he had traveled over all Nordlichtschein, and back again to Kephale, did he come to the head. There sat the mighty Palya upon his haunches, running his forked tongue through the Kaleon, sucking the blood of the people!

The monstrous size of the beast at first filled Megas with alarm, for he was bigger than all the horses of Kephale together. His head was that of a Demon, with great horns, from each of which poured streams of the deadly Melpyr; while his gaping mouth dripped with poisonous foam, which he blew upon those he would destroy.

"Vicious Palya!" cried Megas; "miserable

sucker of the nation's blood! Now that I have found you, I will try the virtue of the Retto upon your Demon head!"

Palya, startled by the voice of Megas, would have vanished; but the Zoeken threw such a charm upon him, that he had not the power. Well knowing the fearful battle he had to fight, he turned his black and thorny face upon Megas, and cried out:

"Base usurper of the throne! why do you follow my tail, or thus threaten me to my face? You shall soon feel my power, for my tail of terror compasses the world, and my breath is death! Lay down the belt and staff, that I may devour you as I do all mankind!"

"Sneaking beast," cried Megas; "the Zoeken is your death-warrant, and I your executioner. By the great Pyro, I will never rest until I destroy you!"

Before Megas could strike a blow, he was wrapped in the terrible folds of the Palya's tail, his flesh torn by its sharp-edged scales and piercing thorns, while the angry Demon

blew great streams of poisonous foam upon him, stifling him with his noxious breath!

Tighter grew the coils, and thicker and fouler came the foam, till Megas had little strength left; but putting forth all his power, he dealt such mighty blows upon the beast's tail that it parted from the body; when the coils fell from about him, and he was free!

But the tail was not destroyed,—in fact, the Retto seemed to give it new life, and, for every blow, there came forth a head, like the head of a snake, with horns, and a forked tongue of fire. When Megas struck one of these, a score came, and he soon saw that killing the animal in this way would be slow work.

While he hesitated, the frightful head became larger, and the forked tongue longer and sharper!

"Vicious beast," cried Megas, "I will not multiply you by cutting you to pieces; I must tear out your heart to stop this blood-sucking!"

"My heart!" said Palya. "Nay, but I will soon swallow yours."

So saying, he opened his enormous jaws, and sprang upon him with such fury that Megas, urged to desperation, leaped down the animal's throat; thus escaping the terrible teeth which would surely have torn him in pieces.

This rash leap won Megas the victory; when he found himself inside the beast, although nearly choked with deadly gases, he laid about him with such fearful blows that the Palya's sides gave way with a great noise, and fell to pieces in a heap of rubbish. But Megas looked in vain for the heart. The Palya's heart is a lump of iron.

While Megas was battling with the beast, the people gathered about him in the greatest astonishment; for they could not see the Palya.

Some said he was mad, others that he was meddling with secrets that did not concern him, and would bring the spite of the whole Demon world upon them.

Now, though Megas was the victor, his work was not yet finished. While he looked at the heap of rubbish, the iron heart became red-hot, and burnt what had been the body to cinders!

As soon as Megas saw this he began beating the iron with the Retto; but the lump rolled upon him, growing bigger and hotter every moment. Knowing the power of the Retto to destroy every evil thing, if one has the courage to use it, he beat upon the iron for many oras; little by little wearing it away, till only a heap of scales was left, which Megas gathered, and cast into the Infinite Ocean.

He then returned, and passing the Retto through the cinders, all the parts came again together, forming a comely and pleasant animal, which crouched at his feet and vowed submission to his will; for the evil of the Palya lies in its iron heart, which Megas had destroyed.

Nordlichtschein was no more troubled with the Palya, during the reign of many Kings;

but the beast has again gathered his heart of iron from the waters, and is feeding upon the life-blood of the world as before.

So is the story, and every word is true!

"Good!" said Trim. "I believe that story, for we've got just such a beast down to Cape Cod. You have a queer country up here, any way, and a tolerable wicked one. I do n't think it will be much improved, either, till my Uncle Sam gets hold of it."

"I do n't know much about your Uncle Sam," said Wissan; "but it's high time that Nordlichtschein was under the rule of Wisdom. Yet who shall dare uncrown Kritikoballo, and scatter the stupid Mogos?"

"My eyes!" exclaimed Trim, springing to his feet, and snapping his fingers. But that was all he said. A queer notion popped into his head at that moment.

While Trim listened to this story, his attention had been attracted by a singular looking tree, at a little distance. It seemed to him

that he saw it move about, several times changing its position; yet he supposed it to be the effect of the dim twilight in the woods. But as he stood upon the rock, he was quite sure that it was an enchanted tree, for it started on a full run towards them. In a moment it was by their side, and he felt a great relief when he found the tree to be no other than the long-legged Clack.

"Well, old boy, how are you?" said Trim; "and how's the folks down to the Greder? Your birch-bark rig made me take you for a walking tree, or some vile Demon coming to swallow us. Come now, do n't speak till you stuff a wad of this moss in your throat. I remember your voice, down there to Cardia, and I do n't want my head bursted yet awhile."

"I was a little shy of coming into the presence of Wissan, since the trick he played on me with his staff," said Clack; and, out of regard for Trim's ears, his voice was no louder than a steamer's whistle. "As to the Greder, it is no very pleasant place to dwell in; but

Kritikoballo never comes to see if he is obeyed."

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail!" said Wissan. "The staff I put into your hands might have been of great service had you known how to use it. We must make the best of our condition and look well to the future."

"Now see here!" said Trim. "I've got a notion in my head. We are in a tolerable bad fix. But there's no use trying to hatch a broken egg. We are all poor exiles together, you see, and if you would like to have a good time, and dwell in the Vale of Edona the rest of your lives, just listen to me and I'll put this world in ship-shape order in three oras. What do you say to that?"

"You are wiser than you are big," said Wissan; "and something tells me we may trust you. Tell us what you would do."

"Not what I would do," said Trim, "but what I wish you to do. Now will you obey me in everything?"

"In everything!" shouted both together.

"And if I promise you peace, plenty and liberty, you will stick by me through thick and thin?"

"We are yours to command," said the men.

"Then," said Trim, "first get your voices down to a moderate yell, and tell me what name you have given to this rock on which I stand."

"This," said Wissan, "is called the Rock OF RHYVELA, and is hard by the Forest of Perdu."

"Just the place! I know by the sound of the word," said Trim. "Now go, both of you, and gather all the banished Mogos and Kabas, from Tarfa, and Greder, and Skota, and all other outlandish places throughout Nordlichtschein, and bring them to this Rock of Rhyvela."

"And let every one have a staff in his hand thirty feet long."

"And let every head be crowned with branches of the fir tree."

"And let every face be blackened, and look as fierce as an angry Ursa!

"And let every man do my bidding, and falter not, nor be afraid; for I am Trim, the Son of my Uncle Sam,—and two others,—fresh from Cape Cod, which is the pan-handle of the universe.

"If you will, I will; and as you do, so shall it be,—providing it's right. Now go ahead!"

"Wise Pigmy of the Pan-handle,—which is Cape Cod,—Noble Son of the mighty Sam," said Wissan; "although we know not your wise purpose, yet will we do your bidding."

"Good!" said Trim. "But first bring me your pockets full of the Fulmi,—the smallest you can find,—and lay them on the rock before me; wrap them well with leaves, or you will be blown to pieces. Then if you come across any of that black rock, such as they have over there in Abito, bring me a chunk."

The men stared, half terrified at the idea of meddling with the Fulmi and the magic rock;

but being well used to obedience, and having great respect for Trim's wisdom, they did as he directed; and in a short time there was a bushel of the Fulmi at his feet.

The two men then stretched their long legs in pursuit of their fellow-exiles, while Trim, at the heap of Fulmi, began working out his new idea. After wrapping these explosive pebbles with moss, and thin sheets of birch-bark,—each one in a separate parcel,—he smiled and looked with some pride upon this good supply of torpedoes.

By this time Trim was tired and hungry; and, after a feast of luscious berries, laid himself down upon the moss-covered Rock of Rhyvela, and was soon in a sound sleep.

Many hours he slept; and during the last moment he had a strange dream.

He thought he was at the opera: and while in the midst of a grand chorus, the man who blew the trombone puffed out his cheeks till they were the size of pumkins, and gave such a fearful blast that the walls of the theatre

burst asunder, and came rattling down about his head!

Of course it awoke him; but to his great relief it was only the wild voice of Clack, who had just returned with his exiled people.

Trim sprang to his feet and rubbed his eyes. Before him stood more than a hundred of those tall, skeleton-looking men, all armed and equipped as he had directed; and as they bowed to him, the firs swayed up and down like a vast forest.

"Here are the men we promised you," said Wissan; "the wisest of all Nordlichtschein; and every one awaits your bidding."

"I'm glad of it," said Trim. "Now you see, I've got a notion in my head, and I hope you've got pluck enough to help me get it out."

"We are yours to command," shouted the army of exiles.

"Very good," said Trim. "First, then, take me straight to Kephale; and mind you do n't go back on me, or I'll send you all to your

places again! Obedience and blessing; desertion and disgrace. Clack being the tallest of the crowd, I'll ride on his shoulders, as I like to be high in command. Now fall into line, and forward! March!"

It was a long way to the capital, but the road was not the roughest Trim had traveled, and in due time they reached the palace.

All the people were asleep, for it was the sleeping ora.

"Now," said Trim to his men, "place yourselves in that grove of fir trees yonder, and keep very still till you hear a terrible rumpus in the palace; then rush into the court-yard on double-quick, charge on the palace with your long poles, shake your fir caps, and twist your black faces into the worst grins you ever saw!"

"Mind now, you must be on the spot in ten seconds after you hear the signal; and as it's only half a mile you can do that easy enough!"

"Yours to command!" said the fir-men.



BATTLE OF THE BOREAN POLE.

TRIM'S queer notion had thus far worked to his satisfaction. On the Rock of Rhyvela he had prepared for the great battle which he hoped was to affect the future destiny of Nordlichtschein; and although he was compelled to trust somewhat to luck, in the manner of the surprise, yet he was sure of success at last. Having arranged his men, he ordered Clack to aid him in reaching the roof of the palace. But Clack could only raise him thirty feet, so he had as much farther to climb.

At last, without waking a single sleeper, he obtained a very good position in the centre of the roof, directly over the King's throne, with his torpedoes by his side.

It was some trouble for Trim to make an

opening in the tangled network of branches, which composed the roof, but by careful working he soon made a hole large enough to crawl through, and from which he could also note the condition of the enemy below. They were quietly sleeping, never dreaming of the danger that now hung over their heads.

Here Trim waited till the business of the day commenced; and yet a little longer; even till the ora of stories did Trim defer the battle. Fib was in the most exciting part of his story; and this is what he was saying when the bombardment began:

"There were the three strange imps floating in the air over the King's head, each one with a pebble in his hand.

"There was a tall, straight imp with a red pebble, a deformed, crooked imp with a green pebble; and a headless imp with a black pebble.

"When the straight imp cast his pebble, a great fire-gulf appeared, throwing its flames

so high that many of the stars were burnt to cinders!

"Then the crooked imp cast his pebble, and the earth burst asunder, and the ocean covered all the land!

"But when the headless imp cast his pebble the very heavens and the earth went ——"

"Spuk — pop — sputter — *boom*

Squizzle — SCATTER — BANG!"

That's what the torpedoes said.

While Fib was telling his story, unseen by the King and the Mogos, a magic, black rock was descending from the roof, and settling upon the King's crown.

It was a piece of lodestone, which Trim let down with a thong, and, when it touched the metal knob on top of the crown, slowly drew it up again, and the crown with it. At the same time he cast down half a score of torpedoes, which striking at the King's feet, exploded, producing the strange sounds just mentioned.

This volley did little damage, however,—

breaking nothing but the thread of Fib's story; but the King leaped in among the Mogos, and swung around the circle in the most frantic manner.

There was some confusion of course, and none the less when they saw the jeweled crown hovering in the air above their heads.

Now came another volley, and still another, till there was such a terrific musketry rattle, that, with the wildest shrieks, the whole court rushed from the palace.

But this was jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

Trim's reserve was at the door, and when the people saw this great host of fir-men, with black, scowling faces they were glad to rush back into the palace again.

Trim now put a few torpedoes in his pockets, and with the rest poured down one grand broadside. This was the finishing stroke of the battle; for the people, supposing this to be some terrible visitation of Pyro for their sins, set up such doleful howlings of repent-

ance, that the King was moved to pity; and cried out:

"Great Pyro, we are very wicked, and unfit longer to rule this world; Send, therefore, thy Messenger, and we will obey him in whatsoever he may demand."

Now this was a very reasonable offer. Trim could n't ask anything better; and he soon showed his acceptance by sliding down a pendant vine, right into the throne, when he cried out with all his voice:

"Wicked King, I take you at your word!"

"GREAT MEGAS!"

That's what the King said, standing bolt upright.

The Mogos swayed to the rear of the palace, and Trim struck an attitude. Then there was silence for the space of two minutes. It took that time for the King to think what he should say.

"Whiz!" was the word that naturally rose to his lips. So Typo, who had suddenly lost faith in Trim, raised his sword, and the Mogos

rushed for the throne! But Trim soon put a stop to this forward movement with a torpedo.

"Now, see here!" he said. "I'm going to run this whizzing machine for awhile. You see my Uncle Sam would never agree to such rule as yours. Therefore I, not the King, but the Governor of the State of Nordlichtschein, hereby dismiss this court of Mogos, allowing them freedom, and recommending them to mercy and honest labor.

"As to you great Kritikoballo, I do n't believe there's a spot in all the world that would reach your case; therefore you shall be free to behave yourself; and mind now, as you abhor an absurdity, do n't bother me too much.

"I told you long ago that I should turn Missionary, and civilize you. Now if you'll be good, and obey orders, I'll show you Truth and Wisdom, teach you many useful things, and bring you peace, purity, and profit.

"You see that crown hanging up there? There let it hang; We shall have no further

use for it. Many a crown has thus hung, and sometimes with a head in it."

"Great Megas!" interrupted the King; "what is the fellow coming at? Do you mean to say that the King's world is to be run by such a pigmy? By the great Pryo, I will empty all Nordlichtschein into the Krylizer first! It would be well for you to understand that *I* came in a direct line from Megas the Noble, and that *I* am King of the world!"

"Yes, I know," replied Trim. "I got all that by heart, long ago; but somehow I never believed it was real gospel. The fact is, you have moped about in the shade here so long that your blood has lost all its heat and color, and your hearts are cold as an iceberg.

"It won't do to trust this end of creation to your nonsense any longer; so I'll declare it a free state, and run it on the Cape Cod plan till Uncle Sam is ready to take it off my hands. We've got one *hub* to this Universe, down there at Cape Cod, but as the world

do n't run well on one wheel, I propose to make this Polar nation the other *hub*.

"You must know, too, that I have had a turn over there at Poina and the Greder; have stood on the Mount of Luz and drank of the Fountain of Viva; and if all that do n't fit me to be a ruler, I'm not worthy to be called a Yankee.

"But if my terms do n't suit, I refer you to my black-faced fir-men, who will back me in whatever I say; and I can also prove my position by the Fulmi in my pocket.

"It may be hard for you to lose the world; but if you can't have a pot to boil your soup, you can gnaw the bone and drink the water, which is all the same.

"*Be good and do right*, is my motto; and if you stick to that you will never meet with any evil during life.

"You have long wanted to know more about that man Nip; and now you may know it; for Nip has been my backer, in this battle, and he will always be on hand at the call of Liberty.

"Now, if you are satisfied, and wish to come under the rule of the Star Spangled Banner, just give three cheers for this flag in my cap, which is my CROWN OF FADELESS STARS!"

"Wise Crown!" shouted the Mogos.

By this time, the King finding that the world had really slipped from his fingers, was the first to cheer. Then followed Typo and the Mogos. But when the Fir-men joined the shout, and Clack set up his wild tenor, Trim felt that if noise and confusion would do it, he was unanimously elected Governor of the State of Nordlichtschein.

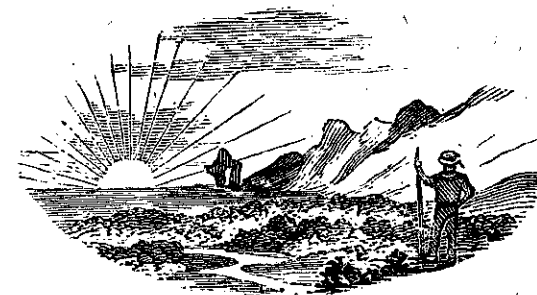
Now when List had made an end of his stories, he and the Master looked at each other for several minutes in silence. At last List said:

"So is the story, and if one word be false _____"

"Stop, List," said the Master; "it is not well for you to call down the barbarous 'whiz' upon yourself."

"To be sure," replied List, "it may be hazardous, but as I may not know the color of the pebble you have looked through, my head is still in your hands."

"Neither the head nor the body, any longer," said the Master. "The Nordlichtschein whiz, it is hoped, is now hushed forever; and it would ill become me to be less humane than Kritikoballo. Besides the pebble I have used has shown me only the truths you have presented."



GLOSSARY.

CHARACTERS.	SIGNIFICATION.	DERIVATION.
ABITO, - -	<i>Habit,</i> - - -	Italian.
CARDIA,- -	<i>The Heart,</i> - - -	Greek.
CARPAL, - -	<i>Relating to the hand,</i> -	Greek.
DUDAR,- -	<i>Doubt,</i> - - -	Spanish.
EDYS,- -	<i>Sweet — Agreeable,</i> -	Greek.
EER, - -	<i>The Boar,</i> - - -	German.
EDONA. - -	<i>Pleasure — Enjoyment,-</i>	Greek.
FARAKA, - -	<i>Abolition,</i> - - -	Arabic.
FULMI, - -	<i>Explosive,</i> - - -	Latin.
GREDER, - -	<i>Regret,</i> - - -	Danish.
HELA, - -	<i>To heal — Health,</i> -	Swiss.
KALEON, - -	<i>Council,</i> - - -	Greek.
KEPHALE,- -	<i>The Head,</i> - - -	Greek.
KABA, - -	<i>Keeper,</i> - - -	Syrian.
KRITIKOBALLO,	<i>Critic, and to strike down,</i>	Greek.
KRYLIZER, - -	<i>The Liar's Pit,</i> -	Nordlichtschein.
LIST, - -	<i>Cunning,</i> - - -	German.
LUZ, - -	<i>Light,</i> - - -	Spanish.
MEGAS, - -	<i>Great,</i> - - -	Greek.
MELPYR, - -	<i>Sweet Fire,</i> - - -	Greek.
MOGO, - -	<i>Stupid,</i> - - -	Greek.

Glossary.

CHARACTERS.	SIGNIFICATION.	DERIVATION.
NASEWEIS, - - -	<i>Meddler,</i> - - -	German.
NIKKER, - - -	<i>Miser — Cheat,</i> - - -	Danish.
NORDLICHTSCHEIN,	<i>Northern lights,</i> -	German.
PALYA, - - -	<i>Policy — Politics,</i> - -	Sanscrit.
PERDU, - - -	<i>Hidden,</i> - - -	Italian.
PODER, - - -	<i>Strength — Power,</i> -	Portuguese.
POINA, - - -	<i>Repentance,</i> - - -	Greek.
PYRO, - - -	<i>Relating to fire—The Sun,</i>	Greek.
PYR, - - -	<i>Fire,</i> - - -	Greek.
PATELLA, - - -	<i>Knee-pan</i> - - -	Latin.
PHALIA, - - -	<i>Foolish</i> - - -	Russian.
RUMPO, - - -	<i>To Break — A rout</i> -	Latin.
RETTO, - - -	<i>Right,</i> - - -	Italian.
RHYVELA, - - -	<i>Preparing for war,</i> -	Welsh.
SKOTA, - - -	<i>Shadow,</i> - - -	Greek.
SKRIKA, - - -	<i>Shriek,</i> - - -	Swedish.
TARFA, - - -	<i>Want — Destitution,</i> -	Swedish.
TASCHE, - - -	<i>The Pocket,</i> - - -	German.
TARSI, - - -	<i>Relating to the foot,</i> -	Greek.
TYPO, - - -	<i>Printer,</i> - - -	Greek.
URSA, - - -	<i>The Bear,</i> - - -	Latin.
VIRA, - - -	<i>From Man — Feminine,</i>	Latin.
VIRKA, - - -	<i>Worker,</i> - - -	Danish.
VIVA, - - -	<i>Life,</i> - - -	Latin.
VOLO, - - -	<i>The Will,</i> - - -	Italian.
WISSAN, - - -	<i>Wisdom,</i> - - -	Saxon.
ZELF, - - -	<i>Self,</i> - - -	Dutch.
ZOEKEN, - - -	<i>To seek,</i> - - -	Dutch.