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PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE WRECK OF THE "JUNO."

OF all the sufferers from shipwrecks, women are the most to be pitied; for children do not know the full extent of their danger until death relieves them, while women usually overestimate it. Their mental agonies are therefore greater than those endured by men, while their physical privations are as great, without the same strength to bear them.

Mrs. Bremner, wife of the Captain of the *Juno*, bound from Rangoon to Madras, had perhaps as terrible an experience of shipwreck as ever fell to the lot of any of her sex. The ship's crew consisted chiefly of Lascars, with a few Europeans, among whom was John Mackay, the second mate, who tells this story.

Soon after the *Juno* set sail she sprang a leak, which increased more and more on account of the sand ballast choking the pumps, until on the twelfth evening she settled down. From the sudden jerk all imagined they were going to the bottom, but she only sank low enough to bring the upper deck just under water.

All hands scrambled up the rigging to escape instant destruction, "moving gradually upward as each succeeding wave buried the ship still deeper. The Captain and his wife, Mr. Wade and myself, with a few others, got into the mizzen-top. The rest clung about the mizzen-rigging.



"ALL HANDS SCRAMBLED UP THE RIGGING."

Mrs. Bremner complained much of cold, having no covering but a couple of thin under-garments, and as I happened to be better clothed than her husband, I pulled off my jacket and gave it her."

On the first occurrence of these calamities such selfishness is not uncommon: it is the continuous privation which tries poor human nature. But it must be said to John Mackay's credit that he behaved most unselfishly throughout, and stood by this poor woman like a man.

The ship rocked so violently that the people could hardly hold on, and though excessive fatigue brought slumber to some eyes, Mr. Mackay did not snatch a wink. "I could not," he says, "sufficiently compose myself, but listened all night long for a gun, several times imagining I heard one; and whenever I mentioned this to my companions, each one fancied he heard it too." It is noteworthy that the same thing happened throughout the calamity as to seeing land. When one would imagine that he saw it, the others were persuaded that they saw it too.

The prospect at dawn was frightful; a tremendous gale; the sea running mountains high; the upper parts of the hull going to pieces, and the rigging giving way that supported the masts to which seventy-two wretched creatures were clinging.

After three days, during which their numbers were much diminished, the pangs of hunger became intolerable. "I tried to doze away the hours and to induce insensibility. The useless complaining of my fellow-sufferers provoked me, and, instead of sympathizing, I was angry at being disturbed by them." He had read of similar scenes, and his dread of what might be was at first more painful than his actual sufferings. Presently, however, he learned by bitter experience that imagination falls short of reality.

For the first three days the weather was cold and cloudy, but on the fourth the wind lowered, and they found themselves exposed to the racking heat of a powerful sun. Mackay's agonies, especially his sufferings from thirst, then became terrible. The only relief from them was afforded by dipping a flannel waistcoat which he wore next his skin from time to time in the sea. He writes, however, that he always "found a secret satisfaction in every effort I made for the preservation of my life." On the fifth day the first two persons died of actual starvation, their end being attended by sufferings which had a most sorrowful effect on the survivors.

As the sea was now smooth, an attempt was made to fit out a raft (the boats having been rendered useless), but this being insufficient to contain the whole crew, the stronger beat off the weaker. Though Mackay succeeded in getting on board, Mrs. Bremner did not, and he asked to be put back again, which was readily done. He resumed his place by her in the mizzen-top. Her husband had by this time lost his wits, and would not even answer when addressed. "At first the sight of his wife's distress seemed to give him pain as having been the cause of her sufferings, and he avoided her; but now he would barely permit her to quit his arms, so that they were sometimes even obliged to use force to rescue her from his embraces." His frenzy (as often happens in such cases) took the form of seeing an imaginary feast, and wildly demanding to be helped to this or that dish. On the twelfth day he died, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they threw the body into the sea, after stripping off a portion of his clothing for his wife's use.

There were two boys on board the *Junio*, who were among the earliest victims. Their fathers were both in the foretop, and heard of their sons' illness from those below. One of them—it was the thirteenth day of their misery—answered with indifference that he "could do nothing" for his son. The other hurried down as well as he could, and, "watching a favorable moment, scrambled on all fours along the weather gunwale to his child, who

was in the mizzen-rigging. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, and to them he led the boy, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the lad was seized with a fit of sickness, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips, and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth and receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this terrible situation both remained five days, until the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked wistfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence until it was carried off by the sea. Then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, he sank down and rose no more, though he must have lived—as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him—a few days longer." In all the annals of shipwreck I know no more pathetic picture than this.

But for showers of rain all would have been dead long since. They had no means of catching the drops save by spreading out their clothes, which were so wet with salt-water that at first it tainted the fresh. Mackay, however, before these timely supplies arrived, had had a very unusual experience. Maddened by the fever which consumed him, and in spite of the ill consequences he expected to happen, he had gone down and drank two quarts of sea-water. "To my great astonishment, though this relaxed me violently, it revived both my strength and spirits. I got a sound sleep, and my animal heat abated." Another expedient for getting some moisture into their mouths was to chew canvas or even lead. Shoes they had none, as leather dressed in India is rendered useless by water, and Lascars never use any shoes. There were, indeed, some bits of leather about the rigging, but the smell and taste of it were found "too disagreeable to be endured." The rains and their fatigue made them very cold at night. In the morning, as the heat increased, "we exposed first one side and then the other to it, until our limbs became pliant; and as our spirits revived, we indulged in conversation, which sometimes even became cheerful. But as mid-day approached, the scorching rays renewed our torments, and we wondered how we could have wished the rain to cease."

It must be understood that the ship, though its hull was under water, was moving on all this time. On July the 10th, being the twentieth day from its partial sinking, one of the people, as had often before happened, cried out, "Land!" His cry was now heard without emotion, though, "on raising my head a few minutes afterward," says Mackay, "I saw many eyes turned in the direction indicated." Mrs. Bremner inquired of him whether he thought it might be the coast of Coromandel, which seemed to him so ridiculous that he answered that if it was, "they ought to be exhibited as enriosisies in the Long Room at Madras under the pictures of Cornwallis and Meadows."

It was, however, really the land, though they had small chance of reaching it. Indeed, before evening, the ship, under water as it already was, struck on a rock. The tide having fallen, the remaining beams of the upper deck were left bare, and Mackay and the gunner tried to get Mrs. Bremner down to them, "but she was too weak to help herself, and we had not strength to carry her." The Lascars—for the raft had come back with them, as it could make no headway—offered to help if she gave them money. She happened to have thirty rupees about her, which was afterward of great use, and she did not stint it in helping her preservers. They brought her down for eight rupees, and insisted on being paid on the spot. With that exception, it is pleasant to read that their conduct was excellent throughout, and their behavior to Mrs. Bremner singularly kind and delicate.

In the gun-room, which they could now reach through

a hole in the deck, were found some cocoa-nuts, which one would have expected the finders to retain. On the contrary, they shared them, and insisted only upon keeping the milk in the nuts. This consisted of only a few drops of rancid oil; nor had the solid part of the cocoa-nuts—a fact to be remembered by those who buy them out of barrows—the least nourishment in it. They found themselves rather worse than better for eating them.

They were past the worst pains of hunger by this time, but the frenzied desire for water still continued. "Water, fresh-water," says Mackay, "was what perpetually haunted my imagination; not a short draught which I could gulp down in a moment—of that I could not endure the thought—but a large bowlful, such as I could hardly hold in my arms. When I thought of victuals, I only longed for such as I could swallow at once without the trouble of chewing."

Hope now began to animate them, and though it was the twenty-first day of their sufferings, it is noteworthy that no one died after they first saw land. Toward evening six of the stoutest Lascars, though indeed they were all shadows, tied themselves to spars, and reached the shore. They found a stream of fresh-water, of which those on board could "see them drinking their fill." In the morning they beheld these men surrounded by natives, and were all attention to see what sort of treatment they met with. The natives "immediately kindled a fire, which we rightly concluded was for dressing rice, and then came down to the water's edge, waving handkerchiefs to us as a signal that we should come ashore. To describe our emotions at that moment is impossible."

But these poor folks could not get on shore, and least of all the poor woman. Boats there were none, and if there had been, there was such a surf between the ship and the land that no boat could live in it. But to remain was certain death. "I felt myself called upon," says Mackay, "to make the attempt." With great difficulty he got out a spar and tied it to him with a rope. He then took leave of Mrs. Bremner, who was of course utterly helpless. "She dismissed me with a thousand good wishes for my safety." While they were speaking, the spar broke loose, and floated away. He paused one moment, then plunged into the sea. Though he could "hardly move a joint" before, his limbs immediately became lumber in the water, and the spar helped to sustain him; but "being a perfect square, it turned round with every motion of the water, and rolled me under it." Eventually, however, a tremendous wave carried him to land.

Some natives, speaking in the Moorish tongue—"at which I was overjoyed, for I feared we were beyond the Company's territories, and in those of the King of Ava"—observing his ineffectual efforts to rise, laid hold of him and bore him along. As they passed a little stream he made signs to be set down. "I immediately fell on my face in the water and began to gulp it down." His bearers finally dragged him away lest he should drink too much. They took him to a fire, round which the Lascars were sitting, and gave him some boiled rice, "but after chewing it a little I found I could not swallow it." One of the natives, seeing his distress, dashed some water in his face, which, washing the rice down, almost choked him, but "caused such an exertion of the muscles that I recovered the power of swallowing. For some time, however, I was obliged to take a mouthful of water with every one of rice. My lips and the inside of my mouth were so cracked with the heat that every motion of my jaws set them a-bleeding and gave me great pain."

As soon as he was a little recovered, his first care was for Mrs. Bremner, and on pointing out that she had some money about her, the natives were persuaded to take her off the ship. This was accomplished only a few hours before it parted in two. She was totally unable to walk, but her remaining rupees, joined to liberal promises, to be

performed on her reaching her journey's end, procured her a litter, in which she was conveyed to Chittagong.

No woman probably ever went through such an experience and survived it as this unhappy lady. Mackay, having no money—for Mrs. Bremner had no more to give him—had to walk, and speedily broke down. The natives left him behind without a scruple. He fell in, however, with a party of Mugs, the chief of whom was full of human kindness. He washed Mackay's wounds, which were filled with sand and dirt, supplied him with rice, and endeavored to teach him how to make fire by rubbing two pieces of bamboo together. Mackay finally arrived at Chittagong, though in a pitiable condition.

In a postscript to this miserable story he says, "With respect to the fate of my companions in misfortune, Mrs. Bremner, having recovered her health and spirits, was afterward well married." So it seems that with time and courage one really does get over almost everything.

BUSY BIRDS.

BY MARCIA BRADBURY JORDAN.

A BROAD green marsh, with sullen pools
Of brackish water here and there,
With mounds of hay on wooden piles,
And squares of yellow flowers like tiles,
And swamp-rosemary everywhere.

The straight road stretches, gray with dust,
From distant pine-trees to the hill;
The warm breath of an autumn day
Prevails, and with its languid sway
Keeps every little song-bird still.

But all along the wire line
That telegrams unnumbered brings,
Small chirping birds are perched secure,
With down-bent head and mien demure,
And gray-brown tightly folded wings.

And do you ask, dear girls and boys,
What calls these flutterers from home,
Why restlessly they care to roam
Far from the foliage-guarded nest?
A new idea has come to me;
I wonder if you will agree
To what I'm going to suggest.

When in some quite mysterious way
A trifling fault strikes mamma's ears,
I'm confident you must have heard
Of that communicative bird
Who's always telling all he hears.

A little bird told me, she says,
Of what I never should suspect.
Suppose these listening songsters light
Upon the wires there in sight
To get the latest news direct!

If they're the gossips of bird-land,
Reporters for the "Night-hawk Press,"
Then very likely they indulge
In other meddling, and divulge
The tiny secrets so few guess.

They hover near the open door
In summer; past the eaves they dart,
And very likely understand
When any hidden mischief's planned,
And straightway hasten to impart,

To those they think it may concern,
Their interesting items. Why,
I seem to see their bright eyes shine,
Their cunning heads sidwavs incline
Inquisitively, full of joy.

The only way I know is this—
To always try to do so well
That when the busy birds appear
To carry secrets through the air,
They won't have anything to tell
Except those messages that bless
Obedience and truthfulness.



A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

NAN.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

NAN'S visitor, Miss Rolf, left the little shop, and walked away in the winter's dusk up the main street, and down one of the more secluded streets, where the "upper ten" of Bromfield lived. Bromfield was a large dull town, full of factories and smoke, and had a general air of business and money-making. The houses on the pretty street to which Miss Rolf directed her steps seemed to be shut away from all the dust and noise of the town, and Mrs. Grange's gateway was the finest and most aristocratic-looking one in the row. Miss Rolf went in at the gate, past a pretty lawn dotted with cedars, to the side entrance of a long low stone house, within the windows of which lights were already twinkling. She had a curious, amused smile on her face as she went down the hall, and it had not faded when she entered the parlor fronting the garden and the lawn.

Three people were seated in the fire-light—an elderly lady with a pale sweet face, a tall boy of fifteen, and a gentleman whose face was like Miss Rolf's in regularity of feature, but much softer in expression.

In the luxurious room Miss Rolf looked much more in

her place than in Mr. Rupert's butter shop, and if Nan could have seen her "second cousin Phyllis" there, she would have been more than ever certain that she belonged to those who had the money.

Miss Rolf was greeted by all three occupants of the room at once.

"Well, Phyllis?"—from the gentleman.

"Did you see her?"—this from the boy.

"Well, what happened?"—this from the lady.

Miss Rolf sank into one of the many easy-chairs, and, leaning back, began to draw off her long gloves.

"Yes, I saw her," she answered, smiling.

"It was really very interesting. Quite like something in a story. There was the horrible little store, and Mrs. Rupert, a vulgar sort of woman; and then the little girl came in—dreadfully untidy and dowdy-looking, but really not at all so common as I feared. She has the hazel eyes every one admired so in her father."

"And did you tell her that her aunt Letitia wants her to go to Beverley?" said the boy, eagerly.

"No, I didn't," rejoined Miss Rolf. "I thought I'd do that when I went to-morrow. There was no time to discuss the matter. Besides, I wanted to see the child alone first."

"Why not send for her to come here?" Mrs. Grange said, gently.

"Not a bad idea," said Miss Rolf, sitting upright. "She might come to-morrow, instead of my going there."

"I can't help thinking Letitia will regret it," said the gentleman, who was Miss Rolf's father.

"Why should she, papa?" said the boy, quickly. "Surely it is only fair. Her father was left out of Cousin Harris's will just for a mere caprice, and why should Cousin

Letty have everything, and this child nothing? I don't see the justice of that."

"But to remove her from a low condition; to place her among people she never knew—I am afraid it is unwise," said Mr. Rolf, shaking his head. "You don't understand it, Lance; I don't expect you to. Just wait, and see my words come true."

Lance, or Lancelot Rolf, laughed brightly. He seemed quite prepared to take the risks on Miss Letitia Rolf's venture. While Miss Rolf wrote her letter to little Nan, the boy watched her earnestly. He was intensely interested in this new-found cousin, and, had he known where to go, would certainly have paid a visit to the cheese-monger's family himself.

He would have found an excited little party had he done so, for by eight o'clock Mrs. Rupert had indulged in every possible speculation about Nan's future. Mr. Rupert, a tall, thin, weather-beaten man, had come in for tea, and was told of the visitor, and obliged to hear all Mrs. Rupert's ideas and hopes on the subject, while Nan herself was the only quiet member of the party. She sat at the tea-table, for once in her life very quiet and repressed. Just what she hoped or thought she could not have told you; but it seemed to her as if something like her old life with her parents might be coming back. Could it be she was to go away, and leave Bromfield, the cheeses and butter and eggs, her aunt's loud voice, Marian's little airs of superiority, and Phil's rough kindness, forever behind her?

"Come, Nan, you may as well help with the tea-things,

if you *are* going to see your rich relations," said her aunt's voice, sharply recalling her to her duties, and Marian laughed scornfully.

"I don't suppose we'll know Nan, or she us, by to-morrow night," she said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Early the next morning a man-servant from Mrs. Grange's brought a note for Nan, which she read in the little untidy parlor, surrounded by all the family. It was from Miss Rolf, requesting Nan to come as soon as possible to Mrs. Grange's house, and it produced a new flutter in the household. Nan was dressed by Mrs. Rupert and Marian in everything that either of the girls' scanty wardrobe possessed worth putting on for such a visit. Had she but known it, a much simpler toilet would have been far more appropriate and becoming, for her purple merino dress and Marian's red silk neck-tie, her "best" hat with its green feathers, and Mrs. Rupert's soiled lavender kid gloves, were a very dreadful combination. Nan, as she walked up Main Street, did not feel entirely satisfied with the costume herself. If her head had not been so dazed by what the Ruperts already called her "good fortune," she would have felt it all more keenly. As it was, she went into Mrs. Grange's gateway feeling herself in a dream, and wondering how and where she would wake up.

CHAPTER IV.

NAN was admitted by a very grave-looking man-servant, who, on hearing her name, led her down the softly carpeted hall, and upstairs to the door of a cozy little sitting-room, where Miss Rolf was waiting for her. The many luxuries of the room, its brightness and air of refinement, made Nan half afraid to go farther, and suddenly she seemed to feel the vulgarity of her own dress; but her "second cousin," Miss Rolf, smiled very pleasantly upon her from the window, and coming up to the little girl, kissed her affectionately.

Miss Rolf in the morning light, and in a long dress of pale gray woollen material, looked to Nan like nothing less than a princess. She was apparently about twenty one or two, with a fair face, soft waves of blonde hair, and eyes that looked to Nan like stars, they were so bright, and yet soft with all their sparkle. Nan scarcely noticed the imperious curve of her new cousin's pretty mouth or the disdainful pose of the head. She thought of nothing then but her beauty and grace and charming manners.

"Well, my dear," this dazzling princess said, "take off your hat and cloak, and sit down by the fire. I want to have a talk with you." Nan, very much subdued by everything she saw about her, obeyed, while Miss Rolf seated herself in a low chair, and looked at her little cousin critically.

"Now, Nan," she said, gravely, "do you know that your father would have been a very rich man but for an absurd quarrel with his elder brother?"

"I knew there was something," said Nan, who was afraid of her own voice.

"Well, then," continued Miss Rolf, "when your grandfather died, he left everything to his elder son and daughter. The son, your uncle Harris, is a confirmed invalid—indeed, he is not altogether right in his mind—but your

aunt Letitia, your father's older sister, is strong and well, and they live together at Beverley. Miss Letitia has suddenly taken it into her head to hunt you up, and as my father and I were coming here on a visit, she asked me to try and find you."

Miss Rolf paused, and Nan, who sat very still, her hazel eyes fixed on the young lady's face, nodded, and said, in a sort of whisper, "Thank you."

"Your aunt," continued Phyllis, smiling pleasantly, "told me that I was to invite you, in her name, to come on a visit to Beverley. Mind, Nan, don't get it into your head that it is more than a visit—unless you prove so nice and pleasant a little visitor that she will want you to stay always."

Nan's face broke into a smile that made her really pretty.

"I'll try and be pleasant," she said, brightly.

"So you would like to go?" said Miss Phyllis, looking at her earnestly. "Wouldn't you miss—the Ruperts?"



"NAN WAS DRESSED BY MRS. RUPERT AND MARIAN."

Nan's face flushed.

"Yes," she said, looking down, "I shall miss aunt—and Philip."

Miss Phyllis said nothing for a moment. She had more to tell, but she thought it as well not to say it now. She had taken a sudden fancy to Nan; she wanted the child to come to Beverley, and perhaps, if she told her all, Nan would refuse: at least, looking at the child's honest, fear-

less eyes, she felt it more prudent to say no more. So Nan was told that she was to go, if she liked, in a week, to her grandfather's and her father's old home.

"Your aunt thought," said Miss Phyllis, "that you might need some new clothes. You see, you will have to dress more at her house than here in Bromfield, and so we will take a week to get you ready. Perhaps it would be as well for you to stay here to-day, and go out with me."

Nan's eyes danced. Never but once since she lived in Bromfield had she owned an entirely new dress. Everything she wore had been "made over" from Mrs. Rupert's or Marian's, and she faintly understood that new clothes of Miss Phyllis's buying would be something unthought of in the Rupert mind.

"I'll leave you here a little while, Nan," said the young lady, "and you can amuse yourself with the books and papers."

But Nan needed nothing of the kind. When the door was closed, she uttered a little half-scream of delight, and jumped up, walking over to the window, where she looked out at the dull town lying snooky and hazy in the distance, and which she felt sure she was about to leave forever. She hardly heard Miss Phyllis returning, and felt startled by the sound of her voice, saying, "Nan, are you ready?" And there was the beautiful young lady in her furs and broad-brimmed hat, with a purse and a little notebook in her hand, ready to lead Nan into the first scene of her enchantment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VENOMOUS SNAKES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

VENOMOUS snakes are those which have two hollow teeth in the upper jaw through which they inject poison into the wound made by their bite. The great majority of snakes are not venomous, but nevertheless there are more venomous snakes in the world than most men really require.

There are two classes of venomous snakes—those whose bite is certain death, and those whose bite can be cured. The only venomous snake inhabiting Europe is the viper, but its bite is seldom fatal. In the United States, with the possible exception of New Mexico and Arizona, there are only three venomous snakes—the rattlesnake, the copperhead, and the moccasin. All our other snakes are harmless. In some places the copperhead is known as the flat-headed adder, but the other species of snakes, to which the name "adder" is often given by country people, are as harmless as the pretty little garter-snake.

Central and South America have many venomous snakes whose bite is always fatal. Among these the best-known are the coral-snake, the tuboba, and the *dama blanca*. A British naval vessel, on its way up a South American river a few years ago, anchored for the night, and a number of the officers thought they would go ashore, and sleep in a deserted shanty that stood on the bank, where they fancied that the air would be cooler than it was on board the vessel. When they reached the shanty, one of them said he thought he would go back to the ship, and all the others, with one exception, said that they would follow him. The officer who determined to stay swung his hammock from the beams of the roof, and was soon asleep. He woke early in the morning, and, to his horror, found that three snakes were sleeping on his body, and that others were hanging from the rafters or gliding over the floor. He recognized among them snakes whose bite meant death within an hour or two, and he did not dare to move a finger. He lay in his hammock until the sun grew warm and the snakes glided back to their holes. His companions had noticed that the place looked as if it was infested with snakes, but had cruelly refrained from warning him. The officer was one of the bravest men

that ever lived, but he could never speak of his night among the snakes without a shudder.

In one of the West India Islands—Martinique—there is a snake called the lance-headed viper, which is almost as deadly as the coral-snake. The East Indies are full of venomous snakes, and in British India nearly twenty thousand persons are killed every year by snake bites. Of the East Indian snakes whose bite is incurable the cobra is the most numerous, but the diamond snake, the tubora, and the ophiophagus are also the cause of a great many deaths. The British government has offered a large reward for the discovery of an antidote to the poison of the cobra, but no one has yet been able to claim it.

Africa, like all tropical countries, has many species of venomous snakes. The horned cerastes is the snake from whose bite Cleopatra is said to have died, and from its small size, and its habit of burying itself all but its head in the sand, it is peculiarly dreaded by the natives. The ugliest of these snakes is the great puff-adder, which often grows to the length of five or six feet, and whose poison is used by the natives in making poisoned arrows.

It is a very curious fact that the poison of venomous snakes can not be distinguished by the chemist from the white of an egg. And yet one kind of snake poison will produce an effect entirely unlike that produced by another kind. The blood of an animal bitten by a cobra is decomposed and turned into a thin, watery, straw-colored fluid, while the blood of an animal bitten by a coral-snake is solidified, and looks very much like currant jelly. Nevertheless, the poison of the cobra and that of the coral-snake seem to be precisely alike when analyzed by the chemist, and are apparently composed of the same substances in the same proportion as is the white of an egg.

THE TRAIN-BOY'S FORTUNE.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

I.

"PAPERS! Harper's Weekly! Bazar! All the monthly magazines!"

Jim Richards wished that he might have a dollar for every time he had repeated that cry. He was sure he had said it, during the three years he had been train-boy on the road between Philadelphia and New York, as many as fifty thousand times. Even ten cents each time would give him five thousand dollars. What could he not do with as much money as that? His mother should have a new dress, for one thing. He would give little Pete for his birthday the box of tin soldiers in the toy-shop window; and Lizzie, for hers, the doll on which her heart was set. Then they would all move into a new house somewhere in the country, instead of their wretched tenement in New York. Jim himself would give up his place as train-boy and go into the company's machine-shop, which he could not do now, because his earnings from the sale of the papers were pretty good, while the machine-shop wages would be for some time small. But these were dreams; the train was approaching Trenton, where Jim would find the New York evening papers, and he had still to go through the last car. It was Saturday evening, and he must make enough to buy his mother's Sunday dinner.

"Papers!" he cried, slamming the door after him, and beginning to lay them one by one in the laps of the passengers. The first passenger was an old gentleman, and in his lap Jim laid a copy of a weekly paper.

"Take it away!" exclaimed the old man. "I don't want it."

Jim, in his hurry, had passed on without hearing.

"What! You won't, eh?" the old man went on, provoked by Jim's seeming inattention. "Then I'll get rid of it myself."

Crumpling it up into a ball, he turned around and threw

it violently down the aisle, narrowly missing Jim's head, and landing it in the lap of an old lady on the opposite side.

"You won't lay any more papers in my lap, I guess," he added, shaking his head threateningly as Jim came back.

Jim was angry. He picked up the paper and smoothed it out as well as he could, but it was hopelessly damaged, and no one would think of buying it.

"You'll have to pay me ten cents for that," he exclaimed.

The train was now slackening, and the old gentleman, who was evidently bound for Trenton, had risen from his seat.

"Not a cent," he declared; "not a single cent! You hadn't any business to put it in my lap. I told you not to, but you persisted in leaving it there. Your train-boys are a nuisance. It'll be a lesson to you."

"But I'll have to pay for it myself," cried Jim.

"Serve you right. You'll have ten cents less to spend for cigarettes."

By this time the train had stopped, and the passengers were crowding out. The old man was already on the platform, and Jim was standing by the seat, angrily uncertain whether to follow him out or stay and pick up the few papers he had distributed before returning to the baggage-car. In his moment of uncertainty he happened to look down upon the floor. There in the shadow of the seat lay a long leather pocket-book. No one but the old gentleman could have dropped it. Jim stooped and picked it up. Here was a chance to pay off his venerable friend.

In another instant, though, a better impulse came to him.

"What would mother say?" he thought. He threw down his papers, rushed to the door, jumped from the steps, and ran along the platform through the crowd in pursuit of the old man. In the confusion and darkness it was not easy to find anybody. Jim thought he saw him a little way ahead, but at the same moment the bell rang for the train to start. Should he follow the man or not? There must be time, he thought. In a moment more he had caught up with the person, but it was not his man at all. It was too bad, but he had done his best. He did not know that where he had failed, two other persons—dark-looking men, whom he had noticed getting off the car—had succeeded, and were now following the old gentleman along the passageway that leads up to the street.

Still uncertain what to do, Jim turned around, only to see the train moving off. It was but a few steps back to the track, and Jim ran with all his speed. But when he got there, the rear platform of the last car was a hundred yards away, and all that he could see was the red lantern winking at him, as it seemed, through the darkness.

The train had gone off with all his papers, including those which he had expected to sell between Trenton and New York. There would be no Sunday dinner to-morrow; indeed, Jim would be lucky if he were not discharged from his place.

For a moment Jim was bewildered. Then he bethought himself of the pocket-book. He would, at any rate, find out what was in that, only no one must see him do it.

So he walked down the track until he was quite out of sight, and by the light of a match carefully opened the leather flap. On the inside, in gilt letters, was the owner's name—John G. Vanderpoel, 14 Sycamore Street, Trenton. Jim had no excuse now for not returning it at once.

The sight of the name, though, brought back his anger. "Old screw!" he said, half aloud. "I guess if he'd only known what was going to happen, he'd have paid me my ten cents. Let's see what's in it, anyhow."

The match had gone out, but Jim had another. Striking it, he looked into the pockets, one of which seemed to contain something green. Jim pulled it out with a beating heart. Yes, it was money—a package of greenbacks—and the label on the outside, though Jim's hands shook so that he could hardly make it out, read "\$5000."

II.

Not only was Jim ignorant that the old gentleman was being followed, but Mr. Vanderpoel did not know it himself. He walked out of the station with a firm, brisk step, his overcoat tightly buttoned over the place where he supposed his money to be, and congratulating himself that he had at length collected the debt which it represented.

It was not far to his house, which was in a side street, and occupied several lots of ground. A long path led up from the front gate, lined with shrubbery, and lighted only by the pale rays that gleamed from the front door. Alongside of the path stretched a little duck pond. It was a quiet, retired street, and when Mr. Vanderpoel turned into it, he left the crowd behind. He did not leave, however, the two men who had kept him in sight all the way from the station, and who now quickened their steps so that when he stopped at his gate they were not more than a few feet in the rear. Mr. Vanderpoel opened the gate and went in. The gate swung back on its hinges, and was held open by one of the men, while the other entered. Not hearing the latch click, Mr. Vanderpoel turned around, and was met face to face by the intruder.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, angrily.

For an answer the old gentleman's arms were promptly seized and pinioned behind his back, and he himself was laid at full length along the garden path.

"Keep still now," hissed a rough voice. "We ain't no idea o' hurtin' ye, but what we want is them five thousand dollars."

It was not the slightest use to struggle. One man held him fast while the other went through his pockets. Presently the first inquired of his partner,

"Where do you s'pose he's hid it?"

If it was the money they were speaking of, Mr. Vanderpoel knew perfectly well where he had hid it. It was, or ought to be, in the very pocket which the man was now searching—the breast pocket of his overcoat—and he waited breathlessly for the man's answer.

"Don't know," growled the thief, after a moment. "Tain't here."

Mr. Vanderpoel almost jumped. If it were not there, where could it be? He had certainly put it in that pocket. He was glad, of course, that the thieves could not find it, but that did not relieve his mind as to its safety. However, if it had already been stolen, or if he had lost it, he could afford to lie still and enjoy what promised to be a humorous situation. Indeed, he felt almost inclined to laugh; and the robbers themselves, it seemed, began to realize that they were the victims of a sell.

"Tain't on him nowhere," gruffly remarked the one who had been making the search.

"Feel in his breeches pocket," suggested the other.

The man transferred his hand from the coat to the trousers without success. "Tain't there neither," he growled. "I don't believe he fetched it to-night."

"There's his shoes," observed the first man, who was evidently the more persevering of the two. "See if it ain't in them."

The other tore open the gaiters and dragged them off. The cold air struck Mr. Vanderpoel's stocking feet very unpleasantly, and filled him with dismal visions of rheumatism and gout; but he bore it bravely, and by a tremendous effort stopped a threatening sneeze.

"I tell yer he ain't got it," declared the first man. "We're left; that's what it is. What 'll we do with the old chap?"

His partner scowled. "Chuck him into the pond."

He chucked into a pond at his time of life, and with his rheumatism! It would be the death of him. The prospect of a ducking loosened his tongue.

"Help! murder! thieves!"

At this moment the gate clicked. Both men heard the sound, and started for the shrubbery at the side of the path. Almost before the old gentleman was aware that they had gone, their retreating footsteps were echoing down the street.

Mr. Vanderpoel felt that he was saved. He would have risen to his feet but for the fact that his shoes were off. The person who had come in the gate, and who was now standing before him, was a lad dressed, as it seemed to Mr. Vanderpoel's confused sight, in the District Telegraph uniform.

"Well, young man," he exclaimed, "I guess you've saved my life. Just help me on with my shoes, will you, and we'll go into the house."

It was some time before Jim could take in the situation, and he stood gazing at the old man without saying a word.

"What are you staring at?" cried Mr. Vanderpoel, hotly. "Do you suppose I'm sitting here in my stocking feet for amusement? I've been knocked down and robbed—or I would have been robbed if some one else hadn't done it already. If anything could reconcile one to the thought of being robbed by one set of thieves, it would be that they left nothing for the next set. But I certainly believe they would have killed me if you hadn't come up. Easy, now?"



"\$5000"

now gone up the steps, and while Mr. Vanderpoel drew out his latch-key, were standing in the light that gleamed through the door. As Mr. Vanderpoel turned around, he recognized, as he had not done before, the boy's features.

"Hello!" he cried, "you're that train-boy. Yes, it was a good deal. Do you know anything about it?"

Jim's face took on a non-committal look.

"Well," he said, "I found something in the car. Perhaps you'd better identify it. Prove property, you know."

"Come in," said Mr. Vanderpoel, drawing Jim inside and closing the door. "Was it a pocket book you found?"

Jim nodded.

"With money in it?" eagerly.

Jim nodded again.

"Five thousand dollars?" Mr. Vanderpoel whispered.

"I didn't count it," said Jim, briefly. "There it is."

He handed over the book, which Mr. Vanderpoel seized and breathlessly opened. The money was in fifty-dollar bills, and did not take long to count. When counted it proved to be all right.

"Yes," said Mr. Vanderpoel, delightedly. "It's all there. It must have dropped out of my pocket when I threw that paper at you in the car. Served me right for making such a lunatic of myself! But what a sell!" rubbing his hands gleefully. "What a tremendous sell on those villains that they didn't get a penny of it! Now come in to dinner"—leading the way through the hall—"and tell me all about yourself. You saved my life, and I'm going to do the correct thing."

And so the train-boy came into his fortune. In the end it amounted to a good deal more than \$5000, for Mr. Vanderpoel's ideas of correctness turned out to be on a liberal scale. The family was brought to Trenton and put in a neat little cottage; Pete had all the tin soldiers that he could use, and Lizzie more dolls than she could possibly take care of; the mother got her dress, and Jim



"HE HANDED OVER THE BOOK, WHICH MR. VANDERPOEL SEIZED."

—as the boy drew the gaiter over the old man's knobby foot—"look out for that corn. Now the other one. There! never mind the buttons. Lend me your arm, will you? I'm lame and bruised where I fell. It was lucky I didn't hit my head. Well, I'm sorry I lost the money, but I'm mighty glad those fellows didn't get it."

"Was it much?" asked the boy, briefly. They had

had his heart's desire, by being put, not in the company's machine-shop, but in a great deal better one, in which Mr. Vanderpoel was interested, and where Jim himself will no doubt one day be an owner. But better than all is the sense which Jim has of having fought against and overcome a great temptation. And this sense, I think, is the train-boy's fortune.

THE SINGING LESSON.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

WHAT an interesting picture they make, the old music-master and his young pupil! By his cowed head we see that the teacher is a monk, and we remember to have read in our histories about the convents, where, during the fierce conflicts of the Middle Ages, holy men lived peaceful lives, wrote books, painted pictures, and set beautiful Latin hymns to lovely music. Those times were wild and dark enough. The brave young men who put on the armor of knighthood and rode forth to defend the weak and right the oppressed found plenty to do. Ladies sat in their castles, working endless pieces of tapestry in stitches which have lately been revived. Boys found pleasure in learning all sorts of manly sports. Here and there one would be found who was quiet and gentle, and he would perhaps be taught to read and write, and would be regarded as a wonderful scholar.

From the sweet rapt look on the face of this little chorister we see that he is one of the pure and noble natures which would not care for fighting, or pitching quoits, or rushing along with hawk and hounds. He loves art, and puts his whole soul into its study.

The gray-bearded master has trained many boys, and while kind and tender, is severe in requiring his pupils to do their best. The score on which the boy's eyes are resting is familiar to him through long years of use, and he feels that it is sacred. He shivers with horror when a note is flatted, as it sometimes is by a giddy singer whose ear is not accurate or whose voice is not disciplined.

The little fellow to whom the master is listening so critically while the sweet full tone chords so perfectly with the long-drawn note on the violin will be only one among a multitude of others in the great cathedral. But when the choir uplifts the *Te Deum* or the *Inflammatu*s with its waves of melody floods every nook and corner of the grand church, one voice untrained and out of tune might mar the harmony.



THE NOVICE.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ALEXANDRE ROBERT.

THE MULATTO OF MURILLO.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutation they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz, angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question! Don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

With these words Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise on his canvas,

on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin.

At this moment some one was heard entering the room. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Señor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly. "Speak; tell me. He who has sketched this head will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, señor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened in your studio that one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the beautiful head by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, señor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting everything in order; but when we return in the morning, not only is everything in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches, sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, señor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy, with timidity.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then: who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came?"

"No one but me, I swear to you, master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who has sketched this head of the Virgin and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night, in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch, and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from the lash. You hear! I have said it. Now go and grind the colors; and you, gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement until the termination of the hour of instruction Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what related to their occupation; but the moment he disappeared conversation began, and naturally turned to the subject in which they were all interested.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit; but give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Señor Mendez; you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi."

"Are these negroes fools with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo, laughing. "Pray what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being, of course. But take care, Señor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian, with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has stretched the left arm of your St. John to such a length that if the right resembles it he will be able to untie his shoe-strings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz, as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point? Who knows but

that from grinding the colors he may one day astonish us by showing he knows one from another?"

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville, was now as silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young mulatto boy, whose eyes sparkled like diamonds, leaned against an easel. Immovable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome negro.

"Why do you come here, father?" he asked, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?"

"I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a sad smile.

"He may carry you away, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad! how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered—"God! I pray constantly to Him, my father (and He will one day listen to me), that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father; go, go, and I shall go to mine there in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good-night, father, good-night."

"Good-night, my son;" and having kissed the boy, the negro retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said: "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock. "Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master. Slave! Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced," and seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of morning, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed—"efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—breathes—speaks; it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him!

Sebastian never once dreamed of justifying himself, and, with his palette in one hand and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed that he justly merited.

Murillo having, with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, and concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful picture to the terrified slave,

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing-master," said Murillo.

"You, señor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It can not be; I never gave you lessons," said the astounded painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen; you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

At the word punishment Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage; but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes toward his master.

"A reward, señor," cried the pupils, in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave. "Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared—" And Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favor for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head and remained silent.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo, gayly.

"The master is so kind," said Ferdinand, half aloud, "I would risk something; ask your *freedom*, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father! the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms round Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast. "Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but as my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the *Mulatto* of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master, and others of the highest merit.

THE DUCK HAT.

BY IRVING L. BEMAN.

DICK SMITH'S home was in the West, and as the incident I am about to relate happened a good many years ago, he must have been then only thirteen or fourteen years old. He was a brave, hearty lad, full of enthusiasm and love of adventure, but especially abounding with ingenuity, and always doing something new and curious. Thus he has been known all his life as an "inventor," and still shows the same quality.

He lived on the bank of a river, and being fond of the water, became an expert swimmer and oarsman. Although he had no gun, yet with cunning traps and many original devices he caught considerable game, some for its fur, and some for its meat. It is about one of his boyish inventions that I am going to tell you.

At certain seasons of the year great flocks of ducks came into the river, and staid many days eating the Indian rice

(*Zizania aquatica*) that grew in the shallow water. But as Dick's father had no shot-gun or any convenient way of capturing them, the ducks came and went unmolested.

At length ingenious Dick set to work to contrive some method of catching them. He obtained a section of thin bark from some tree, and arranged so that it would just slip over his head and rest on his shoulders, like the crown of a large old-fashioned hat, the top of it reaching several inches above his scalp.

In this he cut holes for his eyes and mouth, so that he could see and breathe. He also fastened leaves and vines on the top and around it to partly conceal it.

When this was done, he put it on and started for the ducks. Reaching a thicket on the river's brink near the game, he laid aside his clothes and took to the water. He had often been in the river where the rice grew, and knew just what difficulties he would have to overcome in swimming and wading. Out he went, and as he came near the ducks he moved very slowly and cautiously so as not to alarm them.

Pretty soon he was in the midst of an immense flock, and although they were extremely wary and quite suspicious of the vine-covered bark, yet within a short time he succeeded in grasping quite a number by the legs, and jerking them under the water. When he had secured all he could fairly manage, he quietly made his way home. His catch proved most delicious eating, and was very acceptable to the family, as it came at a time in the year when no other meat was generally available. Frequently while the wild rice lasted did he repeat the operation, bringing home the fattest specimens that came to the river.

But one day as he sat beneath the bushes on the edge of the water about a quarter of a mile from home, examining some ducks just caught, his little dog by his side, suddenly a huge panther pounced down from the high bank above, and rushed for the dog. Away went the dog for dear life, and the panther after him. But Dick knew well enough that the dog, which was very fleet, would escape, and that the great cat would soon give up the race and come back for himself. But the lad had no notion of affording the panther a boy for dinner; and so, perfectly cool and brave, set to thinking how to escape. If he should run away, the animal would follow his track and soon overtake him, for he could not equal the dog in speed; if he should climb a tree, the creature could excel him in climbing; if he should wade or swim into the river and the panther should see him, she might follow and get him there. But Dick was not to be caught so easily; what worked so well in deceiving ducks might do even better with the panther. And so, instantly slipping on his "duck hat," as he called it, he waded rapidly into the water a few rods, and settled down so that he could just breathe and see, and turning around, watched the shore. Hardly had he reached this position when the panther pounced down as before from the high bank and began smelling and looking for the boy. Failing to detect his whereabouts, she pawed over the ducks Dick had left; and since she could not have dog or boy for dinner, she decided to take duck.

Dick felt quite certain that when his dog reached home in fright and excitement the attention of the family would be attracted, and his father would shoulder his rifle and start out to investigate the matter. And Dick was not mistaken. In a very few minutes he saw his father in the canoe swiftly paddling along the shore, peering sharply for his boy. But the spot occupied by the panther was around a little curve in the bank, where she would not see the man until he was close upon her.

Before Mr. Smith reached this place he saw the lad's "duck hat," and Dick contrived to lift one hand carefully above the water and point where the creature was dining.

The father understood the signal, and giving the canoe a strong pull, seized the gun, and prepared to fire the instant he saw anything to fire at. A moment more the

rifle's sharp crack rang out, the panther sprang into the air, and fell back among the ducks, dead as they were.

Even yet, Dick, now elderly "Mr. Richard Smith," delights in telling how he escaped in a "duck hat" from a panther.

ART.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

OUR town has been very lively this winter. First we had two circuses, and then we had the small pox, and now we've got a course of lectures. A course of lectures is six men, and you can go to sleep while they're talking, if you want to, and you'd better do it unless they are missionaries with real idols or a magic lantern. I always go to sleep before the lectures are through, but I heard a good deal of one of them that was all about art.

Art is almost as useful as history or arithmetic, and we ought all to learn it, so that we can make beautiful things and elevate our minds. Art is done with mud in the first place. The art man takes a large chunk of mud and squeezes it until it is like a beautiful man or woman, or wild bull, and then he takes a marble grave-stone and cuts it with a chisel until it is exactly like the piece of mud. If you want a solid photograph of yourself made out of marble, the art man covers your face with mud, and when it gets hard he takes it off, and the inside of it is just like a mould, so that he can fill it full of melted marble which will be an exact photograph of you as soon as it gets cool.

This is what one of the men who belong to the course of lectures told us. He said he would have shown us ex-

As I said, I believed everything the man said, and when the lecture was over, and father said, "I do hope Jimmy you've got some benefit from the lecture this time"; and Sue said, "A great deal of benefit that boy will ever get unless he gets it with a good big switch don't I wish I was his father! I'd let him know," I made up my mind that I would do some art the very next day, and show people that I could get lots of benefit if I wanted to.

I have spoken about our baby a good many times. It's no good to anybody, and I call it a failure. It's a year and three months old now, and it can't talk or walk, and as for reading or writing, you might as well expect it to play base-ball. I always knew how to read and write, and there must be something the matter with this baby, or it would know more.

Last Monday mother and Sue went out to make calls, and left me to take care of the baby. They had done that before, and the baby had got me into a scrape, so I didn't want to be exposed to its temptations; but the more I begged them not to leave me, the more they would do it, and mother said, "I know you'll stay and be a good boy while we go and make those horrid calls," and Sue said, "I'd better or I'd get what I wouldn't like."

After they'd gone I tried to think what I could do to please them, and make everybody around me better and happier. After a while I thought that it would be just the thing to do some art and make a marble photograph of the baby, for that would show everybody that I had got some benefit from the lectures, and the photograph of the baby would delight mother and Sue.

I took mother's fruit basket and filled it with mud out of the back yard. It was nice thick mud, and it would stay in any shape that you squeezed it into, so that it was just the thing to do art with. I laid the baby on its back on the bed, and covered its face all over with the mud about two inches thick. A fellow who didn't know anything about art might have killed the baby, for if you cover a baby's mouth and nose with mud it can't breathe, which is very unhealthy, but I left its nose so it could breathe, and intended to put an extra piece of mud over that part of the mould after it was dry. Of course the baby howled all it could, and it would have kicked dreadfully, only I fastened its arms and legs with a shawl strap so that it couldn't do itself any harm.

The mud wasn't half dry when mother and Sue and father came in, for he met them at the front gate,

They all came upstairs, and the moment they saw the baby they said the most dreadful things to me without waiting for me to explain. I did manage to explain a little through the closet door while father was looking for his raitan cane, but it didn't do the least good.

I don't want to hear any more about art or to see any more lectures. There is nothing so ungrateful as people, and if I did do what wasn't just what people wanted, they might have remembered that I meant well, and only wanted to please them and elevate their minds.



"THE MOMENT THEY SAW THE BABY THEY SAID THE MOST DREADFUL THINGS."

actly how to do art, and would have made a beautiful portrait of a friend of his, named Vee Nuss, right on the stage before our eyes, only he couldn't get the right kind of mud. I believed him then, but I don't believe him now. A man who will contrive to get an innocent boy into a terrible scrape isn't above telling what isn't true. He could have got mud if he'd wanted it, for there was mornamillion tons of it in the street, and it's my belief that he couldn't have made anything beautiful if he'd had mud a foot deep on the stage.



WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

INTROD. (*Sprightly*)

1. They tell me stars say no-thing; I know it is not true... Last
 2. Soft fell each blos-som's mes-sage, Like sound of sum-mer show-ers, ' Good

Slower and smoothly.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

(For Second Verse repeat from beginning.)

night I heard them talk-ing. And so to-night may you... Last night I heard them talk-ing. And so to-night may you
 night, dear Stars!' and answered The stars, ' Good-night, dear Flowers!' and answered The stars, ' Good-night, dear Flowers!' "

Retard, and softly.

we have very pleasant times playing with dolls and books and sleds. To-night we had a circus in the parlor. Budge and Ruth were the lions, and I was the keeper; but soon they became unmanageable and were sent to bed. It's drawing near my bed-time, and I will ask you to please print this, for I enjoy reading the letters, and would like to see my own name in the Post-office box. Good night.

CINDY B.

SAVANNA LA MAR, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.
This is my first letter. We live in Jamaica, West Indies, and I like to read the letters from other boys and girls.

I am twelve years old, and have five brothers and two sisters. One brother is in England, at the Blue-Cot School; the others learn lessons here at home. We have black people to do our work.

HARRY M.

BUTTERNUT LAKE, WISCONSIN.
My sister Kate and I send you some yellow violets which we picked this afternoon while we were out walking. Is that not good for so far north? We are about fifty-three miles from Superior. I love YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I like the Post-office box best.

KATE B. and FANNIE T. M.

Brave little violets, and bright eyes that found them! Thank you, Kate and Fannie, for sending the pretty flower to me.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number and enjoy it very much. I do not want your water-proof and overshoes to school. If it is doubtful, and papa says the wind is in the east, the safest way will be to wear them in New York.

LULU L.

I suppose you will ask your sea-wind to tell you in the morning whether or not to wear your water-proof and overshoes to school. If it is doubtful, and papa says the wind is in the east, the safest way will be to wear them in New York.

THONASVILLE, GEORGIA.

Last Christmas my papa presented me with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and it has afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and I intend to continue reading it allways. I am aged ten years, and I go to school. I am now in the Fifth Reader, and work sums in fractions; but somehow I still love to play, and ride my velocipede, while my sister Sadie, who is five years, and Edna, nineteen months, amuse themselves with dolls. We live in a town quite famous as a winter resort, and many come here to escape the cold North and West, and to enjoy our pine regions.

HERBERT J. H.

BELDEN, TEXAS.
I am a little boy nine years old. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE since last November. I have several pets. I have a dog, a pony, a pig, and three chickens; but the sweetest pet of all is my little baby brother; his name is Charley, but we call him Carly. I want to tell about my pig, he is so smart he thinks he is a dog. Every-where the dogs go, the pig goes too. He helped me drive the horses to water yesterday. I live on a farm. I do not go to school; mamma teaches me at home.

WALTER J. M.

A very remarkable pig. It must be funny to see him trotting off after the dogs and their little master.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have a little dog, but he is very homey. I have three cats, and two mice, and they are pretty. And I have found them in the garden. The cats and the dog do not fight. I have a papa and a mamma, and an auntie, and two big brothers. My auntie reads all the little letters to me. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number.

NETTIE B. M.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

Have you, dear Postmistress, ever been to Monticello? It is a lovely place. I have three cats, and two mice, and they are pretty. And I have found them in the garden. The cats and the dog do not fight. I have a papa and a mamma, and an auntie, and two big brothers. My auntie reads all the little letters to me. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number.

I want to tell you about the County Fair. The grounds are two miles and a half from here. We rode up, and staid all day. First we went into the poultry house, which was full. What do you suppose we saw? Two little tiny hens, each with

five little chickens no bigger than a medium-sized egg. After that we entered the domestic building. Dear! how full it was! Cakes, jelly, pies, preserves, and fruit occupied an entire side of it. The other side was filled with art, fancy-work, and such things. The vegetable tent was next, and some one said the display of vegetables was larger than that at the State Fair, and I was glad to tell how many cattle, pigs, and sheep there were. We ate our lunch in the wagon, and it tasted very good. I was very tired when we got home, but we had a pleasant day and lovely weather.

A few weeks ago we drove to Katrina Falls. We went down into the basin, and saw the water cascading down about fifty feet from above, with high rocks and woods all around, and it made as wild a scene as I ever saw. I picked a fern and leaf to bring home and press.

EFFIE E. H.

THE CHILDREN AND THE SHEEP.

Diddie, Dumps, and Tot were three little girls who lived on a plantation in Mississippi many years ago. Their real names were Madeleine, Edith, and Josephine, but they never came to know by anything except their funny pet names. The three little girls had three little colored maids, who waited on them, shared their plays, and went with them everywhere. It was not until they were them so much trouble on the afternoon of this story was a sheep, who had belonged to Diddie since he was a lamb. Then he had been very gentle, and never crossed his will with any of them, though Diddie kept on loving him dearly.

You may all look at his picture on the cover of this number of YOUNG PEOPLE. They were playing about the house, and that is the first time he was made in his honor. But, alas! this lamb, objected to being carried to the entertainment.

"You, Dumps, an' Tot, an' Dilsely, an' all of yer, I've got er letter from Lord Burgooze, an' he'll be here to-morrow, an' I want you all to go right into the kitchen an' make pies an' cakes." And so the whole party adjourned to a little ditch where they were used to get their water, and on that account had been selected as the kitchen, and began at once to prepare an elegant dinner.

"Bea! me! how busy the little housekeepers were! and such beautiful pies they made, and lovely cakes all iced with white sand, and bits of grass laid around the edges for trimming; and all the time hanging and chattering as gaily as could be."

"An' we havin' fun?" said Dumps, who, regardless of her nice clothes, was down on her knees, and had just finished her own cake. "I want her fat little arms muddly to the elbows; 'an' an't you glad we slipped off, Diddie? I tol' yer there wa'n't nothin' zoin' to hurt us."

"And an't you glad we got away, too?" said Diddie. "We wouldn't er had nobody to be Lord Burgooze."

"Yes," replied Dumps; "er he an't behaved bad at all; he ain't no body, and he ain't runned after nobody to-day."

"'Ook at de cake," interrupted Tot, holding up a mud-ball that she had moulded with her own little hands, and which she regarded with great pride.

And now, the plank being as fast as it would hold, they all returned to the hotel to arrange the table. But after the table was set, the excitement was all over, for there was nobody to be the guest.

"Et Ole Billy wa'n't so mean," said Chris. "we could totch 'im hyeah in de omnibus. I wish de name of 'Chum an' Sappum come; dey'd er been Lord Buzo!"

"I b'lieve Billy would tell us had 'im," said Diddie, who was always ready to take up for her pet; "he's er gentle now, an' he's quit hurtin' the only thing in his, he's so good we couldn't get 'im in the wheelbarrow."

"Me 'in Chris kin put 'im in," said Dilsely. "We kin hit 'em, an' all;" and accordingly the omnibus was dispatched for Lord Burgooze, who was quietly nibbling grass on the ditch bank at some little distance from the hotel.

He did not hear, and as he slowly approached, and regarded them attentively. "Billy! Billy! po' Ole Billy!" soothingly murmured Diddie, who had accompanied Dilsely and Chris with the omnibus, and she had not had time to get away from anybody else. He came now at once to her side, and rubbed his head gently against her, and while she caressed him, Dilsely on one side and Chris on the other, rubbed him up to put him on the wheelbarrow.

And now the scene changed. Lord Burgooze, an unmindful of love or gratitude, and with an eye sick of her, and not at all moved by her just as she reached the gin-house, placed his head in the middle of her back, and sent her sprawling on her face. Diddie and Chris had in this time regained their feet, and had now got up near the omnibus, and Chris with her face all scratched from the roots



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

"I HATE to apologize; I do not like to admit that I was in the wrong."

I do not know who the speaker was. I did not even see his face as he passed the window where I was sitting, resting in the shadow of the curtain, and thinking clear children about you. I am sure that he was a boy, however, for such a fresh, decided voice, and such a quick step, could belong to nobody in the world but a boy.

Somewhat I felt very sorry indeed when I thought about what he had said: "I hate to apologize! Not like to confess one's self to have been in the wrong!" Why, that is not noble.

Every one of us—you, Elsie, at your pretty embroidery, you, Dora, at your map drawing, you, Horace, over your chemistry, you, Towahid, deep in Virgil, I, the Postmistress, with my heaps of letters—every one of us, my dears, is little something to be in the wrong. We say something hastily, and hurt somebody's feelings, and then we are sorry. We do something which is foolish, and which we regret. The only brave course—the only course of an honorable people—is to apologize, to ask pardon, if necessary, of the person whom we have vexed or annoyed. It is always manly in a boy to own up and bear the blame if he has made a mistake. Many of the troubles and heart-aches that people have to bear would be done away with if everybody who did wrong was willing to admit it, and if those who were wronged would be forgiving.

And now for the good things with which this number of the Post-office Box is fairly overflowing.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

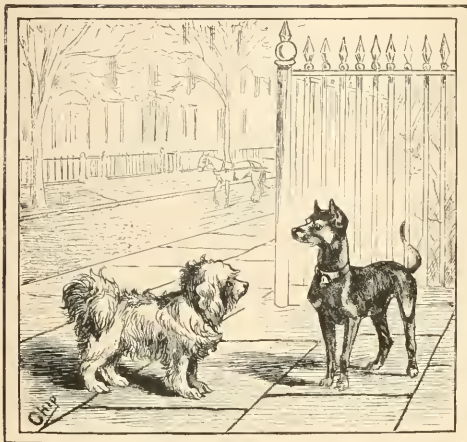
I live in San Francisco. I often drive out to the bench with papa and mamma. A little way from the shore there is a large pile of rocks, and upon them you can see hundreds of sea-lions climbing about, and one plainly hear them barking or roaring. I often drive through the Golden Gate Park too. It is beautifully laid out with flowers, and at the large conservatory the beautiful Victoria Regia is in bloom now—a big whose blossoms open three times, the first day a pure white, with a large white crown in the center, then closes to open the next day a pale pink, then closes to open the last time almost purple. The leaves are saucer-shaped, about one yard across, and will bear the weight of a child two, or four years old standing on them. But I must stop now, so good-by. I am nine years old, and study at home.

BIDDIE.

Thank you, dear, for your description of the superb Victoria Regia.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO.

I am a little girl nearly nine years old. I go to school every day. We have but one pet; it is a kitty, and its name is Annetta. I am working a motto. It is my first, and my friends think it very nicely done. Mount Vernon is the county-seat of Knox County, Ohio. I have two sisters, Anna and Ruth, and one brother, Budge. On many days



WHO'S YOUR BARBER?

THE OBJECT GAME.

THIS game may be played by any number of people. The party first divides itself into two equal parts. One person from each side is chosen to go out of the room, and, after consulting together, they fix upon any object they like for the rest to guess.

The company then seat themselves in two distinct circles,

sufficiently apart to prevent the remarks made in one circle from being overheard by those in the other.

The two representatives are now summoned, and requested to take their places, one in each group, when a race begins as to which group shall first find out what object of thought has been fixed upon. This is done by asking questions as to the shape, size, qualities, and attributes of the object. The rule is that the number of questions asked should be limited to twenty, though in many cases it is impossible to adhere to this restriction; while, on the other hand, the object is frequently guessed before the whole twenty questions have been asked.

No restriction is placed upon the objects to be thought of—a drop of water, a ray of light, a crab's claw, a nail in the boot of some great man, or anything else may be chosen. The object of the game is, of course, to make the guessing as difficult as possible, so that the struggle as to who shall be the winners may be a hard one.

DARKIE'S SEARCH.

A BLACK retriever named Darkie, the property of a friend, lately went with his master to a country railway station. His master went to a neighboring station down the line, leaving Darkie to await his return, which he dutifully did, guarding the pony trap with faithfulness and sagacity.

On their arrival at home again after a two-mile drive, the master missed one of his gloves. He showed it to Darkie, saying only, "He, lost!" Darkie started off and was gone for three hours, when he returned with the missing glove, breathless but happy. The next day the porter at the station told the owner:

"We had a pretty job with your dog yesterday, sir. He came here, went down the line as fast as his legs would carry him, went to the station you got out at, came back here, rummaged the place all over, and nearly upset the book-stall, under which your glove was, and carried it off in his month."



KING CAULIFLOWER.—By PALMER COX.

OLD CAULIFLOWER was a king who ruled o'er land and sea;
He took a penny from the till of his great treasury,
And with the money in his hand he ran about the town
To make a purchase of a pint of pea-nuts roasted brown.
And when he brought them to his room it was the king's intent
To eat the pea-nuts in the bed before to sleep he went.

To this the queen objection made, and very well she might,
For he was well along in years, and late it was at night;
Then said the crabbed Cauliflower: "Am I not a king?
And may I not do what I please, or swallow anything?"

Oh! have a care, my queenly dame; my word is law, you know,
And if I do but say the word, your saucy head may go."

Then quick the fearless queen replied: "Go, frighten slave or fool,

But I would have you understand that here 'tis I who rule;
So take your pea-nuts somewhere else, and may they cost you dear.

For were you fifty times a king you'll not be munching here!"
Then out upon the steps of stone in silence sat his grace,
And ate the pint of roasted nuts before he left the place.

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WAITING :

J.M.D.

WAITING.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

I SAID, "When will the summer come?
Mamma, is it not late?"
She smiled, and answered, "By-and-by;
Be patient, child, and wait."
I asked papa if he would buy
A new wax doll for me,
He pinched my cheek, and said, "Not now;
Be patient, and I'll see."
"Nurse, tell me when my dear rose-bush
A blossom red will bear."
"Oh, by-and-by, my dear. Don't fret.
Come, let me brush your hair."
"When shall I grow so tall, papa,
That I can reach your head?"
"Quite soon enough, my little one;
Wait patiently," he said.
"Dear me!" I thought; "they all say 'Wait.'
I'll put my dolls away,
And go and sit upon the stairs
As long as I can stay."
Now I have waited patiently
For hours and hours and hours,
And yet the dear doll has not come,
The summer, nor the flowers.
I have not grown a single bit,
And now I know it's late,
I'm going up to tell mamma
It does no good to wait.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY DAVID KER.

SO it seems a fellow called Arabi Bey, or some such
name, is making a row in Cairo; but of course it
won't come to anything—these things never do."

So spoke, after exchanging a few words with a pilot
who had just come down the Suez Canal from Port Said,
the Captain of our homeward-bound steamer from India,
little dreaming how world-famous the "row" of which he
spoke so lightly was to become not many weeks later.

"If these Arab fellows should ever want to destroy the
canal," says a young English Lieutenant of Engineers
going home from India on leave, "they wouldn't have
much trouble with it. You see there's a regular hollow
on each side here and there, and they need only dig
through or blow up the embankment to run the channel
bone-dry in no time."

His words are confirmed a few minutes later when a
group of native goat-herds, as black and shaggy and wild-
looking as the goats which they tend, wade out to within a
few yards of the steamer, clamorously offering to dive for
piastres (five-cent copper pieces). In fact, the Suez Canal,
throughout its whole length of eighty-six miles, is as
shallow as any ditch except in the very centre of the
channel, and even there it has a depth of only twenty six
and a quarter feet, with a mean breadth of seventy, widen-
ing to one hundred in the "sidings."

Every now and then we pass a neat little landing-place,
surmounted by a painted station house overlooking a tiny
patch of stunted shrubs and straggling flowers, doing their
best to grow upon a thin smear of soil brought from a dis-
tance, and plastered upon the barren, scorching sand. A
little farther on we see, perched on a steep sand ridge just
at the point where the canal enters the wide smooth ex-
panse of the Timsah Lake, a primitive sentry-box, consist-
ing merely of a screen of dried grass, supported by four
tall canes, beneath which a drowsy Arab is supposed to
look out for passing steamers when he has nothing better
to do.

But just as we are two-thirds of the way across the
Timsah Lake itself, one of the many shallow lagoons
through which the canal runs for a full third of its

length, we see the French steamer ahead of us halt sud-
denly, and the next moment comes a signal that a boat
has run aground in the canal beyond the lake, and that
we must wait until she gets off again.

There is no help for it, and we are just making up our
minds to a halt of several hours, with nothing to do but
stare at the trim bonbon-like houses and dark green plan-
tations of Ismailia* along the farther shore, with the big
white front of the Khedive's palace standing up in the
midst like an overgrown hotel, when an unexpected in-
terruption occurs.

"Look here, mates," shouts a sailor perched on the
jib-boom; "here's one o' them darkies out for a swim.
He'll be coming to challenge old Jack here to swim a
match for the championship of the canal."

"Let him try it," retorts a tall, raw-boned, North Coun-
try man behind him. "If that 'ere nigger thinks he can
beat me, he'll know better afore long, or my name ain't
Jaek Hawley."

So saying, Jack strips and plunges in, heading straight
for the round black head which is bobbing about like a
cork in the smooth water. But just as he reaches the
Arab the latter vanishes, and a sharp pinch on his right
calf warns Jack that his enemy has taken him in the rear,
amid a shout of laughter from the steamer.

Jack darts at his assailant, who dives again, and com-
ing up beyond him, splashes a perfect cataract of water in
his face, and instantly the two are at it with might and
main, filling the whole air with showers of glittering
spray.

"Will you swim me to that buoy yonder, Johnny?"
challenges Jack.

"You go, me go," grins the native, and off they start.

At first the Egyptian's short, snapping, hand-over-hand
stroke carries him bravely on; but little by little the long,
steady, powerful strokes of the Englishman begin to tell,
and at length he forges slightly ahead. The crew cheer
lustily, and fancy that Jack has certainly won the race;
but the young Lieutenant, who knows Arab ways, shakes
his head and tells them to "wait a bit."

Poor Jack! he has forgotten in his eagerness that his
head is unprotected, and that he has not one of those cast-
iron Eastern skulls that can defy a tropical sun. All at
once his head is seen to sway dizzily back, he throws up
his arms convulsively, and down he goes.

"Stand by to lower the boat!" roars the Captain. "Be
alive now!"

As if moved by a single impulse, the men spring at once
to the davits; but, luckily for poor Jaek, other and near-
er help is at hand. The Arab, when he sees his rival's
strength fail so suddenly, guesses in a moment what is
the matter, and makes for him at once. Three powerful
strokes bring him alongside of the sinking man, and twin-
ing his sinewy fingers in Jack's bushy hair, he holds the
latter's head above water, paddling gently meanwhile to
keep himself afloat.

"Stand by your tackle! let go!"

The tackles rattle sharply through the blocks, the boat
splashes into the water, and the passengers spring upon
the bulwarks to give her a shove as she darts away toward
the two imperilled men, as fast as eight sturdy rowers can
propel her.

But in this race betwixen life and death the chances are
terribly in favor of the latter. True, the water of the
lake, saltier by far than the sea itself, is buoyant as India
rubber; but it is no easy matter for the Arab, already
spent with his long swim, to support the huge bulk of the
helpless sailor, and the boat seems still a fearfully long
way off.

* Named after its founder, Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt.
It is connected with Suez by a fresh-water canal, through which the lit-
tle Egyptian steam-launches run in about twelve hours.

Once, twice, the Englishman's head dips below the surface, and the oarsmen almost leap from their seats as they see it. Pull, boys, pull! And now they are but three lengths off, and now but one, and now, with a deafening hurrah, the fainting man and his exhausted rescuer are dragged into the boat.

"Come, boys," cried Lieutenant H—, "that's a plucky fellow, Arab or no Arab. What do you say to sending round the hat for him; here's a *rupee*" (fifty cents) "to begin with."

And half an hour later the Arab was on his way back to the shore, with more money tied up in the white cotton sash round his waist than he had ever had before in his life.

UNCLE ZED'S WOLF.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

"BAA! baa! baa!" sounded in noisy, frightened chorus underneath Parson Darius Miller's windows one cold April morning about fifty years ago.

So loud and so persistent was the chorus that Parson Miller's three sturdy boys were awake and on their feet before it had grown light enough to distinguish anything in the gray outside.

"Father! father!" shouted James, the second boy, clattering down the stairs in his heavy boots. "what ails the sheep? They're all huddled up close to the house, right under your window. Don't you hear them? Say, father, wake up!"

In response to all this ontery, good Parson Miller, who was a hard-working farmer as well as a parson, and slept the sleep of the just, gave forth a feeble and only half-intelligent "yes." Presently, however, he joined the boys, and then discovered that not all the sheep were huddled together underneath the windows, but that two of them were missing, and that large dangerous-looking tracks were all over the light snow—a regular "sugar-snow"—which covered the ground outside.

"I'll bet it's a wolf," ventured Daniel, the eldest boy.

"Guess it's nothing but a wild-cat," said the parson.

"Too big for a wild-cat," said Tom. "A great deal bigger than the one Squire Taylor caught in his trap."

Tom was the quiet boy, but somehow, when Tom spoke, even the older ones paid attention. Tom's eyes were always on the alert, and though they were of a gray and by no means beautiful color, and were set in a sallow and "peaked" little face, Tom was considered a vastly good-looking boy by all of the family and his intimate friends, on the principle of "Handsome is that handsome does."

Just then Squire Taylor, their next neighbor, came tramping hastily across his field, his two boys, of about the same age as James and Tom Miller, following after him.

"Wolf tracks all around my barn," said the good Squire, excitedly, before he had come near enough to see the sheep lying on the snow.

"There!" cried Daniel, nodding significantly to Tom.

"Where's the fellow gone?" queried little Tom, who was only fourteen, and who didn't look so old as that by reason of his small stature.

"That's it! that's it!" cried the Squire, slapping Tom approvingly on the shoulder. "Where's the varmint gone? Let's track him, to be sure. Hullo! there's Uncle Zed."

Sure enough, old Zadok Cummings, familiarly known as "Uncle Zed," was hurrying along through the fields toward them, and carrying his old shot-gun in his hands. The news had evidently travelled fast.

"Seen him?" shouted the old man, all on fire with excitement, while drops of sweat ran down his russet face, in spite of the chilly weather. "Jest tell me what d'rection he's took, 'n' I'll ketch him! The eritter! I'll ketch him;

oh, I'll ketch him!" And Uncle Zed looked so fierce and funny that all of them began to laugh. But they finally succeeded in convincing the old man that he couldn't possibly "ketch him," for a few moments at least, and that the case was too serious for them to decide at once on the best course to pursue.

"He'll be around to-night too, and bring some more with him, if we don't ketch him," put in Uncle Zed, whenever a good chance occurred.

Two or three had started out to follow the trail of the wolf, and they came back to report that the tracks ended in Squire Taylor's woods.

"We must make a ring right around the woods, and hem him in—that's the way," said the Squire, quickly.

Tom, standing back behind his brothers, was seen to nod approvingly, whereupon the other boys did the same. Indeed, the proposition seemed to commend itself to the entire company, and they started toward the woods, those who had not brought guns hurrying off to get some.

"I could do it just as well alone," muttered Uncle Zed. "They hain't ben no wolves around here for several years now, but I hain't forgot how to ketch 'em. I guess I hain't."

The men were disposed, and then everything was profoundly quiet, excepting for the sound of the beating of the bushes, or of a stray shot, when some overconfident hunter was "sure he had him."

At last Uncle Zed heard a low growl in a thicket, and he had hardly time to raise his gun when out sprang an enormous wolf, and came directly toward him. The old man, almost paralyzed with fright, pulled the trigger, but his hand trembled so that his shot went a yard above the wolf's head, and the animal bounded past him unhurt. Uncle Zed shrieked, "Wolf! wolf!" and a half-dozen men were soon in hot pursuit of the discovered game.

Tom Miller, feeling very disconsolate because he hadn't any gun, had not accompanied the rest; but his mother, who felt no fear for Tom, and sympathized deeply with the courageous little fellow, had advised him to go to a certain neighbor's and see if he couldn't borrow one. It was necessary to go quite a distance, but Tom had made it on old Sorrel, the mare. He had come back in a wonderfully short time, bringing a trusty little shot-gun with him, and was making his way up the hill just as the wolf dashed out of the woods, heading in his direction.

Tom's heart came up in his throat, but he ran for a clump of bushes close by that he thought would afford a good position for a shot, stationed himself among them, and waited.

The cries of the men in pursuit came nearer. Then the gallop into which the wolf had broken from its quick trot when it left the woods seemed to shake the very ground under him. Spring—spring—spring, came the terrified brute. He was in sight. Tom steadied his gun and fired. The wolf uttered a cry, half bark, half screech, and giving a few lame and wounded leaps, lay bleeding on the ground. Then shot after shot from the men behind was poured in upon the poor creature, until he lay thoroughly dead. Tom Miller was quite the hero of the day, and it was voted unanimously that the wolf-skin belonged to him.

"Well, Uncle Zed, why didn't you 'ketch him,' as you said you were going to?" inquired Squire Taylor, jokingly, as the men were separating to go to a late dinner.

"Don't know what in thunder ailed my gun," complained Uncle Zed, rapping that unfortunate weapon crossly; "but, after all"—straightening up proudly—"you'd never have ketched that wolf if it hadn't 'a ben for me."

"How's that?" asked the Squire.

"Why, goodness gracious! didn't you hear me holler? I hollered an' started you all up. My!" continued the old man, reflectively, as he turned away amid a general laugh, which did not appear to damp his spirits in the least, "how I did holler!"

CORAL REEFS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THE attention of seamen and navigators has long been attracted by the number of circular islands in the warm parts of the Pacific and Indian oceans. Generally each one of these circular islands contains a lake of quiet water extending almost to its outer shores, so that the island looks like a fairy ring of land floating in the ocean, and adorned with tropical trees and plants.

Happily for the boys and girls of the present day, this subject, with other equally fascinating branches of science, has now been studied by naturalists, who give us the rich results of their labors. It seems scarcely possible that

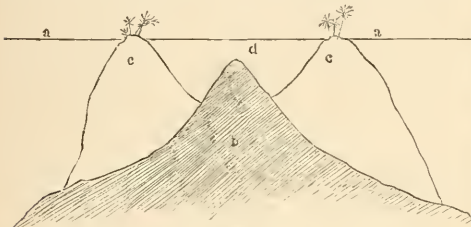


Fig. 1.—a, a, SURFACE OF THE WATER; b, NATURAL BED OF THE OCEAN; c, c, CORAL FORMATION; d, LAGOON.

the dainty beautiful corals which we examined not long ago in YOUNG PEOPLE can have anything to do with the making of islands, but so it is. Coral reefs are vast masses of coral which have grown in warm oceans. Their formation must have been slow, yet they sometimes extend hundreds of miles. Florida and many other parts of our solid continents are known to have been formed from coral reefs.

Let us now try to picture to ourselves the beginning of one of these reefs, and by following its growth step by step we may at least understand how it has been formed. There are hills and valleys on the bottom of the ocean as well as on the land. We will fancy that some young coral polyps which have been swimming about in the sea settle on the sides of one of these hills, and begin to grow and spread all around it. They will increase also by the deposit of eggs until they form a circular wall.

As the coral wall grows, the lower polyps and the inner ones die, their skeletons forming a solid foundation for all that grow above them. There may be only about an inch of living coral on the outside of the reef.

These walls rise nearly straight, and you will see that in doing so they inclose a circular basin of quiet water, and now you can understand why it is that a coral island mostly has a lake in the centre, as is shown in Fig. 1. The lakes are called lagoons.

The bottom of the wall is formed of brain-coral and other solid kinds which live only in deep water, and they die when a certain height is reached. The formation of the new island does not stop with their death, however. The wall having now reached the proper height to suit branching corals, which require shallower water, their young polyps will settle upon it, and finish the structure. We might suppose a reef formed of branching corals would be open and unsubstantial, but in their growth the branches are thickly interlaced. The spaces between them become filled with substances floating in the ocean, and with pieces of coral which are broken from the reef by the force dashing of the waves. The whole forms a solid mass, stronger, perhaps, than any stone masonry. The frag-

ments of coral suffer no serious injury by breaking, but if lodged in some favorable spot they continue to grow.

The outer edge of the wall is steep and abrupt. Soundings taken just outside show very deep water. In this portion of the wall the corals live and thrive, always supplied with clear water. The breakers dash against it with such fury that apparently the hardest rock must in time yield to the tremendous force of the waves. But, strange as it may appear, the soft jelly-like bodies of the polyps give to the reef the power of resisting the billows.

The inner surface of the wall slopes gently to the land, and being washed by quiet waters often containing sand and mud, it is not favorable to the growth of polyps. Still, there are certain kinds of coral which thrive within the lagoons; some of them are exceedingly brilliant and beautiful.

The coral polyps die before they reach the surface of the ocean, as no corals can live out of water. The remainder of the island is built up by shells, pieces of broken coral, sea-weed, and other floating materials which are washed upon it, raising the wall higher and higher. The never-ceasing action of the waves grinds up these shells and broken coral, until at last they form a soil of sand and mud which is now ready to receive any seeds that may float on the water or be brought by the winds and the birds. The seeds take root in the new soil, and young plants begin to appear on the glistening white surface. Floating coconuts often lodge on the shores, and cocoa-nut-trees are among the first to grow upon them. As the plants drop their leaves and decay, the soil is enriched little by little, and fitted for the home of various animals and birds, which in some mysterious manner find their way to these lonely spots far out at sea. In time our coral reef may become a beautiful tropical island fringed with waving trees and plants, and inhabited by man.

Circular islands seldom form complete rings. There is generally an opening into the lake on the side most sheltered from the wind. A safe harbor in mid-ocean is thus made, in which vessels may take shelter, but it requires an expert navigator to pass the perils at its entrance. To anchor on the outer shore would be impossible. In Fig. 2 is a pretty little coral island with ships in its lagoon. If a lake is entirely inclosed by the coral wall, it may in



Fig. 2.—AN ATOLL.

time be changed to fresh water by the rains that fall into it.

Coral reefs often extend to a depth of three hundred feet below the surface of the ocean, and formerly persons were puzzled to know how they could have grown in such deep water, as no coral polyps can live at a greater depth than twenty or thirty fathoms. This puzzling question was settled by the late Charles Darwin, who first showed that coral islands occur where there has been a gradual sinking of the bottom of the ocean. As the reef rises in height, the sinking of the foundation partly counteracts the upward growth of the coral; consequently the proper

depth of water is secured, and the reef appears to be stationary, whereas it is really growing upward.

Whenever a coral reef rises above the surface of the ocean, we may know that the coral, which grew under water, has been lifted above the level of the sea by a rising of the ocean-bed.

These circular reefs are called "atolls." They are quite different from the "fringing reefs," which extend along the shores of continents and islands. There are usually openings or breaks in fringing reefs directly opposite the mouths of rivers and fresh-water streams, as the corals can not endure currents which carry mud or sediment. Perhaps the grandest reef to be found in any part of the world is the one extending along the northeast coast of Australia. It is nearly one thousand miles in length, and proves to us that the helpless coral polyps have played no trifling part in the formation of our earth. All they have accomplished has been done merely by their living and growing.

THE BOYS' STORE-KEEPING.

BY C. M. ST. DENYS.

I.

A CROSS the way from the Stanley boys' home a new house was being built. A pile of lumber lay just outside of the sidewalk in front of the new building, and it was piled so irregularly that the upper boards extended out considerably beyond the lower ones, thus forming a sheltered spot below. The ends of some of the lower boards, too, projected in such a way as to make little shelves at different heights, and even a rude seat and table. The boys had often gathered under this shelter for a chat, and when John and Bob Stanley announced that they saw in it the making of a fine store, all the other boys groaned inwardly, and said to themselves, "Why did not I think of that?"

Of course Bob and John did not plunge into the risks of business without first counting the cost. The plan was well digested. They had talked it over fully three days before it was publicly announced.

The chief difficulty was about the amount of capital to be invested. John had been saving up his money for a long time toward buying a bicycle, and Bob—well, Bob was not so thrifty; there was not much "save" about him, though when it came to needing the money to set him up in business, he saw clearly that he must mend his ways.

"I declare, John," he said, gloomily, "I don't believe I can rake up twenty-five cents toward starting the store. I wish I'd thought of it before. It was only last week I bought ten cents' worth of marbles."

"Put them in stock, and sell out at an advance," suggested John.

Bob shook his head. "The boys aren't going to pay me more for marbles than they can get them for at Thompson's. Besides, I was dince enough to show them off at recess, so the boys would call them second-hand, and want a reduction."

"That's true. But you had better lose on them for the



WINTER.

sake of getting some cash in hand that you could lay out in something you could make money on."

"But I don't see how we are to make money, anyhow. The other boys can buy as cheap as we can."

"No; Thompson would come down in his prices if we told him we were buying to sell again. Buying at wholesale, you know, they always do."

"So they do;" and Bob's face brightened. "You have a lot of money to put into the business," he said, admiringly.

"I shan't put all my money in," said the prudent John. "It's too much risk. I'd rather begin small; and then I could get my bicycle even if we failed in business."

For it must be admitted that, like reasonable beings, they looked forward to failure as the most probable ending to their enterprise. Nine men out of every ten who start in business for themselves fail; and why should not they close in this exciting and approved manner? As far back as the time of Macbeth such things were not unknown; and the boys said bravely to themselves, "If we fail, we fail"; and so much the more interesting.

"But how much capital are you going to put in?" persisted Bob.

"Well, now, really, Bob, if we are to be even partners, I can't put any more money in than you do. It would make the thing too complicated, and not be fair to me, you know."

Bob sighed. "Only half a dollar to start the business! It will look mean. I wish I had not got so many glasses of soda-water this season. It's worse than marble3 for running away with money."

"We might take in some more partners," said John, after a thoughtful pause.

"But Dick says he don't care about it, and every cent of Sam's money goes for his bantams and pigeons."

"What do you say to asking Tom Fleming?"

"No," said Bob, decisively. "When a gold mine opens before you, keep it all in the family, I say."

But the difficulty of the small capital still remained. Their anxiety lost the boys at least an hour's sleep that night, and when they woke in the morning, the same burden at once took possession of them.

"Let's tell Aunt Sue about it," said Bob.

Aunt Sue was much pleased with the plan. She thought the effort to conduct the little business would give them business habits and tact. She made suggestions that helped them greatly.

"You won't need much money to start with," she said. "Look over your closets and boxes, and see what you have already that you would like to dispose of. You have a good many toys and other things that you will never use again, and you might sell them for something. Call your shop a new and second-hand store, and that will make it all fair. What kind of a stock were you thinking of keeping?"

"Oh, almost anything. Like a country store, you know. Marbles, and tops, and slate-pencils, and—"

"And chewing-gum," suggested Bob. "The boys and girls buy more of that than of anything else lately."

"I wouldn't keep it if I were you," said Aunt Sue. "It's a bad habit to use it, and you want to establish your business on good principles. I hope you'll keep bird-seed, though. You could count on me as a customer."

"Well, we will, and we'll give up the chewing-gum. But, Aunt Sue," and Bob assumed his most persuasive tones, "I'll tell you one thing we could sell like wild-fire, and it would not cost us anything, either."

"What?" asked Aunt Sue, smiling, but mentally bracing herself for opposition.

"Cookies."

"Not of my baking, Bob. You ought to know too much of the trouble and expense of cake-making to think of it. I can't undertake to supply the town with cookies."

Bob sobered at this reference to his prowess at cake-baking; but Sister Bess, regardless of his feelings, mischievously suggested,

"You might make molasses candy for sale."

"It's out of season," returned Bob, with dignity. "I guess we'll lay in a stock of sour-balls."

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you," said Bess, relenting. "I'll make you some button-hole bouquets."

"Well, but I don't know who'll buy them."

"They'll help to fill up the shelves and make the place look pretty, at any rate."

Bob and John began to feel that the store was going to be a success, and proceeded to overhaul the attic for salable articles.

The sign-board was a very important matter. Dick undertook to paint them one. But as it would take some days for the paint to dry, it was decided that they could begin with a sign chalked on an old slate.

There was not much to be done toward fitting up the store. A piece of canvas was hung on one side, and a loose board was laid across the entrance for protection against the rabble, for as the store was only large enough to hold the proprietors and their goods, the customers were expected to make their purchases over the counter from the outside.

Saturday was to be "Opening Day," and the very earliest people on their way to market saw the two boys working like beavers to get the place to rights in good season. By the time the village boys and girls had breakfasted the new store shone out in all its glory, with the sign "STANLEY BROTHERS" the most conspicuous thing about it.

The marbles and other small articles were arranged as neatly as possible in boxes on the irregular little shelves. Some old story-books with the boys' dictionary were piled modestly in the background, while the jar of sour-balls and the row of tasty little bouquets were paraded on the counter.

This plan, however, did not work well, for the boys found themselves obliged to keep a sharp eye on these attractive goods to prevent their being snatched by evil-disposed visitors, and it was very harassing. The business had been so well advertised beforehand, at recesses and on other occasions, that the whole juvenile population made a point of repairing thither in the course of the day. Most of them came only to look, but that was to be expected on Opening Day.

The boys had not thought of putting up a notice to the effect that it was no trouble to show goods; but if they had, that day's experience would have decided them against it. Some of the boys, and girls too, for that matter, were very provoking, and insisted on seeing everything that was in the store, when they had not the least intention of buying anything.

Some of them, too, were very frank in expressing their opinion about the stock. *They* would not open a store at all if they could do no better than that.

But the very worst of it all was that all the boys that did want to buy always wanted to trade off something else for the goods; and the girls were more unreasonable still, for they thought that Bob and John ought to be willing to sell everything for pins.

By noon the boys were beginning to feel quite dejected. To be sure, they had taken in a few cents for sour-balls; but then they had reason to believe that several had been feloniously abstracted while the throng was greatest—for part of the time the little counter had been lined three or four deep—so that, on the whole, they would probably lose on this most popular article. Bob and John each ate a sour-ball to restore their spirits.

"They'll melt in this bright sun," said Bob, "and the flowers are wilting. We had better put them back in the shade. What shall we put front instead?"

"Slate-pencils," suggested John.

"Pooh! Catch a boy buying a slate-pencil on Saturday."

The question was still unsettled when the welcome sound of the dinner bell was heard. Obeying the first impulse, both boys started for home. Then Bob stopped,

"I don't believe it's safe to leave the store alone," he said.

"No, of course not. You stay till I come back. I'm awfully hungry."

"I guess I'm as hungry as you are," returned Bob, but John was half-way across the street; so Bob, calling to him to hurry back, sat down, hungrier than ever, to nurse his provocation over that selfish John. There was no help for it; he must try if another sour-ball would stop the gnawings of hunger and sweeten his temper for the next customer.

It seemed as if the whole town must dine at the same hour, for Bob was left quite lonely for a while.

Then John came back, devouring a biscuit as he came, and making some remarks beginning, "Aunt Sue says," which Bob did not stop to hear, for the boys passed each other in the middle of the street like two oppositely bound locomotives.

II.

Bob staid a long time. Neither did he move as swiftly on his return trip as he had when he started out.

"I'll tell you what it is, John," he said, at the first opportunity, "we'll have to take in some outside partners, after all. A couple of the Flemings could help us first-rate. They always have their meals later than we do."

"Well," said John, "I don't know but it would be a good thing to have somebody to share the responsibility."

"But I don't see how we can make room for any more boys inside here. It's crowded enough now."

"We don't all need to be inside at once. One could be floor-walker, and one a detective, or something in the crowd. I'd like it. It's tiresome sitting in this little place all day. I got awfully cramped this morning."

So overtures were made to Tom and Fred Fleming, who felt quite flattered, and accepted the honor at once. After some discussion they were installed as silent partners, and contributed their quota of fish-hooks and decaleomanie pictures, etc., to the now flourishing business.

The shop being so near, Aunt Sue and Bessie visited it in the afternoon to see how the boys were getting on.

They were shocked to see some of their own possessions airing in the new store. An old set of false curls hung dangling on a nail, like a scalp adorning an Indian wig-wam as an honorable trophy.

"You outrageous boys!" exclaimed Aunt Sue, as she seized and confiscated it. "Where did you get this?"

"Out of the attic," said Bob, meekly. "I thought you were done with it."

"But it's not for sale if I am done with it. I'm surprised at you."

Aunt Sue seemed really hurt, and was scarcely mollified by Bob's saying, coaxingly, "Oh, now, Aunt Sue, don't be vexed. I always liked to see them hanging down your neck. They looked so pretty, I thought somebody else might be glad to get them."

By this time Bessie had discovered a tin-type of herself among a lot of cheap pictures, and her wrath burst forth on John, who was just congratulating himself on having escaped his aunt's wrath.

"I'd like to know what right you have to offer my picture for sale," she said, indignantly.

"It's not yours. It's mine. You gave it to me on my birthday."

"And that's all you care for it! I'll be careful how I ever give my picture to another boy. Give it to me this minute."

"Why, no, Bess. It shows how much we admire it. Other folks do too. I had an offer for it this morning, but I couldn't make the change."

Bessie's eyes flashed; and Aunt Sue, coming to the rescue, quietly laid the picture in her bag with the curls.

"I think you had better show us your whole stock, boys," she said, calmly. "What are your skates doing here?"

"I'm going to sell them. I'd rather have a bicycle than skates any day."

"Very well; only if you part with them don't expect to have a new pair given to you when winter comes. What books have you? Why, boys, you are not going to sell your dictionary?"

"Oh, I'm tired of looking through it. The old bother!"

"It must be taken home," said Aunt Sue, with decision. "It won't do to have your father's dictionaries thumbed and dog-eared in this way. You must keep your own."

The boys were beginning to think that the custom of their immediate relatives was not going to be profitable. But the seizures were over now, and Aunt Sue actually bought in John's old copy of *Original Poems*. Bessie, too, concluded to be forgiving, and she and Aunt Sue made several other purchases, so that they left the boys in good spirits in spite of the bad beginning.

In the trying morning hours the boys had decided to close early every Saturday afternoon "for the sake of their clerks." But they felt better after the Flenings came to their assistance, and did not close until six o'clock, when everything had to be packed in boxes and carried home until Monday. Before doing this, however, they took an account of stock and balanced their accounts, which was a comparatively simple matter, as they sold nothing on credit. Aunt Sue had bought half their supply of bird-seed, and Molly Fleming had taken all the bouquets at half price to distribute in the infant school the next morning. The boys spent the evening in talking over the events of the day.

"If we did so well on the first day, what may we not expect on the second?" was the feeling with which the young merchants began business on Monday. But Monday brought new trials. The goods had all to be packed away, and the store closed by school-time, which seemed rather humiliating. Of course the boys intended to resume punctually at twelve o'clock. But how unlucky! They all unaccountably missed their lessons, and were

kept in to correct them, so that they lost the whole of their noon trade.

Perhaps this only gave greater zest to the afternoon spell, for they kept open quite late that evening. Still, with all their devotion, business flagged. Infant schools could not absorb a stock of bouquets every day, and Aunt Sue had enough bird-seed to last her a week. The sour-ball business proved to be quite a losing one, for the luscious things melted away mysteriously even when kept in the shade, although each partner kept a strict watch on himself, and seldom, oh, very seldom, refreshed himself with one.

Things got so serious that the four partners held a business meeting that evening after the store closed.

"We've got to do something, boys, or we'll break before the week's out, sure as fate," said Fred Fleming.

By Tuesday the boys had that care-worn look that men acquire when they can't make both ends meet. The other boys really pitied them, and some of them actually bought slate-pencils on their way to school in the afternoon, though they did not need them.

That very afternoon an occurrence took place which threatened to end the boys' store-keeping quite tragically.

An organ-grinder, with his red-coated monkey, planted himself just beside the pile of lumber and began to play. This pleased Tom and Bob, who happened to be in sole charge at the time. They enjoyed a monkey's antics as well as any one.

Perhaps it was the flag waving over the sign of the "Stally Brothers" that suggested to the man to play "Ranly round the Flag, Boys." He played it with a will, and the boys, and girls too, rallied with a vengeance. The young merchants found their store again a grand centre of attraction.

The monkey seemed particularly delighted with it, for, after dancing and bowing on the organ-top a short time, he leaped upon the counter, and before the proprietors knew what he was about he had thrust his paw into the box of rubber balls, and was throwing a ball into the crowd.

A shout of delight greeted this feat. Tom and Bob each made a dive after the monkey, but he dexterously eluded them, and threw another ball.

Of course the balls were thrown back at him, and in a moment the air seemed full of them, flying in every direction. The boys could not turn their heads but bounce would come a ball into their eyes, and if they tried to say, "You rascal," the words would be cut short by a ball flying into their mouths. The uproar was tremendous, and the crowd grew larger every minute. The monkey seemed to be in his element, dancing and jumping from shelf to shelf, grinning and chattering with all his might, and when there was no ball convenient he did not hesitate to throw something else.

The boys grew desperate when they saw their slate-pencils and Jew's-harps flying through the air.

"See here!" they shouted to the organ-grinder, who was now peacefully playing the "Marseillaise Hymn," "this thing is getting dangerous. Take your old monkey away, will you? You'll have to pay for all the damage. Do you hear?"

It would have been surprising if he had heard in all that uproar, but he gave no sign.

Tom made another lunge at the monkey, and fell sprawling over the counter. Then Bob dived at him, but the monkey, reaching down from a high perch, deftly lifted Bob's hat, and threw it into the crowd.

"You rascal. I'll pay you for this," screamed Bob.

But the next thing the monkey did was to plant himself on Bob's head. Bob, with his face as red as the monkey's coat, clutched wildly at him, but the monkey clutched the tighter.

Bob could do nothing but scream and beat at the mis-



"'YOU' OUTRAGEOUS BOYS" EXCLAIMED AUNT SUE."

chievous animal, first with one hand, then with the other, then with both at once, while the crowd shouted with laughter, until the organ-grinder, seeing that his monkey was really in danger, stopped his music, called off his pet, and began to move away. Then the crowd of children dispersed.

John and Fred, who had been taking their turn "off" when these proceedings began, now made their way to their crest-fallen comrades. Bob was too angry to make any attempt to collect his property. He picked up his battered hat and walked home, saying, "I don't care what becomes of the old things. I've done with them."

A few of their friends were kind enough to assist them in the search, but it was a sorry-looking set of goods that were collected.

"They're half of them gone," said Tom. "I do believe that monkey went off with his cheeks and pockets full of our things."

"I'll have that man prosecuted," said John, fiercely. "Which way did he go?"

"Oh, he's more likely to prosecute us. He says Bob half killed his monkey."

Sadly the boys packed up their damaged goods and carried them home, protesting that they had had enough of store-keeping. The monkey had scratched Bob's head so hard that he was really suffering, and Bess had to run for the arnica bottle, and bandage his head.

Aunt Sue was particularly liberal with the cake and preserves that evening at tea, and if anything could have comforted the boys, it was such thoughtfulness.



A FLIRTATION.

SQUIRRELS, AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.

BY JAMES OTIS.

IT seems almost cruel to catch and cage such a bright, winsome little fellow as a squirrel. In his natural state he seems to be thoroughly happy. His home is a snug little hole in the fork of a tree, and all the nut-bearing giants of the forest pay tribute to him. Bright, happy, "cunning" little fellow, if you must keep him as a pet, lavish upon him such kindness and attention as shall reconcile him to the prison bars, and make him forget his forest home.

The name squirrel comes from the Greek word *sciurus*, which is made up of two words, signifying shade and tail, indicative of the little creature's habit of shading its entire body when at rest with its tail.

Of the species known to our woods, the most common is the striped squirrel, an industrious little body, fond of his home and family, and seldom given to roving, but one which the confinement of a cage kills in a very short time.

Then there is a little animal known by the boys as a chipmunk, which some naturalists declare is a member of the squirrel family, while others give it the name of dormouse. It makes a good pet, but must be kept in a warm place, and besides the usual food for squirrels it requires milk.

The black squirrel is the largest of its species, and while it will live in a cage, is rarely a tractable animal, requiring a vast amount of patience to induce it even to take its food when any one is looking at it.

Then there is the flying-squirrel, which resembles the striped species. It does not really fly, but has the power of flattening its legs and feet in such a way that they do not look unlike wings. In leaping, the legs and feet sustain it in the air until it almost seems as if it was flying.

It is the gray squirrel that is the most contented in captivity, and the most easily tamed; therefore, if one really thinks it necessary to his happiness to make a prisoner of such a liberty-loving little creature, he should procure one of the gray species.

If the reader is a would-be squirrel owner, and proposes to catch one in the woods, he will be obliged to take just the kind of one that is foolish enough to enter his trap; but if he proposes to buy one, he should select it carefully, for much depends upon the condition of the prisoner in taming or keeping him.

See that the fur is sleek and glossy, for dry, ruffled-looking fur is a sure sign the animal is sick, or pining so for the woods that he will not live very long in a cage. Observe well if the feet are clean, for if they are dirty, he has lost all pride in his appearance, which is another sign of homesickness or some equally serious ailment. The eyes should be bright, and the teeth perfectly white. Yellow teeth are a sign of age, and it is as difficult to tame a very old squirrel as it is to keep him alive in captivity.

Beware of squirrels brought around by men who say they have caught and tamed them. If they look stupid and inactive, the chances are that they have been drugged to make them seem tame, and if they live, they will surely be wild and intractable.

Having made the selection of just such a one as you want for a pet, give him all the comfort possible in the way of a cage. It is better to have a large rough one than a small neat-looking one; and if it is not possible to buy a large cage, make one yourself, and the squirrel will be pleased at the absence of style because of the increased facilities for moving about.

A board thirty-six inches long and sixteen wide is quite as small a base for the house and run-around as should be given. Twenty-two inches of this length should be devoted to the dwelling portion, which should be built something after the style of a one-story cottage, with a second floor just at the slope of the roof, so that the attic may

serve as sleeping-room and a place to which the squirrel can retire when he is anxious to be hidden from view.

The lower front of the house may be of wire, so that a portion of his domestic life may be seen. The second floor should have in it an opening about three inches square, which is connected with the first floor by a small strip of board or thin stuff of any kind, placed at an angle, so that he can get "upstairs" without difficulty.

The floors should be of some hard wood, so that they may not absorb water, and the whole place should be cleaned thoroughly once in every three or four weeks. In order to do this readily, it is well to have one side of the house fastened with hinges, so it may be swung open, and then the little fellow can be shut into the wheel during house-cleaning. The lower compartment should have a wire door, through which food can be given.

The wheel in which he takes his tread-mill exercise any tin or wire worker can make, and the hole which connects it with the house should be large enough to prevent any possibility of his getting squeezed if he attempts to go into his house while the wheel is turning rapidly.

Give the little prisoner plenty of nuts of any kind, although those containing the least oil are the best—acorns, wheat, stale bread, a little boiled potato, and once in a very great while a bit of cooked meat. Keep a small dish of water in the cage, and see to it carefully that it is changed each day.

In all dealings with the squirrel it is necessary to be gentle and patient with him, if it is desired to make of him a real pet. Do not force him out of his nest when he goes into it, nor keep him in the wheel when he desires to go into his house.

Each time that he is fed, whistle or make some peculiar sound, and he will soon learn to come when he is called. This is the first step toward teaching him to come into his owner's hands. After he has learned to come at call, hold some particular dainty in the fingers, and do not let him have it until he takes it himself.

When once he has learned to have perfect confidence in his master, he will not scruple to take food from his hands, and in a very short time will be bold enough to explore his pockets, going into them bodily, for something to eat that is a trifle better than his regular fare.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

NAN thought that the delight of this day never could be equalled by anything life would bring, even at Beverly. To begin with, she and Miss Phyllis started out in a luxurious carriage, which rolled them through the town, past the butter shop, where Mrs. Rupert was standing in the doorway, and deposited them at Mr. Lennon's large store, into which Nan had never gone half so proudly before.

"You needn't appear to recognize any one, Nan," Miss Phyllis said, just as they went in; and this dashed Nan's spirits just a little, for Mary Seymour, one of the girls in the millinery-room, was a particular friend of her aunt's; but then Miss Phyllis must know best, thought Nan, and she would trust to luck's keeping Mary out of their way.

Everybody was most polite to Miss Rolf; and when she said quietly, "I want to see your handsomest dresses, ready made, for this little girl," Nan could hardly move to follow them upstairs. Out of a long case, dress after dress was taken, held up, tried on, examined, and criticised by Miss Phyllis, who sat languidly with her purse and her

* Begin in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

note-book, evidently quite regardless of prices. It was well Nan's opinion was not asked, for she would never have dared to choose what Miss Phyllis did for her, a soft seal brown wool costume, handsomely trimmed with silk, and with a jacket to match. Miss Phyllis quietly desired Nan to put these garments on; and when the saleswoman brought her back from the dressing-room, her cousin could not repress a smile of satisfaction; and really little Nan did credit to the quiet, lady-like costume. Miss Phyllis saw a great many possibilities in the child's bright face and pretty, slender figure.

The hat question came next, and here Nan's joy was somewhat dampened by her fear that Mary Seymour would appear and claim acquaintance, and thereby annoy Miss Phyllis; and sure enough, while she was trying on a beautiful brown felt hat with a scarlet wing in it, Mary Seymour's voice was heard cheerily from across the room.

"Why, Nan Rolf," she was saying, "is that you?"

And then Nan saw that her princess could look very different on different occasions. She turned a cold little stare upon poor Mary, and then said, in a tone that the shop-girl could hear perfectly, "Who is that, Annie?"

Now it was the first time Nan had been called by her full name since her father died, and between the start it gave her, and her little worry about Mary Seymour, she hardly knew what to say, and stood looking guiltily at her aunt's friend, with a rush of color in her face.

"It is Mary Seymour," she said, in a low voice.

Miss Phyllis waited a moment, the cold look still on her face; then she took Nan by the hand, and went across the room to where Mary was busy putting bonnet frames into a drawer.

"My little cousin is going away from Bromfield," she said, smiling, but speaking in the very chilliest tone. "Perhaps you had better say 'good-by' to her now. She is going to live with her aunt at Beverley."

Poor Mary stared at the beautiful young lady, and said nothing for a moment; then she stooped down and kissed Nan's little red cheek lightly.

"Well, good-luck go with you, Nannie dear," she said; and half understanding the impression Miss Rolf wished to make, she added, looking up with a sad smile, "I suppose it won't do to expect you to remember us any more, but Tommy 'll miss you dreadfully."

"I'll write him a letter, Mary," Nan exclaimed, and seeing Miss Rolf's look of surprise turn to something like disgust, she added, "Tommy is Mary's lame little brother."

Miss Phyllis said nothing, but led the way back to the hat, and Nan, unable to restrain herself further, whispered, "Miss Rolf, Cousin Phyllis, why did you say I was going to live at Beverley, when it is only a visit?"

Miss Phyllis bit her lip angrily. "Never mind," was all she answered; and then the brown felt hat was chosen, and the purchases went on—gloves, and boots, and some dainty under-linen, and various small belongings, until finally all that remained on Miss Phyllis's list was a dressing-case and a trunk. Nan hardly knew which of the beautiful cases to choose when her cousin left it to her; but finally a black leather one with silver fastenings was selected, and Miss Phyllis directed the shopman to have Nan's initials, A. B. R., put on it in little silver letters.

By this time Nan, in her new brown suit, with her hands in three-button kid gloves, had begun to think she never, never could do justice to the day, to Philip and Marian, and yet a something had stolen over her of half dread to going back to the shop. Already she dreaded her aunt's voice; the noisy, greasy tea table, where only Philip made things endurable for her; so that when, as they left the last store, loading the carriage with parcels, and Miss Phyllis said, "I'm going to keep you for the night, Nan," my little heroine felt more than ever grateful and happy.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. GRANGE received Nan very cordially when she made her appearance with Miss Rolf. The gentle little lady was quite a revelation to Nan, whose ideas of elderly people were formed entirely on the noisy, overworked matrons she had seen at Mrs. Rupert's. Nan was only allowed a few words with her hostess, and then Miss Rolf carried her off to the little sitting-room upstairs, where, when she had laid aside her hat and jacket, Miss Rolf told her she had better write Mrs. Rupert a note to explain her absence.

"And I want you to word it very carefully, Nan," said Phyllis, coming up to the little girl with a very serious expression. "You know things are changed with you now, and you must begin at once to let your aunt and her family understand that you are not—they can not expect you—to treat them quite as equals."

Nan was still full of the excitement and delight of her good fortune; yet as Phyllis spoke, looking down gravely upon her, there came a blush of mortification into the child's honest face. A tinge of the same color deepened in Phyllis's soft cheeks for just half a moment, but she said, very decidedly:

"Now, Nan, you are not going to be a foolish, obstinate child, I hope? Surely you must know that I and your aunt Letitia understand these things better than a little girl brought up among vulgar people could. Now there must be no nonsense, my dear."

Phyllis's tone was kind, but something in it made Nan see that she expected obedience; and was she not in every way the most wonderful and beautiful creature Nan had ever seen? Nan's doubts vanished while Phyllis laid out note-paper and pen and ink on a dainty little table drawn up to one of the windows; and when Nan placed herself there to write, her cousin sat down by the fire, with her slipped-toes on the fender, and her pretty hands, sparkling with rings, folded gracefully in her lap.

"Now, Nan," she said, "begin your letter. Date it 'The Willows'—that is the name of this place. 'March 8. Dear Mrs. Rupert.'"

Nan smiled quickly.

"Why, Miss—Cousin Phyllis," she said, looking up from the paper, "she would think me crazy: she is Aunt Rebecca, you know."

Miss Rolf's delicate eyebrows drew together in a little frown. She waited a moment, and then, with an impatient sigh, said,

"Very well, let it go—'Dear Aunt Rebecca.'"

Nan's pen scratched on, with many splutterings, for penmanship was her weak point, and had not been considered a very necessary accomplishment in the Rupert household. She looked up presently for further instructions.

"My cousin, Miss Rolf," dictated that young lady, "has decided that I had better remain with her until I go to Beverley." ("Oh!" ejaculated Nan.) "My aunt, Miss Rolf, has invited me to make her a long visit, and as, previous to my going, there are many things to be attended to in my wardrobe, etc., my cousin Phyllis thinks it best to keep me with her. I shall, of course, see you all before I leave."

Nan's pen finally came to a stop.

"That is all," said Phyllis, placidly.

"Then I'll just send my love, I suppose," said Nan.

After a little pause Phyllis said, "Yes," and Nan went to work again. When she brought the letter to her cousin for inspection, this is how it was concluded:

"I hope you are all well, and that you'll tell Mary Seymour, when you see her, that I'll go there before I leave, and I'll write to Tommy; and tell Marian, please, I'll give her and Philip all the pea-nuts that are in my drawer, and I'll write them everything that happens at Beverley. I hope uncle's jaw is better. Your loving niece, Nan."

Phyllis Rolf read the letter with so quiet an air that for a moment Nan felt much relieved, feeling sure it was all right; but the first words startled her.

"That would not do, my dear, at all," Phyllis said, coldly. "You can *not* go to see this Tommy Seymour, and you had better understand at once that your aunt will not like you to write everything to your cousins here. Now, Nan, do you see what I mean?"

Nan began to see a little more clearly, yet her mind was not yet made up; still, enough of Phyllis's meaning reached her to bring two large tears to her eyes. They rolled down her cheeks, while she looked silently at Phyllis and her letter.

"Yes," was Nan's timid answer.

"Well," said the boy, cheerfully, "we are cousins. My name is Lancelot Rolf. I hope we'll be very well acquainted. So you are going to Beverley."

"Yes," was all Nan could contrive to say again. She longed to ask a dozen questions of the bright, cheerful-looking boy, who, although no older than Philip, looked so *very* much like a little gentleman.

"Shall you like to go?" Lance said, presently.

Nan really felt she couldn't go on saying "yes" to everything, and so with a great effort she said:

"I want to go very much. Is it—is it nice there?"

"It's a jolly old house where you are going," said Lance, "but I don't know whether you'll enjoy it much, it's so slow, so stupid. Still, perhaps you're not accustomed to much fun." Lance could hardly imagine the cheese-monger's family as very entertaining.

"Oh yes, we have a great deal of fun sometimes," said Nan, gaining confidence. "In winter we coast and skate, and in summer there are always picnics, and sometimes a circus."

"But at home—wasn't there ever any fun at home?"

Nan could not remember anything which impressed her as particularly enjoyable in-doors.

"No," she said, slowly, "I don't think there was. Marian always liked to tend the shop, but I never cared so much for that. I didn't like the smell of the cheeses, don't you know?"

"It was a cheese shop?" Lance looked very much interested.

"Cheese and butter, and eggs and hams." Nan recited the list glibly.

"Well," said Lancelot, very gravely, "there won't be anything like that at Beverley; and see here, Nan, I'll just give you a friendly hint. I don't think I'd talk much about the shop before Cousin Letitia. You see, she might not like it—don't be *ashamed* of it," added the boy, flushing a little; "I don't mean you to be *mean* about it, only you won't need to talk of it."

Nan felt that she had begun to put her old life behind her when she was arrayed in the brown cashmere, and now little by little she was learning to feel as the people around her felt; that, after all, she would be expected to act and appear and think very differently about everything



NAN PRESENTED TO MISS PHYLLIS FOR APPROVAL.

"Don't be silly, my dear," said the young lady, standing up and smiling good-naturedly. "There, finish your letter with just your love; that will be the best way."

And so Nan went back to the little table, brushing away those first tears, and quietly obeyed her cousin. Miss Rolf took the letter from her as soon as it was finished, and went out of the room, while Nan sat still, wondering if Beverley would be quite *all* she hoped for.

Enough excitement remained to make it easy for Phyllis to control her as she wished, and that young lady trusted to time and absence working wonders. While Nan was sitting absorbed in her thoughts, the door opened, and Lance Rolf came suddenly into the room. He was a tall boy, with a spare, handsome face, delicate as Phyllis's in feature, but olive-tinted, and with more sweetness in the brown eyes and the lines of the mouth. He came up to Nan, holding out his hand with a pleasant smile.

"And are you Nan?" he said, looking at her earnestly.

as soon as she was in Beverley.

"What do *you* do?" said Nan, looking brightly at her new acquaintance. "Do you live at Beverley?"

Lance nodded.

"When I'm home," he said. "I come to school near here, at Barnabas Academy. When I'm home I live quite near to where you're going to be. Oh, I do lots of things! Boys are so different from girls. I'm captain of our baseball club, for one thing, and we are jolly good cricketers too, I tell you. At home I do all sorts of things. Phyllis and I are great chums; Phyllis is a regular brick." He might have said more, but at this moment Phyllis reappeared. Nan looked at her a little anxiously. She wondered if she was going to feel offended with her about the note; but the young lady was perfectly cheerful, and even kissed Nan when she said, "Now, dear, we will go down to supper. Mrs. Grange is waiting."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE MASTER QUIG.

BY MARY A. BARR.

THIS tale's of little Master Quig,
 Who, being little, wasn't big,
 And many said, who understood,
 That, being bad, he wasn't good.
 When from his school he ran away,
 Most people thought he didn't stay;
 And I have heard, from those who know,
 When he ran fast, it wasn't slow.
 He always studied when compelled,
 And always staid when he was held,
 And always slept when not awake,
 And left the thing he could not take.
 To go to sea one day he planned,
 And being there, was not on land,
 And so stuck on a bar—alas!
 For, being stuck, he could not pass.
 The dark night found him in a fright,
 For, being dark, it was not light.
 The big waves rose and filled the boat,
 And being full, it could not float.
 And so, as I have heard it said,
 They found him in the morning dead.
 And men of sense do still maintain
 He never more was seen again.

The cow jumped over the moon.



The little dog laughed to see such sport;



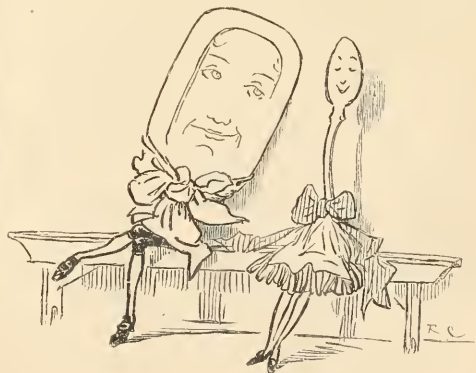
Hey, diddle, diddle,



And the dish ran away with the spoon.



The cat and the fiddle;





OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA.

We are three little girls who have often read and enjoyed HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We meet successively at each other's home every Friday evening, and read the stories in it. We live in a beautiful town in the mountains of Southwest Virginia. We attend to the same school, and like our teachers very much. Our parents take all your papers—the MONTHLY, BAZAR, and WEEKLY—and we take YOUNG PEOPLE. We look forward to Wednesday with a great deal of pleasure, for we know it is the day our paper comes. We are so glad to see Mrs. John Lillie is going to write a new story, and we are sure it will be very interesting, as all her others are. Please print this, as we would like to surprise our mamma.

ELLIE C., HELEN S. S., and ESTIE W.

Well, Ellie, Susie, and Helen, though I do not know which of you has brown eyes and which blue, who is the tall slender girl, which the merry-faced one with the dancing dimples, and which the plump little maiden who always thinks before she speaks, I send my love to each of you, and am glad to hear of your pleasant Friday evenings. You and the thousands of other girls for whom Mrs. Lillie has written her charming story have a real treat before you in reading it. I sometimes wish myself a girl again just to feel for an hour the delight I used to when beginning a beautiful new story. The girls who form Mrs. Lillie's audience have better times in the story way than girls did when your mamma and myself were at your age. But I, for one, still dearly love a bright sketch or a beautiful serial; and if I were near you, I might sometimes glide in and take an easy-chair in the corner on your reading evenings—that is, if you would let me in on your promising to be very good indeed.

Some of you who have empty cologne or scent bottles may make very pretty presents for your friends by covering them with silk or plush, and finishing off with a dainty lace ruffle and a narrow ribbon around the neck. A beautiful tidy which I saw the other day was crocheted in heavy cord, and looped over crimson silk. Very lovely plaques are made of the birch-bark plates on which butter is sent home by the grocer. They must be covered very neatly with silk or satin, on which a design is worked or painted. The pretty little Japanese umbrellas, which cost but a few cents, may be inverted, opened, and caught at each point with a ribbon. Suspended from a nail, they make dainty little scrap-books.

The letter which follows contains a suggestion which the Postmistress thinks excellent. She will keep a corner in the Post-office Box for all such letters as our correspondent invites:

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I remember, when I was eight or ten years younger than I am now, how hard it used to be for me to find anything new to make for Christmas for all the aunts and cousins, and now, as Christmas is drawing near, my younger sister comes to me and says, "Can you think of something for Christmas?" I want something for Aunt Mary and Aunt Lizzie, something I have not made for them before. I have no doubt that many other little people say the same thing. Now, I have a plan to propose to

you, and if you think it a good one, will you mention it in the Post-office Box? Let each little girl—and boy too, if he wishes—write and describe something that he or she makes for Christmas, and then if you will be so good as to publish the letters I think before Christmas we may have quite a variety of ideas. Of course each article mentioned would not be new to all, but it would be new to some, and I think many little girls would be greatly aided. Now what do you think?
ONE OF YOUR OLDER READERS.

BABY'S DAY.

Awake at five in the morning,
Bright as a little bird,
Cooling and laughing and crowing
Before a person has stirred.

Carried on papa's shoulder,
Lying on mamma's arm.
Never a king was leader,
Or safer from slightest harm.

Going to ride with sister,
Taking a cozy nap,
Resting before his dinner
On grandmamma's silken lap.

Creeping over the carpet,
Playing with pretty toys;
Baby's the dearest darling,
The prettiest, best of boys.

SUSIE PATTON.

OLFAK, NEW YORK.

I think that Frankie would be a pretty name for Marion W.'s baby brother. I have nine dolls. Their names are Mollie, Lottie, Edith, Eva, Lena, Christina, Carrie, Johnnie, and Bertie. I like your stories all very much, especially "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and "The Girl." I send my love to the Postmistress.

LENA MATTHEWS.

MADISON, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy six years old. My brother Lonnie takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and has every number it. Baby Roe and I have had colds, so I could not get to school, but Lonnie could. I wanted to print in school. This is my first letter. I hope you will print it.

HOWARD B. G.

Your little note was printed so nicely that it was as plain as though the letters had been formed by the type-writing machine. After all, there is no machine of which I ever heard so wonderful as the four little fingers and thumb of a boy's hand. Ask papa and mamma if they don't agree with me.

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I like it very much. I have written one letter to the Post-office Box, but I thought I would write again. My friend Howard R. has written too. We two have formed a printing firm under the name of P. & R. We made four dollars clear profit, with which we bought each a pair of roller skates. We have over three dollars in our bank now. Some of my playmates and I have formed a club under the name of Holiday Club, and some of my boy friends and I have formed a military company by the name of Home Guards. We parade in the academy play-grounds. The other day we fought almost all the battles of the Revolution.

A. H. P.

All the battles of the Revolution in one day! I wish you slept a wink the night after such tremendous exertion. But boys are made of steel springs and India rubber, and can stand a good deal of pounding. Please send me word about the various doings of your holiday club, and don't let the fun interfere with your studies, or else the preceptors and professors may veto your good times. I am glad you are so successful as amateur printers.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have a cat and a kitten. The cat's name is GIPSY, but I have not named the kitten yet. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. The other day my dog fell from a chair and hurt its leg, but it is well now.

CRIS S.

Dear little Robin D., who often sends answers to puzzles, was not well, and so mamma became her amanuensis, sent her answers and her new puzzles, which will see the light before long, and this pleasant little message to the Postmistress and to Marion W.

I hope Robin is quite well by this time.

Robin says: "Mamma, let the Postmistress say my little pet bird Jimmie died, and wasn't it too bad, but the next day I had a beautiful white dove and a dear little bird whose name is Monie, but I still mourn for Jimmie, whose cage was draped in mourning for a whole week. We buried him in our yard."

Robin thinks that Edgar is a very pretty name for a boy, or Irving. See, I don't really know who I like best, and Marion W.'s dear baby brother. She says, "If our little girl may put in more than one name for Marion to choose from, put both Irving and Edgar in from Robin D."

I am very sorry little Jimmie died. When Marion chooses a name, she must not forget to send us all word what it is, as we feel quite an interest, don't we, children?

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I want to ask you to tell me a pretty name for a little kitty, because I don't know any nice ones. Now I want to tell you about where I went last summer. I went to Edgemoor, which is very near the sea-side, and is a very pleasant place. I went in bathing only twice while I was there, but went in wading nearly every day. I went in a sail boat once, and had a very nice sail, and then I went down the beach a little way, and caught minnows, but couldn't. Good-by. ALICE S.

Muff is a nice name for a kitty.

Let me tell you about a kitty which a little boy friend of mine had for his pet. It was a black kitty, I believe, though I am not sure. He carried it everywhere with him, and when he was practicing one afternoon, he set it on the piano that it might hear him play. It nestled its head cunningly on its tiny paws, and listened with all its might.

Somebody called the little boy away for a moment. When he came back the kitty was gone.

High and low they hunted for it. Mamma, nurse, two little sisters, and even the baby, called Kitty! Kitty! but no kitty answered. After a long time there came a faint little meow on the air; and where do you suppose they found that small cat? Why, in the piano, where she had taken a cozy nap.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Most boys and girls tell about their pets. I have none, except my little brother, two years and a half old. I have two sisters and this sweet baby. I was born in Edgemoor, near Louisville, Kentucky, to Nashville about a month ago, and am very homesick to go back again. We spent the summer at Bon Aqua Springs, not far from here, and because I have no mamma, and her name is Eva Wallace; she will be four years old on Christmas. My little brother tries to call us girls "girle," and he says "dirle." He calls me "Blue-eye dirle," my sister Grace "Blue-eye dirle," and sister Florence "Brown-eye dirle." His name is Theodore. We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the beginning, and think it is the best of papers. Mamma takes the BAZAR and MAGAZINE. My papa is away most of the time, and we are always glad when he comes home. I go to school, and am in the Fifth Grade. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and drawing. I am eleven years old.

BESSIE W.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am a little girl eight years old, and live on a farm five miles from the city. I go to school now, but mamma will teach me at home this winter. I have two pets, a white lamb called chicken named Polly, and a white kitty named Snow. I had a canary bird, but he was sick and died; his name was Billy. I have three dolls; I do not play with them very much, but because I have no one to play with me, I play with them. I had a dog, but his name is Paul. I will write again as soon as I can write better.

GEORGIANA D.

DREITON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have lately returned from Europe, and I enjoyed the pile of Magazines I found. I brought home a gondola from Venice, and I also brought a curious swan which I saw them make at the glass-works. I had a splendid time in dear old London. We saw the Queen and the Princess of Wales. We saw the wine-vaults. We crossed the Alps in four horse carriages, and I made snow balls in June. YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper out.

OCCLEY B. C.

You have many delightful things to remember about your trip abroad. I hope you kept a journal.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

I am eleven years old, and live in Norwalk in the summer, and in New York City in the winter. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have two who are grown up, and I have a brother at college. We are going to New York on the first of next month. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and look forward to its coming with great pleasure. As you wanted to hear from my dog or boy who had a garden, I thought I would tell you about mine. I planted in my garden this summer potatoes, onions, tomatoes, strawberries, and celery, besides flowers. I had enough potatoes for the whole family for dinner, so I had them on the table that day, and I hope to have

my celery-to-morrow. The cook made me some crayons from the receipt you put in *YOUR YOUNG PEOPLE*, but it wouldn't harden, so she made a chocolate cake, and I had it on the table to-night. As I have no more to tell about I think I will close. **HARRY C. M.**

You were a famous little gardener, and deserve great praise.

ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA.
I am a little girl nearly eleven years old. I will tell you about my summer trip. I can not tell all the places we went, but our place was the White Mountains of New Hampshire. There are very fine views, especially from the top of Mount Washington. You would laugh to see the funny little car that runs up and down the steep, and as you go up you see nothing but rocks. Mamma thought it was frightful, but I did not. Well, good-by. **ANNIE E. S.**

I might have laughed when I was eleven years old, dear, but I never got up a steep mountain nowadays without feeling like your mamma, that there is danger as well as pleasure about the ascent. I am glad you have been to the top of Mount Washington, and have looked from there over the great mountains and deep valleys of New England.

MILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.
I am a little girl twelve years old, and live in a small town thirty miles from Toronto. We are always very glad when your paper comes. I love to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I like to get a card from my father and mother, and four of my uncles are in Montana, and my aunt and her children are going out there next week. My uncle and his youngest brother belong to the prospecting party, and will go to the top of the Rocky Mountains and Yellowstone Park, and snamer, and write home delightful interesting descriptions of the wonders to be seen there—the great geysers, the glaciers, the high mountains, and canyons. One of the canyons is the deepest of all; it is several thousand feet deep, and at the bottom is a rushing, roaring river. One of my uncles has landed there. It is so deep that if you go down into it and look up you can see the stars at three o'clock in the afternoon. The geysers spout up water to a tremendous height. One of them I think it is called the Excelsior—throws water up to a height of three hundred feet. Often the eruptions are preceded by rumblings and shakings like an earthquake. Once when the geysers were in the way the earth began to quake, and the water in the basin spouted ever so high, and the sky was filled with water and pieces of rock, and they had to run to get out the way. My father says that if we go to Montana if father stays there; and if we do, mother says that we may take an occasional trip to the Park, and then I will write and tell you of some of the things we see there.

BECCA R.

The cunning little letter which follows was sent by a little girl five and one-half years old to her young lady sisters away from home. This little girl lives near a railroad, and every day she and her brothers wait for their conductors, as they call them, and wave to them as the cars rush past the door. By the "tassels with the board on" little Amy meant a lambequin which belonged on the mantel. Jumbo is a huge toy elephant greatly admired by the little folks in Amy's nursery:

TENAFLY, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR LOUISE AND MAGGIE.—It will soon be Roy's birthday. If you don't come home quick, you won't be here before it comes. Roy says he can walk with our talking hold of him. He can stand up by the bath-tub. May S. don't know some of the words of her uncles—Louise. I say my lessons every day at home, and then I say them in school. I did not get a bad mark to-day; sometimes I do. I get apples in B. S. yard—they don't care—and take them to school over recess, and then I take them home. Mamma has sent me, so hard, and we loathe her, and she sends us outdoors. When it rains she don't; then we stay in the house, and play with our toys. Sarah's back, and then I take them to school every Tuesday. We take walks with her sometimes. Mary's here too, and sometimes she goes out with her husband. I like him, and it gives me peonies. I would like to see these and see your big dog, Fran. Some Sunday afternoons papa's tired, and he don't want to go riding. We did go last Sunday. Last Sunday we took Roy. Marian plays with me every day, and mamma says I love her when she hurts him. Clifford has to get his teeth fixed, and we can't go to P. until next month. Every day papa goes out to see the men fixing his horse, and he gives me five cents every day. I have a little party; no one is coming, only us. Mamma has to send out when she wants papa—away out to the freestle-work. Mamma writes this letter, and I do the words. I have a few lots of things in the corner by the bookcase again. Clifford's got lots of cars now, and he plays with them 'most every day. He's got a new tin train of cars from the Fair. We're getting our stoves

fixed. There's fire in the sitting-room. Your tassels with the board on is up in the front parlor. We've got a Jumbo from the Fair. We take Jumbo out to see our doctors. Mine is away, and ain't home yet. Roy goes around picking up everything, and gets things out of mamma's basket, and dumped it over twice. It's near winter, and we've got the sleds down. A kiss for Maggie, and a kiss for Louise. Love for Maggie, and love for Louise. **AMY D.**

FREMONT, NEBRASKA.

DEAR "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."—My brother Paul takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is a very nice paper. I was eight years old the 7th of September. I have a sister who is four years old. And we have a horse named Dick; he is gentle and a very nice horse, and he eats apples as well as any boy can. He will shake hands with either leg. I go to school, and I am already in the Third Reader. My teacher's name is Miss S. And we have got a calf called Roy, and she is a very gentle and nice calf, and we have a pretty wild cow. **BERNIE C.**

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. This is my first letter. I like the story of "The Cruise of the Casco (Ship)" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brood." I commenced going to school in March, 1881, and am now in the Seventh Grade. I was honorably promoted last June. I am trying very hard to be the same this term. I am nearly a year old. On Saturday with my papa I take a sail with my boat. I can swim a little. I live in the city, and can not leave as much time as the little boys in the country; but I shall go to the country next vacation. **ALLEN G. W.**

A boy who tries hard is sure to succeed. When next you are promoted write again, as I like to keep an account of my boys when they do well. I am glad you can swim.

FRANK AND JOE.—The twenty numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE containing the story of "Toby Tyler" will cost you eighty cents. By sending \$1 to Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS you may obtain *Toby Tyler* in a beautiful bound volume, handsomely illustrated.

SALT.—Yes, Daisy, you are right in your supposition that people in very old times were alarmed if any one spilled salt on the table at a meal. It was fancied that the unlucky accident was the sign of a quarrel between two of the company. However, I attach no importance to such signs, even when they are ancient, and if you came to dine with me, and the salt-cellar happened to be upset, I should not trouble for our friendship.

Among the Arabs salt is regarded as sacred, and you who happen to be the guest of a Bedonin, who unseeing you in the desert would not be, and be glad of the chance, you are perfectly right if you share his bread and salt; he will protect you against all enemies. You see, that salt among these wild people is the emblem of hospitality. The Romans thought it unfortunate to sit down at a feast where the salt had been forgotten. The Greeks had the same feeling. It was also considered very thoughtless to leave salt unlocked overnight.

I hope, Daisy dear, that while reading and studying about these curious superstitions you will take care not to believe in them yourself.

For the information of some of our new subscribers who write to ask we repeat that there is no charge for the publication of exchanges. They should be brief. State first what you desire to offer, and then what you wish to receive. Please write with black ink as plainly as you can, and sign your full name and post-office address. Birds' eggs and fire-arms are prohibited as articles of exchange. The Editor reserves the right to exclude any exchange in whole or in part if for any reason it is considered unfit for YOUNG PEOPLE.

Having sent your letter, you should wait very patiently for your turn, as the department is always crowded, and no exchange can ever be printed in the paper next issued after its reception.

To avoid misunderstanding, exchangers should always write fully to each other and receive replies before sending away their articles. Each should arrange in this way about the necessary expense of the mail or express. Articles should not be sent to the office of YOUNG PEOPLE, but directly to the persons with whom they are to be exchanged.

SUCCESSFUL WIGGLENS.—We should be glad if Hattie M. Pearly, B. F. M., and A. W., who have

been successful in reproducing our artist's idea of Wiggle No. 29, would each send us his or her full name and address.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.
No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.
In the month of a cape in Massachusetts) a lady named a city in Brazil, and a gentleman named a cape in Virginia, went to the (capital of Italy) in the lake in Minnesota). They walked north home, when the lady opened a satchel made of a country in Africa). It contained a dried river in Minnesota), some fine old a river in South America), and (islands in the Pacific Ocean) for each. As I have seen a lake in Minnesota) and the (a river in England) was rather a country of South America), they wanted to return to their home, but the (an island west of England) lost a cuff button made of a city in New Mexico), and ornamented with (a river in Mississippi). While they were on the (a cape of North Carolina) they met (a river of South America), who said he thought (an island near Massachusetts), who was a colored woman. **PANSY.**

No. 2.

MIXED ANIMALS.

In these examples the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

- Phideta.—The largest of quadrupeds.
- Sphophtiamum—A river-horse.
- Reazb—A striped horse.
- Ekwaw—A sea animal.
- Triblab—A furry animal.

BARTIE.

No. 3.

HIDDEN FISHERS.

- 1. I have bought a new carpet, Angelina.
- 2. Lucy lost her ring.
- 3. Tommy had ten chickens.
- 4. Mr. Stubbs had flung away all Toby Tyler's money.

BARTIE.

No. 4.

NOBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A kind of otter.
- 2. A precious stone.
- 3. A famous musical composer.
- 4. A glazier's diamond.
- Primals—A bird.
- Finals—Part of the bird, connected, to join.

LODESTAN.

No. 5.

THREE PROGRESSIVE HALF-SQUARES.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A Latin verb. 4. Anything very small.
- 2.—1. A letter. 2. To exist. 3. The cry of a sheep. 4. To support.
- 3.—1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation. 3. A covering. 4. To engage in conflict. J. K. M. ILES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 156.

- No. 1. J A M E S
A D E L A
M E D A L
E Y L T E
S A L E M
- No. 2. A r a B
A B
A D E
M I N E
- No. 3. Lock. Peach.
- No. 4. Hate.
- No. 5. Cupboard.
- No. 6. D o G
O b I
L a t h e r
I u l L
- No. 7. A S P
E A Y Q H T
P A T T I N L M O N E Y
Y A T I N B E D
Y

Answer to Rebus on page 848—"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Answer to Enigma on page 848—A rainbow.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Robin Dyke, William A. Lewis, John Duerk, Alfred and Blanche De Brantledge, Horace W. Danforth, Alice C. Little, "Junelung," "Fairy Goldmother," Lulu Breese, Emily Godwin, Archie Ives, "Mayblossom," Fanny R. Emerson, Ben and Ned, John T. Wainwright, "Tomson," "Fess and Feathers," "Brandt Beaman, Lena Matthews, A. H. Patterson, Frank Sinsabough, Edith M. L., Alfred Kaufman.



SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLE No. 29, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 30.

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THE FLY CATCHER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FLY-CATCHERS, BLUE-GUM-TREES, AND
SPIDERS' WEBS.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

"FOUR hundred feet high! I don't believe a word of it. Nobody ever saw a tree four hundred feet high; you nor any one else, Tom."

"I did not say I ever did, Jack, so don't quite bowl me over like a ten-pin. But I say this: I have seen and I have measured those that were fully three hundred feet in height—one was twelve feet over it. And persons on whose truthfulness I could depend have told me that away 'in the bush' they had seen blue-gum-trees which were certainly a hundred feet higher than any of those which were about us, and which I measured. I am like Unele Remus: 'That's what makes I say what I does.'"

"But, Tom, do have a little sense about you. Four hundred feet! Whew! We are here in Maeao, and there is nothing to measure by; but you have just come from New York. Now imagine yourself standing in Broadway at the head of Wall Street, and one of your beautiful blue-gum-trees growing on the opposite side of the street, and running up alongside of Trinity Church, and when it gets to the top of the spire very coolly going on a hundred and twenty feet higher. Why, Tom, I am ashamed of you."

"All right, Jack, only I wish you would just step over to Australia and mention to a few of the people that it is quite absurd to let their trees grow to such a ridiculous height. I landed there late in December, and a few days afterward I spoke of some of their strange productions to a man who had come out in the same ship with me, a thorough Londoner. 'Ya-as, you know, quite so—aw—but out yer, where—aw—they have Christmas in the—aw—middle of summer, you can't—aw—you can't quite tell, as you would at 'ome,' and I thought so."

This was one day when Jack and I were examining the nests made by the swallows, the sight which brought to my mind a nest which I had seen in Australia, which, though made of totally different materials, had yet a somewhat similar look.

I mentioned it to Jack, and as the nest is always built on a eucalyptus, or at least of eucalyptus bark, it led me to refer to the eucalyptus-trees themselves. They are in Australia always called gum-trees, the *Eucalyptus globulus* being the blue-gum, and the wonderful height to which that species grows, and which I mentioned incidentally and without any thought of raising a storm, induced Jack to "pitch into" me, as he termed it, so fiercely.

"But come now, old fellow, do you mean it? Really, honestly?"

"Certainly I mean it, Jack. I am not joking. The three hundred is the simple truth, and I am inclined to believe that the larger story may be also true."

"Well, then, I will take it all back. But what was that you were saying about a nest? Nothing in the style of this sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Oh no; mine was quite different; but the way its fibres were woven and bound together gave it a somewhat similar look. Very fortunately I have here a drawing of the nest and of the bird."

This, of course, took Jack's attention on the instant; his love of natural history caught at the idea of something new, and he began to examine the drawing with great interest and care. "Queer little beggar, is he not? By-the-way, is that one of your wonderful gum plants—eucalyptus you called it?"

"That is meant for eucalyptus foliage, Jack, but it is not accurate. It may, however, give you some idea of the tree, and also of the fruit, which is a hard, almost stony, cup-like nut. The general look of the bark and stem is given tolerably."

"But how about that nest, my boy? What is there

so astonishing as to the nest? You recollect Mr. Twain's comment on the Jumping Frog at Angel's Camp, 'I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better than any other frog.' Well, that is the way the present attraction strikes me. I have nothing to say against the nest; may be a very good nest; dare say it is. But then there was a phoebe-bird in New Haven that used to build a very good nest, and a bluebird too, to say nothing of the orioles!—and Jack looked as if he thought he had rather caught me, and had said a pretty good thing.

"It is clear that you don't appreciate my little gobe-mouche, Jack. We will make a comparison. When your swallow wanted to mend his nest if it was broken, what did he use, cotton or linen?"

"Cotton or linen! Go 'way! what are you talking about? He just wove the fibres together."

"Just so. My gobe-mouche did not do that way; he was in a higher circle of life. When he needed to mend he used silk, and in fact he used silk from the beginning."

"Tom, have you got any sense left in you? What is a gobe-mouche? And what are you talking about?"

"For the benefit of those who do not understand foreign languages I will translate. A gobe-mouche is a fly-catcher."

"There I have got you, my boy; there I have got you. Do you mean to tell me that the bird sitting on that nest is a fly-catcher? But I forgot. Maybe, down there where Christmas comes in the summer, they have different fly-catchers fit on those of other parts of the world."

"You know I am not much of a naturalist, Jack, and I should hesitate to attempt enlightening you on any such matter, but in this case I am backed up by good authority. Though I have spoken of Australia, and though I saw many of them there, yet my first acquaintance with the species was made in Van Dieman's Land instead. When I returned to Hobart Town I met Professor Murray, who happened to be there, and submitted my collections to his examination. He labelled the bird for me *Rhipidura albiscapa*, and I found that *Rhipidura* is a species in the family of the fly-catchers, so that I am sure I must be right."

"Very correctly and scientifically quoted. I bow to the Professor. A fly-catcher the little fellow is and always shall be. Now go on with the nest."

"Well, that nest is a wonderfully neat affair, Jack. What do you suppose it is made of? The drawing can scarcely give you an idea. It is built of eucalyptus bark and spiders' webs. The bark has the tendency to split up into long, slender, fibrous strips, and you can pull them out as fine as threads, almost as fine as hair. These the little gobe-mouche works off for herself, or for himself (for both male and female assist in the nest-building), and uses as the main material—the warp, so to speak, in the weaving; but then the woof is very different. All through the forests in Australia and in Van Dieman's Land spiders abound, some of them of large size. Their webs are to be seen in every direction, and they are so strong that I have seen small birds even stopped by them. The *Rhipidura* gathers these webs, at first singly, and then in patches and in bunches, and works them craftily in with the eucalyptus fibres; and if she had spun threads of silk for the purpose she could not have produced a finer effect. The webs are very bright and shining, and coming twisted in through the gray fibres and threads of the bark, they make a mass—for you see the nest is built up quite solidly from the bottom—that has a neat and silvery look particularly attractive."

"Very satisfactorily told, Tom, for one who professes not to be a naturalist. But what sort of looking person is the little gobe-mouche himself? Rather plain, I should fancy."

"Very plain, Jack; decidedly plain. As nearly as I recollect them, they are of a deep sooty brown on the back

and breast, all other parts below being yellowish; then you have the throat white, as well as the space above the eye and a spot behind it, together with the edges of some of the wing feathers and those of the tail, the bill and feet being black. That is about the way I remember him. At all events, I know there were no bright colors about him."

"Not a very ornamental member of society certainly; sorry for him. But maybe he made it up vocally. Some of the fly-catchers are very sweet singers."

"I can not think that he excelled even in that. They seemed to be very gentle and easy-going little souls. They came about the houses as familiarly as could be, and I have often seen them come hopping up on the bushes within live or six feet of me. But they seemed to have no musical ambition whatever. All that I ever heard was a feeble note now and then—nothing that you could call singing. But they had one curious habit which I never saw displayed by any other bird. It was this:

"In the bright days of spring, which you know come there in October, I used often to watch them. One would start from a bush and go almost straight upward, perhaps several hundred feet. He acted always as though he was driven by a sort of frenzy. I used to fancy to myself that it was a kind of poetical and musical inspiration. His tail would be spread as widely as he could stretch it, his wings fluttering and quivering, his feathers ruffled, and everything about him indicating intense excitement, while every few seconds he would burst out into a series of joyful cries, really sweet, though you could not fairly call it a song.

"He would go on that way till he reached his highest point, I thought till he tired himself out, when all at once he would stop, come very humbly and quietly down, sit awhile, and off he would go again. A curious habit, but I have seen them do it hundreds of times. That is all there is about him; but what a queer thing it is for me to be giving you a lecture about birds!"

"All right, Tom; you will do yourself credit as a naturalist some of these days."

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

A Thanksgiving Poem.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THANKSGIVING! When Effie heard it she knew very well what it meant,

For always at Grandma Spicer's Thanksgiving-day had been spent, With aunts and uncles and cousins, dogs, cats, and pumpkin pies, And nuts and apples, frolicsome games, and many a glad surprise.

Is "Fanksgivin'-day to-morrer?" over and over again Effie would ask her parents, begging them to explain How many days and weeks must pass, and endeavor to make it clear

Why Thanksgiving-day at grandma's came only once in a year.

The Governor's proclamation, for the good of the nation planned, Little Effie was much too young and too flighty to understand, But she comprehended the meaning of preparations to start For Grandma Spicer's; and no one could have a more thankful heart.

But this year the floods had broken away the barriers strong, And over the roads and the meadows went roaring and rushing along, Bearing away the bridges, and whatever else there might be In their track; and the narrow streamlet stretched out to a great wide sea.

There were lives lost, too, in the torrent that was all the while being fed By the great black clouds that hung like a mantle of gloom o'erhead,

And as soon as the sun shone out again the dismal troop to disperse,

Men gathered in solemn crowds, and said, "Thank God that it is no worse!"

Effie had heard her father say, as he brushed away a tear, That he wouldn't be able to travel about very much this year, And the little maiden thought 'twould be a bitter drop in her cup

If the visit to Grandma Spicer's was to be given up.

For how could they keep Thanksgiving all alone by themselves, Even with lots of pies and things spread out on the pantry shelves?

And how could Grandma Spicer give thanks in a proper way If none of them went to see her, to help her keep the day?

Thus reasoned the little maiden, who grew very sad and sedate, As if a puzzle were twisting itself about in her curly pate, And as she'd been always cheerful, and rather to romps inclined, 'Twas feared that her father's troubles had worried the baby mind.

'Twas the day before Thanksgiving, as searching the place around,

From garret to cellar, from barn to shed, little Effie could not be found,

And all the treasures that had been swept away in the vast abyss, Though grievous to lose, could not compare with a loss so great as this.

She was surely stolen from them like poor little Charley Ross And Lizzie Selden! God pity the bearers of such a cross!

They sought for her in the dismal swamp, and off by the lonely church;

They looked in the well, and, as night came on, with lanterns kept up the search.

In a village some ten miles distant was Grandma Spicer's abode, And the way to it was over a rugged and lonesome road, And Effie's father and mother drove over to tell their sorrow, And the reason why in fasting and prayer they'd have to spend the morrow.

But Grandma's eyes had a twinkle in them as she soberly said, "Well, now you're so worn and weary, you'd better go right to bed;

Those only are worthy the sweet who have tasted the bitter drink,

And it may be the dawn is breaking—is nearer now than you think."

They closed the door of their chamber, heavy and sick at heart; In the festival of the morrow determined to take no part;

And turning they saw—what was it?—the old-fashioned trundle-bed,

And there, asleep on the pillow, their own little "curly-head!"

"Effie! Effie!" the mother screamed; "I have found my child at last."

"Effie! Effie!" the father cried, his tears coming thick and fast; And all that the naughty maiden said, as she quietly sucked her thumb,

Was, "It's Fanksgivin'-day to-morrer, and gran'muvver said you'd come."

Oh, that was a rare Thanksgiving! the lifting of soul above The things of earth, to the thought of God's goodness and infinite love;

And when the story of floods and misfortunes the group rehearse, Each looks in a dear one's face and feels there are trials that might be worse.

And when Effie has told her story—the troublesome little elf!—How she started all right for grandma's, and suddenly lost herself, And how scared she was, with many a loving kiss and embrace They forgive the little "goosie" that started this wild-goose chase.

Upon Fone a School-master



Fone fayer those mighty whiskers he do's wear,
 Are twigs of birch, and willow, growing there:
 Is so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne
 Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE the name of Herrick is familiar as the author of the beautiful poems "To Daffodils" and "To Blossoms," and when they grow older they will find that he wrote hundreds of equally beautiful lyrics, but in a style not quite easy for them to understand as yet. For Herrick died more than two hundred years ago, and wrote in the manner of his time. The picture on this page, taken from a superb holiday volume of selections from his poems, illustrated by Mr. E. A. Abbey, and just published by Harper & Brothers, shows how the stern school-master of other days was a terror to boys who did not learn their lessons.

MIKE'S "POOR RICH BOY."

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY MARY DENSEL.

THE October sun was shining with all its might on the crimson and yellow maple-trees, turning the whole street into a blaze of glory.

And was that a particularly brilliant leaf which had fallen on the church steps? Far from it. That was the red head of a small boy, who, stretched at full length, was basking in the light and heat, and lazily wondering what that glitter of gold coming nearer and nearer might be.

Suddenly he sat upright and gave a low whistle.

"Well, I never see in all *my* life so much brass on a harness, nor sich shiny buttons," said he, staring at the approaching carriage, with its liveried coachman and footman.

What with the sun and the leaves and the harness and the buttons, it seemed as if the light of seven days was pouring down that street. Our red-headed friend—no unworthy feature in the landscape—still stood admiring, as the carriage drew up at an opposite house.

The footman opened the door, and after a showily dressed lady had alighted he took from inside the coupé—What was it? A bundle, Mike McShane thought at first. No; that could not be a bundle. Mike caught sight of a boy's face, small, pale, with great black eyes, and then Mike saw two tiny feet dangling from two shrunk legs. He saw no more, for the footman had gone up the stone steps, and the house door had closed behind him.

Mike whistled again, and somehow it seemed as if the sun were clouded; as if the bright leaves danced less mer-

rily; as if even the gilding on the harnesses were dulled.

"That chap's a cripple," said Mike, under his breath.

He sat himself down on the church steps and looked soberly at his own feet. He gave a resounding slap on his own two sturdy legs.

"Precious shabby shoo' and second-hand trowsers, but—"

Mike shook his head and pondered.

"See! see! see!" chirped an English sparrow at his elbow, and, looking round, Mike became aware that the pale face and great black eyes were watching him from between the curtains of the opposite window, which was open.

Mike stared back, and finally tipped his neighbor a friendly nod. The black eyes opened a little wider, but no answering

smile appeared. Half bashful, half eager, Mike came slowly across the street and leaned his shabby elbows on the iron fence in front of the window. The face above gazed steadily down at him as gloomy as night.

Suddenly Mike threw both legs skyward, stood a moment on his head, then popped on his feet again with a series of nods and a display of two rows of white teeth.

This time the black eyes opened very wide indeed with astonishment, and a look of amusement erept into them.

Mike turned a couple of somersaults, and then ventured a polite "Hi, you there!" by way of conversation.

"Hi, you there!" answered the pale lips, soberly.

Mike indulged in a series of "cart-wheels."

The boy at the window actually elapped his thin hands. "Do that again," said he.

"I'll dance for you, if you like," suggested Mike, and he was about to begin a wild "breakdown," when a tall female in a white cap and apron appeared, the window was shut down with a snap, and all Mike could hear was a sharp, angry cry as the little cripple was borne away.

"Big horse—two hosses—black velvet trowsers—ring on his finger—lame o' both feet."

Mike had come home to dinner, and was conversing between his mouthfuls of porridge. Biddy McShane, his small sister, was listening.

"Lame o' both feet," cried Biddy, pityingly. "Oh, take me wid ye, Mike, to see him."

But Mike shook his head. "Your elo' ain't that any good warrant ye appearing among folks o' quality, Biddy McShane," said he, loftily, and off he went in all the dignity of his second-hand trousers to watch that house beneath the maple trees. But no glimpse did he catch of its inmates, though he lingered long. Again and again he went, drawn by a most intense pity for that little cripple.

It was more than a week before he beheld the glittering carriage whirling down the street, and as it stopped, lo! there was no footman.

"You can't leave your horses," said the lady to the coachman. "Dear me, where is Thomas?"

Mike sprang to her side, his face all aglow.

"I'm *terrible* strong for my size, mum," cried he. "Just give me a holt of him, and I can carry him like a baby."

Before the lady could interfere, before the lame boy had time to be frightened, Mike had plunged into the carriage, had lifted its inmate in his sturdy arms, and was staggering up the steps, puffing and straining, but able to land his burden on the plush sofa inside the door.

"How dare you!" began the lady, much agitated and angered; but her son held fast to Mike's rough little hand.

"It's *my* boy, mamma," he exclaimed. "The one who can kick up his heels so. He was going to dance, but Marie drove him away. Dance now, boy."

But how could Mike cut double-shuffles on that bellowered carpet?

"Houly Patrick! I'll not dance," quoth he, "but I'll give ye some music."

So fixing his eyes on the ceiling, Mike poured forth his soul in song. Very shrill it was.

"Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen."

But Mike evidently considered it a specimen of high art. So did the lame boy, Adolphe Van Wyke.

"Sing some more," he ordered.

"I don't know any more," said Mike, rather crest-fallen. Then, brightening again:

"I'll tell ye, sommy. I've got a cart. I could draw ye out and not jolt ye half so much as them hosses. Come, now."

"Oh, let him bring his cart, mamma!" pleaded Adolphe.

Mrs. Van Wyke looked disturbed. "I suppose Thomas might walk behind, and make it respectable," said she.

But both boys were too eager to mind her hesitation; all they cared for was that permission was given Mike to race home and race back again with the hand-cart, which had hitherto known no more dignified freight than the baskets of clean clothes Mrs. McShane sent back to her customers.

"And, law! Biddy, ye'd ought to have seen us!" exclaimed Mike, when, two hours

later, he appeared under the maternal roof. "There was me a-draggin' the cart, and *him* settin' on a cushion, and Thomas a-marchin' behind, and shimin' like the mornin'. We was genteel, I tell you. But there, Biddy McShane, what's the odds a bein' rich? I was speakin' to *him* about playin' ball—jest to make it lively, ye know. But he can't play. He never went sailin' in a punt. He never had a game of 'Espy!' nor 'Wolf!' nor 'Hockey!' He never could shin a tree, nor go clammin'. I declare to gracious, Biddy, it's—it's—"

Mike's voice quite failed him, and as for Biddy, two great tears stood in her eyes from pity for the little rich boy who had so few pleasures.

"Biddy," continued her brother, when they had meditated awhile in silence, "I was tellin' him about the splendid supper the ladies and gents gives us at the evening school Thanksgivin'-day. 'It ain't that I cares much for the readin' and spellin',' says I; 'but the turkeys is illigant, and the cranberry sauce enough to make ye squeal,' says I. 'What do I care for Thanksgivin'-day?'—mind that, Bid-

dy McShane—'what do I care for Thanksgivin'-day?' says he. 'My ma she has a great party, but I can't go to the table; it makes my back ache. I have to stay all by myself in the nursery, and where's the fun?' says he. I tell you that made me feel awful. Him all alone! Biddy"—here Mike's voice grew low and solemn—"Biddy, 'I'll come and stay wid ye, and teach ye to play mumble-the-peg,' says I."

"And give up the supper at the evening school?" asked Biddy, agiast.

"Worse nor that," answered Mike, thrusting his head forward, and gesticulating with his chin—"worse nor that. I can't be beholden to rich folks for my supper, so I shall carry something to eat wid me. And it's not common fixin's I can take to a fine house, so I shall buy—" Here Mike grew mysterious. "I sha'n't say what I shall buy, but it'll cost twinty-five cints, and that I've got in my tin box."

"Mikey," exclaimed Biddy, in utter despair, "them's the pennies ye've been a-savin' of to go to the theayter the night."

"I can't help it. I'll go to no theayter, and I've that chap alone," declared Mike, growing very red in his excitement. "You can do as you choose, Biddy McShane."

Biddy turned red in her turn. "It's my twinty-five cints I'll spend for him too," cried she, in a burst of emotion. "I'll not say what I'll buy, but it's going to be mag—nificent, Mike."

"Biddy, you're a jewel," said Mike, and Biddy was blessed.

Day after day Mike's tender Irish heart grew more pitiful over his "poor rich boy," though it was not very



"LAW! BIDDY, YE'D OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN US!"

often he saw him, for Adolphe had several times been obliged to lie in bed suffering pain. But whenever he was able to bear it, the little hand-cart was at his service, and his new friend was never tired of drawing him up and down the pavement.

Mrs. Van Wyke gradually lost the suspicious look she had worn at first. Mike was never bold or intrusive. He never sat on her door-steps, however he might haunt those of the church opposite. As the November days grew gray and cold she often saw him there, wistfully eying the windows of Adolphe's chamber. Once she even went so far as to invite him in, but he refused to come.

"It's my old clo' I have on, mum," said he. "My new shoo' they won't be done till Thanksgivin'-day. Then I'm a comin', if ye please, to learn him to play 'mumble-the-peg.'"

But he added not a word about his twenty-five cents.

It was Thursday, November the twenty-seventh.

Poor little Adolphe had had a hard night of it. The morning dragged on; dull out-of-doors; dull enough in that richly furnished nursery.

Adolphe had read all his amusing books until he knew them by heart. He was weary of the volumes of engravings.

His mother was busy arranging flowers for the grand dinner party. Marie was by no means patient when Adolphe fretted and whined. So the day wore wearily on until the dusk began to gather.

Then "rat-tat-tat" on the area door; a clatter of heavily shod feet in the hall. The door of Adolphe's room flew open, and on the threshold, his face shining with its recent scrubbing, every white tooth in his wide mouth gleaming, both hands grasping a big newspaper bundle, a vision of delight from his lobbauled, cow-hide shoes to his sleek, carroty head, stood Michael McShane.

"I've come to take supper wid ye," he announced, breathlessly, and Adolphe actually laughed aloud in his glee.

"Here's what my Biddy sent ye," continued Mike, undooing a parcel.

It was a huge piece of card-board, whereon was embroidered "God Bless Our Home." Were there ever such yellow letters? Was there ever such a wonderful green house, with pink blinds and a purple chimney?

"For me?" exclaimed Adolphe.

"From my Biddy," repeated Mike, proudly. "She done it herself, and it cost twin— Never mind that, though. Here's the note she sent: 'Ples to youse this commun.' Use it common, you know. She was scared you'd put it away in a drawer, it's so handsome."

It seemed as if Adolphe could never admire it enough. "God bless our home—God bless our home," he kept repeating.

"And here's my supper," said Mike at last.

Out of the newspaper package he produced a scarlet lobster. That he had thought food dainty enough for such an occasion.

Where can I find words to tell you of the pleasure which followed?

Marie brought duck, jelly, even ice-cream, from downstairs. But the crowning feature of the feast was undoubtedly the lobster.

Adolphe forgot his pain, Mike forgot his theayter. And when they were nearly at the end of supper there came a fresh surprise.

"Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!"

"It's the 'McShane Body-guards!'" cried Mike, springing to the window.

Sure enough, rallying round the street lamp-post were some ten or a dozen raganuffins armed with wooden guns, and adorned, as to their heads, with newspaper soldier caps. They bore for a banner an ancient political transparency—"The Union, it must be preserved."

"I'm Cap'n of 'em," announced Mike, loftily. "I told 'em to march up here and let you see 'em. They know all about you."

Of course they did. With one accord they sent up three rousing cheers as Adolphe appeared at his window. They waved their transparency wildly. They marched and countermarched about the lamp-post. Then their Captain dismissed them with a "Be off wid ye!" Whereupon they disappeared round the corner, followed in the rear by a remarkable figure wrapped in a big blanket shawl.

"That's Biddy," said Mike. "Hi, you, Biddy! Don't you wisht you could come up here and play wid us? You can't, though. Shut the window, Adolphe. She's mighty smart for her kind, is Biddy, but, law! she's only a girl."

"Mike," said Adolphe, "I'd like to make some epaulets for your company. Marie, there's some colored paper in mamma's room. And bring two pairs of scissors, won't you?"

There was no more dreariness for Adolphe that evening. After the epaulets were made the classic game of "mumble-the-peg" was played. When, every now and then, Marie insisted on Adolphe's resting, Mike was entertained with picture-books. The hours flew by. Could that be the bell for nine o'clock? Where had the time gone? And here was Mrs. Van Wyke herself. Mike had never imagined anything so beautiful as she was in her dinner dress. She was holding out her soft white hand. The tears were actually in her eyes.

"Little boy," said she, gently, to Mike, "I thank you very much for your kindness to my son."

"Law!" exclaimed Mike, twisting his forelock.

"And I'm blest in my sperit, Biddy," explained he afterward, "if I could think of another word to say. 'Woun't ye come again?' says she. 'I wull,' says I. 'Come every day,' says Adolphe, sort o' brisk like."

"And didn't he say 'fetch Biddy?'" inquired that young person, eagerly.

"No, he did not," answered Mike, haughtily. "He thought your worsted-work was lovely, but ye must remember ye're nothin' but a girl, Biddy McShane. 'Come every day, and then they'll all be Thanksgivin'-days,' says he."

THE MAGIC GROWTH OF FLOWERS.

BY HENRY HATTON, MAGICIAN AND CONJURER.

A VERY wonderful and, to my mind at least, the most beautiful trick exhibited is "the growth of flowers," which was first introduced by Colonel Stodare, a once-famous London magician. The idea is taken from "the growing mango-tree" of the Indian conjurers, but it is doubtful whether the original is as good as the copy, for despite the wonderful stories told by travellers, the performances of the dark-skinned magicians are not equal to those of their more civilized brethren.

In "the growth of flowers," as presented by Stodare, three tables draped nearly to the floor are used. On the top of each is a circular piece of metal supported by light wire legs.

The performer first calls attention to a card-board cone open at both ends, which is passed among the audience, that all may see it is empty. Next he brings forward two common red clay flower-pots containing earth. "A third pot is generally used," Mr. Conjuror explains, "but unfortunately it has been broken." Some one is requested to probe the earth with a stick, and everything being pronounced fair and above suspicion, the trick begins.

Each pot is covered in turn with the cone, on removing which a flower bush is discovered. Finally from the same cone is produced both a pot and a bush.

The usual explanation volunteered by the knowing ones in the audience is that the flowers are forced up by a

spring. As a general thing, of course, the spring does bring up the flowers, but in this particular case it is the performer who does it.

The apparatus is so simple that any boy of ordinary ingenuity can make it; but even with the apparatus no one could do the trick unless acquainted with the necessary routine.

Before touching on this, however, let me describe the apparatus. Instead of the one cone shown to the audience, four are actually used. These fit one within the other, the one shown being the largest, and consequently the outermost one. Two of the three flower bushes are fastened to round wooden moss-covered vases of a size to fit snugly into a flower-pot; the third bush is fastened into a pot, this pot, by-the-by, being usually of pasteboard painted red. The vases are weighted by pouring molten lead into auger-holes, and sometimes have a spike projecting from their under side.

When about to show the trick, each bush is covered by a cone, within which it is held by a green cord fastened by one end to the vase, the other end having a small brass ring attached, which passes over a flat hook riveted on the inside of the cone at the top.

At the back of each table, near the floor, is a projecting shelf, on which is stood a cone-covered bush, the drapery of the table concealing it. For home use these tables may be made of four-legged stools, each with a pole rising from the centre, and surmounted by a square of wood for a top. The drapery should be tacked on three sides of the top, and fall to a point just below the top of the stool.

The largest of these three cones, which I will call A, stands at the back of the centre table; the next in size, B, on the table at the extreme right; and the smallest, C, which contains both pot and bush, on the table at the left. The two flower-pots rest on the metal disks, which are placed respectively on the centre and the left-hand tables. The purpose of this peculiar arrangement will appear if my readers note well the progress of the trick.

The performer approaches the centre table, and holding the cone with both hands, one at each end, covers the middle pot with it. As he does this, he presses into the earth with the hand which is at the bottom of the cone a short pointed stick, to which is attached a rose-bud.

Now comes the most important and the best move in the trick. Standing with his right side to the left of the table, he lifts the cone with his right hand, and in a perfectly natural way lets it drop behind the table, and over cone A. Almost at the same moment he makes a half-turn of his body to the right, which brings out the two cones, and extending his left hand, points to the bud, to which he calls attention. The movement is so natural, and the cone is out of sight for such a short time, that the spectators are not aware they have ever taken their eyes off it.

Holding the two cones together by means of his right-hand fingers on the inside, at the top, and his thumb on the outside, the conjurer picks up the pot, and carries it to the right-hand table, on which he places it. Again he covers it with the cone, and, as he does so, releases the little brass ring at the top with his right forefinger. Now he raises the two cones together, and, as before, his hand drops behind the table, and this time brings up cone B; the same half-turn of the body, the same extension of the left arm, and he passes to the left-hand table. For a third time he goes through the same routine, ending by picking up both bush and flower-pot. Advancing to the foot-lights, he stands the cone on the crown of some gentleman's hat, and produces the pot with the bush.

It has been suggested that the three cones which cover the bushes might be dispensed with, but without them to confine the branches of the flowers it would be impossible to cover the bushes rapidly.

The trick pleases the eye, and is popular; as a consequence, attempts have been made to improve on it. The

one attempted some six years ago at a New York theatre is worthy of mention on account of its ridiculous ending.

The performer in question proposed to exhibit the trick on tables entirely free of drapery, intending to have the flowers thrust up from below the moment the cone touched the stage. The idea was, no doubt, good; but the first night, when the performer gracefully dropped the cone, a trap opened on the *opposite side* of the stage, and a flower bush was thrust up in full sight of the amused and amazed audience. It is needless to add that the little mishap settled that *improvement*.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

EARLY in this century the village school-master of Lichenthal, near Vienna, had a very troublesome pupil. He was a boy of about nine years old, with eager eyes, a quick, active figure, and a gay little laugh that, low-sounding as it was, usually upset the gravity of the school-room. But the boy's fun was not the only thing that troubled the master. In and out of hours, between lessons in geography and arithmetic—indeed, whenever he could lay hold of the necessary articles—little Franz Schubert was always scribbling music. He seemed full of musical ideas, and he felt the necessity of writing them down; so I do not doubt that his old tattered school-books would be very precious treasures if we possessed them now, with crotchets and quavers dancing in and out of nine times seven and the rivers and questions of his geography.

Fortunately little Franz's teacher was also his father, old M. Schubert being the school-teacher of Lichenthal. Troubled as he might have been about the boy's restless ways, he yet appreciated his genius, and in after-years was accustomed to say of him, "He was always first among his fellow-students." There had been a large family of Schuberts. This little Franz, born in 1797, was one of eighteen children; but they had nearly all died young, and so Franz was unusually dear to the father.

In those days in Germany, as soon as a boy showed any genius for music he was made to sing in the choir, and also to study the violin. So Franz did both, and he was so successful that before he was fifteen he was first violin in the orchestra. Later in life he bitterly deplored the fact that when he was young he had not more perfectly studied thorough bass or counterpoint. Everything he did in music as a child was so startling and precocious that I suppose the happy old father felt too well satisfied.

While he was at the Free Grammar School, the lad was constantly writing music, and turned off all sorts of work, good, bad, and indifferent, much of which used to be performed on the evening of the very day on which it was written.

It was in 1813, when Schubert was sixteen, that he left the grammar school and returned to his father's house, where he had the rather dreary occupation of teaching small children. But all this time he continued to compose. The school boys, fond of playing practical jokes, used to seize and hide all sorts of articles belonging to Franz, and enjoy the half angry, half good-humored way in which he would hunt for them. But something made them fear even to touch his music. There seemed to be something too sacred about it for their fun or frolic, and so the young teacher could leave his bits of writing on his desk, knowing they were safe from the tricks of the rough, merry little pupils.

He had a small room of his own in his father's house. It was very poorly furnished, yet he had his books and musical works there, his violin and piano. One cold and rainy afternoon he sat down after school-hours to refresh himself with reading. The book he picked up was a volume of Goethe's poems, among them "The Erl King," and on reading it the young musician's brain seemed to burn

with a desire to put the words to music. He read, and he seemed to see the whole picture, and before leaving his room, while the wind and rain beat against his windows, he wrote down the song that we all have now, never materially altering one note or beat in it.

The song describes the ride of a father and child through a forest. The child lies in his father's arms, and in the darkness hears the voice of the Erl King, a phantom creature, calling to him to come and live with him. He speaks in terror to his father, who tells him to be quiet. It is only the sound of the wind through withered leaves; but again and again the child hears the dread voice urging him on.

"Oh, father, the Erl King now puts forth his arm!
Oh, father, the Erl King has done me harm!"

and regretting that he and Schubert had not been nearer friends; but the fact was that when Schubert went to visit the great master, shyness or nervousness so overcame him that he returned home greatly annoyed with himself.

Schubert had only one romance in his life, but it lasted always. One winter in Vienna, while teaching the daughters of Count Esterhazy, he fell in love with Caroline, the younger and most gifted of the two. He said nothing then of his attachment to his sweet young pupil, but he was glad to accept an invitation to the Count's castle in Hungary. There he wrote many of his favorite songs—all, it is said, inspired by Caroline and his love for her. But the young girl complained to him that he never dedicated anything to her.

"Ah!" exclaimed poor Schubert, "you have it all!"

He seems never to have thought it likely she would consent to marry him, and so he loved on in silence while Caroline married. It is thought that the elder sister, a gentle, tender creature, and his confidante, loved Schubert herself. Although all music-loving people know and care for Schubert to-day, he had bitter struggles in his own lifetime, and both publishers and artists often failed to appreciate him. Perhaps this, as well as the sadness of his love-story, increased the melancholy in his work, and made him care little to live. During Beethoven's last illness Schubert was often at his bedside with other friends, and they used to think that during those sad, speechless hours Beethoven longed to speak to Schubert, whose work he had only just begun to really know when his fatal illness came. The night of Beethoven's funeral Schubert joined some friends in a tavern, when, "after the German fashion, they drank to the soul of the



SCHUBERT SEARCHING FOR THE ARTICLES HIS FELLOW STUDENTS HAVE HIDDEN.

The father shudders, and finds his child dead in his arms. Wild and fascinating as are the verses of Goethe, Schubert's music is more so. The next time you play it read it line by line, and fit the meaning of each chord to the strange words of the verse.

In 1817 Schubert, who had made several warm friends, was induced to give up teaching little boys, and to live with his chosen associate, a clever, interesting man named Schobler. This gentleman was a bachelor, and had a pleasant little household, at the head of which was his mother. Schubert was welcomed heartily, and in the simple little house he drew a circle about him every member of which was worth knowing. He himself had become rather melancholy in his mode of thought. He had nothing in his personal appearance to attract people toward him, but so many cared for him that his friendship must have been well worth having. He was fond of playing duets, and it is said that all his *brusquerie* would disappear under the spell of music. But in general society he was often neglected, although by this time his songs had begun to be published, and were well received. Beethoven pored over them in his last days, declaring "this Schubert" to be a genius,

great man they had so lately borne to the tomb. It was then proposed to drink to the one of them who should be the first to follow him; and hastily filling up the cup, Schubert drank to himself.**

But he lived to add one great work to all the rest. This was the Symphony in C, never to be heard without remembering that the sweetest song-writer was among the grandest of workers for an orchestra. He gave a grand concert soon after composing this symphony. He was ill, he was tired; he longed to go for a little while to the Esterhazys, where the young Countess Marie, his Caroline's sister, often thought of him as she wandered among the hills he knew and loved so well. But there was almost no money in his purse, and his health was giving way. It was in the autumn of that year, 1828, that he expired at the early age of thirty-one.

They buried him near Beethoven, and on his tomb is inscribed,

"Music buried here a rich possession, and yet fairer hopes."



"LITTLE DAME TROT."

IN A FOG.

BY A MIDSHIPMAN.

ON a fine morning her Majesty's frigate *M—*, in which I was serving as a midshipman, left Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Bermuda.

We had entered the Gulf Stream, and were quietly sailing along, when our signal midshipman reported a Danish bark in distress on the weather bow, and received orders to ask her name, and how we could assist her.

In a few minutes the bunting fluttered at our mast-head, and all eyes were turned toward the stranger. There was some delay, as merchant vessels are not generally very

apt at signals. At last the reply came: "*Copenhagen*: in want of water and provisions."

"Martin," cried our captain, addressing the senior lieutenant, "let Mr. Edwards take my galley, and see what that vessel requires, and have one of the cutters ready to carry what he finds she may want. By the-by, you'd better let an assistant surgeon accompany him."

In accordance with these orders, our skipper's six-oared gig was manned, and Dr. Simple and I, having received instructions, proceeded to board the *Copenhagen*, find out what she wanted, and signal back to our ship. We, however, carried with us a small quantity of pork, some biscuits, a little wine and lime-juice, as well as some vege-

tables from the officers' mess, the doctor taking a few medical comforts.

The bark was about two miles off, and as we had our fires banked, and were under canvas only, our captain made no attempt to "close" her; besides, it was but a short pull in his fast galley. Still, we were astonished at the merchant vessel making no attempt to come nearer, particularly as she was well to windward.

We soon reached the vessel, a fine, well-found craft. On her deck lay her helpless crew in the last stage of starvation, her captain being apparently the only man with sufficient energy to speak to us. I have seen starvation in many forms, but never in so ghastly a shape as on board that vessel.

"Hand up the provisions, and bear a hand," I cried, and began serving out the small supply we had with us. There was a strange, eager silence as each man's wants were attended to.

The doctor was also employed applying such remedies as he happened to have with him, while my cockswain signaled to the frigate for what was needed.

So much taken up was I with these occupations that I took note of nothing else, until, having completed what I was about, my attention was drawn to a strange haze forming to windward. In ten minutes from the time I had noticed it we were enveloped in a dense fog, or rather vapor cloud, which hung round the bark, and for a time brought on a feeling similar to that on going into a Turkish bath.

Having lost sight of the frigate, I endeavored to communicate with her by sound signal. I first tried a fog-horn, but it had not been taken care of, so I could only get a grunt out of it. I next experimented on the bark's bell, but it was a miserable article—cracked, and all but useless. All this time we could hear our ship's steam-whistle, with which she was trying to communicate; but as we could not reply to it, we only had the mortification of knowing by its growing fainter that she was leaving us. Such being the state of affairs, I proceeded to see how we stood in the way of provisions, and found that all had been expended except the usual supply carried by all man-of-war boats when at sea, which would only be two days' allowance for seven men, and not a decent meal for half the crew of the Dane, let alone ourselves. Under these circumstances, I determined to lay the bark to, feeling certain that our captain would do the same, and that we should find the *M*— at no great distance when the fog lifted.

By this time, it being six o'clock in the evening, the galley was hauled up, and a meagre repast partaken of by both officers and men. We were not troubled by the merchant seamen, as whatever medicine or stimulant the doctor had given them had put them in a sound sleep, from which they did not awake until close on night-fall.

But when they did, they were in the most ravenous state, loudly demanding food. What was I to do? Give them our remaining provisions? There was only such a small quantity; what would it be amongst thirty men, the number of the Dane's crew?

I now directed my men in a low tone of voice to be on the alert, and that they must at all risks prevent the provisions from being taken. Whether the Danish sailors understood me or not, I can not say; but, at any rate, it was evident that they thought there was a good stock of provisions in our boat. Arguing with them was all to no purpose. Have the provisions, they declared, they would, and at once!

I saw that there was likely to be trouble; that whatever stimulant Simple had given them had imbued them with a certain amount of artificial strength, along with a good deal of "Dutch courage," and that it would be necessary to act promptly, even though violence might be called for.

At this crisis a thought struck me. Watching for the most prominent of the agitators, my eye fell on one whom to this day I believe to have been an Englishman. Step-

ping quickly up to him, and drawing my dirk, I seized him by the collar, and the next moment he was a prisoner. I then told the others that if they showed any further signs of insubordination I would hang their shipmate at the yard-arm. Of course this was only a threat, and I scarcely knew how it would result.

The Danes showed dissatisfaction at their comrade being arrested, but after clamoring awhile, went forward, and below into their vessel's forepeak. I felt certain it was only to deliberate, and perhaps return more determined than ever. An idea had suggested itself on seeing them leave the upper deck, and whispering instructions to my cockswain, we silently and hastily ran forward, and clapping on the forepeak hatch, at once secured it with its coaming bar. We had them safe as in a trap.

I now divided my men into two watches, Simple and I taking charge of them. In this way an anxious night was spent.

Morning found us still enveloped in fog, and we began to feel our position more than ever perilous, particularly as the doctor, who had kept the middle watch (12 to 4 A.M.), reported that he had not heard a single gun. The last one had been "logged" about eleven o'clock the night before. Still, judging from appearances, I had every hope that the breeze would freshen, and the fog clear off about noon. Nor was I disappointed. About half past eleven it lifted, and we could see the horizon all around. The horizon, but nothing more.

No frigate!

Here we were on the wide ocean, in the same situation as the crew we had come to rescue from distress and starvation, and, if anything, in a worse position; for we knew not what these desperate men might be tempted to do.

A moment's reflection brought before us the real peril of the situation. It was truly appalling. We had still a few biscuits and a little rum. The food given the Danes had only increased their suffering, and the cries coming through the closed hatch were heart-rending.

All day long we kept a lookout for our ship, but she was nowhere to be seen; and as the sun went down our hearts sank with it. We ourselves began to realize the pangs of hunger in all its dread misery.

Another night passed; again the sun rose in its glorious autumnal splendor, ushering in to many all that was bright and beautiful, but to us hunger and desolation.

The unfortunate Danes had been silent for some hours. Our hearts smote us as we thought of them. But their safety as well as our own depended on our avoiding anything like a collision with them, so I had to keep them imprisoned. Besides, we had now nothing in the way of food to give them; our last biscuit was gone. At this crisis the lookout at the mast-head sung out in a clear voice that rang cheerily in our ears the startling words, "Sail, ho!"

Seizing my telescope, I rushed to the mast-head. With some little difficulty I could make out a ship's royals on our lee beam, my experience telling me they were those of a war vessel. Hailing the deck, I ordered sails to be trimmed, and the *Copenhagen's* course to be shaped for the other vessel.

In about an hour I could distinguish our "chase" to the first reefs in her topsails, and felt certain, from the rake of her masts, that she was a frigate. Just as I made this discovery a cry came from the deck, and on looking down I saw our men trying to prevent the bark's crew from coming on deck through the after-cabin companionway. Not waiting to ask myself how they could have got aft, I seized one of the main-royal back-stays, and was on deck in a few seconds. The struggle was for a time desperate, but the poor starved remnants of humanity had little chance with man-of-war's men, and in a few moments we had them again safe under hatches.

Suddenly a hail came from Simple, who had taken my place aloft: "Hark! That's a gun."

As he spoke a dull booming sound came across the ocean wave, again and again repeated, until it spelled out the name of our frigate.

The scene that followed is beyond description; we were sighted, and by our own ship. Officers and men forgot the difference of rank, and grasped each other's hands in grim, silent congratulation.

Some laughed, others sang, and Simple wanted to release our prisoners; but this I would not allow; they had but a short time to wait, and then they would be set free, with a good meal before them. How different were our feelings under the setting sun to those experienced at its rising! We were once more on board our ship. We had been in a position of great peril, from which we had been most providentially rescued, and had also been the means of saving the Danes from almost certain death.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

NAN spent the next week in a perfect whirl. Had anything been left to her wisdom, or her decision, even, I am afraid the result would have worried Miss Phyllis Rolf very much; but that young lady took everything very calmly into her own hands, and Nan soon learned to find it both an easy and agreeable task to obey her.

Naturally Nan wanted to go and see the Ruperts, but this visit was put off day after day; and finally it was Mrs. Rupert who, with Marian, broke the ice and came up to see Nan.

It happened in this way: Breakfast was over. Nan had, as usual, established herself in the window-seat of the little sitting-room with a book, and was wondering what new excitement the day would bring forth, when, on looking up from the page before her, she saw two figures enter the gate. In an instant she recognized Mrs. Rupert and Marian.

Only three times in her life could she remember having seen her aunt so gorgeously attired, so that she knew Mrs. Rupert felt this to be an important occasion; but after spending even a week with Mrs. Grange and Phyllis, how gaudy Mrs. Rupert's shawl and bonnet looked! Nan involuntarily shuddered, and then, whether it was a half-lonesome or half-ashamed feeling she could not tell, but she began to cry.

Lance was out in the hall, pulling to pieces some mechanical toy he had bought. Nan dashed out to him.

"My aunt and Marian are here!" she exclaimed.

Lance's eyes fairly danced.

"Oh, what fun!" he said. "I'd give a dollar to see Phyllis meet them."

"But, Lance," said Nan, "it isn't—such fun." She barely knew what to say, and turned around as she saw some one coming up the staircase. It was Phyllis. She came over to the two children, and said very gravely:

"Nan, I want you to come down-stairs and see your aunt; and"—Phyllis looked at her earnestly—"I hope you remember all I have said? There must be *no* offer of intimacy."

Nan stood very still, looking up into Phyllis's beautiful, haughty face.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone, nodding her head gravely.

"See"—Phyllis looked carefully at her dress. "Come in here and put on something else."

To Nan dressing had become a perfect delight, for never before had she thought of owning such clothes. She fol-

lowed Phyllis into her room, and waited while that young lady turned over various things. In the course of the week four new dresses had come home for Nan, and from these Phyllis, with a little laugh, chose the brightest and prettiest—indeed, the only silk one among them—a soft blue silk, made simply enough, but richer than anything Nan had ever thought of as her own. It seemed odd to wear her best dress in the morning, yet, as Nan followed her cousin down-stairs, she felt a thrill of pleasure to think her aunt and Marian should see her splendor.

Mrs. Rupert, with her daughter, was sitting in the long parlor. They had come determined to reproach little Nan with neglect of them—indeed, if need be, to say something harsh to that fine young lady, Miss Rolf; but the elegance and quiet of the long room, with its pictures and books and soft hangings, quite overcame them. They sat very still on the edge of their chairs, looking at each other and at the door, and only raising their voices to whispers. Marian, if the truth were known, was inclined to be rather defiant when Nan appeared, but Mrs. Rupert kept looking at her menacingly every time she gave her head a pert little toss.

"Keep quiet," she said, just as Nan and Miss Rolf appeared; and then she looked up, and on seeing Nan come up the beautiful room in her blue silk dress, with lace in the neck and sleeves, and shining kid boots, and her hair prettily brushed, she drew a long breath, and exclaimed,

"Well, by the powers above, be that Nan Rolf?"

Even the fine house and the beautiful Miss Phyllis were forgotten. Mrs. Rupert sat still, staring at her little step-niece; and it was Phyllis who came to every one's relief.

"Sit down, Annice," she said, in her gentlest tone, and then, smiling very pleasantly, she continued: "You see, Mrs. Rupert, I could not very well let Nan go away. There were so many things to get for her; her life is going to be such a busy one, studying and all that"—here Phyllis just glanced at Nan's fine dress—"there would, I knew, be no time to buy her things in Beverly."

There was a pause, and then Miss Rolf continued: "Nan, take your cousin upstairs. I will talk to Mrs. Rupert."

And Nan obeyed. She and Marian found very little to say to each other in the luxurious sitting-room upstairs. Marian was still defiant, and Nan was nervous and troubled; so they talked of very uninteresting things, and Nan could hardly put anything into words. She asked for Philip, and begged that he might come and see her.

"I don't like to go out without Cousin Phyllis's permission," she faltered.

Marian burst out laughing.

"Oh, you're a fine lady now, Nan!" she said; "too good for us, that's easily seen," and she gave Nan's dress a twitch.

Nan hardly knew what to say. She was neither ungrateful nor hard-hearted, but she was bewildered and perplexed. It was a relief when Phyllis sent for her. Even when Mrs. Rupert and Marian said good-by, she did not know what to say, and so she said nothing; but she cried as she kissed her aunt, even though she saw Phyllis was annoyed by it.

And no more was said of her going to visit the Ruperts, that morning being the only good-by attempted.

CHAPTER VIII.

No one must suppose that Nan did not regret leaving her aunt's family with so little ceremony. She really longed to spend a whole day with them, but by the time she had been ten days at "The Willows" she had learned to do just what Phyllis told her was best, without thinking much for herself. Only once did she resent her cousin's authority, and that was when she was told by Phyllis she ought not to talk so much of Philip to Lance.

"But I could only talk *good* of my cousin Philip," Nan said, a little defiantly.

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"No doubt," rejoined Phyllis, with perfect good-humor; "but Lance can't know such a boy; and, Nan, Lance has some low tastes of the kind, as it is."

And then Nan flashed out.

"Oh, Cousin Phyllis," she exclaimed, "how dare you! Philip is not low; he could not be; he is better—far, far kinder and smarter—and *everything* even than Lance, who will, I suppose, one day be a fine gentleman."

And in spite of Phyllis's set, stern look, Nan dashed out of the room and into her own little cozy nest, where she stopped, panting for breath. It was Sunday night. She was to leave the next day for Beverley, and, sitting on her little bed, she determined, come what would, to see Philip and bid him good-bye for herself. But how could it be



"'WHATEVER HAPPENS, I NEVER, NEVER WILL FORGET YOU!'"

accomplished? Of course she was not a prisoner; but she hardly felt it right to do anything that she knew Phyllis would have sternly forbidden. Still, her cheeks burned at the thought of what Philip might say of her, if he knew she had left forever with not one word to her old play-fellow. And then came the remembrance of all Philip's kindness: how many times he had saved her a scolding, even a whipping; the books he had bought her with his hardly earned pocket-money. Looking back, all her few luxuries or pleasures seemed to have come through her cousin's goodness and unselfishness. "Not that he hasn't been horrid and cross enough sometimes," thought little Nan, sitting on the edge of her bed, and allowing her tears to fall on her "second-best" dress quite unchecked. "But he *always* was good to me, *really*," and this decision seem-

ed to put an end to any idea of what she owed to Phyllis. She rose up very softly, and took out her new hat and jacket, and put them on. Then, with one glance at Phyllis's open door, she rushed swiftly down the hall and the back staircase, whence she knew it would be easy to make her escape. It was about seven o'clock. People were slowly going on their way to church. Nan thought she would risk finding Philip at home, for Mrs. Rupert never left the house and store entirely alone, and it was usually, Marian whom her mother decided to take with her in the evening. She had a general idea that Philip, being a boy, might get into mischief if he went out in the evening, and to Philip these hours of solitude with his minerals and shells and books were most welcome.

Nan sped along the well-known streets as fast as she dared, and reached the butter and cheese store with a sense of relief, for thus far all was right. A solitary light was burning in the little sitting-room, where she had sat for the last time only ten days before; yet how long ago it seemed! Nan stood still a moment in the garden, and then, going up to the side-door, slowly turned the handle. She went along the short corridor, and very gently opened the sitting-room door. She had guessed right. Philip was alone—sitting in the usual disorder, with his elbows on the table, his hands on his head, absorbed in a book.

"Philip!" Nan half whispered. The boy started, looked at Nan in a bewildered way, and then jumped to his feet.

"Nan!" he exclaimed, "come in. I am glad you came. Ain't you going away, after all, with your fine relations?"

"Oh yes," Nan answered, just a little dolefully. "I'm going—to-morrow; and I came—I ran away, Phil, to say good-bye to you. I guessed you'd be alone."

"You're a trump, Nan," said the boy, delightedly. "Oh, ain't you going to write to me about everything?"

Nan looked pained; but Philip did not see her expression, for he had begun to rummage among his shells.

"See here, Nan," he said, turning around before she answered; "here's the old pink shell we used to make a boat of. There! you can have it all for yourself now—a remembrance, don't you see?"

Nan's bright eyes were full of tears. She took the shell, and nodded softly.

"Thank you, Philip dear. I'm afraid I mustn't stay. I must say good-bye now, or they'll come after me. Thank you so much, Phil; and remember, *whatever* happens, I never, never will forget you. And I'll always love you."

And honest-hearted little Nan squeezed Phil around the neck warmly, and before another word was said had fled away.

Going up the street, she rejoiced that she had so successfully accomplished her errand; yet another idea had come to her mind. Probably no one at "The Willows" would be any the wiser for her little flight; but would it not be what Lance would have called "squarer" to go herself and tell Phyllis? Nan's nature, impulsive and full of faults though it might be, was honest and true in every fibre, and it did not take her long to come to a decision as to what was right. She made her way noiselessly in at the side entrance without being discovered, but once in the upper hall she went boldly to her cousin's door. Phyllis had not stirred from the easy-chair in which Nan had left

her. The light from the lamp on a table near her showed Nan a very different room from the shabby parlor in which she had just said good-by to Philip, and as the little girl went in, she had a queer sort of feeling that she had said good-by to shabbiness and dirt and disorder forever. But something else was struggling within her, as she looked at Phyllis's fair, beautiful, cold face. "I haven't said good-by to my *conscience*, anyway," she was thinking; and with a brave resolve she walked up to her cousin's side.

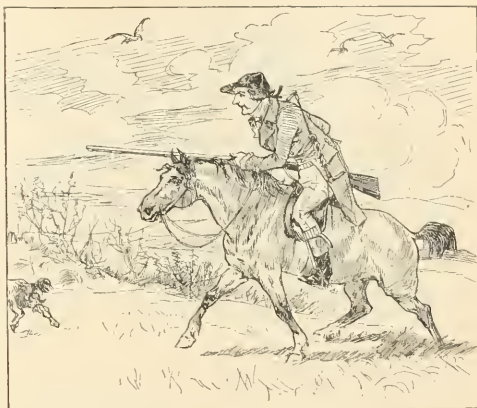
"Cousin Phyllis," she said in a low tone, "I've been down to Aunt Rupert's and seen Philip, and said good-by to him. I knew you wouldn't like it, but I'm not—sorry I did it." And here Nan's voice broke, and she burst into tears.

For an instant Phyllis felt very angry. Then, before she spoke, the honesty of the child touched her. It touched her, but not as the same thing would have touched my little Nan. The brilliant young lady had to admire the child's fearlessness, yet she also thought quickly how receiving her confession kindly might be a "good thing" in the future—might strengthen her influence over the possible heiress of all Miss Rolf's fortune.

"Very well, Nan," she said, kissing the little bowed head, "we will agree to forget it. Now go away and get ready for prayers. Mrs. Grange will soon be home."

And Nan, feeling a great load off her little heart, went into her own room and put away her shell in the big trunk already full of her new possessions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Gone to fetch a rabbit-skin



To wrap the Baby Bunting in.



Bye, Baby Bunting!



Papa's gone a-hunting—





THE INFANT CLASS.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NO doubt you have all taken an interest in the stories of childish heroism which have appeared in *YOUNG PEOPLE* during the last year. We have great pleasure in adding to the list of brave boys who have shown courage and presence of mind in an hour of sudden peril the name of Harry Meinel, aged eleven, son of Captain Meinel, late of the United States Artillery. His sister Marie sends us the account of her little brother's noble deed.

One bright day last August a number of children were merrily playing around a mill-pond near the Greenfield, Ht., Shawangunk Mountains. One of them, a little fellow six years old, slipped and fell into twelve feet of water. Instantly Harry Meinel sprang to the rescue, plunged into the spot where bubbles were rising over the sinking child, seized, and brought him to the surface. Finding him too heavy for his strength, he called to his sister, a year younger—who was fortunately, in a row-boat not far off—and with her aid succeeded in bringing him to the shore.

Certainly Harry's name belongs on the Roll of Honor.

URICA, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old, and have lots of fun. I like to play tug, and chase, and pins and needles. Perhaps some who read this letter do not know how to play pins and needles, so I will tell them. First some one has to stand; then the first player jumps over him, and then another, and so on, all saying "pins" as they go over. Then they do the same thing again, all saying "needles." Then the next time they say "buncher's grip," and touch as they go over. Next comes "sailor's grip," again touching as they go over. Next comes "spurs," kicking as they go over. This time the one standing has to turn sideways. Next comes "hats on deck." As you go over put your hat on the boy's back. The rule is if you knock the boy over in jumping over him, or if you fail to do any of these things, you must be the one to stand.

Dear me! how glad I am that I am not a boy! I wouldn't play "pins and needles" and "hats on deck" for the prettiest present you could offer me. Is it possible that you never get hurt? and what do your mothers say about the torn jackets and trousers that come home from such jolly sport?

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Please oblige a little girl twelve years old by publishing her little story in the Post-office Box.

EDITH'S RESOLUTION.

It was a bright sunny day when little Edith wandered about the crowded street. Her little brother had her hand; he was five years old, and was very thin for his age. They were very poor people, and their mother had been dead for a very long time. They were under the charge of their aunt, who was sickly, and could earn but little.

As they were walking quietly up and down the street a young man stopped them, and asked Edith if she would carry his bundle to the hotel. Edith immediately did as he wished, and when she came back he gave her five cents.

"Andrew," said Edith, as soon as they got home, "what shall we do with all this money?" "Oh, I know," said Andrew, "you buy some candy, and then we will have a feast."

But Edith thought for awhile, and then said:

"No, Andrew, we will buy a nice loaf of bread. I know that candy would rather have it than the candy."

But Andrew put on a sorrowful face, which he knew Edith did not like to see.

She looked at him for a few seconds, and then said she might buy the candy when she got to the store.

When they reached a confectionery, little Andrew pulled Edith toward the window, and said:

"Oh, Edith, look at all those good things!"

While he was saying this a nice little boy, with his nurse went into the store and bought some candy, and when she came out she gave it to Edith, who stared at her in wonder and

amazement. But the little lady said she heard the little boy remark that he wanted some, and so she bought it for him.

Edith thanked her very much, and said she had but five cents, which she wished for bread. Andrew was also glad to have Edith stop, without spending any money. Edith kept hers for aunt, then bought the bread, and afterward went home, and they had a merry time that night over bread and candy.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl nine years old, and my brother Charlie is seven. Last New Year's some kind friends sent us Harper's *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we use them very much. Mamma reads the stories to us, and enjoys them quite as much as we do. We particularly like the Post-office Box, and were delighted with Mr. Otis's story "Their Girl," only wishing it were longer. We have two pets—a country-bird we call Goldie, that sings very sweetly, and a young Newfoundland dog which we call Andy. He is very playful and mischievous. I wrote a letter to HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* last winter, but it was not published. We send the Postmistress a little box of flowers. Mamma is writing this for me.

NELLIE G. R. and CHARLES B. R.

Thanks for the flowers, dear Nellie and Charlie. I am afraid some of my little correspondents are discouraged when, having written once or twice to the Post-office Box, they still fail to see their letters printed there. If these dear children could take a peep at me when I am reading the budgets which the postman brings, could see my bewildered face, and watch me as I try to be perfectly fair to all, they would not complain at the long delays. If you first get me published, wait awhile, and then write another. Some of the letters are very entertaining to me, but are not of a character to interest the great number of children who cluster around the Postmistress every week. I wish the little pens would try to tell of something pleasant or strange about their homes or their daily lives, something besides the mere facts of how old they are, and how many brothers and sisters they have.

If you will pause to think, boys, you will see that a New York boy, for instance, must have opportunities of telling many interesting things about his native city which a prairie boy, or a Rocky Mountain boy, or a lad in California will find charming. And a boy who lives on a far-away ranch, and sees great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep every day, may do much to interest the other, who plays on Boston Common, or passes Independence Hall in Philadelphia on his way to school.

A little girl sends us her composition on "Wonderful Inventions." The Postmistress thinks with you, dear, that, if people would only try and try, and not get discouraged, the world would go on much better than it does. But it is very easy to be discouraged, isn't it, dearie, after all!

An invention is something that is invented, and I think there would be more of them if people would only try and try and try. It is very useful. But some people get discouraged if everything does not happen to go right the first time. They should think of Robert Fulton, who, when others failed, thought he could make his idea successful, although many said he would not succeed. He went to work with a will, and did succeed, to the amazement of the people, and then some were afraid to take the first trip on

his steamboat. As we look around us we seldom stop to think of the value of our umbrellas. Even the cotton from which clothing is made was never in so much demand until Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. The mariner's compass, which is so useful to a captain, was first invented which direction his vessel is sailing, the piano-forte, which affords us so much amusement, the sewing-machine, the umbrella, all were made for our use and comfort.

L. C.

Yes, my bright little L. C., the sewing machine, and the umbrella, and many other life-saving and case-finding contrivances were hither proposed at first. Many gentlemen and ladies declared they never, never would let a machine stitch their garments; it would surely wear out the material, and the sewing would be certain not to hold. When umbrellas were first introduced in London, he was a brave man who ventured to carry one in the street. He was followed by a jeering crowd, who hooted at him and called him names, or pelted him with mud. But by and by was observed that umbrellas were sensible, and that there was no great merit in getting wet to the skin whenever it rained. Remember that all inventions have their beginnings in somebody's busy brain. Perhaps there are wonderful little inventors among my boys and girls.

So many of you love your dear gray cats, and black and yellow and mouse-colored pussies, and frolfesome kitties, that you will be delighted with some true stories about these domestic pets. The first is from the oven of

A CLEVER CAT.

My cook was honest, and the pantry was always in order. I had missed little things from the shelves and dishes. Several times we had talked the matter over, but could in no way think how it was possible for the food to be carried out of the room, when my cook was in the pantry, she heard a noise, as if something coming down the chimney, and in a few moments out jumped an old and favorite cat, which until then had always borne an excellent character in the house.

I was much puzzled as to how the animal had been able to reach the chimney from the outside, and ordered her to be watched. On being asked, she said that when my father was in the yard she was seen to go stealthily into the cellar. The cook followed, but the cat was nowhere to be seen, when she thought herself in the pantry, and there found the beef enjoying a piece of meat. From the cellar there also ran a chimney, so that I was not a little surprised to find that the cat had gone up one chimney and down the other. Thinking it best to get it out of her power to steal any longer, I had the pantry chimney stopped up.

The next is much prettier:

THE CURIOUS KITTEN.

A very intelligent little kitten was lying on the rug one day, when a young lady took off her bracelet, and playfully fastened it round puss's neck. Nothing could exceed the little creature's anxiety to find out what this new appendage was, and after vainly trying to get it by turning her head about, she quietly got up, walked across the room, and climbed on a chair which happened to stand before a mirror. She looked at herself earnestly in the glass, felt the bracelet with both paws, stroking it first one side, then the other, and when apparently quite satisfied with herself and her beckoning, she stepped to the place, and settled herself calmly to sleep again.

And this is the prettiest of all:

I was one day attracted by the sound of scratching at a door which opened from some cellar steps, and by seeing the black paw of a favorite cat protruding through a very small aperture. The door of the street was open, and the paw of puss's paw being passed through the space, but it stuck a little, and in spite of her efforts she remained a prisoner. After several vain attempts, she paused for a moment, then gave the peculiar cry which cats use to summon their young ones.

Puss's kitten, a nearly full-grown one, heard the call, and ran to her mother's assistance. She understood the state of affairs at once, and inserting her paw from the outside, the mother resumed her efforts from within, and the two together succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to liberate the captive.

I live in a very pretty place called Cowansville. It snowed very slightly this morning for the first time this year. I will be so glad when it snows a great deal, so that we can have a dramatic club. We are to play next winter. If you have the entertainment I will write and tell you about it if you want me to. Will you please print as a short dialogue for seven or three girls and four or more boys. I have a nice doggie, but we have one which will sit up and beg and do everything almost that a dog can do, and I have an awful pretty little kitten which sits purring in my lap

as I write, and a little bird called Cherry. But I must go and practice my music lesson, so good-by.

We have something in preparation which will suit our dramatic club, Mabel, and which you will certainly like for one of your performances.

The little girl eight years old who saw two birds flying over the house, and made up the following pretty verse, will very likely make other verses when she is older:

I saw two birds up in the sky,
And they prattled merrily as they flew by;
Saw the little male to his wife he said,
Together we'll strive to get bread and meat;
So they both flew off to the far Southeast,
Where no one could find them—man nor beast.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

We are two little girls, and we thought we would like to see one of our letters published. My name is Sallie, and my sister's is Emmie. I have four dolls, and my sister has three. We have a yellow and white cat named Jimbo, and a toy elephant named Toby Tyler, because we liked little Toby so much. We also have a haek lamb. My older sister is writing this for us, and I suppose you will like to publish very long letters, so we must close. Your faithful readers,

SARAH and EMILY T.

I hope your black lamb will not behave, when he grows up, as did a certain old sheep about which you lately read in the Post-office Box.

IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have a cat named Jimbo; she is entirely black, except a white spot on her throat. We have two dogs; one is brown, the other is brown and white. One of the goats in the woods is all white, and they and they brought a little rabbit. I have seen the comet twice. Once it was very large, the other time it was very small. Ipswich is about twenty-eight miles from Boston.

AMY G.

WETHERS' MILL, MISSOURI.

"Marvle," in writing of his visit to the country, says of the dog Major, "Moles he will not eat; neither will cats eat moles." Yes, and what is more remarkable, neither will hogs eat moles. In rambling through the country one will often find that the hogs root up old mole tracks, burrows, or, as supposed, for moles are all off-sets, and they dig for mice (which often make use of mole runs), but not moles, as any one may be convinced who will offer them one.

D.

CHICKERING, NEW JERSEY.

The rest of the little people write, so I thought that I would do the same. I have just been up in New York State for three or four weeks. Where I was visiting they had two oxen; they were used to get on one of them, and take the cows down to pasture. The boys used to go over to the neighbor's and borrow two saddles, and put them on the oxen, and then have a ride. I made them trot. I weigh 115 pounds, and I am only eleven years old, but will be twelve the 26th of June.

AARON B. K.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

I am a little American boy seven years old. I go to Handel College. My grandma in New York sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like the stories very much. I have a little black kitten; its name is Poppy. I have been to a great many ancient places, but I can't remember the names. I have two sisters and two brothers, all older than myself except one brother. I am going back to New York some day. I write this all myself.

PAUL G. M.

It was beautifully written too.

My little son sends you this Wiggle. Let me express to you my sincere thanks for your little paper, which comes each week with such a bright and happy boy's reading for the little ones. It has helped my boys so very much with their reading. The clear type is just the thing for the little beginners.

E. V. C.

A testimonial like this from a mother is very gratifying to those who are trying to make YOUNG PEOPLE a deserved favorite with both parents and children.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it ever so much. My sister gave it to me for a birthday present. I go to St. Luke's Hall to school, and I have been attending it three years, and have five teachers. I like them all, and of all my studies I like history best. I have *Young Folks' History of England*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, and have no trouble in studying it, because it is so interesting.

ANABEL I.

I thought I would write you a few lines which I liked HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it better than any periodical I have ever read. I take the greatest pleasure in solving out its enigmas and

puzzles. I am fourteen years of age. I have neither father, mother, sister, nor brother. My mother died when I was five years old, and my father when I was twelve. I am now living at Clinton with my uncle, but my home is in Shreveport, Louisiana. I am going to school here. The school-boys are divided on a high hill. We have a good teacher, and new scholars are coming in every day. Our teacher has introduced HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE into his school, and has a large class, all of whom are highly pleased with it. Your little friend,

JONAS A. II.

HAMBERG, IOWA.

I am twelve years of age. I have three sisters and one brother. I live in the country, and go to school all the time. I have no pets to tell you about, but I have a dear little sister a year and a half old, who is so cute. She thinks lots of her kitty; it is black and white. We have a good dog. I do not take lessons now, but I like to play on it. Papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us. I wish Jimmy Brown would write a story every week. I must stop now, so good-by.

MISA B.

As Thanksgiving draws near, some of our young people begin to wonder what pretty game they can add to the stock they already know, so that they may be ready to try it when the merry party of cousins and friends has assembled. We propose

FAMOUS NUMBERS.

It may be played by any number of people. We will suppose a family consisting of a papa, mamma, Aunt Mary, Uncle Henry, and several children to be engaged in it on a pleasant winter's evening. Ada begins:

"Papa, how nice it would be if you and mamma and aunt and uncle would have a game of Famous Numbers with us!"

"I have no objection, my dear, if you will tell me how to play it. Famous Numbers do not belong to the toys of my childhood, I am afraid."

"Well," said Ada, "this is what we must do: Charlie or I must write on slips of paper some numbers, such as we please. We twist our papers up, put them on a plate or in a bag, as we can, and you each draw one. Then you open it, and say: 'My famous number is Twelve (or whatever the number is). There were two famous Caesars.' If you don't know enough famous things or people to make the number, you pay a forfeit; but that will be impossible for you, papa."

"I am by no means sure," said Uncle Henry, "that I shall pay the first forfeit myself. Lowey-er, I am ready to try."

Ada and Charlie then prepared their pieces of paper, handed them to the aunt, accepted the two finally left, and resumed their seats. Baby Amy would insist on taking a paper like the rest, so papa promised to help her in finding her famous number.

Mamma opened hers first. "I have drawn the famous number of Four," she said. "I think Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter are a famous four."

"I have drawn a famous number," said Ada; "it is Three. Oh! I know who shall be my famous Three—"

"The dauntless three who kept the bridge of old."

"Can you repeat the lines of the lay, Ada?" inquired her father.

"I think I can."
"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate;
To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers?
And the temples of his gods?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In you strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titan blood was he:
I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Romanian proud was he—
Lo! I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee—
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titan blood was he:
I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Very well, Ada," said Aunt Mary. "I have drawn the famous number of Six, and my father as your papa has mentioned the twelve Caesars, I will give the twelve months of the year."

"I have drawn a famous number—Nine. Of course I have no names for the number, but I have drawn a famous number; it is Five," said Anne. "The five Senses are very famous—Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, and Touching."

"I," said Fanny, "have drawn a famous number—Seven. Seven stars in the Pleiades. They are called 'Seven Stars' sometimes."

"I have drawn a famous number—Eight. May I say an octave in music? It is the most famous eight I know," said Mabel.

"I think we will not make you a forfeit this time," said papa.

"I have drawn Six. Well, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—famous for work, if for nothing else," said Aunt Mary.

"I have drawn Ten. The Decemviri who mis-governed Rome," said Aunt Mary.

"See what mine is about," said baby Amy. "It is one. Tell us a famous one, Amy," said papa.

"My own mamma," said baby. "And so on."

E. O. McC. AND MARY B.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers will furnish a beautiful cover for Vol. III, on application at their establishment for 35 cents. By mail it will cost 50 cents.

CHARLES G.—It is rather too late this season to gather leaves for skeletonizing. They should be collected in June or July, soaked for some days in water until the green part separates easily from the frame work of the leaf, and then dipped in a solution of soda, which whitens them. Try the process next summer.

MARIE M.—This little girl's cat has a cough. Can anybody suggest a remedy for poor puss?

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
WORD SQUARE.
1. A voracious fish. 2. A bird. 3. To discuss. 4. A cosmetic. 5. To pay homage.

HAPPY GO LUCKY.

No. 2.
HALF-SQUARE.
1. A division of grammar. 2. To wish for. 3. Slips of war. 4. To treat. 5. An article. 6. A letter.

VOGUENE.

No. 3.
THREE EASY DIAMONDS.
1.—1. A letter. 2. To figure. 3. A girl's name. 4. To expire. 5. A letter not in piano.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A receptacle. 3. A girl's name. 4. A boy's name. 5. A letter in desirable.

3.—1. A crooked letter. 2. Something every one has done. 3. A foe to Jack Frost. 4. Was once in a beautiful garden. 5. A letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ROBIN DYKE.

No. 4.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My 5, 6, 3, 12, 13, 21, 22, young lady.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 14, 15, 16, 17, a fudge.
My 5, 6, 11, 4, 8 a vapor.
My 5, 2, 7, 8, 13 is the greatest in value.
My 9, 2, 11, 10, 14 is a flower.
My whole is somebody of whom you have all heard.

ROSE WHITING.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 127.

No. 1. P I N E H I I N D
I D E S L I D E A
E S P Y P D A R K
M A R E C R O W
L S R N A H
R E A P O G R E E
E S P Y W E E P

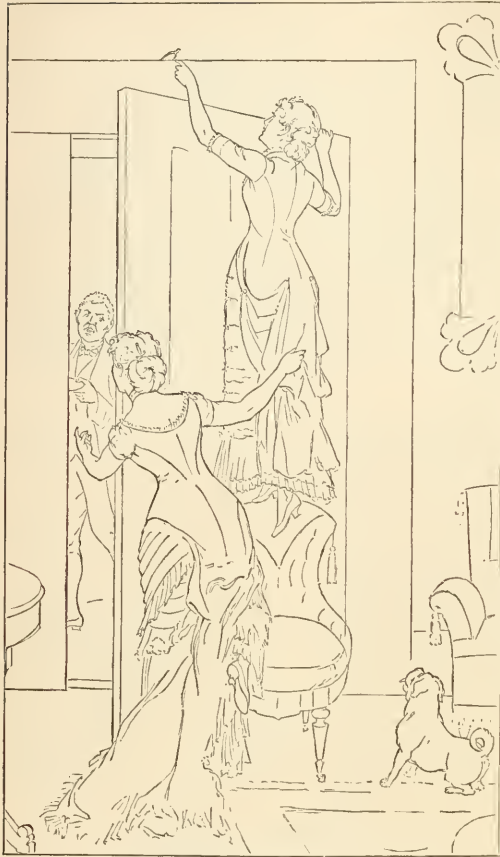
No. 2. H
C A N
C O R E A
N E A P E R S
H A R S
S

S
A N T
P R O D E S T N
G O O D L A S A P I D
S N O D G H A S S T Y P I C A L
S T A R C H A Y N I C E R
G R A P L D A R
A P E L
S

No. 3. Amazon River.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alfred Kaufman, Laura Snyde, Jack Cleveland, Frank Snyssubba, Lou Matthews, A. H. Patterson, Karl, Albert E. Sigel, Emily G. B., Tom C., Alice St., Stephen, Louis H. Hirsch, Alma Clinton, Jessie, Benedict, Thornton Ward, Florence, Talbot, Archie Hicks, "Bright Eyes," "Fairy," Robin Dyke, Amy Fiske, and Robert H. Vose.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



HANGING THE WISH-BONE.

THE WISH-BONE.

BY TOMMIE JONES.

They say that boys are horrid things,
 And don't know how to act;
 They're nothing, though, to grown-up girls—
 I tell you it's a fact.
 I saw myself the whole affair,
 And watched the fun begin;
 'Twas Sue that laid the spiteful plot
 To take Amelia in.

At dinner Melia twitted Sue
 About a beau she'd lost,
 And though Sue kept a smiling face,
 I saw how much it cost.
 I knew that something had to come:
 Boys like an honest fight,
 But girls will smile and kiss, and then
 Do something mean for spite.

"Just put the wish-bone, dear," said Sue,
 "Above the parlor door;
 Your husband he the first will be
 Who steps the threshold o'er."
 She helped Amelia mount the chair
 (I watched it with a grin),
 Then beckoned with her finger-tips,
 And called the waiter in.

JUDGE AND JURY.

THE first thing to be done in this game is to select a judge and three jurymen. A piece of paper is then given to each of the remaining company, who, after due consideration, must write down the name of some one in history, the incidents of whose life they recollect sufficiently to be able to describe. All having made their selection, the papers are presented to the judge, who calls upon one after another to submit to an examination.

Let us suppose that the first player has chosen Shakespeare; he would be asked in what year he was born, to what country he belonged, what he did to make himself remarkable, what great men were his contemporaries, and anything else that might occur to the judge. No one, of course, with a superficial knowledge of history should accept the position of judge, nor yet that of jurymen. If agreeable to the company, living characters may be personified, still, historical ones are generally the most interesting, and it is astonishing how much instruction as well as real amusement may be drawn from the game.



A THANKSGIVING TURKEY-SHOOT (NEW STYLE.)

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.—NO. 161.

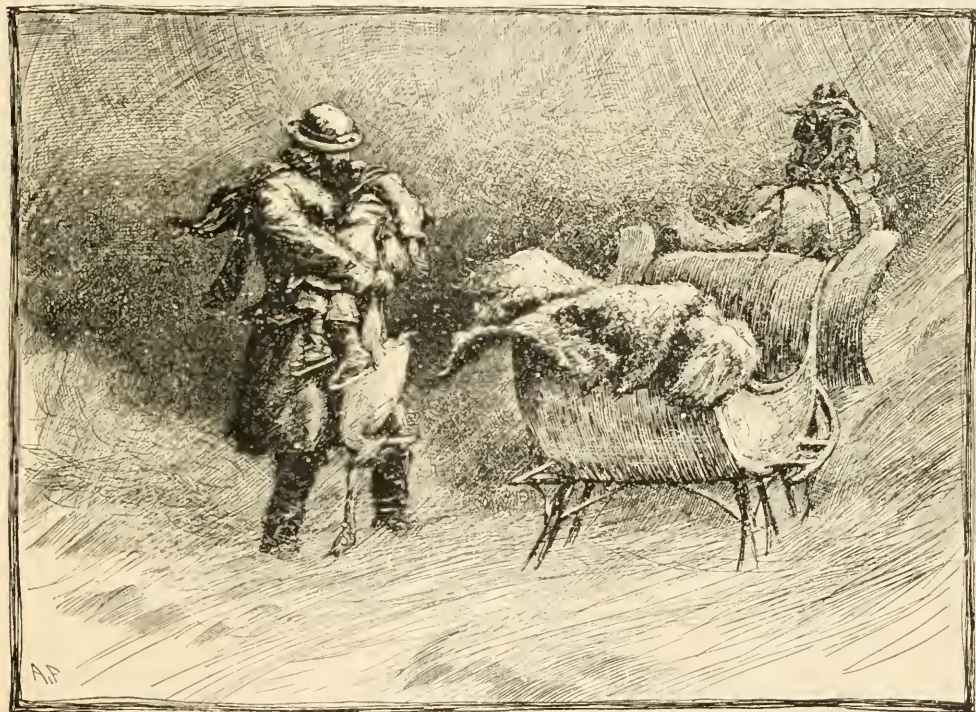
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"HASTILY PLACING HIM IN THE SLEIGH, THE BELATED TRAVELLER DROVE ON."

HOW LOUIS BROUGHT HOME THE
THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIT," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

"I JEST wish we could have a Thanksgivin' like other folks, with a big roasted turkey, an' everything to go with it, an' pies an' puddin's."

"The best Thanksgiving we could have, Louis, would be your father's safe return home; but such happiness as that I am afraid is almost too much to ask for."

"I don't see why he won't come. He promised to be here ever so long ago."

"Yes," said Mrs. Herbert, with a sigh, "and your father would never have broken his word to us unless some terrible accident had happened. Every one thinks he is dead, or we should have had some word from him by this time; but I can not give up all hope—I can not."

"Don't cry, mother," and Louis seated himself by his mother's knee, trying to soothe the grief his innocent wish had called forth. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad when I said I wished we was goin' to have Thanksgivin' like all the other folks. The boys was tellin' about what

they would have at their homes, an' I was only thinkin' about it. But I don't care if we don't have anything if only you won't cry so much."

Five months before, Mr. Herbert, Louis's father, had left his home in Maine on the little schooner *Richmond*, bound on a trading cruise South. The vessel was loaded with such produce as commanded at that time a high price in the Southern markets, and Mr. Herbert had believed that he should make large profits from the venture. During the first three months he had written home regularly, telling of the prosperous voyage he was making, and then the letters suddenly ceased. Beyond the fact that he had sailed from Hampton Roads with a return cargo for Portland no tidings could be obtained, and it was the general belief in Ellsworth that the *Richmond* had gone down off Cape Hatteras with all on board.

Mrs. Herbert had long since used the money her husband had left with her, and on this day before Thanksgiving she was absolutely penniless, with such a grief in her heart as the lack of money can never cause.

"If your father never comes back, Louis, you are the only one poor mother has got to look to for comfort and aid. You must try to be a man, my son; and even though you are only twelve years old, remember that you must do all you can to take your father's place."

Just then the clergyman called, as he had done every day during the past month, and Louis went away by himself, thinking earnestly of what his mother had said about taking his father's place, although he was completely at a loss to know how he should begin.

He knew that if his father was there the Thanksgiving dinner would be procured at once, and he thought his mother's words had some reference to the feast. He had been talking with her about the dinners which others were going to have, and such a one as he would like. Almost immediately afterward she told him that he must take his father's place, and he could only understand it in one way: she expected that he would provide the dinner.

With only four cents in his savings-bank, and with no idea as to how he could get any more, the task which he believed his mother had set him seemed a hard one. If it was summer, he might earn some money picking berries, or by driving Mr. Mansfield's cow to pasture; but it was winter, the lake had been prisoned in ice several weeks, and the ground was covered with snow. There was certainly no way by which he could earn any money, and he must think of some other plan of getting the Thanksgiving dinner.

"I'll go over to Myrick Snow's, an' see if he won't sell me a turkey, an' let me pay for it workin' for him next summer," he said to himself finally. Then, not wanting his mother to know exactly what he was about to do, but anxious to tell her so much of his plans that she would not be worried because of his absence, he asked through the half-opened sitting-room door, "Can I go down on the lake, mother, an' skate as far as Myrick Snow's?"

Mrs. Herbert knew that the ice was strong enough to bear any number of boys, for not only had nearly every one in the village been skating on it during the past week, but those who had occasion to drive from Ellsworth to Machias rode down the entire length of it, thus shortening the distance nearly three miles. She gave Louis the desired permission, cautioning him not to remain at Mr. Snow's very long, since she wanted him to be home again before night-fall.

Myrick Snow lived on the shore of Duck Lake, almost directly opposite Ellsworth, and in the winter, when the ice was in good condition for skating, he had no reason to complain of a lack of visitors, for every boy in town thought it a great pleasure, as well as something to boast of, that he had skated six miles, and had a pleasant visit at the farm-house besides.

"Ain't goin' out fur fun, are yer, Louis?" asked Rube

Downs, as he saw the boy seat himself on a log at the edge of the ice for the purpose of putting on his skates.

"Well—no—that is," and Louis hardly knew whether his errand should be called one of pleasure or business, "I'm goin' over to Myrick Snow's."

"Was yer thinkin' of comin' back to-night?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then don't try it, lad. You'll get over there easy enuf, but ther' gettin' back 'll be mighty hard work, an', besides, I reckon it 'll come on to snow like all possessed 'bout twelve o'clock."

"I guess there won't be snow enough to spoil the skatin' before night," replied Louis, thinking how willing he would be to do something even harder than skating in a snow-storm if he could help his mother.

"That's what yer think," replied Mr. Downs, with what was very like a sarcastic tone in his voice; "but I've known of them, an' men at that, what couldn't cross Duck Lake when the snow was flyin'. Why, lad, it ain't more'n five years since Eph Howard froze to death on this 'ere lake, an' when we found him he wasn't more'n a quarter of a mile from this very spot."

"But, you see, I've got to go," and Louis intended to convey the idea that if he was bent simply on pleasure, he would turn back because of the warning.

"Well, of it's must, it's must; but after you git to Myrick's, you stay there ef it begins to snow."

Louis had no opportunity to reply, for the wind had begun to force him along as soon as he stood on his skates, and by the time Rube ceased speaking he was far out on the lake, driven in the desired direction without any exertion on his part.

Louis did not stop to think that a wind that could force him along so rapidly would present a difficult obstacle to fight when he attempted to return against it. Already he fancied that he had the turkey in his possession, and was home again, proving to his mother that he could take his father's place, so far as obtaining food for the Thanksgiving dinner was concerned.

Short as was the time occupied in crossing the lake, the fine particles of snow that appeared in the air told that Rube Downs's predictions of a storm were about to come true. But there was nothing very angry-looking in these few snow-flakes, and Louis was content in hoping that he should be home again before the storm came on.

The walk from the shore of the lake to Mr. Snow's comfortable-looking old farm-house was not a long one, and if Louis had been troubled about the weather, the farmer's cheery greeting would have driven it from his mind.

"Well, Louis, my boy, I'm right glad to see you! How is your mother this cold weather, and have you heard from your father yet?"

Louis's reply to the latter question was given in a tone so sad that the farmer hastened to say:

"But you will hear from him, my boy; perhaps not to-day nor to-morrow, but mark my words, you will hear."

"That is what I tell mother, Mr. Snow; but she says that if father was alive he would have sent us some word before this, and she cries mostly all the time."

It was some time after this before the old farmer ventured to say anything more, and then he changed the conversation by asking:

"Didn't you have anything better to do on such a cold day as this than to come out skating? Even if I was as young as you are, I believe I had rather be by the side of a good fire to-day than on Duck Lake."

"It was pretty easy gettin' over, 'cause the wind takes a feller right along; but, you see, I had to come to-day, if it was cold, an' I'm goin' to start back as soon as I can."

"So you've come on business, eh?"

"Yes, sir," and Louis was not nearly as bold, now that the time had come for him to speak, as he had thought he would be. "You see, to-morrow is Thanksgivin', an' mo-

ther told me she expected me to take father's place. She's spent all the money she had, an' we can't have no kind of a Thanksgivin' without I do somethin' 'bout it. I don't know of any way that I could earn any money now; but I come to see if you wouldn't sell me a turkey, an' let me pay you for it next summer. I'll do up any kind of work, an' jest as much of it as you say I ought to, if you'll let me have a turkey. There's only two of us now, so you know we wouldn't want a very large one."

Louis had spoken very rapidly toward the last, more especially when he made his wishes known, and as he paused for a reply, it seemed to him as if the farmer needed a wonderfully long time in which to make up his mind as to whether or no he would agree to such an extended credit. But when Mr. Snow did finally speak, Louis was satisfied with the result of his journey.

"Let you have a turkey? Of course I will, my boy, and you shall have the largest and fattest in the flock without any thought of paying for it."

"But I don't want you to give me one; I only want you to sell it to me, an' let me work to pay for it."

"You shall have it in any way you choose, and in the morning I'll send over everything to go with it. If I'd had any idea that your mother hadn't enough to see herself through nicely, she should have had her Thanksgivin' dinner before this."

It was not long after this before the hired man, acting under the farmer's instructions, brought into the house a nicely dressed turkey, big enough to serve as dinner for a much larger family than Mrs. Herbert's, and Mr. Snow said, as it was laid by Louis's chair:

"There, my boy, I'll sell you that, and when I'm ready for you to pay me I'll call on you. Now if you'll stay all night with us, I'll carry you over to town in the morning when I take the other things to your mother; but if you think she'd worry about you it's time to be startin', for I'm afraid we're goin' to have a storm."

Louis was quite certain that his mother would be anxious regarding him if he remained away from home all night, and after repeating that he would be ready to pay for the turkey in work at any time, he started off, the Thanksgivin' dinner hanging over his shoulder.

From the time he left Mr. Snow's home the air had been full of fine flakes of snow; but it was not until he was nearly a third of the distance across the lake that it came down in a thick storm that prevented him from seeing more than twenty feet in any direction. The whirling flakes bewildered the boy to such an extent that it seemed as if he was turning round and round like a top, while it was an absolute impossibility for him to keep in his mind the direction from which he had come or that in which he should go. He lost all idea of where the town was, and it was only at intervals that he could tell whether he was going against the wind or with it.

The falling snow covered the ice until Louis found it difficult to skate through it, while the turkey, which he still carried on his shoulder, weighed him down more and more, until the time came when he sank down upon the cold, treacherous carpet that was being spread out over the lake, entirely exhausted.

"I'll stay here jest a little while, an' then I'll take the turkey home to mother," he muttered, as he gave himself up to that fatal slumber which the Frost-king throws around those whom he would make his victims. Despite the howling wind, the falling snow, and the piercing cold, Louis Herbert closed his eyes in what was to him a sweet sleep, all forgetful of the fate that had overtaken Eph Howard, when he was but a quarter of a mile from home.

It was Thanksgiving-even, and not far from the shore of Duek Lake a woman waited for the return of her son, even while she mourned her husband as one dead.

"Come, get on there; don't stop here, or we sha'n't get

home as soon as if we had stuck to the longest way round!" shouted a man to his horse, as the animal suddenly halted before a mound of snow that lay directly in front of him.

Words seemed to have no effect, but when the whip was used vigorously by the impatient driver, the frightened steed dashed ahead, nearly overturning the sleigh as one of the runners struck the mound which had appeared simply as a drift of snow piled up by the wind.

"Hello!" cried the man, as he tried as hard to stop the horse as he had to urge him on; "what can that be out here on the lake? I'm sure we haven't got near the shore yet."

It is possible the driver remembered the sad fate of Eph Howard, for at the expense of considerable time and trouble he stopped his horse, and getting out of the sleigh, walked back to the mound of snow over which he had so nearly upset.

"Bless my soul, it's a boy!" he exclaimed, as he pushed away the snow with his foot. "It's a boy not much larger than my own little Louis, an' huggin' a turkey that's frozen nearly as stiff as I'm afraid he is."

The situation would not warrant much delay, for each moment was precious if the child's life was to be saved. Hastily placing him in the sleigh, the belated traveller drove on, keenly alive to the danger he himself was in if he allowed his horse to swerve ever so slightly from the right course.

Half an hour later Mrs. Herbert, who had been anxiously watching for Louis's return, ran into the yard, all heedless of the storm, as she saw a sleigh draw up in front of her house.

She had hardly reached the gate before the muffled man who had found Louis on the lake caught her in his arms, covered with snow as he was, and then she knew that the husband she had mourned as dead had returned.

"We mustn't stop to talk now," he said, after the briefest of brief embraces, "for I've picked up a poor boy on the lake who, I'm afraid, is done for"; and in a moment more he had carried the child into the house, where it could be seen who the "poor boy" was.

There is no necessity for saying that everything was done to restore him to consciousness, and while his mother worked over him, the father ran at once for the nearest physician.

Louis had been into the very valley of the shadow of death, and had he not been rescued as soon as he was, he would never have retraced his steps to life. As it was, he was not restored to consciousness for several hours, and then his thoughts were on the same subject that had occupied them when he sank down upon the snow in that slumber which had so nearly been his last.

"I got the Thanksgivin' dinner for you, mother," he said. But in another moment he understood that there was no longer any necessity of his trying to take his father's place, for both his parents were bending over him.

It was a happy day, and one truly of thanksgiving, that followed Louis's rescue and his father's return. There was no lack of dinner in the Herbert household, for Mr. Herbert had not been wrecked, nor had he lost his property. The schooner *Richmond* had encountered a heavy gale, and had been blown far out of her course; but she had carried all on board of her safely, and the voyage had been a prosperous one.

"You can't believe how glad I was when I found I had brought the turkey an' father home at the same time," Louis said, when he was telling the story of his adventure on the ice, and it is not difficult to believe that his father was quite as glad as he was.

Myrick Snow was paid for his turkey, but not by Louis's work on the farm. When he came over the next morning to bring the "fixings" to go with the fowl that he had promised, it was not difficult to persuade him to go back for his family, in order that they all might partake of the dinner which had so nearly cost Louis his life.

THE SEA EATS UP THE HILL.

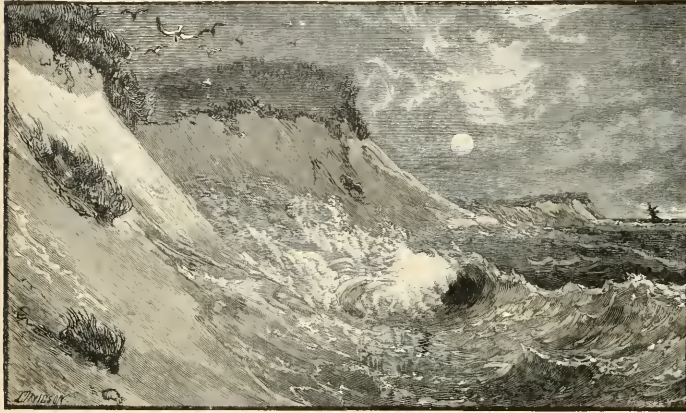
BY CHARLES BARNARD.

EVERY boy or girl who has travelled about much in the cars knows that the railroad is made as nearly level as possible. In order to do this, the builders of the roads cut through the hills and fill up the valleys. Where a place is cut through a hill it is called a cutting, and the

"angle of repose." By this queer expression he means that the rocks, or clay, or sand will rest or repose, and not slide down any more. Now stones, or loose rock, or clay, or sand have each their own angle or slope. In every sandy hill the slope will be the same, in every clay bank or gravelly hill it will always be the same, each kind having its own particular slope.

Spread a sheet of paper upon a table, and upon it pour some fine salt, so as to make a little conical heap. Near it make a heap of powdered sugar, flour, Indian meal, or house sand. Each heap will have its own angle of repose, and by looking at the heaps across the tops you will see that the slope or angle of repose is quite different in each.

On the shores of Massachusetts Bay, round Boston Light, and along the coast toward Marshfield and Scituate, are many smooth and rounded hills, bare, grassy, and breezy on top, and with the roaring surf beating at their feet. On the east and northeast side of every hill is a terrible scar or torn and ragged place, where the grass hangs in wretched rags along the top, and the sand and gravel are continually breaking off and rolling down into the water. The



THE SEA EATING UP THE HILL.

raised parts over the lowlands are called embankments. In a cutting the banks slope inward toward the track, in an embankment they slope downward and away from the tracks on each side.

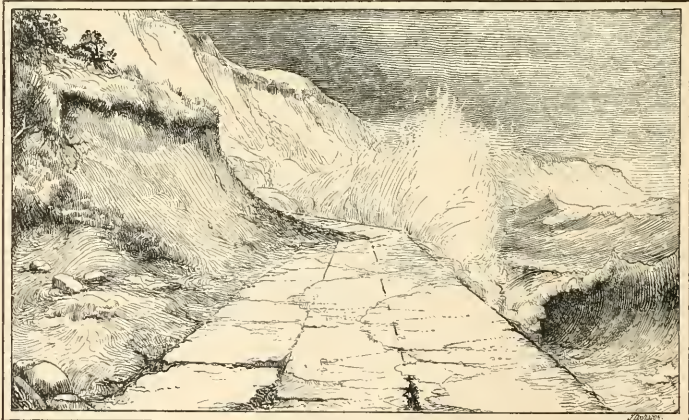
Now the curious part of this work is that whenever a cutting is made every hill behaves in a different way. If the hill is composed of hard rock, the cutting may be narrow, and only a little wider at the top than at the bottom. If the hill is full of loose broken stones, the cutting must be wider at the top. If it is made up of pasty and sticky clay, it must be still wider. A gravelly hill will need a wider cutting still, and in a sandy hill the cutting will be very wide. In each hill—the rocky, the stony, the clayey, gravelly, or sandy hill—the sides of the cutting will have a different slope. It is the same with the embankment. If it is made of sand, it will be broad and with gently sloping sides; if it is made of stones and rock, it will be narrow, with steep sides.

Of course the man who makes the cutting would prefer to have a narrow one. It is much more easily and quickly made, and does not cost so much. The truth is, the man can not help himself, for every hill decides the matter for him. He begins to cut into the bottom of the hill, and at once the sides tumble in. He carries away the rocks or gravel, or whatever it may be, and digs again, and more of the sides fall in. After a while this falling down of the sides of the cut stops, and the man says the hill has found its

hills are green on top and along the western sides. To the east they are steep and yellow. These broken sides of the hills all face the sea, and are called cliffs. Some of these cliffs are a hundred feet high, and by standing at the edge you can look almost straight down into the surf and far out over the wide blue sea.

There is a great workman busy here. These hills are being undermined and eaten away by the sea. The surf that breaks at the foot of each cliff washes out the clay and sand, and down fall the loose stones, gravel, and soil above. No grass can grow there, nor bushes find a foothold, for the face of the cliff is continually sliding down and melting away in the surf.

On some of these hills the farmers have built stone



THE STONE WALL PROTECTING THE HILL.

walls to divide the land into pastures for sheep and cows. Every wintry storm that drives the roaring and foaming surf close up to the foot of the hills causes pieces of the cliffs to fall down. Sometimes a large slice will go down at once. "Slumping," the boys would call it, for the grass goes right down, and sometimes takes a piece of the stone wall with it.

The sea is eating up the hills. It works very slowly. The surf does not reach the foot of the cliffs at every tide, and perhaps in a year you could hardly tell that the hill had changed. Perhaps only a foot or two of the grass at the top would fall; but still the work goes on, never hurrying, never stopping.

Now the wasting away of these hills would not be a matter of much consequence; they are not very valuable, and they are melting away very slowly; but there is something else going on here. We have learned from our rambles by the sea that beaches can walk, that sand and gravel can travel for miles, and overwhelm rivers, and make great changes on the coast. These Massachusetts hills are always accompanied by beaches or sunken bars that join one hill to another, as at Nantasket Beach, near Boston Harbor, and at Scituate and Marshfield beaches. These beaches and bars are the ruins of the hills. The sea tears them down, and spreads them over the bottom of the water, the stones in one place and the sand in another. In one place in Boston Harbor a hill has entirely disappeared, and left only a long and crooked sand-bar in its place. The bar is in the way of ships, and the government had to build a stone beacon on the spot to mark the grave of the hill.

While nobody cares very much for the loss of the hills, the sand-bars that the sea builds between and about them are a serious matter. As long as the sand and gravel kept quiet on shore, piled up in high hills, nobody cared. When the sea ate up the hills, and scattered their bones all about, it became a serious question as to what should be done about it. The sand filled up the harbors, and ships were wrecked upon the hidden bars.

Not long ago I went down among these torn and ragged hills. Here is a picture from a photograph I made upon the beach at the foot of one of the cliffs. In front is the beach at low tide. Beyond is the hill cut right down as if with a gigantic knife. The sand and gravel has slid down till it found its angle of repose, and there it rests. When people found the sea was tearing down the hills and filling up Boston Harbor with the ruins, they decided that something must be done to stop the work. The government surveyors came and looked at the place, and said that a stone wall—a sea-wall they called it—would stop the mischief. Then great blocks of granite were brought to the foot of the hills, and massive stone walls were built upon the beaches. Then a curious thing happened. The surf beat upon the wall, but as it was very strong it could not move the wall, nor could it get over the top to eat into the hill. As by magic the whole thing stopped. The hills were saved, and the bars stopped growing.

The second picture is taken from the top of the sea-wall at Point Allerton, opposite Boston Light. The hill here had wasted nearly all away, and there is not much left. At the right you can see the

beach below the wall, and at the left all that is left of the old hill. This same wall also protects the larger hill seen in the other picture, as Point Allerton is farther out in the water, and acts as a breakwater. For many miles along the shore in Boston Bay these great walls have been built. It has cost a great sum of money and many years of labor; but the sea is conquered, and the poor old hills that were being eaten up have been saved. Hotels and houses have been built upon them, and thousands of people go there every summer to roam over the grassy slopes, or along the glorious beaches and by the sea. It is one of the strangest and most beautiful places on all our coast, for the sea has cut the hills into all sorts of fantastic and lovely shapes, and now it has all stopped, and perhaps for many years this curious work of the sea will stand still. What will happen next no one can tell.

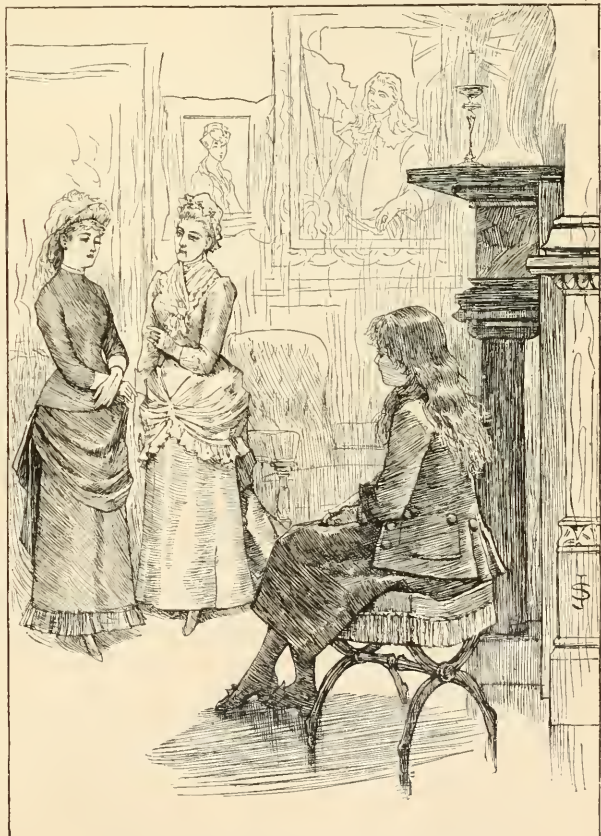
N A N.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

EVERYTHING in Mrs. Grange's large fine house, the sudden change in her circumstances, the new clothes and new prospects, had kept Nan very much subdued before they started on their wonderful journey; but by the



PHYLLIS TELLS MISS ROLF ABOUT THE JOURNEY.

time they were fairly on the train and hearing Beverley. Miss Phyllis Rolf found she had her hands full in keeping pace with her little charge. To begin with, Nan's old "fliberty-gibberty" ways, as Mrs. Rupert used to call them, had re-asserted themselves. She had to have her hat and her collar and her tie re-arranged half a dozen times, and even her face washed and her hair brushed twice; and then she asked Phyllis a dozen questions at a time. Finally Phyllis said, rather peremptorily, "Nan, if you will sit perfectly still for ten minutes—we shall soon be in Beverley—I'll answer some of your questions."

They had chairs in the parlor-car, and Nan wheeled hers around with a very bright expression. She wanted to know something more definite of her aunt Letitia and the house at Beverley. It seemed too bad that it had begun to rain, and that it would be nearly dark when they got there; but then everything couldn't go on being just perfectly delightful.

"It is a large brick house," said Phyllis. "There is a short drive up to the front door, but a nice lawn and gardens at the side; and, by-the-way, your aunt will be very particular about your going into the garden without her permission. She never allows any one to pick flowers by herself."

"Is she *very* cross?" said Nan.

Phyllis laughed.

"Oh no," she answered. "But, Nan—I had better tell you—she is rather peculiar in some ways. She never likes one to contradict her or to have opinions of one's own. You must always seem to think just as she does."

"But suppose I *don't*?" said honest Nan, opening her eyes to a perfect stare.

Phyllis had a very pretty white forehead, so smooth that every little line showed in it; and though it was a very small frown, Nan saw one distinctly between her eyebrows.

"Then you must try and think so," she answered.

"Now I'll tell you more about the house. There are a great many windows, some looking on the gardens, some toward the street. The street just there is rather hilly; indeed, 'Rolf House,' as it is always called, is near the top of the street. You go in by a wide door, and there is a square hall, with a staircase going up at the left side. There is a big fire-place in the hall; on one side is a room called the black-walnut parlor, on the other a long drawing-room. The library and the dining-room are on the same floor. Everything is very handsome."

"So I'll have to be careful of the things," said Nan, who was perfectly quiet, listening.

Phyllis laughed.

"You won't have to think much of that, I imagine," she answered. "You are to be well looked after, I can assure you, Nan."

Nan waited a minute, and then said,

"Kept very strict, do you mean, Cousin Phyllis?"

"*Very*," said Phyllis.

"Well, where do you live?" asked Nan, after puckering her face up into a dozen wrinkles on this new idea.

"We live in College Street," said Phyllis, "about half a mile from 'Rolf House.' Ours is a rather shabby house, though it's large. Did I tell you about my sisters and brothers?"

Nan's face lighted up instantly with one of those sweet unselfish or unconscious looks which made her positively pretty.

"No," she said; "but do, please do, Cousin Phyllis."

"Well, there are six of them—Lance and Laura, and the twins Joan and Dick, and the younger boys, Alfred and Bertie."

"All my cousins?" said Nan, feeling as if the world was getting to be a very big place.

"Every one," laughed Phyllis.

And now in the pale wintry dusk they began to see the

lights of the town, and Nan's heart beat very quickly when the train stopped, and she found herself following Phyllis out on to the covered platform, where she saw a servant in livery come up respectfully, and stand by while her cousin gave him directions about the trunks.

Nan's education had been of the most fragmentary kind; but it so happened that she had read two or three novels, or stories, in which the heroines had arrived at a railway station, to be met by fine servants in livery, and driven to fine houses, where they were received in great state. Now as she stood, a little half-frightened figure clinging to Phyllis's side, it flashed across her mind that she was just such a heroine, and it gave her a great deal of sudden courage. She thought of the big brick house with all its splendors, and how in a short time she would make a sort of state entry there. Would there be a row of servants in the hall, she wondered? There would be something very especial to welcome her—Nan felt she could be sure of that.

And then Phyllis said, "Come, Nan," and they went out of the noisy station in the dusk, and up a flight of steps, where, just as Nan expected, a very grand carriage was waiting. In a moment more they were whirling away through a pretty, hilly town, where the shop windows were just being lighted, and where there was a long bridge over a river, and a line of hills in the distance. Nan felt sure she was really like one of her dearest heroines, and only regretted that her name was so short and unromantic.

"I shall try and imagine I am called Florizel," she thought, "or Alexandrina." And before she had come to any decision about the two names, the carriage rolled in a gateway, beyond which Nan could see the large brick house, with its many windows irregularly lighted.

CHAPTER X.

NAN quite forgot she was Florizel in the bewilderment of the next few moments. The door was opened widely; a stream of light poured out upon the gravel-path, and in the glow she saw a stately old lady standing with an elderly man-servant at her side. Then in a confused way she heard the lady say, "How do you do, Annie?" and she felt herself being kissed, while as if in a dream she found herself following the old lady and Phyllis down the hall and into a square, primly furnished parlor. Here Nan's heart began to beat a little less wildly, and she took courage to look about her. She looked first, of course, at Miss Rolf, who stood talking to Phyllis in an under-tone about the journey, and was apparently saying something about Nan herself. Stately and severe she no doubt looked, yet Nan felt drawn toward her aunt in a curious way she could not explain. Her face must once have looked like Phyllis's, Nan thought: there was the same finely chiselled outline of feature, the straight nose, and the well-defined eyebrows; but Miss Rolf, for all her years, had something in her face which Nan liked better than anything about pretty, blooming Cousin Phyllis.

Sitting over by the tall, old-fashioned chimney-piece, little Nan took note of the old lady's exquisite silver-gray silk dress, the white lace kerchief and cap, the beautiful white hands, and the flash of opals in a brooch at her throat. Where had the child ever seen anything so queenly and beautiful? Miss Rolf did not guess what was going on in the mind of her little niece that first ten minutes. Inwardly Nan had decided she was quite willing to submit to her aunt's rule, and that she should like to be with her. The room was undoubtedly the black-walnut parlor of which Phyllis had spoken; it was furnished in dark colors, but everything was refined and old-fashioned and comfortable. There were candles lighted in tall silver candlesticks on the chimney-piece and on a side-table, and a wood fire glowed on the

hearth. Presently the door opened, and the man-servant Nan had seen came in with a large tray, which he set down on a table in the centre of the room, and then Miss Rolf broke off her conversation with Phyllis, and turned to little Nan.

"I presume you feel hungry, my dear," she said, kindly; "and you too, Phyllis. I thought you would like something to eat in here."

Phyllis had thrown herself down in a large easy-chair near the fire. "How good of you, Cousin Letty!" she said, with a long-drawn sigh. "Everything always looks so home-like and tempting here."

Miss Rolf only smiled in a quiet way, and watched the servant critically while he set out the dainty little supper, to which she invited the travellers, pouring out their tea, and urging the biscuits and oysters and other things upon Nan, who, hungry as she was, felt almost too shy to eat.

"And now I must go," Phyllis said, after she had finished her supper. "Good-by, little Nan; I'll see you in the morning."

"No, Phyllis dear," said Miss Rolf, quietly, "it will be as well not to come to see the child to-morrow. I think she will better be quiet."

Nan said nothing; but as Cousin Phyllis kissed her good-by, she clung to her fervently, a wild longing to run away back to Bromfield, even to the butter shop, coming over her. But in a moment the door had closed upon Phyllis's figure. She was alone with her aunt, and a feeling came over her, for the first time, that a new life really had begun.

"You had better eat something more," Miss Rolf was saying. "No? Well, then, perhaps, my dear, you would like to go to bed. I will not keep you up for prayers to-night. Generally I read them at half past eight."

Miss Rolf touched a bell, and when it was answered she said, "Please send Mrs. Heriot here," and in a moment a pleasant-faced elderly woman appeared, who looked at Nan in a very kindly, critical way.

"This is Miss Annice Rolf, Mrs. Heriot," said the old lady. "Will you take her up to her room, and—you need not stay with her after she is in bed. Good-night, my child."

Nan kissed Miss Rolf very timidly, and went away with Mrs. Heriot, who held her little hand in a firm grasp that was very comforting.

They passed down the matted hall and up a staircase to the left. Above, a narrow corridor led to three little steps which dipped down into Nan's room. It was small and comfortable—not very bright, perhaps, for all the furniture was old-fashioned and sombre; but there was a window with a deep seat in it, and some interesting-looking pictures on the walls. The bed-curtains were of chintz, the pattern of which was a series of pictures, and the wall-paper repeated a design of a garden and a terrace, along which a lady and gentleman were walking. Altogether, Nan thought, as Mrs. Heriot lighted the candles, that she should like her new room and enjoy the walls and the window.

She wished Mrs. Heriot would talk a little more while she helped her to undress, but, except for asking her one or two things about the journey, she made no remarks. When she had tucked Nan into bed, she just nodded at her and smiled, and, taking the candle in her hand, walked away, her footsteps sounding softly until she was downstairs.

Nan lay still, half afraid, but on the whole comfortable. She had so much to think and wonder about! To-morrow would certainly be a wonderful day. But why should her aunt object to Phyllis's coming back? Nan's little brain soon got all sorts of things in a tangle, and she fell asleep to dream that she was in Bromfield, selling butter to Mrs. Heriot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CONSECRATION OF THE KING'S ARMOR.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

At Goslar, in his chamber deep
The youthful monarch lay asleep,
The gates were barred, and guarded all;
No sound was heard in bower or hall;
You could not hear a footfall creep
Where young King Henry lay asleep.

But what avails the strongest will,
Unless the Lord say, "Peace, be still!"
The storm wind whistles through the hall,
And heavily the rain-drops fall;
The hot and sultry day is o'er,
And loud and fierce the thunders roar.

On tiptoe light the warders glide;
The King must rest, what'er betide.
If 'mid the tempest he can sleep,
They will not stir his slumbers deep;
Till suddenly, with awful crash,
Beside them glares the lightning flash.

Then at their master's danger stirred,
The servants run, a pallid herd;
The crashing thunder's awful roar
And rushing rain are heard no more;
From every side re-echoes then
The hurried tramp of armed men.

The folding-doors they open wide,
And, fearful, through the chamber glide.
Their lord they find still slumbering lies;
Unconscious he of danger nigh;
Upon the pillow lying bare,
The youthful head with golden hair.

But sword and shield above his bed
Show Death had darted overhead.
As in a furnace molten well,
Their former fashion none could tell.
The lightning left its fiery trace
On nothing else about the place.

In deep amazement the warders stand;
The King, awaking, seeks his brand.
But, startled when the weapons bright,
So strangely altered, meet his sight,
Says only, guessing how 'twas done,
"So Thou wert here, Thou Mighty One!"

"Methought, while lying on my bed,
I heard Thy hammer overhead,
And saw, Great Smith, Thy furnace, bright
With fires the steel to temper right,
As, in my dream, I thought I stood
Within Thy wondrous Smithy good."

Quick from his couch the monarch sprang,
And in his hands the hammer swung,
To finish, like a valiant man,
The work that God Himself began.
Beneath his blows the weapons yield;
New fashion take both sword and shield.

For many a year he filled the throne,
And many a royal robe put on;
Did oft, in many a coat of mail,
His own and country's foes assail;
But never other sword would have
Saw that which God in thunder gave.

Full two-and-sixty times was used
The shield the lightning's flame had fused;
Full two-and-sixty battles saw
His sword the warlike monarch draw.
And, in the fight, still bright as new,
That sword and shield were ever true.

The thunder dubbed him Knight that day,—
When dead upon the bier he lay,
The crown and sceptre both were there
All tarnished like his golden hair;
Yet brightly still gleamed shield and sword,
As bright as once their youthful lord.



FEEDING THE ORPHANS.

MOSES AMONG THE BULRUSHES.

BY WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

THE picture on the opposite page tells most beautifully a part of the story of the finding of Moses. The rest of it is known, we are sure, to all our readers. The hard-hearted Pharaoh, defeated in other efforts to reduce the number of the captive Israelites, enacted a law that every little boy that was born in a Hebrew household should be cast into the Nile. But Amram and his wife, seeing that their infant was "exceeding fair," resolved to disobey the cruel orders, and hid him for three months. Then despairing of being able to keep him longer concealed, they made a little bulrush box in which they laid their babe, and which with its precious freight they deposited on the "lip," or margin, of the river. But with some dim faith in their hearts that somehow deliverance would come, they stationed Miriam, their little daughter, in the neighborhood to watch what might happen. Nor did she watch in vain, for by-and-by the daughter of the King came down to bathe in the river, and finding the little box, she opened it, and was at once moved by the helpless grief of the weeping infant to adopt it as her own. And then the clever management of Miriam came into play, for she went at once to the Princess, and asked whether she would not need a nurse for the child, and being answered in the affirmative, she ran and brought her mother. Thus it came about that the mother was hired to nurse her own child, and the daughter of the Egyptian King became the educator of him who was at length to emancipate the Hebrews from the slavery in which her father held them.

It is a beautiful story, and never loses its charm either for the old or for the young. But we must not tell it here simply for its own sake. Did it ever strike you how nobly Miriam acted through it all? For three whole months she held her peace, and never said a word out-of-doors about the "new baby" that had come into her home. You know how much that must have cost her from the pride and joy you feel when a little brother is

born into your family, and from the eagerness you have to tell everybody you know about his loveliness. But in this case Miriam knew that the baby's life would be the forfeit of her speech, and she prudently held her peace. Then how calmly she spoke to the Princess about the nurse! Outwardly she might be all unruffled, but she could hear her heart beat while she waited for the word on which her mother's happiness so much depended. And how nimbly she could run to fetch her mother when she heard that her plan had succeeded! No doubt she had been told beforehand what she should do in the event of any one desiring to take possession of the baby, but she did it all so well that her conduct may well be an example to children of all time. Had she made common talk of all that happened at home, Moses never could have been saved; and had she gone off to play with other companions, and left her post of watchfulness beside the little bulrush box, she would have lost the opportunity of securing that her mother should be engaged as Moses's nurse. Her dutifulness to her parents thus secured her brother's preservation, and so Miriam stands out before us, young as she then was, as a noble illustration of obedience to parents.

Then what an interesting instance of God's providence we have in this simple story! Here is no miracle. The circumstances are all such as, allowing for the differences between ancient Eastern and modern Western life, might have happened among ourselves. Yet see how they fit into each other! If any one of them had been different Moses could not have been saved, but in the union of them all he was preserved. And it is this coming together of so many different things to one end that makes us sure that God's providence was in it. But then that providence is in everything just as much and just as really as it was in this. You have been kept alive through that providence as truly as Moses was. We often talk of "providential escapes," as if providence was only in escapes, but it is in everything; and if they ought to be thankful to God who have been brought out of danger, much more ought those



MOSES AMONG THE BULRUSHES.

who have never been in danger. So let us be stirred up to earnest gratitude to God for His goodness to us in our life and health. And if we wish to know how to show that gratitude, Moses's history will tell us. The life that God preserved he devoted to the good of His people, and we should do the same with our prolonged existence. Let us seek to live

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong which needs re-stance,
For the good that we can do,"

and that will be a noble thank-offering to Him who has given us all our blessings, and crowned us with His favor as truly as He kept watch over Moses in the little bulrush box on the bank of the Nile.

ABOUT CLUBS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

MOST of the clubs with which readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* are likely to be concerned come under one of the three following divisions: Game and athletic clubs; literary or musical clubs, including debating, reading, essay, singing, and dramatic clubs; mixed literary and social clubs.

Athletic clubs are organized in the same manner as other clubs, but as they are governed principally by the rules of the game to which they are devoted, we will pass over them for the present.

Literary clubs are a very pleasant means of spending spare evenings, and at the same time of becoming well acquainted with delightful authors, and of exercising one's talent for reading aloud, debating, and writing essays. Perhaps debating is the most popular of these exercises, and in this country, where every gentleman is expected to be able to "make a speech" when called upon, it is a very desirable part of one's education.

To choose subjects for debate is not at all easy. Subjects that require more information than the members can be expected to obtain should be avoided, for no debate can be kept up with spirit unless the members are well "posted" on the subject. Again, only those subjects which admit of a real difference of opinion should be chosen. The writer once proposed the question "that *Tom Brown's School-Days* is the best book on English school life that has been written." It was a question with which we were all more or less familiar, but we had a very dull debate, because we were all agreed from the first that it was the best.

An essay club, where the members meet, say, every fortnight, and read essays written on subjects proposed at the last meeting, is very pleasant, and leads one to take an interest in matters that would not otherwise be attended to. After the essays have been read a discussion on the opinions of the writers may be held.

Reading clubs generally choose some book to read aloud, say, one of Dickens's or Scott's novels, or one of Scott's poems, or even one of Shakespeare's plays. The characters should be arranged at the meeting before the play is to be read, so that each may read his part over beforehand. It is well to ask the advice of some older person before deciding upon a play or a book, and when Shakespeare is chosen, an edition with notes, such as *Rolfes's Plays of Shakespeare*, is best. It is not necessary to finish a book in one evening, but one book or one poem or play should be finished before another is begun.

And now for the third kind of club, which is perhaps the most enjoyable of all. Suppose it meets once a week. One evening we may begin a play of Shakespeare; on another we may debate; on a third we may read or recite selected pieces of poetry, or a chapter from one of Scott's novels, or the experiences of Mr. Pickwick at Dingley Dell Farm, or a chapter from *Little Women* or *Alice in*

Wonder-Land. Several members are appointed to read or recite, while the others play audience. Then on another night there may be acting charades, and in the Christmas holidays perhaps a set piece, with a specially invited audience.

Besides these and similar entertainments there may come a day when Mr. Barnum brings his big show to town; then the club may hold its meeting under the circus tent. And in the fall, when the ground is dry, and the weather bright and cool, the club may arrange an extra day-meeting on Saturday morning, and take part in a "hare-and-hounds" chase; or, in winter, the president, after having obtained a vote of the club, may call a special day reunion for "next Saturday, at nine o'clock, on Jones's Pond, if the ice bears."

It is always difficult to find a good name for a club. For athletic clubs in small towns the name of the town may be sufficient, as the Montrose Base-ball Club; or the name of some part of a city, as the Chestnut Hill Athletic Club. In far Western towns the Pioneer is a good name, especially if the club is the first of its kind in the place. Literary clubs may call themselves after some great orator, or statesman, or author of world-wide fame: for example, Webster, Garfield, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Dickens, Abbotsford (home of Sir Walter Scott), Waverley, Avon (a river running by the birth-place of Shakspeare), etc. The name of Washington is naturally so commonly used that it would better be avoided.

In the case of clubs of the third kind, all sorts of names may be used, and they need not have anything particular to do with the objects of the club. Such names as the Eteceras, the Whip-poor-Wills, the Katydid, the Owls, and many others equally or more fanciful, may be adopted. If the club meets on Friday evening (which is a good time), it may be called the Man Friday Club, thereby associating it with every boy's friend, Robinson Crusoe, and every member will be known among his club companions as a "Man Friday."

As the laws governing almost every kind of club are about the same, we give below a form of constitution that may be made to fit most kinds of clubs in which our readers are likely to be engaged. Following that we give "by-laws," which may be changed to suit the particular society, either for games or for literary exercises.

Always remember that the life and interest of a club depend on the good feeling and give-and-take spirit of the members. When, therefore, you elect a president, choose that one of your number who, by reason of his age and popularity, is likely to have most influence over the members; he will thus be able to preserve order among the members without causing any jealousy or ill feeling.

The secretary's duty will be to keep the "records" of the club, and he should be provided with a neat blank-book for that purpose. At the beginning of it he should write the names of the officers and members, and the Constitution and By-laws. Of course he should be a good penman.

The treasurer keeps the money of the club, but it is better that the club should have no money in its treasury, and when any is needed, each member should be assessed a sufficient sum to make up what is required.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ETCETERA CLUB.

I. This society shall be known as the Eteceera Club, and its object shall be to read and discuss such matters as shall be agreed upon, and otherwise to promote the reasonable social enjoyment of its members one with another.

II. The Club shall consist of fifteen members. When a vacancy occurs, a new member shall be elected by ballot, and three votes shall exclude. Candidates for membership shall be proposed and seconded at one meeting and balloted for at the next.

III. (1) The officers shall be a President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall be elected for one year by a majority of all the members of the Club.

- (2) The President shall preside at meetings, and execute the decisions of the Club. In the case of a tie vote he shall have an extra casting-vote.
- (3) The Secretary shall keep the records of meetings of the Club in a book provided for that purpose, and shall do such other writing as the business of the Club may require.
- (4) The Treasurer shall attend to the money matters of the Club, and shall preside at meetings in the absence of the President.

IV. (1) Meetings shall be held once a week at the residences of the members, in order. If it should not be convenient for any member to receive the Club at his residence in his turn, he may, with the consent of the Club, exchange turns with some other member.

- (2) Extra meetings may be called by the President, with the consent of the Club, for any time and place that may be agreed upon.

- (3) Absence from meetings without good cause shall be punished by an extra assessment not exceeding ten cents, to be collected when next an assessment shall be made for the expenses of the Club, as provided for in Article V.

V. The expenses of the Club shall be defrayed by an equal assessment levied on each member as occasion shall arise. An assessment must be voted by two-thirds of all the members of the Club, and shall not be due until one week after it has been voted.

VI. Any member who shall have been absent from three consecutive regular meetings without good cause, or who shall disobey the ruling of the presiding officer after due warning given, or who shall be guilty of unbecoming conduct, may be expelled from the Club by a vote of two-thirds of all the members of the Club.

VII. Eleven members shall form a quorum sufficient to transact business, and, except where otherwise provided, a majority of the votes of those present shall be considered as giving "the consent of the Club."

VIII. This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the Club, notice of proposed amendment having been given at the meeting preceding that at which the vote is taken.

IX. All doubtful questions of club law shall be referred to the Editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY LAWS.

1. Until otherwise agreed, the regular meetings of the Club shall be held every Friday evening, from seven until nine o'clock.

2. Before proceeding to the exercises of the evening, the Secretary shall read the minutes of the last meeting, and the business of the Club shall be transacted.

3. The exercises for the next meeting, and the subjects, shall be decided upon before the Club adjourns.

4. No member shall recite or read for more than ten minutes in one evening; and no member shall speak in a debate for more than ten minutes, nor speak more than once, except the mover of the question, who shall be allowed five minutes for a reply before a vote is taken. The Club may vote to adjourn a debate to the next meeting.

5. The member at whose residence a meeting is held shall provide a pitcher of ice-water and a glass for the use of members.

GRANDPAPA'S TOWZER.

AS TOLD BY DICK.

IF you want me to tell you, I will; but I ain't used to telling things if they're long, and likely as not I'll get it all mixed up, and the wrong end first. Charley could tell it beautiful, I suppose. He's the smart one of our family, and can do just about everything he sets out to. All the same, it's always him that's getting us into scrapes. Smart folks are that way. They get people into things people would never think of themselves, and then somehow they turn up all right, and it's us that catches it. This whole business was his doing; none of the rest of us would ever have thought of such a thing.

When the invitation came Charley instantly began to talk about Towzer. He said he wasn't going to have Towzer left at home wining about and breaking his heart all alone for any stupid dinner at Grandpapa's; not he—the dog should go. The idea was so perfectly absurd that when Betty said, "Nonsense; hold your tongue!" none of us thought a word more about it.

Grandpa is a very rich man—"most dreadfully horribly rich," Jack puts it. He lives in the city, and has an immense house, nearly as big as our barn; and the furniture is something wonderful, and there are horses and carriages and everything.

Just what relation we are to Grandpa it would be awful hard to make out. Poor mamma, who died when we were

little tots, was only his adopted daughter, and somehow we don't think he cared for her much; but Betty says she "knows what's what," and as long as he'll have us young ones there once in a while to dinner and let us call him "Grandpa," we've got to go. Betty talks about our "chances"; but when we wanted to take a chance in a grab bag at a fair she said it was wicked.

It was just a week ago that we were packed in the wagon ready to start. Charley says our wagon came out of the Ark; but it isn't true. A great many things may be very old, but when you come to talk about the Ark, it's nonsense. It looks likely, too, that Noah would have taken such a wagon as that aboard when he was rich enough to have all those animals! I like reason in things, and there's no reason in that.

Our machine looks so funny in Grandpa's big coach-house! I can always hear James giggle when we drive up. But this time I think we looked a little better than usual, for Charley had on his new overcoat; Jack and I, being twins, have got so used to being mixed up that we don't pretend to have anything separate. People never know us apart, and when he's naughty Betty generally whips me. I suppose I wore his clothes, but we both looked nice. Bob's so little he don't count, but the new collar Betty did up for him nearly cut his ears off.

Charley always drives. He's twelve, and, after all, Dobbin couldn't run away any more'n a cow. Besides, it's only ten miles to Grandpa's. We're just outside the city, where rents are cheap.

We hadn't gone two miles that day before Charley gave a whistle, and there was Towzer right alongside the wagon.

"You darsn't!" said I.

"Darsn't I?" said Charley. "He'll stay in the coach-house, and I'll run out now and then and speak to him. We ain't had him a month, and I couldn't leave him behind."

My hair just stood on end. I don't believe there's anything Charley darsn't do. It's just as I said before. He knows three times as much as the rest of us, and he just imposes on it to do as he likes. But then the idea of taking Towzer to Grandpa's! I knew trouble would come of it, and I knew too that if it did, Charley'd get out all right; and if there were any consequences, we'd be the ones to take 'em. You just ought to have seen the trouble we had to get out of that coach-house without Towzer following us. Charley got us all out, and then he shut the door quick, and ran. Towzer howled frightfully, and we heard him all the way into the house.

Dinner at Grandpa's is always a very solemn affair. There's lots and lots of everything, one kind after another; but the trouble is that if we take some of each, and Betty says it's good manners, we haven't any room left for the ice-cream and cake, and all those sorts of things which we like best. Another trouble is Grandpa. He sits up so stiff and stately, and his eye is just awful; not that he scolds, but he looks so severe, as if he was just going to. Bob sits in his high chair and scarcely dares swallow a mouthful, and the next day at home he cries about the good things because he hasn't got 'em.

Now the most wonderful thing about Grandpa's table is the dishes. They are just perfectly beautiful—glasses that you're afraid your breath will blow away, and plates and cups of all kinds just filled with painted flowers and all manner of shapes. David, who waits on the table, says they have names like "severs" and "clothes on you" and "jollyky."

Well, we were just getting to the ice-cream. Grandpa had been very kind, and Bob was so little scared that his plate was half empty, when suddenly we heard a great scratching; then a floundering, skurrying noise. Charley turned deathly pale.

I couldn't think what was going to happen, and everybody else looked perfectly astonished. All of a sudden



"IT WAS A MOST TERRIBLE SIGHT."

the door flew open with a bang, and with one tremendous spring in jumped Towzer. Mrs. Davis, who keeps house for Grandpa, and sits at the head of the table, screamed the most awful scream I ever heard.

At first Towzer didn't see Charley. Then he caught sight of him. An awful jump under Grandpa's elbow threw the wine all over his shirt bosom. Then there was a wriggle, and Towzer's big tail knocked pieces and pieces of "clothes on you" and "jolly" into one mass of bits; the ice-cream pyramid went down, and oranges and grapes flew round like big hail-stones.

It was the most awful moment I ever knew.

Charley gave one look. I thought he was going to faint. Then he gave a horrid groan, and in a minute he was gone. Jaek flew after him. I thought it was mean to leave Bob, so I grabbed him by the waist, and downstairs we went.

Charley made for the coach-house, and Jaek and I aft-

er him, Bob screaming until I thought he would go into fits. There was a big empty stall in the stable, and in we all went, and covered ourselves up with straw.

"Diek," said Charley, "if they don't look up, we'll crawl out after dark and go home."

This was all very well, but Bob's awful screams were enough to tell the whole neighborhood where we were.

Presently out came James, and Mrs. Davis with him.

Now we had always been afraid of Mrs. Davis, she was so big and dignified; but when she saw us all cuddled up in a heap under the straw she laughed so hard, and James laughed, and finally Bob stopped screaming, and laughed too, so that Charley and I began to feel a mite cheerful.

"What 'll he do to us?" asked Jaek.

Then Mrs. Davis scolded him a little, and finally she ordered us back into the dining-room, and told us she was going to tell us a story about Grandpa. He was gone, of course. No mortal power could have got us back into that room if Grandpa had been there.

"Ever and ever so many years ago—"

"Hundreds and hundreds?" asked Jaek. He always will interrupt a story.

"No, but a good many. When Grandpa was a young man he was very poor, but he had a wife and a little boy that he loved very much. They were so poor that instead of a great big house they could only have part of one. Grandpa went to work every day, and his wife went out to buy things, and there was no one to leave the little boy with but a big dog named Towzer.

"Oh!" groaned Charley. He was still awful pale.

"One day Grandpa came home from his work, and what do you think he saw? It was a most terrible sight. From the high upper window of the room where he lived his little boy was hanging—just hanging there apparently by a bit of his froek, but no one could tell what held it.

"What did?"

"Grandpa had seen the boy before any of the neighbors, but he was so frightened and overcome that they rushed up first, and there they found—"

"What?" screamed Jaek.

"Towzer grasping the little boy's skirt in his mouth, and both paws braeed against the window-sill. The poor dog was not strong enough to pull him in, but he held the child fast till help came."

"Was he all right, then?"

"Yes, indeed; no one knew how long they had been there. But the good dog had saved the little boy's life."

"Where are they all now?" asked Jaek.

"Grandpa is here; the rest are all gone."

Mrs. Davis looked so sad that we knew they were dead. "Is Towzer dead too?" asked Jaek. "Where did he die?"

"We do not know, Jaek. Grandpa had to move away, and the owner of the new house he went to would not let him keep a dog, so Towzer was given away to a kind man, and when Grandpa got a house of his own the good dog had died. Not long after his wife and little boy left him too, and now he is all alone."

Nobody said anything for a few minutes, and then Charley spoke.

"I am going to see Grandpa, and tell him I know about his Towzer; and I'm awful, awful sorry our Towzer broke his dishes, and we'll never come here again to bother him."

Charley is a mean kind of boy. When he came back he gave us some big bright dollars he said Grandpa had sent us, but besides that Jaek and I could hardly get a word out of him. All the way home he was as mute as a mouse. When we got mad and asked him how he liked taking Towzer to Grandpa's, he said,

"Fellers, I want you to understand that a gentleman's house in the city is no place for a great Newfoundland dog."

Nice way for him to talk, wasn't it!

THE MILKMAID.



WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.



Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?
Oh, thank you kindly, sir, she said.



Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?
Oh yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.



But what is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.



What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.



Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said, sir, she said.

ing lessons, and some are learning music. I do not envy these girls, but sometimes I wish that the good times might be divided up, so that I might get a share of them.

For one thing, I am not a little girl. I am sixteen. I have a great many troubles, and I feel quite grown up. Aunt Alice says I feel more grown up now than I will when I am thirty. She says she knows by herself. I am sure I shall never be as peaceful and sweet as Aunt Alice if I live to be a hundred. I was a happy girl as long as I could go to school. But though I have not know anything, the doctor has persuaded mamma that it will be better for my health to let me stay at home for a year or two, and take exercise.

Mamma says all young girls should learn how to do housework, so though I hate to cook and such things, I have to learn how. That is my great trial. Then we have a very large family, and so many dishes! and as we do not keep a servant, everybody says, "Let Rosalie wash the dishes." And oh! Postmistress, you never would believe how I hate to wash dishes. I often feel like breaking them, and would, only it would do no good.

Do you think it wrong to like to have soft white hands? Would you like yours to be coarse and red?

I hope I am not making you think that I am a very silly girl, but another trial I have is wearing an apron. I do not like aprons, but I can not help myself, as all the ladies and girls around here have to wear them, and if you don't do so too, you are thought very careless.

Please answer this, and do say you are sorry for me, Rosalie.

Yes, Rosalie, I agree with you that it would be a pity to have coarse red hands if one could help it, and I own that I like mine to be white and soft. But, my dear, I do not think with you that it is a misfortune to have to stay at home awhile and learn to keep house. I have had an idea of getting up a Young Housekeeper's Sociable of my own in Young People, and I give notice now that all the girls who wish to join it may send me their names. I can not tell you all my plans here, but if you and the other girls like the idea, we will all try together to become nice, dainty, and successful housekeepers. From time to time, if you gather around me while the boys are outdoors playing their noisier games, we will have little talks about sweeping, dusting, manging servants, cooking, and doing the work ourselves, and other things. Good housekeeping is happy home-making. Never forget that.

About washing dishes, now. I always take my glass and silver first. I have a basin with two divisions. I wash my pretty things in one side of the basin, and rinse them in the other. Then I keep soft fine towels on purpose for these finer dishes, never using them for the others. We will have a longer talk about washing dishes some day, for though many girls dislike it, it is a lady's work after all. If my little Virginia and Kentucky girls would speak, I am sure they would say that they enjoy washing the breakfast and tea things, and would not trust any clumsy hands to perform this task. Why not get your brother to make you a mop, so that you need not put your hands into the hot water when busy with the dishes?

As for never growing to be like Aunt Alice—well, dear, perhaps she would tell me something else if I could have a chat with her. We grow sweet and patient, not all at once, but day by day.

The apron difficulty must wait until another time. If I should tell you about some pretty aprons that I have seen, and give you an idea how to make them, don't you think you might overcome your dislike to the useful articles? If you wear the hideous gingham, I have often seen on some people, don't wonder at your feeling as you do. And now good-morning, Rosalie, for the rest are waiting.

SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

We had a delightful time at the Mountain House last summer. We had five saddle-horses, on which we went out riding nearly every afternoon. We had a pet deer with a bell on, but it ran away when it was about four months old. It was a great friend of one of the dogs, and they would play together every morning. We had a great many chickens, and would sometimes get twenty-five or twenty-six eggs a day. They were large eggs, and when we cooked all the nice thick cream we wanted. Although our home is in the mountains, we have an ice-house, which is packed hard with saw-wood around it. Sometimes grandma makes ice-cream for us.

Last week we went to grandma's saw-mill; it is five miles from here, and is in a beautiful spot, with stately-looking trees. By the mill a creek runs on, and I had a chance to see the saw-dust in the mill for the men. We took our lunch-

eon with us, and ate it by a spring where there are beautiful ferns, maiden's-hair, and moss. As we go to the saw-mill there is a little stream that winds its way first on one side of the road and then on the other. We ride for three miles through a forest of tall pine-trees, viz., spruce, oak, cedar, and yew, besides hazel and bushes. I know the great Postmistress lives on the side of the road near this.

C. K. T., I. E. C., and M. E. C.

This bright letter has had to wait so long for its turn that by this time the writers are no doubt deep in arithmetic and history, with very little time for picnics. The Postmistress hopes they will write again soon.

ANTWERP, BELGIUM.

I have your paper sent to me here in Antwerp, and I think it is very nice indeed. I want to write to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think there is nothing nicer to tell your readers about than the Zoo in Antwerp. I have heard it is the best in the world, but I am an American, and have not been here long, and expect to stay two years longer, and I think I can tell in that time. Wherever we go—say, to Paris, or London, or any of those places—I expect to visit the Zoo, and then I can tell you what I think is the best and the best Zoo. I don't think they have very many polite animals. Some of them are lovely, the birds especially; but I had seen the deers before that, and I can't think of a single one which was a deer, and gave it a piece of cracker, and the way it said "Thank you" was that it spit right in my face. I think it was a llama. When I went to the gardens with my little friends, we took a ride on the elephant and it seemed as if we were riding in the air, but you get too many lumps.

I rather fancy the ponies and goats more than the elephants. They have a camel too which they ride, but I have not tried it yet, and do not expect to, because it has a very rough gait; it seems as if you were riding between two mountains. I have heard that a crew of sailors, which was two years, and I think I will buy one and try. The last time I was at the Zoo I took my little basket full of crackers and nice things for the monkeys. You ought to see them fight for a piece of cracker. If one don't get a piece, he will nearly knock it out of the other's mouth. And they have even little nails on their fingers, such as we have, and their whole hands are very much like ours, only, of course, smaller.

I am very anxious to have this letter published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, as it is my first letter.

BESSIE B. (12 years old).

A very good letter indeed, Bessie. I hope you will tell us about other zoological gardens when you visit them. One day last summer I went to Central Park to see the animals, and I had with me a wee tot of a girl five years old, and she—little May was her name—her mamma, and myself thought we would feed some of the pretty, gentle creatures. There was a giraffe, a stately animal, with large soft eyes, and a way of turning its neck as I have seen ladies turn theirs. We fed this queenly looking thing with gingerbread, and it really tried to thank us, and did not behave at all like the ill-bred, spiteful llama which did not like your cracker. I can't remember the name of the bear, but he presented a flock of ostriches, some of them so tall that the little folks have to look 'way up to see their heads.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

This is the second letter I have ever written. I go to school, and I like it very much. I have never been to school until this summer. Mamma always taught me. I had a governess once, but she did not stay long, because mamma and papa thought it best for me to go to school. Last summer he went away one morning, and never came back. Papa thinks he must have fallen into a shaft, but I have hopes that he will come back some day. I have seen a snow globe, and shall be so glad when the snow comes, we have so much fun coasting.

I am eleven years old. I have no brothers. I have one sister, but she is married and lives in San Francisco. I have two nephews and one niece. Mamma thinks my letter is long enough. I shall like to see how this will look in my dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

NELLIE A. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy who was five years old the 1st of October. My sister is writing this letter for me. I have a dog named Pompey Aristotle Washington W. A boy has promised me a little kitten, and I am going to call it "Sylvia." I have never very much, and I catch every Monday for the postman to bring it. I saw four Chinese babies baptized last Sunday. They were all dressed funnily. The mother of one of the babies had two boys. Two of the children were boys, and two were girls.

Sometimes I go to the Chinese school, and like it very much. I have heard the Chinese sing and talk, and I think I have lots of Chinese candy. I have seen and tried to use chopsticks, but I like



"ALL READY FOR WINTER."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THANKSGIVING-DAY! What a pleasant sound the words have, and what pleasant memories they recall in our minds! I hope the dear boys and girls will each try to make the day a happy one to somebody else. If we get Thanksgiving selfishly, we shall not get its true sweetness into our hearts.

The Postmistress has written a little hymn for the children to sing, and she hopes they will all learn it, and try it by some pretty tune:

Children, sing to Him whose love
Broods your happy lives above;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky—

For the flowers and for the wheat,
For the cold and for the heat,
For the fruit and for the grain,
For the sunshine and the rain.

Children, sing to Him whose care
Makes the land so rich and fair;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky—

For the mother's look of grace,
For the baby's little face,
For the morning's smile of bliss,
For the happy good-night kiss.

Children, sing to Him whose hand
Rules and guards our native land;
Lift your joyous voices high
To our Father in the sky—

For the cheery bells that swing,
And for freedom peal and ring,
For our nation's peace and wealth,
For our gladness and our health.

Children, sing to One whose love
Broods your merry days above;
Lift your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky.

I shall certainly expect some letters next week telling me how you have spent Thanksgiving, and all about the frolic and the fun.

WATERLEY, NEW JERSEY.

Most girls who write to you, dear Postmistress, seem to have a very good time. They talk about their dolls, and their pets, and their darling little baby brothers, and some of them take paint-

a knife and fork better. The Chinese gave me lots of fire-works the Fourth of July, and my big brother Lincoln had them off.

How eagerly you must be counting the days until Christmas, so that you may meet dear mamma again, and want a kiss and a sweetie she will give her little five-year-old boy when she sees him again!

NOLDE, TEXAS.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have two little sisters; their names are Alma and Annie. We have no pets except a little kitten; its name is Blossom.

SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I have one pet; it is a pup. I like to see the way from Madison County, Kentucky, in a basket. His name is Don.

THOMAS M. C.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and am in the seventh class. I like to go to the drill every time any company comes to visit the school.

FLORENCE B. A.

Certainly, dear, send your puzzle. A great many of our readers will think you a happy girl to have Miss Alcott for a cousin.

ALBANY, MISSOURI.

Can you tell me a new kind of party to have? I live in a country town, and do not hear of much that is new in the way of entertainments.

BESS.

Your contribution, which arrived too late for acknowledgment in the next report, has been sent to Miss E. E. Kellogg, treasurer of the fund for our People's Cot.

Why not have tableaux at your party? They would require a little preparation and practicing beforehand, but there is a great deal of fun to be had in arranging for them, and they always please the lookers-on.

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am twelve years old, and have five brothers and one sister. My uncle, who lives in Ceylon, sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

very best uncle in the world. I enjoy reading the stories very much, and my brothers and little sister enjoy them quite as much as I.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving-day, and I am to have a holiday. The last lesson my teacher gave me was a piece called "The Sack Waltz."

The Thanksgiving-day which Lettie anticipated was a special day of rejoicing held November 9, and not an annual holiday like our own.

You could have written nothing to please me more than this, dear. I am sorry you have to walk so far to school, and for your sake I hope there may be more fine days than stormy ones;

"And taking the year together, my dear," as the song says: "There isn't more storm than this sun."

Only a tiny acorn That fell from a bough of the tree, "Of what use are you?" said the wind and the rain.

DEMING, BELLER, TEXAS.

We are two little cousins who live in the country, and are seven and eight years old. We milk seven cows all by ourselves, and can ride horse-back.

LEZ AND OCE.

What wonderful children you are, to be able to milk seven cows your own little selves! I hope the cows are gentle. I will trust you never to tell anybody, for I wouldn't like all the children to know it, but I am very much afraid of cows, and would go a long distance round to avoid meeting one.

CAMBRIDGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but we have been reading from it in school. I think it has some very pretty stories. I go to school, and so I have not very much time for reading papers.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am a little girl eight years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I want to tell you about my cousin Emma's little dog.

POLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old. I want to tell you about my dolls. I have a cunning little girl doll. It will turn its head and feet, and its arms.

SANDWICH, OREGON.

I am a little boy nine years old. I live in Canada, but I am a Yankee boy, for I was born in Buffalo, and I long to go back to my own State.

I have another doll that when I was a baby was taller than I was. I spent my vacation at my grandpa's, and had a pleasant time. Now good-by. I am going for a walk.

we put it down in the orchard, thinking it would be so glad of its liberty; but it came right back, and begged to be fed and to go into its cage again; and we could not get rid of it, so we had to take it in again.

I have a big gray cat two years old, and his name is Pseudion. I have a lot of chickens, and a little black puppy called Nellie.

Write to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE you wish to obtain, inclosing four cents each to pay for them.

Thomas Conner, Monroe, Wisconsin, withdraws his name from the list of exchangers.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- NUMERICAL ENIGMA. I am composed of 12 letters, and am a holiday. My 1, 8, 4 is a utensil. My 12, 3, 11, 7 is a troop.

SIX DIAMONDS.

- 1.-I. A letter. 2. A resinous substance. 3. A race-horse. 4. In the form of a statement.

- 3.-I. A vowel. 2. A girl's name. 3. To obliterate. 4. Elusive. 5. Apart. 6. After noon. 7. A vowel.

- 4.-I. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A marine production. 4. A bridle snaker. 5. Called. 6. Guided. 7. A letter.

- 5.-I. A letter. 2. A utensil. 3. A refreshing drink. 4. A spinner. 5. A letter. 6.-I. A letter. 2. A mineral. 3. Attempted. 4. A fish. 5. A letter.

- 7.-I. A letter. 2. A musical square. 3. One hundred thousand. 4. A cord. 5. Fastened.

- 1.-I. Fluid. 2. To fasten. 3. A bird. 4. A vehicle.

- 2.-I. An insect. 2. Not any. 3. A girl's name. 4. A fruit.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 128.

- No. 1. Geranium. No. 2. O N E T O P O R O R O E A L E S K Y

- No. 3. A N T E R I O R E S C O R O N E R D E C H R Y T H Y O S T P E C U L Y R E C E I P T S O V E R E I G N

- No. 4. Flower, love, Acorn, corn, Scamp, camp, Grave, rave, Heart, earth.

- No. 5. Heart's-seat. Heart. Heat. Seat. Tea. Eat.

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by Rose Wright, Bernice Kantowitz, John Foster, Emma McEvoy, Laurence Parke, Samuel Gibson, Al Dean, Lucie, "Lodestar," D. S. Coe, Elizabeth and Alice, St. S. Wells, C. De Gange, Charlie Schilling, Eddie Lane, Tommy Lincoln, Mark Bissell, Amy Towers, Emmeline Jerr, Adela Parker, Fanny Le Clerc, John Cox, "Indian Chief," Violet B., B. T. A., L. C., Lewellen Thomas, Archibald Owen, Douglas K., Hugh and Gordon, Lucille Roberts.

[For Exchanges, see third page of cover.]



"WHAT'S THAT?"

THE CURIOUS FEAST.

BY G. B. BARTLETT,

AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

AS feasting is a marked feature of Thanksgiving-time, we present to our readers a feast which will have the merit of novelty and of exercising their ingenuity and taste. Easy-rhymed enigmas or short conundrums should be written on cards of some pretty design, each one of which describes some article upon the table, and the child who first guesses the puzzle retains the card upon which the description was written.

When the appetites of the children have been in some measure appeased the game is usually begun. The lady who presides at the table draws a card from an ornamental basket which stands before her, and, after reading it, calls on all who have guessed it to hold up their right hands. If more than one hand is raised at the same moment, she gives the card to the first player on her right, and another card bearing a number only to each of the others. These cards all draw prizes numbered to correspond if they are retained until the end of the evening. Before giving an account of the funny way in which these cards may be lost, we give a few specimens of the

enigmas, in making which, as in all enigmas, the sound and not the spelling is followed; the answers are omitted from the cards used.

Table Furniture.

My first is very good to take; My first will foaming floods restrain;
My second you should not forsake. You'll find my second "Ask again."
Ans. Nap-kn. *Ans.* Dam-ask.

Vands.

My second finds her wild abode My turbaned first is fierce and free;
Where my hot first is freely strowed. My next unlocks much mystery.
Ans. Sand-wich. *Ans.* Turkey.

Fruit.

My first is part of every banner, My sounding first is always round;
My last the end of Mordiana. My next is in the kitchen found.
Ans. Banana. *Ans.* Orange.

In describing articles which have but one syllable the card may bear a simple question in the form of a conundrum, as follows:

No. 19. What letter will you drink?—T. No. 20. What fruit comes from the diary?—Dates. No. 21. What fruit caused the swiftest to lose the race?—Apples. No. 22. What fruit should we make marbling two by two?—Pears. No. 23. What is the chief part of the chief of philosophers?—Plato. No. 24. Which are the most patient of the table furnishings?—The waiters. No. 25. Which are the fastest?—The dish that ran away with the spoon. No. 26. Which fruits are most worthy of trust?—The candied ones.

These cards, having been awarded to the children who have guessed their meaning, are not always sure to secure for them the prizes which are designated by the numbers which they bear; for while the children are all busily engaged in eating, a new trial of their powers is introduced.

By the side of the lady who sits at the head of the table is a small striking-bell, such as is used ordinarily to summon the servant. When this bell is sounded every person must stop instantly in whatever position he may chance to be, and must remain perfectly motionless until he hears two strokes of the bell, by which he knows that the moment for resuming his occupation has come. It is very funny to see the various attitudes in which the merry feasters are held spell-bound by this signal, for if any one makes the slightest movement after it has sounded, his card is forfeited, and becomes the property of a more attentive guest. But should the cards lost by this trial, as is seldom the case, be too few to supply the demand of the winners, the hostess makes up the deficiency by giving out more numbered cards. This signal is repeated several times, thus keeping the attention on the alert, and causing shouts of laughter which render the attempts to keep still more and more difficult.

When the supper is at last over, the children form in two lines across the room. The prizes are then brought in and spread upon a small table, which is wheeled into the middle of the room between the two rows of expectant children. The lady then takes up each prize in turn, and calls out the number with which it is marked on the paper in which it is wrapped. The child who holds the card bearing the number walks down the line to the table and opens his present, to the great interest of the spectators. These prizes are of varied kinds, according to the ages of the children and the liberality of their friends. Among them is a silver spoon, the fortunate winner of which is expected to give the next feast.

Besides being very amusing, this feast is an intellectual one, for after a little practice the children will enjoy making the cards as much as guessing them, and for this reason only a few specimens of each sort are here given.



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"DEAR CHILD, YOU ARE LOST, AND I HAVE COME TO FIND YOU."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM, AND HOW IT CAME TRUE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"I'M so tired of Christmas I wish there never would be another one!" exclaimed a discontented-looking little girl, as she sat idly watching her mother arrange a pile of gifts two days before they were to be given.

"Why, Effie, what a dreadful thing to say! You are as bad as old Scrooge, and I'm afraid something will happen to you, as it did to him, if you don't care for dear Christmas," answered mamma, almost dropping the silver horn she was filling with delicious candies.

"Who was Scrooge? what happened to him?" asked Effie, with a glimmer of interest in her listless face, as she

picked out the sourest lemon-drop she could find, for no-thing sweet suited her just then.

"He was one of Dickens's best people, and you can read the charming story some day. He hated Christmas, until a strange dream showed him how dear and beautiful it was, and made a better man of him."

"I shall read it, for I like dreams, and have a great many curious ones myself. But they don't keep me from being tired of Christmas," said Effie, poking discontentedly among the sweeties for something worth eating.

"Why are you tired of what should be the happiest time of all the year?" asked mamma, anxiously.

"Perhaps I shouldn't be if I had something new. But it is always the same, and there isn't any more surprise about it. I always find heaps of goodies in my stocking. Don't like some of them, and soon get tired of those I do like. We always have a great dinner, and I always eat too much, and feel ill next day. Then there is always a Christmas tree somewhere, with a doll on top, or a stupid old Santa Claus, and children dancing and screaming over bonbons and toys that break, and shiny things that are of no use. Really, mamma, I've had so many Christmases all alike that I don't think I *can* bear another one." And Effie laid herself flat on the sofa, as if the mere idea was too much for her.

Her mother laughed at her despair, but was sorry to see her little girl so discontented, when she had everything to make her happy, and had known but ten Christmas-days.

"Suppose we don't give you *any* presents at all—how would that suit you?" asked mamma, anxious to please her spoiled child.

"I should like one large and splendid one, and one dear little one, to remember some very nice person by," said Effie, who was a fanciful little body, full of odd whims and notions, which her friends loved to gratify, regardless of time, trouble, or money, for she was the last of four little girls, and very dear to all the family.

"Well, my darling, I will see what I can do to please you, and not say a word until all is ready. If I could only get a new idea to start with!" And mamma went on tying up her pretty bundles with a thoughtful face, while Effie strolled to the window to watch the rain that kept her in-doors and made her dismal.

"Seems to me poor children have better times than rich ones. I can't go out, and there is a girl about my age splashing along, without any maid to fuss about rubbers and cloaks and umbrellas and colds. I wish I was a beggar-girl."

"Would you like to be hungry, cold, and ragged, to beg all day, and sleep on an ash heap at night?" asked mamma, wondering what would come next.

"Cinderella did, and had a nice time in the end. This girl out here has a basket of scraps on her arm, and a big old shawl all round her, and doesn't seem to care a bit, though the water runs out of the toes of her boots. She goes paddling along, laughing at the rain, and eating a cold potato as if it tasted nicer than the chicken and ice-cream I had for dinner. Yes, I do think poor children are happier than rich ones."

"So do I, sometimes. At the Orphan Asylum to-day I saw two dozen merry little souls who have no parents, no home, and no hope of Christmas beyond a stick of candy or a cake. I wish you had been there to see how happy they were, playing with the old toys some richer children had sent them."

"You may give them all mine: I'm so tired of them I never want to see them again," said Effie, turning from the window to the pretty baby house full of every thing a child's heart could desire.

"I will, and let you begin again with something you will not tire of, if I can only find it." And mamma knit her brows trying to discover some grand surprise for this child who didn't care for Christmas.

Nothing more was said then, and wandering off to the library, Effie found *A Christmas Carol*, and curling herself up in the sofa corner, read it all before tea. Some of it she did not understand, but she laughed and cried over many parts of the charming story, and felt better without knowing why.

All the evening she thought of poor Tiny Tim, Mrs. Cratchet with the pudding, and the stout old gentleman who danced so gaily that "his legs twinkled in the air."

Presently bed-time arrived.

"Come, now, and toast your feet," said Effie's nurse, "while I do your pretty hair and tell stories."

"I'll have a fairy tale to-night, a very interesting one," commanded Effie, as she put on her blue silk wrapper and little fur-lined slippers to sit before the fire and have her long curls brushed.

So Nursey told her best tales, and when at last the child lay down under her lace curtains, her head was full of a curious jumble of Christmas elves, poor children, snow-storms, sugar-plums, and surprises; so it is no wonder that she dreamed all night, and this was the dream which she never quite forgot:

She found herself sitting on a stone, in the middle of a great field, all alone. The snow was falling fast, a bitter wind whistled by, and night was coming on. She felt hungry, cold, and tired, and did not know where to go nor what to do.

"I wanted to be a beggar-girl, and now I am one, but I don't like it, and wish somebody would come and take care of me. I don't know who I am, and I think I must be lost," thought Effie, with the curious interest one takes in one's self in dreams.

But the more she thought about it, the more bewildered she felt. Faster fell the snow, colder blew the wind, darker grew the night, and poor Effie made up her mind that she was quite forgotten and left to freeze alone. The tears were chilled on her cheeks, her feet felt like icicles, and her heart died within her, so hungry, frightened, and forlorn was she. Laying her head on her knees, she gave herself up for lost, and sat there with the great flakes fast turning her to a little white mound, when suddenly the sound of music reached her, and starting up, she looked and listened with all her eyes and ears.

Far away a dim light shone, and a voice was heard singing. She tried to run toward the welcome glimmer, but could not stir, and stood like a small statue of expectation while the light drew nearer, and the sweet words of the song grew clearer.

From our happy home
Through the world we roam
One week in all the year,
Making winter spring
With the joy we bring,
For Christmas-tide is here.

Now the eastern star
Shines from afar
To light the poorest home;
Hearts warmer grow,
Gifts freely flow,
For Christmas-tide has come.

Now gay trees rise
Before young eyes
Abloom with tempting cheer;
Blithe voices sing,
And blithe bells ring,
For Christmas-tide is here.

O, happy chime,
O, blessed time,
That draws us all so near!
"Welcome, dear day,"
All creatures say,
For Christmas-tide has come.

A child's voice sang, a child's hand carried the little candle, and in the circle of soft light it shed Effie saw a

pretty child coming to her through the night and snow. A rosy, smiling creature, wrapped in white fur, with a wreath of green and scarlet holly on its shining hair, the magic candle in one hand, and the other outstretched as if to shower gifts and warmly press all other hands.

Effie forgot to speak as this bright vision came nearer, leaving no trace of footsteps in the snow, only lighting the way with its little candle, and filling the air with the music of its song.

"Dear child, you are lost, and I have come to find you," said the stranger, taking Effie's cold hands in his, with a smile like sunshine, while every holly berry glowed like a little fire.

"Do you know me?" asked Effie, feeling no fear, but a great gladness, at his coming.

"I know all children, and go to find them, for this is my holiday, and I gather them from all parts of the world to be merry with me once a year."

"Are you an angel?" asked Effie, looking for the wings.

"No; I am a Christmas spirit, and live with my mates in a pleasant place, getting ready for our holiday, when we are let out to roam about the world, helping make this a happy time for all who will let us in. Will you come and see how we work?"

"I will go anywhere with you. Don't leave me again," cried Effie, gladly.

"First I will make you comfortable. That is what we love to do. You are cold, and you shall be warm; hungry, and I will feed you; sorrowful, and I will make you gay."

With a wave of his candle all three miracles were wrought, for the snow-flakes turned to a white fur cloak and hood on Effie's head and shoulders, a bowl of hot soup came sailing to her lips, and vanished when she had eagerly drank the last drop, and suddenly the dismal field changed to a new world so full of wonders that all her troubles were forgotten in a minute.

Bells were ringing so merrily that it was hard to keep from dancing. Green garlands hung on the walls, and every tree was a Christmas tree full of toys, and blazing with candles that never went out.

In one place many little spirits sewed like mad on warm clothes, turning off work faster than any sewing-machine ever invented, and great piles were made ready to be sent to poor people. Other busy creatures packed money into purses, and wrote checks which they sent flying away on the wind, a lovely kind of snow-storm to fall into a world below full of poverty.

Older and graver spirits were looking over piles of little books, in which the records of the past year were kept, telling how different people had spent it, and what sort of gifts they deserved. Some got peace, some disappointment, some remorse and sorrow, some great joy and hope. The rich had generous thoughts sent them, the poor gratitude and contentment. Children had more love and duty to parents, and parents renewed patience, wisdom, and satisfaction for and in their children. No one was forgotten.

"Please tell me what splendid place this is?" asked Effie, as soon as she could collect her wits after the first look at all these astonishing things.

"This is the Christmas country, and here we work all the year round, never tired of getting ready for the happy day. See, these are the saints just setting off, for some have far to go, and the children must not be disappointed."

As he spoke the spirit pointed to four gates, out of which four great sleighs were just driving, laden with toys, while a jolly old Santa Claus sat in the middle of each, drawing on his mittens and tucking up his wraps for a long cold drive.

"Why, I thought there was only one Santa Claus, and even he was a humbug," cried Effie, astonished at the sight.

"Never give up your faith in the sweet old stories, even after you come to see that they are only the pleasant shadow of a lovely truth."

Just then the sleighs went off with a great jingling of bells and pattering of reindeer hoofs, while all the spirits gave a cheer that was heard in the lower world, where people said, "Hear the stars sing."

"I never will say there isn't any Santa Claus again. Now show me more."

"You will like to see this place, I think, and may learn something here, perhaps."

The spirit smiled as he led the way to a little door, through which Effie peeped into a world of dolls. Baby houses were in full blast, with dolls of all sorts going on like live people. Waxen ladies sat in their parlors elegantly dressed; black dolls cooked in the kitchens; nurses walked out with the bits of dollies; and the streets were full of tin soldiers marching, wooden horses prancing, express wagons rumbling, and little men hurrying to and fro. Shops were there, and tiny people buying legs of mutton, pounds of tea, mites of clothes, and everything dolls use, or wear, or want.

But presently she saw that in some ways the dolls improved upon the manners and customs of human beings, and she watched eagerly to learn why they did these things. A fine Paris doll driving in her carriage took up a black worsted Dinah who was hobbling along with a basket of clean clothes, and carried her to her journey's end, as if it was the proper thing to do. Another interesting china lady took off her comfortable red cloak and put it round a poor wooden creature done up in a paper shift, and so badly painted that its face would have sent some babies into fits.

"Seems to me I once knew a rich girl who didn't give her things to poor girls. I wish I could remember who she was, and tell her to be as kind as that china doll," said Effie, much touched at the sweet way the pretty creature wrapped up the poor fright, and then ran off in her little gray gown to buy a shiny fowl stuck on a wooden platter for her invalid mother's dinner.

"We recall these things to people's minds by dreams. I think the girl you speak of won't forget this one," and the spirit smiled as if he enjoyed some joke which she did not see.

A little bell rang as she looked, and away scampered the children into the red-and-green school-house with the roof that lifted up, so one could see how nicely they sat at their desks with mites of books, or drew on the inch-square blackboards with erubens of chalk.

"They know their lessons very well, and are as still as mice. We make a great racket at our school, and get bad marks every day. I shall tell the girls they had better mind what they do, or their dolls will be better scholars than they are," said Effie, much impressed, as she peeped in and saw no rod in the hand of the little mistress, who looked up and shook her head at the intruder, as if begging her to go away before the order of the school was disturbed.

Effie retired at once, but could not resist one look in at the window of a fine mansion, where the family were at dinner, the children behaved so well at table, and never grumbled a bit when their mamma said they could not have any more fruit.

"Now show me something else," she said, as they came again to the low door that led out of Doll-land.

"You have seen how we prepare for Christmas; let me show you where we love best to send our good and happy gifts," answered the spirit, giving her his hand again.

"I know. I've seen ever so many," began Effie, thinking of her own Christmases.

"No, you have never seen what I will show you. Come away, and remember what you see to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EGYPTIAN CHILD AND GOAT.

BOY LIFE ON THE NILE.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

EGYPT is one of the oldest countries in the world. The great river Nile, which flows through this ancient land, has witnessed many strange things which men would give much to learn about. It flowed placidly while the great Pyramids, which are one of the wonders of the world, were being built, and the thousands of mummies which are found in ancient tombs sailed, perhaps, as children on its waters, or scampered about on its banks, as boys scamper about there at the present time.

Egyptian peasant boys lead a very free and simple life. As the climate is warm, they need very little clothing. If a youthful Egyptian possesses a cotton shirt and a turban of the same material, he needs nothing more. His little brown face is as serious as that of an old man, and to look at it you would never believe that its little owner had a large fund of mischief in him.

When an Egyptian boy is about three years old, all his hair is shaved off except a little tuft on the top of his head. It is a great day in the household when the boy is shaven for the first time. If the parents are not too poor, a great feast is made, and the finest goat of the flock is chosen and sacrificed in honor of the village saint. The little fellow's babyhood is over, and he begins to wear the cotton turban, and take his place among the boys of his neighborhood. He begins to tend the great herds of sheep and goats which live on the vast sandy plains, and soon becomes an experienced herdsman.

When Mr. Bridgman, an American artist, was in Egypt, he made a beautiful painting of one of these peasant boys, from which the engraving given on this page was taken. The boy is in the native costume of his country, and he leans so lovingly against the great goat, which is almost as tall as its little master, that one can see it is his familiar pet and playfellow.

These Egyptian boys have school days also, for in nearly every village along the Nile they are required to attend the classes for a certain number of hours every day. They do not learn much, for the neatly printed and prettily bound geographies and spelling-books of American school-

rooms are unknown among the poor people of Egypt. The school-book of an Egyptian boy is a large tablet of wood painted white, upon which the teacher writes the lesson with a piece of charcoal. When one lesson is learned, it is washed off, and a new one written. To learn to read and repeat the whole of the Koran, which is the religious book of the Arabs, comprises the whole course of education of an Egyptian peasant boy.

The school-room is the queerest place you can imagine. The boys all sit cross-legged on the floor in front of the teacher. They hold their tablets in their hands, and rock back and forth as they study. They all learn their lessons aloud, and the din of their shrill voices is wonderful. The noise can be heard at a distance from the school-room, and you would think that they were screaming and fighting, instead of peacefully studying their lessons.

Undutiful or disobedient boys are rarely found among Arab

children, for respect toward their parents and elderly people is one of the first things they are taught.

Unfortunately they do not show the same respect for travellers who visit their country. Toward any foreigner, who is looked upon with dislike because he does not believe in the Koran, Egyptian boys are allowed to show any impertinence which their mischievous little brains can invent. Like their parents, they are born beggars, and set upon any unfortunate traveller in the most furious manner. The moment one lands he is surrounded by men, women, and children, all screaming for alms. With such an example before them, the ignorant boys can hardly be blamed for their bad conduct.

A gentleman travelling on the Nile relates that once he stopped at a landing-place, and went on shore to visit the Sheikh (chief) of the village to whom he had a letter of introduction. The moment he set foot on land, he was surrounded by a crowd of boys all hooting and shouting "Backsheesh! backsheesh!" (alms, alms). He could speak a little Arabic, and tried to silence them with threats, but they only howled louder and louder, and began to throw mud and stones with such violence that he was about to retreat to his boat, when the tall figure of the Sheikh appeared on the scene. The venerable man held up a warning finger to the crowd of young rogues, who instantly became quiet, and vanished as suddenly as a swarm of flies.

In some localities where travellers are very frequent the peasant boys learn that it is better to work for money than to beg for it. They spend all their leisure time carving bits of wood, and making curious ornaments out of seeds and other things, which they offer for sale. These young merchants are very sharp at a bargain, and will not part with their wares except for a fair price. A traveller once, while bargaining with these little peddlers, took out his watch. Immediately a dozen pair of dark eyes were bent upon it. The ticking excited the wildest astonishment, and after the watch had been held to all the tawny ears, it was in vain that the gentleman assured them that it was not alive. They looked upon it as a new kind of animal, and ran away to tell their companions of the strange and wonderful creature which the stranger carried in his pocket.

THE ELEPHANT-KEEPER'S STORY.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.



"Hi no, Squire, I certainly didn't manage to get rich with it at all; but you must recollect, sir, that rolling stones don't gather much moss."

The man who found this old proverb a handy excuse was a swartly thickset little fellow, standing in the stone-paved court-yard of Squire Buckle's stables, talking with the Squire

himself. He gave his flaming red neckerchief an apologetic twitch, and was silent.

The good-humored old Squire eyed him thoughtfully. "Well, well, Junket," he responded, "I dare say you're not to blame for ill-luck; and if you're tired of roving, why, you can have your old place again. I'm glad to see you back. But suppose you finish your story where you left off. You were saying that while you were at Lord Haw's that place in the show was offered you, eh?" The Squire began patrolling the stable-yard again. Junket, walking at his side, took up the thread of his adventures:

"No, sir, it wasn't while I was at Lord Haw's at all, but after his death, that one of the gentlemen at Day's got me a post as keeper in that menagerie. I had been some weeks out of work, or I don't know that I should have thought of occupation of just that sort. But I found the other keepers a very decent set of men, sir. Pretty soon, too, I took a particular notion to one of them. Whistler was his name. He had all the charge of the big performing elephant in the show. Juggernaut they called him.

"He was just a monster, Squire, and no mistake. He was very near ten feet high—not so very tall, you'll say; but in breadth and development I never heard of his equal. Well, as I was saying, I saw a good deal of Whistler. In course of a month most all of us remarked what a fancy the elephant had took to me. I could take the creature to water, exercise him, put him through all his acts when only the show folks happened to be around, and mostly do what I pleased with him.

"You see, Squire, an elephant may be willing enough to let outsiders make a pet of him, but as for obeying one of them, that's quite another thing. He generally minds only his keeper, and that only so long as he stays in the humor to do it.

"One afternoon Whistler went off a-pleasuring somewhere up the Thames. He missed his beat, or the trains, or something or other, coming back. They had to go on with

the show without waiting for him. 'Mr. Cutts,' says I to the ring-manager, 'you need have no thought about the elephant. I'll take him through the performance.' Mr. Cutts looked a little surprised, but he said, 'All right; go ahead.' And so I did, very nicely too. Juggernaut went through all his acts as quiet as if he'd never had any other trainer except me. All the proprietors were quite delighted. Just while I was taking him back under the sheds, in comes Whistler.

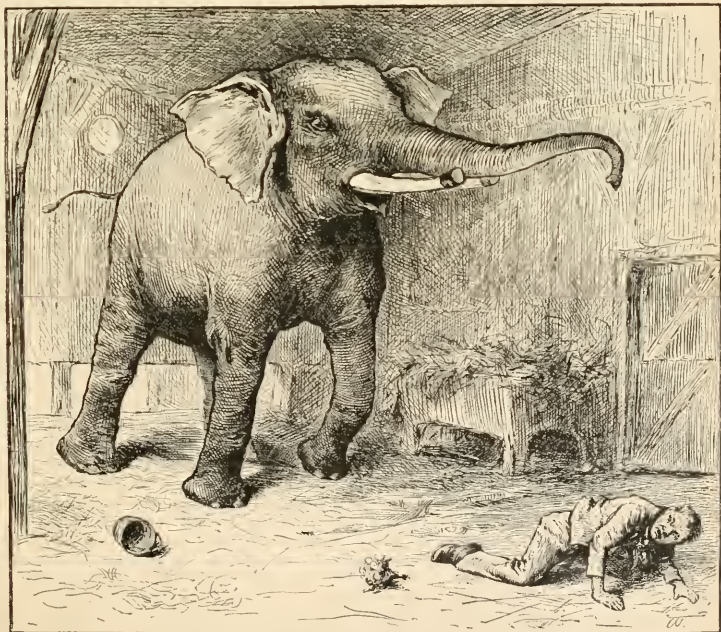
"'You're a good fellow, Junket,' says he. 'I'm obliged to you to death. Toss me down the padlocks. I'll put him up. You must be sick of elephant for once.'

"I was pretty well tired out, not to mention the responsibility of really taking such a creature through a public performance.

"I spoke to Juggernaut accordingly, and he sets me on my feet with his trunk as gentle as if I was wax. Whistler stepped up. I handed him the hook and the keys, and said good-night. Just as I walked out of the shed doors I heard Whistler cry out. I ran back, all of a tremble, too late to be of any good. Directly my back was fairly turned, the elephant had charged on Whistler, caught him round the body, and thrown him, like a bag of sand, smash against the further wall of the shed. It would have made you sick, Squire.

"'Back, Juggernaut!' I managed to call, standing almost under him. He stood still as a rock, no motion, no sound, the moment he heard *me*. Curious, wasn't it, sir? I called for help. We got Whistler out, knocked senseless as a dead man, covered with blood, and with two ribs broken. It was just a miracle he wasn't killed. That cunning beast had quietly waited for me to get out of ear-shot before he made his attack, which, you observe, was also the reason he was so still about it.

"Whistler lay in the hospital ten days before the surgeons would let him see anybody. I took his place in the mean time. I hadn't a particle of trouble with Juggernaut



"HE CAUGHT ME AS IF I HAD BEEN A MOUSE."

naut. Whether he had had a fit of rage or what not with poor Whistler, he was as tractable as a lamb with me—entirely his old self, in short. Queer animals, ain't they? Queer and bad to the backbone, Squire.

"After the ten days were over, I was allowed to see Whistler up at the hospital.

"'Junket,' says he, 'I've given up my place in the show for good. The Days 'll offer it to you. Take it, and keep it just as long as you dare. Recollect that Juggernaut's like any other elephant; he'll get over his fancy for you some day, and *watch his chance to kill you, and only you.*'

"Sure enough, when I got back to the show, up comes Mr. Day the younger, and offers me the care of the elephant. Nothing to do but take charge, look after practicing and trainings, and exhibit Juggernaut in the ring. I scarcely thought twice about it before I said 'Yes' to Mr. Day.

"Juggernaut performed his best that night; so he did throughout the week, meek as a Newfoundland dog. I went to work and taught him two new acts on the strength of such a setting out—to grind 'God save the Queen' on a barrel-organ, and point out the biggest fool in the company, which he did with his trunk very cleverly, one evening excepted, when he marches up to a Parliamentary gent whom the papers happened to be making pictures on. The gentleman didn't relish it, though everybody else laughed and clapped like mad. Since then often I've thought to myself that Juggernaut ought to have pointed out me, or whoever might happen to be an elephant-keeper at any time.

"We ended our London season at last, after which we crossed the Channel, and went into France.

"We were busy there all July, exhibiting in Havre, Paris, Dijon, Lyons, and the dear knows how many other towns besides. Next we stopped at Geneva, and then from Switzerland the proprietors decided to go down into Italy. Into Italy we went, Juggernaut and all. He behaved himself as nicely as ever, no stubbornness, no sulks—anything I wanted him to do done at once.

"But when we were drawing large houses in Venice, Squire, I began to feel and see trouble on its way. Twice I had to argue a point with Juggernaut pretty stiffly. Then he turned restless and cross by spells. One day I had to be moving around his stall a good deal on account of our carpenters. Says one of them to me, on leaving in the afternoon, 'I beg the Signor Keeper's pardon, but I have remarked a curious thing while I have to-day been engaged with this labor.'

"'And what may that be?' says I, for I'd come to flourish Italian fairly well.

"'I noticed that wherever the Signor Keeper stands, whatever he does, the great elephant always keeps his eye on the Signor Keeper.'

"Squire, when I heard that, it made my blood run cold, for it's a certain warning to any man who is employed about an elephant. And to think I had been that blind!

"The next night, the show being over, I happened to cross the shed alongside of Juggernaut, with a bouquet of yellow roses in my hand. A lady had sent them to me while the elephant was on. He had been quiet and tractable all day. I faced him, however, as I passed his head. He put out his trunk for the roses. He often made the motion, of course, for anything he fancied. Says I, 'No, sir, you can't have these,' and moved to the left. He simply swung round his head with a scream. 'Juggernaut!' said I, darting backward. He caught me as if I had been a mouse. After he'd thrown me, I managed to roll out from under the shed into the stable-yard. I just missed his charge, but was bleeding from where I struck, and badly bruised. Lucky was it that I got off so quick.

"I didn't need to recollect Whistler's advice. I knew my business, of course, by this date. In the morning I saw Mr. Day, and threw up my position. All they said

to me went right out of the other ear. It was life and death for me to be away from or with that elephant an hour longer. Twenty pounds, twenty-five, thirty, forty. I laughed in Mr. Cutts's face. Finally Mr. Day says to me, almost with tears in his eyes,

"'Mr. Junket, if you'll only consent to remain this week out, till I can get a man I know of at Rome, I'll give you sixty pounds, the elephant to perform only twice in the four evenings.'

"Mr. Day, says I, after a minute, 'I'm not taking my life in my hands for your money, but I'll stay till your man from Rome comes, to oblige you and Mr. Cutts.'

"Squire, I wouldn't live that week over for sixty thousand pounds. Think of spending hour after hour of it with the treacherous, cunningest, cruellest monster, sly as a snake, and busy every minute with watching to catch you off your guard to kill you. Once on the third day he sulked, and a while after I caught him designing to squeeze me against the side wall. I brought in the under-keepers, and prodded and pounded him till he roared from pain, not rage, and was blood from end to end. In the evening, in spite of all of that, he disobeyed me twice in the performance—he wouldn't kneel down or something. I let it pass until we left the ring. Then I had him chained, and burned him in six places with a white-hot lawkuss.

"When I walked into his shed the next morning, I looked straight up at his eyes. 'Good-morning, Juggernaut,' says I, quietly. It's an actual fact, Squire, that the beast quivered all over at the sound of my voice, and then down he gets, very slowly, on his knees."

"I should think it very likely he might," observed Squire Buckle, dryly.

"On Saturday," resumed Junket, "sure enough, up comes the new keeper from Rome. He was an Englishman, stranded there from some other show, he said. Mr. Day, Mr. Cutts, and I took him over to the sheds. Suddenly he gives a start, looks Juggernaut all over very sharp and quick, turning a bit whitish. Then he says to Mr. Day: 'Very sorry, sir, but can't take no situation here. I know this animal. I was with him in Scotland four years back. Somebody's changed his name, that's all. He's Sepoy, that used to be with D'Avenant & Co. Sepoy—I say, Sepoy!' he calls out.

"Well, Squire, it was actually a sight to see Juggernaut, as we'd called him. He stood there, with his head up, his ears out, his little eyes like two bits of hot copper. Know his old name? I should say so! Likewise his old keeper. 'Look out,' says I to the other three; 'he's getting up a nasty temper in a hurry.' So they walked off, and I quieted Juggernaut down, after a sort, directly. If the keeper from Rome had staid beside me, I believe we'd have had a murder or two on the spot. Juggernaut, or Sepoy, had tried to kill him twice before, it seems, and remembered it along with the old name. The Englishman left for Rome again an hour after. As for me, 'I hate to do it, Mr. Day,' says I, 'but I shall positively leave your establishment to-night. The under-keepers can easily feed Juggernaut, likewise manage him in his shed. Of course, in case of danger, you'll have to kill him; that's all.' The gentlemen felt rather put out about my going so; but I got my sixty pounds, for all that.

"The steamer I wanted to take wasn't to sail till the Friday following. I staid in lodgings, and didn't go near Day's Imperial Circus and Menagerie. I heard that there weren't any more elephant performances, though. On Friday there was a big float cabled to the quay close by the Ravenna steamer when I got down to it. Likewise was there a terrible big crowd, and a landing-bridge from the float to the quay.

"What's up?' asked I of somebody.

"'English elephant,' 'English elephant,' says every one, very civilly. 'They are going to send the great elephant from the circus of the Signor Day over to Trieste.'

"One has told me that he has nearly killed a man yesterday," puts in another Italian.

"The city authorities have obliged his leaving Venice to-day," says a third.

"Oho!" thinks I to myself; "I see, I see. Sorry for Mr. Day and Mr. Cutts; but I suppose they've had to give up. What could they do? I'll stop a minute, and see the fun a bit, as well as get my last look at Mr. Juggernaut."

"The crowd thickening. All of a sudden we heard shouts up the quay. Sure enough, in a minute along comes Juggernaut, big as ever, four keepers conducting him, Mr. Day and his brother walking a few yards back, Mr. Cutts and Brightwater, the lion-tamer, to the left. Everybody quit chattering as the elephant came on. First he tried the bridge with his foot, then he trumpeted and backed. Plenty strong the bridge was, but he didn't fancy it. Twice more they got him up to it; but cross it to the float? No, sir! They coaxed and petted and scolded and prodded him.

"Now from where I stood I couldn't but remark that every one of the four keepers seemed afraid of death of the elephant. At length I took note of another thing, he was losing his temper badly. Presently Mr. Cutts had occasion to pass close before him with a rope. I trembled, for I saw the beast turn his big head angrily. I couldn't stand it any longer. 'Take care there!' I called out, stepping foolishly just forward of the edge of the crowd. 'Look out, Mr. Cutts! Thompson, you fasten that rope quick, and let him see you do it!' Before I had got the words said, Juggernaut wheeled square around, catching my voice as plainly as if I'd spoken sitting on his back. Then he raised his trunk, waved it, and screamed. So did all the women. For the next second he snapped his hobbles like tow, and turned full upon us—meaning upon me, Squire, for he saw me like a flash. Hadn't I been a precious fool to open my mouth?

"Everybody shrieked at once, and began running for dear life. We all ran, in fact. Some of the folks rushed into doorways and alleys; some ran into side streets; dozens leaped plump into the canal. I saw one woman with a silk petticoat and a red umbrella, and another with two bottles of wine, drop the bottles and the umbrella together, and jump into the water, go down over their heads, swim like ducks, and land on a church steps opposite as wet as drowned rats. I swam stroke for stroke with 'em.

"We three sat fifteen or twenty minutes on those steps, Squire, getting breath. When we got it, to save our lives again we couldn't help laughing at the state we were in.

"'Beg pardon, ladies,' says I, 'but you *do* beat all. This appears to be a kind of regatta.'

"Just then there was a great discharge of muskets down toward the quay—then another. After that we heard more shouting than ever. We got quite worked up to know how things were going.

"'Here goes, ladies!' says I; 'I'm bound to see what's become of my masters and the elephant.'

"Plump into the canal I went; and, Squire, if those two Italian signorins didn't just bounce in after me as plucky as a brace of water-spaniels! I suppose they thought once wet, the mischief was done; and women always wants to know what's going on as soon as they can. Everybody was running toward the quay now, laughing and shouting. We could see soldiers moving up and down beyond the square. When we came out on the quay, there lay Juggernaut, all of a heap, dead as a door-nail. It seems the Mayor, or whatever they call him there, had privately stationed two detachments of the military back of the custom-house wall, and across a canal. Juggernaut charged straight up the quay, and then stood still a second or two. They fired three rounds before he went down.

"I didn't see Mr. Day, or Mr. Cutts, or any of the menagerie people after I'd heard they all got off without injury—though Mr. Cutts had a very narrow escape, I understood. Of course the crowd's scattering saved the folks'

lives by confusing Juggernaut, particularly since he'd had me in his head from the first plunge. If I'd only held my tongue as to Mr. Cutts and that rope!

"I got to Raveinna safely in due time. Then I went up to Florence, and came on here, Squire; and so—"

Junket paused. Squire Buckle completed the story by saying quietly: "And so, Junket, you can send your box upstairs, and go up after it, and take that red neekerehief off. Then you can go to work with Miles, and groom Lady Laura. I want the elephants—the horses, I mean—at eleven o'clock, sharp, to drive over for Mrs. Buckle."

THE SPECTRES OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

SOME years ago—more years than you young people can remember—I found myself, at the close of a beautiful day in autumn,

"On Wamponomon's far ending,
Beyond Neapeague's still sheltering bay."

Now you will ask, "Where is that? There is no such place on any map I ever saw." Sure enough, and yet the place itself is there, and it is not so very far away either. Wamponomon—with the accent on the second syllable—is the Indian name for the extreme eastern end of Long Island, Montauk Point; and Neapeague—pronounced Nappeague—is the quiet harbor nine miles west of it. An abrupt cliff of clay and sand and rocks a hundred feet in height forms the terminus of the island; this cliff is Wamponomon, and, standing on it, the ocean surrounds you, except on the west, from whence you have come. All is water, only that east of you, twelve miles away,

"Manisses in her dim and distant lair,"

rises out of the sea, and if you ask its name you are told that it is Block Island.

The sun was just setting as I came to the end of my day's wandering. I did not even go up to the light-house bluff to look out, but betook myself at once to the dwelling of Mr. Hobart, the light-house-keeper, in a sheltered valley close at hand. Though not professing to keep a hotel, it was the custom of the family to entertain such guests as came to the Point, and I forthwith found myself comfortably "at home."

In due season a bountiful supper was smoking on the table. At one end was a noble blue-fish, just caught in the surf by Ben Hobart, the oldest son, while at the other end were two roast ducks—a blaek-duck and a widgeon. To the two birds I paid at first little attention, for there is no better eating in the world than a Montauk blue-fish fresh from the surf. But presently Mr. Hobart remarked, "Perhaps you do not know how it is that we get our ducks down here on Montauk."

"Ben shoots well, does he?" said I.

"Oh, yes, Ben can hit the side of a barn, but that is not it. We save all our ammunition. Suicide, sir—suicide." Here the boys burst out with a hearty laugh at their father's fun and my look of astonishment.

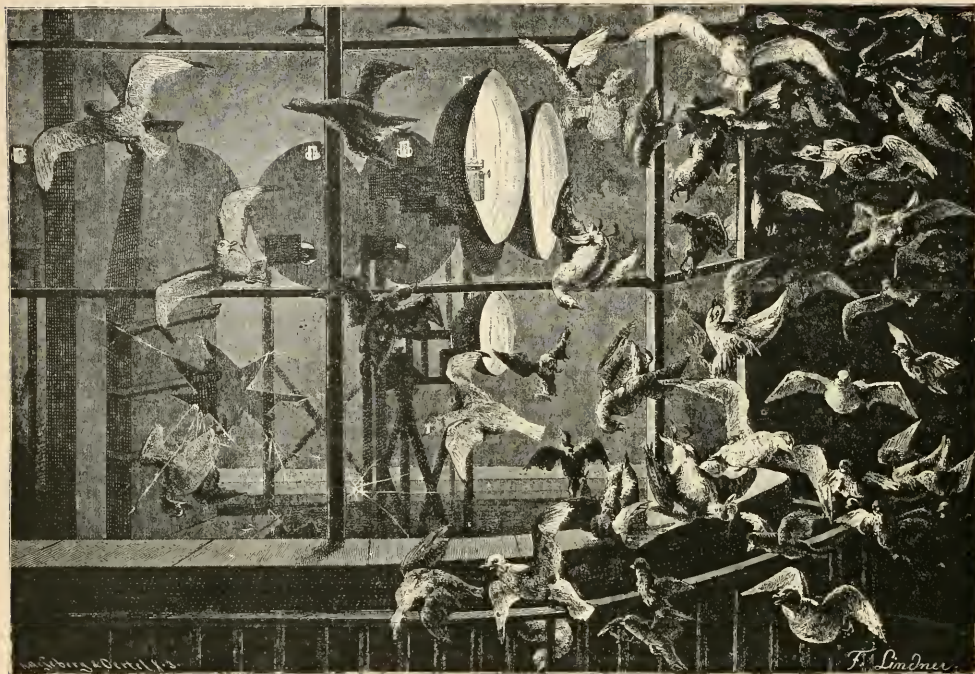
"Arsenic," said I, "or drowning, or pistol?"

"No," said he, "no; that is not the way—nothing of the sort. It is the pursuit of knowledge in the wrong direction. They are the victims of misplaced curiosity, killed at the expense of the United States government, too."

"All that may be very true; but will you be kind enough to put it into English, and tell me what you mean?"

"I will not tell you; but as you have finished your supper, I will show you just how it is done; that is, if you do not mind climbing upstairs for a hundred feet or so."

And away we went, out of the house and up the hill to the light-house. You know that the object of a light-house is to give such a bright light at night that sailors near the coast may see the light at a great distance, and so be able



"WE SAVE ALL OUR AMMUNITION. SUICIDE, SIR—SUICIDE!"

to find their way into the harbors or other places where they wish to go. In order to do this, very large lamps are placed near each other on a frame, arranged in a circle, so that they may be seen in every direction. And to help them give out the most brilliant light possible, bright reflectors are placed behind them, and as they are now made, lenses are put in front of the lamps. But when I was at Montauk that improvement had not been introduced, and there were only reflectors as you see them in this drawing. I ought also to tell you that in some light-houses the frame with its lamps is kept turning by means of machinery, so as to give what is called a flash light, that is, a light appearing and disappearing at intervals, so that sailors may distinguish one from another.

Mr. Hobart and I climbed up the dark, narrow stairs of the light-house, until suddenly we opened the door into the "lantern." This was a room about eight feet in diameter, all brilliant with the flame of the huge lamps. At first I was dazed and bewildered with the intense light, and could really see nothing. But this soon passed away, and I was able to tell what was about me.

The strange room and its singular machinery would have engaged my attention had it not been that I immediately became so interested in what was going on outside that I could think of nothing else. Of course the sides of the room were formed entirely of glass, so as to let the light shine out clearly, and I looked in every direction into the black night. But what was most wonderful to see—it was not black—was a perfect swarm of moving objects close before me. They were darting in every direction, and in the glaring blaze of the lamps, with their reflectors, they all seemed to me white, or nearly so.

I gazed in astonishment, and it was many seconds before I could realize what it was I saw, or could form in my

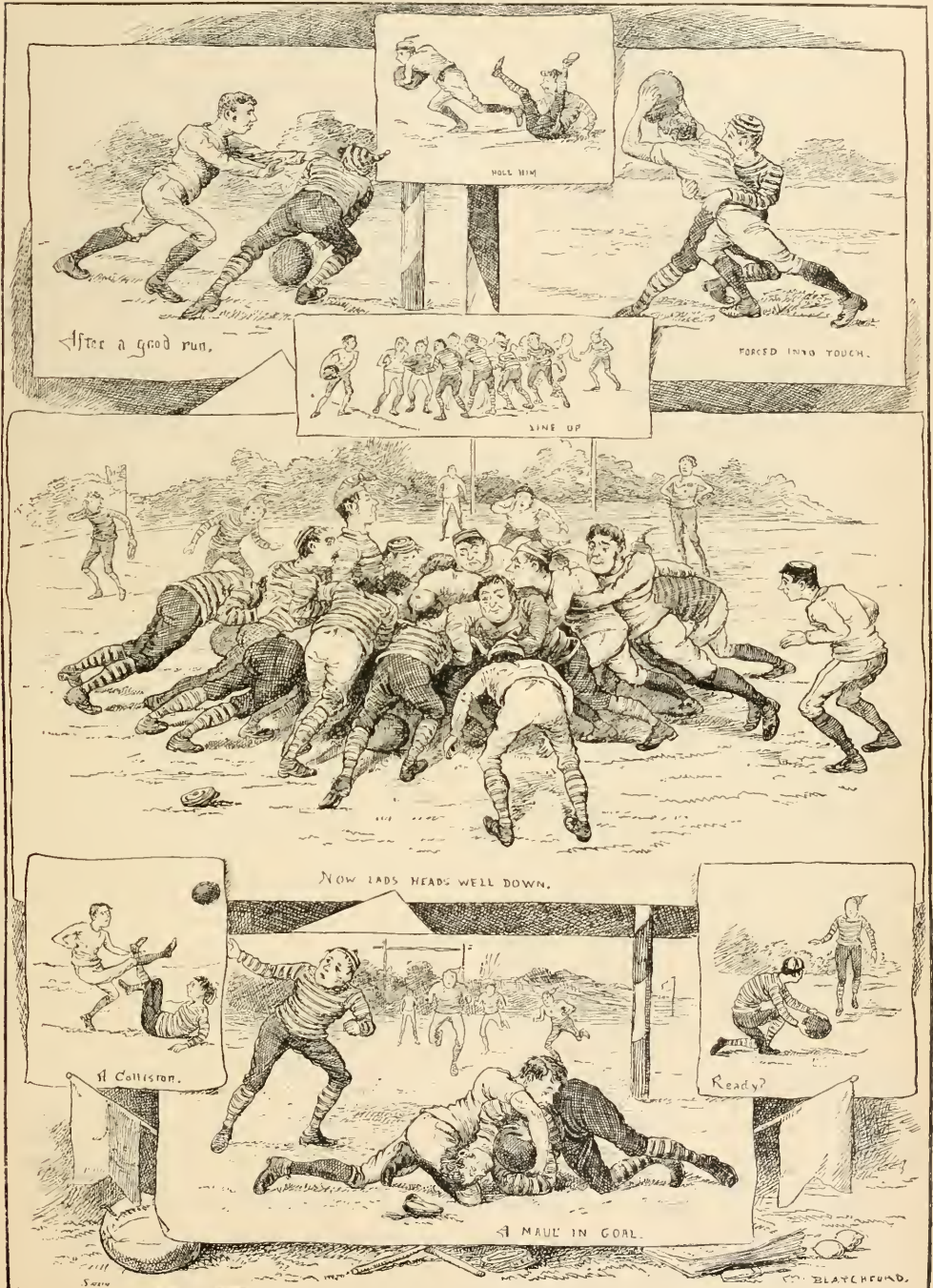
mind a true picture of the scene. *They were birds, and only birds!* Can you believe it? All my darting objects, flashing and glancing so beautifully, and sometimes striking so violently, were birds of many species, hovering about the brilliant light, and attracted by it just precisely as you may have often seen flies and moths and other insects gather about a lamp or candle in the evening. Every now and then I could not only see but hear one of them strike against the strong plate-glass of which the windows were formed, and one of those which struck in that manner did it with such force as to be stunned by the blow, and I saw it drop down as though dead.

The drawing which you see here represents the scene as I saw it, but it represents it imperfectly. The birds are not shown as thickly as they really were, because if they had been you could not have seen the lamps at all; it would have been only a picture of a mass of birds. Mr. Hobart told me that I was very fortunate in finding them so abundant; some nights I might have found only a very few. He said that the glass plates of the windows were made very thick and strong that they might not be broken by the birds in striking against them, and even with all their strength he had known them dashed through by birds as heavy as some of the large ducks or geese.

There were but few mornings at that season of the year when one or more dead birds could not be picked up at the base of the light-house, having killed themselves—"committed suicide"—during the night.

Sure enough the next morning I myself found three birds there dead; one was a yellow-legged tattler, one a splendid tern, and one a ruddy duck.

This beautiful drawing shows you only a simple truth of what occurs all along our coast at the season when the birds are migrating.



A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

THE days are short and the nights are long,
 And the wind is nipping cold;
 The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,
 And the teachers often scold.
 But Johnny McCree,
 Oh, what cares he,
 As he whistles along the way?
 "It will all come right
 By to-morrow night,"
 Says Johnny McCree to-day.

THE plums are few and the cake is plain,
 The shoes are out at the toe;
 For money you look in the purse in vain—
 It was all spent long ago.
 But Johnny McCree,
 Oh, what cares he,
 As he whistles along the street?
 Would you have the blues
 For a pair of shoes
 While you have a pair of feet?

THE snow is deep, there are paths to break,
 But the little arm is strong,
 And work is play if you'll only take
 Your work with a bit of song.
 And Johnny McCree,
 Oh, what cares he,
 As he whistles along the road?
 He will do his best,
 And will leave the rest
 To the care of his Father, God.

THE mother's face it is often sad,
 She scarce knows what to do;
 But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad—
 She loves him, and wouldn't you?
 For Johnny McCree,
 Oh, what cares he,
 As he whistles along the way?
 The trouble will go,
 And "I told you so,"
 Our brave little John will say.

FOOT-BALL FACTS AND FANCIES.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

ALTHOUGH foot-ball is not the national game, the amount of interest taken in it is almost enough to entitle it to be so considered. Most of the boys who read this paper, and many of the girls too, who have brothers at school and college, know that there is one great event in the year which overshadows all others. That is the annual foot-ball match between Yale and Princeton.

There are four colleges which play in the intercollegiate matches, namely, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, and they play under rules which differ from all other rules. Returning from a match in company with a distinguished member of the Columbia Eleven, I asked my companion if *anybody* knew all the rules of foot-ball, and he replied that he did not believe anybody did. This looks as if the game were one requiring deep study, and at first thought a stranger to the game might wonder at its being so popular in schools and colleges, where study is not always regarded with the highest favor. But if we could take this stranger to see some first-class match, wedge him in among the crowd of excited boys looking on, and let him have a taste of the enthusiasm of the hour, it is very certain that he would change his mind about the studious character of the game.

My Columbia companion was probably right when he said that nobody knew all the rules. They change so often—being, in fact, even now only in course of making—that it is hard work to keep up with them. But what of that? A few games will teach you more than several hours' study of the rules. For instance, what rule had that big fellow in mind when, catching the ball as it was passed back to him, he made that splendid run through the whole opposing team, dodging this man, rolling that one over by simply holding out his hand, and finally

touching the ball down behind the very centre of the goal? This gave him a "try at goal," and, as everybody knows, it is by no means an easy thing to kick the ball between the goal posts when the whole of the opposing side starts for the ball as soon as it is placed on the ground. And so the goal was not won, though it looked very much as if it had been from where we were standing. In such cases, however, the decision of the referee is final.

This poor referee is a very hard-worked and much-abused person. He seems to have a great deal of trouble and anxiety, and none of the fun. He may wear his good clothes, and even a "beaver" hat, if he wishes, and he may carry a cane, and as it appears to an outsider he enjoys every advantage for seeing the game. But he knows that the justice of every decision depends upon the closeness with which he watches every movement of the players, and he is very anxious to be a just judge.

There are some games that seem to delight in making players lose their tempers. Foot-ball is one of those games, croquet is another, and shinny is another. All sorts of provoking things are always being done. It is very annoying, for instance, to have a big fellow, weighing twenty pounds more than you do, make a spring at your neck, and clasp it in such a loving embrace that you both fall heavily to the ground, with a deep grunt as the breath is forced out of your body. You may feel, if you are a young player, that he might have used a little less violence; but when you think it over after the match, ask yourself whether you would have stopped unless you were actually compelled to. If you are a boy of pluck, you will answer, No. And then ask yourself if you would not have tackled your opponent with all your might if you had been in his place, and you will answer, Yes.

In truth, it does not pay to lose your temper. With your temper you lose your head—that is, your cool judgment—and any good foot-ball player will tell you that the man who plays with his head as well as his body and limbs is a better man than he who trusts to weight and muscle entirely. Every movement in the game is of consequence, and an error of judgment will often lose the advantage of the whole length of the ground.

Foot-ball is not, and does not pretend to be, a babyish game. It is a true manly sport, and the boy who wants to be a player must put his whole heart into it.

Of course there is some danger in it, but so there is in base-ball, in skating, in riding, and in most of the manly sports. A boy who is afraid to face such dangers as meet him in his play will fare badly when he is called upon to face the dangers that active life in later years will bring. Fortunately few boys in good health know what fear is upon the field when the enthusiasm of the game is at its height.

In the intercollegiate game, which is founded upon the Rugby game so delightfully described in *Tom Brown's School Days*, when a player has the ball he may either run with it or "pass it back" to another of his own side. It is not always easy to tell which it is best to do, and there is no time for doubt; but whatever you do, do it from the right motive; that is, for the advantage of your side. The wrong motive is to do what you feel is not the best thing to be done, because you want to keep the ball to yourself. It very often happens that some other player on your side will have a better chance to get through with the ball than you have; he may be less thickly surrounded, or he may be a faster, or more "dodgy" runner. In that case you should toss the ball quickly to him, and give up your own chance to make a brilliant rush.

Running with the ball, when near the opponents' goal, is very enticing. It is by all means the most showy part of the game, and when well done it is sure to call forth cheers from the spectators. Then there is a delightful feeling of power and success in a well-executed run that makes up ten times over for the fall that is sure to follow.

In foot-ball, as in some other sports, there is an immense amount of satisfaction in playing the match over again in words. What brilliant feats we could perform had we only that chance again! How we could have dodged that big Smith, or with what ease we could have gone through the whole team if we had not slipped on a miserable bit of muddy ground! If we had only put into practice that trick that Brown, of Princeton, has of warding off his assailants with the one hand, while safely guarding the ball with the other.

Ah, those "ifs" and "buts"! They are always in the way in real play, but in "fighting one's battles o'er again" they are easily passed over. The runs that have been made, the flyers that have been tackled and thrown, the goals that have been kicked in imagination, some day they will be realized perhaps. In the mean time it will do no harm to think them over, and plan what might be done should the opportunity occur. Some day the games played in imagination will come to mind at a critical moment, and you will find yourself doing what you have often thought you would do, and hardly know at first why you did it. Enthusiasm is a splendid thing. Time will come when sterner duties will be required of you, and if you can bring to them the same enthusiasm, courage, and loyalty that animated you in your games, the lesson of the foot-ball field will last a lifetime.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAY 16, isn't it, Mrs. Heriot?"
Nan was standing in the window of the black-walnut parlor, looking out upon the wet lawn and gardens, while Mrs. Heriot was engaged in putting away some fine china in one of the cupboards.

"May 16, in all its particulars, sure enough," rejoined Mrs. Heriot. "You're here just two weeks to-day."
Nan gave a little sigh.

"Well, it seems longer," she said, turning around. "Mrs. Heriot, when will my cousins be here, do you think?"

"Oh, in half an hour, I should say."

"Will they mind the wet?"

Mrs. Heriot laughed.

"Not they—I wish they did; for they're only too likely to come tramping up my floors with their muddy boots."

"But aren't they afraid of Aunt Letitia?" exclaimed Nan, inwardly delighted by the idea of cousins who were fearless.

"Not one bit—now," said Mrs. Heriot, turning around to examine a delicate bit of porcelain more carefully in the light. "You'll have to keep them out of mischief the whole time. If Lance were home he would see to them—though he's no quiet lamb himself—but Dicksee and Joan would bring the house about one's ears if they were let."

"Are they the twins?"

Mrs. Heriot nodded.

Nan returned to her window, eagerly watching the bit of the street which just below the lawn she could see quite plainly.

As Mrs. Heriot had said, she had been two weeks at Rolf House, and in that time she had learned so much of its ways that she felt as if her stay had been much longer. She had lessons every morning from a young lady in whom Nan could not feel much interested, she was so prim and quiet, and apparently so very learned, and Miss

Rolf examined her every evening. Between whiles, she spent much of her time with Mrs. Heriot, learning to sew and to do worsted-work; and regularly every afternoon she went for a walk or a drive with her aunt. These occasions were Nan's only periods of real enjoyment, for they usually went into the town either to shop or visit some poor person, and once or twice Cousin Phyllis had been with them. At seven o'clock Nan took tea with Miss Rolf, after which they would sit an hour or so in the drawing-room or black-walnut parlor, where sometimes Nan read aloud to her aunt, and sometimes her aunt talked over the lessons Miss Prior had given her for the next day. Miss Rolf was always kind in her manner, but very, very cold and reserved, yet to Nan there was something very wonderful about the beautifully dressed, stately figure of her aunt. She longed sometimes to draw nearer to her. When she received the chilly good-night kiss which dismissed her for bed, she had often been tempted to fling her arms about her aunt's neck and hug her wildly; but she was always glad afterward to have restrained such an impulse, for what *would* Miss Rolf have thought of her? Impetuous little Nan shuddered sometimes to think.

But now a diversion was expected. Her cousins from College Street had all been invited to spend the afternoon and take tea, and Nan had been dressed and waiting for half an hour. Miss Rolf was out for the day, but Mrs. Heriot had received full instructions as to what they could and could not do, and the old lady would be home for the usual seven-o'clock tea, they might be certain.

"There," cried Nan, darting a look round at Mrs. Heriot—"there they are!"

"Dear! dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Heriot, coming forward with a cup and the duster in her hand. "Yes; sure enough—there they are."

What Nan, pressing her face eagerly against the window-pane, beheld was a curious, rollicking procession of young people coming up the hilly street. Evidently the twins first—a tall, lank little girl, with black hair and dark eyes, and a boy nearly her counterpart in size and coloring, were amusing themselves by jumping over all the puddles, while behind walked or ran two younger boys and a girl of fourteen, everything being on the hop, skip, and jump with one and all; but could the tall, graceful figure in the water-proof be Cousin Phyllis? Nan could scarcely believe the evidences of her own eyes; yet it was certainly she—there could be no doubt of this; but why should she, of all people, allow such pranks?

I must say that the pranks delighted Nan. She grinned broadly from within her window, and the tribe of cousins saw her, and executed various little antics, before they reached the door, in merry response. Only the girl of about fourteen, walking near to Phyllis, offered her no such salute. Nan decided that she looked haughty, and perhaps disagreeable.

By the time they had reached the door, some degree of quiet seemed to have reached them, though as they poured into the hall they were all panting from the variety of exercises in which they had been indulging.

"Dear me, Miss Phyllis!" said Mrs. Heriot, who had hurried out into the hall, "you must be quite wet. Do let me have your things."

Phyllis submitted gracefully to have them taken from her.

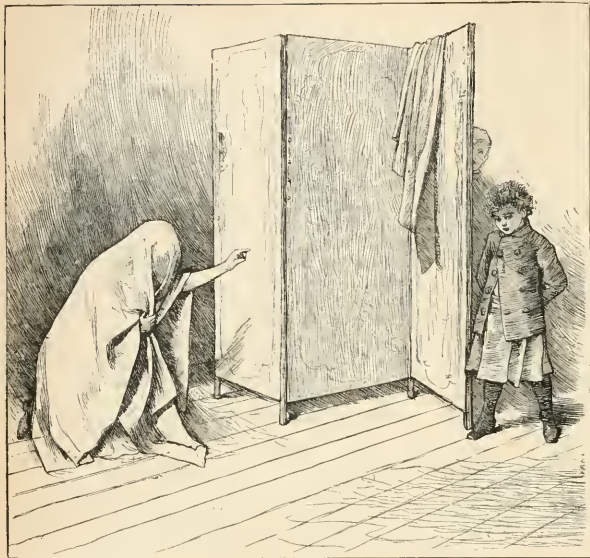
"And the children—perhaps," faltered Mrs. Heriot, "I might take them right out into the kitchen to dry a moment."

The tribe showed signs of joy at this suggestion; but they also looked eagerly at the new cousin standing half-shyly in the parlor door.

And then that involuntary look and air of sweet unconsciousness may come over little Nan.

"Oh, may I come too?" she said; and before any one could say how it was done, she was in the midst of the

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"BERTIE, MUCH THE WORSE FOR NUTS, APPEARED."

cousins, who were looking at her and talking to her all in a quick, excited way—all except Laura, who had drawn back close to where Phyllis sat on one of the hall chairs.

Nan looked up shyly toward her. She was very pretty—fairer and daintier than Cousin Phyllis, but how different from the latter's smiling glance was her frown, and the half pout which spoiled the curve of her pretty mouth!

"Oh, do come!" cried Joan, the tallest of the twins. "Oh, Mrs. Heriot—Phyllis—can't we go at once?"

It seemed as if neither of the two appealed to had any idea of resistance. Phyllis, divested of her wet garments, sauntered toward the parlor, closely followed by Laura, while the rest trooped after Mrs. Heriot to the kitchen.

The kitchen at Rolf House was down-stairs, and was a place which had already fascinated Nan, it was so large and bright and home-like. Susan, the cook, though a trifle cross, was a very interesting person, capable of telling long stories, and supplying young people with good things out of tin boxes in her corner cupboards. There were high windows in this kitchen, and to the left were the pantry and dairy-room. Susan had under her a young girl named Martha, with whom Nan longed secretly to make friends. When the cousins trooped down into the kitchen Martha was kneading bread, and Susan was preparing some cheese.

In a few moments they were all sitting about the fire, in spite of Susan's exclamations and Mrs. Heriot's air of dread as to what might happen, and very soon a liberal supply of doughnuts and cookies was dispensed. Then Joan exclaimed: "Mrs. Heriot—please—we want to go to the attic. May we?"

Mrs. Heriot began to look dubious, and Nan said, "What's in the attic?"

"Oh," said Dick, eagerly, "it's the jolliest old place to play in! You'll like it ever so much. Mayn't we?"

"If you'll behave yourselves," said Mrs. Heriot, as gravely as possible. "Now mind, Dickie boy, no tantrantums."

Whatever they were, Dickie readily agreed to give way to none, and as soon as their wet feet were dry, the young Rolfs from College Street were on their way

to a part of the house Nan had never seen.

Meanwhile Joan had tight hold of Nan's brown little hand. She had already whispered to her, "Nan, I love you," and Nan had responded by a fervent hug, which, although it nearly stifled Joan, had seemed to produce a complete understanding between them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE attic at Rolf House was a large, irregular place, lighted by queer little windows, and which extended over the entire house. There were some bins in it, partially covered with nuts, and several old trunks, some broken pieces of furniture, and a locked chest of drawers. A swing had been hung from one of the beams, and Bertie and Alfred, the younger boys, had left their carpentering tools in one of the many irregular corners.

"Did you never come up here?" asked Joan of Nan, as they arrived at the last step of the attic stairs. Joan had a thin little face, and a queer way of puckering up her lips after she said anything. She looked, as Nan expressed it to herself, "ready for anything."

"No," said Nan. "You see, I've just gone wherever I was told to."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dick, in tones either of dismay or dis-appointment. "Are you *that* kind of a girl?"

"What do you mean?" said Nan, trying to laugh. "See here, won't you tell me all your names and ages, and everything?"

Joan's eyes twinkled. "Oh, wait, Nan," she said. "It'll be such fun if you don't know. Now *please*, we'll make a game of it: see here." For a moment the boys seemed rebellious, but Joan quelled them by a look. "See, Nan, you sit down there."

Nan, quite willing to be amused, especially by Joan, sat down in an old arm-chair, while her spirited cousin had in a moment whisked all the others into the bins. She then went over to one side of the attic, where there was a tall, rather tattered screen, which she dragged across, placing it at an appropriate distance between Nan and the young people who were skirmishing around in the bins. Over this she hung some newspapers, saying meanwhile, "We've often played at theatricals this way."

"Is it to be theatricals?" inquired Nan, from her place as audience.

"Not quite," responded Joan, shaking her elf-locks. "Because, you see, it will be all true."

She then retired behind the screen, and held various half-audible conversations with the children in the bins. Nan could hear Alfred complaining that the nuts hurt his knees, and Dick inquiring if he could say some poetry when he came out; but Joan evidently governed them all satisfactorily, for in a short time there was silence. Then came the sound of a singular kind of music. It seemed to be produced by Joan "murmuring" through closed teeth, and as it had no particular tune, or idea of any, it was, in an attic, rather melancholy; but at last there emerged from behind the screen a figure wrapped in an old red curtain Nan had seen in a corner, and Joan's voice said, "Ricardo Rolfo—appear!" And with some scrambling Dickie came out, standing very still.

"This boy," said Joan, in a sepulchral tone, "is Mr. Walter Rolf's second son. He is nearly thirteen. He attends the high school, and has taken three prizes. He has the honor of being Joan Rolf's twin brother, at-

though, alas! he causes her more pain than joy. He will recite."

Whereupon Dicksie began, in a tragic tone:

"And this to me he said:
And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
The hand of Richard had not spared
To cleave the Joan's head."

He made a dab toward Joan as he said this, and Nan interposed:

"Oh, I know that. It's out of 'Marmion'; but it really says, 'The hand of Marmion had not spared to cleave the Douglas's head.'"

"Oh, well, I know, Nan," said Joan's voice from inside her wrappings. "But you needn't be so particular; we say lots of pieces like that, and put our own names in. Now," she added, in an altered voice, "Ricardo, retire. Next!" And Alfred's curly little head appeared.

"This," said Joan, "is Alfred, so-called the Great, as his appetite never fails. He is nearly eleven. He is most proficient in standing upon his head. Alfred—heads!"

Whereupon Alfred's head suddenly took the place of his heels, the latter dangling an instant in the air before Joan suddenly slapped them downward, and he retired very purple and rather annoyed.

"Next!" Joan exclaimed. And Bertie, much the worse for nuts, appeared. Bertie had Phyllis's soft eyes and gentle look, with Joan's dark hair. Nan felt at once, "He's a darling," and all the time Joan spoke he kept trying to hide a dear little dimpling smile.

"This young person," said Joan, in a most terrible voice, "fears neither parent nor sister. He is aged in years seven. Yet he is old in wickedness, such as running away, tearing his clothes, losing his school-books, and forgetting his lessons. However, people try to love him," and here Joan, in spite of her wraps and her character of oracle, made a sort of jump toward him which ended in a squeeze—"and he does know how to sing. Sing!"

Upon this Bertie began and sang quite through a pretty little childish song, in a voice like that of a thrush. Nan thought she could cry over it; but Joan quickly hustled him away, and throwing off her disguise, said in a very ordinary although fatigued voice:

"Wasn't that fun, Nan? Now I think you ought to talk about yourself."

Nan erinoned, remembering Phyllis's words of warning, yet in the child's heart a sense of honesty arose which grew larger than everything else. She said, trying to laugh:

"It was real fun; how well you did it, Joan! Well, I'll tell you. You know I am the daughter of Aunt Letty's nephew, but I've been living for some time with very poor, common kind of people, you would say—with my step-aunt and uncle Rupert. They keep a butter and cheese shop in Bromfield, Connecticut."

A dismayed group elustered for a moment about her.

"But you are *our* cousin," exclaimed Joan.

"Of course," said Nan, holding her head up very high, "and you are no relation of the Ruperts at all."

There was silence for an instant. Then Joan said, puckering up her nose scornfully, "Oh, well, where's the difference? Don't let's bother about it anyhow." And with her usual energy she proceeded to think of another game.

"If Laura only *chose* to do it," she said, looking around the big, fast-darkening attic, "she could tell us a lovely story."

"Oh, do get her to do it," cried Nan. "Shall I go for her?"

Joan thought a moment, and then said, "Yes," very impulsively.

Nan, under the influence of young companionship, had lost all sense of timidity in the large, silent house. She darted down the attic stairs quickly, and along the upper corridors, and down to the parlor where Laura and Phyllis were seated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MAGNIFICENT FEAST.



buried him in a box. We had a girl come over to our house and make some wreaths. They were made of daisies and buttercups. There were about twenty over to the grave. And after it we wanted to see Tatt's grave. WILFIE W. H. CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Carrie and Grace and Baby May
Were down in the barn-yard busy at play;
And Carrie to Grace,
"Let's have some tin,
And frighten old Jack,
And then we will run."
"All right," said Grace,
"If he won't let."
"O hush! O hark! there's the dinner bell.
But as they ate their dinner
Carrie did feel quite dizzy,
For she was not very happy.
Though she wasn't cross a mite.

This bit of rhyme came to me from a clever Boston girl, who forgot to sign her name. Do you know, dear, your poetry is a little obscure; that is, we don't understand whether Jack was a horse, a dog, or a man, nor do you tell us why Grace did not enjoy her dinner. Please send me another verse and explain, and tell me who you are.

CANOVA, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl nine years of age, and have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for nearly three years, and I like it so well that I do not know how our assembled family would get along without it, for not only the young but the middle-aged and old people read it, although we take the *MOSBY*, *WEEKLY* and *BAZZAR*. I have only one little sister, four years old. We live on a farm of 800 acres, and our house is in a forty-acre grove of maple-trees. We have a lot of many pets, among others thirteen cats, which are all night hunters, and bring home their game, such as squirrels and chipmunks. One of them, named Oliver Twist, once had a fight with a woodchuck. ZELDA S. C. P.

NORTH PEMBROKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I live in North Pembroke. I set traps for squirrels, skunks, etc. Will you tell me in the Post-office Box a simple process of tanning skins? I am twelve years old. HOWARD S. B.

From *Camp Life in the Woods*, by W. Hamilton Gilson, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, we quote a simple method of tanning skins:

TANNING SKINS.

For tanning with the hair on, the skin should first be cleaned, every particle of loose fat or flesh being removed, and the useless parts cut away. When this is done, it should be soaked for an hour or two in warm water. The following mixture should then be prepared: Take equal parts of borax, saltpetre, and sulphate of soda, and with them mix water sufficient to produce the consistency of thin lather.

This preparation should be painted thickly on the hair, and allowed to dry, which is best done should be doubled together, and the pet left in an airy place.

A second mixture should next be prepared. This should consist of two parts salt and three parts borax; four parts Castile or other hard soap all to be melted together over a slow fire. At the end of twenty-four hours after the application of the first mixture, the second should be applied in a similar manner, and the air again folded and left for the same length of time. Next, make a mixture of equal parts of salt and water, and with this wash the skin, and then wash with coarse flour to the consistency of thin paste. Spread this thickly over the skin and allow it to dry, after which it should be scraped off with the back of a spoon. The skin, after being tightly stretched during the operation in order to prevent too great shrinkage. A single application of the last-named dressing is generally sufficient for soft water, five gallons; slaked lime, four quarts; and wood ashes, four quarts. Allow the skin to soak for a couple of days, after which the fur will readily slip off.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I read in *YOUNG PEOPLE* about Christmas plans for toys. I have a very good plan. It is to make a cheap clock about twenty-five cents. First you get a sheet of stout paper, and make it used by bookbinders. This will cost you six to ten cents. Get size 27 by 22 inches. Draw two lines the longest way equally distant from each other, and the lines are drawn in three parts of the same size. Now from top measure off ten inches for the face, and then with your knife partly cut the board through the rest of the paper. Cut the face into two equal parts, and glue together by putting a strip of cloth over the edges where they meet. Mark out the face of

the clock, and make a hole for the hands. Go to a tinman and get a funnel-shaped spout, which you must glue on the bottom. Then make a spool like a cone, with a point on one end, and eight inches across on the other; wind a string on this cone, commencing on the top, and winding down, just as you would a top; tie to the end a conical ink-bottle filled with sand. Make wooden hands, and put them on the face. Then fill your box, now made, with sand, and wind the string up the sand will run out slowly at the bottom, and as the sand goes out the weights low and turn the clock, which makes the hands go around. How fast it will run will depend upon the sliding of the hole at the bottom. You can paint it, and make it quite an ornament and curiosity in your house. JOSEPH A. B.

WESTPORT, NEW YORK.

Westport is on Lake Champlain. It has a large harbor, five miles across the mouth, a very pretty place. In one day you can drive to the heart of the Adirondacks. There are deer, and a few bears have been seen. I go hunting a great deal. I live four miles from Westport by land and five by water. I have lots of fun on the ice in winter fishing for perch. I expect to have more fun than ever this winter, because I have a skate sail. I ride horseback, row on the lake, and take long walks. I am learning to play the guitar. I took care of the boys from a teacher, and am now teaching myself, and like it very much. Well, it is bed-time now. GEORGE K. C.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I want to tell you how mamma once went sliding on the ice when she was about six years old. She lived in the country, and had two dogs for playmates. One day she wanted to slide, and everybody was busy, so they could not pull her. So she took the dogs down to the pond, got down on the ice, took a piece of ice and threw it across the pond, and caught hold of the dog's tail in each hand. Away they went after the ice, and drew her across the pond. She kept that up for some time, till at last she looked up to see if any one was near the gutter. I took her down the downs; company had come, and were watching her. I hope this letter is not too long to print. CORA G. (8 years old.)

That was a very funny way to slide on the ice. I wonder the dogs allowed it.

HASTINGS, MINNESOTA.

I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. I like the story of "Nan." I have no pets now, but used to have a cat and two black kittens. The kittens were very playful, and tore down some of mamma's vines, so at last she put them in a bag, and had a man take them off and lose them. I felt very sorry indeed. L. A. LEIGH A.

CANTON, ILLINOIS.

This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I have no pets to tell you about, but I will allow my uncle's black cherry pig was a great pig. He used to be the berries when they were ripe. One day they had 180 pickers there, but the average was 160. It was fun to see the trucks go off in the wagon to take the fruit to the market. I got over the pig's sixth one. The average in hushels was 170 a day. I picked there, and in the spring I picked strawberries for papa, and earned money enough to send for *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and had some fun. That little girl who wanted to know what she could do to earn money might pick berries in the summer if there was any patch near her. I have a little brother, Sam, and when he gets the gift of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, it is getting dull now, so I will close. Good-by. HELENA B.

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years and a half. I had two fan-tail pigeons, and one of them died, and I have only one now. I have a dog this time is Spunk, and we have a colored man, Sam, and when he gets the gift of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, Spunk jumps up on his lap, and takes off his specs, and runs off with them. I am nine years old. JOHS B. L.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I have just received a letter from my papa. He sends this story, and it is true. I am a little girl seven years old. I can not write; mamma writes for me. I have only two pets—a beautiful white dog named Evelyn Pearl, and a china doll named Helen. Please print this letter, because it is the best I ever sent you. And please print my name, too, because my papa says it is my duty to do so. JULIET NOLD P.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

MY DEAR CHICKABIDDIES.—I met a man the other night who told me some funny stories about a bear. Some years ago there was a Fort McArthurson out in the West, where this man was living, and there he saw the bear. The bear was a cinnamon bear, and his name was George. He had been captured by some hunter when he was a small bear, and his name was George. The man where he grew up, becoming a great pet with

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I HOPE the readers of the Post-office Box will enjoy it this week as much as I have while taking the first peep at the letters and little stories which fill its columns. You will enjoy the history of Tatters, sent by his master, who is a very youthful correspondent. Two or three hints for Christmas presents will be found timely and useful, and nobody will omit the monthly report of *Young People's* Cot.

MARSHVILLE, FRANCE.

I have taken your nice paper ever since the first number, but this is the first letter I have ever written to you. I am a little American girl, but have been living in France for one year. France is a beautiful country, and there are many beautiful and wonderful things to see here, although I love my own home and country the best, and I hope that before many months more pass we shall be in America.

We have just had a lovely journey. We have travelled through England, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France. I can not tell you in this letter the many things we saw. I will just say that among the many beautiful places we visited one was the Queen's palace. We visited many handsome rooms, and then saw the stables, the horses and carriages, the riding-school, and many other things. We saw the Queen's favorite horse, the one she rides on. He was a handsome horse, jet black all over. Then there was a little pony which the Prince of Wales's children ride. We saw the little baby carriage in which the Prince of Wales and the Queen's other children used to ride.

Nearly all the children who write to *YOUNG PEOPLE* tell about their pets. Well, I can not, because I have none. But last winter I had a little monkey, and I think it is the best pet any one can have. He kept us laughing all the time he did so many funny tricks. We lived in the country then, and he could run about in the garden, but now we have moved in to the city, and I had to sell him. We are going to spend our coming winter in Nice. I expect to have fun at Carnival-time. From Nice we are going to Italy, and then back to France.

I go to school here with little French girls, and have very nice times, but still I would rather be in Hudson, Wisconsin, going to school with all my little friends. I think the story of the "Crude of the Canoe Club" is splendid. I am thirteen years old. GRACE T.

OSCONOWICZ.

I live near Lake La Belle, and I have a gray cat and one chicken for my pets, and my sister Anna has a nice large dog we call Cap. I go to school, and will be seven years old very much. I love *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much.

PHILADELPHIA.

TATTERS'S STORY.

One day we were waiting for a little dog. And one day a little girl came over to our house, and said, "We have a little dog for you. So I went over to her house, and I met a little girl, and she said, 'I will give you a little dog on his lap. It was about a half a foot long. He was a quarter of a foot high; his tail was a quarter of a foot long. His face was very funny. His ears were long, and he would sit up in the corner and beg for a piece of meat. And he would bark very funny, when I would take him up and kiss him. One day I came home, and I met a little girl, and she said, 'Fanny was crying.' I went into the house, and Fanny said Tatters was dead. He would always come up on the bed and play, for we loved him dearly. He died in a fit. He was always glad to see you. He would trisk about you. He would play very funny. And in two or three days we

the officers, soldiers, and other people who lived there. Now the main object was keeping a soldier of a store a mile or so away from the fort, on the railroad. The post-office was in his store, and the man from the fort who carried the mail used to go to George's store always to get his money. One day George found some molasses on the floor, and he was very much surprised, because it was something he did not know anything about. He went to the store and he found a man who dipped a claw in and put it up to his nose; then he tasted it, which pleased him so much that he kept on tasting until the molasses was all gone. My acquaintance was one day having a dinner nap, when he was suddenly waked up, and saw a bear standing on his hind-legs by him. He drew a pistol, but the bear was frightened almost to death, and shot it so plainly that the man did not fire at him. Before long he recognized George, the pet bear from the fort. He took a plate, drew some molasses, and placed it on the floor, so that he could see it. He wanted George to smell the plate, and he knew what it was. Then he began curious antics: he ran around and around the plate; he lay down and put his nose against it; he played with it some time; then was a long time eating it up. This was the beginning of a long acquaintance with George, for he used to sometimes leave the fort to go and shoot in the prairie to keep the prairies to the store, and stay around until he was given some molasses, or candy, or sugar.

One day my informant entered the fort by a gate, and shot in the prairie to keep the prairies to the store, and stay around until he was given some molasses, or candy, or sugar. One day my informant entered the fort by a gate, and shot in the prairie to keep the prairies to the store, and stay around until he was given some molasses, or candy, or sugar.

Now is not that a good story? And it is all true, too.

I am in hopes you have all been well since I left home. Be good, and do not give mamma any trouble. Write me often, and love to all.

Your affectionate father, ALFRED P.

It is not often that we read a more charming letter than the one which little Juliet so kindly allows us to print, and which came from her absent papa. I am sure the boys and girls will be in love with the good-natured bear. But probably none of us would like to trust our baby in his care, lest he might hug it too tightly in a forgetful moment.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have often wished to write a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, but I have so little to tell that I fear my letter will not be an interesting one. I was seven years old when I had my first school, and my mother and mamma teaches us every morning English, French, German, and arithmetic. She also gives us piano lessons. We speak the three languages. I am in the French, French, the second English, and the Third German Reader. I have two brothers. Sandy, who shares all my lessons with me, is nearly as far advanced as I, for we have been studying together. Little Ben, who will not be five years old until February, and can neither read nor write, but he speaks three languages, of course, in his baby style. I hope my letter will be to you and interest you.

This is a very pleasant letter, and very well written. Now it is Sandy's turn, and the Post-mistress will be looking for a letter from him.

ROCKFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I like the story of "Nan" very much. I would like to know if Jimmy Brown is a real boy, and if his stories are true. If really true, I don't wonder that his father whips him.

I am collecting cards, and have about four hundred. We have a large album. We put our other mas cards in it too, and they look very pretty. I have another scrap-book which is an old ledger, into which I paste pictures which I cut from illustrated papers.

The baby sister of whom I wrote last time is now nearly a year old. She can walk around by chairs, or by taking hold of our hands. She can talk like a little "mamma" card, and say "a kitten," "Annie," and "no." We think she is very cunning. She enjoys looking at pictures very much.

I have a darling canary-bird named Cherry. He is a southern bird, and a very sweet singer. I like birds, but they are an awful bother. We have a cat which I do not like at all, for I fairly detest him. I suppose this will not be a letter of indignation from their lovers; but I despise them, and would rather play with anything else than a kitten. But if I don't like cats, I love the boys and girls who love our baby. I hope you would agree with me.

I like your idea of making pretty scrap-books. So you don't like poor Puss!

The next letter is from a girl who evidently likes pussy very unbecomingly.

I want to tell you about our five cats. The first one is a Maltese; she is very intelligent. If

we say, "Faint, Maltie," down she goes as though exhausted. We have a little gray cat called Fat, and another which answers to Finky. These two are very merry, and chase each other all around the house. Their mother's name is Christiana. She is so fond of her kittens that she is making it fun to watch them play with her. Nigger is nice, but cross. If you make a fuss over him, he growls at you. Our last pet is a black-bear-and-an-ant dog. I thought I would send him as a gift to an old person, for he has no lower teeth. I think he ought to go to the dentist and have a set made.

ANITA C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am generally too full of play to do much writing. Having sent a letter in which we were asked to give a description of some pretty Christmas presents, I thought I would send you, first, an empty pepper or mustard can. Get some bristol board, silvered; work upon it any design you choose; cut it so that it will just cover the can, and crocheted at both ends. At the open end of the can punch two small holes, and put red worsted through these, twisted, and finished with tassels. Tie it securely on the inside. You will have a pretty receiver for burnt matches.

ERROL E. H.

M. II. II.—Why not call your archery club "The Sharp-Shooters"? There are many ways in which school-boys may earn a little money when out of school, if they are industrious. If they live where they have room to keep bees, and good management. A blue-eyed huddle used to supply my table with new-laid eggs the winter through, and glad I was to pay him a good price for them. There are often errands to be done, little bits of repairing about a place, and odd jobs which are waiting for a handy boy who has nimble feet, ready hands, and bright eyes, and who can be trusted. Remember if you wish to earn money, you must not be afraid of work, but do anything honest which comes in your way, and you will be prompt in keeping your engagements. If you say you will be at a certain place at a given hour, be there. "Mind the sheep, and you will have the sheep," was the advice given by his grandfather to the little boy Jonathan Sturges. Jonathan obeyed, and became a great merchant. A boy who is at school must not, in his desire to earn money, neglect his lessons. That would be wrong. When studying faithfully, he is learning things which will make him useful by-and-by. Nor should a boy go into any little business on his own account, such as working for other people, selling papers or other things, unless his father and mother are perfectly willing to let him do so.

A PRETTY PRESENT FOR LITTLE GIRLS.—Take a large quantity of soft bright worsted, and wind it into a ball. As you go on, hide in the worsted a silver thimble, a needle-case, a gold pen, a tiny pair of scissors, a pearl-handled knife, a pair of gloves—anything or everything you choose. When you present the ball to your little friend, insert two shining knitting-needles in it, and ask her to use them. As she knits she will come upon the various surprises, and so the pleasure of the little Christmas gift will not be gone for days, unless she is a very rapid and diligent knitter.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT.

Contributions received for Young People's Cot, in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street:

Mite-check offering, New York, \$176; Winthrop H. Cheney, Belmont, Mass. \$3; "Twilight," Seuca, Kan., \$1; Andrew Thornton, Seuca, Kan., \$1; Lulu Widgit, Keokuk, Iowa, \$4; Alice Egan, Hope, R. I., 50c.; "Unfinished," 40c.; in Memoriam, November 1, \$10; Hetty Lewis, Waseca, Minn., \$2; Helen Clarke, Minnet, Ill., \$1; Harrie R. Seward, Noronville, \$1; George W. Stowbridge, Stowbridge, Mass., 50c.; Eben B. Mills, Geddes, N. Y., 30c.; total, \$224.66. Amount previously acknowledged, \$1565.40; grand total, November 15, \$1815.06.

E. AUGUSTA FANSHAWE, Treasurer, 43 New St.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Inclosed please find one dollar for Young People's Cot, which is sent by a little girl nine years old. She worked for her mamma, and fully earned every cent of it. She has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and has every copy. Her name is Harrie G. Sanford.

WARSAW, MISSISSIPPI.

I thought I would write you a letter, as I have not seen any from this place. I can hardly believe that the Young People do not like the letters best of all. My papa gave me two dollars

for my birthday present; I am nine years old. I want to give this money to the poor little sick children in Young People's Cot. HETTY LEWIS.

GEDDES, NEW YORK.

I have read about the children's Cot in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 108. Enclosed you will find thirty cents, which I have earned myself by picking up apples and selling them. I want to hear from you very soon about the Cot.

EBEN B. MILLS.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL WORD-GLASS.

1. A city on the southwestern coast of Mexico.
2. A city in Texas, 3. A lake in Belgium.
4. A cape on the southern coast of Florida.
5. A river in Russia.
6. A consonant.
7. A river in England.
8. A country in Asia.
9. A sea on the eastern coast of Asia.
10. A lake in Central America.
11. A city in Norway.

Centrals spell the name of a city in Massachusetts. LARY BETTY.

No. 2.

ACROSTIC.

The initial letters of the words spelled downward form the name of an ancient Greek general.

1. An isle in the Pacific.
2. A Western Territory of the United States.
3. A river in Texas.
4. A river in England.
5. A Western State of the Union.
6. A continent.
7. An Eastern State of the Union.
8. A great maritime power.
9. A river in France.

ALFRED K.

No. 3.

My first is in David, but not in Ned.
My second is in William, but not in Fred.
My third is in wagon, but not in truck.
My fourth is in daring, but not in pluck.
My fifth is in which, but not in snow.
My sixth is in lily, but not in pine.
My seventh is in island, but not in sea.
My eighth is in rover, but not in bee.
My ninth is in cardinal, but not in pope.
My whole is a flower the spring will give.

II. D. W.

No. 4.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. Coy. 3. Gayety. 4. Content.
5. A letter.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. Consumed. 3. A household utensil. 4. Twilight. 5. A letter. ACBERY.

No. 5.

TWO SQUARES.

- 1.—1. A title. 2. An affirmation. 3. To repair. 4. Conclusions. VOIGESSE.

- 1.—1. An outlet. 2. A monster. 3. Globes. 4. Repose. V. I. O'LIN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 109.

No. 1. In the month of *May* a lady named *Victoria* sat at a sewing-machine in the *House* of *Rome* (trough) in the *Woods*. They walked until noon, when the lady opened a satchel made of *Morocco*. It contained a fried *Pigeon*, some fine old *Madeira*, and a *Sandwich* for each. As it had been rainy, and the air was rather *Chilly* (chilly), they wanted to return, but the *Man* lost a cuff button made of *Silver* and ornamented with *Pearl*. While they were on the *Lookout* they met a *Negro* who said he thought *VanBuren* (*Van* took it), mentioned a colored woman.

No. 2. Elephant. Hippopotamus. Zebra. Whale. Rabbit.

No. 3. Carp-et. Her-ring. Ten-eb. 8-had.

No. 4. D ouet T. O nych A. E. R. E. M. E. R. I. L.

No. 5. A T B B C
A M O B E A C A P
A T O M B E A R C O P E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alf Kaufman, Annie Hull, Jessie P. Frank P. Bowen, Alice Wade, Jennie R., Willie Young, "W. H. Eat," Bessie and Blanche Niven, Charles H. Weigle, O. Becker, Robm Dyke, Helen W. Gardner, Emma Bert, Little Lee, John Cassidy, Archie D., Donald McAdams, Elsie V., A. T. L., Ardie, Fred and Mary, John Duerk, Grace Darby, Bessie E. H. Hamberg, "Geo. Loist," Mary E., Daisy Douglas, Mrs. DeBour, Edward Harding, Arthur N. Broughton, P. Herbert Greenwald, John Morris, Dorville S. Coe, "Amaranth," Lucy Pease, Hugh Granger, Sammy Arnold, "Daisy Dimple," Lewis Stout, and Folsom R. Jennings.

[For Exchanges, see second page of Cover.]



A WHIPPING TOP.

A WISE HORSE.

HORSES and dogs are possessed of sagacity. By this we mean something higher than mere instinct—something which in human beings we would call reason. For instance, a man was one night riding homeward through a gloomy wood. He had been paying a visit to a friend, whose house was a mile behind him, when he struck his head against a projecting branch, and was thrown to the ground. There he lay insensible.

The horse stood still a moment, probably to consider—at least so we suppose, for he at once returned to the house his master and himself had left. The door was shut, and the family had gone to bed. But the horse pawed at the door until somebody came and opened it. No sooner did this person appear than the animal turned round and led the way, contented when he saw that he was followed, to the place where his fainting master lay beneath the trees.

THE PAPER WHEEL.

THIS is a curious little toy that a boy might amuse himself by fashioning in a leisure hour. Some thin card-board, one or two sheets of common note-paper, and a bottle of mucilage are all the material that is required. The spokes and tire of the

wheel must be made of card-board. The wings, or sails, must be cut from thin paper, and made triangular in shape. One side of the triangle must be fastened to one spoke, while the opposite point is attached to the next in such a way as to leave the wing curved after the manner of a sail filled with wind. Toss the wheel into the air, and move a fan rapidly under it. It will mount high in the air, revolving as it sails about.



HARRY'S JOKE.

BY GATH BRITTLE.

MANY a wise thing sounds absurd
Through the wrong naming of a word:
And oft is caused a world of bother
By using one word for another;
Yet in our glossary words are found
Unlike in sense, yet like in sound.

Though by word-blunders harm is done,
In play on words there's sometimes fun,
As in an apt impromptu pun,
Or in a joke such as I cite—
Yet Hal, methinks, was hardly right.

"These four pears," said cunning Harry,
"I'll share with you and me and Carrie;
I'll neither cut, nor bite, nor break 'em,
And yet in equal shares we'll take 'em."
"How'll you do it," queried Eve,
"So all shall equal shares receive?"

"See here, now," said that cunning Harry:
"There's two for little Eve and Carrie,
And two for me."

"But that's not fair;
You have more than your rightful share.
There's one for Carrie, one for me,
And two for you. That should not be."

"There's two for you two," Hal replied—
"Girls never can be satisfied—
And two for me, too. Don't you see
This is as fair as fair can be?"



WHAT BECAME OF A BOY WHO JOINED THE CIRCUS.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
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"THEY CAME TO LOOK UP WONDERINGLY AT THE PRETTY GIVER OF THE FEAST."—SEE PAGE 83.

CHRISTMAS AT THE DOOR.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

HEAVY and thick the winter snow
Falls on the frozen pane;
Wild winds over the house-top blow,
Turning the creaking vane.

"None will come to our house to-day,
In such cold and stormy weather.
Mother, tell us a game to play
Merrily all together;

"Or tell us a tale of Fairy-land,
Such as you've often told,
Where elves are dancing, a gleesome band,
'Mid trees of silver and gold."

"Children, over the frozen moor
Some one is coming now,
Who'll tell a tale, when he's crossed the door,
Sweeter than all I know.

"Hark! I hear his step at the gate;
Soon will the summons ring.
Come, make ready our room of state—
There he is! Kling, ling, lug."

Christmas outside.

"Children, open the door, I pray;
Merrily come to meet me,
Many and many a house this day
Has put on its best to greet me.

"All your prettiest carols sing,
Welcome me in with joy,
For see what beautiful gifts I bring
For each little girl and boy.

"And list to the tale of Christmas-day:
How once, in a lowly stall,
Meek and mild in a manger lay
The Lord and Monarch of all.

"Best of gifts for peasant and prince
Was this sweet Baby dear:
To keep you in mind of it, ever since,
I bring you merry cheer.

"And glad I come to each little child
To fill its heart with joy;
For that dear Lord, so meek and mild,
Was once Himself a boy.

"Then open your doors and make them wide—
Wider each little heart;
And the joy I bring you, whate'er betide,
Shall never again depart."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM, AND HOW IT CAME TRUE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

II.

LIKE a flash the bright country vanished, and Effie found herself in a part of the city she had never seen before. It was far away from the gayer places, where every store was brilliant with lights and full of pretty things, and every house wore a festival air, while people hurried to and fro with merry greetings. It was down among the dingy streets where the poor lived, and where there was no making ready for Christmas.

Hungry women looked in at the shabby shops, longing to buy meat and bread, but empty pockets forbade. Topsy men drank up their wages in the bar-rooms, and in many cold dark chambers little children huddled under the thin blankets trying to forget their misery in sleep.

No nice dinners filled the air with savory smells, no gay trees dropped toys and bonbons into eager hands, no little stockings hung in rows beside the chimney-piece

ready to be filled, no happy sounds of music, gay voices, and dancing feet were heard, and there were no signs of Christmas anywhere.

"Don't they have any in this place?" asked Effie, shivering, as she held fast the spirit's hand, following where he led her.

"We come to bring it. Let me show you our best workers;" and the spirit pointed to some sweet-faced men and women who came stealing into the poor houses, working such beautiful miracles that Effie could only stand and watch.

Some slipped money into the empty pockets, and sent the happy mothers to buy all the comforts they needed; others led the drunken men out of temptation, and took them home to find safer pleasures there. Fires were kindled on cold hearths, tables spread as if by magic, and warm clothes wrapped round shivering limbs. Flowers suddenly bloomed in the chambers of the sick; old people found themselves remembered; sad hearts were consoled by a tender word, and wicked ones softened by the story of Him who forgave all sin.

But the sweetest work was for the children, and Effie held her breath to watch these human fairies hang up and fill the little stockings without which a child's Christmas is not perfect, putting in things that once she would have thought very humble presents, but which now seemed beautiful and precious because these poor babies had nothing.

"That is so beautiful! I wish I could make merry Christmases as these good people do, and be loved and thanked as they are," said Effie, softly, as she watched the busy men and women do their work and steal away without thinking of any reward but their own satisfaction.

"You can if you will. I have shown you the way. Try it, and see how happy your own holiday will be hereafter."

As he spoke, the spirit seemed to put his arms about her, and vanished with a kiss.

"Oh, stay and show me more!" cried Effie, trying to hold him fast.

"Darling, wake up and tell me why you are smiling in your sleep," said a voice in her ear, and, opening her eyes, there was mamma bending over her, and morning sunshine streaming into the room.

"Are they all gone? Did you hear the bells? Wasn't it splendid?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and looking about her for the pretty child who was so real and sweet.

"You have been dreaming at a great rate; talking in your sleep, laughing, and clapping your hands as if you were cheering some one. Tell me what was so splendid," said mamma, smoothing the tumbled hair, and lifting up the sleepy head.

Then, while she was being dressed, Effie told her dream, and Nurse thought it very wonderful, but mamma smiled to see how curiously things the child had thought, read, heard, and seen through the day were mixed up in her sleep.

"The spirit said I could work lovely miracles if I tried; but I don't know how to begin, for I have no magic candle to make feasts appear, and light up groves of Christmas trees, as he did," said Effie, sorrowfully.

"Yes, you have. We will do it!—we will do it!" and, clapping her hands, mamma suddenly began to dance all over the room as if she had lost her wits.

"How? how? You must tell me, mamma," cried Effie, dancing after her, and ready to believe anything possible when she remembered the adventures of the past night.

"I've got it! I've got it!" the new idea. A splendid one, if I can only carry it out," and mamma waltzed the little girl round till her curls flew wildly in the air, while Nurse laughed as if she would die.

"Tell me! tell me!" shrieked Effie.

"No, no; it is a surprise—a grand surprise for Christ-

mas-day!" sung mamma, evidently charmed with her happy thought. "Now come to breakfast, for we must work like bees if we want to play spirits to-morrow. You and Nursey will go out shopping, and get heaps of things, while I arrange matters behind the scenes."

They were running down-stairs as mamma spoke, and Effie called out, breathlessly.

"It won't be a surprise, for I know you are going to ask some poor children here, and have a tree or something. It won't be like my dream, for they had ever so many trees, and more children than we can find anywhere."

"There will be no tree, no party, no dinner, in this house at all, and no presents for you. Won't that be a surprise?" and mamma laughed at Effie's bewildered face.

"Do it; I shall like it, I think, and I won't ask any questions, so it will all burst upon me when the time comes," she said, and ate her breakfast thoughtfully, for this really would be a new sort of Christmas.

All that morning Effie trotted after Nursey in and out of shops, buying dozens of barking dogs, woolly lambs, and squeaking birds. Tiny tea-sets, gay picture-books, mittens and hoods, dolls and candy. Parcel after parcel was sent home, but when Effie returned she saw no trace of them, though she peeped everywhere. Nursey chuckled, but wouldn't give a hint, and went out again in the afternoon with a long list of more things to buy, while Effie wandered forlornly about the house, missing the usual merry stir that went before the Christmas dinner and the evening fun.

As for mamma, she was quite invisible all day, and came in at night so tired she could only lie on the sofa to rest, smiling as if some very pleasant thought made her happy in spite of weariness.

"Is the surprise going on all right?" asked Effie, anxiously, for it seemed an immense time to wait till another evening came.

"Beautifully! better than I expected, for several of my good friends are helping, or I couldn't have done it as I wish. I know you will like it, dear, and long remember this new way of making Christmas merry."

Mamma gave her a very tender kiss, and Effie went to bed.

The next day was a very strange one, for when she woke there was no stocking to examine, no pile of gifts under her napkin; no one said "Merry Christmas!" to her, and the dinner was just as usual to her. Mamma vanished again, and Nursey kept wiping her eyes and saying: "The dear things. It's the prettiest idea I ever heard of. No one but your blessed ma could have done it."

"Do stop, Nursey, or I shall go crazy because I don't know the secret!" cried Effie, more than once, and kept her eye on the clock, for at seven in the evening the surprise was to come off.

The longed-for hour arrived at last, and the child was too excited to ask questions when Nursey put on her cloak and hood, led her to the carriage, and they drove away, leaving their house the one dark and silent one in the row.

"I feel like the girls in the fairy tales who are led off to strange places and see fine things," said Effie, in a whisper, as they jingled through the gay streets.

"Ah, my deary, it *is* like a fairy tale, I do assure you, and you *will* see finer things than most children will to-night. Steady, now, and do just as I tell you, and don't say one word whatever you see," answered Nursey, quite quivering with excitement as she patted a large box in her lap, and nodded and laughed with twinkling eyes.

They drove into a dark yard, and Effie was led through a back door to a little room where Nursey coolly proceeded to take off not only her cloak and hood, but her dress and shoes also. Effie stared and bit her lips, but kept still until out of the box came a little white fur coat and boots, a

wreath of holly leaves and berries, and a candle with a frill of gold paper round it. A long "Oh!" escaped her then, and when she was dressed and saw herself in the glass she started back, exclaiming, "Why, Nursey, I look like the spirit in my dream!"

"So you do, and that's the part you are to play, my pretty. Now whist, while I blind your eyes and put you in your place."

"Shall I be afraid?" whispered Effie, full of wonder, for as they went out she heard the sound of many voices, the tramp of many feet, and, spite of the bandage, was sure a great light shone upon her when she stopped.

"You needn't be; I shall stand close by, and your ma will be there."

After the handkerchief was tied about her eyes Nursey led Effie up some steps, and placed her on a high platform, where something like leaves touched her head, and the soft snap of lamps seemed to fill the air.

Music began as soon as Nursey clapped her hands, the voices outside sounded nearer, and the tramp was evidently coming up the stairs.

"Now, my precious, look and see how you and your dear ma have made a merry Christmas for them that needed it!"

Off went the bandage, and for a minute Effie really did think she was asleep again, for she actually stood in "a grove of Christmas trees," all gay and shining as in her vision. Twelve on a side, in two rows down the room, stood the little pines, each on its low table, and behind Effie a taller one rose to the roof, hung with wreaths of popcorn, apples, oranges, horns of candy, and cakes of all sorts, from sugary hearts to gingerbread Jumbos. On the smaller trees she saw many of her own discarded toys and those Nursey bought, as well as heaps that seemed to have rained down straight from that delightful Christmas country where she felt as if she was again.

"How splendid! Who is it for? What is that noise? Where is mamma?" cried Effie, pale with pleasure and surprise as she stood looking down the brilliant little street from her high place.

Before Nurse could answer, the doors at the lower end flew open, and in marched twenty-four little blue-gowned orphan girls singing sweetly, until amazement changed the song to cries of joy and wonder as the shining spectacle appeared. While they stood staring with round eyes at the wilderness of pretty things about them, mamma stepped up beside Effie, and holding her hand fast to give her courage, told the story of the dream in a few simple words, ending in this way:

"So my little girl wanted to be a Christmas spirit too, and make this a happy day for those who had not as many pleasures and comforts as she has. She likes surprises, and we planned this for you all. She shall play the good fairy, and give each of you something from this tree, after which every one will find her own name on a small tree, and can go to enjoy it in her own way. March by, my dears, and let us fill your hands."

Nobody told them to do it, but all the hands were clapped heartily before a single child stirred; then one by one they came to look up wonderingly at the pretty giver of the feast as she leaned down to offer them great yellow oranges, red apples, bunches of grapes, bonbons and cakes, till all were gone, and a double row of smiling faces turned toward her as the children filed back to their places in the orderly way they had been taught.

Then each was led to her own tree by the good ladies who had helped mamma with all their hearts, and the happy hubbub that arose would have satisfied even Santa Claus himself. Shrieks of joy, dances of delight, laughter and tears, for some tender little things could not bear so much pleasure at once, and sobbed with mouths full of candy and hands of toys. How they ran to show one another the new treasures, how they peeped and tasted,

pulled and pinched, until the air was full of queer noises, the floor covered with papers, and the little trees left bare of all but candles.

"I don't think heaven can be any gooder than this," sighed one small girl, as she looked about her in a blissful maze, holding her full apron with one hand, while she luxuriously carried sugar-plums to her mouth with the other.

"Is that a truly angel up there?" asked another, fascinated by the little white figure with the wreath on its shining hair, who in some mysterious way had been the cause of all this merry-making.

"I wish I dared to go and kiss her for this splendid party," said a lame child, leaning on her crutch as she stood near the steps, wondering how it seemed to sit in a mother's lap, as Effie was doing, while she watched the happy scene before her.

Effie heard her, and remembering Tiny Tim, ran down and put her arms about the pale child, kissing the wistful face, as she said, sweetly, "You may, but mamma deserves the thanks. She did it all; I only dreamed about it."

Lame Katy felt as if "a truly angel" was embracing her, and could only stammer out her thanks, while the other children ran to see the pretty spirit, and touch her soft dress, until she stood in a crowd of blue gowns laughing as they held up their gifts for her to see and admire.

Mamma leaned down and whispered one word to the

older girls, and suddenly they all took hands to dance round Effie, singing as they skipped.

It was a pretty sight, and the ladies found it hard to break up the happy revel; but it was late for small people, and too much fun is a mistake. So the girls fell into line, and marched before Effie and mamma again, to say good-night with such grateful little faces that the eyes of those who looked grew dim with tears. Mamma kissed every one, and many a hungry childish heart felt as if the touch of those tender lips was their best gift. Effie shook so many small hands that her own tingled, and when Katy came she pressed a small doll into Effie's hand, whispering: "You didn't have a single present, and we had lots. Do keep that; it's the prettiest thing I got."

"I will," answered Effie, and held it fast until the last smiling face was gone, the surprise all over, and she safe in her own bed, too tired and happy for anything but sleep.

"Mamma, it *was* a beautiful surprise, and I thank you so much! I don't see how you did it, but I like it best of all the Christmases I ever had, and mean to make one every year. I had my splendid big present, and here is the dear little one to keep for love of poor Katy; so even that part of my wish came true."

And Effie fell asleep with a happy smile on her lips, her one humble gift still in her hand, and a new love for Christmas in her heart that never changed through a long life spent in doing good.



TURN ABOUT IS BUT FAIR PLAY.

BY MARGARET ETTINGE.

Turn about is but fair play:
Grandpa's been just half the day
Harnessed to the children's sleigh,
Giving rides to Will and Jess,
Jolly Jack and little Bess.

Now, to sound of laughter shrill,
Jolly Jack and Jess and Will
Play at horses with great skill.
Ne'er did team in any weather
Go so merrily together.

And 'tis grandpa takes a ride—
Major running by his side,
Barking in delight and pride—
On his dear old face a smile
Brightly beaming all the while.

"Faster! faster!" Bessie cries,
Watching them with dancing eyes.
"Nay, not so, or I'll capsize,"
Grandpa says. Oh, it is gay;
Turn about is but fair play.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

A CALENDAR is the means of reckoning time. Our calendar begins with the birth of Christ, from which time we count up eighteen hundred and eighty-two years. The Jews and the Russians begin with the creation of the world. The Chinese and Egyptians reckoned by the lives of their kings. The Romans began with the founding of their city, 753 B.C. The Greeks counted the years by Olympiads of five years each, beginning with the first Olympic Games, in 776 B.C. The Mohammedans reckon from the flight of Mohammed to Medina. Savages notch upon trees a mark for each year as it passes.

Years are of two kinds, the solar and the lunar. The solar or sun year is founded upon the revolution of the earth around the sun. The lunar is composed of twelve revolutions of the moon. Our calendar uses solar years, and divides each year into twelve months of different lengths. It is founded upon the Roman calendar, which was reformed by Julius Caesar and an Egyptian mathematician, Sosigenes. Caesar found the Roman calendar in great disorder. The true regulation of time had been forgotten. The summer months had become autumn or winter months. Caesar corrected these errors, and nearly all modern nations use the mode of reckoning time this famous Roman devised. It is known as the Julian calendar.

Caesar made the year consist of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours. He divided it into twelve months, and every fourth or leap year added a day to consume the hours unprovided for. His reformed calendar began the forty-sixth year before Christ, and the names of the months were nearly like our own. January became again winter, and March and April spring. The Romans counted their years from the founding of their city, but about the seventh or eighth century the Western Christians began to date from the birth of Christ. A monk, Dionysius, is said to have introduced the new method, and it was soon in use among all the Western nations.

The Julian calendar was not perfectly accurate. The true solar year is only three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-six seconds long. The Julian year was therefore nearly twelve minutes too long. It gained more than three days every four hundred years, and hence in 1582 what should have been the 15th of October, dating from the Council of Nice, 325 A.D., was known as the 5th. Pope Gregory XIII., aided by intelligent mathematicians, resolved to correct the error, and provide a calendar that should be exact for all time. It is the one we now use, and is called from him the Gregorian calendar. It omitted ten days, making the 5th of October, 1582, the 15th, and for the future provided that three days should be dropped in every four hundred years. The years 1700, 1800, and 1900 each lose a single day, while the year 2000 will be a leap-year. Thus every century not divisible by four loses one day.

The Gregorian calendar was slowly adopted in Protestant countries, and has never been adopted in Russia. It was not received in England until 1752. Eleven days were then omitted from the month of September, 1751; the 2d was made the 14th, and the Gregorian method of computing time became obligatory over England and English America. Much opposition was made; the terms New and Old Style arose, and before 1752 it is always necessary to allow for the change in the calendar. The New Style began January 1, 1752.

On the 15th of October, 1882, occurred the three-hundredth anniversary of the reform introduced by Gregory XIII. It recalls the fact that we are computing time by a method first arranged by Julius Caesar, and corrected by Gregory, but whose origin reaches so far back into the history of man, that we can never discover what race or what man of science first measured the solar year.



TOO MUCH CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

"MOTHER! wake up, mother!" said Willie Dawson. Mrs. Dawson turned her head feebly on her pillow, and as she opened her eyes slowly, tried to smile at the little boy who stood anxiously at her bedside.

The daylight struggled feebly through the frost-covered windows of the room. It was not a comfortable room. There was no carpet on the floor, and the very small stove was cold and dark. On a table in the corner lay a heap of unfinished sewing, and there were three chairs besides the bed.

"If I build a fire, and make the room nice and warm, don't you think you can get up, mother?" said the little boy, as he struggled to keep a bright face, although big tears were crowding into his great blue eyes.

"Yes, Willie," said Mrs. Dawson, faintly; "I must get up and finish that work for the lady in the village. I promised to take it home last week."

"But you couldn't work, mother, when you were so sick. Now I'll make a fire right off, and then you'll feel ever so much better."

Willie went out into the small shed adjoining the cottage, where was some brush-wood he had dragged in the day before. The snow had drifted in through the broken window during the night, and the wood was almost covered up, but Willie dug it out bravely, and carried an armful in to the tiny stove.

"Now, mother, I'll have a jolly fire in two minutes," said he. But the wood was wet and green, and however carefully he held the match to the smallest twigs, he could not produce a spark.

At last he gave up in despair, and stood thoughtfully considering what to do next. His mother meanwhile had fallen into a feverish sleep, and Willie felt that a terrible responsibility rested on his small shoulders. To-morrow was Christmas-day, too, and somehow that seemed to make things a great deal harder. He could not help thinking about last Christmas, when his father had come home from sea, and brought so many pretty things for his mother and himself. And now his father was dead, and his mother was sick—very sick, perhaps—and he thought with terror that she might die too. He crept softly to the bed and looked at her. Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind that she must have a doctor. She had said the day before that she did not need one, but he was sure she must have been mistaken. He had read stories of doctors who were very kind men, and did lots of nice things for people. Perhaps the doctor in the village was a kind man, and would know just how to make his mother well and happy again. He thought he would go that very minute and

see him—perhaps bring him back, and surprise his mother when she waked up.

He went on tiptoe for his cap, which hung on a nail in the corner. It was a pretty little fur cap, a relic of Willie's happier days. But the cap alone was not sufficient protection against the biting wind of a snowy morning in December, and Willie had no overcoat, and his summer jacket was thin and worn. But the stout-hearted little fellow did not think of the cold; but what he did think of, suddenly and with great sinking of heart, was that he had no money to offer the doctor. He knew there was none in the house, for he had spent the last cent the night before for a little tea for his mother.

Willie wondered how much the doctor would ask. He thought ten cents would do, perhaps, for ten cents seemed a great deal of money to him, and he must manage to get it somehow. He had heard boys in the city talk about getting jobs to do, and he must try to get one now. But here in the country there were no gentlemen's horses to hold, nor any sidewalks to clean off, and what could he do? He went to the door and looked out. A great deal of snow had fallen in the night, and it lay level and sparkling all over the fields. There was no house very near, and everything was so still and deserted that the lonely little boy's courageous heart gave way, and he began to sob bitterly.

"Is breakfast ready, Susan?" said Uncle Tom Parsons, as he entered the warm kitchen of a large New England farm-house. A bright fire was snapping in the cooking-stove, and a hot breakfast was smoking on the table, Aunt Sue and Lucindy the "help" were bustling about, and altogether it was as cheerful a place as you could have found anywhere.

The whole house was cheerful, for that matter, for Lucindy had already kindled big roaring wood fires in every room. The great south parlor was the best of all, for it was bountifully trimmed with hemlock boughs, which filled the room with a spicy odor, and in the centre stood a gigantic Christmas tree, covered with rosy apples, little lace bags of candy, and other pretty ornaments. Among its branches were gingerbread and short-cake elephants and rabbits, and dogs and cats, and if you had pulled aside the curtain, and peeped through the glass door of the cupboard, you would have seen a wonderful array of toys on the shelves inside. But these were not to be taken out and put on the tree until evening.

"It snowed pretty heavy all night, I reckon," said Uncle Tom. "It took me 'most a half an hour to shovel a path out to the barn, and the hen-house is all blocked up yet. That big drift by the gate must be broken up, too. It'll take the oxen to do that. Lucky Madge and the boys are not coming till the afternoon train. Don't believe I could get the sleigh over to the station now if I tried."

"Hope the railroad isn't blocked up," said Aunt Sue.

"Them big snow-ploughs they have now will clear it out before noon if 'tis."

Uncle Tom and Aunt Sue were the last brother and sister left of a large family. Every one of those who had made the old farm-house merry on Christmas-days long past were sleeping in the grave-yard by the village church, and the only one these two kind-hearted people had left to love was Madge, their niece, whom they had tenderly brought home to the old farm years before, when her parents had died and left her an orphan. Now she was married, and her holiday visits with her husband and four rollicking boys were the bright days in the old farm-house.

"Have you been to see that woman yet that moved into the house down beyond the pasture?" asked Uncle Tom, as he finished his cup of smoking coffee.

"No, I haven't been yet," said Aunt Sue. "I was going to send Lucindy over to-day with some pies and things, but she says there hasn't been a mite of smoke coming out

of the chimney this morning, and I thought maybe she'd gone off to spend Christmas with her folks somewhere."

"Give me the things, and I'll drive round and leave 'em when I go to the station. I saw a light in the house last night. I guess she's home," said Uncle Tom. "She must be awful poor," he added; "that shanty ain't actually fit for a woodshed. You ought to go and see her, Susan. She may be suffering, when here we are with more'n we know how to eat up."

"Well, I did mean to, right off; but she's kept herself so close that I thought maybe she didn't care to see folks. She ain't been nowhere except to Marm Davis's to ask for some sewing-work. She told Marm Davis that her husband was a sea-captain, and that he died ashore last summer with fever. She came here to live because it wouldn't cost her so much as in the city, and she thought she could get plenty of sewing to do in the village. Marm Davis gave her some, but she said yesterday she hadn't brought it back yet, and she thought likely as not she'd gone off with it, same as that woman did who settled down to the lower parish two years ago."

"I don't care a straw what Marm Davis thinks," said Uncle Tom; "she's always ready to throw stones when there ain't nothing to hit. Why didn't she go round to see if the woman wasn't sick?"

"She was going, she said, but Mary Jane's home for Christmas with all her children, and she's been awful busy."

"Hasn't the woman got a child with her?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Yes, she has," said Aunt Sue. "I don't know whether it's a boy or girl. Mr. Pinchem he gave her the house rent free, I heard."

"Rent free!" said Uncle Tom, indignantly. "Why, he wouldn't house his own hogs in that rickety old place."

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was Sam Emmons come to get help in breaking out the roads," said Uncle Tom.

"Hullo!" he said, in astonishment, as he opened the door, for instead of the portly form of Sam Emmons, the village stage-driver, there stood on the door-step a very small boy with a fur cap pushed down over his golden curls.

"Please, sir," said the small boy, timidly, "could I have a job to shovel paths?"

Aunt Sue and Lucindy were both at the door in a twinkling, and before Uncle Tom could say a word, Aunt Sue had seized the small boy and seated him in a big chair close to the stove.

"Well, I never!" she said, as she brushed the snow from the boy's clothes. "How that mite found his way here through the drifts is more'n I can tell."

Aunt Sue was sure that it was the poor stranger woman's boy from the little house beyond the pasture, for she knew every child in town, and this one she had never seen before.

"Did your mother send you out to get a job this dreadful snowy morning?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," said Willie, as well as he could, for he was still shivering so he could scarcely speak. Then he told his sad little story, and how anxious he was to earn some pennies to give the doctor.

It was strange how violently Uncle Tom began to cough just at this time behind his red silk handkerchief, and Aunt Sue's eyes grew as red all of a sudden as if she had been peeling onions. As for Lucindy, her face twitched so that you would have thought she was trying to swallow some bad-tasting medicine.

Aunt Sue was a very kind-hearted woman, there was not the least doubt about that, but sometimes she was so busy with her own affairs that she forgot to look about and see what good was waiting for her to do, just as a great many of us neglect kindnesses which we ought to

think of. But once get Aunt Sue started, and it was wonderful how much she could accomplish.

"Thomas," she said to her brother, "the horse and sleigh must be harnessed up right off."

Uncle Tom evidently had thought the very same thing, for he was already pulling on his great overcoat and strapping his fur cap down over his ears.

"Guess I'll put an armful of dry wood in the bottom of the sleigh," said he; "you'll know what else to take, Susan."

Aunt Sue bustled about in a hurry. She did not fill a basket with tea and sugar and oranges, as people often do when they go on such an errand, for she had another plan in her head, and she meant to carry it out if possible. But she took from the great chest of drawers upstairs a warm flannel wrapper, a great fur cloak, and a whole armful of shawls and blankets. Then she got a bottle of her best currant wine, and a painful of white jelly that looked very much like cold chicken broth.

Lucindy, meanwhile, was giving Willie the biggest breakfast he had eaten for months.

It was not long before Ponto, the horse, pranced up to the door with a merry jingle of sleigh-bells. Aunt Sue and Uncle Tom put Willie between them in the big sleigh, and covered him up with buffalo-ropes so that only the top of his little cap was visible, and off they started down the hill. Ponto seemed to understand that he must go as fast as he could, and it would have done your heart good to see the way that noble horse ploughed through the snow-drifts.

Down at the corner Uncle Tom stopped for a moment, and asked a neighbor to go to the village and tell the doctor to come to the little wooden house as quick as he could.

Willie was so excited that he could hardly wait until Ponto stopped at the cottage, to jump out of the sleigh, and rush in to find his mother.

Oh, it was so bitter cold and dreary in that little room that the Uncle Tom had another dreadful coughing fit behind his red silk handkerchief as soon as he came in.

It didn't take two minutes to start the wood blazing in that little stove. The stove apparently understood just what was expected of it, for it grew red-hot right away, and made the room warm as fast as it could.

Mrs. Dawson opened her eyes in wonderment when Willie cuddled up close to her and began to tell all that had happened. She had slept all the time he had been away, and was feeling a little better; but she was so weak and feverish that Aunt Sue would not let her say a word until she had swallowed some of the currant wine, and had taken a cup of the chicken broth, which was already bubbling on the stove.

When the doctor came he looked very serious at first, as he took out his great gold watch and studied it intently, while he held Mrs. Dawson's wrist, but in a moment more he stroked Willie's golden curls, and made the boy's heart dance with delight when he said there was nothing the matter with his mother except overwork and lack of nourishing food, and that she would be well in a few days, only, as he told Aunt Sue afterward, if she had staid in that cold wretched room many hours longer she would have been past all help.

And now Aunt Sue had a private talk with the doctor, during which he nodded his head several times, and was heard to say, "Just the thing; it won't hurt her a bit," which made Willie wonder very much what it was all about.

Well, the result of it was that Uncle Tom and the doctor arranged all the blankets and shawls in the big sleigh, while Aunt Sue dressed Willie's mother in the flannel wrapper and great fur cloak, which covered her from head to foot. Then Uncle Tom lifted her in his big strong arms and laid her gently in the sleigh, and soon Ponto was speeding away for the farm-house, with Aunt Sue, who

had her arms tight around Mrs. Dawson, and Uncle Tom with Willie cuddled down between his knees.

When they arrived, how Lucindy did fly around to make things comfortable! Mrs. Dawson was put in the great four-post bed in the room opening out of the south parlor. And when she said how sorry she was to make so much trouble, Aunt Sue only kissed her, and went immediately to the closet to get another jumble for Willie.

"Just to think of that pretty creature and that boy a-starvin' right under our very eyes!" said Lucindy. "But they ain't starvin' now, that's sure."

You never saw such a day as it was in the old farmhouse. The sunbeams danced in through the windows, and the great brass candlesticks on the mantel-pieces caught them and danced them back into all corners of the room.

Before dinner-time Willie had been all over the barns with Uncle Tom, fed Ponto with apples, and made acquaintance with all the cows. He helped to dig the snow away from the hen-house door, and Uncle Tom solemnly assured him that without his help he didn't believe he could have got that door open till spring, which made Willie feel very happy and important.

"I guess I can do lots of things round the barn," said Willie.

Uncle Tom said he was sure of it, and that if Willie was there he didn't think he should need to hire any man to help about the haying next summer. Then he laughed very loud, as he looked down at the wee mite of a boy, and picking him up, set him astride of his broad shoulders, and strode off through the snow toward the house.

It was wonderful what a way Uncle Tom had of making everybody around him feel happy.

It was almost time to light the candles when Madge and her husband and the four boys arrived. Uncle Tom brought them from the station, and they filled the sleigh so full that he had to get Sam Enmons to bring along the trunks, and some large and very mysterious-looking packages which Madge said must be handled very carefully.

Mrs. Dawson was already feeling well enough to sit bolstered up in a great chair by the fire, and with the glow of happiness on her face she began to look like a young and very pretty woman.

But the best of all was when Madge came into the room. She gave one look at Mrs. Dawson, and then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and for the next five minutes all you could hear in that room was "Oh, Hattie!" and "Oh, Madge!" until Aunt Sue didn't know what to make of it.

Then Madge, laughing and crying at the same time, explained that this was Hattie Shaw, her dear, dear, dear old companion at boarding-school, whom she had talked about so much, and always wondered where she had vanished to, and Aunt Sue declared that such a remarkable thing never happened in the world before, and that it couldn't have happened now if it had been any time in the year except Christmas-eve.

Then Madge had to kiss and squeeze Willie, until his little cheeks were almost purple. And the next thing she did was to open one of the trunks, and get out a warm woollen suit of boy's clothes, which fitted Willie as if they had been made expressly for him.

Somehow it came to be understood among them all right away that Willie and his mother would go on living at the old farm-house just as if they had always belonged there. Aunt Sue maintained that ever since Madge got married and went off she had been "most too lonesome to live"; and that if Mrs. Dawson hadn't come along just then, she didn't think she could have stood it much longer. And Uncle Tom, with a very sly twinkle in his eye, reminded Willie of the conversation they had had about the next haying season.



"THEN UNCLE TOM LIFTED HER IN HIS BIG, STRONG ARMS."—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

You would think that enough had happened for one day; but if after supper you had seen Aunt Sue and Madge disappear into the south parlor, you would have felt sure there was something more to come.

When the door was thrown open, how Willie and Madge's four boys did rush in! There never was such a wonderful Christmas tree. It was just loaded down with pretty things. The toys were all stood on the great round claw-foot table, and there were so many that Uncle Tom must have been busy for a long time bringing them home. There were some very large Noah's arks, some boxes of soldiers, tin horses and wagons, toy steam-engines, and no end of picture-books and boxes of candy.

The mysterious packages had been opened, and proved to contain a large easy-chair for Uncle Tom, covered with soft leather, and a gorgeous work-table for Aunt Sue, all hung around with little bags of pink satin and lace.

There were so many toys that the boys didn't know what to play with first. Uncle Tom gave Willie one of the very largest Noah's arks, and he soon had all the animals trained along, two by two, on the carpet near his mother's chair. Madge's four boys were all galloping round the room, mounted on bright red and yellow sticks with shaggy horses' heads at the end, and Lucindy declared she never heard such a racket in all her life before.

When the bell in the steeple of the village church rang nine, Uncle Tom took the large family Bible from the shelf under the portrait of Madge's grandfather, and the boys all grew quiet as he began to read St. Luke's beautiful account of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The wintry wind whistled and howled around the old farm-house, but to Willie's happy heart it sounded like bright angels singing of peace on earth, good-will toward men!



THE SHRINE OF ST. NICHOLAS.—

WE ARE ALL GOOD CHILDREN."

FRANÇOIS FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

I NEVER hear any of the music of François Frédéric Chopin without involuntarily thinking of a scene described to me by an old friend.

It was in Paris, when Chopin was about twenty-five years of age—a slim, refined-looking young man with a gay smile, though very melancholy eyes—and my friend and her painter cousin met him in a market-place buying violets and some other gentle flowers, and then they all

went back together to his apartment, and Chopin played for them until nearly evening. He improvised a little, and would turn his head back from the piano, looking from one to the other, well knowing the sympathy he would read in their faces. My friend told me that her memories of Chopin at the piano were very wonderful and precious to her. Sometimes he would grow absorbed, and look like the embodiment of some of his own most melancholy music, but his touch was light and flexible—no one, unless it were Moscheles, or Liszt, or Rubinstein, ever played his *impromptus* as he did himself.

I wished that my friend had had more to tell me of that one day in Paris. Somehow, as I have said, his music always brings it to mind. I like to think of him buying the early spring flowers, and then going back with them for the music that has always lived in my friend's memory—part of the man, as it were, himself, for Chopin's music is distinctly like his own nature. Some critics think it overlain with sentimentality, an element young players are very apt to get into their style, and certainly to be strictly avoided; but Chopin, it seems to me, had too much real genius to make this predominate. Everything he wrote has its tinge of melancholy; everything has a little under-current of fanciful feeling, which breaks out now and then, like the spray of a fountain, into something which ends in thin air before you can catch all its lights; but the foundation is solid, and when you play any of Chopin's music remember not to be carried away by the idea that it is all to be expressed in lightness and delicacy. Try to find the deeper thought first, and then weave your daintiest feeling of the music about it.

Chopin's history was brief, and melancholy at the last. He was born February 8, 1810, at Zelazowa-Wola, a Polish village near Warsaw, and he died at Paris in 1849. His father, who was French, settled in Warsaw, where he was a professor at the academy, and where he had also a first-class private school. Little Frédéric was brought up with lads of refinement and good-breeding, so that, as a child, he saw little of the roughness of life. His mother, who was a Polish lady of extremely sensitive temperament, gave him his first ideas of poetry and romance, and perhaps from her he inherited the tinge of melancholy which followed him through life. But as a youth he was gay enough, fond of amusements and all sorts of fun.

Before he was nineteen he had become a finished pianist, and as this was only in 1828, it was more of a feat than it could be now. His teachers and friends were anxious for him to be known and applauded in the world, and so he went from Poland to Vienna, where he quickly gathered a circle of friends about him, who listened and admired as much as his dearest masters could wish. At this time every one interested in any way in music, whether as an art or in performance, was full of curiosity to see and hear the young Pole, and when he arrived in Paris he created a sensation in society as well as in musical circles.

Besides his art young Chopin had the reputation of being an enthusiastic patriot. The revolution in Poland was just over; every one who came from that unhappy country seemed to have an air of romance about him, and the young musician, with his graceful beauty, his melancholy eyes and smile, playing as no Parisian had ever heard waltzes and polonaises played before, was naturally a strong attraction in the capital, and so he was soon established there, and gathered a wonderful circle of people about him. He knew all the famous men and women of the day. If some people found him cold and selfish, at least he seems to have truly loved some of his chosen friends, and by many, both among his pupils and his friends, he was absolutely adored.

Unfortunately Chopin's health, never very strong, began to break soon after his twenty-fifth year. He went to Majorca to seek health, but returned to Paris only to break down again, and yet he had, like many people of his artistic nature, an energy and feverish activity which kept him up. So, in spite of remonstrances, he went to London, played there, and went constantly into society, burning out with a rush his feeble little lamp of life. He hastened back to his beloved Paris, where a favorite pupil, M. Gutman, had everything in readiness for him.

But Chopin's strength had entirely failed. He passed his days in weariness of mind and body, grateful for the loving attentions of friends, and particularly soothed by music. His pupil Gutman, his sister, and the Countess Potocka nursed him constantly, and they wheeled his

piano to the bedroom door, where they could play and sing for him when he desired it. One evening about five o'clock he seemed dying, but suddenly he opened his eyes, and looking at Countess Potocka, murmured, "*Sing.*"

She was weeping bitterly, but she went to the piano, and there sang the canticle to the Virgin, that wonderful song which Hæweli tells us once saved the life of Stradella.

These were among the last sounds that reached the musician's ears. He died the peaceful death so often accorded to those who have suffered much with his disease, and while he lay in his last sleep friends came, filling all the room with flowers. Every one knew of his passionate love for them, and so late roses and early autumn blossoms, and even spring violets and pansies, were strewn about him, until he seemed, they say, to be resting in some strangely sweet garden of God.

Chopin's great art was in his *harmonic progressions*, a term better to be understood after some study of thorough bass, though even without this some idea of the meaning may be obtained, and improved upon by studying different parts of different works. A progression in harmony is strictly the following up of one key into another; and what endless beauties may be wrought in this, Chopin's music shows in perfection.

In Chopin's impromptu his peculiar power is most evident. An impromptu is a piece written down, yet in the style of extempore playing, or *improvisation*. Many musicians have been noted for their fine ideas in extempore playing. This is to take up some musical idea, sit down, and at the piano elaborate it just as the ideas came. In impromptu the musician gives the idea that he is doing likewise, and the result in the music of Chopin and Schubert is something very fascinating. It may be as well to say that Beethoven and Mendelssohn never used this term for any of their music, but Chopin seems to have created it as something too dignified not to take a first place among musical significations. When you can play with ease Chopin's impromptu in C sharp minor, or his *Impromptu Opus 36* (*Opus* stands for work), then you may feel that the drudgery of finger exercise is at an end.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the children went upstairs, Laura Rolf followed her elder sister into the parlor, almost crying. To her way of thinking, Nan was a real little intruder. It was she who had been hitherto old Miss Rolf's favorite, she who had been treated with most deference when she came to the house; and the idea of this queer, vulgar girl coming in to take her place was unbearable.

The parlor looked rather gloomy on this rainy May afternoon. Even cheerful Phyllis felt it. While Laura sat sulkily in the window, she drew near to the little smouldering fire, and tried to divert her mind by reading. It would have been a great comfort to Phyllis had she known just how to help and govern her younger brothers and sisters, but unfortunately her life had been led with no standards for human conduct. Her father was a happy, idle man, who cared only for his own pleasure and comfort.

Her sisters and brothers had been left wholly to her guidance. This was well enough while the children were very young; but now they were growing older, beginning to develop instincts and ideas and have purposes of their own. Phyllis would not have admitted it to herself, but sometimes she felt dismayed, having no rock of guidance—no place to go and seek the help she needed.

* Begun in No. 137, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

While Laura sulked in the window, beating her heels against the wainscot and trying to pout as visibly as possible, Phyllis sat down by the fire with a book in her hand, which she could not read. Then Laura began:

"I do think, Phyllis, this is disgraceful. The idea of Cousin Letty's having to hunt about for some one to be her heiress. I do think it's too mean."

Laura paused. Phyllis turned her finely cut, sweet face around toward the window, where the rain beat, and where her little sister was sitting, the picture of wrath and ill-temper.

"And I'm sure we'll all be ashamed of her," Laura went on. "How can we help it? Right out of such a set!"

"Laura," said Phyllis, suddenly standing up, "there was no *set*, as you call it, about it. This child is your cousin quite as much as she is the niece of those Ruperts, and I think it wicked of you to feel like that. I—"

And then the door opened upon Nan herself. She had come down, breathless, from the attic, and just the sight of Cousin Phyllis's face seemed to cheer her as she came into the room. Laura turned away, resolutely pressing her face against the window-pane. She was determined that, at all events, this interloper should not make friends with *her*.

Nan stood still a moment in the doorway. She had on the brown dress Phyllis had bought her, and with dainty lace frills in her neck and sleeves, and with that sweet, kindly look upon her face, she looked anything but the vulgar interloper which Laura had considered her.

"I've come for—Cousin Laura," she said, timidly. "Joan says you could tell us such a lovely story if you would. Will you please, Laura?"

Phyllis said nothing. Laura turned a very contemptuous gaze around upon her unwelcome cousin, but the darkening color at her back quite hid her face. Nan saw only the pretty, wavy blonde hair, the outline of cheek and chin so like Phyllis's.

"Will you?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Laura. She got up, still very sullenly, and walked toward the door. Phyllis knew she was in a bad temper.

"Laura!" she called out, but the door closed, and, whether she heard or not, Laura walked on entirely unmindful of the voice.

"They are in the attic," said Nan, on the staircase.

"All right," rejoined Laura. It was all that she would say until the attic was reached. The children greeted her tumultuously, but by this time Nan had begun to feel very uncomfortable, for it was clearly evident that her cousin Laura was quite unlike Phyllis or Joan. Nan felt she might admire her, but could she ever *love* her? And Nan, who never before had known the association of cousins whom she felt were well-bred and refined, longed to make herself at once one with these girls.

When they reached the top of the stairs Laura drew back a moment, but Joan sprang forward, exclaiming,

"Lollie! Lollie! do come and tell us a nice story!"

Laura frowned. She hung back against the railing of the staircase for a moment before she decided to join the group above.

Joan evidently valued Laura's capacity for telling stories. She placed an easy-chair, and commanded the children to be silent, while she motioned Nan imperiously to the next best seat, she herself coddling against Laura's knee. All this seemed to mollify Laura, who looked out upon the little rain-washed garden below the window, and then said:

"I'll tell a new story I've just made up."

"Um—um—um," murmured Joan, convulsively clutching Laura's knee. "You see," she added, looking up at Nan, "Laura is perfectly *wonderful* about stories."

"Well," began Laura, "there was once a princess—"

she paused now and then to think it over—"who didn't know exactly where she was from; that is, she knew she was a princess, and had a right to a crown, yet she couldn't tell how it was. One day an old fairy appeared to her and said, 'Come home with me; I am your guardian genie, and I have care of your fortunes.' And so she took her to a wonderful palace all loaded with precious stones, and where the princess had everything. She had all she liked, or imagined she could care for. And so she lived on and on, and the fairy loved her and treated her like her own child. Well, one day she went out for a walk in the by-ways—"

"What are the by-ways?" interrupted Alfred.

"By-ways are streets belonging to princesses," said Joan, giving Alfred's foot a push with her own. "Don't interrupt."

"Well, *you* interrupt, miss," grumbled Alfred.

Laura went on: "When the princess returned from her walk she found the whole palace changed: the servants and everybody refused to let her in. They said she was a mere *nothing*," and here Laura curled her lips disdainfully as possible; "that the fairy had now a new favorite. This made the princess ery very hard, but she sat down outside the gates, and as every one would come out, she asked something about the fairy's new favorite, and she was *delighted* to hear she was very unhappy. So time went on, and—"

Here Laura's story suddenly came to a close, for Miss Rolf's voice was heard below, and Alfred the Great sprang up, exclaiming:

"Tea—ee—ee—tea. I know!"

Laura rose with a very grand air, and Joan said,

"I didn't feel much interested in that story, anyway."

"Well," said Laura, sharply, "it would have been very interesting, and," she added, with a glance at Nan, "it was about *true people*."

Nan stood up with the others, and, catching Laura's meaning glance, she wondered just what it was intended for. Perhaps, she thought, Laura would explain it later.

Romp as they would, the cousins knew that Miss Rolf expected them to look neat and clean when they came to the table. So they all trooped down to Nan's room, where Laura looked at everything very critically, while the younger ones washed their hands.

"Nan," Joan whispered, "we'll have to go down and see Cousin Letty first before tea, and we must walk as straight—as straight!"

Joan's face puckered comically as she said this, and Nan answered by a tight hug. The two walked down the stairs arm in arm, and so entered the long, old-fashioned drawing-room where Miss Rolf and Phyllis were seated.

Nan's little face was beaming, and in spite of her coldness old Miss Rolf looked at the child with a pleased air. She liked the smile and the gladness about Nan's mouth and eyes. She put her hand out, drew Nan toward her, and kissed her more tenderly than ever before. Then she turned to Laura, saying:

"Well, dear, how are you to-day? Haven't you a word for your old cousin?"

Nan had never heard Miss Rolf's voice so gentle, nor had she ever seen her look just as she did at Laura. It was very evident that Laura was her favorite.

"Oh," said Laura, laughing, "I've plenty to say, Cousin Letty; but I don't suppose I'm any consequence now."

She knelt down by the old lady, who smoothed her fair hair softly, while Nan and the others walked over to the big, low window which overlooked one portion of the gardens. An animated though whispered conversation went on. Joan had decided that she would tell Nan what she called the "secret," and Alfred tried to rebel against it.

Meanwhile Nan sat curled up in one end of the window, trying to suppress her desire to laugh, and Joan, kneeling down in front of her, and pressing her elbows



"AN ANIMATED THOUGH WHISPERED CONVERSATION WENT ON."

into Nan's knees, held her thin little face in her hands, and looked unutterable things at Alfred.

"I will tell," said Joan, in a determined whisper. "Nan, see here: we belong to a society; it's us all and some of our friends, and early in June you will be inshated."

"In-itiated," corrected Alfred.

"Well, whatever you call it," said Joan, with a toss of her head; "and then it will be great fun!"

Nan's eyes danced. "Oh, won't it!" she exclaimed. "Is it hard to be in—initiated?"

Joan smiled in a superior manner. "Oh"—she looked at Alfred—"I should say it was! But, Nan," she added, quietly, "won't you make it *very* frightening. At least it has to be some frightening, but we'll do our best."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TURKEY'S MISTAKE.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

THE day after Thanksgiving young Red Cap, the gobbler, called a meeting. It was held back of the chicken-house. Red Cap sat on the fence, and acted as chairman. Wiping his eyes with one wing, he said:

"Dear turkeys, ducks, and chickens, we meet as a party of mourners. You all remember that only one week ago my father and mother were with us: now they are gone! One week ago Diekey Daddles's handsome sisters were

here: now they are gone! One week ago Speckle, the rooster, and Cluck, Scratch, and Cackle, three of his wives, were with us: now they are gone! My friends, why is this? You all know: Thanksgiving dinner! The blow is terrible, but even in our sorrow we must think of ourselves. Thanksgiving-time is bad, but Christmas-time is worse. Seven have disappeared from our happy flock in a week: who knows how soon as many more may go? We must do something to protect ourselves, or we are lost."

Top Knot, the drake, arose.

"I am not a coward," he said, "but I agree with Red Cap. Something must be done. Has any one anything to propose? I should like to hear Mother Gray's views upon this subject."

Mother Gray was the oldest hen in the yard. With a little cackle, she flew to the top rail of the fence:

"My dear companions, we have felt the cruel hand of man among us. We have seen two great boys come into our house after dark with a frightful lantern, and seize and carry away our beloved relatives by the legs while we all squaled dismally. We have seen those relatives no more; but from suspicious feathers floating about the yard, and from stains upon the chopping-block, we may easily conclude what was their cruel fate: they have been killed and eaten. As Mr. Top Knot says, something must be done. I can think of but one thing. My dear friends, if we do not wish to be killed and eaten, as our lost ones have been, we must flee to the woods."

Dickey Daddles, a young and impudent duckling, leaned toward Henny Penny, his companion, and whispered: "Old Mother Gray needn't flee. Nobody'll try to eat her: she's too tough."

An ancient goose, the only one of the flock remaining, heard this naughty speech, and hissed sharply. Dickey and Henny chuckled together slyly.

"I am of the notion," said Red Legs, who was a son of old Speckle, the rooster, "that Mother Gray's advice is good. But I am also told by those who have greater experience than myself that Thanksgiving-day having passed, no great danger comes until Christmas-time. Now if any one can tell when Christmas-time is, I move that we remain here in our comfortable quarters until the day before, and then flee until the hour of peril is past. If we go away now, we may starve, or freeze to death, or the foxes may eat us: whereas if we wait, our absence may be much shorter and less dangerous."

"Good! good!" gobbled the turkey from where he sat. "I can tell when Christmas-time comes, and I will give good warning. Let us decide to remain until the last moment of safety, and then disappear."

The hens cackled assent, and the ducks joined them, but Miss Goose stepped daintily forward, and stretching her long neck, said, in a hissing tone,

"May I ask my young friend how he knows when Christmas-time comes? In a matter so important we can not be too particular."

Red Cap raised his comb angrily, and stared at Miss Goose.

"Age," he replied, in a husky voice, "is supposed to bring knowledge, and I should therefore think my fair

questioner able to judge for herself. However, to quiet all doubts, I will state that I overheard little Tommy up at the house say that Christmas came on the twenty-fifth of the month. I am sure," he continued, triumphantly, "that no one can doubt as good authority as that."

There was a general cry of agreement, Henny Penny and Dickey Daddles shouting, "Put her out! put her out!" at the top of their voices, and the meeting dispersed with the understanding that they were to remain in peace and quietness until warned by Red Cap, the gobbler, of the approach of the fatal day.

Time passed. The snow came and covered the ground with its blanket cold and white, and the wind howled dismally. Night after night the fowls gathered undisturbed in their cozy house, and chuckled in low tones to themselves that they were safely sheltered. No one worried about the coming Christmas-time, for the gobbler knew the date, and would surely tell them in season to escape.

One day—it was nearly a month after the time of the meeting—a great storm arose, and the wild snow swept in white clouds through the air, drifting about the yard, and half covering the hen-house, so that its inmates were compelled to content themselves with hopping from roost to roost, or scratching among the dry grass-seed on the floor, for they did not dare to venture out.

Night came early down, and, tired enough of their confinement, the fowls were willing to tuck their heads beneath their wings, as its first long shadows appeared. Soon silence and sleep reigned—but not over all. Red Cap, the gobbler, was awake. His mind was troubled, and he could not sleep. All day he had noticed an unusual stir up at the house. People coming and going

through the storm, and teams driven into the great barn. What was going on?

Suddenly a new and terrible idea occurred to him. Quickly jumping to the floor, he hurried toward a corner where he had hidden certain kernels of corn, one for each day since Thanksgiving. Hastily he searched for them, but in vain. With a wild gobble he awoke his friends.

"Save yourselves! Save yourselves! Something is wrong! The corn by which I was counting the days has been eaten! This may be the twenty-fourth of the month! To-morrow may be—indeed, I fear that it is—Christ—"

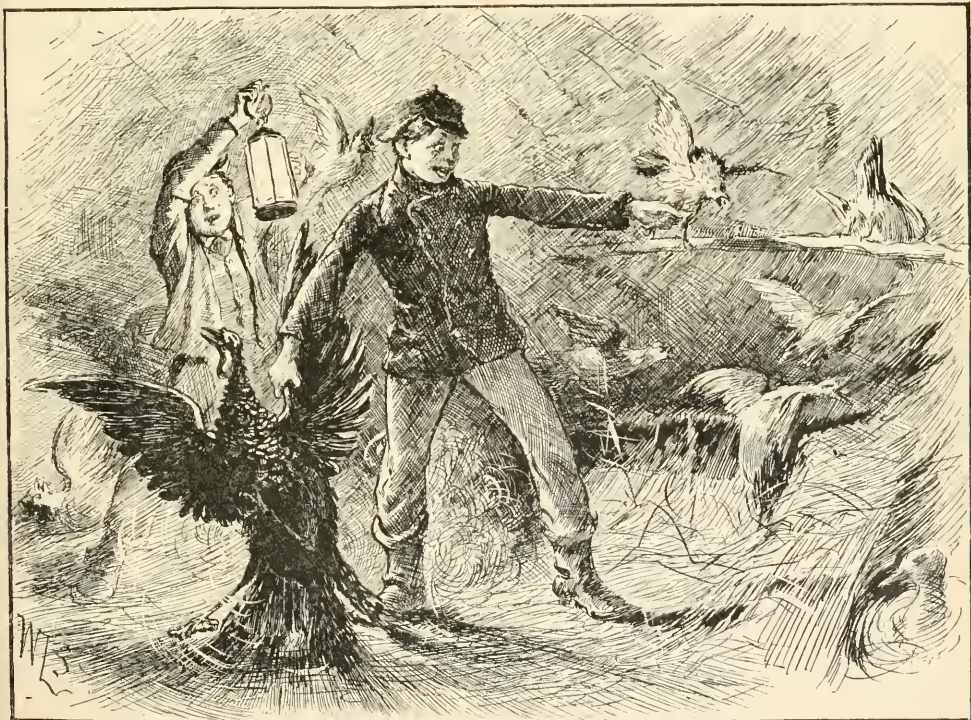
He was interrupted by a loud banging at the door; it opened, and by the light of a frightful lantern the terror-stricken Red Cap and his friends saw two horrible boys enter.

"We are lost! We are lost!" cried the poor turkey. "Christmas has come! Flee for your lives!"

But it was too late. Seized in spite of his struggles, brave Red Cap was borne away, together with two of the ducks, Dickey Daddles and another, and five of the hens, among them naughty Henny Penny. Then the boys and the light disappeared, the door was closed, and the inmates of the house were once again left in darkness.

Hidden then from behind a barrel in the corner came the voice of Miss Goose, laughing scornfully.

"Age is supposed to bring knowledge, but geese are *known* to eat corn!" she hissed. "My sorrowing friends, vanity is not as good as experience. Had they listened to Mother Gray and me, Red Cap and his young friends would now be alive and in safety, instead of hanging by the legs waiting to be cooked for to-morrow's Christmas dimer!"



"SEIZED IN SPITE OF HIS STRUGGLES, BRAVE RED CAP WAS BORNE AWAY."

Christmas Number

OF

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

DECEMBER 19, 1922.

CHRISTMAS is coming! How many weeks have you been thinking about it, little people? A good many, have you not? Well, now, how long do you suppose the publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have been thinking about it? How you will laugh when we tell you that last August, when it was so warm that people went about in straw hats, waving fans, and cooling themselves with long draughts of ice-water, the publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE had already begun to consider what should be done for Christmas. Wasn't that an early start? You were eating peaches and bathing in the surf, and we were here, hard at work, getting ready for Christmas.

Well, now you see what comes from all this activity and industry. Old Santa Claus, easy-going and lazy, hasn't begun to think of harnessing his reindeers yet, and here we are all ready to give before the time. This week you will see that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is nearly all given over to Christmas, and yet it is only a foretaste of what we have in store for you when the "Christmas Number" appears. Next week open your eyes wide, and look out for "The Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE." You remember what it has been in other years, and this year it will be better than ever. Mother Goose and Santa Claus will come flying along in the cover; Miss Sophie will tell you of a delightful story of "The Girl who Saved Up Christmas"; Jimmy Brown will describe the awful scrape he got into, all through the "Snow Man" he and the other boys built on Christmas-eve; Mr. Will Carleton will tell you a lovely story in verse of what came to a little girl through "A Christmas Prayer"; Mr. Matthew White, Jun., has a charming story to tell about a young boy who was "A Christmas Knight"; and Miss Olive Wilson will give you a delightful little play called "The Old Woman in the Shoe," which you can all get up with a flourish for Christmas-eve or some other pleasant holiday-time.

Then, last but not least, Mrs. Margaret Sangster will give you a "Christmas Carol," which has been set to sweet and simple music. Many of you can play, and nearly all of you, we know, can sing. Now will you not learn this carol, and sing it at least once during the happy holiday season in simple, humble adoration of the Heavenly Babe to whose birth we owe the glorious flood-tide of joy that is now sweeping over the world? We would like to think that in all the fun and merriment, among the trees and turkeys, the laughter and the games, not one little heart has forgotten the wonderful story first told to men by angels on the plains of Bethlehem:

"UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD."



BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

How delighted we are, dear Postmistress, that you have proposed having a sort of grand conference, whereby we may all get our thoughts fixed on presents for the coming Christmas! We take great pleasure in contributing the little we know. To make gifts with as little expense as possible, we will presume to suggest a few plans with which most of us little girls, as well as all have quite a number of relatives, and we don't want to leave any of them out in the cold on Christmas morning.

First, get some old honey or mustard bottles. Select those that have a nice shape; paint them (by pairs) either in terra cotta, black, or a very pale shade of olive; when thoroughly dry, touch the neck and top with gold leaf paint, and then some pretty scrap picture pasted on the front. You will be richly rewarded for your trouble when you see what a tasty pair of vases you have made. A box of gold paint can be had for twenty-five or thirty cents, and with it you can work wonders. It adds greatly to the beauty of plaques to touch their outer rim with gold paint.

If you have a fancy straw hat that is out of season, rip it to pieces, being careful not to cut

the braid; cut a piece of pasteboard the shape of a cornucopia; slightly dampen the straw, and sew on the pasteboard in rows, or spiraling each other, the pieces of braid. Give it one or two thin coats of gold paint; line the inside with pale blue silesia; trim the top edge with a row of red pleated ribbon, join neatly in the back, put a strip of gold braid on the top, and a bow and ends of ribbon on the lower point. This will be an elegant hair-receiver for mamma.

Get a stout round box about as large as a tea set, and cut it four inches deep; cover neatly inside with pale blue or old gold silesia; paste a scrap picture on the inside of the cover; cut out of cardboard (Canton flannel a round piece, the outside of the cover, or velvet, or fur, or either silk, satin, or velvet; put a straight band of the material around the side of the cover, and stitch lining and outside together on the strip around the bottom part in the same manner, and finish with a fancy ribbon put straight around the bottom part, and fastened on one side; a bow on the top of the cover completes a hair-box for papa. A set may be made—one box for collars, and one for cuffs. A box of this kind makes a pretty receptacle for tobacco.

Beautiful ties can be coaxed out of cast-off ribbons. Take two strips six or ten inches long, according to width; sew lace insertion between the two strips of ribbon, and finish with lace edging all around the ribbon, and then cut the ends. Embroidery patterns may be traced on ribbons or squares of poplin or satin by the aid of carbon paper.

School bags may be crocheted out of macramé cord, and they are both durable and pretty. The things that can be made from the bright and pretty Canton flannels are indeed wonderful—small table spreads, stand and chair scarfs, and numerous other articles useful in a home.

We fear that by this time the dear Postmistress is looking fierce. We will give you just one idea of a chair scarf, and from this you can form many others. Cut a wide, wide, wide, wide, wide, wide length and width the chair requires; a piece of old gold flannel is put across the end eight inches on one side and three on the other, and sew fur on the ends. The ends are cut, and the fur is joined in the raw edge, and work with silk (red striped) in herring-bone stitch. The edge of the sides is finished in the same manner; or narrow fur, and on the edge first, and then the sides worked with fancy silk in herring-bone. Cretonnes may be used with pleasing effect.

GRACE AND MABEL D.

You dear little women, how can you imagine that a Postmistress could look anything but delighted with so bright and so well-expected letters as these. You dear little women, how can you imagine that a Postmistress could be so very plainly that I think a good many small finers will set to work to see what lovely things they can contrive from odds and ends by the aid of a little home magic and a few inexpensive materials.

GREENSPOT, NEW YORK.

The boys in our street have asked me to write to the Postmistress, and ask her to give them a few dollars, and a few of fellows from another part of the town who keep coming at us, and attacking us with clubs and stones, whenever they get a chance. Father says if they don't stop they'll find themselves arrested soon, for they have broken some windows and carried off area covers. He says we must ask the policeman to drive them off. Mother wants to give them some money, and she says she and the other ladies are going to get up a Christmas tree, or something like that, to please them. I shan't go to it. But we boys think the best way will be to fight, and fight, and fight, and fight, and fight. We mean to fight and drive them off, and our captain, Harry D., isn't afraid of anybody. Please tell us your opinion. Charlie B. writes this, but we don't know where our names are.

CHARLIE B., JOHN N., JOHN S., and FRANK T.

I suppose if I say that I agree with your mothers that in the long-run nothing succeeds like kindness, you will say: "There! just what we expected from the Postmistress! Women never approve of fighting for one's rights!" I own, boys, that I dislike all round quarrels, and think that they should be avoided if possible. And yet there are times when it is necessary to show that a boy has courage and pluck. I am afraid that you boys are a little bit of a fool, for you are acting as though you were better than they. Perhaps you have aroused their anger by boasts, or by daring them to come on your ground. I would not fight if it can be helped; but if obliged to fight, I would, if I were a boy, do my part manfully. If I saw a boy of my size ill-treating a little one, do you think I would walk off and not interfere? And if I saw a crowd of boys worrying a poor dog, or going to attack a poor cat, would I stand by and say nothing? And would not join in the wicked merriment of ill-bred boys who make fun of people because they are not quite bright in their minds, or have a defect of some kind.

If the trouble must come, and you are not in any way the offending party, then stand up for your rights. If they should attack you, your captain must first be sure, like a good general, that his forces are strong enough to meet the aggressors, and then, if possible, drive them away, and frighten them so thoroughly that they will never annoy you again.

Have you ever heard what Thomas Hughes has to say on this subject in "Tom Brown's School Days"?—a book which every boy should read:

"After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the one business of every man, every boy, every girl of every sort of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in his place, or Hussings, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them . . ."

"As fighting—keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say 'Yes' or 'No' to a challenge to fight, say 'No,' if you can—only take care you make a good fight. It is not because of 'No' that you get the profit of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and injury. But don't say 'No' because you are afraid of being, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Please tell me who will charge for putting an exchange in your paper.

I go to school. I am in Division of Fractions. I got a paper from Indian Territory to-day. I got a lot of papers, and was in the house at night and read them and study my lessons.

CLAYTON S. T.

There is no charge for the insertion of an exchange.

One sentence in your letter pleases me so very much, Clayton, that I must call the attention of the boys to it. It is that you spend your evenings in the house studying and reading. This is a much better and, on the whole a happier, way of spending them than those boys have who are not contented with merry play by daylight, but want to go out for evenings as well.

Did you ever hear a jingle I used to say when I went to school:

"Multiplication is vexation,

Division's just as bad,

The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
But FRACTIONS drives me mad!"

NAPLES, ITALY.

I am a little girl nine years old, and love fun and novelty, and I would like to tell the little boys and girls in America about a fair which was held in the public garden here in Naples for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake in Calabria. Papa, my mother, and I went to it. At the principal entrance to the garden, which is called Villa Nazionale, were four great elephants, not live ones, but frame-work covered with canvas. There were the greatest many bazars inside. One was a doll bazar; this was shaped to represent a tremendous doll looked out from a walking-basket, such as the Neapolitans put their babies in. There were also many other things. Outside of this basket bazar were hung drums, dolls, and all sorts of playthings, the selling of which went on at the door. Just opposite to this was a row of booths, and the first was a bazar against the wall. And what do you think the back was? A looking-glass. This bazar was like a bower of willows dotted with flowers that had the faculty of staying in the wind, and the least breeze would be a cigar booth which looked very much like an Indian wigwag; it was built of mock cigars, each one reaching from the ground to the top of the bower.

In the garden where the fair was held there is an aquarium. The director of it gave all the money made by it that day for the benefit of the fair. I went to the aquarium, and saw the outside of the fair, so of course a great many went in to see the aquarium. One of my dearest friends, a little girl named Beatrice, went in. She ascended to the top of the tower, and saw the view from the top of the fair, and fell through a skylight into the room below, which was locked. She was unconscious when she struck the floor. The key could not be found, and when they were about to break down the door, she came to her senses, and called out, "I'm all right." Just then the key was found. The fair closed with fireworks in the evening, which I did not see. I was disappointed because there was an electric Funclinedio, which must have been funny.

MAMIE D.

What a pity your little friend met with such an accident! I hope she soon recovered from the shock it gave her.

Your description of the fair is very well written, and I wish I could have gone with you to see the wonderful make-believe elephants, the flower bazaar, and the lovely dolls. The best thing about it all was that the money, which no doubt flowed freely into the treasury, was given to help those who were in need.

Now we will take a journey from Naples to New York.

Little folks who go shopping in this busy city are familiar with the shrill cry of "Ca-a-sh!" by which the energetic summer-time girls go to carry parcels and go on errands in the crowded buildings. I sometimes look at these quick-witted and light-footed little errand-girls, and wonder what sort of homes they have, and hope, especially when I see a tired look on their faces, that their parents will not be themselves too weary with the day's work to give them a kind welcome home at night. And now, when you read the true story which a lady writes for the Post-office Box, I am sure you will feel that one little girl deserves credit for being brave enough to tempt fate to take what was not her own.

Very recently in one of our large shops on Sixth Avenue a little "cash girl" picked up some money. The rule in all these establishments is that articles dropped or forgotten by careless customers shall be carried to the "found" desk; but if a girl is dishonest, this rule can be evaded. The little girl was honest, and therefore took the money to the proprietor of the shop. Some time during the day a young man came in, asking if a hundred dollar bill had been seen. The answer was positive, but he thought he had lost it there. It was proved that he was the owner of the found money, and so pleased was he to know that a dishonest person had been honest enough to place it where it could be claimed that he asked to have her presented to him, and gave her forthwith twenty-five dollars. The proprietor of the store had been trying to allow the child to go home alone with what was, for her, so large a sum of money, for the untalented street children are bold little thieves, who went home with her. He found the family dreadfully distressed. The mother and older daughter were both ill and in bed; the rent was due, and but for this timely gift all the family would have been turned into the street. There were not the means to allow the child to be so easy and kindless beautifully bleibled; and do you not think that little girl must have been glad and proud thus to have saved her dear ones so much suffering?

In your pleasant planning for Christmas, dear children, I trust you are all remembering those who are forgettable as you are. There is a great deal of suffering in the world in the merry winter days, when the snow flakes fall, and you, who are warmly clad, have so much fun. You will be the happier if you do your share in making some cold hare home brighter and warmer.

NEWARK, N. J.
Hurrah for the snow! With a jump out of bed this morning, and saw the street all white, I was so glad I gave three cheers. My brother Ned woke up, and he ran to the window and opened it, and made a snow-ball of the snow on the sill, and threw it at me, and we had a snow-did and cold! We had a grand pillow fight then, and made such a racket that papa came to the foot of the stairs and called, "Boys! boys! what are you about? Then sister came to the door, and said there were buckwheat cakes, and we must hurry and get dressed for breakfast.

I have a sled, and I take my little cousin Helen and I like to skate, and we have Ned and Clark, my two brothers. On holidays papa and Uncle John go and skate too. And you ought to see papa, he skates so nicely! Good-by.

HARRY J.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
I take your delightful paper, and read all the letters in the Post-office Box, and I thought I would write one myself, although I have not anything very interesting to say. But I guess I will tell you about an owl that made a visit at our house one night. Mamma and I were just going to bed, when we heard a noise outside. It sounded like an animal; it flew, and alighted on the gas fixture. Mamma and I were so frightened that we didn't know what it was. I ran for papa, and he found it, and found it was an owl; he did not keep it, but let it out in the yard, and that was the last we saw of it.

Dear Postmistress, it is about time to make these you about it. I think that I haven't got very many made yet. Have you?

EDNA P. S.
The owl was probably as alarmed as you were, when he found himself in such strange quarters. I have not time to make many of my Christmas gifts, dearie; this Post-office Box keeps me so busy. But if you read the letters in this number

you will get a good many bright ideas, and you may try to put some of them in practice.

HOBOKEN, N. J.
I am a little boy seven years old, and have a brother thirteen years old, both of us of Providence, R. I. like "Nan" very much. We have a big tame turtle, but he has buried himself for the winter.

I'm just getting over the measles, and thought I would write to you. This is my first letter.

ATHELSTANE K.
I am glad you are over the troublesome measles.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.
I am a little girl eight years old. I like **YOUR PEOPLE** very much. I have a sister ten years old, and a baby sister one and a half years old. Jessie and my oldest sister has a dog named DOD, who was a Christmas present. My mamma and papa are going to New York. Jessie and baby and I will be left alone with my aunt Lizzie. I would like to write about pets, but I have none except my baby sister; she is very cunning. I take music lessons, but don't like to practice, and my papa did not know anything about it until I played a piece for him one evening, which was much surprised. My sister does not know I am writing a letter, and she will not know it until she reads it in the Post-office Box.

EDITH L.
Did you not feel rewarded for the trouble of practicing when papa kissed you for that piece, and called you his dear little persevering daughter, as I am sure he did?

HOBOKEN, N. J.
I am a boy almost eight years old. I have a pet dog; his name is Watch. We have some corn in a bag. One went away because he did not like me; he thought I would hurt him some way. I like to see the boats land at the river, and I have been trying to make a model of a locomotive the other day. I used a block of wood, and cut it round for the main part, and took eight checkers for wheels, a spool with one end cut to write a number on, and a paper strip, and a square block of wood for a cab, and a stiff piece of card board for the top of the cab, pasted on. For the tender I used two spools and a small paper box. I fastened the spools on the paper box. It looked pretty well when done. My big sister Sue begged it away; she said she wanted it to keep, and would show it to me when I was a man. I like the "Canoe Cruise." I hope my letter isn't too long.

GRACE P.

LEEDSBORO, FLORIDA.
I am a little girl five years old. I have taken **YOUR PEOPLE** all this year, and no one reads it to me, as I can read it all myself. I am a little New York girl, as we only left your city a few weeks ago, and we are all very much pleased in Florida. The climate here is delightful, and we have plenty of bananas, oranges, etc. We see many things that would seem very strange to my little Northern companions, but I suppose I should attempt to tell about them you would not print my letter. I can not write with pen and ink, but I can write with my papa's typewriter; but it is now broken, and so my papa writes this for me. I suppose it must be very cold in New York now. Isn't it?

GRACE EMERSON M.

You are a clever little maiden if you can write with papa's type-writer when only five years old. Yes, it is cold in New York now, and I am glad you are enjoying yourself in the land of flowers and birds. Still we have good times snow-balling, skating, and sled-ridding in the winter days, and we don't care for Jack Frost. Do we, children?

EDNIE SHIFFLER.—This dear boy was one of our most interesting correspondents. He was very fond of **YOUR PEOPLE**, and took an interest in all its stories, sketches, and pictures. His sister Nellie, writing from Mansfield, Ohio, tells the Postmistress of the death of her brother in August last. Desiring to earn a little money for himself, he asked his father to let him sell newspapers out of school hours in the railroad depot, where trains were frequently arriving and departing. On the 14th of August Eddie, with his papers, stepped on board a train which he supposed stopped there. Instead, it immediately started at a quick rate of speed, and the little fellow, jumping off, was so terribly injured that he soon died. Nellie's sorrowful letter filled my heart with sympathy, and I am glad to publish here what his teacher wrote of him soon after the sad event. It is a noble record for any boy:

"From his early youth he was never known to speak falsely, and it was always remarked of him

that if Eddie said so, it was enough, and could be depended upon. He was generous and open-hearted, and if he was induced to spend money on himself or his own pleasures, he would delight in buying presents that he thought would please his mother. And although he earned a good deal, for he was industrious, he never wanted to spend money unless it would do somebody some good; he also laid by in bank quite a sum for so small a boy. His father would say to him sometimes that the dearest thing he had was not that he ran a great deal of risk, and that he would rather he would give it up; but Eddie pleaded that he would be careful, and he liked to feel that he was earning money himself, so that he was known to be careful and thoughtful beyond his years. He was allowed to keep on. It was remarked to his father afterward by one of the officials at the depot that the boys that were constantly on the platform Eddie was the only one who never gave occasion to be reproved. In his daily intercourse with his family, friends, and neighbors he endeavored himself by his sweetness of temper and his consideration for others, and to his afflicted mother and father and sister he was a devoted son and brother. To his subscribers he was ever prompt and obliging in his dealings, so that his grateful happy face was well known and ever welcome."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
THREE DIAMONDS.
1.—1. A letter. 2. An implement. 3. A statement. 4. Pertaining to the armpit. 5. Pertaining to a place in Asia Minor. 6. A Scotch prefix. 7. A letter.
KAY ELL.
2.—1. A letter. 2. Part of a verb. 3. A whim. 4. Part of the body. 5. A letter. **MAY LARA.**
3.—1. A letter. 2. The juice of a tree. 3. A weight. 4. An animal. 5. A letter.

EDITH M. A.

- No. 2.
EAST ENIGMA.
In wait, not in shirt.
In him, not in dirt.
In song, not in hymn.
In John, not in Tim.
In Jim, not in Joe.
In Lind, not in Toe.
In dog, not in cow.
In enter, not in plough.
In look, not in see.
In honey, not in bee.
In whole, not in pie.
Who was great and good,
And to save his country
Did all he could. **BRIGHT EYES.**

No. 3.

- DIAGONAL.
1. A ticket. 2. A word of music. 3. A water-bird. 4. An ornament. 5. A sharp instrument.

No. 4.

- A CROSS.
1. A feminine name. 2. Enmity. 3. Metal. 4. Refreshed. 5. Satisfied. 6. A contract. 7. Equally distant. 8. Residence of a counsel. 9. Food consumed. 10. A pronoun. 11. A beverage. 12. A period of time. Centrals give the name of a great reformer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 100.

- No. 1. S H I R K
H I R K
A R G U E
R O U G E
K N E E L
No. 2. S Y N T A X
Y E A R N
N A Y
N A N
X
No. 3. A M S
A D D C A N A T E
A D D I E M A B E L S T O V E
D I E N E D E V E
E L E

No. 4.

- Postmistress.
Miss. Post. Mist. Most. Rose.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Karl, Eddie S. Hequembourg, Alice Southworth, Grace Darby, C. De Gaurie, Mary Nundahl, Ellie McAlister, Florence, Mabel, and Annie Knight, J. Lodestar, C. Eunice Wilcox, Charlie Vail, Eugene Thomas, Elbert Prescott, Jack and Edie, P. T. T. Archie Dill, Hugh Macdonald, Eddie Maynard, Ralph Brown, Clarence Fulton, Mary Chatty, Inogene Van Dorn, Theodore Mott, P. L. Long, Geo. Logist, Horace W. Danforth.

[Owing to pressure of advertisements Exchanges are omitted from this number.]

THE SNOW.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

Snow, snow, soft-falling and slow,
Where do you come from, pray?
And whither, O pretty flakes, do you go
When the bright sun melts you away?

The pure white clouds give the snow-flakes birth,
When we drop in feathery showers,
And when we sink in the kindly earth
We nourish the springing flowers.

"FICTION."

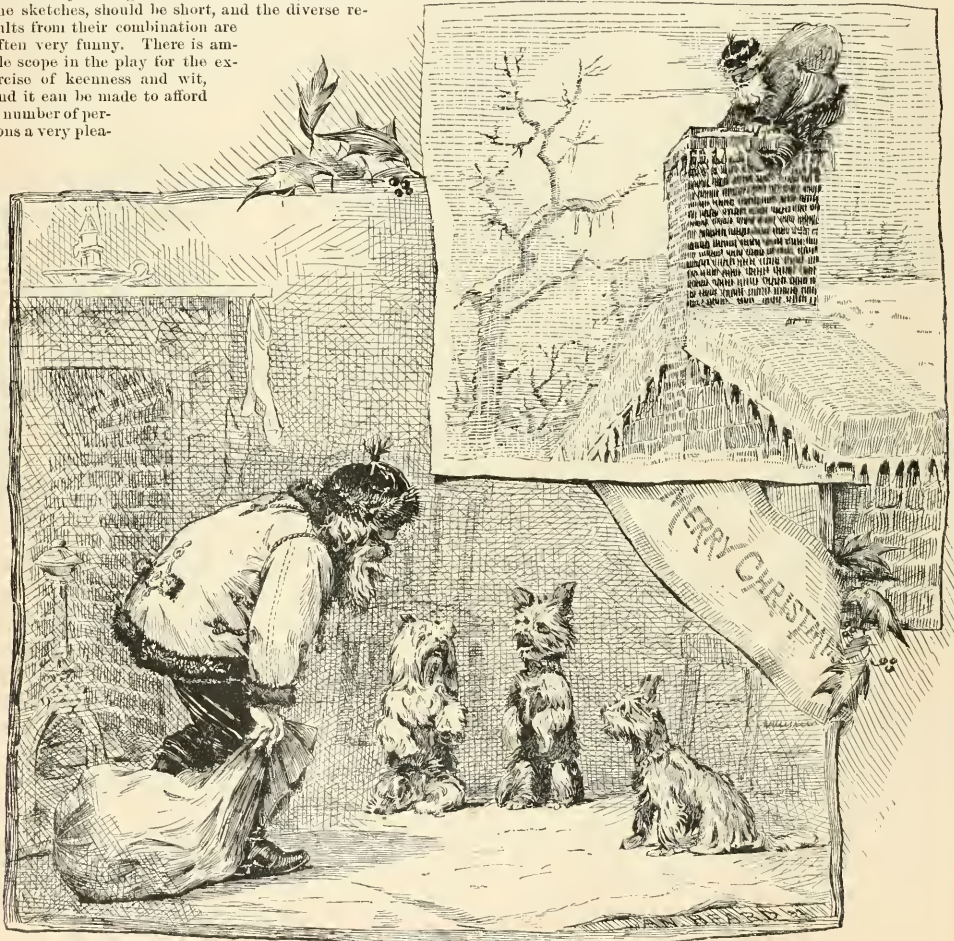
BY C. W. FISHER.

THIS is a very entertaining game, and especially adapted to winter evenings when families and friends gather about round tables and open fires. One of the party selects and writes down a half-dozen short phrases and sentences, of as varied character as possible, indiscriminately mixing sense and foolishness; the others copy the list.

The game consists in writing a short sketch, anecdote, poem, or any species of composition, in which all of the selected sentences are included, and in the precise order in which they were given. The sentences, and also the sketches, should be short, and the diverse results from their combination are often very funny. There is ample scope in the play for the exercise of keenness and wit, and it can be made to afford a number of persons a very plea-

sant evening's amusement. As an illustration, the following were given out to a family circle a short time ago: "Blackwell's Island." "A buzzing mosquito." "A coal-black negress." "A frolicsome pup." "It's a pleasant evening."

One of the products was as follows, which is not at all bad for a twelve-year-old girl: "Early in June little Bobby Fitzhugh started with his father to go to Boston. Bobby was much interested in the work of blasting out the channel at *Blackwell's Island*, through which their steamer passed, and asked numerous questions about it, and was so much engrossed in Mr. Fitzhugh's descriptions that for a long time he did not heed the attacks of a *buzzing mosquito*. A pause in the talk, however, gave him the opportunity to rid himself of his unwelcome guest, and he was about to continue his questioning, when he was attracted by loud voices. He turned, saw a large *coal-black negress* scolding and shaking a ducky boy, who was sobbing bitterly. 'Didn't I tell you not to go near that dog, chile?' she said; 'white folks call um a *frolicsome pup*, but de pups bite little niggers, so don't go nigh um. You jes' mind what I say.' No other incident occurred on the trip, though Bobby was mightily pleased to see the Captain, in passing him, remarked, '*It's a pleasant evening*,' which condensation on the part of a real live captain Master Bob has since made much of in talking over his summer's doings with his companions."



"PLEASE, MR. SANTA CLAUS, WHAT YOU GOT FOR US?"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
Christmas Number.

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CHRISTMAS AT PEACEABLE COURT.—SEE "THE GIRL WHO SAVED UP CHRISTMAS."—[PAGE 98.]

NOTICE.—The *Serial Story, Post-office Box, and Exchanges, omitted from our Christmas Number, will be resumed next week.*

"A Christmas Present which Lasts All The Year."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, an Illustrated Weekly, \$1 50 a Year.

CHRISTMAS.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

The rounded hills in quiet lay;
The shepherds watch were keeping;
Clothed in soft fleece, in warmth and peace,
Their gentle flocks were sleeping.
No sound was there in earth or air,
Through wind-swept, star-lit spaces;
O'er field and hill the wind blew chill,
And o'er the shepherds' faces.

When suddenly through parted skies
A wondrous light was beaming,
And crowds of angels filled the air
From out heaven's portals streaming;
Abroad their glorious wings they spread,
Their throats with song were swelling;
In garments bright, with looks of light
The shepherds' fears dispelling.

Ah, long ago that song was sung,
Of "Glory in the highest,
Good-will and peace to all mankind,"
When heaven to earth drew nighest,
Because that night the Lord of Light
Came down to earth a stranger,
Was born within a stable old,
Was cradled in a manger.

The brown-eyed cattle watched His sleep,
The shepherds sought and found Him,
Led by the Star that shone afar,
The wise men knelt around Him;
Spices and gold they brought of old,
With joy rich gifts left with Him;
And you have too, my golden head,
A little heart to give Him.

'Mid crash and clang of Christmas bells
That ring so loud and cheerily,
Forget not that He came a child
Because He loved you dearly.
Give sweeter kisses, give closer clasp,
Give gentler Christmas greeting,
Remembering Him whose blessed name
It is you are repeating.

THE GIRL WHO SAVED UP CHRISTMAS.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"THERE'S one thing about Christmas that I don't like," Minty confided to Horatio Erastus, her brother, in a low tone, and with a glance around, to be sure that nobody else was in the room, as if she realized what a very dreadful thing it was to say.

Horatio Erastus—called Rasty for short—looked up from his interesting occupation of dressing up Cleopatra, the old gray cat, to look like a monkey, in the greatest surprise. There were a great many things in the world that didn't suit Rasty; he considered that boys had a very hard time, what with lessons full of stupid long words that didn't seem to mean much of anything, and being sent to bed at a particular time, and on holidays always finding the ice too thin or the snow too thick, or something. And it was hard to have been born after the world had grown so dull; when giants and fairies and all such entertaining people seemed to have vanished out of it; when nobody had a wishing-cap, and nobody was turned into a white cat, and you couldn't possibly ride on a broomstick after the fascinating style of Mother Goose's time. Oh yes, there were plenty of things in the world that Rasty didn't approve of, but he never had thought of finding any fault with Christmas.

It was queer that Minty should be the one to do that.

She was only a girl, and liked silly things; she could "make believe" things as boys can't; she called her dolls "children"—stupid things that bled sawdust when they got a cut.

"What I don't like about Christmas is that there's too much all at once. To-morrow comes just as soon as if Christmas were any other day, and almost all your presents are sure to be broken or spoiled; there are so many of them that you don't take care of them as you would if you had only one or two, and Christmas trees don't seem very pretty, and you wish you had had a different kind of a doll, and plum-pudding seems the very hatefulest thing in the world, and you think you never want any more candy. Christmas is all gone; there isn't a scrap of it left. If there wouldn't be too much all at once, and then not any; if you could some way save it up—"

"Save it up! You're a pretty one to save up, ain't you? How much money is there in your bank? Only just a few pennies to make it rattle, I'll warrant," said Rasty, scornfully. Minty grew very red in the face. She *did* like caramels and butter-scotch very much indeed, and just as she had resolved not to spend a single penny for a whole week Mr. Lollipop, around the corner, was sure to put a fresh and tempting supply in his shop window, and almost before she knew it Minty would have her hand in her pocket and her foot on the door-step of the shop.

"I suppose you couldn't possibly save up Christmas; that's what I don't like about it," said Minty, with a sigh.

"Girls think such silly things!" If you were a boy, and studied Latin, you would know better," said Rasty, thrusting Cleopatra's paws into the sleeves of a red jacket which had originally belonged to a very slender Paris doll of Minty's, and was a very snug fit for the cat. Cleopatra was inclined to be fat, and, moreover, did not accommodate herself so readily to a snug fit as if she had not felt serious objections to appearing in the rôle of a monkey.

"You had better be helping me dress Cleopatra than talking about such foolish things. If she would stand up on her hind-legs I don't believe anybody would look much at the Christmas tree!"

"I would, only Cleopatra does hate it so dreadfully; and do you think she would look so *very* much like a monkey, anyway? I do wish you had a truly monkey, Rasty, you have wanted one so long!"

"I sha'n't get one this Christmas, you see if I do. Everybody says, 'Oh no, you don't want a monkey, Rasty, they are so troublesome!' As if a feller didn't know what he wanted himself!"

"It is very hard, Rasty," said Minty, with a sympathetic sigh. And then she wondered if the three dollars that she still had left to buy Christmas presents with wouldn't buy Rasty a monkey.

She had bought something for everybody else, and as the aunts and uncles and cousins who were coming to spend Christmas were almost innumerable, it was quite wonderful that she had even three dollars left.

The market price of monkeys was something with which she was entirely unacquainted, and though she had made numerous inquiries, nobody seemed to know. Her father or Uncle Demetrius might have found out, but they were the very ones who said monkeys were troublesome things, and wouldn't take the least interest.

That very afternoon an organ-grinder with a monkey happened to come around, and Minty ran out and asked him how much his monkey was worth, and he said fifty dollars.

So Minty was forced to the sad conclusion that she should not be able to buy Rasty a monkey this Christmas.

But perhaps a porcelain monkey on an elastic cord would be better than no monkey at all. It certainly seemed a more interesting present than the sleeve-buttons which she had intended to buy.

But when the monkey was bought, he seemed a very

poor apology for a real monkey. He was pink and blue—colors which one would certainly not expect to find in any well-ordered monkey—and his grin, although it seemed fascinating at first, grew very tiresome, because it never changed. And of course the only movement of which he was capable was a monotonous little hop as one jerked the elastic.

Minty was very much afraid that Rasty wouldn't like him at all, and would say it was just like a girl to buy him.

There was one good thing about the porcelain monkey, though. He had cost only two dollars, so she still had a dollar with which to buy something else for Rasty, so that she needn't feel too badly if he should despise the monkey.

Aunt Eleanor was going down town to buy some things which she had forgotten, to deck the Christmas tree, just at night-fall on Christmas-eve, and Minty begged to go too.

It so happened that Aunt Eleanor had to go into a great many shops to find just what she wanted, and Minty found it very hard to decide what she should buy for Rasty with her one dollar. Just as she was wishing that she had bought him a shaving set, which he might want some time, and would be very proud to have, but of which Aunt Eleanor didn't seem to approve, a most fascinating little monkey capered across the sidewalk almost under her feet. Minty instantly looked around to see if she could discover whom he belonged to. He was attached by a string to a small Irish boy who stood on the sidewalk singing, in a hoarse little voice, a song of which the words were unintelligible, except the refrain, which declared that "Christmas comes but once a year."

A girl of about the same age sat on the curb-stone in a dejected attitude, playing on a wheezy old accordion.

Minty rushed up to the boy. Aunt Eleanor had disappeared within a shop door, and there was nobody to interfere with her movements.

"Oh, don't you want to sell your monkey? I will give you a dollar for him."

"He don't be ours at all, at all, but Micky Moriarty's, that's afther lindin' him till us," said the boy.

"Would Micky Moriarty sell him?" asked Minty.

"Not if ye'd give him the wide wurruild. For it's the b'y that tuk care iv him wid the faver that give the monkey tuk him, for himself tuk the same faver, jist, an' was afther dyin', an' if the monkey was his own grandfather, Micky couldn't think more iv him, an' he wouldn't be afther lindin' him till us the night if it wasn't that on-lucky we've been the day that we didn't get a penny, an' it Christmas!"

"Is that why she has been crying?" asked Minty, pointing to the girl, whose red and swollen eyelids she had noticed.

"She's kind of wakeny, an' she don't be that stout-haired that I am, an' she's afther losin' her place wid a grand milliner this afternoon be raison iv gettin' ashray whin she was sint to carry home a bonnet, an' a foine lady was near havin' to go to church Christmas mornin' widout her new bonnet. The mistress turned Biddy aff, an' kipt back her pay. An' ourselves thinkin' we'd be afther havin' a bit iv a Christmas!"

"Haven't you anybody to give you anything?" asked Minty.

"Oh, it's not stairvin' we do be," said the boy, with some pride. "The widdy Moriarty, where we hires our bit room, is that good till us that she's afther sharin' the bit an' sup wid us whiniver she have it. But it's a tinct job iv puttin' in coal I'm afther gettin' the promise iv to-morrow marnin'; an' it's a bit iv bridled liver wid practices for all there'll be the night, Micky's afther tellin' me; so it's not down-haired I am, though Lord George, wid all his coaxin' ways, is not afther gettin' a cent."

"Is Lord George the monkey?" asked Minty, whose at-

tention was about equally divided between the children and the monkey.

"Folks is afther thinkin' it's a quare name for a monkey, but the felly that owned him he was kind iv grand feelin' be raison iv oncet workin' for a lord, an' it's out iv compliment till his masther he give the monkey his name. I'm sorry ye can't have him, miss, if ye're wantin' him bad, but if ye offered him as much good as the full iv the say, Micky'd not sell him. Iv ye'll excuse us, miss, we'll be afther movin' on, for the singin' sounds sweeter like where there don't be such a crowd, an' maybe they're not all afther bein' in such a hurry ivery where."

"I wish there was afther bein' Christmas enough to go round," said the little girl, with a wistful look at the shop windows. "Do you s'pose Santa Claus is that old that he gets tired out before he gets round till the likes of us? That's what the widdy Moriarty is afther sayin'."

"I wish you would tell me your names, and where you live," said Minty, a sudden vague idea shaping itself in her mind.

"It's Teddy and Biddy O'Brien, No. 3 Peaceable Court, we do be," said the boy.

The monkey took off his hat to Minty, and they disappeared in the crowd, and Minty stood looking after them, still doubtfully fingering the dollar that was to buy Rasty's present.

"I wish—oh, I wish that I had given them the dollar!" she said to herself. But it was too late; they were already lost in the crowd. Rasty was always saying that Minty "never made up her mind till afterward."

Aunt Eleanor came out of the store, wondering where Minty had been, and saying that it was late, and they must hurry home; and Minty got into the carriage in silence, even forgetting that Rasty would have no present from her but the pink and blue china monkey.

For once Minty was making up her mind beforehand. A plan had come into her mind that seemed to her the most delightful plan that ever was thought of, and she meant to try her very best to carry it out. And a bright little star in the dark sky overhead kept winking and blinking encouragingly at her as much as to say it would help her if it could; and Minty remembered what a very old star it must be—older even than Santa Claus—and how many Christmas-eves it must have looked down upon, even upon the first one, when God sent down to the earth that wonderful gift of a little Child. That gift was for everybody, even for "the likes of" Teddy and Biddy O'Brien, thought Minty. He must have meant Christmas to "go round."

The sleigh-bells jingled out, "You can do it—do it—do it!" the hard snow crunched out, "Save up Christmas—save up Christmas!" and a solemn old bell up in a church tower that seemed to have grown young and glad in spite of itself, because it was Christmas-eve, rang out as plainly as if its tongue were made of flesh and blood instead of iron, "Make it go round—make it go round!"

If little Biddy O'Brien could have seen the Christmas tree that greeted Minty's eyes that night, when the mysterious preparations were completed, and the doors thrown open to the uncles and aunts and cousins and grandfathers and grandmothers, and brothers and sisters, and friends and neighbors, that swarmed in, she might well have thought that Santa Claus was tired out before he could get around to Peaceable Court.

But it didn't seem quite fair for him to empty his pack, as he must do, in this house every Christmas, and never get as far as Peaceable Court.

These were the thoughts that were dancing in Minty's head all through the merry Christmas games; and before she laid her head on her pillow that night, just as the Christmas bells were ringing their midnight peal, she had



TRANSFORMING CLEOPATRA INTO A MONKEY.

confided her plan to her mother, and to a great many of the aunts and uncles and cousins, and even to Biddy the cook, for Biddy was a little cross sometimes, and needed coaxing when her services were needed for a special occasion; and they had all agreed to help.

"Christmas isn't all gone; there's some saved up," murmured Minty, drowsily, to her pillow.

And you would have been sure to think so if you had seen what happened about night-fall of the next day. A

very large covered express wagon stopped in front of the door, and into it went the Christmas tree, with its innumerable little tapers and its gayly colored balls still upon it. Heaps upon heaps of gifts followed; everybody contributed something. Rasty gave everything he had except a bicycle and the pink and blue china monkey. Minty was very much gratified that he cared enough for that to wish to keep it, especially as they would not be likely to value it highly in Peaceable Court, where they enjoyed the privilege of Lord George's society.

Next a store of Christmas dainties, which had been left after everybody had eaten more than enough, went into the wagon, besides a turkey and a plum-pudding, and some very toothsome cakes and cookies baked by Biddy expressly for the occasion.

It was Cousin Harold

who mounted to the driver's seat. He had dressed himself up to look like Santa Claus, and you would certainly have thought at first sight that he was Santa Claus, even if you were ever so well acquainted with that fine old gentleman.

Biddy went also, to attend to the distribution of her goodies. She was very good-natured and very much interested after she was told that the children to whom the Christmas gifts were to be carried were Irish, and their name was O'Brien. Biddy had a strong feeling for her race, and had she not had a brother, Timothy O'Brien, who came from the "ould country" before her, and of whom she had never been able to find a trace? Whenever she heard the name, Biddy was seized with an idea that she was going to find some clew to Timothy's whereabouts.

Two carriage-loads of children followed the wagon, and as many more trooped along the sidewalks, keeping the express wagon in sight.

It is safe to say that such a procession never entered Peaceable Court before, and when it stopped at the door of No. 3, almost every window in the court was thrown open and had a throng of wondering heads thrust out of it.

The widow Moriarty, in a starched white apron and a clean frilled cap, evidently hastily domed, stood in her doorway, with her son Micky leaning on his crutch behind her, and Teddy and Biddy peeping out, one at each side, while Lord George gravely walked out to the sidewalk and extended his paw to Santa Claus.

"Sure it do be ould Santa Claus himself!" cried Teddy.

"Indade an' it's Christmas intirely, how iver it's afther findin' its way to Peaceable Court!" cried Biddy, clapping her hands and dancing for joy.

The boys and girls flocked into the house, carrying their arms full of presents, and Santa Claus carried in the tree, and Biddy brought up the rear with two great baskets full of good things to eat. But the moment that Biddy caught sight of Teddy and little Biddy she set down her baskets and seized them in her arms.



CHRISTMAS AT MINTY'S AND RASTY'S HOME.

"Sure is it lone orphins ye are? And the very image iv me foine young brother Timothy!"

As soon as they could get their breath after the vigorous hugging that Biddy gave them they told her that their father's name was Timothy, and that he had a sister Biddy whom he was always trying to find. And Biddy cried for sorrow one minute that her brother Timothy was "in the cowl'd ground and his sovl wid the saints," and for joy the next that she had found "his childer that were the image iv him, jist, and should niver know the want iv a fairther agin while their aunt Biddy lived, sure!" And the widow Moriarty rocked herself to and fro and wept until the starch was all out of her apron, and even the frill of her cap was limp, and she said "it was the foineest Christmas that iver she saw, barrin' 'twas the day afther."

By that time the Christmas tree was all lighted and laden with gifts in the widow Moriarty's living-room, which, though poor and bare, was shining with cleanliness.

It was hard for the children in Peaceable Court to believe that it wasn't all too good to be true. Little Biddy drew Teddy into a corner, and made him give her a good hard pinch to be sure that she wasn't dreaming.

"You do be raal good to bring Santa Claus till us!" she said to Minty. "It's meself was thinkin' last night, be the plisant way ye had, mebbe ye was some relation till him."

Biddy the cook, whom Rasty declared they should hereafter be obliged to call Big Biddy to distinguish her from her niece, said that Minty was "a swate child, and she'd niver forget to be grateful to her for the blissid Christmas presents she'd given her of her brother Timothy's lone orphin childer."

And indeed there was nobody who seemed much more delighted with the presents received than Biddy. She had been very industrious and prudent, and had saved up a snug little pile of money, and Teddy and little Biddy would never again be likely to know a time when Santa Claus was too tired to get around to them. Uncle Demetrius wanted a trustworthy office-boy, and found that Teddy just suited him; and Teddy finds the situation much more pleasant and profitable than gathering shavings, which business he used to be in, and he is so faithful and honest and energetic that it seems quite probable he may some day have an office of his own.

Little Biddy did not return to the millinery business, her aunt Biddy believing that she "had the makin's iv a seholar intill her," and preferring to send her to school.

The contents of a good many dainty little purses that had hung on that Christmas tree on the first night of its blossoming were poured together, and given to the widow Moriarty to keep the wolf from her door, while she had rest and medicine to relieve the pain in her side and her cough, and while Micky went to the hospital and was cured of his lameness.

So Minty's saved-up Christmas lasted all the year round, and more too. Indeed, I don't think, myself, that it will ever come to an end.

There was only one thing about it that was not perfectly agreeable: Micky showed his gratitude by lending Lord George to Rasty "for jist as long as iver he loiked," and luxurious surroundings proved to disagree with Lord George's disposition. From a gentle and serious-minded monkey he changed into such a cross and mischievous beast that there was no living with him. He wrung the parrot's neck, and chewed up Minty's dearest doll; he lighted the gas all over the house in the daytime, and put it out at night in the midst of a dinner party; he smashed the window-glass in an effort to get out and follow a hand-organ; he pulled off the table-cloth, and broke all the dishes, and danced a jig upon the ruins. But it was only

when he pulled up all the plants in the conservatory, and was found replanting them upside down, that his presence in the house became unendurable, and a stern decree went forth that he must go.

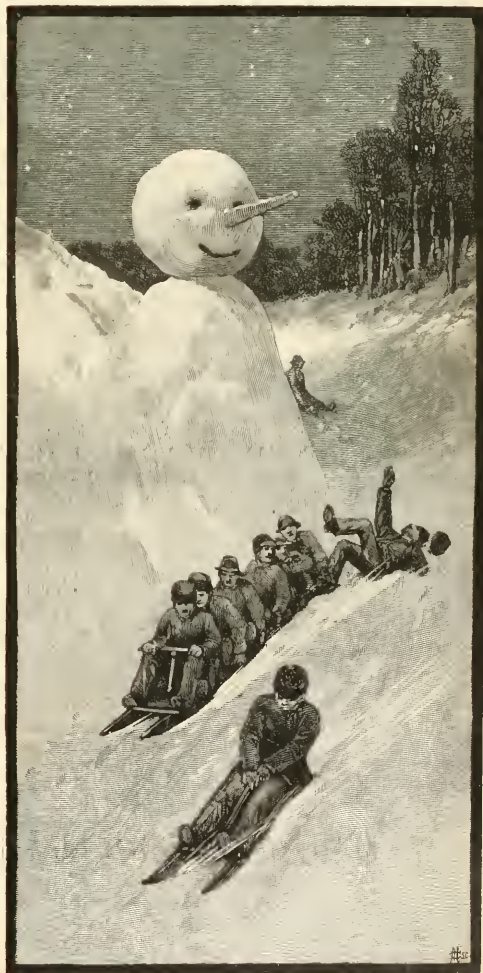
Rasty carried him back to Peaceable Court, where he immediately resumed his former amiability and sobriety of conduct.

And Rasty says he never wants another real live monkey. The pink and blue china one, if not so lively, is more satisfactory in the long-run.

OUR SNOW MAN.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I DO love snow. There isn't anything except a bull-terrier that is as beautiful as snow. Mr. Travers says that seven hundred men once wrote a poem called "Beautiful Snow," and that even then, though they were all big



"WE BUILT THE BIGGEST SNOW MAN I EVER HEARD OF."

strong men, they couldn't find words enough to tell how beautiful it was.

There are some people who like snow, and some who don't. It's very curious, but that's the way it is about almost everything. There are the Eskimos who live up North where there isn't anything but snow, and where there are no schools nor any errands, and they haven't anything to do but to go fishing, and skating, and hunting, and sliding down hill all day. Well, the Eskimos don't like it, for people who have been there and seen them say they are dreadfully dissatisfied. A nice set the Eskimos must be! I wonder what would satisfy them. I don't suppose it's any use trying to find out, for father says there's no limit to the unreasonableness of some people.

We ought always to be satisfied and contented with our condition and the things we have. I'm always contented when I have what I want, though of course nobody can expect a person to be contented when things don't satisfy him. Sue is real contented, too; for she's got the greatest amount of new clothes, and she's going to be married very soon. I think it's about time she was, and most everybody else thinks so too, for I've heard them say so; and they've said so more than ever since we made the snow man.

You see, it was the day before Christmas, and there had been a beautiful snow-storm. All of us boys were sliding down hill, when somebody said, "Let's make a snow man." Everybody seemed to think the idea was a good one, and we made up our minds to build the biggest snow man that ever was, just for Christmas. The snow was about a foot thick, and just hard enough to cut into slabs; so we got a shovel and went to work. We built the biggest snow man I ever heard of. We made him hollow, and Tom McGinnis stood inside of him and helped build while the rest of us worked on the outside. Just as fast as we got a slab of snow in the right place we poured water on it so that it would freeze right away. We made the outside of the man about three feet thick, and he was so tall that Tom McGinnis had to keep climbing up inside of him to help build.

Tom came near getting into a dreadful scrape, for we forgot to leave a hole for him to get out of, and when the man was done and frozen as hard as a rock, Tom found that he was shut up as tight as if he was in prison. Didn't he howl, though, and beg us to let him out! I told him that he would be very foolish not to stay in the man all night, for he would be as warm as the Eskimos are in their snow huts, and there would be such fun when people couldn't find him anywhere. But Tom wasn't satisfied; he began to talk some silly nonsense about wanting his supper. The idea of anybody talking about such a little thing as supper when they had such a chance to make a big stir as that. Tom always was an obstinate sort of fellow, and he would insist upon coming out, so we got a hatchet and chopped a hole in the back of the man and let him out.

The snow man was quite handsome, and we made him have a long beak, like a bird, so that people would be astonished when they saw him. It was that beak that made me think about the Egyptian gods that had heads like hawks and other birds and animals, and must have frightened people dreadfully when they suddenly met them near grave-yards or in lonesome roads.

One of those Egyptian gods was made of stone, and was about as high as the top of a house. He was called Memnon, and every morning at sunrise he used to sing out with a loud voice, just as the steam-whistle at Mr. Thompson's mill blows every morning at sunrise to wake people up. The Egyptians thought that Memnon was something wonderful, but it has been found out, since the Egyptians died, that a priest used to hide himself somewhere inside of Memnon, and made all the noise.

Looking at the snow man and thinking about the Egypt-

ian gods, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to hide inside of him and say things whenever people went by. It would be a new way of celebrating Christmas, too. They would be awfully astonished to hear a snow man talk. I might even make him sing a carol, and then he'd be a sort of Christian Memnon, and nobody would think I had anything to do with it.

That evening when the moon got up—it was a beautiful moonlight night—I slipped out quietly and went up to the hill where the snow man was, and hid inside of him. I knew Mr. Travers and Sue were out sleigh-riding, and they hadn't asked me to go, though there was lots of room, and I meant to say something to them when they drove by the snow man that would make Sue wish she had been a little more considerate.

Presently I heard bells and looked out and saw a sleigh coming up the hill. I was sure it was Mr. Travers and Sue; so I made ready for them. The sleigh came up the hill very slow, and when it was nearly opposite to me I said in a solemn voice, "Susan, you ought to have been married long ago." You see, I knew that would please Mr. Travers, and it was true, too.

She gave a shriek, and said, "Oh, what's that?" "We'll soon see," said a man's voice that didn't sound a bit like Mr. Travers's. "There's somebody round here that's spoiling for a thrashing."

The man came right up to the snow man, and saw my legs through the hole, and got hold of one of them and began to pull. I didn't know it, but the boys had undermined the snow man on one side, and as soon as the man began to pull, over went the snow man and me right into the sleigh, and the woman screamed again, and the horse ran away and pitched us out, and—

But I don't want to tell the rest of it, only father said that I must be taught not to insult respectable ladies like Miss Susan White, who is fifty years old, by telling them it is time they were married.

THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

The winter day was growing old;
The evening's breath came hard and cold;
Great flocks of clouds, with wings of gray,
Shed feathery snow-flakes on their way;
And all the city streets among
A troupe of breezes danced and sung,
But though the frost was keen and bold,
And though the air was biting cold,
A thousand gayly stepping feet
Went up and down the lighted street;
A thousand hands, with pressure tight,
Were grasping presents rich and bright;
A thousand hearts were hastening home
To hearts that longed to see them come;
For wondrous gladness filled the air,
And Christmas-eve was everywhere.

Sweet Christmas-eve, serenely glad!
When all the love that Jesus had
For little ones, as, smiling, He,
With bending head, in kindness said,
"Forbid them not to come to Me";
When this sweet love, with little lack,
Seems all at once reflected back,
As the great sun, though long time set,
Against the clouds in splendor crowds,
And leaves a trace of glory yet!
When all the kind thoughts of the year
Each leaves the day wherein it lay,
And to one blessed time draws near!

There is no space that can possess
So many smiles of happiness:
If days and nights could feel and see,
How happy Christmas-ere would be!

But it has not so sweet a sound
In homes where children are not found;
And in one mansion rich and grand
A wife and husband hand in hand
Were sitting by the fire-light's glow,
And gazing on the streets below,
And, with sad hearts unreconciled,
Were thinking of a long-lost child.
Grief can its heaviest hand employ
When all around is heard the sound
Of silvery mirth and golden joy;
And hearts that mourn oft heavier weigh
When hearts that laugh are over-gay.

So on the Christmas cheer without
This lonely couple gazed about,
While hungering once again to greet
The reckless rush of childish feet.
Unstudied ease was all abloom
About the richly furnished room:
The coal-fire's soft and languid glare
Wrote "Comfort" on the tempered air;
Unto the walls great pictures hung,
And treasures everywhere were flung;
High mirrors, free of stain or flaw,
Were telling over what they saw;
No place the pleased eye could explore
But wealth had lingered there before.
And yet, in many a humbler room,
A warmer comfort fought the gloom,
And Happiness more visits made,
Felt more at home, and longer stayed.

II.

Out in the country, near a wood,
The little old brown school-house stood,
And waited, while the winter day
Looked darker from its eyes of gray,
For the rough door to open wide,
And noisy youngsters rush outside.
A whistle came sharply from within
The country school's peculiar din;
Then with glad shouts the children strode
Through the dim day their winding way
Along the white hard-beaten road,
To where farm-houses cheered the sight,
And lamps already glistened bright,
With unassumed, unconscious grace,
And pleasure dancing on each face,
They brought the presents all to mind
Which they that eve were to receive
Or in the early morning find.
"Old Santa Claus," that famous king
Of childish lore, was handled o'er,
And all the treasures he might bring.

But look! with shouts and faces gay,
They passed a poor-house on their way,
And a sweet homeless-looking child
From out a window gazed, and smiled
To see the other children glad;
But her poor wistful heart was sad.

You children who, with laughter gay,
And joy that gleams e'en through your dreams,
Have presents on each festal day,
And, guarded by the efforts true

Of those who love and cherish you,
Look forward to the winter's prime
As to a sweet and joyful time,
Till in your calendar enrolled,
Each Christmas-day is marked with gold,
Pity poor children who must grieve
Because no presents they receive!
They look at yours with wistful eye,
They smile to view each token new,
But in their hearts they moan and sigh.

That night our little friendless one,
When her poor evening meal was done,
Bowed low in grief her childish head
Upon the ragged poor-house bed,
And in a sweet and pleading tone
She made a short prayer, all her own:
"O Jesus! you who loved so well
The little ones, of whom they tell
That when these came to you one day,
You would not have them sent away:
You said to all those who believe,
If they would ask they should receive.
O Jesus! please for me to find
Two good nice parents, sweet and kind,
And ask them if they will not spread
Some little presents by my bed,
That they my heart may cheerful make
To-morrow morning when I wake,
And I be made as happy so
As other children that I know."
She said "Amen" with reverence deep,
Closed her blue eyes, and sank asleep.

III.

Still sat the childless couple where
The lights of luxury were fair,
And still, with thoughts all tempest-tossed,
Each silent mused, with sad heart bruised,
Upon the child that they had lost.
But listen! with a sudden clang,
The loudly speaking door-bell rang,
And a detective's face they viewed,
With patient lines deep marked and shrewd.
And scarce the parents' questioning eye
Was met before he made reply:
"I come at last with tidings new.
The child I've sought so long for you,
The child you lost five years ago,
Has lived, and lives. Her place I know.
The beggar who, with Satan's aid,
Stole her to help his piteous trade,
Died in a country poor-house, where
He left the child, and she is there.
Mistake or doubt can not befall:
Here are the proofs; I have them all.
She is not very far away;
And you, if bold to bear the cold,
May see her ere another day."

"To bear the cold! What has she borne?
She shall not longer friendless mourn.
The horses—quick!" And soon, in spite
Of cold and sleet, the champing feet
Of swift steeds dashed into the night,
Until they halted just before
The great poor-house's dingy door.
And soon the parents softly crept
Into the gloom of one small room,
And watched their darling while she slept,
And, weeping, listened to the prayer
Which she that night had offered there

(For the old matron overheard,
And told it to them, every word).
Her sleeping face appeared to them
As some fair flower at evening's hour,
Low drooping on its weary stem;
But that soft prayer—in heaven now—
Had left its touch upon her brow;
Its grief and comfort they could trace
Upon the well-remembered face.

The mother yearned the child to press
In all her piteous loveliness,
But would not yet her slumber break,
And said, "My darling shall not wake
Until her prayer we answered see
As well and nearly as may be."

And soon the sleek swift horses flew
Back where proud presents, rich and new,
Hung in the lamp-light's brilliant rays,
The envy of all children's gaze;
Which, ere another hour had fled,
Hands softly bore, and placed before
The little sleeper's lowly bed.

She woke at last; and, wondering, threw
A swift glance keen upon the scene
That burst upon her startled view.
A vast amazement filled her face:
The room was like a fairy place.
No toy she wished but it was there;
Bright presents glittered everywhere.
No gift her thought had learned to prize
But it was spread before her eyes;
And presents made her young heart glow
Whose very names she did not know.

But look! a man with step of pride,
And a sweet lady by his side,
More beautiful and high of mien
Than any she had ever seen,
Came, and above her wept and smiled,
And called her their poor long-lost child!

The Christmas morn rose clear and bright;
And through the flashing fields of light
A band of angels sweet and fair,
It seemed to me, came far to see
That answer to the Christmas prayer.



"THE ROOM WAS LIKE A FAIRY PLACE."—DRAWN BY MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD.



"BLACK YER BOOTS?" CALLED OUT A VOICE AT HIS ELBOW."—DRAWN BY FREDERIC DIELMAN.

A CHRISTMAS KNIGHT.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

GUY MELTON was fourteen, and had always been a quiet, odd sort of boy, and it was therefore not so very surprising that he should want to have something queer for Christmas.

"You see," he confided to his older sister Ruth one day in November, "I've had so many presents that I can't think of anything that would be quite new, so if you and mother will just give me, about the first of next month, the money you'd spend for knickknacks, and let me do with it just as I please, I'll be ever so much more obliged."

Just then Mrs. Melton came into the room, and Ruth exclaimed: "Only think, mother, Guy doesn't want us to give him any Christmas presents this year!"

"Oh no, I don't mean that," her brother hastened to explain. "Haven't I just told you that I want the money instead of the things? May I have it, mother, and the house too, for one day, to do just as I choose with?"

"The horse, Guy!" cried mother and daughter in a breath.

"Yes," went on the boy; "that is, I want permission to entertain any one here I like from Christmas-eve to the morning of the twenty-sixth."

"Certainly, Guy," replied his mother. "You know we are always glad to see your friends."

"But—but it isn't a friend; at least, I mean not yet," continued Guy, coloring confusedly. "I'd like to have him stay in the hall bedroom next to mine, and have you and Ruth treat him just as nicely as you do Rob Billings or any of the other fellows."

"Why, of course, Guy," put in his sister, "any of your chums— But I forget; you say this isn't a chum. Who is it, then?"

"I don't know exactly myself yet," answered the boy, drawing imaginary figures on the carpet with his foot, "and—and if you and mother will only trust me, I'd rather not say anything more about it until I bring him here, because my courage might fail at the last moment, you know, and then I'd feel foolish. You'll think it queer in me to make such a mystery of it, but everything's all right, mother, and I'm sure you won't object when you know."

Now if there was a boy in New York who could be trusted not to abuse any confidence that might be reposed in him, that boy was Guy Melton. Seeing that he was only shy and not ashamed of revealing his plans, his mother readily consented to do as he wished, promising not to bother him with questions. So about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of December he started out in a disagreeable storm of snow and sleet for the nearest Elevated Railroad station.

"I'm afraid I'm a little early," he said to himself, as he struggled on against the wind, "but I can't put it off another minute."

It was very comfortable in the cars, whirling along so far above the mud and slush of the streets, and Guy was tempted to remain where he was when the brakeman called out, "Park Place."

But he shook the lazy fit off, muttered "Christmas knight" under his breath, and struck boldly out in the direction of the City Hall. On reaching Broadway he stopped a minute, and leaned against a telegraph pole, while he bent his head in a listening attitude.

"Too soon! just as I thought!" he exclaimed, half aloud. But suddenly a cry of, "Extra! big fire! terrible loss of life!" smote upon his ear, and the next instant found him standing in front of a panting newsboy, whom he had caught by the shoulder as he flew past.

"Look here, boy," said Guy, as he fumbled in his pocket for two cents, "how do you expect to spend your Christmas?"

But just then a second newsboy appeared on the scene, shouting more shrilly than the first, and snatching the money from Guy's hand, the latter tore off up Broadway after his brother vendor, determined not to lose any time on an "extra" afternoon by answering silly questions for a lad not much older than himself.

Guy pulled his umbrella down close over his head, and set his teeth hard together for a minute.

"I won't give up yet," he muttered, and then began walking slowly down the street.

"Black yer boots!" called out a voice at his elbow, proceeding from a small boy, who was splashing along in shoes that were scarcely more than sieves serving to reveal the stockingless feet inside of them.

The child wore a long man's coat, reaching nearly to his heels, and buttoned so tightly about his neck as to give rise to the suspicion that there was no other garment under it, while his legs were but imperfectly covered with a pair of trousers which he surely never could have got into had he not been so thin and they so ragged.

"He's a smaller chap than I've provided for," thought Guy, as his eye hastily took in these details; "but I don't know where I could make a better investment." Then he smiled, and asked the young polisher if anybody ever had their boots blacked out-of-doors in such weather.

"In course they does," replied the urchin, cunningly keeping pace with the umbrella over his head. "Gents goin' in ter make a call at the Astor House 'll let me shine 'em up under their 'brellies 'n' then run fer the door. Saves five cents, yer know, 'cos they allus charges ten inside. But then 'twon't do fer ter pend on it."

"I should think you could do better at one of the up-

town hotels," suggested Guy. Then laying his hand on the boy's wet shoulder, he added: "At any rate, come ride up in this car with me; I'll pay your fare. I want to talk to you."

The boot-black stared in surprise for an instant; then with a whooping, "I'm there!" he bounded ahead through the slush to the street car indicated, which was just about to start. Guy followed as quickly as a careful picking of his way would permit, to find his young charge engaged in a wordy fight with the conductor, who wanted to put him off.

Order being restored by means of a ten-cent piece, young Melton took his boy inside, and having suggested that he put his box under the seat out of the way, began at once: "I want you to spend Christmas with me. I'll take you home with me now, give you a bath, furnish you out with a complete suit of clothes to keep, and let you hang up your stockings to-night for—" But here Guy came to a sudden stop, as he recollected that very probably his companion had never heard of either stockings or Santa Claus.

"What d'yer mean?" exclaimed the boot-black, eyes and mouth wide open. "Hire me ter black yer shoes fer Chrissmus?"

"No, no," explained Guy. "You see, I've had so many presents myself that this year I thought I'd try something new, and give instead. They won't worry about you at home, will they?"

"Home!" echoed the little fellow. "Well, I guess Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge 'll let me off fer one night."

"Is that where you sleep?" inquired Guy, with a glance out of the window at the storm.

"You bet. It's a bully place, too, under one o' them arches, if the cops don't go fer a chap. But I'll come along o' you; yer don't look as if yer was a-goin' ter kidnap me," and the lad gave a laugh that caused the other passengers to stare curiously at the oddly assorted pair in the corner.

But Guy determined not to care what anybody might think or say even; he had resolved to make a Christmas knight of himself in order to defend some poor boy from the hardness of his lot on that joyous day, and while he could not help feeling that his mission would have been a much easier one with a bright, clean, good-looking child for its object, he knew that his boot-black, lacking these graces, stood all the more in need of his care and attention.

Before the ear reached the up-town street in which the Meltons lived, Guy learned that his guest's name was Dave McCue, that his father had been an Irishman and his mother an American, both being now dead, leaving their son to fight his way alone in the world as best he could, selling matches or papers, blacking boots, and always mingling with a set of lads whose influence and example could be traced in the street slang, and even worse, with which the boy's conversation was plentifully sprinkled.

"How old are you, Dave?" asked Guy, as they left the car and started to walk toward Fifth Avenue.

"Dunno. Somewheres 'tween ten and fifteen, I s'pose."

"Can you read?"

"Some. Kin tell the names o' the papers and spell out the big letters on the ice-carts. Cracky! do you live in a house like these yere?" pointing to the rows of brownstone fronts on either side the street.

"Yes," said Guy, as he led the way up the steps, and opened the door with his key.

"You're pretty wet, aren't you?" he added, as Dave's muddy boots left their marks on the marble. "I tell you what: suppose you take off your shoes here, then scud upstairs and get ready as quick as you can for your bath."

"But yer just said I was awful wet, so what d'yer want me ter get in any more water fer?" and young McCue sat

down on his blacking box with a mischievous twinkle in his eye that convinced Guy it would need all the inspiration of knighthood to combat.

"I'm sure you don't want to put on your new clothes over your old ones," he returned; "and as long as you are at the trouble of undressing, you might as well take a swim."

"A swim!" cried Dave, springing to his feet.

"Pretty much the same thing," continued Guy. "We've got a big bath-tub upstairs, and you can have the water just as hot or cold as you like."

That word "swim" settled matters. The boy's thoughts immediately flew back to July and the joys of the free baths along the river-front, and his shoes were off in a trice.

"Now you can carry them and your box up to your room, on the third floor, next to mine," directed Guy, as he hung up his coat. "And—" But on turning around at this point he found that his guest had vanished.

He mechanically started for the front door, when a discord of sounds from the piano in the parlor warned him that he must look in the other direction.

"Oh, please ter sense me," pleaded Dave, as his young host met him in the doorway. "I jest wanted ter be able ter say I'd teched one o' them pannies. Guess I didn't hurt it."

"Oh no, of course not," said Guy, glad to remember that his mother and sister were out shopping.

There were more "Mys!" and "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of surprise and delight when the little street boy was ushered into the to him palatial apartment that was to be his "very own" for two nights and a day.

"I do hope the suit 'll fit," observed Guy, anxiously, after he had personally superintended the bathing process, and had induced Dave to put on the under-clothing—a portion of dress with which he evidently had very little acquaintance.

The trousers were a trifle long, but that was not a bad fault where a growing boy was to wear them, and his happy owner declared that he had never "seed a coat fit so fine."

With his own hands Guy buttoned on the shirt collar, tied the pretty cravat, and brushed the stubborn hair, while a pair of stout boots and an Astrakhan cap completed the boot-black's transformation. Not an article of the outfit was second-hand, for the generous provider had resolved that everything connected with his enterprise should possess the added charm of newness.

By this time it was nearly six o'clock, and as Guy had heard his mother and sister return in the carriage a few moments before, he gave Dave an illustrated story-book to look at, and then went down to the next floor to reveal his secret.

"I've got a boot-black upstairs," he announced, briefly, as he entered the sitting-room. He then went on to explain his Christmas-knight scheme, concluding by telling as much of Dave McCue's history as he knew.

Ruth listened in silent amazement, and then, "Aren't you afraid he may—may steal something?" she suggested, nervously.

At this Guy looked first surprised, and then hurt. Such a possibility had evidently never entered his head.

"Oh, I can't think the boy would do such a thing, after all your kindness to him!" Mrs. Melton hastened to interpose, frowning aside at her daughter. "How does he seem, Guy—quiet or rough?"

"Well, I rather guess he's a mixture," laughed the young knight. Then he added, gravely: "But I'm afraid you don't quite yet understand what I want to do. You see, my idea is to have this fellow treated exactly as if he were a gentleman's son: let him sit at the table with us, play games, take him to drive in the Park, and give him as good a time for a day in winter as the free excursions

and fresh-air funds do in summer. Maybe the plan won't work, and I'm awfully sorry I can't carry it out all by myself, but I—"

"Why, my dear boy," interrupted his mother, "I'm only too glad to find your thoughts running in such channels; and even if the first attempt doesn't succeed as you would wish, you'll know better how to go to work next time. At any rate, Ruth and I will help you all we can; won't we, Ruth?"

"Indeed we will, mother; and now that I understand what Guy is really doing, I feel quite ashamed that I haven't accomplished more in that line myself. Now run up, Sir Knight, and bring your Arab down-stairs to be presented, for it's nearly dinner-time. Perhaps I can get him to join my mission class."

Much elated by this display of sympathy with his undertaking, Guy hastened back to the hall bedroom, and invited Dave to come into his own room. The latter stood quite still in wondering admiration as his quick eye took in all the elegance and comfort of the apartment.

The heavy curtains, the well-filled book-case, easy-cushioned furniture, and odds and ends on mantel-piece and table made it seem to the homeless little lad a perfect museum, and he wandered from one article to another in silent amazement.

But, "Are all them clothes yours?" was the sudden exclamation that rather startled our hero, as he opened the closet where he kept his suits.

"Why, of course they are," he replied, as he slipped on a black coat, and looked down smilingly at the thin little face that was now twisted into a pondering frown.

"Cracky! what a lot on 'em! I—I should think yer'd have ter git up in the night sometimes an' dress yerself, so's ter help wear 'em out," and Dave broke into a loud street laugh, which he cut off in the middle by clapping both hands over his mouth.

"Come," said Guy, "we'll go down now and see my mother and sister. They expect you, you know."

This last was added to re-assure the boy, who at mention of the ladies had stolen up close to his new friend's side, and hesitatingly put out two fingers to touch the latter's hand. The young knight gathered all five of the now white little fingers into a warm grasp, and thus hand in hand the two went down the broad stairways to the dining-room back of the parlor, where the lights and fresco and shining silver, the cheery gas fire, and the warm greetings of Mrs. Melton and her daughter, fairly made Dave's head spin round with receiving so many new impressions at once. His friends, however, were thoughtful enough not to begin talking to him right away, so he had time, while he ate the soup which the imposing-looking butler handed him, to grow more at home amid his queer surroundings, which he took the opportunity to stare at comfortably between the courses. By-and-by, however, he began to ask Guy questions about different pictures in the room, and so by degrees Mrs. Melton and Ruth were drawn naturally into the conversation, and when the ice-cream came on, instead of freezing everybody into stiffness, it seemed to melt all constraint away.

When they had adjourned to the parlor, Ruth told about one of her Sunday-school boys who had been run over by a fire-engine, and as Dave remembered when the accident had happened, he took much interest in hearing about the lad, whose name had been in all the papers.

Then Guy proposed that his sister should play for them, and Dave stood at the corner of the piano, and watched every movement of her fingers with the greatest delight, asking for "more, more," until she declared that she must stop, or it would be too late to explain to him about hanging up his stocking.

After this mystery had been made clear, they all went upstairs, the ladies to the sitting-room, and the boys to Guy's "den," where he caused the late boot-black to sit in

rapt enchantment for half an hour or so while he displayed his proficiency as an amateur conjurer.

"But it's high time you went to bed on this 'night before Christmas,'" cried young Melton, suddenly producing a long white stocking in a most mysterious manner.

This he presented to Dave, and then the two went into the hall bedroom, and hung it with much ceremony on the door knob.

"We don't have breakfast till half past eight, but I guess Santa Claus 'll wake you long before that. Don't bother about the gas; I'll put it out for you. Good-night, Dave;" and Guy held out his hand.

The other grasped it in both of his, and held it tight, while he gave a swift glance around at the snowy bed, soft carpet, and spotless curtains, and then said, so low that the older lad could scarcely hear, "You're awful good ter me." Then he broke away, went over to the window, and lifting the shade, looked out into the street at the blinding snow-storm that had set in, as if eager to



DAVE AND THE "FANNIE."

make the wondrous contrast between his present lodgings and the Brooklyn Bridge all the more forcible.

Guy felt a big lump rising in his throat, which presently seemed to burst and send a happy sensation all over him.

Christmas morning dawned upon a city all ready for a sleighing carnival, and the milkmen's bells awakened our hero early. For an instant he forgot what day it was, and thought only of the snow; then he remembered the gladsome anniversary, and instinctively turned his eyes toward the table upon which his presents had always been placed, when suddenly the recollection of his knighthood swept down upon him in a flood, and he felt jollier, as he afterward expressed it, than a dozen new cravat pins or expensive rings could have made him.

Springing up, he hurriedly dressed himself, and stepped into the next room with a cheery "Merry Christmas!" for Dave, whom he found sitting up in bed, gazing, spell-

bound, alternately at the contents of his stocking in his lap and at the table from Guy's apartment by his side, on which latter lay a winter overcoat, a rubber suit, and a pair of skates.

"It's a sight better nor even Barnum's parade!" cried the happy boy, as our knight sat down and examined each article, to their owner's no small delight.

Out of the stocking had come forth a knife, a ball, a top, an orange, packages of candy, funny little figures and pictures, and numerous other articles of like dimensions, dear to the boyish soul, while down at the toe glittered a bright five-dollar gold piece, whither Dave had restored it for safe-keeping.

"Jimminy! I'm awful rich, ain't I?" he exclaimed, joyously, spreading out his arms over his treasures.

Then Guy helped him arrange them on the bureau, and proposed that he get ready for buckwheat cakes and breakfast. In the dining room our hero found some little presents for himself from friends who had not been "warned," and as soon as the meal was over, he started out with Dave for a brisk tramp through the snow. At half past ten they all went out in the big sleigh, with prancing horses, gay plumes, and silvery bells. Away up to the end of the Park and out into the country they drove, returning just in time for lunch, after which Guy crowned the pinnacle of delights for Dave by taking him to the pantomime.

When they came back, Ruth went with Dave into the library to show him some pictures, while Mrs. Melton beckoned her son into the parlor.

"Guy," she said, "I am going to ask you to hand Dave over to me when your time with him is up in the morning. I want to send him out West with a party that starts to-morrow afternoon. Ruth and I have looked into the matter, and have already paid the necessary expense. He'll have a good home with a farmer a friend of mine happens to know personally, and I am sure it is a much better opening for him than anything we could find here in the city, where he has lived such a life."

"Oh, mother!" was all Guy could say, but Mrs. Melton saw his joy and gratitude in his eyes, and then sent him to tell Dave, who was immediately in raptures at the prospect of going off to live among horses, cows, trees, and barns.

"But won't I ever see you again?" he asked, suddenly, in a sober tone, turning to the boy friend who had been the means of bringing to him all this happiness and start in life.

"To be sure you will," interposed Mrs. Melton, who had come in to note the effect of the news. "It isn't so far West as to prevent our all going out there to board for a month or so next summer, while I drink the waters for which, you know, the place is already becoming quite famous."

"Hip, h——" began Dave, tossing up an imaginary cap; then recollecting that he was not in the City Hall Park, he stored away his enthusiasm until he found an opportunity to ask Guy to come out into the hall and see how long he could stand on his head. This feat was interrupted by the butler's appearance to announce dinner, causing Dave's heels to come down unpleasantly close to that pompous individual's face.

During the evening there was company in the parlor, so the street boy, who was to be such no longer, passed the time in Guy's room, telling the latter curious stories of his past life, and showing himself so fondly devoted to the lad who had befriended him, as to prove that he was indeed looked up to as a knight and hero.

"I'll learn ter write soon'er ever I kin," were the last words our friend heard, as the train moved out of the station the next afternoon; and now, in a pigeon-hole of Guy's desk, there lies a pile of letters, each an advance on the other in penmanship and grammar, and the whole labelled, "From my boy."



“THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.”

A Christmas Play for Little Folk.

BY OLIVE WILSON.

SCENE I.—A GROVE. In the distance the toe of an enormous boot.

Enter MOTHER MADGE, followed by NINA, JACK, SPITFIRE, TOM FYE, and a throng of children. The children sing plaintively.

Oh dear! we are tired and hungry and cold,
 And poor Mother Madge is both weary and old.
 We would work if we could—give us something to do,
 If it's only to dance a cotillon for you.
 We'll sing for a supper, we'll skip and we'll dance,
 And gayly for supper we'll hop and we'll prance;
 For poor Mother Madge is both weary and old,
 And all of us children are hungry and cold.

MOTHER MADGE (in a hoarse and croaking voice, her cap rattles shaking, and her crutch tapping the ground impatiently).

Hush! such nonsense! children, do. I will make you sing a tune,
 Who will heed such chits as you? If you are not silent soon!

Then turning to the audience, she speaks with a whim.

Pity, kind friends. Was there ever before
 A woman like me in so dreadful a plight?
 All these poor children were left at my door,
 Their spirits are high, but their poor feet are sore.
 Please won't you help us to-night?

MOTHER MADGE (soliloquizing, or talking to herself). I've always thought that sooner or later their fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and cousins would come home, and bring me that pot of gold that lies at the far-away end of the rainbow. For indeed

I've been good to them. When I've had plenty I've shared it with them, and growing children do have tremendous appetites. They have had a whipping now and then. You can't bring up boys without it; and as for Spitfire, poor child, if it wasn't for my rod she'd laugh in my very face, and hide my best cap, if she took the fancy. We got along well enough till the fire that burned up my house, and the robbers that plundered my purse, and the grasshoppers that ate up my crops, came all in a week. Now how can I keep a whole orphan asylum without bed or board, porridge or potatoes? And Nina's so pretty, and Jack's so brave! I love them and am proud of them; but, oh, what a charge for a poor worn-out old woman! Dearly me! Dearly me!

[She throws her apron over her head, rocks herself to and fro as she sits in an old splint-bottom chair, which has been left in the grove by a picnic party, and sobs aloud. At this the CHILDREN all cry in chorus. MOTHER MADGE jumps up and flourishes a switch.]

Behave yourselves, children.
 For I am a witch,
 And I've got a great switch.
 There, Tommy, there, Spitfire, see
 (Striking the two lightly)
 What you get when you fret,
 And make fun of my pet,
 Stop shouting, you children, at me.

[They all wipe their eyes, and JACK disappears, while NINA flies around, kissing one child, coaxing another, and hiding MOTHER MADGE'S switch behind the chair.]

MOTHER MADGE. I seem to be cross, but I am only at my wits' end. How ever shall I feed and clothe and shelter such a crowd of little ones any longer? Even if somebody helps me now, what are we to do in future?

JACK (returning). I am going on an expedition. I may find a deserted cabin, where we may spend the night comfortably. Now, Mother Madge, take a nap; and, Nina, have those children any handkerchiefs?

[Exit JACK, while NINA, taking a large handkerchief from MOTHER MADGE'S bag, wipes the faces of the little ones.]

“I have so many children, I don't know what to do,” croons the old woman in her sleep.

Enter JACK (trillily scolded). Mother Madge, what do you think? I have discovered a place where we may all stay. Nothing less than a tremendous shoe, which looks as though it might belong to an immense giant.

TOM FYE (scornfully). Ho! How can we eat a shoe?

JACK. Be still, Tom.

SPITFIRE. More likely the giant who owns the shoe will come along and eat us.

TOM. Devour us. Of course he will!

JACK. Mother Madge, there is your rod. It has fallen under your chair. Please shake it at them, or something.

The CHILDREN sing in chorus.

We're in a land of giants; But Jack will make a castle
 We don't know what to do. Of some old giant's shoe.



Esc. Maclean

NINA. Brother, let us all take hold of the shoe and drag it here, where we can look at it.

[*Ere CHILDREN. They return, dragging the shoe, and place it at the back of the stage.*]

ALL. Hurrah! Here it is!

MOTHER MADGE. Oh, Grandmother Goose, what a huge foot!

SPITFIRE. I could hide in the toe.

NINA. We might all live in it. It is big enough.

MOTHER MADGE. So it is, and we will live in it. We will tear it down on the side and make a door, and you, my children, shall stay within while I keep guard without.

JACK. The giant may return.

MOTHER MADGE. Little danger. Probably it hurts his corrus. I think he has abandoned it, and here in the grove he will never think of looking for it. Giants are stupid creatures.

[*THE CHILDREN climb over and into it, SPITFIRE making a pirouette, on tiptoe, as she gets ready to spring over the top. Presently her curly head is seen peeping out of a hole she has made in the toe.*]

JACK. For shame, Spitfire! Don't make holes on purpose.

MOTHER MADGE. Not in our only shelter.

JACK (*holding up a large placard he finds in the shoe*). sings.

Here is his number: Wears, as I live,
Old Giant Macomber A good 365.

JACK hangs it up, saying: When our ship comes in they'll know where to deliver our goods.

MOTHER MADGE. Now, my chicks, cuddle up closely and go to sleep. I want to reflect. I think I can find you a breakfast. To-morrow will be Christmas.

CHILDREN sing.

Will to-morrow be Christmas? How hang up our stockings
Pray what shall we do? In such an old shoe?

(*They all begin to cry.*)

MOTHER MADGE seizes SPITFIRE, and gives her a shake. The others scramble into their places as fast as they can, singing:

Don't, don't whip us; we'll be good.

Curtain falls on Scene I.

SCENE II.—*Stage rather dark. Shoe seen in the shadow. JACK and NINA in the foreground; the latter leaning against her brother, and just asleep.*

JACK. Poor little Nina! She was so very tired. Heigh-ho! I am the same, but I will keep awake until Mother Madge comes back. I must not sleep on guard.

NINA (*glaucing*). I am not asleep, Jack dear. I only closed my eyes for a second. I wish Mother Madge was here. I shiver with dread lest the giant should return.

JACK. Do not fear; I will be your valiant defender. If he comes [*Jack rises and flourishes his arm*], I will say, "Avaunt! base craven; this shoe is mine."

NINA. But that would not be true, Jack.

JACK. Why, I found it, and our family fills it. If he attempted to take it from us I would kill him.

CHILDREN swarm out of the shoe, singing.

Jack would kill the giant; Jack would kill the giant—
Jack is very strong; Thus we sing our song.

[*At this moment they discover the placard on NINA's back and shout with laughter. JACK attempts to punish TOM for having put it on, and the others take his part. In the squabble the shoe is upset, and in the confusion MOTHER MADGE re-enters.*]

MOTHER MADGE. Hoity-toity! Is this the way you perform when I go out, quarrelling and pulling the house down about your ears? Jack, set it up, while I chastise these naughty children. (*She flies around, brandishing her rod. When order is restored she says*): Now, Nina and Jack, the time has come to tell you an important secret. Many moons ago your father, King Thunderbolt, was summoned away to a great war. He marched off with a grand retinue, colors flying, drums beating, and bugles sounding, and before he went he gave me, an old retainer of the court, you, his darling children, to care for, and also his little nieces and nephews, children of the chiefs who went with him. I had a large and pleasant house, and plenty of gold and silver, and you know how carefully I have watched over my charge till yesterday, when we were driven away by a cruel band of rebels and robbers. It is well they did not dream whose children you were, or they would have killed you.

JACK. But King Thunderbolt and his army—will they never return?

MOTHER MADGE. Alas! I fear they have all perished.

Chorus from the Shoe.

Oh, never lose heart when the days are so dark;
Through the storm and the rain there is help coming. Hurk!
And, kind Mother Madge, you must never be blue,
For plenty of sunshine will come to the shoe.

NINA. Hush! children; the ground shakes as if with an earthquake. What can be the matter?

[*A low rumbling is heard, and a massive tread comes nearer.*

B—T—T—T. BURRT. BURRT.]

CHILDREN (*shrinking in terror*). Oh dear! the giant! the giant! NINA (*flying into Jack's arms*). Dear Jack, he will crush us all under his mighty feet.

MOTHER MADGE (*bravely*). No, children; giants are ponderous creatures, but they are kind. I would be much more afraid of a spiteful dwarf.

JACK. I suppose he wants to have his shoe half-sole.

TOM FYE. In that case we are all sold.

NINA. Puns are vulgar; and, oh, Tom! how can you pun at such a moment?

INVISIBLE GIANT (*groaning fearfully*). I certainly left my best shoe here, I remember. It pinched a little, and I threw it off after dinner, when I lay down for a nap. It must have rolled farther than I thought. How I do hate new shoes! The fairies sell so few nowadays, and leather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Burrt!

JACK. Just hear that!

SPITFIRE (*with a giggle*). When he was a boy! I thought giants were always as big as a house, even when they were little.

GIANT. Well, I'll find that shoe, as sure as my name is Gruff. I believe it's over in that grove. I'm going to see. Am I to go flippy-top, hoppy-hop, all my life for the want of it? Not I.

[*GIANT approaches, with slow and heavy tread, rolling as he walks. He sees the shoe and catches it, giving a shake, which tumbles all the children out in a bunch. THE GIANT drops the shoe, and raises both hands in dismay.*]

GIANT. Well, what on earth! mice, hares, robins, little fishes, BABIES! What have we here? Babies, on my honor, actually asleep, a crowd of 'em, in my poor old shoe. Horrors! They're going to cry! I can not stand children's crying. It upsets my nerves, and gives me a headache. Will somebody not a baby tell me what this means?

NINA (*leaving back*). MOTHER MADGE. Oh, Giant Gruff, you dear, good, darling, beautiful Giant! if you'll forgive us for taking such a liberty we'll never, never do so again. We saw the shoe—such a pretty one too!—and we thought it would not be wrong—poor mother and my brothers and sisters were so tired—and so we—borrowed it for a little while; but we'll draw it back for you again, dear giant.

GIANT. Hump! you're a little lady, if ever there was one. It's hard for me to go barefoot, though, especially on one foot. But I'll tell you what: I'll lend you the shoe, while I take another nap, if that baby (*pointing to SPITFIRE*) will come here and give me a kiss.

SPITFIRE (*pointing*). I'm not a baby, but I'll oblige you. Only how am I to climb to your cheeks without a step-ladder?

GIANT. Ha! ha! ha! Why, I'll stoop down and kiss you, little Spitfire. Good-bye.

GIANT withdraws. In the distance are heard horns, drums, and trumpets. CHILDREN, scrambling into the shoe, sing softly.

We are ever so sleepy, we're hungry and sad,
And so we will sing, and we'll try to be glad;
Though poor Mother Madge is so awfully blue,
And soon we must leave the dear giant's nice shoe.

NINA. For pity's sake, children, be silent. The music is drawing nearer. Here comes a splendid gentleman in a purple velvet coat, faced with gold lace.

[*MOTHER MADGE, stepping in front of the shoe (out of which the children flutter like a throng of birds) and extending her skirts, drops a low courtesy.*]

Enter the KING. His men remain visible at the edge of the grove, and he advances alone.

KING. Why, madam, what may this be? Who are you, and what sort of establishment is this?

MOTHER MADGE. Generous sire, they are my children, and I will die rather than see a hair of their heads hurt.

KING. Who wants to hurt them? Not my friend, good Giant Gruff, who has just gone to sleep on the slope of the hill around which we came. Upon my word, your house looks as if it might be the poor giant's lost shoe over which he was lamenting. We heard his groans, but our music put him to sleep. Nobody will hurt you, good woman, but I want your children to sing for me merrily.

MOTHER MADGE. You hear, children; you are to sing merrily now for his Majesty. Be quick, or I'll have to get my rod.

CHILDREN. Merrily, cheerly, tra la la!
Here is a King come home from war.
Merrily, cheerly we will sing—
Supper at last the King will bring.

MOTHER MADGE. Pray pardon them, sire. They are almost starved. We have been plundered and robbed, and our home was destroyed—

And the best we could do was to live in a shoe.

KING. Whose children are these?

MOTHER MADGE. King Thunderbolt, who went far away to the wars, was the father of Nina and Jack; and their little cousins too are all of royal blood.

KING. And are you, good dame, my faithful Madge, and you do not know me! I am Thunderbolt!

MOTHER MADGE (*courtesying bow*). Parlon me; for indeed, my King, you are changed. Here are your children. Here is Prince Jack; there is the Princess Nina.

(*The two step forward and kiss their father's hand. He lays his hand on JACK's head and kisses NINA. The other children rush forward crying, "Papa, papa! Uncle Thunderbolt! welcome home!"*)

KING. Enough to drive one crazy. How have you ever survived?

MOTHER MADGE (*gayly*). Oh, I've rocked them, and kissed them, and calmed them—"My dear,"
And watched them with pleasure, sire, year after year;
And now and then given them milk, broth, and bread,
And whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

KING. Mother Madge, you are a little general. Now, then, for supper in camp, and these famed appetites shall be satisfied.

Curtain falls on Scene II.

SCENE III.—KING and MOTHER MADGE seated near each other, and surrounded by courtiers. Music of instruments. CHILDREN dance merrily to a light measure. At a signal they pause, and each, holding the hand of his partner, sings.

No more we are tired and hungry and cold;
Our hearts are as light as our foot-steps are bold.
The King has come home, and we bend at his feet;
We love him, we serve him—our good King we greet.

KING. Now, Jack and Nina, on this Christmas-day
Be good, and with your kind protector stay.
Ere long my palace shall re-opened be,
And there you all shall come and live with me.
And on the wall we'll paint a mighty shoe,
Like that which yesterday your praises drew.
You, Jack, shall learn the ways of martial men,
And Nina be a Queen's sweet child again;
And all the little ones be kind and true;
And don't forget the Giant's friendly shoe.

Parting Song. We'll all be good, we'll all be kind,
And Mother Madge we all will mind,
The only thing we wish to-day
Is that her rod were thrown away.

As any number of children may take part in this play, it is well adapted for school exhibitions. MOTHER MADGE should have a round, rosy face, to contrast with her assumed character of a deceitful old woman. The shoe may be made of pasteboard, and covered with black muslin.

COSTUMES.

MOTHER MADGE, in scarlet petticoat, broadened over-dress, snowy cap, and embroidered apron; high-heeled slippers, reticule, and rod at her side.

JACK wears knee-breeches, blouse, cap, and long castrich feather.

NINA, quaint dress, in rich colors. The COURTIERS, prettily dressed.

KING, in velvet and gold, with crown and sceptre.

GIANT. A young gentleman with a deep voice should take this part. The GIANT's height may be added to by his holding up a very large broom, which may be draped by a full military cloak or an old-fashioned water-proof, and crowned by a freeman's hat. The GIANT must keep well in the shadow. He might even remain invisible in case there should be any great difficulty in arranging his height and costume.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by Mrs. M. E. SANGSTER.

Music by WALTER R. JOHNSTON.

Moderato.

Rall. a tempo.

Musical notation for the first system of the carol, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Come, chil-dren, with sing-ing, With sweet voi-ces ring-ing, Come kneel to the Babe that in Beth-le-hem lies, While"

Musical notation for the second system of the carol, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "an-gels a choir, a choir. With pin-ions of fire, of fire. Are fill-ing with"

Musical notation for the third system of the carol, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "mu-sic the list-'ning skies, With mu-sic the list-'ning skies."

Repeat the dear story
How, leaving His glory,
The Hope of the ages came down to the earth.
Oh, worship Him lowly,
The lofty and holy,
Our Star of the Morning shone out at His birth.
See Mary enfold Him
While shepherds behold Him,
And sages are bent at His beautiful feet.
Come, haste to adore Him,
And, bowing before Him,
The Christ who redeems you in reverence greet.

This wonderful Stranger,
His couch is a manger,
His cradle is made with the cattle in stall;
Yet God of creation
In blest incarnation,
He stoops to our nature to ransom us all.
Rock, bells, in the steeple,
Shout loudly, good people,
And, children, oh, merrily, merrily sing!
O'er land and o'er ocean
With joyful commotion
Send forth the glad tidings that Jesus is King.



CHRISTMAS GREENS.

"So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;

Each room with ivy leaves is dress'd,
And every post with holly."

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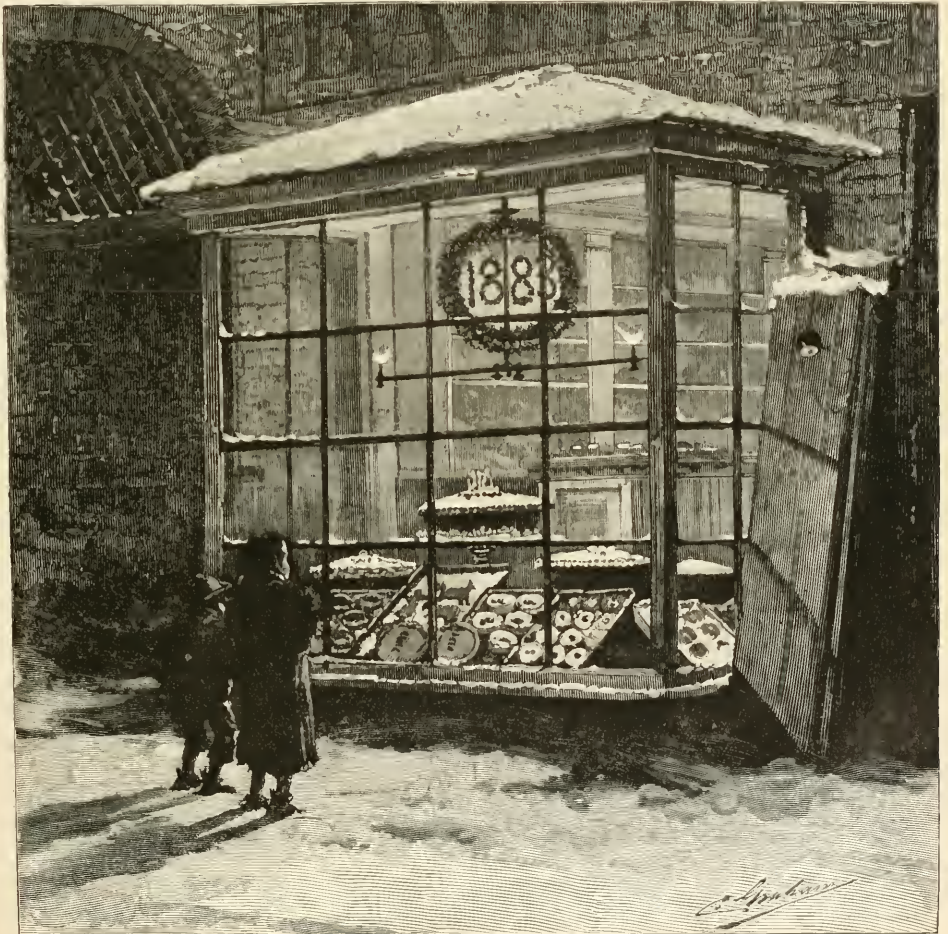
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NEW-YEAR CAKES.

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAIN.

A CASTAWAY AMBASSADOR.

I.

IN all narratives of ordinary life, and even in fiction, the fact of the persons described being foreigners (*i. e.*, speaking another language), or of the incidents having taken place many years ago, is found greatly to detract from the interest of the story.

This holds good even in accounts of shipwrecks. The perils of a crew of Malays or Chinese would but slightly move us in comparison with those of English or Americans. Nevertheless, there are a few cases, of which the following is one, in which the foreign element, by reason of its strangeness, and also of a certain unfitness to deal with dangers with which our own sailors are familiar, is of itself attractive.

Imagine three Siamese ambassadors, unaccustomed to the sea, accompanied by a retinue of long-robed attendants, and full of the most artificial and fanciful ideas of human life, suddenly finding themselves thrown upon their own resources, having to climb mountains, swim rivers, deal with savages of the most ignorant type, and devour mussels and sea-weed, contrary to their religion.

It is a picture which would be ridiculous but for "the pity of it." Its absurdity is immensely increased by their conviction of the importance of their mission, and of the greatness of the King their master, to whose dispatches (which had probably nothing in them but observations on the weather or on the state of his own health) they cling with a loyal persistence that could not have been exceeded had they been the original MSS. of the sacred Scriptures.

The name of one of these voyagers is peculiar: Occum Chamnam, a mandarin of Siam, bound with two other great mandarins, six others of inferior rank, and an immense retinue, on an embassy to the court of Portugal. They embark on the 27th of January, 1686, on board a Portuguese vessel of thirty guns and 150 men, with many passengers besides themselves, "including three monks of different orders, and a number of Creoles, Indians, Portuguese, and Mestees, a people of color." It was what is called in these days rather a "scratch lot," which one can easily imagine at any crisis of peril or misfortune would fly asunder from one another like the contents of a burst shell.

When in sight, as they imagined "by certain marks" (in which they were quite wrong), of the Cape of Good Hope, the huge unwieldy vessel struck on a rock, and stuck there. Occum Chamnam describes the scene in a simple manner, which is quite refreshing. "I can not picture the terror and consternation which then prevailed. Who can figure the emotions excited by certain death to so many? Nothing was heard but shrieks, sighs, and groans. People rushed rudely together." Ceremonial, which was poor Occum's natural atmosphere, seems to have been neglected altogether. "Those who had been the bitterest enemies were now reconciled in all sincerity. The tumult was such that it deafened the crashing of the vessel, breaking into a thousand pieces, and the noise of the waves dashing with incredible fury against the rocks. . . . My own affright was not less than that of others until, being assured that there was some chance of escape, and seeing that I personally should not lose much by this shipwreck, I summoned up some resolution. I had two good habits, which I put on, and then committing myself to several planks tied together, endeavored to reach the shore. Our second ambassador, the strongest and best swimmer of the three, was already before me, carrying the King's dispatches, fastened to a sabre with which his Majesty had presented him."

They had neither water, wine, nor bread, and the cold, in spite of his "two habits," struck to the very marrow of the poor Eastern. The next morning he accordingly re-

turned to the wreck upon a kind of hurdle, trusting to find food and raiment. Everything, however, was full of water, and he could only obtain some pieces of gold stuff, a small case containing six flasks of wine, and a portion of biscuit, "so bitter from the salt-water that I could not swallow a single mouthful."

As many Siamese had escaped quite naked, Occum shared the gold stuff with them, but "sensible that the wine would not last long in their hands," he intrusted it to a Portuguese, "who had testified great friendship for me, telling him it was at his command, providing he would give me some of it when required. I soon, alas! had occasion to learn the weakness of friendship when opposed to the impulse of necessity, and that self, under the pressure of want, is the first consideration. My friend daily supplied me with half a glass of wine for the first few days in the confidence of our discovering a spring or rivulet; but finding ourselves disappointed, my requests for what I had bestowed in the warmth of friendship were vain." Indeed, the Portuguese gave him so effectual a repulse, saying that "even his own father should not have a drop of it," that the unfortunate ambassador felt that he had exhausted the resources of argument, and did not try again.

I am sorry to say that the conduct of this scoundrel was only an instance of the whole behavior of his countrymen toward the Siamese. Above two hundred of the ship's company had reached the land—a barren and uninhabitable shore; and on the second day they started along the coast—just as the crew of the *Grosvenor* were fated to do a hundred years afterward—in the expectation of reaching the Cape of Good Hope. The pilots and captain calculated that it was but twenty leagues away, so that "most of the company left behind what provisions they had obtained from the ship, so as not to be embarrassed by them."

They soon, therefore, began to feel the pinch of hunger, though it was almost unnoticed in the pangs of thirst. Their road was through bushes which afforded no shelter from the burning sun, and in forty-eight hours they only came upon one well, the waters of which were so brackish as to be undrinkable. The chief ambassador being in feeble health, the Siamese could not march quickly, and the Portuguese went on ahead, always watched by the former with a touching anxiety, since they had confidence in their skill and endurance, in which they knew themselves to be deficient; but they soon became secretly aware that the Portuguese did not wish their companionship, and in fact were deserting them.

Presently the first ambassador became so ill that he insisted on being left behind, so that the rest should no longer be delayed, but hasten on to the Dutch settlement, whence help might be sent to him. "A youth of fifteen, the son of a mandarin, between whom and the ambassador existed a mutual affection, refused to leave him, and this conduct inspired an old domestic, who also remained with his master."

Once, and even twice, the Siamese came up with the Portuguese, but without either signs of welcome or repulsion; famine and fatigue were doing their accustomed work, and nothing but the possession of food or drink had much interest for any one. Their principal support was mussels, and certain bitter leaves which grew above high-water mark. Their signs and dumb entreaties for food, joined doubtless to their strange appearance, were only responded to by the natives "with shouts of laughter." When they evinced their desire to purchase some of the sheep and oxen, which were grazing in great numbers throughout the country, they replied, "Tabac" (meaning tobacco), or "Patafac" (meaning patacas, the only coin they knew. The pilot, indeed, had a few of the latter, and bought an ox with them, but divided it solely among his fellow-countrymen. None of the Siamese obtained a single mouthful.

Occum offered two large diamonds for a sheep, which

were refused with disdain; but when one of the mandarins adorned his head with certain gold ornaments, the natives gave him a quarter of a sheep for them, which was eaten raw. A Hottentot once took a fancy to the gold buttons on an unfortunate diplomatist's robe, and "I made signs that he should have them in return for something to eat; but judge of my disappointment when he only brought with him a small vessel of milk"—probably the dearest milk that was ever sold.

The last solid food of which they partook was the skin of the ox purchased by the pilot, and which the Portuguese had thrown away. After that they were so fortunate as to find a peninsula covered with mussels, where they remained two days, as in an oasis of plenty. "A slender serpent, killed with a dagger, was eaten head, skin, bones, and all"; and then, as they dragged themselves upon their weary way, starvation set in with all its horrors. It was on awaking from a heavy sleep, induced by extreme exhaustion, that the poor Siamese discovered one morning that the Portuguese had finally deserted them. "In vain we looked around, shouted, and sought everywhere; but not only were we unable to see a single one of them, but could not discover the route they had taken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAN.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THERE!" exclaimed Nan, shutting her exercise book with a bang. "There, Miss Prior, it is finished!"

"I should say it was," Miss Prior answered, very calmly. "Look how you have blotted it."

Nan's countenance fell. Her own idea had been haste, and it was quite true that the exercise, though all written, was blotted heavily.

"What shall I do?" she said, grumblingly.

"Write it over again," rejoined the governess, in her icest tones.

"Oh, Miss Prior, I can't! I shall be too late."

"You know my rule, Annice," was the answer. "I can never hope to correct your giddy, disorderly ways if I once overlook anything. Come: 'La Cigale ayant chanté.'" And Miss Prior, without relaxing a muscle of her face, began to dictate the exercise which Nan had just written.

The room in which Nan and her governess were seated was one which had, half a century before, been Miss Rolf's own school-room. It had been unused so long that everything looked faded and more old-fashioned even than in any other part of the large house. The first time Nan entered it she thought what a lovely place it would be to romp in, for it was so large and the furniture so scant; but under Miss Prior's rule romping anywhere, Nan discovered, would be considered most unpardonable.

A faded Turkey carpet of indefinite reds was on the floor; some old-fashioned maps and charts hung on the walls between the four windows—one at each end, two at the side; there were globes and one or two desks. A piano of more recent date than the rest of the furniture—though rather a "tin pan" at best, Nan thought—stood between two of the windows, and there was an elaborate chemical apparatus, which Nan longed to have some day entirely to herself. Nan's desk was in the middle of the room—Miss Prior objected to her being near the windows—and the governess always occupied a stiff chair near a little table at her right.

Now, with all Nan's lack of education and the vulgarity of her recent surroundings, she dearly loved to see pret-

ty objects about her, to have bright soft colors in view—something to please her eye as well as her heart. The dreary school-room oppressed her even in this soft May weather; but Miss Prior oppressed her still more. "That lady," Joan Rolf remarked, "would freeze a canary with a look"; and with Nan, for all her high spirits, the process of chilling went on very successfully when she was with her governess.

Yet Miss Prior never for an instant suspected that she was not the very wisest and kindest and most comprehensive of Nan's new friends. In person she was rather small, with thin blonde hair, which she wore gathered into the smallest possible knot at the back of her head, light blue eyes, perfectly regular, cold features, the lips as thin as they could be and ever open, the chin decidedly square. Unfortunately for herself, Miss Prior was one of those persons who consider themselves as injured by having to work for her living, and it seemed to her as though she ought always to enforce upon others a sense of her "dignity."

Whenever she did unbend with Nan, it was to tell of the comforts and elegancies of her life before "poor papa" died, and she never discovered that Nan was not impressed either by a sense of her former glory or any feeling that she was not acting the part of a perfect lady in being a governess. Miss Rolf had engaged her through the recommendations of Western friends, and because she was really highly educated, so far as book-learning went. But Nan needed a warmer, finer kind of association. Just then her governess should have been her dearest friend.

On this morning Nan's haste and her impatience were partially excusable, for she was to pay her first visit to the cousins in College Street at three o'clock; and Mrs. Heriot would keep her "forever," thought Nan, doing her hair and looking over her dress, and it was already one, and in two minutes, she felt sure, the dinner-bell would ring—and, there! went another blot. Nan's little brown head bent lower and lower over her writing, while her feelings arose in rebellion. She crooked her elbows out more and more, and received a "fillip" of an exasperating kind from Miss Prior's thimble, and at last, flurried and nervous, let a tear splash down and mingle with a very blackly written word in a little inky stream.

"Annice!" exclaimed Miss Prior. She stood up in perfect horror.

Nan leaned back in her chair, two more tears gathering under her dark lashes. She felt humble and ashamed, although it seemed as if she could not write another word.

"You can go away now," said Miss Prior, very icily, "and get ready for dinner, but the work must remain where it is; and when you come to your lessons to-morrow, the exercise shall be written *twice* instead of once."

Nan's penitence vanished, for here she felt was injustice. How much more would a gentle word, even of rebuke, have done for her! But she was glad to escape. She went away to her room, dried her eyes, and listened to the dinner-bell with a sense of relief.

But as she went down the long staircase, which was flooded with May sunlight, a curious feeling of loneliness came over little Nan. She knew that everything money could buy was given her freely, and that every one about her meant to be good and kind. But there was something wanting—a lack which made Nan's heart swell and a sob rise involuntarily to her throat. What was it? And why, with all their common ways and vulgar ideas, had she not missed just this one thing in the Ruperts household? She walked slowly across the hall, thinking how much she would give for one sight of her cousin Philip's homely, gentle countenance, one hour with him on the beach, or among his shells and poor little collection of curiosities. Yet it was only one month since she felt herself such a proud heroine of romance!

Miss Rolf was waiting for Nan at the head of the dinner

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



“MISS ROLF JUST LET HER CRY.”

table. Seated behind the glittering silver and glass, dressed, as usual, faultlessly, with her rich old laces and dark silks, the old lady looked to Nan the very personification of comfort and luxurious ease. Of course Nan did not define it in this way to herself; on the contrary, it made her only feel confused and sad, and long for something, she knew not what. She came into the room timidly, still very near to tears; and then she saw Miss Rolf look at her with a curious glance, half pity, half affection, altogether something gentler than Nan had ever seen.

The old lady put out one of her beautiful white hands, and Nan seemed to know what she meant. She came up very quietly, and laid her own little trembling fingers in it.

“Nan,” Aunt Letty said, “you look sometimes so like your father!”

Nan’s restraint soon gave way at this. It was certainly queer, in the middle of a bright sunshiny day, and just at dinner-time, for no apparent reason, to burst into tears; but that is precisely what Nan did. She flung her arms about the old lady’s neck, and sobbed passionately against the rich brown silk dress, while, what was more singular, Miss Rolf just let her cry away, holding her tenderly, and kissing the rough mass of brown hair softly.

Robert, the butler, luckily did not come in on this scene, or I am afraid he would have thought his mistress had entirely lost her senses. To the servants, as well as to Nan, Miss Rolf was like a queen—proud, reserved, and certainly not a person before whom to betray any weakness; but the tenderness of the arms about Nan was unmistakable.

When the little girl lifted up her flushed, tear-stained face, she seemed to feel as if everything danced in a glad light about her, and Miss Rolf had a delicate pink flush on her old cheeks. She looked almost as transformed and as excited as Nan.

“Dear, dear,” she said, very quietly, “by-and-by you’ll tell me all about it.”

She held the little girl’s hot head closely, and looked at her with something about her own eyelashes that glistened; for she was thinking of a day, thirty years ago, when Nan’s father had been her idol. No child had ever wept in her arms, or looked as if it wanted to kiss her, since those days, and perhaps the perfectly natural outburst on Nan’s part had made her feel what she had lost through pride and self-will.

“Nannie,” the old lady said, earnestly, “I’ve a long story to tell you some day about your father. Some day I mean you to hear it. Now sit down, my child. There,” added Miss Rolf, quickly, her old stern look coming back—“there is Robert. Robert, you were a long time bringing in the soup. I must make Susan understand promptness better.”

Nan glided into her seat, wondering if Robert noticed how red her eyes were. But that distinguished person did not betray it if he had. He moved about noiselessly as usual, and attended to Miss Rolf’s slightest look with his usual quickness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROB.

A Christmas Story.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

MR. WALTER DIX sat toasting his feet before the bright fire in his studio on Christmas eve. The studio looked a very cozy and pleasant place, with the fire-light flickering over the gay Japanese fans tacked against the chimney, and the gilding on the books and ornaments of the mantel-piece. But Mr. Dix was not exactly cheerful. “Too bad to be away from home on Christmas,” he was saying to himself. “Here I am, all alone down here in Florida, and father and mother and Fanny away up in Massachusetts. Well, merry Christmas to all of you, although you can’t hear me wish it.”

One, two, three! Hands rapped at the studio door as if to break off Mr. Dix’s dull reflections. Slowly the door opened. “Look out dar, you Link! Fotch her long steady,” a darky voice was saying, with a gleeful chuckle. Mr. Dix turned his head. With another chuckle two negro lads walked up the room, pulling on a rude cart a square box covered with express labels. “Good-ebenin’, Mars’ Dix!” “Merry Christmas to Mars’ Dix!”

"Why, Rob! Why, Link!" cried the young painter. "I'm glad to see you. And have you come all the way up from the station, this windy night, with that heavy box?"

Rob's broad face sparkled with pleasure. "Yes, Mars' Dix. She come down by de tug, she did, an' ole Uncle Cato he 'lowed 'twas a Crissum box from yer folks, an' said Mars' Dix muss hab her—sholy!"

"An' pleeze, Mars' Dix," burst forth Link, with shining eyes and teeth, "'plee-ee-ze can't Rob an' me stay an' see you open it?"

Stay they did: and each gift from the home circle to Mr. Dix put the two into a more electric state of tickle than the one before it. The various articles were all pronounced wonderful; but the one that drew out a special storm of applause was a large and beautiful opera-glass. "Hi! ain't dat miraelas!" ejaculated Link, turning around and staring at Rob through its larger end. "Dar you goes, half mile off. 'Pears like dis heah eud jes knock a man into de middle o' nex' Crissum!"

Shuffling steps outside interrupted Mr. Dix's merry answer. In another moment a new knocking at the studio door, and lo! Rob's decidedly "cheeky" invitation, "Come in," admitted to the rosy fire-light all the other members of Mr. Dix's little Sunday-school class down at the station—Henry, with his round head and solemn little face; the two brothers Coot and Will Jackson, with their sedate little phizzes; and Tom, the blaekest and plumpest-cheeked and most quick-witted of all the six.

"Well, well," exclaimed Mr. Dix, kindly, giving up his letter-reading for the present, "this is a surprise, boys! How do you all do on Christmas-eve?" After—thanks to Rob's petition—every single article from the box had been duly again gone over and exhibited, for the benefit of the new arrivals, Mr. Dix said: "Now, boys, I want you all to sit down there on the rug before the fire. First, we must have a little Christmas talk together; shall we?—and after that I've a plan to propose to you."

Down they sat accordingly; and with at least six tell-



THE "KORTET ACK."

ings, each to the other, to "stop a-serugin' into me wid yer ellabow!" and to "quit a-bu'stin' out lullin dat ar way!" the little group grew more serious as they sat around Mr. Dix's feet.

"Boys," said the painter, "who was it was born on Christmas-day; that same One of whom we have talked so many Sunday afternoons together?"

"Jesus Christ, Mars' Dix," answered Rob and Link, soberly.

"Well," said Mr. Dix, when another question or two had been put and met, "do not forget that He was always doing a kindness to some one, even to those who hated him the most; always carrying their and our sins and faults, from the time He lay, a tiny baby, in the manger at Bethlehem until He came to His cross. Ay, and ever after."

The six black faces were very thoughtful by the time Mr. Dix had finished; but how did the twelve flashing eyes dance when, after a little pause, the young painter said,

"Boys, I suppose you've all heard about youngsters like you hanging up stockings on Christmas-eve?"

"Oh yes, Mars' Dix," came Rob's voice, leading the rest.

"Ah," resumed the young man, stirring the coals; "and are any of you going to try hanging up stockings down at the station?"

"Guess not, Mars' Dix," came Tom's thick voice, accompanied with the usual chuckle. "Ole Aunt Asia she say she won't hab no sech a tomfoolery roun' her way."

"An' anyhow," exclaimed Link, "'twouldn't be no use. Santy Klaw's ain't goin' ter bring nothin' to black folkses. Too many white chil'ren fer to 'tend to."

A laugh greeted this state-



THE BOYS EMPTYING THE STOCKINGS.

ment. Mr. Dix joined in it. "Well," said he, after it had subsided, "I want each one of you boys to-night before he goes home to hang up a stocking on my mantel-piece, there, and then you can come here, as early as you choose, to-morrow morning, and see if Santa Claus has not brought something for you, at least. He'll never dare to pass by *my* studio, you see."

This delightful idea was received with such a burst of joy that Mr. Dix's breath was nearly taken away. Rob and Link, in fact, found themselves obliged to walk on their hands half across the room before they could entertain the plan entirely. Then came the fresh excitement of each choosing a red or blue striped stocking from out Mr. Dix's drawerful, and, succeeding to that, the thrilling sensation of pinning each one of those same stockings up along the edge of the mantel-shelf. And each must needs have a label fastened to it, so that Santa Claus should make no mistake as to whose stocking it might be. The studio rang with fun by the time the row dangled in the fire-light complete.

"Mars' Dix," said Link, a few moments after, "now dat all dem stoekin's is done ready, wouldn't you like to heah a little musie befo' we staht fo' home?"

"Indeed I should, Link," replied Mr. Dix, "and suppose you give me a dance into the bargain?"

A dance to wind up the evening! That was precisely what was wanted.

"We'll gib you, Mars' Dix, our celebrated new Lady Kortet Aek, if you like," suggested Rob, after a deal of whispering and giggling with his mates in a corner.

"By all means, the Lady Quartette Act, Rob," laughed the young painter.

So Rob and the inseparable Link, along with Will, disappeared behind a tall screen at the far end of the studio together, while Mr. Dix glanced through his letters. Out the three boys came presently, however—Rob with his banjo, and Link shaking his elappers merrily, while Will, most comical to behold, had managed to slip his little black self, clothes and all, into an ancient and wonderfully flowered sacque, which must have belonged to tall old Aunt Asia at the station herself; since when tied around the middle with a flaring red and yellow sash, probably borrowed by one of the company from the same source, it made a kind of droll Bloomer dress. Below it appeared Will's ragged trousers and boots to testify to his sex. Evidently the three had come up to Mr. Dix's studio prepared to be entertaining.

"But I thought I was to hear a quartette," remarked Mr. Dix, as the other boys, having placed chairs for the orchestra, and furnished Will with a big newspaper to hold as his music, contentedly squatted in a row along the far wall of the room.

"My, Mars' Dix, you *has* it," answered Coot and Henry together. "Dar's Willy, an' dar's Link, an' dar's Rob."

"So I see," responded Mr. Dix. "But I thought that a quartette was something played or sung by *four* people—eh? It seems to me I see only three."

The performers stared at each other. This was clearly quite a new notion to them.

"Well, Mars' Dix," answered Rob, presently, "you see— I—dat is, we—we kin o' sort o' disremembered dat ar faek until jes' dis minute. But—" and the boy stopped with rather a mortified grin.

"Oh, never mind, Rob," rejoined the painter, with his gay laugh, and anxious to smooth away so unpleasant a perplexity. "It really don't make an inch of difference to-night. We'll jest call it the 'Quartette Aet' all the same. Go ahead!"

Rob clapped his hands, much relieved. His banjo struck up a frolicsome air; Link's clappers galloped in; Will's voice followed in a rollicking verse, to the chorus of which he executed a quite astonishing little dance; while Henry and Coot and Tom patted the time friskily.

Song followed song after that, until Mr. Dix was really too tired out with laughing and applauding to listen any longer—especially since it was growing late, and he had those stockings to look after. The party broke up.

"Good-night, boys," said their kind host, as he watched the six file out of the door into the dark road to the station—"good-night, and don't forget to come at six o'clock to-morrow morning to empty those stockings. Pete will let you in, in case I'm asleep."

"No, sah!" "Nebber fear, Mars' Dix!" came the half-dozen merry voices.

Mr. Dix returned to his fireside quickly to put into the six gaping hose the gay colored books, the candy, the knives and tops he had provided. The "Kortet," meantime, were leading their companions into the little station, and singing at the tops of their lungs a verse Bob must certainly have composed on the way:

"O Crissmass-day in de ebenin',
How happy you makes me feel!
Ye-e-e, Uel' Santy Klaws,
How *happy* you makes me fe-e-e-ell!"

It seemed to Mr. Dix that he had scarcely slept an hour before he opened his eyes again. It was Christmas morning with a vengeance, for from the other side of the bedroom door came an uproar that Mr. Dix knew could mean nothing except Rob and Link, Coot and Will, Henry and Tom, out of their six wifs because of "dose stoekiu's."

"Merry Crissmass, Mars' Dix!" met the painter on all sides as he entered the studio; and he sat a full hour with them, joining in their glee over each simple gift before he sent them home "jes too happy fer anything," as Coot expressed it.

Toward noon on this same bright Christmas-day Mr. Dix returned to the studio from a walk. As he put his key into the door, what was his surprise to hear quick footsteps inside and the banging down of a window-sash! Old Pete was at the station, so the noise was none of his. But still greater was Mr. Dix's surprise to perceive, as he flung back the door, Rob struggling half outside, half inside the window-frame. Its sash and a certain crooked nail had caught him firmly as he was leaping out.

"Why, Rob!" cried Mr. Dix, hurrying to his release; "you here?"

Rob swung himself down. Then he stood in the middle of the floor, looking terribly confused.

"How in the world, Rob, did you come to get into my studio while I was absent?" exclaimed Mr. Dix, not very well pleased. "Did you forget something?"

Rob made no reply. Mr. Dix suspected all was not right.

"You ought not to have come in by that window, or by any other way, Rob, without leave," he pursued, looking narrowly at the boy. "I hope—I hope that you meant nothing mischievous or wrong."

Rob looked up to Mr. Dix; then he hung his head. At the same time he appeared to make a motion to hide something beneath his coat. Mr. Dix stepped forward quickly. Rob drew back, tripped over the rug's edge, and fell over. The hidden object was dashed from its hiding-place to the carpet. It was Mr. Dix's opera-glass!

"Robert!" exclaimed the young man, very sorrowfully, as he recognized and took it up. "Did you come here—while I was out, to—steal my glasses?"

He remembered how they had been admired the night before.

Rob had uttered a cry of shame as the opera-glasses dropped. He got up and stood before Mr. Dix, unable to raise his eyes.

"Can it be possible that one of my boys will steal?—and steal upon Christmas-day!" continued Mr. Dix. "And you, Rob, of all the rest! For what else can I think? Speak, Rob, if it is not so."

The detected boy stood as if dumb, his breast heaving. Suddenly he looked up and replied stubbornly, "Mars' Dix, no, sir—no, sir! I didn't take dem glasses from de drawer!"

Mr. Dix's face reddened. "I don't understand you, I'm afraid. There are the glasses; and you have just named the place in which I left them. Pete is out. Come, come, Rob," he continued, kindly; "confess that you either wanted to play with these glasses, or something of that sort, and thought that I wouldn't miss them for an hour. Better make an honest story of it, my boy"—and the speaker laid a gentle hand on Rob's shoulder.

Rob bit his lip; then he repeated, in a low, obstinate voice, "I tell you I nebber took dem glasses."

"You need say no more, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Dix, sternly. "I am ashamed of you! My trust in you is gone until I find you more worthy of it. Go! I do not wish to see you again until you are willing to admit your fault. You need not come up with the other boys to our Christmas-day reading this afternoon. After all that I have done and said to make my boys true and honest lads, is this the way one of them acts—and toward me!" Mr. Dix stopped. "Rob," he added, appealingly, with earnest eyes bent upon the boy—"once for all, will you not own the truth to me?"

Rob's head drooped lower. He muttered something. "I ain't a-goin' to say 'nuther wo'd about it!" he exclaimed, doggedly, and then walked hurriedly out of the room.

Very sorrowful was Mr. Dix during his quiet Christmas dinner. "Too bad!" he kept saying to himself. "And I fancied them all improving so much lately! Rob, especially, seemed to be growing up such an honest, good little fellow."

When the class came up to the studio at four o'clock, Henry remarked, "Rob's sick, Mars' Dix—said he couldn't come; an' Link's got ter go 'long o' Uncle Cato, up to Poco Swamp." Mr. Dix was not surprised to hear that Rob had preferred giving himself out as ill rather than tell the rest that he had been forbidden to accompany them. But the little feast passed off pleasantly for the others, and Christmas day itself ended, rather sadly for Mr. Dix, a little later.

Nothing did he see of Rob the next day nor that following. All the rest of the class said that he was somewhere about the station, but that he kept aloof from them. Link, likewise, appeared wonderfully busy, and seemed to keep out of Mr. Dix's way nearly as much as Rob. "How disgraced the little fellow feels by his friend's conduct," thought Mr. Dix, when meeting Link one day on the road, the boy slipped into a side path, scarcely having spoken to the young painter.

The pleasant Christmas week sped by. Mr. Dix was standing just outside the studio door, watching the last saffron sunset of the old year, when all at once flying footsteps approached. The form of a boy was seen running up the road. It was Link. Covered with mud and sobbing, he fairly cast himself at Mr. Dix's feet. "Oh, Mars' Dix, Mars' Dix," he gasped, "Rob's hurt—he's a-dyin', an' he wants you!"

"Rob—dyin'?" cried the young painter. "What do you mean, Link? I saw him this noon."

Between his bursts of grief, Link told the story. A ruined chimney of the burned mills, the pulling down of which, for its brick, Uncle Cato had been superintending, had crashed over upon poor Rob. A doctor had been found on board the afternoon boat, but the boy had only a brief hour or so left of life. "An', oh, Mars' Dix," repeated Link, "he *miss* see you, he *miss* splain something—something!"

In a few moments Mr. Dix was entering Uncle Cato's humble cabin. Link clung to his hand in a tempest of grief and fear. "Oh, Mars' Dix, I muss go in too. Rob'll

ask fo' me. He got to tell you, an' I *muss* be dar to heah it."

A new suspicion darted into Mr. Dix's mind. He took Link's trembling hand. Aunt Asia and the doctor left them to enter the little bedroom together.

There, propped upon his pillow, little Rob seemed to be resting quietly. But he opened his eyes and smiled feebly as he recognized Mr. Dix and Link.

"Dear Rob," said the young painter, seating himself by the bed and taking the boy's hand, "I am so very sorry to find you thus."

"Mars' Dix," came Rob's faint voice. "I wants fo' to tell you somethin' right away. Link, heah, he wants it too. Mars' Dix, does you still b'lieve I was a-tryin' to steal dem ar glasses o' yours Crissmuss-day?"

Mr. Dix hesitated. What answer was best to make? Rob saved him the trouble of framing any by continuing, "'Cause, Mars' Dix, I didn't take 'em. Link," and he turned his eyes upon the miserable Link, who knelt weeping beside the bed—"Link, heah, he took 'em." And Rob stretched out his other hand and gently took Link's in it.

"You see, I muss jes splain it all to you now, Mars' Dix," went on Rob, eagerly, his failing voice rising with excitement, "'befo' I leaves yer. Dat ar mornin' befo' you went out a-walkin' you lef' de window open, an' Link an' I, we come by jes after you'd gone. An' so Link, he—pleeze forgib him, Mars' Dix—he got in an' took dem glasses. He's very sorry, sir, I know. I made him give 'em baek to me and elar right out, an' I'd jes a-got into dat ar window my own se'f an' stood dar onloekin' de drawer w'en you come outside. An' I was so frightened I jes tried to run away too. Does you un'stand all about it now, Mars' Dix?" the boy whispered, painfully, "an' does you forgib poor Link? You know you hain't done 'structed him half so much as you done 'structed me."

Tears were dropping down Mr. Dix's cheeks as he replied, "Indeed I will, dear Rob. But why, my poor fellow, why have you allowed yourself to be so wronged?"

"Ah, Mars' Dix," exclaimed the dying boy, a smile shining out upon his dark face that made it radiant forever in Mr. Dix's memory, "don't you remember how on Crissmuss-eve you tole us how de good Lord"—and Rob lifted his tired eyes—"bo' all de sins of his enemies? An' sholy, den, I ought to be willin' to save poor Link heah from losin' his good name—willin' to b'ar poor Link's 'sgrace until he could git courage to confess t' all to you, Mars' Dix. W'y, Link's been jes de best friend I ever had in de world. Hey, ole Link? Don't cry so, ole feller."

The miserable Link groaned aloud, with a buried face. Poor coward, what were now his feelings?

"Dear Rob," cried Mr. Dix, "how must I ask you to forgive me for thinking so ill of you?"

"Oh, Mars' Dix, don't go fer to 'lude to dat ar," answered the boy, pressing the young painter's hand. "Dat's all right—dat's all right! I knew you'd un'stand every bit w'en I done splained it to you." Rob's faint voice ceased. His strength seemed exhausted. "Good-by, Mars' Dix," he said, gently. "Good-by, dear Link! Dat One who was bo'n on Crissmuss-day fer to b'ar our sins has jes done took mine. Mars' Dix," and this last came very, very softly, "I b'lieve I shall wait fo' to wish you an' Link a merry Crissmuss—up dar." And so believing, little Rob, bending a last look of love upon teacher and friend, left them—to begin his waiting.

Long was it ere the wretched Link ceased to suffer for his cowardice and fault. What bitter memories of that last Christmas-week with poor Rob were his! Yet those very memories strengthened the boy in doing right thenceforth. Before another Christmas-day Mr. Dix had come northward, bringing Link with him. And under his kind care Link is growing up to-day in such a way that Bob will some day surely be able to wish him that "Merry Crissmuss."



GOING FOR CIDER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

LITTLE Miss Betty is every one's girl;
There is always something for her to do;
Every one wants her, and no one can wait,
And Betty is watchful, willing, and true.

And Betty is *brave*? Oh yes; none can deny
She's as brave as a lion, I'd have you to know,
Until (keep the secret) when evening has come,
And *after the cider* poor Betty must go.

Ugh! deep is the cellar, and dark is the way,
And ghostly the shadows that flicker and glare;
What wonder that Betty stands still on the stair,
Her little heart filled with a terrible scare!

But courage, my girl, for the cellar's the same
As when in the morning for *wood* you must go;
All cellars at night have a terrible name,
But—it isn't the *fault of the cellar*, you know.

OLGA'S RIDE.

A STORY OF SWEDISH LIFE.

BY ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

I DON'T think there could be such a thing as a boy or girl who would not like the great Swedish musician, Astolf Mozart Möller, from the first moment he or she saw him. He is a very kind, simple man, with quick, sparkling black eyes, and a smile that is like water twinkling in the sun. Little people gather round him instinctively, and he is always as glad to see them as if they were his wisest and most learned friends.

He can do anything with the organ or piano. He writes and plays beautiful anthems, and solemn organ music that is like the deep breaking of waves along the sea-coast, and his music is even better known and admired in France and Germany than in Sweden.

But—what you children would like best of all—he can tell stories, and then he can go to the piano and play them—a real musical Hans Andersen! I'll tell you a little story he told to his own little girls, and afterward played it for them on the piano. He has three of them—three as pretty little Swedish girls as you could wish to see. The oldest, now ten years old, is named Mona Johanna Axelina Mathilda, and always called *Mona*. The next is Eva Anna Emilia Julie, eight years old, and always called *Emilia*. The youngest, five years old, Vega Maria Carolina, always called *Vega*, is, they think, the first child who was given that name in Sweden. You have, of course, all heard of the ship *Vega*, with which the famous Nordenskiöld made the Northeastern passage. After so many other explorers had failed, his brave and persistent Swedish scientist accomplished his great purpose.

One evening when it was getting near bed-time little Vega went up to her father, who was playing on the organ—for he has a wonderful organ that he made himself that shakes the very house with its deep melody when he plays—and pulled him by the elbow for a story. Mona and Eva sat by their pretty blue-eyed mother on the sofa, listening to the music, but quite willing to have Vega put a stop to it, for a story.

So Professor Möller wheeled around, picked up Vega with one big hand, and having set her gently on his knee, began, just as if he had been a hand-organ, and little Vega had turned the crank:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl, a *very* little girl, who lived in a remote village where there was very seldom anything bright or amusing going on. Little Olga thought she had a very dull time. She wanted to see the world, and teased her father to take her a-travelling. But her father was poor and too old besides, so he said:

"Na, na, my little Olga, papa can not go. But if you'll wait for Christmas-time, perhaps the Julgrisen will take you, if you're a very good little girl."

"Julgrisen! What's Julgrisen?" said Olga.

"Why, he's the little Christmas pig that comes round every Christmas-eve—the little pig that never grows old and is never killed."

"Why isn't he killed, papa?"

"Because he's always journeying, always trotting along so fast, around and around the world, that he never gets fat, and so the butchers don't want him."

"Couldn't catch 'im, p'aps," said Olga.

"Of course not," nodded her father.

"Olga sat still, thinking for a while,

"How could he take me?"

"On his back, my dear."

"Does he go *all roun'* the *whole worl'*—*evvy-where's*?"

"Oh yes."



OLGA SPEEDING AWAY OVER THE WORLD.

"How can he git over big osun?"

"He runs so fast he can't sink."

"Olga puckered up her forehead, and sighed, 'I'm fe-ayd he would sink, wiv me on his back.'

"Hoh, not a bit, not a bit; little girls are light."

"Then Olga's father went out to his work in the garden, and thought no more about it. But Olga remembered, and tried all summer long to be a very good little girl such as Julgrisen liked; and as Christmas came near she felt surer

and surer that Julgrisen would think her good enough to take around the world with him.

"At last it was Christmas-eve, and when Olga kissed her old father at bed-time she said, 'good-by,' but the old man, who had kissed her as usual, was lighting his pipe, and didn't notice that word. Olga went to the window of her room and looked out. The moon was shining, and the stars winking away at a great rate, and there, up the hill beyond their cottage, ycs, in the middle of the road and coming like the wind over the top of the deep snow, was a little pig, sure enough. Olga opened the window; her heart was beating as fast as the tiny second hand of a watch.

"What was that on the little pig's back? A saddle—a blue and gold saddle, and tied to the pommel a soft white hood with a long warm cape to it. The little pig, whose

bristles were like threads of silver, stopped right under her window.

"'Ur-rak-urrak-urrak! Come, Olga.'

"Are you Julgrisen?"

"Ya, ya. Come. Koo-wick-koo-wick. Put on the hood and hurry ur-rup, ur-rup. It's a quick ride to see the world-eruld and back by cock-crow."

"In a moment, with the warm hood tied under her chin, and the warm cape folded around her, and sitting

snugly in the blue and gold saddle which fitted her exactly, Olga was speeding away over hill and valley, river and brook, on Julgrisen's silvery back.

"What did she see? Everything. Cities, houses, people, horses, dogs, boats and cars, men and women, little boys and girls, thousands and thousands of them; but her pig-pony went so fast she could not see anything well, and when she begged him to wait he simply granted:

"We stop three times; can't stop any more. If you hadn't been such a good little girl all summer long, shouldn't stop at all." And just when he had said this, he granted 'Urrak-ur-rak-ur-rak,' and stopped so suddenly it nearly tossed Olga out of the saddle.

"They were in the middle of a great city, in front of a big, handsome house, and through one of its long windows Olga saw a little girl no larger than herself in a room pretty as fairy-land and full of beautiful things—books, playthings, dolls, and an elegant dolls' house all furnished from top to bottom, and big enough for the little girl to go in, and go up and down the stairs, or sit on its little sofas and chairs. Olga had never even heard of such beautiful things. But the little girl, dressed like a princess, was stamping her feet, and kicking—yes, kicking the dolls and the dolls' house.

"Take them away!" she screamed. "I hate 'em. I'm tired of everything. Give me something new."

"Away flew Julgrisen with a scornful snuff of his round pink snout; and now it was over the ocean, and so swiftly and lightly went Julgrisen over the waves that not so much as the foam of the great green billows wetted Olga's feet. Once in the middle of the sea he came to and skipped over a smooth brown hill without stick, or stone, or bit of green on it.

"What's that?" said Olga.

"A whale," snorted Julgrisen; and by the time the whale, who had felt Julgrisen's sharp little hoofs pricking his back, got ready to spout his wrath, Julgrisen was on land again. Little villages, patches of woods, stretches of open country, more villages, and now a city again.

"Dear me! How many big towns there are in the world!" thought Olga.

"Julgrisen turned from the wide, lighted street into a narrow and very dirty lane, and stopped short as before. In front of the poorest hut Olga had ever seen, right on the ground, sat a little girl with no other clothing but a torn and dirty saek a great deal too large for her. Her legs and arms were bare, with marks of cruel beating on them.

"This little girl was playing with—not dolls or dolls' houses this time, but with three old broken clam shells, and some little round pebbles, which she took out of her

mouth and filled into the wet sand in the clam shells. She was singing, too, in a merry full voice:

"Four'n'-twenty blackbirds all in a pie,
Wasn't that a poaty deesh to set er fore er king!"

"'Urrak-ur-rak-ur-rak!' grunted Julgrisen, running away faster than ever, so that if any one had seen him flashing by with Olga in the little blue and gold saddle, they might have said, 'What a strange, bright-winged bird flew over the field just now!' But nobody saw or said anything of the sort, for the hood Olga wore, though she didn't know it, hid them both from every eye.

"Away and away past so many things, strange and wonderful, lovely and sad, frightful, curious, beautiful, glad, which Olga longed to see nearer. But already a little pale light was growing redder in the east, and Julgrisen went like the lightning. Then all at once, with a very soft 'Urrak,' as if afraid of waking somebody, he stopped. Where?

"In Olga's own father's room, by his bedside, where he lay tossing and talking in a troubled dream:

"The children—ya, ya—they all go away, and leave the poor old fathers and mothers to die alone. But my little Olga she is a good child. She is willing to wait; she will not have to wait long. In a little while Olga can go out to see the big world."

"I don't want to go," cried Olga, creeping into the old man's bed, and putting her arms tightly around his neck. Julgrisen, with a merry snort, had skipped off like the wind, with the blue and gold saddle and the warm white hood on his silver-shining back. Olga didn't even notice when he went. Her old father, half awake, was clasping her up to him, and rubbing his eyes.

"What! what! my little Olga! Christmas morning already! I had a bad dream, but I can't think a word of what it was now. Ya, ya! A merry Christmas. Go see thy stocking, little one. Nothing but a bit o' candy and a new silver kronor; the best thy old father could do, eh?"

"Olga smiled. She was very happy, and looked much at her father, and never said one word to him about her ride in the blue and gold saddle.

"And now," said Professor Möller, putting little Vega in her mother's lap, "here's the way Olga went on her pig-pony." He sat down at the piano, and laying his hands, with their long, quick fingers, over the keys, played, oh, so fast! and yet every note was clear. You could hear the pig grunting in the bass, squeaking again in the treble, and then scampering away on the light, crisp, lively keys, so that the piano really told the story over again. And this was the music that Professor Möller played:

Tempo di Menuetto.

p marcato il basso.

Fig scampering.

2d.

Fine. mf

1st.

2d.

D.C. al Fine.

* Where the pig grants.

† Pig squeaking.

HOW TO SKATE.

A SHARP frost has set in, and the weather-wise say it will last a long time. The large pond in the Park is already frozen hard as steel, and young men and maidens, boys and girls, are all bent upon making the most of the opportunity. Watching them from the bank, and envying their swift, stealthy motion,

"Within our breast a noble ardor burns,"

and a resolution is taken to join at no distant date the merry throng. But we are tyros in the art, and on its very threshold are met by a difficulty—that of choosing the articles necessary for its enjoyment. What to buy?—that is the question. There would seem to be almost as much variety in skates as there is in skaters.

Skates made with the best steel are, of course, proportionately expensive; but it is very requisite that the steel should be good. Choose skates that are exactly the length of the foot, not those which have the iron cut off an inch within the heel. The iron should extend backward to the extreme edge of the heel, and the corners should be rounded. Pay attention to the depth of the blade, for it is desirable that the foot be as near the ice as possible, and yet necessary to have it so high that, in leaning over, the edge of the sole should not touch the ice. As to the fastenings, there are many modes equally good; the main point is to see that the skate is so perfectly secured to the foot that it can not move in the least, and the importance of this can not be overrated. Any fastening that aids in supporting the ankle is good.

Now let us suppose that you have donned your skates. At first you will have enough to do to prevent them running away with you. So begin by attempting, as gently as you like, and with the very shortest steps you can take, to walk upon the ice. After a little practice you will find yourself instinctively striking out a little. It is then time to learn the first movement, which is called forward striking, or running, and is done in this way: The toes are turned out so that the feet are nearly at right angles with each other; the position is important, because it is only thus you can obtain pushing power. From that position each foot is lifted alternately, and set down on the inside edge, when it immediately slides forward, all the more readily since the other foot (held at right angles) can bear against the ice without sliding. Perfect regularity in stepping from foot to foot is essential.

When you can time your strokes evenly, and gain the necessary impetus, you may occasionally vary the proceedings by bringing your feet together, and running in that way for a considerable distance. In this, which is called the "serpentine," the feet are placed parallel, instead of at right angles, and they remain parallel throughout the movement. If you would learn it easily, take a few strokes forward to gain force, and then bring the feet parallel, but well apart, keeping the knees bent, and while going along in this manner try to make the line wavy by turning both feet at once (without lifting them) in the same direction, say to the right, swinging the body with them; then both to the left, with a swing to that side, and so on.

The common backward motion on both feet is exactly the same as the "serpentine," except that it is backward instead of forward. To learn this backward motion take a few strokes forward, then spin quite round, and while the impetus lasts turn the right toe inward, and push yourself back from that foot; then turn the left one inward, pushing from it, and so on alternately, leaning forward all the time. Practice will make it easy not merely to keep up the first impetus, but to increase it, and even to begin it without any forward strokes.

How delightful is the swift motion! Exulting in your growing confidence and in the progress already made, and feeling that you are at length attaining your wish

and becoming indeed a skater, it is crushing at this juncture to be told by some friendly proficient that you are only at the very threshold of the art, since you know nothing yet of moving on the outside edge. Moving on the outside edge! It sounds alarming.

Take courage; it is really not so formidable as it seems, and, moreover, there are few difficulties, you know, which do not vanish before patience and perseverance.

The first thing you have to do in order to get yourself on the outside edge is to endeavor to skate round in a circle, as large a circle as you please at first, but to be gradually reduced as you improve. As you lift each foot for the next stroke try to cross it in front quite over the other and set it down; then the other in front of that, and so on alternately. Now, as the iron always circles toward the side on which it rests, it follows that the foot nearest the inside of the circle must work on the outside edge of the iron. Consequently your object will be to dwell as long as you can on that foot, and as briefly as you can on the other, which works on the inside edge. The foot that is behind must be kept behind until it is to be set down in front; *it must not be carried in the air in front for an instant.*

It is scarcely necessary to remind you again that the left foot must be exercised equally with the right. In fact, it is a good rule in this and all figures to give the left double practice. So after skating with the right foot to the inside of the circle, go off in the opposite direction, and make a circle with the left foot to the inside of it. Some difficulty is sure to be experienced in putting down the foot quite across the other; but diligent practice will soon repay you with the discovery that you can dwell for a few yards on the outside edge, and perhaps—keeping the raised foot well back in the mean time—nearly complete the circle.

After this is accomplished you may congratulate yourself on having become a skillful skater. If you wish to learn figure skating, however, you have much work still before you. The key to it is being able to turn rapidly from one edge of the skate to the other, but long and arduous practice will be required before the graceful "grapevine" twist and other figures can be successfully accomplished. Written directions will avail you little. Figure skating can only be learned by watching some one proficient in the art, and imitating his movements with care and patience.

MR. THOMPSON AND THE HORNED TOAD.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON sat in his office trying to write an essay. He had just returned from California, and the literary society of which he was a member had asked him to write about "The Effect of Mongolian Immigration upon California." He had just written at the top of a large sheet of foolscap "The Mongols"; then he scratched it out, and substituted "The Chinese"; then he added "are"—"The Chinese are." Then he stopped. "What are the Chinese?" he murmured. "I believe I haven't a single idea in my head."

"That's so," piped a saucy little voice.

Mr. Thompson looked down, and saw on the floor near his feet one of the horned toads he had brought from San Francisco with him. "That's so," it repeated.

Mr. Thompson was provoked. "I suppose you think you have an idea," he snapped. "You impudent little reptile, you must have a great many ideas!" he added, sarcastically.

"I have," replied the toad, calmly, "a great many ideas. I have often thought of having you write them out, and getting them printed. Do you suppose that if I should tell a story, and send it to the YOUNG PEOPLE with my picture, they would print it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Thompson, doubtfully; "you might try." Then he added, with an eye to the main

chance, "I'll copy your story, and if they take it, we'll divide."

"All right; but, by-the-way, I don't see why they call us toads. We are really lizards. We don't hop like a toad, but run like a lizard; and we have tails. Toads don't have tails. But I'd rather be called a toad than by my real name, that is as long as I am—*Phrynosoma*. How's that for a name? The old monks had a better name for us. They called us some Spanish name that meant Toad-lizard; called us toad 'cause we are speckled like a toad, and lizard 'cause we run, and have tails. When they first saw us they were awfully frightened. They thought that we must be very poisonous; so they sprinkled holy water around, and prayed for us to go, but we knew better, and staid. They soon found out that we did no harm, and caught the flies and bugs off their plants; so they let us stay.

"My grandfather lived for a great many years in the garden of the Mission Dolores. That's in San Francisco, you know. It was built there long before San Francisco was any city; founded in 1776, my grandfather used to tell me. There was not a white man in the place then except the monks. After a while people came in ships

worth as much as a dollar a piece, or ten dollars a dozen, and a friend of mine who lived in the garden of a restaurant used to tell me how the miners would come to town with a bag full of gold-dust, and order a dozen boiled eggs for breakfast. Eastern merchants, hearing of the scarcity of provisions, sent at one time ship-loads of potatoes, at another tobacco, and for the time the supply was so much greater than the demand that tons of the potatoes were dumped into the bay because they would not bring enough to pay for boating them ashore, and full cases of tobacco were used to pave the muddy street crossings.

"Thousands who came to the mines could not find accommodations in houses, and slept in tents, and rolled in their blankets on the bare ground. We used to have lots of fun then. We would crawl under the miners' blankets to keep warm, and when they felt our rough backs they would jump and yell, for many of them were as afraid of us as they were of tarantulas or scorpions. At last they got used to us, and many of them did not mind having us around, only they did not like to have us crawl over them. See here, now," he added, interrupting himself, "are you putting this all down? I want you to write what I have told you to the paper."

"I'm writing as fast as you talk," answered Mr. Thompson.

"That's right," replied the toad, with a satisfied air. "Tell them that I am interested in papers. I have caught flies off this pile for more than a week; great place for flies when the sun shines. And tell them that I know of a place right in the city of San Francisco where there is lots of gold, piles upon piles."

"Where?" inquired Mr. Thompson, excitedly.

"Will you have my picture taken so as to go with what you have written?" said the toad, with a cunning twinkle in his black eyes.

"Yes," answered Mr. Thompson, eagerly.

"Honest? Will you promise?" insisted the toad.

"Yes, yes. Where is the gold?"

"In the Mint," answered the toad, with a sly laugh.

This provoked Mr. Thompson. To be taken in and made fun of by any one is bad enough, even if the joker

be your equal; but to have a horned toad get the best of you, as this one had done, is doubly humiliating.

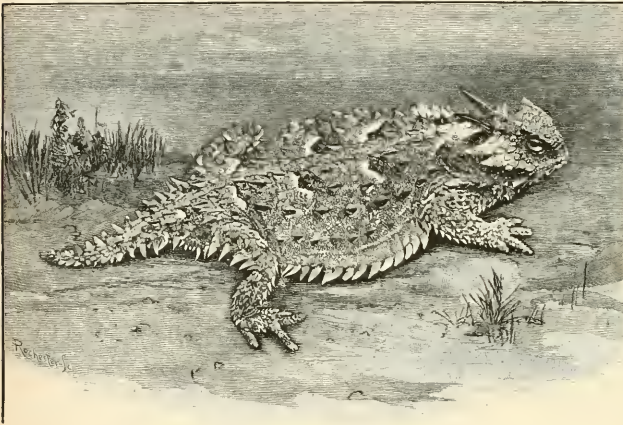
"You miserable little cheat!" shouted Mr. Thompson,

"I'll pay you for this!" and as I came into the room he was shaking his fist at the toad, which was perched upon a pile of papers, calmly catching flies, and winking and blinking in the sunlight as if it had never provoked the wrath of its angust master. When Mr. Thompson saw me he stopped scolding the toad, and told me the story as I have told it to you.

"You were asleep," I ventured to suggest. "I heard you snore as I came up the stairs."

"Asleep!" cried Mr. Thompson, in high dudgeon. "Asleep! Did I write this while I was asleep?" and he laid his hand on a sheet of foolscap. As he glanced at it he saw "The Chinese are—" The rest of the page was blank. He looked confused for a moment; then picking up a history of California, he looked it over rapidly, and exclaimed, "I don't care if I did dream it; I dreamed the truth."

Mr. Thompson told me the other day that though he had had the toad's photograph taken, it obstinately refused to speak, and only used his nimble little tongue to catch flies with.



THE HORNED TOAD.

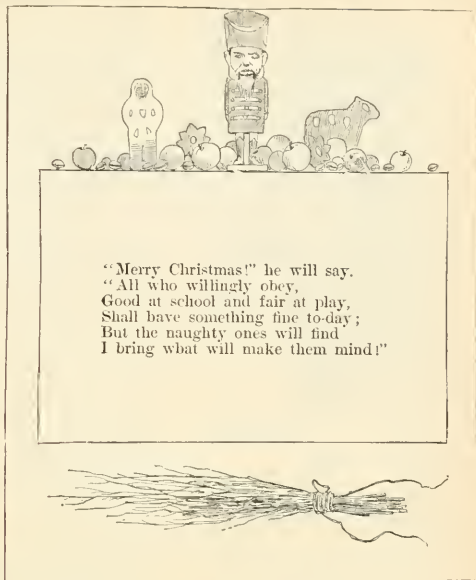
from New York and Boston to buy hides and tallow, for the monks owned a great many cattle, and there were some Spanish farmers in the San Joaquin Valley. That was in 1802, and I have heard my grandfather say that there were not more than eight hundred people in San Francisco.

"The Yankee traders carried back word to the East of the delightful climate and fruitful soil, and a few families emigrated. Still, the increase of population was very slow, and in 1848 there were only about fifteen hundred people in the town. Suddenly in June of 1848 everybody left, and there were only about a hundred women and children remaining. I was very small then, and I asked grandfather the reason. 'Gold, my dear boy, gold,' he answered. Then he went on to tell me that Captain Sutter had discovered gold at Coloma, on the American River, January 19, 1848, and that all the people had left the city to see if they couldn't find some too.

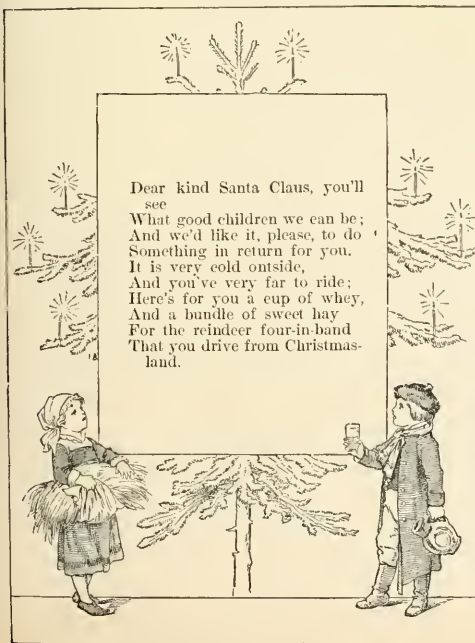
"But the city wasn't deserted long, for people began to flock in from the East and from Europe. Whaling ships would stop for water and provisions; the crew would hear of the gold, and would desert; and in '49 and '50 even the Chinese began to come to do servants' work. Money was plenty then, and provisions were high. Hens' eggs were



LET old Santa Claus come in,
 With his grisly bearded chin,
 And his wondrous packs of toys
 For good little girls and boys.



What care we for ice or snow,
 Or how cold the wind may blow?
 Let the tempest beat and roar;
 We hope it can not pass the door.
 By the fireside, warm and bright,
 We will merry be to-night,
 For the Christmas Child is near,
 Bringing pleasure and good cheer!





WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A VERY few days, and we must say good-by to 1882. It is almost gone. A Happy New-Year to you, boys and girls! We will all try together to fill 1883 with sunshine by being diligent, as faithful, as kind, and as cheerful as we can. Shall I tell you, children, the secret of a happy year? It is to make each day delightful as it comes along. It depends upon ourselves far more than on other people whether we are happy or miserable. I wish my children would remember day by day to take their tasks and duties merrily, and never to put off to-day's work until to-morrow. Will you keep this in mind, little women and little men?

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am the eldest sister of a little boy eight years old, who has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two months, and who enjoys every bit of it—stories, pictures, poetry, and all, but especially the Post-office Box. He would like to send you a letter very much, but does not write well enough yet. He thinks, as he has not been at school long, and only left off printing a little while ago. But as he is anxious to send some contribution as well as all the other little boys and girls from so many far-off cities, and as you have promised to write for him, and ask you to tell them about a real little dog that he knows, and then put his name at the end of the story, so that he can see it with his own eyes in print.

This little dog has only lately arrived in America. He was born in a great palace in Genoa, Italy, about four years ago, and is an Italian poodle. He is called King, and is as dainty a little creature as was the white cat Princess in the fairy tale, for he is also pure white, from his moist black nose, as pointed almost as that of a fox, to his long tail, which has so much silky white hair upon it that it droops heavily on the ground, like a branch of a tree when the snow lies thick on it. His hair is fine and soft and wavy, shining like satin, and of a pure white color, his eyes large and brown, and oh! so wise, and his little white paws look as if they could not step upon anything rougher than velvet.

This little fellow has travelled a great deal in Europe with his master, and his travelling carriage was a large straw luncheon basket about twelve inches long, with two strong handles. This basket was also his bed, during the night, and I have often seen the little fellow stow himself away in it, and a pretty sight it is. His master holds up the cover, and says, "Now, my little King, it's bedtime," and then marches King, gravely and obediently, to the edge of the basket, puts first his two fore-paws into it, then his two hind ones, then lays his head upon the fore-paws and curls up his tail—and then he is just a round white ball, and nothing is to be seen but the glitter of two black dots of eyes in the middle of it. Then his master shuts down the cover, fastens it with a little clasp, and then never stirs until morning. The straw of which this basket is made is very coarse, and there is enough air inside, and

light too, to prevent him from feeling shut up in the dark.

He is a very knowing little fellow, and once, when in a strange place in the country, his master shut him up in the house one Saturday morning, and walked off to church. He thought that King was securely fixed until he should return to let him out; but when he had walked about two miles he heard a little fainting noise behind him, and there was the rogue running along in the dusty road, looking as if he meant to come too. He had followed his master all that distance in a strange country, and must have run very fast, as he was very tired and hot, and was not able to take off his white fur coat either, even although it was in the summer-time. HUMPHREY T. N.

What a darling little dog, and what a beauty! But I lost the children's eyes shine as they read the pretty description so kindly written for Humphrey by his eldier sister. Do you know, I think those little boys very fortunate who have such affectionate sisters. By-and-by our little mau will write for himself.

Now, little housekeepers, here you are bright and early! I could not tell you, if I tried for a month, how pleased I am that so many of you have sent your names in as members of the Sociable. Some of you want to know about rules, and some inquire who is the President. I think you will have to elect me to be both President and Secretary, and I will promise to fill both offices as well as I possibly can. We will have no rigid rules. It will, however, be a good plan for you to form little cooking clubs, if your mother do not object, and when you meet you may send me a report. Please send any specially good receipts which you have tried and found satisfactory.

On the other day I saw a little cook descend to the kitchen with her hair flying wild, and no apron over her pretty dress. She was intending to make cake in that rig! Did you ever hear of such a thing? I told her to tuck her hair up into a knot, fastening it securely, so that no loose ends should escape, and to tie on a nice big kitchen apron, which she did very pleasantly.

A lady never covers herself with flour when she is cooking, never spoons herself with heaps of unnecessary spoons and dishes, and never wastes the slightest scrap. I wish my small housekeepers to learn to work like ladies. So they must be tidy and neat and economical.

It is a good rule to wash and put away each dish as soon as you are done with it. If any older person in the house must be consulted—your mamma, Aunt Libbie, or Bridget—try to manage your cooking so that it will not interfere with their convenience.

I have been wondering what I should teach you to make this week. Will you forgive me, dears, if, instead of anything very rich or difficult, I give you simply a receipt for something homely and wholesome? It will tell you of three methods of making it for breakfast.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Take a full cup of oatmeal, and cover it with a quart of cold water; let it stand all night, and in the morning add a teaspoonful of salt, and let it boil one hour.

This is Mother B's way, and is a very good one. Mrs. Henderson, in her *Practical Cooking and Dinner-Giving*, says:

"Take a heaping cup of oatmeal and a teaspoonful of salt, to a quart of boiling water, and boil the porridge two tiny minutes; sprinkle the meal with one hand into the salted and boiling water, and stir as little as possible."

Now I will tell you how to make it *à la Princesse*. I always use a double boiler for gruels, farina, etc., so that I have no need to stir the porridge. I sift and look carefully over my meal in the morning, directly after breakfast. Then I pop my cup of meal into my quart of cold water, and sprinkle in my silver tea-spoonful of salt, and I set my porridge on the coldest part of the range, and let it stand and simmer and simmer for hours. Nothing but salt oatmeal like I describe is used. About noon I set it off, and next morning, after the fire is lighted, it is put on again, and comes steaming hot on the table for breakfast. Eaten with cream, this porridge is delicious.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I am twelve years old, and have taken your paper for a long time, and like it very much. I send you letters to Santa Claus, written by my little sister. Perhaps you will think it good enough to print.

ROBERT D.

Although this number of YOUNG PEOPLE will appear one day later than Christmas, I publish this bright little rhymed letter, so that if the good

old saint forgot or omitted any of the things Corn so ardently desired, he may still bring them to her before the holidays are over:

Dear Santa Claus,
In your rounds I wish you'd pause
Over the chimney of 135,
And stop there, if you're alive;
Leave me a bag of writing-paper large,
And a pair of shoes for my doll named Marge;
A book I would like on your list to set,
The name of it is *Fred Bradford's Debt*.
I want a pair of Cissel, Pratt, Galpin, & Co.'s,
739 Broadway O.

I want a little toy caster,
Made of tin, and not of plaster,
Leave me a tin of ink and inkball;
I had one once before in my life,
But I lost it right away,
So bring it this time in your sleigh.
I want my dolls to have something nice,
Even if it's no more than some little toy mice.
Alice, my oldest, a new dress needs;
Her old one is through with its kindly deeds.
Marge wants a good warm cloak,
Only not black, and quite a long sacque,
I have the fur to trim it for her,
Then very nice tails I know,
And your wife can't let it go;
I'll put the box up the flue,
And if any one gets it 'twill be you.
But what to get for Emma
I am sure I don't know,
She is such a particular child
She nearly drives me wild.
So get what you think best,
I want my dolls to be all test,
Otis (the baby) wants a rattle,
If he don't get it I'll have a hattle.
And Nettie—what was it she said?
Oh, I know, never heard of,
And I want an inkstand, a box, and a pen,
Not a quill from a hen,
But a gold one that shuts up and is gone,
So I can write letters in the early morn.
Now, Santa, please send these things on Christ-
mas-eve,
No sign you must leave,
But crawling down slow, take a good look,
And leave the name of their or book
Some Christmas soon I hope you'll see
Your little friend,
CORA D.

GRINSELL, IOWA.

I noticed the letter from "One of your Older Readers," and thought that perhaps you would like to have me send you directions for making a pair of slippers.

Take a piece of thirteen stitches, and when you go back, crochet two stitches in the same place in the middle. Keep on doing this until it is thirty-eight stitches wide. Then beginning at the end, crochet eleven stitches, and then go back and forth eleven times, or until you have six ridges; then widen one stitch every time at the top until you have sixteen stitches; then go back and forth eleven times, and then narrow one stitch every time at the top until you have eleven stitches. Go back and forth eleven times, and then crochet it to the front of the slipper. Crochet around the top of the slipper in scallop, giving the slipper to the sole loosely around the heel and toe, stretching it a little over the instep. Then run an elastic around the top of the slipper and hold it tight.

The cork soles may be obtained at any shoe store for eight or ten cents. The directions given are for a No. 3 sole.

MYRTA L.

Crocheted slippers are a very acceptable present to any one, but they are particularly nice for a lady to wear in her dressing-room, for an invalid, or for any one who is watching with the sick at night. It is a pity that we could not have published this in time for Christmas gift-makers, but somebody may still like to crochet a pair of slippers for a birthday present.

WASHINGTON, IOWA.

As other little girls were writing you letters of things that were happening at their homes, I thought I would tell you of a mouse that seemed fond of music. A neighbor of ours was very much bothered by a little mouse which was too smart to get out of the house. One day a gentleman in the house was playing a violin, when out came Mr. Mouse and danced all over the room, and seemed so taken up with the music that he could not be frightened. I took *The Pussy* and your paper, and like them both so very much! I would like to have my papers of this year bound. How much would it cost me? Can I put them in the covers myself?
JENNIE S.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will send you a beautiful cover by mail on receipt of fifty cents, but you will have to get a book binder to put it on for you. The price of *The Child's Book of Nature* is one dollar.

WALNUT HILLS, OHIO.

I thought I would write you a few lines and ask you if among the little friends who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE you know any who are deaf and dumb? I am not dumb, but I am so deaf that all

my friends have to talk on their hands, or in the deaf-mute language. I have been deaf three and a half years, caused by a very much of a cold. Do you think I have to stay home always, now that I am deaf? No, indeed; I go to school every day in town, on Ninth Street. November 22 was the nineteenth anniversary of my father and mother's wedding day. We have four boys and three girls in our family. I began taking Young People at the ninth chapter of "Toby Tyler," and liked it very much. The teacher and the teacher reads the stories out of them every Friday afternoon by signs. You would laugh till the tears came in your eyes to see her. I am four years old. Who christens comes. I don't wish you a merry one. Good-by, dear kind Post-mistress. L. McN.

It is a great misfortune to be deaf, and it shuts you out from hearing many sweet sounds. But it also prevents you from listening to quarrelling or to silly conversation; and I see that you have a cheerful spirit, and make the best of things day by day. Perhaps you may recover your lost hearing in time. I am so pleased that YOUNG PEOPLE delights you so much. Your letter made me think of a favorite Bible verse, "A merry heart hath a continual feast."

DEAN YOUNG PEOPLE.—We are the family of a very busy doctor, but we all take time to read YOUNG PEOPLE. The boys are often annoyed at other papers copying the stories from their paper. They amuse themselves by guessing which of the Young People's sketches will be in our other weekly papers. I do not need to give any praise to the writers for your paper, for they are all good. Mrs. O. B. CHUMBAKER.

Accept our thanks for your graceful words of commendation. The quotations which vex your eyes may be a compliment to you, and we are always pleased to have our bright and sparkling articles widely copied, if due credit is given to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

CENTREVILLE, INDIANA.
My charity is pined, Joe. I think he is a canary-bird. I have two pets, a rooster and a canary-bird. My canary is named Joe. I think he is the prettiest bird I ever saw, and I also think he is about as smart a bird as I have yet heard of. He knows me as far as he can see me. When I come home from school he begins to call me. I am afraid he will never sing again very well; last summer he spoiled his voice by singing so loud and so much that now, when he goes to sing out loud, he breaks down. His rooster is what is called a game-cock. He is red and black in color. I call him Pet. I want to tell you about a hen we had last year. She was coal black all over, and she did not have a white spot on her. But this summer she shed her feathers, she turned a purplish white; her feet, legs, and bill, which were formerly black, are now white. In this letter I send you a bit of a fuchsia. You will notice it has a bud out of the side of it. I never saw anything like it before—did you? B. J. L.

No, I never saw any fuchsia precisely like this. Thank you for sending it. I hope your birdie may recover his voice.

MARION, ILLINOIS.
I thought I would write to YOUNG PEOPLE and give a short account of my journey to Chattanooga. As little girls do not travel alone, my aunt was with me. I went to Slippery Rock in a carriage. I played with two little girls in the paper takes YOUNG PEOPLE for them. We made a little pond, and caught some minnows to put in it and hoped they would remain there, but they did not. They ran all away. I don't like to say good-by to my fish. I let them with the hope of fishing in the Allegheny with a thread and bent pin or a small hook. I visited the Pennsylvania Grounds, Grand Rapids, and saw some very large fish. They were fed with chopped meat, which was thrown upon the surface of the water, and they would swim so swiftly that the water seemed to boil as they caught the morsels and dived out of sight. I don't like this fish story, hoping that Santa Claus will bring me YOUNG PEOPLE until I am old enough to read HARPER'S MAGAZINE. MILLIE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
I am a hoy eleven years old, and my home is in Chicago. We spent last winter in San Antonio, Texas. It is a very queer old place. A great many Spanish Mexicans, Germans, and colored people live there. The streets are very narrow and crooked, but there are plazas, or large squares, where the people sell wood and hay. At about five o'clock in the morning, the Mexicans sell all kinds of Mexican goods. It looks very funny to see people taking their meals out of doors by lamp-light. They have many kinds of fruit, and vegetables, and early to get meat, fish, and vegetables, and a mile from the city are three or four beautiful springs bubbling out of the lime-stone rock, which is the Rio River. About three miles from town is another spring, which forms

the San Antonio River. There is a government depot, where the supplies are kept for the other soldiers, and the soldiers, both infantry and cavalry stationed there. There are many objects of interest in San Antonio, among them the Alamo, on the Alamo Plaza. It is an old stone building, in which the hundred Texan soldiers defended themselves against seven thousand Mexicans. Colonel Bowie and Davy Crockett were killed there, and of all the people in the Alamo only one woman and her baby were saved.

Visitors always go to see the missions. They are the ruins of churches built by the Franciscans for the conversion of the Indians, about four hundred years ago. They are about two miles from town, is still in good condition, but service has not been held there since the close of the Mexican war. The second one, two miles farther, is a much finer one, but not in such good repair. Service is held in one room for the Mexicans who live around there. This line of missions extended from the city of Mexico to San Francisco, and east to San Antonio.

We spent two years in Colorado, and I know what a bucking broncho is, and a bucking burro too.

I have a little sister Bertha, who says many funny things. She hurt her neck one day, and she said, "I sprained my ankle up by my shoulder."

I hope you will print my letter, as it is my hope. EWIN C. R.

ABEVELLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.
I thank you, and all who help to make YOUNG PEOPLE, for the nice paper we enjoy. We have been subscribers for three years, and have had many pleasant hours reading or listening to the stories and letters. I am a boy nine years old. I have a sister older and a brother younger than myself. We live in the land of cotton, and George and I had a cotton patch this year. We had hard times in Christmas holiday season, but after it was sold we had money enough to buy a nice saddle and bridle. I ride on grandpa's horse; for we live with grandpa and grandma. I have many little cows, with whom I like to play and play. I like to work with my pigs. I have seven pigs and two goats, but the goats are so wild that they run away from me when I go into the woods. Christmas was a very sad time for me, not wish for many things—only plenty of fire-crackers. My school is closed now, but I will be ready for study when it opens again. I like short lessons. The Bostonians call this kind of grandpa, who says, "Be steady boys." J. M. C.

WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND.
As you so seldom have a letter from "Little Rhody," I think I will write to you. YOUNG PEOPLE is my favorite paper, and I like the Post-office Box the best part of it. I like the stories too, and the puzzles. I live in the country, go to school, and take music lessons, but still have time to be out-doors. I am eleven years old, can feed and water the horse, harness and hitch up. I get the eggs every night. I have a dog and a big cat who will kiss me at any time. He sleeps with me, and is as good as a blanket. Mother once had a cat that was great hunter. One day she brought in a little gray squirrel, and put him down on the sitting room floor, when he ran up my aunt's dress, and perched himself on her shoulder, out of passy's reach. She carried him out in the meadow, and he scampered off in the grass. We all send love to you. Good-by. FRED J. W.

Tell Marie M. to rub her cat's throat and breast with castor-oil once or twice a day, and if it has choking spells, force a little into its mouth. I cured two cats that way. E. McG.

If Marie's cat still coughs, she may try the above treatment.

SEWISKEY, PENNSYLVANIA.
I wish to tell you about a club of children that meets here once a week, and has a very good time. There are fourteen members. It is called the Wide-awake Club, because we are all lively. We play games. I will mention some of them: "Grandmother's Questions," Dr. Felt's "Gueses," "Authors," "Picture Gallery," and many others. I am eleven years old, and my sister Marian is nine, and my brother Freddie is almost thirteen. Our papa has brought YOUNG PEOPLE home for us every week since it was first published, and we have a great pile of papers. You will probably hear from the members of our club on one of our meetings. We meet on Thursdays. Our aunt started it, and besides having fun, we manage to learn a good many things. ZINA M.

The club might send me a Round Robin. Do you know what a Round Robin is? It is a letter in which the whole fourteen may write by turns. I will be looking out for it.

So many of your letters crowded in while the Christmas Number, with its beautiful stories and pictures, was crowding Our Post-office Box out that I must make a little paragraph for some of

the contributors whose letters I can not find room for: Lulu S., your cat, Jimmie G., is the first cat I ever heard of that died of grief.—No, dear, I do not at all like the new style of spelling, for the reason that if it be adopted, we will lose the idea of the derivation of our words. The English language, you know, is the child of other and older languages in part, and a great many words are real pictures, which will be spoiled if their spelling shall be changed.—Bessie G., your little rhyme is very clever.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
THREE EASY SQUARES.
To Junebug.
1.—1. Reestate. 2. A continent. 3. Confusion. 4. A match. WALL.
To Topsy.
2.—1. A published note. 2. Partly open. 3. Thin. 4. Attracted. BUSTEN.
To Junebug.
3.—1. Andor. 2. Other. 3. A grand division. 4. To go before. WALL.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
The whole, of 9 letters, is a public institution. The 4, 6, 5 is in to. The 4, 7, 8 is a metal. The 3, 2, 1 is to stitch. J. K. M. LEE.

No. 3.

CHARADE.
My first o'er hill and vale and town
A garment spreads of fairy mould,
My second, eyes both blue and brown,
Enjoy when winter eyes are cold.
My whole, with lots of fun and noise,
Is greatly prized by girls and boys.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
1. A mountain in Arabia. 2. A person famed for lack of truth. 3. A place noted for lamentation. 4. The name of a prophetess. 5. Wreck and ruin. Primals and finals give the names of a distinguished Hebrew mother and her only son.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 361.

- No. 1. Thinkingiving.
No. 2. M A R T A R U L A R
R A C E R
T A B U L A R
M A C A L U L A T E D
R E L A T E D
R A T E L
R E D
D
E V A L
E K A S E
E V A S I V E
E E
A
S
O L A R
A L L U R E D
Y A R D S
R S
D

No. 3.

C O N
C O R A L
L O R I M E R
N A M E D
L E D

No. 4.

P O T
C O C O A
T O P
A
L A
L A
L A C
L A E
L A C E D
I N K S
N A I L S
K I T E
S L E D
T
O T E
T R I E D
E E L
G N A T
N N E
N N A
T E A R

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alice Reno, Thomas and Kolinsky Wolser, "Twilight City," Helen Zinsler, A. Bloomingdale, Amy Le, Charlie Tallie, Richard Hayes, Emily Benedict, Pierre K, Willie Dand, Rosa Alice Mann, Freddie J. White, Carroll Harkness, Charles and Blanche Briccidge, Maurice Heimler, P. Dolan, Archibald Dix, "Eureka," Millie Farwell, Jennie R. Miller, "Rosebud" and "Humming-bird," Mabel Grev, Eugene Dow, Albert E. Sigel, Bennie Johnson.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

A (ISLAND OF THE EAST INDIES) STORY.

WE (lake in Ireland)s were not at all a rich family, but on this particular (mountains in New Guinea) (island of the East Indies) day you could not have found in the whole town three happier children than (river in Asia), (town in Turkey), and I.

We went to (town in New Zealand) in the morning, and the minister preached a long sermon on (river in British Columbia) and (bay in Labrador), and told us the legend of the (island off the coast of England) (one of the Leeward Islands). Occasionally our thoughts would wander to the presents we had just received. Mine was a lovely (island of Malaysia) fan, (town in Turkey)'s, a necklace of (cape of Madagascar) beads, with a pendant in which was imbedded a tiny (river in Anstria), and (river in Asia)'s, a (one of the Caroline Islands) new sled.

Our cousins (island off the coast of Ireland) and (river in British Columbia) (city in Massachusetts) came to spend the evening with us, and helped us decorate the rooms with (mountain in Vermont). Some one expressed a (river in Patagonia) to try the sled; so as it was (lake in California), bright moonlight, we put on (town in England) jackets, and sallied forth into the (river in France) that is behind the house. The (mountains in

Africa) shone like (mountains in Africa), and the coast was so slippery that we met with numerous (river in Oregon); but we were too (headland on Martha's Vineyard) a (town in England) to mind trifles; mishaps did not make us (cape of Africa), and we braved the (cape of Alaska) (river in Wyoming) for several hours, until at last a terrific blast caused us to make a (town in Ireland) for the house, and a (river in Turkey) to bed soon followed.

THE CUNNING DONKEY.

AT a gentleman's seat in Ireland the cows used to escape daily out of their own field, but as the gate was always found shut and fastened, no one knew how this happened. But there were the cows, nevertheless, daily invading the corn fields, instead of grazing in their own meadow. So at last a boy was set to watch, and he found that they regularly called up the donkey at a certain hour, who lifted the latch of the gate, let them through, and then, after carefully putting the latch down in its place, returned to his own pasture. Animals, notwithstanding that they are unable to talk with us, must have some means of communicating their desires and thoughts to one another, or the above true incident could not have occurred.



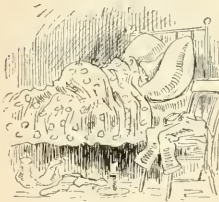
Jack thinks he will hang up his stocking.



And as usual, hangs it near the chimney.



Goes to bed early, feeling somewhat excited.



Drowns his anxiety in peaceful slumber.



He hears a noise.



Gets up and looks at his stocking.



There is something in it.



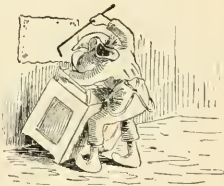
Good gracious! it's a mouse.



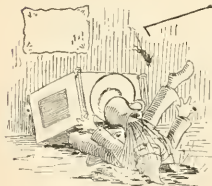
Exciting chase around the room.



It hides behind the wash-stand.



Thinks he has got him now.



But gets badly wet instead.



Goes back to bed in a very bad humor.



Wakes up in the morning and wonders if it all happened.



No, it was nothing but a dream. He finds his stocking full.

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FLORIO AND FLORELLA.

A Christmas Fairy Tale.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

I.

THERE was once a child named Florio who had neither father nor mother, uncle nor aunt, and so it happened that he was adopted by a witch. He might have had a fairy godmother if anybody had remembered to ask one to the christening, but as no one took enough interest in him for that, it

was neglected, and poor Florio became the property of a hideous, hateful old hag, who was never so happy as when she was making trouble. Of course Florio was compelled to do her bidding. Naturally inoffensive and gentle, he was continually obliged to do violence to his conscience by obeying the witch.

For instance, the witch—who was known by the name of Fussoldfuri, and lived in a miserable cavern when she was not travelling about—had great delight in spoiling any one's innocent amusement or upsetting his or her plans; she even started children quarrelling and disputing; indeed, she found this one of her particular pastimes, when she was not engaged in annoying older people.

It was among children that she made Florio particularly useful—so useful, in fact, that he never had a friend. If she found him amusing himself with a happy little company, she made him do some selfish or ugly thing which at once put a stop to all the cheerfulness; and often, before he knew what he was about, he would be struggling and kicking and screaming and flinging himself upon one or the other of his comrades, while Fuss—as we must call her for convenience—laughed till she shook, and tears of joy ran down her ugly leathery cheeks. Then Florio, ashamed, miserable, and unhappy, would creep off to a corner and weep as if his little heart would break.

It was after one of these dreadful occurrences one day that Florio, hiding in the woods, heard a strange rustling among the bushes. He was so used to wandering about after old Fuss, and living anyhow and anywhere, that he was more like a little creature of the woods himself than anything else, and it took a good deal to frighten him. Patter, patter, patter it went. What could it be? He peered in and out and under the bush, but he saw nothing except a nest full of little blue eggs, which he would not touch for the world; no, he knew too well how pleased old Fuss would be to have him disturb this little bird family, and he concealed it again. As he did so, the sweetest little voice said,

"That's right."

Florio jumped as if a wasp had stung him.

"Yes," continued the voice, "you couldn't have pleased me better."

"But who are you?—where are you?" asked Florio, to whom kind words were unknown, but on whom they had the effect of making his heart beat with a new and strange emotion.

"I can not tell you anything just now very well, but if you will meet me here in the moonlight this evening, Florio, I will be glad to see you."

"To-night?" questioned the boy, who did not like the darkness.

"Yes, child; have no fear. I am the fairy Florella. Adieu."

The days were generally too short for Florio, who hated the nights in the dismal cavern, when Fuss pulled his hair, and pinched his nose, and tripped him up over her staff by way of amusement; but now he longed for the night to come, although it must be confessed he was not without fears. Fuss was uglier than usual, but this did not affect Florio as it might have done had he not had something unusual and exciting to think of. Soon as the witch tumbled down on her heap of straw for the night, and showed by her heavy breathing and frightful snoring that she was asleep, Florio crept softly from the cavern.

It was a beautiful evening, soft and balmy, but to leave the bright roadway and enter the dark woods demanded some courage, for ill usage had rendered Florio timid in the darkness, though, as I have said before, he did not fear wild animals. Indeed, when a young fox came cautiously out of the thicket, and glanced about, Florio approached near enough to touch his bushy tail.

It was somewhat difficult to find the precise spot of the day's occurrence, but he noticed that whenever he went

in a wrong direction a crowd of fire-flies would start up and show him the right way, and thus he was enabled to find the sweet-brier bush. As he reached it he heard the same patter, patter, patter on the leaves of the bush, and looking up, he saw what caused the sound. Troops of tiny creatures were fluttering from leaf to leaf. Each had little silvery wings like butterflies, and each carried sprigs and sprays of blossoms, while following them came elves of most grotesque appearance, bearing platters of fruit and wild honey. In a moment they had formed a circle on the grass, and danced about, singing as they went, while the elves arranged a feast.

When all was in readiness, one—of largest size and of apparent superiority—beckoned to Florio to come near. Afraid to disobey, yet equally fearful of treading upon them, Florio approached, and in a moment he was surrounded, and with gentle pressure obliged to take their various offerings. One gave him grape-leaf cups and baskets woven of perfumed grasses, another filled them with honey and fruit, while all laughed to see what appeared to them the enormous quantities necessary for one so large.

"Florio, you have done well to obey me," said the same sweet voice he had heard in the daytime. "This, added to your consideration for the bird's-nest to-day, has pleased me, and your evident misery has aroused my compassion. Fussoldfuri is an enemy of ours, and I never expected to see one trained by her show a pitiful or kind spirit. It proves to me that there must be something in you worth cultivating. Are you willing to be guided by me? Do you want to leave old Fuss, and become one of my servants?"

Florio was not quite sure that he fully understood all that was said to him, but he was delighted at the idea of leaving Fuss, and said so.

Florella smiled upon him, and continued: "It may not be so easy as you imagine; those who serve me have to stand a test of faithfulness, energy, and courage. Our life seems one of careless mirth, but it is not so. We, of course, are happy, and enjoy ourselves; but we have many duties, and are not altogether free, as would be supposed. I am at the head of this little band. We are Flower Fairies, consins to the Wind Fairies and Herb Elves. I am familiar with every wild flower that grows, and I am now desirous of getting for our forests some seeds of the Swiss Edelweiss. If you can procure them for me I will reward you handsomely."

Poor Florio heard this speech with consternation. He had never in all his life known one flower from another. Where, when, how, could he go? And if he went, how should he escape Fuss? These thoughts made the poor child falter and grow pale. It would have been so much easier to say he could not do it, and have done with the matter, but the remembrance of his horrible slavery, and the thought that Florella believed in his ability to aid her, stimulated his courage, and he said:

"I know nothing of flowers, dear lady; I am a very ignorant fellow; but if you will direct me and tell me where to go, I am ready to try."

"Spoken well, my lad," said the fairy. "I do not expect impossibilities. We are the only ones who can do what seems impossible to man. The Edelweiss is a mountain flower, growing on the highest Alps, and many a man has lost his life striving to pluck it for one he loved. It is much esteemed for its rarity, and because of the often great difficulty of getting it. See; here is a dried blossom;" and she put in his hand a small white flower like an immortelle, though Florio thought that it looked as if it were made of flannel, it was so soft and woolly.

"This you must keep; see, I will put it in this case of birch bark, and you had better place it in your bosom. Now I must tell you about the journey. To leave Fussoldfuri immediately might make the task more difficult.

She is about starting for the mountains, and if you keep with her awhile longer you will be able to find the place you need much sooner than if you went alone. But when you reach Geneva you are to leave her. Can you remember that?"

"Oh yes, the rhyme will help me:

"When I get to Geneva,
Then I must leave her."

"Exactly, and then you are to seek the Edelweiss, and when you have gathered the seeds you are to meet me here in this forest, whether it be winter or whether it be summer. Adieu."

The fairy vanished, and with her went her band—nodding, waving, and kissing their finger-tips.

Oh, how dreary the woods seemed without the little troop! The wind sighed in the pines, and the moonlight cast fearful shadows from the gnarled and knotty boughs.

Florio rose with a sigh and stretched his limbs, wondering if it was worth while to try and do the fairy's bidding, when he had to go back to hear the dreaded voice of old Fuss. Then he made sure of the birch-bark case, and again with the aid of the fire-flies found the road. Fuss was sound asleep still when he laid himself down on his bundle of straw in the farthest corner of the cavern. One thing he did not notice, and that was the young fox whose bushy tail he had touched going into the woods. It had followed him home, and crept in under the straw beside him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRUSTFUL SPARROW.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

"This crumb is mine," said Sparrow Gray,
The only one I've had to-day,
And I *should* be a silly bird
To give you half, or even third;
For see! the ground is white with snow,
And may be weeks for aught I know."

"If 'tis," replied the younger bird,
I'll tell you what I overheard:
I heard some little children say,
In that great house across the way,
How they should scatter crumbs of bread,
That every bird might be well fed,
Till all the ice and snow were gone;
So cheer up. *Pray* don't look forlorn:
I'd rather gaze on miles of snow
Than see a bird with looks of woe."

"You simple!" twittered Sparrow Gray,
"That's always just your heedless way.
No matter whether foul or fair,
It's *chirp, chirp, chirp!* without a care,
And now you think you'll be well fed,
I hope you haven't been misled;
But time will tell. Good-day, good-day."
And greedy Sparrow flew away.

The little bird was left alone—
Poor wee, wee Sparrow, scarce half grown!
The cold winds soon began to blow;
No shelter offered, high nor low;
But mindful of the promised crumbs,
To the great house at length he comes,
A little shivering hungry bird.
Then to the window where he heard
The children's voices straight he cries,
And with his chirping Sparrow cries
Soon brought them thronging to his side.
Then quick the sash they opened wide,
Strewed thick with crumbs the sheltered ill,
Till wee, wee Sparrow had his fill,
And chirping soft, as if to say,
"I thank you, thank you," flew away.

Dear little children! dear wee bird!
Could we but heed the promised Word
Of One who keeps both great and small,
And notes a single sparrow's fall!

THE TOY-SHOP WINDOWS.

BY AUNT MARGORIE PRECEPT.

IF I knew where to find a fairy godmother this bright winter's day, do you know what I would ask her to give me? Three wishes, of course. With wish number one I would whisk all the far-away readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* right here to the city in a twinkling. With wish number two I would show them the beautiful holiday sights on which I have been feasting my eyes; and with wish number three I would give every child of them the dearest desire of his or her heart.

Alas! the days of fairy godmothers are past. It is not possible to bring you all here on some magical piece of carpet, and let you see for yourselves the wonders of this great city at Christmas-time. But there is one thing that can be done. Our artists are here with their busy pencils, and they are always ready to do whatever they think will please the little folk. Miss McDermott has made you a series of pretty drawings from the wonderful windows of the toy shops, which you will find on page 137, and I am going to try and tell you about some of the lovely things that are displayed in such profusion.

When I was a little girl I would have gone fairly wild had I seen Santa Claus's land, with its hills and dales, plain to view in a store, on my way to school. As it was, I wondered at the children who did nothing more than to dance up and down, and say "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Oh, mamma! there truly is dear Santa himself!" when in a great window there was the ground white and shining with snow, and there too were the reindeer as large as life, just ready to prance, and the big horse in the distance where St. Nicholas lives, the green trees, and the presents with which his bag was crammed to bursting.

"That Christmas girlie in the picture has her arms full," you say. Yes, indeed. Well, hundreds of Christmas boys and girls have tripped along, their eyes sparkling, their hands overflowing with parcels and bundles, in these merry holiday times. Really, we were quite ready to envy that old fellow in the mythology who had a hundred hands. We could have used as many if we had had them.

The prettiest and most charming part of it all was that the children wanted the dolls, the elephants, the whistles, the boxes, the woolly dogs, the enchanting illustrated books, the rings, the pins, and all the wonderful gifts, not for themselves, but for those they loved.

There is nothing selfish in the spirit of Christmas. Every train which rolled into New York or slackened speed at Jersey City for days beforehand brought troops of merry little ones, with eager faces and voices. They were to have a taste of Christmas pleasure in looking at the magnificent pictures which the shop-keepers had made for their enjoyment. It was just like seeing a story-book come to life to walk along Broadway or the Avenues. The whole of Mother Goose, the best part of the fairy tales, and the most entertaining things which ever happen to grown-up people, were exhibited in dramas with dolls for actors.

There were brides and bridemaids, mammas and nurses with babies in the cradles, and tots of two or three years toddling about, school-girls and school-boys, sailors, soldiers, old ladies and gentlemen, and, in fact, everything in the way of a doll which could be thought of. Some were going to church, some were embarking for Europe, some were flirting, and some were behaving primly. I wish you all could have been here to see them.

I hope, now that Christmas is only a pleasant memory, that we may go on, the year through, trying to make everybody as happy as everybody was when the Christmas greetings were flying from lip to lip. Just think what a beautiful world this would be if nobody was ever impatient, and if the young and gay were always kind to the ill, the poor, the aged, and the weary!



AN ARMFUL OF POSIES.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

IT had been arranged that Mrs. Heriot was to take Nan down to the house of the Rolfs in College Street, and my little heroine had to go through the worryment of mind that had become usual whenever that good woman did anything for her. Since not only did Mrs. Heriot never by any chance hurry, but it seemed to be one of her inflexible rules to be late on any such occasion.

Nan, in a pretty new gingham, with her new summer hat and a parasol, had waited half an hour before Mrs. Heriot came slowly along the hall, looking very warm in a red shawl and a bonnet covered with flowers and feathers.

Nan could hardly walk through College Street any more composedly than the twins had done on their visit. But it was not raining to-day; the sky was bright and blue, the air delicious, and in the gardens which they passed were all manner of spring blossoms; the lilacs seemed to nod their heads at Nan over the walls, and the syringas were, she thought, like big white "daytime stars."

Rolf House was at one end of a hilly street, and all along toward the sea-side part of the town were fine old-fashioned houses, with gardens and box-walks, and the look of old-time comfort which one sees in comfortable New England towns. Nan thought she would like to see inside some of the houses she passed, they looked so well kept and contented. Sometimes young faces appeared in the windows, and then Nan always said, "Mrs. Heriot, who lives there?" And Mrs. Heriot would cough significantly, look around, and give the names of the residents, with bits of their family history. Some of the names im-

pressed Nan very strongly, because of the young people in the windows. In one small, dreary-looking house she saw the face of a little boy, evidently an invalid. He leaned against the window, and pulled the tassel of the curtain with a thin, restless hand, while his sad eyes looked out upon the street, seeming to Nan to say how he longed to be there.

"That is Captain Hand's house," Mrs. Heriot explained, "and that boy is his grandson. He's had spine disease for years." Nan fancied the poor little fellow smiled at her as she looked up with a sweet, compassionate glance. She determined to ask Joan whether she knew him, and if they couldn't try to amuse him.

Below this long, irregular street lay the business part of the town and the shipping-places; but a river intersected the city, running back of College Street, and Nan remembered, with a thrill of pleasure, that Joan had talked of a boat all their own. Nan had a love of out-door sports, which was more powerful, I fear, than even her desire to be practical and well educated. She had learned to row and to skate and to coast, and even to play ball, during her Bromfield life, and her secret desire at present was for a horse and a dog of her own. Mrs. Heriot took a short turning to the right, where the trees seemed to be closer and the street more countryfied. At its upper end were the colleges—large, red brick buildings, with the shade of many elms. Nan had no interest in them, however; she wanted to see Cousin Phyllis's home.

It was a large though somewhat shabby frame house, with a wing in which was a long two-storied balcony. It stood back from the road, and had a wandering garden and lawn in front, and a porch with tall pillars, on which, as Nan and Mrs. Heriot appeared, the tribe of cousins were disporting themselves. Joan was busy on some fishing-lines, an operation which Dickie was critically regarding, kneeling on the step below her; Alfred and Bertie were marching up and down in a regimental manner; and Laura was working just within the wide open door. The hall ran through the house, with wide doors at either end. Nan saw a big, straggling garden beyond, and had a glimpse of the river. Cousin Phyllis, in a fresh muslin dress and pretty blue ribbons, was standing on the back steps.

The cousins greeted Nan tumultuously, except Laura, who, of course, was more dignified in her method of welcome. Mrs. Heriot went out to speak to Miss Phyllis, and Joan immediately laid hold of Nan.

"Now," exclaimed Alfred, "what are we to do? what would you like to do, Nan?"

"Oh, anything," said beaming Nan.

Joan pondered; then she said, looking very earnestly at the rest, "Shall we show her the theatre first?"

"I suppose so," said Dick.

Laying aside her gloves and parasol, Nan gladly allowed herself to be taken around the house and down toward the stables. There was here an old unused carriage-house, and Joan, as they went, explained that their father had allowed them to make use of it for some theatricals they were getting up as a surprise for Phyllis's birthday. It was Joan who did the talking, but here Laura seemed to have been the manager or organizer of the enterprise. She said, rather coldly, to Nan,

"Don't you want to take one of the parts, Nan?"

"Yes, please, if Aunt Letty says I may."

"Oh!" cried Joan, "can't she be the Captive, Laura?" And she added, quickly, "You see, Laura wrote the play all herself, and it's perfectly beautiful!"

Laura looked rather pleased by this, and she said perhaps Nan *could* be the Captive. The carriage-house consisted of one large room, with a sort of frame-work of a partition at one side, which they intended to curtain, and at the back were two big windows, which with care might be used as exits. Indeed, the amusement to be derived from

them seemed to appeal more than anything else to the boys, who immediately began tumbling in and out of them, Alfred's facility for putting his heels in the air coming in most usefully.

Laura showed Nan how they meant to divide the audience from the stage. It could readily be done. "But," she sighed, "if only Lance were home, he would do it *all*."

And, singular to say, at this moment a shout arose from the twins, who were just outside the door:

"Lane! Lance! here he is!"

There was a general seramble toward the house. Sure enough, it *was* Lance himself, though what had brought him home before vacation no one could imagine. But there he was striding across the garden, Joan and Dickie clutched him violently, and Alfred performing his wild-est antics near his heels.

Nan felt as if old Bromfield days had suddenly come back. She saw the store, the streets, Mrs. Grange's house, and the first glimpses of her new life. She drew back, almost wondering if Lance remembered her. But there was no doubt in her mind a moment later, for Lance, with his bright smile and pleasant voice, had come up and grasped her hand affectionately.

"Well, how are you, little Nan?" he said, cheerily, and Nan laughed and dimpled gayly. She made one of the group about him while Lance told how illness had broken out in the school, and the boys had all suddenly to be dismissed.

"Well," remarked Joan, "if it wasn't a perfectly killing kind of illness, I must say I'm glad; and oh, Lance! Lance! Lance! you're just in time!"

"There's always something to be in time for with you, Joan," laughed Lance, pinching his little sister's ear softly. "What is it now?"

"Oh, it's Laura's play," whispered Joan. "It's to be a surprise for Phyl's birthday."

"Is there a very sanguinary part for me, Lollie?" said Lance. "Remember, the last time, I killed every one beautifully."

Laura colored and bit her lip. "If you are going to make fun of it, Lance—" she began.

"But I've no such idea," he said, good-humoredly. "Now when I can get something to eat, I'd like to hear more of it. I feel a raving craving within me."

Alfred's eyes grew big. "There's a whole row of pies cooling down-stairs," he said, "and doughnuts. I saw them!"

"And The Great didn't eat any of them?"

"Didn't he?" said Joan, with her mouth curled almost out of sight. "He just went for them."

Lance laughed heartily, and they all turned back to the house, where Mr. Rolf

stood waiting to see his son, and Phyllis was bustling about in the dining-room, preparing an impromptu sort of dinner for her favorite brother.

Nan followed Joan into the dining-room. She was greatly interested in seeing everything about the house, and almost directly the influence of Cousin Phyllis's pretty, dainty taste had reached her. The dining-room was a large one, and full of sunshine and flowers; it seemed to Nan, and it looked very plainly, the sort of room in which a large, merry family of young people would like to eat their meals. Phyllis might look to Nan a very grand young lady, but she was evidently not above setting the table, and arranging the little dinner which Martha, the house-maid, brought in on a tray; and between whiles Nan saw her dust one or two places on the sideboard, and put things straight here and there, quite with the air of a person accustomed to performing such household duties.

Why, pondered Nan, as she stood in one of the windows—why had Phyllis seemed so "fine" a lady in Bromfield, so anxious to cut Nan adrift from her step-aunt's family? Had the girl been a little older and wiser, she would have understood it better, or have been able to make clearer distinctions. Phyllis's one point of pride was *family*. To her it was everything that she was a Miss Rolf of Beverley. She knew better than the others how many times they had had to pinch and save, and turn here and there, to keep up what she called "appearances"; but, at all events, nothing "vulgar" had ever come near them. Did she, I wonder, think it more honorable to be a "Rolf," and often owe the butcher and the baker, than to have



been a plain somebody or nobody, who knew not the dishonor of debt?

Lance professed himself well satisfied with his dinner, and he sat down between Phyllis and Laura, and talked eagerly. The younger members of the family sat on the ledges of the windows and looked on admiringly, while Nan crept close to Joan, who kept up a little whispered murmur about the play.

By this time Nan knew its plot. It was as follows: A person, called simply a "Knight," takes captive a young person who speaks an unknown tongue. He brings her to his people, among whom is a Magician, who alone can understand her. To him she tells her sad history, how she is a princess of the "Gondulfo tribe," and to prove it she calls upon the Magician to light up his lamp, and rub a certain ring she wears, and he can see her family. These personages appear, one after another, at the back of the stage. The Magician recognizes among them his own long-lost nephew, the Princess's brother, and as the spirits vanish he cries out, "You are, then, my niece, Artemisia Gondulfo." She admits that she is; the Knight appears, and a general understanding follows. The Magician pours upon Artemisia the wealth he has gathered for years, while she marries the Knight, who leads her back to the Gondulfos with rejoicing.

"Don't you think," whispered Nan, "that perhaps the people will want to know *where* the princess came from?"

Joan looked really troubled. "Now, see here, Nan," she said, as serenely as she could, "I can just see how you are always going to take things: you want them so—illiterate!" Joan stammered, and added, "No, I don't mean exactly that; I mean *literal*. Did you ever hear people in a real theatre, for instance, stand up and ask questions?"

Nan found she knew of no such occasion; but she had only twice been in a real theatre.

"Oh dear!" said Joan. "I don't mind telling you a secret, Nan: I *think*, when I'm older, I shall be an *act-ress*."

"Oh, Joan!" came from Nan, in a dismayed under-tone. "Well, I *think so*," said Joan, looking very grave. And Nan hardly knew whether to be most horrified or awe-struck.

But just now Joan had other things to think of. While Lance was finishing his dinner, she suggested taking Nan up to the room she shared with Laura. The two went out and up the stairs to a breezy bedroom, which at once showed that two people with very different tastes or ideas occupied it. One side plainly showed Laura's finical, sentimental sort of fancies; the other Joan's restless, careless, active spirit. There were two little iron beds; the floor was covered with a bright-flowered carpet, and the walls were full of pictures; some, it is true, only cuts from illustrated papers, but all well selected. There were dormer-windows, and in one a cage with two canaries. Joan displayed her special treasures to Nan, sitting on the floor before an old trunk, in which were some dolls' clothes, some bits of finery saved for theatricals, and which Joan called "properties," and various books and shells, and even some minerals.

"Oh, Joan," exclaimed Nan, "I wish you knew Philip!" The sight of the minerals brought back the crowded little parlor in Bronfield, where, perhaps, even now Philip was busy among his precious belongings.

Joan looked up, her gray eyes widely open.

"Who's Philip?" she asked.

Nan told all about Philip, and something of Marian. The two girls decided they would ask Phyllis or Aunt Letty if Nan might not write to Philip. Joan entered very heartily into this idea, and it produced so many puckeringings of her nose and mouth that finally Nan burst out into an irrepressible laugh.

"Oh, Joan," she exclaimed, "you do draw up your face so funnily!"

"Yes," said good-humored Joan, laughing with Nan, "*don't I?*" She jumped up and went over to the looking-glass, where she scrutinized her thin little face very carefully. "See here, Nan," she said, turning round, "just see how my flesh hangs." She pulled at her cheeks, and made various other demonstrations of the kind. "Papa says I *must* fill out, or I'll be so *ugly*—here Joan made her very worst pucker—"that no one will be able to look at me without—well, nearly fainting away."

Nan laughed again until the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Joan," she said, sobering finally, "I'll promise to love you always."

But Joan only stood still, shaking her head solemnly.

"Are you *sure*, Nan?" she answered.

"Perfectly sure," said Nan; and upon this Joan dived into her little trunk and produced a small note-book.

"Let's write it down," she said, very earnestly. "What's the day of the month?"

Nan said it was May 29; so Joan entered the date, and underneath it wrote: "Annie and Joan Rolf this day decide to be perfectly true friends. They will never let anything separate them."

"Now," said Joan, "let us each sign it; but, Annie—or Nan—first we ought to do something a little solemn; throw beans over our heads, or something like that."

Nan hesitated, and her face flushed. "Joan," she said, quietly, "I don't think that is half so solemn as—something—like a little—kind of a prayer."

Joan looked a trifle puzzled. "Well," she assented.

Nan took her cousin's hand very firmly.

"Suppose," she said, "we say—together—'God bless this.'"

Nan could think of nothing more elaborate; but the two children, standing, together signed their names to the queer little compact, and then together said, not knowing half how solemn it really was, "*God bless this.*"

For a moment or two they did not speak; but when the tea-bell rang they went down-stairs very merrily—on the last flight, indeed, Joan showed Nan how to slide down on the balusters, a performance Alfred and Dieksie greeted with cheers from the porch below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEARNING A TRADE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

"DEAR EDITOR,—How can a boy fifteen years of age get an opportunity to learn a good trade? Does it make any difference if he isn't very far along in his studies, and how much can he earn? WILLIE L. B."

In order to be able to answer letters similar to the one above, the editor of *YOUNG PEOPLE* sent to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., the great jewellers and silversmiths of New York, to learn what their method of teaching boys the business was. The information was readily given, as will be seen.

Let Willie fancy that he has entered the jewelry house spoken of with the intention of applying for a situation as apprentice in some branch of either gold or silver smithing. The gentleman who has charge of the manufacturing portion of the business will be very certain to ask him about his studies, providing he has first been able to show by letters from his teachers and acquaintances that he is a peaceably disposed, well-behaved boy. Combined with a willingness to work, every employer wants a boy of correct habits, studiously inclined, and cleanly in his ways.

In either of the trades, if a boy has any desire to rise above the purely mechanical branches, a knowledge of drawing is indispensable, for the designer is the chief among the laborers, and the progress which the applicant has made with his pencil determines which department of the business he shall enter.

In the factory are many rooms, each one of which is de-

voted to some particular portion of the work. For instance, where the solid silverware is made, the first department in which apprentices are employed is the "spinning-room." Here Willie, if he succeeded in his efforts to become one of the Messrs. Tiffany's apprentices, would be taught to "spin" a disk of silver into the required form shown by the mould, or "chuck," which comes from the designing-room. This he would do on a lathe, forcing the metal into the desired form by certain tools especially used for that purpose. In this department he would, in time, be taught to turn silver into all shapes; but he would be obliged to work with mathematical exactness from the drawings which would be given him.

The next department is where the silversmiths proper work, those who put together the different pieces that go to make up the entire article. There all the finishing work is done, the article going from one department to the other in course of construction, but returning to the silversmiths from time to time for the work of soldering, joining on of different pieces, and such labor as that.

Then comes the finishing department, where, after the ware has been completed, it is buffed, or rubbed smooth, polished, and in every way made ready for sale in the store.

The next department in point of importance is where the dies or patterns for the wares are made, the work being done in steel according to the designs sent from the artists. Equal in importance is the moulding department, where from brass patterns a mould of sand is made, leaving a recess in which the molten silver is poured, much as boys mould objects in lead.

The engraving department is one where only boys with an aptitude for drawing can be employed. There the patterns of vines, leaves, or figures are cut in the metal, letters or monograms engraved, and all such artistic work done.

The operation of embossing or "snarling," as it is technically called, requires as much if not more skill than the engraving, for in that case the design is raised on the metal, instead of being cut in, and this is done by striking on one end of a tool, the vibration at the other end striking against the inside of the vessel into which it has been introduced and held in position by the workman's hand. There are departments where etching is done, others where the ware is enamelled, and, in fact, one for each particular branch of the business; but over them all are the designers, those who originate shapes and styles, drawing them carefully on paper for the others to work by. The designers are the most important of all the workmen, since from them come all the ideas, and Willie should strive to reach that department, for no boy should give up trying to excel all others in whatever he does.

Now if a boy has but little taste for drawing, or, having such a taste, has cultivated it but little, he is set at work in such department as he seems best fitted for, from where the road to the designing-room is ever open to him, industry and close application being the only aids he needs to enable him to reach it.

If Willie can show that his character as a boy is good, that he has no bad habits or evil-disposed companions, if he shows any aptitude for the trade, and seems anxious to learn, the Messrs. Tiffany will give him an opportunity to go to work in their factory for two months, during which time his employers have an opportunity of learning what kind of a boy he is, and he can learn whether the work pleases him. During these two months both employer and apprentice are on trial, and the latter is paid in proportion to the amount of work he does.

At the end of that time he and his parents will be asked to meet the member of the firm who is in charge of the manufactory, and then will come the question as to whether he is willing to remain with the firm until he is twenty-one years of age; that is, of course, providing his employers are pleased with him.

If he is willing to remain until he has become a man, it being conceded that he may have learned the trade thoroughly even before that time, an agreement is drawn up and signed by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Willie, and his parents, whereby it is agreed that he shall remain as an apprentice in the factory until his twenty-first birthday. A certain amount of wages is fixed upon, and this is increased each year until, when his time has expired, Willie is earning a man's wages. This agreement does not bind him as the old forms of indenture did an apprentice, but leaves him free to go at any time, for a boy who has no pride or interest in his work had better be out of any shop rather than in it.

If at the expiration of the two months of probation Willie is not quite decided as to whether he prefers the trade of silversmith to that of any other, he is allowed more time in which to make up his mind, the idea being that he shall be thoroughly content with it before he agrees to remain.

After he has been apprenticed, Willie's desire will probably be the same as that of his employers—that he shall advance toward the designing-room as rapidly as possible, since that is the fountain-head of the trade. To this end he is aided in every way. A valuable and extensive library, where he can study the methods used by the goldsmiths in the olden as well as the present time, is open to him, and he can also examine models or drawings of all notable works in gold and silver that have ever been done by the masters of the craft. In fact, it is necessary for him to study his trade in his leisure as well as in his working hours, and his employers give him every opportunity, for it is of quite as much interest and profit to them that he should become a good workman as it is to him.

He, in common with a hundred and twenty-five other boys, begins work at seven o'clock in the morning, ending at half past five at night, with half an hour for dinner, and a half-holiday on Saturday. Each week that he works the full number of hours, and has done what he has been set to do faithfully, he receives from the foreman of his department an order on the cashier for one dollar, which is given to him in addition to his regular wages as a reward for punctuality and industry.

After a boy has served his time as apprentice he can *always* have work from the Messrs. Tiffany, or if he leaves the factory thinking to better his condition elsewhere, he can always return to it with a certainty of being employed, so long as his record is good, the policy of the house being to give employment to those whom they have educated in the business, in preference to any one else.

Of course each apprentice is obliged to do his full share of work, and hard work, for it is only by industry that any one can rise in life, and it is only those who are anxious to become artists in their work, even at the expense of considerable labor, that any such house wants.

To learn a trade is by no means play, but labor and perseverance; and the boy who is not willing to do his best to excel had better make up his mind to earn his livelihood by the simplest of manual labor. But he is wise who perfects himself early in life in some trade where skilled labor is always in demand, for by so doing he provides for himself constant employment; and whatever position he may occupy, he can never regret the time nor labor expended in thus making himself in a measure independent, whatever changes may befall him.

The experience of the house referred to in establishing what is really a training-school wherein boys may learn, to provide for themselves has been a pleasant one.

"Ten years ago," said the gentleman who was giving the writer the above information, "we had very few applications for the position of apprentice from boys who had received even fairly good educations, so great was the prejudice against learning a trade which existed in the



PREPARING THE DESIGNS.

minds of the people in this country. Now, however, a decided reaction has taken place, and among our apprentices may be found the sons of men who occupy good positions in society. Constantly striving as we are for artistic work in the greatest variety, we naturally desire the brightest and most intelligent boys, who may have the benefit of everything which money can purchase to enable them to rise in the business."

Willie, or any other boy who desires to make himself useful in the world, can readily see from this that even if there was no other reason for it, whatever trade he may decide to learn, it is necessary that he should first attend faithfully to his studies, unless he is willing never to rise above the common class of workers.

"Whatever is worth being done at all is worth being done well" is an old maxim that is worthy of repetition, and the best foundation for a good trade is a good educa-



FITTING STAND TO SILVER BOWL.

tion. But also remember that a boy's reputation for honesty, morality, and industry is quite as valuable to him as is a business man's, for it is that which is first inquired about when he applies for the situation of apprentice.

Whatever occupation in life you intend to choose, boys, lay the foundation for a successful following of it *now*, and that once done, the rest will be comparatively easy.



"SNARLING."



CHASING SILVER.



A Christmas Girl



SOME
LITTLE GIRL'S
DOLL



A BRAND-NEW YEAR.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THERE were so many of them!—Tommy and Aleck, Jack and Jill (Jill's name was really Geraldine, but everybody called her Jill because she and Jack were twins, and always together), Becky and Taddy, and little Sam and the baby, to say nothing of George Washington Lafayette Robert Lee Lincoln, Aunt Patra's boy, who when it came to mischief was the equal of all the white children put together.

Once it had been only a cause of rejoicing that they were so many; they could have no end of fun by themselves, and they were so sorry for the little Fergusons, who were only two, and could play hardly any rousing game at home of a rainy day; and as for Thanny Thorpe, who had not one single brother or sister, he always made them think of the poor giant Pewobbet, who was shut up in an iron tower, and wept so for loneliness that he trickled all away.

But, oh dear! everything was sadly changed now.

Papa had lost all his money, and they had been obliged to leave their beautiful home in the South, and come away off to this little New England town, where a house and some land had been left them by a relative, and then papa had died suddenly, and they were left alone among strangers, and with hardly any money.

Mamma tried to keep the tears out of her eyes, and taught music, and sewed for people, working sometimes far into the night, and doing her very best to earn money enough to make them all comfortable. But there was a mortgage on the house, and the interest had to be paid very often, and there were so many of them! And there was "that boy Linkum." That was what his old mammy always called him, and they had all fallen into the same habit.

Linkum wore out two pairs of shoes to the other children's one, and his knees and elbows seemed to have such a fondness for the open air that they would make their way through the thickest cloth in less than a fortnight.

And Linkum's bump of destructiveness was developed to an alarming extent. He could not be trusted to take anything into his hands that could by any possibility be broken, and he declared himself that if he looked at a dish it "done fell over and split open."

In the bottom of her heart Annt Patra was very fond of Linkum, but she was always saying that "dere was enuf moufs to feed widout dat lazy nigger's, an' it was high time dat he done went off an' earned his own libin'."

It made all the children very sad to hear Annt Patra say that, for in spite of his pranks they had a great affection for Linkum. He was devoted to them, and always so good-natured and merry you must be feeling very badly indeed if Linkum couldn't cheer you up. When mamma was so pale and tired that it would make one's heart ache to look at her, she would laugh, just as she used to do, at some of Linkum's droll sayings. And it made her feel as badly as the children to think of letting Linkum go away, especially as she was afraid he might not find people who would bear with his troublesome pranks. But one day she said she was afraid he would have to go. She had lost two of her music scholars, and her eyes were beginning to trouble her so that she was afraid she should not be able to sew much longer, and the interest on the mortgage was overdue. And a man over in Lancaster wanted to hire Linkum to cut wood.

It was the last day of the year, and things did seem very sad. Christmas had not been in the least like any Christmas that the children had ever known. It did seem a little too bad that Santa Claus should turn the cold shoulder upon one because one was poor. And now, with all the rest of their troubles, they must part with Linkum—poor Linkum, who doubled himself up as if he

were in pain at the mere mention of his going, and uttered most melancholy howls.

Tommy, who was the oldest, and felt himself to be the man of the family, although he was only twelve, shared his mother's confidence, and realized what sore straits they were in. He agreed with his mother that since there was nobody in the neighborhood who wanted to hire Linkum, he must go, although it seemed almost too hard to be endured.

"Well, to-morrow is New-Year's Day; perhaps something very nice will happen," said Jill. Jill read fairy stories, and was always expecting things to happen just as they did in the stories.

"Sometimes things go on happening just the same, if it is a new year," said Aleck. "I wish this would be a *brand-new* year!"

It did seem very sad that Linkum should have to go on New-Year's Day, but the man who wanted to hire him came for him, and they all resolved to put a brave face on the matter, for it never would do to begin the new year with tears, and besides, their tears gave renewed impetus to Linkum's howlings, which were really frightful to hear, and caused his new employer to inquire if he wasn't subject to cramp in the stomach.

At the very last Tommy took Linkum behind the shed door for a little private interview.

What was said there nobody knew, but when he emerged from the retirement the cramp in Linkum's stomach seemed greatly improved, and he responded with a faint semblance of one of his customary grins to the good-byes showered upon him.

Tommy took his way to his daily work with a resolve to ask Mr. Savage, the lawyer, whose office-boy he was, to raise his wages. But when he opened the office door there was a strange young man at the desk, and Mr. Savage was occupied with several gentlemen. He turned his head to say, carelessly, to Tommy:

"I shan't have any further need of your services, as this young man, who is to study with me, will attend to your duties. I believe there is a small sum due you, and if you will call some time when I am not busy I'll give it to you."

Poor Tommy! he left the office without a word, his hopes all crushed. There were very few chances for a boy like him to get work in the town. He might have to go away as Linkum had done, and that would break his mother's heart.

It was just possible that there might be some work that he could do at the iron-mills; a few odd jobs would be better than nothing.

Mr. Forbes, the superintendent, was always busy, and a man of few words. Tommy dreaded to go to his office, because he held the mortgage on their house, and he might say something about the unpaid interest; but as it was the only chance for work that there seemed to be, he summoned all his courage, and knocked at his office door.

"Want a boy?" said Mr. Forbes. "Well, if we do, there are plenty of big ones in the world, so we needn't take up with a little chap like you." But there was a pleasant twinkle in his eyes, so Tommy didn't mind that his words were not very polite.

"You're Tommy Woodford, are you?" continued Mr. Forbes. "Well, we do need an office-boy, but I was thinking of having one older than you, who could help the clerk with his accounts sometimes. Are you quick at figures?"

"I am not so very slow, sir," he said, modestly. "You might try me."

"Well, that is not a bad suggestion," said Mr. Forbes, who was looking him over carefully all the time. "You may come to-morrow morning, and I will try you." Tommy flew home as if he had wings, and told the good news.

He found that there was hard work in the office of

the Iron Company, and the clerk was not so pleasant as Mr. Forbes; and when he found that Tommy was both quick and exact at figures, he left work for him to do that did not rightfully belong to his share, and he sometimes went away when he ought not to go, and left Tommy in sole charge of the office.

But Tommy was determined that nothing should daunt him, and he never complained, and Mr. Forbes's attention was attracted from what was going on in the office by disturbances in the mills, owing to the dissatisfaction of the men and their threatening to strike for higher wages. One night, at the end of Tommy's second week at the mills, the clerk, who had been absent for half the afternoon, failed to return at six o'clock, the usual time for closing the office. Tommy had no authority to close it, and as Mr. Forbes had gone to a distant town to secure a new corps of men in case there should be a strike, Tommy had no alternative but to wait until the clerk returned.

Night had closed in before six o'clock, and a storm was threatening, and Tommy thought of his long, cold walk, and longed for the home fireside, and the eakes that Aunt Patra loved to keep hot for him. Then he remembered that some of the next day's work might be done while he was waiting. But just as he sat down at the desk and opened the account-book the door was suddenly thrown open.

Tommy arose with a sigh of relief, but when he turned, instead of the clerk whom he expected to see, two rough-looking men stood before him. One of them turned the key. Tommy was sure that they were mill hands, although he could not see their faces.

"All we want of you, youngster, is the key of the safe," said one of them.

How they knew that he was acquainted with the whereabouts of the key of the safe Tommy wondered, the natural supposition being that Mr. Forbes carried it about his person, as indeed he habitually did; but from the fact that some valuable papers which were kept in the safe were being copied by the clerk and Tommy, the key was deposited in a little secret drawer in Mr. Forbes's desk.

"What right have you to ask for the safe key?" demanded Tommy. He was conscious of a little inward quaking, but his tone was firm.

"We don't mean to waste words with you," said one of the men. "We'll trouble you to tell us where that key is, or—" and he drew a pistol from his pocket, and laid it down where Tommy could see it.

Tommy remembered that he was alone in the building, everybody leaving at six o'clock, therefore to call for help would be useless; but even while he thought of it one of the men thrust a gag into his mouth, while the other tightly pinioned his arms.

"We'll try our luck at finding it, and if we can't do that we'll *make* him tell," said one of them, with a fierce oath.

The gag choked him almost to suffocation, and the ropes cut his arms so that the pain was almost unendurable. Footsteps sounded in the corridor, and some one tried the door. Oh, if he could only cry out!

As the footsteps died away, it seemed to Tommy as if all his hopes of seeing mother, brothers, sisters, and home went with them. But a sentence from one of Jill's old stories kept repeating itself in his mind: "so Sir Cuthbert did his duty as a true knight, knowing that God had created him for nothing less."

Sir Cuthbert fought dragons, and serpents with innumerable heads, and ferocious wolves. Tommy wondered, vaguely, in the midst of his pain, whether Sir Cuthbert ever got home to his mother; he didn't remember to have heard the end of the story.

The men were growing fiercely angry that they could not find the key, and one was blaming the other that they had not tools with which to break open the safe. Tommy knew that they would waste no more time, but

would force him to tell now, if they could. Something very like despair came over him, when, suddenly pressed against a window-pane, he saw a face—a black face, surmounted by a woolly top-knot—Linkum's face!

It seemed to Tommy that he must have died and gone to heaven when he saw that face. But it was only the beginning of a merciful unconsciousness.

There was a crash as if the whole world had tumbled to pieces, and when Tommy opened his eyes it was upon Linkum's face close beside his, some officers putting handcuffs upon the men, and a crowd of people pouring into the office.

"You 'member what you done tole me behind de shed door?" Linkum was explaining. "How if dis yere nigger was dat homesiek he couldn't stand it nohow, to done fotch hisself home, an' you wouldn't eat a bit but what he done had his share ob? Dis nigger was dat miserable homesiek he tought for sure he'd die, an' he done come home. He look all roun' de winders ob de house an' couldn't see nuffin' ob yer, an' he hear 'em say mighty quar yer done stay so late, an' he come to de office, an' he see light an' hear voices, but couldn't get in, an' it seem mighty quar, so he done climb up de spout, an' look in de window! Didn't take him long to fotch a ossifer an' break in dat do'!"

So the safe, which contained a great deal of money, as well as valuable papers, was untouched, and Tommy was the hero of the hour. Everybody was crowding around to have the privilege of shaking hands with him. And Linkum was not without his share of praise.

But the best is yet to tell. Mr. Forbes made Tommy a present of the mortgage deed cancelled. He said Tommy had saved him a great deal more than that, and it was only his due. He also raised his salary, for he said the company could afford to pay for such services as his. And he gave Linkum a situation in the mills, so he didn't have to go away again. Aleck said "it really was a brand-new year!"

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A CASTAWAY AMBASSADOR.

II.

AT this terrible crisis—for, left to themselves, these poor Easterns were almost as helpless as children, and were conscious of the fact—the second ambassador called his people round him, and addressed them with a courage and charity such as would have done honor to an apostle of the holiest creed:

"Faithful Siamese, though all was lost by our shipwreck, we had still some consolation. . . . While the Portuguese remained, they were our guides, and in some sort our protection. . . . and I would fain persuade myself that urgent reasons alone can have induced them to leave us. Were not we ourselves constrained to forsake our first ambassador amidst a frightful desert, though with the full design of proeuring him aid when it should lie in our power? The conduct of the Portuguese may not perhaps be less laudable. At all events, it will not avert the evils with which we are menaced to bewail their insincerity and want of faith."

No Christian sermon, to my mind, had ever more charity and good sense in it than this. The latter part of his speech, though it does not recommend itself to our intelligence, is even more characteristic, and breathes a spirit of exalted loyalty which would be chivalrous indeed were the object of it a worthy one. The King of Siam was a potentate, it seems, so sacred that no one was allowed to mention his name, but in this supreme hour his faithful servant thus ventures to allude to him:

"Perhaps," he says, "in requital of the transcendent merits of our great King, Providence will not allow us to remain destitute of succor; and without further delibera-



"THEY CAME UPON ONE OF THE INTERPRETERS LYING DEAD."

tion we ought to follow the coast, according to our previous determination One thing more. You have witnessed my invariable respect for the dispatches of the King, my master. My first, or rather my sole, anxiety during our shipwreck was for their safety. When encamped on mountains, I have always placed them still higher, and always above the rest of our body, and myself withdrawing lower, guarded them at a respectful distance; and in the plains, they were affixed to the top of the highest plants I could attain. During this journey they have been borne by myself, and never intrusted to others, until I was unable to drag my limbs along. Now, in our present uncertainty, should I not be able to follow you long, I enjoin the third ambassador [our Occum], in the name of our great King, to act precisely as I have done But should it be fated that none of us reach the Cape of Good Hope, he to whom they shall be at last intrusted must lay them, if possible, on some eminence, so that they may not be exposed to insult, and then he may die before them, testifying as much respect in death as he was bound to show during life. Such is what I recommend."

From this date poor Occum Chamnam's miseries became almost intolerable; his whole body began to swell, attended with dreadful pains. "Without actual experience," he observes, with touching simplicity, "I could not have believed in the power of the human frame to resist so long such an accumulation of evils;" and yet in proportion to their extremity so, strangely enough, did his anxiety to prolong his life increase. All that remained to them of solid hope was in regaining the Portuguese, and when, now and then, they came upon some traces of their course their hearts revived within them. Once they found a pouch of powder, with which they kindled a fire, and Occum broiled his shoes, which had long become useless to him through the swelling of his feet.

"We cut them to pieces, and eat them with great avidity We tried the same with the cap of one of our at-

tendants, but it was so tough that we had to reduce the pieces almost to a cinder, and then they were so bitter and disgusting that, in spite of our famished condition, our stomachs refused to receive them." Presently they came upon one of the interpreters lying dead. "Since his limbs were contracted together, though on a spot abounding with herbs, we judged that he had died of cold." This sight was not unwelcome, since it showed that they were on the right track; and "since it was a charming spot, covered with verdure, we halted, and each laid in a stock of palatable leaves."

This relief, however, was but temporary, and the condition to which they were reduced may be conceived from the fact that, proud as they were by race and nature, they at last resolved to sell themselves to the Hottentots as slaves. "Surely," says the unhappy Occum, "our wretchedness must have been intense since we were willing to become subject to a people the most abject, vile, and beastly under the sun, and whom we should be reluctant to receive into our homes even in a menial capacity." Nay, such was their extremity that they actually resolved to go back to the peninsula where mussels were plentiful, and reached it in three days, with the ardor of exiles seeking some promised land.

Unhappily, though they got their mussels, they could get no fire-wood to cook them with, while the intense cold at night paralyzed all their energies. On the fifth day they again started on their weary journey, and after terrible privations came on some Hottentots who had intercourse with the Dutch settlements, and undertook to guide them thither. Many of the poor Siamese had to be left behind, with a store of dried mussels to support them; the rest followed their guides for six terrible days, during which time their chief food was certain large black beetles.

On the thirty-first day after the shipwreck they met with some Dutch settlers, who brought them bread, meat,

and wine. "Our acknowledgments were boundless. We threw ourselves at the knees of our preservers. For my own part, my gratitude was beyond all bounds. When the first ambassador had ordered us to leave him, he gave us some jewels which had been presented by the King our master to be bestowed in presents. I received five large diamonds set in rings of gold, one of which I presented to each of the Dutchmen as an acknowledgment of the renewal of my life."

What seems very strange, the survivors of the Portuguese party, who arrived at the settlement eight days before them, seem to have suffered even worse privations than the Siamese. A monk of St. Augustine, who was of the party, drew tears from Occum's eyes by the recital of them. "We should have been as relentless as tigers," he says, "not to have melted at the cries and groans of those who dropped by the torments of hunger, thirst, and fatigue. They implored our assistance; they conjured us to procure a drop of water. Every one seemed insensible to their sufferings, and to avoid the semblance of cruelty, when we saw them fall, which happened frequently, we exhorted them to recommend their souls to God, and then, without further remark, turned away, stopping our ears that we might hear the groans of the dying no longer."

One incident in that terrible journey stands out above all others, and seems to have affected all witnesses, however wretched in their own circumstances, with its horror and pathos. The captain of the ship, a man of high rank and station, had carried out his only son with him to India, that he might make an early acquaintance with life at sea. He watched over the boy's safety during the shipwreck, and since his strength soon failed him, caused him to be carried during the march by his slaves. But when these grew too weak to bear him, the youth was reduced to such a state of feebleness that he lay down to die.

"His limbs were stiff and swollen, and he lay stretched at all his length unable to bend a joint. The unfortunate captain was driven to despair. Lifting the poor lad on his shoulders, he tried to carry him, but could make but a single step, when he fell to the ground with

his son, who seemed more distressed at the other's grief than at his own sufferings. He entreated the others, in the most impressive manner, to carry his father away with them, whose presence only augmented his miseries. The priests endeavored in vain to represent to the captain the sinfulness of thus endangering his own life by useless delay, and at length he was removed by force." The violence of his grief, however, continued without abatement, and though he reached the settlement, he died of a broken heart on the second day.

Occum Chamam himself lived to return to Siam, and behold the gracious countenance of the sovereign whom nobody was allowed to name; and, what is very creditable to him after such an experience, he actually tempted the sea again as ambassador to the court of France.

WATCHING.

WATCHING for somebody, wide brown eyes.

Waiting to give him a rare surprise?
Oh, is it father, whose horse's feet
Fall in the distance smooth and fleet—

Father, whose heart for many a mile
Forward has leaped to the dear old stile.
Oh, how they'll kiss him, and hold
him fast,

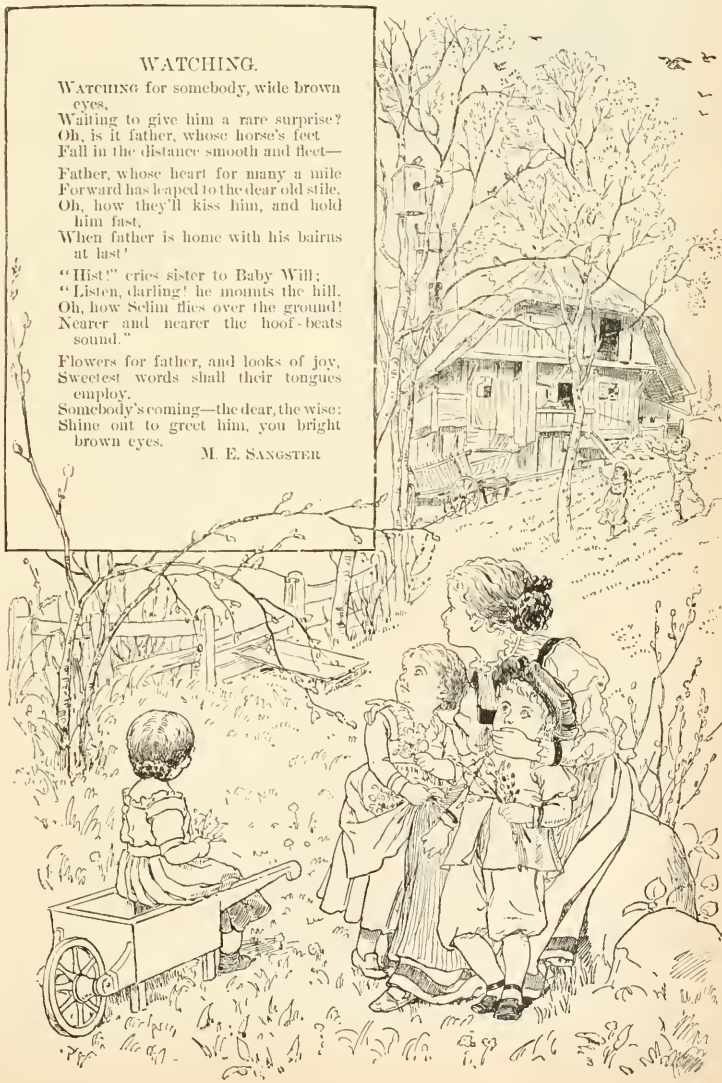
When father is home with his bairns
at last!

"Hist!" cries sister to Baby Will;
"Listen, darling! he mounts the hill.
Oh, how Selim flies over the ground!
Nearer and nearer the hoof-beats
sound."

Flowers for father, and looks of joy,
Sweetest words shall their tongues
employ.

Somebody's coming—the dear, the wise:
Shine out to greet him, you bright
brown eyes.

M. E. SANGSTER





OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

CHERRY HILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

You want some letters to tell you how we enjoy our Thanksgiving. I will tell you first about ourselves. There are five of us. My little brother Ned takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and my little brother uses it at his school every day to read in. We all love it. Even mamma says she enjoys it in the evening when she is alone in the library. We live in the country, and we had a snowy day to go in to grandpa's. I had a good sleigh ride before starting, and if it had not been so fine, we would have staid home and had another ride.

We had a jolly dinner, and afterward we recited pieces, sang songs, and played games until we were tired out. I do not know which laughed the most, grandpa, who is seventy, or my little sister, just two years old, when we played "Going to Jerusalem" and "Rachel and Jacob." Oh! they are funny games. Then we sang "Oh, Susanna," and papa played it on the piano for us. We had to sleep with a good many in every room, but we did not care, for Thanksgiving comes so seldom, and we were very thankful this year to think our sister, who has been so sick, was well again, and could eat turkey and ice-cream.

If you like my letter I will write again, for I have a good deal to tell you if you want to first about our lovely old nursery, our cat who will not stay away when she is sent, and our dogs. I am so glad we have such a big family—there is so much fun in the house.

A. C. N.

Now having told us about Thanksgiving, you must send a postscript and tell about Christmas. Did you go to grandpa's again?

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I can't go there three months ago. I was born on the Ottawa River, above Montreal, and used to have good times there fishing, boating, and hunting. It took me four days to come here from Montreal. There are no trees up here, and prairie all around. The Red and Assiniboine rivers flow past here, and they are about the middle streams of the river. I go to the Manitoba College, and am in the Fourth Book. We have had a good deal of snow already, and it is very cold. My mother is writing this for me as I am sick in bed to-day. Men and boys wear large buffalo-skin coats in winter. People have to buy water, and men bring it in barrels and water-carts. There are a great many kinds of people up here, such as Scandinavians, Swedes, Jewish refugees, Mennonites, and many Indians and half-breeds. My letter may be getting too long, so good-by.

BENNIE W. S. T.

You needed huffal-skins to keep you warm when that cold snap came a fortnight ago, did you not, Bennie? I think it must be a strange experience to buy water. Perhaps you are more careful of it than we in New York, where it seems free as air.

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have no sisters living, and only one brother, who is now away from home, so I have to depend on my dolls and my pets for company. I have a large family of dolls of all sizes, and they have dolls of their own. I had five nice kittens, who, with their uncle Popsissaway and their mother, made quite

a menagerie. My brother obtained for their uncle Frisky a situation in a grocery store as a mouse-catcher, to save him from a watery grave. My kittens are fond of riding in the carriage dressed up in hats, cloaks, and collars, and holding a doll in their arms, and purring to show their pleasure.

My most precious pet was a parrot, which my grandma brought me from Boston. It was only one year old, and could not speak a word. We called him Paul. He soon learned to say "Pretty Polly," "Good-morning," and "Look here." Beautiful! "Where's Bertie?" "Kiss me pretty, oh, kiss me pretty now!" in a very coaxing way, and making a sound just like kissing.

When mamma used to read a funny story aloud, I would be catching Paul would come down from his perch, walk close up to us, and exclaim, "Beautiful! beautiful!" He admired bright colors, and when he saw pretty flowers, or a gay piece of cloth, he would say, "Beautiful!"

He was just learning to sing "Polly, put the kettle on," and he made a very good attempt at it, but he could not sing. Paul would feel very sorry, but we had him stuffed, and he now sits on a little table in the parlor.

I have not been to school much, but I have had lessons at home. I went for a short time to a private school, but had to leave off on account of headaches. Besides my usual school studies, I am learning music, drawing, Italian, sewing, and cooking. Mamma is my teacher in all except drawing.

Papa gave me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a Christmas present two years ago. We all like it very much. It would be a real pity for you to long to tell us anything about our town or our people.

Have I written too much? If so, dear Postmistress, please excuse

BETTIE B.

Your description of your cats and dolls is quite fascinating. I was visiting a friend one day, and saw a very pretty canary hanging in its cage in her parlour, and among the vines and flowers. I noticed that it did not stir, so, after a while I said, "Why, Lo, that is the stillest bird I ever saw in my life." "No wonder," she replied; "poor Muff is stuffed." So I suppose your pretty Polly may impose now and then on callers in the parlor.

LITCA, NEW YORK.

I like *HAPPY NEW YEAR PEOPLE* very much. I am very glad Christmas is so near at hand. I hope Santa Claus will bring me a nice train and a steamer. Papa sells beautiful Christmas cards.

I am six years old, and can read (so my teacher says) very well. I can spell words of four syllables, and I can write good long when I don't get into mischief. I have no sisters nor brothers, and I have nobody to amuse me, and I do so like to be amused. I suppose all little boys do, don't they? I ever wrote, and I commenced it myself, about Thanksgiving, and I made up my mind to be a good boy all day long Thanksgiving, and I think I was. I didn't get in any mischief, and I had splendid time, or, rather, dinner, at grandpa's.

I have two grandmas and no grandpa. I love my grandmas very much, but I guess they sometimes get a little tired, for they write me some topsy-turvy whenever I go. Mamma is writing this letter for me, and says you won't trouble to answer it, but I guess you will, for it is the first letter I ever wrote, and I commenced it myself, but got so tired I could not finish it.

WILLIE R. P. R.

I don't think either of those good grandmas ever calls Willie boy horrid. Your letter came before Christmas. Now that it is over, I hope you have the steamer and the train of cars, and are enjoying them very much.

GOVERNMENT, NEW YORK.

My sister Grace and myself have had so much fun with our donkeys that I will tell about them. They were called Mexican burros, and were sent by express from Iowa by Judge Hale, now Governor of Wyoming Territory. The biggest one was three and a half feet high, and of a brown color, and we called him Popsy. The little one was of a mouse-color, and known as Miss Jumbo. All the little girls and boys in town rode or drove them, and I had the best of them. Popsy and his cousin was riding Miss Jumbo, when she came to a mud-puddle, and deliberately dropped her head and kicked up her heels, landing him on the other side of it. I had to get up in the morning that we cared to get up led us to part with them. Miss Jumbo was offered as a prize for three hundred little boys to run for at the fair, and I won it. Popsy and papa exchanged Popsy with a circus company for a beautiful little pony. He would trot, walk on two feet, stand up, lie down, or sit up, and was a fine waltzer in the circus. He accidentally bit the

fingers of my sister Grace while she was feeding him some candy, and finally he sick and died, and is now buried just out of town. We have not any pets just now. ELVA C. (10 years old).

What a pity the pony died! If you have any more entertaining pets, be sure to write about them.

MONROE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I gladly send in my name as a member of the Housekeepers' Sociable. Not that I dislike washing dishes, like Rosalie, for we often have pleasant times over our work, but I think the Sociable will cause us to talk as if we knew one another. I am fond of cooking; I made the bread to-day. I keep a book to write down the cakes, etc., when made, but the recipes may not be forgotten, but I do not get much, as my studies take up some hours; then I am sketching from nature, and painting. I milk the cow, and help mamma with the baby; then my sister and I have the care of the chickens, over one hundred in number. The egg money is ours. Our chickens are good rat-catchers—better than the cats. I am fond of natural history, and often find some singular things in this part of the country, but my letter would be too long if I mentioned them. This summer our sweet-potato vines bloomed freely, contrary to the general way. Can you raise so many chickens and cats, and not another? Our cat Smitty will growl like a dog at strangers, and Sandy sits up and begs at meal-time; both learned their tricks from a little dog we had. My sister Lila has had her tomsit cut twice. She is six years old, and I am eleven years old to-morrow, and we will have a candy pull then.

NELLIE B.

BARTOW COUNTY, GEORGIA.

I have been living in Georgia four years. We came from Charleston, South Carolina. I think I would like to go back there one of these days, but I like the country because we can ride horse-back, raise so many chickens and cats, and have animals too. I have a little pet calf named Rosalie; it has no mother. I have had rabbits and owls for pets, but I think I like dogs best. My sister Lila has had her tomsit cut twice. She is six years old, and I am eleven years old to-morrow, and we will have a candy pull then.

ROSALIE S.

COLONY, KANSAS.

We are two little boys, aged seven and nine years. Mamma reads *YOUNG PEOPLE* to us in the evening. We are so interested in the Post office Box that we raise so many chickens and cats, and money, we would send it; but with the money we earned last summer carrying water for the men mamma subscribed for *Our Little Ones* for Bertie, and the *Young People* for me. We came from Pennsylvania last spring, and live out on the prairie. We have a large pond, and last week it was frozen over, and we had lots of fun skating out on it. We have a pony

WILLIE AND BETTIE U.

ELK CITY, KANSAS.

I have just been reading your paper, and I came across a good deal of writing and pictures. I am sure I agree with her, for week-days we have nine to do for, and I do get so tired of the dishes. I think it would be very nice to join that club. My sister Lila has had her tomsit cut. I am fourteen years old.

MAY F. W.

Annie V. and Dora S. here is a game which I think will please you. When your little friends next meet, you may try it:

THE BIRD-FANCIER.

A cage of chairs must be made in the middle of the room; then a number of pieces of paper must be cut out, as many as there are players. On half of them the names of birds are written. Then they are folded up, and put in a box. Each player, who must each draw one. Those who draw a blank sit still.

When the birds are all in the cage, the Merchant stands in the middle of them; and from that moment they must never look away from him, unless penalty of paying a forfeit.

On the merchant's order, the birds must round the cage and try to make the birds break this rule by any artifice they can—talking to them, calling them by name, etc., etc.

"One of the players says," "I have a good many fine birds here—a wise owl, a fat goose, a merry lark, etc.; who will buy?"

"One of the players says," "I will." Describe your

The merchant must then repeat all their names, and enumerate their good qualities.

A great deal of fun may be produced by the description of the birds. The names of the birds, which should be appropriate to their characters and appearances, and by which, sometimes, the purchaser may divine the player who is the paragon. The names of the birds may be written on a bird he likes, and she is immediately released from her cage. Then the bird vender pays her a *bobson* forfeit, and all the birds not selected pay forfeits to their owner. Example of the game:

MERCHANT. "I have here a choice aviary of birds; will any one buy?"

Any one of the company who pleases may walk round the birds, as if they were to be seen, then look away from their proprietor. If they do, they have to pay a forfeit.

At last the purchaser comes forward, and the merchant says: "Buy a nice parrot, sir? Very fine bird. Feathers very bright and beautiful, eyes like diamonds, and a wonderful talker; she chatters all day, and repeats everything she hears."

PURCHASER. "Thanks; but I prefer a song bird. Have you a nightingale?"

MERCHANT. "Yes, sir; a very charming singer, to make a daisy bird, with a nice nest, with a plumage of a modest brown, soft, elegant, and lady-like; and she sings charmingly! Only she has the fault of turning day into night, and of troubling people's sleep, by keeping them awake with delight."

PURCHASER. "I will buy her at once. Name your price."

The merchant sets a high price on her bird. The player who represents the nightingale leaves the circle. The merchant owes her a forfeit of a bonbon; the wretched ones give bonbons to the B. A. and E. T. B.

M. A. and E. T. B.: The request you make falls in with our own wishes. Watch the Post-office Box, and you will soon find what you ask for. Why do you not learn to recite some of the pretty poems which appear in YOUNG PEOPLE?—N. P. F.: How do you ever find time to dress and undress nine dolls?—Topsy: I agree with you about Nan. What a kind pussy that it is to wake you up every morning!—Ray B. A.: You have been quite a traveller for a boy of ten.—Thayne O. K.: I will try to print your next letter.—Lucy L. Wright, and Edna B. S.: I hope your new work will be a good time-keeper.—Grace M. S.: Thank you for telling me that you like the letters. So do I.—Caroline S. B.: How can you think that a big man would behave in the naughty way that Jimmy Brown does?—J. S. M.: I would like to see your scrap-book.—Willie A. B.: Be sure you send me word how the club prospers, and what you do at the meetings.—Ida C. F.: Do you often go to see your dear mamma, brother, and sister?—Nehemiah C. M.: The lady you mention lives at Cleveland, Ohio.—Ruth M. S.: Welcome in the Sociable. So are Edith L., Irma G., Alice W., Emily T., Maggie V., Mollie R., Bettie P., Angie C., Anna C., Daisy J., Rosa B., and Almira T.—Alice L. H.: I hope you have happy days at boarding-school.—Johnnie M.: Call your white puss either Minnie or Blanche.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT.

Contributions received for Young People's Cot, in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Hospital for Children, 407 West Third-fourth Street.

Emma D. Bailey, Harrisburg, Penn., \$1; Kate Watson, Toledo, Ohio, \$2; Bessie King, St. Louis, 25c; Bessie Constock, Albany, Mo., \$1; Florence Moores, Giraudville, Ohio, \$1; Flournoy Carter, Fort Keogh, Montana, 50c; A. Friend and Well-wisher, Upper Alton, Ill., 7c; Francis S. Thompson, Greenfield, Mass., 50c; Helen W. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, \$3; Gracie L. Monroehouse, New York, \$1; Eunice A. Sisk, Oklawaha, Fla., \$1; Belcour, Paris, France, 64c; C. F. B. and D. W. B., Jun., New York, \$5; Herbert and Walter E. Felton, Boston, \$2; Victoria Brown, Red Bank, Md., \$29; Annant, New York, \$1. Reported, \$1577.86; grand total, December 15, \$1588.82.

E. AUGUSTA FANSHAWE, Treasurer, 43 Newport St.

In giving the report of our Cot fund this month, we call special attention to the letters published in connection with it, particularly the one signed Anna Edna. Sister Miriam, whose voice was so kind and loving, has been taken hence. The children will not forget her goodness, we are sure.

MY LITTLE COT FRIENDS.—Most of you may remember, in a letter, my telling you of Sister Miriam, who had charge of our ward, and who was so sunny and bright; it always made you feel better to see her. How have I to tell you that she is no longer with us. God has taken her away from the painful sights she daily saw to that bright home above, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain." After a very short illness, she died at the hospital October 24, 1882.

In the early time I visited our ward I found in our Cot—the one Sister Miriam had selected to be Cot—a funny old-fashioned-looking little girl named Mary Murray; but if I had not had the help of the ticket over her cot I am afraid I could not have told you her name, as she said it so faintly. She has some trouble with her back; but as she is able to walk round the room now, I hope

she will soon be better. Most of the little cots were filled, and I can assure you the talking and noise was great. Two little lame ones were shown me how they could run a race, so you see they felt very bright, and I know when any of us who have denied ourselves for this object visit the ward and our Cot some day—when it is really ours, I mean—and see some little one resting in it, and in comfort although sick, we will be very happy and thankful to God.

Affectionately yours, AUNT ENNA.

BALLETON CENTRE, NEW YORK.

I have a little sister Alice not quite six years old. I am eight. We live in a little house with a big yard, and all over the front porch. We have not any pets except a white cat and a sister. Mamma does not like cats, because they kill our birds. Last summer we had orioles, robin-red-breasts, and yellow-birds' nests in our yard, and a little chippie-bird's nest in the tree, and one in a flowering currant-bush under our bedroom window. We have a great big chestnut-tree close by the house, and Alice and I have picked up and sold chestnut-tugs for one dollar, and we want to send it to you for Young People's Cot. We have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year, and think of getting up a club for next year. GRACIE L. MONROEHOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I WAS very much interested in Mrs. John Lillie's story about Haydn. I hope she will continue a series of stories about the great musicians, for I think that the little boys and girls who are taking music lessons would like very much to know about the composers whose pieces they are afterwards studying. I also liked the story about "Miriolo's Mulatto" very much. I enclose a dollar for Young People's Cot. EMMA D. BAILEY.

FORT KEOGH, MONTANA.

I am a little boy in Fort Keogh, Montana. My father is an officer in the army. I had fifty cents, and I thought I would like to give it to Young People's Cot, so I send fifty cents in stamps, because I can not send silver through the post. I will try to get some of the boys to send some. I hope I can send some more some other day. Very truly your little friend, FLOURNOY CARTER.

FLORENCE, OHIO.

I have never written to YOUNG PEOPLE before, but my brother and I have taken it ever since it came. All the children in our school have their pets. I have an indigo bird, one of three found in a nest in a currant-bush. We have opened its cage door to let it go, but it seems to like its home with us. I have a sister who is older than myself; she is taking lessons on the violin. Her name is Fanny Adele. Florence Wynn, Charlie Parmie, Bert Alcorn, Willie Lamb, Fanny, and I got up a fair to raise some money for the Cot. We made paper dolls and other things besides, but nothing sold so well as the candy. Each one got some sugar, and so helped to furnish the paper. Kindly enclosed two dollars for Young People's Cot. KATE WATSON.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I enclosed find two dollars, which two boys—Herbert L. Felton and Walter E. Felton—received for an impromptu fair which they got up themselves. They wished to send it for Young People's Cot. Herbert takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and read of it there.

NEW YORK CITY.

When I sent the first money to the Cot, and promised to send more, I did not mean to be so long about it, but every time I saved up, something came along, and I had to begin all over again. First it was the fund for dear Mrs. Garfield, then the Michigan sufferers, and after that Christmas. With the beginning of June I had two dollars, but a neighbor came in to see mother and her for a poor woman with three or four children, the big one not five years old, whose husband had been dead six weeks, and who thought she could support herself and them by making a sort of store of her front room, and selling things. She had no money, but had got the goods on credit. Now she was in great distress, for the robbers had broken in and stolen everything. The only way of paying for the goods had been her hope of selling them, and now she had no goods, and had to pay all this money. I went to the Cot, and I wanted the money for the poor woman, and after thinking for a while, gave it to help raise the one hundred and fifty dollars for the poor woman, for I thought the poor woman while to get all the Cot money, and perhaps I might, by trying hard, save another two dollars, but the other could not well wait. Monday finished the two dollars, and I was glad to have it reach you on Thanksgiving-day. I tell you all this only that you may know when you can say those things that make me feel so badly. I can't little girls do no better than that. I have heard of the Cot?—and though the result is not much, I have really tried. A SICK ONE.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1. ENIGMA. My first is in church, but not in kirk. My second is in sea-fog, but not in mirk. My third is in leader, but not in hint. My fourth is in landscape, but not in tint. My fifth is in water, but not in wet. My whole two plants we in winter seek. MOTIEM BUSCH.

No. 2. CHAIRAE. My first has no beginning but ending. My second is in water, but not in strike nor ring. My whole is the theme of poets, but will keep a nervous man awake. ** ** *

No. 3. BEHEARDINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1.—I am a stranger; behold me, and I am a claim. 2. I am a musical sound; behold me, and I am a cord. 3. I am a figure; behold me, and I am a cord. 4. I am a current; behold me, and I am a boat. 5. I am an insect; behold me, and I am a landscape. 6. I am a color; behold me, and I am the French word for one. 7. I am a sounding vessel; behold me, and I am a measure. 8. I am a locality; behold me, and I am an ornament. 9. I am a disagreeable quality; behold me, and I am a pleasure. 10. I am a person of dignity; behold me, and I am a quantity. 11. I am a resting-place; behold me, and I am a hollow tube. 12. I am merry; behold me, and I am simple. 13. I am a figure; behold me, and I am invisible. 14. I am evasive in my nature; behold me, and I am a gait.

2.—I am a troop; curtail me, and I am a cause. 2. I am duration; curtail me, and I am a boy's nickname. 3. I am an pleasure; curtail me, and I am an invitation. 4. I am an insect; curtail me, and I signify to exist. 5. I am to fall; curtail me, and I am the most profane cause of misery. 6. I am a letter; curtail me, and I am a metal. 7. I am the source of all courage; curtail me, and I am a ball.

THE LAME SCHOOL-MASTER.

No. 4. TWO EASY DIAMONDS. 1.—I, A letter. 2. A fluid. 3. A country in Asia. 4. Relation. 5. A letter.

2.—I, A letter. 2. A decr. 3. In the neighborhood. 4. To devour. 5. A letter. J. C. H.

No. 5. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 3 words and 11 letters. My 1, 4, 10, 37, is in the Staff of life. My 5, 2, 11, is an animal. My 9, 6, 13, is a carpenter's tool. My 12, 14, 13, is used in making soap. My whole is one of the finest sights in America. H. H. K.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 102.

No. 1. T E H I V A N T E T P E C
G A L V E S T O N
A N T W E R E
S A B L E P
M E N D B G
W Y E
I N P E P A L
O W L T S K
N I C A R A G U A
C I R I S T I A N I A

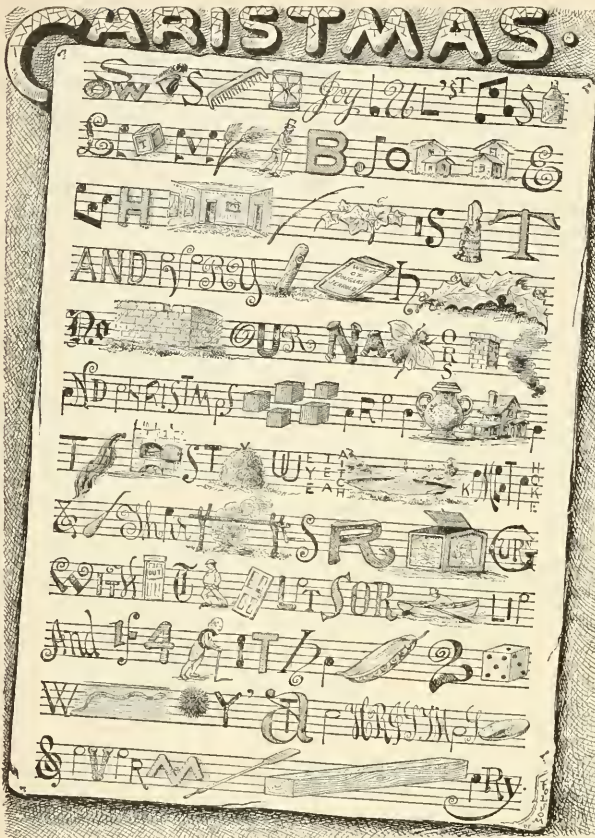
No. 2. M alta
I daho
L lua
T hames
O w l
A frica
D elaware
E ndland
c hie
Dandelion.

No. 3. C H E Y A S
S H E R S T O T E
Y E S E V E

No. 4. N A M E D O O R
A M E N O G R E
M E N D B G
E N D S R E S T

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Edward C. Conway, Dorville S. Coe, Belle Bertrand, Susan Withington, Talbot Devins, T. L. H., Charles Fosbom, Tom, Cecelia L. Hardy, Florence Eisker, E. Widger, Emily Basson, Molly, Kitty, and Mabel Allison, Daisy and Francis Rossiter, P. Van Gieson, John Cairns, Lucius P.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in the year 1780, in a town now called Franklin, but formerly Salisbury, situated near the centre of New Hampshire.

State by President Harrison, and again, in 1850, the same honor was conferred upon him by President Fillmore.

His name is connected with almost every public interest of his time, and he was a noted speaker and political leader.

He was thrown from his carriage and received severe injuries in May, 1852, and died in October of the same year.

His father served in the Revolutionary war, and it was to him that General Washington said, on the night when he was posted as guard before the General's headquarters, "Captain —, I believe I can trust you."

He was a very delicate boy, but grew to be a very strong man.

He was taught to read at home, and attended the town school at intervals until he was about fourteen years old, but on account of his delicate health he spent more time in out-door sports than at his studies.

His particular friend and companion at this time was an old British soldier who had come to live in a house on his father's farm. From him he learned the delights of fishing, and heard wonderful tales of adventures.

He was fond of reading, but had access to but few books.

He attended an academy in Exeter when he was about fourteen. Although he afterward became a most eloquent speaker, he could not, when a boy, deliver even the most simple declamation before the school, and failed whenever he was persuaded to make the attempt.

He entered Dartmouth College when he was fifteen, and graduated in 1801. He was not considered more than an average scholar during his first two years in college, but in his third year he began to show considerable talent both as a thinker and an orator. He became the principal debater in the college society, and at the end of his Junior year was the best writer and speaker in the college.

After he graduated he studied law, and worked at times to get the money to continue his studies.

A short time after he was admitted to the bar he removed to Portsmouth, and soon rose to distinction.

He was elected to Congress in 1812.

He ranked among the most distinguished jurists in the country.

When the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated, he delivered the address.

In 1841 he was appointed Secretary of



WINTER WHEN GRANDPA WAS YOUNG.

HARPER'S
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"AN EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISE AROSE FROM ALL AS JEAN AND HIS BURDEN MARCHED IN."
[SEE STORY, "FLORIO AND FLORELLA," NEXT PAGE.]

FLORIO AND FLORELLA.

A Christmas Fairy Tale

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

II.

HIGH up in the Swiss mountains a storm was brewing. On their cloud-capped summits nothing could be seen but snow, dazzling, blinding white snow, and wreaths of vapor which congealed as it fell. All day the people of the hamlets had been preparing for the visitor, knowing full well that they should be housed for weeks after its descent, and as Christmas was approaching, it was needful that much should be done.

As the day grew darker each hurried to complete his or her work, and none essayed more eagerly to do this than young Franz, the goat-herd; but try as he would, the heedless, wanton little flock were constantly escaping from him, and if it had not been for Jan, the great mastiff of the famous St. Bernard breed, he would have been still more troubled. As it was, he found one goat missing when he went to house them, and again he had to take his alpenstock and try what he could do.

By this time the storm was indeed upon them, and between the wind and the snow, the icy atmosphere and the darkness, Franz had about concluded to let the goat go, when Jan began to sniff about and bark, and show by signs as easily read as print that he was seeking something. Franz thought it must be on account of the goat, but just then old Nan appeared with her customary capriciousness, and made no resistance to the cord with which Franz bound her.

Still Jan kept up his scratching and sniffing and barking, and Franz knew only too well that there was no use in opposing him, although his fingers and toes were half frozen.

As soon as the dog saw that Franz recognized the necessity of following him he quieted down, and with a zealous industry nosed the path from side to side, as if in search of something; nor did he have to go far, for they presently descried what seemed like a big snow heap on one side of the now undiscoverable path.

Here Jan halted and looked intently; then he began scratching and whining again, and Franz saw a bit of cloth. Soon an arm appeared, and next a leg, and after vigorous work from both Franz and Jan, the whole figure of a child, clasping something in its arms, was uncovered. Dead or alive, Franz knew not which it was; but very well he knew what it was the child carried, for its big bushy red tail showed it to be a fox, and it too was as motionless and lifeless as the child.

The goat-herd had braved the dangers of the mountains all his lifetime and knew how to be cool and decided in the presence of danger. He had his knife and drinking-cup beside him, and his horn slung over his shoulder. In a moment he had made Nan stand still while he milked her, and then he pried open the stiff lips of the lad, and forced the warm liquid within. As he did so, the child revived and swallowed, for he had not been long unconscious. Then putting him on Jan's back, and driving Nan before him, Franz made his way home as best he could.

It was late when tired Franz, whose mother was in the doorway looking anxiously for him, arrived. All the children were within, and the fire was burning brightly. On the table the soup was steaming. An exclamation of surprise arose from all as Jan and his burden marched in.

"Who is it? Where did he come from? Where did you find him? What was he doing all alone in the storm?" burst from all their lips.

"So, so; slowly, please," answered the cool and courageous Franz. Then he told them his adventure.

"A stranger lad lost on the road-side," murmured the mother, as she took the boy from Jan and carefully un-

dressed him, the children meanwhile attending to the nearly frozen fox.

"Poor child! poor child! he shall be welcome. A sorry Christmas it is for him."

"Not when he fell into your hands, good mother," said Franz, lading out the soup.

"No indeed!—no indeed," said one and all.

But the mother's words seemed to be the truth, for though the child revived and was able to take nourishment, a fever set in, from which it did not rally. Day by day he lay in the little curtained recess where he could see them all with his great wondering eyes, watching them carve their beautiful toys—for this was their winter work—but saying nothing, for he knew not their language, and only one word had he uttered which they could understand.

This word was simply "Edelweiss." "Edelweiss," he muttered, when the fever was at its height, and "Edelweiss," he softly whispered when dreaming.

The children called him "Little Edelweiss," and fed his fox, which lapped their hands, and brought a sweet smile to the face of the little sufferer.

Christmas-eve would be on the morrow, and all were busy dressing the room with boughs of evergreen. The tree stood in the corner waiting for its glittering fruit. Outside the sheaf of grain had been tied to a pole for the snow-birds. All had some trifling gifts prepared for a joyful keeping of the day, Franz only seemed to be uneasy. He would glance at the pale face of his little foundling, and then he would look out to see if the weather was fine, and at last he reached up for his thickest wrap and staff, and away he went up the mountain-side. Nothing could be seen up that way but the red roof of a convent, and peak after peak of ice piercing the blue sky.

It was late when he returned and put something carefully behind the tree. All were waiting for their supper, for they were anxious to go to bed that the dear Christmas might the sooner come.

His mother scolded a little, but the stranger boy put up his thin hand reprovingly, as if he could not bear to have Franz rebuked, and then they all laughed, for they all loved Franz.

But soon they were sleeping quietly, and the moon shone upon happy faces—only the little guest tossed and murmured "Edelweiss."

The morrow came, and with it many a merry greeting. And now they could hardly wait for the day to pass. Long before dark the table was set with its sausages and spiced cake, and beside each plate a mysterious packet—for the tree bore only glittering trifles. And when the girls in their pretty scarlet bodices and whitest chemisettes sat down, and the mother reverently asked God's blessing on their food, all broke into a joyful carol. Then they examined their gifts, and the little stranger was given his share of the good things.

But just then Franz arose and brought from behind the tree a curious-looking box. Tearing off the papers a small but hardy plant was revealed, and, putting it in the hands of the invalid, Franz pointed to its buds and said the one word, "Edelweiss."

A cry of joy burst from the boy's lips, and he clasped his treasure as if it had been indeed a flower from paradise.

"Edelweiss! Edelweiss!" was all he could utter, but the sweet and grateful tone thanked Franz better than a thousand other words could have done.

"Why, Franz," they all asked, "where did you get it at this season? It does not grow in winter."

"No," said Franz. "I know that it does not, but I have often found it in summer, and I just happened to remember plucking some by the roots last spring for Father Gluckner up at the convent—he is always gathering roots

and herbs for the sick, and he has a great curiosity to transplant wild flowers that he may see what they will produce under cultivation. See! this plant already has flowers—months too soon. He has several others, so he gave me this quite willingly."

While they were talking, the little stranger had drawn a small case of birch bark from his pocket, and was earnestly comparing the faded and pressed flower it contained with the blooming one beside him. His face glowed with happiness, and from that moment his restoration to health began.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWINS OF ITALY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM S. CARTER.

LONG years ago, across the sea,
Two lovely baby boys
Filled a small home with merry glee,
With laughter, fun, and noise.

Their young Italian mother sat
Beside her door and spun,
While by her side her lovely twins
Rolled laughing in the sun.

Till, tired at last, they'd leave their play,
And by her side recline,
While she of little Jesus told,
The babe of Palestine.

One day a handsome stranger passed
The humble cottage door,
And standing at their mother's knee
The pretty pair he saw.

Not laughing now, but rapt and still,
With calm uplifted eyes,
Hearing the oft-repeated tale
With ever-fresh surprise.

The stranger heard the story too,
And to the mother said:
"And will you bring your boys to see
A picture I have made?"

"A picture of the Jesus-child
Held on his mother's arm,
If you will bring your lovely twins,
They shall be safe from harm."

And so, ere many days had passed,
The mother brought her boys
To where the handsome painter lived,
Who gave them sweets and toys.

And played with them and fondled them,
And so acquaintance made,
Till they to come there every day
No longer were afraid.

And then each day he painted them
As first he saw them stand,
One chin upon the folded arms,
One resting on the hand.

And made of each an angel-child
With wings like little bird;
And placed them at the feet of Him
Whose story they had heard.

And still, though centuries have passed,
The glorious picture stands
Just as it left, so long ago,
The painter Raphael's hands.

And still the fair Italian twins
With earnest eyes you see
Just as they stood that summer's day
Beside their mother's knee.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

IN merry England in the time of old, when King Henry II. ruled the land, there lived in Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, a famous outlaw whose name was Robin Hood. No archers ever lived who could excel him and the sevenscore merry men that gathered about him, all outlaws like himself.

When Robin Hood was a youth of about eighteen years of age the sheriff of Nottinghamshire proclaimed a shooting match, offering as a prize to the best bowman a cask of stout old ale. Then Robin Hood said to himself, "I will go too"; so up he took his stout bow and a score or more of broadcloth-yard arrows, and started off all in the dawn of a sweet May day, from Locksley Town to Nottingham. Onward he walked briskly until in Sherwood Forest he came upon a party of the King's Foresters, all clad in Lincoln green, and seated beneath the shade of a great oak-tree, making themselves merry over a huge pasty and a barrel of ale.

When they saw Robin one of them called out, "Halloa! where goest thou, little boy, with thy penny bow and thy farthing shafts?"

"Now," quoth Robin, "my bow and eke my arrows are as good as thine, and, moreover, I go to the shooting match at Nottingham Town to try my skill with other yeomen there."

Then all shouted with laughter, and one said, "Why, boy, thou hast scarce lost thy milk-teeth, and yet thou pratest of standing up with the best archers in all Nottinghamshire."

Then Robin grew angry, and, quoth he, "I'll hold the best of ye twenty marks that I cleave the elout at three-score rods."

At this all laughed louder than before, and one cried, "Well boasted, boy, when no target is nigh to make good thy wager."

"Harkee!" cried Robin, his cheeks red with anger; "yonder at the glade's end is a herd of deer. Twenty marks upon it I cause the best hart among them to die."

"Now done!" cried he who had spoken first. "Twenty marks that thou causest no beast to die."

Then Robin took his stout bow and strung it, and drawing a gray-goose shaft to his ear, loosed the string. Straight flew the shaft, and the noblest hart of all the herd leaped aloft and fell dead in the forest path.

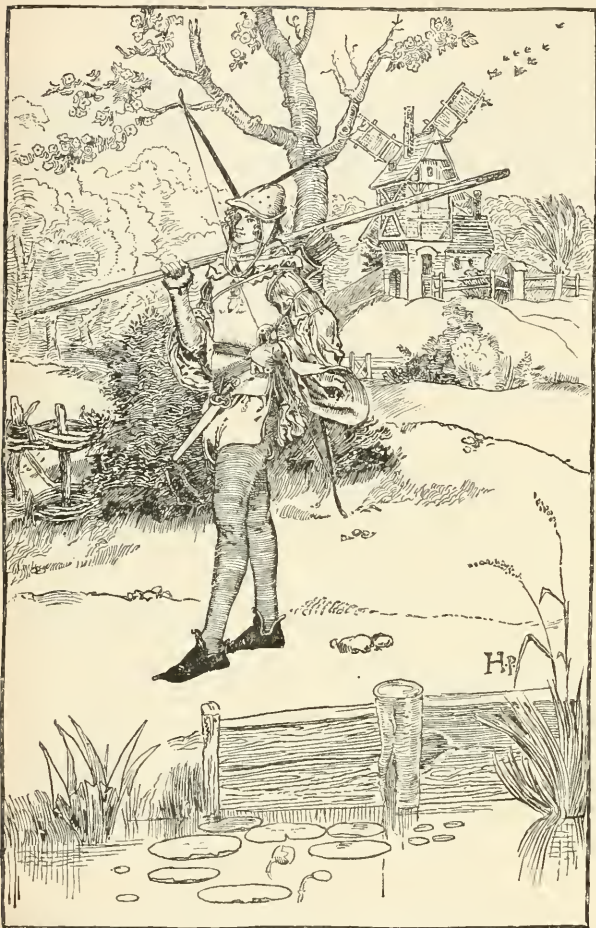
"Ha!" cried Robin, "I wot the wager were mine were it a hundred pounds."

Then all the Foresters were filled with rage, and he who had lost the wager was madder than all the rest. "Nay," cried he, "the wager is none of thine, and get thee gone, for by the law of the land thine ears should be clipped close to thy head."

"Catch him!" cried another.

"Nay," said another still, "let him e'en go, because of his tender years."

Never a word said Robin, but he turned on his heel with a grim look and strode away, but his heart was full of anger. Then he who had lost the wager, and whose head was dizzy with ale, seized his bow, and crying, "I'll hurry thee anon," sent an arrow whistling after Robin. But for the ale, Robin had never taken another step, for the arrow whistled within a palm's-breadth of his head. Then he turned quickly, and bending his own bow, sent a shaft back in return. "Ye said I was no archer," cried he, "but say so now again." But the Forester never spake more, for he fell upon the grass, his shafts rattling about him, and Robin's arrow in his heart. But all before the others could gather their wits, the youth was gone.



ROBIN ON HIS WAY TO NOTTINGHAM.

Then the other Foresters lifted the dead man up and bare him away to Nottingham Town.

Meantime Robin ran through the greenwood, and all the joy and brightness was gone from everything, for he had slain a man. "Alas!" cried he, "thou hast found me an archer that will make thy wife wring her hands in sorrow."

So a hundred pounds reward was set upon his head, and he became an outlaw, and lay hidden for two years within Sherwood depths. But in those two years many others joined him, and formed a famous band, and chose him to be their leader and their chief, and many merry adventures they had, as you shall read hereafter.

TWO UNEXPECTED NEW-YEAR'S CALLS

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"PEARS to me if I had some of 'em, 'pears to me I'd git well right away," said Tony, in a fretful voice. "Don't you 'member 'em, Sabie?"

"Yes, I 'member 'em good," replied Sabie, fanning the sick boy with an old straw fan she had picked up some-

where. And then she went on to say the same thing she had said a hundred times or more before when asked the same question.

"They wuz a-growin' longside that place they called 'wood,' though it didn't look much like wood to me—oh, sich lots of 'em—red as your flanning shirt, Tony, an' a-kinder a-hidin' under their greens. An' the man wot wuz a-cuttin' a tree says, 'Eat away, young 'uns, they's free.' An' us 'at away an' away, an' oh, they wuz puffickly 'licious. An' there wuz jes' as many wen us stopped a-eatin' as wen us beginned. They wuzn't a bit like the strawberries they gives me to the markit sometimes wen they can't sell 'em. Them's smashed an'— But wot you a-cryin' for, Tony?"

"'Pears to me," sobbed Tony, "if I had some of that werry place I'd git well right away. They wuz so 'freshin', Sabie!"

Poor little fellow, with nobody to look after him but Sabie and an old grandmother! And the old grandmother, who had been growing feebler and feebler year by year for many years, could now do nothing but sit in her big rocking-chair and knit coarse stockings and mittens, singing the while, in a sweet, quavering voice, the old-fashioned hymns she had learned in her girlhood.

Sabie sold these stockings and mittens during the cold months from door to door in poor neighborhoods, and on what money was earned in this way the three just managed to live. But in warm weather, had it not been for the kindness of a jolly fat man who kept an eating-saloon near by, they would have often gone hungry. He saved for them the best of the food left by his customers (some of whom, thinking themselves hungrier than they really were, ordered more than they could eat), and often when business had been unusually brisk he added two or three rolls, a handful of crackers, or a yesterday's pie.

A very good girl was Sabie. Not pretty, though she might have been if her face had not been so pale and thin, for she had soft gray eyes with long lashes, and curly brown hair; and not clever, for she did not even know her letters. She was nearly ten, three years older than Tony, and yet she had never been to school a day in her life. Her mother dying, after a long illness, when she was but six years old, the care of her little brother fell almost entirely upon her, Granny then being able to go out with the mittens and stockings herself. But now that Granny had forgotten her way about the streets, and could only see enough to knit, Sabie had to do the selling, the marketing, and the house-work, all three. She was a shy child, and made no acquaintances either in the tall tenement-house in the cellar-basement of which they lived, or abroad, and so, you see, her world was a very small one, containing only Tony and Granny and two or three of the market people.

Tony had been delicate and almost helpless from his birth, but Sabie loved him none the less for that. In fact, I think she loved him more because he was so dependent on her. That's a way girls and women have, as perhaps you know. And when, just after Christmas, he began to cough so badly that he grew so tired he could no longer sit up, her heart ached for him, and all the time she could spare from her work she spent at his bedside trying to amuse and cheer him.

Now the summer before the winter of which I write these two children and their grandmother had been taken by the cook of the eating-saloon to spend the day in the country, where some friends of hers lived. Sabie and Tony had never been in the country before, and at first, awed by the silence broken only by the rustling of the leaves, the hum of the insects, and the song of the birds, they spoke in whispers; but soon after arriving at the very small cottage of their friend's friends they left Granny and the other older folks to chat and drink tea, and wandered off hand in hand together, mocking the birds as they went. They kept straight on through the wood in which the small cottage stood, turning neither to the right nor the left lest they should get lost, until they reached the extreme edge, and there they found a patch—a long patch—of wild strawberries.

"Strawberries-a-growin'! strawberries-a-growin'!" they shouted, and down went Sabie on her knees before them, an example which Tony soon followed.

"They's littler than market strawberries," said she, "but they's cummin'er, an'"—tasting one—"sugarer. I wonder if us kin take some."

"Kin us, man?" called Tony to a man who was cutting down a dead tree on the other side of the road.

"Can you what?" asked the man.

"Take some of them strawberries?" answered Tony.

"Take away; they're free," was the reply.

And they did take away. They picked and ate until their faces and hands were stained a strawberry red, and only stopped when their friend came to look for them and tell them it was almost time to go home.

That day was like a rainbow set in their dreary life, and though the good-natured cook to whom they owed it had returned soon after to Germany, her native land, they had never ceased to think of her with love and thankfulness, and to remember her in their prayers.

It had been a day in June—that beautiful day—and now it was the last of December, but still its brightness came back to the sick boy, and with it a longing for the sweet red berries that grew on the edge of the old wood.

"Pears to me, if I had some, this pain in my breast would go away," he moaned. "They wuz so good, Sabie. I kin see 'em now wen I shuts me eyes. Pooty red strawberries. Oh! if you could on'y git some fur me, Sabie, dear Sabie!"

And at last, on New-Year's Day, Sabie put on her shabby felt hat and her patched jacket, and said to her grandmother,

"Granny, I'm goin' 'way a little while fur somethin' fur Tony. Take good care of him till I gits back." And the old woman stopped singing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," long enough to say "Yes, yes, dearie."

Then Sabie took ten cents from behind the clock on the mantel, and a little basket some one had given her from the closet, and kissing Granny and her brother good-by, started off in search of the wild strawberries. It was a bitter cold day, but she drew her jacket tightly about her,

and running as fast as she could—she had not forgotten a step of the way they had gone that lovely day—she soon reached the ferry-house, and timidly handed her ten cents to the ticket-seller.

"Where do you want to go?" asked he.

"Apple'ill," said Sabie, meaning Appleville.

"The fare is thirty cents—twenty more. Here are only ten."

The child shrank back, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Stop a moment," said the ticket-seller, seeing the tears.

"Why do you want to go to Appleville?"

"To git somethin' for me poor little sick brother," she answered, with a sob, "an' I haven't another penny. Neither has me gran'mother."

"Well, there's a ticket that'll take you there and back. And now cut along. The boat's just in."

Sabie grasped the ticket, gasped "Thank you, sir," and "cut along" at such a rate that—the boat having yet five minutes to wait before starting—the people already on board and those going on board looked at her in surprise.

In fifteen minutes more she stood in New Jersey, holding her ticket tight in her hand, and looking about her in a half-frightened way.

"Apple'ill—I want to go to Apple'ill," she repeated to every one who passed her.

But every one was so intent upon getting somewhere himself or herself that no one noticed her. At last, in sheer desperation, she clutched the silk cloak of a lady who was hurrying by.

"Apple'ill—oh! Apple'ill," she said, desperately.

The lady stopped and took the ticket from her cold red hand. "Appleville," she said; "that's not on my road, but I'll show you your train, child, and the conductor will let you off at the place."

So the lady led her to a train of cars that was waiting for passengers, saw her seated in one of them, and then hurried away again.

And Sabie was no sooner seated than the train, the locomotive of which had been snorting and whistling and



"I'M SO TIRED AND SLEEPY I CAN'T TRY ANY MORE NOW."

screaming for some time, started, and she found herself whirled along at great speed.

But how different everything looked from the time she was whirled over this road before! Then there were green grass and green trees and lovely flowers on every side. Now there was nothing to be seen but snow—snow—snow. The ground was covered with it, the trees and bushes were laden with it. Poor Sabie! she had thought that the snow came only in the city—that the country was always bright and green.

"I wonder if them 'll be under the snow?" she said to herself. "An' me with no shovel to dig 'em out! But I'll try to scoop out a few with me han's anyhow."

In a moment or two more the conductor called "Apple-ville!"

"That's your place, little girl," said the man who sat next to her, and getting up in haste, she stumbled through the car and out on the platform, from which a brakeman lifted her down and placed her on the steps of the station. Sabie climbed these steps as the train flew away, and when she had reached the top one there lay the broad road they had travelled that June day before her. But it, like all the other roads, was covered with snow, with the exception of a narrow pathway made by a snow-plough on one side. But Sabie's stout little heart would not give up. "Poor Tony!" she said, and began plodding along the pathway.

It grew colder and colder; her ears and feet ached, her hands were numb; but still she toiled on. "They wuz by the end of this street," she said, and her breath froze on the air as she spoke. "Maybe there's a few left. If there be, I'll git 'em somehow." And on and on she trudged, with all the patience and endurance born of love, until the wood was reached.

But, alas! the spot where the strawberries had grown was one vast heap of snow.

Then, for the first time since she started on her quest, Sabie's heart began to sink. It would do no good to "seep" there with her hands. Despairingly she looked about her for something with which to dig. The branch of a tree, half buried in the snow, lay across the path. She tried to pull it from its resting-place, but her hands were so cold it slipped from her grasp.

"If I could only git a few—only five or six!" she murmured, as a drowsy feeling came over her; "but I'm so tired an' sleepy I can't try any more now;" and down she sank beside the fallen branch, and fell into a sleep from which she never would have awakened had not a sleigh, full of merry boys out making New-Year's calls, come dashing along that way.

"Hello!" shouted the boy that was driving. "What's that I came near running over?" and he stopped the horse suddenly.

"A bundle of old clothes, I guess," said one of his companions. "Drive on, Sherry, do please. We want to get to Aunt Hannah's by dinner-time. Just think of the mince-pie and doughnuts awaiting there, and start along your fiery steed."

But Sherry jumped out instead of driving on. "Look here, boys," said he, bending over Sabie, "it's a poor little girl, almost if not quite frozen to death." And raising her in his arms, he carried her to the sleigh, where the boys, with many exclamations of pity and wonder, soon had her wrapped snugly in the buffalo-robe, and on her way to make a totally unexpected call on Farmer Joy, his good wife, and pretty daughter.

"Here they are! here they are!" joyfully cried the pretty daughter as the sleigh stopped at the gate, and running to the door, she called out, cheerily, "Happy New-Year!" while her mother smiled the wish over her shoulder.

"Happy New-Year, Aunt Hannah and Cousin Dora!" shouted the boys in answering chorus.

"And we've brought you a ealler we picked up on the road," added Sherry, laughing outright in his joy as he peeped into the buffalo-robe and saw that Sabie had unclosed her eyes, and wasn't anything like frozen to death after all.

And then he lifted her out, and with Ned Morningstar bearing part of the buffalo-robe, as pages in olden times used to carry the trains of the great ladies, he staggered up the path and up the stoop, and placed his astonished burden before his equally astonished aunt and cousin.

"I couldn't git 'em—I couldn't git 'em," were the first words Sabie said.

"Couldn't get what, dear?" asked kind Aunt Hannah, as she placed her on the dining-room sofa, and pulled off the old shoes to rub the icy feet.

Sabie was unable to tell just then; she was so full of tingling aches and pains, and her head buzzed so strangely.

But two hours later, when warm from head to foot, and dressed in some comfortable garments that the pretty daughter had outgrown, and after a dinner the like of which she had never even dreamed of, she told her simple story.

And when it came to an end, Sherry went out into the hall, making a sign to his comrades to follow, which they did immediately, for they were all true to the "General," as they called him.

"I say, boys," said he, "let's make up a good New-Year's present for her—she hadn't any Christmas, poor little thing—and take her home. We can make a New-Year's call on Tony and Granny at the same time, and be back plenty early enough for Cousin Dora's party too."

"All right, General," chimed in Ned Morningstar; "and we'll get Aunt Hannah to give us a jar of her preserved strawberries, and they'll bring the young chap around; that is, if strawberries can do that same. They aren't wild, but I'm wild after them."

"I'm with you," said Austin Hovel. "She's a real good sort, she is. Why, one of our sisters couldn't have done more for us."

"Mine wouldn't do half as much for me," declared Sherry. "Why, it was only this morning she refused point-blank to bake more than fifteen buckwheats for me because I was late at breakfast."

"A most unisisterly, not to say shameful, proceeding," said Ned Morningstar, with mock indignation. "But come, we must straight to our aunt and cousin our plans unfold. *Tempus fugit*."

You may be sure Aunt Hannah and Cousin Dora heartily approved of the plans when they were unfolded. And they showed their approbation by packing into a bushel basket—an honest and true bushel basket—as their share of the New-Year gifts, a loaf of home-made bread, half a boiled ham, a roast chicken, a bowl of butter, a tin pail of fresh eggs, a paper bag filled with doughnuts, and some potatoes, onions, turnips, tea and sugar, not forgetting two jars of preserved strawberries.

And Matt, the hired man, brought out the two-horse sleigh, and putting the heavy basket in first, got in himself, took the reins, and waited for the others. Sabie, wrapped in a blanket, which she was to keep, was placed in the bottom of the sleigh beside the basket.

"She'll be warmer there than anywhere else," said Aunt Hannah.

Then the boys tumbled in, and the horses pranced, and the bells jingled, and away they went, to stop, in just one hour and three-quarters, in front of the tall tenement-house the cellar-basement of which Sabie called "home."

And didn't the turn-out cause a great excitement among the people in that neighborhood! Such a thing had never been seen there before, and the windows on each side of the block were filled with curious faces—faces that showed every stage of astonishment as Sabie was lifted from the sleigh, and the six fine, manly-looking boys followed her to call on Granny.

The old woman stopped singing "How tedious and tasteless the hours!" and looked at them with a glimmer of surprise as they trooped in.

"Happy New-Year, grandmother!" said they all; and Sherry laid a purse filled with silver half-dollars in her lap.

"Happy New-Year, my brave lads," said she.

And Matt brought in the bushel basket, Sherry going out to mind the horses as he did so, and opened a jar of strawberries in the twinkling of an eye.

"They's not the verry same, Tony," said Sabie, eagerly, "but I got 'em near that place, I did. And oh, Tony, I got lots an' lots of other good things too."

"Did you go 'way out there fur me, jist fur me?" asked Tony. "You's the bestest an' smartest sister ever wuz, an' I feel ever so much better this verry minnit. Happy New-Year, Sabie!"

And the General and his company got back to Joy Farm just as the party began, and when the guests had all arrived.

Annt Hannah told the story of Sabie's search for the strawberries, and the boys told about their visit to Tony and his grandmother, and the result was at least thirty more good friends for the family in the cellar-basement.

And in consequence of that result the cellar-basement was "to let" in a few weeks, and Sabie, Tony, and Granny were living in a comfortable four-roomed cottage only a stone's-throw from Farmer Joy's farm-house.

And there they are living still. And when Sabie reads this story, as she is sure to do, she'll wonder how I came to know all about those two totally unexpected New-Year's calls.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

BY MARY A. BARR.

An eager youth with beaming eyes
 Looked out into the world,
 And cried, "My ship's in harbor yet,
 My banners still are furled,
 But I will do the thing I can
 When I'm a man!"

"There are such wrongs to be redressed,
 Such rights that need defense,
 I'll give my heart to all that's good,
 My scorn to all pretense;
 I'll work out many a noble plan
 When I'm a man!"

"I have so much to see and do,
 So much that I must say;
 When childhood's happy days have gone,
 With lessons and with play,
 Then I shall try the best I can
 To be a man."

CONCERNING WILD BOARS.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

HOW would some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE fancy being suddenly carried back a few hundreds of years to Christmas-tide and a royal Christmas-day banquet at the castle of some prince or proud knight living in those ages which we call "Dark"?

First of all to be stared at, up and down and round about, would be the stately hall, flashing with torches and great wax tapers. Running the length of this hall would be seen a long line of tables, covered with curiously flavored dishes (mostly prepared from meats) all served up in various splendid platters; and with them a vast array

of wine flagons and drinking cups. Seated at these tables one would surely behold scores of merry knights and ladies, all eating and drinking and talking gayly together—eating and drinking a pretty good deal, too, most of them. The torch-light would flash and glimmer upon their dresses of gaudy silk and velvet, gold embroidered, and upon the burnished armor and banners hung along the walls above their heads.

Presently there would be a hush in the noisy fun, and every one would be seen to stand up before his trencher, and join in a wild cheer, as the head butler came marching in with a half-dozen pages at his heels. In that head butler's hands, upon a huge silver platter, would be borne an enormous wild boar's head, cooked to a turn, but wreathed with the plant called rosemary, and with the tusks and ear-tips gilded. This mighty dish, the king of all Christmas dishes of the time, would the butler set in the centre of the table.

Thereupon many a stout knight would drink a Christmas health in its honor, and vow, with his hand upon its head, some bold deed to be done ere another Christmas-tide should come round. And so (whether the good knight's vow was or not) would be kept one of the oldest and queerest of our ancestors' Christmas customs.

A good long time is it since the wild boar, at a certain season of the year one of the most ferocious of animals of the chase, grunted and trampled in an English forest. In France, Germany, Italy, and Greece, as well as in South America, Asia, and Africa, he still keeps his surly state. But when Henry the Second, about the year 1100, reigned, and was anxious to chase wild boars, there were no wild boars to be chased by his Majesty or anybody else. In fact, that savage creature had grown so scarce in the time of William the Conqueror that a law was passed causing the careless woodsman who should kill one to suffer the outrageously brutal punishment of having his eyes burned out. For what was the ruin of a poor peasant's life to those hard-hearted lords and fine gentlemen compared with a morning's sport?

Centuries after William the Conqueror and his turbulent sons had all passed away, Charles the First, or some of his subjects, tried to restore the race of wild boars to Britain. It was too late. The creatures had utterly vanished.

Both history and what Pat called "histhry that isn't thurc"—mythology—have much to say on the wild boar topic. For one example you must, when you are older, read Sir Walter Scott's novel *Quentin Durward*, which tells about the terrible William de la Marek—him they called "the Wild Boar of Ardenmes," from his hideous face. And then there was the great boar of Mount Erymanthus, in Greece, which stout Hereules caught in a net; and the boar of Calydon, and the cruel beast that gored pretty Adonis to death, besides a dozen more notable tuskers.

In Hindostan "pig-sticking," as the hunting of the Indian boar is called, is still considered fine sport. The beast is pursued on swift little horses. The great art is to bring him to bay, and stab him between the shoulders, from the saddle, with a broad-pointed steel spear expressly made for the purpose.

The Indian wild boar is small and vicious, and his tusks can inflict cruel gashes. But none of the race can surpass in bulk and ferocity the great wild boar still to be hunted in the deep forests of Germany and Holstein. The hunter needs plenty of courage and coolness to bring down this monstrous beast, whose glistening tusks can inflict frightful wounds. Nor does he lack agility and cunning. Woe to the hapless young nobleman, proud of his skill and splendid accoutrements, who is caught at a disadvantage as the battle finishes!

A rather touching little tragedy, two of the actors in which our artist has contrived to bring face to face with

the readers of this paper, has been described by a foreign writer upon hunting subjects. A wealthy Pomeranian noble, Count M—, who owned a castle situated in a particularly wild region of that country, was making a winter visit to his estate, when he found himself laid on his back with a severe illness.

While slowly regaining enough strength to stand a fatiguing journey on horseback to the nearest railroad station, he ventured out-of-doors one bright winter day for a little exercise. He carried only a walking-stick in his hand, and was accompanied by a mongrel cur, the property of one of his tenants, which had shown a great liking for

to have escaped this terribly out-of-place stranger's notice. But he had been too late. The hideous rover had both seen and heard the Count advancing up the path. He uttered a wild roar, and charged toward the spot from which the luckless Count had turned aside. He must have certainly darted after and discovered the invalid nobleman had not the dog, whose spirit was as brave as his breed was worthless, as if fully aware of his patron's helpless condition, stanchly stood his ground, barking furiously.

The bold little creature accomplished thus what he had undoubtedly tried to do. The attention and anger of the

boar were instantly drawn upon him. The dog leaped about his foe's flanks, skillfully avoiding the boar's furious charges, and all the time seeming to do his best to confuse an adversary five times his bulk. He wisely seemed to make no effort to sustain any other than a purely defensive battle. In the mean time the trembling Count had with great difficulty managed to crawl up into the only sizable tree near at hand, a close-boughed fir.

He could see little of the gallant fight in progress upon the spot he had been able to quit. Full of admiration for his four-footed deliverer's pluck, he called as loudly and as often as he could for help. With wonderful strategy the dog had actually managed to escape the boar's tusks. Both he and his foe, who was now nearly blind with rage, were in the thick of their unequal contest, and filling the woods with their warcries, the dog panting, but full of pluck. Alas! the sound of the Count's voice was the poor creature's ruin.

Apparently understanding in a second that the Count was in a place of safety, and that he could think of himself, the dog suddenly turned and fled. Probably a tangle of frozen vines clutched fast one of his paws for a moment. Before he could loosen himself the boar was upon him, and with a lunge his cruel tusks had ended his small

opponent's struggle and life together. The boar disappeared, to be overtaken in the afternoon by Count M—'s servants. Coming up in alarm and almost without weapons, they delivered their master from his perch half fainting, and joined with him in his grief over the little strategist to whom he owed his life.

In the course of the year, it is stated, Count M— erected a monument upon the spot where his humble friend met his death, setting forth gratefully the circumstances under which it happened.



THE BOAR TURNS UPON THE DOG.

his lordship's society. Unluckily Count M— walked further than he had intended. He found himself, all at once, nearly exhausted.

Deciding to make a short-cut for his door by a path running across a thickly grown corner of his park, he turned into it. How great was his terror when there appeared in the path, a little beyond his helpless self, a stray wild boar of immense size and ferocious appearance. Taking in at a single glance all the dangers of his situation, Count M— stepped hastily into the underbrush, hoping



THE PICTURE BOOK.—Dr. F. G. CORMAN.

Illustration by Sarah

PETER COOPER AND HIS INSTITUTE.

BY G. W. SHELDON.

THE boiler of the furnace in Mr. Peter Cooper's house having leaked one day, that gentleman sent out to a steam-engine shop to get a repairer. "Whose boiler is it?" asked the foreman. "Mr. Cooper's," was the reply. "If it is his," answered the other, "I will do the work myself." A few hours afterward Mr. Cooper heard somebody tinkering in the cellar, and on going down-stairs saw a bright young fellow in the ashes. "I am indebted to you," said the workman. "Through my studies at the Cooper Institute I have become a foreman."

Ten years afterward Mr. Cooper was invited to a dinner given by the architects of New York city, and whom should he see presiding at the festive board but the grateful repairer of his boiler. The next he heard of him was that the clever workman had invented a steam-pipe, and taken out a patent for it in England and in this country. His English patent he sold for a royalty of \$50,000 a year, and so profitable was his American patent that he employed three hundred men to fill the orders of buyers. Only two years ago this successful graduate of the Cooper Institute died of hasty consumption, and left an estate worth a million of dollars. His name was Cameron, "and his integrity was equal to his talents," added Mr. Cooper, while telling me the interesting story a few days ago.

It is possible that some of the boys and girls who read *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to become students in the Cooper Institute. If so, they will be pleased to know something about the institution and its founder.

On the seal of the corporation of the Cooper Institute Mr. Peter Cooper describes himself as "a mechanic of New York." When a boy he attended school only one year, and during that time only one-half of each school day. He helped his father make hats. At seventeen years of age he was apprenticed to a coach-maker. On becoming a man he invented a machine for shearing cloth. Next, he made furniture. Next, he became a grocer. Last, he manufactured glue and isinglass, and has stuck to the business for nearly sixty years, and made a fortune out of it. He is ninety-one years old, has lived in the days of every President of the United States, and was himself a candidate for the Presidency in 1876.

"While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good," he said in his eighty-fourth year. "For all my public services," he remarked to me recently, "I have received only sixty dollars. That was a long time ago, and the pay was for sitting on the bench when I was an alderman." Among those public services were his advocacy of the building of the Croton Aqueduct, his contributions to the financial literature of the country, his efforts in laying the first Atlantic cable, his experiments in navigating canals by steam, his labors as a Public-school Commissioner, his construction of the first locomotive ever used in America, and, chief of all, his founding and endowing of the Cooper Institute for the Advancement of Science and Art.

About the year 1828 Mr. Cooper learned from a gentleman who had just returned from Europe that the Polytechnic School in Paris was a great success. "That which interested me most deeply," he remarked many years after, "was the fact that hundreds of young men from all parts of France were living on a crust of bread and undergoing great hardships in order to get the benefit of the lectures and instruction of that institution. I then remembered how glad I should have been if I could have found such an institution in my youth in New York city, with its doors open to give instruction at night—the only time I could command for study—and I reflected upon the fact that there must be a great many young men in this country

situated as I was, who thirsted for the knowledge they could not reach, and would gladly avail themselves of opportunities which they had no money to procure.

"I determined, if ever I could acquire the means, I would build such an institution as would open its doors at night with a full course of instruction calculated to enable mechanics to understand both the theory and the most skillful practice of their several trades, so that they could not only apply their labor to the best possible advantage, but enjoy the happiness of acquiring useful knowledge, the purest and most innocent of all sources of enjoyment. By this means I hoped to contribute to the elevation and happiness of the industrial classes to which I belonged. Finally my plan also provided for a school of art suited to the wants of females during the day, with a reading-room and library open to both sexes from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night."

Not until twenty-six years afterward did he "acquire the means." The corner-stone of the Cooper Institute was laid in 1854, and the large brown-stone edifice on Astor Place was thrown open to the public in 1859, having been built, said Mr. Cooper in an address at its public opening, that "the youth of my native city and country might gain that kind of useful knowledge which is needed to make them wise, good, and useful to themselves and their country." So much in earnest was the founder that he has spent more than two millions of dollars—twice the sum that young Cameron earned—in carrying out his purpose.

One result of this great generosity is that the boys and girls who go to the Cooper Institute to get the "useful knowledge" of which Mr. Cooper speaks do not have to pay anything for it. They can receive competent instruction in algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical and descriptive geometry, differential and integral calculus, elementary mechanics, natural philosophy, engineering, astronomy, chemistry, geology, oratory, telegraphy, drawing of all kinds (perspective, mechanical, architectural, industrial, and free-hand), modelling in clay, wood-engraving, and painting, and it won't cost them anything; and they can learn most of it in the evening, so that if necessary they can make money during the day to pay, or help pay, for their board and clothes.

During the school year that closed in the latter part of last May, 1227 pupils were admitted to the free night school of art; 936 pupils to the free night school of science; 756 pupils to the free art school for women; 60 pupils to the free school of telegraphy for women, and 403,449 persons to the free reading-room and library. To say that 1227 pupils were admitted to the free night school of art is about the same as saying that there were enough of them to fill a big church. The large hall of the Cooper Institute, where free lectures are given during the winter, is one of the very best in New York city for hearing, for safety, and for ventilation.

"You must be gratified, Mr. Cooper," I said, "with the success of your Institute, especially with the opportunities for earning a living which it has given to so many young women."

"I am more gratified with that," he replied, "than with anything else. It was one of the things that I was most concerned about, and I made a statement of it in my 'Deed of Transfer' of the building to the trustees. We have graduated two hundred and fifty women telegraphers in two years and a half, and the Western Union Telegraph Company, which has provided the Institute with a first-class teacher of telegraphy, gave most of them places right away, paying from five hundred to a thousand dollars a year, and not one of them had to wait a fortnight. For railroad telegraphing young women are better adapted than young men. They are always on hand, and hear the first ticking of a message passing through the instrument. This often prevents an accident to a train. Young men are apt to be flitting about when

waiting for a message to arrive, and do not suit nearly so well.

"You must come and see the splendid arrangements we have for teaching telegraphy. Pupils come to our place," he added, "and behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies. They come because they want to. For ten years not a single complaint of misconduct has been made to the trustees by any one of our twenty or thirty teachers. Nine boys whom we graduated are now professors in colleges. An old German called to 'tank' me the other day for his son's success. The lad, once a pupil of the Cooper Institute, is now a professor in the great University of Berlin, and much esteemed. So little is written about the Cooper Institute that people hardly know of its possibilities and results. Every year it instructs three thousand young men and women. For myself, I try to keep the building in good shape. I was looking at my books to-day, and I find that I have spent on it \$130,000 in the last two years."

To be admitted into the schools of the Cooper Institute a boy or girl must be not younger than fifteen years, and must be acquainted with the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Young people of each sex can attend the lectures, and enter the night school of science, but only young women can enter the day school of art, there being a night school of art for the young men. The regular course of instruction is five years, and pupils are admitted by the simple rule "first come first served," the preference, however, being for those who express a purpose to earn their living by the instruction which they are to receive, else the classes would soon be filled with those who do not need the founder's bounty. Last year the pupils in the Art School for Women earned nearly thirty thousand dollars while pursuing their studies in the Cooper Institute.

There is room in New York city for several Cooper Institutes. Of 1397 students who last year applied for admission to the Art School for Women, 686 were rejected because the school was full, and a similar state of things has existed for several years.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAN awoke early the next morning. A stream of light flooded her room; everything looked bright and inspiring, and the little girl ran down-stairs gayly humming one of Bertie Rolf's songs.

It was Saturday; except for the exercises to be rewritten, there would be no work; and above all reasons for joy was the fact that Lance had promised to come and take Nan and Joan out in his boat. Aunt Letitia's consent was given. Nan needed nothing further, she believed, in the way of enjoyment, since the sun had chosen to shine out so gayly, and she felt so happy since yesterday, when Aunt Letty had folded her in her arms and let her cry unrestrainedly on her shoulder.

"Where is Lance going to take you, Ammie?" her aunt asked while they were at breakfast.

But Nan could not say; and just then Lance himself appeared in a flannel boating suit.

"But where is Joan?" Nan asked.

"She had a cold," said Lance, "and Phyllis wouldn't hear of her coming." The boy seemed to feel thoroughly at home. He sat down at the end of the table, and asked Robert for a glass of water, while Miss Rolf offered him a cuplet and some cakes.

"No, thank you, Cousin Letty," said Lance; "I've had my breakfast. How soon can Ammie be ready?"

Nan commenced hurrying every mouthful, until she caught a stern look from her aunt.

"She can't go for half an hour after breakfast," said the old lady. "Do you think me crazy, Lancelot? The idea of any one's taking violent exercise directly after eating!"

This settled it, although a little defiant look came between Lance's well-marked eyebrows and around the curves of his handsome mouth. Nan felt a trifle afraid that perhaps Lance was high-tempered. Certainly he looked now as though he was not always the laughing idol of the family he had seemed to be yesterday.

Breakfast was finished at last, and Lance followed Miss Rolf and Nan out into the garden, where the old lady sauntered about among her rose-bushes, and Nan kept her gaze almost fixed upon the town clock, the face of which she could see gleaming through the trees.

Mrs. Heriot appeared at a side door to say a word of welcome to Lance, whose face brightened visibly, and Nan saw what a favorite he was with this old servant. Then at last, with what seemed aggravating slowness, the hands of the clock moved around to nine o'clock. The half-hour was over! Nan gave a little skip, and darted in for her shade hat and her gloves, and in a few moments more, after many injunctions from Aunt Letty, she was with Lance going across fields at the back of the house to the river.

Almost at once Lance said: "Nan, your cousin Philip is at our school."

"What?" ejaculated Nan.

"Yes," said Lance. "He came last week, and I must say he passed very well; and it's a shame we had to break up so soon."

"But, Lance," said Nan, with a very serious face, "isn't yours a very expensive school?"

"Of course, but"—Lance shrugged his broad young shoulders—"there he is, that's all I know."

Nan remained wonderingly silent, but of course she felt full of delight, well knowing how very much Philip had desired a thorough classical education. What the Bromfield public school afforded him had never half satisfied the lad's longings. But now he could do what he chose. Nan gave Lance's hand a happy squeeze.

"I'm so glad!" she said, earnestly. Lance nodded, as much as to say he appreciated her feelings, and in a few moments they were by the river-bank, where Lance's boat was moored. It was a light little boat, with nice cushions and a fine pair of oars, and its name was *Phyllis*. Lance seated Nan comfortably, and asked her if she knew how to steer, and then they pushed off.

As soon as they were well under way Lance inquired of Nan, "Do you want to go and see an old boat-builder I know?"

Nan professed herself only too delighted. Lance rowed on. The river ran very widely just here, and Nan many years later remembered just that moment—the look of the clearly flowing water, the May sky, Lance's strong young figure. She felt more hopeful than she had thought it possible ever to be the day before.

The boat-builder's workshop was a roomy though rather dilapidated building, near the water's edge, just above a little bank of tangled greens. He kept a dozen boats for hire, and these were rocking gently near the bank. When Lance pulled up and helped Nan out, the boatman came to the door of his workshop, and nodded pleasantly. He was a tall, grizzled old man, with a face full of puckers, some of which seemed to have gotten there by laughing.

"How do you do, Mr. Blake?" said Lance, pleasantly. "May I bring my little cousin in to see the boat you're building?"



"LANCE, FOLLOWED BY NAN, CARRIED THE 'CHILD.'"

"Certain, certain," said the old man; and he turned around and led the way into the shop, where a long shell was turned upside down on trestles, and which Lance examined with delight, for he had all a young collegian's enthusiasm for boating. Nan looked on, interested in the conversation which went back and forth rapidly between Lance and the old man. Then she sauntered back to the river door, where she was suddenly attracted by the sight of a little boy.

He was a child apparently nine or ten years of age, and his face was pinched and pitifully haggard. He stood very still near Lance's boat, from which he now glanced up timidly at Nan in the shop door.

"Please," he said, in a tired sort of voice, "is there any job about I could get?"

"Oh!" said Nan, quickly (her heart was impulsively full of compassion). She ran down nearer to the little boy, who suddenly turned whiter than before, and staggered against one of the posts of the small pier.

"Lance!" cried Nan, so eagerly that her cousin darted out, and with once glance sprang forward and caught the boy's now fainting figure.

Mr. Blake was soon with them; and after they had revived the boy so that he languidly opened his eyes, the

boatman said: "It's hunger has done it. Poor little chap, we'll settle that. Come, my lad, can ye get as fur as my house?" And he jerked his head to the right of the workshop.

But the poor little fellow only laid his head back wearily against Lance's shoulder, and the latter said,

"I'll carry him, Blake. He's as light as a feather."

So they made a procession quietly through the workshop and out across a bit of roadway to where Blake's cozy, old-fashioned white cottage was standing. The box walks smelled pleasantly, and the lilac bushes were in profusion near the door; but, for all the cool sweetness of things, the poor little boy showed no interest in what was being done for or with him. Lance, followed by Nan, carried the child into the little parlor, the door of which Blake opened quietly, after which he turned and called down the passage, "Love!"

"Yes, father," came back in cheery tones from the kitchen, and a bright-faced, tidy young girl of about fifteen appeared.

Her father made her understand very quickly what had happened, Nan thought, for she was upstairs and down again in a moment, with a pillow and a shawl, and helped Lance very skillfully as he laid the boy on the horse-hair sofa. In another moment she was back again with a glass of milk, with "just a trifle of wine in it," she said, and a fresh-looking roll, which would have tempted any one.

But half dead though he was of starvation, it seemed hard for the boy to eat. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then closed his eyes as if exhausted. Blake was questioning him, when his daughter, in her gentle, motherly way, lifted a hand, and said,

"Not now, father; wait a little. He must rest first."

Nan thought she had never heard a sweeter voice. It was girlish and soft, but it had in it such womanly tones that one wondered at her youth, for she was plainly not older than Lance; indeed, the curve of her cheek was very childish, and her eyes, though they were quiet, motherly eyes as they looked at the poor boy, had the peculiar sweetness and innocence of a child.

"Shall I go for a doctor, Love?" Blake asked. He seemed to be full of respect for his little maiden.

"Well, yes, father, perhaps you had better," she said, carefully.

"I'll go," suggested Lance.

And then Nan said, almost in Love's ear, "Can I do anything?"

Love nodded. "Yes," she said, "supposing you were not to mind helping me get a better place ready for him."

Nan looked her pleasure, and Love added:

"Father, will you sit here? Now come with me, please."

Nan liked her gentle authoritative ways very much. She followed the little mistress of the house upstairs, and into a cool, clean room, evidently kept for company; for although the white curtains were fresh in the windows, the bed was only covered over with pink netting.

"Love," as Nan called her in her mind, took out her keys and opened the drawers of the old-fashioned bureau, from

which she took some lavender-scented sheets and pillow-cases and a snowy counterpane. Without any apologies, she allowed Nan to help her make up the bed.

"Aren't you Miss Rolf's niece?" she said, smiling at Nan across the sheet they were tucking in.

"Yes," said Nan; "and do you keep house here all alone with your father? and is your name really Love?"

The young girl laughed. "Oh," she said, "that's always been father's name for me. My name is really Margaret. Yes, I keep house for father. Mother is an invalid; she never comes down-stairs. There! for a young lady, you did very well."

Nan was about to say she had done house-work for two years past, but checked herself as Margaret Blake exclaimed:

"There is the doctor! Young Mr. Rolf was quick."

The two girls went down-stairs, and found a young doctor bending over the boy, who certainly looked a little better. When Margaret told of her preparations upstairs, the doctor said he had better have a warm bath and be put to bed; "that is," he added, "if—"

"Oh yes," said Love, cheerily; "of course we'll keep him here awhile anyway."

Half an hour later the languid little figure was lying comfortably in a sweet-smelling bed, and his new friends were able to learn something of his history.

He had come, he said, with his mother a long way—they had walked it nearly all. Since father had died, and mo-

ther been so ill, they had nearly starved; but they had come here to see the manager of the Beverley theatre, hoping mother could get something to do.

"Had she been on the stage?" the doctor asked.

"Oh yes," the boy said, "and she heard the manager here had known father."

"And where is she now, my boy?"

"Oh, she's down at the theatre, sir, waiting to see Mr. Burton. There's a matinee going on. I just came along the river to see if I couldn't get an odd job."

Nan listened with growing fascination. What would Joan say to this! and how more than ever awe-struck was she when the doctor said:

"Then I'll go down to the theatre and find her. And, Lance," he added, "will you come? I may need you."

Lance was almost as delighted by the novelty of the idea as Nan had been; for, like all young people, a theatre, and, above all, "behind the scenes," seemed to him the most fascinating and mysterious of all places. He needed no second bidding, and promising Nan that he would send word of her whereabouts to Aunt Letitia, they started off.

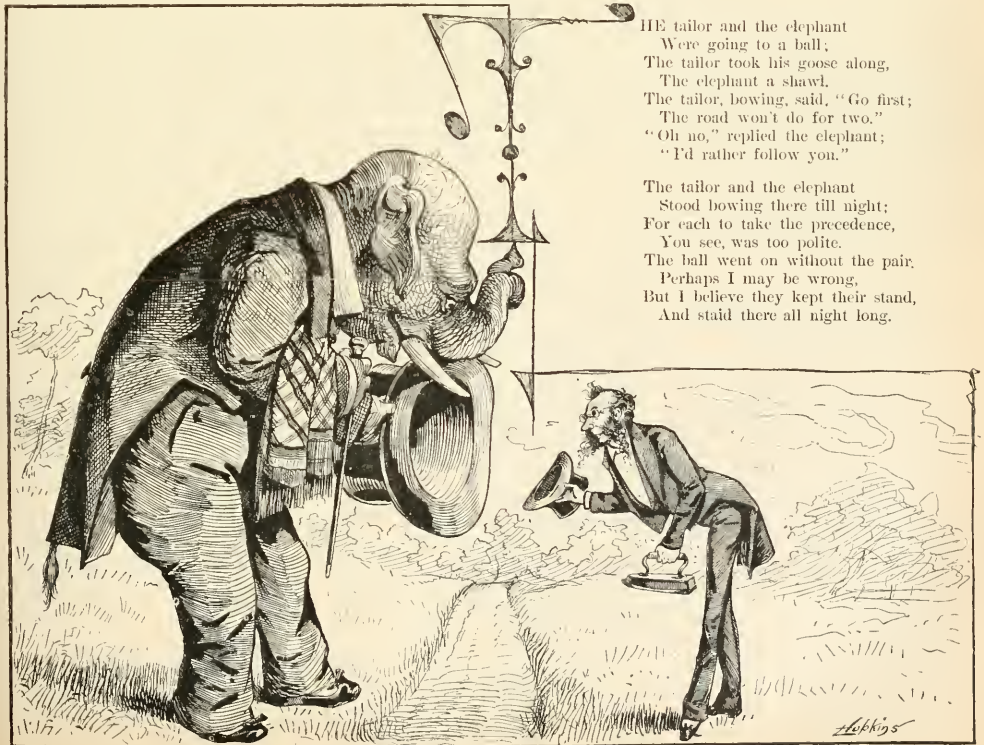
Meanwhile, Nan sat by the boy's bedside, while "Love" went down-stairs to the performance of some household duties.

Nan looked at the little white sleeping face, wondering what he could tell of that vaguely mysterious and wholly delightful place—the theatre.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

BY M. HELEN LOVETT.



THE tailor and the elephant

Were going to a ball;

The tailor took his goose along,

The elephant a shawl.

The tailor, bowing, said, "Go first;

The road won't do for two,"

"Oh no," replied the elephant;

"I'd rather follow you."

The tailor and the elephant

Stood bowing there till night;

For each to take the precedence,

You see, was too polite.

The ball went on without the pair.

Perhaps I may be wrong,

But I believe they kept their stand,

And staid there all night long.

LeVitt's



A NEW-YEAR'S CALL IN THE WOODS.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WE are very sorry to keep our little correspondents waiting, but the nimble pens have been so industrious, and the mails have brought the Post-office Box such heavy holiday budgets, that we can not help ourselves. The bright letters for which we have not room this week shall appear next week or the week after; so be on the watch, children dear.

Now, my boys and girls, that we are fairly in the new year, let us try to spend every shining day of it in the best way we can. I expect to hear of wonderful things accomplished in the way of study after the splendid times you have had in the way of play.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like the letters very much. I am only seven years of age, but mamma says I may write you a little story about my grandpa, who is dead, and call it

A SKETCH OF PIONEER LIFE.

My grandpa lived, when a young boy, in a little log house in what is now Mount Hope Cemetery. He wanted to go to a party. His father said, "If you want to go to the party, you must chop and sell wood enough to pay your way, and there are the oxen and sled to take it to town with."

So grandpa went into the woods in Mount Hope, and chopped a load of wood, and piled it on the sled, and drew it to the city, and toward night he sold it to a man on Main Street. He carried the wood upstairs, and piled it up in the man's office, when he got a dollar for it. Before he started for home a store-keeper wanted him to do some work for him with the oxen, and for that the man gave grandpa a jug of molasses. Then he started for home about dark. He had gone a little way, when he saw something lying in the road. He picked it up, and found it to be a red handkerchief full of real mites. He was the happiest boy in the country. He sang and shouted all the way home.

He had a dear mother at home, just as we all have, and she began to worry about him as it grew dark, for there were no voices in the woods around Rochester then, and one time they had come close up to the house and barked or cried in some way. Almost every minute she would go to the door to listen. After a while she heard her boy singing so merrily that she felt very happy, for she knew he was coming, and must have had good luck. He gave the molasses and nutmegs to his mother, but kept the doll and the

His mother said, "Daniel, I have a present for you," and brought out a nice long pair of warm woolen stockings, with white toes and heels and tops, for him to dance in the next night, just such stockings as Uncle Josh Whitcomb dances in when everybody laughs so, and grandpa and everybody danced just so too. FIDE.

A very good letter indeed for the first effort of a little girl of seven, as Fide's papa testifies that this is.

Our next epistle is from a young lady who, for her age, has been a great traveler:

TORONTO, CANADA.

I do love you so, dear *YOUNG PEOPLE*! I delight in you. I have five dolls; their names are Bertha, Georgina, Louisa, Lillian, Alle, Isabella, Bertrand, Arthur, Christopher, Minny, Idela, Etta, and Carolina, Lavinia, Christolena. I have also for other pets two little ponies called Pegasus and Handy Andy, a greyhound (Attica is his name), a darling little toy dog called Frills, and four cats—Lady Franklin, Mlle. Bloua (called that because she was born when I first saw that lady), Peter Piper, and Noah, which is twelve years old. I am an only child, and am a great pet. A pretty thing may be made out of a horseshoe. First paint the shoe black, and lay putting cards on board in behind it, with a round hole cut in it, your picture may be put in nicely; cover the card-board with velvet, plush, silk, or any other pretty material. I have been to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, and China. I am thirteen years old, and was born in New York city.

AGNES EBLE N.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I went to Fresno a good while ago; it is about 200 miles from here. Before we started we had a little cat and dog. We gave the kitten a way. The dog was just a little ball of curis, and we took him with us. Some time I am going to write a story about the dog. My father was already at Fresno. We boarded at a hotel. My uncle lived there. He had two boys and one girl; they lived in the country. Then, after a while, we had our own house built, and lived in it. I went to the country very often to see my cousins.

We had a cat, and she had four little ones; one died. We kept them under the house, and one night a cannibal cat ate another one up. We had lived in our house for three months, and one Sunday, when we were out to our place in the country, we saw smoke. We went to town just as fast as the horses could run. When we got there many houses were burning, and our house

burned just as we got there, and five blocks were swept away. Then we came back to San Jose to live. I am not going to write any more.

BERTHA B.

NURSERY RHYMES.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

A little snail crept up a wall—
Poppy, poppy, can't you crawl?
And from the top he down did fall—
Oh! poppety, poppety can.
And let him creep, and let him crawl,
He'll never get to the top at all.
For he's so small and the walls 'so tall,
Poor poppety, poppety can't.

Higgledy-piggledy—one, two, three,
Here's a bitterly come to tea,
Bringing with her a bumble-bee.
They found some jam in a buttercup,
And the bee and the butterfly gobbled it up,
And when they'd done they'd got no more—
Higgledy-piggledy—two, three, four.

Meat! meat! the cat's-meat man—
Run away, pussy, as fast as you can.
Some of it lean,
Some of it fat,
Some for the kitten,
Some for the cat.

A mouse looked up from a hole in the floor,
And saw two kittens at play;
The mouse didn't stay to see any more,
And the kittens they went away.

Dicky bird, Dicky bird, up in the cage,
Tell me I pray you, what is your age?
Four, did you say? Why, you're older than me,
For I am only just turned three.
With, you, head and your-toes and your feet—
You're still, for your age, little Dicky, very small.

Buzz, said the busy bee; huzz, said the fly,
Aren't we working hard, you and I?
Yes, said the bee, you huzz as much as I do,
But as for making honey, what can a fly do!

These pretty rhymes were made by the author in just a half-hour by the clock, the prize he gained for them being a lump of sugar. Don't you all think he deserved several lumps? I do.

FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

ORANGE SNOW-BALLS.—Boil some rice for ten minutes, drain, and let it cool; pare some oranges, removing the thick white skin; spread the rice, in as many portions as there are oranges, on some dumping cloths; tie the fruit separately in these, surrounded by the rice, and boil the balls for an hour; turn them carefully on a dish, and sprinkle with sifted sugar; serve with sweetened cream.

SATCE.—A little butter and sugar beaten smoothly; a spoonful of corn starch cooked in two cups of boiling water. Flavor with orange juice.

CAKE-MAKING.—Have everything ready before you begin; and your materials measured and weighed, and your tins buttered. The sooner you mix the cake and put it into the oven the better, after everything is ready. Sift the flour three times for delicate cakes; roll the sugar; mix laking-powder or cream of tartar, when used, with the dry flour, passing it through the sieve; beat eggs very well, the yolks and whites separately; add soda the last thing, if that is in the receipt, dissolving it in milk or in warm water; bake in a rather moderate oven at first, so that the batter will be evenly heated through; increase the heat after the first ten minutes.

GINGER-BREAD.—A half-pint of molasses; a half-pint of boiling water; a half pint of an egg; a tea-spoonful of ground cloves, the same of cinnamon, of ground ginger, and baking-soda; a half-pint of flour. Make this cake in this manner: first put the butter, partly melted, into the molasses; then add the spices; stir this into the flour; dissolve the soda in boiling water, and pour it in. Never use cream of tartar with molasses.

Girls who have receipts for either soft or hard gingerbread may send them to the Postmistress.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have not taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very long, but I like it so very much I think I shall continue to take it. I wrote a little Christmas story not long ago, and I thought you would send it to you. I am twelve years old, and go to school. I like the Post-office Box very much. Here is my story. Please print it.

JUSTA V. N.

LITTLE NELL'S CHRISTMAS.

It was the day before Christmas. The snow was falling thick and fast, covering the ground with a soft whiteness which looked like fur. Little Nell stood at the window watching the snow, and flattening her nose against the window-pane, which was cracked in two places. She knew that many were buying gifts which would

give pleasure to those receiving them; but she felt sure she wouldn't get anything in her stock for any money to give her mother or her little brother Ben.

Nell was eight years old, and Ben was five. They had no money, but the mother did all she could to make the children comfortable and happy, but not much could be bought with her small earnings.

In spite of the cold, little Nell put on her little red coat and shawl, and went out to see if she couldn't do something to earn money for her mother.

Into the cold halls, and down the long pairs of stairs, and out into the street she went. After walking for nearly two hours without getting a penny, she thought she would go home.

"But first I will look in the store windows, and then home," she said.

She looked, but the many good things she saw made her turn away, for there were so many dolls, dolls' houses, horses, sleds, etc., that she made her way home, but she was so tired that she sat down, and blew her little fingers to make them warm.

At last, looking up, she saw a lady and little girl looking at her, and stepping forward, the lady said: "My child you will freeze. You had better go home."

Then Nell said, "Oh, but I have no Christmas presents for my mother."

"Come with me, child, and I will buy you some things for your mother. Where do you live?"

I live in Mulford Street, and you can only have enough to eat, and sometimes we are hungry and cold. I am looking for something to do to earn money, for to-morrow's Christmas, and we will have nothing to eat."

The lady looked at her blue hands and face, and said, "Come into this store, and I will buy some gloves for you."

Nell followed, and before long found herself near home, with new mittens, hood, and shawl, and a great many bundles. When she arrived home her mother was there, and the lady talked to her mother, while Flora, the little girl, played with her. The next day was a happy one for Nell, but pleasant for Flora and her mother, who had gladly given a few gifts, and made these hearts glad. Ben was happy with a warm coat and hat, and before long was counting on a new sled. Nell was happy with dolls, also her mother, and I think Flora and her mother had made it a very "Merry Christmas."

A very pretty story it is for one of your age to have written.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Seeing so much said in the Post-office Box about cats, I write this letter to tell about some I am acquainted with. We are the owners of five of these domestic pets—three kittens and two large cats. They do all manner of strange things, such as jumping through panes of glass, being down in a barrel for a day, drinking the milk in the morning, and other odd performances. Our cats can also sing, after a fashion, quite sweetly.

One strange cat, with yellow fur, and blind in one eye, got into our house the other night by climbing on the roof of our porch and jumping through the window-pane, knocking down a favorite fly in the descent, and making a fine racket. We saw it all down stairs, and could not imagine what was the matter. I went upstairs, with my mother and brother following me, the latter shouting wildly all the way, scaring the poor cat, which came tearing down at a furious rate to the parlor. She climbed up the Christmas tree, where she staid for a minute, and then fell down, Jip, our dog, going for, and sending her up the lace curtain, leaving it considerably.

We thought the cat had gone wild. Then Jip chased her upstairs. My aunt tried to put her out, but she ran up, in a dry dress and over her coat, down stairs, and out in the kitchen, Jip and I running after her at full speed. There puss ran into the closet, and climbed up in the top shelf of a cupboard full of reach, but seeing a bag of red pepper after her, which gave us a small dose, and herself a little too much for her comfort.

She jumped down on Jip's back, and Jip ran out in the yard, where poor pussay dropped off, giving several long howls, as if to call her sisters and her cousins and her aunts. She then, with a few more desperate yaws, gave a few jumps over the back fence, and we saw her no more.

HERBERT.

Are you a far-away relative of our little friend Jimmy Brown, Herbert? I suspect so. I fear this strange story of the yellow cat is a romance, and indeed I hope so, for if it were true, how sorry I would feel for a poor frightened wretch pursued all over unknown premises by quick-footed hunters like you and Jip!

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I have been a subscriber ever since your paper was first sent me, and I think it is the best one. It is instructive to old and young. Our principal came into our school-room the day before Thanksgiving, and began to talk about what nice papers they had. Some of the school boys gave him the papers they took. I got up and told him that

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was the best paper in the world. He said, "Oh, yes, I take it." The Jimmy Brown stories make me laugh. I like all the stories and letters in the paper. I have a sister and two brothers. We take turns about every year. The first volume my sister had, and I had, my oldest brother; the third, myself; the fourth is my sister's turn, my other brother being too young. He is only a year old. I will be very thankful to any one who will tell me how to take the outside coating of shells and polish them. I am making a collection of specimens, and am saving money to buy a cabinet. I am thirteen years of age.

HAROLD WEST K.

Although we have a Housekeepers' Social here for the little girls, it is not our intention to give them all the space in the Post-office Box. We want the wide-awake brothers to exchange ideas and bits of information as well as curiosities and postage stamps. Which young mineralogist will be first to answer Raphael, and tell him how to polish shells?

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

I want to tell you about some hair-pin cushions I make. They are made over the boxes on which ribbon comes. The dry goods merchants throw them away when the ribbon is used, and they can be made to suit any fancy; I made mine about three or four inches across the top. You crochet a single loop, stitch around and around until it covers the top of your box, widening all the time. Then you stop widening, and it will turn down like a skull-cap. Keep on until it reaches the bottom of the box. Then widen again, and crochet on the wrong side, and it will make it curl over like the brim of a hat. Then get some hair, such as they stuff furniture with, to fill your box. Fit the hat over the box, and tie a piece of ribbon around the sides, and the hair-pin cushion is finished. Two ounces of worsted will make three hats, and a quarter of a yard of ribbon will go around one hat.

DAISY II.

BLOOMINGDALE, OHIO.

We had a present of a small turtle a few weeks ago, and would like you to ask the other correspondents how to give it the very best care. The dear auntie who gave it to us said she had kept a year in December, and fed it flesh and fresh meat. It is about two and a half inches across the hard-shell back; has a red edge underneath; the head resembles a snake's; it has a big mouth, yellow scales, and little bits of eyes. I call it Pretty Boy, and it allows mamma to handle it, takes bits of meat from her hand, and comes up to the top of the water when called.

The other day mamma looked into the candy jar, when away went Pretty Boy, under the rocks and into the mud, showing great fear. We thought it was frightened at mamma's dusting cap, or hard soft water best, can we get more variety of food for it, to what family does it belong, and does the shell ever soften, or is it because of lack of exercise?

Two little lovers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, DORA and AMY.

Will somebody who has had experience write very soon, and tell Dora and Amy all about their turtle and how to care for it?

BROOKFIELD, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the fifty-third number, and like it very much. I was sick Thanksgiving, so I could not attend church, and my mother thought some of my cousins, who seem almost like a brother to me and his wife and two little boys ate dinner with us. I am not very strong. I had several fever when two years old, and that partially paralyzed the four muscles of my right limb. I can not run like other boys, but have to be contented with more quiet pleasures. When twelve years old I had bronchitis, and now I am thirteen, and I remember a little girl who wrote you that she could not walk. She is worse off than I am. I have a kind father and mother. About three years ago my father took me with him to West Virginia. We went through Scranton, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and stopped a short time in Washington, where we went into the Senate-Chamber. I saw the Chief Magistrate, and went through tunnels from half a mile to a mile in length.

We have an excellent graded school here. I am in the Intermediate Department, and have a splendid teacher, Miss E. S. S. Our principal is Professor L. B. B. Miss C. is the teacher in the Primary. I like the stories of "Toby Tyler," "The Cruise of the Ghost," and "The Boy's Adventure."

WILLIE J. T.

I trust you were well enough to enjoy Christmas and New Year's better than you did Thanksgiving-day, Willie.

I hope no boy who reads the Post-office Box needs to be warned never to play with that dangerous little weapon, the toy pistol. A few days

ago three children were playing happily together in New York, expecting in a few minutes to set out on a merry holiday excursion. Suddenly there was a terrified scream. A boy aged twelve had accidentally shot his little girl friend and guest with a toy pistol, the tiny bullet lodging in her brain. Do not keep such perilous playthings in your possession, my boy friends.

TO THE WIGGLERS.—So many of the little artists who send us Wiggles reside at such long distances from New York City, that their communications do not arrive until after "Our Artist" is ready to make up his page. In order, therefore, that these far-distant Wigglers may have a chance to appear in YOUNG PEOPLE, it has been decided to give but half a page of any new Wiggle at a time, the upper half being devoted to examples of the preceding Wiggle which were received too late to be included in the former page. Thus on our sixteenth page will be found drawings one-half of which represent Wiggle No. 29, while the other half represent Wiggle No. 30. We should be glad to receive the addresses of E. B. Wall and L. W. Hanson, who have been successful in reproducing our artist's idea of Wiggle No. 29.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EAST HALF SQUARES.

- 1.—1. To remain stationary. 2. A beginner. 3. Skill. 4. Denial. 5. A letter. 6. SMILAX. 2.—1. To walk. 2. A argument. 3. A prefix. 4. A pronoun. 5. A letter. J. M. ILES.

No. 2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A measure. 2. A city in Russia. 3. The last name of a Spanish discoverer. 4. A girl's name. Primals form the name.

No. 3.

ACROSTIC.

- 1. An instrument for cutting slate. 2. An adjective. 3. A period. 4. A color. 5. Part of the body. 6. A number. 7. A nickname. Central's spell a country in Africa. A. A. T.

No. 4.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.

- 1.—1. A speck. 2. A parent. 3. A gem. 4. Not small. 2.—1. Comparisons of speed. 2. Light and number. 3. Polite. 4. A girl's name. 5. A musical stop.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 163.

No. 1.

A X E
A N I O M
A G L O R
E O L C R
M A C
R

No. 2.

A R E C
F R E A K C A R A T
E A R K R A T
K T

No. 3.

W A S H I N G T O N
T H E G O R
D I V E R
J W E L R
R E A Z O R

No. 4.

A M Y
W A R
O R E
A T E
C O N T R A C E D
I N D E N T U R E
P A R A L L E L S
C O N S T I T U T E
S H E
T E A
E R A

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Albert Stone, John Burr, Tom Faxton, Rudie F., A. B. C., Daisy Den, Dora Mott, Amy Elsiepath Wade, Fannie Fickenhausen, A. Bloomingdale, Dorville S. Coe, Elizabeth and Alice St. S. Weil, B. L. C. J., "Noble Star," "Princess Elsie," Bessie P., Molly, Bettie, and Snike Coxe, Algernon Ross, Maurice Heilmeyer, Harry J., Walter Rose, Alice Dayton, Grace Harmer.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



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JACK, THE BUTCHER'S DOG.

BY W. M. CARY.

JACK was a good-natured dog, and though some of the children in the neighborhood were afraid of him, and would run home when they saw him coming, he was really very kind and amiable, and only full of fun and fond of play.

One bright chilly morning, seeing a little boy dragging his sister on a sled, Jack concluded to have some of the fun himself, so he rushed out, grasped the rope of the sled in his mouth, pulled it from the boy's hand, and tore down the street as fast as his legs would carry him. The little girl screamed at the top of her voice, and made a great effort to keep her place on the sled, but Jack ran so fast that at last she was upset, and rolled over into a snow-drift.

Jack returned to the butcher's shop dragging the sled, and left it at the door. He seemed to be delighted with

what he had done, and often performed the same trick afterward. At last the older boys of the neighborhood would send one of their number—usually the smallest of the party—past the store with a sled on purpose to bring Jack out. Jack always came with a rush, and seized the rope, while the boys would jump on the sled, and Jack would drag the whole party.

One day so many boys got on the sled, and made it so heavy, that Jack evidently thought the joke was getting tiresome, so he dropped the rope, and with much dignity walked home.

This seemed to cure him of his fancy for dragging sleds. Often the boys would send a little sister past the butcher's shop with a sled to tempt Jack. But it was of no use; Jack would have nothing further to do with the business.

FLORIO AND FLORELLA.

A Christmas Fairy Tale.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

III.

A GAIN the summer-time had come, with all its warmth and beauty. The fairies were thronging all the wild-wood one lovely summer evening, when a tall, handsome lad, with light, quick tread and merry glancing eyes, entered the woods, followed by a red fox, and boldly shouted, "Florella! Florella!" making the woods ring with his voice.

You would not have supposed that this could be the same boy whose sobbing aroused Florella's compassion, the poor, trembling little creature, spiritless and unhappy, who had hardly dared to say his name was Florio. But so it was; and when he called so loudly in his cheery voice, Florella quickly came forth from the sweet-brier bush and stood before him.

Doffing the cap which covered his curly pate, and bending one knee, Florio presented without words the small plant which he had guarded with the utmost care.

A look of gracious sweetness came into the fairy's face, and she examined the flowers with the eye of one accustomed to look at things closely. Having assured herself that it was the desired plant, she turned to her assistants and invited them to examine it also. All agreed that it was the far-famed Edelweiss, and there was a great fluttering of wings, and soft exclamations of delight and excited surprise, until Florella with a gentle wave of her hand commanded silence.

"Now, young knight of our fair domain," she said, addressing Florio, "give me some account of your journeying, for not only have you done all that I desired, but more: here are not only seeds, but flowers and root. I pray you be seated while I listen."

Florio had learned to be mannerly, so with cap in hand he only leaned against a beech-tree, and began:

"When you bade me depart with that dreadful old Fuss, dear lady, my heart failed me entirely, and I thought I should not be able to do your bidding. So long had I been used to her cruel power that the thought of opposing her filled me with alarm; but curiously enough the very night I hastened from you to the miserable cavern we called home, a young fox followed me, and unknown to me slept by my side. When I awoke, the witch was preparing for her journey, for on her back and by her side she carried bags of all shapes and sizes, with everything in them that could do mischief. In one was snuff, in another was pepper, and in a third was mustard, and in all were flinty pebbles and bits of glass. Some of these were for people's eyes, and some for their feet, and she had hardly room for the mouldy old crusts and pieces of cheese which furnished us with food.

"As soon as she saw the fox, which I was petting with delight, she made a pass at it with her stick, which I am sure would have killed it had I not caught the blow. The little fellow sprang from my arms and bit her heel, which made her so very angry that I had to run for my life, but, strange to say, after that he was my only protection.

"Although she bade me drown him, and although I, remembering your commands, disobeyed her, she did not dare come near me when I had him in my arms. Day after day he followed me, night after night he slept beside me, and though I had fewer beatings, old Fuss watched me closely; she seemed to know that I wanted to get away from her.

"We toiled along on the road-sides begging from house to house.

"At last one day we came to a beautiful sheet of water, blue and sparkling in the sunshine. Everywhere I went I had gathered flowers—sometimes they were only weeds

such as dandelions and daisies, but here on the banks of this lovely lake I found the sweetest blossoms. From every one I had tried to learn the names of the plants, but it was a very difficult matter, for half the time they misunderstood my signs, and supposed I was only making game of them; besides, when Fuss came up with her horrible jargon, every one was so disgusted that he would have nothing to do with me.

"But every day I repeated as a lesson the one word 'Edelweiss,' and whenever I had the chance I would say this to a stranger. Generally they took no notice—sometimes they would smile and point to the mountain-peaks before us.

"The day we reached the lake, Fuss was in one of her ugliest moods: she had not received a penny from any passer-by, and she had not been able to make a young boatman quarrel with his companions, although she had sprinkled pepper about until they were all sneezing as if they were crazy. I was weary and disconsolate, sitting paddling in the water, and the fox was not by me, having run after a rat that had crawled from the wreck of an old unused craft. Without a word of warning, Fuss came up behind me and gave me a push.

"Over I went into the water, head and heels both submerged. Strangling, puffing, battling for my life, I rose to the surface. I had fallen just where the water was shallow, but where grasses and water-plants so entangled my feet that I could not swim, and should certainly have been drowned had not one of the boatmen thrown me a rope and drawn me to the shore.

"'Hang her!' 'Drown her for an old witch!' were the exclamations I heard from the rough by-standers, and also, 'Take her to the jail at Geneva.' This aroused me. Now I knew the name of the fine town toward which so many were wending their way.

'When you get to Geneva,
Then you must leave her.'

"Oh, joy! Then I need no longer follow my dreadful guide! And there were people about who spoke English.

"As soon as I could discover who these English people were I made inquiries of them, and found they were servants of some persons travelling in their own conveyance. Tattered and draggled and wet, I dared not do more than run after the carriage at a respectful distance, with my fox in my arms, and so fearful was I of being overtaken by old Fuss that I darted into the woods whenever a way-farer approached. But my fears were needless, for so alarmed had the witch been at the threats of the boatmen that she disappeared suddenly. Some said they saw her flying over the woods on a broomstick, with all her wretched rags and tags fluttering behind her like the tail of a kite.

"After this I toiled on, often hungry, always weary, but frequently meeting with kindness. I only wanted to find some place of shelter from the cold until the warm weather should return again, and I could renew my search for your flower.

"At last, one bitter day, striving to reach a convent where I had found out they received poor people like myself, I fell, during a blinding storm, and had neither the courage nor the wish to make the effort to rise. Gradually a heavy sleep came on. I forgot my woes, and dreamed of a garden of roses, among which floated brilliant butterflies and golden bees.

"I was aroused from this sleep by a barking and scratching, and the foreing open of my mouth to make me swallow some warm milk. A goat-herd had found me, and putting me on the back of his great dog, carried me home. From that moment my troubles ended. Franz, the boy who found me, had a warm heart. His home became mine. I was ill, but all did what they could to make my sufferings less. I had only the one word 'Edelweiss,' at

my command, and but the one hope, that of procuring the flower.

"Christmas-day came. All were rejoicing, all were happy; but none could appreciate my joy when the noble Franz put this plant in my possession, his Christmas gift to me. I recovered immediately, and happiness so inspired me that I learned their language, and was enabled to tell them my story. All agreed that I must return to you, but must wait till I was strong for the journey. While with my friends I watched them carve their beautiful toys, some of which I have brought you, and learned to do their exquisite work myself. I also went often to the convent, and learned much from the celebrated Father Glückner about herbs and flowers. See, I have brought these packets of seeds, and a good collection of remarkable specimens. And all the time my little fox has been my pet, my companion, my solace. Accept, then, dear lady, these proofs of my obedience."

So saying, Florio finished speaking. As he stopped, his cheeks flushed with pleasant emotion, a nightingale poured forth a warbling stream of melody. The fairy drew her hand around her and thus spoke:

"Happy mortal, thus to have achieved success! Your faithfulness and courage shall be well rewarded. Look! this is your home, this we have prepared for you. Our emissary, the young fox, had warned us of your approach, and we have all in readiness."

Saying this, she led the astonished Florio to a cottage of twisted vines and roots, built by herself and her attendant elves. The walls were brilliant with innumerable glow-worms and fire-flies, which sparkled like living gems. The floor was soft with scented rushes. Garlands of roses festooned the rooms, in one of which was a table filled with fruit. Smiling with glee, Florella watched her young friend's admiration, which ended in complete astonishment when from an adjoining apartment came Franz and Rosa, the goat-herd and his sister. His joy was now complete, but when he turned to thank Florella she was nowhere to be seen.

Thus it came to pass that we know of the famous gardener and seedsman Florio, whose plants are of boundless celebrity, and whose cultivated blossoms outrival the famous exotics of the world. In this forest he lived and raised from season to season every flower that grows. No frost seemed to touch them, no drought withered them, for Florella was true to her promise of reward, and in addition to giving Florio a home, gave him also health and wealth and fame.

The elves were always on guard against moles and injurious worms, the fairies sprinkled the seeds and protected the young buds, and basking in the sunshine outside the cottage door was always to be found Florio's pet, the red fox, whom Florella for a time had chosen to be his guardian. Franz and Rosa also induced their family to leave the Alpine snows for the beautiful land of flowers.

THE END.

PLANTS CAUGHT NAPPING.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

AS we come to be more intimate with plants, and know all about their doings and see into their daily lives, we continue to find things which remind us of animals. Plants, we already know, eat and drink and breathe and move. Besides all these things, they sleep; and they must get their sleep regularly, or they lose their health completely.

Nowadays inventors spend their lives trying to find out useful things—things that will make life easier and pleasanter: such things as steamboats and railroad cars, and telegraphs and sewing-machines, and a thousand others of the same kind. In old times all the inventions were made to compel men to believe this or that religion by the

use of ingenious tortures. There was no end of different kinds of suffering which poor miserable people who had their own ideas on religious subjects had to suffer. Among these was the horrible torture of keeping people awake night and day till they died. Such dreadful things are no longer practiced on people in Christian lands; but many and many a poor plant dies and makes no sign from just this cause.

People can sleep where there is a light in the room; hardly so sweetly and soundly, I think, as they can in the darkness; still they *can* go to sleep in the light. But plants can not. Until the darkness comes they go on working and working, no matter how tired they are, till the plucky little creatures drop in harness and die. The work they do, I have already told you, is to separate the poisonous carbonic acid gas of the air into two useful things—carbon for themselves, and oxygen to keep people and animals alive. But they need rest as much as you or I do. Working night and day is too much of a strain, and finally their health breaks down, and they die.

Many plants are not contented merely to stop working. That does not give them all the rest they need. The leaves want to lie down or to hug close to each other, in order to sleep comfortably, and rise refreshed. If you notice carefully a spray of locust leaves, for instance, by daylight, you will see it look something like this (Fig. 1). I drew this, one bright August day, just as it grew on the tree. The leaves are all spread abroad to catch the light and the breezes. The thousand little mouths are open, breathing in the air. One evening, after it had grown dark, I went out and drew the same spray asleep (Fig. 2). There was just light enough for me to see, but not enough to wake the locust leaves. There they lay, huddled up to keep warm, their little mouths pressed close against each other.

It may seem as wonderful to you as it did to me when I first learned it, that all your lives the plants and trees around you had been going to sleep and cuddling up in this way, and you had never noticed it or known it. When you think of it, it is not really so strange, for most of the time that the leaves are asleep you are asleep too, and any light which under ordinary circumstances would show them to you would keep them from going to sleep. In order to see these sleeping leaves you would have to take a lantern and go out after it was dark, and examine sprays which you had particularly examined by day, to see just the difference.

The young leaves, like young babies, sleep most, and cuddle up closer than the older ones do. I examined a great many plants, and found no very common plant more interesting than the locust-tree. Some wistaria leaves, especially the young shoots, not only close up but turn over on their stems, to get their rest.

The most remarkable plant of all that I examined was a mimosa-tree, or sensitive plant, as it is often called (Fig. 3). This tree, however, grows full thirty feet high. You can sit and watch the branches against the evening sky, and as the twilight falls, the entire tree seems to be thinning out until it looks as if the season had gone backward, and we were looking at the tree in its early spring dress of delicate sprays (Fig. 4). It puts one in mind of Keats's beautiful line, when speaking of a lovely girl going to sleep:

"As if a rose should shut and be a bud again."

It sometimes happens that plants which usually close their leaves when they sleep are very heavily shaded during the day. When this is the case they do not seem to be much affected by the darkness of the night, and do not change the position of their leaves. It would seem as if they had been half asleep all day, and so had spoiled their night's rest. Darwin tells us of a plant which he says he watched carefully, and for two nights after having been violently shaken by the wind it did not cuddle down to sleep. It was probably too much excited to rest properly.



Fig. 1.—LOCUST BRANCH AWAKE.

out giving it a drop to drink. Its leaves became dry and dusty, so that some of them would drop off from the stem every time he shook the pot. It became like the dust on a summer road.



Fig. 2.—LOCUST BRANCH ASLEEP.

In some plants the leaves stand up to go to sleep, as horses do; in others they droop down, or lie close to each other like little children. One kind of clover which has a yellow blossom sleeps very curiously (Fig. 5); it has, as of course you know, three leaflets on each stalk.



Fig. 3.—MIMOSA AWAKE.

This movement of sleep is so much affected by the presence or absence of water, which you remember is the cause of all vegetable movement, that if the ground in which the plant grows is allowed to get very dry, or the air becomes extremely parched around it, it makes no sleep movement at night. The "touch-me-not" and mallow are affected in this way by drought. Mr. Darwin tried to see how long a little plant he had from Chili would live without water. He watched it for three weeks without water. Its leaves became dry and would drop off from the stem. The earth about the roots did not close in sleep at night. Finally, at the end of twenty-one days, he watered the earth and sponged off the dry and thirsty leaves. The next morning it seemed as fresh as ever, and when night came it nestled itself down comfortably to its rest.

Some plants will go to sleep if they can make themselves comfortable, while if they are very much chilled by exposure to the cold night air they will not make a sleep movement. There is something almost human in all these freaks of wakefulness in the plant world.

Each of the three twists itself around through the quarter of a circle, turning one of the side edges to the sky. Two of the leaflets—the side ones—face toward the north, one a little to the east of north, the other a little to the west. The middle leaflet turns sometimes eastward, sometimes westward; in doing so it twists itself over so as to protect its own upper surface and one of the other leaflets at the same time. The common white clover also sleeps very curiously.

There is a very singular plant which bears three leaves on a stem, the middle one being large, and the other two long narrow leaflets which stand straight out from the stem just below the bottom of the large central leaf. They look like a pair of oars poised in the hands of a rower when he is waiting to dip them into the water. When this plant goes to sleep the small stem which holds the leaf stands straight up, and the leaf turns directly down flat against the stalk. The plant hardly looks like the same thing awake and asleep.



Fig. 4.—MIMOSA ASLEEP.

Besides the sleep movement this plant has some wonderful motions, which seem to be without any particular reason, and to come generally from change of temperature. Mr. Darwin put the stem of one of these leaves into some water cool enough to be pleasant to drink, and then changed the water for some about as warm as lukewarm tea. The leaflets began to move, and in a minute and a half had made a complete circle. In very young plants of this kind the leaflets jerk all the while, very much as a baby kicks its legs and moves its arms, without having any particular reason for doing it.

When leaves get sleepy they do not sink steadily and

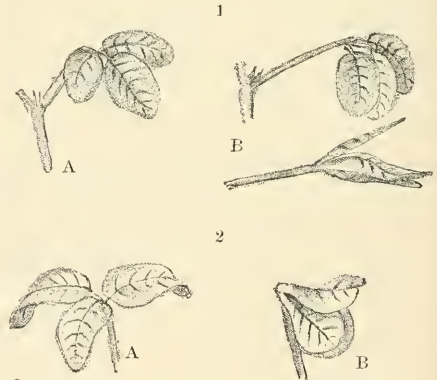


Fig. 5. (1, YELLOW CLOVER..... A, Awake; B, Asleep. 2, COMMON WHITE CLOVER..... A, Awake; B, Asleep.

quietly down. There is nobody to take them and lay them down to sleep when they feel drowsy, so they go off by themselves in a slow sort of nodding motion. Fig. 6 shows the path that one of these little sleepy heads moved over before it went off sound asleep.

The cause of all these movements is, as I have said, the shifting of water from cell to cell, but the reason for them is the same which makes two little children sleeping side by side draw closer together when they feel chilly, and nestle down together in the bed. The warmth of their bodies then is not lost, but passes from one to the other.

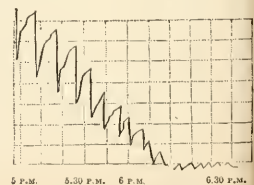


Fig. 6.—THE PATH OF THE NOD.

N A N.*

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

LANCE thought that he would remember that morning's expedition all his life long. Dr. Rogers knew his way perfectly to the stage entrance of the Beverley Opera-House, having more than once been sent for in cases of sudden illness; but Lance wondered how he could take the visit in such a very cool sort of way.

"I suppose you never before went behind the scenes of a theatre," he said, looking at Lance's eager young face.

"No, sir," Lance said. "I don't suppose my father would object to my going now with you."

"I'll make that all right," the doctor said. And Lance, feeling his only misgiving removed, went on full of suppressed excitement.

Dr. Rogers had known many people in what is always called "the profession"; but to Lance it seemed, from what he told him, as though he knew chiefly the sad and toilsome sides of their lives. The hard work—both of appearing gay when most weary, and of being morning, noon, and night either rehearsing, or acting, or hanging about managers' or treasurers' offices or doleful green-rooms.

Now to Lance a "green-room" meant such a place as he had seen described in the life of Garrick or Goldsmith, where the great beaux and wits of the day gathered, and where the sparkle of gems, the clinking of glasses, and the gaiety of voices aided a brilliant scene.

"This way," Dr. Rogers said, as they turned down a little alley at one side of the theatre. Outside were flaring placards of the "Great Spectacular Drama," being performed with one hundred dancers, some real horses, and a chariot—all splendors which he would fain have witnessed from the front of the house; but while Mr. Rolf encouraged his boy to see

first-class theatrical representations, he would have forbidden his attending this lower order of vulgar display, and Lance led too frank a life to do in secret what he knew his father and Phyllis would condemn.

Some warehouses were on one side, and wedged in between them Lance saw a narrow doorway with a flight of

steps leading under-ground. Above the door was written in half-legible characters, "Stage-Entrance. No Admittance." The doctor, however, pushed on, descending the stairs, followed by Lance. A rough-looking lad was standing at the foot of the steps, evidently on guard; but the doctor simply said, "All right," and passed on, with Lance close beside him. They groped their way along a dark passage, to the left of which was a flight of rickety steps, and up these they hurried, Lance wondering how soon the air would feel anything but damp and draughty. Below he had remarked various pieces of stage-carpentry, and Dr. Rogers explained to him that it was there that much of the necessary stage-work was done.



THE DOCTOR AND LANCE FIND MRS. TRAVERS.

At the top of the staircase they found themselves in a labyrinth of side scenes, beams, and pulleys—all the mechanical part of the Grand Spectacular Drama about to be performed. Men were running here and there; from high up in what looked like scaffold-

ings Lance could hear voices—the stage-carpenter calling out this and that direction with various strong expressions—while already in the narrow spaces behind the scenes the actors and actresses were beginning to move about. There was some gas-light, but usually a cold stream of daylight fell in upon the painted faces and tawdry-looking costumes, which would soon have the aid of the foot-lights and the illusions of a happy

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

country audience. But here everything looked what it really was; and oh, in spite of paint and powder, how weary some of the faces looked! A group of young girls thinly dressed were gathered together near one of the side scenes, and Lance overheard them discussing whether they would have much to pay in fines out of their salaries that night. One girl, who, singular to say, was occupied in darned stockings, declared if she were to be fined again for being "just one minute late," she couldn't stand it. "I'll starve next," she said, with a sad laugh.

"Do you know where Mr. Burton is?" the doctor asked of one of these young people.

"Yes, sir," she answered, very politely. "I think he's in the greenroom."

The word greenroom sent a thrill of delight to Lance's heart, and Dr. Rogers led the way directly across the stage, where already a fairy scene was set; but Lance could not help a feeling of surprise and disappointment as he found himself passing pasteboard trees and a grotto made up of the queerest odds and ends, while at one side the most coarsely painted stream trickled over painted rocks. But the greenroom was ahead of him. Dr. Rogers made his way into a small, neatly furnished room, bare and completely dismal. Here were gathered two or three people in costumes of a somewhat better description than the girls they had seen grouped together. One young man was putting some additional touches to his eyebrows at a cracked mirror, and a stout, elaborately dressed lady was talking earnestly to the manager. Only a few chairs and a table of the roughest description furnished what Lance had to believe was actually a greenroom. His illusions were certainly gone, but he was glad to have seen it, at all events, and he began now to think more earnestly of their errand.

Dr. Rogers courteously explained to Mr. Burton that he had come to inquire the whereabouts of a woman named Travers. At this one of the company near the door said, "Oh, Travers is in my dressing-room. Do you want to see her?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry for her," said Mr. Burton, well knowing that Dr. Rogers's errand was charity; "and I've taken her on with us a few weeks as dresser; but I'm afraid she won't hold out. She's a pretty sick woman."

The lady who had spoken said, "Will you come and see her, sir?"

Mr. Burton seemed very busy, and Dr. Rogers followed the good-humored actress, who was glittering with spangles and paste jewelry, up a rickety staircase to a little box of a room, noisy and ill-ventilated.

On a half-broken-down chair there sat a thin, hollow-eyed woman, who apparently felt too listless to move, and scarcely looked up when the actress said, kindly, "Mollie, here's a doctor who says he has the boy."

At this she brightened, and on hearing what had occurred at Mr. Blake's, she expressed a desire to go at once to the child; but as she rose it was only too evident that her strength would not admit of her walking one block, and so the kind-hearted doctor whispered to Lance, "Suppose you get a hack, my boy, from the depot; and here, a little port-wine wouldn't hurt her."

"Oh, sir," said the actress, "we gave her all the dinner she'd take; and I'm sure we'd all do anything we could for her. She was with our company six months before Travers died. But I'm sure, as a physician, you can tell she's not fit for work."

Lance and Dr. Rogers assisted poor Mrs. Travers into the carriage. As they left the theatre Lance could hear the orchestra playing gayly, and the voice of the stage-manager calling to the dancers, "This way, my dears; hurry up; no nonsense now!"

And as he looked at the pale, haggard face of Mrs. Travers, he wondered how she had thought of renewing a life in which it already seemed to him there could be nothing but weariness and pain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NAN'S brain worked very busily with schemes for the Travers's future while she sat by little David's bedside. She determined to do all Aunt Letty would allow her to for the boy, whom she felt as if she had "found," and she thought it seemed almost in answer to the talk she and Lance had had in the boat that very morning.

While her mind was working with a dozen highly colored fancies for the future, she heard the sound of wheels outside the little garden, and stealing to the window, saw to her great joy the Rolf House carriage, from which Aunt Letitia herself was descending.

Nan fairly held her breath while she heard Miss Rolf speaking below to Love, and then came the rustle of silk along the little corridor, and Miss Rolf gently entered the room.

Nan started forward, catching her aunt's hand, and looking up at her with beaming eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Letty," she whispered, "how glad I am you came!"

"I wanted my own little runaway," said Miss Rolf, smiling good-humoredly; "and, Nan, tell me more about this poor little boy." So Nan repeated the story, and then, while she stood in the window by her aunt, she begged that he and his mother might be provided for.

"If you'd let me, aunt—my pocket-money," faltered Nan, who had been just two weeks in receipt of an allowance of half a dollar.

Miss Rolf smiled. She remained thinking a moment, and then said, very gently: "I'll see that he is cared for, Nan, and then, if it turns out well, I'll speak to you of a plan I have."

Nan pressed her aunt's hand warmly, and as Margaret came up now, Miss Rolf turned to her and asked if it would be quite convenient to her father and herself to let the poor wanderers board there a week or two. Margaret said she was sure of it, and a querulous voice across the hall calling her name, she added, in an under-tone, "Perhaps, Miss Rolf, you wouldn't mind speaking to mother about it?"

And Miss Rolf, who thoroughly understood Mrs. Blake's caprices, went across the hall into the room where the invalid sat in an easy-chair, every comfort about her that the hard work and the tenderness of her husband and child could procure. But Mrs. Blake, as somebody said, would be one to complain that her heavenly crown was uncomfortable, so completely dissatisfied was she with everything. Miss Rolf, however, was in her eyes the one human being she could submit to. When she was a young girl she had known the old lady, who had procured for her a place as district-school teacher, from which she felt she "descended" to marry honest Joel Blake. It was easy for Miss Rolf to make Mrs. Blake consent to the Traverses boarding there until she, Miss Rolf, decided what permanent home could be found.

While they were discussing the matter Lance returned to say that the doctor had been obliged to take poor Mrs. Travers to the Cottage Hospital he superintended, and which was largely under Miss Rolf's patronage. The poor woman was certainly very ill. So only little David was to be left on Margaret's willing hands. Miss Rolf departed, promising to send Mrs. Heriot over directly to see what Margaret needed; and leaving his boat in Blake's charge, Lance drove home with Nan and his cousin Letty.

The morning had been to Nan full of excitement, but the afternoon was to contain even a greater amount. Nan knew that her aunt was very thoughtful, and when she sent word at four o'clock asking Dr. Rogers to call at Rolf House to take tea, something in the way she spoke of to Nan impressed the little girl as though plans were being made in which she was concerned.

After tea the mystery was solved. Nan and Lance

were in the drawing-room, the latter eagerly relating his experience at the theatre, when they heard Dr. Rogers leaving the house, and in a moment Nan was sent for to the black-walnut parlor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE'S an army that musters its legions,

And marches to roll-call each day;

And happy and blest are the regions

Which lie in that army's bright way.

They troop over hillock and hollow,

They spring across brooklet and pool,

And gayly and cheerily follow

The summons which bids them to school.

By thousands the army is numbered,

Its soldiers are fresh as the morn;

Not one is by sorrow encumbered,

Not one is by care overborne.

At decimals sometimes they stumble,

And sometimes by verbs are perplexed;

And the proudest grows saddened and humbled

When a question is passed to the next.

But forgot at the briefest vacation

Are problems and puzzles and prose,

The grief of the stern conjugation,

That late was a fountain of woes;

And the army goes back to its duty

The hour that play-time is done,

Resplendent in love and in beauty,

Unmatched 'neath the light of the sun.

They gather, this wonderful army,

In field and in grove and in street;

Their voices are music to charm me,

So ringing and eager and sweet,

Their cheeks are as red as a cherry,

Their eyes are as pure as the day,

And the sound of their marching is merry,

Wherever they pass on their way.

There are people forever a-sighing

And saying the world is all wrong;

But somehow their doubts take to flying

At sight of this wonderful throng.

The world *may* be clouded and weary,

Of trouble and toil may be full,

But at least there is hope where the chery

Dear children are going to school.

THE TROUBLESOME BURGHERS.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE was a Dutchman. His father, Jacob, had been Governor of Ghent, and had made himself a great name by leading a revolt against the Count of Flanders, and driving him out of the country.

Philip was a quiet man, who attended to his own affairs and took no part in public business; but in the year 1381 the good people of Ghent found themselves in a very great difficulty. Their city was subject to the Count of Flanders, who oppressed them in every way. He and his nobles thought nothing of the common people, but taxed them heavily and interfered with their business.

The city of Bruges was the rival of Ghent, and in those days rivals in trade were enemies. The Bruges people were not satisfied with trying to make more money and get more business than Ghent could, but they wanted Ghent destroyed, and so they supported Count Louis in all that he did to injure their neighboring city.

Having this quarrel on their hands, the Ghent people did not know what to do. Count Louis was too strong for them, and they were very much afraid he would destroy their town and put the people to death.

A public meeting was held, and remembering how well old Jacob van Artevelde had served them against the fa-

ther of Count Louis, they made his son Philip their captain, and told him he must manage this quarrel for them.

Philip undertook this duty, and tried to settle the trouble in some peaceable way; but the Count was angry, and would not listen to anything that Van Artevelde proposed. He said the Ghent people were rebels, and must submit without any conditions at all, and this the sturdy Ghent burghers would not do.

Count Louis would not march against the town and give the people a fair chance to fight the matter out. He preferred to starve them, and for that purpose he put soldiers on all the roads leading toward Ghent, and refused to allow any provisions to be taken to the city.

The people soon ate up nearly all the food they had, and when the spring of 1382 came they were starving. Something must be done at once, and Philip van Artevelde decided that it was of no use to resist any longer. He took twelve deputies with him, and went to beg the Count for mercy. He offered to submit to any terms the Count might propose, if the Count would only promise not to put any of the people to death. Philip even offered himself as a victim, agreeing that the Count should banish him from the country as a punishment, if he would spare the people of the town. But the haughty Count would promise nothing. He said that all the people of Ghent from fifteen to sixty years old must march half-way to Bruges bare-headed, with no clothes on but their shirts, and each with a rope around his neck, and then he would decide how many of them he would put to death and how many he would spare.

The Count thought the poor Ghent people would have to submit to this, and he meant to put them all to death when they should thus come out without arms to surrender. He therefore called on his vassals to meet him in Bruges at Easter, and to go out with him to "destroy these troublesome burghers."

But the "troublesome burghers," as we shall see presently, were not the kind of men to walk out bare-headed, with ropes around their necks, and submit to destruction.

Philip van Artevelde returned sadly to Ghent, on the 29th of April, and told the people what the Count had said. Then the gallant old soldier Peter van den Bossche exclaimed,

"In a few days the town of Ghent shall be the most honored or the most humbled town in Christendom."

Van Artevelde called the burghers together, and told them what the situation was. There were 30,000 people in Ghent, and there was no food to be had for them. There was no hope that the Count would offer any better terms, or that anybody would come to their assistance. They must decide quickly what they would do, and Philip said there were three courses open to them. First, if they chose, they could walk up the gates of the town and die of starvation. Secondly, they could accept the Count's terms, march out with the ropes around their necks, and take whatever punishment the Count might put upon them. If they should decide to do that, Philip said he would offer himself to the Count to be hanged first. Thirdly, they could get together 5000 of their best men, march to Bruges, and fight the quarrel out.

The answer of the people was that Philip must decide for them, and he at once said, "Then we will fight."

The 5000 men were got together, and on the 1st of May they marched out of the town to win or lose the desperate battle. The priests of the city stood at the gates as the men marched out, and prayed for blessings upon them. The old men, the women, and the children cried out, "If you lose the battle you need not return to Ghent, for you will find your families dead in their homes."

The only food there was for these 5000 men was carried in five little carts, while on another cart two casks of wine were taken.



THE BURGHERS PREPARE TO DEFEND THEIR CITY.

The next day Van Artevelde placed his little army in line on the common of Beverhoutsveld, at Oedelem, near Bruges. There was a marsh in front of them, and Van Artevelde protected their flank by a fortification consisting of the carts and some stakes driven into the ground. He then sent a messenger to the Count, begging him to pardon the people of Ghent, and having done this, he ordered his men to go to sleep for the night.

At daybreak the next morning the little army was aroused to make final preparations for the desperate work before them. The priests exhorted the men to fight to the death, showing them how useless it would be to surrender or to run away, as they were sure to be put to death at any rate. Their only hope for life was in victory, and if they could not win that, it would be better to die fighting like men than to surrender and be put to death like dogs.

After these exhortations were given, seven gray friars said mass and gave the sacrament to all the soldiers. Then the five cart-loads of provisions and the two casks of wine were divided among the men, for their last breakfast. When that meal was eaten, the soldiers of Ghent had not an ounce of food left anywhere.

Meantime the Count called his men together in Bruges, and got them ready for battle; but the people of Bruges were so sure of easily destroying the little Ghent army that they would not wait for orders, but marched out shouting and singing and making merry.

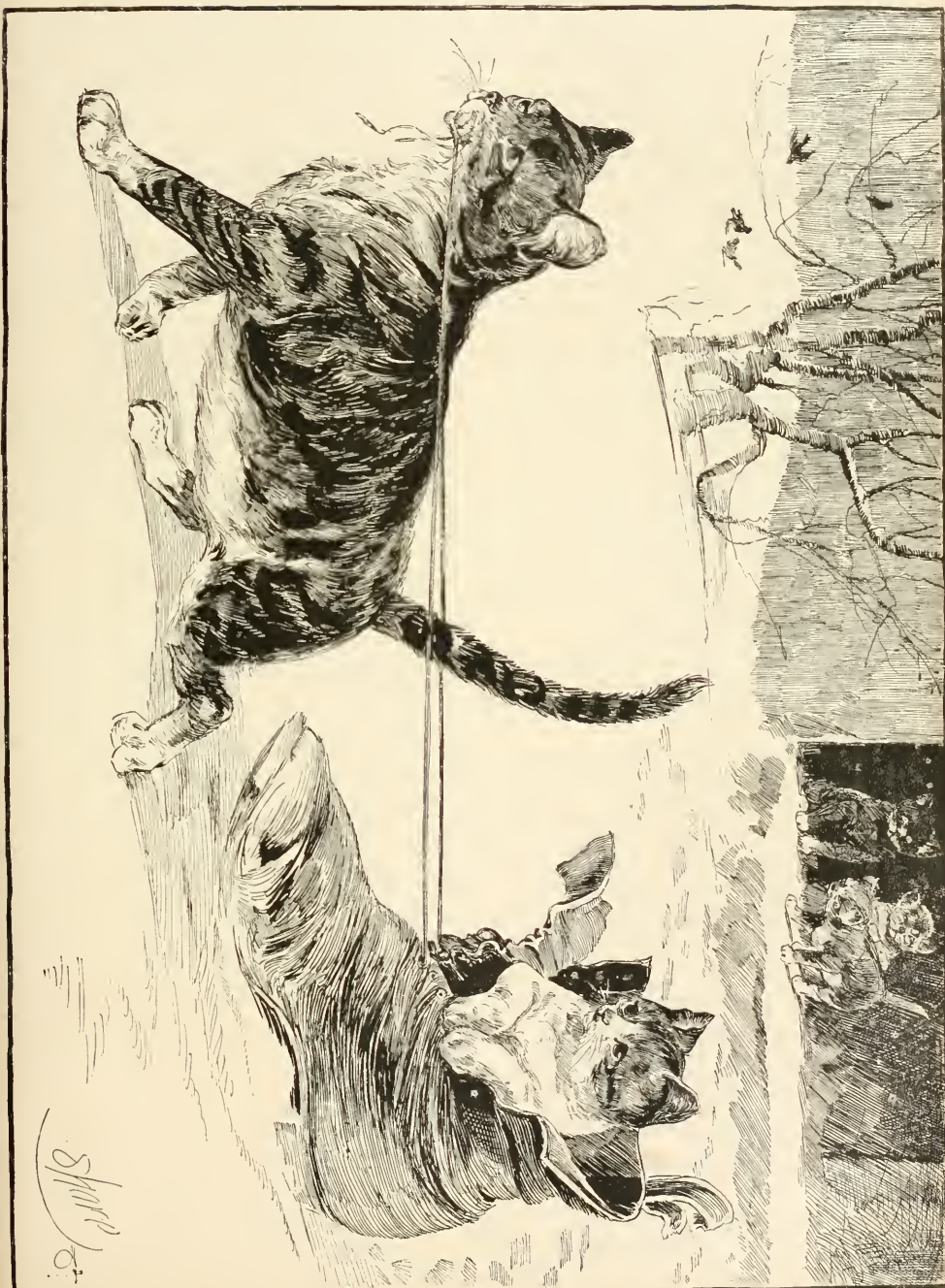
As their column marched along the road in this noisy fashion, the "troublesome burghers" of Ghent suddenly sprang upon them, crying, "Ghent! Ghent!"

The charge was so sudden and so fierce that the Bruges people gave way, and fled in a panic toward the town, with

Van Artevelde's men at their heels in hot pursuit. The Count's regular troops tried to make a stand, but the burghers of Ghent came upon them so furiously that they too became panic-stricken and fled. The Count himself ran with all his might, and as soon as he entered the city he ordered the gates to be shut. He was so anxious to save himself from the fury of Van Artevelde's soldiers that he wanted to close the gates at once and leave those of his own people who were still outside to their fate. But it was already too late. Van Artevelde's column had followed the retreating crowd so fast that it had already pushed its head into the town, and there was no driving it back. The five thousand "troublesome burghers," with their swords in their hands, and still crying "Ghent!" swarmed into Bruges, and quickly took possession of the town. The Count's army was utterly routed and scattered, and the Count himself would have been taken prisoner if one of the Ghent burghers had not hidden him and helped him to escape from the city.

Van Artevelde's soldiers, who had eaten the last of their food that morning in the belief that they would never eat another meal on earth, supped that night on the richest dishes that Bruges could supply; and now that the Count was overthrown, great wagon trains of provisions poured into poor, starving Ghent.

There was a great golden dragon on the belfry of Bruges, of which the Bruges people were very proud. That dragon had once stood on the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, and the Emperor Baldwin had sent it as a present to Bruges. In token of their victory Van Artevelde's "troublesome burghers" took down the golden dragon and carried it to Ghent.



ANDERSON'S ILLUSTRATION

WRECKED ON AN ICEBERG.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

BY WILLIAM J. LACEY.

AND so, lads, you would like to hear the story of what I am a little too fond, it may be, of calling "My strange Christmas-day on an Iceberg."

Ay, strange enough I did think it at the time, too. As you must know, boys, it was only my second voyage, and I wasn't very much bigger than Master James here, then. Very likely, if the truth was all told, I was a bit wayward and wild, as lads are apt to be still, I fear. But, bless you, that voyage, or rather its ending, was enough to sober anybody. I've never forgotten it, and if the rest of my mates are still alive, I don't expect any one of them has either.

Well, when the time came for me to leave school, and my parents—who were comparatively well-to-do—wished to send me up into a London counting-house, where I should have had a very good chance indeed of rising, I rebelled. My mind was set on going to sea. My locker was cram-full of Marryat's novels, naval wars, maps, compasses, and a big treatise on navigation that I had picked up at a book-stall, and could no more comprehend than Joanna the cook. I pleaded with all the hot, eloquent force of boyhood in favor of the ocean life of my fancy.

It was no use. I could not convince my parents, and the end of it was I ran away to sea.

When I came back from that first voyage, after an absence of nearly eight months, I was still in love with the briny, and still resolute in my determination to be a sailor.

I had undergone not a little hardship of one kind or another, but it had not altered me. Thus it came about that I sailed again on board the *Vanthy*, a merchantman bound for the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland.

This time, likewise, I had a comparatively safe and pleasant voyage, until within a few days' sail of land.

It was now the latter half of December, and captain and crew alike were in high hopes of spending the approaching Christmas-day in port.

Alas! not a few of their number, poor fellows, were destined to spend it in the last haven of all—in this case, fathoms under water.

As we neared the Newfoundland Banks, heavy fogs again and again overtook us, and the morning of the 24th of December found the *Vanthy* enveloped in one, if possible, denser and thicker than before.

A great quantity of watching and working had fallen to my share during the small-hours of the night that was past, and so I seized the first chance I could get to slip below and take a brief rest.

It was not to be.

Hardly had I tossed myself into my hammock when a terrific shock dashed me out again with much violence upon the boards beneath.

My experience was limited, and the first thing that struck my mind was that we had run on shore.

Hastily I scrambled to my feet and up on deck, to see there, looming weirdly up in the fog, that, now the mischief was done, was beginning slowly to evaporate, the awe-inspiring form of a gigantic iceberg—a sight that would have appalled—nay, had appalled—stouter hearts than mine.

Upon that iceberg it seemed we had struck, with irretrievable damage to the *Vanthy*, stout and thoroughly sea-worthy though the good ship was.

The Captain's voice broke through the tumult. Curiously calm it seemed to me, for I barely gave it a thought that at such a crisis a single moment's indecision or want of self-control on the part of authority may mean the loss of many a valuable life, let alone a vessel's cargo.

"Order, my men," he said. "This will never do. We have, as you know, been rammed by this iceberg. The ship has sprung leaks which no carpenter can repair. The collision has stove in our boats. Our only hope is to take refuge on the ice-floe; the part nearest looks too steep, but I think it may be done farther round. What do you say? Shall we try? Luckily the sea is calm, or even that might be impossible," he added, in an undertone.

"Ay, ay! Try, sir," gruffly responded the men.

They were willing, and more than willing—eager, as the Captain well knew—to embrace this chance of at least temporary safety.

So we set to work, as men only can work when life or death is the issue.

Some, by plugs, did what was possible in the way of stopping the leaks; some, in gangs, kept the pumps going; the remainder, under the carpenter's directions, toiled at the making of the raft which was to carry us across.

It was a great pity, the disaster to our boats, for if they had been spared us we might have got away to shore without difficulty.

They were gone, however, and it was of no use crying over spilled milk; we worked instead.

A light skiff packed away below—a whim of the chief mate's, it was said to be—was fished up, and sent off, with the one occupant it alone had room for, on a trip of discovery around the berg.

The sun returned with the welcome news that the Captain's surmise was right. On the opposite side, he said, there was both space for a landing (on ice) and accommodation within reach for us all. Once thereon, we might easily contrive to rig some sort of a shelter.

Then began the task of filing off the crew.

We were obliged to divide our company into three sections to get them over in anything like safety, for both the raft and the space of time in which to use it were narrow—the latter much more narrow than anybody thought; and it was doubtless owing to this unfortunate miscalculation that the disaster which followed came.

Two of the parties had been conveyed across in safety, myself in the second batch; the raft had been piloted back for the last time, and the men were seen climbing down the ship's side on to it, when, as we watched from that corner of the floe from which we could get a distant side view, the battered *Vanthy* was seen to be going down, dragging with her our raft and the poor fellows who were already on it. So we were compelled to witness, in terrible agony of soul and utter inability to help, the sinking into a watery grave of those who for long months had been our companions and friends. It was an awful sight—one that even now, boys, almost overwhelms me. One man, and one only, of all those left behind for that fatal third trip, managed to swim close enough to be picked up and rescued by the skiff.

That one proved to be the Captain.

When I parted with him in port, many days afterward, he seemed, I declare, fully ten years older than when we first sailed together from the shores of old England; and not much wonder, eh, lads?

The rest of that memorable day we occupied in making ourselves as comfortable as was possible in our cold quarters, sheltering ourselves as best we might under the overhanging brows of ice.

Night came slowly on. The cold was simply intense.

One by one the pale glittering stars of the Northern constellations broke in upon our loneliness, and the clear, calm moon drifted pitilessly up into the sky.

We needed no telling that if one of our number should fall asleep there unnoticed, and hence unmolested by his comrades, it was more than probable that he would wake no more in the land of the living, rescue or no rescue.

We talked, we told stories—grim ones they were—we

even tried to sing; and thus the long dreary hours of the night paced on.

Morning dawned, gray and misty again—the blessed Christmas morn! Rations were served out in the usual order, and a sharp lookout was kept, I'll warrant you, by all without exception, for some passing vessel that might be to us an angel of rescue. None came, nor any sign of any, and that "strange," as I truly called it, Christmas-day left us as it found us—cold, miserable, and tormented with a sleepiness we dared not indulge.

Not many miles away—for we could not be far from land now—happy households were keeping the festive season in merry, orthodox fashion: we kept it on our iceberg, doubting much whether there would ever again be any chance of our joining in such merriment.

In what direction the iceberg was drifting, or if, indeed, it moved at all, was very hard to say.

We waited, and well-nigh despaired.

However, the next morning, as we were trying to swallow the sorrowful meal that did duty for breakfast, a joyful shout rang from the man on the chief watch:

"A sail! a sail!"

How those brief syllables nerved anew every heart in our little group! What wild pulsations of joy and reviving hope they kindled in our veins! With eager, straining eyes we gazed out over the boundless water waste to the distant southern horizon.

Would those on board note the tragedy that lay before them? That was for us now the all-important question.

For some time the ship kept on in her straight-ahead course, apparently bearing right down upon us. But at length we grew conscious of an alarming change of tactics. As might have been expected, the vessel's course was being altered with the intention of giving the floe in front as wide a berth as was practicable. For her eye was just an ordinary measure of precaution, nothing more and nothing less, but to us it meant very probably sheer destruction, and that by one of the most awful of all lingering deaths. Ah, the agonized despair of that moment, lads, stamped as it is upon my memory!

Hurriedly one of our party—it chanced to be myself—climbed with numbed limbs and hands and feet, that soon became torn and bleeding against the rough, jagged edges of ice, to the highest attainable peak overhead, and hung out thereupon a signal of distress—a patched blue jacket stripped from one of the shivering wretches below. Anything to attract attention to our forlorn and desperate condition.

Then with parched lips, but still lusty voices, we shouted together. Once; no answer. Again; and every instant now those on deck of this passing ship were becoming less and less likely to have their notice drawn by any means to us. Again, and with redoubled force in the extremity of our woe, we shouted. And, again, no answer. Again, and yet again, we cried aloud, with all the concentrated energy of our sailor lungs. This, the fourth time several of our fellows fancied that a faint answering shout broke the harassing stillness that succeeded our efforts. Once more we hallooed together, and launched the skiff as well.

But this time there could no longer be any doubt of the joyful fact that we were heard. A half shifting of the vessel's course, a louder, more distinct cheer, followed by the booming of a gun, proclaimed it; and very soon a boat was seen putting off from the ship's side and coming toward us.

It was, however, but too clear that their boat could not be safely brought near enough to the ice mass for us to have merely to step down into it as we had previously stepped up from our raft. We were therefore under the necessity of going to the ledge of ice nearest our deliverers, and from thence leaping into the sea and swimming to them.

But what cared we for that?

Life was in the deed, and one by one we accomplished it; those who could barely swim a yard (not so uncommon a thing amongst sailors as you might think) being very unceremoniously hauled into the boat by their comrades. Four of our wrecked crew, even then, were obliged to stay on their disagreeable refuge a bit longer, to prevent the risk of overcrowding. It was not a great while, though, and we were soon together again—a nice little bundle of castaways. Once privileged to find our tired feet again on wooden boards instead of cold, glittering ice, more than one or two of our poor fellows pretty nearly "knocked under," as the saying goes. What with the intense cold, the want of rest, the awful danger they had fronted, the alternate despair and rapture of the rescue, I don't think that that is at all a matter for surprise.

A short period of quiet, and the kindly attentions of the ship's doctor and his medicine chest, soon, however, brought them round. As for myself, I was well again in much less time than any one would have imagined, considering my youth and the tender sort of bringing up I had had.

The vessel that had effected so opportune a rescue was the *General Washington*—her destination New York, at which port she was not long in arriving. We landed, and from thence I soon found an opportunity of sailing back to England, after writing a long and thankful letter to my friends.

Many and many a voyage I've taken since then, as you well know, my boys, to all parts of the globe almost, and not few are the "hair-breadth scapes"—as folks call them—which I have had. But somehow, whether because of my comparative inexperience at the time I can not say, not one has impressed me so much as "My strange Christmas-day on an iceberg."

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

II.

UP rose Robin one bright morning, and said he to his merry-men all, "For fourteen days have I seen no sport, so abroad will I go; but if ye hear me blow my horn, come quickly, for I will need your aid." So saying he strode away until he had come out from the forest.

Now he met a gallant knight, now a pannier-laden ass, now a merry whistling page, now a couple of buxom lassies, and now a fair lady on an ambling pad, but adventure found he never a one.

At last he took a road that led to a broad stream spanned by a narrow bridge made of a great log of wood. As he drew nigh, a tall stranger approached from the other side; thereupon each quickened his pace, seeking to cross first.

"Now stand back," quoth Robin, "and let the better man pass."

"Then stand back thyself," answered the stranger, "for the better man am I."

"That we will see," quoth Robin; "meantime stand thou still, or I will show thee good Nottingham play with a shaft betwixt thy ribs."

"Now," quoth the stranger, "I'll tan thy hide if thou dost touch a finger to that bowstring."

"Thou pratest like a fool," said Robin, "for I could send thy arrow through thy heart before thou couldst wink."

"And thou pratest like a coward, to shoot at one who hath but a hawthorn staff to meet thee with."

"Now," quoth Robin, "coward's name I have never had; and if thou darest abide my coming, I will go cut me a staff to meet thee with."

"Ay, gladly will I abide thy coming," answered the stranger, and leaned right sturdily upon his staff.

Then Robin stepped quickly to the cover-side, and cut a good staff of ground-oak, straight, without flaw, and six



ROBIN MEETS A FAIR LADY.

feet long; then presently came back trimming away the twigs and branches.

Tall and stout was Robin, but taller and stouter was the stranger, for the old songs say he was a good seven feet high.

"Nevertheless," said Robin to himself, "I trust I can baste him right merrily." Then he said, aloud: "Lo! here is my staff; now meet me if thou darest," and straightway stepped upon the bridge.

Then came the stranger twirling his staff, and met Robin midway over the stream.

Never did knights of Arthur's round table meet in stouter fight than did those two. For one good hour they fought with stroke and parry, the blows rattling like hail on pent-house shed until here and there were sore bones and bumps; yet neither gave way a single foot. Now and then they stopped to rest, panting, and each thought in his heart that never had he met so stout a youth in all his life before. At last Robin gave the stranger a blow that made his jacket smoke, and nearly tumbled him off the bridge. But the youth quickly regained himself, and gave Robin a crack on the crown that fetched the blood, and then, ere he could regain himself, another that fairly tumbled him heels over head into the water.

"And where art thou now, good lad?" shouted the stranger, roaring with laughter.

"Oh, in the flood, and floating adown with the tide," cried Robin, laughing at his own sorry plight. Then gaining his feet, he waded splashing to the bank.

"Give me thy hand," cried he, when he stood on dry

land. "I must own thou art a stout lad with the cudgels. Marry, my head hummeth like a hive of bees." Then he clapped his bugle to his lips and blew a blast both loud and clear, and after a space the thickets swayed and rustled with the coming of men, and presently Will Stutely and a score of yeomen burst from out the covert.

"Good master," cried Will, "how is this?—thou art all wet from head to foot."

"Why," quoth Robin, "yonder stout fellow hath tumbled me into the water, and beaten me into the bargain."

"Then shall he not go without ducking and drubbing himself," said Will. "At him, lads!" Thereat all leaped upon the stranger; but he struck right and left so that though he went down with press of numbers, many rubbed cracked crowns thereat.

"Nay, forbear," cried Robin, laughing until his sore bones ached. "He is a good man and true. Say, merry blade, wilt join with us? Three suits of Lincoln green shalt thou have every year, and share and share alike with us. Thou shalt be my own good right-hand man, for never did I see thy like in a merry bout at cudgels."

"Why should I join ye?" said the stranger, surlily. "Who be ye that fall a score upon one man?"

"I am Robin Hood," said the outlaw, "and these are some of my merry-men."

"Ha!" cried the stranger, "art thou Robin Hood indeed? Marry, had I known that I would not so have thwacked thy ribs. Truly I will join with you gladly."

"Well said," cried Robin Hood. "And what is thy name?"

"Men do call me John Little."



ROBIN ENCOUNTERS JOHN LITTLE.

Then up spake Will Stutely: "I like thy name, good fellow, and yet I like it not. John Little hast thou been called, Little John shalt thou be called henceforth."

Then all shouted and laughed and clapped their hands, and Little John was be called forever afterward.

Then they all entered the forest, through which they travelled until they came to the great oak-tree beneath which the band slept through all the mellow summer nights. And there they held a great feast, which Will Stutely called the christening feast. And thus it was that Robin Hood gained his good right-hand man, the famous Little John.



THERE was an old man in Tobago
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this:
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go."



HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he come, hop, hop, hop.



A DILLER, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.



JACK be nimble, Jack be quick;
And Jack jump over the candlestick.



THREE LITTLE SISTERS.

KITTY, ELOISE, and PRUE,
Just as sweet as they can be!
Golden locks and eyes of blue
Have these little sisters three.
Hats and feathers like as peas,
Trim and trim from top to toe.

"Won't you kiss us, if you please?
For to church we mean to go."

Six small hands in three small muff's
Six wee feet that skip along;
Let the snow come down in puffs,
They will greet it with a song.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE.—We have enjoyed this evening singing to the chapelful of happy people your beautiful carol,

"Come, children, with singing,"

the words of which we learned by heart. There are eight of us, and standing in a row, we just filled the space on the second step of the chance, between the two outer Christmas decorations.

Grateful to you for this pleasure, we sign ourselves

HELEN, RUTH, CELIA, BERTHA,
MABEL, KATIE, EDITH, VIOLET.

Holy Innocents' Day, December 28, 1852.

These eight dear girls have done a very graceful and courteous thing in sending us this pleasant note. It must have been beautiful to see and hear them. And we are very happy to know that our carol added to the enjoyment and aided in the worship of those who assisted at the Christmas festival of the little people of Garden City.

We are always grateful to teachers who, taking an interest in the progress of their pupils, encourage them to write for the Post-office Box. Of the little budget received from Miss M. E. T., Amesbury, Massachusetts, we can not print all the letters, and we select two—Gertrude's because she is the youngest of the correspondents, and Charles's because we imagine it cost him the most trouble to write his little story. Miss T. will please ask her pupils to write again some other time.

AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I want to tell you about my cat. She is very gentle, and will play with me. One night I had come home from work, as I work nights in the hat shop; the cat came and jumped upon me. While I was reading the story of "The Cruise of the 'Caracul'" my cat would come and jump upon the table, and walk around, and then come down in my lap, and make me stop reading, and play with her; and if I didn't, she would play with me until I did, and when I went to bed she would follow me. I put a little box under my bed, which I kept for her to sleep in. She would jump into it and go to sleep. When she heard me get up she would get up too, and go downstairs with me for breakfast.

I am already reading in the Fourth Reader in

school. I was twelve years old on the second day of October.

CHARLES E. T.

A VISIT TO POHILL.

My dear friends, I hope you will be satisfied with my story.

One day we went on a large hill in the town of Salisbury, and it is called Powow, or Pohill. It is about a mile from my father's house, which is in the town of Amesbury.

I don't know how high the hill is. In the distance I saw some mountains in New Hampshire, and a mountain in Maine, which, I suppose, is Mount Agamenticus. I could also see the hills of Mount Beach, Hampton Beach, and the Isles of Shoals. Below were the towns of Amesbury and Salisbury on the west is a beautiful lake. The hill got its name from the Indians, who used to hold powows on it. There is a river by the same name. There was a very bad fire on the top of Pohill when I went up. I am nine years old, and go to the Littleton School, and my name is

GERTRUDE C.

ESOLEWOOD,

NEW JERSEY.

All the girls and boys are writing about their pet animals. I would tell you about a little monkey we owned once. His name was Nip, and he was a little fellow, very affectionate and cunning, but an awful little mischief. One of his many pranks I am going to tell you about. It was played upon the whole week, ready to bring upstairs, but left it in the kitchen overnight. Master Nip got hold of the clothes, and put them in the boiler of soap-suds. So when the cook got down-stairs that morning, she found all her beautifully laundered clothes ready to be done up afresh.

When we were coming away from New York we gave him to a friend of ours, who wanted him very badly. He saw this gentleman one day making sad dressing, and when the gentleman had gone away, Nip took the bottle of sweet-oil and the mustard cruet, and mixed them together on the handsome new lounge. That was more than the gentleman could stand, so he sent him to Central Park, and there he is now, I suppose.

Please print this letter, if it is worth your while written, and I am sick in bed. Good-by.

GETTIE S. W.

Monkeys are droll creatures certainly, and yours is quite worthy a place in the Post-office Box. When I next go to Central Park I will look out for Nip. I would rather see him there, if I were you, than to be afraid of his playing some funny prank in my home at an inconvenient time.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy twelve years old. I live in the country two and a half miles from Nashville, and I go to school on a little black pony. I like Harper's Young People so much that I have one dollar and a half to renew it for next year. I have two brothers (Duke and Jim), and as soon as the paper comes there is a scramble for it, and sometimes a quarrel. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I am just getting over a bad sore throat, and I have to stay at home. We have a large black Newfoundland dog named Jet, and four pet Kittens. We put two in the wagon to send away. One jumped out and ran back to the house, but the other jumped out on the road somewhere and was lost. I am fond of drawing, and I draw a good many maps. I am making collections of bullets, Indian arrows, etc. Last week when the creek was frozen hard, I went down to try to skate on it. I skated very well for a while, but got tired of it so I tried to get a smoother place, and I slipped down.

W. O. J.

I hope you three brothers will not quarrel over the possession of your favorite paper, though I

am very glad you care so much for it that you are happy when you see its bright face week by week. I used to skate, though I fear I could not now, and I remember the pleasure of gliding swiftly over the smooth ice. It was such a pleasure that I did not mind an occasional fall, and I suppose my little skating friends find a tumble now and then a part of the fun.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

Merry Christmas, dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am having a good time getting ready for Christmas. Tell Jimmy Brown not to do anything but eat, sleep, and sit in a chair, and then see if he gets into any more scrapes. But that will be hard for a boy so lively as Jimmy. I think it is not right for his father to tell him his conduct has been such so often, for I do not think he means to do any harm. My cousin thinks she ought to get the whippings sometimes, and I think so.

I wish Miss L. M. Alcott was my cousin, or that I could even see her for a month or two. I would ask her an awful lot of questions. We have got the books she wrote, *Little Men* and *Little Women*. I hope she will keep up that story, or else write a new one.

We have not got one pet. My mamma has weak eyes, and the doctor won't let her read much. I went to the play of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when it was here last, and I thought it was nice.

I was not feeling so good looking at it. I hope my letter is not too long to be printed. I have never seen but one letter from Green Bay in the Post-office Box.

SADIE E. L.

Of course Sadie shall be a member of our Social. Jimmy Brown will be comforted by her sympathy.

Will Sadie tell papa that we are very much obliged to his kind words about the letter of my daughter's letter? We hope there are a great many parents who consider YOUNG PEOPLE "almost as good as school" for their children.

Mrs. Mary C. L., whose kind New-Year's message is appreciated, will please accept our thanks for her encouraging words.

FOREST HOME, ALABAMA.

I am a boy twelve years old. I am going to school at home to my eldest sister, who has just returned from school, and I like her very much as a teacher. This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it ever so much. We have only taken it about six months. I have got so many letters with my little ones when I ditch them up. Their names are Dick and Shad. Dick can open a gate with his horn.

Gus J.

The next is from Gus's little sister.

FOREST HOME.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa began taking it this year for my little brother and myself. I like the story of "The Cruise of the 'Caracul'" very much. I have read the best of all the stories I have read yet. I am very fond of riding, and my sister and I often go together for long rides in the afternoon. We live in the country, and our horse is named Pinkie, and I can milk her myself she is so gentle.

BETTIE K. J.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAID.

BY RUBY ROSSER (AGED 9 YEARS).

Four little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Crammed with nuts and candies
From top to toe.
What did the children say
When they woke at break of day?

"Here are nuts

And here are candies,

Here are dolls

And dancing dandies."

That is what each one did say,

When they woke at break of day.

RUTLER, MISSOURI.

ARREVILLE COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

As I have not sent a letter in the Post-office Box from this part of the country, I will write one. We had fine weather—the sun shining warm, and the birds and flowers here with us—until the 20th of November last, when it grew cold, and sleet fell; the next day it snowed. I have two brothers, but younger than myself. I can not play snow-ball with them, because my eyes are not so well. I have given my box flowers a warm corner in the house, but I am afraid they will die. I have no pit for them. I think "Nuts" is a splendid story, and even grandmas says she is interested in it. I like Jimmy Brown would write every week. I wish to draw, but have never taken lessons. I saw for my dog, George has a little white hantam rooster, that crows very often.

We go to Sunday-school. On the first Sunday in December prizes will be given to the scholars who have been punctual and recited good lessons this year. My papa is the superintendent of the school. We do not deserve so much credit for being punctual boys and girls who walk a long way and come to our Sunday-school. We try to know our lessons every time. When I am older papa says he will take me to Florida to see his orange grove. Grandpa has been to New York. LUCY M. C.

These funny jingles are gravely repeated to the amusement of the family, by a wee lisping maiden three years old.

A BATRACHIAN BALLAD.

When Bully Frog
Was Polly Wog
He had a lovely tail;
He wriggled in,
And wiggled out,
And thought himself a whale.

The old Cow Frog
Sobbed on a log
Because she had no tail,
But living Frogs
From distant bogs
Took up the dismal wail.

For her son Tad,
The naughty lad,
Porriaged out to sea;
His heart was like
A railroad frog,
So hard to his Ma-mee.

"His tail he'll lose—
He'll work it loose!"
She croaked in such a note
So hoarse and sad
You'd think she had
A frog within her throat.

Soon Polly Wig,
Of late so big,
Felt full of kinks and sore;
His weary snout
He turned about,
And headed straight for shore.

Land, land at last!
He leaped from the crest,
But dried up with his tail.
With eyes now dull,
He's sitting bowl,
Frog croaking in the dale.

IRVINGWOOD, VIRGINIA.

I have just read Rosalie P.'s letter, and I can sympathize with her, for I too am delicate, and can not study all the time and "hardly know anything," though I am nearly sixteen. We have a large family, too, and only one servant, so I generally "wash the dishes," but I do not dislike it, as I follow very nearly the plan of our dear Postmistress.

This summer my mamma was very poorly, and the doctor said she must go to the Rawley Springs for a rest and a good deal of strong mineral water. It was all so sudden that mamma was gone almost before I knew it. We were without a cook then, but I got along very nicely, considering that we had a good deal of company, and I had never been left alone that way before. I had to learn things as best I could. It seemed so strange not to have dear mamma to go to for help in my difficulties. I did everything except make bread, so we had to use baker's bread. I determined such another occasion should not find me unprepared, so when mamma came home, after a month's recuperation, I learned how to make yeast-bread, biscuit, pies, and cake. I am real glad now I had all that to do, for I know that it did me a lasting good. I intend to be a nice Virginia housekeeper, like some ladies I know here.

As to aprons, I feel sorry for Miss Rosalie, but I enjoy making them pretty, and wearing them, too, though I am not compelled to wear them constantly.

Dear Postmistress, I hope you will have a "Young Housekeepers' Sociable." I think the idea is splendid, and will send my name. Did you witness the contest of "onus"? I saw it through a piece of smoked glass, at school intermission, low down on the sun's disk, to the right of the centre, looking very different from the brilliant Venus of a few weeks ago. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE more and more.

MAX H. S.

Please describe to the Sociable your method of making bread. Yes, I tried to see the transit.

Perhaps some of you would like to try your skill at playing

WORDS AND QUESTIONS.

ANA. As we have so many papers past twelve years old this evening, I think we had better have a game of Words and Questions.

COSIN WALTER. You must first tell us what it is. I do not recollect it. I have seen it played.

ANA. We are to write on slips of paper a number of questions (let us each write one), fold them

up, and put them in a hat or basket. Then we take an equal number of papers on which we write nouns—a noun on each slip. Now let us do that first. Charley has brought us some paper and pencils. We will write a question and a noun each.

For a few minutes afterward silence prevailed, while the merry party assembled round the drawing-room table busily concocted and wrote down their questions. An occasional but instantly suppressed titter intimated that some few at least were of a laughable description.

WALTER. Well, Ada, our papers are written; what shall we do now?

ADA. Charley will hand them round separately, and we must each draw a question and a noun. Then we are to answer the question in rhyme, and bring the noun into the answer.

PHILIP. It sounds rather difficult. How if I am not poetical?

ADA. The more absurd your rhymes are, the better; they will afford us more cause for laughter.

CHARLEY. Well, mine won't disappoint you, then.

WALTER. But I don't approve of being laughed at.

CHARLEY. Then give us something very "stunning." But, in reality, no one can be laughed at personally, for questions and answers are read out by Nora, who will not tell us the author's name of any one of them, even if she recognizes the handwriting.

They answered their questions. Each player, as his slip is written, rolls it up and puts it into a basket before Nora, who at last shakes them about, and selects one at hazard.

Nora. The question is—If you had your choice, which would you be a dragon-fly or an eel? The word to be brought into the answer is *loses*.

The dragon-fly at eve reposes
Upon the clust'ring scarlet Roses;
The eel lies buried in dark green slime;
Can you say, cousin, which choice is mine?

PHILIP. Bravo! That's first-rate.
NORA. Here is another. I guess the author by the style. Word—kope-dancer. Question—Which do you prefer, Caesar or Pompey?

Great were old Caesar and Pompey,
Seldom their equal you see;
Great is Boudier the rope-dancer;
Which is the best of the three?

ADA. I never could write rhymes.
NORA. Oh! it will do very well. What is here? Word—North Pole. Question—What do you think of the Crystal Palace?

From the North Pole to the South
You won't find such another,
This is the true opinion
Of your very intelligent brother.

ADA. That's Charley!
CHARLEY. You do not to reveal authorships; we are all Great Unknowns here. But it is as good as lost.

Nora. This is a nice one—What do you think of travelling in an air-balloon? The noun drawn was *Cowbeb*. The rhyme on the two is

I confess I should not greatly care
To float like a Cowbeb in the air.
Next comes—How many feet has a spider?
Word—Noneuse.

Not being a naturalist, like White of Selborne, I really can not such wonders tell. It was necessary to ask a few questions. How much stuff. Farewell.

Thus the game went on. Our young readers are so bright that they will probably surpass the examples given them here when they try this game themselves.

Will the boy who exchanged with Frank Marion, Syracuse, New York, please send his address that he may receive his package in return?

ORPHANISM.—Attention, young ladies and gentlemen of the spelling class! Take your places in order, and listen. How many good English words can you make from the letters which appear in the word "Orphanism"? Write out your lists plainly, and send them to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Be sure to see whose list will be the longest. You will find it pleasant work for a winter evening.

We repeat, for the information of new subscribers, that there is no charge for the publication of exchanges. Do not offer or ask for birds' eggs or fire-arms; both are prohibited in the exchange list. Please state, in the first place, what you have, and then what you wish to receive. Write plainly with black ink, and be very particular to give your name and post-office address correctly. Your exchange will appear in four or five weeks after the date of its reception at the office of YOUNG PEOPLE. To avoid disappoint-

ment and misunderstanding, it is always well to arrange the details of an exchange by correspondence before sending away any article which you value. It is prudent to state as precisely as you can, what sort of curiosities, stamps, or other articles you desire, as exchanges which simply announce lists of curiosities or other things for "offers" are not inserted. Articles for sale can not be included in the Exchange Department, which is intended only for the pleasure and instruction of our young readers.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
A GEOGRAPHICAL JEMBLE.

A thrifty lady in a dress of town in New South Wales, and carrying (one of the Sunda Islands) fan, went out to buy a new set of an empire in Asia. She had a desire to shine in islands in the Pacific, and sent for her mountain in Oregon (a city in Idaho, a city in Georgia, and a city in Illinois) to aid in the selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from a beautiful city in France, she bought plates from a city in Prussia, and carved platters from the mountains in Switzerland. She proceeded to order a supper. She bought (vegetable from Minnesota), fruit from Spain and Italy, fish from the Mediterranean, and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the town in North of Scotland of the candles troublesome. She called her servant from mountain in Scotland, and ordered him to bring her oil from the sea on the east of Siberia. Her carpets were (a city in Belgium, her perfumes came from a city on the Rhine), her curtains from a town on the Trent, her coat from a town on the Tyne, and her knives and forks from (two busy manufacturing towns of England). JENNIE FAY.

No. 2.
UNITED DIAMONDS.

1.—A letter. 2. A very large serpent. 3. A tailor's utensil. 4. An Egyptian reptile. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. The ocean. 3. A small fruit. 4. Dexterity. 5. A letter. KING CHARLES.

No. 3.

Nelw rethruir shdwi ear eprieng lielch,
Dan gliohrlit eth walohtr swoll bet elag,
Hltw losenn fiet I daert het lihl
Tait revoohow eth dionyl chag
Erchw switdet dnuor het nerrach haw,
Teh munsum ewin ni yttuss gnucl,
Dan munsum diwas eth yltuoc shrikeo,
Eht ysract icleic sil gnuh.
Sala wolt degnach morf etel rfiac enese
Nesh riltud anese to rellt wolleyn yad,
Dan shltw erew ftes dan slolow erew neorg,
Dan eth gres desacee ton litwi tet yad.
Name the poet and the poem.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 105.

No. 1.	F A R M	Z E A L
	A S I A	L E R
	A S I A	L E R
	R A R E	A L E A D
	D R E W	L E A D

No. 2. West Point.
Toy, Tin, Sew.

No. 3. Snowball.
No. 4. S i n a I
A n a b i n S
R a m A
A n n A
H a v o C

Key to Geographical section on page 128 of No. 105—Christmas Island, Alton, Snowy Mountains, Toni, Sophia, Christchurch, Peace, Unity, Holy, St. Christopher, Sandal-wood, Amber, Bug, Strong, Clare, Grace, Lowell, Holy, Desire, Lear, Caribian, Lot, Snowy Mountain, Crystal Mountains, Falls, Gay, Crew, Cross, Jay, Wind, Rush, March.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Caro Lubbe, Anna Dorchester, Horace May, Theodore King, J. Schwartz, Lewis Schwartz, Alfred M. Bloomingdale, Leslie Adrian, "C. De Ganger," Martin Zinn, Ethel Bailey, Clara Johnson, Freddy Van Vase, "Twilight," Henry and Helen Rogers, Arabella F. Mabel, Molly, and Virgie McCoy, Daisy Ditt, Walter May, Olive Raynor, George Hlunt, Caspar Beck, David K., R. C. D., A. B., Duncan M. Stewart, John Heins, Charley B., Archie Hughes, Robert H. Vose, Jennie A. Willson, Joe and Mamie Tilton, Maria Dezerdorff, Alice White, Sarah J. Clark, Phoebe Brown, Emily H., Lottie McKee, Clem and Dick's.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"WE'RE COMING TOO."

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

BY G. E. BARTLETT.

THE name is borrowed from the Chinese, but the entertainment itself has little reference to their ancient custom. It may be performed in many ways more or less simple, but will here be adapted to a large hall with all the various performances, any of which can be omitted when desirable to condense for use in a parlor.

The costume is arranged to go over the full dress of a gentleman or lady. The chief robe is made as scant as convenient to the wearer, and consists of a straight gown reaching from the throat to the feet, with long flowing sleeves. It may be made of any material, to suit the taste and fancy of the owner, of black trimmed with various colors, and ornamented with pictures, fringe, bells, or any other decorations. The cheapest and most effective head-dress can be made of a bright colored paper lamp shade or a wire cake cover lined with paper; from this hangs a long queue of braided yarn, list, or hair, and a wire mask serves to conceal the face. These masks can be bought at any fancy-goods store, can be made of cloth or

paper, or, if no mask is worn, the face can be very much disguised with chalk and rouge, and by altering the curve of the eyelids.

The lanterns and candles can be purchased in large quantities at some wholesale store at a very reasonable rate, and can be disposed of at auction at the close of the performance, as they are always in demand for decorative purposes. The smaller ones are best adapted for this purpose; but when not too costly, those which are adorned with flowers are desirable.

If spectators are admitted without the Chinese dress, they must be seated around the sides of the room before the entrance of the others.

The Grand March is formed outside in the entry, unless an ante-

room can be obtained, and as the leader of it enters the hall the lights are darkened in order to render the gleam of the lanterns more brilliant. It is led by a very tall person, who nods his head often and bows low to the assembly, in which act of homage he is imitated by each couple as they enter the room. They all carry lanterns, some on high staffs, some hanging from umbrellas from which the cloth has been removed, and some bear huge drums made of two Chinese umbrellas tied together, with the space between filled with cambric or oiled paper.

The performers all follow their leader, marching first by pairs, and saluting as they turn each corner by bowing low once and then nodding their heads rapidly three times. Having gone twice around, they counterchange, then come up the centre by fours, then move in single file twice around the room, forming in two lines, facing each other, twelve feet apart. They then salute each other in line twice, and the right line countermarches to the left and the left line to the right, when they join and march up the hall in line, or in as many lines as the width of the hall will allow. They are then divided into sections of six, and keep time to the music of a military march, each one waving his lantern or staff above his head.

After forming again in line they wind around in serpentine curves. They then rest, standing in a circle, or seated on the floor on rugs or cushions, while tea is served to them in small cups. They may sell these cups of tea to the spectators, if the entertainment is designed as a means of aiding any cause, and in this case a pagoda may be erected in one corner for the sale of candy, and another opposite for the exhibition of curiosities.

The pagodas can be copied from any picture, and made brilliant with lanterns and transparencies. They are concealed from view, until wanted, by curtains, which are drawn aside at a signal given by the leader, who strikes three blows on a gong which is hanging on the wall in a convenient place. The attendants who have been chosen to serve in the pagodas then take their places, and a general promenade is commenced, so that those who have occupied the seats can walk around, enjoy the music, and patronize the pagodas if disposed.

At the next signal the seats are resumed, and a little dance or march is executed by eight of the performers, who may go through the common right-and-left figure which is used as the last change in the Lancers. After this is over, the gong again calls the masqueraders to place. The leader withdraws a curtain which has hung at the back of the room, and the lights, which had been turned up at the conclusion of the march, are again darkened. Each one of the Chinamen then advances in and hangs up a small lantern on a nail which has been driven into a board concealed by the curtain. This board is constructed so that a huge bush of bright flowers is made by the lanterns when they are hung up.

Later on a supper is served in another hall, or if this is not convenient, the guests are served at small tables or tea-poys which are brought in by the Chinese, who wait upon the guests, and afterward partake of refreshments themselves. Songs and games may conclude the entertainment, or social dances may follow.



STORMING THE FORT.

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AN OPEN-AIR PRISON ; OR, CAPTAIN HARCOURT'S ADVENTURE IN THE TERAI.

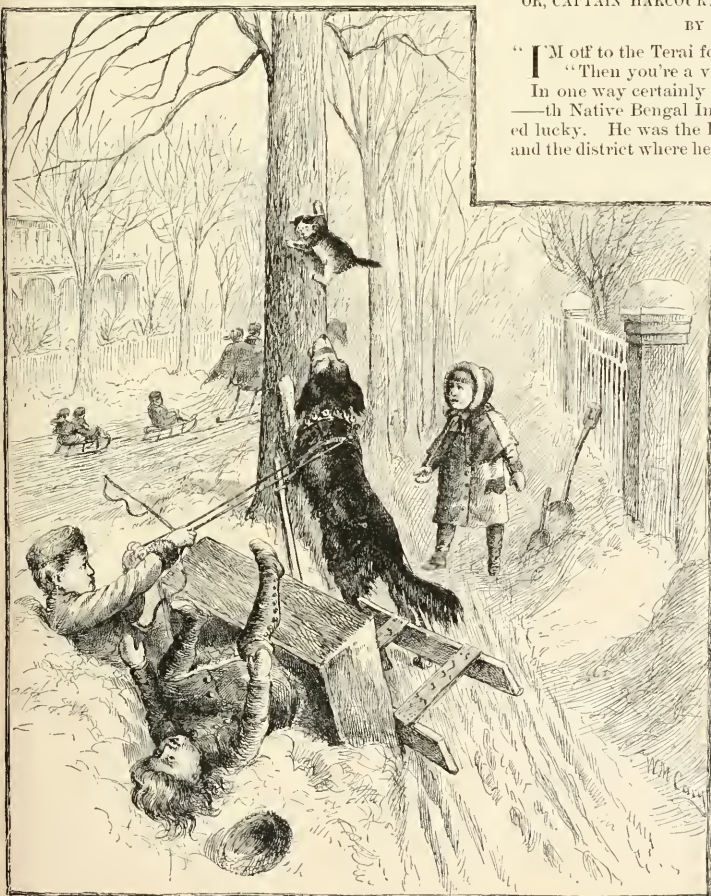
BY DAVID KER.

"I'm off to the Terai for a month."
"Then you're a very lucky fellow, that's all."

In one way certainly Captain James Harcourt, of the —th Native Bengal Infantry, might well be considered lucky. He was the keenest hunter in his regiment, and the district where he was going to spend his month's leave of absence was one which is a kind of "happy hunting ground" in the eyes of every East Indian sportsman, native or European.

The Terai, whither our gallant Captain was bound, is really nothing more than one of the ledges or steps of the great mountain stair of the Himalaya, the highest range in the world. But this one ledge is broad enough to cover the space of an entire province, and to contain forests in which a man might wander for days without finding his way out. These forests swarm with game of every kind, and are specially famous for producing the finest breed of tigers in all India; and many a native prince has paid thousands of silver rupees (half-dollars) to enrich his menagerie with a good specimen of the "Terai wallah" (man of the Terai), as these striped gentlemen are nicknamed by the Hindoos.

Travelling by railway as far as the railway could take him, and then going up the mountain paths in a bamboo litter which was carried at a swinging trot by four sturdy natives, Cap-



A CATASTROPHE.

tain Harcourt lost no time in reaching the border of the Terai. He had made up his mind to add to his collection of hunting trophies the skin of at least one Terai wallah, in addition to the dozens of tigers which he had killed elsewhere; and he had scarcely entered the famous forest when he learned to his no small satisfaction that he had come just in time for some good sport in this very line.

A monstrous tiger had recently appeared in the Terai, and was making terrible havoc among the native villages. If half the stories told of it were true, it must have travelled by telegraph, or at least have gone quicker than any tiger ever went before; for it was declared by the peasants to have done mischief on the same night in two villages fully fifty miles apart. The accounts given of its appearance and habits were so utterly contradictory as to drive poor Captain Harcourt almost out of his senses; but all agreed in representing this mysterious beast as the largest, strongest, and most ferocious tiger ever seen in that part of India.

What a chance for the sporting Captain!

The moment they heard that an English "burra sahib" (great master) had come among them, having already killed plenty of tigers, and meaning to kill as many more as he could, the inhabitants of all the neighboring villages came trooping in a body to Captain Harcourt's camp to offer him their services in tracking down the tiger, and to beg him to make an end of it as soon as possible.

This was just what our hero would have been very glad to do; but however anxious the Captain might be to see the tiger, the tiger did not seem at all eager to see the Captain. One night almost have thought that some one had warned the beast of his coming, and that it was keeping out of his way on purpose.

One day passed—two days—three days. The Englishman and his Hindoo guides scoured the forest in every direction, but not a sign of the beast could they see, and Captain Harcourt, enraged by his disappointment, was almost as savage as the tiger itself.

But on the morning of the fourth day things took a better turn. An old hunter came into the camp who had actually seen the tiger but a few hours before, and was able not only to give a pretty exact account of how it looked, but even to tell whereabouts it was likely to be met with. Before the man had got half-way through his story Captain Harcourt sprang from his seat, and flinging his cap right up into a big tree overhead, danced frantically round and round the tent, singing at the top of his voice a verse from one of his favorite songs:

"A pork barrel's nice when you're hungry at sea,
But a well-loaded gun-barrel's nicer to me;
A bright yellow prunose looks sweet, if you will,
But a bright yellow tiger looks prettier still."

The Captain and his new ally lost not a moment in starting off into the forest, toward the spot where the tiger had been last seen; but although they saw plenty of the great round paw-marks which it had left, no tiger was to be found. At last even these traces disappeared, and Harcourt, furious at the thought of losing this splendid chance, sent his attendant to scour the forest on the left, while he himself struck off to the right.

The Captain had not gone far before he came upon a very curious structure of bamboos laid close together, which might have been taken for a hut, except that it had no chimney, and apparently no door either. But on the farther side he at length discovered a square opening quite big enough for him to creep through, above which, as if ready to fall and close the opening, hung a strong heavy plank, kept in its place by a cord of twisted bark. The moment the Captain saw this he knew that the seeming hut was really a tiger trap.

Then he was suddenly struck with the idea of hiding himself close by, waiting until the tiger came to sniff around the bait, and then shooting it. But before doing

so he thought it just as well to creep in, and make sure that there *was* any bait for the tiger to sniff at, for the inside of the trap was so dark that he could see nothing from without. In he crawled, and had just made out a fine quarter of buffalo beef tied to a stake, when a loud snap was heard, and down came the hanging plank, like a window-sash, right over the entrance. The Captain's head had touched the cord that worked it, and he had trapped himself instead of the tiger.

Just at the first moment Captain Harcourt was more inclined to laugh than to be disturbed; but he soon saw that it was no laughing matter. The plank fitted so exactly into the opening that he tried in vain to lift it, and its fall had left him so completely in the dark that he could hardly see his own hand. True, he was quite safe from the tiger, for the bamboo poles were so close together that neither tooth nor claw could find any hold upon them. But if the tiger could not get in, just as little could the Captain get out.

There he was imprisoned. Fret against it as he would, he had fallen into a trap laid for a ferocious wild beast, and how long he might remain there was a question that could not be answered. True, he had plenty of food, but it was not of a kind that suited his taste, and no one had thought of providing water or anything else that could be drunk.

One chance, however, still remained. The bamboos were dry and sapless, and might not be proof against the edge of the broad-bladed hunting-knife at his side. Anyhow, the chance was worth trying, so to work he went.

He had been cutting away for some time, and had made, with considerable difficulty, a hole just wide enough to pass his arm through, when there was a rustling and a crackling in the thicket, and out into the clearing broke a monstrous tiger, in which by the pale yellow skin and cross-striped face he recognized the famous "man-eater" described by the Hindoo, which he had hunted so long in vain.

All the Captain's prudence was gone in a moment. Instead of waiting until the tiger came right up to the trap, as it was sure to do on scenting prey, he thrust his rifle through the cleft and let fly. As a matter of course he missed the head, and only hit the fore-shoulder.

The wounded monster gave a roar that shook the air, and darted toward the cage like an arrow; and the terrible teeth and claws began to enlarge the hole cut by the Captain with a speed that made his blood run cold.

No time to reload now. Harcourt flung down his useless rifle, and seizing his hunting-knife, slashed and stabbed like a madman at the grinning muzzle and great yellow paws. But although every gash drew blood freely, the monster continued to crunch and tear the bamboos until there was room for its head to pass through; then followed one fore-paw, and then the other; and Harcourt, giving up all hope of escape, set his teeth savagely, and drew himself together for a struggle to the death.

But just then the crack of a rifle echoed from the thicket, and the tiger, in the very act of springing, reared up and fell back dead. In another moment a broad, sun-burned visage peered through the gap, and a hearty voice, which Harcourt recognized as that of an old dragoon officer who was one of his special friends, shouted:

"Hallo, Jim! have the tigers been shutting you up in a menagerie, by way of a change? Well, you've got your cage and your food; why don't you begin to sing?"

"I'd have begun to *sing* out long ago," answered Harcourt, "if I'd known that anybody was within hearing; but if you hadn't come up when you did, old boy, my singing would have been stopped once for all."

From that time forth, however, it was noticed that Captain Harcourt always made haste to change the subject when any one began to speak of tiger-traps.

JOLLY OLD WINTER.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

A STURDIER, kindlier, jollier wight
Than Winter seldom is seen;
His hair, his beard, his mantle are white,
His muscles like iron, I ween.

Healthy and strong from the crown of his head
To the sole of his foot is he;
A fire he scorns when he goes to bed
In his chamber lofty and free.

For a palace is his at the far North Pole,
Of ice he built it, and snow,
And a hunting lodge on each mountain top,
Where keenly the frost-winds blow.

His sheets he makes of the snow-drifts white;
At chinks and crannies he sneers.
He pricks up his ears and laughs with delight
When the merry sleigh-bell he hears.

But no pleasure he has in the song-bird's note;
No beauty in flowers he sees;
He hides them away 'neath his white fur coat,
And strips off the leaves from the trees.

The lakes and the rivers he fetters tight,
To hinder their flowing tide;
The ring of the skates is his great delight
As over the ice they glide.

A mighty despot for good as for ill,
A king, though his reign is short,
The sunshine would soften his iron will,
But dares not come to his court.

Yet kindly he welcomes the girls and boys,
Who gay to his presence go;
And blithe and brave are winter joys,
In the wake of the ice and snow.

LASHED TO THE WHEEL IN A STORM.

BY AN OLD SAILOR.

I WAS aboard a little schooner belonging to Weymouth. In the English Channel it came on to blow, and the skipper, thinking shelter necessary for our safety, brought up near Dungeness. About noon the wind moderated, and he said he wanted some provisions, and would go ashore to get 'em. He left me and a boy aboard, and went away with the other hand.

About an hour after he was gone it came on to blow again. By night-fall it was as dark as a pocket, the wind groaning like thunder, and the heads of the seas breaking off afore they touched the vessel, and smothering me and the boy as we stood looking and waiting and wondering on what was to happen. We had both anchors over, and she had as much chain as we had to give her, and the lead line was alongside to let us know if she drifted. Presently I had occasion to go below for a minute; but whilst I was groping for a light, I hears the boy singing out as if he was being murdered, and running on deck, found that both cables had parted, and that we were adrift.

Mates, ye can guess what that situation would be like. If there was any comfort to be got out of such a mess, it lay in the knowledge that we weren't blowing ashore, but right away out to sea. I called to the boy, and between us we made shift to close reef the gaff-foresail, and to show enough of it to enable us to lay to. All I could do was first to lash the helm, and then lash the boy, and then lash myself. The storm of wind lay as solid and cold

upon us as an iceberg. Roll! ye should have seen her. Had ye asked me, afore we got into that weather, if the schooner would live in such seas as them, I'd ha' turned from you in contempt of the silliness of such a question. Yet she did live—ay, and she did as well as if she'd been full of air instead of coal.

Her name was *The Maria*, and when I talk of her I feel as if I ought to pull off my cap. Well, the night passed, and when the morning light came the boy was all but dead. His hair was thick with icicles, and he lay on his side as stiff and helpless as a capstan bar.

At last—and it might ha' been an hour after daybreak—I sighted a tug coming our way. I made shift to bend on the ensign, jack down, and send it aloft. The tug seeing this, drove alongside and hailed me, and I told 'em the story with what voice the cold had left in me. On this they got a bit of a life-boat over, and took us aboard.

Being a hearty man, I pulled through all right; but though the boy lived, he lost his right foot and the use of his left hand, was in the hospital three months, and remains to this hour as sad a human object as ever ye saw. And now, sir, the most part of this here is that it took place on New-Year's Day. As I live to discourse upon it, it was the worst New-Year's Day I ever passed, though I've gone through others that came pretty near to it in suffering.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

DURING the year 1784 a German nobleman named Von Weber arrived in Vienna with his little children, whose musical abilities were so marked that the father determined to give them every advantage within his power. But Baron von Weber was poor and reckless. He had always been a spendthrift, and was noted for his eccentric habits and ideas. Being the uncle of Mozart, he imagined that in Vienna he might force his children into a place as prominent as that filled by the famous young composer. But this was not to be the case. His sons were placed under the care of "Papa Haydn," but did not distinguish themselves; and meanwhile the peniless, good-looking father, a widower of fifty, fell in love with the very young daughter of his landlord, a beautiful girl of sixteen, who seems to have consented readily to marry him.

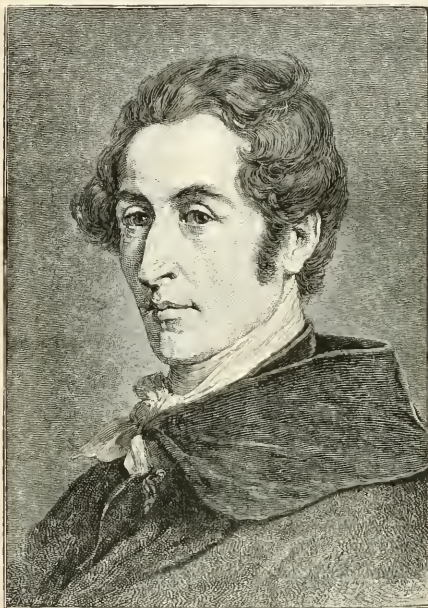
The newly wedded pair went almost at once to the town of Eutin, where the Herr Baron was offered the place of *Stadtmusikant*, or town musician. This was rather a downward step, but it at least gave his little wife food and shelter. Old Weber seemed to have no idea that she needed more in her life than its actual necessities. He treated her harshly, if not with absolute cruelty, and in 1798, when her one child, Carl Maria von Weber, was eleven years of age, the poor little mother faded out of life.

Carl was born at Eutin in 1786. He was always delicate, sensitive, and overstudious, and from his birth his rough-tempered father determined to make a musical prodigy of him. What hours of suffering he must have endured as a mere baby, forced to sit at the piano, his little fingers strained upon the keys, while his father, with a baton that could any moment become a rod, stood over him!

As a mere child Weber began to compose, and his father carried him about from place to place, sometimes staying long enough to have one master really influence the boy, but rarely giving him time to think out carefully the music that he was urged on to compose. Much of his time was passed behind the scenes of provincial theatres, and although the influence of this sort of life on his moral character could not have been good, it helped him when

he came to write for the stage. He learned by constant observation everything connected with the workings of the opera.

After a youth spent in many wanderings, and with hardships and disappointments of various kinds, young Weber, at twenty-one, was appointed private secretary to the brother of the King of Württemberg, and in this posi-



CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

tion he might have been successful but for a curious quarrel with the King. This monarch was a man of low tastes, coarse manners, and extremely bad temper. Poor Weber was often his victim, for in his character of the Duke's secretary he had to beg from the King whenever his Majesty's very reckless brother needed money or any other royal favor. On such occasions the King vented all his wrath on Weber, and treated him at times with insult and contempt. One day, after an unusually wild scene with the King, Weber left the royal apartments, feeling as if he could no longer endure such an existence. He stumbled against an untidy-looking old woman, who inquired where she could find the royal washer-woman.

Weber was still boiling over with the rage he had been compelled to conceal in the King's presence, and on a mad impulse he pointed to the door of the King's cabinet, saying, "There!" In walked the unsuspecting old woman, who, without recognizing the King, informed his Majesty that the young gentleman outside had told her she would find the washer-woman there. The King, who was well known to hate old women, sprang up, poured forth a volley upon the terrified intruder, and ordered Weber to be thrown into prison at once. Later he was released; but the incident was never forgotten by the King, who, when an opportunity came, revenged himself.

Weber's father had become involved in business difficulties, and Carl generously tried to shield the old man from disgrace. But while Carl's opera of *St. Sylvana* was in rehearsal, and likely to make a great success, the King had both father and son arrested. A mock trial was

arranged, and the King himself presided over it, with his usual fury of temper and expression. Young Weber remained calm and dignified, even when he listened to the sentence of banishment pronounced upon his father and himself, and left Württemberg completely resolved to devote all his heart and mind to the pursuit of music.

A new era in his life followed. He wrote with clearer mind and greater success; and as soon as he freed himself from certain evil influences of his life, the very best part of his nature developed. It is comforting to think how happy Weber was in his marriage. His wife was a young artist, of exquisite temperament and disposition, whom he loved devotedly, and who made his home-life as perfect as it could be, when we remember how many cares he had, and that for years he had suffered with a fatal disease. It was for his wife, his dear Lina, that he composed the "Invitation to the Waltz," ever since so famous as a piano-forte piece, and it was under much of her inspiration that he wrote the opera of *Der Freischütz*.

This great work was performed for the first time in Berlin in 1821, and Weber and his wife spent some time in that city preparing for its production. In those days, even more than at present, musicians suffered greatly from the efforts of their rivals to lower them and their work in public estimation, and Weber was not spared such annoyances. But he felt an enthusiasm in his art which entirely mastered this petty side of life: and Sir Julius Benedict, then his pupil, tells us how Weber spent the very day preceding the production of the opera. He passed some time at the piano, going over a new work upon which he was engaged, and gave Sir Julius and Lina the ideal story he had in it. The music was the since famous concert piece in F minor, and it seemed that never had the master played better or been in a calmer and loftier mood. He then took a light dinner, and had a little rest; and so, with his wife and favorite pupil, went to the opera-house. A great audience was assembled, and among them a little bright-eyed boy, who sat entranced, an eager listener, at his father's side. The boy was destined later to be famous as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The success was complete. The composer was received like a hero of victory, and slight and awkward as he was, he stood among his friends great for that hour at least. The royalty of genius was about him, and every one paid homage to it.

Unhappily Weber was not always destined to such triumphs. Five years passed away, and we find him in London, where he was already famous as the composer of several operas—*Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*. But though the latter proved a great success, the public did not receive Weber as his friends felt that he deserved to be received. Moseheles, the composer and musician, the loyal, earnest friend of art and its disciples, with Sir George Smart and several others, did all that they could to make Weber a successful, happy visitor in the English capital; but Weber was fast dying, and every trouble in his public life seemed to reduce his failing strength.

A dear old friend has told me of her last visit from Weber—how he toiled upstairs to her bright drawing-room, and sinking into a chair, declared himself too ill to have ventured out. But even at the very last he continued patient and gentle. On the evening of the 4th of June, 1826, his friends saw him for the last time. As usual, he retired alone, and bolted his door. In the morning the servant who went to call him got no response. He hastened to Sir George Smart, who, with Moscheles, burst into his room. They found him lying dead, as in a peaceful sleep, his head resting on his arm, his expression one of pure and gentle repose.*

* A dear friend of Weber's told me that it was quite untrue that the so-called "Weber's last Waltz" was found under his pillow. It was not even written by him, but by one of his pupils.

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE ought always to be useful, and do good to everybody. I used to think that we ought always to improve our minds, and I think so some now, though I have got into dreadful difficulties all through improving my mind. But I am not going to be discouraged. I tried to be useful the other day, and do good to the heathen in distant lands, and you wouldn't believe what trouble it made. There are some people who would never do good again if they had got into the trouble that I got into; but the proverb says that if at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again; and there was lots of crying, I can tell you, over our rhinoceros, that we thought was going to do so much good.

It all happened because Aunt Eliza was staying at our house. She had a Sunday-school one afternoon, and Tom McGinnis and I were the scholars, and she told us about a boy that got up a panorama about the *Pilgrim's Progress* all by himself, and let people see it for ten cents apiece, and made ten dollars, and sent it to the missionaries, and they took it and educated mornahundred little heathens with it, and how nice it would be if you dear boys would go and do likewise and now we'll sing "Hold the Fort."

Well, Tom and I thought about it, and we said we'd get up a menagerie, and we'd take turns playing animals, and we'd let folks see it for ten cents apiece, and make a lot of money, and do ever so much good.

We got a book full of pictures of animals, and we made skins out of cloth to go all over us, so that we'd look just like animals when we had them on. We had a lion's and a tiger's and a bear's and a rhinoceros's skin, besides a whole lot of others. As fast as we got the skins made, we hung them up in a corner of the barn where nobody would see them. The way we made them was to show the pictures to mother and to Aunt Eliza, and they did the cutting out and the sewing, and Sue she painted the stripes on the tiger, and the fancy touches on the other animals.

Our rhinoceros was the best animal we had. The rhinoceros is a lovely animal when he's alive. He is almost as big as an elephant, and he has a skin that is so thick that you can't shoot a bullet through it unless you hit it in a place that is a little softer than the other places. He has a horn on the end of his nose, and he can toss a tiger with it till the tiger feels sick, and says he won't play any more. The rhinoceros lives in Africa, and he would toss 'most all the natives if it wasn't that they fasten an India-rubber ball on the end of his horn, so that when he tries to toss anybody, the horn doesn't hurt, and after a while the rhinoceros gets discouraged, and says, "Oh, well, what's the good anyhow?" and goes away into the forest. At least this is what Mr. Travers says, but I don't believe it; for the rhinoceros wouldn't stand still and let

the natives put an India-rubber ball on his horn, and they wouldn't want to waste India-rubber balls that way when they could play lawn tennis with them.

Last Saturday afternoon we had our first grand consolidated exhibition of the greatest menagerie on earth. We had two rows of chairs in the back yard, and all our folks and all Tom's folks came, and we took in a dollar and sixty cents at the door, which was the back gate.

I was a bear, first of all, and growled so natural that everybody said it was really frightful. Then it was Tom's turn to be an animal, and he was to be the raging rhinoceros of Central Africa. I helped dress him in the barn, and when he was dressed he looked beautiful.

The rhinoceros's skin went all over him, and was tied together so that he couldn't get out of it without help. His horn was made of wood painted white, and his eyes were two agates. Of course he couldn't see through them, but they looked natural, and as I was to lead him, he didn't need to see.

I had just got him outside the barn, and had begun to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the raging rhinoceros," when he gave the most awful yell you ever heard, and got up on his hind legs, and began to rush around as if he was crazy. He rushed against Aunt Eliza, and upset her all over the McGinnis girls, and then he banged up against the water-barrel, and upset that, and then he



"THEN HE FELL INTO THE HOT-BED, AND BROKE ALL THE GLASS."

fell into the hot-bed, and broke all the glass. You never saw such an awful sight. The rhinoceros kept yelling all the time, only nobody could understand what he said, and pulling at his head with his fore-paws, and jumping up and down, and smashing everything in his way, and I went after him just as if I was a Central African hunting a rhinoceros.

I was almost frightened, and as for the folks, they ran into the house, all except Aunt Eliza, who had to be carried in. I kept as close behind the rhinoceros as I could, berging him to be quiet, and tell me what was the matter. After a while he lay down on the ground, and I cut the

strings of his skin, so that he could get his head out and talk.

He said he was 'most dead. The wasps had built a nest in one of his hind-legs as it was hanging in the barn, and they had stung him until they got tired. He said he'd never have anything more to do with the menagerie, and went home with his mother, and my mother said I must give him all the money, because he had suffered so much.

But, as I said, I won't be discouraged, and will try to do good, and be useful to others the next time I see a fair chance.

WORK IN SHEET METAL.

BY C. H. V.

TO those of our readers who are fond of mechanical amusements we would recommend tin, or, more properly, tinned iron, as a material that may be used for the manufacture of objects of every description, from a doll's cradle to a rotary steam-engine. One advantage of it is that it will cost nothing, as in every house there is apt to be more than a sufficient supply.

Take some empty fruit cans; wash them clean, stripping off the paper labels; set them on a hot stove, so as to melt off the bottoms and the remnants of the tops; and then lay them on their sides where they are joined. In this way there will finally be obtained a nice flat piece, five or six inches wide and ten or twelve long.

With a pair of shears this can be cut into any shape. A tinman's shears of small size are the best; but if these can not be had, a large pair of old scissors that have served out their time in cutting cloth will answer, though they are likely to be hard upon the hand. Another tool that will be useful for joining the pieces is a soldering *iron*, as it is called, but it is made of copper. To use this successfully will require some practice, but the advantage of knowing how will richly repay the trouble of learning. The iron is heated in a fire until it will melt the solder. Then it is requisite to get a little of the solder to stick to the end of the iron; this is done by brightening the point with a file as soon as the iron is taken from the fire, and then quickly pressing the point upon the solder; when it adheres the solder can be taken up on the point and applied where it is needed.

The next step is to make the solder stick to the material. A little powdered resin should be spread along the edges to be joined; then the hot solder will adhere to them nicely. As soon as the solder cools, which will be in a moment, the pieces will be united very securely. When a soldered joint is properly made its strength is surprising to a beginner. If it is desired to fasten together pieces of iron that are not coated with tin, a little muriatic acid with some zinc dissolved in it will be useful; it is best to have a small quantity of this mixture on hand in a phial to be used whenever there is any difficulty in making the solder unite with the metal. Apply it with a small stick sharpened somewhat at the end.

A tube is probably the best thing to learn to make at the outset. Cut a strip of tin one inch wide, and about six inches long; get a piece of iron rod a quarter of an inch in diameter. The strip of tin can be easily folded around this, and with the aid of a light hammer it can be shaped into a tube, having one edge neatly and closely overlapping the other. Only a little practice is needed to make the whole round and straight. The hammer should be used lightly and carefully, so as not to leave dents and creases in the metal. When the true shape has been obtained, the rod should be slipped out, and the seam nicely soldered from end to end. Such tubes can be added to one another by inserting the end of one into the next and soldering, or by lapping a short piece over the two ends. They will carry steam or water without leaking a particle. They answer finely also for posts in any small structure,

as they are very strong for their weight, and will resist a great strain before they will either bend or break. A smaller tube can be made with a narrower strip over a one-eighth-inch wire. For the larger sizes a round piece of wood will do as well as the iron rod.

As boys are usually more fond of machinery than of motionless devices, we will show them how to construct a small windmill. Make first the shaft over the quar-

ter-inch rod, and about eight inches long. Then make the arms of one-eighth inch, and about six inches long; six of them will be a good number. To fasten them on the shaft, pass the latter through a block of wood to



FIG. 1.

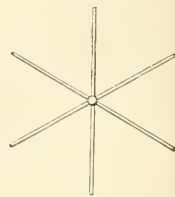


FIG. 2.

hold it during the process, allowing about one inch to project above. Then place the six arms in a circle round the shaft (Fig. 2), using some carpet-tacks to keep them in position on the block until they are soldered to the shaft. A file will be useful in smoothing off any unevenness that may remain on the work after the soldering. Next cut the sails (Fig. 1), of the usual shape, and solder them on the arms, sloping so as to catch the breeze. The movable part will then be complete. The stationary frame-work can be made of wood; and if our young mechanic has been able to follow our directions thus far, his own ingenuity will, we are sure, guide him in fitting the shaft into two uprights, and putting the whole in successful operation.

THE FAST FREIGHT.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

WALTER CARLISLE had climbed into a freight-car that was standing on a side track in the Wentworth depot, and concealed himself as well as he could in the far corner. He was playing hide-and-seek, and his companions were searching for him outside the car-yard fence.

"They won't be likely to find me here," he said, gleefully, to himself, while he listened to their cries.

Presently he heard them sealing the fence near to the car, but just at that moment a man came along and pushed to the heavy door.

"Thank you," said Walter, half aloud. "Now they'll never find me."

With the closing of the door, however, the noise of their cries was shut out, and Walter could no longer tell how near to the car they might be. In a moment something bumped against the far end of the car with a jolt that sent it back quite a distance on the track, and would have knocked Walter over if he had not already been sitting. Then the car began to move slowly forward. They were going to shift it to another track, Walter concluded; but as this would throw the boys still further off the scent, and give him besides a free ride, he did not mind it.

So he sat still while the car bounced over the switch, and felt somewhat disappointed when it came to a stop a little way beyond. That was only for a moment, however. Very soon it backed down, until with another jolt it bumped into a car behind. Walter supposed that the shifting process was now done, and, getting up, went to the door with the intention of opening it and jumping out. He had hardly risen, however, before the car began to move forward again, and this time it seemed to be part of a heavy train. They must be making up the fast freight, he determined; and then he began to wonder how near

it was to five o'clock, when the fast freight would start on its eastward journey.

Meanwhile the car was moving faster and faster, and Walter found it difficult to walk as far as the door. He would roll it back, he thought, and be ready to get out when the car stopped. But try as hard as he might, he could not roll it back, and the speed of the car kept all the time increasing. With a growing sense of alarm, Walter pulled out his watch, and looked at the face by a ray of light which streamed in through the door.

It was as much as he could do now to keep on his feet, and he had to hold on to the frame-work of the car with one hand, while he steadied the watch with the other. Was his watch fast? That could not be; it had not gained nor lost a minute in a month. But the hands pointed to ten minutes after five; and while the car jolted over switches and swung around curves, until he could no longer stand, the dismaying thought forced itself upon Walter that this was the fast freight, already on its way.

For a moment he hardly realized the situation; but as he began to think over what he knew about the train the outlook became very unpleasant indeed. Except for water, it would not stop until it reached New York. Even if it did stop, the sides of the car were so solid that he might kick and pound and call out all night without being heard by the few brakemen who had the train in charge, and who it was quite likely would not come near his car at all. It was called fast, but a fast freight is very different from a fast express, and Walter could not hope that it would reach New York within thirty hours. By that time he might be starved to death. The very prospect of so long a fast made him hungry. How long could people live, he wondered, without eating? The recollection of Dr. Tanner gave him some comfort, but then Dr. Tanner had had all the water he wanted, while Walter did not have a drop.

By this time he had crept back to his corner, where he braced himself as well as he could, though as the train went still faster, and the empty car swayed from side to side like a ship at sea, the boy was shaken and jolted until every bone in his body began to ache. Before him stretched out the long and weary hours. How should he ever endure them? If he could stand the hunger and thirst, how could he bear the cold of the autumn night, already beginning to creep in through the cracks of the car? What report would the boys carry back when they did not find him? And what would his father and mother think? He had never staid away from them a night in his life. How frightened they would be! and how completely at a loss for any clew to his whereabouts! If Walter had been a fugitive from justice he could not more completely have covered up his tracks.

On and on went the train, around curves, over bridges—as Walter could tell from the sound—past other trains, through towns and villages, battering and bruising the boy's slender frame with every bounce and jolt, until at last, out of weariness, Walter fell asleep. Once or twice in the night he woke up, cramped, hungry, and chilled, though it was not so cold as he had feared it would be, and the light of time gave him a little more courage.

By-and-by, through the crevices of the door, he discovered the welcome daylight. So much, at any rate, of his journey was accomplished; but what would he not give for a good breakfast? As the day went on, and his watch told him it was nine o'clock, he fancied the boys going to school, and wondering why he did not appear; his father and mother, filled with increasing alarm, going here and there in search of him; the papers getting hold of it, and announcing in startling head-lines, "Boy lost!" But all Walter could do, though he was tired and faint and anxious about the anxiety of those at home, was to wait—and this is always the hardest duty in the world.

It wanted a few minutes of noon when Walter was

suddenly startled by feeling the onward motion of the train checked, and the car in which he was imprisoned violently shaken from side to side. For a moment, as he himself was rolled about on the floor, he thought that the car was going to upset; but presently it righted and stood still. Evidently an accident had happened, though as to what it was Walter could not form any idea.

Now, when the train had stopped, however, was his chance to make himself heard. With all his might he kicked against the door, and cried out at the top of his voice; but no one came. He thought of stories he had read about people who were shut up in dungeons, and imagined himself to be one of them. If he had been uneasy before, he was almost wild now. What could be the matter? How could he make any one hear? He was putting these questions to himself, when all at once, from the rear of the train, came a terrible roar and crash, with the sound of splintering wood. Before he could think what had happened his own car rose up on end, and Walter found himself swiftly hurled down its inclined floor.

As the boy's senses cleared he realized that a second accident had occurred. Looking up to the rear end of the car, now above his head, he saw that it was broken away, and through a wide gap he could see the blue sky. If he could only climb up to it, here was a way of escape. Fortunately, though a good deal bruised, he was not hurt, and the excitement of the occasion gave him strength. The car had been raised up at an angle of more than forty-five degrees; its floor was smooth and slippery, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Walter could scramble to the end.

When, after several reverses, he finally reached it, and put his head out of the opening, he witnessed a scene of the wildest confusion. Whatever might have happened before, this time the train had been run into from behind. Cars were piled one upon the other, and across both tracks, and their contents were scattered everywhere around. The car in which he had been imprisoned had been the last one, it seemed, to feel the force of the shock, and was thrown up by a platform-car passing underneath. Not a man was anywhere in sight.

Walter did not waste much time in getting down from his elevated position and walking back to the scene of the collision. Here he discovered that it was a "wild-cat" engine which had done the mischief, and had wrecked itself in the operation. There was no one around, but as Walter drew near he began to hear dismal groans coming out of the debris, and to realize that of all the people on the train—conductor, brakemen, and engineer—he alone had escaped injury. For a moment he felt sick, but as he heard a voice calling to him from the ruins of the caboose, he hurried up, and presently discovered the form of a man, whom he took to be the conductor, underneath a mass of wreckage. The voice was very feeble, and Walter had to bend over to hear it.

"Say," the conductor exclaimed, "what time is that Chicago express due here?"

Walter stared. He did not know anything about the Chicago express, except that it was due at Wentworth at midnight. Why should the conductor ask him? And why should not the conductor be more concerned about his own escape?

"I'm sure I don't know," he said. "It isn't due now, is it? Hadn't you better let me help you out of that?"

The man shook his head. "No, no," he cried; "the express is due presently, and if it isn't flagged it will come around the curve ahead and run into this wreck. Is there a man around to run up the track and flag it?"

Walter looked up and down the track. It was a lonely place, miles it seemed from any settlement, and not a person could be seen. His own heart began to beat more quickly.

"No," he said, "there isn't any one."

"Then you'll have to go," said the conductor. "We're all smashed up here. First the engine went off the track, and that broke up the engineer and fireman; and while the brakemen and I were getting our wrecking tools out of the caboose, something ran into us from behind, and broke us up too. I suppose it was a 'wild-cat,' or else there would have been somebody around."

Walter nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "it was a wild-cat, and I guess the engineer of that came to grief too. But is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

The conductor uttered an exclamation of pain.

"Oh, do go ahead," he said. "Don't mind me; there are only half a dozen of us here, and there'll be five hundred people in the express. We'll hold out, I guess, till you get back, and if we don't—Say, young fellow, just take down my wife's name, will you? It's Mrs. James"—he stopped a moment.

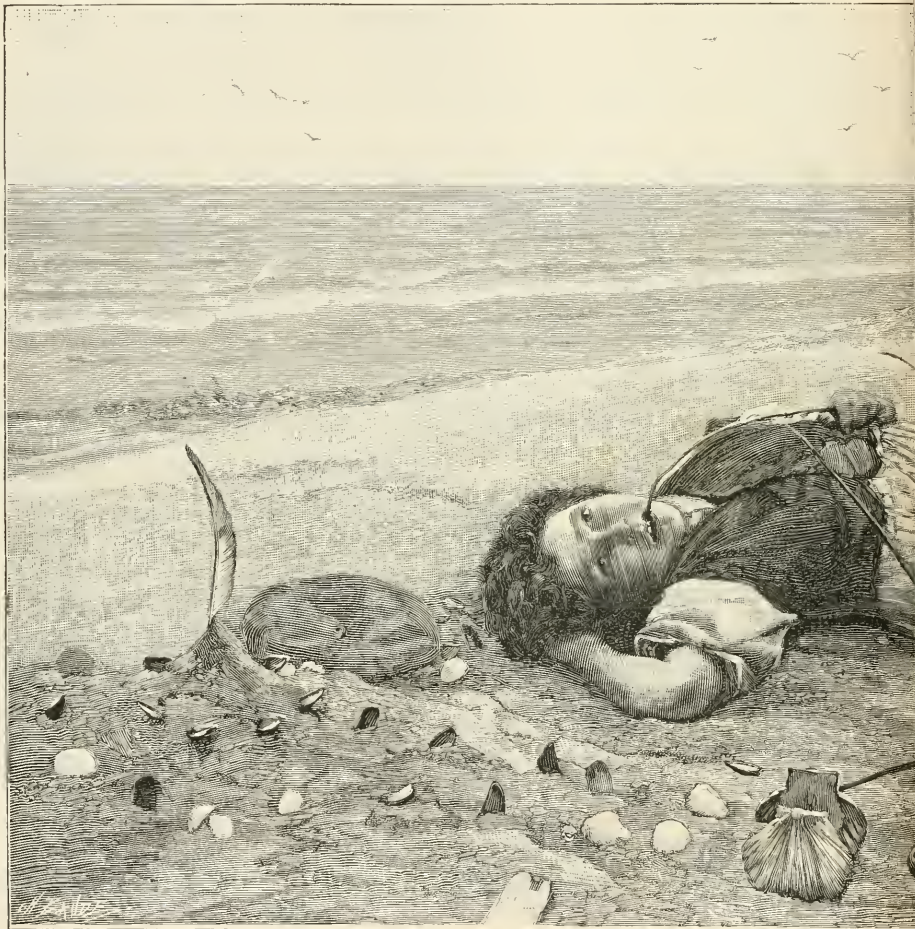
"What was that?" he asked.

Walter listened, while his face grew pale. Faraway up the track sounded the faint note of a locomotive whistle.

"Run!" cried the conductor. "Never mind me. There's a red flag lying on the track. Go as far as you can, for it's a down grade, and the train will be coming like the wind."

Before the conductor was through, Walter had snatched up the flag and hurried off. He had not realized before how shaky his limbs were, nor how faint he was from lack of food; but as he ran past the overturned engine of his own train, and around the curve that lay ahead, it was as much as he could do to keep from falling down. He had not failed to take in the conductor's last warning. The express was the fastest train on the road; it would be running over forty miles an hour, and he must meet it far enough away from the wreck to give it time to check its tremendous momentum and come to a full stop. Once more he heard its whistle in the

distance. Presently it would be thundering down upon him. On he ran as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, until, turning a curve, he could see the thread of smoke far down the narrowing track. Walter unfurled the flag and waved it over his head. His heart thumped up and down in his breast, his legs shook so that he could scarcely stand, and it was all that he could do to hold the flag in his nerveless fingers. He felt as if he were going to faint. What if he gave out before the train came and the engineer did not see him! With one arm he grasped a telegraph pole, while with the other he continued



BUILDING CASTLE

more and more feebly to wave the signal. Nearer and nearer came the train, but before it reached him Walter's strength had given way. He dropped at the foot of the pole, and the engineer, as the train dashed by, looked down from the cab window on a boy's still form pillowed on a red flag.

Among the passengers on the express that day was the President of the railroad—Mr. Watson—who, with his wife, son, and party of friends, occupied a hotel car at the rear of the

train. They were running at the highest speed, when Mr. Watson suddenly felt the pressure of the air-brakes upon the wheels; and Hiram, who was looking out of the window, perceived at the same moment a motionless figure lying by the side of the track.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, "I believe we've run over somebody!"

Mr. Watson started hurriedly for the rear platform, followed by Hiram, who could with difficulty be kept from jumping off when the train stopped, and before it began to back down. In a moment, however, it was moving slowly back to the spot

"Oh yes: it's all right," he said; "and we'll take you right into our car."

The other breathed a little sigh of relief.

"There's a smash up just ahead," he murmured. "Tell the conductor to go slow."

Then he closed his eyes, while Mr. Watson and one or two other gentlemen, who had meanwhile come up, lifted him in their arms and carried him on board the car. Here, however, while the train moved slowly ahead, Mrs. Watson's ministrations restored him to consciousness, if not to strength.

"It was awfully silly in me to go and faint," he exclaimed, apologetically, as soon as he could speak. "But, you see, I ran pretty hard, and then I had not eaten anything since yesterday noon."

"But I don't understand," said Mrs. Watson. "Don't you live round here?"

He laughed a little nervously. "Oh no," he said; "I'm a sort of stow-away. I got locked up in the freight-car at Wentworth last night. We live in Wentworth, and my father is Judge Carlisle. If the collision hadn't stove a hole in the car, I'd be in there now."

"And where would we be?" asked Hiram, soberly.

Walter turned pale again. "The wreck lies across both the tracks," he said. "If you had kept on, you would have run into it. There are half a dozen men buried in it now.

sir"—turning to Mr. Watson. "Everybody in the train was smashed up but me. And the conductor wouldn't let me stop to pull him out. He began to give me a message to his wife, but he wouldn't even finish that, because he heard the train coming. Here we are now, sir"—as the train slowed up, and finally came to a stop. "Please let me get out. I'm all right now, and I want to tell that conductor I wasn't too late."

It was not long before the train hands were hard at work extricating the injured men, none of whom, happily, were seri-



S IN THE AIR.

where the engineer had seen the boy, while Hiram waited in a fever of impatience on the platform steps. At the first glimpse of the red flag, before the cars had stopped, he jumped off and made haste to the telegraph pole, where the figure lay. He could see at once that the boy had not been run over, and as he gazed at the motionless form the dark eyes opened and looked up questioning into his.

"Is the train safe?" the boy asked, faintly.

Hiram nodded.

ously hurt. How they escaped death no one could tell, but no one suffered more than a few bruises or a fractured limb, which time would easily repair. To Walter's great delight, the conductor recognized him at once.

"Ah," he said, as cordially as the pain of his wounds would allow, "you're the boy that saved the express. Well, I guess Mr. Watson won't forget it."

Walter turned red.

"I only did what you told me," he said.

"Well, you did it right," said the conductor, as he limped away to the express. "Not everybody would have had sense enough to do that. Only I don't see where you dropped from just at that moment."

The boy laughed.

"Oh, I live in Wentworth," he said. "I was a passenger on your train. You locked me up in that Blue-line car yonder."

A look of amazement spread over the man's face.

"Locked up in the car, were you? And then brought to this place on purpose to flag that train! Well, I call that Providential. Because if it hadn't been for you, you know, that express would have been a total wreck." He paused for a moment as if the Providence were more than he could take in. "Well," he added, heartily, "I'll never forget it, and I guess the company won't either."

And the company did not. A few days after Walter got home, and when the excitement of his departure and return had passed away, he received by express a little parcel, and by mail an official letter from the railway company. The parcel, when he opened it, disclosed a beautiful gold watch, while the letter, which was signed "H. S. Watson, President," begged him to accept the watch from the directors of the company in recognition of his services in saving from destruction the Chicago express.

Along with the letter came a note addressed in a boy's scrawly hand, and reading as follows:

"DEAR WALTER,—You didn't know papa was President of the road, did you? I wanted to tell you awfully that day, but papa wouldn't let me say anything about it. Isn't the watch a beauty? I hope it will keep good time. What a lucky fellow you are, anyhow! Not only to get a gold watch, but to have the chance of riding 500 miles on a freight train. Papa says I may some day, but I suppose I shall have to go in the caboose. What I'd like is to be a brakeman."

"Now what I want to know is this. Next month papa and some of his friends and I are going out on the plains to shoot buffaloes, and papa is going to ask your father to let you come along. We have a special car, you know, and if you can only come we will have immense fun. Don't you think your father will let you? Please let me know right away."

"Your friend

"HIRAM WATSON."

To this urgent appeal Judge Carlisle could not say no, and Walter cherishes eager anticipations of a buffalo-hunt and a long ride in a car which will be more commodious and agreeable, notwithstanding Hiram's preferences, than the fast freight.

THE GREAT STONE PICTURE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

YOU remember how from time to time in YOUNG PEOPLE we looked at the strange work of the waves: the queer walking beach at Sandy Hook, the long fight between the beach and the little Neversink River, the strange flats and marshes that grow up behind the travelling beaches. Then there was the work of the tide in the East River, and the fantastic carved hills cut out by the sea in Boston Bay.

Many of you who live in the country may say that you have no chance to go to the sea-shore and examine the work of the waves and tides. This does not make so much difference as you think, for in nearly all parts of

New England, New York, and the Middle States you can find a beach. It is dead and dry now, and the waves went away long, long years ago, yet at one time they did roar and tumble there as they do now on Long Island.

You know that the world has been many millions of years the workshop of the winds and waves. If any one had been in North America, say ten, twenty, or thirty thousand years ago—for no one can say exactly when it happened—he would have found that it was a pretty cold country. North America was nearly the same shape that it is now, but a strange thing had happened. All the upper part had been lifted up out of the sea, and it was so terribly cold that the whole country was covered with a thick sheet of ice. The ice covered all New England and the Middle States, and stretched clear across Long Island Sound and Long Island, and out into the sea, just as it does in Greenland to-day. There were glaciers such as we see in Switzerland and in the valleys of the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the St. Lawrence.

Then the land began to sink down again into the sea, and the summers grew warmer, and the ice began to melt and form lakes and pools, shallow bays and rapid rivers. The whole mass of the ice began to slide down into the sea. It ploughed up the loose earth, and tore off the rocks, and rolled them over and over, crushing and grinding them into sand and gravel. If we had lived then we should have said the sea was invading the land; the fact is, the land was sinking in the water, and every year the beaches moved farther and farther into the country. There were travelling beaches, and there were great fights between the rivers of ice-water and the stormy waves that tore up the sand and flung it down before the floods from the hills. There are hundreds of places in New England, and many places in all the Northern and Middle States as far west as Ohio, and all through the South, where you can find these old beaches. Every railroad cutting made through a gravelly hill will show you rounded pebbles and stones, layers of sand and gravel, all sorted out exactly as we see them on the shore to-day.

Look about and see if you can find a sand-bank or a gravel-hill. Sand is used in house-building, and the masons in your town will be pretty sure to find a place where they can dig it out to put in their mortar beds. Look at one of these sand-pits. The sand is arranged in layers and sheets. Take these round stones sorted out according to their sizes in the hill. You can not think the sand made itself. You can not imagine the Creator rounded all these stones and placed them in layers merely for amusement, or to make something to puzzle us. Everything we see in the world had a cause, and if you find something far back in the country that seems just like the sea-shore, you may be very sure the sea was once there. Sand and gravel are made by the waves where they meet the land or roll down the river, so we feel sure wherever the sand is now that once the waves were there.

If you were ever down upon a low flat beach when the tide was coming in, you may have seen that as the water crept up, little capes, straits, islands, and so on, were formed along the edge of the water. Every change of level in the water changed the shape of the miniature continents. So it has been with the real continents. Neither Europe nor the Americas, Asia, Africa, or Australia are now of the shape they were years ago. They have been lifted up out of the water and let down again, and each time the coastline moved backward or forward. Continents became archipelagoes, and then scattered islands, and at last sank in the sea. Rivers turn into bays, and valleys became sounds and straits. Europe was once much larger than now, and once of wholly different shape. Ireland joined England, and England touched France. The Connecticut Valley was a bay, and the Hudson another, with a big cape between.

Everywhere there has been change; not suddenly, but

slowly, just as it is to-day. No man has seen Sandy Hook growing, but it does grow. No one can measure how fast the hills fall into the sea near Boston, yet the work goes on all the time. The gravel heaps and sand-banks of New England and the sandy barrens of South Carolina and Georgia are comparatively new. That last change, when the beaches extended far back into the country, was really only a little while ago, perhaps half a million years, more or less. Behind all that were older seas and more ancient shores. As soon as there began to be land there was a beach. Perhaps the first land was only a sand-bar. Volcanoes threw out hot rocks and ashes, and these fell in the sea, and were ground up into sand. These old, old beaches, so venerable no man can count the years that have passed since the sea roared about them, are dead and turned to stone. To-day, as we know, they are called sand-stones. You can see the ripple marks and even the old shells in the stones we put into our houses.

People who have looked at the different kinds of rocks and have studied, as we have done, the work of the sea, the tides, and waves, have tried to make a science out of it all. They call it geology. Perhaps you fancy that a dry dull science. Why, you are a geologist yourself. I have told you where these queer things about the rocks can be found, and if you have seen them or have tried to imagine how they look, then you have studied the science too. The next thing is to try for yourself, and see if you can turn over a few more leaves of the great stone picture-book in which I have shown you a few of the most curious pictures.

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was still daylight, and as Nan entered the parlor she saw Miss Rolf seated in one of the windows before her writing-table, and on it were strewn some papers, evidently recently in use.

Never had Aunt Letty's voice been kinder than when she said, "Come over here, Annice, and sit down. I want to tell you my plan."

So Nan did as she was told, and then Aunt Letty, after a little fumbling among her papers, said: "I told you I had a plan; but I wanted to discuss the wisdom of it with Dr. Rogers before I spoke of it to you."

"Yes, aunt," said Nan, with her eyes fixed on Miss Rolf's face.

"It is this, then, my dear. If—I if I see fit to leave you in my will any large sum of money, you must know that the use of it is a great—a great responsibility. Money is not given us just for ourselves, Annice. We owe our use of it not only to God, who let us have it, but to those who have daily need of it. I should suffer greatly if I thought I was the means of your misusing any money I might leave you. I would rather see you work hard for your daily bread than have you sin by ill-using any fortune. I wear rich clothes, but these I always care for, and you do not know how little I really spend; but were I to buy simply for the sake of decking my person I should call it a misuse of the money God has seen fit to let me have. Nothing is more odious than a pompous, a purse-proud, or a miserly rich person." Aunt Letty broke off here with a smile. "I must not make my sermon too long, dear. I wanted first to make you feel the importance of the trust I am going to repose in you. Now, then—"

Nan's whole heart shone in her face; she felt impressed, excited, yet bewildered.

"Now I have thought," said Miss Rolf, "for some time, of making you give away certain sums in charity, and it occurred to me to-day that a very good plan would be for you to have, in a certain way, the charge of this poor mother and her child."

"Oh!" cried Nan.

"I would not give you the money outright to spend for them, for you are too young for that; but at certain stores in town you could have credit, and while I would superintend everything, you would buy everything for them. What I would exact from you would be a strictly kept account-book. My bills would come in once in six months, but you would have to show me your book every week or month."

Nan's eyes nearly danced out of her head.

"Of course, if I found you were too young for this," Miss Rolf continued, "it could be given up any time; but Miss Prior assures me your strongest point is figures, and you can at once learn to keep accounts regularly. Then I shall expect you to think out plans for your people, and we will talk them over."

But as to talking now, it seemed to Nan impossible. She could find neither words nor thoughts which would answer, only within her heart was something like a quiet prayer that nearly ended in sobs.

When Miss Rolf had discussed her plan with Dr. Rogers, she had said: "I feel sure I am right about this child. She has a real taste for good works, and this plan of mine will steady her, while the work will please her thoroughly."

And Dr. Rogers had agreed with Miss Rolf fully.

Lance was summoned soon after, and Miss Rolf and he and Nan talked over a good plan for comforting the wanderers. I say talked, but Nan only listened, with glistening eyes and a beating heart. How she longed to confide in Joan! It seemed so long to wait to see her, but it would not do, she felt sure, to indulge impatience of this sort just at the very outset.

Early the next morning Phyllis came over, by Miss Rolf's request, to continue the fascinating discussion. It was evident that she scarcely believed Nan old enough for such a charge, but of course, as Miss Rolf said, it could so easily be taken from her that it was certainly worth the trial.

Miss Rolf's idea was that a cottage could be taken for Mrs. Travers, and that David could go to school in the mornings, and work at Rolf House in the afternoons. Miss Rolf had no idea of bringing the boy up to idleness. Should he ever show any special talent for one of the higher professions, that could be developed later, or even if he showed talent for classical study, time could be given him for such.

Driving to church, Nan looked eagerly at every possible cottage; but it was not until some days later, when Mrs. Travers was decidedly better, and David quite well enough to sit up nearly all day, that the cottage was found. One morning Dr. Rogers came into Rolf House, saying:

"Well, Nan, I've just what will suit you, I think, in the way of a cottage."

Nan blushed and smiled.

"May I take her with me, Miss Rolf?" the good doctor went on. And Miss Rolf answering "Yes," Nan was soon in the doctor's gig, driving along the river road near to Mr. Blake's.

He explained that he had come upon a widow who with her daughter occupied a very comfortable cottage so much too large for their requirements that they were very willing to let one-half of it to Nan for Mrs. Travers. As Mrs. Travers must always be an invalid, it would be better for her to have some one else in the house with her while David was so young.

"I had thought of that, doctor," said Nan, shyly.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the doctor; "so you really can think, puss. That's a good beginning."

* Begun in No. 137, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



NAN MAKING HER PURCHASES.

Nan would have been much better pleased had Lance and Joan been with her; still she certainly enjoyed herself. The cottage stood in a little garden of its own, and there was nice pasture for a cow, and Mrs. Holt, the occupant, was very well pleased to show the doctor and Nan the rooms she designed to let. There were three—a sitting-room, quite comfortably furnished, and a small and a large bedroom, and Mrs. Holt was willing to undertake Mrs. Travers's cooking. Everything looked bright and cheerful, and four dollars a week for the rooms did not seem too much. But Nan hesitated: ought she to make the bargain then and there? She glanced at the doctor, but he said nothing until she whispered the inquiry. Then he said:

"You didn't ask about her charges for cooking. Better have Mrs. Travers send in her own food."

Nan felt, foolishly, as though this had been a great oversight on her part; but she soon arranged to pay fifty cents more a week for the cooking, and then the doctor handed her a little note-book, in which she was to enter these negotiations.

Nan had a sort of feeling that Phyllis would not like the rooms. The little parlor was certainly very gaudy, and its ornaments cheap-looking; but she reflected—perhaps they might change that before Mrs. Travers took possession. She would ask Phyllis's advice.

CHAPTER XX.

JOAN stood outside of the school-room door in Rolf House, knocking very timidly. It was half past three; lessons *must* be over; but then, thought Joan, with a little screw to her nose, *that* Miss Prior would probably keep Nan until the very last possible minute.

"Come in," a cold voice said; and Joan opened the door, looking in on the large bare room, with Nan in its centre, and Miss Prior, with her head bound up from toothache, listening to her arithmetic.

Things were going better just at this moment, for Nan had quite a genius for figures, and Miss Prior enjoyed anything mathematical. The lesson was just over. Miss Prior was glad to go home and take care of her suffering face, and so Joan soon found herself alone with her cousin.

"Well, Nan," she exclaimed, "Cousin Letty thinks it best for Laura to go out with us when you buy the things,

That, I suppose, is to keep me in order."

Joan grimaced and laughed, and Nan said, quickly: "Well, let's not mind, Joan. Do you know, I fancy Laura hasn't much real pleasure."

Joan, who had seated herself in the window, looked around with a laugh.

"Oh yes, she has, Nan," she said; "she is always with those Phillipses we go to school with, and the Tempets; and they have all the fun they want. And she considers herself quite a young lady now."

"She is only fourteen," said Nan.

"Well, she feels two hundred and four," said Joan. "Come, Nan, tell me what you're going to buy."

Nan was on this eventful morning starting out to make her first purchases, as it were, on her own account. She was to buy clothes for David,

some dresses and other things for Mrs. Travers. Miss Rolf preferred leaving her entirely to herself in these matters for one week. After that, when the first accounts were presented, she decided that she could judge of Nan's fitness for her new responsibility. The old lady had notified various merchants in town that her niece was to be given credit, and so everything was in train.

Nan hardly liked to confess even to Joan her sense of importance and excitement as she started out in the big family carriage with Laura and Joan, and Mrs. Heriot, who had come to matronize in a way the youthful party. Joan busied her dark head over Nan's list, calling upon her every now and then to help with figures or writing. In the generosity of her nature she felt no jealousy of Nan's position, only a pleasurable sense of her cousin's importance. Laura liked the excitement of it, but, although impressed by Nan's new power, was inclined to be ill-tempered. She smiled upon Joan's little enthusiasms, and looked at Nan rather crossly.

They stopped first before Messrs. Ames & Ames's large dry-goods store, and there Nan was reminded of her first purchases with Cousin Phyllis. How long ago it seemed! and how little she had then thought to be so soon in such a position herself!

Two nice suits for David were bought, and various minor articles, and then Mrs. Travers's dresses had to be chosen. Here Laura became decisive in her opinions, and Mrs. Heriot gave some sound advice, while Nan's fancy wavered between a green camel's-hair and a nice dark linen, and a light brown wool and a gayer calico. The former were chosen at last; and then it was that the clerk asked the address, and Laura, whose spirits had risen, leaned forward over Nan's shoulder, saying,

"Miss Rolf said, I believe, it was all to be charged."

"Oh, certainly, miss, certainly!" rejoined the clerk; and Laura looked well satisfied.

Nan felt indignant for a moment or two. Why couldn't Laura have left her alone? But suddenly the thought came to her—was this all done for *her* pleasure, or to teach and help her to help others? This brought peace. Nan was able to move to the next department, and bring herself to ask Laura's advice in a gentle voice.

Miss Rolf had suggested buying some books, and at Ames's were two well-stocked counters, from which Laura

was asked to select one or two nice volumes of history, and the same of romance and poetry. Laura's taste, like Phyllis's, was good; and the books, if a trifle sentimental, were well chosen. The carriage was loaded with parcels, and then the girls drove to Margaret Blake's.

Miss Rolf had desired Nan to choose little Love a silk dress—an article such as she had certainly never dreamed of possessing—and Nan had been delighted with the idea. She chose a pretty dark brown silk. Laura said Margaret would like a trimming of lighter silk; yet when Nan remembered Love's quiet eyes, the sober, happy little face, she could not think of her in anything but pretty and simple gowns.

"I don't think, Laura," she said, gently, "that Love would like—a *fashionable* kind of a dress; she wants something just *nice*!"

So Laura had laughed and turned away; and the result was that Nan had chosen the plain, pretty brown silk.

As they drove down the river road toward the Blakes'

cottage Nan leaned back in the carriage, happy and excited, and no doubt feeling rather important; yet something of the sermon she had heard on Sunday ran in her mind. She could not have given the text, but the words pointed to a spirit of humbleness when happy things seemed to come suddenly. Poor little Nan! Hers had been a hard life, and she was scarcely fourteen; and judged by the standard of Cousin Phyllis, or Laura, or Miss Prior, she was not "brilliant." Yet in her heart was a steadfast longing to do whatever God had meant she should. Nan was a child; she could not tell what she ought to do, but yet heart and soul and meaning were all pure. If she had ever cherished a personal dislike, it was toward her cousin Laura Rolf; but before the drive had brought them to the Blakes' door, she forced herself to look at Laura, and say, gently, "Are you tired? Thank you for helping me." There was a real sense of comfort in feeling that she had so far conquered herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE GNOMES AND THE SNOW MAN.

BY S. S. CONANT.

Oh, the full silver moon made it brilliant as day,
When a party of gnomes came out trooping to play,
Trooping out of their caverns in earth far below
For a frolic and tumble about in the snow.

But as they ran merrily over a hill,
Lo! a terrible sight made them suddenly still;
For just at the edge of a shadowy wood
A threatening monster before them there stood!

"What is it?" they questioned, in whispers low—
"Some horrible giant from Barmn's show?
Some terrible ogre, with teeth like stones,
Who will mangle our bodies and crunch our bones?"

They were all too much frightened to scamper away,
Staring right at the monster who'd spoiled their play;

But he stood stock-still, as if sleeping or dead,
And the little gnomes soon lost a part of their dread.

Then nearer and nearer the bolder ones crept,
Still gaining in courage as onward they stept;
'Till they burst out a laughing, "Ha! ha! and ho! ho!
See, the wonderful monster is made out of snow!"

And then the whole party went trooping pell mell,
And with snow-balls and fists on the monster they fell;
In a very few minutes demolished it lay,
And with three ringing cheers they went on with their play.

When they told their adventure, once safely at home,
"Let me hope you will learn," said the wrinkled King Gnome,
"When you fancy a danger, a bold front to show,
And perhaps it will turn out a mere man of snow."

that was impracticable. There was trouble to get them all packed in.

We had a dear friend with us, whose whole heart is in missionary work, and she remarked that the "Doctor and Ida had packed them away like herrings in a box," every head showing. Doctor distributed the candy, while Ida and I gave the gifts from the tree. All were happy and delighted, growing more pleased as the things came off.

Doctor thought it best to call their attention to the fact that the best and most faithful scholars had better and more gifts than the others and I think many of them determined then and there to be very punctual the next year. Then we gave very pretty Christmas cards as prizes to the three best scholars in every class. The faces of the recipients expressed perfect ecstasy as their names were called.

After this we sang that old hymn for Christmas, "Shout the glad tidings," and really it was a shout that went up from many happy hearts, and as they all went home there was a chorus of whistles and laughter at the performances of the mumping jacks and other toys, while the nice hats and clothes were bagged up in a careful and loving manner.

Our dear little church has had many nice presents on this its first Christmas-day. Our dear friend, who is head of a band of young missionary workers called St. Mark's League, brought us a font from the dear little Leaguers. It is of beautiful white porcelain, with a cross on the cover as a cross. On one side of the bowl, beautifully done, are the letters "I. H. S." On the other, "For the Church of Our Saviour, from St. Mark's League, Christmas 1887." Also a silver chalice and paten from the same source, and engraved in the same way.

A dear young friend sent an altar cloth, frontal for the lectern, and markers, all made of cardinal felt and plush, and finished with gold fringe. You can not think how pleasant it is to be remembered in such needed presents by far-away friends. We were to have a silver set of cups, but the order was not given in time to the society to have it finished and sent home by Christmas. We will have for very soon, and it is pleasant to be thinking of it.

We have had thirteen baptisms since we have had the font. Our hard-working rector in L., who is a great missionary, gives us two services each month—one in the afternoon of the second Sunday, and on the Thursday night nearest the full moon. Our people can come better when there is moonlight, as some of them do not live near the church.

We have also had some very delightful services from a young clergyman who visited some missionary locations. He has a delightful voice, and we always use a chorus when he adds music to its beauty, and helped our singing by practicing with us while he staid at Woodside. We found him yet are happy to think and feel that the church is too small, and that it will need transcripts and a recess channel to make it large enough. This will make it the shape of a cross. We are of our mixed congregation of white and colored people so well, and will make it very much prettier than it now is. We have had so much given to us that one would think we could not receive more, but we do still need the chairs for the church, and a white linen cloth for communion.

The Sunday-school does very well indeed. The census is regular, and seem very much interested. We can not teach them as much now as we shall do, when the days grow longer.

I must tell you one instance of gratitude. They all came the 23d of December, bringing greens to dress the church, and one brought also a bag and in it eight very large, beautiful sweet-potatoes—one for each member of the family. Was it not pleasant to receive such a proof of gratitude?

I hope this long letter has not tired you, dear children and friends; and with wishes from our dear friends, I am, as usual, truly your grateful friend, Miss. RICHMOND.

P. S.—It would give me more pleasure than I can say to see a list of all your names, my dear friends, but it would, I know, take up too much space in the Post-office Box.

WASHINGTON, IOWA.

I thought that I would write a letter to the Post-office Box; and tell of a number of things.

It was in the summer-time, about the 1st of July, that I had my adventure. Father was away, and we had a man named Mac and his son Frank, a boy about fourteen years old, to take care of our horses. A man who lived a few blocks from us had a fine gray colt, but as he was not much of a horseman, he said that he could not have the spot on his forehead, and he would like to sell it. So, father was away, and I was very anxious to take a ride on that gray colt. Mr. Mac would not let me do so, as he had only been ridden once.

So one day, as he had only been ridden once, I went out to see the colt, and I went out to the barn and saddled and bridled her myself. She went right off for me, but I was not to be so easily fooled. Frank, with a tin in his hand, called me "Tommy." "Take me up town," said he.

So I said, "All right; come up to the fence, and jump on behind."

He got on all right, but, like foolish boys that we were, we hung his tin pail on the horn of the saddle. We got her on a nice little gallop; but when she got into the pail, she fell, and it did some things worse than gallop—she ran like a streak straight for our barn.

Frank had lost his hat, and had his arms around me, hanging on to the horn of the saddle for dear life, and shouting "Whoa!" as they ran on. When she turned up the alley that leads to the barn she turned so short that Frank flew right out straight, and pulled the saddle off. It was not buckled very tight under her, and she fell in the middle of the road. But I clung to the saddle, and was thrown under, and she jumped square over me. Was not she a knowing horse? I was up to my ears in mud, and she was dangling under her, about the worst scared horse in the State of Iowa.

Well, we managed, with the help of some friends who came up to take the saddle and bridle off. I kept very quiet about it, but the story got out, and when father came home I had to take a lecture.

E. F.

Which the Postmistress thinks you deserved.

FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.

My home is in Kentucky, but I am spending the winter with my uncle at this place. Fort Davis is situated near the head of a beautiful cañon, and is a very nice place to live in. Fort Davis is 5800 feet above the level of the sea. There are six companies of soldiers stationed here. More than half of the inhabitants are Mexicans.

The Mexican women wear long dresses very long behind, and about a foot from the ground in front, and always wear shawls over their heads. All the houses are made of adobe, except a few of the best, which are of stone. In this country it rarely rains here in the winter. The houses, being covered with mud, would suffer if it did. The wood is generally brought from the mountains on the Texas coast.

This is a great country for little ponies, little donkeys, little dogs, and mice. You rarely see a horse or mule that does not belong to the government, and you rarely see a dog or mouse that is not a pet. I saw a very nice mouse one afternoon, and I say my lessons to my grandma every morning. I think "Nan" is so sweet. I wish everybody a happy New-Year.

EMILY A.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy eleven years old. A kind gentleman has been sending me *Young People* for some time, and I have been reading it with the delight of a child. I have read all the letters, and like them very much. When I tell you about my pets, you will think it strange because they are not school-boys. I will not make my letter too long, but this is the first I have written to any paper, and hope you will publish it.

WILLIAM S. K.

If you make pets of your school-boys, I am sure they are always neat and clean, which is more than I can say of some boys' books.

Here is a pretty little story about one of the greatest women and best Queens in the world:

"When Queen Victoria was yet a child in short frocks, she was very much interested in her family spent some time at Malvern. They staid in a large house on what, out of compliment to her Majesty, has since been named Queen's Road. The royal child is spoken of both as a pomp and a rattle. Her two particular weaknesses were climbing walls and trees, and cantering about on a donkey. One day she had climbed an apple-tree, and was very much frightened. She remained there, sobbing bitterly, until she was rescued by her father, the gardener, attracted to the spot by her cries, got a ladder, and brought her, safe and sound, to the ground. The first girl was so deeply grateful for the man's assistance, that she immediately opened her purse and presented him with a piece of gold. Davis is alive to tell the tale to this day, and at the same time to exhibit his to the curious the royal gaine—a neatly framed which the Queen, when a wee lassie, gave him."

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Little children, just fancy old Santa Claus starting off some starlight night to survey again the scenes of his late triumphant march through the beautiful kingdom of child-land.

What do you think he will find when he finds Clara's beautiful doll with its face all soiled, and its pretty frock faded and torn? Ah, see that shadowy figure in the room! Is it the ghost, or does he not remember the bright young child, and his lovely cardinal silk that adorned it when taken from the shop window, so many it stood on exhibition, but now so many little hearts? No wonder he feels sad.

"And can it be possible," he says, "that that hack-ribbed creature is all that is left of the noble horse that brought little Charley? Where is his flowing mane, kee, and his fine and well-fitting saddle that graced the finest specimen of his race?"

Alas! he has the almost defaced blocks that fairly shone with their rozen letters. What a sad spectacle for old Santa to contemplate!



FREEZING EFFECTS.

RESULT OF FOOLING OVER THE WASH-BOWL IN COLD WEATHER.

DEAR children, take warning—Don't stand in the morning, Like little Tom Noddy, whose fate you behold; "Oh dear," he cried, "mother, It is such a bother, A fellow mist bath when the days are so cold!"

He shivered and pouted, He fretted and houted, And dipped in a finger, and took up a drop, "Oh, little coward!" So cross and so froward!" Said angry Jack Frost then; "I think I will stop."

Then came the elf tripping, And gave him a dripping, And with a shudder from forehead to toes, Jack Frost, with a feather Of stern arctic weather, Just touched the wet child, and you see bow he froze.

An icicle helmet Around him is well met; He's blue as a little pinched mortal can be, "Ho, ho," says Jack, dancing And shouting and prancing, "Henceforth you'll take care bow you trifle with me."

So, children, take warning—Don't stand in the morning, And whimper and quiver, but, eager and bold, Just plunge in the water, Each son and each daughter, And rub your cheeks quickly, and laugh at the cold.

Poor little Tom Noddy! They came in a body, His father, his mother, his brothers, and all; They found him quite frigid, They shrieked, "He is right!" Then wrapped him to thaw in a thick woollen shawl.

And never, oh! never, Will poor Tommy shiver, And while that is cold, and he don't want to dress, Jack Frost is so crafty, So sly, and so naughty, Tom Noddy will shun him hereafter, I guess.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WOODSIDE (DEAR LEXINGTON), NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, NOW that Christmas is really over, I want to tell you a few things about our Christmas at Woodside. As I have told you before, our scholars all began in September to count the weeks until Christmas, and grew more eager as the weeks went on, growing intensely anxious as the time drew near.

We had boxes sent the school by kind-hearted and generous friends, and I hope that Christmas-boys was perfectly lovely, not cold enough to keep any child away. We had the tree in the church, and the scholars all marched in, singing, "Carol, brothers, carol," the white children first, followed by my sister and Dr. Richardson; then the colored school (I playing the organ), my sister and Dr. K. stowing them away as they filed in. We did not desire to have them march around the tree, but they soon saw that

Toys, little children, are given you to play with, but can you not do so without destroying them? I would not advise you to do as did a little boy whom I once knew. His mamma bought him a lovely kite. It was made of very pretty, with its tissue covering and fine centre picture.

The child was so delighted with the gift that for safety for his treasure he carried it into the parlor, and placed it in a conspicuous place out of the matter. Then several times a day he might be seen peeping in to have a fresh look at his kite. He would not fly it lest it should get broken, and so his mamma finally vetoed any in gazing at what was intended for use.

Play with your nice toys, but while you do so, be very careful not to destroy or injure them. There is no prettier sight than to see little girls playing tea.

The most delicious cake I ever tasted was on one of those wet plates, around which my little mates and I were gathered. What a riot we were compressed in one little hour of real enjoyment at the child's tea party.

Be careful not only of your china, but of your dolls, your blocks, horses, and whatever may have the honor of the bright Christmas. Do not forget the little pinched faces of the poor. How glad they would be to own some of your cast-away toys. Many a sick child has been diverted from its suffering by even an old doll. Handle toys carefully, and you will soon be intrusted by mamma with more valuable things, and Santa Claus will be pleased to find that you appreciate his gifts. A. E. THOMAS.

VELA EHRHART, OREHAM, MERAN, TYROL.

I am a little boy ten years old. My papa has taken YOUNG PEOPLE two years for me, and I like it very much. I like "Mr. Stubb's Brother" and "The Talking Leaves" best.

I have been over three years in Europe. We are in Meran, a watering-place of Austria. Every day I go out to walk and hear the music which plays in the Park.

I have no pet, but I had a kitten, which I gave away when I went to Prussia last year. She was very gentle, and when I had been a small boy found her waiting for me on a chair by the door.

I am afraid my letter will not be printed if it is too long. EUGENE V. F.

I am always delighted when a dear reader sends a greeting like this from over the sea. We like to see each other in the Post-office Box, don't we, children? Whether your homes are far or near, you all have your own places in YOUNG PEOPLE; and I am sure Mr. OGIS and Mr. Stoddard will be glad that a little boy in the Tyrol has watched for their stories and read them with interest.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR DORA AND AMY,--I read your letter in No. 167. The turtle buries itself in winter under the mud of dried creeks. You can take a small box filled with mud and put your turtle in it. He will not need any food until he crawls out. The box should be left out-of-doors. I guess the reason why he went under the rocks and mud was because it is natural. That is why so few turtles can be had in winter. ALBERT B. C.

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.

My papa has commenced to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me and for my little brother. I am a little boy six years old, and so my sister likes to write for me. I love to look at the pictures, especially the one about the cat and the funny name for a little boy? Good-night. BENNIE.

TORONTO, CANADA.

This is the first time I have written to the Post-office Box. I like the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially "Nan." I have two cats and two dogs, and we have also a small two-year-old, but I will soon be eleven. I generally have a party on my birthday. I will soon have to begin school again, for we opened the school here. There are a great many children's parties here, and I enjoy them very much. I received a great many Christmas presents, and 37 cards. J. A. H.

THE ROSE-BUD.

I was once a little red ball with a green stem. Then I was plucked by some fingers, and I came out.

The next year I had a bud, and that opened into a pretty rose. Every night I was kissed by the dew, and I was plucked by a little maiden from the bush.

Then I was put in a pretty vase with some fresh cool water in it.

In a few days I withered, and they threw me in the fire. MALVINA O. R. (9 years of age).

WOODSIDE, NORTH CAROLINA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little boy six years old, and have three sisters. I have never written to you before, but have a bank, and all the money I get I put into it.

I have a pet dog named Spot. We sent him to the country to get fat. I miss him very much. All my sisters go to school, and I am very lonely. I am afraid my letter is too long to send. Assets W. P.

Spot seems to be a favorite name for pets this week.

PORT ARTHUR, MICHIGAN.

I have read the letter of L. McN. in your issue of December 26. I am a reader of your YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much, especially the Post-office Box. I am deaf and dumb. It was caused by a fall when I was two years old. Now I have been spending the holidays at home, at the State School at Flint, Michigan. There are about two hundred and fifty boys and girls attending it. They are as happy as any other children. We learn to write, read, and have arithmetic, geography, and various other studies. Some of us are being taught articulation, so that we can speak. Our noble State has been very good to us. I have been spending the holidays at home, at Wishing L. McN. and all your readers a happy New Year. I am yours, GERTIE F. C.

Gertie's letter made me feel very thankful that one shut out from the pleasures of hearing and of speech could be so happy and contented. I am glad to think that those silent children are full of enjoyment, just like others.

Little housekeepers must know how to sew as well as to cook. Let me tell them how to darn their stockings. In darning you use a long thread one way across the hole. Then hedge-side ways, and take up every other one of these long stitches, so that a soft line netted work fills the hole. Do not draw your stitches tightly, or try to make the hole smaller, or you will have a rough instead of a smooth surface when you have finished your work.

RECIPTS FOR THE LITTLE HOUSE-KEEPERS.

FRUMMLES.--Two cups of sugar, three eggs beaten separately, one cup of butter, and just flour enough to roll it out. MIX quickly, and roll it thin. Cut out the cakes with a round cake-cutter, cutting them again in the centre with the top of a chisel. When in the pans, use the top with the white of eggs slightly beaten, using a feather for the purpose. Sprinkle them with very coarse powdered lump-sugar, and bake.

PLAIN COOKIES.--One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two eggs, a scant quart of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a tea-spoonful of soda. Bake in a quick oven.

THOMAS P.--There is no charge for the publication of an exchange. Postmarks should be cut square, with a sufficient margin to allow of their being neatly pasted in an atom.--J. E. B.; We do not repeat exchanges in the paper during several weeks. We can allow, as there are a great many awaiting their turn; but in a few weeks from now you may, if you choose, send another and different offer.--HARRY M.G.: Address the firm of whom you inquire, at Union Square, corner of Seventeenth Street, New York City.

SUSIE McDELMOTT, a dear child in Oroville, California, has been taken away by death. Her little brother Artie now takes YOUNG PEOPLE in her place. Susie was a little girl of rare loveliness of character, and her loss has made a sad vacancy in her home.

Minnie R.--If you are only nine years old, you may play with your dolls without a thought that they are too big for such an amusement. Why, dear, I like dolls yet! Coasting and snow-balling are just as proper for girls as for boys, in moderation.

HOPE, BIRDIE, and MARY B. are three happy sisters, who build houses of pine brush in the woods, and play at keeping store. When I was a little girl I went to a school in the shadow of a grove, and at recess Letty and Lucy, Bob, Charlie, and Bella, and ever so many of us, used to play store and keep house under the trees. There was a great fat rock, which was our dining-room. We used to have oak-leaf plates and acorn cups to play with, so I know all about your good times, Hope.

The boys and girls who are interested in making collections of postage stamps are invited to read this paragraph with attention:

By application to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Washington, District of Columbia,

you may obtain specimens of the several varieties of United States postage at their face value. In sending your application you must inclose the full amount necessary to pay for the stamps you desire, and also a sufficient amount for return postage and registry fee, as the Department will send the stamps in a registered letter.

Some of the issues are now obsolete, and possess a historical value to the collector. Newspapers, official, and periodical stamps of the different denominations will be furnished in sets. Official stamps can be used only for the official business of the department for which they are provided. They will have the word "Specimen" printed across the face in very small type.

Those who desire further information as to prices, stamps, and dates of issue should write to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington, inclosing a stamped envelope addressed plainly to themselves. They will, in return, receive circulars giving many details for which we can not make room in the Post-office Box.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. I contain 5 letters, and am a city of the United States.

My 1, 4 is a pronoun.

My 6, 5, 4, 3 is incriminate.

My 2, 6, 7 is a Hebrew liquid measure. GAZETTA.

2. I am composed of 13 letters, and am the name of a celebrated composer.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 11 is a country.

My 5, 11, 10, 12, 3 is an animal.

My 6, 8, 9, 13 is closed.

My 2, 3, 4, 8 is happy.

My 8, 9, 4, 10 is to pursue. MARIE.

No. 2.

EASY WORD SQUARE.--(To Toppy).

1. A defect. 2. Melted rock. 3. To affirm. 4. Cautious. GAZETTA.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In wine, not in beer.

In time, not in year.

In love, not in marriage.

In girl, not in carriage.

In ink, not in pecu.

In hawk, not in hen.

In man, not in reu.

My whole, once royal,

Ruled England long. WILLIE B. W.

No. 4.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.-1. A letter. 2. Part of the body. 3. A writing material. 4. A color. 5. A letter.

2.-1. A letter. 2. A cry. 3. Something sweet. 4. A girl's name. 5. A letter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 166.

No. 1. Holly. Cedar.

No. 2. Ring-dove.

No. 3. 1. Allen. Jingle. T. rope. D. raft. Flea. Dun. B. ell. Place. Pride. Square. Chair. B. time. Pair. Elope. 2. Ban-d. Fille. Comet. Bee. Sink. Tin-t. Hoop.

No. 4. I K D L E
I N D I A H O C A L
K I N L E A T
A L

No. 5. Yo Semite Valley. Yeast. Mole. Vise. Lye.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Willie R. Willis, E. Widger, Ida L. Hardy, Fannie Knapp, John Johnson, F. R. C., A. Gold, H. Hawkins, Thomas Jefferson, Marie, C. D. S., T. W. Endien, "Gazetta," Walter Willard, C. A. Galloway, Bay Hutchison, Gracie, Annie, Mabel, and Florence Knight, Anna L. M., Coroline J. Lyman, Amelia E. M., Fannie D. M., Frank and Charles M., Lewis, Fred Ray, Anna, Rosa, Rosa Parley, Maggie Price, Sarah and Annie, Maud Edgar, William Bostwick, Alice Ames, Jack Butler, Theodore Fay, Elsie Van Wyck, Hal Woodruff, William Pitt Anderson, and Joseph F. Bolton.



You may not see the fun in this. Ha! that just shows that you don't know what fun is.

MORE STRING TRICKS.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

SLIP the string, with the ends tied together, over the post of a chair, passing the right-hand string a second time around the post to make your prisoner doubly secure; then with the forefinger of the right hand slipped upward through the opposite loop, hold the middle of the string with the left hand, as indicated in Fig. 1, passing the thumb under the first and over the second string, and the forefinger over the first and under the second.

Holding both strings firmly in this position with the left hand, carry the loop held on your right forefinger over the left hand, and lay it, loosely spread apart, upon the double string in such a way that, having released your right hand from above, you may grasp the same loop from below, as shown in Fig. 2, by passing a finger through it on each side of the double string.

Observe carefully the position of the strings upon the left forefinger in Fig. 2, and be sure that the string which before passed under the thumb now drops below the forefinger. Now transfer the two loops from the left forefinger to the chair post, turning the hand so that the finger points toward you, in order that the loop nearer the base of the finger may pass first over the chair post, as shown at *a*, Fig. 2.

Finally, covering the top of the post with your left thumb, release your hold of the string, except from the middle finger of your right hand. By this finger the whole string may be drawn freely out of its apparent tangle, and, if done quickly, with the effect of having passed through the solid wood.

A more simple trick, not unlike this in effect, is performed as follows: Pass the string over the chair as before, without winding it a second time about the post. Follow the directions for

the previous trick as far as Fig. 1. Then place the right forefinger, with the string still upon it, firmly on the top of the chair post, and releasing the string from the thumb of the left hand, use the forefinger of that hand to pull the string from the post.

In the two tricks which follow, not one finger, but four, seem susceptible to the free passage of your wonderful string. Thrusting all the fingers of each hand through an opposite end of the string still tied, use the right hand to bring the two sides coming



FIG. 3.

from the palm of the left hand back between the fingers and around the thumb, precisely as indicated in Fig. 3. Then lifting the right hand, allow the lower string to pass again around the little finger, this time from left to right, and the upper string around the index finger from right to left, thus bringing the loop once more toward the palm, place it between the two middle fingers, letting it hang as in Fig. 4. With the thumb and forefinger of the right hand remove the two loops from the thumb, and pass these also between the middle fingers. Lastly, with the forefinger of the right hand passed under the string at *a*, you may release it entirely by drawing it toward you.

In the next trick you shall begin by what seems a thorough interweaving of string and fingers. With the left hand in the position of Fig. 5, begin at the little finger and weave



FIG. 4.

the cord in and out between the fingers in the manner shown at *a*, until you come to the thumb, when, after crossing the strings, you pass them both outside of the thumb, and then (without crossing) over the forefinger as in Fig. 5, which represents the trick thus far clearly.

Continue to cross the strings between the fingers as shown at *b*, Fig. 5, returning in this way to the little finger. Your hand will now seem quite surely tied fast—an illusion which you speedily dispel by slipping the loops from your thumb, and with your right hand drawing the string, whole as ever, directly through the base of all your fingers.

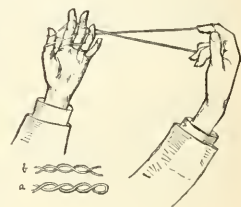


FIG. 5.

ANSWER TO REBUS.

THE answer to the Rebus on page 144 of No. 166 is a Christmas verse written over two hundred years ago by George Wither, born 1588, died 1667.

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
 And every post with holly.
 Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
 And evermore be merry.



FUN ON THE ICE—BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.



FRED'S NIGHTMARE AFTER A DAY'S RABBIT-HUNTING.

HARPER'S
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"YOU CAN'T COME IN, JACK FROST."—DRAWN BY H. P. WALCOTT.

BABY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Now what shall we do for the baby,
To make her a birthday sweet?
She came in the wintry weather,
In blustering wind and sleet,
There is not a flower in the garden,
There is not a bird to sing,
And all in a row on the leafless vine
The sharp white icicles cling.

Oh, what does it matter to baby!
Her world is warm as a nest;
The song that her mother sings her
Is the music she loves best.
She laughs to hear in the twilight
The bleak winds whistle and blow,
And the small white icicles swing and ring
Like crystal bells in a row.

THE FORT ON ABBOTT'S HILL.

BY JAMES OTIS.

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TRIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

"THERE won't be any school to-morrow, you know, an' we'll have all day to work at it. We can commence right after breakfast, an' by the time the Dean boys know what we're about, it'll be all done."

"But where'll we build it?"

"On the top of Abbott's Hill, by the school-house. You see that's the best kind of a place for a fort, 'cause then when the boys come to take it, they'll have to come up the hill, an' we can pop 'em off as easy as anything. Here's the way we'll build it," and Billy Chick marked out on the snow a very elaborate plan of the fort he proposed to build on Abbott's Hill.

"But if the Dean boys an' Art Pierce see what we're doin', they'll try to stop us," said Tommy Eaton, timidly; for he knew, as well as did all the boys in Bucksport, that the three boys he had spoken of had openly declared that no one but themselves should have a snow fort that winter. These three had announced their intention early in the season of building the biggest snow fort that had ever been seen in that section of the country; and in order that they might not by any possibility be outdone, they had threatened instant destruction to any other that should be put up. But it was already the latter part of January, and yet this proposed monster fort had not been seen. Therefore after school on Friday night Billy Chick had proposed to a number of his companions that they should defy these other boys, and by working as secretly as possible build their fort before the others knew what they were doing.

"I don't care whether they know it or not," and Billy spoke bravely, even if he did beckon his companions to follow him behind the school-house wood-shed a moment later, when he thought he saw Arthur Pierce coming up the street. "We've got just as good a right to build a fort as they have, an' if we've got any spunk about us at all, we can keep 'em from troublin' us till after it's built, an' then I guess we can hold it against a hundred just like 'em."

"If we can't do it we ain't smart," said Fred Bolen, decidedly, as he made a snow-ball and threw it at a knot-hole in the shed to show how good a marksman he was. "They don't own this town, but they think they can frighten us outer tryin' to do anything. Now I'll get up as soon as it's daylight to-morrow, if the rest will, an' I'll bring my dinner with me, an' we can have it all done by noon."

The remainder of the party agreed to follow the example of the warlike Fred, and the question of whether or not the fort should be built having been decided, the details of the work were discussed. Each member of the party was to be on Abbott's Hill as soon after daylight as possible; three were to bring snow-shovels, and the others

were to bring pails of water, for Billy had decided that the fort should be well washed, both outside and inside, after it was completed, in order that the blocks of snow should be well cemented and coated with ice.

Now talking about getting up very early on a winter morning, and actually doing it, are two very different things; but yet every boy who was to take part in the building of the fort on Abbott's Hill was at the rendezvous by seven o'clock, and each had brought that which it had been agreed he should bring.

Billy not only had a snow-shovel with him, but he also had a broom, with which the water could be laid over the snow to form the armor of ice, and his dinner, which he carried in his father's satchel, was quite enough for three boys. All were bent on work, and if their fort could have been as strong as their resolutions were, nothing but the sun could have destroyed it.

A spot on the brow of the hill had been selected as the place where the fort should be built, according to Billy's plan, as announced the night before, and when the party were there it surely seemed as if they might build such a defense of snow as would resist almost any ordinary attack. Abbott's Hill was steep, and if the enemy should approach from the front, as it seemed only reasonable they would do, the defenders would have the advantage of shooting down-hill, while the attacking party could hardly be expected to aim correctly when throwing their shot up a steep incline.

But Captain Billy forgot one very important thing. The school-house stood just behind the fort, and the solid stone steps formed a vantage ground whence an enemy might open a galling fire upon the garrison. The idea that this situation might be taken advantage of had not occurred to him, and it was just this particular lack of foresight that worked the ruin of himself and his army.

The snow was nearly three feet deep on the hill at the spot selected for Fort Defiance, as Billy had proposed calling it, and after a hollow ten feet square had been made there was already so much shelter in it that Captain Billy and his party felt certain of success in their undertaking.

"Why, them fellers never can git up here," he said, as he cut out big blocks of snow which the sun was beginning to soften sufficiently to make them hold well to each other. "It won't be long now before we have the walls up, an' after our snow-balls are made, as many as wants to can try to tear it down, an' they'll find it hard work even to get up to it."

The snow was sufficiently moist to cut well; but the sun was so warm that the plan of coating the fortification with ice by drenching it with water seemed well-nigh hopeless, for there was no chance that it would freeze.

Every boy worked with a will, knowing how necessary it was to have the building well along before the enemy should discover what they were doing, and the walls of the main structure were fully two feet above the surrounding snow, when Tommy Eaton cried out, excitedly:

"There they are! There's a whole crowd of 'em comin' now!"

Captain Billy leaped on to the parapet of snow, while all his soldiers, save Tommy, who seemed incapable of action, began to prepare a quantity of snow-balls for immediate use. It was some moments before any of the "crowd" Tommy had spoken of could be seen, and then they had dwindled down into a very small crowd indeed, for there was no one in sight but Art Pierce. Even he had not come there on any warlike mission, for he was drawing on his sled a basket which he was evidently taking to his grandfather's, and he might have passed by at the foot of the hill, ignorant of what Billy's army were doing, had not Tommy's cry of alarm attracted his attention.

"Come out here an' look at your crowd," cried Captain Billy, as he brandished his arms as if he were about to fire

a shot at the solitary enemy, even though he knew he could not send a snow-ball half the distance.

But Tommy was spared the trouble of replying, for almost before Fred ceased speaking the boy at the foot of the hill shouted:

"What are you fellers doin' up there?"

"Come up an' see when you think you can get here," answered Billy from the wall; and his army set up such a warlike shout that there could be no doubt as to their intentions in case Art should attempt to come up.

"Are you buildin' a fort after we told you what we was goin' to do?" and the errand to his grandfather's was forgotten for the time being by Arthur, as the fact that these boys were disobeying the command of himself and his friends dawned upon him.

"Looks like it, don't it?" replied Captain Billy; and then, in a lower tone, he ordered his troop to make up a quantity of snow-balls, in case they should be attacked by this one boy.

"Well, you wouldn't be doing it long if I didn't have to go up to grandfather's with this molasses," shouted Arthur, as he sent a snow-ball half-way up the hill as a token of what he would do if he could. "But you jest wait, an' see how long that thing will stand."

"All right; we'll wait," shouted Fred, tauntingly; and Arthur started away at full speed, not because he was afraid he might be attacked, but that he might do his errand quickly, and then rally his forces for a battle.

"They'll all be here pretty soon now," said Captain Billy, as he leaped from the wall, and began to labor at lifting the heavy blocks of snow that had been cut out ready to form the defense. "We must rush things along just as fast as we can, an' while we're buildin' the fort Tommy had better be makin' up a lot of snow-balls, for while he's doing that he can be behind the wall if the other fellers should come."

Tommy could make no reply to this rather ungenerous remark, for he knew he deserved it; but he obeyed the order at once, hoping by his activity to atone for his lack of courage.

"It won't take him more'n five minutes to go to his grandfather's, and then he'll be up here with the other fellers," said Fred. "We shan't have any chance to cover the fort with ice, for they'll get here before we have it done."

"Work fast, an' make it as high as we can before they do come," shouted Captain Billy, and he set the example to his soldiers by working as he had never worked before, even when he had tried to dam Grant's Brook the year before, and nearly flooded the clover field.

It was really astonishing how rapidly the walls of Fort Defiance rose after Arthur Pierce had made his appearance; inch after inch was added to the structure, until it was nearly as high as the boys' heads, and Billy had dashed water on now and then, although the sun shone so warmly that it did not freeze, as had been expected.

Tommy had made a large pile of snow-balls, and was bringing more material into the fort, when a cry from Captain Billy caused him to drop the shovel, and shelter himself as before.

The Captain had caught sight of a party of boys at the foot of the hill surveying the fortification that had been erected against their express commands.

"Here they are! Everybody get inside, an' pepper the first one that starts to come up."

"Now I wonder if them fellers are foolish enough to think they can come up here, an' tear down this fort with us in it?" and Fred mounted to the Captain's lookout as he surveyed the motionless enemy.

"I guess they'll try it, an' we'd better all be makin' snow-balls while one watches," said Captain Billy; and leaving Fred to act as lookout, he set the example to his men, moulding the snow rapidly and deftly into smooth

round shot, which, it was hoped, would do much execution.

In a few moments the attacking party sent a few shots through the air, which were answered by a volley from the fort. There was a lively rain of snow-balls on all sides. Then, suddenly, Art Pierce and his party ceased fire, and Fred, who kept his companions aware of what the enemy were doing by announcing each move they made, called out: "They're lookin' up here an' talkin' now. I guess they're getting ready for a rush. Now Art Pierce is pointin' down toward the village, an' now—well, they've gone, actually runnin' away;" and Fred jumped outside the fort with a cry of triumph, as if he believed the battle had been won even before it had been begun.

But Captain Billy, even though he saw the enemy apparently in full flight, knew that they had not abandoned the attack, and he encouraged his soldiers to work on quite as hard as ever, preparing for the defense.

"They've only gone after some more of the boys," he said, as he began to work again at the walls. "This thing looms up kinder big to 'em when they come to look it all over, an' it didn't take 'em long to find out that there wasn't enough of 'em to do any good."

The walls were added to until they were higher than the defenders' heads, and platforms of snow were built for the soldiers to stand on when firing; the front was strengthened on the outside at the base to resist any assault that might be made, and the stock of snow-balls was increased, until it surely seemed that they had sufficient to last them during a very long siege.

Captain Billy did not neglect any precaution which might make their chances of a successful resistance any better, so far as the fort was concerned; but his qualities as a commanding officer might well have been questioned, because he never gave a thought to any attack save on the front. All his work, after the enemy had been seen, was directed to strengthening the front wall, and that portion of the fort which would be exposed to a fire from behind had been quite neglected. The rear towered up quite as high as did the front; but no pains had been taken to strengthen it, and it was hardly more than a high wall of snow that might be toppled over very easily.

When the enemy moved off in the direction of the village every one in Fort Defiance expected they would return with re-enforcements in a few moments; but after nearly an hour had elapsed, and no signs of them were to be seen, Captain Billy grew very uneasy. He feared a snare of some sort was being prepared for himself and his brave troops; but yet he did not have sufficient forethought to send out skirmishers. He thought that he was doing all that prudence demanded by keeping a watch and piling up vast supplies of ammunition.

"Now we'll stay right here till they come," he said in a tone of satisfaction, "an' when they get pretty close up we'll pelt the snow-balls right into them until they'll be glad to go back." and Billy paced back and forth in the narrow limits of the fort, feeling every inch a soldier and an officer.

How different would have been the fate of Fort Defiance if scouts had been sent out to watch the enemy. It would have been only necessary for Captain Billy or one of his men to take a short trip toward the back of the school-house, and then the delay of the enemy in making an appearance would have been fully understood.

Instead of going to the village for recruits as had been supposed, the enemy had simply gone around behind that building to hold a consultation.

Their plans were quickly laid. It would be necessary to divide the party into two detachments. The first would arm themselves with ammunition, and crawling round the corner of the school-house, mount the steps, and from the vantage ground thus obtained pour a most confusing fire

in upon the garrison. In the mean time the second detachment would crawl quietly around below the steps and charge the fort furiously in the rear with battering-rams made of brooms and shovels.

The soldiers in the fort were on the alert, and ready for any move of the enemy's that might come from the front or either side. It had been so long since anything had been seen of those who objected to the building of a fort in Bucksport, that the defenders of Fort Defiance were already feeling like victors. The lookout was still kept, but when any of the watchers glanced back at their store of shot, and then at the thick wall of snow in front of them, they felt as if no ordinary attack need concern them.

Even Tommy was brave then, and began to explain that he had been frightened only because the fort was in



THE FIRST ATTACK.

such an unfinished state that it seemed certain they would be obliged to surrender at once.

"The way things are fixed now," he said, boldly, "I could keep the whole crowd of them out alone, an' you just see what—"

"Hark!" cried Captain Billy, holding up his hand warningly, as a wild halloo was heard. Before he could say another word there was a fierce rain of snow-balls falling apparently from the sky. Then before the garrison could recover its lost wits a singular crunching sound was heard. In a moment the entire back of the fort was pressed in, while it seemed as if whole tons of snow had suddenly been launched upon them.

Every soldier in the fort was knocked down by the terrible avalanche, and each one was animated by the same desire—to escape before they were buried in the ruins of their own fort.

Whenever the head of one of the brave defenders of Fort Defiance appeared above the covering of snow that enveloped them all, the enemy on the school-house steps pelted it with snow-balls, until it was apparent to every one of the soldiers that the destruction of their fortification had not been an accident, but the work of the enemy.

Fort Defiance was nothing more than a snow-bank; the immense pile of shot but a shapeless mass of snow. And the enemy occupied the choice of positions which the defenders thought they had secured.

Under the circumstances, what could Captain Billy do? It was useless then to think of resistance, and, instead of issuing any command, he set an example of retreat, in which he was speedily followed by all his men, while from the brow of the hill the enemy poured into their disordered ranks a well-directed volley of hastily made shot.

It was not until nearly evening that Captain Billy and his men ventured back for the shovels and other things they had taken with them to Abbott's Hill, and there, on the ruins of Fort Defiance, they vowed that they would never embark in such an enterprise again without first counting the chances of defeat as well as those of success.

SOME DAINTY MORSELS FOR THE WIALES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

DID you ever think how hard it would be to describe a soap-bubble to a person who had never seen one? It would even be difficult to paint a picture that would convey an idea of its delicate beauty. I find the same difficulty in describing to you a class of animals almost as fairy-like as soap-bubbles, although they swim about in the ocean, and are honored with the high-sounding name of *Ctenophora*.

At the first glance *ctenophora* may look like a hard word, but drop the "c," and you will find it very easy—"te-noph'-o-ra." Were it possible for you once to see these charming creatures darting about in their native sea-water, their name henceforth would have a pleasant sound, and even a pleasant look, recalling to your minds lovely images of floating balloons and fairy bubbles.

Ctenophora are too small to be seen at the distance we usually are from the surface of the ocean, so the best way to observe them is in a large glass jar. On a calm day a jar of water dipped from the surface of the ocean is pretty sure to contain some of these beautiful creatures, although it may be that several jarfuls will have to be raised before the search is successful.

Upon looking closely at the little captives you will find them to be jelly-like melon-shaped bodies, with bands running from end to end like the ribs on a melon. They are almost transparent, and if it were not for the prismatic colors that play upon their sides as they glide through the water we could scarcely see them. If the *ctenophora* sporting about in the jar should swim in between you and any object beyond the jar, you can still see the object distinctly through the transparent bodies of these interesting animals. Fig. 1 shows the form of one of the *ctenophora*, but it gives no idea of its delicacy.

The soft bodies of the *ctenophora* and their manner of life may remind you of jelly-fish. Still, their structure is far more complicated, as we may observe through the clear substance of which the body is composed. When taken from the sea-water they lose their shape, and nothing is left but a film which is almost invisible.

The thought has perhaps already occurred to you that such animals as these, with jelly-like bodies, could live nowhere but in the water. Many of them have no means of pursuing or of catching their prey, and they obtain only such food as is floated to them by currents in the water.

Although the *ctenophora* look so fairy-like, they devour a large number of animals, and they seem to prefer their own kindred. The mouth is at the upper end of the body, and when it opens, the food floats in and is quickly digested. In addition to the cavities necessary for digesting food, there is a set of canals within the body for the circulation of water.

The *ctenophora* swim about with exquisite grace, still they have no arms, no legs, no fins, to swim with. What need have they of any such organs? Their cilia are quite sufficient (the word *cilia*, you remember, means eyelashes). Those eight stripes we see running from one end to the other in Fig. 1 are bands of muscles on which are arranged comb-like fringes of cilia, which wave rapidly in the water, and give to the animal its lively motions. Indeed, it seems as if the fairy-like creature could not keep still. How can it keep still when these impatient cilia are striking the water? They send the little thing round and round, darting up and down, till we wonder which way

it will go next. The cilia, being worked by muscles, are under the control of the animal, and are used upon the same principles that are applied by the oarsman in steering and propelling his boat.

These eight bands of cilia add greatly to the beauty of the dainty creatures. Their rapid motion separates the rays of light that fall upon them, and produces down each band a flash of rainbow colors. In fact, the cilia are so important and characteristic a feature of the ctenophora that I want you to become perfectly familiar with them. The appearance of these hair-like organs is much the same wherever they are found, and they show very distinctly on the gills of the mussel (Fig. 2). These gills are fringed with countless cilia, which under a microscope may be seen in rapid motion, producing a continual current of water in one direction. Their motion is regular, like that of the heart. The little plates forming the gill lie side by side naturally, and unless we looked very closely, we might think the gills consisted of only one piece. The plates are pulled apart in the drawing to show the cilia more distinctly.

It is interesting to notice the various uses of cilia in different positions in which they occur. Sometimes, as

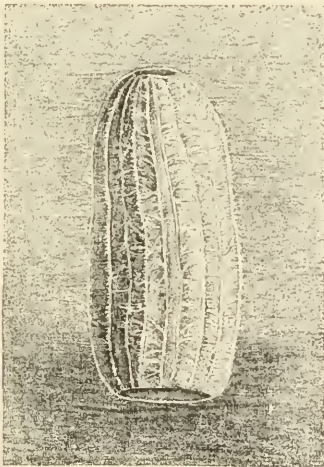


Fig. 1.—CTENOPHORA.

in the ctenophora, they propel the animal by striking the water like a multitude of tiny oars. Sometimes they surround the mouth, "and by their incessant action produce a small whirlpool, into which the food is sucked." In other cases their office seems to be to supply the needful air by keeping up a continual current of water, there being as much air in the water as these animals need. On the other hand, we must not imagine that cilia are confined to the lower animals living in the water. They serve important uses even in our own bodies. For instance, the air-passages leading to our lungs are lined with cilia, which are constantly lashing the air, and beating back particles of dust and other impurities which it contains. Were it not for the cilia, these impurities would reach our lungs, and produce irritation.

The beautiful ctenophora, idly sporting in the water, and seeming to have no aim but enjoyment, do not lead lives that are entirely useless, since they form the chief food of the Greenland whale. Do you not think these are dainty morsels for whales to feed upon? There must be a good deal of nourishment, though, in their transpar-

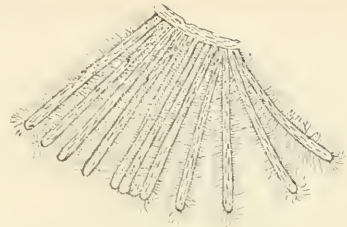


Fig. 2.—CILIA ON THE GILLS OF A MUSSEL.

ent bodies, for the whales grow enormously large and fat. It takes a great many ctenophora to make a meal for the monsters. Large shoals of them are met with in arctic seas, and as the whales swim through the water with their large mouths hanging open, they catch the ctenophora on their whalebone fringes, and swallow a mouthful at a time.

In certain parts of the Arctic Ocean the water is of a grass green hue, and is quite opaque. It is commonly spoken of as the "green water." Its peculiar appearance is caused by the immense number of ctenophora it contains. These frolicsome little beings, living so thick and close as to color the water, are too small to be seen without a microscope. The rose-colored idyia, a species of ctenophora, is three or four inches long. It sometimes occurs in such numbers as to tinge large patches of the sea with its rosy color.

All the ctenophora are phosphorescent. They are abundant on our own coasts, and are often left on the shore at low tide, yet their beauty can only be seen as they glide through the water like fairy balloons. The eggs of some species escape singly, others are laid in strings or masses of jelly, and the young ones hatch out in the same form as the parent.

A jarful of sea-water dipped from the end of a pier one bright summer day contained four ctenophora, and made a whole party glad for an hour. It was a great delight to watch these dainty creatures darting hither and thither, sinking and rising again, or resting on their oars, according to their own sweet will. Sometimes we could not see them at all, though we knew they were in the clear water before us; then a flash of bright colors burst upon us, and we followed their devious course by their glitter and sparkle. How we wondered and admired as we gazed, longing to know more of that mysterious thing we call life, and yet know so little about! These animals, we say, are constructed upon a simple plan, yet the secret of their existence is past our finding out.

One of these captive ctenophora was smaller than the others, and more nearly spherical. It belonged to the species *Pleurobrachia*, which you will see represented in Fig. 3. This was our especial favorite. At times it would throw out two long slender tentacles, which were ornamented on one side with delicate tendrils. Upon some sudden fancy of the animal these tentacles were instantly drawn in out of sight, while at the next moment they were floating behind it for nearly half a yard. One might have supposed the exquisite creature was amusing itself by trying in how many different ways its tentacles could be curved and twisted.



Fig. 3.—PLEUROBRACHIA.

THE CRICKET AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE first star peeps within the pane
This cold and frosty weather,
When the cricket and the tea-kettle
Commence to sing together;
O churr, churr, churr, O bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

THE cricket 'neath the hearth-stone bright
Is piping summer glories;
The kettle o'er the glowing coals
Is telling sweet home stories.
O churr, churr, churr, O bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

Puss sits upon the warm soft rug
With eyes that dance and glisten;
The old folk lean back in their chairs,
And snile, and softly listen.
O churr, churr, churr, O bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

THE children gather round the hearth,
Their faces bright with laughter;
The fire-light sheds its rosy glow
On each old beam and rafter.
And churr, churr, churr, and bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

Oh, in the farmer's kitchen
These winter nights are cheery;
The bare boughs creak, the wind complains,
The world without is dreary.
But churr, churr, churr, and bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

THE papers have lately told us of a number of distressing deaths by fire. Great hotels and warehouses have suddenly burst into sheets of flame in the night, and frantic people have either perished in the dreadful blaze or, throwing themselves from windows, have been dashed to pieces in the street. I hope that none of my young friends may ever have to pass through so awful an experience. But if you should be surprised, at night or in the daytime, by the presence of smoke in your rooms, do not lose your wits if you can help it.

Remember at such a moment that although you are in great danger, there are friends near who will try, if possible, to come to your assistance. Do not open doors or windows wildly, and waste no precious moments in standing and screaming for help. Instead, think if you can of the straightest way out, quickly wrap a thick shawl or blanket around you, covering your head and your hair, and then creep on your hands and knees to the door or the stairway. There is always air to breathe near the floor.

If you are in the room with others, and a lamp is upset or some floating drapery takes fire, recollect that you must smother the flames by throwing a rug on them, pulling curtains or hangings down, and covering them with a carpet or a quilt, or in some similar way stop the current of air on which fire feeds. If a child's apron catches from the grate or stove, wrap a shawl or blanket about the little creature promptly, and roll her on the floor.

You can not be too careful with regard to matches, candles, and lamps. Those of you whose homes are lighted with kerosene or other oils should ask the person who takes care of the lamps always to fill them in the morning, never doing so after night-fall. A properly filled lamp is not likely to explode. Servants should be warned to be extremely careful in the use of kerosene. They should not be allowed to pour it upon their kindling-wood in order to light a fire quickly. Make it a rule never to trifle with fire, which is a great comfort in its proper place, but a dreadful foe when beyond our control.

REG.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

CHAPTER I.

THE train was rushing along so fast that Reg was forced to give up counting the telegraph poles, and still Aunt Susan fretted lest they should be too late.

"Twenty minutes behind time—twenty minutes, do you hear, Reginald?" she kept repeating, fixing her sharp gray eyes on her nephew as sternly as if it were his fault that a coupling had broken two miles back.

"How we are ever to get through that dreadful city and down to the ferry by four o'clock I don't know— Now, Reginald, do stop twisting about so in that chair; you make me dizzy;" and poor nervous Aunt Susan Brax patted one hand against the other, as if she longed to box somebody's ears—a thing she had never done in her life.

"Well, I don't like these palace-cars half as much as the other kind, anyway. You can't get a bit close to the window;" and as he spoke the boy began playing a spiteful tune on the one leg of the parlor chair with the heels of his shoes.

"There, now!" cried Aunt Susan, in an angry whisper. "Did any one ever see such an ungrateful boy? Two dollars extra I paid to ride in this car, and this is the thanks for it! But we've only one life to live, and— Oh, deary me, if we miss that boat! It's nearly three now, so—" But the conductor came along just then, and for the space of five minutes Miss Brax forgot everything else in trying to ask all the questions she could think of concerning trains and ferry-boats.

She was the only sister of Reg's mother, and had never had anything to do with children until Mr. and Mrs. Robinson went to Europe for their health. Then there being no one else with whom to leave Reg, on the way from Maine, where the Robinsons lived, to Boston, where they were to take the steamer, he was dropped at the little New England town in which his mother had been born, and where Aunt Susan kept house by herself in the old home-stead.

Now Reg was not a bad boy, but then he was a *boy*, and having had very slight previous acquaintance with Miss Brax, he shocked her at the very start, not only by attempting to call her "Aunt Sue," but also by lying in bed on the first morning until the second bell had rung.

Life at Broadfarms was not very exciting, as most of the people in the place seemed to be grown up. There was one boy, however, Phil Fairlock, who lived next door, with whom Reg had formed quite a warm friendship; but just as he began to rejoice in the fact, a letter came from one of Aunt Susan's second cousins in New Jersey, stating that she was laid up with a broken arm, and begging Miss Brax to come on at once and "see to things."

"Are the things—I mean, are there any boys?" asked Reg, when told to prepare himself for the journey.

"Boys? No indeed," retorted his aunt. "There's only Cousin Sarah herself and her husband, John, ten years older, and quite deaf."

"Oh dear!" sighed Reg. And Aunt Susan thought it very good in him to take the afflictions of others so to heart, until he unluckily added, "Couldn't you leave me behind—at the Fairlocks'?"

"Mercy on us, child! what are you saying? Two boys in one family!" and Miss Brax looked a whole series of exclamation points at the bare suggestion.

So the front part of the rambling old house was shut up, and the cook, with her husband, the gardener, left to live in and defend the rear, while Miss Brax and her nephew departed for— But Reg did not even know the name of the place, as whenever he attempted to ask questions on the subject Aunt Susan implored him not to

bother her, adding that "children should be seen, not heard."

But then the good lady was very nervous about traveling, especially as on this occasion she would be obliged to pass through New York, and it was in the fear that something horrible would happen to her while in that city that she had arranged to make the connection with the New Jersey train as close as possible. And now she was alarmed lest she had overreached herself.

As soon as the conductor had torn himself away, Miss Brax, with nervous fingers, noted down in her little blank-book the directions he had given her, and then announced in solemn tones to her nephew: "Reginald, we shall be obliged to make use of that contrivance of this modern age upon which I have always looked with the supremest horror—the elevated railroad. Otherwise, the conductor tells me, we shall be left. Oh, deary, deary me! why *did* Cousin Sarah stumble over that water pail?"

Reg's heart gave a quick bound of joy. Phil Fairlock had told him something about the cars in New York, which ran along as high as the second-story windows, and now to think he was not only to see the wonder, but actually to become a part of it! Just then, however, the train entered the long series of tunnels leading to the Grand Central Depot, and Aunt Susan kept him so busy hunting about among the racks and hooks for possibly forgotten articles as to leave him no time to think about future delights.

"Keridge, ma'am! Keridge! ker-r-idge! Right this way, anywhere you like, ma'am!"

Poor Miss Brax! these cries nearly drove her wild, as, clutching Reg with one hand and her well-worn carpet-bag—which she would trust to no one else—with the other, she passed from the station to the street. Then she had no sooner escaped the hackmen than a small boy stationed himself at her side, and stretching out his hand toward the precious satchel, was about to ask leave to carry it, when Aunt Susan, mistaking him for a thief, called, "Police!" and fled faster than ever in the direction of the elevated road on Sixth Avenue.

On reaching the latter they rushed up the nearest stairway only to find, after the tickets had been bought, that they were on the up-town side, and consequently would be obliged to go down-stairs again, cross the street, and ascend to the station opposite.

When informed of this fact Aunt Susan, flushed, with bonnet awry and her gray curls dancing up and down excitedly, looked so terrible in her anger that Reg trembled as he followed her. By the time they had reached the street, however, she had grown so white and walked with such tottering steps that he was about to venture a word of consolation, when she suddenly dashed forward, and pushing Reg on ahead, hurried up the other steps *almost* two at a time.

"Run, Reginald, run!" she cried. "Don't you see the train coming?"

But unfortunately Reg had at that instant caught sight of a balky horse in the street below, and was craning his head over the railing to look at it, which so exasperated his aunt that she boxed his ears, and gave him a push which sent him sprawling up the stairs.

Now Reg ought to have comprehended Miss Brax's state of mind and carefully avoided giving her any cause for anxiety; but then, he argued to himself, he had only halted for the least fraction of a minute, and his ear tingled so, and no one had ever struck him before; so Aunt Susan must— But just then Miss Brax gave him a second push, dropped two tickets into the box, and— But Reg did not wait to be shoved a third time. With a bound he rushed for the cars, which were about to start, gained the platform of one of them, the gate clashed to behind him, and—he was off down-town alone, for Aunt Susan had been left!

It took Reg quite five minutes to comprehend his situation, and it was not until he had walked twice through the four cars composing the train, without discovering a single familiar face, that he sat down in a corner to seriously confront the fact that he was lost. If he had only known what ferry they were to take, or even the name of the town to which they were going, he might have inquired his way to the river and waited there for his aunt.

"I'll get off at the next stop and run back as hard as ever I can," he resolved, never dreaming that the distance was ten blocks, and that before he could have covered half of it Aunt Susan would be off searching for him elsewhere.

As soon as the conductor sang out the name of the next station Reg was on his feet, and eagerly waiting for the cars to stop, when he ran down the stairs and up the crowded avenue like a deer.

But as he tore along, a new difficulty occurred to him. Before he could reach the station platform he would be obliged to pay his fare, and as a fifty-cent piece was all the money he had, he began to wonder what might become of him should he fail to find his aunt. He therefore doubled his speed, and bounding up the steps, recklessly threw down his money. Then on receiving forty cents and his ticket, he dashed out on the platform only to find a man smoking a cigar at one end of it, and a girl with a baby in her arms at the other.

"Did you—did you see a lady," Reg began, tremulously, approaching the gateman as a last resort—"a lady with—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the man, impatiently, as he let Reg's ticket down with his sort of pump-handle arrangement, "I've seen a hundred on 'em."

The boy turned away, and walked slowly down the stairs. A hundred ladies on one spot! Then how many there must be in the whole city, and how could one poor little boy, with only forty cents in his pocket, ever hope to find his aunt Susan among them?

"Where is she now?" he wondered. "Is she very sorry she's lost me? Maybe she's glad." And as the evil thought entered his head it appeared to find a snug little nook there all ready to receive it, where it grew and flourished, until at last Reg was almost ready to believe that his aunt had brought him to the city on purpose to get rid of him, and that he was a very much abused boy, and consequently quite a hero. That he was awfully hungry he realized only too keenly when, in the course of his aimless walk along the avenue, the inviting odors from a bakery drew him to the window, and then into the store, where he lavished twenty cents on a cake which it would have horrified Miss Brax to have seen him even look at.

While he ate it, standing there by the counter, he tried to feel very brave and manly, taking care of himself in New York, and free to go where he chose; but it was no use. When he thought of the night, and of his three meals for the next day and the next, and only twenty cents left in the pretty little purse his mother had made for him, the sob that wanted to come up and the last piece of cake which was just going down met in his throat, and he hurried out into the fresh air of the street.

But which way should he go? He brushed a tear away with his coat sleeve, which he noticed was covered with dust and dirt, for in his wild course from one station to another he had run against all sorts of things. However, he could not bear to stand still, and he was endeavoring to decide in which direction lay the depot, when his eye was caught by a fancifully decorated sign-board across the way, setting forth the fact that here was situated "Smith's Theatre."

To Reg the words had a sort of magical appearance. On two glorious red-letter days of his life he had been to the circus, but the inside of a theatre was known to him



"THE GATE CLASHED TO BEHIND HIM."

only by Phil Fairlock's glowing descriptions of a pantomime he had once witnessed.

For the moment Reg forgot his dismal prospects as he gazed at this temple of all joys, as he considered it. People were going in now, and as the boy stood watching them, he wondered if he could not take just one peep. The temptation to try at least was not to be resisted, and hurrying over, Reg mingled with the crowd. The next moment, to his extreme amazement, he found himself in the auditorium without a word having been said to him about tickets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STORY ABOUT MR. DU CHAILLU.

BY MISS L. M. CRANE.

"WHAT shall we do with you, and what will have become of us by the time your visit comes to an end?"

That is what a South Carolina lady, whom we will call Mrs. L., said to a gentleman who was her guest.

"What!" I hear on all sides. "Why, the geographies say Maine is noted for ice, lumber, and fisheries; Connecticut, for clocks and cutlery; New York, for wheat; and South Carolina, for its hospitality. Is that South Carolina hospitality, for a lady to suggest that she may feel relieved when the time comes for a gentleman, her guest, to leave her house?"

Besides that, the gentleman was the valued friend of

her husband, and was the great traveller Mr. Du Chaillu. More eyes open now, I think. Well, I'll tell you how it came to pass.

When the terrible war between the Blue and the Gray ended, the schools of the South were found to be all broken up. Many Southern families had neither homes nor means of any kind, whilst many who still had their homes had no means for employing teachers in their families. And then it was that the lady of our story, Mrs. L., and her husband, Rev. Dr. L., resolved to do what they could for the education of their poor country people.

By the expenditure of much of their limited income, and at the cost of great self-denial, they built in their own yard several halls for recitation purposes, and added to their old family home several rooms for teachers and boarding pupils.

Having then secured accomplished teachers for all the substantial branches, they invited parents to try the school.

The girls, large and small, flocked in from all quarters of that State, and from some neighboring States. Those who could pay at all were expected to do their share;

but many could pay little or even nothing. Dr. and Mrs. L. now felt that a great and responsible charge was theirs, though there was to be no gain in purse to them.

Toward the close of one winter it was noised through the school that Mr. Du Chaillu was coming to visit Dr. L. If the scholars had been asked, "Who is Mr. Du Chaillu?" they would have said, "Why, he is the great traveller in Africa; he is the man who discovered the gorilla, and he is coming to see Dr. and Mrs. L. because he knew them in Africa and then in New York."

You see, Dr. L. had talked to the girls about Africa, and about Mr. Du Chaillu, and had lent all his books to this one and that one, until every one felt almost as if Mr. Du Chaillu was a personal friend.

At last the train left the expected guest at the station, and Dr. L. and his man Friday, named John, actually brought the gorilla-hunter, all alive and well, home to the white house amongst the pines and mock-orchards, just in time for tea.

Every one, I think, felt perfectly at home in about half a minute with the hero of the place.

As soon as the scholars began to assemble the next morning, Mr. Du Chaillu was on the play-ground to make the acquaintance of— Ah! I forgot to tell you, didn't I, that some of the scholars' names were Bob, Jim, Frank, Norwood, and plenty more which did not apply to girls, but meant some of the little boys of the neighborhood who attended the "Institute."

It was to see these boys and the little girls that Mr.



THE GORILLA.

Du Chaillu went out. Scarcely had he reached the playground when there came back such a peal of laughter, such shoutings and clappings of hands, that all the grown folks ran out to see what could be the matter.

But the school bell soon put an end to the excitement, and it was renewed only at recess.

After school, however, came the genuine fun. The little ones were out-of-doors at play, and the older ones were in the school-room preparing lessons, writing letters or compositions, or amusing themselves.

Mr. Du Chaillu having told the little ones gorilla stories, proposed they should "play gorilla." One of the number was chosen to personate the curious animal, while Mr. Du Chaillu explained to him how the gorilla would act in his native forests.

Then such scamperings followed! Over the fences they flew, through the garden, over the balustrade, around the houses, and finally into the school-room, barring the doors and windows. All this time the gorilla was here and there grinning, beating his breast, chasing sharply his flying victims, and now he followed to the school-room, banging at the doors, beating at the windows, assailing in every direction, and roaring terribly. Ah! it was exciting to the utmost.

Within, the hunted ones were shrieking, laughing, trembling, fully imagining they were in fearful danger.

And this sort of fun went on every day for two or three weeks, until the teachers declared they had no control over the scholars. They talked in study hours, whispered in school, and all that could be heard was "gorilla," "snake," "Africa," "Du Chaillu," "Ashango Land," "dwarf." On slates and blackboards, instead of the ordinary examples and problems, they drew snakes, lions, and gorillas. In short, every idea of every pupil, every day and all day long, seemed to begin, continue, and end in gorilla-hunting.

At least one boy even dreamed of him; for, crying out in sleep, he was asked, "What's the matter?" and replied, "Chally gorilla did say boo to me."

By this time Dr. and Mrs. L. began to feel uneasy. They said, "Here are all these young people intrusted to us for the culture of their minds, and although work must be mingled with amusement, everybody knows what too much play does with Jack and Jill; so we must really try to bring our young folks back to work."

Then Mrs. L. called Mr. Du Chaillu to her, and said to him what stands at the beginning of this story of ours. She said more than that to him, for she told him how every one had enjoyed his visit more than any other visit that had ever been made by any one else to that neighborhood. She told him that the boys and girls were beginning to forget how to work at their books, and if they cared only for fun, and not for learning geography and grammar and arithmetic and algebra, "why, you know, sir, they will never be great travellers or writers like you."

So Mr. Du Chaillu laughed and said he would not teach the boys and girls any more games, but would allow them to settle down again to their books. He paid some farewell visits, and everywhere he played dolls with the little girls, and said pleasant things to the big girls, talked guns and hunting and horses with the older boys, frolicked with the small boys, and greatly delighted the hearts of the fathers and mothers.

One lady was so well pleased with him that she named her little son "Paul Du Chaillu." Little Paul, or Paul junior, says, "When I get to be a man I mean to take my gun and go to Africa, like my Chally."

Now you know why Mr. Du Chaillu left us; and he has not yet paid us another visit. I think he will come again, however, for every few months some of his friends amongst the pines and mock-oranges are asking, "When is Mr. Du Chaillu coming to see you, Mrs. L.?"

And Mrs. L. replies, "Some time or other, we hope."

SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

BY DAVID KER.

"NO sign of a sail yet, Jim?"

"Nary one, Jack. I guess our time's come."

Jim Hackett had indeed some cause for saying so, and he said it in a dejected tone, which was rare indeed with him. To be afloat on a boundless sea without knowing where one is, or having any means of finding out, is an awkward matter at best; but to be afloat in the middle of the Pacific, without food or water, in an open boat, under a scorching sun, with not a sail in sight, might well make the bravest man despair.

Slowly and wearily the two worn-out men (sole survivors of the fearful disaster which had destroyed their vessel and all their shipmates) rose to their feet and strained their blood-shot eyes over the bright, merciless sea.

"Not a sail anywheres," repeated Hackett, despondently; "and we can't catch one o' them fish that's a-frolickin' around the boat by hundreds. God help us!"

"So He will, my boy, never fear. D'y'e remember how, when we two were at school together in the old Bay State, our old teacher used to be always spinning a yarn about some captain who (when his ship was aground and likely to go to pieces any minute), after he'd given his orders and done all he could, said his prayers and lay down to sleep; and the Admiral, when he heard of it, said he was the bravest man he'd ever known? Now, Jim, let's just say *our* prayers, and then have a nap; for I reckon we've done all we can, and the rest's in better hands than ours."

No ear but God's heard the short, simple prayer which the doomed men uttered, in their extremest need, from the midst of the desolate sea. A few minutes later both were sound asleep under the scanty shelter which the rag of sail could give against the life-destroying heat of the sun.

They slept for some time, but at length the increasing coolness of the evening air after the scorching heat of the day began to have its natural effect upon the two sleepers. They awoke almost at the same moment, rubbed their eyes, and then sat up and looked around them.

The sun was beginning to sink, but everything was still as light as noonday, and a fresh breeze had sprung up, ruffling the smooth surface into countless ripples.

"Jim," cried Jack, suddenly, in a tone of great excitement, "your eyes are better'n mine: look out there to the nor'west, and see if you make out anything."

"I guess I do," cried his companion, joyfully. "Hold on a minute till I make sure. Yes, it is, sure enough—it's a sail!"

With clinched teeth and straining eyes the two east-aways stood watching the distant speck on which hung their only chance of life. All at once a kind of spasm shook their rugged faces as it became terribly evident that the course which she was steering would not bring her anywhere near their boat.

They tried to signal with the remnant of their sail, but it was neither large enough nor high enough to be seen at such a distance. They made frantic efforts to shout, but the feeble cry which their parched throats could utter would not have been heard fifty yards off.

Suddenly, just when all hope seemed gone, the wind shifted, and the vessel was seen to alter her course.

The eastaways raised a faint hurrah; but in another moment Jim's keen eye perceived that although this new tack would bring the ship much nearer to them than before, she would still pass at a considerable distance from them, and might very easily miss seeing them altogether.

"There's only one way now, mate," said he, firmly, "and I'm a-going to try it, for it's neck or nothing with us now. God bless you, my boy!"

A loud splash followed the words, and Jim Hackett, looking up with a start, saw his comrade's round black

head already several yards away from the boat. But he saw something else, which startled him even more, and that was a huge black object, which rose suddenly through the smooth, bright water, and darted swiftly and silently in pursuit of his unconscious comrade.

"Look out, Jack!" shouted he, with all the power of his failing voice: "here's a shark!"

Scarcely had he spoken when a second shark appeared, and the daring swimmer found himself beset on both sides at once. His only chance was to make as much stir and splashing in the water as possible, thus keeping the cowardly sea-pirates at bay; but the effort exhausted even more rapidly his fast-failing strength. What a terribly long way off the vessel seemed! and supposing she were to alter her course again, where would he be? Instinctively he glanced back toward the boat. The boat was gone!

Gone, as if it had never been—hidden behind the long smooth swells that rose high above his head every moment! There was no return for him now, for he knew not even which direction to take; and on he went, struggling for life with limbs that grew weaker at every stroke, while the cruel eyes and gaping jaws on either side drew closer and closer, hungering for their prey.

"Sam," said a keen-eyed sailor to his chum, glancing over the vessel's port quarter, "ain't that mighty like a man, somehow?"

"A man!" echoed the passing Captain, bringing his telescope to his eye. "Thunder! so it is! Put her head about, smart, and stand by to lower the boat!"

The help came none too soon, for Jack was so spent that he could only gasp out, "My mate—yonder—boat." But it was quite enough. Half an hour later Jim Hackett was safe on board likewise; and the two rescued men lived to tell their children and grandchildren the story of their adventure in the Pacific.

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARGARET BLAKE was in the garden with little David when the happy party arrived; and Rob, who had already grown well acquainted with Nan, hurried forward with beaming eyes to open the gate for her. Then they all went into the parlor, where Love's dress was duly inspected, and David's heart delighted by a game Nan had bought for him.

"Father," Love exclaimed, "just come and look!" She held up the pretty dark silk, arranging it in a most fascinating fold. Laura was near her.

"Oh!" said Love, turning around with a pretty smile, "how well it looks with Miss Laura's hair!"

Poor Laura! vanity was her very weakest point; and as Margaret Blake shook out the brown silk near to her pretty blonde hair, she turned toward the glass with a most self-satisfied expression. It might have grown more complacent had not the mirror also reflected Joan grinning, and Nan's simple young face looking at Laura's very gravely.

"Nonsense, Margaret!" she exclaimed, coloring; but she thought how hard it was she could not always have—that Jane Phillips had, for instance—becoming and *stylish* costumes. Laura's standards were regulated by a few very over-dressed young people at the Beverley Academy.

When the party drove home, Nan was filled with anxiety to tell her aunt everything. For just in those few

days a close understanding had grown up between the old lady and the child. Nan felt like a new being from the lonely little girl who had one day, two weeks ago, walked down the staircase wishing herself in Bronfield. Her aunt's heart had opened to her, and she found love enough in it to satisfy her own.

After tea Miss Rolf and Nan went into the parlor, and there on the writing-table lay two books, bound in Russia leather, and with "Annice Rolf" printed in gold letters on the covers.

"You see," said Aunt Letty, "one is for your accounts, the other is a sort of note-book in which you can enter anything you think the Traverses will need."

Nan was delighted, and Aunt Letty said she would leave her alone a little while that she might enter in her account-book the expenditures of the day.

Nan sat down in the window overlooking the terrace, and prepared her accounts carefully. Yet I am afraid this first page was rather wild in appearance. So far as figures and items read it was correct, and stood thus:

2 dresses for Mrs. Travers,	14 50
There were two suits of clothes for David, and they were 9 00	
4 collars,	30
2 shirts,	2 00
10 yards of unbleached muslin,	80
A dark skirt,	75
game and books,	8
	33 35

Nan summed up her badly spelled account, and wondered if Aunt Letty would think she had spent too much money. She wished Lanece were there to help her decision as well as her figures; and she sat looking out of the window, biting the end of her pen, and wondering if she really *could* manage these business matters successfully. But, she reflected, if she only could, what a useful life she might lead. Aunt Letty would give her money, she felt sure, for every useful enterprise; and Nan was made, as her aunt had kindly said, to be a "helper."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE day upon which Mrs. Travers and David were to take possession of their new home was one of intense excitement for all the young Rolfs. Mrs. Travers had been visited by various members of the theatrical company, one of whom—the lady in whose dressing-room Dr. Rogers had found the sick woman—had called at Rolf House to express her gratification, and offer a little purse made up among the company.

"You see, madam," said Mrs. Landor to the old lady, "we thought we couldn't go off without sending Mollie something; so we just made up this little sum, hoping it would help things along."

"I'm sure you were all very thoughtful," said Miss Rolf; "and you will be glad to know that Mrs. Travers will be well cared for."

"Well, 'n," said the other, fanning herself vigorously, "you see she wasn't brought up in the profession as I was, and she always took things hard. Travers, her husband, was a capital comedy man, but he got to drinking, and I think she led a hard life with him. She's one of those that couldn't get along even for herself; but she's as sweet and as good a creature as I ever knew. We're doing a good business now on the road, and so we thought it only fair poor Mollie should have something."

Before Mrs. Landor left, Miss Rolf asked her whether she would not like some flowers; and Nan conducted her into the beautiful garden, where she gathered a heaping basket of roses and heliotrope and other blossoms, to Mrs. Landor's great delight.

"Well," she said, standing in the garden and surveying the large handsome house among the trees—"well, I think Mollie Travers has found friends." A wistful look

* Begin in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

came into the good-hearted woman's face. "I wish my Nancy were going to do half as well in life as I know David will now. Thank you, I'm sure," she added, as Nan laid one or two more exquisite "Jaquie" roses in the basket. "I must say good-by; and if our company comes this way at Christmas, perhaps we'll find Mrs. Travers well again."

Miss Rolf said she hoped, if the company did return, Mrs. Landor would call again; and so the good woman departed, well pleased by her visit.

That afternoon had been determined upon for the taking possession of the new rooms, and Mrs. Landor had no sooner departed than Phyllis and Joan and Lance appeared, to go with Nan for the final survey and arrangements of the room. Phyllis came up the garden path with a funny little half-satirical smile just curving her lips.



"HOW WELL IT LOOKS WITH MISS LAURA'S HAIR!"

"Who in the world was your strange visitor, Cousin Letty?" she inquired.

Miss Rolf was still standing on the steps, where she had watched Nan gather the roses, and she looked a little disapprovingly upon pretty Phyllis.

"That was a very good-hearted friend of Mrs. Travers," she answered, "who brought a little purse she had made up among her associates for our poor friend."

Now there was one peculiarity about Aunt Letitia which appealed most strongly to Nan. She rarely used strong words of approval or blame, yet in all that she said it was not possible for a person, even of ordinary judgment, to mistake her meaning. Phyllis felt rebuked, and she hastened to change the subject. It was this young lady's unchangeable rule never to annoy Cousin Letty.

Nan was soon ready to start, and walked along with Joan's hand in hers, eagerly describing Mrs. Landor's visit.

"Oh," said Joan, "how much harder I should have

looked at her if I had only known that she was an actress!"

But, at all events, it was consoling to hear Nan's bright description; and as Joan remarked perhaps she would come again some day, Nan promised immediately to send for her.

They found Mrs. Holt anxious to show them how well she had cleaned the rooms, and evidently eager to know what two or three large packages which had come from Ames's contained. These were opened in the little sitting-room, and disclosed a pair of muslin curtains, some sofa cushions, and two sets of hanging book-shelves, with some cheap though well-colored blue Japanese china bowls, and a few ornaments of the blue and white ware.

Nan had not been mistaken in relying upon Cousin Phyllis's exquisite taste, even in arranging the simplest things; and added to this was so much tact that she in-

duced Mrs. Holt to put away the tawdry ornaments of the room without in the least affronting that good woman.

"My Mirandy made that," she said, dusting the glass shade of some hideous wax flowers, starting fuchsias and lilies-of-the-valley, and big white roses.

"Oh, then," said Phyllis, sweetly, "hadn't you rather put it away now, Mrs. Holt?" And so one such thing after another was disposed of, and then the little sitting-room, with its matted floor and clean walls and windows, the chintz-covered sofa and chairs, looked invitingly ready for their final touches. The bookshelves were hung at each side of the chimney-piece, and on the lower shelves they put some of the Japanese ware, in which fresh flowers could be kept. Then the few pictures—good cuts from illustrated papers, and well framed in plain oak—were hung, the

sofa cushions adjusted, and the curtains nicely draped and tied back with dark red ribbons. The white marble centre table was covered with an olive green cloth, and on it were arranged a lamp and a few books, and a lacquer box in which were pens and pencils, while an inkstand and blotter were at one side. Nan looked around the room with delight; and it certainly looked most inviting, though there was nothing in it or about it which suggested luxury. It was a simple abode; but everything was in good taste and refined.

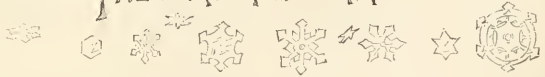
In the widow's bedroom a few comforts for an invalid were placed—a low table which could be near her bed, a nice bath, and a warm wool rug, with one or two cheerful pictures on the walls. David's little room beyond they felt they could leave more bare, since, as Nan said, "Boys are only boys." And Joan added, "And they never know what they have about them."

By three o'clock everything was ready: flowers were in the vases and bowls; the windows were open, but shaded; and Mrs. Holt was instructed to have a nice substantial tea ready when the mother and child arrived. And then

KING WINTER RULES O'er HILL AND PLAIN,
 AND SHRILL THE NORTH WIND WHISTLES,
 WHILE SNOW-FLAKES WHITE, A FAIRY TRAIN,
 FALL SOFT AS FLOATING THISTLES.



FOR LOOK, A PAINTER GREY AND OLD,
 ABOVE THE STORM ABIDING,
 WITH STARS AND SPHERES AND CRYSTALS COLD,
 THE BARE BROWN EARTH IS HIDING.



Nan told Phyllis what Aunt Letty had suggested—that Mrs. Heriot and Love should bring them to Miller Street cottage.

“Aunt Letty says,” said Nan, “that they may feel shy if we are here.”

Phyllis quite agreed to this, but Joan felt as if she would like to have watched the Traverses taking possession of their new abode; and Nan had some trouble to console her on the way home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



PLAYMATES.

Now, Kitty, learn your lesson.
The baby's picture-book
Is open for you, Kitty;
Don't shut your eyes, but look.

The naughty, naughty Kitty,
What shall we do with her?
To all the baby's coaxing
She only answers, "Purr."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

CHILDREN, did you ever think about the sun, and what a mighty wonder-worker it is? Of course you like sunshine, and are always glad when, after a period of stormy weather, the clear old sun looks out again, and sends the gloomy clouds. Let me tell you what Professor Young, of Princeton College, lately said about the sun to an audience of delighted New-Yorkers. As it was a learned lecture, I fear the children may not have read it when it was reported, although I think most of my boys and girls are quite old enough to understand what the Professor told the grown people so simply. The quotation is from the *New York Tribune*:

"We can trace to the direct action of the sun almost everything in the way of power that occurs upon the earth. Take, for instance, the water-wheel. You go into a mill and find the spindles running. The power that drives them is in the sun in this way: water runs down the channel of the river because it has been pumped up by the action of the sun and dropped upon the hill-tops, and then finds its way down to the sea again, and is pumped up again and dropped again, and again runs to the sea, and really the power that drives it is the power that works those pumps. Let the sun stop its radiation for a few days, and the water would run into the ocean, and the ocean would be filled, and that would be the end of things. Just as the man who winds his watch drives it through the next day, so the sun winds up the world. Take the wind, again. The currents of the air are produced in that way, only in a more roundabout manner, and we can trace the power of the steam-engine, when we get out energy from the burning of fuel, to the sun also.

"I suppose you know that the growth of a plant is, in some respects, very like the building of a tall chimney. The carbonic acid in the air is picked to pieces, and the carbon is united to hydrogen and other materials, and built up into an organic structure that we call a plant. The work done in building up a plant is done in much the same way as in building up a brick furnace. The iod-carrier in taking the bricks from the ground to the top. When the building comes down, if the bricks are allowed to fall, they do it all the time, and the work is done away from work that was done in carrying them up. So when we burn a tree built up by celestial heat we are merely recovering again the bottled sunshine that was stored up in the tree, and the work. Coal is the sunshine of the ages long past, probably. In fact, animal power can be traced to the same source. If I speak, or move my hand, the energy that does my work was stored away in my body some time ago by the taking of food, and that food has built me up in precisely the same way as plants are made. It is nothing but the action of the sun that makes the plants that supplies me to reach you with my voice to-night. There is hardly any work in the world that we can not trace in this way to the power of the sun. There are some slight exceptions, but it is not saying a word too much to say that if the sun should stop shining to-day, within a month all activity on this planet would practically cease. It would stop only a few minutes, but nothing would be going on. There would be complete stagnation throughout the whole universe that composes the sun's system."

S.W. HOKEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I would like to describe some of the doings of our Wide-awake Club. We meet at Aunt Eva's, as we call our kind friend, though she is not our real auntie. We stay at her house, and go out to meet every Tuesday evening. We play games most of the time. We have a new game now, Auntie made it up last Thursday. The game is

this: five of us are to go into the other room, put on masks, and play that we are robbers; then we spring out on the rest, who are passengers in a palace-car. We ask for a thing which is certain to be found in it, and stand as if in the answer you put that letter in, you have to stay under the table as a prisoner, and are not allowed to come out until all the rest come down. The one who stays up the longest wins the game. Another game ammie made up we call "Picture-Gallery." We have the clothes-horse covered with newspapers, in which holes are cut. Then some of us stand in it, and stand as if you can see the face through the holes. Then one stands up, and goes from one to the other, and says funny things, to see if he can not make them laugh. We call him the showman. The ones who keep grave take turns in being showman. The audience may make comments upon them if they wish.

We have two artificial owls—one with feathers, and one made of metal. The one with feathers is called Minerva, and the one of metal is called Diogenes Solon Franklin Zsop. We have six other members; they are five gold-fish and one water-bug. The largest gold-fish fell on the floor this morning, but it is not hurt. We used to have six gold-fish, but one died; and we once had two water-bugs, but one died. This is all I can say to-day, so good-by. BAYARD.

The story of four little girls given next in the Post-office Box was written by a very young contributor, who will very likely weave stories like Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie and Mrs. W. J. Hays and other of our fairer sisters, who shall be older. The Post-mistress is much pleased to receive original rhymes, compositions, and stories from her youthful correspondents, and whenever she can she will publish them in these cozy little columns, which are so popular with the children:

FOUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

"Oh, mother, when we were out this afternoon we met two little girls about our age, and oh! they were dressed beautifully, and their names are so pretty—they are Averie and Maggie. Please send the boys and me to come and spend the evening with us!"

"My dear children," said the mother, "I know nothing about these little girls, and, my dear, you are all older, and you and Ethel should not speak to strangers in the street."

"But, mamma, they are very nice girls, we are sure."

"I should not like to let them come here, my dear, unless I knew their parents."

"The girls were deeply disappointed. They had felt so sure of their mother's consent that they had already planned what games they would play when their new friends came."

Seeing their discontent faces, the kind mother said she would find out about Averie and Maggie, and send them to their mother.

Maud and Ethel Melville were very well brought up. Their mother was a very good woman, and very kind to the poor.

When Maud went to see the strange children, she found that their mother was an invalid, and they had mostly to take care of themselves, so they were very rude and ignorant.

She told them of the man who had come and their mother gave them permission to go. Under Mrs. Melville's sweet smiles and kind words their soon became improved. Averie and Maggie, indeed, were soon just like Maud and Ethel.

One day a merry little party set off to visit a pond about a mile from the house. They played there awhile, and then they went to explore some cave which was in the mountain. In about ten minutes when Maggie and Maud were tired, and asked Mrs. Melville if they might go back to the pond.

She said they might.

After they went. By-and-by Maggie saw a certain stick. Reaching for it, she fell in. Both Maggie and Maud gave a scream. The pond was deep and cold, and when in the water they were covered with water except her head. Maud gave another scream, and Mrs. Melville came rushing up to the other children just as Maggie was all covered with water.

Mrs. Melville, regardless of the danger, plunged into the deep pond and saved Maggie, who was as white as death and unconscious a long, long time.

After that Maggie was very ill, and Maud nursed her night and day. At last she was well, and then on Christmas-days and birthdays the four girls had splendid times together. MARY L.

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

Will you please admit little Canadian girl, aged twelve, into the Sociable? I do not often bake, but when I do, I wish my boys and girls to help. My mamma lets me make a cake or something to help her. I have a recipe of a cake, which I have tried many times, and felt very proud when mamma read the recipe, and I wanted to send the recipe, that the other girls might try it, but mamma said you would not care about it. I like to sew. During the holidays I have often washed the dishes, but I don't like to do it. Rosalie does, though perhaps I would if I had to do it three times a day, and for a large family. We

have but seven in ours, and a very happy family we are too.

I have a married sister, a brother, and two of the "cutest little ones"—Bible and Daisy—living in Brooklyn, N. Y. They were here in the summer. I would like to tell about some of Daisy's antics. I have often thought that I would like to see the dear Post-mistress read her picture, since she writes so kindly to the little folks, and I am sure the other readers would like the same. FLORA C. M.

FLORA C. M.

Flora dear, the moment you sent this number of *YOUNG PEOPLE* sit down directly and send us that receipt, specially want the little house-keepers to see that receipt, and read it. I shall be the watch for yours. If you ever come to Brooklyn to visit those little nieces, perhaps you will take a trip across the river to Franklin Square, see where *YOUNG PEOPLE* is printed, and let me give you a kiss for those pretty words of affection to the Post-mistress. But as for having you all, hundreds and thousands of you, see my picture, why, the very idea makes me quite faint.

PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old. I enjoy your paper ever so much. My papa gave it to me for a Christmas present a year ago. I thought Bertie B's letter in No. 166 was real good. I shall love to like Mr. Stubbs' Brother, and Jimmy Brown's stories, and "Talking Leaves."

One day a carriage drove up to the house, and what do you think was in there? The driver handed me a great big black and white cat. We call him Spot. He is a big fat fellow, and a great hunter. One day he caught an owl, and he has caught two or three squirrels. The woods are near us, and Spot has a good opportunity to go hunting. He is in my lap while I write.

I have two sisters and no brother. I wish I did have one. We have another cat named Muff; it is gray. Bertie has put all the time. We do not like snow. When she is out-doors she jumps up to the window and meows to be let in. Spot is real pretty. With love I will close. E. S.

AN ACROSTIC.

Radie, my baby, she wonders, I know,
At papa for staying away from her;
Can't understand why so much he must roam,
How always "bizness" won't let him come home.
Eyes like twin violet, so blue and so bright;
Fur like a great black and white cat.
Far off in fancy, I hear of and o'er
Her dear little feet trotting over the floor;
Upstairs and downstairs all the day long,
Trilling and chirping all the time,
Coaxing gray kitten to shut up its eye,
Hanging her dolly's wet clothes out to dry;
Ironing, scrubbing, and sewing things too—
Nobody knows what she will do to-day,
Says baby, were you sitting upon my knee,
One arm round my neck as tight as could be,
Now how many kisses would you give to me?
PAPA.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

MILBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am twelve years old, and I have a little sister nine years old who has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* about two months, and we like it very much, especially the Post-office Box, and I thought I would like to write a letter. I saw in one of the letters that B. J. L.'s bird could not sing without breaking down, and I thought I would write and tell you what I gave our bird. We took a tin piece of salt pork and covered it with Cayenne pepper, and then gave it to the bird, whose name is Dicky, and he has sung almost ever since. We have a little dog named Tippy. E. M. M.

ANNA L. M.

I am glad the pepper prescription answered so well with Dicky. I once gave red pepper to two little mocking-birds which I was trying to raise, and they both died. So if B. J. L.'s bird is to have a pepper tonic, let it be given sparingly.

CRAWFORDVILLE, INDIANA.

Your paper is a weekly visitor at our house. I had it in my ever since it was published. I have a cat; his name is Pileas. I read it every week. I call it *Dickey's Young Folks*. I have a serial in my paper; it is not as good as "Toby Tyler," but mamma says it is a good story to be printed by a boy nine years old. I like the "Moral Pirates" was a splendid story. I want to write one as good as that in a few years. I will be a great big lumberer, and collected a nice lot of stories from Travellers. I have collected one of them myself. ALFRED E. D.

SPRING HILL, VIRGINIA.

I have for pets only my kitten and dolls. I live on a pretty farm named Spring Hill, about seven miles from Petersburg, and I have a school here, and have never been to school much, as there are no schools near us, and mamma thinks I am too young to be sent to a boarding-school yet. Mamma teaches me to read, and she says that the *YOUNG PEOPLE* is the best paper for boys and girls in the

world. I like the story of "Nan" very much, and hope that the next serial story will be as interesting. I noticed that you said all girls who would like to join the Housekeepers' Sociable must send in their names; so please put mine down. I must tell you about my Christmas presents. One was a writing desk, one a book, and I had some other things. I hope that you had a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year. MAIE G.

It is very pleasant to be taught at home by a dear mamma, and I am glad little Maie does not have to go away to a distant school, where she would very likely be lonely and homesick.

SPICELAND, INDIANA.

We have taken almost every number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have been sick for three or four days, but am able to sit up in the bed now. I have just read it better when I draw it than when I have it read to me.

I like to read so well! I draw a great deal, and almost all my pictures I draw from the YOUNG PEOPLE. I am twelve years old, and study Fifth Reader, arithmetic, language, spelling, and geography. I will finish geography in two weeks, and have a sister fourteen years old, and a brother nine years old. We have a piano, which I enjoy playing on very much. My sister and I have taken lessons on it. We have a pair of birds in the woods. We got it before it had any feathers, and fed it on hard-boiled eggs. It is grown up, and has had two green, spotted eggs. It is now out, but the parakey are there both. We have a little spotted bird once that was the prettiest I ever saw, except the two white ones we have now. It hung itself in the wires of the cage, and I buried it in the garden.

TALLAHASSEE, ALABAMA.

We live in the country, and go to school in Tallahassee, three miles from home. It is a pretty and picturesque village. There are four of us, and we drive to school in a little spring wagon, and have a merry time. I have a classmate, and summer is beautiful for wading. Our teacher gave us a lovely Christmas tree the day our school term closed. We trimmed our home with holly and evergreen, and had a Christmas party at home, for the father and mother for Santa Claus to visit us. I have a lovely little baby sister and brother—twins; they are just as sweet as sweet can be. I think "Nan" is a very good story, and I have many times read it to my mother to get my paper. I hope you will publish this letter, as it is my first. I forgot to tell you of our pranks on Christmas—of putting little leaves and nuts and string strings to our toes and then to the head, to awaken us when we turned over, that we might be the first up Christmas morning.

Wishing you, dear Postmistress, a happy New-Year, I am your friend,
LILLIE S. B.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much indeed, and have persuaded several of our friends to take it too. We live very near the water, and have a beautiful view of the Hobkirk Hill, the scene of a famous battle during the Revolutionary war, and within a stone's throw of the stream where Gates' army surprised the British while washing their clothes. It has been made a very beautiful park, and is a beautiful view. The stream is very shallow, and forms a lovely pond, dotted over with little islands, which join the shore by little fancy bridges in some places; steep hills rise on each side, and on the south it is terminated down to the water; lovely rocks climb over the stately oaks and graceful evergreens on every side; willows dip their graceful sprays in the water. It is a great resort in summer, and used for a bathing-place. The school-children wade in the stream.

When I next write I will tell some other historical items about our little old fashioned town.
MISSA B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old, and have a little sister four. I go to school when I am well, but have been sick a great deal this winter, first with bronchitis, and now the croup, and I can't go to school. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and like it very much. I love to have it read to me. I can read some of it myself, and am learning to write too.

I like "Nan" very much, but I like to hear the letters read too, and hope you will put this in.

Isn't Jimmy Brown a funny boy?

Our cat's name is Grant, and our bird is Beauty. I had a little visitor the other evening. A little sparrow tapped at the window. We let him in, and he stood all night. In the morning we let him fly out the window.
EDDIE H. B.

MARY, N. Y.

I am less fortunate than many boys, as I have no parents living. But I have a sister. She is the best, dearest, sweetest, and prettiest girl I ever

saw, and very good to me. I attend a college near here, and study Latin, Greek, algebra, philosophy, zoology, and other things. Charlie (her right name is Clarice) has studied Latin, and she helps me lots. She has graduated herself, but she keeps on with her studies, and takes German and Italian, and reads Virgil to keep her Latin from getting rusty.

Whenever I bring any of the boys home she is just as sweet and polite to them as you and I. I am very happy to see you, and I am glad to hear that you are well, and some of the boys about eighteen or twenty years old, who would not be expected to care for my society, as I am younger, often come to me with me, and are as good to me as I were their own age.

I have two pretty ants, who are very young. Aunt Sue is the jolly one, and Aunt Flo is the good one; one is sixteen and the other eight years old.

K., our class poet, wrote some verses once to Charlie, beginning:

"Beautiful eyes of azure hue,
Brown hair all of a curl,
And here you have set before you
My beat ideal of a girl."

There was a lot more—about four pages in all—and Charlie laughed heartily at it.

A boy with a pretty sister and two pretty ants, like yours, ought to be a perfect gentleman.

LANCASTERVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

I am quite a little carpenter, and just a week before the YOUNG PEOPLE came with the story telling how to make a tool chest I had made one for myself, and I have thirty-two regular carpenter's tools.

HARRY W. D.

It is very pleasant to have about a home a handy boy who can use tools, and takes good care of them. I suppose if a gate does not hang just right, or a picture needs a nail, or sister wants a work-box, Harry is the person to niftle to the work.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

Please tell me where Jimmy Brown lives; I want to write to him and ask him if he really has a sister Sue. I wish YOUNG PEOPLE would come oftener than every week, as I am impatient to read "Nan". My papa, who writes stories, told me just as I told you that his friend named Jimmy Brown; maybe that is the reason why he always enjoys the Jimmy Brown stories just as much as I do. I make up a great many stories, which my mamma says are very funny. She says when I can write a good hand I may send a story to YOUNG PEOPLE. I have no pets—not even a cat; but our next-door neighbor has *Oliver*, which, as Jimmy Brown would say, is "more enough."

CENTREVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and find it very interesting. Many of the boys and girls write to you about their pets. I have none, unless it is my mother, which I like just as I tell you about my mother. She says many things. Not very long ago the Justice of the Peace had a difficulty with a man, which ended in blows. One evening we were speaking of the impropriety of a Justice of the Peace striking a man, when my father said, "A Justice must not strike." At this, my little brother broke out with "I didn't strike anybody, and ain't in place to do it." I am a whole boy. It was very several days before he found out what my father really meant.

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK.

I want to tell you something. It is about what my mother found in a potato the other day. It was a groundnut, about half an inch in diameter; it had a shell, which was covered with short hairs. I would like to know if any other of your readers ever found ground-nuts in potatoes?
OLD PUTNAM'S PET.

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

Here is a little incident which, contrary to the usual school-boy story, has had a laugh on the other side.

In one of the higher departments of the large school in the city of Schenectady, there were a party of between teacher and scholars as to who should rule. It was not yet decided when a new teacher, apparently quite inexperienced, entered the field.

The innocent veridancy of Miss M. may have been the cause, but certain it was that the pupils gradually left the ways that were bad. They still cling to one reservation, however. They were not disposed to discountenance the terrible sin of our schools—i. e., whispering. Everything that had been tried had failed. There was one cure—that was finally to expel the pupil.

The warning had been given, and seemingly with good effect; for this had not been anxious to meet the grim-visaged personage from whom they

would receive the dismissal. The classes were called, and the scholars waiting attentively, when Miss M. distinctly heard the word "Donkey" from some one on the second bench. She turned her eyes upon the culprit. It was already thinking of the discretion to follow, and was ready for any escape. It came.

"Master L., were you talking to yourself?" calmly asked Miss M., her eyes twinkling.

"Yes, ma'am," was the ready reply.

He was not dismissed, but the shot went home.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy eight years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much. I had a jolly time on Christmas. Christmas morning when I awoke I found my stockings as full as it could be. Santa Claus was very good to me, and brought me a lovely big gun, and everything else I wanted.

Please find enclosed \$2 for Young People's Cot, which I have been saving for a long time.

Your little friend,
H. D. W.

Your contribution has been sent to Miss Fanshawe, treasurer of the fund for Young People's Cot, and you will see it acknowledged, with your name in full, in her next report.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. A piece of furniture. 3. A jewel. 4. Not wet. 5. A letter.

2. 1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A fruit. 4. An animal. 5. A letter.

No. 2.

AN ACROSTIC.

My first is a city in China.
My second is a river in the northern part of Asia.
My third is a city of Italy.
My fourth is a country in Europe.
My fifth is a city in Prussia.
My sixth is a city in Nova Scotia.
My seventh is a city in Brazil.
My eighth is a city in Tripoli.
My ninth is a city in the Russian Empire.
My tenth is a city in Tennessee.
My eleventh is a city in the northeastern part of Asia.
My twelfth is a river in Italy.
My thirteenth is a city in Ireland.
My fourteenth is a city in Illinois.
My whole is a city in Southern Europe.

HARRY W. H.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a celebrated edifice, and am composed of 10 feet.

My 8, 1, 12, 11 is a heavenly body.

My 12, 11, 5, 16 is a large body of men.

My 9, 6, 5 is a boy's nickname.

My 11, 12, 4 is a wintery creature.

My 5, 13, 7 is a human being.

My 13, 2, 10, 4 is a vegetable.

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a direction.

JOSEPH G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 167.

No. 1. S T A N D T R A M P
T Y R O R O B E R
A R T A B S
O E P
D

No. 2. P e c K
O d e s s A
L e o
K a t E

No. 3. Z A X
A L L
E A R
R E D
A R M
S I X
S A M

No. 4. S P O T A G A C E S
P A P A A R C I L E
O P A L C I T Y L
T A L L E L I Z A
S E L A I I

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Joseph P. Bolton, Meda Chase, Fanny Hassler, John Dix, Elma T., Charlie Backus, George Ringgold, "Far away Reader," Jennie Fay, Margaret Johnson, St. Clare Mockers, Royal P., M. W., and Harry Powell.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



EATING CROW.

MR. CROW. "Are you the Boy who said I was Black? Because if you are—"
 TALEBEARER. "N-I-O-O-O. I always thought you were W-A-W-H-I-I-T-E."
 [There is a great moral lesson attached to this, if any one can find it out.]

neath the rain tub in the yard, according to the custom of his kind in winter. Before this, however, he had a plentiful supply of beetles, which might serve to sustain him for many a day. He lived in a closet underneath the staircase, from which he sallied forth into his hunting ground, the kiteben. As with other beasts of prey, this occurred during the dead hours of the night.

When beetles became scarce, however, his operations were watched by the dim gas-light, and it was evident that he was guided more by scent than sight. He worked the floor as a pointer dog works his field; and when he crossed the trail of a beetle, even a few inches from him, he became excited, and putting his nose to the fresh scent, followed up his prey. Further evidence of this habit was observed by watching him at a crevice in the floor. Discovering by smell that his game was there, he inserted his hind-leg—the front one probably being too short—and grasping the black beetles with his claws, dragged them out one by one and gave them quick dispatch.

But the tameness and apparent intelligence of the animal are his most interesting characteristics. He will eat any pickings he can get, sharing the bones with the dog, lapping from his dish of water or milk, not sucking it up as a pig does.

It is very remarkable to find him "tapping at the door." If, after taking a stroll in the back yard, he finds the door of the house shut, you hear a gentle tap, tap, tap, often repeated if you don't answer. You go and gently open the door, and the little animal actually tries to look you in the face, by turning up its nose and small pig-like eyes, which you at once interpret, "Oh, thank you! I have been waiting here for some time,"

"TOMMY."

THE writer's house being overrun by beetles, caterpillars, and various pests in the way of insects, and other efforts to get rid of them having proved useless, he applied to a farmer friend to supply him with a hedgehog, which he has now had about four years.

During the first year, Tommy, as the cook christened him, retired for about two months to a bed of withered grass under-

as he mounts the step and walks in. Country boys on meeting with a hedgehog but too often think it a duty at once to kill the poor creature, utterly ignorant, like many bigger boys and older men, of the services such animals perform in the economy of creation.

THE RESTING WAND.

IT is necessary in playing the Resting Wand that at least two people should be acquainted with the mystery attached to it, and that they should make an arrangement beforehand to understand each other's movements. One of these two persons is blindfolded, and placed with his back to the company, while his companion, with a staff in his hand, stands facing them. The latter of the two then begins an animated conversation with his friends, trying when talking to them to make frequent mention of their names. Stopping occasionally, he touches some one with the wand, saying at the same time to his friend who is blindfolded, "On whom does the wand rest?" Strangers to the game will not all at once perceive that the wand is always made to rest on the person who was the last but one to speak, and that it is on account of this arrangement that the blinded person is able to mystify his friends by answering correctly the question, "On whom does the wand rest?"



"OH, WHAT FUN!"

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be taking turns like boys on a sliding pond. They would crawl up to the top of the hill, and then go flying down on to the ice and into a hole caused by the escape of the air. This they repeated continually, and seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

Jack was the first to speak. "Isn't

THE QUEER LITTLE ANIMALS THAT SLIDE DOWN-HILL.

BY W. M. CARY.

JACK and his friend Larry were making their way through the woods one winter afternoon to look at a rabbit trap that Jack had set a few days before. As they reached the edge of a little pond they saw something that made them stare at each other with open-eyed astonishment.

At a little distance from them, on a bank slippery as glass, were three small animals which they had never seen before, sliding down-hill on their stomachs, with their short legs stretched straight out behind. They seemed to

be taking turns like boys on a sliding pond. They would crawl up to the top of the hill, and then go flying down on to the ice and into a hole caused by the escape of the air. This they repeated continually, and seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

At that moment Larry reached out and broke a twig to get a better view of them. It made a loud snapping noise, and away went the three little creatures down the slide into the water, and that was the last to be seen of them.

"Why didn't we shoot them?" said Jack.

"I never thought of it," said Larry.

"Nor I," said Jack, and they both laughed to think how stupid they had been.

"I wonder what they are? We must hurry home, for it is getting late, and tell Grandpa. I have no doubt but that he will be able to tell us all about them."

On reaching home they found the old couple sitting down to tea, not knowing when the boys would be home. They told Grandpa all about it.

"Now what do you call these little animals?" asked Larry.

"Why," said Grandpa, clearing his throat, "they are otters. They must have been young ones that you saw. The old ones grow sometimes to be five or six feet long from the nose to the tip of the tail; but they are very sly and are very difficult to catch. They are very expert swimmers, and are always found where there is plenty of trout and salmon, which they feed upon."

"Old trappers say that they are the wisest of animals, being even more sagacious than the fox. I have trapped them; and disguise your trap as you will, the chances are that they will find it out, and get the bait without springing it. They will sometimes even drag it a considerable distance, chain and all. The young ones are very playful, but the old ones are always on guard to protect them and give the alarm when danger is near."

"Their skins are very valuable, owing to the beauty and fineness of the fur, and the growing scarcity of the animals. Large sums are paid for the skins, which vary in quality, some being much finer than others. Many an otter-skin have I sold, and for a good price, for in my young days they were very plenty in this neighborhood. Get that book upon the shelf there back of the clock; it is very worn, but it will tell you all about the otter family, and to-morrow I will take out my old rusty traps and see if I can't catch one for you."

"WHAT SHALL I DREAM ABOUT, MAMMA?"

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

"WHAT shall I dream about, mamma?"

"Tell me some lovely and pleasant things."

"A green meadow frosted with daisies white,

Where butterflies flutter on yellow wings.

"Dream of a little brook that lies

Cradled in leaves and mossy stones,

Like a sweet child lying with half-shut eyes,

It smiles and murmurs in low, soft tones.

"Gently its waves o'er the pebbles creep.

And it will dance in the sun's bright beams,

But now—little rogue! he is fast asleep;

May the brooklet murmur all through his dreams!"

A VISIT TO MUSCAT.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U. S. N.

"HERE we are!" said Captain Fairweather, standing on the quarter-deck, as the ship entered the harbor of Muscat.

"Why, so we are," cried Tom. "I never should have believed it. I thought there were nothing but rocks, and here is a town. But what a funny little harbor!"

As this was said the vessel rounded the great rock, cousin to the one at Gibraltar, and steamed into the cove. A fort on a high cliff commanded one end of the harbor; a fort on an opposite cliff commanded the other end. Back of the town were other fortified towers, so that Muscat bristled with more defenses than one would suppose necessary for the capital of the little Arabian Kingdom of Oman.

"Not a very attractive place," said Captain Fairweather. "It looks to me as though it had been thrown up by an earthquake, and indeed all these rocks are of volcanic origin. They must be between four and five hundred feet

high. These precipitous cliffs make the little harbor look smaller than it really is. In fact, it only measures a half-mile one way and a quarter of a mile the other. It is completely open to the north, you see, from where we entered, and when the northwest monsoon blows the sea comes in with great fury. But the harbor is entirely sheltered from every other wind."

"How awfully close together the houses are built, father!"

"Yes, everything seems to have been built with an eye to defense. Look at that wall on the land side strengthened by eight towers. Altogether the Muscatines ought to feel tolerably safe from their enemies."

"When are we going ashore?" asked Tom.

"We might have time for a little stroll now before dark," said the Captain, consulting his watch.

Accordingly father and son were pulled ashore. "I never did see such narrow streets," Tom said. "Try, father, whether you can't touch the walls on each side as you walk along. There! I knew you could. Are all the streets as narrow, I wonder?"

"Yes, so I am told. Let me see—this street should lead to the suburbs. There the streets are wider, but we have not the time to go there to-night. The Beloochees live there in very primitive dwellings, built of sticks and mats. How odd it is to see no horses or mules or camels in the streets! People have to foot it here. Two men can hardly pass each other without jostling."

"The people are all different shades of brown, scarcely two alike. How does that happen?" asked Tom.

"Muscat is made up of half a dozen different nationalities. Besides the Arabs there are Banians from Western India, Beloochees from Mekran, Abyssinians, Somalies, Nubians, and Persians. But I see no white faces thus far."

In fact, the Captain learned afterward that in a population of 40,000 there were but two Europeans, one the Political Agent, and the other a merchant in a large way of business, the agent of the British India Company.

"I must send word to his Highness Sayyid Tookri, the Sovereign of Oman, that we are here," said Captain Fairweather, on their way back to the ship. "I suppose his Highness will ask us to call. Would you like to see him, Tom?"

"Indeed I should," answered the lad.

Information of the ship's arrival was sent to the Sovereign, who immediately appointed an audience for the officers on the following day at four o'clock. The officers were also invited to go over the forts, where preparations were made to receive them, and several native officers ordered to accompany them on their tour of inspection.

Their way led through various business streets, where it was a hard enough matter for them to see their way, these streets being roofed in at a height of some twenty feet by poles or frames, on which were laid mats plastered over with mud. The only light that found its way in was through an occasional hole broken in the mud.

"It is like walking in the catacombs," said Tom, drawing on his imagination, for he had never been in Rome.

"It is not as close as one might expect, however," said his father. "They sprinkle earth and ashes around plentifully, and, besides, the heat of the outside atmosphere causes an upward current through the holes, which ventilates the streets somewhat. But, comfortable or uncomfortable, these people seem to be driving a flourishing trade in their under-ground stalls."

"What a lot of dates one sees, father! they seem to be in every stall."

"Yes, they are one of the chief articles of trade. They sell a great deal of their hulwa besides. Here is some of it," and the Captain bought some, and handed it to Tom to taste.

"It isn't half bad," said Tom. "What is it made of?" The man of whom they bought it replied to this ques-

tion in broken English: "Not the camel milk," said he. "Some says so, but not so; ghee, dat is butter, sugar, and sesame. Fruit, sir; vegetables? Very fine, sir!"

He was right—they were very fine. Apparently the living in Muscat was good. Every one looked well fed, and clean too. There were no boggars, and, what is more, no squalor.

"Those Arabs look as though they were out on the war-path," remarked Tom, staring about him. "Their girdles are stuck full of pistols and daggers; and there are some fellows armed with guns."

"But there goes the most formidable weapon," said his father, indicating a man standing in front of them. "That sword he carries is a two-handed one, with which an experienced swordsman could actually cut his adversary in two at a blow. The small round shield that man carries over his shoulder is made of rhinoceros hide."

"The Arabs look so slight and thin! Is that the reason they go armed to the teeth?"

"They are formidable swordsmen, I can tell you. What is more, they are all nearly six feet tall, I should say, but they carry very little superfluous flesh. That is the reason they look puny in comparing them, for instance, with the burly negroes who do the rough work of the place."

By this time they had reached the forts, which they examined at their leisure, Tom picking up various scraps of history meanwhile. He learned that Oman had preserved a sort of rude independence since the eighth century. Oman, by-the-way, is about the size of England. It has had to struggle for its existence with the predatory tribes around it from time to time, but it has contrived to hold its own.

Once an English gun-boat was called upon to fire over the town at a crowd of Bedouins who were trying to force an entrance into Muscat for the purpose of sacking it. The shells created great consternation, the Arabs never having seen such missiles before. They thought the shells had eyes which guided them on their mission of destruction. One shell fell in a field, and did not explode. It was immediately surrounded by a crowd of excited Bedouins, who determined to put out the eye (the percussion fuse). They struck the eye with their lances, whereupon the shell exploded, and killed eleven of them on the spot. Then the marauders departed.

On their way back to town they passed rows of dwelling-houses. These were all two stories and sometimes three stories high.

The upper stories were all divided into innumerable openings by long narrow windows, through which the air passed freely. The ground-floors were used as lumber-rooms. The roofs are the bed-chambers.

During the hot season no one can possibly sleep in-doors on account of the stifling heat. When the shamal, or hot wind from the desert, blows over Muscat, the sleepers are watered like plants. In consequence they have muscular rheumatism in Muscat.

Captain Fairweather's party included an intelligent Arab interpreter, who now pointed out to them the Sayyid's palace close at hand.

"Some people call his Highness the Imam of Muscat," said he, "but that is wrong; he is the Sovereign of Oman."

The street in which the palace stood was full of armed men, Arabs and Beloochees, his Highness's body-guard. In answer to the interpreter's knock at a ponderous gate a wicket was opened, and they were invited to enter through a small doorway in the great gate. They found themselves in a court-yard around which the palace was built, a very simple two-storied edifice. To their left, close to the gateway, was a good-sized room, in which reclined a splendid African lion, his apartment being barred off from the court.

The royal brute regarded the strangers with a certain dignified curiosity.

"He is here to awaken emotions of awe in the visitor's breast, I suppose," said Tom's father. "From one king to another, eh?"

Perhaps in order to heighten the same impression, a leopard occupied a cage in the centre of the court-yard. The animal kingdom was furthermore represented by eight or ten Arab mares of great beauty and value; their groomers lay about them on the pavement, looking comparatively insignificant.

The ascent to the audience-chamber was sufficiently primitive—a large ladder with a hand-rail. At the top of this Tom and his friends found themselves in a sort of whitewashed antechamber, in which half a dozen Arabs were standing. One of the most unpretending of these, advancing, held out his hand.

His costume was of the simplest; unlike the others, he wore a white skull-cap instead of a turban—and this was his Highness himself.

He shook hands with the party, and then himself ushered them into the next room, the hall of audience. This was also a plain whitewashed room, with a row of chairs ranged against one side, in front of which a small carpet was laid. His Highness motioned them to sit on the chairs, and then seated himself on a sofa a little apart. There was no carpet in front of him; he put his sandalled feet on a small bed about four feet long by three feet wide, and made of common bed-ticking.

Thus seated at ease, he conversed through the interpreter.

He looked about thirty-five years of age, and was tall and spare like most Arabs. His manner was grave and dignified, his expression melancholy. Tom said to himself that no sovereign could possibly be more unassuming.

"I am very glad to welcome you to Muscat," said his Highness, in substance. "I hope you are well, and that the climate will agree with you. Our weather is called very hot, but after all it is as healthy as in most places. I understand you are making a voyage around the world. I am extremely interested in foreign countries, especially in Russia and Turkey. I shall be very glad to obtain fresh information in regard to them."

Upon this suggestion Captain Fairweather began to describe points of interest in the countries named. Sayyid Toorki listened attentively, asked questions here and there, and showed himself remarkably well-informed on topics of general interest.

While the conversation was in progress coffee was handed around. Some minutes later orgeat was offered the guests—a preparation of almonds, sugar, and water.

When they arose to depart, his Highness accompanied them to the outer room, where they found the Governor of the town in waiting, and the Prince himself presented his visitors to the officers, including Tom, who tried his best to be equal to the dignity of the situation.

Finally Sayyid Toorki shook hands all around once more, and so the interesting interview ended.

"What a melancholy looking man for a King," said Tom, as he stepped through the little doorway in the big gate, and out again on the street filled with Arabs.

"He has had a hard time," Captain Fairweather replied. "No wonder he is melancholy. His father was murdered by his elder brother, and he himself spent two years in exile in Bombay before the opportunity came for fighting his brother for the kingdom. He was considered the most daring soldier in Arabia during the warfare which ended in placing him on the throne. Now, however, he is mildness personified. In fact, he seems to lack the qualities necessary for controlling the turbulent and for organizing Oman."

"You have four seasons in your country; we have only two here," said the interpreter to Tom, as they were



THE CITY OF MUSCAT.

getting into the boats. "We have a cool one, and a hot one, which will come on presently. Then the heat will be something fearful. The nights are as hot as the days, for these black rocks of ours never cool off; no furnace could be hotter during the whole twenty-four hours."

"I begin to think there is no place like home," Tom remarked, as they pulled off to the ship.

"Then you wouldn't change places with the Sovereign of Oman?"

"Indeed I wouldn't. I feel very sorry for the poor fellow."

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE next few weeks passed very rapidly. Nan had not only to think of her changes in Miller Street, who were certainly thriving, but preparations for Phyllis's birthday were going on in a very elaborate and exciting manner. A great deal of secrecy was required in the doings at the carriage-house, where there were now daily rehearsals, Nan performing the part of the Captive, and Laura that of the Knight.

There was some difficulty in making Dieksie, who was the Knight's intimate friend, conduct himself satisfactorily, as he was so exceedingly anxious to see and hear everything that was going on between his own parts that his curly head was constantly popping in; and when on one occasion it was necessary for him to appear in disguise—wrapped in some thick cloak or muffling—he absolutely refused to put anything around him but an old Nottingham lace curtain, through which, of course, every line and feature were ridiculously apparent.

Joan, as the Magician, was very terrible, especially when at one thrilling part she had to produce some music, which she did in a most extraordinary manner on a comb. She insisted upon Nan's telling her how Mrs. Landor had moved and walked, feeling sure she ought to get some "hiits" for her own performance; and Nan went into wild fits of laughter over Joan's grimaceings and daneings when the final discovery is made that the Captive is the Magician's dearly beloved niece.

There was some difficulty in arranging for the appearance of the Captive's relations, when summoned by the

Magician; but here the back window came into use, Lance offering, as he said, to "shove" them in. Bertie and Alfred represented these shadowy forms, and Lance made a frame-work, on which some pink tarlatan was stretched, and behind which the Captive's relations looked a little more ghostly than they had during the first rehearsals. But it was certainly an anxious moment when the Magician said,

"Arise, spirits of the house of Gondulfo" and a scrambling noise, suppressed laughter, and labored breathing were heard outside, with such whispered remarks as, "I say, Lance, you're pinching me!" and "O-o-oh, that's too tight!" and a very heated and panting personage would half tumble into the little space between the curtain and the pink tarlatan screen, while the Magician, with his back to the audience, played wildly on his comb, and the Captive seemed in a half-fainting condition. However, the children found a great

deal of enjoyment from the rehearsals; and when Phyllis's birthday dawned their anxiety and excitement were scarcely less than if they were to appear before a real audience.

Lance wrote out formal invitations to Miss Rolf and Miss Prior, who highly disapproved of the whole thing, to Mrs. Heriot and Mrs. Travers, and David and the Blakes. Besides their home party half a dozen young friends were invited; and the morning of the performance was spent in decorating the carriage house with boughs and trailing vines. Lance and Nan had contrived to make a very pretty banner, with Phyllis's name on it, which they hung directly above the stage.

"I say, Lance," said Dieksie, as if a wonderfully happy thought had occurred to him, "let's put on it 'In memory of her thirtieth birthday!'"

"Hold your little tongue," laughed Lance, from the top of the step-ladder. "Fancy Phyllis's look on reading such a thing! Come here, Laura, will you, just for one moment?"

Laura was in the little dressing-room they had contrived at one side, and Lance, from his perch among the greens, could look directly down upon her. Nan, at his side, could do the same, and, for some reason she could not define, a strange feeling—like distrust—swept across Nan's mind.

Laura was on her knees under one of the little windows. Before her, on a chair, was the looking-glass which they had borrowed from one of the bedrooms, and she was trying the effect of various glittering ornaments on the helmet she was to wear as the Knight.

They were cheap things; yet it was strange, when every detail of their costumes had been so openly discussed, that Laura should feel it necessary to go off by herself with something new to decide upon. The ornaments were lying in an open paper on her lap. Nan never forgot just what they looked like.

Laura started, and looked around up through the aperture where now only Nan's wistful face was discernible, Lance being occupied with some critical piece of his work. She saw Nan looking at her, and colored scarlet and jumped up, wrapping the paper jealously around the trinkets, and putting them with rather a defiant air into her pocket.

"Lance wants you," said Nan, wondering why her own voice sounded so low and constrained.

Laura came out very quickly, and busied herself for a few moments with handing Lance what he wanted. When Nan descended from the ladder, she said, carelessly,

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I was just seeing how some things I got—at—school would look on my helmet."

"Why," said Nan, "I thought you said the other day that school was all over."

"Well, *school-girls* aren't!" exclaimed Laura, positively angry. "I meant—the girls—"

Nan could not possibly have told why an atmosphere that was curious and painful seemed to hang about the rest of that morning. Not all of Lance's fun nor Joan's grinning and dancing could dispel it; and she was much relieved when Lance proposed her walking with him down to the Blakes'. He said he was afraid Love would be too shy to come, and they had better go and urge it.

"Oh no," said Nan, quickly; "Love isn't like that, Lance—she is shy, but it isn't just that way. She and I have long talks, and she only gets shy sometimes when she is giving me her advice about anything."

Still Lance insisted upon the walk; and when they were well on their way, going along the river-bank leading to the boat-house, he stopped suddenly, and said:

"Nan, I feel lately as if something queer had come over Laura. Can you think what it is?"

Nan felt more strongly than anything else a desire to do Laura the very fullest justice, and she went too far in saying: "Oh, Lance, what *could* there be? You know Phyllis has lately had to send for Dr. Rogers for her. She seems to be 'running down,' he said."

Lance put his lips together and drew up his eyebrows in the way Nan had learned to know meant annoyance or perplexity with him.

"It isn't *that*," he said, shortly; and Nan was relieved to find he let the subject drop.

The cousins found Love with her sleeves rolled up, and her plump hands busy making cake. They went around by the side door, and Love nodded to them brightly through the vines across her kitchen window. How cool and sweet and bright it all looked! was what both Lance and Nan thought; and Love, in her clean gingham dress, with a dainty apron, was the personification of what you would call a "nice" little maiden.

She was evidently pleased by their coming, and promised not to fail in her attendance at the play, with Mrs. Travers and little David. Lance wanted to linger for a chat with old Blake. Nan hurried him, but not before Love had whispered, "I'm going to wear my silk dress!"

"Oh, Lance!" exclaimed Nan, with glowing eyes, as they left the cottage, "isn't it worth *anything* to be able

to make people happy as Aunt Letty can with her money? How *can* rich people ever keep their money to themselves?"

Lance did not tell his little cousin, but he had begun to learn a great many lessons from her.

What Lance had said of Laura took deeper root in Nan's mind than she would have allowed. It was eleven o'clock when they got back to College Street, and her first thought was to see Laura; but she was upstairs, Joan said, from behind the scenes, and on going to her door Nan found it locked.

A cold lunch was prepared for the children, and Phyllis begged of them to eat it promptly.

"Now, Nan, Lance, Dickie," she called out from the second landing on the stairs, "do come down. You must remember all there is to be done to-day and this evening besides." For in the evening Phyllis was to have a "grown-up" party, at which the children had, one and all, permission to assist.

Down scurried the children, full of delightful excitement, even Laura looking a little brighter as they assembled in the dining-room where Phyllis, never to be flurried or put out of temper, quietly dispensed bread and butter and cakes and cold meat.

After this came the rush to the carriage-house, the doors



Laura trying the new ornaments on her helmet.

of which were now resplendent with large sheets of paper bearing in red paint the following words:

THE CAPTIVE AND THE KNIGHT
A MAGICAL PLAY
IN TWO ACTS
BY MISS LAURA ROLF
IN HONOR OF
THE BIRTHDAY OF
MISS PHYLLIS ROLF
AT
Two o'clock.

The barn doors were flung open at the appointed time; the guests were assembled in a few moments, and the play began.

Joan was quite the success of the piece; Laura was too conscious, Nan too much given to bursts of laughter quite out of keeping with a Princess in captivity; and the usual scurrilities took place with the spirits of the Princess's relations. One horrible moment occurred when Bertie, being flung too violently into the window, upset the pink screen, and called out,

"There, Lance, I told you I would!" This produced a laugh, of course, but it was quelled by a most awful look from Joan, who, as the Magician, had painted her face in a way which made her expression very unpleasant, and certainly had the desired effect upon the laughing audience when she turned it toward them.

The play ended, the children who had looked on remained outside waiting for the Rolfs to appear. Nan dashed into the dressing-room to enjoy a good laugh. She found Laura hastily putting away the ornaments which had decked her helmet and flowing cloak.

"Oh, why do you take them off?" exclaimed Nan.

"Because I want to!" snapped Laura. She was dressed first and hurried out. Nan was just folding up the last of her stage finery, when she saw one of Laura's ornaments on the floor. She picked it up, thinking how vexed her cousin would be to lose even one of the pretty things; but when she went out into the barn Laura had vanished. Nan put it into her pocket until she should find her cousin; but an hour later had forgotten all about it. How much reason she had to regret it later!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"YE" AND "Æ."

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

IT is a favorite practice of persons who give entertainments for churches and Sunday-schools to dress themselves like their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, and to give an "Olde Folkes" concert. In their advertisements, as all the boys and girls have probably observed, they always spell in an old-fashioned way, and use the word "ye" instead of "the."

Perhaps some of you who read this have asked why this is done, and it is pretty safe to say that not many of you have had a satisfactory answer. The most that people generally know about the matter is that our great-grandfathers nearly always wrote "ye" for "the," and "yt" for "that." And yet the explanation is very simple. In Anglo-Saxon, the language from which English came, there were two letters each representing the sound which we represent by *th*. One of these letters was β , and the other δ . Originally one of them had the sound of *th* in the word "thin," and the other the sound of *th* in the word "that"; but gradually this distinction was lost, and people used either letter to represent either sound. For a long time after English took the place of Anglo-Saxon,

people continued to use one of the old letters instead of *th*, and gradually the shape of the letter changed till it came to look like *y*. Then people got to using *y* in its place. But in writing "ye" they did not think of calling the word "ye"; they called it "the," just as we do, because the *y* meant *th*, and not *y* at all.

Another question that most boys and girls have asked without getting an answer is, Where did we get the character "&"? It is not a letter, and it stands for a word of three letters. But we have other words of three letters which are just as much entitled to be represented by a character as "and" is, and the puzzling thing is that we have a character to take the place of "and," but none to stand for "but," "the," "man," "boy," "for," etc. I never could read this riddle; but one day I asked the poet Mr. William Cullen Bryant about it, and he gave me the explanation at once. Let me see if I can make it plain with type.

All my readers know that the letters *etc.* stand for the two Latin words "et" and "cetera," which mean "and the rest," the word "et" meaning "and." Now about the time that our great-grandfathers played shimmy at school, people were fond of odd tricks and conceits in writing. They were so fond of making anagrams out of people's names that sometimes judges did it while trying cases. It was natural enough that people so fond of conceits should fall into the habit of writing certain short and familiar words backward, and many of them, instead of "and," used the Latin word "et," but they wrote it backward, thus—

" "

et

Look at it as thus written, and you will see at once that our modern character "&" is only a modified form of "et" written in that way. But "et" with *e* after it is the regular abbreviation of "et cetera," and so "&c.," which we commonly read "and so forth," is simply "etc." with the "et" written backward.

REG.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

CHAPTER II.

"OH, my!" exclaimed Reg, under his breath, as fresco and gilding, velvets and mirrors, flashed their combined charms into his eyes.

Then he looked nervously about him, half expecting to feel a hand on his shoulder, and hear a stern voice ordering him out. But no one seemed to notice him, and with feet sinking noiselessly into the heavy carpet, Reg crept around by the wall toward the stage.

"I wonder if they always let boys into theatres for nothing?" wondered Reg, as he stood still for a minute to stare at the score or so of men with their hats on who sat chatting and laughing together in the middle of the parquette.

Then he caught sight of the private box directly in front of him, with its door ajar, through which he had such an enchanting vision of soft cushions, dainty curtains, and shining gilt lattice-work that he was seized with an irresistible impulse to enter and rest his weary limbs for at least an instant in one of the velvet-lined arm-chairs.

Somehow it seemed to him as if he had suddenly found his way to fairy-land, for the memory of Aunt Susan and of his own homeless condition had faded from his mind, and when he had curled himself up in a corner of the luxurious box, the buzz of conversation in the parquette

gradually appeared to change into the humming of the bees on—the—farm—at—home.

Reg's ideas came very slowly now; he was so tired, the arm-chair was so comfortable, and the curtained proscenium box such a glorious spot in which to have pleasant dreams that not a word did Reg hear of the auction sale of seats for the first appearance of a famous singer, except as the auctioneer's monotonous tones may have merged themselves into the whizzing of the train bound for the pantomime, in which the sleeping boy imagined himself to be rushing along on a level with the second-story windows.

"Wh-e-w! By all the white mice, what—are—you—a-doing—here?" and as each word of the last sentence was emphasized by a shake that fairly made Reg's teeth rattle, he was soon wide awake enough to be able to answer the question.

Instead of doing so, however, he cried out: "Let me go!" and breaking loose from his persecutor, who was a lad of about sixteen, with a red face and dirty hands, he sprang out of the box and straight into the arms of a gentleman who was just coming down the aisle.

"Hello! what does this mean, Danderby?" exclaimed the latter, as he plumped Reg down into one of the parquette chairs, and held him there with a hand on each shoulder.

"Mean, sir?" returned the call boy, hurrying forward. "It's the meanest piece of business that—"

"Oh, come now, Dan, I've no time to listen to any of your jokes. Where did this boy come from?" and Mr. Wellington Smith, junior manager of the theatre, tapped Reg on the head with a snap of the fingers, as if he were a piece of furniture.

"Why, sir, he come out of the box there. Didn't you see—I mean, feel him?"

Perhaps this last effort at wit on the part of Master Dan Danderby would have resulted unpleasantly for that young man had not Reg at that moment attracted Mr. Smith's entire attention to himself by making several desperate efforts to throw the hands off his shoulders, and during the struggle for mastery between the two Dan hurried off to attend to urgent duties behind the scenes.

"Well, well, young fellow, you've quite a deal of muscle, haven't you? It does you credit; but still I think you'd better keep it in reserve;" and Mr. Smith pinioned Reg's arms to his sides, while he took his station in front of him, with his back braced against the next row of seats. "Now, sir," he continued, "answer two or three questions I am going to put to you, and perhaps I will let you off easier than you think for. How did you get into that box?"

Reg had by this time resigned himself to whatever fate awaited him; so, clearing all traces of a sob from his voice, he replied, frankly, "If you please, sir, I walked right in from the street; nobody asked me for a ticket, and I only wanted to take a peep."

"But it strikes me as a queer way of getting 'only a peep,' when you take possession of a private box as if you had paid for it. I suppose you were hiding there until evening, when you hoped to see the show for nothing."

"No, sir; I never thought of that. I was asleep."

"You were asleep, eh?"

Then there was a pause in the strange interview, during which Mr. Wellington Smith stood off in the aisle, though still keeping a clutch on Reg's jacket, and stared at the boy from head to foot, exactly as if he were measuring him in his mind's eye for a suit of clothes. And this is just what he was doing.

It was a queer sight, only these two in the great auditorium, which was now only lighted by a solitary gas jet here and there, while on the stage carpenters and scene-shifters were going about their work of constructing a royal palace for the abode of the *Twin Princes*, which

was the name of the "brilliant new spectacular drama" to be produced that evening. Reg watched them in a dreamy sort of way, wondering if Phil Fairlock knew that stage marble was only stretches of painted canvas, which flopped about flimsily while it was being put up.

"Where do you live, boy?"

This question was asked in a tone of voice so much pleasanter than the one in which the gentleman had previously spoken that Reg looked up at him curiously, as he answered, "At Broadfarms, sir."

"Then what are you doing here in New York alone?"

"I'm lost."

On hearing this Mr. Smith made Reg move on a seat, and himself taking possession of the vacated one he put his arm about the boy, and asked him to tell the whole story.

Reg obeyed, quite melted at the sympathy expressed for him, which made the memory of Aunt Susan's blunt ways seem terribly cruel by contrast. It was this idea of her, as he sobbingly told of the smack and the push, that he gave to Mr. Wellington Smith, who muttered: "Good!" when the little tale of woe was finished, and then asked Reg what his name was.

"Reginald Robinson, eh? Would look well on the bills if we dared put it there." Then to Reg: "Well, Reginald, will you trust to me to take care of you until we can find this aunt of yours, or think of some plan of sending you back to Broadfarms? It may take some time, a day or two at least, and meanwhile you can repay me for my trouble by becoming a Prince."

Reg stared.

"I mean," explained Mr. Smith, "by taking the part of one of the *Twin Princes* in the new piece to be produced to-night. They neither of them have to say a word, and Billy and Sammy Tinburn were to do the characters, but Sammy's broke out with the mumps, and as you're just about his size, I think his costume will fit you nicely; so if you'll be so obliging as to consent to the bargain, I'll teach you your part as quick as you can say 'Jack Robinson,' or 'Reg Robinson' either," and the manager laughed gayly at his joke, as he patted Reg affectionately on the shoulder.

Go on the stage himself, and be a prince, in silk tights and velvet doublets, like the pictures of heroes in the story-books! Reg thought this must be but a continuation of his dream; but whatever it was, he resolved not to let slip the golden opportunity offered him. So with his face all aglow he fairly cried:

"Oh, yes, sir; I'll do whatever you say; but do you think I can act? I never was in a theatre before in my life."

"So much the better," replied Mr. Smith. "You'll be all the more natural, and won't have any bad habits to be broken of. Now come with me;" and taking Reg by the hand he led the way down the sloping floor, around by a narrow passageway, and so on to the stage, which was cold and cheerless enough, with its bare brick walls and strong draughts blowing back and forth between the stacks of scenery.

"First of all," began Mr. Smith, briskly, as he preceded Reg down some very dirty stairs, ending in a dismal black space cut up with trap-doors, machines for shooting people up with a bounce, and feather-beds for catching them when they came head-first down again—"first of all, we must try on the suit;" and opening one of a number of doors on either side, he lit the gas and introduced Reg into one of the general dressing-rooms for men.

Tights, cloaks, caps, swords, belts, daggers, wigs, and pistols were scattered everywhere, but this apparent confusion did not seem to cause the manager much trouble, for after rooting about on the floor, through a closet or two, and along a row of hooks, he presently held up a pretty little blue cloak, slashed with silver, a velvet cap of the same color with a feather sticking jauntily out of

one side, a pair of spotless white tights, a tiny sword, silk stockings, pumps with blue bows—in short, the complete outfit of a young prince of the olden time.

In this dazzling costume, then, he assisted Reg to array himself, all the while rapidly explaining what would be required of him in the character.

Reg had a generous supply of the imitative faculty in his composition, and by the time the sword was buckled on and the cap placed atop of his powdered wig, he was able to strut up and down the dressing-room with a very fair copy of the princely stride set him by Mr. Smith.

If he had not forgotten all about Aunt Susan in his wildly excited state, he would have wondered if she could have

it's a risky thing to let you appear without giving you a regular rehearsal with the company, but as long as you don't have a word to say, and seem to take to the clothes so naturally, I don't see but what you'll do every bit as well as Sammy himself. But mind, if you speak or laugh while on the stage, you may know what to expect;" and Mr. Smith's black brows met in a frown terrible enough to frighten any boy into a promise of the strictest obedience.

"Half past five! What a piece of luck that I should stumble over you just in the nick of time!" continued the young manager, as he assisted Reg to disrobe without ripping any seams. "I suppose we could easily have found

a boy to take Sam's place; but then I don't fancy having any little ragamuffin from the streets fill the rôle of a prince. You, now, have quite an aristocratic air about you, a royal glance of the eye, so to speak;" and with like pieces of flattery artful Mr. Smith proceeded to feed the mind of poor, silly Reg until they ascended to the stage again.

"Now let me see, what shall we do for you in the matter of board and lodging? I'd like you to be with Billy as much as possible before the performance, so suppose we try and get Mrs. Timburn to keep you until we hear from your aunt? I think Billy told me that they'd sent Sammy out into the country somewhere, so you can just step into his place. This way;" and Reg was conducted by his new acquaintance through a damp winding brick passage, and out by the dingy stage-door into a side street, along which Mr. Smith led the way until they came within sight of the river; then entering the ill-smelling hallway of a tenement house, he preceded Reg up three flights of worn stairs, and knocked at the door of a back room.

A woman whose bared arms held a screaming baby opened it. As soon as she caught sight of Mr. Smith she dropped an awkward courtesy, and then looked curiously at Reg, who in turn stared with round eyes at the wash-tub, cooking-stove, bed, and other like articles with which the room was crowded. In a very few words the manager explained what he wanted done, adding that he would pay Mrs. Timburn the same price for boarding Reg as he would have given Sammy had he appeared in the play.

This offer the woman was only too glad to accept; and with a hasty "Good-by—remember, seven sharp," Mr. Smith hurried off, leaving Reg alone with the fat Irish woman, and the mixed odor of soap-suds and onions.

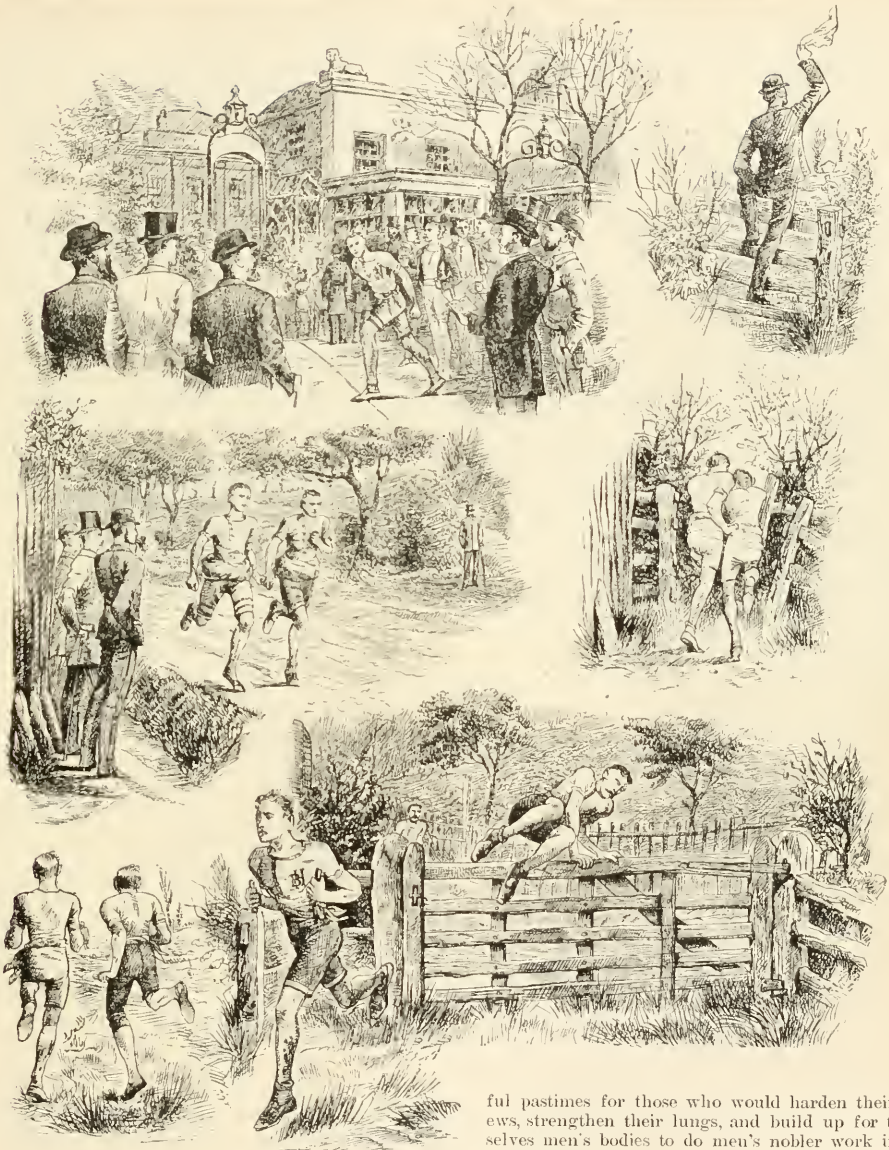
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



REG GOES TO SLEEP IN A PRIVATE BOX AT SMITH'S THEATRE.

recognized him, as, standing before the cracked looking-glass, he practiced a gracious waving of the hand and the correct style of a royal bow. Indeed, he scarcely knew himself, and when his face came to be "touched up a little" for the performance, Mr. Smith declared that he would almost be ready to believe that he was either the real Prince Budaway or else "Master Cecil Scotrini," poor Sammy Timburn's stage name, as it was printed on the programmes.

"Good! good!" cried the delighted junior manager, applauding softly, as Reg, with stately tread, walked to and fro in front of him, as proud as a peacock. "I know



HARE AND HOUNDS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

EVERY boy who has read that delightful book *Tom Brown's School Days* will recall with pleasure the spirited description of the celebrated "Crick" run, which, after an existence of perhaps half a century, still holds its place as one of the greatest triumphs of school-boy life in England. The famous old school at Rugby was indeed the birth-place of the sport of hare and hounds, as it was also of the modern game of foot-ball. Both sports have grown, and spread themselves over the English-speaking world, because they are manly, invigorating, and delight-

ful pastimes for those who would harden their sinews, strengthen their lungs, and build up for themselves men's bodies to do men's nobler work in the battle of life.

The desire for fame in the matter of "records" has in some clubs caused one of the principal pleasures of this mimic chase to be lost sight of. It is a common thing nowadays for a club to run over well-known trails, the distance of which is known within a few yards, thus changing the character of the sport from a "chase" to a "steeple-chase." This is certainly a mistake. The run should be over a line of country unknown, except in a general way, to both hares and hounds. Who does not know the tediousness of the road that is often traversed, and the attractions of a ramble along by-paths whose every turn brings the explorer face to face with something new and unexpected? Even in the middle of a hard run

the influence of novelty is felt, and the unknown has always a charm for adventurous youth.

The "meet" should be at some friend's gate, or at some retired though easily found spot, such as a place where roads cross each other.

"Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes,
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast,
Throw off thy ready pack."

So sings the English poet of the chase. To be sure, the hares in our case would prefer to find their "rich repast" at their own tables rather than in the "rank mead"; nor should the repast on a hunting morning be too rich. Nevertheless, the quotation is apt, for the pleasant surroundings of the meet will give a cheerful color to the whole day.

Both the hares (of whom there should be two, for companionship's sake) and the hounds should be suitably dressed in flannel shirts or boating Jerseys, old trousers tucked into the stockings, and stout well-fitting boots. Those of the hounds who have not yet arrived at the dignity of "long pants" will do well to wear their thick winter stockings, since the trail will lead them "through brake, through brier"; and the stouter the stocking, the bolder the defiance of the clinging blackberry thorn.

One of the best runners should be "Master of the Hounds," and it will be his duty to lead the others, and to "pick up" the "scent" when it has been lost. About the middle and end of the line of hounds—and it is surprising to find how long a line it becomes before even the first mile is run—should be two steady, long-winded runners, whose duty it is to keep careless hounds on the scent, and to encourage those whose courage begins to cool down as they find their "first wind" deserting them.

Only the Master should carry a horn; and it should be a real brass hunting-horn,

"Whose clanging voice
Awakes the mountain echo in her cell."

The universal Fourth-of-July fish-horn is at best a disagreeable instrument, whose only title to respect lies in the patriotic sentiments that it is supposed to express. The Master should use his horn sparingly, so that when it is blown it may mean something. Its principal use is to call the hounds on to the scent when the Master, in skirting the field or exploring the wood, has found it.

Each of the two hares carries a bag filled with white paper cut into long strips. This is the scent, or trail. It can be cut by the hares and hounds of idle evenings; but it would be a pity to waste so much paper, unless it be old newspaper, when almost any quantity of it, that would otherwise be sent to the paper-mill, can be had for a trifle—some two or three cents a pound—at a printer's or book-binder's. The best kind of bag is one of canvas, shaped like a pillow-case, but much smaller than an ordinary pillow-case. At the two corners on the long side should be two broad straps made of leather or canvas. These should be carried round the hare's back, over the right shoulder, and buckled in front, the bag being carried under the left arm, with the open end forward. A tape should be run through a hem, so that the bag may be closed when it is being carried to the meet, or when the hare who is carrying it does not want to use his scent—which sometimes happens, as we shall soon see.

The hares should be allowed a start, or "law," as it is called, according to the proposed length of the run. For an ordinary run of four or five miles ten minutes' law would be quite enough. As soon as they are out of sight the hares begin to throw out the scent, and if they are fairly good runners they should have put at least a mile between themselves and their pursuers before the Master blows his horn and puts his pack on the scent.

Let us "run with the hare" a little before we "hunt with the hounds." Though not so crafty an animal as the fox, the human hare may resort to a few wiles in order to defeat his pursuers. Should he have reason to think that the hounds are pressing him, he may "double on his tracks"—that is, he may run back over the same line—and when he comes to a convenient fence he may strike off again at right angles. Thus he gives his pursuers some little trouble to find the trail. Another little dodge is sometimes practiced late in a run. One of the hares skirts two sides of a large field, scattering the scent as he runs, while the other walks leisurely in a straight line to meet his friend at the corner, and throws down no scent the while. A little later, and the one who has had his two or three minutes' breathing-spell starts off to lay the scent around the field, while his companion walks across. As the hounds must follow the scent, the hares have gained a distinct advantage by this manoeuvre. These dodges, however, while they are perfectly lawful, should not be indulged in too frequently, as they are apt to put the hounds in a bad temper, and one cross hound may, like "one black sheep," spoil the pack. Before leaving the hares it may be said that if they can keep ahead of their pursuers they should so arrange their course that they will arrive at some point known to all, and not too far from home, so that the stragglers may know whither to make their way. It is sometimes convenient to run in a circle and "kill your hare" at the same spot whence you started in pursuit of him. Thus the hounds may put on their jackets without delay, and so run no risk of taking cold.

And now, when the fleeing hares have been making good use of their ten minutes' law, the impatient hounds are anxiously looking over the shoulder of the Master, who, with watch in hand, calls off the minutes as they crawl by—"Five minutes. Eight. Nine. Time's up!" He shuts his watch with a snap, and,

"Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away!"

The Master, with his eager pack close at his heels, leads the way to the gap in the fence through which the hares disappeared from view, and they all plunge headlong into the piece of woods. A blast from the horn is the signal that the trail is found; the pace is quickened, and even thus early in the chase the breathing becomes short and hard. Never fear; but a few rods more and you will catch your "second wind"—in other words, your lungs will have become accustomed to the work demanded of them—and you will feel as if you could run forever. This second wind is one of the delights of athletics. It brings with it the consciousness of strength and endurance, while the lungs act so easily and regularly that the work seems to be done almost without effort, and entirely without discomfort.

But even second wind blows itself away after a while, especially when the trail leads up stony hill-sides or through heavy undergrowth, where there are many fences to be climbed, gates to be vaulted, or drains to be jumped; and the cunning hares will lead you over as many of such obstacles as they can. Then comes the true test of a good wind—then the regret for that extra slice of pumpkin pie last night, for those buckwheat cakes which it seemed a shame to pass by without eating freely of them this morning. Pie, cakes, candy, cocoa-nuts, and many other things beginning with a "c" are not a good preparation for hares or hounds when a meet is announced. But when the day's work and fun are over—when you have captured your hare or run him close, and have taken your bath, briskly rubbing yourself down afterward with a rough towel until you feel like a new boy—then you will have such an appetite as will make light of roast beef and pumpkin pie, or whatever else the good people at home have provided for their hungry hunter. And as between

the mouthfuls you hunt your hare over again for the entertainment of the family, some of whom may have been present to see the start, and recount with busy tongue the mishaps and triumphs of the chase, you will feel no envy of the hunter with his horse and hounds, and will wish for nothing except, when the clock tolls forth the lengthening hours—except that perhaps you may wish it was permitted for a boy to go to bed without undressing, when he is very, very sleepy.

There are other rewards to be won in a hare and hounds chase besides the fun, and the excitement, and the fatigue, and the grateful long night's sleep that follows. In many clubs a handsome prize, such as a silver cup or a hunting-horn, is the reward of him who comes in first; and the young winner may well regard the trophy with pleasure and pride, for it is no mean thing to be the swiftest and most "plucky" among one's fellows. Nevertheless, a prize is not necessary to the enjoyment of the sport, and doubtless the most delightful runs in your experience will be those in which there has been no other reward at the end than the satisfaction of knowing that you have had a good time, and have done your best.



A FIGHT WITH A BIG SNAKE ON THE AMAZON.

BY DAVID KER.

"NOW, Professor, tell us a story," said one of our party, as we clustered after dinner upon the veranda of one of the prettiest little country houses in Venezuela, and watched the moon rising above the feathery palms that crowned the opposite ridge.

"Well, I think you must have heard most of mine by this time," said the person addressed, who, with his light linen jacket, brawny chest, and bluff sunburned face half buried in a huge red beard, looked as little like a professor as he could well do. "However, I don't think I have ever told you my adventure at Terra Calente, and if it serves as a warning to my friend Smith yonder not to fall asleep at the wrong time, I shall not have suffered in vain.

"Three or four years ago I was upon one of the forks of the Upper Amazon, having gone there to try if I couldn't manage to add to my collection a specimen or two of a rare bird that was said to haunt those parts. The house at which I was staying belonged to an old Brazilian friend of mine, who had a plantation there, which he called Terra Calente.

"Now 'Terra Calente' means 'hot earth,' and if he'd tried for a week he couldn't have found a better name for it. I'd seen India, and I'd seen the West Coast of Africa, but compared with this place they were a mere joke. Every time I went out I came back like a lump of molasses candy wrapped in paper; and the night was every bit as bad as the day. Even the negroes seemed to feel it; and as for my host, Señor Valdez, he never stirred out from morning till night.

"I could see that he thought me no end of a fool for taking so much trouble about a few birds, especially as I didn't mean to eat them. However, he was very indulgent to my 'folly,' good fellow, and let me have the use of his guns, mules, negroes, and what not, whenever I liked to ask for them.

"But I soon saw that my only chance of getting what

I wanted was to go alone, for the negroes kept up such a jabbering all the time that they frightened away every bird for a hundred yards round. It was no use telling 'em to be quiet, for they couldn't do it if they tried; so I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed, and early one morning I took a canoe and started up the river by myself.

"You've been in the tropical forests yourselves, boys, so you can guess what a pretty concert I had to listen to just at first, from the roar of the jaguar down to the screeching of the parrots and the chattering of the monkeys. But as the sun mounted, and the day grew hotter, all this uproar died away, and a silence came down upon the whole forest that seemed to weigh on one like a nightmare. Everything seemed to be asleep at once. The great banner-like leaves of the fan-palms and bananas drooped lazily on the hot, moist air, the thick brown water of the river looked as if it were standing quite still between its low, muddy banks, the great mass of forest in the background was silent as death, and far overhead a few white clouds were floating dreamily upon the warm rich blue of the tropical sky as if they were sleeping too.

"If I hadn't had to paddle against the stream, I almost think I should have gone to sleep myself, but all at once I caught sight of something that fetched me up broad awake in a moment.

"Right in front of me, not fifty yards off, one of the very birds that I'd been hunting for so long in vain was sitting on a projecting bough, motionless as a statue. I pushed up the stream toward it, holding my breath, and moving my paddles as gingerly as if there was a box of nitro-glycerine at the end of each, till I was quite sure of my shot, and then I let fly, and brought it down, and had it snug in the boat almost before the echo of the shot had done ringing.

"Having got what I wanted, I drew in my paddles, and let my canoe float down stream again. But I soon found myself getting so sleepy, with the heat and with the long pull I'd had, that I was afraid of napping off altogether, and floating right past the house without knowing it. So I ran my boat in under the shade of a huge 'locust wood,' jammed the bow firmly among the enormous reeds, which were higher than a man on horseback, and without ever thinking what a fearful risk I was running, fell fast asleep.

"Then I had a very queer dream. I dreamed that I was an Eastern king, sitting on a great high throne, and a lion standing before me with a bootjack between his paws trying to pull my boots off. But Mr. Lion naturally handled his instrument rather clumsily, and joggled my foot to and fro so awkwardly that at last I awoke with a start.

"I've had one or two pretty bad frights in my time, but nothing like that moment. The first thing I saw was the head of a monstrous boa-constrictor (the rest of it was hidden by the reeds), licking my foot, preparatory, as it instantly flashed upon me, to swallowing me whole.

"For an instant I was so scared that I couldn't even think, but just lay still and looked at the creature. But there was no time to be lost. I knew that if I startled the snake it would attack me at once, so, keeping my foot as still as I could, for my flesh was fairly *creeping* with disgust at the brute's slimy touch, I felt for my gun. By good luck I was so placed—with my back against the side of the boat—that I could fire without getting up. I let fly, and hit it full in the head.

"Instantly it reared up in the air with a horrible sharp hiss, showing enough of its length to let me see what an enormous size it must be. Quick as lightning, I seized the paddles, and shot down the stream like a rocket, looking back just in time to see that the boa must be hard hit, for the blood was dropping fast from its head.

"When I got home with the news, old Valdez jumped

up like a boy, for he hated all big snakes mortally ever since one had killed his favorite horse some years before. He ordered out his negroes, got down his big Spanish *trabuco* (blunderbuss), which would throw half a dozen balls at once, and away we went.

"It was easy to find the spot again, the tree under which I'd slept being the tallest anywhere near, and the serpent had left us traces enough in the crushed reeds and the red stains upon them. Suddenly one of the negroes jumped back with a halloo. Instantly there came a crash among the reeds, and a thud like a sail flapping in the wind, and down went poor Sambo, squealing and roaring, with his shoulder-blade broken by a whack of the snake's tail.

"This, however, was the old fellow's last exploit, for while another negro smashed his tail with a club, I dosed him with two charges of buckshot, and Valdez gave him all the bullets in the blunderbuss, and he couldn't well do less than die after all that. When we came to measure him, he was a little over thirty-seven feet in length without the head. Valdez had him stuffed and hung up in the house, and, for all I know, he may be there yet."



THE SNOW-BALL JURY.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"BOYS! Come out! Here's some fun!"
"What's a-going? What is it?"

The shouts were excited and long-drawn, and so was the answer:

"The girls are pelting Bill Henderson 'cause he sassed the school-ma'am. Come o-o-on!"

They were coming, for school had not been out three minutes, and none of them had gone far from it. There had been trouble in the little school-house of late, and Bill Henderson had been at the bottom of a good deal of it.

It was not altogether because he was so very bad a boy, but he felt it a little hard to be as big as he was, and to be bullied for his blunders by so very small a woman as the school trustees had chosen for a teacher that winter. It might have been different if there had been any boy a little taller to set him a good example, but all the tall boys in the district were attending school at the Academy. Thus Bill was left to settle his difficulties in his own way, and he had not yet been able to settle them at all, for lit-

tle Miss Varick refused to have mercy on his mistakes of any kind. What made it worse was that she told him, three or four times a day, that she was his best friend, and wanted to help make a man of him.

Bill could have stood a great many things better than he could that, for he felt that he was quite near enough to being a man to be sent to the Academy.

There were other boys in the District School, but none of them were large enough to interfere much with Bill, and he had his own way a good deal in any out-of-door matters. There were not even any large girls, but there was a perfect swarm of small ones, and Miss Varick had somehow persuaded them all that she had come among them as a sort of guardian angel.

That was why there was such a sudden silence along the lower benches, and such a buzz after it that afternoon, when Bill Henderson roundly declared,

"I won't spell it again!"

"You won't, William? Did you say 'I won't? Spell it again, sir.'"

"I won't. I don't mean to let any woman boss me."

"Spell it, sir!"

Bill held down his head sulkily, but he did not open his lips again in reply to Miss Varick's further remarks, of which there were many, except at the end of them, when he again blurted out,

"I won't be kept after school, neither—not by any woman."

He had not been looking at the rows of little faces on those benches, and if he had it would not have occurred to him how many little women were sitting there, not one of them comparing in point of size with even little Miss Varick.

Particularly he had failed to see the look of wrath in the black eyes of Polly Burbank, and he had no notion of what made her buzz around so among the other girls the moment Miss Varick struck the small brass tea-bell on her desk, and said:

"School is dismissed. I will see William Henderson again about this half an hour before school opens to-morrow morning."

There was a sound of something to come in the clear tones of the school-ma'am's voice, and Bill's head was still hanging a little when he slouched out of the door, and began to trudge along the road toward home.

"Now, girls, let's pelt him."

It was Polly Burbank's shrill treble that he heard saying that, and she had a snow-ball ready-made to show what she meant. It was not a very big or hard one, but it hit him just under the left ear, and Kate Sullivan followed it with another that went into his neck. At any other time he might have set to work and snow-balled back again, but he knew somehow that Miss Varick was watching the fun from the window, and that she heard Polly Burbank shout again: "Pelt him, girls. He said she was nothing but a woman."

That was the crime he had committed, and he felt meaner and meaner about it with every small globe of packed snow that hit him.

"Pelt him, Polly! Pelt him, girls! We'll stand by you."

Bill hardly cared what boy it was that said that; but he knew they were coming back, and following along to see fair play, and that they would all be against him if



he dared rebel too savagely against his small tormentors. They grew worse and worse as he walked faster and faster, and he was thinking whether or not it would pay to run, when who should drive along but Mrs. Dillaway, the minister's wife, in her old red cutter, with old Miss Burns beside her.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillaway, "what are you all about?"

"Yes," said Miss Burns, "what on yearth are they up to?"

"Pelting Bill Henderson," shouted Polly Burbank, "because he sassed the school-ma'am. Said he wouldn't mind a woman."

"He did, did he?"

"He wouldn't, would he?"

Bill lifted his head, and was just about to say something, when a small girl with very red hair threw a big ball of half-packed snow with so good an aim that his mouth was too full of it for a word to come out.

"Drive on, Mrs. Dillaway," said Miss Burns. "Let 'em make an awful example of him. It's high time sech talk was put an end to. Nothing but a woman! I declare!"

If Bill had run just then, it would have looked as if he were trying to catch a ride on that very cutter, and he could not bear the thought of that. He walked as fast as he knew how, but so did all the other boys, and by common consent not one of them threw so much as an ounce of snow at him. They left all that to the girls; but they could not help packing a few first-rate snowballs, and handing them around, like so many ready-made cartridges in time of war.

Polly Burbank was everywhere, all around her victim, and so was Kate Sullivan, and so was the little girl with the very red hair; but some of the others were beginning to get tired, and drop off toward their own homes, when Bill drew near the gate of his father's house. He

had been walking somewhat more slowly for the last few rods, and had looked up now and then as if he wanted to know if there was any one in that front yard.

The girls had done the same, but there had been no one visible until just as Bill reached the gate, and Polly shouted:

"Give him one more pelt, girls!"

She was barely ten years old herself, but the tall, Roman-nosed woman who came suddenly out on the doorstep was four times that at least, and the youngest of the three shorter ladies who followed her was nearly twenty.

"What does it all mean? William, my son, what's the matter?"

William had no answer in a good shape to give, but there were four or five eager voices quite ready to explain the matter, and then he almost wished he had gone in the opposite direction when he left the school-house. His mother and his two aunts and his sister—not one of them but took the words right out of Polly Burbank's mouth, and said them all over, with a good many more like them.

"Pelted home from school by all the girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson at last, with a very red face. "Come right in here, William. I'm a woman myself. We'll see about this. Go home, girls, all of you."

"Mother," said his sister, "we'd all better go to the school-house with William to-morrow morning."

"Of course we will," said both his aunts in a breath; but they could hear Polly Burbank say to little Kate Henderson:

"Did you hear that? Guess he'd rather be pelted, don't you?"

"Guess he would; but we've done all we could for him."

So they had, and that was the last rebellion of the kind that took place during all the time Miss Varick taught in that district.



WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY—A SLING-SLED.



NEAR DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

My papa says that he can discover something worth reading in almost every paper. Still, of all juvenile publications, he seems to favor *YOUR PEOPLE* the most, and sends it to me regularly, no one here having a copy. I am very thankful for it, so excellent that even my much older brother delights in reading it. The pictures are so appropriate, and the story of "The party" in particular has become so popular that I can scarcely wait the time until the next number arrives. I am a girl of about twelve years of age. My dear mother died nearly five years ago. The kindest of aunts takes her place as far as she can.

We live on a farm four miles from school, and with nine other children, the youngest only five years of age. We go to school every morning, and return at nearly five o'clock in the evening. We love to go to school, and have lots of fun on our way. At this season of the year we take our sleds with us, or go sliding on the ice through the thick woods. In spring and summer we pick dowers on the road, and our teacher explains them to us. There are quantities of berries all along the road-side in the season, and we can't help stopping to pick some of them, but we seldom are too late for school on that account.

Of course we take a fair supply of luncheon with us out during recess. Fresh-boiled eggs, apples, sandwiches with corned beef, ham, or cheese we prefer to pies and cakes, and you ought to know that apples and chickens are the things we bring home. Are not we to be envied in spite of some disadvantages? Children in the city have no better times.

ORVILLE M. E.

NACODOCHE, GEORGIA.

I will gladly give Raphael West K. the desired information about polishing shells. It is a common practice to remove the strong epidermis by the use of acids, but this is a hazardous and tedious mode of operating. The best method is to put the shells into a pan of cold water with a quantity of quicklime, and boil it from two to four hours, according to the thickness of the shells. After the shells afterward must be gradually cooled, and some strong acid applied to the epidermis, when it will easily peel off. Two hours are sufficient for the boiling of the common mussel shells. The shells are afterward polished with rotten-stone and oil put on a piece of leather. The epidermis of the *Uva marginifera* requires from four to five hours' boiling. After it is removed, a layer of matter resembling lime will be found, which must be started off with a knife or other sharp instrument. Various turbid and troublesome deposits of the epidermis are removed by means of fine pumice-stone, sand-paper, etc., until the pearly appearance is obtained. After the operation of polishing, a little Florence oil should be rubbed over to bring out the colors.

JOHN R. G.

Epidermis is a hard word, and some little reader may wonder what it means. It is the outer skin simply.

DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN.

I think that Rosalie K. was right about the red heads. I don't like my mamma to be very red-headed. Will you please tell me how to make a little mop for mamma to wash dishes with? I live on a large farm about eight miles from the beautiful city of Springfield, in the State of Illinois. A great many people come to spend the summer in Waukesha County, and the children like it. It is very much cooler than in the city. I am nine years old, and have never been sick, except for when quite a small boy I had the rheumatic fever, and mamma thinks it better for me to remain at home for a year or two. T. F. S.

Take a smooth round stick, and with your pen-knife cut a little groove about half an inch from the end. Then the long loops of soft darning cotton very tightly to the stick, fastening them with little knots around the groove. You need not know a boy who wishes to save his mamma's hands. I am sure his feet run on errands, and save hers from many steps.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

I am a girl ten years old. I have not seen any letters from this place, so I thought I would please to have no pets of my own to tell about, but my sister Nellie has a female bird, and my mamma a male, and brother Harry has a dog named Prince. Nellie also has two cats, the biggest one is black and yellow, and the smallest one is black and white.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and like to read the letters in *OUR POST-OFFICE BOX*.

have two little cousins who live in Florida, on the bank of Lake Santa Fe. They have all the oranges they can eat; they are both girls. They row on the lake with grandpa, and have lots of good times. I wrote a letter a long time ago, and forgot to mail it. COLE B. L.

FORT ERIE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

You will perceive from the heading of my letter that I am a subject of her Majesty Queen Victoria. I am the eldest of a little family of four—two boys and two girls, all of them very good. We live on the bank of the Niagara River, a short distance above where the International Bridge crosses to Buffalo, and are very much attached to our city, and to our country. My father (Benjamin Wintemute) by King George the Fourth just after the war of 1776. My grand-uncle, to whom it now belongs, was born on this spot at the latter eight years ago, and is a wonderfully bright old lady still, but, I am sorry to tell you, is almost blind. I have a great deal of pleasure attending to her many wants, and helping to nurse her when she is not very well. I am afraid you will laugh at the idea of a little girl of ten years being a nurse, but she fancies I do everything for her better than any one else. My father is a school-keeper, and I am the first from the first number, and I read it to my brothers. We enjoy the *Post-Office Box* exceedingly; also the many interesting stories. I have not been at school very much, but I went for a while to a private school in Buffalo, but my old auntie fretted so continually about my crossing the river every day on the ferry-boat that mamma thought it best to have me taught at home; but I do not get on as well as she would wish, and fearing you might not be able to read my letter if I wrote it myself, I have asked mamma to write for me. We love our city, and our country, and our baby; but Polly is very naughty to Baby Margaret, and gives her a bite every chance she has. Perhaps she intends them as kisses.

We are very glad to hear that you do not think my letter too long to publish, for I would so like to see it in the *Box*. MARY E. L.

I think that, even if you do not learn quite so many things from books as you might by attending school, you will suffer no real loss, but will make it all up when you are a little older. It is a very beautiful thing you are doing in adding pleasure to the life of an aged relative, and I have made a pretty picture in my mind of a fair little girl, sitting at the feet of a white-haired lady in her easy-chair. Lessons of love, patience, and tenderness are worth as much in education as lessons in grammar and geography.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a little boy, I have five years old last month, and I like to play with my sled, and I had a sled one year old, and a velocipede that was new Christmas. My uncle gave me some ten-pins. I have an express wagon and a cat like show, besides a number of other things. I have a dog, and my mamma's canary-bird, which is a pet for all of us; he is named Pete, and will be eight years old the 1st of May. When papa points his finger at the children, and says, "That's the way to do it," he is in a very cross way, but never pecks him, as he only means to play. I have no brothers or sisters, like most of the children who write to me. My father and my brother died last year, and another brother died a long time ago. I have been taking *YOUR PEOPLE* since the Valentine number; mamma or papa reads it to me. I have been going to school to mamma since the summer vacation closed, and can read in my primer all that I've been over. "Wound" and "could" are the biggest words I've learned, and I can't remember how to spell them. I can read as fast as I can, so that I can read *YOUR PEOPLE* for myself. I have about five hundred picture cards, some very pretty ones, some very funny; and I have a book of letters, but the pictures which was given to me Christmas. Mamma is writing, and I am telling her what to write. I have been too sick to go out since Christmas; my mother says I can't stay in bed, but when the weather gets good; then I am going to get a train of ears for taking my medicine. It has been pretty hard to stay in the house when there was such nice snow. My book is nearly done, and is not too long to print. I will write again some time. HOWARD F. W.

I hope the train of cars puffs along like lightning, and quite pays you for having taken bitter medicine like a little man.

HENTVELLE, ALABAMA.

I've got a cat and a little dog, and my name is Claude Verdier C. I mean my little sissie has that name; and she is beautiful, too, so Laura says. Laura is nurse. My cat is named Nora Winter. I am five years old, and I talk with my mamma in French, and when I talk with my brother, I talk to me, and has taught me French, so that I shall know the language of her ancestors. That's a good thing to know. My father and mother have promised me a pair of copper-toed boots for next Christmas. Oh, but didn't I pop fire-crackers that day? Dot didn't like it much—Dot is my dog. I

reckon I ought to mention papa, because he is a good out cousin. I've got a letter from a beautiful young lady who is visiting at Selma.

Yours very fondly, LE VERT C.

You are a happy boy to have a beautiful young lady writing letters to you, in addition to having a good papa, a kind Uncle Frank, and so many pets besides.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Tell Dora and Amy that I had seven turtles last summer. I kept them in a pen, and had a pair of water in the middle of it. I gave them well water. I fed them bugs and snail-worms. They lived very long, and I kept them about two months. Then I got tired of digging worms, so I took them down to the creek, and let them go. Their shells were always hard. I am nine years old, and have been helping my father's *YOUR PEOPLE* this year, and I like it first-rate.

EDDIE H. L.

RECEIPTS FROM LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One and a half cups of flour, one cup of sugar, two spoonfuls of baking-powder, three scant cups of flour, one cup of milk, and spices to suit the taste. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; sift the baking-powder in the flour, dry and add them about two months. Then I got tired of digging worms, so I took them down to the creek, and let them go. Their shells were always hard. I am nine years old, and have been helping my father's *YOUR PEOPLE* this year, and I like it first-rate.

LEMON CAKE.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon and one cup of sugar, boiled together for five minutes, make a jelly; spread it between four layers of cake made of one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, and one spoonful of baking-powder. Let it bake.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Half a cup of melted butter, two cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one egg, one table-spoonful of ginger, two table-spoonfuls of soda, half a tea-spoonful of salt, and flour to make a soft batter.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Lub one tea-cupful of butter into one quart of sifted flour; add one table-spoonful of ginger, one pint of molasses, and one wine-glassful of warm water in which is dissolved one tea-spoonful of soda. Add sifted flour until you can make a stiff dough. Roll it out thin, and bake on buttered tins.

ROSIE W.

AUNT ALMENA'S GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, two cups of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of ginger, one cup of sugar, and one tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water, and put in last.

K. M. P.

The little cooks who try these receipts may write and tell me how they succeed, and what papa said when he tasted their cake at the table.

A member of the Sociable writes in a sprightly way about the trouble she had in her mother's absence in managing her "help," who, having been her school-mate the previous winter, felt that she could not do her youthful mistress's part. This young lady lives in Washington Territory. The members of our Sociable are scattered so widely that their circumstances naturally differ. In new countries, for instance, people have to avail themselves of any help they can obtain, and regular servants are not to be had. Some of our little girls are learning how to do all sorts of work from their mothers, who keep no domestics, and manage beautifully without them. Others are accustomed to households in which a number of servants attend to the various duties of the home.

One rule, dear girls, applies to you all, wherever you may be placed. Always control your tempers in speaking to those whom you employ. Always ask Bridget or Dinah to do what you require. Never order her in a lofty way, but request her politely to do this or that, and do not forget to thank her for doing it.

In case a neighbor's daughter or a school-mate comes to help with the family work, with the understanding that she is to be one of the family, do not keep her coldly at a distance, but treat her as you would yourself wish to be treated if you were to change places with her.

SABETHA, KANSAS.

Papa is holding my hand to write to the *Post-Office Box*. He says my Christmas presents have reduced him to extreme poverty, and he says I never continues to rattle in his pocket, I think he is not so very poor. My papa is my pet, and he is the nicest papa in the world; my mamma is another pet, and she is the nicest mamma in the world, whose name is Campbell, is my third pet. My papa writes for many papers, and wants me to educate myself for an artist. He draws nicely, and is teaching me to draw, and he says I do very well. My papa, mamma, and Campbell, who are so good and kind to me, are all the pets I want, and I can not love nor pet them enough.

I suppose the young people who read the Post-office Box will think my love is wasted because I have no dogs or cats. It blows awful hard here nearly every day, and the weather is very cold. Papa says he is tired.

GENESEE, ILLINOIS.

I want to write to the Post-office Box to tell you about a dear little girl who used to write me the arrival of YORGE PEOPLE. Little Clemie Rockwell. I wish I could give you a correct word-picture of her. She was bright, loving, sympathetic. I would like to tell you a good many of her little sayings, and you would be appreciated, you should have heard them from her, told in her pretty, cute way. When she was quite small there was a bank failure in the town where she lived. When her papa came home that evening Clemie asked him why he had not brought her some candy. He answered, "The bank has burst, and so I haven't any money." The man she quickly replied, "Well, if the bank burst, and you were there, why didn't you pick up some?" HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was Clemie's very own paper—a Christmas present from her papa in Kansas. She had a special light to her, as it is to many little folks. She was a Sabbath-school scholar, a Band of Hope girl, and a member of a little Mission Band. About the first of July this little girl had a picnic in the country, and it was a part of their programme that each little girl should tell a story. Just think of it, YORGE PEOPLE—twenty different stories, one on each table, and all by the girls! I think they all enjoyed this novel picnic game, and no one more than little Clemie, who repeated some of the most interesting to her mama and sister. Just think of her! She was a little more than two weeks after this picnic July 31 Clemie died of malignant diphtheria. After she was taken sick her greatest desire seemed to be to see her papa, and when he came to her and came to her bedside, she asked him if he thought she would get well, and when he seemed to evade a direct answer, she said, "Tell me truly, papa, I am not afraid to die." And so we think of the little song she used to sing, "Jesus hold my little hand," we feel assured that Jesus held her by the hand as she passed over the river to her "beautiful home above."

Mrs. GEO. E. W.

JEAN.—I liked your bright letter, and will be happy to answer any questions you may send, unless they are too deep and puzzling for a busy Postmistress. You are right in your idea that it is interesting to know why we do this or that.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COL.

MEMBER, MARYLAND.

We—that is, my two sisters Rachel and Marian and I—became very much interested in Young People's Col, and we resolved to have a fair, and had the proceeds to be given to our work during the summer vacation and in all our spare moments, and managed to make quite a number of pretty things. The fair commenced on Friday, the 14th of December, and closed Saturday night, the 20th. We had tables one for the night. We had only three tables one for fancy goods, one for flowers, and one for refreshments, but we made one hundred dollars, and sent it to you, hoping it will be of use to you.

We had a few nice contributions from friends in the neighborhood, and Miss Maggie Maber made us some nice fancy articles and helped us at the fair.

I enclosed please find the check and a sample of our tickets. We hope to see this in YORGE PEOPLE, and send our best wishes for the success of the Col.

MATTIE L. COFFIN.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

After receiving your kind letter, we immediately set to work to make our arrangements for our little fair. We held our fair on the afternoon and evening of December 20. We made about \$100 dollars, and we are only sorry that it is not as much more. We hope that the poor sick children will soon have their Col, and we are glad to add our mite. We are nearly all readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and greatly enjoy the Post-office Box. It would please us very much, if you have received this, to let us know through YORGE PEOPLE.

GESSIE MINDEL, MABEL ROSE, NELLIE J. RIERNACK, IDA R. STONE, BLANCHIE M. BAINBRIDGE, LIZZIE BAINBRIDGE.

WATERBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have earned some money, and been saving my weekly allowance for Young People's Col. I send one dollar for February, I hope it will be of use to you. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we both dearly love to read it. My mother writes this for me. I am afraid I can not write well enough for you to read.

J. LIVINGSTON PITMAN.

St. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I thought I would like to send some money to you for the poor little children who are not able to take care of them when they are sick. I have

been very ill myself—so ill that I was not expected to live—and I know how pleasant it is to have a dear mamma and papa and so many kind friends to take care of me. I have sent a very little, but it is all my own, and I thought Jesus would like me to give it for them.

BESSIE KINGSLAN.

PUTNEY, VERMONT.

Please accept the inclosed three dollars for Young People's Col, with many kind wishes for the coming year, from the Merry Cleaners, of Putney, Vermont. They raised the money on a guess doll at a fair which they held the last of summer. The doll was named by our President's daughter, Ellen H. Arthur, and brought in five dollars. They send you three, and the other half goes to the Orphans' Home at Burlington, Vermont. Happy New-Year from the Merry Cleaners.

The Merry Cleaners is an organization of boys and girls connected with the Universalist Sunday-school of Putney, Vermont, and they feel a deep interest in the Children's Hospital.

Yours truly, Mrs. L. M. SMILEY.

DEAR CHILDREN, I was authorized to ask through the Post-office Box to make something for a fair that will be held in Easter Week in New York City to help on the fund for Young People's Col. It is to be in charge of some of the ladies connected with our society, Holy Innocent's Guild, of which I am one, and we hope to reach \$2000, from which point it will not take a great while to reach the hundred mark. So, if any little girl or boy would like to make anything for us, we would be very glad, and hope that those of you who live near enough to the city will come and see us at the fair.

Those who wish to help are requested to send their articles either by mail or express, prepaid, to my address, not later than March 20, and I will acknowledge their safe arrival by note if the mail and address are sent with the package. Send to Miss V. NELSON, 33 E. 29th St., New York City.

Will those who accept the invitation contained in the note from our friend Miss Nelson be very careful to send their contributions directly to her, at her address given above, and not to the office of YORGE PEOPLE?

Contributions received for Young People's Col, in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street:—

- May Cisco, New York, \$1; In Memory of Eugene's tenth birthday anniversary, December 29, \$5; Contents of Helen and Lloyd Griswold Hartson's bank, \$2; Mrs. Sarah J. Fanshawe's remembrance of a little daughter, Philadelphia, 75; Proceeds of a fair held by Rachel, Marian, and Mattie L. Coffin, Mt. Airy, Md., \$100; Christmas offering from Mrs. Martin's Sunday-school class of the Church of the Transfiguration, \$2; Mrs. Denlow's class, \$18; Miss Chalmers's, \$10; Mrs. Fanshawe's, \$126; Miss Dancy's, \$6; "The Merry Cleaners," Putney, Vt., \$3; Mrs. Martin's Bible class, \$2; Proceeds of a fair held by Gessie Mindel, Nellie J. Riehemack, Blanche M. Bainbridge, Mabel Rose, Ida R. Stone, and Lizzie Bainbridge, Philadelphia, \$13; Id. W. Winfield, New York, \$2; Easter offering from three children, through Mrs. E. N. James, Syracuse, \$1 25; Jessie Windover, Newark, N. J., \$1; Richard, Charlie, Julia, and Mary Kent, \$10; J. Livingston Pitman, Waterbury, Mass., \$1; Bessie Kingsland, St. Louis, \$6; total, \$1813 75; previously acknowledged, \$1508 82; grand total, January 16, 1883, \$1781 99.

E. AUGUSTA FANSHAW, Treasurer, 43 New St.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

A POETICAL EXERCISE.

Stood still Molly by the gate;
Her cousin Arthur cried, "Be quick ———;
I'm coming, coming by the river bank ———;
Let's go for Bessie, Jean, and ——;
Said Molly, "If the ice is thin, ——;
There's danger lest we tumble ——;
I'm not so sure we can't get a shake, ——;
The thought of colds we all would ——;
"Oh, little coz," said Arthur, "why ——;
To find objections do you ——;
I'm snowed in, fir the little nice, ——;
And glitters brilliantly the ——;
And on my word you may depend ——;
That soon our winter sports will ——;
I'm not so sure we can't get a shake, ——;
And hurry, dear: here come the ——;

Then, skipping by, came Lou and
And Katie, Minnie, Jack, and all;
And "Do," they cried and pleaded
With checks and lips like stars aglow,
"I'm sorry, laughing, merrily, ——;
"There's Uncle Jim, with bell and book,
And by his frown I fear we
Expect to coast some other day,
I'm not so sure we can't get a shake, ——;
Must coast through fractions, if you please."

At this they had her go to ——
But said they could not be so dull.

Fill each blank space with a word that rhymes with the final word of the preceding line. The initial letters of the supplied words spell the names of two American poets.

———— MOTHER BUNCH.

NO. 2.
TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1. In bath, not in soap.
In twine, not in rope.
In black, not in white.
In armor, not in knight.
In night, not in morn.
In gale, not in storm.
In light, not in dark.
In priest, not in nun.
In tinkle, not in ring.
In fall, not in wing.
In more, not in less.
In Walter, not in Jess.

My whole a name we hold most dear,
And one the wide world doth revere.

———— NEPTUNE.

- 2. My first is in silent, not in loud.
My second is in throng, not in crowd.
My third is in odd, not in new.
My fourth is in white, not in blue.
My fifth is in hall, not in parlour.
My sixth is in cease, not in stop.
My seventh is in little, not in big.
My eighth is in leaf, not in twig.
My whole is often found on the ground,
I'm sorry to say not all the year round.

———— BEATRICE R.

NO. 3.

HALF-SQUARE (To Blizzards).

- 1. Impure air, 2. A cup of state, 3. Lashed,
4. The maple-tree, 5. A perch, 6. A pronoun,
7. A letter.

———— E. C. DEWITT.

NO. 4.

THREE EAST SQUARES FOR LITTLE PUZZLES.

- 1. A bird, 2. A girl's name, 3. A boy's name.

- 2. 1. An animal, 2. Something we did this morning, 3. A number.

- 3. 1. A boy's name, 2. A mineral, 3. A reply.

———— MARDIE.

NO. 5.

A DIAMOND.

- 1. A letter, 2. To strike gently, 3. At the extreme end, 1. Mischievous, 5. An ardent spirit, 6. A river, 7. A letter.

———— JUNEBOG.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 168.

No. 1. A thrifty lady in a dress of Parumatta, and carrying a Sautal-wood fan, went out to buy a new set of China. She had a desire to shine in Society, and to get her three sisters, Florence, Augusta, and Annona, to aid in her selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from France, plates from Berlin, and curved plates from the Alps, she proceeded to order a supper. She bought wheat, peas, grapes, sardines, and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the Wick of the candles frolicsome. She called her servant, Ben Nevis, and ordered him to bring her oil from the Sea of Okhotsk. Her carpets were Brussels, her perfumes came from Cologne, her coal from Newcastle, and her knives and forks from Sheffield and Birmingham.

No. 2. G B E
O A S R E A
G O R E R E A R T
S E Y R

No. 3. When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overflows the lovely vale.

Where, twisted round the harrow oak,
The summer vine in beauty clings,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft and woods were green,
And the song ceased to be a merry day.

———— LONGFELLOW. Woods in Winter.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from A. Reno, "W. H. Ezz," Walter May, "C. De Gange," Alfred M. Bloomingdale, Martin Zim, "Twilight," Grace Curtis, Rob. S., "Ace Louie," Caroline Jane Lyman, Mollie Pearsall, Mattie and Bessie McCoy, Arthur James, Frank Newman, John R. Green, Mary M. Brackett, Lily H. Wood, Charles R. Kirkwood, Roy W. Osborne, W. Gardner, Alice Varian, J. B. D., Lloyd Francis, Jimmy Tice, Alice Moffatt, Frank Clyde, Bertie Taylor, Eugene W., Winfield B. Jones, Samuel Hayes, John McGaffney, and Geraldine Good.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



DIDN'T CARE A BIT.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Of all the naughty, naughty dogs
That ever I did see,
You are the very naughtiest,
To run away from me.
And stay so long lost in the snow,
Here I have searched for you
Since twelve o'clock to-day, and now
It's more than half past two,
And you—why, you don't care a bit,
As I can plainly tell,
And if I didn't love you so,
I'd surely whip you well.

WHO WAS HE?

BY I. R. OQUOIS.

HE was born in England, in a town a few miles northwest of London, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1664. His father was a justice of the peace at one time, and a somewhat extensive dealer in wool. He was the eldest of a family of ten children. He received his early education at a free school, and afterward was for some

time in an attorney's office. He was married when he was eighteen to a lady eight years older than himself. He joined a gang of deer-stealers, and was caught robbing a gentleman's park. He was prosecuted, and to escape imprisonment he was obliged to leave his family and business and take shelter in London.

He was twenty-two years old at this time. Soon after he went to London he became connected with a theatre there, first in a very low position, as call-boy or prompter. Later he became an actor, but did not gain much of a reputation on the stage.

He bought an interest in one of the theatres in London. He wrote a number of plays, which were produced during his lifetime.

He was a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth and with King James. The latter wrote a letter praising his works, and sent it to him. After 1614 he did not write any, but lived at ease in the same town in which he was born.

He died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birthday, Tuesday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the north side of the chancel in the great church in his native town, and a monument to his memory was placed on one of the walls.

He had two daughters and one son. The son died when he was twelve years old, but the daughters outlived their father.

In 1741 a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. The Dean and Chapter donated the ground, and performances were given in the London theatres to pay expenses.

A KNOWING CARP.

THE wonderful instinct of animals has been proved by hundreds of anecdotes, so that when another true story is added to the already long list we are scarcely surprised. Nevertheless, the following incident, which took place in Vienna, Austria, is not without interest.

A cook went down to the fish-market to make her purchases, and stepping on board one of the boats in the canal, she was at length successful in coming to terms for an unusually fine carp.

Now, as is well known, the carp is very fond of life, and will live out of water for a long time, if only its gills be kept moist. When, therefore, the woman placed the fish on the top of her open market-basket, the fisherman gave her a friendly warning, saying the carp was not to be trusted, and would be sure to leap from her basket if it found a favorable opportunity. The cook only greeted these remarks with laughter; and indeed the fish lay as quiet as possible, looking the picture of resignation.

When, however, the woman stepped on the board which led from the boat to the quay of the canal, she suddenly became aware of a movement in the basket, and, looking down, she had only just time to see the carp bent in the form of a bow before he was in the air. In another second, much to the amazement of the woman, he was far out of reach and sight at the bottom of the water.



FUN ON THE ICE—CURLING.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.—NO. 172

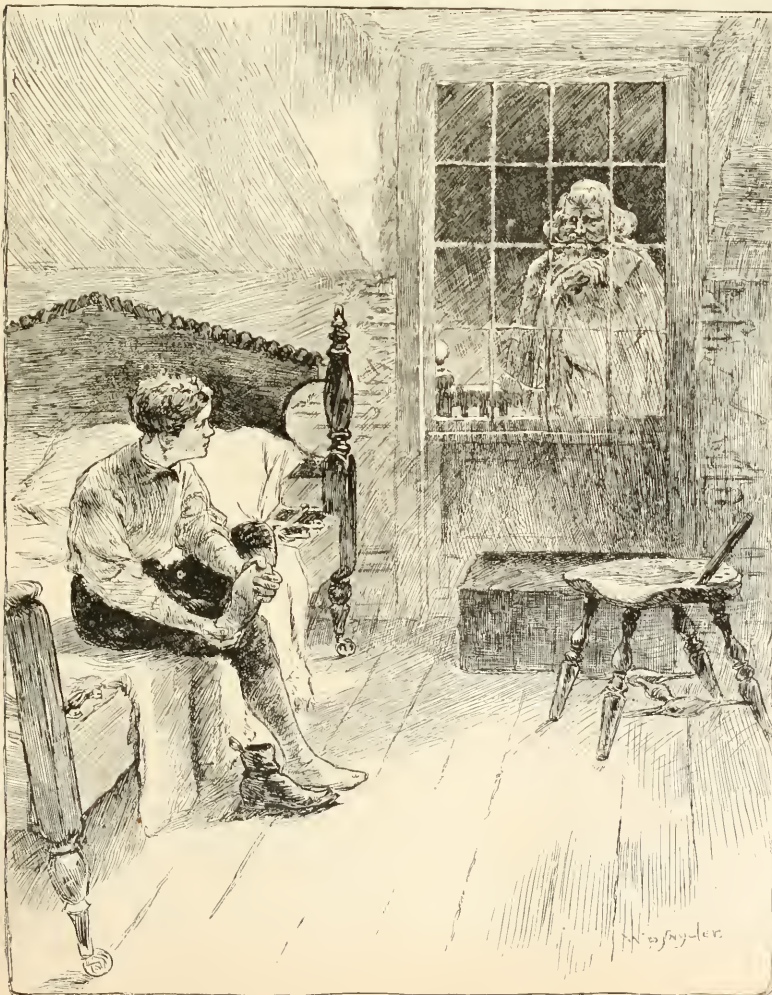
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WHAT ST. NICHOLAS
FORGOT
AND ST. VALENTINE
REMEMBERED.

BY CHARLES S. PRATT.

YOUNG Geoffrey Hilliard, lithe, dark, was very handsome that Christmas-day, gliding up Beacon Street on his shining bicycle.

He had been having a brisk run down the Back Bay—had raced, had won; and now, as he traced a graceful curve across the broad driveway and vaulted to the sidewalk, his cheeks were flushed and his eyes a-sparkle.

It was the work of an instant to tilt the airy wheels against the iron fence of No. 40a, and deftly strap them there.

Then he rang the bell; and while yet he could hear the faint ting-a-ling-ling, the great polished door swung back noiselessly.

He had no chance to ask for his chum Thad of the white-gloved, pompous porter (who was very like the walnut-finished hall in polish and color), for that young fellow, moved by the common instinct of chums, had spied him from above, and come plunging down the stairs, and pitched headlong into his arms.

"Hello, Geoff! And so you've got it! How are you? Come in—come up! Jolly fun in the den—open grate, apples, oranges, caramels, and—"

"Yes, yes, anything; only hold in a bit till we're there, and I'll answer," cried Geoff, as he got his breath.

Up two flights Thad dragged his chum, and into a boy's room—"as was a room," Geoff always declared. Would that every boy had one like it!—large, sunny by day, and airy always, looking out over the beautiful Public Garden and lower Common; no stuffy carpet, but a polished oak floor, with a great Turkish rug in the centre; bed, easy-chairs, lounge, all of light springy rattan, with a ribbon run in the edges; a bamboo table littered with books, pencils, brushes and colors, knives, boxing-gloves, base and foot balls, the late magazines, and numberless articles nameless save to a modern boy. In one corner were bats and a pair of carved Indian elubs; on the walls were crossed a pair of fencing foils, and a rifle hung from branching deer horns. And there were pictures of warm color and noble suggestion. There was a large photograph of Bacon's painting of Boston boys demanding of the British General Gage (just above on that same Beacon Street a hundred years ago) the liberty of the coasting-ground on the Common, and a strange, fascinating picture of the Children's Crusade. In the window hung and swung and sung a frivolous mocking-bird.

Thad's father believed in study and schools, but he believed also and had always taught Thad that brain was of little account in this world without muscle, so, as you see, Thad was growing both.

"I have a lounge, Geoff. How do you like it? Was it in your stocking?" chattered Thad.

"Like what—the lounge? First-rate."

"No, your bicycle. Shiny, ain't it? Goes like the wind, too; saw you down the drive."

"Oh, oh, that's Tom's, and this suit's his—cap, leggings, and all. You see I'm as big as he is, thanks to your muscle-makers, I's'pose, eh, Thad?" Geoffrey nodded at the Indian clubs and dumb-bells.

"No 's'pose' at all; sure as sure," and Thad struck out two sneyw arms with a look of pardonable pride.

"But I did have a bicycle in my stocking, at least what will soon change to one." Geoff took a folded paper from his pocket-book, and tossed it to his chum.

"Check on North National for fifty! Good enough, Geoff! 'Twill pay for bicycle and all the fixin's. When 'll you get it? Pope Manufacturing Company's the place—went down there the other day—told papa 'twould take that for the right kind. That's how I came to have just fifty, I suppose."

"What! did you get a check too?"

Thad smilingly handed his friend a second North National check, and for the same amount. The two fathers were partners, and had evidently conspired.

"Hurrah, that 's good!" cried Geoff, and he threw the foot-ball he had been blowing up at Thad's head.

Thad seized the missile by a flying catch, hurled it back, and a skirmish ensued, which only the boys who have been there can imagine.

Peace restored, Geoff exclaimed, "Old fellow, we'll get 'em to-morrow; yes, to-morrow morning!"

"I'll go with you, and give you any amount of advice, but— Well, the fact is, Geoff, I'm not going to invest myself."

"Not—going—to—invest! What do you mean?"

"What I said."

"No, you *don't* mean you're not going to buy a bicycle?"

"Just that."

Geoffrey sat bolt-upright and stared at Thad. "Well, Thaddeus Prescott," he said at last, "you always were an odd one. What's up? Some new muscle machine, or are you going to turn the attic into a gymnasium, or what?"

"Good idea that about the attic, but I guess it's the 'what.' Have an apple, Geoff, and I'll spin you a little yarn. 'Twas the other day—you see I'd been down to the bicycle loft, and was coming home across the Common—"

"Whistling?"

"Course I was. Any fellow'd whistle like a mocking-bird after choosing such a bicycle's I had," and Thad puckered his lips to a high operatic trill, which the bird in the window took up, and which even Geoff could not resist.

"Well," started Thad once more, "as I got along by the Frog Pond where the old apple-woman—"

"The wrinkled one?"

"Yes, the hundred-year-older that always sits on her heels at the foot of the big elm. Well, as I got along, there I stopped."

"What for?" broke in Geoff.

"To buy an apple, of course," retorted Thad. "No; come to think, I didn't quite stop; only slowed up, for I wanted to see the trade."

"What trade?"

"Why, there was a little chap there—newsboy, with papers under his arm, and a twinkly sort of face—smart, you know. 'Ragged?' Yes, but awful clean; face shone like the old woman's apples—'pon my word it did. And he stood there with a penny in his hand, first on one foot and then on t'other, and looking mighty wishful. Then he reached over and just touched an apple—big two-center—and then he shook his head and stepped back, and looked wishful again. And the wrinkled old woman tried to smile a temptin' sort o' two-toothed smile and look pleasant. After a jiffy the little chap reached over toward the one-centers; but he didn't touch 'em. He shook his head and jerked back, said something about 'ma' and 'money,' gave his papers a litch, and started on."

"And Thaddeus," broke in Geoff—"Thaddeus put his last quarter into two-centers, and skipped after the little chap and filled his pockets full—didn't he now?"

"Maybe—ought to," answered Thad, with a redder touch to his cheeks.

"But what's all this to do with a bicycle?"

"I'm a-telling you; a fellow can't spin a whole yarn in a minute, Geoff. Well, the little chap came down this way, and I along behind, and a minute after another newsboy came up with mine, and says he, in a shrill voice:

"'Hi, Skimp, Kismus comin', d'ye know? Gwine ter hang up?'"

"What 'd a chap hang?"

"'Stockin's,' says t'other.

"'N't got 'ny,' says Skimp.

"'Boots,' says t'other.

"'N't got 'ny,' says Skimp.

"'An'thin', then,' says t'other.

"'N't got 'ny—never had 'ny,' says Skimp; 'an' nothin's as good, anyway.'

"'What d'ye mean, old chap? don't ye b'lieve in Santa Claus?"

"'Never did,' says Skimp. 'E never brought any of us nuttin'. 'E's old, older'n ma can 'member—old 's two o' Anny Applesed. 'E forgets fearful—allus forgets me, 'n' allus forgot ma too. 'No, I'd never hang up—no use.'

"'Then they turned down a side path, and I came home.'

"'And what next, Thad? Spin away.'

"Well, do you know, Geoff, this blessed morning, as I looked out the back parlor, there in the yard was Skimp. He'd a big basket, a clothes-basket—our washing, you know. And I up with the sash, and says I, 'Merry Christmas, Skimp,' and he looks up, and says he, 'Merry Christmas'; but somehow he didn't look a bit merry. So I ran down and took his basket, and asked him in, and gave him a big orange, and—"

"Of course you did, Thad; just like you."

"And, oh my! how his eyes did shine. And I asked him lots of questions. The little chap's got a 'ma'—she does the washing—and a baby brother, and no 'pa'; and they're dreadfully poor, and they live just back here in Acorn Street. And he wants to go to school, and can't, 'cause it takes every penny he earns for bread and butter—no, I don't s'pose they ever have butter—and his name's not Skimp; that's a nickname, 'cause once the newsboys were all a-going to buy hot pea-nuts, and he wouldn't; and one chap was mean enough to call out 'Skimp!' and another, who knew all about it, told 'em 'twas on account of his 'ma'; and as they'd all had 'ma's,' most of them, they gave three cheers and filled his pockets with pea-nuts, and liked him better'n ever. But always after that they called him Skimp. I talked with the chap half an hour; and fact is, Geoff, he's a real little man."

Thad brought down his sturdy palm on the knee of his friend with one of those explosive whacks which are so singularly expressive to boys.

"And what next?" cried Geoff, impatiently, yet not a little moved by Thad's earnestness. "Spin away."

"Spun out," said Thad; "leastwise as far as facts go. Anything further would be of the stuff that dreams are made of."

"Shakspeare," commented Geoff, under his breath. "Well, suppose you do turn prophet; a little prophecy may be a help to both of us; and likely as not I can help you if you come to any hitches. You begin thusly: And it came to pass that the youth Thaddeus, his great heart touched by a divine pity, vowed to sacrifice his treasures, and devote himself to the lifting of his humble human brothers to—to—well, the heights of Boston culture!"

Geoff laughed as he folded his wings over this flight of fancy; but the laugh had a tone in it which hinted that perhaps it would not be so bad a thing to do after all.

"Nonsense," said Thad, the tinge of an honest blush on his cheeks; "and yet," he added, with a quick light in his eyes, "Thaddeus will do something of the sort."

"And the bicycle check?"

"Will go to Skimp in some shape."

"And next you'll call 'presto!' and the gymnasium attic will change to an orphan asylum, with blackboards instead of spring-boards, and books instead of dumb-bells, O Thad!"

"And that isn't a bad idea, either—the two together. Why, Geoff, you're going to be an immense help to me; I might have known it."

And he was. As Thad took him into confidence, and told all the thoughts and plans that had flashed through his mind since the occurrence on the Common, and the chance discovery of the morning, his laughing sallies and playful satires were full of sensible suggestion.

And by-and-by, as the handsome fellow balanced himself on the shining bicycle for the home run, Thad—his face glowing with a boy's enthusiasm—ventured the prophecy that another Christmas would see a dozen Beacon Street boys carrying out the plans they had planned that day.

Thad believed in having an active hand in the fulfillment of prophecy. So that very week the gymnasium went into the attic, and with it went blackboards, desks, books, globes, charts, and all sorts of tempting appliances.

The next week a keen little fellow, known in front of the *Herald* Office as Skimp, sat at one of the desks every other night. The next week two more desks had occupants; by the middle of February the number was six; and the "asylum," as Geoff persisted in calling it, was decidedly interesting to its originators, and the one or two friends who had been admitted under bond of profound secrecy.

The training of brain and muscle was happily blended after a somewhat original theory of Thad's own.

As St. Valentine's Day drew near, an air of mystery set

flled over Thad's private den; and once, on going in suddenly, Thad's young brother saw, as he afterward affirmed, a cloaked something with long white hair and beard, "like Abraham in the Bible, or Santa Claus," whisk into the wardrobe.

And again, on St. Valentine's Eve, the same mysterious stranger whisked by him in the upper hall, and disappeared down the back stairs.

Whether this strange visitant really was St. Valentine has never been settled entirely to his satisfaction.

But Skimp, in his humble little room in one of the poorest streets of Boston, has never had a doubt of it.

For did he not, ten minutes later, sit down on the edge of his meagre bed in the moonlight to pull off his boots for the night? and did not just then a shadow fall across the floor from the curtainless window? and did he not see a dark figure with saintly white hair and saintly white beard all a silvery shimmer in the moonlight? and did he not hear a gruff kindly voice, that, after all, had the thrill and freshness of youth in it? and were not these the words "St. Valentine's love and remembrance to you and your folks, my boy"? and as his eyes grew big with wonder, did not the saint vanish, and a white packet fly through the broken pane and fall at his feet? and was there not written on it, "St. Valentine remembers what St. Nicholas forgets"? and did not the little packet bring to his tired hopeless mother's face a smile that never faded? and from that St. Valentine's Eve was not his face hopefully set toward what he had never dreamed of before?

The weeks flew by; the winter melted away; the venturesome snow-drops and gay crocuses came bravely out into the sun along Beacon Street; the bicycle season was coming on—still Geoff had not invested. And one day, as he and Thad were crossing the old Common by that same path where Thad first met Skimp, Geoff told him why.

"Fact is, old fellow, that night I played St. Valentine for you, my cheek went into the packet with yours. That was why I held back, and came so near being discovered by that sharp-eyed little brother of yours. I didn't mean to tell you, but I never could keep a secret."

Thad seized his hand with a quick firm grip. "Of course you couldn't, Geoff—of course you couldn't. And why should you from me?" And then a swift light flashed in his eyes as he added, with a glad thrill in his voice, "Now I know, Geoff, that my 'prophecy' will more than come true."

A WOLF'S DISLIKE FOR MUSIC.

IT is well known that domestic dogs dislike music, but the hatred of it seems to be much stronger in a wolf. Dogs become familiar with it, and have learned to endure it; but to the wolf it is intolerable. It would be well for those who live in countries infested by wolves to arm themselves with some loud-sounding musical instrument, as the following anecdote would suggest.

A Scotch bagpiper was travelling in Ireland, when he encountered a wolf, which seemed to be very ravenous. The poor man could think of no other way to save his life than to open his wallet and try the effect of hospitality. He did so, and the savage beast swallowed all that was thrown to him with such voracity that it seemed as if his appetite was not in the least degree satisfied.

The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now the man's only resource was in the virtues of his bagpipe. This the monster no sooner heard than he took to the mountains as suddenly as he had left them. The poor piper did not wholly enjoy his deliverance, for, looking sadly at his empty wallet, he shook his fist at the departing animal, saying: "Ay! are these your tricks? Had I known your humor, you should have had your music before your supper."



THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

THE valentine that thou hast brought
I well know who has sent it;
And every word he says therein
I know full well he meant it.

Thou lovely messenger, pray wait
The while I am inditing
A little answer. Thou canst stay;
I won't be long in writing.

"I'm true to thee; be true to me!"
It is enough. I'll fold it.
Come, birdie, come; the silken string
About thy neck will hold it.

THE DEFENSE OF ROCHELLE.

HOW THE CITY OF REFUGE FOUGHT FOR LIBERTY.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

IN the old times, when people were in the habit of fighting each other about their religion, the little French sea-port Rochelle was called "the city of refuge." The Huguenots, or French Protestants, held the place, and when the armies of the French King tried to take it, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, they were beaten off and so badly used in the fight that the King was glad to make terms with the townspeople.

An agreement was therefore made that they should have their own religion, and manage their own affairs; and to make sure of this the King gave Rochelle so many special rights that it became almost a free city. After that, whenever a Protestant in any part of France found that he could not live peaceably in his own home, he went to Rochelle, and that is the way the place came to be called the city of refuge.

For a good many years the people of Rochelle went on living quietly. They had a fine harbor of their own, their trade was good, and they were allowed to manage

their own affairs. At last the new King of France made up his mind that he would not have two religions in his country, but would make everybody believe as he did. This troubled the people of Rochelle, but the King sent them word that he only meant to make them change their religion by showing them that his was better, and that he did not intend to trouble them in any way.

In those days promises of that kind did not count for much; but the King's Prime Minister, Cardinal Richelieu, who really managed everything, knew very well that Rochelle could give a great deal of trouble if it chose, and so perhaps he really would have let the town alone if it had not been for the meddling of the English Prime Minister Buckingham.

This Buckingham, with an English fleet and army, sailed into the harbor of Rochelle in the middle of July, 1627, and undertook to help the people against the French King. If Buckingham had been either a soldier or a sailor, he might have made himself master of the forts near Rochelle at once; but although he had command of a fleet and an army, he really knew nothing about the business of a commander, and he blundered so badly that the generals of the French King got fresh troops and provisions into the forts, and were able to hold them in spite of all that the English could do.

Seeing how matters stood, Richelieu at once sent an army to surround Rochelle, and at daylight on the 10th of August the people found a strong force in front of the town. Rochelle had not made up its mind to join the English, and the magistrates sent word to the French general that they wanted peace. They said they were loyal to the French King, and even offered to help drive the English away, if their King would promise not to break the treaty that had been made with Rochelle many years before.

It was too late to settle the matter in that way, however. The French general meant to make the town surrender, and so, while the English were fighting to get control of the island of Rhé, at some distance from the town, he began to build works around Rochelle. His plan was to shut the people up in the city and cut off their supplies of food; and when the Rochelle folk saw what he was doing they opened fire on his men.

The war was now begun, and the Huguenots made terms with Buckingham, hoping, with his help, to win in the struggle. Buckingham promised to help them, and he did try to do so in his blundering way; but he did them more harm than good, for when he found that he could not take the forts, he sailed away, taking with him three hundred tons of grain, which he ought to have sent into the town.

It was November when the English left, and Rochelle was in a very bad situation. Richelieu set to work to shut the town in and seal it up. He built strong works all around the land side, and then, with great labor, brought earth and stones and built a mole, or strip of land, nearly all the way across the mouth of the harbor, so that no boats could pass in or out.

The situation was a terrible one, but the people of Rochelle were brave, and had no thought of flinching. They chose the mayor, Guiton, for their commander, and when he accepted the office he laid his dagger on the table, saying: "I will thrust that dagger into the heart of the first man who speaks of giving up the town!" He then went to work to defend the place. He strengthened the works, and made soldiers of all the men in the city, and all the boys, too, for that matter. Everybody who could pull a trigger had to take his place in the ranks. England had promised to send help, and the only question, Guiton thought, was whether or not he could hold out till the help should come; so he laid his plans to resist as long as possible.

The French in great numbers stormed the defenses time after time, but the brave Rochellose always drove them back with great loss. It was clear from the first that Guiton would not give way, and that no column, however strong, could force the city gates. But there was an enemy inside the town which was harder to fight than the one outside. There was famine in Rochelle! The cattle were eaten up, and the horses went next. Then everything that could be turned into food was carefully used and made to go as far as it would. Guiton stopped every kind of waste, but day by day the food supply grew smaller, and the people grew weaker from hunger. Starvation was doing its work. Every day the list of deaths grew longer, and when people met in the streets they stared at each other with lean, white, hungry faces, wondering who would be the next to go.

Still these heroic people had no thought of giving up. They were fighting for liberty, and they loved that more than life. The French were daily charging their works, but could not move the stubborn, starving Rochellose.

The winter dragged on slowly. Spring came, and yet no help had come from England. In March the French, thinking that the people must be worn out, hurled their heaviest columns against the lines; but do what they would, they could not break through anywhere, and had to go back to their works, and wait for famine to conquer a people who could not be conquered by arms.

One morning in May an English fleet was seen outside the mole. The news ran through the town like wild-fire. Help was at hand, and the poor starving people were wild with joy. Men ran through the streets shouting and singing songs of thanksgiving. They had borne terrible sufferings, but now help was coming, and they were sure that their heroic endurance would not be thrown away. Thousands of their comrades had fallen fighting, and thousands of their women and children had starved to death; but what was that if, after all, Rochelle was not to lose her liberties?

Alas! their hope was a vain one, and their joy soon turned to sorrow. The English fleet did nothing. It hardly tried to do anything, but after lying within sight

of the town for a while, it sailed away again and left Rochelle to its fate.

Richelieu was sure that Guiton would surrender now, and so he sent a messenger to say that he would spare the lives of all the people if the town were given up within three days. But the gallant Guiton was not ready even yet to give up the struggle. "Tell Cardinal Richelieu," he said to the messenger, "that we are his very obedient servants;" and that was all the answer he had to make.

When the summer came some food was grown in the city gardens, but this went a very little way among so many people, and the famine had now grown frightful. The people gathered all the shell-fish they could find at low tide. They ate the leaves off the trees, and even the grass of the gardens and lawns was used for food. Everything that could in any way help to support life was consumed; everything that could be boiled into the thinnest soup was turned to account; everything that could be chewed for its juice was used to quiet the pains of fierce hunger; but all was not enough. Men, women, and children died by thousands. Every morning when the new guard went to take the place of the old one, many of the sentinels were found dead at their posts with starvation.

Still the heroic Guiton kept up the fight, and nobody dared say anything to him about giving up. He still hoped for help from England, and meant to hold out until it should come, cost what it might. In order that the soldiers might have a little more to eat, and live and fight a little longer, he turned all the old people and those who were too weak to fight out of the town. The French would not let these poor wretches pass their lines, but made an attack on them, and drove them back toward Rochelle. But Guiton would not open the city gates to them. He said they would starve to death if he let them into Rochelle, and they might as well die outside as inside the gates.

At last news came that the English had made a treaty with the French, and so there was no longer any hope of help for Rochelle, and truly the place could hold out no longer. The famine was at its worst. Out of about thirty



RICHELIEU SURVEYING THE WORKS AT ROCHELLE.

ty thousand people only five thousand were left alive, and they were starving; of six hundred Englishmen who had staid to help the Rochellese all were dead but sixty-two. Corpses lay thick in the streets, for the people were too weak from fasting even to bury their dead. The end had come. On the 30th of October, 1628, after nearly fifteen months of heroic effort and frightful suffering, Rochelle surrendered.

Richelieu at once sent food into the town, and treated the people very kindly, but he took away all the old rights and privileges of the city. He pulled down all the earth-works used by the defenders of the place, and gave orders that nobody should build even a garden fence anywhere near the town. He made a law that no Protestant who was not already a citizen of Rochelle should go there to live, and that the "city of refuge" should never again receive any stranger without a permit from the King.

OUR FIGHT WITH THE SNAPPING-TURTLE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

IT all happened one day last summer. We started for home with the most peaceable intentions. Nothing was further from our thoughts than a fight, and, to tell the truth, we did not do much fighting. As my cousin Ben remarked, after the affair was over, "The turtle could fight enough to answer for the whole party." But that was after we had run away, and the wholesale praise tended to lessen the humiliation of three boys who had been routed by one turtle. But I am commencing at the wrong end of my story, so I will begin at the beginning, and start over again.

There were three of us—my cousins Ben and Charlie and myself. We had started for a swim in a small lake not far from our house, and after rowing across to a little bend where we could be free from observation, we undressed, and jumping into the boat again started to push out into deep water, so that we could "dive off." Just as we had got fairly under headway, the oar which Ben was using to push with stuck in the mud, and was wrenched from his grasp.

"There goes the oar," he said, ruefully, as the boat shot ahead.

"Here we go, you'd better say," commented Charlie. "The oar is perfectly still."

"Well, give me a stick or a bailer, or something to paddle with," replied Ben. There was nothing of the kind in the boat; we had taken out all the movable articles, intending to turn her over, and give her a good washing. "See if there isn't an old tin pan under the forward seat," said Ben; "Uncle John generally keeps one there."

Charlie thrust his hand under the seat in the bow, and poked around for a moment.

"Yes, there is—" Interrupting himself with a shriek, he exclaimed, "Here's a snapping-turtle," and jumped on the seat with the agility of a monkey.

The turtle crawled out from his place of concealment in no very good humor. His little red eyes glared and his jaws snapped like a strong steel-trap. Something evidently disturbed him. Perhaps he was offended at having been mistaken for a tin pan. At all events, he made excellent time toward my bare feet, which I promptly removed to a place of safety on the thwart. He then waddled over toward Ben, who lost no time in securing an elevated position on the stern seat.

There we sat, Charlie in the bow, I in the middle, and Ben in the stern, perched on the seats, while a miserable little snapping-turtle practically had possession of the boat. To be sure, he couldn't make the boat go where he wanted it to, but he could keep us from doing so. We dared not jump overboard, for it was too far to swim

ashore, and, moreover, we were afraid that the turtle would get at us when we clambered in.

We sat for some time in silence, and the turtle seemed to be thinking also, but it was not for long. He had evidently made up his mind as to what course to pursue, and he started for me again. This time he jumped and missed me but by a few inches. Then, as if to show no partiality, he jumped at Charlie. It was surprising how rapidly that turtle could get about. He rushed up and down the boat, snapping his jaws and jumping at us.

Finally Ben spoke, calmly but seriously. He said: "Boys, I suppose that you are so busy thinking about that turtle that you haven't noticed that we are floating toward the hotel, and will be in front of it in about five minutes."

Horrors! To think of making such a ridiculous figure to our friends at the hotel! What could be done?

"Let's jump out and push the boat ashore," I suggested.

"We'd be tired before we got half-way, and we couldn't get in again," objected Charlie.

"I'll tell you," said Ben, a sudden thought flashing over him. "I'll jump into the water and take off my trunks, then let him bite 'em and drop him overboard."

This seemed the only practicable plan, and it was adopted. Charlie took the trunks and held them in front of the turtle. He closed his jaws on them with a snap like a spring lock. Then Charlie lifted him carefully over the side of the boat and dropped him into the water. But here was another difficulty. The turtle refused to let go. Charlie bobbed the trunks up and down and shook them, but without success. Finally, becoming disgusted, he grasped the trunks firmly, and whirling them around his head half a dozen times, suddenly let go. A party of summer boarders from the hotel, who just came round the bend, were astonished by the sight of a turtle flying through the air with a pair of striped bathing trunks in his mouth. The turtle dropped into the water about forty feet from us, and by dint of pushing and resting by turns we managed to get back to our clothes.

We found out afterward that Uncle John had caught the turtle and had forgotten to throw it overboard. We did not refer to the matter at home, for though it was no joke to us at the time, it seemed very ridiculous to admit that one small turtle could put us to so much trouble. Ben contented himself with arousing the curiosity of the family and making us feel uncomfortable at the supper table by inquiring solemnly,

"I wonder what that fellow is doing with my bathing trunks?"

And judging from the grip with which he held on to them, I should imagine he had them yet.

ST. VALENTINE AND HIS DAY.

BY A. R. B.

WE are bound to confess that when the month of February arrives St. Valentine becomes a very important person to our young folk. For a month or more his power seems supreme; and we also know that all the year round deft fingers are busy upon the offerings suitable to his day.

Who was St. Valentine, and what has he to do with this strange custom?

It is more easy to answer the first question than the second.

All that is known of the saint is soon told. The origin of our present custom is not so certain. More than one explanation has been given, and the following has much in its favor.

Isaac Disraeli has pointed out that many of our children's games, the tumblers and street acrobats, the carni-

vals and speaking pantomimes of Italy, were all once common in ancient Rome. And so the custom connected with St. Valentine's name may also be traced to a rite that was practiced in the same city.

In the month of February a feast called *Luperclia* was held in honor of the rustic god Pan. Then took place a ceremony no doubt much in favor with the young people at Rome. The names of young girls were placed with proper solemnity in a box and shaken up. The young men then drew these names, and thus each obtained what we should call a Valentine.

But the leaders of the early Christian Church, wishing to do away with heathen rites and superstitions, made a change in this. The young men, instead of drawing the names of young girls, drew those of early saints, and each was supposed to imitate the example of the saint whose name he drew.

As the heathen rite took place about the 14th of February, that day was fixed on for the new ceremony. Then, that being St. Valentine's Day, his name has come down to us linked with the custom.

So we can fully acquit St. Valentine of having aught to do with our present style of celebrating his day. He was a Christian martyr who suffered death at Rome under the Emperor Claudius.

The extraordinary number of letters now posted on the 13th and 14th of February is scarcely credible; but without the aid of figures we can obtain some idea from the lateness of the postman's call and the strange figure which he generally presents on those days.

Poor man, he has something for nearly every house on that morning, and has to make his round hung about with bags and bundles like a beast of burden. And yet he makes the best of it, and has a kind word for the youngsters who hurry to the door to meet him.

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"DOES it rain here often in the autumn?"

It was Nan who asked the question as she sat perched in the window of Mrs. Heriot's store-room, while that good woman was busy bottling the last of her preserves. The store-room was hardly on a lower floor than the dining-room and black-walnut parlor; that is to say, it opened off a little corridor reached by a descent of only three steps, and Nan was always ready to spend an hour there with Mrs. Heriot or Susan, for there was a peculiar fascination about the shelves, and the big, deep window with its little flap of curtain, and the space between the cupboards, where were a large, low table and two big, old-fashioned chairs. Sometimes Nan had helped Mrs. Heriot pare apples or peaches there, and one delightful day she and Joan had helped label preserve jars and stick cloves into the pickled pears. In these last they had made various initials with the cloves, intending to keep a keen eye open all winter for their re-appearance.

"Does it rain often?" rejoined Mrs. Heriot, looking up absent-mindedly from her work. "Well, I don't know what you'd call *often*. Where I came from in England we thought nothing of ten days' rain together; but then—don't bother, child!—Christmas will bring you a good frost and maybe some skating."

"Oh, Christmas!" exclaimed Nan. She rubbed a clear place on the window-pane and looked out. Everywhere the lawns and garden beds were drenched, and there was a melancholy sound in the half-leaftless trees. Yet Nan

felt very happy. She had so much to fill her life now-days that even rainy days were pleasant. It was assuredly a cause of regret that Lance had been sent to school in Paris, and Nan had to feel sorry that Laura was not well; but Laura had never been her playfellow, and, besides, of late she had been more than ever distant; Joan remained the happy, brisk, loving Joan of the spring and summer time; and, best of all, she had succeeded admirably with her charges, Mrs. Travers and little David.

Every week the accounts were satisfactory. Even Miss Prior was beginning to look kindly upon the arrangement, and so pleased was Aunt Letty that there was talk of Nan's doing something more extensive next year. Phyllis was no longer doubtful about it, or, at least, she only smiled in her peculiar way once in a while; and Nan had grown to be really good friends with Love Blake. Love had given her the soundest kind of counsel, encouraged her when she felt sad, and even helped her in purchases.

Now Nan knew that to her cousin Phyllis Rolf the boatman's daughter seemed a very ordinary person, yet Nan loved her, and Miss Rolf had never interfered. She had never murmured, like Phyllis, that it was a *common taste*; and Nan felt that little Love, with her quiet, peaceful eyes, and her ready, unselfish heart, could teach her many very noble lessons.

"There is Susan calling," said Nan, suddenly. Mrs. Heriot put her pickle jar down and listened, and at that moment Susan appeared, quite breathless, in the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Annie!" she said, "it's your aunt's carriage come for you. She's in College Street, and you are to go at once, if you please, miss."

Nan sprang down from her perch. She could not have said why, yet an undefined dread took possession of her. What did it mean? She knew Miss Rolf had gone out shopping; but why should she have sent for her to come to College Street?

"Is Laura ill?" asked Nan, trembling, as she hurried upstairs to put on her things. But no one seemed able to answer. It was the only thing she could think of; for of all the College Street cousins Laura was the only sickly one.

Nan hardly knew—long afterward it was difficult to remember—just how she got into the carriage, and, with that nameless dread upon her, was driven down the familiar streets. It was fast growing dark, and the wet pavements shone under the street lamps. The little girl in the carriage strained her gaze against the window-pane, looking out eagerly for the iron gateway and the galleried wing of the pleasant house. But everything was curiously quiet as she went in, and, according to custom, she ran upstairs to lay off her things in Joan's room. After all, there was nothing so remarkable in being sent for to a house which she was in and out of every other day. Nan smiled at her own fears as she pushed open the door of the girls' room.

The darkness was not absolute here. Nan could see a figure on the bed; and Laura's face, white and haggard, started up from the pillows. On seeing Nan she gave a little shudder, buried her face again, and then looked up with a strained, feverish gaze.

All Nan's tender heart was filled with pity. "Oh, Laura darling," she said, kneeling down by the side of the little bed, "what is it?—are you worse?"

But Laura shrank back a moment, and then said, in a hoarse voice, entirely unlike her own, "Nan! Nan! listen to me: if you tell of me you will kill me!"

"What, I tell of you?" exclaimed Nan. "What do you mean?"

"Oh! oh!" moaned Laura, moving restlessly about in the bed. "I am so ill! what can I do? Go down-stairs, Nan—you will hear—go down."

Wonderingly Nan laid aside her hat and jacket, and

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"IF YOU TELL OF ME YOU WILL KILL ME."

went down the stairs. Midway she met Phyllis, who stopped and looked at her very strangely. There was only the light of the hall lamp on the faces of the two cousins, but it showed Phyllis's full of pain and anxiety, and Nan's fearless, sweet glance raised to hers, now only touched by something wondering and perplexed.

Phyllis gazed earnestly a moment, and then said, "Go to Aunt Letty in the study, Nan." She added, in an instant, "I know you will make it all right."

"What?" asked bewildered little Nan; but Phyllis passed swiftly on, and Nan had nothing to do but to seek Aunt Letty in the small library, known as the study. When she opened the door of that room it was a relief to find Miss Rolf seated in the window, alone.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS ROLF made a quick movement as Nan shut the door quietly after her; and as the little girl stood still, hesitatingly, in the twilight, she exclaimed,

"Come here, Annice, there is something I want you to explain at once; come, come."

Miss Rolf seemed feverishly impatient and unlike herself. Nan saw in her hands a long bill headed by Ames's mark and address.

"I have got in the account," Miss Rolf continued. "There are things here— Oh, Annice!" the old lady exclaimed, piteously, "if you wanted anything—a new sash, or even those tinsel things, or lace collarettes—why didn't you tell me? It would have been so much better than to buy them in secret."

"I!" Nan gasped out the word. She was more bewildered than ever.

"Look!" exclaimed Miss Rolf again, sternly. "Read this." And she pushed the long bill toward the child.

Nan mechanically took it in her hands and began reading as well as she could. Scattered among the articles she had purchased for the Traverses were various others, unknown to her—pink sash ribbon, lace collarettes, collars,

cuffs, tinsel ornaments, beads. The number and the strangeness of it bewildered poor Nan, while her aunt threateningly stood over her. Suddenly, like an awful shock, as it were from the very heavens, it flashed over her. *She had seen these very things in Laura's possession!*

What it all meant Nan could not even then tell, but, coupled with Laura's wild supplications "not to tell of her," she felt there was guilt somewhere, and that not her own. Nan was too young to be entirely self-possessed or equal to knowing what to do. The paper shook in her hands. What *could* she do or say? Little by little occasions came back to her mind when she had seen Laura quickly hiding these things. And the tinsel ornaments! How clearly Nan now understood what Laura's anxiety to hide them after the play had meant!

For Nan those moments were horrible. What could she do? It was not in her heart or nature suddenly to speak and condemn her cousin. But there was Aunt Letty waiting, with her features all drawn and haggard, all too anxious to restore Nan to favor, yet evidently thinking the worst.

"Oh!" cried Nan, suddenly, looking up wildly at her aunt, "please—let me wait a moment; give me a few moments and I can tell you."

She flung down the paper, and started up the stairs to Laura's room. As she entered she saw the white face on the pillow, and heard the sick girl moan. She flung herself down beside the bed, whispering, "Oh, Laura, I must tell, you know—you know! Oh, let me tell them!" Her voice broke down in sobs.

"You shall not!" whispered Laura back. "You will kill me if you do. Wait a little while. You *must* not!" Laura really grew faint, and Nan looked at her half in pity, half in contempt.

"And you will not own to it?" Nan asked, slowly.

But Laura only buried her face and sobbed convulsively. Had not Phyllis appeared, Nan would have said more; but on seeing her elder cousin the little girl turned and left the room, returning to the study. What was there for her to do or to say? She could not tell. How could she blame Laura? how stand up and disgrace her cousin—Phyllis's sister? And even were she to do so, would she be believed? And Laura was really ill, worn out, Nan did not now doubt, by her wretched secret.

Everything seemed to be in a whirl about her as she re-entered the study, where Miss Rolf still stood as she had left her.

"Well?" The old lady spoke sharply.

But Nan, for the first time, only hung her head.

"Explain this, Annice," her aunt said, coldly.

Nan tried to find her voice, and failed. Then she said, slowly, "I can not."

"Is it that you *will* not?" demanded her aunt.

No answer.

"Annice, did you hear me?"

"Yes, Aunt Letty."

"And can you not answer?"

"No."

Nan's voice sounded even to herself a far-away whisper. There was silence for a moment—silence, at least, in the little room. Outside, the rain beat furiously, and for a long time Annice Rolf never heard the same sound without a recollection of the faint, sick feeling that possessed her as she stood with bowed head before her aunt.

"You may go," said Miss Rolf, presently. "Go home at once in the carriage, and send it back for me. And go at once to your room. Do you hear, Annice? Go at once."

It seemed like a dream to Nan—her going up the stairs, knocking at Laura's door, and mechanically asking Phyllis for her things. How she put them on; how she got into the carriage and gave her aunt's orders; how she

drove home through the dark, wet streets, and reached the house and her own little room—seemed afterward all recollections in the mists of a nightmare. But there she was at last, in the window of her room, and crying as if her heart would break. Oh, for one word with Lance, or Love Blake! And if Laura should never tell! And in the midst of all, and, I rejoice to say, the very worst of all, seemed to Nan to lie in the fact of Laura's double deceit. What *could* have induced her to it? Wayward, thoughtless, forgetful as was Nan, her conscience was unstained by any actual sin, and not for worlds could she have been tempted to a lie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN THE WESTERN OCEAN.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

"IT is many a good long year ago since what I'm going to tell you about happened," said Captain William Grant, of the brig *Dolphin*, as he crossed his legs, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and settled himself comfortably for telling a yarn. "It is many a good long year ago, my lads. I was then a boy thirteen or fourteen years of age, and what I'm going to tell you happened aboard this very brig *Dolphin*.

"She was then not more than four years old, and not one of the liners could touch her running free. We loaded oats in Limerick for London, and put to sea on a heavy February day. We were hardly clear of the land when the glass began to fall, and all the heavens thickened up with the clouds like dirt. I heard the captain saying to the mate, as they stood at the skylight—this very skylight over our head now, boys—that he didn't like the look of it at all. Then he looked aloft and into the wind, which was nearly due east, then walked aft. As he came back he said, 'There aren't three hours between us and bare poles.'

"I agree with you," said the mate; 'and we're too far off to beat back.'

"In less than an hour we were close reefed. In less than two the stow was upon us. The wind was something terrible, lads. Before it struck us with its full force we had taken everything off her except the fore double-reefed topsail; and when the gale struck her it took that topsail out of the bolt-ropes as easily as I chuck that tobacco-pouch across the table.

"What went after the topsail I can't tell. There was a terrible crash, and—remember, lads, I was a younger then—in a few minutes it seemed as if everything aloft had come down by the run. Some rope or spar, I don't know what, knocked me over, and all the men were busy with their knives cutting away the wreck before I came to. By that time both topmasts were gone, short of the trucks, and the great danger was that the wreck, which we were towing upon our port side, would stave in the planks of the hull. Some of the stanchions and bulwarks had been carried away by the wreck, and although we had a dry deck—not a bucket of water had come aboard yet—the *Dolphin* looked as though she had been hammered and tongs at it for a fortnight.

"For six-and-thirty hours that gale blew. Then the wind died away, and it fell a dead calm. This was even worse than the gale. Every minute I expected the brig would founder. Now she was in the trough of the sea, broadside, now stern foremost, now bow foremost, now with her quarter to the sea. She was utterly helpless, and during the gale we had lost two men overboard.

"All this time we had no exact notion of where we were. The captain had no knowledge of navigation, and no man aboard was a bit better off in this way. But even if the captain had had all the science in the world, we had no chance of taking the sun, no chronometer aboard, and, to the horror of all, it was found out that, in the excitement and the danger, no one had thought of winding watch or clock, and we were without the time. You can see, my lads, we were in a nice fix. We were hundreds of miles out in the Western Ocean; the boat and the galley had been swept away; we could hardly show a rag of canvas even if a breeze sprang up; we were dismantled; we had no man aboard who knew anything of navigation; we hadn't the time, and we had provisions for but one month.

"Days and weeks went by, and still we saw no sail. For the first fortnight we were allowed the same grub as usual; but then we were put on half-allowance. We had, by some fortunate good chance, an extra barrel of water aboard; and whether it was owing to the weight of the barrels, or the secure way in which they were lashed

down, they had not been washed away. If they had, we should, of course, have died. The grub was safe enough in the harness-casks at the foot of the companion and in the lockers.

"At the end of six weeks we had one barrel of water, and two days' half-allowance of grub. Still we saw no sail. We gave ourselves up for lost. In six weeks and two days the last biscuit was gone, the last pound of beef eaten. We still had a cask of water untouched, and with that we could manage to live for a few days longer; but I think by this time we gave ourselves up. Still the sea was rolling and tumbling around us, every now and then sweeping the decks. We were all as weak as children by this time, and if the pumps had wanted tending for more than fifteen minutes out of the two hours, we could not have manned them regularly. What made matters worse was that, beyond tending the pumps, we had nothing to do. We had plenty of coals yet, but we had nothing to cook.

"I have been often out in a bad gale since, but I'd rather ride out the biggest storm of wind that ever came out of the heavens, than lie another six weeks helpless like that in the Western Ocean, with the waves running mountains high.

"There was one man among the crew, Jim Clarke by name, I never liked. He was a tall, thin, dark-bearded sea-lawyer, with a list to starboard. I will say he was a thorough sailor, and knew his business as well as any man in the brig. But he was always grumbling and growling, and ever since we came to be put on short allowance his grumbling and growling grew worse and worse.

"None of the men liked Clarke. He was always trying to stir up a mutiny about something or other, and the first day we were put on short allowance, when it was his watch below, I heard him say:

"What I want to know, men, is this: Here we are, sticking by this brig out in the Western Ocean, and now we're cut down to half-victuals. Are the owners going to make up to us for half starving us while navigating this brig? While I'm aboard this brig my wages are running on, and why shouldn't my full victuals be running on also?

"I'll tell you what it is, Clarke,' said one of the men, with a grim laugh, 'if I were you, and didn't like my berth, I'd pack up my bag and chest, and step ashore.'

"At this the other men laughed, and Clarke knocked off, and said no more about the matter.

"But now that we hadn't a pound of beef or a biscuit, and were already weakened by exposure and short grub, Clarke spoke more openly. He said:

"Here we are now without a blessed mouthful of grub aboard; and all this time since we were put on short victuals we've been saving the owner ninnepence a day each man. The cargo and the ship are insured, and if we don't live to get ashore the owner will have all the value of the brig from the insurance people, and all the wages too except those who drew on advance notes. Now I'm blowed if I'm going to let the owners have all my money, for I got nothing on an advance note. I'm not one of the sort that want to die. I want to live, and I mean to live; and I want to get my money.'

"The other men said they all wanted to live, but how was it to be done?

"Clarke suddenly looked round, and there was something in his evil eye which made my blood run cold. Never in all my life before did I see so horrible an expression in any man's face. There was something in it like you see in the eye of a rat when he turns on you in a corner. Then he said, in a low, clear voice: 'There are nine of us; we have nothing to do but tend the pumps. Why shouldn't one of us go for the good of the others?'

"The three men gave a groan of horror. 'No,' said one of them, indignantly; 'we were messmates together, and we can die together, like men—not like brute beasts.'

"I think these words and the way they were taken by the other men showed Clarke he had no chance of arguing them into what he wanted them to do. All the remainder of that watch below there was no other word spoken; and when we went on deck (we had to guess the time, of course, for we had no watch or clock going) the men avoided Clarke, and when he caught hold of a pump handle with another of the men, that man dropped the handle and walked aft. I tell you, my lads, that if the men were disgusted, I was frightened well-nigh out of my life. I sat or lay thinking on the deck all that watch, wondering what would become of us.

"I thought to myself, 'Can it be possible that we are aboard this brig, with close upon two hundred tons of oats, out of which no doubt some sort of food could be made, and that, while we have water to make it with, we must either die of hunger or turn cannibals?'

"Just as the captain and his watch came on deck a thought suddenly struck me, and I went up to him—he was a kind man, and I wasn't a bit afraid of him—and said, 'May I speak with you aft, sir, for a minute?'

"'Certainly, boy,' he said. 'Come this way.'

"'If you please, sir, Jim Clarke said in the cabin, in our watch below, that it was better one of us should be killed than that all should starve.'

"'If Clarke,' said the captain, 'talks any more such horrible nonsense, I'll throw him over the side to cool him.'

"'And, if you please, sir, I thought just when you came on deck that we might be able to get some oats.'

"'But, boy, we can't touch the hatches. You know that very well; and even if you got at the oats, what could you do with it? We're not horses; we can't eat oats?'

"'No, sir; but if we broke through one of the after-bulk heads we could get some oats, and we could grind it up in the coffee-mill, and boil it and make porridge.'

"'Hurrah!' said the captain. 'Well said, youngster. We ought all to be keel-hauled for not thinking of that before. Our brains must have got stupid with hardship and hunger. Come on, men. Cheer up. The youngster has done the trick, and we ought all to be ashamed of ourselves.'

"In a very few minutes the carpenter was at work boring an anger-hole in the bulk-head between the hold and the captain's state-room, and in a very few minutes more we had a couple of buckets of oats. We put on a pot of water; we roused up the fire; we clamped the coffee-mill to the cabin table; and while one man attended the fire, another ground away as hard as he could.

"When all was ready the captain called all the men down to the cabin and shut the companion on the inside so as to keep out the water. Then he said: 'My lads, we have to thank this youngster here for this fine supper of porridge when we are on the point of starving. There is one amongst us who shall have no porridge to-night. Jim Clarke wanted us to turn man-eaters. He shall make his supper to-night of the top of a belaying-pin. But to-morrow morning, just to show him we're not as great brutes as he, we will give him half a plateful. Now, my lads, let us all thank God, and then you fall to.'

"The captain did not eat a mouthful until all of us had finished, but I warrant you that did not take us long. Jim Clarke begged and howled for some, but the captain would not give him a spoonful. 'No, my sonny,' said he; 'you'll do to-night on cold water, and if the night's fasting kills you we promise not to eat you up, but to throw you overboard as if you were a good shipmate and no man-eating sea-lawyer.'

"For five days more we drifted about in the Western Ocean, and were then sighted by a homeward-bound bark. She bore down upon us, and sent a boat aboard. Soon we had plenty of provisions. The captain of the bark offered to take us all off, but our captain refused to

go. The bark fortunately had some spare spars, which were thrown overboard, and towed to us by the boat. The captain also gave us some spare sails, and enough provisions to last us for a month, and he sent his own second mate, who had passed in navigation, aboard us.

"When the captain of the bark had done all this he promised to stand by us for a day or two to see how we got on. At the end of that day we had got a jury-mast rigged to the foremast, and on this we set a large square-sail. Next day we rigged up another sail, and, to make a long story short, erept slowly back to the coast of Ireland, and at last arrived in Kinsale.

"It was three months before the *Dolphin* was again ready for sea. I have sailed in her pretty much ever since, and met with no accident of any account. One good thing those two months in the Western Ocean did me was to show me that every ambitious boy who goes to sea ought to know navigation. It is thirty-five years since I passed, and I am now qualified to take any kind of a craft to any part of the world."

REG.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

CHAPTER III.

"SIT down by the fire whilst I hurries up the tax," said Mrs. Tinburn, casting about her in search of a chair that was not filled with articles of one kind or another. "Billy 'll be in omny minute now. But shure 'n' where's yer clothes?"

Reg's first impulse was to answer that he had them on; then understanding what the woman meant, he replied, gravely, "In Aunt Susan's bag."

"An' where's yer Aunt Susan, an' why don't yez stop wid her?"

But Reg was spared explaining this delicate point by the entrance of Billy, his twin Prince. He was perhaps a trifle older than Reg, and had a pale, freckled face, reddish hair, and a turn-up nose that lent him anything but a princely cast of countenance.

"Shure, Billy," cried his mother, waving the loaf of bread she was cutting toward Reg, "here's the bhiy Mr. Smith's hired to take poor Sammy's place in the play to-night; an' yer both to be at the theatre at seven prompt, as this new un hasn't had any rehearsin'."

The two boys stared at one another, as boys always do on being introduced.

Reg had his mouth open to ask some more questions, when Mrs. Tinburn exclaimed, "Shure an' it's toime yez were off," and five minutes later the two boys were on their way to Smith's Theatre, to make their *début* as the Twin Princes.

"Will to-night be the first time you ever acted?" asked Reg, keeping close to Billy's shabby coat as they hurried along.

"No, I played in a piece last winter over a hundred times."

"Don't you ever feel kind of—kind of trembly?" continued Reg.

"No, there ain't nothin' to tremble about or be scared of 'ceptin' Dan Danderbry. He makes fun o' me foine clothes, an' says they ought to reduce me wages, 'cause I'm so pale, an' 'use up so much paint,' and poor white-faced Billy gave a weak little laugh as he tried to make a joke of his persecutions.

"Use up so much paint!" exclaimed Reg, inquiringly. "Oh yes, I remember Mr. Smith said I would look better when I had some on. Does it hurt when they do it?"

"Not a bit, but yez must kape orful still, or Madame York, the ould lady what fixes us up 'll stick the brush in



BILLY AND REG IN THE COSTUME OF THE "TWIN PRINCES."

yer eye. But here's the theatre; now kape close to me, which is what yez must do the whole evenin';" and as he spoke Billy hurried in at the stage-door.

For an instant Reg shrank back, but Billy pulled him in, whispering sharply, "Don't be scared," and presently the two boys were helping one another dress as the Twin Princes.

Billy's costume was exactly the same as Reg's, and very queer he looked, with his pale, pinched features set off by such splendid attire. However, as soon as the wigs had been adjusted, he told Reg to come with him upstairs, where, in a little room off the stage, a very cross old woman, with a bundle of colored sticks in her hand, speedily gave a vivid flush to the pale cheeks, and an inky blackness to the straggling eyebrows.

When it came Reg's turn to be "touched up," he sat down on the rickety chair with much the same sensations he had experienced on his first visit to the dentist's, but remembering Billy's caution, he scarcely breathed while Madame York's skillful fingers did the necessary work.

"Now come," directed Billy: "yez must get used to the stage, yer know, so ye won't be afther gapin' all about, loike a wild Injui, whin ye go on in the perversion—but what's the matter wid ye?" for Reg had suddenly grasped his brother Prince by the arm with a clutch that was not a little startling.

"Look there! What's that?" and Reg with trembling finger pointed to a row of hideous skeletons grinning at them from behind a side scene.

"Oh, shure an' those be only the remains found afther the big battle in the third act; an' moind, don't ye go to bein' afraid o' the firin', for it won't hurt yez, though ye can't see for the smoke."

Poor Reg! What with skeletons, battles, and blinding smoke to look forward to, life on the stage did not seem half so inviting as it had in the afternoon; and then everything was so different here behind the curtain. No gilding, not even paint or plaster to hide the bricks; all the lights inclosed with cage-like wire screens instead of handsome glass globes; no soft carpet on the floor, but dust and dirt everywhere, and— "Hello, youngster!"

This exclamation, accompanied as it was by a tremendous slap on the shoulder, so startled Reg that he fell back heavily against one of the shaky pillars of the palace, causing it to tremble from its foundations.

"Good evening, Prince," went on the irrepressible Danderbry. "Do you think you will be able to get along until eleven without taking another nap?"

But at that moment some one called "Dan! Dan!" and Reg was left in peace and solitude, for the call-boy's appearance was the signal for Billy Timburn's instant disappearance.

In vain did Reg seek for him among the stately corridors of the castle; not a boy was to be seen, only carpenters and scene-shifters, in their shirt sleeves, putting the finishing touches to the abode of the Twin Princes.

"Where can he be?" wondered the boy, anxiously; for without Mr. Smith or Billy at his side, he felt quite awed by the strange sights around him.

So, hurrying in and out between scenes representing houses and forests, streets and prisons, he finally reached a piece of canvas, the flapping of which tempted him to draw it aside to see if Billy had not vanished behind it. But he had no sooner put his head in at the opening than he drew it back again with a jerk, for he had seen, not a possible hiding-place for Billy Timburn, but the half-assembled audience in the parquet.

"Here, you young rascal, what do you mean by exposing yourself before the curtain in that style?" and Mr. Wellington Smith's voice did not sound at all friendly, as he pulled Reg toward him by the ear, and threatened him with a box on the same if he did not behave himself. "Now do you know what you have to do? Have you gone over the part with Billy Timburn, as I told you to?"

"If you please, sir," answered Reg, as evenly as he could with his heart beating in between the words. "I can't find Billy."

"Not find him? Why, didn't he come here with you? Bring him to me instantly—instantly, I say;" and the angry junior manager glowered at Reg so fiercely that the latter dashed off right among the dangling skeletons without so much as giving them a thought.

He met the object of his search just coming up from the dressing-room, whither he had retreated to escape the merciless Danderbry, and hastily and with inward trepidation the two boys returned to stand before Mr. Wellington Smith.

That gentleman greeted them with some very unpleasant remarks, and after having caused them both to hang their heads as if they had been caught stealing apples, he ordered them to retire to the wings, and march in with the air of princes.

But now the musicians in the orchestra could be heard tuning up, and the next moment a throng of courtiers, soldiers, servants, and pages swarmed over the stage, effectually putting a stop to any more impromptu rehearsals. Reg was then handed over to the stage-manager, an old man with spectacles, ruffled hair, and such a wild look that poor Prince Budaway fairly quailed before him.

"Now stand right here," was his command to the boys. "You're on in all acts except the second;" and then he rapidly explained how, where, and when they were to sit down, stand up, bow, wave their hands, and walk off.

Meanwhile the orchestra in front of the curtain was playing a lively march; men, women, and children, in all sorts of costumes, were rushing in and out among the wings. Mr. Smith was seen flying back and forth, scolding, advising, re-arranging, and scattering, all of which sights and sounds combined nearly drove Reg distracted, although he tried not to mind them, but to think only of the work before him.

Presently the music ceased, a bell rang, and with a rushing sound, the curtain went up on the first act of *The Twin Princes*.

Ordered to stand back against the wall, Reg could only catch fleeting glimpses of what took place on the stage, although Billy at his side was trying to explain to him the plot of the piece, and "who was who." Every now and then men and women in knee-breeches, long trains, and powdered wigs, would brush by them to be ready to enter at the proper moment, and Reg decided that all the school-masters in the country could not look as cross nor speak as sharply as the stage-manager, who appeared to be able to read the book in his hand, watch the play, and frown at the waiting actors all at one and the same time.

But now the wings began to fill up with the red-coated soldiers from the dressing-room down-stairs, among them being included a full military band. A thin little man then set about the task of forming the procession which was to escort the Twin Princes to their throne, and dazzle the audience with its splendors. Eight pages, four in front and four behind, took their places next Reg and Billy, while the line of court ladies and noblemen extended quite a long distance toward the rear of the building.

But Prince Budaway never felt more like Reg Robinson in his life, and the hand he was told to rest gracefully on his sword hilt shook so as to call forth a sharp rebuke from the thin little drill-master, who spoke with a funny French accent, and who seemed to think that it was his duty to jerk people into their places as if they were so many wooden puppets.

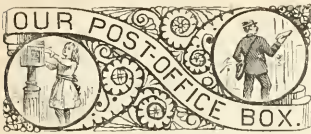
Oh, how heartily Reg wished himself back at Broadfarms with Aunt Susan! for how was he, who had never even seen a play in all his life, to satisfy the requirements of all these cross people, who twisted his shoulders straight, raised his head by hitting him under the chin, and trained him for his rôle by various other exceedingly practical methods?

"Second scene, ready!" suddenly called out the Argus-eyed man with the book, and the next instant the drums began to beat, then the military band burst out with a crash of sounds, and the "grand, unequalled pageant" moved forward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SUCH A HEAVY LOAD!"



TRAP PLACE, LOUISIANA.

I am a little girl living in North Louisiana, and I want to tell you about a trap set by my brother Harry, and what he caught in it. He and a little colored boy named Sam set a trap in the garden under a pear tree. The next morning, when they went to look at it, it was sprung, and under it was mamma's speckled hen. She had gone under to get the meal, and had sprung the trap on herself. She was so big that the trap fitted on her back, and she would raise it up every time she fluttered her wings, but she couldn't get out, and there she was, squawking and fluttering like everything.

I wish that I could draw a picture to show you how funny Harry and Sam looked trying to get her out, for she was as fierce as a cat. The boys were both on their knees, Harry so very, very white—even his hair is white—and Sam so very, very black.

Harry and Sam go to the gin-house every day to get cottonseed to feed the sheep and calves with, and it is very funny to see them both on old John the horse, Harry in front, and Sam behind holding the sack of seed, and sometimes old John throws them both up in the air.

Harry's aunt gave him HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and I read it too, and like it very much. Some time I will write and tell you about a wonderful dog of ours.

VIRGINIA H. J.

GOLDSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

My brother and I have taken *Young People* ever since it was published, and he has written letters so much that I want to write one too. We have a little dog named Trotty, and we love him as much as Toby Tyler loved Mr. Stubbins. We had last summer a kitty named Jumbo, and one day we found her in the back yard dead. My little brother threw himself on the bed and cried, and then Cousin Josie got a box and put the kitten in it, and made a wreath of daisies around her head; then Clintie came and looked at her, and didn't cry any more, and helped us bury her.

BERTIE D.

It certainly is a great comfort to find a poor dead pet a nice funeral, is it not, children?

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

Not long ago I saw in the Post-office Box a letter from a boy named Charles E. T., living in Amesbury, Massachusetts, who said he was twelve on October 21 or 22 of last year. I would like to ask him if he knew he had a twin in New London. I was twelve years old on the same day. The only trouble is, our names are the same. I have been sick with scarlet fever, and had a relapse, and was sick with the relapse longer than I was with the fever. I have been sick eight weeks in all, and have to do all sorts of things to amuse myself, as I am alone a good deal of the time. My principal occupation has been reading over the back numbers of *Young People* and *St. Nicholas*. I have a brother Charles a year older than myself, and I should like to see my twin and see if he is anything like my brother.

LOUISE H. A.

Let me tell you of my dear little baby brother. His name is Cadwalliger; rather an odd and odd name for such a small child, perhaps, but it is a family name. We call him Wally for short, and he is so sweet, and he sends me all sorts of crazy after picture-books, and even balls dear *Young People* when it arrives.

Dear Postmistress, I often wish I had the sweet, good disposition of my baby brother, and would give so many letters which must go through your hands. Good-by.

LULU C.

Thank you, dearie. The more letters the merrier. If you should all stop writing, just think what a forlorn Postmistress I would be.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Will you oblige a little girl ten years old by putting her little story in the Post-office Box?

LITTLE MAY'S REWARD.

There was once a little girl named May. When she was seven years old she had a great habit of running away, and once, when she was wandering about in the yard, she found a bright five-cent piece. At first she thought she would keep it, for her mother was not very well off, with two or three little ones besides her; but when she remembered what her Sunday-school teacher had told her, that she must never take a pin which did not belong to her, so she went into the house and told her mother all about it.

Her mother was just then talking to a lady, who told her that her little boy had lost the five

cents, and then she kissed Little May, and told her that it was very nice of her to find and tell the owner, and the very next day a box came for May, and in it was a beautiful doll, and that was May's reward.

MARY A. M.

Miss C. L. H., of New York, incloses to the Postmistress, precisely as he wrote it, a composition by one of her pupils—a boy of eleven. The interest taken by teachers in the Post-office Box is very gratifying.

THE COW.

The cow is a very useful animal in many ways. There is always something sleepy-looking about a cow. Some cows are very pretty. And when the weather is hot, and the flies worry them, they feed in some neighboring stream or river and cool off; that is, if a river or stream runs through the pasture in which they are. I said before that the cow was useful, she gives us milk, and from the milk we make cream, butter, and cheese. And when they kill her we make leather of her skin, and glue of her hoofs and horns.

In the winter we keep her in the barn, and we feed her on turnips, pumpkins, and hay. But in the spring and summer they lie and roam about the pasture or woods all day long, and feed on grass and clover until it is time for them to be milked. I could say many things about the cow, but I will reserve them for the next time.

NEW YORK CITY. DONN B.

Thanks are due to Miss E. M., of Pittsburgh, for her kind words about *Young People*, and for the clever budget for her little pupils. There is room to publish only one of the letters, but while *Charles W.*'s appears in the Post-office Box, George D. W. and Ella W. may be glad to know that the Postmistress thought their letters very well written, and a credit to themselves and their teacher. As these children have but lately begun to write, they will no doubt make wonderful progress the coming year.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

My name is *Charlie W.*, and I live in Pittsburgh. We have a big blood-hound; it will pull a cart. We had a cat, and the dog killed it. I have a little brother, and he has a goat; and it pulls a cart, and he has a set of harness. My uncle has two horses and a cow, and it is a wild cow. I have a dove, and I call it Joe; it is a tame dove. I let it out one day, and it flew away and staid a week. I like pets, and take good care of them.

CHARLIE W.

ENCLERWOOD, ILLINOIS.

It is so cold to-day (January 29) that the schools have been dismissed, the temperature has fallen to thirty degrees below zero. I used a very pretty experiment, which I hope some of you will try. Take a bottle with a very large neck, and fill it with water up to the neck. Go to the drug store and get about three cents' worth of sugar of lead. Pour the lead into the water, and let it dissolve. Then take a small string and tie the end of the string to the neck of the bottle. Next get a match, and tie the other end of the string to the middle of it. After this is done, lay the match across the mouth of the bottle, and let the end of the string hang by the corners of the depth of the bottle into the water. If the bottle is not jarred, it will be very pretty in about five days.

FRANK C.

SEWANE, TENNESSEE.

I have not seen a letter from this place. This is my first attempt for the paper. I am a little girl seven years old. I have two sisters. We are very happy. I wish you would send me some of the Texas winter. I have a dog named Ring, and some beautiful chickens, which I love very much. I like "Nan" very much, but like Jimmy Brown's very much better. I wish you would send me some of the paper. My cousin Juliet gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year. I have enjoyed it very much. I would be glad to see this letter in print; it would surprise my auntie, and please her.

JOHNNIE T.

WAYNOR, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl eight years old, and have just commenced to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and am just beginning to read; I cannot write, though, because I am so unfortunate as to have my right arm paralyzed. I have three little sisters and one little brother, all young, but I am. We are delighted with the dear little paper, and greatly interested in the Wiggles. I send you one in answer to No. 31, which I do hope may be in your paper. Your little friend,

CARLIE W.

FORT CONCHO, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—You invited me to write again, so I thought I would do so. I said in my letter that I would like to make a seat for putting and Indian pony riding. Early in the year there are loads of peacan-ants along the banks of the Concho River, on tall trees. We children get a big government wagon drawn by four mules, take gunny sacks to put the peacans into, and when we get to the place our big bro-

ther climbs the tree and shakes it hard, and down come the nuts. Oh! we have so much fun, and the nuts are so nice while they are fresh!

All the children here who can afford it have ponies. Harry is a gentle little steel gray one, called Harry, and he will take Harry for a ride every day, and I the next. We just go flying over these wild prairies, and feel splendid. There is a "post school" here, but we are taught at home; papa hears our book lessons, and mamma attends to our music. We are learning the piano and guitar. Our brother Guy has gone North to school.

We read *Young People* and two cavalry (colored) and five infantry (white men). The cavalry soldiers ride fine big horses. This is the headquarters of our regiment. The regimental band plays at the camp every day, and we have dress parade twice a week. There are a great many officers with their families at this fort.

We read *Young People* and *St. Nicholas*. We are not allowed to read novels. I think "Nan" is the best story I ever read.

Dear Postmistress, I would like to hear how you like the drawings I send. I am fond of drawing.

Good-by. I send you my love, because it seems as if I knew you so well.

KIRTH W. P.

I like your drawings very much, especially the cow, which is quite life-like. And I like your letter, and am sure the readers of the Post-office Box will be pleased with it too.

THE FROST ON THE WINDOW.

Bright pictures of fairy-land etched on our windows.

Etched by Jack Frost's bright silvery pen, Showing us truly the abode of the fairies And elves in a picture again and again.

A delicate picture in glistening silver, Destroyed by a touch, or even a breath; Then lost to its cover, forever, forever.

The beautiful picture that thus met its death.

They show us the rivers, the hills, and the valleys.

The mountains and plains of that hidden land; They show us the trees and the flowers of the elves.

They show us the forms of that mystic band.

This in our hearts are the queer-woven fancies And dreams of the future, so pleasant and sweet.

Seen through the day, when we gaze at the world, And woven and dreamed in the mist of the night.

HELEN M. CHASE (33 years old).

MAPLEWOOD, ILLINOIS.

I am interested in the Post-office Box, and like *Young People* very much. I am just twelve years old. I like history very much, and I have a *Universal History*, *Barnes's Brief History of the United States*, *Sacred History*, *Peter Parley's Universal History*, and *Primer of England* through. I do not study modelling, but I have been modelling for two years in wax only for amusement. I study drawing, and I have been going to school for only four months. I study biology at home. I made my first bust out of wax, and I have a column, which my parents think is worth keeping; it is two inches high. I am making a collection of minerals, old stones, etc. I make pony-boots, and eight inches long, with my pocket-knife; they have wax occupants in them.

When I was at my grandpa's on the prairies of Kansas, and he brought me a young prairie-wolf, and I kept her about a week, and she was very tame, and she adopted it. It would have starved the kittens if mother had not taken it away. Then we fed it with milk, and it became a great pet, as well as a watchdog, and I had to have a gun to kill the chickens that it could find. At last the vacation it thus occasioned became too strong to be borne, and it was killed.

ANTONIO M.

KIDDERWINSTER, ENGLAND.

I have never seen a letter from this place, so I thought I would write one. My dear papa, who is in Philadelphia, sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I like it very much. I am a member of "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," "Nan," and those tales by Jimmy Brown. I am very anxious to go to the postman to bring it. I have not any more of it, but I have a white column one, a little thrush, which I call Jacko. He will say almost anything that I try to teach him. I have already taught him to call "Percy" a little blue bird, and he does not like to be trained. He will call out, "Look at the wet." I go to a private school, and I am in the first class, and I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and French. I like to play the piano, music, and dancing. My mamma and I live by ourselves, but I have lots of little friends, who also read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with me, and they like it very much. I have been to my own country very much, but I do not like crossing the water. My papa likes it a little better than he did at first, and he goes to the postman to tell me about America and the places he goes to visit.

The weather here is very mild, and we have violets and pansies in full bloom. I hope you will print this, so that my dear papa may see it, as it looks all the better for sending to me; he will be pleased to see it. Trusting the Postmistress had a merry Christmas, and hoping she will have a happy New-Year.

With best love,
ANNIE W. (aged 11 years).

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

You were so kind as to publish my letter, and in the note after it you asked me to write to you about our Holiday Club. Well, we meet every Wednesday at 4:30 p. m. I am the president. I can tell you best about it. I call the roll first to open the meeting (we have eight members); then I read the "Holiday Journal," edited by our secretary, each member contributing something to it piece. After that we allow our members to make any motion they want to. Then we read a chapter or two out of *Alice in Wonderland*. We have already read *Tom Sawyer*. After that the meeting closes.

Every month we elect new officers, but no officer may serve more than two terms. I am on my second term this year. Our officers are: President, W. A. B. ; president, Howard E. R. ; secretary, Rufus L. P. ; treasurer, and Addie L. F. ; Mary E. F. ; Will F. S. ; C. Etta L. ; and Wiley G. G. are members. I hope I have not made this letter too long.

ANDREW H. P.

What a charming little order of arrangements you have in your club, and how pleasant it is that you have both girls and boys as members, and that each contributes something to the enjoyment of all. I hope the Holiday Club may long flourish.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have a dear little kitty named Frizzie, and I have a bird named Gypsy, and Ellery, my brother, has a bird named Jerry, and he takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like to hear the letters come from Frizzie, come from the country, and two or three days ago she caught her first rat.

We have a little square mat made of wool, and she likes to sleep on it very much. I am five years old, and my brother Ellery was nine the 17th of November. Ellery stands at the head of the second class, and I learn at home; I am in the First Reader. My mother wrote this, but it is not all the way, and I will be glad to write the letters. I send my love to you. Will you please print it? Good-by.

CLINTON S. W.

NEW YORK CITY.

I was disappointed that Agnes Esie T. had not visited Spain, as I was born there, within twenty miles of the Alhambra at Granada, of which perhaps you have read. I am thirteen years old, and my papa gave me a hundred-dollar bill for my present, which is to be put in the bank for my "future good." On the last day that I was eleven years old I dressed up all my dolls, and sent them to a mission in which my aunt is interested.

Next year we are going to my Spanish home, Lindersbush, and I can hardly wait for that time to come. I am a visitor in England, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Jerusalem. I would like very much to go to China and India, but papa has hitherto had no business calling him there. I have been here three years, and, next to Spain, I think it the most beautiful country I ever saw.

IDA B.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I live eighty-one miles south of Chicago, in a little town in Iroquois County. I have not seen any letter from this neighborhood. I was playing with my schoolmates and I broke my "Whip-Cracker" five weeks ago last Thursday. I can't sit up in a chair yet, but the doctors say I may sit up next Thursday.

I do not have any pets. I have two canaries, named Dick and Goldie; the latter is so named because she is just like gold. We caught her in the street in June two summers ago. My aunt is very kind to me.

Last summer papa used to take me bunting with him. One afternoon we walked twelve miles. When we were coming in on the railroad we killed a snake that was three feet long and had two rattles. Mr. H. put two charges of No. 6 shot in it; that was all that it took to kill it.

Last summer we were in Pennsylvania, and my two cousins and myself were out in the woods with two dogs, when we came across a snake that was five feet long. A man happened to come along, and killed the snake for us. We tied a string around its neck, and dragged it home.

There is a place in Beaver County called Backbone, where there is a line of solid rock. There is a cave up in the rock about twenty feet, with a great number of bats in it.

I am getting a collection of cards, and have 156 choice ones. Yours truly,
WILLIE C.

When I read that you broke your leg playing "Whip-Cracker," I inquired of a friend of mine, about your age, how it was played, and I concluded from his description that it was a danger-

ous game. I hope your leg is as strong as ever now, and that you may always come off victorious in a fight with rattlesnakes.

CHICHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have the nicest baby sister. Her name is Mary. She is nearly five months old. I made this verse up all myself. Here it is:

Darling little Daisys
And their mornings are bazy
Takes her umbrella out,
And she does not frown nor pout.
JESSIE M. L.

LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

I have just received my first number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and seeing so many nice letters from little girls and boys, I thought I would write one. I am eight years old. I have no brothers, and but one sister. She is six years old; her name is Sadie. I go to school when I am well. I have been sick, but I am improving now.

I have no pets except one little dog; his name is Gypsy. He is a nice dog, but he killed my sister's kitty, which was very naughty of him. We had a beautiful little white dog named Zip; he could stand on his hind legs, and walk across the floor. He was stolen out of our yard one night, and we never saw him any more. I wish you would please explain what *Young People's* cost is, for the benefit of your new subscribers.

A. C. L.

St. Mary's Free Hospital in New York is under the charge of some kind ladies who are very sorry for the sick and crippled little children of the poor, whose parents can not take good care of them at home. It costs \$3000 to endow a cot in this hospital. Your papa, if you ask him, will explain to you how it is that the interest of this sum will pay all the expenses of a cot from year to year, so that they shall always be one little suffering child taken care of in this little bed. When the children who read *YOUNG PEOPLE* shall have sent all the money, the cot will be theirs, and their child will be in it.

PATRIOT, INDIANA.

I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but this year I have read it so much that I am reading the letters, so mamma says I may tell you something about myself and pets. I am a little boy ten years old. I live in the country, and have almost everything I wish for. I have a very big pony; his name is Dick; I can ride him any place, and turn him loose, and he will follow me almost like a dog. Then I have a nice big Newfound-land dog, and his name is Bill, and so we name the name for a dog, but it was his name when he was sent to me, so I did not change it. He will carry a big basket of corn, or almost anything I give him to carry. Papa has just got a little boy. I got a set of harness for him, and then I can drive him in my little wagon. I had a present of a pair of skates, and have been trying to learn to skate. I want very much to go to a little boy. I got a few very hard falls, but I did not mind them.

LUCIAN H.

SPRING BANK.

Papa gave us your interesting paper on Christmas, and of all the periodicals we take we enjoy it the most. We have a beautiful country home in the northern part of Georgia. Our spring is very large and beautiful, and so we name the place for it "Spring Bank." We like "Nan" very much; it has such lovely illustrations. We have four dear little ponies, Phoebe, Lightning, Gypsy, and Guy Maudering; the last of our spring riding's novel *My Maudering*. Things seem to be going up in our little age, as we had an old horse named Rosalie that was thirty-five years old when she died, and we had a dog named Ponto thirteen years old, and several other old animals. This is our first letter to a paper.

ELLIE NELLIE, and GEORGE.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

I have a dog; his name is Snub. He takes the cat by the back of the neck, and drags her all around. I have some bantam chickens, and when they were hatched they looked like little mice. I was nine years old last August. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and it gives me much pleasure.

ROY M.

This is what the Oxford (Ohio) *Tribune* said the other day about one of the little readers of the Post-Office Box—a girl of whom the Postmistress is quite proud:

"Miss Laura Shenkenberger has attended school five years without being absent a single day, or even tardy. She has received some tokens from each of her teachers, showing their appreciation of her promptness."

A great many spellers have entered the lists, and tried their skill in making words from the letters which compose the word "Orphanism." The Postmistress looks on the rapidly increasing

pile with great satisfaction. We will announce the names of those whose lists are fullest, so soon as you have all had an opportunity to compete.

George and James L., whose home is in Arampo, California, are having what the other boys will think a splendid time in the woods. George has caught a beautiful white crane, four rabbits, and five rats. James trapped a rat, but his prisoner had sharp teeth, and speedily gnawed his way to freedom. These boys are both studying hard, and write a clear business hand, very creditable to young gentlemen of ten and eleven years. I hope they will write again.

BENEDICT M.—I am glad you like the stories, puzzles, and letters so well, and shall expect to have your name often among the bright-eyed and quick-witted boys who solve puzzles and unravel tanglers.

MAY E. B.—I too think a little girl very fortunate to be the cousin of Miss Abbott. Write again, dear, and play with your dolls as much as you please for three or four years to come.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Composed of 54 letters. I am a famous proverb. My 4, 22, 8, 9, 3, 6, 5, 18, 17, all men desire. My 51, 48, 53 is a verb. My 12, 14, 41, 5, 29, 21, 27 is a great city. My 19, 7, 3, 16, 52, 10 is very warm. My 8, 7, 29, 27, 29 improves the mind. My 41, 2, 4, 45, 1, 3 is a boy's name. My 54, 23, 38, 30, 42, 21 is a girl's name. My 52, 16, 29, 33 is a useful ore. My 22, 42, 49, 27, 21 means older.

DANIEL LINDA.

NO. 2.

SEVEN-LETTER DIAMOND CROSS.

Upper Left. 1. A letter. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A rich man. 4. Referring to heathen. 5. sorrow or pain. 6. A rod. 7. A letter. Upper Right. 1. A letter. 2. A fondling. 3. A number of steps. 4. The plural of a noun meaning to summon back. 5. A girl's nickname. 6. Amusing. 7. A letter. Centre.—1. A letter. 2. To decay. 3. A founder of Rome. 4. Another founder of Rome. 5. A flower. 6. A daily mouthful. 7. A letter. Lower Left.—1. A letter. 2. A young dog. 3. Peeled. 4. A mode of curing by instruments. 5. Lords, nobles. 6. The plural of the abbreviation of a medical man. 7. A letter. Lower Right.—1. A letter. 2. Arm. 3. Parts of horses. 4. A name given to farms in some localities. 5. A laugh. 6. To observe. 7. A letter.

AL BERT.

NO. 3.

AN EASY DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A boy's name. 4. A number. 5. A letter. ALF RAUFMAN.

NO. 4.

POTRY VERY EASY SQADES.

1.—1. Something slippery. 2. Something cold. 3. To permit. 2.—1. To snatch. 2. A kind of monkey. 3. A wager. 3.—1. A low singing note. 2. Not young. 3. A poem. 4.—1. A bolt. 2. A single point. 3. A color. EDWIN M. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 169.

No. 1. Weeching. Wee Glee. (lin. French Schuñter. France. Zebra. Shut. Kash. Hunt. No. 2. F L A W L A V A E R W A R Y. No. 3. William. No. 4. P R E R R E A R P E R C A B A A D Y W A R Y

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Helen Barthardt, C. H., Charles Schilling, H. R., William Matthews, Caroline Jane Lyman, Charles B. Jefferson, Annie Hull, Jessie P., W. H. Eac., Marion McAlvin, Hallie Shaw, Edith H., Rhoda Webster, Maggie Swan, Gilbert Dillman, Bachelor, Bennie Payson, Paul Van Dorn, Alice Smith, J. P. T. R., Emma Wells, Josie Tahot, and Jack Fairweather.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



CARNIVAL-TIME—LITTLE COLONIALS.

BONNIE'S VALENTINE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

BONNIE got a valentine,
Gay in colors blue and gold,
But she could not read it, for
She is only four years old.
So she listened while mamma,
With a smile, the verses read,
And until the very end
Not a single word she said.

"Dearest of dear little maids"
(This way ran the valentine),
"With red cheeks and flaxen hair,
And brown eyes that brightly shine,
Answering to many names—
'Birdie,' 'Darling,' 'Wee Wild Rose'—
You are sweeter, sweeter far
Than the sweetest bud that grows."

Then, with prettiest disdain,
Bonnie said; "Of that before
I have heard a fonsand times—
Yes, a fonsand times, and more.
Great old valentine, I fink"
(And her lip began to curl),
"Telling fings a girl has known
Ever since she's been a girl!"

AN ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.

THE Rev. Mr. Watson gives a very curious story in illustration of an elephant's long recollection of a wrong suffered. One of those pests of society, "a practical joker," visited a caravan in a west of England fair and tried his stupid tricks upon an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingerbread nuts, and when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard, he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in

paper. The unsuspecting creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering, and snatching up a bucket, handed it to the keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid.

"Ha!" cried the delighted joker, "I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow."

"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you wish the bucket at your head."

The practical joker took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that had he lingered a moment longer his life might have been forfeited.

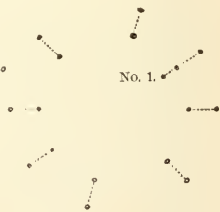
The affair had not, however, yet concluded. The following year the show revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his kind, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in the one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the trick played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously.

At last the joker proffered a hot one; but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags and flung after their discomfited owner.

"THREES."

BY JAMES OTIS.

AS many as choose may play the game of "threes," or "tierce," and the more the merrier. With the exception of two players, the party arrange themselves in pairs, as shown in the figure. One of the two that remain makes "threes" of one couple, as shown by the position of No. 1. The other player remains outside the circle, as seen at No. 2, and tries to catch the outside boy of the line. If he can do this, and touch the outside boy, he takes his place in the circle, and the player just touched becomes outsider.



The outermost boy of the row of three, therefore, when he sees the outsider coming his way, slips from his place into the middle of the ring, and stations himself in front of some other pair at a distant point in it, thus making a new "three," to which the outsider has to hasten, only, perhaps, to be disappointed as before.

When there are many players, and the ring of course large, there should be two or more sets of threes, and thus the game will be made more lively.



TOMMY'S FISHING ADVENTURE.

"Ha!" says Tommy, "I feel a nibble." And he was right. Though nearly drowned he would not leave go the line. "I knew there was something on that line," said Tom, as he journeyed homeward.

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YE DANCE OF OLDEN TIME.—[SEE "THE MINUET," NEXT PAGE.]

THE MINUET.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

"Then Alys at the spinet sits and warbles
The sweet old ballads that we ne'er forget;
And Ruth and Phyllis courtesy to the pictures,
While Bridget steps in stately minuet."

MANY of you have heard your parents speak of some stately personages of their acquaintance as belonging to "the old school." If you have observed the people thus described, you have noticed that their manners were fine—what, indeed, we might call finished—and that they were more ceremonious in their politeness than some of the rest of us are in these busy nineteenth-century days. The deep bows, the low sweeping courtesies, and the formal speech of such ladies and gentlemen are very beautiful, and all the more so that "the old school" seems to be on the decline.

The period to which this polish was natural was the period of the minuet. That elegant and graceful dance came, in the first place, from Poitou, in France; and as the peasants danced it, the rustic belles in their pretty holiday finery, and the beaux with their gay caps and feathers on, it was a quick, sprightly dance, with little steps, whence comes its name.

Minuet is akin to minute, you see. But in the days of Louis XIV., le Grande Monarque, the simple country dance was taken to court, introduced, in caprice, perhaps, by some lovely lady who had watched the lads and lasses go through its mazes at a rural fête. It changed its character when it was adopted by the nobility, and became grave, sedate, and a little solemn—just as different as possible from the giddy waltzes and flying quicksteps of to-day.

For two centuries it was the drawing-room dance, taking precedence of every other. The time regulating its movement consisted of two strains of eight bars each, in three-crochet time.

Perhaps some of you have seen your grandmothers perform the minuet on a great occasion—a birthday, house-warming, or Christmas party. You have been impressed with the queenliness of their bearing, for the minuet admits of no familiarity. The touching of the finger-tips was all that was considered *au fait* by the gallants of Washington's day.

Looking back over our country's history, one sees in the pictures of the past, Governor John Hancock in sea-let coat and lace ruffles, leading forth the stately lady, his wife, Dorothy Quincy that was, while she is brave in "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls."

Washington, whose birthday a grateful nation is about to celebrate, and who was as dignified in the drawing-room as he was commanding on the battle-field, was accustomed to dance the minuet. Once, soon after his inauguration as President, he was visiting at a hospitable mansion in Uxbridge, Massachusetts, the home of the Tafts. The two pretty daughters of the house, Polly and Patty, did their best to entertain General and Mrs. Washington, and after returning to New York, which at that time was the national capital, the great man sent a present to his little partners of the evening.

And pray what do you think it was? To Polly and Patty, whose "modest and innocent looks" had delighted him, he gave each a piece of chintz for a new gown; but to Patty, whose name was the same as Mrs. Washington's, five golden guineas, "to buy any little ornaments she may want, or to spend in any way she may choose." The only stipulation affixed to the gift was that Miss Patty should acknowledge it in a line addressed to "The President of the United States, New York."

Those early days of the republic were full of sparkling life. The dinners, assemblies, receptions, and balls were on a generous scale. An elderly lady who had been young and beautiful when they were powdered hair and high-heeled slippers, and danced the minuet, was once heard to

give a wee bit of a soft sigh when a tiresome guest had departed.

"Aunt," said a smiling niece, "you haven't much patience with dull people."

"Ah, no, my dear," was the reply; "I have never been used to them."

Every age has its peculiar advantages and pleasures, and we would be foolish if we undervalued our own. We have many luxuries and delights which they had not in sunny France when they first danced the minuet at Versailles, and of which the Livingstons, Clintons, Jays, and Madisons never dreamed when our dear country was young. But it would be well for us were we to cultivate the courtesy of look and speech, the grace of deportment, and the gentle dignity which distinguished the period when the minuet was at the height of its popularity.

MICK'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

ONLY a boot-black was Micky Magee—
Hatless and coatless and shoeless was he.
"Twas little he cared for a "Valentine,"
Unless in the form of "ten cents for a shoe."
He stood on the corner one Valentine's Day,
Shouting "Shine, sir?" to all who were passing his way;
But nobody heeded, and nobody cared
Whether ill luck or good luck poor little Mick shared.

Down the street, with her mother, approaching the lad,
Came a wee little maiden all daintily clad.
Her hand clasped a flower, a lily as fair
As the white baby bow 'neath the soft golden hair.
She clung to her mother, the while her blue eyes
(Blue as the bluest of sunny June skies)
To Micky were lifted, with just a slight trace
Of wonder and fear in the dear dainty face.

"Poor, poor little boy, with no shoes on his feet,
And no one to love him and make him look neat!"
So whispered mamma. Oh, the dimples that grew
In the soft rosy cheeks, 'neath the young eyes so blue,
As with sudden sweet impulse the wee little maid
Her one cherished flower in Micky's hand laid,
Then ran to mamma, hiding quickly from sight,
Her heart beating fast, half in shyness, half fright.

When night came at last, and St. Valentine's Day
In the silence and darkness had faded away,
Ragged Mick in his shanty went sweetly to rest
With the purest of Valentines safe on his breast.

R E G.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

CHAPTER IV.

NEARER and nearer toward the foot-lights advanced the Twin Princes between their escorting pages and their imposing body-guard of troops. Clash, bang, rub-a-dub-dub! What a terrible uproar it all made! and now Reg, who had been placed on the outer edge of the line, comes within full view of the audience, as the procession sweeps in a grand half-circle around the stage.

How many people there must be looking at him! But he dares not remove his eyes from the back of the page in front of him, to the utter despair of Mr. Wellington Smith; for in spite of his magnificent costume and brilliant surroundings Reg is as stiff as a poker, and seems as melancholy as if he expected to have all his teeth pulled on the spot.

How he managed to tread the unsteady steps leading to the throne without stumbling Reg scarcely knows, but when he sat down in the gilded arm-chair confronting that immense sea of faces he felt as if a spell had been cast over him which made him motionless with terror.

"Ah, the little rascal's doing better now," muttered Mr. Smith, as from his post of observation in the wings he

noted the fixed, apparently scornful, expression on Prince Budaway's countenance.

Meanwhile the dialogue among the regular actors went on around him, interrupted every now and then by outbursts of applause from the audience. But still Reg sat there with a look in his blue eyes that seemed to pierce beyond the last seat in the gallery, and see Aunt Susan wringing her hands in despair as she wandered up and down the streets of the great city in search of her nephew; then there appeared to sound in his ears the click, click of the ocean cable as it carried to papa and mamma far across the sea the terrible tidings that their little boy was lost.

“Rub-a-dub-dub, bang, clash, bang!”

“‘Comme along; shure an’ what’s the matter wid yez?” whispered Billy, as he gave Reg’s arm a pinch.

At this Prince Budaway actually so far forgot his royal dignity as to rub his eyes with his fist, as if he had just waked up.

“By all the white mice if he isn’t sleepin’ again!” exclaimed Dan Danderbry, as he watched the action from behind one of the skeletons.

But Reg was not asleep; he was only very, very tired. His brain had never before been so overcharged with excitement; the noise of the drums and the glare of the gas-light dazed him; so when Billy nudged him he started up suddenly, then fell forward in a dead faint, and rolled down the steps to the foot of the throne, where he lay quite still, with his white face turned toward the audience, who applauded loudly, under the impression that it was all in the play.

Fortunately the act was almost over, so the curtain was rung quickly down, and Mr. Wellington Smith, with the assistance of Madame York, hastened forward to bring Prince Budaway back to consciousness.

“I guess he wasn’t hurt by his tumble,” remarked the manager, as he chafed the cold little hands; “but it’s lucky he’s not on in the next act.”

Reg presently opened his eyes, and fixing them on Mr. Smith, asked, in a broken voice, “Have you—have you sent for Aunt Susan?”

“Yes, yes; that is, I’ve put an advertisement in to-morrow’s paper that’ll tell her where to find you.”

“Thank you, sir; I’m better now,” returned Reg, and he was soon able to get up and walk to a quiet corner of the wings. Here he reclined on a pile of cushions, while Billy Tinburn instructed him in his duties for the third act, which began about half an hour later, and in which the Twin Princes were to appear in a gilded car drawn by an old blind horse.

This was the famous battle scene, and after the boys had been driven twice around the stage in their chariot, the vehicle was hauled to one side, so that only the body of it showed, and the horse detached, lest the noise of the firing should frighten him into long-forgotten liveliness. The shafts of the cart were propped up with an old barrel, the two Princes were seen to peer anxiously forth, and then the battle which was to decide the fate of their kingdom began.

Deafening reports, flashes of fire, clouds of smoke, the creeping up of the foe, the dropping of the dead, the cries of the wounded—all this turned the stage into a perfect Bedlam for the time being, in the midst of which Reg and Billy trembled in spite of themselves. The spectators stamped and cheered to testify their delight at the realistic representation, the band played furiously, and the victory was almost won, when with a piercing scream a woman burst through the battling ranks, and throwing her arms about Prince Budaway, cried aloud (although of course nobody could hear her), “Oh, Reginald, and I find you here!”

It was Aunt Susan.

The confusion of the fight was so great and the smoke so dense, that Miss Brax’s sudden appearance on the scene

did not much affect the play, and as the curtain fell on Reg leaning out of the chariot with his arms around her neck, it formed quite a pretty tableau for those who could see it.

“No, sir-ee,” asserted Dan Danderbry, when Mr. Smith took him to task for allowing an outsider on the stage, “I don’t believe even a true-for-a-fact fight would ‘a stopped her.”

“But I wonder how she came to know so soon that her nephew was here?” muttered the manager to himself, as he approached the reunited pair, whom Billy Tinburn was eyeing as if they had both fallen from the sky.

“Well, sir,” said Aunt Susan, when Reg had duly presented Mr. Wellington Smith, “I don’t know whether I ought to thank you or not for what you’ve done for this boy. To be sure, you took him in from the street, but then you made a play-actor of him; and when his mother hears that her son has been seen on the stage of a—” Here Miss Brax paused, with a sudden recollection of the fact that she had just trod the boards herself.

“But, madam,” urged Mr. Smith, persuasively, “there is still one more act to be given, and if you take your nephew away with you now, you will greatly inconvenience us. Remember that I made a verbal contract with Reginald here, to the effect that, in consideration of my endeavors to restore him to you, he would play the part of Prince Budaway for one night at least. Is not that so, Reginald?”

“Yes, sir.”

Miss Brax looked thoughtful. She had never approved of theatres; indeed, until that evening, she had never even seen one; but then she was a woman of very strict business principles, and a great lover of justice.

“Well, sir,” she answered, after a moment’s hesitation, “since you put matters in that light, we will leave it to the boy himself. Reginald, do you think that if I permit you to make a show of yourself for twenty minutes longer, you will be seized with a desire to adopt this vain life, and always wear these gaudy clothes?”

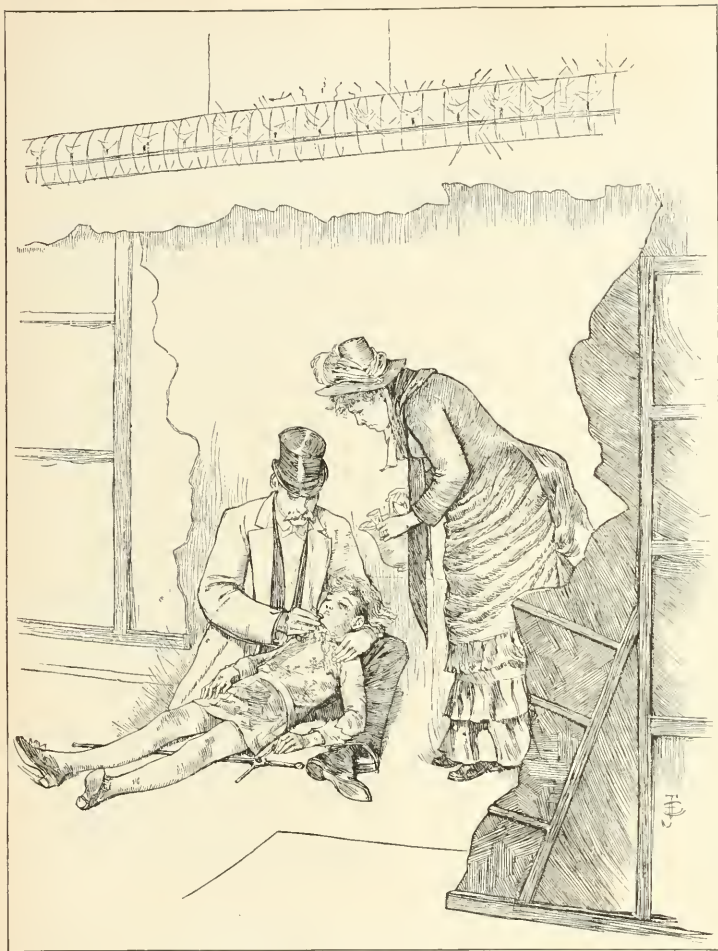
“No, no,” cried Reg; “I never want to be a Prince again; but if you think I ought, I don’t mind being rowed across the stage in a boat with Billy; and then, you know, Mr. Smith was very good to find you for me.”

At that instant the stage-manager clapped his hands, and the curtain rose on the final act of *The Twin Princes*, during which Aunt Susan sat in state in a private box; and as she watched Reg’s jerky progress across the canvas seas she discovered that she really loved the boy with all her heart.

Mr. Smith came for her as soon as Reg had put off his plumes and paint forever, and as she took her nephew by the hand she made the manager a queer little bow, with the remark, “We are even now.” Then she gave her skirts the slightest possible shake to express in what esteem she held the dust of the theatre, after which she walked out, holding Reg by the hand. They went across the street to a hotel, where her fortitude deserted her at last, leaving her to laugh and cry over the boy for half an hour.

“But how did you find me so quick, Aunt Susan?” inquired Reg the next morning at breakfast. Then he learned how poor Miss Brax had been driven nearly frantic with terror when she found that he had been carried off in the cars, and how she had followed in the next train to the station below, then hurried on to the end of the road, whence she had returned to the Grand Central Depot, down-town again to the ferry, afterward to the police station, and finally to a newspaper office, where she was about to advertise for the missing boy, when the clerk read to her a counter-advertisement of the same character that he had just received, upon which she had hastened with all speed to the theatre.

“And I am that wore out, Reginald,” she concluded, “that I have telegraphed Cousin Sarah to hire a nurse and charge her wages to me, so we can go straight back to Broadfarms,” which they did that very morning.



MR. SMITH AND MADAME YORK RESTORING REG TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

And what a story Reg had to tell Phil Fairlock! The latter listened almost with open mouth, and looked very grave when the late Prince Budaway finished with these words:

"I wouldn't be in Billy Timburn's place, no, not if he got fifty cents a night, for I tell you, Phil, you and I can have more fun up here in Broadfarms than a hundred Twin Princes in all the theatres in New York."

THE END.

VIC VINTON'S VALENTINE.

BY AGNES CARR.

"OH, Vic! have you heard the news? Isn't it perfectly splendid?" burst from a chorus of girls clustered about the school-room register on a cold frosty morning early in February, as a bright-eyed, golden-haired maiden entered and joined the group.

"No; what is it?" asked the new-comer, drawing off her gloves, and endeavoring to warm her hands.

"Why, Maidie Seymour is to give a Valentine party on the 14th, and every one of our class is to be invited," explained Clara Townley.

"And there is to be a letter-box, through which we are to send valentines to each other," continued Bella Osgood, "and Maidie's little brother Fred, dressed as Cupid, is to distribute them. Isn't it a pretty idea?"

"Lovely!" responded Vic; "but Maidie ought to have let us known sooner, so we could have saved up our pocket-money."

"Oh, you always have plenty, and can favor us all," laughed Nellie Frost, twining her arm around her friend's waist.

"Don't be so sure," said Vic. "I have drawn pretty heavily on my month's allowance already, and father always objects to advancing me any money. He says I will never learn the value of it if he does. But there goes the bell, and I haven't learned a word of my French yet." As the gong sounded, the girls dispersed to their respective seats, but little was thought or talked of during the ensuing week except the coming entertainment and the dainty missives to be sent on the occasion.

Every school has its belle, or leading girl, and at Madame Berger's Vic Vinton was certainly that one. Handsome, brilliant, and withal kind-hearted and generous to a fault, few could help loving her, and

with both teachers and scholars she was a general favorite, while a certain royal manner of her own had won for her the title of "Queen Vic" amongst her school-mates.

But perhaps her most ardent admirer was one quite unknown to herself—a little demure lassie, the poorest and plainest of the class, to whom she had scarcely spoken a dozen words throughout the year, and of whom she rarely thought. Milly Melville looked upon Vic Vinton as her ideal of every beauty and grace, although she never ventured to do more than gaze and admire her from a distance, being much too timid and reserved to mingle and make many friends amongst the girls. So she was only known in the school as "Milly the book-worm" (for she was very studious), and at recess she was left alone and unheeded in her distant corner.

In due time the invitations were issued, and on Valentine's Eve, Vic, warmly wrapped up, for it was bitter cold, wended her way down-town in quest of the fancy missives for her mates, to be distributed by Cupid on the following evening. As she walked briskly along, her busy brain was calculating how far the five dollars in her purse

would go, for having always taken the lead, she felt some pride about having her gifts as handsome as any that would be sent; and Maiddie, she knew, had invited a large number of friends to do honor to St. Valentine.

So engrossed was she in her own thoughts that she almost ran into another girl, who was coming up the street, and was only roused by a timid "Excuse me, Miss Vinton."

"Why, Milly, is that you?" exclaimed Vic. "I think I am the one to apologize. My head was so full of valentines I did not see where I was going. You will be at the party to-morrow night, of course?"

"No, I think not," said Milly, mournfully, while the tears started to her eyes. "I never go to such places."

"But why not?" asked Vic, impulsively. "Maiddie expects all her class, I know." And then as Milly blushed and hesitated—"But pardon me, perhaps you do not care to tell your reason."

"I don't mind telling you," stammered Milly; "but I really have nothing to wear."

"Like Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square," laughed Vic.

"No, not like her, for this is truly the very best dress I own;" and Milly glanced from her rather shabby black cashmere to Vic's stylish winter suit.

"Why, how is that? Come, walk down the street, and tell me about it;" and urged on by Vic's sympathizing manner, Milly overcame her reserve, and told her of the strict economy her widowed mother was obliged to practice to send her to Madame Berger's school, and how impossible it would be for her to procure a dress suitable for an evening party. "I am being fitted for a teacher, you know," she sighed, at the end; "but I never shall like it."

"What do you fancy?" asked Vic.

"Oh, painting above all things! The dream of my life is to study art; and I particularly wished to go to this company to see Mr. Seymour's pictures, of which I hear he has a fine collection."

"Yes," said Vic, "and Maiddie's artist uncle is to be there. Who knows, perhaps you may go yet; anyway, promise me that you will not send your regret before to-morrow."

"No, I will put it off as long as possible, but it will be of no use. This poor Cinderella has no fairy god-mother."

"But perhaps St. Valentine may take pity on you," said Vic. "Good-by, and I shall come and see you very soon."

"Good-by;" and with a lighter heart than she had known for weeks, Milly turned down a side street toward her modest home.

"I never would have believed, mother, that I could have talked so freely to any one," she remarked that night, "and to Victoria Vinton, of all persons! But she is even more charming than I imagined, and distance did not lend a particle of enchantment."

And the mother smiled with pleasure at her quiet daughter's unusual enthusiasm.

And while Milly was thinking about Vic, Vic was thinking about Milly. "Poor Milly! I had no idea she was so poor; but then I am afraid I never thought much about her," said Vic to herself, as she came to a pause before a gayly decked window festooned with valentines of every hue and description. "I will send her the embroidered muslin Cousin Charlotte gave me, and which will just about fit her; but what use will it be without the 'chicken fixings,' as brother Tom calls them?"



THE GIRLS ADMIRING MILLY'S COSTUME.

Vic thought a moment longer. Then she announced, as though she were speaking to some one: "So, my dear friends, I fear you will have to dispense with any love tokens from me, for hearts and darts, although very tempting, must give way to gloves and flowers." And turning resolutely from the stationer's dazzling display, she hurried across to a dry-goods establishment across the way.

"A messenger boy just left this valentine at the door for you, Milly," said Mrs. Melville, early the next morning, as she entered the tidy little parlor where her daughter was bending over her painting table.

"For me! Who in the world would send me a valentine?" And Milly glanced inquiringly from her mother's face to the large box she carried in her hand. But the brown orbs opened still wider when the lid was lifted, displaying the snowy skirts with their delicate embroidery, the dainty gloves and slippers, and the cluster of crushed rose-buds, so natural that Milly uttered a scream of delighted astonishment as they were drawn forth.

"This is Vic Vinton's work, I am sure," she exclaimed. "Oh, how grand she is! just like her royal name!" And her mother nodded a glad assent.

Neither Vic nor Milly appeared at school that day, but each member present of the first class was surprised to receive a tiny note containing these words:

"I have decided to send no valentines to-night, so please do not put me in debt if you love

"Your friend and school-mate, Vic."

"What new whim is this the Queen has taken up?" asked Nelly Frost. No one could answer her.

Mr. Seymour's brilliantly lighted house was a vision of youth and happiness on that St. Valentine's evening, and graceful little Maidie, dressed in pure white with knots of true-blue ribbon, welcomed her guests with easy courtesy.

Vic was radiant. But of all the girls that flocked the spacious dressing-room none was so great a surprise as Milly Melville.

"I had no idea she could look so pretty," exclaimed Clara Towleley.

"Yes, the little brown grub has come out quite a gorgeous butterfly," said Bella Osgood.

Vic, meanwhile, was being plied with questions, which she parried for some time with considerable skill, as to her new notion of neglecting her friends, some of whom were inclined to be a little indignant. They pressed her so hard that at length she was forced to confess.

"Well, girls, the truth is, I did send one valentine, but it was too large to go in the letter-box, so I dispatched it a little ahead of time."

"And I am that valentine," said Milly, who had stolen softly up behind. Then in a few words she told of the gift she had received.

"Three cheers for Queen Vic!" cried all the girls.

"I did not mean them to know," said Vic.

"But I am very glad they do," said Milly; and taking her friend's arm, they descended to the parlor together.

Vic was now a greater favorite than ever, while Milly that evening appeared so bright and merry, her school-mates all agreed that they had never half appreciated her before.

Swiftly and gaily the hours sped by, and when the tiny curly-headed Cupid spread his silver wings and fluttered about the room with his tender missives, none could equal an exquisite little picture painted by Milly and presented to her "dear friend Queen Vic."

Mr. Seymour, the artist, was in raptures over it, and next day, having heard Milly's story from his niece Maidie, paid Mrs. Melville a friendly call. The result was a great joy to Milly, for through his influence she secured a good price for all the cards and pictures she could paint,

and in time the demand for them came to be so great that she was finally enabled to abandon the distasteful idea of becoming a teacher, and realize her dream of studying art.

Her first prize was won on a portrait of her dearest friend; and when any one asks who it is, she tells them, with grateful tears filling her eyes, the story of Vic Vinton's Valentine.

"ROUSER."

BY L. A. B. CURTIS.

WE never knew where he came from; but one frosty morning when we went out to the diggings there he sat, dejected and forlorn, beside Doc Furber's rocker.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Doc, striking a tragic attitude.

There was a shout of laughter, for certainly no one had ever seen an uglier dog. Snub-nosed, crop-eared, one eye white and the other yellow, his fleshless skeleton covered with a coarse yellow coat—there he sat, statue-like, without taking the least notice of us, neither raising his eyes nor wagging his tail. Indeed, the poor brute had no tail to wag. And in addition to his long list of misfortunes, he seemed to have been badly wounded in some recent conflict, for his wounds were still bleeding.

"Lend me your revolver," said Charley Hines to Fritz Muller.

"No," said Dutch Fritz, "don't waste powder. I lays him out mit dis rock."

Davy Blake caught up a shovel, and would soon have ended the dog's career, if Hank Howley had not interfered, to the surprise of all.

In all the three months we had picked and shovelled and rooked and panned together in the Sky High claim, no one had ever discovered any softness in Hank Howley.

We had come together, a party of five, from different parts of the world, and formed a partnership to work out a rich mountain claim in the Sierras.

We had been strangers to each other when we consolidated our claims into a partnership, for purposes of economy in labor and living. But we soon became acquainted, and we were speedily in possession of all the early "history" desirable with regard to each other, except that of Hank Howley; he never talked about himself, and seemed to resent any curiosity concerning his personal affairs. He was rough, reserved, and somewhat surly; but he was always ready to take upon himself the hardest and most unpleasant tasks. His giant frame and iron muscles seemed made for hard work and endurance.

The laugh went round as Hank went up to the ugly brute, patted his head, and examined his wounds in what seemed to be a professional manner.

The dog preserved the utmost indifference while his case was discussed, never appearing conscious of a human presence. But when Hank's examination was ended he licked his hand in a gentle, melancholy way, and then followed him to the cabin. The cruel wounds were dressed, and the poor wail was sumptuously regaled with some bacon rind and three generous flapjacks left from the morning meal.

Old Butte, the camp dog, greeted the new-comer with a vindictive growl; but Hank bade him "get out!" so fiercely that Butte retreated from the cabin, and the stranger took his place by the camp fire.

The more the miners and Butte abused the new dog, the more Hank petted him. He let him sleep at his feet in his bunk, and fed him from his own tin plate.

One Saturday night the air was more piercing than usual, and Hank Howley indulged in considerable grumbling at himself for leaving his coat at the head dam, a mile distant, where we had all been working. He was sitting on a bench wrapped in his blanket, and smoking a home-made manzanita pipe, when Fritz exclaimed,

"Hank, vere's de dog?"

"He hasn't been in for supper," suggested Doc.

"Base, ungrateful pup!" said Charley.

"You've seen the last of your coyote, Hank. I told you so," added Davy.

"He was a cur of low degree," resumed Charley. "A high-toned dog like Butte would never go back on his friends in that manner. Eh, Butte?"

"Don't you worry yourself about that dog," growled Hank. "He ain't your dog. I'll bet four bits he's all right."

No one took the bet.

Presently Andy Anee offered to sell Hank a fine fox-hound.

"I've no use for him," Hank replied. "I've got the best dog in the Sierras, and maybe you'll find it out if you live long enough."

We did.

All day Sunday no pug-nosed dog appeared, and all day a running fire of jest and comment was kept up about the vagrant. The neighboring miners, as they dropped in to smoke and chat by our fire, never failed to say, "Why, Hank, where's your dog?" until at last Hank's temper, never of the best, fairly gave out.

On Monday morning, when we went back to work at the dam, there was the dog faithfully watching Hank's coat.

All through those bitter nights he had watched by it, without food or shelter, not even lying down upon it for warmth. He was shaking as with an ague fit; but the look he gave Hank seemed to say, "I can not do much for you, but I have kept your coat safe, my friend."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Hank, proudly.

Public sentiment instantly turned in the dog's favor, as we gathered around him, and showered upon him such terms as "Good dog!" "Nice pup!" "Poor fellow!"

"Why, he's a rouser of a dog, after all!" said Doc, giving him the biscuit he had brought for his own luncheon.

He was christened "Rouser" on the spot, and from that time he was the prime favorite of the camp. Even Butte's selfish heart warmed toward him, and many a merry tussle they had together.

That same day it began to snow. It snowed and it snowed. We gathered up rockers, shovels, and pans. The snow covered the bowlders; then it buried the chaparral and manzanita bushes; then all the miners' cabins; and still it came down. It nearly filled the valley full.

There were eight or ten miners' cabins in the vicinity, their locality being indicated by one or two holes in the snow, and marked by stakes bearing inscriptions like these:

"Twenty feet to Billy Brooke's Cabin." "Cabin of the Merry Miners, three yards below." "Doc Furber, Hank Howley, & Co., twenty-five feet." "Grand Hotel: Beans and Bacon at all hours; two rods."

We kept the fire roaring, read the old papers over and over, went out and shot game now and then, had games of rough-and-tumble and snowballing, told stories, and smoked our pipes under the snow as cheerfully as the greasy Esquimaux.

A hole in the snow let in the light; to a hole in our cabin, and at this window Butte or Rouser invariably took his station at meal-time; it was not large enough for both at once. Our table was under this window, and refuse bits of bread and bacon were tossed to the lucky dog in the window. Butte, being of a lazy turn, could wait more patiently, so he usually took his station at the window as soon as the savory fumes of frying bacon ascended to the upper air. Rouser would come to the hole and bark savagely, but he could not frighten Butte away. At last Rouser resorted to artifice. One dinner-time he rushed into a little clump of pines barking furiously, as if he had found some choice game. Butte could not withstand this, so he came out of his window to join in the fun, and artful Rouser quietly slipped into his place.

Day after day Rouser continued to play this trick on poor Butte, and always with the same success.

But this same little window was a source of sorrow to Camp Square Comfort as we called our quarters. One day we all went out hunting, and forgot to shut the window. When we returned, we found that the coyotes had carried off all our bacon. This was a serious loss. We could borrow a little, of course, but it was necessary for some one to go to the nearest trading post for a fresh supply. Hank Howley volunteered to perform the mission, and as he was the strongest of the party, and more used to travelling on snow-shoes, he seemed best fitted for the service. It was about forty miles to the trading post, but Hank was sure he could make the trip in three days, or four at farthest.

"You better tie up Rouser until I am well on the way," he said. Then he started.

Rouser was greatly dejected. He whined and howled and cried all day, the tears running down his face and dropping on the floor. At night we untied him, but his spirits did not appear to improve. On the third night Hank had not returned, but Rouser was gone. We did not feel anxious on Hank's account, for he had suggested that he might prolong his stay in case he found himself too fatigued to start back immediately.

About daylight on the fourth day Rouser, or what was left of him, came back to camp. His condition was even worse than when he first came to us. One leg seemed broken, and several ugly wounds gave evidence of some fierce encounter. To his neck was fastened a scrap of paper, on which was traced with blood, in scarcely legible characters: "Broke my leg. Cal. lion. Be quick."

We lost no time in going to the rescue. A party of twenty men, on long snow-shoes and with good rifles, started out. A light fall of snow rendered it easy to follow poor Rouser's track. An hour's run brought us to the object of our search. Hank was lying under a thick pine-tree, on the snow. At first we thought we were too late. His form was cold and almost rigid. One bone of the left leg was broken. Fortunately brandy had not been forgotten, and Doc Furber, who was a real physician, succeeded in restoring him, with the help of many rough but willing hands.

We did not worry him with questions; he could not talk. But all around the spot were marks of a ferocious battle, and tracks of a large California lion. A broken snow-shoe, the pieces bristling with hair, indicated the nature of the battle. There was a deep wound on Hank's hand, and his coat was badly torn. Watt Morgan picked up his bloody pocket-knife in the snow. I found his revolver, with all the chambers empty.

Following the track of the ferocious animal, his dead body was found about half a mile from the spot. It was the largest specimen of the puma that I ever saw, measuring fully nine feet from tip to tip. We secured his skin, and slowly returned to camp.

It was two days before Hank could briefly recount his adventures. It appeared that he had started out early on the morning of the third day to return. He had bought a hundred pounds of bacon, and was lucky enough to have it brought out fifteen miles by a pack train. Then he packed it on his back ten miles further, until he reached the snow where he left his hand sled. He had come on faster than he expected until nearly sunset, when he heard the familiar cry of a California lion. Upon that he started forward as fast as he could go, and looking back for the lion, he made a false step; his snow-shoe hit a stump, and broke, throwing him down with great violence, and breaking his leg. Fortunately the night was warm, so he had no fear of freezing. He had a few crackers in his pocket, and, with the bacon, he was well provided against hunger, and he did not feel entirely hopeless.

Then the cry of the California lion sounded nearer.

No doubt he scented the bacon. Hank drew his revolver, and crawled to a large tree. He partly succeeded in burying the bacon in the snow. The fearful cry sounded still nearer. The sun had set, and it was nearly dark. Intently watching, he at length discerned the animal, his eyes gleaming through the branches of a tree. He decided not to fire until his only chance required it, lest the wounded beast should attack him. He shouted, waved his broken snow-shoe, threw snow-balls; but the creature still skirmished around him, evidently taking in the sit-

mal retreated, closely pursued by Rouser, and Hank could hear the conflict raging for an hour longer. Then Rouser returned in a pitiable plight, but joyful and triumphant.

Hank thought the time could not have been far from midnight. But he probably fainted from pain and exhaustion, for the next he knew it was morning, and he was nearly dead with cold. He managed to stir a little, and from the bleeding wound on his hand, where the fierce brute had scratched him, he obtained the blood to trace the warning we had received. He had written it with a

match, and fastened it to Rouser's neck. With the same match he had been able to light a little fire, which he fed for some time with bark and cones from the pine-tree. He ate a cracker, and then probably fell asleep.

Thanks to skillful surgery and good nursing, he came out all right, and was able to do his part when we resumed work in the spring.

And Rouser, who shared his convalescent couch, with one of his legs splintered and bandaged, like his master—oh, he was the hero of the camp! If a dog's head could be turned with compliments and flattery, Rouser would have been a spoiled dog. But his nature was too noble and unselfish to be moved by any sentiment of vanity.

Through the long weeks in which our two helpless patients lay in their rude bunks we learned a lesson from their brave and uncomplaining patience.

Hank's hardness and reserve seemed to melt away in a generous gratitude for the attention and care we bestowed upon him. And it was a good thing for us that we had some ennobling occupation to expand and elevate our hearts.

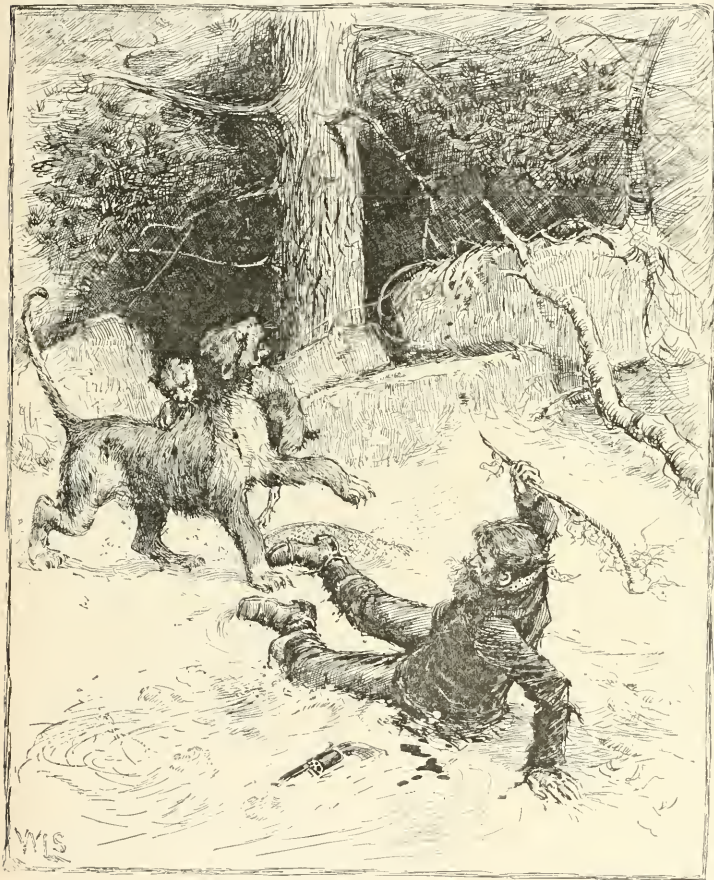
As for Rouser, he got bravely over his injuries; and I am sure there was not a man in Round Valley that did not think him as worthy of being carved in marble as any of the world's great heroes.

That exquisite poem of the late Dr. Hollland, "To my Dog Blanco," is a fitting tribute to dear old Rouser:

"For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind
Hath royally informed and crowned
His gentle heart and mind.

"I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

"I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars
Can move you from my side."



"ROUSER SPRANG UPON HIM FROM BEHIND."

uation. He drew nearer and nearer, crouching as if for a spring. When he was within a couple of rods Hank fired his first shot, hoping to hit him in the eye. But the bullet seemed to glance from the skull. The maddened brute was about to leap upon him when a champion appeared. Rouser sprang upon him from behind.

Then began a fearful conflict. Rouser, who was small and more active, could avoid the onset of his heavier foe for some time, until he grew weary. Hank fired several shots, but failed to hit a vital spot. Once the battle surged so near him that he beat the lion off with his broken snow-shoe, and succeeded in inflicting a sharp wound in his throat. This was probably a mortal wound, for the ani-



LITTLE SNOW-SHOES.

WASHINGTON IN YOUTH.

FORTUNATELY for himself and his country, Washington was educated in poverty, the son of a Virginia farmer. From his childhood he was probably employed in active labors. His father had large tracts of land that apparently produced little money. The house in which the young Washington was born was small, and built of wood. The country around was wild and thinly settled. Washington went to a country school, where the teaching was very poor. At home in the plain country farm-house he could have learned little. His mother was an excellent woman, and taught her son industry and honesty.

His father died when he was a child, and his mother, who was his father's second wife, was left to support herself and her children from her farm. She lived in comparative poverty in a small wooden house. Her son George was a strong healthy boy, and gave her, no doubt, all the help he could. He studied well at school. He was always industrious. Like many useful men, he educated himself. His mother would no doubt have been glad to have sent him to college at Princeton or Harvard; but the cost was great, and the poor widow's son could hope for none of the advantages of a higher education. John Adams and Samuel Adams could pass through Harvard with success; Hamilton was at Columbia College, Jefferson at William and Mary. But Washington, the most eminent of the patriots, was obliged to educate himself in the midst of his labors on the farm. Like Franklin and Burns, Shakspeare and Virgil, he probably read as he worked at the harvest or guided his plough.

Washington had never any leisure to learn Latin or Greek, or even French. His object was to make a living. He kept no journal of his youth. He never desired to become a "great man," but he was resolved to be an honest one, and to maintain himself. At one moment he thought of going into the navy, but his mother opposed it. She said it was a "bad scheme," and she kept him at home to become the founder of the republic. The warrant for making him a midshipman was already signed, when she interfered so happily for all. She would not part with her eldest son, the stay of the family. She feared to expose him to the temptations and dangers of a naval life. A mother's love saved him to his country. Forty-two years afterward, in 1787, he could still write to her and subscribe himself, "I am, honored madam, your most dutiful and affectionate son, G. Washington."

At fourteen Washington became almost accidentally a surveyor. He had already taught himself to write a clear, round hand. He drew well, and was a careful mathematician, very correct and methodical in all that he did. He had left school, and went to stay with an elder half-brother, who owned the fine estate of Mount Vernon. He seems to have resolved already to become a surveyor. He had surveyed the land around his school-house, and was fond of wandering over the country. He had not sufficient knowledge to become a teacher, like John Adams, or a lawyer, like Jefferson. He seems to have found farming a pursuit that brought in little money. He passed a winter in preparing himself for his duties, and was employed, when under sixteen, by Lord Fairfax to lay out his large estate beyond the Alleghenies.

In this pursuit he plunged into the wilderness, slept on the ground in chill weather, swam streams on horseback, climbed over rocks and precipices, and performed his work well. Everything that he did was well done. He grew tall and strong; he could bear hardship and constant labor. He was trusted for his honesty and good faith. At nineteen he became the most active of the surveyors of the colony. He received large sums of money; he was never again in want of it until late in life, when his patriotism had made him poor.

But his work was constant. For three years he was

always busy in the wilderness. He climbed mountains, explored valleys, became familiar with the red men and the wild tenants of the forest, and evidently loved his border life. This was the school and college in which Washington was trained. He was the product of a laborious youth. Had he been accustomed only to the luxurious life of a city he could never have borne the toils and cares of his camp life. Had he been less honest and true he might have sought a crown and a tyranny instead of the love and gratitude of mankind.

It was because he learned to labor in youth that Washington became useful to all men. We celebrate his birthday because he labored, not for himself, but for his country.

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT seemed to Nan hours afterward that she heard her aunt's step along the corridor. Miss Rolf paused a moment near the door, and then went on to her own room. The door closed; the house was still. There was no one to advise her. Nan could only pray in an agonized, dumb sort of way; but God can hear thoughts as well as words, and she was comforted when she had asked His help. She crept wretchedly into bed, and cried herself to sleep.

She awoke to find her room full of sunlight, and Mrs. Heriot standing over her with a grieved face.

"My child," said good Mrs. Heriot, tenderly, "what ever has happened? Miss Rolf doesn't want to tell me, but it's something you won't own to her. Now do it—do it, dear, I say."

Nan looked up wistfully.

"*I can not*," was all she could say.

Mrs. Heriot turned away to the window with a sigh.

Nan lay still, trying to think what to do; but there was only one idea in her mind. She must guard Laura's secret until Laura chose to tell it.

"Then I'm afraid," said Mrs. Heriot, turning from the window, "you'll not see your aunt to-day. I was to come and ask you. Am I to just tell her you *can not*?"

Nan nodded tearfully, and slowly Mrs. Heriot left the room. When she returned Nan was sitting, dressed, in the window.

"You're to go to breakfast," said Mrs. Heriot. "But your aunt says you're not to speak to her."

What a meal it was! It seemed to choke poor Nan, who gladly escaped even to Miss Prior, and for the first time she plunged ardently into her lessons. Miss Rolf did not appear at dinner nor at tea. The rest of the time Nan passed miserably in her own room. After tea she was sent for to the black-walnut parlor, where she found her aunt standing by her desk.

"Nan," she said, very gravely, "I wish to tell you that—making no remark about what I must say I consider your *dishonest* conduct I paid the bill at Ames's. This, I hope, will lead you to a candid and full confession to me. You must know that the credit was only given for articles to be bought by you for the Traverses. In looking over your clothes—your summer clothes—to-day, I found this in one of your pockets." Nan started as her aunt held up the little tinsel ornament she remembered having picked up that day long ago in the carriage house. "Of course," continued Miss Rolf, "this only confirms what your silence indicated."

There was a long pause, during which a sound of sobbing rose in Nan's throat.

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Have you nothing to say, Annice?" asked her aunt, very sadly.

But Nan could only shake her head, and say "No."

"Will you tell me nothing of it?"

"I can not," again said Nan.

"Go," replied her aunt, in a stern voice. "Go! It is a terrible blow to me, child, to be so disappointed in you."

Nan turned and fled along the hall up to her own room. It seemed to her as if some strong decision had been made by Miss Rolf as she spoke the last words, and so the next morning proved. Mrs. Heriot came to her while she was at her lessons, and called her into the hall. Then she said, in a quiet voice, which Nan did not know was full of half-suppressed tears:

"My dear, you're to go back to Bromfield. There! don't be so startled. Your aunt means to pay your board and have you taught; but you're to go to-morrow."

Poor little Nan! What could she do or say? She did not see her aunt again. Through Mrs. Heriot she begged to see Joan, or Mrs. Travers and David, but this was denied her; and on the next morning, while she was again sitting forlornly in her room, Mrs. Heriot brought her the following note, written in Miss Rolf's delicate, old-fashioned hand:

"I can not trust myself to see you, my child. It would grieve me too much. I am sending you back to Bromfield, where your board will be paid and a suitable sum allowed to procure you good teachers and clothing. I do not think it wise for you to go to a school while you have your present ideas of honor. Do all you can to improve your mind; and, above all, pray to God to spare you further wrong-doing. Your step-aunt, Mrs. Rupert, is expecting you. She knows nothing of what you have done."

Nan read the letter in a dazed, stupefied way, sitting in the window of her once home-like room. She was quiet then, but later in the day, when she found herself being driven away from Rolf House with Mrs. Heriot, all her repressed feelings asserted themselves. She flung herself upon the good woman's shoulder and burst into tears. Not one good-by even! Not one parting glimpse of Joan's kindly little face! Not one word with David and Mrs. Travers! Oh, it seemed a cruel ending of her happy life!

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVENING usually found Mrs. Rupert very tired and rather cross. On days when trade was not brisk she was apt to be particularly acid in her manner, and on this October evening things were in a very unpleasant "condition of working," as she called it. To begin with, Marian had gone to spend the day with a friend, and had not returned. Mary and Georgie, the two younger children, had been very troublesome about going to bed, and to crown everything, the gas would not light, so that Mrs. Rupert had been compelled to run out herself for oil, and get ready two lamps, one for the store and one for the parlor.

Nan was expected back. Mrs. Rupert, as she poked the miserable little fire in the sitting-room, wondered why this re-arrangement had been made.

"I know how it will end," thought Mrs. Rupert, nodding her head sagely: "the old lady 'll die and leave her quite on my hands again."

It was only five o'clock, but it was as dark as any winter evening; and as the carriage from the station containing Nan and Mrs. Heriot drove to the door, the little house and store looked dismal enough.

"Eh! my! is this the place?" exclaimed Mrs. Heriot.

Nan could not answer—her heart was too full. She followed Mrs. Heriot out of the carriage, and showed her the way to the house door, which speedily opened upon Mrs. Rupert's portly figure and large face.

"Well, Nan Rolf!" was her greeting. A stare at Mrs. Heriot was followed by, "And who is this, may I ask?"

"My name is Heriot, ma'am," was the very bland answer. "I was sent by Miss Rolf here with Miss Annice. And now, my dear," she added, standing inside the dingy hallway for a moment only, "I think I'll just leave you and go. Good-by, love"—with a hearty kiss, which Nan passionately returned; "do you mind and write to your aunt soon." And almost before Nan knew how it was done the door had closed and she was alone with her step-aunt.

Mrs. Rupert led the way up the well-known stairs and into the sitting-room, which it seemed to Nan she must have left ages ago, instead of only six months. How dingy and disorderly it looked after the quiet neatness and comfort of Rolf House!

"Well," said Mrs. Rupert, setting the lamp down on the table, "I don't suppose you expected to be back from your fine relations so soon, Miss Nan, did you? I'm sure I don't think the board she's to pay is so much!"

"Oh, aunt!" cried poor Nan, blushing, "don't please don't speak of that. I'll work; I'll do what I can."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Mrs. Rupert, turning around, with a laugh. "Well, we'll see. Now I suppose you want some supper."

In spite of her woes Nan was hungry, and very honestly glad of the plate of hot sausages and potatoes and the pie Mrs. Rupert placed before her. Her step-aunt plied her with questions about her life at Rolf House, all of which she answered so listlessly that at last Mrs. Rupert jumped up, exclaiming:

"Well, I don't know as I ever took much stock in those people. Make up your mind they've thrown you off once and for all. And, Nan, see here: I don't believe as you'll get more than a year's board and schooling out of them; and I've made *my* mind up as you'd oughter learn some trade. I can't keep you, and there's nothing else for you to do as I can see."

Poor Nan! It struck her only too forcibly that this might be the case, and she spent a wretched and, if the truth must be told, rather a rebellious evening, considering her future. There was one comforting feature in her new life at Bromfield; she had a room to herself. It was only one of the attic rooms, bare and miserably gloomy, but it was all her own. There she felt she could sometimes be free from intrusion. It would be a place to think of Lance and Joan in; perhaps a place to cry in.

She helped Mrs. Rupert upstairs with her trunk, and before she went to bed unpacked her little belongings, trying to arrange them with Rolf House precision in the small bureau and cupboard. Oh, for one hour in Beverley!

When her aunt left her, Nan pressed her face against the window looking out on the weedy, dank garden, and felt as if her heart would break. Much as she desired to be alone, it was a relief to hear Marian's high-pitched voice, about eight o'clock, when that young person burst into the room.

"Well, Nan!" she exclaimed, kissing her rather boisterously; "I do declare! who'd have ever expected *you* back!"

Nan tried to laugh. "I hope you're not sorry, Marian," she said, quietly.

"Oh no; I don't suppose I am," rejoined her cousin, "unless you're too fine a lady to suit our ways."

"I don't think I'm a fine lady," said Nan, laughing.

Marian sat down on the little bed, and stared some time at Nan.

"Well, you're changed some," she remarked, finally; and then, standing up and giving her dress various little "perks," she continued, "Do you think *I'm* changed?"

"Yes," said Nan, very honestly.

In the six months Marian had developed into what she considered a "young lady." She was only fifteen, but she had left school, was in a dressmaking establishment, and had acquired all the worst airs and graces of her companions. She wore the latest fashions in cheap imita-

tions; had "banged" her pretty blonde hair so low over her eyes that every bit of the smooth white brow was concealed; screwed in her waist until her shoulders and hips looked like caricatures; and wore a great deal of tawdry lace, cheap jet, and imitation jewelry.

"The girls at our place are awfully stylish," Marian said, evidently thinking she had made a profound impression upon her cousin, "and we have to dress a great deal, I can tell you. Well, good-night, Nan. I'll see you to-morrow. Dear, what a sober face you have!"



"HER AUNT HELD UP THE LITTLE TINSEL ORNAMENT."

And Marian, laughing loudly, ran out of the room and down the stairs, humming bits of "Champagne-Charlie," a song just then coming into fashion.

"What would her life here be?" Nan questioned herself, lying in the dark, long after the house was still. She had not known until now how much the quiet, refined associations of her life in Beverley had done for her. Now, all that she had seen jarred upon every nerve. And was it just? Then there came into Nan's mind the words of a little hymn Love was fond of singing—

"God's time for waiting
Shall be mine."

"Oh, can it be?" thought poor little Nan, closing her eyes tightly; but the words were like a prayer, and she tried with honesty to repeat "Shall be mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KING'S COURT.

BY JAMES OTIS.

AN old game is that of "King's Court," or, as it is sometimes called, "Save your Leader," but one so seldom seen now that to most of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* it will be new.

The board may be marked out on paper, or any boy who delights in mechanical work may make a very beautiful one by inlaying the hexagons with dark and light colored woods as is shown in the diagram.

There can be but two players, each of whom has a king and six men, which may be almost anything; but such as are used in checkers or draughts are the best, since each player's men can be readily distinguished from the other's.

The men are arranged for the game by placing the white king on the hexagon numbered 76, and the black king on 91. Black's men are placed on 74, 78, 70, 82, 87, and 65; White's men on 72, 80, 67, 85, 63, and 89.

The aim of the game is to place the king in the centre hexagon with his courtiers around him in the circle 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7.

Each player moves in turn from one hexagon to the other, always toward the centre, never backward. In thus playing, when any man is caught in a position between two of the enemy, so that the three pieces form a straight line, he must be taken from such position and placed anywhere in the outer circle, the act of doing so counting as one move to its owner. For example: suppose Black moves to 16, and White already has a man on 15; White then moves, if possible, a man to 17, making a yoke for his adversary. Black, instead of being allowed to move any other piece, *must* take his man from 16, and place it in the outer circle; then White moves again; and so on.

Should the piece caught in the yoke be a king, it must be removed, but may be placed *anywhere* on the

board its owner chooses, provided it does not form, by thus jumping it, the third of a yoke, and provided the hexagon desired is not occupied by another piece. For example: White's king is on 8, while his courtiers are on 25, 30, 23, 67, 33, and 6; Black's king is on 5, and his courtiers are on 26, 29, 21, 49, 7, and 12. Now White must remove his king from the yoke, and may place him on any unoccupied hexagon save where he would form a yoke for Black, as would be the case should he put him on 27, 28, or 40.

It can readily be seen that it is not wise to move the king too far toward the centre of the board in an early stage of the game, for since it can not be moved backward, its usefulness is impaired when too near the home, unless well supported by the courtiers.

The player should endeavor to so place his men that by a consecutive number of moves he can "yoke" his adversary, thus sending so many of his (the adversary's) men to

the outer circle that he will have time to get his courtiers home. It is good policy to crowd your adversary's pieces toward the centre, if possible, and then take your station where "yokes" may be easily formed.

If a player gets his king on the centre hexagon, and is unable to get the courtiers around him, it is wise for him to try to force his adversary to "yoke" the king, and thus send him back on the board, where he may be of some service. Therefore this mode of attack should be guarded against carefully.

The rules of the game are:

None but kings shall occupy or move on to the centre.

No piece shall be moved into a yoke; that is to say, no black man shall be allowed to move between two white men for the purpose of being yoked.

No piece shall be moved backward.

If two pieces, one of them being a king, are yoked at the same time, the king must be moved first. If two or more men are yoked by one move, it is at the option of the owner which one shall be retired first.

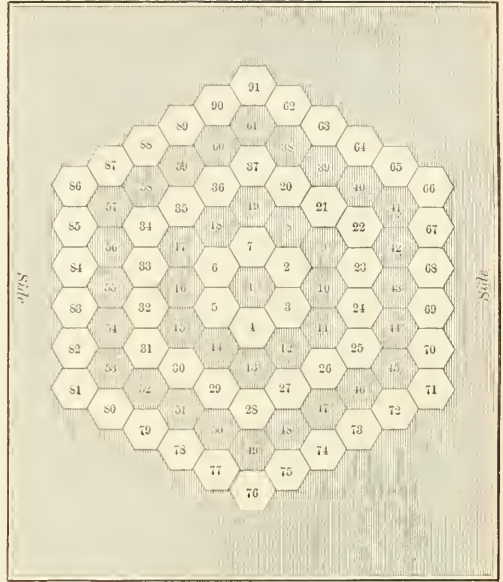
Any piece touched must be moved, or the player forfeits his move.

Should any player put his six men on the inner circle while his king is yet outside, he loses the game, and rightfully, since by so doing both are prevented from accomplishing the purpose intended.

Pieces may be moved forward or sideways, but never backward; hence a piece once placed on the centre hexagon can not be removed unless forced to retire because of a yoke.

The game may be commenced by each player alternately placing one of his men anywhere on the outside circle instead of on the hexagons as given above, with the exception that the two kings must be placed on 76 and 91, as in these positions they are in a direct line from the goal.

The number of combinations which may be formed by



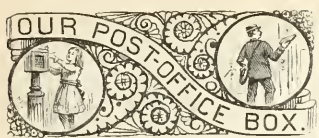
these men is almost as many as in the game of checkers, and study is quite as necessary to become a good player. Simple as King's Court appears at first, it will be found reasonably intricate, and those who move *after* they have considered all the consequences, rather than before, will most often be victorious.

WHY SO TEARFUL?

"Why so tearful, my sweet little maiden?"
 My brothers have been so unkind,
 They have one and all gone off asleighing
 And left me forgotten behind."

Now this is indeed cruel treatment.
 If I had a horse and a sleigh,
 You should ride from sunrise 'til sunset;
 But the teardrops forgotten should stay."

H. Brown
 1883



THE Postmistress would like to hear from the boys. What are your pursuits out of school hours? How much time do you spend in your lab at home? Do you have any regular work to do around the house or grounds in the morning before school, and in the afternoon between daylight and dark?

Another thing, boys: do you please write and tell me what you do in the evenings, when your sums and exercises are finished and ready for the next day?

City boys and country boys are invited to write. I would like, too, to receive letters from my boy friends who are in offices and stores, giving me some idea of what they do with their leisure.

If you are fond of reading, please name your favorite author, and tell us how many of his books you have read, and which, upon the whole, you like best.

Send me, please, these four things: your favorite book, your favorite game, your pleasantest amusement, and your favorite motto. I shall expect a great many letters from my boys.

This charming letter comes from a mother:

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

I send a list of words made from "orphanism" by my little son one fearfully cold day, when he could not go out, and your suggestion came as a perfect godsend to mamma as well as the boy, for I was truly at my wit's end to find amusement for him. Some of the words being found in the "Ladies' Dictionary," and some being proper names, I feared they might not be legitimate, so in copying his list I have placed them by themselves, with ? after them. I also send an enigma of his making. I hope he had a book like you to write with pen and ink, so mamma will not need to be his amanuensis.

We sent for the cover, and have had Vol. III, bound in a beautiful book. A young man from the East, an invalid, whose health has broken down from over-study, saw it one day, and after looking over it with admiration, said, heartily, "I wish I had had a book like this when I was a boy, and less mathematics; I would not be then where I am now." I wish you would call the attention of your young readers to the "Leatherstocking Tales." I have been reading them to my boy, and I am more than ever impressed by this penial with Cooper's greatness, while I fear he is too much overlooked by the boys of this generation.

Edward will find his enigma in the present number. His list, which is of very creditable one, has been placed with the others, which have crowded the Post-office Box for the past fortnight.

I agree with Mrs. S. about the "Leatherstocking Tales." A young gentleman of twelve who always comes to me, when he has found a book particularly delightful, to tell me about it and talk it over with me, says that the "Leatherstocking Tales" will bear readings of all kinds. They are thoroughly manly and wholesome, and full of the brisk life and excitement which boys enjoy.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl not quite eight years old, and live in New York. I am very fond of you, and I had a little black kitten, but it ran away while I was in the country. Now I have only one bird, and he is very tame; he seems to think as much of me as if I were his mother. I like to sit on his back, and I can do it all around the room; then he will perch himself on my finger, and kiss me in a cunning way. But sometimes he does not like to be kissed, and I have to let him go. Mamma says perhaps she will get me two rabbits in the spring. Like the YOUNG PEOPLE very much. This is the first time I have written a letter for the Post-office Box, but I hope to do it again. I like Santa Claus came to see me, and brought me a number of pretty presents. LILL B. T.

DEBRA, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. My papa says we are doing pretty well for "bricks and mortar." I had never seen it before. I like it very much, especially "Nan," and the Post-office Box is just lovely; I can read that best. Some of the pictures are very funny, and I like the old goose dropped my Christmas-box; it was too nice. It must have been old Santa Claus himself, with his beautiful reindeer. I see almost all

the children who write for the YOUNG PEOPLE live in the United States; I live now away down in Digby, Nova Scotia, a very beautiful and healthy place—in fog in summer, not too warm, fine clear weather in winter. I like to go to school. I like to am; here, my health was so poor the doctors said I must not study any, or even look at pictures. But I am getting better now, and I am so glad to be allowed to play with dolls. I love books so much better, and I can soon go and see papa and mamma and dear little sister and brother. I have no pets here, but my uncle says I am not enough for one. That is why my papa and mamma sometimes, so I thought I would like to write to you, only you see, I have to get some one to put it on paper for me. I wrote like a letter, and I had some very good words to write at a Sunday-school concert when I was a little mite of a girl. If you think best to put them in the YOUNG PEOPLE, please do so. If this is too long, please excuse. SADIE P. D.

Here are the quizzes:

THE NEW YEAR.

Glad the New Year!
What will it bring?
—Brightness and cheer,
Makings hearts sing!

Sad the New Year!

What will it bring?
—Darkness and fear;
Bowing with care?

Happy New Year!

God ruleth all,
We will not fear,
Whatever befall.

AMBERT, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am a little boy eight years old. Most of the little boys and girls tell about their pets, but I have none. I have three little sisters, and the youngest has no name; my mamma and papa can think of none good enough for her. Can you send us a pretty name for her? I have taken "Margie" for my dog, so she will be Margie, and would not give it up for anything. I had a kitten, and my sister had one too, which she called the mate; and when they got big she could not tell which was the kitty and which was the mate; so she did not like them after that, as she wanted to play only with the mate. I like the stories by the little boys and girls very much. This is my first letter, and I want to see how it looks when it is printed. HARRY V. B.

I can not help you to a name for the beautiful baby girl, because I do not know what names her sisters have. A lovely child whom I know is called Pearl. How would that do? What a funny reason your little sister had for playing with neither of the kittens: She ought to have kept a blue ribbon round the neck of the mate, or given it a pretty little collar to distinguish it from its twin.

NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

It is nearly two years since we came from Ohio. We are living in the city now, but papa has a farm twelve miles in the country. We expect to move to it as soon as my mamma is able to go. She has been sick since Thanksgiving.

Our house in the country needed some repairs, so papa took me out to keep house for him while he works on it. I have enjoyed this very much. When I get my cooking, dish-washing, and cleaning done, I go to the creek, and spend my leisure time skating and playing on the ice. I am sure you will like this, and I hope you will like me for it is a beautiful and natural one. With love,
BESSIE M.

What a bright little girl, to be able to keep house for papa, and how pleasant to do it, when there is the delight of watching repairs, and thinking how cozy it will be by-and-by for mamma! I am pleased to hear from this little house-keeper.

NEVADA, IOWA.

I am ten years old, and live with my aunt and uncle to be company for them, as they have no daughter of their own, and also to have the advantage of my school. My mamma lives in Nebraska, on a farm, have four girls besides me. We had one brother, who died. I visited my parents last summer, and I had a great deal of fun, fishing and playing with my sisters, came back to Iowa all alone on the cars.

YOUNG PEOPLE came to me for a Christmas present, and I was well pleased with it, though I haven't as much time to read as I want, for I must dry the dishes, and do other work besides, after school, for aunty says I must learn to work, so that I shall become a useful woman.

ISEZ B. H.

CHEYENNE DEPOT, WYOMING TERRITORY.

I want to tell you about my magpies. If the readers have not seen one, I will tell them that they are very tame, and will sit with long tails and bills, and they will bite if you are not careful when near them. They will talk very nicely. Mine will say, "Polly want a cracker," "Put

him out," "Maggie," "Jack," and many other things. I hope my letter is not too long. I am eight years old, and I have never been to school; mamma teaches me. Good-by. M. E. L.

To M. E. L.'s little letter her nurse added a postscript saying that while the little girl was writing a blizzard was blowing furiously, making the wind fly in every direction, and stinging like whip-cords. However, she says some hizzards are even worse, fairly lifting people off their feet. There is nothing much more terrible than a violent storm of wind. I hope the magpies and their mistress will never be caught in one.

I am a little boy nine years old, and have two brothers; Carl is four, Reid is almost two. I go to school, and we have me sport sliding down the snow-drifts. I shall begin taking music lessons this week. I had an old-fashioned wooden doll. I traded them for a little dog (this morning), and then traded him off for five sticks of candy. I help ma, and sometimes put on an apron and wash the dishes; and when she is well I do twelve five cents each time. That is the way I have earned the money to pay for my paper. I like all the stories and letters, but some of the stories I just love. I am almost afraid you will not think this letter worth printing. EARLE R. S.

This is just the sort of letter I like to print. I think a great deal of boys who are willing to help mamma with the dishes, or with sweeping, or any other house-work in which she needs help. One of the most splendid soldiers I ever knew, as brave as a lion in danger, when a little fellow ten years old helped his mother wash the dishes, but what he possessed was, my boy, to exchange your doggie for five sticks of candy? That wasn't a very good stroke of business, in my opinion.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

This is the second year a kind friend has given me your splendid paper, and I like it more and more every time. I had a letter from a boy who had heard it read to them very much. I am very much interested in the story "Nan," and think it very good indeed.

We have a cat, and her name is Muff, and a dog named Tamerlane, but we call him Tam for short. I have a beautiful wax doll named Marguerite, and I have a doll's trunk for her. I can make up my mind to give her a new dress, and a new coat. I think Rosalie P. has made herself fatter by her letter, as so many have spoken of her. She seems to dislike washing dishes more than most girls, though I suppose they nearly all agree with her. But I don't think they ought to complain, as cheerfulness lightens labor. Don't you think so, dear Postmistress? NELLIE B.

Rosalie did not mean to complain, I am sure. By-the-way, she must write again, and reply to some of the Little Black-caps who were interested in her letter. Please, Nellie, send your receipt for corn-bread.

KANEYVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA.

I thought that I would write a letter to you, as I have just finished reading the letters in your dear paper that afford me so much pleasure. We have three pet kittens and three cats. I think "Nan" is very nice. I enjoy all the pieces very much. I live on a farm in Virginia. Yesterday was the first day we have had snow enough to coast; we enjoyed it very much, particularly my little sister Lella, who is only three years of age. SADIE C. B.

Take one quart of molasses, one pint of butter-milk, two table-spoonfuls of ginger, two of soda dissolved in the milk, two cups of melted butter or lard, and two quarts of flour.

Little girls who try this may take half the quantity of everything, as this receipt will make a very large cake.

PARK, ILLINOIS.

I love so much to read our Post-office Box. I thought I would write to you. I am eleven years old, and attend the High School. I would like to tell you about our school and the handsome new school building, but can not this time. I took YOUNG PEOPLE when it was first published, and liked it so much that I persuaded papa to subscribe again this year. Papa likes to get us any good books or papers that he thinks will be instructive and entertaining for us to read. I was very much interested in the work a man sold my paper to some one else; but he ordered another copy for me, and I go every evening to the book store to see if it has come.

I want to tell the boys and girls about my dog. He is four years old, and a great pet with us all. On Christmas-eve (which was Sabbath) we were all sitting around the fire, before the lamps were lighted, and I thought I would have a walk out door, when all at once George gave a scream and a bound across the room, crying, "Look! look!

Here he is! here's Santa Claus coming right over the tops! He's got a silver cap on, his mamma! Get my shoes off before he gets here, so I can hang up my stockings. We all looked out of the window, and there was the great round moon peeping through the pine-trees. How wild and wonderful it all looked! "Mamma said it was a beautiful thought, and we all kissed George a sweet good-night as he hurried off to bed before Santa Claus would 'det here." FREDIE D.

BRADFORD, INDIANA.

I am a boy fourteen years old. I live close to Bradford. I am the youngest boy of the family. I have been taking Harper's Young People for about a year. I like it very much. I find it interesting. This is the first time I have written to it. I am going to school. I have a good many cousins, and if any of them are taking the paper, I wish they would write to it. There is very few game about here. I do not go to hunting very often. I have a large black dog which is very fond of hunting. I sometimes hitch him up in a little wagon and haul wood with him.

He will shake hands with me if I hold out my hand, or he will take hold of my hand and lead me. I often take a chair out and lay it down; he will jump on it, and he will knock it down. He will jump over anything two or three feet high.

When he was little he was so mischievous that he would tear up my books and hats. Don't think I'm afraid about my pet dog, for as long as I am the youngest of thirteen children, you may know I have been petted. I hope this letter is not too long. ANNA W. H.

LINDSEY, NEBRASKA.

We are four little children, and live with our mamma. Papa has been dead nearly three years, and sometimes we are very lonely. We have an uncle who lives near Rockford, Illinois, and he sends us one of the nicest presents every week; it is YOUNG PEOPLE. We like "Nan" the best of all the stories.

It has been very cold and stormy this winter. Walter keeps the paths clean, and does many other things out-of-doors. Alice is learning to keep house, and would like to join the club. We don't like to school, but mamma and papa like us. We have a horse, and when it is pleasant we have such nice rides. Our best pet is a little dog; we tie notes on his neck, and he takes them seven blocks to grandma's, and brings answers to us. We call him Tell, but his name is Telephone. Abel is just recovering from a severe attack of influenza; rheumatism; baby cough; "rheumatism;" and "stomach troubles;" and he has to wash his clothes. It was very nice that Tell would carry notes and tell grandma how Abel was; we think more than ever of him. You can not imagine how nice it is to have our brother well enough to play with us once more.

ALICE (aged 9), ABEL (aged 5),
WALTER (aged 7), JOSEPH (aged 3),
PER MANNA.

A story told by three-year-old Joseph: One day there was a little boy, and he went 'way out in the woods, and he came to a great tree. The little boy ran and ran, and he came to a great barn, and he climbed up on the hay-loft, and the little boy did not get him. Then a man came and shot the bear in the neck; but it did not kill it, so he shot it again, and it did. Then the little boy ran home to his mamma, and never ran off again.

I shall be glad to hear again from Tell's little owners.

GAME OF CHRONOGRAMS.

The players are seated round the table. A number of dates are written on scraps of paper, and put into a bag. Each player is provided with a piece of paper and a pencil, and has to find names of poets, sovereigns, historians, or other notable characters, the first letters of whose names will make, in Roman characters, the date he holds.

When all the players are ready, the leader of the game calls out the papers, and reads aloud the names selected for their initials. A forfeit is paid for every mistake, and for every figure for which it may be impossible to find an initial.

LURA, KANSAS.

I live with my papa and mamma in the country. The nearest town and railroad are twenty miles from here. We have a large sheep ranch. There has been a very long time since I had any little kids, which are nice pets. They will go up-stairs as easily as a person will. We have to go two miles and a half to school. Mamma takes us with a horse and buggy most of the time. I have a brother ten years old. I am a little girl of eight. Maybe my brother will write you a letter some time, and tell you how well we like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa has taken me to school for a year, and we are always glad when it comes. KATE M. C.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Did you ever take part in a snow-fight in years gone by? It is splendid fun. In fact, there is no better fun than snowballing anyway.

This is how to fight: the balls are thrown as

fast as they are made generally, but each side ought to get a good supply ready, for those who have the most balls, and can hold out the longest, will win the day.

If you don't like to be in the front row, then slip quietly to the rear. A READER.

What a droll boy this is, to be sure! Did Z a identified Postmistress, ever charge in a snow-fight? Fancy my surprise when I read that question! And then that slipping away to the rear! If ever I do go snowballing, you may depend on my staying in the front line.

"I'm going out to walk," she said
(A little maid of three),
"And if you will be good," she said,
"Why, you may go with me."

So first we found the silk hood,
And then we found the furs;
The whitest, softest, dearest stuff,
You may be sure, was hers.

And then we tried the sunny side,
This little maid and I,
And merrily she made a bow
To all who passed us by.

"I'm going out to walk," she said
(A little maid of three),
"Why, you may go with me," she said,
"Why, you may go with me."

Two good receipts come from a Little House-keeper:

SMALL SPONGE-CAKES.—Beat well together two eggs; stir in a tea-spoonful of powdered white sugar, and beat for five minutes; add slowly a tea-spoonful of flour and half a lemon, grating the rind into it. Bake in small party-pans.

COCA-NUT PUDDING.—Scald one quart of milk, leaving out a little, in which stir one large tea-spoonful of corn-starch, three eggs, cup of sugar; stir in the milk, and a cup of cocoanut, a small piece of butter, and a tea-spoonful of lemon. Bake half an hour.

PATRICKSBURG, NEW YORK.

I have been wanting to write to you for quite a while. I have a white pet kitten; his name is Snowflake. This is the second year I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like the paper very much. I like Jimmy Brown's stories and "Sun" best. I want to save all the numbers, and get them bound. I have a little printing-press. It came off the Christmas-tree; I guess papa put it on. It is not so big a press as Mr. H. has to print the Pratt-street *Vegetable*. I read about your papers and books in the *Vegetable*. I go to school. RALPH L. VAN T. (aged 8 years).

CHALCEDONY.—In reply to a little exchange

who wishes to know about this pretty variety of quartz, the Postmistress will describe it as well as she can. It occurs in its native chak-dony, where it is found in quantities. Its color is white, grayish, pale to dark brown, black, and sometimes a delicate blue. There is a gray variety found in Hungary. The kind of quartz which most of you have in your cabinets, and call chak-dony, is a milk-white opaque variety. A student of geology tells me he has often found it as a coating for other minerals.

Some of you, my dear girls, have more dolls than you know what to do with. I met two little girls the other day who had more dolls at all. But blessed be their little merry hearts; they managed to very well without them. And what do you think they had dressed up in their own hats and shawls, and were playing with in the jolliest fashion, when I happened to walk down their street and past their door? You will never guess in the world, so I'll tell you. They had made believe the two front posts on either side of the railing of their front porch were dolls, and there they were chirping to the posts like little sparrows, calling them pretty names, and playing that they were mamma and papa, and trying to tea with their babies, just as you do with your early dressed dolls.

I was glad that the winter day was almost as warm and sunny as spring, for I feared the little girls would take cold. And I was glad that I had happened to walk through the narrow street where these children lived, because I saw that brave and happy hearts and smiling faces are sometimes found in very poor homes, as well as in those which are rich and comfortable.

"Sally." The tailor took his goose along? Why is a tailor's snuff-box often called a goose?

Because the curved handle of the iron is supposed to resemble the neck of that stately fowl. The term "printer's devil" was formerly ap-

plied to the lowest boy in the establishments where printing was done. His work made him black and lanky, and he was obliged to perform the most disagreeable offices, and run on everybody's errands.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1. First in story, not in tale,
Second in embark, not in sail,
Third in amiable, not in good,
Fourth in sun, not in hood,
Fifth in dish, not in spoon,
Sixth in complaint, not in latter,
Seventh in jingle, not in rhyme,
Whole a sport that passes the time. J. C. H.

2. First in bullet, not in gun,
Second in race, not in run,
Third in sack, not in bag,
Fourth in tatter, not in rag,
Fifth in bowl, not in spoon,
Sixth in star, not in moon,
Seventh in calf, not in steer,
Eighth in book, not in paper,
Whole is prized by men and boys
As among their greatest joys.
EDWARD DANA SABINE.

No. 2.

THREE EASY DIAMONDS.

- 1.—A letter. 2. A toy. 3. A gem. 4. A chess.
5. A letter. 6. G. GOLDSMITH.
2. 1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A child. 4. To persevere. 5. A letter. LITTLE KITTENS.
3. 1. A letter. 2. A space. 3. Magnitude. 4. A pat. 5. A letter. GEO. LOGIST.

No. 3.

BEHINDS.

1. I am part of an apple; behind me, and I am a metal. 2. I am a useful article in the house; behind me, and I am a home. 3. I am a part of time; behind me, and I am part of the body. 4. I am often used for bad boys; behind me, and I am a familiar sound. 5. I am an article of dress; behind me, and I am an implement. 6. I am often used for bad boys; behind me, and I am a familiar sound. 7. I am an article of dress; behind me, and I am not good; behind me, and I am not out. 8. I am a flower; behind me, and I am a fluid. 9. I am a part of the body; behind me, and I am a conjunction. 7. I am a boy's name; behind me, and I am a color; behind me again, and I am a boy's name. HELEN W. GARDNER.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Skiffed. 2. A water fowl. 3. An adjective.
4. Fairies or elves. 5. A meeting place. IVANHOE.

No. 5.

AN ACROSTIC. (To GAZETTE).

1. A vine. 2. A covering. 3. An animal. 4. A number. 5. A ring. 6. Beyond. 7. A metal. 8. A conjunction. 9. Used in fishing. 10. A serpent. 11. To sum up. 12. A part of the year. 13. A part of the body. Centrais form a unit of love and peace. W. H. EAST.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 170.

- No. 1. P
B E D
P E A R L A P P L E
D R Y E K E
- No. 2. Constatimipole.
(Canton, Ohio, Naples, Sweden, Tunis, Amnapolds, Natal, Tripoli, Irkutsk, Nashville, Okhotsk, Po, Londonderry, Evansville.)
- No. 3. Westminster Abbey.
Star. Army. Tim. Bat. Man. Beet. West.

(Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. D. S., Geo. Logist, Arthur Bancroft, Hope Antrim, George H. X., Arthur Star, Maggie Hess, Theodore Baldwin, W. P., Elie Widger, Willie S. Macfarland, Emilee Anne Marie Trowbridge, Phoebe Franklin, W. H. Est, Jane and Sarah Wilson, Nelson E. Cobleigh, Florence Harriet Chambers, George H. Jacobs, Caroline J. Lyman, "Little Kittens," Alice and Nellie, Augustus, Lew Parks, Josamine Pollock, Ivanhoe, G. G. Goldsmith, Lulu Wandless, Cora Baxter, Esther Van, John Smith, Charles C. Ramsdell, Hugh MacLaren, Emily V. H., Charles W. R. C., Payson P. Price, Nellie Sarkis, Bertie Ward, Arthur Zimmerman, Lulu Seibert, Anna Dean, Josephine and Walter Schenck, Kate Miller, Jack and George Browning, Elie Ferris, May Charbon, Z. and T. Benson, Amy Arrow, Princess Jean, and Clitice R.

[For Enclaves, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]

CAT AND MOUSE.

A NEW IN-DOOR GAME.

TWO rows of chairs are placed, back to back, across the room, not close together, but with room to pass between each chair and the next, and with a space enough for running about between the two rows.

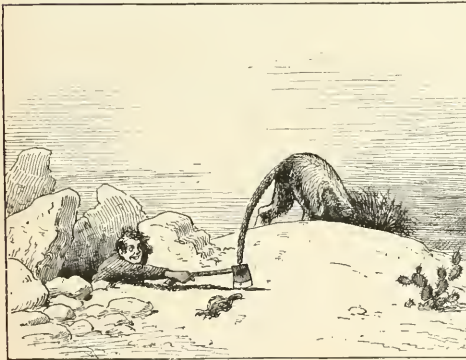
In that middle space one player stands blindfolded—the Cat. On each side, behind the chairs, are all the other players, the Mice, each having a number, black and plainly written on a round piece of paper or card about the size of an egg plate. They may exchange numbers with each other as often as they like, to prevent the Cat from knowing where the numbers are or who bears them. So long as they do not come into the middle space they are as safe as mice behind the wainscoting, but in the middle between the two rows of chairs the Cat goes about and listens to catch what she can.

The Cat calls the numbers, two at a time, and the Mice called for must cross to the opposite side. Even if they are caught they may slip away again, for the Cat has to guess which of the two numbers she has. The other Mice may try to help the unlucky ones called for by running out of their holes and teasing the Cat by touches or little squeaks; but if they be caught, there is no guessing of numbers for them.

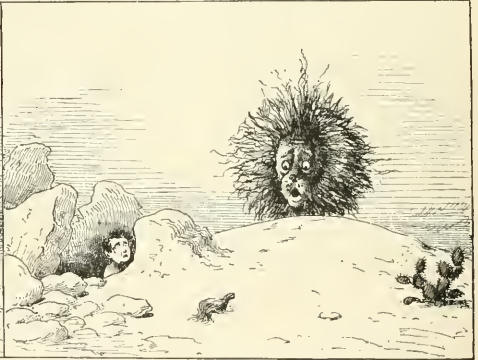
Whenever she likes, the Cat may gravely remark, "The Cat's away," and going to the wall, lay her face against it at either end of the space in which she runs about. At this signal there is a cry of "The Mice may play," and they begin to venture out and across. If the Cat is wise she will remain "away" a long time, until the Mice are all out and close to her. She must give a "mew" before she stirs, but the moment after it she may turn round and catch whoever she can, or even two or three, and then there need be no guessing of numbers. The Mouse caught is blindfolded in place of the Cat; and if more than one has been caught, the Mice may expect hard times.



I TELL you dat dis obercoat's
 Becomin' to dis chile;
 He fits a little bit too much,
 But ain't he jess de styl'?



He! he!



Ho! ho!



Grou-w-w-r-r-ow!!



"I can not tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

CHIP

HARPER'S

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"BEEN SKATING, HEY?"—SEE POEM ON NEXT PAGE.

THE CROSS OLD COBBLER.

BY JOEL JORDAN.

"BEEN skating, hey, my little man? Mend your boot? Of course I can. If I don't do it, well tanned you'll be? Come here and give your boot to me.

"You haven't coppers three and ten? Then you must take your boot again. New soles your father's slippers had This day a week, my little lad.

"Then ho, my little man! Well tanned I'm sure you'll be," And the cross old cobbler cobbled At the shoe upon his knee.

PAWNEE JOE.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

I.

DICK COOPER'S father would not let him go to spend a week in Boston; in consequence of which Dick was sullen and discontented.

"There's nothing to do in this dead-and-alive place," he muttered, as he leaned over the front gate and slung a stone at a passing dog. "When I get to be twenty-one I'll clear out pretty quick. There's the Pawnee now," as a dark-complexioned boy came up the road toward the house; "I'm tired of him and his Indian airs. Well, what do you want?" he asked, rudely, as the other stopped at the gate.

The boy, who was a tall, handsome fellow, in spite of his high cheek-bones and copper skin, flushed.

"Want to get in," he said, simply.

"Well, get in," said Dick, still blocking up the way.

The Indian's face darkened. He hesitated for a moment, then, placing one hand on the paling, lightly vaulted over it, brushing Dick's shoulder as he went by. Dick was ready on his part to pick a quarrel at the slightest offense.

"Look here!" he cried, turning quickly around, "did you mean to hit me?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't make fool, Dick," he said.

Dick's face grew red with passion.

"Don't call me Dick, you Indian beggar," he cried, brushing his open hand against the Pawnee's cheek. "If my father won't teach you your place, I will."

The Pawnee's eyes flashed; he drew back his arm, and in another moment the blow would have been returned, had not Mr. Cooper suddenly appeared upon the scene.

"Fighting again!" he exclaimed, in a tone of annoyance. "Education don't seem to do much for you, Joe. I guess I'll have to let you go back to Carlisle. But if Joe don't know any better," turning to his son, "you should; you weren't brought up in a wigwam."

Dick scowled. "Might as well have been," he muttered, "as in Stonefield."

"Well," said Mr. Cooper, sternly, "you've got to stay here, that's all. Go up to the house now, and don't let me hear anything more from you. Joe, you come to the barn, and I'll see if I can't find work enough to keep you from quarrelling."

The Pawnee frowned darkly, but followed Mr. Cooper without speaking; while Dick walked slowly and sullenly up to the house, kicking the snow before him as he went. As he entered the kitchen he met his little brother Harry coming out.

"Where's Joe?" the child asked, eagerly.

Dick brushed him aside. "How do I know where Joe is?" he exclaimed, crossly. "I don't take care of him."

"I thought you might have seen him," said the little boy, timidly.

"What if I did?" demanded Dick. "All you think of is Joe: he'll be scalping you some of these days."

Harry's lip quivered. "Joe wouldn't do such a thing," he cried, indignantly. "He's a good deal nicer than you are, Dick."

"Well, go to him, then," cried Dick, angrily. "If you are so fond of him, go back with him to his tribe and be an Indian yourself."

Harry looked reproachfully at his brother while the tears filled his great black eyes. "I don't want to be an Indian," he half sobbed. "Only Joe's kind to me and you ain't."

"Better go to him, then," was Dick's only response as he went out of the room and slammed the door. Left to himself, Harry concluded to take Dick's advice, even though it was unkindly meant, and find consolation in the society of his Indian friend. Most likely Joe was at the barn; so putting on his woollen muffler, Harry turned his little feet in that direction.

It was now a year since Joe had come from the Pawnee reservation in the far West to be a student at the Carlisle training-school. At the beginning of the summer vacation he had been sent to Mr. Cooper's farm in Stonefield, and though the vacation was long since over and the winter holidays had come, he was still remaining at the farm. He was steady and industrious, and proved as useful a help as Mr. Cooper ever had had; but he did not get along with Dick. The boys were too much alike in their quick, passionate natures to pull together; though the Indian knew how to control himself better than the white boy, and Dick did not hesitate to take an unfair advantage of his own superior position, of which Mr. Cooper did not always know. It was clear, however, that if Dick staid home from boarding-school, Joe must go back to Carlisle. The farm, though it covered a hundred acres, was not large enough for both.

Little Harry, however, was the Pawnee's firm friend. No one knew so much about the birds as Joe; or could make such alluring snares and traps for the rabbits, woodchucks, and squirrels; or shoot at a mark with such steadiness of hand or directness of aim; or tell in such fascinating broken English such wonderful stories of Indian life. Joe, too, in his quiet reserved way, seemed to return the affection; and Mr. Cooper, though he could never rid himself of a lingering distrust as to Joe's disposition, made no objection to Harry's spending hours in his company. On this particular afternoon the little boy found his friend at the barn with Mr. Cooper, harnessing one of the horses into the cutter.

"Is Joe going to be busy this afternoon, papa?" he asked.

Mr. Cooper had got in the sleigh and taken the lines. "Yes," he said, "Joe is going to take Dobbin with the sled up the mountain and bring down a load of wood."

"Oh, papa!" the child cried, "can't I go too? I can help load up, you know."

The father hesitated. Harry had been off with Joe fifty times before—there was no reason why he should not go this afternoon.

"Yes," he said at length, "you can go. Get back before dark, Joe. We'll have some more snow, I guess, by sundown. It's half past two, now," he added, looking at his watch. "I'll be home myself by six."

He drew the robe tight around him, gave the word to the horse, and started off. The sky was dark and threatening, and the air was keen. Dick's quarrel with the Indian had vexed him, and the recollection of Joe's dark and sullen face made him wish more and more, as he drove on, that he had directed Harry to stay at home. Joe should go away next Monday; that, at any rate, he had determined upon.

During the entire drive his mind was filled with these disturbing thoughts, and when at length, a little before

six o'clock, he turned in at his own gate, it was with a mingled sense of relief and dread. Driving directly to the barn he called through the dark for Joe. There was no answer; and when he opened the barn door the wood sled was absent and Dobbin was missing from his stall. Mr. Cooper tied up his horse, shut the doors, and went quickly up to the house. His wife met him at the door.

"Where's Harry?" she asked. "Didn't he go with you?"

Mr. Cooper frowned.

"Why, no!" he said. "He went to the wood-lot with Joe. Haven't they got back yet?"

A surprised look came into the mother's face.

"I haven't seen anything of them," she said. "I thought he went with you. But if he's with Joe, it's all right. Now come to supper, and they'll be here before you're half through."

But the supper progressed, and they did not come. Finally, when it drew near seven o'clock, Mr. Cooper, who had been moving restlessly about, took up his hat and coat.

"Come, Dick," he said, "I ain't going to wait any longer. Fetch a lantern, and we'll drive up the mountain and find out what's the matter."

The horse had not yet been unharnessed, and driving him out of the barn, they were quickly on their way. Half a mile beyond the house they turned into the road that led over the mountain, nearly at the top of which was Mr. Cooper's wood-lot. It had been but little travelled since the snow had fallen, and by the light of the lantern Dick had no difficulty in discovering the fresh tracks made by the heavy runners of the sled and Dobbin's large feet. They led, however, up the mountain—none appeared coming down.

"They're up there yet," he cried, getting back into the sleigh; "at least they haven't come back this road."

"Well," said Mr. Cooper, "there's no other road unless they go twenty miles around."

By this time snow had begun to fall lightly, and it was not long before the tracks were covered. So far, however, they knew they were all right. If they did not meet Joe coming down, or find him at the lot, they could only conclude that for some purpose he had gone on. Mr. Cooper urged the horse ahead, and the musical sleigh-bells echoed up the mountain-side. No answering echo, however, came from the road above, though they strained their ears to catch its jangling sound.

By-and-by they reached the wood-lot. The bars were down, and Mr. Cooper drove in toward the spot where he knew Joe would have gone. Stopping the horse and giving the reins to Dick, he jumped out himself with the lantern and raised it above his head. There at a little distance stood the sled half loaded with wood. A little way off lay Dobbin's harness—all except the headstall and reins. Mr. Cooper strained his eyes through the darkness, but nothing more could be seen. Of Dobbin and the boys there was not a trace.

"Joe!" he called, as loud as he could. "Harry!" But only the mountain echoed back their names. What had become of them? Why was Dobbin gone, and the harness and sled left?

"I'll tell you what it is," said Dick, his voice shaking with excitement, "the Pawnee has carried off Harry on horseback. Get in, father, and we'll follow him up."

Mr. Cooper, now greatly alarmed, re-entered the sleigh, and drove out of the lot. The road, as they went up the mountain, grew steeper than ever, and was so unbroken that it was with difficulty that the horse could get through. The snow, too, was now falling thickly; no tracks were left to guide them, and they could only guess that the boys had gone this way. Presently, however, from the road ahead of them came the whinny of a horse.

"That's Dobbin!" cried Dick. "I'd know his anywhere. We've got them now, father, sure!"

Mr. Cooper whipped up his horse. In a moment more he recognized through the darkness the familiar form of Dobbin. Jumping down from the sleigh, he found the animal tied by the reins to the fence.

"Joe!" he cried once more. "Harry!"

There was no reply. Mr. Cooper turned with a face as white as the falling snow to his son.

"Here is the horse!" he cried. "But where are Harry and the Pawnee?"

II.

It had not taken Joe long, after Mr. Cooper's departure, to harness Dobbin in the wood sled, and with his little companion get under way. He was glad to escape for an afternoon from the farm, and the chance of encountering Dick. Why did Dick want to quarrel with him? he wondered; and why did Mr. Cooper always take Dick's part? The thought of that afternoon's trouble made him feel sad.

But now that he was off for the afternoon, with Harry to keep him company, he would not be distressed any longer. His spirits rose, and he was soon talking about himself, and his life at the West, and his hopes for the future, as only Harry knew he could talk. In a little while they were toiling up the mountain road, and after some time and effort on Dobbin's part reached the lot. The wood was already cut, and all the boys had to do was to pile it in the cart. At first Harry did his part eagerly, but he soon grew tired, and putting his cold hands in his pockets, watched Joe place the sticks in an orderly pile. Presently he recollected that when they were there a few days before Joe had set one or two snares.

"Oh, Joe," he cried, "I'm going to see if those snares have caught anything."

The Indian straightened up. "Don't get lose," he said, gravely. "I make finish here pretty soon. Must get home before dark, father said."

"Oh, I won't get lost," the little boy said, "and I'll be back in a minute."

Joe watched the sturdy little figure tramp out of the lot, and then, with a warm glow at his heart, bent again to his work. Somebody cared for him after all. When Dick struck him that afternoon his heart had been full of hate. But now everything seemed different. He could even forgive Dick, for Dick was Harry's brother. Even his work was lighter, and he lifted a great armful of wood without feeling its weight. As he transferred it to the sled, the ring of sleigh-bells attracted his attention. Looking out toward the road, he saw a cutter with two men pass rapidly by. A moment later the ring stopped, and at the same instant a boy's scream pierced the air. Then the bells began again; and rushing out of the lot, Joe could see the sleigh disappearing around a turn in the road. As he listened, another scream, half-suppressed, came back on the air. In the snow ahead lay a black object which he recognized as Harry's cap. It did not need that, however, to tell him that the men in the sleigh were kidnappers, and Harry had been carried off.

Running back to the sled with all possible speed, Joe hurriedly unharnessed Dobbin, leaving only the headstall by which he might be driven, and jumping on his back, urged the old horse up the road. It was a steep pull yet to the top, and the snow was heavy. Dobbin floundered along as though he had weights to his feet, and before he had gone half a mile began to show signs of distress. Finally he came down to a walk, and not all of Joe's spurring could persuade him to go faster. It was quite clear that in this way Joe could not hope to overtake the sleigh. Among the boys of his tribe, however, he had always been one of the fleetest runners, and even without a horse he did not despair of keeping up with the fugi-

tives. Guiding Dobbin to the side of the road, and tying him to the bars, he set off himself on an easy run toward the top of the mountain, which now lay only a few rods ahead. The road wound so that he could not see any distance, but he knew there was no cross road before reaching the foot of the mountain. He pushed forward over the level on top of the mountain, and down the other side, until, through an opening in the wood, he could see the little railroad station in the valley below.

Joe's heart stood still as a sudden thought occurred to him. What if the men should escape by the railroad? There was a train due before long—that Joe knew because he had come in it himself—and if they got off by that, how could he hope to overtake them? He might be able to run as fast as a horse, but he could not keep up with a locomotive. But if he could only get to the station before the train he might capture them there. This thought lent new energy to his purpose, and swiftness to his feet. Nearer and nearer he drew to the foot of the mountain and the railroad. In five minutes more he would be at the station. All at once his quick ear caught the sound of a whistle, and presently he heard the rumble of an approaching train. He rushed forward with added speed, but the distance was too great. The train slackened, stopped, and then went on again. When Joe dashed down to the track, it was only a speck in the distance.

Perhaps, however, the men had not taken the train. The station-master, who was standing on the platform, would know this, and hurrying up to him, Joe asked, in his broken English, "Did you see a sleigh with two men into it and a little boy?"

The man looked at him curiously and with great deliberation. "Sleigh?" he questioned. "Yes, I did see a sleigh about ten minutes ago. It's gone on," he added. "Any of your friends in it?"

"Yes," cried Joe, excitedly, "the little boy he is my friend. Which way did it went?"

"Oh! the little boy," said the man. "Well, he didn't go in the sleigh."

"No?" exclaimed the Indian. "But where did he went?"

"Well, the boy and one of the men went in the train,"

observed the man, now seeming to grow interested. "Was anything wrong?" he asked. "I didn't like the looks of the fellow myself, and the child seemed scared, but it weren't my place to interfere."

"They was thieves!" the Indian cried, stamping his foot. "Kid—what do you call it?"

"Kidnappers," suggested the man.

"Yes," cried Joe, "kidnappers. They have stole Mr. Cooper's little boy; and now they have went off by the cars. Where do they went? Did they buy ticket?"

"Why, yes," said the man, "I sold them a ticket for Middlefield; that's as far as they can go by that train."

"Ah!" cried the Indian, "and can I went after them? Is there more trains?"

The man nodded.

"There's an express that goes by here in an hour," he said. "You can take that, and get there almost as soon as they. But I 'low they'll get off at Baker's Corners, and take the train to Boston there. I'll tell you what I'll do—you're Mr. Cooper's Indian boy, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Joe, gravely, "Pawnee."

"Well," said the other, "then I guess it's all right. I'll telegraph along the road to stop the man wherever he gets out, and hold him until you come. If it's a station where your train don't stop, I'll tell them to flag you. But I 'low it'll be Baker's Corners. Feller didn't think you'd follow him so close, I guess."

An hour later Joe was again in swift pursuit. The conductor had been told the circumstance by the station-master, and would be on the lookout for a flag, or ready to assist Joe if they should overtake the man at Baker's. As the train flew on the Indian's thoughts went back to the house at Stonefield. What would they think, he wondered, when Harry did not come back? How frightened they would be! His heart beat the faster as he began to share their alarm, and to fear, on his own part, that after all the man might escape him. How could he go back without Harry? and if he did not go back, might they not believe that he had stolen Harry himself? Station after station went by without showing any flag, and at length the train drew near to the Corners. Would Harry be there?

Presently the brakes were put on, and the wheels slackened their speed. From the window Joe could see a crowd on the platform. Rushing out of the car, and jumping off the steps, he pushed through the crowd. There in the grasp of a station official stood a hard-featured man, and near by a small hatless boy, who, when he saw the Indian, rushed with a loud cry of delight into his friendly arms.

"Oh, Joe," he exclaimed, rapturously, "I knew you wouldn't let me be carried off!"

As long as he lives Dick Cooper will never forget the terror of that search after his little brother. The gloom and silence of the woods, the noiseless fall of the snow, the echo of their own cries, the disappointment which met them at every step, made it an experience always to be re-



PAWNEE JOE IN PURSUIT OF THE KIDNAPPERS.

membered with dread. They hunted in the neighborhood of Dobbin, but could find no trace there, and then went back and explored the wood-lot with equal lack of success. Finally Mr. Cooper gave it up, and the unhappy father and his remaining son got into the sleigh and drove drearily toward home.

"We can't find them," said Mr. Cooper, gloomily, as he entered the kitchen.

His wife did not display any particular surprise. "No, of course you couldn't," she said, calmly. "I told you there wasn't any use in going."

"What do you mean?" her husband asked.

"Why, I mean the child was safe enough with Joe. That's what I said before you went out. Read that telegram," she added, handing him a bit of brown paper.

Mr. Cooper took it mechanically, and read it, while a look of relief spread over his countenance.

"Thank God!" he said, reverently; and sitting down, he covered his face with his hands.

Dick picked up the paper, and read these words:

"BAKER'S CORNERS, Jan. —
 "Mr. John Cooper, Stonefield:
 "Your son, stolen by two men, and rescued by Indian boy who followed them here. Meet him and Indian at Stonefield Depot nine o'clock."

"Station-master."

The boy walked over to the window and leaned his head against the pane. Not only was his little brother safe, but it was the Indian who had saved him. Like a great black wall all the bad and angry thoughts he had been entertaining rose up before him. How wicked he had been! how unkind to Harry! how mean and uncharitable to Joe! His conscience convicted him, and he could not say a word in his own defense. Indeed, he did not want to defend himself. It relieved him to confess his fault. Turning abruptly round, he came over to where his father was sitting. His face was flushed, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Oh, father," he cried, "I've been awfully wicked! I've hated Joe. I struck him first this afternoon. I've made him mad lots of times. I made you think he had taken Harry away."

Mr. Cooper looked gravely up at the distressed boy. "Well," he said, "I'm glad to hear you acknowledge it. But you'd better tell Joe. I'm going to the depot for them now."

As the father left the room Dick went back to the window. How could he tell Joe? He knew that he could never feel easy until he did; but how should he ask the Indian to forgive him? He stood there debating the question a long time, until at length he heard the bells of the returning sleigh. His mother opened the door, and in a moment her little boy was folded in her arms.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, "the men told me they'd kill

me if I hollered or told anybody, and they were going to take me so far off that I couldn't ever have got back again. I was awfully scared, but the minute I saw Joe, I knew it was all right. Nobody could hurt me then," he added, looking up confidently into the Indian's dark eyes.

Meanwhile, Dick had come slowly forward.

"Look here, Joe," he said, awkwardly. "I've treated you mean a good many times. I behaved like a brute this afternoon. I dare say you hate me, but I'm sorry for it all the same."

A flush of color came into the Pawnee's face.

"I did mean too," he said, simply, "and I sorry for it. But we good friends now."

The boys shook hands warmly, while Harry looked on with approving satisfaction.

"It was worth while being stolen," he whispered, delightedly, to his mother, "for the sake of bringing Dick around."



"THIS IS OUR COMPACT OF ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP—NAN'S AND MINE."

NAN.*

BY MRS LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHILIP'S absence from home was an unexpected disappointment to Nan; but the reason for it gave her some comfort. It appeared that he had developed a decided talent for painting, and so had been sent abroad by the same gentleman who was paying all his expenses.

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I declare," said Mrs. Rupert, as she and Nan were at work the next morning in the kitchen, "it's wonderful the fancy that Mr. Field's took to Philip. Just saw him a few times, and put him to Barnabas; and now sent him abroad. He says he'll do well. Now Marian, *she's* doing splendid, if only they don't turn her head with compliments. She's so good looking and so stylish."

Nan listened, thinking more of Philip than of Marian. She wondered if he would ever do anything, or *seem* to do anything, to cause Mr. Field to send him home in disgrace. She hoped that no such fate would befall him.

"Now, Nan, work smart," called out Mrs. Rupert; "your teacher 'll be here soon." And Nan hurried with the breakfast dishes, so that she was ready for her new teacher by nine o'clock.

Miss Rolf evidently had employed some one to engage this governess—a gentle, quiet-looking lady about thirty years of age, who began the lessons without any questions as to Nan's recent life. Altogether, the morning was not unhappy, except that Nan had grown so painfully conscious of the dust and disorder about her that she watched Mrs. Leigh's glance every time it rested on any one object with a deep sense of mortification.

But good came of this. Nan felt certain she might make something of the room; for her ideas had developed greatly since she left Bromfield as to household matters. Accordingly, to Mrs. Rupert's great surprise, she asked permission to have the sitting-room to herself for an hour before the children returned from school; and it was wonderful what she contrived to do. Soap and water, dusters, and a broom made the place seem entirely different. And then Nan begged to be allowed to hunt in the attic for some bits of carpet. These she managed to sew in patches under the ragged places, and after mending a few tears in the curtains she felt quite triumphant. It mattered somewhat, however, that Mrs. Rupert and Marian laughed at her, and that the children coming home created fresh disorder; but still she felt conscious of well-doing.

When, after dinner, Nan carried her books up to her little attic room, she was cheered by a feeling that, in spite of the misery of her false position, she could do something. She would set herself to make the shabby house brighter and cleaner and more home-like. After a time Mrs. Rupert and Marian would feel differently about her motives in so doing.

No one must suppose that Nan worked wonders suddenly, nor that she grew very happy in doing her little work. On the contrary, it was a tedious process all around. It was hard to keep any place tidy or even tolerably comfortable. And her heart ached for news of Beverly. Miss Rolf wrote, but only to send her board and the money needful for her expenses; and as October and November dragged by, Nan's loneliness increased. Nothing could have been much more comfortless as a home than the Rupert household; and Nan used to think the "waiting-time" was more than she could bear.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PHYLLIS only knew the reason why Miss Rolf had sent Nan to Bromfield, and as the winter wore on it puzzled and perplexed her more and more. She had seen a great many evidences of what she considered a "common taste" in Nan, but never anything like untruthfulness or dishonesty.

But if Phyllis was unhappy, Miss Rolf was doubly so. She felt a strong purpose taken right out of her life, and it was hardening her into the cold, reserved woman she had been so long before Nan crept into her heart.

One afternoon shortly before Christmas Phyllis was sitting alone in her own room by the fire, busily working on some present for the approaching festivity, when she heard some one in the adjoining room sobbing. It was

Joan, who appeared with a piece of crumpled paper in her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, Phyl! this makes me *so* unhappy! See, this is our compact of eternal friendship—Nan's and mine—and it's as bad as telling a lie never to write to her."

Joan held out the little paper she and Nan had written that May afternoon so long ago; and as Phyllis read it, the words so innocently written, "*God bless this*," awakened new belief in the child's honesty. Phyllis comforted Joan, all the time revolving the question in her mind, and was suddenly startled by hearing Joan say,

"Where has Laura gone, do you know? and may I have this to make Nan a Christmas present?"

She held up a piece of pink satin, from which some bits had been cut, and a yard or two of Valenciennes lace.

"Where did you get that, Joan?" exclaimed Phyllis.

"In the other room," explained the tearful Joan, "in a little broken box on the floor."

Phyllis made no answer; she arose and went into the next room, closing the door after her. It was a room rarely used; but since Laura had been so delicate she had often slept there to be near Phyllis, and used it in the daytime to sit in, so that her things were often about. The box of which Joan spoke lay half in half out of the flounce of the chintz lounge. Phyllis drew it out with trembling hands.

There was no mistaking its contents. They were certainly in part the articles charged to Nan at Ames's store.

Phyllis hardly knew what to think. All that she could feel sure of was that Laura was involved in the affair, but how far she could not tell. One thing, she knew, must be done at once—that was to find Laura and make her explain it.

Poor Phyllis! Pride had always been her strongest point, and belief in the uprightness of the children she had in reality brought up was almost a sacred thing to her. How could she face Miss Rolf and say, "It is *my* little sister who has at least been involved in this, not only poor Nan, whom we pitied because she had been badly brought up?" And then there flashed upon Phyllis a sickening feeling lest through Laura gross injustice had been done poor Nan.

"Joan," she said, looking in upon her little sister, "if Laura has gone out it must have been to Rolf House, as she never goes anywhere else. I'm going there at once—and don't let them wait tea for me. I'll be back as early as I can."

Whatever Phyllis's faults may have been, her sense of what was justly due under such circumstances was keen and pure. Though feeling half ill with dread of what she might discover, she put on her things and walked quickly up College Street to Rolf House. Her first inquiry was if Laura were there, and the answer, "Yes, miss, she is reading in the library," sent a new flutter to her heart. But she walked straight into the room where Laura, looking very white and languid, was lounging with a book before the fire.

"Laura," the elder sister said, going up to the little girl and kneeling down beside her, "I want you to tell me at once, dear, how you came by all those things Nan was supposed to have bought at Ames's."

Laura stared a moment, and then burst into tears; but to Phyllis's amazement it seemed a *relieved* sort of weeping. She rocked back and forth a moment, and then exclaimed between her sobs:

"Oh, Phyl! Phyl! have you found out? I'm so glad! I've come here day after day trying to confess it. Oh, I know how bad I am—and Nan is so good!"

Phyllis knelt very quietly by her little sister a moment; then she said, "Lollie, try and tell me all about it."

And then the miserable story came out. The girls at school, Laura said, were in the habit of wearing so many

little bits of finery, such as she never possessed; and one day, having saved her pocket-money for a special ribbon, she went into Ames's and bought it. Just as she was about to pay for it, the clerk said, "Aren't you Miss Rolf's niece, who has things charged to her?"

Poor Laura! it was her first moment of temptation. She answered yes; had the ribbon charged, meaning to pay for it later, as in her ignorance of such matters she believed she could; and then, little by little the fascination for buying, "like the other girls," grew upon her. She kept hoping always to save money before the end of the month to pay it up, believing the bill would not be presented until January. It was, indeed, only by a chance that Miss Rolf had asked for it earlier. Then had come a desperate fit of terror, and believing Nan would be forgiven, she had meanly kept silence. What followed, Phyllis knew. Certainly Laura told the whole story now unreservedly.

It seemed to Phyllis in that hour as though something in her very heart gave way. Nan, for whom they had all secretly entertained a feeling that she was not their equal—Nan had shown herself the bravest and most upright of all.

"Laura," said poor Phyllis, "you must tell Cousin Letty." Laura gave a gasp, and put out a detaining hand as Phyllis was moving. "I will go first, and speak to her about it; but she must know at once. There must not be a moment lost."

Laura sobbed more violently than ever; and Phyllis went away and across to the black-walnut parlor, where she was tolerably sure to find her cousin.

There the old lady was seated, with listlessly folded hands, in the window where Nan had made out her accounts that first evening. She was looking across the wintry garden beds, and thinking of the lost child who had been so dear to her, who had come in her lonely old age to open the secret springs of love in her heart.

Phyllis had a choking feeling in her throat as she went in, and for a moment she could hardly speak. But nothing could have been better than her first words:

"Oh, Cousin Letitia, I know all about it! Nan—Nan is perfectly innocent! She never deceived you, except that she did not tell what she knew of others."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TAILOR'S APPRENTICE.

"WHEN shall we know that the enemy has given in?" asked a lad who had once been a tailor's apprentice, but had afterward entered the British navy, as a common boy, about the year 1680.

"When that flag is hauled down," answered the sailor addressed, "the ship will be ours."

"Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!"

The vessel on which the speakers stood had had the fortune, a few hours earlier, to fall in with a French squadron, and a warm action, bravely fought on both sides, was maintained. After a time the boy had become impatient for the result, and addressed the above question to a sailor. No sooner was he told that the withdrawal of the flag from the enemy's mast-head would be the signal that the action had been decided than he determined to "see what he could do."

At that moment the vessels were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and were obscured in the smoke of the guns. In an instant the boy mounted the shrouds, passed from the yard of his own ship to that of the enemy, ascended with agility to the maintop-gallant-mast-head, struck and carried off the French flag unperceived, and got back to the yard-arm of his own ship in safety.

Before he could get down to the deck the British saw that the flag had disappeared, and shouted, "Victory! victory!" The French crew, seeing also that the flag was

gone, and thinking that it had been struck by order of the Admiral, fled from their guns; and although the officers attempted to rally them, the confusion was hopeless. Then the British, availing themselves of the opportunity, boarded the French vessel, and captured it.

In the midst of the excitement the new boy came down from the shrouds with the French flag wrapped round his body, and displayed it with no little glee to the astonished tars. The news spread quickly to the quarter-deck, and the blushing boy was led into the presence of the Admiral, who praised him for his gallantry, and rated him there and then as midshipman.

It was not long before promotion followed promotion, and the tailor's apprentice became known as one of England's most gallant sailors.

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE BURNING OF THE "NEW HORN."

WILLIAM BONTEKOE, a Dutchman, who sailed from the Texel as Captain of the *New Horn* in the winter of 1618, has left behind him an interesting record of the fate of that unhappy ship. The catastrophe which destroyed it was all the more terrible as up to that point the voyage had been a singularly fortunate one.

The crew had suffered from sickness, it is true, but they found on the island of Mascarenhas, in the neighborhood of Madagascar, a natural health resort of quite a surprising kind. No sooner had they landed than such as were able "rolled themselves on the grass," from which alone they seemed to receive an immediate benefit. The blue pigeons overhead were so tame that they were taken by the hand, and two hundred of them killed and roasted the first day, which to the seamen who had been so long used to salt meat was a banquet beyond expression. Other birds had only to be caught, and their cries brought whole flocks within easy reach. Turtle were so plentiful that as many as twenty-five were found under a single tree. They filled their casks at a fresh-water river, "with banks covered with trees in regular order, presenting such a beautiful view that nothing in the world could be more delightful."

This "summer isle of Eden" was uninhabited save by the gentlest and most nourishing creatures, and even from the palm-trees there flowed a mild and nourishing liquid. The water round the island was so crystal clear that through seven and even eight fathoms they could distinctly see the bottom. All the sick were cured here in a very short time, and returned on board not without great unwillingness.

At St. Mary's Isle, a few days' sail from this, they met with some pleasant savages, who, understanding nothing of their language, "imitated the cries of cattle, sheep, and poultry, to inform them that such supplies were at their disposal. They brought them milk in baskets made of leaves so closely interwoven that it was drawn off by a hole pierced through. Among the crew was a man who played the violin, and who put these simple people fairly beside themselves with the delights of his music.

The crew of the *New Horn* had altogether a very pleasant voyage until one evening, in the latitude of the Straits of Sunda, the dreadful cry of "fire!" was raised. The steward had gone below decks with a candle to fill his keg with brandy, "that a small glass might be served out to each person in the morning, according to the Dutch fashion," and a spark from the wick had fallen into the bung-hole. The flames blew out the ends of the cask, and set fire to some coal underneath it, the smoke from which was unendurable. Upon this the Captain ordered the powder to be thrown overboard, to which the supercargo, who was answerable to the owner of the ship, "would not

consent." The launch and cutter were lowered to clear the decks, and into these many of the crew quietly slipped by the chain-wale, or swam to them, having dropped into the sea. Presently, while the poor Captain was battling with the smoke and flame, one of the sailors runs up to him, and exclaims, "Dear Captain, what are we to do now? the launch and cutter have deserted us." Which indeed they had. For the moment he was transported with rage, and hoisted all sail in hopes of running them down, which, in truth, they richly deserved; "but within



THE FIRE REACHES THE POWDER.

about three ships' lengths they got the weather-gauge, and escaped."

What a dramatic scene! The burning ship, with its tenants, within a few minutes of a horrible death, yet filled with the desire of revenge, and the miserable deserters, full of shame and fear, only escaping them by a hair's-breadth. Yet a few weeks before these people had been the best of friends, and fancied themselves in Eden.

Though little hope was left—for the oil with which the ship was laden had taken fire—the crew now betook themselves, too late, to casting out the powder. "Sixty barrels had been got overboard, but three hundred still remained. The fire at length reached them, and the vessel blew up in the air with one hundred and nineteen souls. A moment afterward not a human being was to be seen. "And believing myself to be launched into eternity," writes Bontekoe, "I cried, 'Lord, have mercy upon my soul!'"

On reaching the water, like a spent rocket, he "fetches a little breath," and perceiving the mainmast floating near him amid the other debris of the wreck, contrives to gain it. At the same moment he sees a young man rising from the water, who exclaims, "I have got it!" (meaning

a spare yard). "My God!" cried I to myself, "is it possible that any one can have survived?"

With two wounds on his head, and bruises all over his back, he could do little to help another, but what lay in his power he did do. While seated with his co-survivor on the mast, the sun, the great hope-giver to all in calamity, "went down, to our great affliction," leaving them destitute of all hope of succor. When morning dawned they found both launch and cutter beside them, "and I cried out to my people to save their Captain," which they were very willing to do, though in great amazement at his being in life. But being quite unable to move, a rope was tied round him, and he was dragged on board, and deposited in a hole in the stern, "which," says poor Bontekoe, he thought "convenient" to die in.

A few hours ago meat and cheese had been floating in such quantities about his legs that it had been difficult to get rid of them, but all that these stupid sailors had managed to pick up were seven pounds of biscuits. Without their Captain they were indeed without their head. Their strength was exhausted with rowing, and when he murmured "sail," they stared at him. "Where," they asked, "were they to get sails from?" Then he told them to take their shirts, and to use all the cordage about the boat for thread; "but when I offered mine, they refused it as necessary to my feeble health." A dressing gown and pillow were also supplied him, and the surgeon applied chewed bread, "for want of a better remedy," to his wounds.

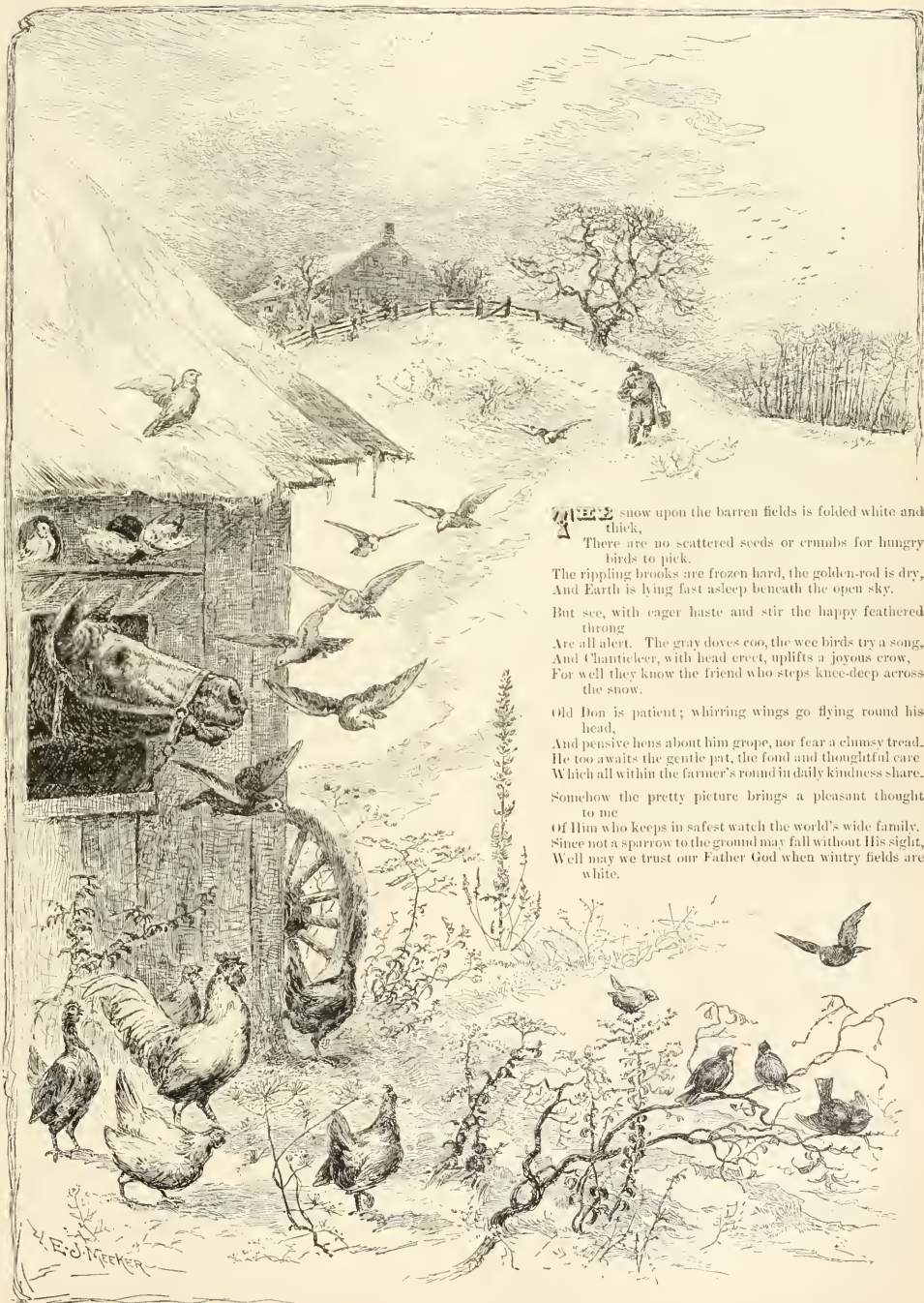
There were forty-six persons in the launch, and thirty-six in the cutter. This ingenious invalid Captain of theirs engraved a chart of the straits (of Sunda) on a plank, by which they steered, and also "constructed a compass." Each had a biscuit of the size of a man's finger daily, but nothing amid the scorching heat of the day to drink. Presently it rained, however, and they filled a cask, out of which they drank from a shoe. "They all besought me to drink as much as I liked, but I restricted myself to the same allowance as the rest."

As the launch sailed more quickly than the cutter, the people in the latter besought to join their fellows, and their entreaties were complied with. There were thus eighty-two souls crowded together on the launch, "a deck being made of the oars where some could sit, while the others crouched below." Then, as their miseries increased, and starvation set in, they began to murmur at their leader, whose only fault was the endeavor to inspire them with hope. The rage of hunger urging them beyond all bounds, they announced their intention to kill and eat the boys on board; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Bontekoe persuaded them to give them a respite of three days. If they did not sight land within that time, the boys were to be sacrificed.

Bontekoe had some confidence in his scientific calculations, but chiefly in his prayers that the Almighty would preserve them from a crime so horrible. No one could stand upright through excessive weakness, but the Captain crawled from one end of the boat to the other encouraging his men. On the third morning the quartermaster suddenly cried out, "Land! land!"

This land was inhabited by a barbarous people by whom many of them were killed, but the survivors escaped in their boat, and once more put to sea. In the end, as indeed throughout, they owed their safety to the intelligence of their Captain, for looking around him in all directions he discovered "two great blue hills," and calling to mind that he had heard from an experienced navigator that on the extreme point of Java there were two hills of this description, he steered for them, and found a haven and European help.

It is pleasant to learn from other sources that this intrepid fellow arrived in safety at his native town, "where he led an exemplary life, and died in the esteem and admiration of all who knew him."



THE snow upon the barren fields is folded white and thick,
 There are no scattered seeds or crumbs for hungry birds to pick.
 The rippling brooks are frozen hard, the golden-rod is dry,
 And Earth is lying fast asleep beneath the open sky.
 But see, with eager haste and stir the happy feathered throng
 Are all alert. The gray doves coo, the wee birds try a song,
 And Chanticleer, with head erect, uplifts a joyous crow,
 For well they know the friend who steps knee-deep across the snow.
 Old Don is patient; whirring wings go flying round his head,
 And pensive hens about him grope, nor fear a clumsy tread.
 He too awaits the gentle pat, the fond and thoughtful care
 Which all within the farmer's round in daily kindness share.
 Somehow the pretty picture brings a pleasant thought to me
 Of Him who keeps in safest watch the world's wide family.
 Since not a sparrow to the ground may fall without His sight,
 Well may we trust our Father God when wintry fields are white.

FARM PENSIONERS.

BIBLE-READING.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D.

"PIP," as we call him in certain moods, is a youngster of nine summers. He had gone to bed, after saying his prayers, and was "being read to" by his mother. Pip hardly remembers when this daily reading began, and now looks on it as one of the fixed laws of nature, like the going down of the sun. He is careful to tell any chance reader in his mother's absence to read first the selection from the Bible, and to be sure to say out loud "Comment" when he reaches the notes of Miss Charlotte Yonge.

Pip was lying quietly listening to the story of Balaam's journey. It was duly announced B.C. 1452, Numbers, xxii, 22-35, and began: "And God's anger was kindled because he went." Then came the story of the meeting of the angel, and the beast on which he sat rebuking him for his folly. Then followed "Comment." Listen to a few words from this part. Balaam "was like a child, who, when a father has once forbidden a pleasure as dangerous or mischievous, does not submit, but begs and frets to have the restraint removed, not caring to please his parents, only to escape punishment and have his enjoyment. . . . Many a time when we begin something, not sure that we are doing right, some little accident will serve to turn us back. In that mood it often makes us cross. Would it do so if we remembered that angels unseen may stand in our way, as in Balaam's, to save us from ourselves, and give time for our conscience to speak again?"

Thus far the "Comment." Now Pip's father was hearing the reading from his study, and by this time was turning over in his mind the doubts and perplexities which skeptics have started on the incidents of this Bible story. If we dare say it of a venerable dominie, he was somewhat in the condition where Milton leaves the fallen angels in his poem, "in wandering mazes lost."

The voice of the reader ceased, and the gas was put down, when Pip recalled his mother to his bedside, and putting his arms around her neck, drew her down to him and said, "Mamma, I *do* try to do right—I do indeed; but then sometimes I forget and get angry, or say something cross before I think. But I am sorry for it, and I try again to do better. Won't you forgive me?" Then followed a murmuring between the two, far inward at the secret shrine, over which we reverently drop the curtain, and leave them together. They had found suddenly that this strange old story had led them up to "the gate of heaven," and where angels and ministers of grace start out in ways of their own to touch the sacred nerves of the heart. The dominie found himself saying over, "Except ye become as one of these ye can not see the kingdom of God"; and again: "Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world?" Many American boys would answer even an apostle, "Nowhere!"

While he was thus musing he turned over the introduction of Miss Yonge's excellent book, and read these words (she is deeply interested in revealing truth, especially for the help of young people): "Every one engaged in education must at times have felt some difficulty on the subject of Holy Scripture with children. . . . Nearly a century ago the estimable Hannah Trimmer endeavored to meet some of these difficulties" by selections and annotations of her own. For many years this was a class-book in almost all English schools; but it was found on experience to be too dignified with "Johnsonian English," and proved to be dull. Miss Yonge speaks also of "a few expedient omissions" in Bible-reading, and of her efforts to select such passages as she found "to suit with children's ordinary powers," which could be dwelt on "without weariness."

This was the book which had sent Pip to the shrine of

his mother's love to make his humble confession and to hear such absolute, not without tears and kisses on both sides, as she could give him.

And now, ye young folk of all ages, who are all the little children of the Great Teacher, what are the Sacred Scriptures read for? What do you wish to get out of them?

We would condense our answer for the young folk into the words of the Master: "In them ye think ye have eternal life, and they testify of Me." Jesus said this of the Old Testament, as the New was not yet written. Two reasons are given by Him. "Ye think ye have eternal life" in those old records. "Ye find in them the witness to Me." Yes, Doctor, but can children understand either reason? Well, let us see.

Can a boy understand the Declaration of Independence? Perhaps not. But he can receive into his inward sap and marrow the stories of the American Revolution, the lives of its heroes, the examples of their courage in resisting wrong, the battle of Lexington, Paul Revere's ride, the ring of Patrick Henry's indignant eloquence, and the rush of Otis's fervor for liberty. He can *feel* all that the Declaration means. Now suppose that the judges of all the Supreme Courts in the United States should become legal missionaries, and should travel over the land to lecture in our schools to the children and expound to them learnedly that document—how clear, solid, and majestic it is—would it pay? would it make better patriots of another generation? We think not.

Have our learned divines possibly been trusting too much to that sort of head-knowledge, and forgotten that the Old Testament, and certainly the New, have cared very little for it? Moses charged all the parents in Israel to teach their own children the sacred words and institutions of the Law, which had in them "eternal life." No one else was to do it for them, because no one else could do it as well. Hear him: "These words which I command thee this day shall be *in thine heart* [where they must be, to come warm out of it], and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt *talk of them* [not preach them, nor be learned and Johnsonian about them, but talk of them as the heart inclines] when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down [as Pip did], and when thou risest up; and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand [to guide all actions], and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes" [to guide all seeing]. This was the intention of the Lawgiver. He suited his laws to this sort of domestic instruction. Has it ever failed? Can it fail?

Every Israelite child took his earliest education from the bosom whence he drew his mother's milk, which can hardly ever give place to other food without danger. *Actual life in motion* is God's element of instruction in the Bible. If the poet tells us,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"

what shall we say of a Book which we believe that the wisdom of God prepared to this one great end for ever and ever? No matter just now as to certain difficult parts of it. There are dark sayings, forgotten customs, things that have perished in the using—many things that we do not know much about and never shall know. Life in this Book was real and earnest. It began as a stream far up in the wild region of idolatries, where nature reigned in grim solitude.

"Look," said the poet-prophet Isaiah, "to the rock whence ye were hewn, saith the Lord; look to Abram your father, for I called him *alone*." It worked its onward way like a stream through the lives and actions of certain men, now in shadow, now in sunshine, taking in other streamlets, sometimes clear and again turbid. Then it ran onward into national history, and rolled between the Two Tables of Law engraven on stones, and

on the cliffs were marked old runic signs of temple worship and royal dynasties. Moss has gathered on the cliffs, but none on the river. All were to end in visions of "One like unto the Son of man," who was to receive a kingdom of saints, and reign forever. Can a boy in any way receive this Divine instruction? Can he read the lesson for himself of the Life which is eternal, which is to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent?

Let us consider. Greek boys used the *Iliad* very much to this end. Roman boys were taught to look upon the *Æneid* in this way. The Buddhists hold up Gautama before their pupils with this intent. And Christian instruction for children is perforce the nurture and admonition of the Lord of life. Bible-reading, then, no matter for many places dark to science and dogma, is the reading by children of lives of great men, who were sinners all; following them through scenes of fall and recovery, in deserts of sin and on battle-fields with spirits of evil; always looking into the true life of life, to find and feel the spiritual manhood with its law and ordinances, which shall teach them how sin is the one evil of all alike, how repentance is the one medicine, and pardon the one peace of the true soul.

This eternal life—not some future condition of it, but the life now and here—that is under all other life, Jesus saw hidden in the Old Testament, and bade the proud men about Him to search for it there, if haply they might find it. Parents are wise, Sunday-schools are useful, and children are fortunate who, refusing to be scribes, seek to dig out this refined gold and mint it into the shekels of the sanctuary. Pip had dug out of the sad story of Balaam's obstinacy the lesson which was needed for him by love rather than by science.

Again, Jesus said, "They testify of Me." All along the ages,

"From Adam's loss until the end of years
From east unto the west the Son of Man appears."

Christ is the ideal manhood. He is God manifest in the flesh. His life was pure and sinless, and only His. Did Abraham deceive Pharaoh? Did Jael assassinate Sisera? Did David offend in the matter of Uriah? How fatal it is for a parent or teacher to boggle at the reply! They were sinners, all of them; imperfect all. But did a shadow of sin ever darken the Sun of Righteousness? The others only pointed to Him. The high-priests, the seers, the faulty saints, only told the need and the power of His coming. The law had its end in Christ. He revealed the "Way, the Truth, and the Life." So wrote the best beloved disciple, very tenderly, of that love for Him which fulfills all law, purifies all hearts to the righteousness of Christ, and brings God down to dwell in the humblest soul. The truth as it is in Jesus, the spirit and mind of Christ, is the secret of all religious life, in boys and men the same.

Read the Bible, then, with open eyes. Don't be afraid of it. Don't be afraid for it; it can stand alone, and take all risks. Read it in the sacred silences of home. Think it over by the way-side. Ponder it as Pip did, to hear "the Unction from above" speaking words very holy and practical.

Or we may recall another boy who was lying awake at midnight on his pallet near the tabernacle, and heard a voice in the darkness talking to him words which the old priest could not hear, because his ears were heavy with sin. That voice sounds ever. For such readers and thinkers in all lands and all ages the Old Book is always God's book, and teaches boys and all of that eternal life and that Saviour who brought it to light.

"Oh, say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain;
That the young mind at random floats,
And can not reach the strain!"

"Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred art, and all
The harmony unwind."

TRAPS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

A BOY ought always to stand up for his sister, and protect her from everybody, and do everything to make her happy, for she can only be his sister once, and he would be so awfully sorry if she died and then he remembered that his conduct toward her had sometimes been such.

Mr. Withers doesn't come to our house any more. One night Sue saw him coming up the garden walk, and father said, "There's the other one coming, Susan; isn't this Travers's evening?" and then Sue said, "I do wish somebody would protect me from him like that stupid don't I wish I need never lay eyes on him again."

I made up my mind that nobody should bother my sister while she had a brother to protect her. So the next time I saw Mr. Withers I spoke to him kindly and firmly—that's the way grown-up people speak when they say something dreadfully unpleasant—and told him what Sue had said about him, and that he ought not to bother her any more. Mr. Withers didn't thank me and say that he knew I was trying to do him good, which was what he ought to have said, but he looked as if he wanted to hurt somebody, and walked off without saying a word to me, and I don't think he was polite about it.

He has never been at our house since. When I told Sue how I had protected her she was so overcome with gratitude that she couldn't speak, and just motioned me with a book to go out of her room and leave her to feel thankful about it by herself. The book very nearly hit me on the head, but it wouldn't have hurt much if it had.

Mr. Travers was delighted about it, and told me that I had acted like a man, and that he shouldn't forget it. The next day he brought me a beautiful book all about traps. It told how to make mornahundred different kinds of traps that would catch everything, and it was one of the best books I ever saw.

Our next-door neighbor, Mr. Schofield, keeps pigs, only he don't keep them enough, for they run all around. They come into our garden and eat up everything, and father said he would give almost anything to get rid of them.

Now one of the traps that my book told about was just the thing to catch pigs with. It was made out of a young tree and a rope. You bend the tree down and fasten the rope to it so as to make a slippermoose, and when the pig walks into the slippermoose the tree lies up and jerks him into the air.

I thought that I couldn't please father better than to make some traps and catch some pigs; so I got a rope, and got two Irishmen that were fixing the front walk to bend down two trees for me and hold them while I made the traps. This was just before supper, and I expected that the pigs would come early the next morning and get caught.

It was bright moonlight that evening, and Mr. Travers and Sue said the house was so dreadfully hot that they would go and take a walk. They hadn't been out of the house but a few minutes when we heard an awful shriek from Sue, and we all rushed out to see what was the matter.

Mr. Travers had walked into a trap, and was swinging by one leg, with his head about six feet from the ground. Nobody knew him at first except me, for when a person is upside down he doesn't look natural; but I knew what was the matter, and told father that it would take two men to bend down the tree and get Mr. Travers loose. So they told me to run and get Mr. Schofield to come and help, and they got the step-ladder so that Sue could sit on the top of it and hold Mr. Travers's head.

I was so excited that I forgot all about the other trap, and, besides, Sue had said things to me that hurt my feelings, and that prevented me from thinking to tell Mr. Schofield not to get himself caught. He ran ahead of me, because



UNEXPECTED RESULTS OF JIMMY'S EFFORTS TO TRAP PIGS.

he was so anxious to help, and the first thing I knew there came an awful yell from him, and up he went into the air, and hung there by both legs, which I suppose was easier than the way Mr. Travers lunged.

Then everybody went at me in the most dreadful way, except Sue, who was holding Mr. Travers's head. They said the most unkind things to me, and sent me into the house. I heard afterward that father got Mr. Schofield's boy to climb up and cut Mr. Travers and Mr. Schofield loose, and they fell on the gravel, but it didn't hurt them much, only Mr. Schofield broke some of his teeth, and says he is going to bring a lawsuit against father. Mr. Travers was just as good as he could be. He only laughed the next time he saw me, and he begged them not to punish me, because it was his fault that I ever came to know about that kind of trap.

Mr. Travers is the nicest man that ever lived, except father, and when he marries Sue I shall go and live with him, though I haven't told him yet, for I want to keep it as a pleasant surprise for him.

A BOYS' SKATING MATCH.

THE boys and girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have of course heard a great deal about the great Ice Carnival at Montreal—the palace that was built out of blocks of ice, the snow-shoe parade and steeplechase, the curling and hockey games, the tobogganing, the races on the river, and the great ball. For two or

three weeks all the papers were full of these proceedings, and hardly any one can have missed hearing of them. One of the most interesting features of the Carnival, however, was quite overlooked by the papers. That was the boys' skating match, which took place on Tuesday evening of Carnival week, and of which the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will enjoy an exclusive report.

Skating in Montreal is mostly done indoors. Large houses, or rinks, are built, with a central space for the skaters and a raised platform around the sides for spectators. When the floor has been flooded and frozen it presents such an icy surface, unruffled by wind and with no treacherous cracks, as those who have skated all their lives on rivers or ponds—even park ponds—can hardly imagine. In these rinks skating lasts with scarcely a break from the 1st of December to the 1st of April. No wonder the Montreal people are good skaters, and that even the boys do such clever feats as I saw them perform at the match. We in New York think we are fortunate if the "ball" is up two or three times in a winter for a few days at a time; and even then the ice is soon cut up and ruined.

It is at the Victoria Rink that the match which we are to see comes off. On the ice are twenty or thirty people, mostly boys, with one or two gentlemen to serve as starter and judge, while the platform and galleries are occupied by a large crowd of spectators. The first performances are only trials of speed by men around the rink, which measures one-fifth of a mile; it is when it comes to the barrel races by boys that we find something more lively and diverting.

What a barrel race may be, we American visitors have no idea. Seven barrels, open at both ends, are laid side by side upon the ice at each of the four corners of the rink, and in our ignorance we fancy that the seven boys, who have already formed into line, are going to leap over them. It must be a sort of hurdle race, we conclude; and when the boys, having started off, drop on the ice before the first row of barrels, we suppose that they have stumbled. What a pity! we think; and how very odd that all should have tripped at the same time! But before we can frame this thought, to our great surprise the boys proceed to crawl into the barrels. Then it flashes upon us. The skaters are expected not to jump over the obstacle, but to wriggle through it, and in fact one of them has already extricated himself, and is dashing along toward the second row.

Meanwhile the others are picking themselves up and in a moment pressing hard upon the heels of their more agile companion. But number one holds the lead. When he drops again he seems to aim directly for the barrel. Turning on his back as his head shoots through the opening, and using his feet and arms to push away the incumbent, it is not a moment before he is free and the barrel left spinning around on the ice. Others, however, are less skillful, and one small boy, whose wild struggles have turned the barrel completely around, starts off, when released, in the opposite direction from that which he was previously taking. It is needless to say that he does not win the race; nor do any of the rest succeed in outstripping the one who beat them at the start. Indeed, while they are still engaged in kicking off the last bar

rels, amid the laughter and applause of the spectators, he sails quite easily up to the goal.

Another race of the same kind follows in which small-



leaves the potato, and hurries off to the third. By this time the line is very much broken; some of the less active ones are only through the first row, others have just attacked the second, while one is already starting out for the fourth. Watch him as he darts up to the row, as yet untouched; skillfully and without stopping he picks up the first potato, hurries back to the basket, drops in the vegetable at arm's-length, and without losing a second of time or an inch of space returns to the one remaining row.



THE BARREL RACE.

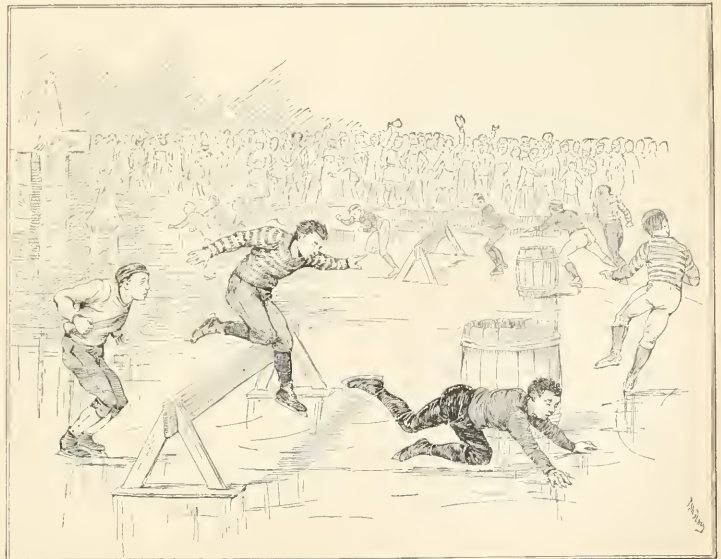
er boys engage, and which is not less funny. The small boys, indeed, look even more like tadpoles as they sprawl on the ice, and are even less expert in wriggling out of the imprisoning staves. When this has been run, the winner—a little fellow not more than ten—is matched against the larger boy who had won the previous race; but here the superior strength and size of the elder enable him to gain an easy victory.

After this comes a hurdle race. Sections of fence, each about three feet high, are set up at intervals across the track, over which the skaters are expected to jump. In a running jump the momentum which one gains is a help, but in skating it is rather a hinderance, since it carries the feet along the ice when they ought to be in the air. To one who is only looking on, and has never tried it himself, it seems quite improbable that, with so little purchase as the ice affords, the skater can suddenly convert a rapid forward movement into an equally rapid upward one. But, as a matter of fact, when he reaches the hurdle, he rises as though he were shot up by a spring-board, clears the barrier, and coming down with a ring on the other side, goes on as before.

Another feature of the evening is the potato race, contested by eight or ten boys. Rows of potatoes, as many in each row as there are boys, are laid the depth of the rink, at intervals of thirty or forty feet, on the ice, while at the starting-point is placed a basket for each boy. At the word "go" the boys dash off, and hastily snatch the potatoes in the first row. Bringing his prize back to the goal, each one deposits it in his basket, and then scuds away to the second row. Returning in like manner from this, he

Here the process is repeated, and though another boy is pressing him close, his skill does not desert him, and he brings back in triumph the first potato of the last row, being the earliest to fill his basket, and so winning the race.

From this skating match, and indeed from all the festivities of the Carnival, I bring back a single thought—why might not these delightful sports become popular in the States? One does not need to do more than look at the Canadian young men to observe how hardy and robust they are; and it is not difficult to discover what makes them so. Their fondness for out-of-door life and vigorous exercise is the source of their strength and good health, and it is something which American boys, and girls too, would do well to cultivate. There is no American village or town, where the winters are cold enough to supply snow and ice, in which skating, tobogganing, lacrosse, hockey, and snow-shoe clubs might not be formed, to the great advantage of the young people. The benefit of a club is that it organizes the sport and encourages the members to indulge in it more systematically than if they tried it separately and on their own account. If it is too late to do anything this winter, organize for next winter; so that when the frost comes again it will find everything in readiness for the fullest enjoyment of the season.



THE HURDLE RACE.



CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK.

I wonder if any of the other little girls who have YOUNG PEOPLE know what fun it is to play "Nan." I am four years old, and I delight in both the story and the play.

My baby-house is Aunt Letty's home, and under the table is the cottage where Mrs. Traverser used to live. I put some of my letters in that, and I have a store where Nan goes to buy, and a corner for Love's home. My sweetest doll is Nan; and as I have only eight dolls, I had to cut paper dolls for some of the doll children, there were so many. I hope every paper will have a picture of Nan.

ETHEL H. L.

This is a dear little letter from a bright little girl. Perhaps some others among our readers may try the plan of turning Mrs. Lillie's beautiful story into a play.

WEST BERGEN, NEW JERSEY.

I am nine years old, and take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy reading it ever so much. It would please me to see my letter in next week's Post-office Box. I am just learning to skate, but I am afraid the ice will not last much longer. I must soon go to work, so as to help my mother, and I hope I may get a good place. I have a new suit piece, I think they are very pretty. Will you please tell me how to keep rabbits?

WILLARD P. W.

In No. 92, Vol. II, you will find an article which tells all about the care of rabbits. Many of you express the wish that Willard does, that your letters may appear in the next Post-office Box. This, dear boys and girls, is impossible. There are so many of you, and your letters come in such numbers, that some of you must be kept waiting a long time.

BELMONT, MARYLAND.

I am the eldest of five children. I have a very pretty doll, and a great many pictures. I have some very pretty goldfish, two beautiful canaries, and a dear, sweet little sister, the pride of all our hearts. She is just as cunning as she can be. This is my second letter to the Postmistress. My first letter was published in E. V. K.

After waiting awhile, if your letters do not appear, follow E. V. K.'s example, and write again. As has been said before, if every letter which comes to the Post-office Box were printed, you would not have any of the serials, the Jimmy Brown stories, or the pleasant and instructive articles. I am sure you would not like that.

CASSOPOLIS, MICHIGAN.

There are two lakes in our town, and a large island in one of them. My parents, little sister, grandma, some friends, and myself went out camping on Diamond Lake Island last summer. Some days the lake was so rough that the waves dashed upon the beach. Perhaps you would like to know how old I am, and what I study at school. I am ten years old. I study geography, reading, and spelling. I can work examples in long division, and read in *The Child's Book of Nature*. I learn a good deal about the body, plants, and animals in this book. I guess I have written enough for the first time. When next spring I come back from Boston, I will write another letter, and tell you all about my trip if you would like to have me.

MELLIE S.

Certainly, Mellie, write again.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am going to tell you a pretty story called "The Fairy Dream."

"I wish there were real fairies," said Maudie, as she walked down the path one late May day. She said this she saw a blue light in the distance.

"I will go and see what that is," said she. Pretty soon she came to the place where she saw the light. As she stood there a tiny fairy came before her.

"Are you a fairy?" said she.

"Yes, child," answered the fairy.

"And you can give me the three wishes?"

"What are they?"

"A baby sister, a lovely doll, and a room full of gold."

"I will if you will not tell that you have seen me until a week from to-day," said the fairy.

Maudie promised. But before she thought she told her mother almost as soon as she reached home, and then she told her father what a pity —

"What is a pity?" said her mother.

"I've had such a pretty fairy dream, just as good as a story."

"What is it?" said she. After she had told her mother the story they both went down to dinner.

ALICE S.

MY TALK WITH DOLLY.

Sleep, little dolly dear,
I will stay and watch you here,
And soon as you awake
You and I will have some cake.
So sleep, dolly dear,
In the cradle sleep.

I will sit and watch you here,
While you play and have good cheer;
When you've slept we will have tea,
Then go to visit Tommy Lee.
So sleep, dolly dear,
In the cradle sleep.

THE SLOW GIRL.

I am a little girl indeed,
And little I do know;
But I will try and be more prompt,
And no more be so slow.

When I reached the school-room door
I saw a card marked "Late."
I heard the very last bell ring
When I stood at the gate.

And so I missed a lesson hour
That I had tried to get;
I'm sorry that I was so slow,
But I'll try not to fret.

LOUISA CAROLINA N.

EAB, PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old, I have no pets like other little girls, but have two brothers and one little sister. Their names are Larry, Willie, and May. May will talk to Willie in a very old fashion. She can sing a song called "The Harvest" very nicely. This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope you will print it, for I want to surprise papa.

BESSIE B.

YPSALANTI, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have no mother, no father, no sisters, and no brothers, but I live with my grandpa and grandma. I have ten dolls and a cat. We have lots of chickens and hens. I have a pet hamster. I go to school, and walk a mile and a half.

EMMA F. H.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have lived here nine years. There are many interesting curiosities here. The Hot Springs Mountain is a spur of the Ozark range. A number of warm springs (the hottest of which will boil an egg) flow from the base of this mountain into Hot Springs Creek—a small tributary to the Onatchita (Washi-tai) River. About thirty miles west of here are the Crystal Mountains, where are found fine and rare geological specimens. This is a health resort for invalids from various parts of the world. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers' Sociable, so please put my name down.

ANNE D. W.

CANTON, VERMONT.

I do not go to school this winter. I never have been but two terms, but I study at home with my mamma. I read in the Fourth Reader, and study the little arithmetic.

I have not got any sisters or brothers. I think I ought to have, but I have a good big dog. His name is Prince. He is taller than the table, he keeps away the tramps; he is an English mastiff. Papa says he is thorough-bred. I do not know what that means; I suppose you do, for editors are good reading. I bought my dog from an editor down in New Hampshire, Mr. C. And I have got a pony; her name is Golden Hair, and she is English. Papa got her in Canada. I do not like to ride, but I like to give my money. Papa does not stay at home much, for he is a lawyer, and has to go off for folks a lot of times. I wish he could stay at home more, so he could take care of me and my mamma. This is when he is at home. I like to ride. I read the letters from children in your Post-office Box, so you may please print mine for other children to read.

ARTHUR D. L.

SPENCER DUYVAL, NEW YORK.

I have never seen a child in the Post-office Box from this place, so I thought I would write you. I started my little brother, took the paper last year, and this year my uncle sends it to me. I am eight years old, and have three brothers and one sister. I think the Postmistress a very nice woman. My little brother, George, and my mamma is giving me lessons on the piano, and I like to practice very much. I have three dolls—one girl and two boys. One boy is in kilt and the other in a kilt and a bonnet. I have a doll much prettier in baby clothes, so I keep him in them most of the time.

All the boys and girls tell about their pets. We have none but a cat that is cross. We have had several dogs, but in some way they are all gone now. Our first dog, a setter, ran away when a puppy; then papa gave away two of my little

terriers, and got an Irish setter, but when we went to the country he was so big that he was too big for me, and had another puppy, whose name was Tam of Shanter, and we loved him best of any. One morning my brother came in and said, "Grace, please come and help me find Tam." We looked out the lowest door of the barn, and there lay our poor little doggie, unconscious, and all the time having the most dreadful convulsions. Mamma took a doctor, who said Tam had broken his backbone, and could not live, so we managed to get him on some straw, and covered him up. When he grew worse papa had to shoot him.

I like "Nan" and "Leg" best of all the stories I have read. I would like to see them published, for I would like to see it in my paper, as I have not written before. Good-by.

GRACE H.

Poor little Tam of Shanter! It was kinder to kill him than to let him live in misery, but I know your hearts were heavy that day. The Postmistress thinks her eight-year-old Grace is a sweet girl. Don't you wonder how she found out how many birthdays you had kept, dear?

MILLARD PARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have a sister seven years old. I have a great many pets, and I am going to tell about them. I have two cats, their names are Spot and Bunnie. Spot has eight young ones. I have two dogs and two cats; one dog's name is Polo, and the other is named Beppo. We sleep in the same room, and I go to school to meet us when we get to the bottom of the hill to bring out sleighs up to the top, and he takes them home. This is my first letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope all my friends, Christmas and a happy New-Year.

HESSIE W. S.

CALUMET, MICHIGAN.

We have been playing forfeits, blind-man's bluff, school, and several other things. We have had a lot of writing a small letter to you. There are four of us jolly girls here. Dear Postmistress, I hope you will have no objection to print this letter, for we all would like to see printed in your paper to become one of your Housekeepers; I can make white bread and gingerbread. We all sign our names.

NELLIE M. KATE S.

ANNE D. MARY Q.

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am five years old, and, with my sister, who is nine, have taken your paper for the last two years. We like all the stories very much, and always read the letters in the Post-office Box; so we have written you a number of letters, but you do not like ever so much to see it published by us. I was learning to ride horseback last summer, and one day fell off. Papa then said I must wait till I was older. I have a nice little pony named Susie; he is a water-spaniel, and is very kind and full of play. I go to Sunday-school, and sister Susie goes to every-day school. Next spring mamma has promised that I may wear pants.

Susie and I send you \$1 for Young People's Cot. We hope it will help to make some one comfortable.

SCOTT D.

Your contribution was sent to Miss Fanshawe, treasurer of the Cot Fund, and you will see it acknowledged in her next report. Very glad to hear from you and Susie is the Postmistress.

UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT.

Little Millie Bassett lived in the country, and was what some people called a regular little country girl. She had been in the world, and was nearly twelve years old, and had gone through all the studies which the simple little country school required, and that was not very much. She had a nice little pony named Susie in the city, and enjoy the many advantages city children of her own age enjoyed, more fortunate than herself. But Millie was a poor little girl, she had an aunt, and she lived with her. Her aunt, who took sewing into the house of small cottage in which they lived, and was very often pinched, and had a hard time to make both ends meet, but had a few success in keeping the rent paid. Sometimes kind Uncle John sent affectionate letters with money in them; but he thought they were very comfortable, while they were very useful to her.

"Well," said Aunt Jennie, as Millie came from the post-office one day, "what have you in your hand, Millie dear?"

"Oh, Aunt Jennie," from Philadelphia; it must be from Uncle John."

"Open it, child," said the aunt; and Millie hastily tore it open. It was a little note saying that Uncle John was going to make them a short visit, as he had not seen them since the last time, and had never seen his niece, and now, as he had a business trip taking him in that direction, he would be home in a few days.

The days flew by until the day came when Uncle John was expected. An hour before the train came to the little station Millie and Aunt Jennie saw that the welcome home. After a very long waiting the train came, and with it no Uncle John—not a sign of him.

They very slowly walked home, and Millie went

to bed early that night, unhappy and disappointed. And Aunt Jennie not very much better.

The next morning Millie was going to the village on an errand, when she was stopped by a venerable middle-aged gentleman to inquire if she knew where Miss Jennie Taylor lived. Millie smiled, and said it was her aunt; and when the good man informed her he was her uncle John, they walked home together very quickly. It is needless to describe the joy and gladness Aunt Jennie and Uncle John, and the numberless presents he brought. And when he saw the way they were living he insisted they should come to his home in the city to live, and Millie should have the best education money could procure; and, besides, he needed a little girl to brighten his home.

Millie grew up, under her uncle and aunt's guidance, a good, useful woman, and often tells her children the story of Uncle John's visit.

G. J. L.

NORTH WINDSOR, CONNECTICUT.

I have wanted to write a little letter to you for a long time. YOURS PEOPLE has been my Christmas present from my uncle B. W., in Boston, for two years. I have a sister twelve years old, and a brother ten, and they receive the Youth's Companion and the Wide-awake from the same uncle.

We have a large black and white cat we call Sambo; he is about eight years old, and so am I. Mamma had the doctor call on her because it was the best week, because it made him sick, and he couldn't eat. The doctor did him all up in a sheet, except his head, when he pulled it. He has been all right ever since.

Like the story of "Sam" ever so much, and like to get him Tuesday, as that is the day my paper usually comes.

With much love to you, dear Postmistress.

GRACE A. C.

This is the first time that I ever heard of a cat which had had a tooth extracted. I am glad the operation was successful.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy eleven years old, and am a great admirer of your valuable paper, which I think is the best juvenile paper in the United States. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much indeed. I do not go to school, but am taught at home by a visiting governess, whom I love dearly. Her name is Miss B. My two sisters and myself are employed very much under her tuition, and I like being taught at home a great deal better than going to school. My eldest sister and myself study history, arithmetic, spelling, definitions, grammar, geography, etc. My mother and mamma came to pay us a visit for a month or so, and brought with him some tropical fruits and sweetmeats.

DANIEL L.

Manly boys always admire their teachers. One of these days, I suppose, you will be wanting to return Uncle Charles's visit in Panama. And what will you take to him from New York?

MONTREAL, CANADA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I like YOURS PEOPLE, and I think "Nan" is a beautiful story. My papa and mamma always read Jimmy Brown's stories. I would like to cultivate that boy's acquaintance. Besides the Postmistress would like to hear a description of the Ice Palace we had here. The tower in the centre is quite high, and on top of that is a lot of evergreens formed into a tree. Then on each corner are the walls of the same small evergreen trees. The walls of the Ice Palace are all pillars. When it was illuminated by electric lights it looked beautiful, for the electric lights cast a rosy hue all over the Ice Palace. I have a letter to be among those in one of the numbers of YOURS PEOPLE. I have a little sister Laura, who is five years old. Laura and I have each got a little bird. Laura's is Dicky, and mine is Signor Campanini, but we call him simply for short. They are both beautiful singers. Now good-by.

JESSIE C. S.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am an old girl, with two little girls of my own, and I have two experienced artists of cakes; so, encouraged by their approbation of the "hereinafter mentioned" cakes, I venture to send you one or two receipts, hoping that the young members of the Sociable may find them as much as we do.

The first is an *auile belou* Mississippi
GENERAL RECIPE.—Three and a half cups (about one cup more than a quart) of cream, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cream or milk of the latter, allow an extra table-spoonful of butter, one cup of molasses, five eggs, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one dessert-spoonful of ground clove, and one tea-spoonful of soda. Cream the butter very light; beat the eggs separately very light; beat the soda dissolved in boiling water into the molasses; mix all very thoroughly; mix as follows: into the yolks beat alternately sugar, milk, and butter; then the molasses and the spices; then the stiff whites; flour last. Bake

like pound-cake. This is very rich and very delicious.

DANISH COOKIES.—One and a half pounds of flour, twelve ounces of butter, twelve ounces of sugar, three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of sweet cream, and two tea-spoonfuls of yeast powder. Cream the butter; beat the eggs separately; roll very thin; cut and bake like cookies.

DANISH EASTER CAKE.—One pint of cream (or fresh milk), one pound of flour, and twelve ounces of butter if milk is used, thirteen ounces of butter. Mix the cream and flour; then roll out, dot with butter, fold, and roll; do this several times. Then fold in the cream, lay on a rag-slop, brush the top with the beaten yolk of an egg, and sprinkle thickly with sugar. Let them be about an inch thick before baking. Bake quickly.

These are all very delicious cakes, as I hope many of your correspondents will prove. Yours always appreciatively.

Mrs H. B. D.

Many thanks for your kindness in sending us these receipts.

MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.—Perhaps I am not enough of a cook to join your Sociable, but I know I am fond of all things that some one else has cooked. However, as I am going to try and learn, perhaps you will let me in, and as I sometimes make very nice candy, I will send a receipt.

CREAM ALMONDS.—Two and a half cups of fine sugar and half a cup of water; boil four minutes; then beat until cold enough to handle; mound over almond nuts, and roll in coarse sugar. Will somebody who tries this write and tell me how she succeeded?

AMELIA F.

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO, CANADA.

We have a splendid pudding which we use all very fond of, and perhaps it may be of use to the other little cooks, as it is plain, not expensive, and very good.

FLORA C. MACGREGOR.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One large cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, two and a half cups of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tea-spoonful of soda, and one egg.

REVELRY-TIME Pudding.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of mince, one table-spoonful of butter, one tea-spoonful of soda, and one cup of flour, two cups of salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter; put in a mould, and steam two hours.

NEW JERSEY.

I send you a receipt of "doll's cup cake," which I have tried and found very nice.

EMILY L. B.

DOLL'S CUP CAKE.—One doll's cup of butter, two doll's cups of sugar, three doll's cups of flour, one doll's cup of milk, one egg, one salt-spoonful of baking-powder, and nutmeg.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. Something used in war. 2. Something ethereal. 3. A melody. 4. An instrument. 2.—1. Exposed. 2. The head. 3. A celebrated volcano. 4. Not distant.

No. 2.

FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. To observe. 3. A wild animal. 4. Termination. 5. A letter. 2.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A town in Germany. 4. A number. 5. A letter. KING CHARLES.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A space. 3. Extreme. 4. A vegetable production. 5. A letter. 4.—1. In eat. 2. Skill. 3. A table utensil. 4. A boy's nickname. 5. In bat.

No. 3.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1. My first is his day, but not in night. My second in run, but not in walk. My third is in play, but never in fight. My fourth is in dumb, but not in talk. My fifth is in June, but not in July. My sixth is in plenty, yet not in supply. My whole is a poet of such renown, that England gave him the Laureate's crown. 2. My first is in brand, but not in narrow. My second is in house, but not in hotel. My third is in drag, also in harrow. My fourth is in tongs, but not in shovel. My fifth is in verse, but not in rhyme. My whole is a poet for every time.

NINA T.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a famous motto, and am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 6, 11 is a number. My 2, 10 is an inflection. My 3, 13, 8, 9 is suitable. My 10, 4, 6 is cut. My 1, 11, 12, 7 is domestic. My 5, 4, 6 is to unite.

ARTHUR T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 171.

No. 1. Stood little Molly by the gate; Her cousin Arthur cried, "Please wait. There's coaxing by the river-bank; And 'Do' they cry, and pleaded oh!" Said Molly, "If the see is thin, There's danger lest we tumble in. It really means me creep and shake, The thought of others' heads and wate." "Oh, little coz," said Arthur, "why To find objections do you try? The snow is firm, the air is nice, And glitters brilliantly the ice. And on my word you may depend, That soon our winter sports will end; So lush the fears that stir your breast, And hurry, dear: here come the rest."

2. Then, skipping by, came Lou and Hal, And Kittle, Minnie, Jack, and all, And "Do" they cry, and pleaded oh! With cheeks and lips like stars aglow! Then Molly, laughing, answered, "Look, There's Uncle Jim with bell and book, And by his frock and coat you may Expect to coast some other day, Since some of us with little ease Must coast through fractions, if you please." At this they burst into school, But said they could not be so dull. 1. Whittier. 2. Holmes.

No. 2. H. W. Longfellow. Snowball.

No. 3. M A L A R I A
A B A C O T A
L A C E R D
A C E R
H O R D
I T

No. 4. H E N R A T O Y
E V A A T E O R E
N A T T E N Y E S

No. 5. M
P O L A R
M A L E F I C
T A F I A
R A C

The answer to "Who Was He?" on page 224, of No. 171, is William Shakespeare.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Estelle Stone, Emie Cochrane, Judith Weinberg, Archie McKenzie, Nina and Willie Tainferrer, Minola, Dr. H. Baldwin, Caroline J. Lynn, Florence Hunter, Bessie Washburn, Eliza M. Dibbles, Florence Grayson, Edna Connor, Arthur Carhart, Euracka, Alice C. Sturges, Emma D. Bailey, George Fowler, John Burr, His Mother and George L. Kiburne, Louise Kay, James Dearborn, Thomas Evins, Elsie R., Maggie Corbett, Arthur Bancroft, John C. Sutherland, Nelson Bateville, E. Georgina Jackson, W. T., Orin K. Judd, Ernest Walkwitz, L. Sacchi, Florence Nightingale, Willour W. Bassett, Daisy and Pink, Susie Dean, Ruby C., Tim, Fred, and Reggie R., Maggie Kip, and S. L. C.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

A NEW SERIAL.

"THE RAISING OF THE 'PEARL'"

BY JAMES OTIS.

AUTHOR OF "TORY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," AND "MR. STURGE'S BROTHER."

In our next issue our young readers will find the familiar name of Mr. Otis at the head of a new serial story. It is always a pleasant occasion when Mr. Otis begins to tell us a new long story, and at such a time HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is sure of a specially enthusiastic welcome in every household. The author of "Tory Tyler" is justly regarded as a prince among story-tellers for the little people, and the fact that he tells a story is a sufficient guarantee of its interest. The boys will be delighted with "The Raising of the Pearl," for, in addition to its being the work of their favorite author, it is also a boating story, the Pearl being a jaunty little yacht first rescued from a watery grave by a party of boys, and then fitted up into a sea-worthy craft, in which a cruise is made, catching thrilling adventures and entertaining experiences of all kinds.



KAKEMONO.

BY FRANK BELLEVUE.

HERE is a new game that I have learned, and I think the young people would like it. Each one of the company writes on a piece of paper a subject, for example, "A Boy Chasing Cows," and then doubles the paper over. Then the next takes it, and draws a picture illustrating the subject. The second, who draws the picture, can look at the subject, but the next must only look at the picture, and then make a piece of poetry describing it. Here is one example of what we accomplished one day when we were playing Kakemono.

SUBJECT.—"Southern Life and Customs."—A scene in the sunny South before the war; slaves at work in the cotton field. To which was written the following poetry:

"Ah, what a mess this is!
I can't make head or tail out;
I don't know what it means,
I don't know what they want.
Men, women, and children all,
As they stand in a row in the sun,
Seem to be attacked by bees,
And if they had sense they'd run.
But what the Indians are doing
Passes my comprehension,
Children unless they are chopping up,
To decrease the population."

One rule more: Whoever draws the picture must not write anything to explain it.

EXPLANATION.—Those down below who were taken for Indians are negroes killing and picking chickens.

THE BEETLES' BANQUET.

IT must not be supposed that elegant dinners are confined to human beings alone. Rich feasts are often enjoyed by animals, and even insects, as the following account of a naturalist's experiences will show.

He was lying in his garden one warm afternoon in summer, under the shade of an old oak-tree, when a peculiar rustling noise struck his ear. Shortly afterward a black object fell to the ground, which, on examination, proved to be a stag-beetle. When he saw it it was preparing to climb the tree from which it had tumbled down. Looking upward, the observer noticed a curious brown mass seven or eight feet up the trunk.

Desiring to know what it really was, the naturalist obtained a ladder to examine into the matter more closely. He found that sap was coming from the bark, and that around this dainty dish a large number of different insects were collected. Large ants were there, and groups of flies and angry hornets. But most conspicuous among the self-invited guests were the stag-beetles, of whom twenty-four were counted, besides more than a dozen that had fallen to the ground, having clearly eaten more than was good for them.

The latter seemed, however, to be having a quarrel among themselves. They fought in couples, their antler-like horns interlocked, and each pair struggled madly together until one or other dropped to the ground exhausted, leaving the victors to lick up the sap like greedy gluttons.

In the midst of all the rage of battle, however, the slightest noise put them quickly on the alert. On the breaking of a twig they would raise themselves at once, as if on the lookout for a danger more alarming than the quarrels in which they were engaged. Toward night-fall most of the roisterers buzzed away homeward, and the naturalist soon followed their example.

HUMBBUG!

THE derivation of this word, now in such common use, is not generally known; but it is of Scotch origin. There was in former years residing in the neighborhood of the Mearns, in Scotland, a gentleman of landed property, whose name was Hume or Home; and his estate was known as the Bogue. From the great falsehoods that "Hume of the Bogue" was in the habit of relating about himself, his family, and everything connected with him, it soon became customary, when persons heard anything that was remarkably extravagant or absurd, to say, "That is a Hume of the Bogue!" The expression spread like wild-fire over the whole country, and by those who did not understand the origin of the phrase, and applied it only to any extravagant action or saying, contracted it into one word, and corrupted it to "Humbug."

We must define humbug. It is not naked untruth. A draper's assistant who tells a lady that a dress will wash when it will not, does not humbug her, he merely cheats her. But if he persuades her to buy a good-for-nothing unshin by telling her that he has sold such another to a duchess, he humbugs her, whether he speaks truly or not. He takes advantage of her vanity and small mind in order to persuade her to buy his goods. Humbug thus consists in making people deceive themselves, by telling them something from which by reason of their ignorance, weakness, or prejudice, they draw wrong conclusions.



"WHO'LL GET THERE FIRST?"

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RAISING THE "PEARL."—By James Otis,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN SAMMY'S OFFER.

"I'D risk the chances of raising her if she was ours, and it wouldn't be such a very hard job, after all. She

must be within ten feet of low-water mark, and the water there at ebb-tide can't be more than four feet deep."

This remark was made by the eldest of three boys who were standing on the shore of Hillsborough Bay, about half a mile from the little town of Tampa, in the State of Florida; and it referred to a small steam-yacht, the spars and smoke-stack of which were just visible above the surface of the water.

These boys, Darrell Evans, his brother Charley, and his cousin Robert Hayes, were New York boys who had been permitted to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Evans to Florida in the latter's search for health. There had been some discussion as to whether the boys should be allowed to make the journey, but on its being proposed they pleaded so hard to be allowed to go that the doubts of their parents had been finally overcome.

One argument the boys used was that there would be no occasion for them to neglect their studies because they were in a different part of the world from where their homes were located. Books could be carried along, and there was no reason why their lessons should not be continued as regularly as if they had remained at school.

Tampa had been selected by the physicians as the place where the invalid should spend the winter, and the boys on their arrival were greatly disappointed at finding that they were not on the coast, where they could realize their dreams of turtle-fishing and sponge-gathering.

On the second day after their arrival one of the boys of the town had told them of a famous little steam-yacht which Captain Sammy Basset owned, but which had been run on a rock, a short distance from the town, and sunk.

Captain Sammy, whom this boy represented as being a sturdy, ill-tempered old sea-captain, who had lost one leg by a pressing invitation from a shark, had not done anything toward raising his property from her watery resting-place, and had even been heard to say that she might lie there until she went to pieces, for all he cared about her.

Of course the boys were very anxious to see the craft, even though they could have no idea that they would ever own her, and on the first opportunity they visited the spot where she lay, regardless of the heat which, even in November, was uncomfortable.

From what it was possible to see of the boat beneath the water she was not large, but to the boys she appeared to be the exact fulfillment of their idea of a craft for their own sailing. It seemed a shame that so beautiful a boat should be left to go to pieces, more especially since the boy who had first given them information regarding her told them that the only injury she had sustained was a hole that had been stove in her bow.

"It's a shame to let such a handsome boat stay there, when a little work would make her as good as new," and there was a very decided shade of envy in Charley's tones. "There certainly ought to be some way of raising her."

"Don't you suppose we could buy her?"

"There is only one thing that would prevent us, Bobby, and that is our not having the money," laughed Dare. "I don't think this party has got more than ten dollars in cash, and that amount wouldn't buy the paddle-boxes."

"Perhaps Captain Sammy would let us have her cheap, since he says he won't do anything toward raising her, and we might get father to buy her for us," suggested Charley; but he did not speak as if he had any very great belief in such a possibility.

"That boy who told us about her said that Captain Sammy was a regular old shark himself, so I guess there isn't very much chance that he would sell her unless we should pay him all she is worth;" and Dare shook his head sadly at the thought that the owner of such a beautiful craft should be such a disreputable citizen.

The boys were so deeply engaged in conversation that they had not noticed the approach of a short, fat man with a wooden leg, who was stumping along the beach at a furious rate, as if he was thoroughly angry with himself and every one around him.

"Now, then, what mischief are you boys up to? Are you thinking of burning my boat?" he growled, rather

than said, as he reached the yacht-admiring group, and his presence there was so unexpected that the boys started as if they had really been planning some act of mischief.

"Well, why don't you answer me?" he demanded, furiously, as the boys were still too much surprised by his appearance to speak. "Tell me what you're doing here;" and the little man jammed the wooden stick that served him as leg into the sand much as if he was trying to make a passage through which he could go when he was ready to take his departure.

"We came here to look at the yacht, sir," replied Dare, angry that the little man should speak in such a way, and conscious that they were doing no wrong. "We surely can't do any mischief to a sunken boat."

"I don't know about that," was the fierce reply, and the one-legged man began to grow red in the face, as if making every exertion to keep his anger within bounds. "We'll see whether you could or not, after you tell me what you came here for."

"We came to look at the yacht."

"Well, what were you going to do then?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied Dare, with a smile, as he began to think that the greater part of Captain Sammy's savage manner might be assumed.

The little man bored at the hole in the sand in an impatient way, and then asked, speaking each word with a jerk of the head as if it was only by a muscular effort that he could utter it, "Well, now that you've seen the yacht, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't suppose we can do anything about it," replied Dare, with a laugh; "but we can't help thinking that it is too bad to let such a nice boat lie there under the water."

"So you set yourself up to tell Captain Sammy Basset what he shall do, eh?" and the little man appeared to grow furious again. "If you think that craft ought to be floated, why don't you bear a hand and do it?"

"We'd be glad to if she was ours," said Charley, eagerly, as a sudden hope came to him that perhaps, after all, some bargain might be made with the owner.

"So you couldn't do it for the sake of helping any one else, eh?"

"Indeed we could and would if you wanted us to," replied Dare, quickly, for he had no idea of being considered selfish even by this curious stranger.

"Well, I don't wait you to help me," snapped Captain Sammy, "and I suppose I can do as I want to with my own property, even if she does go to pieces. But I don't see why you boys should have come away out here just to look at a sunken boat, for even if she was yours and afloat and ready to sail, you wouldn't know where to go with her."

"Indeed we should," said Charley, quickly; "we should sail straight for the Caloosahatchee River, and go through that into Lake Okeechobee, in order to get into the Everglades."

"What do you know about the Everglades, and why do you want to go there?" snarled Captain Sammy, at the same time seating himself on the sand as if he intended the conversation should be a long one.

"We don't know very much about them, and perhaps that is the reason why we are so anxious to go. I have read that scientific men think the entire lower portion of the State was originally formed of coral reefs, and that in the Everglades the form of the reefs can still be seen."

"And the hunting is so good there!"

"And the fish so plenty!" Charley and Bobby added, eagerly.

"I guess it is the hunting and fishing rather than any scientific question that makes you want to go there!" and as Captain Sammy spoke he came very near smiling—an act so entirely out of keeping with his supposed char-

aeter, that had any of the village boys seen it they might have been seriously alarmed.

Dare thought it best not to contradict the little man, for in his guessing he had come too near the truth to admit of any denial.

"Now look here"—and Captain Sammy assumed a stern air again—"are you boys so foolish as to believe you could float that yacht if she belonged to you?"

"I believe we could," was Dare's decided answer. "I don't exactly know how we should go to work to do it; but I am sure that we are able to get it done in time."

"She is forty feet long."

"Larger boats than she have been raised from a greater depth."

"She is ten feet wide."

"Then it would be easier to raise her than if she was narrow."

"And she has a ten-horse-power engine on board."

"A good deal of that could be taken out at low water."

"Then her port bow is stove in, and in repairing that it will be necessary to put nearly a new bottom on."

"But one of the boys told us that she was flat, so it would not be such a hard job."

Captain Sammy looked at Dare a moment as if he was angry with him for making light of all his objections, and then said, in a musing way, which raised Charley's hopes very high: "There couldn't be a better boat built to cruise around Florida in than that same little *Pearl* that lies under the water there. She can steam eight miles an hour, only draws fifteen inches of water, and can stand a pretty heavy sea, which is more than you can say for some larger crafts."

"Is her name the *Pearl*?" asked Bobby, his eyes growing larger, and his desire to own such a boat growing more intense, as Captain Sammy spoke of the good points of the sunken steamer.

"The *Pearl*, of Tampa Bay," continued the little man. "I built her at odd jobs, thinking it would be handy to have a steam craft to run around in, for I own a good many turtling and sponging schooners, and have to run back and forth a good deal. But I found that there was nothing like the motion of a sailing craft, and when a greenhorn who had borrowed the *Pearl* sunk her there. I didn't care so very much."

"How much would you sell her for, just as she lies?" asked Dare, forgetting the remark he had made a short time before as to the finances of the party.

"I ain't trying to sell her," said Captain Sammy, with another show of anger; "and I haven't said I wanted to; but if you boys have got pluck enough to raise and repair her, you shall use her as long as you stay in Florida."

"Do you mean that?" asked Dare, in surprise, and Charley gave Bobby such a triumphant poke with his elbow as to make that young gentleman's ribs sore for some hours.

"Of course I meant it, or else I shouldn't have said it. But mind what I say, if you don't do the work in ship-shape way I shall take a reef in my offer."

Not one of the three boys could overcome his surprise at the little Captain's proposition in time to thank him for it, for as soon as he had spoken he arose and hobbled rapidly off, as if he feared they might attempt to detain him.

When he was some distance away he turned around and shouted loudly:

"Remember that the job has got to be done properly, or I shall back out of the bargain, even if you have floated her;" and then he started off at full speed again, while the three boys remained looking at that portion of the yacht which was above water, as if they needed such evidence to convince them they had not dreamed of instead of heard Captain Sammy's offer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY-AND-BY AND NEVER.

BY JOEL BENTON.

[A Spanish proverb says that "by the road of By-and-by one arrives at the house of Never."]

THERE'S a dangerous little Afrite who accosts us day by day, Upsetting every purpose in a soft, enticing way.

Saying, "Rest from this, I pray you, for to-morrow you can try— If hard work is to be done, you can do it By-and-by."

Though he tell you not to do it,

Mind him not, or you will rue it,

For his words so smooth and clever

Take you to the house of Never.

His voice is like a siren's, and he always aims to please; He's as idle as a zephyr, and he bids you take your ease;

If your spirits seem to falter, at your elbow he is nigh,

Saying, "Wait a little, brother, you can do it By-and-by."

Though he tell you not to do it,

Mind him not, or you will rue it,

For his words so smooth and clever

Take you to the house of Never.

He commands an endless future, and has youth upon his side, So he makes your little horoscope magnificently wide;

Quite disturbed by earnest plodders, he appeals with witching eye:

"What's your hurry—wait a little—you can do it By-and-by."

Though he tell you not to do it,

Mind him not, or you will rue it,

For his words so smooth and clever

Take you to the house of Never.

He's a tricky little prompter, and he always lingers near, Knowing just the proper moment when to whisper in your ear;

He can span your pretty rainbows, and make fanciful your sky,

With his magical proviso of the golden By-and-by.

Though he tell you not to do it,

Mind him not, or you will rue it,

For his words so smooth and clever

Take you to the house of Never.

On your eyes he presses poppies, on your will he puts a brake— Just to keep you soothed and idle, any trouble he will take;

When he trains you to his harness—oh, so mischievous and sly!

Then you'll doze away the Present in a dream of By-and-by.

Though he tell you not to do it,

Mind him not, or you will rue it,

For his words so smooth and clever

Take you to the house of Never.

MR. BARNUM'S BRIGHT BARKERS.

BY EDWARD L. STEVENSON.

IT is just as well that Mr. P. T. Barnum is so good a friend to young people and the YOUNG PEOPLE. Otherwise the writer of this article might not have found himself where he did on the only sunny day of last week—safely within the Winter-Quarters of the Great Show, at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A beautiful trained horse was careering furiously round and round the practicing ring; and during the intervals when Mr. Fryer was not smacking his whip or calling out, "Steady, Jerry!—look out, Jerry!" he busied himself with telling his visitor something about his wonderful performing dogs.

In a few moments the white horse dashed off. Mr. Fryer summoned his pets, Sprite, Jemmy, Frank, Nelly, Cronian, Sport, Jerry, and little Major, to entertain his guest. Their pictures had been already taken by Mr. Church, as you see them on the following page. Very extraordinary were the doings of this canine family.

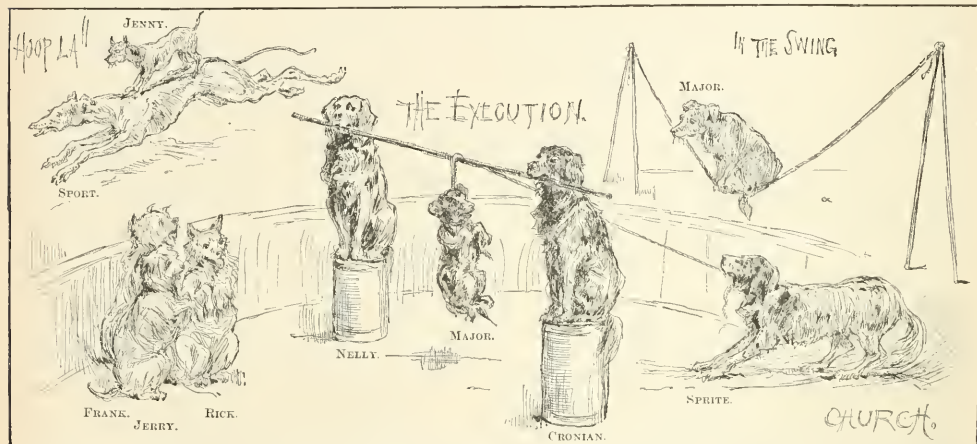
At a signal from Mr. Fryer, a grand entering march takes place. The eight dogs step daintily around the ring, and then, after bowing with modest tail wags to the audience, they seat themselves in a row. Mr. Fryer thereupon stands up and "calls the roll." Each dog, when his name is spoken, promptly answers it with a joyful "Bow-wow!"

Sprite's turn to be conspicuous usually comes next. She dances as pretty a polka as a dancing-master would desire to see; and the polka having gone on long enough, she respectfully asks Cronian for the honor of a waltz with him—leap-year fashion. Cronian bows and stands up; the remainder of the party pair off gracefully, and for a little while the circus ring looks like a ball-room.

The clever feats of walking on a rolling barrel, balan-

is held. Major hangs his head sorrowfully, and puts up his paws for mercy. Alas! in dumb show he is sentenced to his dreadful fate.

Nelly, Cronian, and a wooden wand constitute the gallows, upon which, after pretending to be in great terror, Major actually suffers himself to be drawn up by his executioners, and suspended for some seconds several inches from the ground. The rope is secured to his own collar in such a way that the little dog will not choke in good earnest. Mr. Fryer has lately introduced a "real" gallows into this warring scene. It was the last feat on the programme, and as Mr. Fryer called his pets up to be caressed and stroked it was a pretty sight to see them all standing there with their bright eyes and gently wagging tails.



THE BRIGHT BARKERS GOING THROUGH THEIR PERFORMANCES.

cing upon a seesaw, and some less remarkable tricks succeed. A steeple-chase race, in which the little dogs ride the larger ones, and stick on capitally as they leap over hurdles of quite respectable size, follows the waltzing. Jenny is always mounted upon Sport, as you see her in the picture. Soon after bright little Major is told to go through his difficult swing-rope act. He climbs a small ladder, which is presently taken away, and balancing himself in the trying position in which you see him, he suffers himself to be swung backward and forward with a good deal of speed, contriving never to fall off.

But the most complex and interesting performance of Mr. Fryer's little actors is the grand trial scene and execution of a thief. Major, Nelly, Sprite, and Cronian have the principal parts in this moral drama. It is begun by Nelly's dropping her collar, which has been unloosed for the purpose, as she walks across the ring. The moment her back is turned little Major runs up, finds the collar, pretends to look around to see if he is watched, and finally manages to stick his own little head through it and hic to his seat. Nelly quickly feigns to find out her loss. She looks for the collar, and goes to each dog to make inquiry. Quick as a flash she spies Major and his prize, and sends Sprite to arrest her dishonest brother.

A sharp mock fight ensues between thief and constable, but Major finally surrenders, and submits to having a rope put about his neck and to being dragged before Frank, Rick, and Jerry, for trial. There, after Sprite has slipped the rope about a stake to more securely hold the culprit (still keeping the end in her mouth), a short court-martial

is held. On making a first appearance these little actors are not troubled with something that attacks nearly every grown man or woman under such circumstances—the terrible complaint called "stage fright." Without timidity or embarrassment each new-comer goes sensibly and quietly through his tricks, as if no eyes were looking at him except his tutor's. Sometimes, too, they introduce of their own accord little variations of the feats in hand—perhaps one ought to write "in paw."

When Major first began to act his thievish trick with Nelly's collar, and to be pursued, captured, and brought into court by Sheriff Sprite, he made very small resistance, surrendering himself to his fate quite meekly. Gradually he played his part with more spirit, until nowadays, without a word of instruction from Mr. Fryer, Sprite has a downright chase to take him prisoner and bring him before his judges. On her part, Sprite one day found out that she could not hold Major so readily when before the bar by twisting the rope only once around the stake, to which he was confined as prisoner. Accordingly she suddenly took to walking twice around it with the rope in her mouth, thus making the culprit doubly secure.

"It is a curious fact," said Mr. Fryer, as his gentle pupils walked off with a self-satisfied air, "that I can never deceive Sprite as to what sort of spirits I am in on any day when my dogs must appear in public. For instance, suppose I have not been well the night before, am tired, or have managed to catch a headache or something of that sort. No matter how much I may laugh and talk loudly and

seem as jolly as you please to the audience, that dog sees perfectly well that I am really making an effort, and I assure you that it makes a great difference in the zest with which she enters into her duties. Her great eyes are on me, and she seems to see through *my* acting perfectly well. When we are all through she will come up as meekly as a lamb and stand beside me, looking up into my face, as much as to say: 'You didn't feel like working a bit to-day, did you? I didn't either. Let's sit down and be quiet.' Ah, they are all of them marvellously sympathetic and affectionate creatures! I don't know which of us, master or pupils, thinks more of the other."

Sprite is about seven years old. None of the dogs are of unmixed breed; a dog partly of the bull and partly of the spaniel species seems to give the best results after careful training.

In leaving the quarters Mr. Fryer led the way through the immense elephant-house, where twenty-nine elephants, tethered in a huge square, were fed and cared for by Mr. Arstingshall, the great trainer, and his force of under-keepers. The air was full of a close and not very pleasant odor, and now and then a roar or a shrill scream broke the stillness. Jumbo, who was chained in an exclusive corner at the end of the line, seemed more gigantic than ever, as he swung his mighty trunk about in what appeared to one of his visitors a shockingly careless manner. It is not remarkable that the giant elephant should look more enormous than he did, for a winter of rest and feeding has filled out his formerly lean and lank sides with fat, and even added an inch or two to his height. He looks like quite a different creature. He expects to receive his big and little friends at the Madison Square Garden again during the latter part of this month.

THE SAD STORY OF A BOY KING.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

LONDON took a holiday on the 16th of July, 1377. There were processions of merry-makers in the streets, and the windows were crowded with gayly dressed men, women, and children. The great lords, glittering in armor, and mounted upon splendid steel-clad horses, marched through the town. The bishops and clergymen in gorgeous robes made a more solemn but not less attractive show. The trade guilds were out in their best clothing, bearing the tools of their trades instead of arms. Clowns in motley, merry-makers of all kinds, great city dignitaries, lords and commons—everybody, in short, made a mad and merry holiday; and at night the houses were illuminated, and great bonfires were lighted in the streets.

All England was wild with joy; but the happiest person in the land was Richard Plantagenet, a boy eleven years of age. Indeed, it was for this boy's sake and in his honor that all this feasting and merry-making went on, for on that day young Richard was crowned King of England; and in those times a King of England was a much more important person than now, because the people had not then learned to govern themselves, and the King had powers which Englishmen would not allow any man to have in our time.

Richard was too young to govern wisely, and so a council was appointed to help him until he should grow up; but in the mean time he was a real King, boy as he was, and it is safe to say that he was the happiest boy in England on that July day when all London took a holiday in his honor.

But if he had known what this crowning was to lead



THE PARTING BETWEEN KING RICHARD II. AND QUEEN ISABELLA.

to, young Richard might have been very glad to change places with any baker's or butcher's boy in London. The boy King had some uncles and cousins who were very great people, and who gave him no little trouble after a while. He had wars on his hands, too, and needed a great deal more money than the people were willing to give him, and so when he grew older and took the government into his own hands he found troubles all around him. The Irish people rebelled frequently; the Scotch were hostile; there was trouble with Spain, because Richard's uncle wanted to become King of that country; and there was a standing war with France.

But this was not all. In order to carry on these wars the King was obliged to have money; and when he ordered taxes to be collected the common people, led by Wat Tyler, rose in rebellion. They marched into London, seized the Tower, and put to death the Treasurer of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other persons high in the government. Tyler was so insolent one day that the Lord Mayor of London killed him; but the boy King—who was only sixteen years old—seeing that the rebels were too strong for him, put himself at their head, and marched with them out of the city, and so the King, against whom the rebellion was made, became the leader of the rebels. As soon as matters grew quiet, however, he broke all the promises he had made, and punished the chief rebels very harshly.

Not long after this one of the King's uncles made himself master of the kingdom by force, and it was several years before Richard could put him out of power.

But the greatest of all Richard's troubles were yet to come. His cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, the son of old John of Gaunt, had misbehaved, and Richard had sent him out of England, not to return for ten years. But while Richard was in Ireland putting down a rebellion there, Henry came back to England, raised an army, and was joined by many of the most powerful men in the kingdom. When Richard came back from Ireland Henry made him a prisoner, and not long afterward the great men made up their minds to set up Henry as the King instead of Richard. They made Richard sign a paper giving up his right to the crown, and then, to make the matter sure, Parliament passed a law that Richard should be King no longer.

Richard was only thirty-three years old when all this was done, but after so many troubles he might well have been glad to give up his kingship, if that had been the end of the matter. But a King who has been set aside is always a dangerous man to have in the kingdom, and it would not do to let Richard go free. He might gather his friends around him and give trouble. So it was decided that the unfortunate man should be shut up in a prison for the rest of his life.

But even this was not the worst of the matter. Richard had a wife—Queen Isabella—whom he loved very dearly, and if the two could have gone away together into some quiet place to live, they might still have been happy in spite of being under guard all the time. But the new King would not have it so. He gave orders that Richard should be shut up closely in a prison, and that Isabella should go back to France, where Richard had married her.

This was a terrible thing for the young man and his younger wife, who might have had a long life of happiness still before them if Richard had never been a king. But Richard had been King of England, and so he had to give up both his freedom and his wife.

In his play of *King Richard the Second*, Shakespeare makes a very touching scene of their parting. In the play their farewell takes place in the street, as shown in our picture. Isabella, anxious to see her husband once more before they part forever, waits at a point which she knows he must pass on his way to prison. There they meet and

talk together for the last time on earth. The words which Shakespeare puts into their mouths are terribly sad, but very beautiful. You will find the scene at the beginning of Act V. of the play. The picture shows the two at the moment when Richard moves away to his prison, leaving Isabella to mourn for him in a nunnery for the rest of her life.

It is not certainly known what became of Richard after he was taken to prison. It is believed that he was murdered there—perhaps starved to death—but there is a story that he got away and lived in Scotland, dying there in 1419. It is not at all likely that the story is true, however, and the common belief has always been that he died or was killed in Pontefract Castle, where he was imprisoned.

However that may be, Richard's life was a terribly unhappy one, and all his sorrows grew out of the fact that he was a king. If he could have looked forward on that July day when the people were making merrily in his honor, and could have known all that was to happen to him, instead of being the happiest boy in England on his coronation day, he would have been the most wretched.

THE HERMIT OF MUGGINSVILLE WOOD.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

TOM SWIFT was spending the winter with his grandparents away off in the country where there were deep pine woods and logging camps, a mountain that looked like a huge loaf of frosted cake in the snow, and a pond two or three miles long, where there was such skating as Tom had never seen before.

But Tom was a very busy boy, and had little time to indulge in skating or any other sport; for as his father was dead and his older brother John a cripple, he considered himself the head of the family, and was very anxious to become its support. John possessed a good deal of talent for drawing and painting, and it was predicted that he would become a great artist some day if he received the right instruction. But Mrs. Swift, though she worked very hard at her needle, had as yet been unable to procure any teacher for him, and it was to this end that Tom was saving his money now.

All the men in the neighborhood who were not either too old or too infirm were at work in the woods, so Tom was employed not only to do the chores, such as bringing in wood and water, feeding the cattle, and going to mill, about his grandfather's farm, but on several others near by, and he had already placed fifteen dollars in his bank. He bravely renounced the molasses taffy and marshmallow paste at the village store, turned his back on the thrilling shows at the Town-hall, sported a broken jack-knife in the face and eyes of all the other boys, and, take it altogether, was quite a hero in the way of self-denial.

But one day, in the frostiest winter weather, grandpa suggested that he should take a holiday. Joe Crandall was to be at home to-morrow, and was willing to take Tom's place for the day, so that he could spend it wherever and however he pleased.

"Well," said Tom, delighted with the prospect, "I will go into the woods with Israel."

It was a cold sparkling morning. Tom was obliged to scratch the frost from the pane when he got out of bed at five o'clock in order to get a peep into the witehing starlight of this early hour. Israel was already in the barn with his gleaming lantern, the cocks were crowing like mad, and Debby was stepping briskly about the kitchen with a lighted candle. The fire snapped as if it had been charged with gunpowder, footsteps crunched in the snow, and one's breath was like smoke in the frosty atmosphere.

At half past five breakfast was smoking on the table; at six Israel had his horses harnessed, and away they start-

ed for the woods; a lantern, still burning redly, hung upon one of the stakes in the sled. The bells stirred the still air with a merry holiday sound; the lights commenced to vanish from the village windows; the pale sky brightened to crimson, and east rosy reflections on the snow. Israel, as usual, when not singing his favorite song about the "turtail-dove," was deeply reflective, but Tom was in the highest spirits, and whistled and chattered like a magpie.

When they reached the logging camp, deep in the blue gloom of the pine woods, the men who inhabited it were already at work chopping logs, and the merry ring of their axes echoed from the distance. But they left a bright fire, which was composed of nearly a cord of wood, burning on the large flat stone which served for a hearth, and the place presented a very cheerful appearance. There was no chimney, but the smoke escaped from a large hole in the roof overhead. One could see out-of-doors through the chinks in the logs which formed the walls, and yet enjoy the pleasant warmth. The bunks where the men slept at night were filled with clean, fragrant pine boughs, and across the poles which projected from the foot of these bunks was placed the "deacon seat"—a long bench which faced the fire, extending from one end of the apartment to the other; so that when one grew weary of reading and story-telling and watching the blaze of the great fire, he could tip back into one of these soft, yielding beds without any effort whatever.

Various cooking utensils, guns, and fishing-rods were hung on the wall. A group of barrels stood in one corner, over which was a hanging shelf piled with earthen dishes and an array of bright tins. A great board, which would become a table at dinner-time, was fastened against the wall.

"Now don't get lost in these pesky woods, youngster," said Israel, as he thawed his half-frozen fingers by the fire. "Better stay 'round where we're a-choppin', 'n' not stray off no great distance."

"I shan't go far away, because I want to be sure to be back in time to help John get dinner. It's jolly fun to get dinner in camp. But I'm not afraid of getting lost. Why, I've been through the woods all alone in summer," said Tom, grandly.

"Oh yes, you can go through by the road any time if you keel to walk fur enough; but if you go roundabouts, you'll find there ain't no end to the woods. They reach clear through ter North Pole, whar the bears 'n' wolves live, most likely. I've been round here considerable, 'n' hev got some idee what they be."

"I guess the North Pole must be Mugginsville, then," said Tom, contemptuously; "you can see the Mugginsville steeple from any tree you chance to climb."

"Well, be careful, boy.

"My love she sent me a turtail-dove,
'X' a-tooral-loo, 'n' a-tooral-loo."

And Israel hastened out-of-doors to join the choppers.

There was nothing that Tom enjoyed so much as a "prowl" in the winter woods. It seemed like a place in a fairy tale, dim, mysterious, enchanted. The sky which peeped in through the spaces between the tree-tops seemed like quite another sky than that which arched over the village. Even the breeze which brushed the pine twigs seemed to have a sort of magic in it, and whichever way Tom peered through the long dim vistas he imagined that there were hidden wonderful things. In this bowery nook the White Cat's palace might be lifting its airy towers. In the midst of that tangled thicket the giant's house which poor little Hop-o'-my-Thumb found might be concealed. And who would wonder to meet any of the fairies and goblins of the old stories in this lovely glade where an under-ground brook is singing?

For a moment or two he watched the men as they fell a huge tree, and then wandered away by himself over

the firm white snow crust, which did not show the least signs of breaking with his weight. He skimmed over the bogs, which were quite impassable in summer, but were frozen hard now, with their tall reeds pricking through the snow. Then he discovered fox tracks deeply printed in the crust, which was soft snow only the day before yesterday, and followed them eagerly for a long time, hoping to find the den of the sly old fellow, which was doubtless the one that made his way into the camp one day when the men were out, and helped himself to a plump chicken which was waiting to be cooked for dinner.

So intent was Tom in making this discovery, that he did not realize at all how far he was going, but followed on and on until finally the prints of foxie's feet came to a sudden end before a great tract of brush ground, which was so wide and piled so high that the tallest giant that ever lived could never have stepped over it.

"Sold!" exclaimed Tom, leaning back breathless against a big tree; and then it suddenly occurred to him that it was past dinner-time, and he must retrace his steps to the camp. So he hurried along in what seemed to be the right direction, never thinking to still heed the fox tracks which had led him in such a circuitous way. On and on he went through bright little openings, through nooks so deep and dark that it seemed as if night had already fallen. But there was no sign of the path which led to the camp, not a human foot print to be seen, not a sound to be heard but the strange muffled din of the woods, which is like silence speaking. He climbed a great stump and shouted with all his might; but nothing but the echoes and a startled owl answered him. He was not at all frightened as yet, however; the loss of his dinner was his only source of anxiety.

"Well," thought he, "I will walk until I reach somewhere, either the camp, or Mugginsville, or the North Pole, where Israel says the wolves and bears live, or to some place or other on the southern side of the woods."

But walking didn't seem to bring him anywhere. The woods were just as deep and dark as ever. He climbed a tree, but the open world looked miles and miles away, and in the mean time the sun grew lower and lower.

Oh, how cold it was as the day grew later! Tom's teeth chattered, though he was walking with all possible speed, and the exercise would usually have made his blood tingle. The ends of his fingers pricked as if there were needle-points in them, and his feet fairly ached as he trudged along.

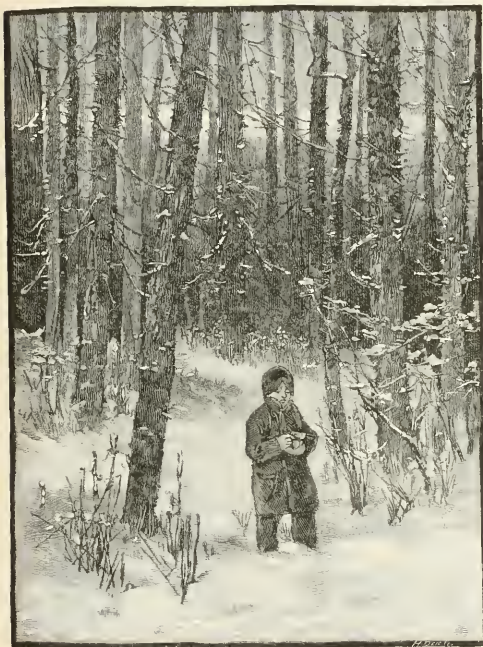
It was midnight darkness in the deep woods, but in a little opening, where there were low juniper bushes, the yellow sunset light was still lingering. Some glossy sprays of wintergreen were pricking through the snow crust, and thinking that their bitter-sweet leaves might appease the gnawing at his stomach, Tom ate some, and finding that they did so in a great degree, he was looking about him for more, when he espied some strange black object which had lodged between two boughs of a juniper bush.

He reached down and picked up the plumpest leather pocket-book which he had ever seen in his life! It had evidently been there for days, for it was frozen stiff, and had some time been soaked with rain or dew. Tom opened it with eager fingers. It was crammed with bank-notes, and one large shining gold piece was tucked carefully in the midst of the paper. But it was growing so dark that he did not stop to count the money, for if night should overtake him while still in the woods, he would never be able to find his way out of them.

The growth was becoming less and less dense. There were little openings everywhere, and finally, when the stars were gathering in the pale twilight sky, he emerged into an open space where there was an old ruined mill, its broken roof white with snow, its eaves fantastically fringed with icicles. Beyond this he found a narrow bit of road with faint sled and foot tracks, and not far along

on the road the most blessed sight that ever dawned upon his vision—a thick column of smoke arising from a cottage chimney.

Tom felt more exhausted than ever at this point, but making a brave struggle, he pressed on with what little strength he could summon to his aid. An old man, with a great pile of juniper twigs, pine boughs, and other greenery on his back, came from the woods, and down a path to the road, and with his white beard blowing in the wind, looked like the genius of Christmas. He was gazing in-



"TOM OPENED IT WITH EAGER FINGERS."

tently under every bush and twig as he came along, pushing the branches of the tiny evergreens back with his feet.

"Have you lost anything?" inquired Tom, at the same time keeping the pocket-book prudently concealed under his jacket.

"I should think so. Three weeks ago to-day I lost a pocket-book with a thousand dollars in it somewhat about these pesky woods, or on the road leadin' to it, 'n' I'm lookin' fur it yit. I didn't dare to leave it in the house while I was out gittin' my medicine stuff fur fear o' thieves, 'n' I kep' puttin' off carryin' of it to the bank till 'twas clean gone. Say, sonny, you hain't seen anythin' of it, hev ye? 'Twas a black leather pocket-book, fastened with a rusty steel clasp, 'n' tied up with a twine string too. There was a twenty-dollar gold piece in it 'mong the rest. But Lor' sakes alive, boy! be ye sick or froze ter death? Yer face is as white as snow all on a suddint."

Tom produced the pocket-book, but no sooner had he placed it in the old man's hand than he fell, a white heap, on the ground at his feet.

When he recovered his senses once more he found himself lying on a lounge in a rough, dingy apartment, lighted by a single candle, and with a great boiler steaming and bubbling over a roaring fire. The atmosphere was filled with the spicy odor of pine and other woodland

growths, and a great black cat was eying him intently from her post beside the stove.

"Where am I?" he inquired, lifting his head, and looking about him in amazement.

"Oh, you're all right, 'n' in my house, sonny. You're with a friend. Don't you remember you found my pocket-book, 'n' I met you down in the road by the woods? I guess you got pritty well used up with the cold or suthin, 'n' fainted away," said the old man, appearing at his side with a tumbler in his hand. "Here, now, you take a good dose of my 'Healer.' It's the best medicine in the market, 'n' if you drink it down now while it's hot it will keep you frum gittin' cold, 'n' git your stomach in order to take some food. I reckon you feel kinder hungry."

Tom hardly knew whether he was hungry or not. He felt rather comfortable than otherwise, only that his toes and fingers, his nose and cheeks, were commencing to smart and burn like fire. He swallowed the medicine as directed, though with rather a wry face, and then the old man brought him a bowl of thin but savory broth, which he ate with quite a relish.

"Now I'd go right ter sleep, 'n' git kinder rested, 'n' then we will talk about matters 'n' things a leetle when you wake up agin."

"But the folks at home will be so worried about me, Grandpa 'n' grandma will be scared almost to death, 'n' then they'll blame Israel coz I got lost. Is this Mugginsville, or where is it?"

"Lor', no, 'tis a leetle corner o' Tatnick. Do you live over ter Mugginsville? I thought I never seen you in these parts afore."

"No," said Tom, "I live over at Sprigtown, or at least grandpa does. I'm spending the winter at his farm. He's Mr. Samuel Swift. Do you know him?"

"Bless you, Sprigtown's as much as ten miles off round by the road. Yes, I know Squire Swift by sight, 'n' it's likely he knows me. They call me ole Hermit Sawyer. I s'pose you've heard tell of me. The boys all round the diggin' thinks it fine fun to make game of me, 'n' yell out after me, 'Hello! ole medicine-biler.' Now, sonny, I want ter know why you was so anxious to git rid o' that pocket-book 'n' all thar was into it. Every dollar's there, coz I counted it. Didn't you hev no use fur it? Your grandpa's lost 'most all his property, I know."

"What!" said Tom, indignantly; "would you keep anything that didn't belong to you, if you wanted it ever so much? Of course I knew it was yours when you described it to me so well, and of course I gave it to you. What else could I do? But I really must go home, no matter how far it is. They'll be out searchin' for me, you know."

"Why, boy, it's the coldest night that ever was—cold ernuff ter crinkle the hair ov an Injun. 'Twould be your death to get out now; but I'll harness up my ole nag, 'n' ef I ken't git a neighbor that I hev in my mind ter drive over ter Sprigtown, I'll go myself. I'm old 'n' tough as sole-leather."

The neighbor drove over, and Tom and the old man had a very jolly and confidential time together that night, while the "Healer" bubbled over the fire and scented the room, and the black cat purred, and the candle flared and sputtered.

In the morning Israel came over in a pung, with a plenty of warm fur wraps, to take Tom home. The old hermit was very unwilling to let him go; but Tom promised to make him a week's visit soon if his grandfather would consent, and that softened the parting considerably.

When Tom got into the pung the old man, who had followed him out-of-doors, slipped something into his hand, which upon investigation proved to be two fifty-dollar bank notes.

"You see, I'm pritty well off, sonny; I sell the 'Healer' to the druggists everywhere. There's a great rage fur it, 'n' it brings me in money. Let the lame brother hev the lessons, 'n' p'raps there'll be a little spendin' bit fur you too. I never did take ter boys, but I guess I know when I see one ov the right sort, ef I be a miserable ole hermit."

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

For the very *Little People*.

SUCH a white world as Baby Ben saw when he opened his eyes this morning! Snow on the roofs, the fences, the fields, and the trees, and not a creature stirring anywhere. Even the old rooster, and the fussy little red hen, and the dainty white one, and all the feathery tribe were out of sight. Baby Ben, at the window, had drummed upon the pane, and thought what could possibly have become of his pets.

Then, with a whoop and a halloo, brother Artie had appeared with his sled and his mittens. But Ben did not care for Artie. He clapped his little fat hands for the old

rooster to come out, and then, while he waited, he saw something ever so much prettier.

Such a darling, trim, pert, little brown birdie, hopping around over the snow, and saying, "Chirp, chirp, peep, peep—hurry, somebody, and bring me my breakfast."

The Baby had had his own breakfast of bread and milk from a china basin with a silver spoon. So he wasn't hungry. Birdie was. Sister Maggie said, "Bennie, will you feed the little dear?" And you may be sure what Bennie's answer was. So in a moment Maggie filled her pocket with seeds and erumbs, and then, stepping out on the porch, she lifted her little brother in her arms, and in his pretty way he called the bird. Dropping the seeds from his dimpled fingers, he looked with great brown eyes full of love to see the little stranger eat.

Make haste, birdie; Maggie's arms are tired. Which of the new acquaintances is the shyer, I wonder?

This is March snow, and it will soon melt. Instead of one brave bird standing out-doors and waiting for food, we shall soon have hundreds singing for joy among green leaves. But the summer long will not bring us a prettier picture than this.



"MAKE HASTE, BIRDIE; MAGGIE'S ARMS ARE TIED."

OFF THE LINE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE boys stood up in the reading class—

A dozen or so—and each one said
That those at the foot should never pass,
Or find it easy to get up head.

Harry was studious; so were Jake,

Jim, and Robert, and Tom, and Jaek;
For men of business they meant to make,
And it wouldn't do to be dull or slack.

There wasn't another boy on the line

More anxious than Jimmy to keep his place;
For to be at the head was very fine,
But to go down foot was a sad disgrace.

But Jim delighted in games of ball,

Polo, tennis, or tame croquet,
And his mind was not on his books at all
When he took his place in the class that day.

'Twas his turn to read, and he started off

With an air attentive—a vain pretense;
For the boys around him began to cough
And nudge and chuckle at Jim's expense.

"You've skipped a line," whispered generous Ben,

Who often had helped in this way before.
"YOU'VE SKIPPED A LINE!" shouted Jim; and then,
Of course, the school-room was in a roar.

As down to the foot Jim went that day

He learned a lesson that any dunce
Might have known; for we're sure to stray
If we try to be in two places at once.

Sport, when you sport, in an earnest way,

With a merry heart and a cheerful face;
But when at your books think not of your play,
Or else you'll certainly lose your place.

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDERED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

I CAN hardly describe Nan's state of mind as Christmas drew near. Bromfield began early to show signs of the approaching festivity; and as Nan walked about the snowy streets—often just for the sake of turning her mind from sad thoughts—the gayety of the shop windows, the blithe air of the passers-by, all jarred upon her painfully.

Mrs. Rupert had begun to treat her niece very coldly. More and more was she certain that Nan's "folks" at Beverley meant gradually to cast her off, so she insisted on Nan's making herself useful in every way; and the child rose early and worked late in order to accomplish all that was required of her. But occupation, she knew, was better than sitting idle with her thoughts; only sometimes Nan's head ached painfully over her sums, and often kind-hearted Mrs. Leigh had to excuse her from her lessons entirely.

The Ruperts began to feel the effect of Nan's efforts at tidiness in the house. She had rummaged out some old muslin curtains, but when washed and starched they looked very well; and by dint of close saving she had contrived to have the furniture mended, a new cover put on the mantel-board, and chintz slips on the easy-chairs.

Mrs. Rupert was willing enough to accept Nan's labors so long as they did not interfere with what she wished her to do; and Marian seemed better pleased to bring her young friends home with her, now that the sitting-room had an air of cleanliness and something like comfort.

It was the 20th of December; Nan was sitting in the parlor late in the afternoon, with Georgie and Mary beside her, and a big pile of stockings waiting to be darned in the basket at her side. She was trying to work, but somehow her thoughts kept wandering away to Beverley. She could just imagine how delightfully they were preparing for Christmas. There would be genuine "fun" at College Street, and she felt sure that Aunt Letty would provide presents for Love and Mrs. Travers and little David. At the thought of these Nan fairly broke down, and her tears were falling on the stockings, when Georgie cried out,

"Hi! there's a hack before the door! Who's that, Nan?"

Nan hastily dried hereyes and looked out of the window. It *was* a hack. Could it be Mrs. Heriot who descended? Nan's very heart stood still. She sprang up, holding her work in her hands as in a vise. Mary and Georgie fled away down-stairs to know who the visitor was, and so Nan was left alone in the little parlor.

Five minutes seemed to pass before the door opened, and then Mrs. Heriot came hurrying in, and in a second Nan was clasped in her motherly arms.

"Oh, my child! my dearie!" the good woman exclaimed. "Whatever was wrong is right now! and they can't wait to get you home again quick enough. Come, haste! get your little hat on, and come."

But Nan had, for the first time in her life, fainted dead away. When she opened her eyes it was to see Mrs. Rupert and Mrs. Heriot bending over her with a collection of restoratives that smelled horribly. But the first thing she did was to smile from sheer happiness.

"I think, mem, if you please," Mrs. Heriot was saying, in iciest tones, to Mrs. Rupert, "we'll get her down to the hotel, where her cousin, Miss Phyllis Rolf, is waiting for her."

Mrs. Rupert was very much impressed, particularly by the box of Christmas presents Mrs. Heriot had brought with her for the entire household; and she helped forward Nan's departure, saying nothing more unpleasant than: "Well, I hope they'll either keep her or leave her, one and for all, this time."

But Nan was too dreamily happy to care for anything Mrs. Rupert could do or say now. Once more she drove down the streets of Bromfield on her way to Beverley. Everything seemed confused; but it was clear enough that they stopped at the big country hotel on Main Street, and went upstairs and into a cheerful room, where Phyllis stood waiting.

How differently her cousin met her this time from the first! Then Phyllis had been all condescension and superiority; but now she opened her arms, elaped Nan in them, and murmured, lovingly,

"Oh, my dear child, you must forgive us—we understand it all, and never again shall you go away."

This one half-hour would have seemed joy enough to Nan; but it was delightful to have a cozy tea with Phyllis, and then, before they went to bed, to hear how Aunt Letty was ardently expecting her "home again."

Phyllis did not ask Nan why she had not spoken of Laura's deceit. She knew well what had governed the humbler cousin; and Nan was content to know the merest outlines of what Laura had done. It was, indeed, enough that all was explained, and that they wanted her home again at Beverley.

Meanwhile, at Rolf House, Aunt Letty was in a state of genuine excitement. Her darling was coming back, and great had been the preparations for her return. To

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Laura Miss Rolf had said very little, for the girl's remorse and penitence were entirely sincere. She begged so humbly to be allowed to help prepare for Nan's return that Miss Rolf had kept her with her, and her dear Love Blake was there too, to whom Laura seemed to cling as to something or somebody who suggested Nan.

There was a great deal of dusting and moving about of furniture in a large sunny room near Nan's school-room, and which had always been closed except for certain elderly visitors. Indeed, Nan had rarely seen it. Everything was what she called "stuffy" in it; but had she looked in on the work going on there during these days she would have changed her mind.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE next few days passed like some happy dream in Nan's life. All the joyousness and tenderness of the Christmas season seemed in the very air she breathed, and hours of every day were devoted to preparations for the great festival. Miss Rolf had determined to make this an important occasion. She issued invitations for a large party in Nan's honor; and she intended to impress upon every one the fact that her niece was henceforth to be considered her adopted daughter—the young mistress of Rolf House. Nan went about with a happy light shining in her eyes, but her aunt, who watched her critically, could not see that the sudden change in her circumstances had not made her overexultant. She seemed chiefly delighted by the fact of again being "at home"—near to the Rolfs, first and last; able again to plan for Mrs. Travers and David, to have chats with Love Blake, and to know that the approaching Christmas would bring a "good time" for her friends, both rich and humble.

Her new room was a source of the greatest delight to her, and she never tired of sitting in the pretty easy-chairs, reading the books, or admiring and using the contents of her desk and work-table. And in these days it came about that Laura spent most of her time on the large chintz-covered lounge drawn up at one side of the wood fire, for Laura's malady was increasing so fast that they all feared it must settle into a hopeless spinal complaint. There was nothing dangerous in it, but it might be that for some time she would be a prisoner, and Aunt Letty, Phyllis, and Nan all decided that it was best to say very little of her wrong-doing to her.

In the long quiet hours of her suffering and weakness she was learning more than she could have done in years of health and vigor, and more than any one but Nan could have believed possible was she suffering from honest shame and penitence. Nan and Joan would bring their Christmas work to this bright fireside, while Laura lay still, enjoying their gay talk, and for the first time learning to understand the sweetness and generosity of Nan's nature. The younger girls asked her opinion about everything except some very privately executed articles which were intended as surprises for Laura's own Christmas.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Heriot, on the morning of the 23d—"I suppose we'll have to prepare for a hundred people at least. Dear! dear! it's a long time since we've had such doings. And just think: first the Christmas tree, and then the party, and then dinner the next day, and—well, I don't know *how* we are to get through it all."

Nan laughed gayly. She and Joan were in the store-room tying up greens, while Mrs. Heriot was making out a list to be sent to the grocer's and confectioner's.

"I *know*," said Nan, "we'll get through with it perfectly beautifully. We'll all be so happy—and I hope," she added, half sighing, "we'll all see fifty more such Christmases."

"Just hear the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Heriot. "Oh, I quite forgot, my dear: Miss Rolf wants you for a moment upstairs."

Nan darted up willingly enough, and found Miss Rolf

in her own room, looking very pleased, and with the kindly smile Nan loved to see in her eyes and on her lips.

"See here, Nannie," she said, drawing her niece toward her, "I'm going to tell you something. It was I who had your cousin Philip sent to school."

"Oh!" gasped Nan—and then she gave Miss Rolf rather an alarming squeeze—"oh, Aunt Letty!"

"I had it done through Mr. Field, so that he might not, later in life, feel under any special obligation to us. And now I want to speak of your cousin Marian. Of course they are not really any kin to you; but, after all, they gave you as much as they could when you were homeless, and I should like to do well by them."

A strange little wondering look had come into Nan's face. "Aunt Letty," she said, suddenly, "will you tell me one thing truly? What had papa done that his grandfather should have cast him off?"

Miss Rolf looked pained. "My dear," she said, slowly, "he did not act openly with my father; he had debts which he tried to hide; he was never quite frank about anything; and so at last it came to an open quarrel. Nan dear, you see that was what frightened me when I thought—you understand, my darling—the old lady clasped Nan closely to her side—"I thought I could not live over again scenes such as we used to have with him, bright, lovable boy that he was, and that before I learned to love you too dearly I would send you away."

Nan was very silent for a moment. Her father was a dim memory to her, yet she could vaguely recall scenes which she now understood better; times when debt seemed to be her mother's horror, and when her father, recklessly extravagant, would leave them alone and often hungry.

"*It shall never be, Aunt Letty,*" Nan said, firmly. And Miss Rolf understood her, and believed her child with all her heart.

"And about Marian," said Aunt Letty. "I thought of suggesting that if she liked to go for three years to a good school I would pay the expenses—I mean *all* her expenses. What do you think?"

Nan's whole face brightened. "Oh, Aunt Letty!" she exclaimed, "how like you! Then we could see for ourselves just what a fair chance would do for her."

"And what do you say," continued Miss Rolf, smiling, "to asking her here for Christmas? I can make up my mind better than."

"That would be—kind, I suppose," said Nan, a little doubtfully; but in a moment she was ashamed of her own hesitation, and gave a heartier assent.

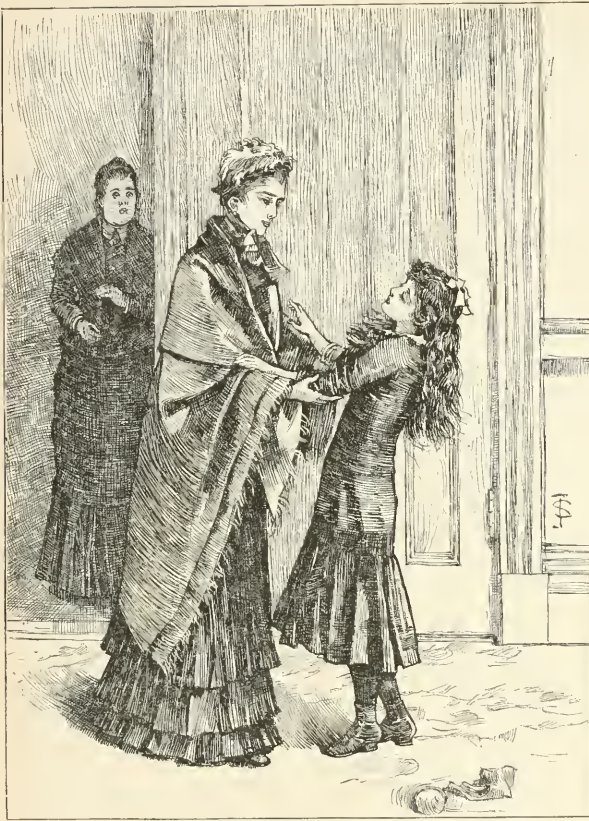
"Do you know, aunt," she said, "that nice, quiet Mrs. Leigh who taught me at Bromfield wants to open a school in Exeter, and Mrs. Grange and some other people are getting pupils for her. Now she knows Marian so well—why wouldn't that be a good beginning?"

"Very good," said Miss Rolf, after a moment's thought. "I might write to Mrs. Leigh about it. Now, run away, my darling. I hope you and Joan are not working your fingers actually to the bone."

Nan laughed, and darted off to tell Joan the last piece of news. And before the next morning an answer had come, accepting Miss Rolf's invitation for Marian.

Nan could imagine the satisfaction with which Marian told her companions of her great good luck, but she hoped she would be moderate in her display of bugles and bangles at the Christmas party.

But Miss Rolf's thoughtfulness had gone further even than Nan's. Marian was expected about two o'clock on Christmas-eve, and in the morning two boxes arrived from Anes's, the contents of which only Nan and Miss Rolf knew. One of these contained a pretty ready-made dark silk, which would, Nan thought, fit tolerably well, and might in any case be altered; and the other a perfectly simple pale blue cashmere, so lady-like and elegant, how-



NAN FAINTS IN MRS. HERIOT'S ARMS.

ever, that Nan felt Marian would appear another being when dressed in it. These articles were hung up in the wardrobe of the little room near Nan's, which had been prepared for Marian's reception.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. THOMPSON AND THE RATS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON sat at his desk writing. It was late, and he was very sleepy.

Scratch, scratch; gnaw, gnaw, gnaw; squeak, squeak, came from behind the wainscot. Mr. Thompson threw down his pen in disgust.

"Bother those rats!" he exclaimed. "I believe the house is full of 'em. Either they or I will have to find another boarding-house."

Scamper, scamper went the rats; rattle, rattle went the plaster between the walls.

"There they go again!" complained Mr. Thompson. "I don't see why they can't keep still. And then that eternal gnawing! I should think that they would wear their teeth out."

"That's just what we do it for," replied a squeaky voice on the floor.

Mr. Thompson looked down, and there sat a large brown rat eyeing him compositely.

"That's what we do it for," repeated the rat. "If we didn't, our teeth would grow so long that we could not eat. You see, our teeth keep growing all the time, and if we don't gnaw something hard, so as to wear them off, they would soon get so long that we could not close our mouths. Cases have been known where when one tooth has been broken off, and the tooth opposite, having nothing to gnaw against, has grown, if a lower tooth, up into the skull; if an upper tooth, it has been pressed outward until it has made a complete ring."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Mr. Thompson.

"Yes. I could show you a good many curious things if you would come with me," continued the rat. "Will you, now?"

"Yes, I'll go," said Mr. Thompson.

No sooner had he given assent than he began to grow smaller, and at last, as he jumped from his chair, he found—not to his surprise, for he was getting used to these changes, but somewhat to his amusement—that he was neither more nor less than a big brown rat with stiff whiskers and a long tapering tail.

He said nothing, but trotted contentedly after his guide under the wash-stand, and diving through a hole in the corner, he found himself between the floor and the ceiling of the room below.

"Run along on this beam," said the rat; "you'll find the walking better. We always use it. You notice it has got to be quite black and smooth from constant use."

They ran along the beams and down between the side walls until they came to the basement, which Mr. Thompson and his guide entered through a hole behind the flour barrel in the store closet.

Here the rats were holding high carnival, running from one to another, squeaking, jumping on the kitchen table, and fighting for scraps which the cook had

left. Mr. Thompson and his friend joined the throng.

"Allow me to present you to my wife, Mrs. Rodentia," said the latter.

Mr. Thompson bowed to a graceful-looking brown rat somewhat smaller than his companion. Mrs. Rodentia was accompanied by her daughter, a young rat scarcely larger than a mouse.

"There seems to be quite a jubilee going on," said Mr. Thompson, searching for a subject for conversation.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Rodentia. "Tom, the cat, has been shut up in a room upstairs, so we have the basement all to ourselves." She was walking along slowly as she spoke, and Mr. Thompson was following her, considerably embarrassed by her long tail, which she switched coquetishly from side to side as she walked. At last Mr. Thompson stepped squarely on the tail.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed.

"Don't mention it," answered Mrs. Rodentia. "Clumsy fellow!" she whispered to her daughter, with a contemptuous glance toward poor Mr. Thompson.

"What a polished lady of society she would make if dressed in silk instead of fur!" thought Mr. Thompson, recollecting similar occurrences in his every-day life. Mr. Thompson felt uncomfortable for a few minutes. Then his attention was diverted.

"What are those fellows doing?" he inquired, pointing toward three or four ruttily looking rats who were swaggering toward the store-room.



"MR. THOMPSON STEPPED SQUARELY ON THE TAIL."

"Those are *pie-rats*," replied Mr. Rodentia. "Wait for a moment, and you will see why we call them so."

"It is, it is a glorious thing
To be a pie-rat king, to be a pie-rat king,"

sang the leader, and his followers kept time to the march.

Mr. Thompson watched them. Before long they came out of the closet, the leader with his hand upon his sword, issuing his orders in nautical phrases, and his crew rolling a large mince pie along on its edge.

"There! you see why they are called pie-rats," said Mr. Rodentia. "They get lots of pies and cakes. Don't you ever remember having heard the landlady say, 'Bridget, where is that other pie?' and Bridget answered, 'Shure the rats ate it, mum—bad luck to thim!'"

Mr. Thompson remembered, but he had always had a strong suspicion that the rats were blamed for the appetite of a stalwart policeman who used to lean over the area railings, and then go up the street wiping his mouth with the back of his hand in a very suspicious manner.

"Tell me," said Mr. Thompson, "where your family came from."

Mr. Rodentia smiled good-naturedly, and replied:

"The history of our family is buried in a mass of tradition, some of which is no doubt true and some false. It is said that we used to live, many thousand years ago, under-ground in Persia, but being disturbed by an earthquake, we migrated westward, driving before us our weaker cousins the black rats. It was about the time of our migra-

tion that the incident occurred upon which the legend of Bishop Hatto's tower in the Rhine is founded. We penetrated the whole of Europe, but were unable to get to England on account of its being surrounded by water. Some of my direct ancestors, however, went from Norway to England in a ship-load of lumber, and we were consequently called for many years Norway rats. From England to this country the passage was easy, as there were so many ships going to and fro. Since we came here we have flourished, and now there is hardly a house which is not inhabited by one or more families of rats."

"How came you to change your habits from living under-ground to living in houses?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"Merely for convenience," replied Mr. Rodentia. "We have a large family of cousins now living in California who have houses under-ground. Living in houses as we do we are nearer the kitchen, which is the source of supply with us."

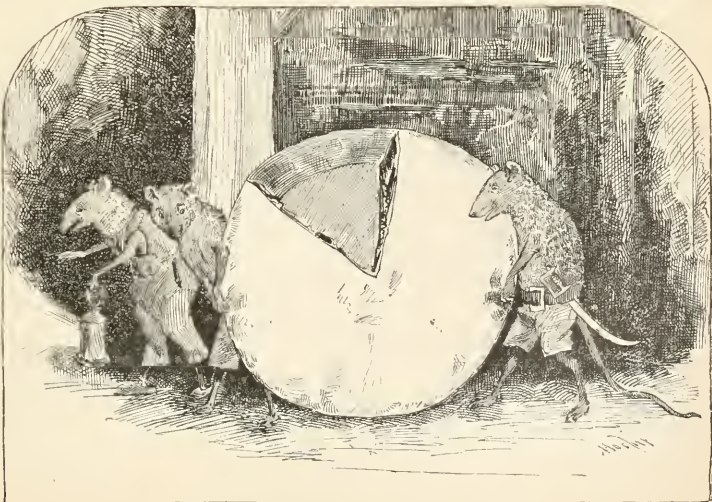
"Humph!" said Mr. Thompson.

"You must not think that we are entirely useless," said the rat, quickly, observing Mr. Thompson's contempt. "In China they make pies of us, and many of the best kid gloves are made of our skins."

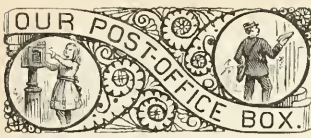
Mr. Thompson yawned; he was getting very sleepy, and wished that he could change back into his own shape, so as to go to bed. Mr. Rodentia did not notice this, but continued:

"Now I am going to see if—" What he was going to do Mr. Thompson will never know, for just at this point he gave a shrill squeak of alarm, and crying, "The cat! the cat!" he dashed under the wash-stand. Mr. Rodentia jumped with a sudden involuntary fear, and found himself sitting at his desk, with his pen still in his hand. He looked toward the wash-stand, and there, with his green eyes gleaming and his tail quivering with excitement, stood Tom, the landlady's cat. Mr. Thompson rose slowly and looked at his watch; it was half past three.

He said nothing about his adventure to his fellow-boarders, for he was getting tired of the fun they made of him. But he told me in confidence the other day; so if any of you see Mr. Thompson, don't let him know that I have repeated the story to you.



"THOSE ARE PIE-RATS," REPLIED MR. RODENTIA."



THE dreadful floods which have distressed some of our friends in the West have, no doubt, been seen in their wild terrors by many of our little readers. One of them, writing to the Postmistress, gives a graphic description of what she has seen through, and the children far and wide will be full of sympathy as they read her letter:

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I write to you and tell you of my dreadful experience on the Ohio River. I live in Cincinnati, and I was staying a little outside the city, in my grandpa's house, when the river began to rise awfully. It came up around the house, and got higher and higher. Grandpa said that if it did not stop rising, the house would be carried away. It did not stop, and grandpa began to try and get a boat to come and take us off. The water was then seven feet deep around the house.

No boat could be found, and in two days the house floated off with us. We floated around for two days, and our food was nearly gone. At last we stuck on some high ground ten miles from where we started, and we got taken off in a boat. Grandpa has sent mamma and my brothers and sisters and me to Boston to our aunt's to be safe until he and papa get us another home, for our city house is all flooded.

My dear Charles writes this for me. I would have written it myself, but my wrist is sprained. I am twelve years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

ALICE S.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I live at the Cliff House, and I am going to tell you about it. You can see the Seal Rocks, which are covered with seals, and when a storm comes the seals go to the top of the rocks, and when it is windy they go into the water. My sister Alice and I go down on the beach, and take the Newfoundland dogs Barney and Mose. We throw stones at the water and the dogs rush in and bring them back to us.

My uncle brings me my paper every Saturday, and I am so glad when he brings it. I like to read a little of the paper, and I am so pleased with the story of "Nan." My name is Etta A., and I am nine years old. My sister's name is Alice A., and she is six, and Edna is my youngest sister, and she is four years old.

We all play together, and have very good times. We go to ride in the Golden Gate Park, and go into the big conservatory; it has a great many things in it, and it is so nice. We also go where we wade in the water on the beach, and about every time I get sick. I am taking lessons on the piano. I go to school, and I am in the Sixth grade. I made some dolls, clothes, the Museum, the Tussand Wax-Works, etc. We thought the English country very beautiful; it is like a park. We went to Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, the north Kenton Lather lives, and to the Westburg Castle; it is very beautiful. We saw the room in which Luther translated the Bible. Before some of you have not read the story of St. Elizabeth, so I will relate it as the guide told it to us at the castle.

Queen Elizabeth was a very good woman, and once, when she was going to relieve the poor, she visited her apron with leaves of bread. On her way down the hill she met the King, her husband, who was sometimes very stern. He asked her what she had in her apron. Flowers, she proudly replied. He pulled down the apron to see, and sure enough the leaves had been changed to roses. After a while her husband was killed, and she and her children were turned out of the castle by his brother, who became King, and she left her little children and went into a convent. One of the children starved to death, one was

killed, and the other lived to grow up. It was made a saint.

I think a good mother is the best kind of a saint. When we came to Dresden. At first we thought it a beautiful city—such nice streets, and galleries of wonderful pictures—but soon my sister was taken ill, and then I had scarlet fever, and Tom was at the hotel with papa and brother Frank, and now we have come to Italy, where it will be warmer. Tom and I have been to school here, and study out of German books, and I like to read and speak the language very much.

These are the best times that we still have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have just made two Wiggles, and send them to you. Please choose which you think the better. This is my first letter.

Both Wiggles are good, and I have sent them to our artist with a number of others. If you will turn to No. 143, Vol. III., you will find the story of St. Elizabeth of Thurgia beautifully related by Mrs. Helen S. Conant, and also a lovely picture of her. She was a very beautiful and noble woman, and although she made some mistakes, we shall not do very wrong if we imitate her. Few people were to be seen in the street as ten o'clock approached. The working people were at their tasks, the children were at school, and so the street, usually very well adorned, was almost empty.

In the top-floor front room of a rather poor-looking structure a little girl was hastily donning street attire in a manner eager and solemn one.

The morning of St. Valentine's dawned clear and cold. The sun's bright rays seemed to penetrate everywhere without giving warmth or cheer.

A few people were to be seen in the street as ten o'clock approached. The working people were at their tasks, the children were at school, and so the street, usually very well adorned, was almost empty. In the top-floor front room of a rather poor-looking structure a little girl was hastily donning street attire in a manner eager and solemn one. The morning of St. Valentine's dawned clear and cold. The sun's bright rays seemed to penetrate everywhere without giving warmth or cheer. A few people were to be seen in the street as ten o'clock approached. The working people were at their tasks, the children were at school, and so the street, usually very well adorned, was almost empty. In the top-floor front room of a rather poor-looking structure a little girl was hastily donning street attire in a manner eager and solemn one. The morning of St. Valentine's dawned clear and cold. The sun's bright rays seemed to penetrate everywhere without giving warmth or cheer. A few people were to be seen in the street as ten o'clock approached. The working people were at their tasks, the children were at school, and so the street, usually very well adorned, was almost empty. In the top-floor front room of a rather poor-looking structure a little girl was hastily donning street attire in a manner eager and solemn one.

The little girl was Valentine? Yes; and she was only seven years old. Presently she began to talk to herself. She knew she was alone. "Poor child! she usually was."

Charity wanted me to, and I can go and get papa's violets. He always loved violets. Last Valentine's Day he brought me a great big bunch. He never liked the paper valentines. He told me I have to be his Valentine, and nothing else is needed 'cept violets. I'll get all I can, and then"—her lips quivered slightly—"I know he'll see them, and know his little Valentine came to him."

Then eagerly little Valentine took from behind the clock a ten-cent piece, and after depositing it in one of her red mittens she descended the stairs and went out. So she was on her way, and threading her way among the busy crowds of people.

But why was she going for her violets all alone? What was her plan? Ah! it was almost a year since her father had died and left his little girl an orphan. Since then Aunt Charity had taken care of her. But that she was a seamstress, leaving her every day, and the little girl was often alone.

Valentine's search for the girl who sold flowers was successful after walking a few blocks. She gave her the money, and received in return a bunch of sweet early violets. They were very, very few.

"Very early for violets," the girl explained, "because I have just started to dig them."

Valentine smiled bravely, and started for home. "They're real, but such early pretty ones. I'm sure papa will see them. He said mamma was little when she was a girl, 'isn't it?'"

She was crossing Broadway now. The street was slippery, and she must step carefully. Ob, there was a stage coming; some one called, "Watch out, there!" She looked about in an uncertain way. She tried to step forward, but the danger seemed too near. Her feet gave way beneath her; she fell heavily, and then she knew nothing but pain. She lay there in a small way, with a gentleman bending over her, and a lady sitting by her side holding her hands.

"There is no hope," the doctor said. "The injuries are too serious. She looked about in an uncertain way. She tried to step forward, but the danger seemed too near. Her feet gave way beneath her; she fell heavily, and then she knew nothing but pain. She lay there in a small way, with a gentleman bending over her, and a lady sitting by her side holding her hands.

"The dark eyes opened slowly. In spite of pain, a smile lit the pale little face.

"Oh, may I go to papa?" she asked, tremulously. "Oh, how are you better?" the doctor answered, soothingly.

The smile faded from her face; she looked disappointed. But the pain came on, and for a little while she lay there in a small way, with a gentleman bending over her, and a lady sitting by her side holding her hands. "What is your name, little one?" she asked.

The answer was spoken slowly and softly. "My name is Valentine." "What is your name, little one?" she asked.

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"What is your name, little one?" she asked. "My name is Valentine." "What is your name, little one?" she asked.

"For papa. To put—in my room—so papa would know his little Valentine—had remembered." The last words were scarcely audible. Presently she spoke again. "I'm tired now. I want to sleep." She opened her hands and closed her eyes softly, she repeated, "Now, my name." Then the dark eyes opened for a moment; a smile played about her lips. She closed her eyes again, her hands remaining quietly folded.

The room was very still. A ray of sunlight fell upon the child's quiet, peaceful face. The doctor felt her pulse.

"All is over," he said, softly. "All my fears are at an end, if I but remember only."

"Such as these have lived and died."

NELLIE.

The writer of "Valentine's Violets" is a little girl of thirteen, and the story was composed by her as a school exercise and given to her teacher, who had requested the members of her class to write something appropriate to St. Valentine's Day. Although the day is past, our little readers will enjoy Nellie's story, and our thanks are due to her teacher, who kindly sent it to the Post-Office Box. Perhaps one of these days we may have the pleasure of numbering Miss Nellie among the regular contributors to YOUNG PEOPLE.

While on the subject let me tell you, children, that the Postmistress was not forgotten when the pretty little love missives were flying about as thick as snowflakes. She received a sweet little letter which she could plainly see was the work of childish fingers, and with it this dainty bit of rhyme:

"To our Postmistress fine
We send our Valentine,
We love her very much—
Would that there were more such!"

NEW YORK CITY.

Although I am a young man of twenty-one, I read and appreciate HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have bought it every week since it was issued, and I can remember distinctly that it was I, my two nephews, aged ten and seven respectively. YOUNG PEOPLE is far superior to the papers I used to read at their age. I was reading about the Hounds and I can remember playing that game or something similar in the city. The way we played it was this. Two or three boys would be the Hares, and start on a run. Each would have a piece of chalk in his hand, and would mark on the stones a figure like the letter A, thus giving the trail. They would be five or six blocks in advance, and then the Hounds would start to follow. The boys would run any way they chose, so long as they would mark the trail, and sometimes would write short sentences on the stones. To finish the game the Hounds would have to find the trail, and hide themselves until they were found. I do not see it played now in this city.

To conclude, will the Postmistress answer this question: Is it right to be so inquisitive through negligence, and can it be used?

L. M.

Your liking for YOUNG PEOPLE and your interest in it are very gratifying to its conductors, who appreciate the compliment you pay it. City boys will be glad to hear that, notwithstanding difficulties, they may play Hare and Hounds if they like. I can remember playing that game or something similar in the city. The way we played it was this. Two or three boys would be the Hares, and start on a run. Each would have a piece of chalk in his hand, and would mark on the stones a figure like the letter A, thus giving the trail. They would be five or six blocks in advance, and then the Hounds would start to follow. The boys would run any way they chose, so long as they would mark the trail, and sometimes would write short sentences on the stones. To finish the game the Hounds would have to find the trail, and hide themselves until they were found. I do not see it played now in this city.

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"No more Hares and Hounds in your good English. It is a form of speech which we call tautology, an unnecessary repetition of the same thing, which is weak and inelegant.

SOUTH PLAINFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

My darling Tom is so dear, I think you are lovely. I like a young man, but I like you best, but I am away at school now. I board with a very sweet young lady, and go home every other week. I have a very nice room, and I have seen my love seven dogs and ten cats—what do you think of that?—and two of the cuttiest little puppies that ever were seen.

I send lots of love and kisses to the Postmistress.

JESSIE B. H.

Seven dogs! And ten cats! Bow-wow-wow! And meow, meow, meow! I should think

you would be perfectly wild with such a chorus. Do the seventeen march out to meet you when you return from school each fortnight? And do you ever tuck a kitten into your satchel or struggle a puppy into your pocket when you start to go to school?

By-the-by, I wish the children who make pets of their chickens would write to the Post-office Box. A little later in the season and some of you will have pretty broods to feed, I'm thinking.

What would you do if you had written to a boy whose exchange was printed in No. 130, inclosing four stamps, and had written five times since then and never received an answer? I have done all that. I hope it is because the boy is sick or has gone away somewhere, for I don't want to think him dishonest. Now for my exchange. I will give three foreign stamps for any one stamp not in my collection, and six for any uncollected one not in my collection. No torn or badly cancelled stamps taken. Do not send stamps in letter, but send list, and I will select what I want at once. Please print this. With lots of love to the Continent, I will say good-by.

CLINTON B. FISK, JEN.,
531 Fifth Av., New York City.

We call the attention of the delinquent boy to this letter, and hope he will write at once and explain his silence. If exchangers would in every case arrange the details of their exchanges by letters or postals, we think these misunderstandings, of which complaints are occasionally made, would not occur. Please send the notice at the head of the Exchange column.

BRANDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* about a year. I have been pleased with it from the first; but as I learn better how to read, I grow more and more interested in it. I have got a little axe, and if the wood is small I can chop all the wood we burn. Papa says, "Don't cut your foot; you may cut your hair." I have no pets, except a brother for my friend and a sister two. Levi and Rose. Levi is a cute, black-eyed little fellow, has a good nature, speaks freely in public, and has some songs ever since he was two years old. Well, dear Postmistress, good-by for this time. I am only eight years old, and can not write very well.

MYRON D.

I think your letter was very well written, and you are a sturdy little fellow to handle an axe at eight.

NAVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The letter from A. C. N., in No. 128, gave me a great deal of pleasure. I hope he will write again and tell me how to play "Going to Jerusalem" and "Rachel and Jacob," and be sure to describe the "Nursery," and tell what they all do rainy days. There are seven of us—four boys and three girls. The oldest will be twelve next month. My brother and I have roller skates, and we have lots of fun in the long gallery.

L. T. W.

PICKNEY, NEW YORK.

Papa, mamma, and my little sister went to the State Fair last fall, and I staid at home with grandma to keep house. I cut my fingers paring potatoes, and burned them too. Mamma said she knew I had worked by the looks of my hands. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I am eleven years old. I like "Nan" and "Reg." Grandma gave me a gold ring for my birthday present. Jimmy is a funny boy.

ALICE G.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

We are four little Hawkeeyes who have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number. We have two rambles bound. We have a pet turtle. We have had him nearly four years. In summer he lives in a tub of sand, and we drilled a small hole through his shell, and we often tie him in the strawberry bed. He likes strawberries when they are ripe, and ripe tomatoes, but he eats worms best of all. We have a canary-bird. His name is Lemon; his mate's was Ade; and we called both of them Lemonade. Good-by.

JENNIE II.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I live in Olympia, a pretty little city surrounded by oysters and clams. I have two dogs, a horse, and a rabbit. I had two rabbits, but my dog killed one, and my sister who is five years old, I am, cried all day. Girls are such babies! Their eyes are always full of tears. It snowed last night, and it now it is raining, and my mother won't let me go to school. I have a tape, and when they are ripe, and ripe tomatoes, but he eats worms best of all. We have a canary-bird. His name is Lemon; his mate's was Ade; and we called both of them Lemonade. Good-by.

time. My sister thinks I am like Jimmy Brown. I think Jimmy Brown is a splendid boy, and I wish he would write oftener.

H. W. R.

Well, well, well, girls are such babies! I see nothing babyish in crying over a dead pet nor over a sprained arm; but if I should say what I think about fretting when mothers say that boys ought to stay in the house, why, I might hurt your feelings. So I won't say a word.

HAUNTINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I send a list of 154 words formed from letters contained in the word "orphanism." I think if Jimmy Brown would spend some of his time reading words like that he would get out less trouble. My dear mamma, Jimmy Brown is one of the kind of boys that mamma are made of, but I don't think so.

NELSON E. P.

Your list has been placed with the others; it is a very good one. I hope Master Jimmy will see what you say, and try to improve his mind.

ORPHANISM.

One hundred and forty of our young readers have sent us the results of their efforts to form various other words from the letters contained in this one. Of these fifty-two have sent us lists containing more than fifty words, fifty-six have sent lists containing more than one hundred words, and eighteen have sent lists containing more than one hundred and fifty words.

The honor of having collected the largest number of correct English words belongs, in our opinion, to Master John R. Glen. His is not the longest list; but that of Master Willie Ryder, which exceeds it in number, containing two hundred and sixty-eight words, includes too many terms which can not be said to come within the required limitation of "good English words."

We publish Master Glen's list, in order to show the number of words that may be formed from those nine letters:

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE.—I enclosed I send a list of words, all of which are formed by the letters contained in "Orphanism," numbering 232, leaving out all slang, plurals, obsolete words, and prefixes. Respectfully,

JOHN R. GLEN, Nacochee, Georgia.

- A.—A, al, ah, ah, aba, aim, air, air, an, anon, anous, ammonia, am, aphs, as, ass, anous, amain, amia, nau, abrain, abid, ama, amia, amian, ampor, amphora, ana, anthina, amian, aphs, aphism, aron, apropos, apsis, aria, arion, arisan, arm, armor, arman, aroma, arrip, arras, as, ash, ass, asushin.
- H.—Ha, ham, horn, ho, ho, hoo, his, him, hair, hop, harp, harm, lap, happu, huras, huras, hurp, hoop, harsh, his, hush, hasp, hiss, hoop, hoorn, hoo, ash, ass, asushin.

I.—I, is, imp, im, iman, imain, impair, impasion, impoor, irin, iron, imprison, impair.

M.—Ma, mait, mait, man, map, ammor, mar, mar, mar, mats, march, mass, miasm, miasma, minin, minion, minionship, minor, mirror, mission, misopinion, miss, mission, moon, Mormon, Mormonism, morass, mooro, morion, mortar, moss, mop, mopish, moon, moor, moinson, moosoon, Moorish.

N.—Nap, nam, noon, no, nor, non, nip.

O.—Oar, oil, op, opah, or, orion, orison, oasis, omission, onion, option, orphan, orphanism.

P.—Pain, pair, pau, pan, panorama, pap, papa, par, pass, placo, plillon, pin, pion, pish, pimp, posh, potish, potish, pish, pip, pish, prisi, prir, priso, proap, prop, prosas, psora.

R.—Ra, rai, rap, ram, ranoon, ramp, rampion, ran, ransion, rap, rash, rasp, rip, raisin, rim, rhino, roan, roar, roar, Roman, Romanism, Romanish, rans, rosin.

S.—Samp, sans, sap, sapor, sash, sham, shaman, sharp, shush, shiti, ship, shop, shoppian, shirup, simoon, simoon, sin, sip, siphon, siro, sirup, sirrah, sisi, snaris, smash, snap, snip, snipsnap, so, soar, soap, son, sooo, soo-soo, soph, sophi, sophism, sot, spahi, span, spin, sponsor, sponision, spoon, spa, spasin, shah, shapinisp, socrat.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT.

Contributions received for Young People's Cot in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 467 West Thirty-fourth Street:

- Cash, \$: Laura Pitt Kay, Plainfield, N. Y., \$1; Hilda, Blossom, Port Republic, Ala., \$1; Bruno, Brooklyn, \$1; In Memoriam, "Winnie," \$1; Wirt Beach, Apple, Damascus, Penn., \$1; Proceeds of an entertainment given by the scholars of the public school at New Providence, Iowa, \$17; In Memoriam, Francis Edwin Hoppin, \$1; Cash, N. Y., \$5; Louise, Jennie, Ernie, and Eddy, Brooklyn, \$5; Harry Cavenagh, Fort Stanton, N. M., \$1; K. J. H. in Memoriam, Fort Spring, Minn., \$1; Scott, Delamater, Meadville, Penn., \$1; Birdie

Freeman, Brooklyn, \$1; Bella Grisso, N. Y., 25c.; Richard, Charles, John, and Mary, Kent, \$1 \$5; Fines from Fred and May Longwell for using the word "Awful," Keswick, \$1; total, \$42.18; previously reported, \$3781.99; grand total, February 16, 1888, \$424.17.

E. AUGUSTA FANSHAWE, TREASURER, 43 NEW ST.

NEW PROVIDENCE, IOWA.

Enclosed please find \$17 75 for YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT. This is the result of an entertainment given by the scholars of the public school. We hope that it may benefit the needy, in whom we are much interested.

A. L. P., Teacher.

DAMARUS, PENNSYLVANIA.

Enclosed is \$1 for the fund for YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT. Part of it I earned by drawing in wood in my express wagon for my mamma, and the rest was given me. I am seven years old, have a kind papa and mamma to take care of me when I am sick, and am very sorry for poor little children who have no one to love and care for them.

WIRT BEACH APPEL.

FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO.

I enclose \$1 25 for the Cot fund. I will tell you how I got it. I with four other boys had a minstrel show. We are all sons of officers stationed here, and our ages are from seven to eleven. I am the eldest. All the officers and ladies came to our show. The admission was ten cents. We thought the best thing we could do with the money was to send it to you for the Cot.

HARRY CAVENAGH.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

DIAGONAL.

1. A celebrated Greek philosopher. 2. An ancient language. 3. Beautiful. 4. To let by hire. 5. A country in Europe. From left to right, a flower.

KING CHARLES.

NO. 2.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across.—1. A detached work in fortification. 2. Belonging to the marine. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. A letter.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A part of speech. 3. Front of an army. 4. Exactly. 5. A boy. 6. Two-thirds of ill. 7. A letter.

ETHEL VICTOR.

NO. 3.

AN EAST WOOD SQUARE.

1. A girl's name. 2. Part of a tree. 3. A parent. 4. Not near.

OSCAR A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 172.

No. 1. "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Liberty, Was. New York, Torrid. Books, Walter, Esther, Iron, Senior.

No. 2.

N	E	P	E	T									
N	E	D	P	E	R								
N	E	B	O	B	P	A	C	E	S				
N	E	B	L	A	R	E	C	A	L	L	S		
D	O	L	O	R	O	T	E	L	E	Y			
B	A	R	O	M	U	S	L	Y					
R	O	M	E	L	U	S							
M	A	L	A	T	P								
R	M	A	N	E	S	I	P	A	R	E	D	Y	
M	A	N	C	H	E	S	I	P	A	R	E	R	Y
T	H	E	E	P	E	R	S	R	Y				
S	E	E	D	R	S	Y							

No. 3.

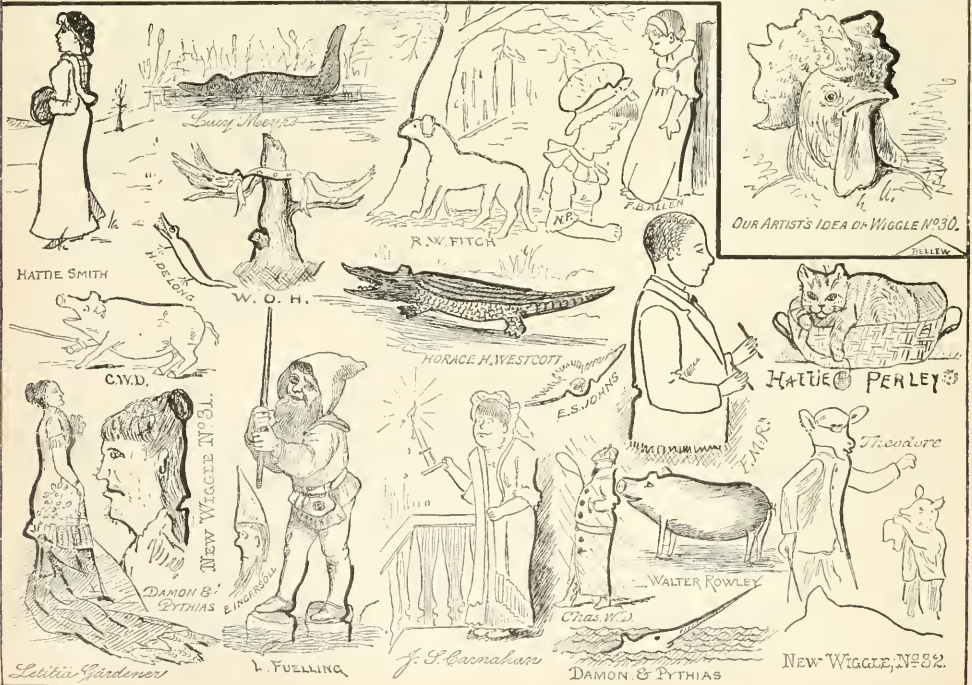
J	A	T	
J	A	E	S
T	E	N	
S			

No. 4.

O	I	L	N	A	B
I	C	E	A	P	E
L	E	T	B	E	T
C	O	B	A	R	
O	L	D	A	C	E
O	D	E	R	E	D

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jennie P. and Mamie Hull, Yorke Allen, Julia H. L. Scholtes, S. S. Curtis, Enckia, Bessie Wilson, Molly Gregg, Joshua H. Truett, Clarence F. Ritchie, Paula Williams, Bettie Brown, May Kramer, Johnnie Baxter, Ray Hutchinson, Oscar and Horace Blossom, Peter Robinson, Alice S. Bruno, Ed. Mary, Estelle, and Albert Merrifield, Louis D. Lizzie Cain, Aznos Pritchard, Fay, Margaret Johnson, Night-Blooming Cereus, Ida Emma Hequembourg, Al. Sinclair, William H. Pitt Anderson, C. T. Z., and Dora and Harry Prime.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLES Nos. 30 and 31, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 32.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
 AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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RAISING THE "PEARL."

BY JAMES OTIS,
 AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," ETC.

CHAPTER II.
 THE AMATEUR PIRATE.

AFTER the boys recovered from the surprise into which Captain Sammy had plunged them, they at once began to lay plans for the raising of the craft

"TIM THOMAS TUCKER!"

which had come into their possession so unexpectedly. The conversation soon took a very lively tone, and it was nearly dark before they realized that they had spent the afternoon in almost useless talk, and yet had a walk of half a mile in prospect before they could get any supper.

With the twofold purpose of getting something to eat and of consulting Mr. Evans as to the best method of settling about the work they had so suddenly undertaken, they started toward their boarding-house at full speed.

They were nearly home, when a small-sized boy with a very large-sized coat appeared from behind one of the buildings, making the most frantic signals to attract their attention. He presented such a comical appearance as he stood there holding his large coat from actually flying out on the breeze that the boys would have stopped to listen to him even though they had been in a much greater hurry.

The stranger came toward them stealthily, as if he had an idea some one might try to prevent him, and when he was as near as he could get without actually touching them, he said, in a most mysterious whisper,

"Come down to the beach in half an hour."

He made no attempt to say anything more, but as soon as he had delivered his message, or command, he darted back behind the building again so quickly that hardly anything could be seen save the fluttering of one ragged and patched coat tail as its owner turned the corner.

It was too mysterious a summons to be disregarded. The supper was eaten hastily, Mr. Evans given a very brief account of Captain Sammy's proposition, and then the boys started at full speed for the beach, their curiosity to know what was wanted of them driving nearly all thought of the yacht out of their mind for the time being.

Had the large-coated boy been a traitor to both State and friends he could not have acted in a more mysterious manner than when he was delivering his message. Bobby could almost feel his hat lifted from his head by his hair, as it tried to stand on end, when he realized that they were hastening at the height of their speed to the place where all sorts of horrible trials might be awaiting them.

Only the dread that his cousins would think him a coward prevented him from refusing then and there to take another step seaward, and he moved along a few paces in the rear of the others, feeling as if he were hastening to some horrible doom.

Prompt as they had been in obeying the summons, they found the mysterious stranger at the appointed place before them. He was standing in the shade cast by some mangrove-trees, and as soon as the three boys came in sight he started toward them, his manner suggesting that he fancied every person in the town to be on the alert to prevent him from keeping his appointment. He stepped lightly and cautiously, as if he feared the very sound of his footsteps might betray him, and glanced behind him every few moments to make sure he had not been followed.

His excessive precaution in a quiet town like Tampa increased Bobby's fears to an alarming degree, and he was obliged to exercise the full power of his will to prevent himself from running away.

As when he had met them earlier in the evening, it was not until he was so near to them that a whisper could be heard that the new-comer spoke, and then he asked, as he glanced suspiciously around:

"Did anybody know you was comin' here?"

"No one but my father and mother," replied Dare, wondering what all these precautions could mean; while Bobby was now more positive than ever that a plan was on foot to rob them.

"What made you tell them?" asked the boy, in an angry tone. "Now just as likely as not they'll tell the rest of the folks, an' they'll come down here an' nab us."

"They won't tell any one," replied Dare, "but if they would, why should any one trouble us?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the boy, warningly, as he crept carefully around on his tiptoes, looking suspiciously at each shadow as if he thought an enemy might be near. Then, having examined the place thoroughly, he beckoned them to come down nearer the water, where he crouched behind a small clump of bushes.

Now Bobby would not have been frightened by this one boy; but from the manner in which he had spoken it seemed almost certain that there were others somewhere near, who would spring upon them at a given signal.

"Get down here where nobody can see us," said the boy, as he crouched closer behind the bushes; "an' if you hear a lot of men comin', run jest as fast as you can."

"What for?" asked Charley, in surprise.

"What for?" repeated the boy. "Why, don't you know who I be?" and he spoke as if he felt greatly injured because they had not recognized him.

"I never saw you before," said Dare, looking at the boy more closely, thinking it was just possible that he might have met him somewhere.

"I don't s'pose you ever did; but ain't you heard of me 'round Tampa yet? Didn't Cap'n Sammy tell you all about me?"

"No," replied the boys, in one breath, and Bobby forgot his suspicious fears in his desire to know what distinguished person they had among them.

"Then cross your throats that you won't tell nobody you was here with me," said the boy, sternly.

Dare was about to take the required pledge, when he remembered that his mother would surely ask some questions about how they had spent the evening, and he said, quickly,

"We won't tell any one beside mother, but she'll have to know all about it."

"Well! when I saw you fellers I thought you'd have more nerve than to run right to your mother with everything you know."

This remark had very little effect on Dare. He was a boy who would never have thought for a moment of doing anything he could not tell his mother, and he had not the slightest desire to embark in any venture about which he could not talk freely with her. He considered her the truest friend a boy can ever have, and he said, quite sharply,

"I don't want you to tell me anything I can't tell my mother, and I'd have you know that it would take more of the boy you call 'nerve' for me not to run to her."

That was evidently abashed, and to cover his confusion he went through the form of scurrying around to see if any one was concealed near them. When he came back he said, in the lowest of whispers, which he tried to make sound as hoarse as possible, in order to add to the effect,

"I'm Thomas Tucker!" Then he started back as if he expected to hear an exclamation of surprise from his listeners.

But none was heard. The name sounded peaceful enough, and they could not understand why so much caution had been used in telling it.

"Don't you know who I am now?"

"I never knew of any one by that name," said Dare, and the others declared that they were equally ignorant.

"Well, I don't see what the matter is. You can't have been 'round this town much if you never heard of me, an' I thought sure Cap'n Sammy would have told you; but I s'pose he didn't want to scare you at first;" and Master Tucker seemed to find a deal of comfort in the thought.

"Why, who are you?" asked Charley, impatient at the delay in learning who this very important though small and dirty person was.

"I'm a pirate!" and Master Tucker spoke in a fierce whisper as he gave this startling information. Then he

added, more quietly, "That is, I shall be as soon as I get a crew an' a boat an' some pistols."

It was impossible for the boys to make any reply, for they were even at a loss to know what he meant.

"I'll tell you all about it," said the pirate Tommy, in the most friendly tone, and without the slightest tinge of blood-thirstiness about him. "I've turned a reg'lar pirate, an' I've got a black flag that I made out of a piece of mother's dress, an' the folks in this town know all about it, 'cause I tried to get some of the fellers here to join me, an' they went an' told. Folks is awfully afraid of me, an' I don't s'pose Cap'n Sammy would go out in one of his boats after dark when I was 'round—not if he knew he could get six turtles for nothin'. That's why I had to be so careful when I asked you to come here to-night, 'cause if any of the folks thought I was shippin' a crew they'd be sure to come down here an' arrest us all."

Bobby looked around timidly, as if he expected to see at least a dozen officers of the law ready to pounce on him at once, and he bitterly regretted that he had thus put himself in the power of a regular pirate. Dare and Charley did not appear to be troubled in the least, and Bobby could not account for their unconcern, unless it was that the pirate was so small.

"But why did you tell us who you are?" asked Charley, not understanding why these disclosures had been made to them.

"That's the very thing," said Tommy Tucker, eagerly. "I want to get a crew—I've got one now, but he can't come out after dark, an' so he ain't much good—an' the very minute I saw you fellers I knowed you'd be jest the ones as would like to turn pirates."

It was not much of a compliment to their personal appearance; but Master Tucker did not appear to think he had said anything out of the way, and he hastened to add:

"I heard that Captain Sammy had told you that you might have the *Pearl* if you could float her, an' I've had my eye on you since, 'cause she'd make the best kind of a boat for a pirate, an' if you'll join me we'll have a boat an' a crew all at once. Of course I should be Captain, but you fellers could be mates, an' Ikey Jones—that's the other feller—could be the crew. You see, the first thing that made me want to be a pirate was so I could serve Captain Sammy out. He thinks he's awful smart, he does, an' one day he took off his leg an' give me a whippin' 'cause I was tryin' to have a little fun with his turtles."

"Took off his leg!" repeated Bobby, forgetting the little Captain's infirmity.

"His wooden one, you know; he can take it off awful quick when he wants to. Now I jest want to catch him, an'—an'—well, I'll serve him out in some way. Now, say, will you join me?"

Aside from the wickedness of the business, no one of the boys had any desire to become pirates, for though it had not occurred to Tommy, they wisely concluded that it was not such a business as would flourish any length of time, more especially if Captain Sammy should come after them with his leg in his hand.

"No, Tommy, we don't want to turn pirates," said Dare, thinking the matter too foolish and trifling to talk much about.

"You're reg'lar cowards, that's what's the matter with you!" shouted Master Tucker, angrily, as he retreated to what he considered would be a safe distance. "But you'll hear from me again, an' then you'll be sorry you didn't join me. Remember Thomas Tucker and his vengeance!"

Then the pirate with neither crew nor vessel disappeared in a stealthy way, as if the officers of the law were already on his track.

And the three boys did hear from Master Tucker again, although at the time they did not think it possible that they should.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD DAME'S PRAYER.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

AH, dark were the days of winter
On the Pomeranian strand;
The snow fell fast in the wintry blast,
And foes were in the land.

It was in a humble cottage,
Apart from the village street,
An old dame spun by the fire and sung,
And the words were trustful and sweet:

"And what though the foe assail us,
We need not faint nor fear;
For God in their need can build with speed
A wall round His people dear."

A step is heard in the doorway:
'Tis the widow's only son,
Who with moody brow is entering now,
When his long day's toil is done.

"Mother, the Cossacks are on us,
The cruel and ruthless foe;
With the beat of drum I heard them come
Through the wind and the driving snow.

"Plunder and rapine and murder
Go with them hand in hand.
The psalms that you sing will no succor bring;
God has forsaken the land."

"Fear not, my son," said the mother,
"For God, who reigneth on high,
Can scatter this host like leaves in frost,
And save us from danger nigh.

"Nor dread, although they be coming
With drum and with trumpet sound:
The Lord at our need can build with speed
A wall to compass us round."

"Fond is the fancy, my mother;
For wonders are done no more.
Ere an hour can pass they'll be here, alas!
To plunder our little store."

"Build, Lord, a rampart around us;
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm!"
Was all that she said, as she knelt and prayed—
"Shield, Lord, and save us from harm!"

By the blare of the enemy's trumpets,
Borne on the wintry blast,
By the roll of the drum, she knew they had come,
And the tramp of their feet as they passed.

Thick and fast fell the snow-flakes,
While blew the wintry blast;
Dark was the night—not a star shed its light—
And slowly the hours went past.

Sounds were heard on the midnight,
Wailings of bitter woe,
That told in their rage nor childhood nor age
Were spared by the pitiless foe.

"Build, Lord, a rampart around us!"
Meekly the mother prayed,
And the drifting snow on the fields below
A wall round the cottage made.

Few were the words, yet the angels
Had carried to heaven her prayer,
And ere night was done it was clear to the son
That the hand of the Lord was there.

Noon came. The sun at the dawning
Shone, but they saw him not;
And no foe's eye through the snow-drifts high
Had lit on their tiny cot.

Later, when winter was over,
The Cossacks gone from the land,
No cot was seen like the dame's, I ween,
On the Pomeranian strand.

For the peace of God was upon it.
No longer with moody brow
Did the widow's son, when his work was done,
Enter the cottage now.

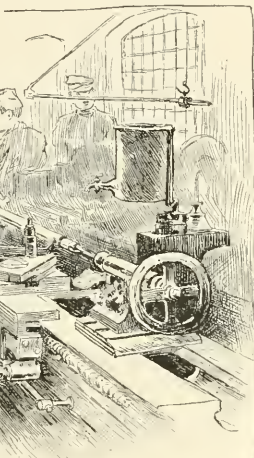
He had learned the faith of his mother;
He knew that the Father's arm
Could build at their need a wall with speed
To shelter His people from harm.

LEARNING A TRADE.

HOW BOYS ARE EDUCATED FOR MACHINISTS.

AMONG our boy readers there are perhaps hundreds who are just now wondering what their life-work is to be, and to which one of the world's great industries they are going to devote themselves as men. Some weeks ago there was published in *YOUNG PEOPLE* an article showing how the way is opened by one of the great business firms of New York city to a limited number of boys who may desire to become silversmiths and jewellers. In this article I propose to tell them what another great firm is doing in the interest of active and industrious lads whose tastes may lead them to become machinists.

There is a very curious school in Grand Street, New York. It isn't called a school, and nobody thinks of it as such; but I call it that, be-



THE TURNING-LATHIE.

cause, when I went there the other day, I found two hundred and fifty boys studying with all their might under a great many teachers.

They were not sitting at desks, they had no books in sight, and none of them were reciting lessons. I do not suppose they know that they are in a school at all, or that they are studying, but for all that I never saw any set of boys studying harder. They study all over, with eyes and ears and hands and backs, as well as with their minds, and they have all sorts of teachers. Some of the teachers are men, but some of them are machines, and the machines are just as good teachers in their way as the men are.

The school belongs to Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., the great printing-press makers, and they call it a factory. But it is not at all like a common factory, where workmen can go on doing their work, as you can say your alphabet, without thinking about it. It is a place where every man and boy must study what he is doing, and where every piece of work must be done right, even to the thousandth part of a hair's thickness. Let me tell you how this is.

In the middle of one of the large rooms, when I was there, I saw some of the men and boys at work around one of the wonderful printing-machines which are built in this factory. The men were just then finishing this one, which is to be sent to London to print newspapers there, because there are no machinists in England who can make so perfect a printing-press as this.

I call it a wonderful machine because it really does do wonderful work. The paper to be printed is not in sheets, but in one long strip, wound upon a great roller, like

thread upon a spool. This strip is twice as wide as a newspaper sheet, and it is the business of the press to turn the great roll of white paper into complete newspapers. The roll spins round with lightning speed; the paper is drawn into the machine at one end, and two streams of newspapers, printed on both sides, and folded up ready for the newsboys, pour out at the other. The machine does it all—splits the sheet, cuts it off into newspaper lengths, prints both sides, and folds up the papers, turning them out at the rate of many thousands every hour. They come from the press faster than one can count.

Now it is easy to see that a machine like this, made up as it is of thousands of parts, each exactly fitting into its place, and each so arranged that it will do its part of the work at the right time to the smallest fraction of a second, must be made perfectly, or it would not work at all. And a great many different workmen in different parts of the factory have parts of it to make. If any one of them makes his part wrong, even by so much as the thickness of a sheet of tissue-paper, the machine will not do its work perfectly. And the two hundred and fifty boys in the factory are there to learn how to do this kind of work in this perfect way. They must be carefully educated in their business before they can be trusted as regular workmen in such a factory; and that is why I call the place a school, so far as the boys are concerned.

Now let us see how these boys are taught. They are mostly the sons of working-men who can not afford to keep them in school after they get old enough to work. When they ask for a place in Messrs. Hoe & Co.'s factory to learn the trades that are taught and practiced there, they have generally been at work for two or three years as errand-boys or something of that kind.

Each boy, when he asks for a place, has to tell, in answer to questions, what his age is, how far he has gone in his studies, where he lives, what his father's business is, and what kind of work he has done. The answers to all these questions are set down in a book, so that the superintendent can learn something about each boy before seeing him.

If the boy lives in the country he is told at once that he can not have a place, and that he had better stay in the country. This is because boys who come to town to work, and have to live in cheap boarding-houses, are almost



GRINDING BITS.

certain to fall into bad ways, and bad ways make bad workmen.

Another thing: the superintendent will not take any boy who has not made up his mind to stick to his work, learn it well, and make it his business for life. Boys of any other kind never become really good workmen, however bright and quick they may be.

When a boy is taken into the school—that is to say, when he gets a place as an apprentice in the factory—he is set to work at once. The first work given him to do is hard and uninteresting, and he must keep at that until he can do it as well as the oldest workman before he is allowed to take a step in advance. This is the rule of the shop. Each step must be taken in its turn, and no boy is allowed to pass out of any department until he is a master of the work done in that department.

Work begins at seven o'clock every morning, and at that hour every boy must be in his place, in his working clothes, ready to begin. To do that they must take their breakfasts at six o'clock, winter and summer. They work from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, except during one hour, which is allowed for dinner.

But when work stops at night the boys are not yet free to go home. They still have their lessons to learn, just as other school-boys have, but the lessons these boys have to get are not to be learned at home; they are to be studied in school, under the eyes of the teachers. I have called the whole factory a school for the boys, because they are being educated there for their life-work; but in the evening they attend a regular school, which the owners of the factory keep up at their own expense for the benefit of their boys.

This school opens at half past six and closes at eight o'clock, and all the boys must attend it, whether they wish to do so or not.

But as there would not be time enough between the stopping of work and the beginning of school for the boys to go home and get their suppers, Messrs. Hoe & Co. give them a plain supper at an eating-house near the factory. When work stops, the boys wash themselves and go to supper. By the time they have eaten, the half hour is over, and they go into school.

In the school they are taught arithmetic and mechanical drawing very thoroughly, because these things will be of great use to them as machinists, making them much better workmen than they could be without that kind of knowledge. All the parts of a piece of machinery must be drawn on paper, and drawn very correctly too, before the machine is built, and some of these boys—those that are best at the work of drawing—will spend their lives in the drawing-room of the factory, making designs for the others to work by; and the others must learn to draw too, so that they may know how to work by the drawings. The boys are also taught something of geography, history, etc., but arithmetic and drawing are the main things.

Once a month the foreman of each room in the factory makes a report about all the boys under him, telling how each one gets on in learning his work, and how he behaves. There are a few of the boys who soon show that they have special ability, and they are selected to be pushed forward. They are set to work under those of the men who are the best teachers, and their chances are good to become foremen of departments after a while. Wheth-



THE BLACKSMITHS' SHOP—THE TRIP-HAMMER.

er a boy is quick or slow to learn, he must remain an apprentice for at least five years.

I saw one splendid-looking fellow at work by himself, managing a piece of machinery. "That is a very delicate piece of work," said the superintendent, "but that is one of our brightest lads, and we can trust him with it."

In another room a boy was working over a machine. "That boy," said the superintendent, "has not been here very long, but he applies himself closely, and gets on. He has just been picked out to run that machine, and he is learning something from it, too."

In the drawing-room I saw two lads hard at work over designs. "Those boys," said the superintendent, "have just made a step upward. We needed more draughtsmen here, and on looking over their work in the school I found that they were fit for the place, and put them in it."

It is a very common mistake on the part of boys to think that only lawyers, doctors, ministers, and other professional men are educated. The two hundred and fifty boys in this factory go through a five years' course of study in order to become fully prepared for their business as moulders, machinists, etc. The number of hours spent each day in the factory is such that one year's study there is equal in time to more than three years in the ordinary school, and as the course of study in the factory lasts five years, it is equal to more than fifteen years of school. It must be a pretty thorough education that these boys get in order to fit themselves for life.

WHY TED BURNED THE KITCHEN.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

I.

THE baby always had been Ted's pet. Ted was about eight years older than the baby, and so he made it his business from the first to do all he could to make this little sister happy. He would sit for hours amusing the baby or rocking her cradle without a sign of worry, and he would carry her about, too, even after she grew heavy, to show her the pigs and chickens, until his sturdy short legs could stand the burden no longer. In short, he was the best brother that a little baby girl ever had, and by the time that she could walk and talk a little, Miss Baby had learned to think he was her own private property. She wanted Ted to lead her, Ted to talk to her, Ted to show her whatever there was to see, Ted to sit by her cradle until she went to sleep, Ted to do everything for her. And Ted liked it all, because he loved the baby better than anybody else in the world.

But this is not telling my story. The way of it was this: Ted's father, who lived in central Indiana, used to go to Cincinnati every year, driving a big drove of hogs to sell there, and he took with him all the men and big boys he could hire to help him drive the hogs, for the trip was a long one, and there were no railroads in that part of the country in those days.

It was at a time like this that Ted's mother was sent for to see her sister, who was very sick. This sister lived a good many miles away, and the weather was cold and stormy. Ted's mother did not know what to do. She could not take the baby with her in such weather, and there was nobody to leave with her and little nine-year-old Ted.

"I'll tell you, mother," said Ted: "you just go along, and I'll take care of the baby till you come back."

"But it is a long way, Ted," said the mother, "and I may not be back till very late."

"Well, what of that?" asked the stout-hearted little fellow. "You don't s'pose I'm afraid, do you? If you're gone till midnight I don't care. Just leave the baby with me and go along. If you don't get back by bed-time, I'll go to bed, and you can bang on the door to wake me."

The good mother hardly knew what to do. She did not like to put such a load of care upon the little fellow, but the case was pressing, and there seemed to be no other way. So after looking to see that there was food enough cooked for Ted's dinner and supper, she mounted her horse and rode away.

Ted held the baby up to the window and made her kiss her hand to their mother as she looked back from the top of the hill. Then he set to work to "make a day of it" with Baby. He played horse and let the baby ride on his back; he showed her all the pictures in the big Bible; he made a house out of the chairs and tables, and did a hundred other things to make the day pleasant for his little sister, and she laughed at his funny pranks until she could laugh no longer. Then he gave her some bread and milk, and, taking her in his arms, sat down in the rocking-chair and sang her to sleep. Ted couldn't sing, as a matter of fact; he could only shout the words without getting within a mile of any tune, but Baby thought his singing the very best she had ever heard, and so it answered every purpose.

Before the baby waked it had begun to snow, and so Ted had a new thing to show her. The snow was beautiful to look at, as it fell very fast, and the little girl was full of the fun of watching it through the window. So the day passed and night came on. It was still snowing hard, and a fierce wind had begun to blow. After Ted had put the baby to bed, and piled a lot of wood on the fire, he sat down in the big rocking-chair to wait for his mother, who had not yet come. The wind was blowing like a hurricane,

and it made him restless and uneasy. He was not afraid, for he was a very plucky little fellow, but as he listened to the wind howling through the tree-tops and moaning around the house, and heard the windows rattle, he thought of his mother, who must be somewhere out in that terrible storm, and he was uneasy about her. Still, he had no fear for her safety, as he knew that she was used to getting over troubles, and so at last he went to bed and to sleep.

II.

When Ted waked he was puzzled. It was dark still, but somehow it did not seem to be night. He could hear the wind blowing, but it sounded a long way off, or as it might have sounded to him if his head had been wrapped up in a blanket. There was no more of its moaning around the house.

He jumped out of bed with a queer feeling, as if something strange had happened. He stirred up the fire, and threw on some wood, which made a blaze. Then he looked at the clock.

"Half past eight!" he said to himself. "Why, how is that? I went to bed at ten, so it can't be half past eight at night. But it isn't half past eight in the morning, for it's dark. I wonder if I've slept all night and all day?"

With this he opened the back door to get some wood from the pile. But instead of going out, he started back in surprise. The doorway was blocked up with a wall of snow. He ran quickly to the front door and opened it. The wall of snow was there too, and all the windows were blocked up in the same way. Ted understood now. It was half past eight in the morning, but the house was completely buried in a snow-drift. He and the baby were snowed in alone.

I have said that Ted was a plucky little fellow, and so he was; but this was a terrible state of affairs, and for a few minutes he was seared. Snowed in, with the baby to take care of, and without any chance of help coming to him, he might well feel alarmed. His mother had not got home, and he could not guess what had become of her. The very nearest neighbor lived five miles away, and there was no knowing how long it would be before anybody would find out what had happened.

But Ted soon saw that getting seared would only make matters worse.

"I can't help mother," he said to himself, "wherever she may be; and what I've got to do is to take care of Baby till the snow melts. Wonder how long that will be? Two or three weeks, I should think. And what are we to eat, I wonder? Let's see."

With that he lighted a candle and went to the cellar. There was only a little milk left—about enough for Baby's breakfast, and Ted brought that up and set it to heat by the fire. The baby was awake now, and so he dressed her and gave her her bread and milk. Then he cut some bacon and fried it for himself, but he would not eat any bread, because he knew there was only part of a loaf left, and he must save that for Baby.

After breakfast he began to lay his plans. At first he thought of digging out, but he gave that up, because, even if he should get out, he could not carry the baby five miles in such a snow. He knew enough to be sure that the snow was not so deep everywhere as it was around the house. He remembered how the wind had blown, and knew that the house was buried in a drift; but he knew that there must have been a very deep snow-fall to make such a drift, and it would never do for him to try to carry the baby through a deep snow to a house five miles away. He must just stay where he was, and take care of the baby.

The first thing to do was to see how much wood there was at the house. So he dug a hole in the snow at the side of the door, and brought in all there was there, except one big back log which was too heavy for him. As he looked at the pile he saw that it would last till night, and by that

time he meant to get the back log in by some means. He was worse troubled about milk for the baby. There was none left now, and he wondered if he could get to the cow-shed in any way. It was a long way off, but he must have milk if he could get it, and he must try to feed the cows too, for if nobody fed them they would have to live on the hay which stood in a stack at the end of their shed.

Bravely the little fellow set to work to make a tunnel to the cow-house, but it was very slow work. He began at the door of the summer kitchen, and threw the snow, as he dug it out, into that shed. The further he went, the more slowly he got on, for he had to bring all the snow back to the shed kitchen and pack it in there. He kept at work, however, until he was tired out and very hungry, and yet he had hardly made a fair beginning. He saw that he must give up the idea of digging his way to the cow-shed, and get on in some way without milk. He was very sorry on Baby's account, but there was no help for it, so he set about getting dinner.

There was no difficulty about his own dinner, for there was plenty of bacon to fry, and he could roast as many potatoes as he liked. But the baby's dinner was the puzzle. She would eat a little roasted potato with him, but a baby only a year and a half old could not live on potatoes. She always ate more bread and milk than anything else, but milk was out of the question, and bread and water would hardly do.

"Wonder if I could make her a pudding!" said Ted, after thinking the matter over. "Mother puts eggs in puddings, I know, and there are two eggs in the cupboard. I wonder what else she puts in? Milk? Yes, and I haven't any milk. Maybe it'll do without milk. Let's see."

And with that he carefully planned a pudding. He tried to remember what his mother did when she made a dish of the kind, but he could not remember much. He believed she beat the eggs, so he would do that at any rate. Taking one of the eggs, he broke it and beat it with a spoon, but as he did not keep the yolk and the white separate, the beating did not make it look quite right.

"It'll have to do anyhow," he said, after wondering what was the matter, and so he set down the bowl of egg and prepared the rest of his pudding. Breaking up what bread there was left, he wetted it with snow-water, put in a good deal of sugar, and set the mixture by the fire to heat. When it was hot through he stirred in the egg, and then tasted the result. It was not much of a pudding, but he had talked to Baby about it till she was sure it was the greatest pudding anybody ever made, and, as it was sweet, she ate it without finding out that it was not a real triumph of cooking skill.

When dinner was over, Ted set to work to get the big back log into the house, and this was a new frolic for Baby to watch. The log was very heavy, but his mind was made up. He dug the snow away from the log, and then tried to swing the end around; but the wood was frozen to the ground, and would not move. He brought out the big tongs for a lever, and after bending them nearly double in trying to start the log, he succeeded. The log gave way suddenly, Ted fell over it, and a great mass of snow fell upon him, completely burying him. He scrambled out in a moment, and shook the snow off, making Baby laugh at what she thought was one of Ted's jokes. The log was now loose, but it took Ted a long time, with very hard work, to get it over the door-sill and into the house. By the time that he got it into its place in the back of the great chimney he was quite tired out; but he knew he must have some wood to go with it, else the log would never burn at all, and he had made up his mind what he would do for wood. The tunnel that he had begun to dig toward the cow-house would lead past the big wood-pile, where there was plenty of wood, and Ted meant to go on with his digging the next day, so as to get to that wood-pile at least. But for to-night he was

going to burn the summer kitchen; that is to say, he was going to burn all the planks and timbers of the summer kitchen that he could knock loose with the axe.

"It's only an old shed," he said to himself, "and if it was the finest parlor in the world, I'd burn it up before Baby should be cold. And if mother don't come, and I don't get to the wood-pile, I'll burn the chairs and tables and bedsteads, and all the floors in the house. I won't do that if I can help it; but one thing's sure, and that is that Baby's got to be kept warm."

So he took the axe and knocked the summer kitchen to pieces, and piled the wood in the house ready for use. For the baby's supper he boiled the egg that was left, and after putting her to bed he was glad to go to bed himself.

Morning came again, but still no word or sign from the absent mother. Ted was very uneasy about her, but it was of no use to worry, and he had the baby to care for. The eggs were gone now, and so for Baby's breakfast he made a sort of gruel of corn meal, and, to help out, he gave her what was left of the bread, first wetting and sweetening it and making it hot.

But now he was growing very uneasy. The bread was all eaten up, though Ted had not touched a crumb of it himself, and he did not know what to give Baby to eat for dinner and supper except gruel. He tried to make soup out of bacon, but it was only greasy salt water, and he could not give her that. Then he remembered that the hen-house was near the wood-pile, so he made up his mind to keep on working at his tunnel until he should get to the hen-house, no matter how tired he should be. But first he mixed up some corn-bread and set it to bake. By the time that was baked he had got as far as the wood-pile with the tunnel, and this was lucky, for the wood from the old shed was nearly all burned up.

After carrying in wood and building up a big fire he went back to his digging, leaving the baby tied in a little chair so that she might not get to the fire. In order to keep her from crying, he made it a rule to run in every few minutes and make a funny face or do some queer prank to make her laugh. His legs and arms ached with the hard work, but he was getting on, and he must have a chicken before he quit digging. At last he reached the hen-house, and a few minutes later Master Ted sat in the house showing Baby "how to pick a chicken." Baby was very hungry, and a little cross on that account, but Ted kept up his jokes, and managed to amuse her. She stood by while he cut up a part of the chicken, and watched him put it on to boil.

Ted didn't know much about cooking, but he made a pretty good broth that night. He thickened it with flour as he had seen his mother do, and was about to put pepper into it, when he remembered that pepper would spoil it for the baby. At last it was ready, and the two sat down to their supper. The corn-bread was not very good, because Ted had forgotten to put any salt in it, but it did very well to crumble into Baby's soup, and she ate very heartily, and then fell asleep in Ted's lap.

That night Ted lay awake for a long time, thinking about his mother. He was sure something must have happened to her, or she would not have left him and Baby so long. At last he fell asleep, and long after the fire had died down to a dull red he was startled by the sound of a noisy banging on the door, and loud voices calling him.

III.

Now let's see what happened to Ted's mother. When she rode away to visit her sick sister she hoped to get home again before dark, though the distance she had to travel was very long. By the time she had done what was needed at her sister's the snow had begun to fall, and so she hurried away on her homeward ride. But the wind blew in her face, and the snow-drifts were so deep that she had to travel very slowly. Night came on, and



the storm grew worse. In a little while she could not tell where the road was, but still she kept on. She was frightened about her children, and in her anxiety she grew nervous and confused. She had lost the road, and was plunging about helplessly in snow-drifts, not knowing where she was or in what direction she was going. At last her horse became worn out, and fell as he was trying to struggle over some fallen trees covered with snow. The poor animal was unable to rise again, and the half-frozen, half-dead woman went on on foot, toiling through the great snow-banks, and staggering with giddiness from cold and fright and weariness. Hour after hour she kept on, going all the time further away from home, for she had entirely lost her bearings. It was morning before the poor woman gave up. Then she sank down in the snow, and knew no more.

A farmer passing by that way in the early morning to look after his cattle saw her dress, from which the wind had blown away the snow, and he quickly dug her out and carried her to his house. She had wandered twenty miles away from her own home, and so neither the farmer nor any member of his family knew who she was. But they did what they could for her, and got her to bed

as soon as they had rubbed her to a life-like warmth again.

All that day and night she was out of her head and lay in bed talking of her children and moaning. On the next day she came to herself, and as soon as she found out where she was, and how long she had been away from home, she told the good people about Ted and Baby being all alone in the house. It was a bad time to travel, but the farmer with two other men set out at once to save the little ones, and in spite of her weak state Ted's mother went too in the farmer's wagon. As they neared the house, after dark that night, they found it buried in the snow-drift; but the farmer had brought shovels with him for use if the road should be blocked anywhere, and with these he and his men began to dig. It was midnight before they cleared a passage to the front door, and then they shouted and banged upon the door until Ted awoke.

IV.

There was no more sleep for Ted or his mother that night. A great roaring fire was built up, hot coffee was made and drunk, and Ted had to tell his story over and over again in answer to his mother's questions.

"I burned up the summer kitchen, mother," he said, "and I ruined the big tongs, and I s'pose I've made an awful mess in the house; but I told you I'd take care of the baby, and I've done it."

"Never mind about the kitchen, or the tongs, or the mess, my brave boy," answered the mother, as she drew him to her side and kissed him. "You and the baby are safe, and that's enough."

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE SHOW.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.



It was the writer's second visit to the Winter-Quarters of Mr. Barnum's mighty Show, at Bridgeport. While he stood chatting with a young man whose special duty it is to instruct new and uneducated horses in the way wherein they ought to run, Mr. Johnson, the superintendent of the menagerie in the next room, approached.

"I want you to come in here and see a new turn-out of mine," he said, smiling. "I fancy you never saw one like it before."

No wonder that curiosity was



WASHING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



3 Minute Turnouts

CHURCH

excited at such a speech as this. I declared myself quite ready to go anywhere. Mr. Johnson led the way into an adjoining building.

At first sight it was hard to tell what in the world was causing the pretty light carriage, in which three bright-eyed young people sat, to move at the rate it did. Paul, Clara, and Jenny, the driver of the establishment, had their backs to the door when it was opened, and it was not until a second or two that the long pink neck of an ostrich, surmounted by his wise head, became visible. Presently, as the equipage passed further around the circle, the fluffy body, legs like walking-sticks, and harness of this strange horse were fully displayed. There was a good deal of laughing among the three or four older folks looking on, and the children in the carriage, whose fathers belonged to the Great Show, joined in the merriment from their moving seat.

"No," said Mr. Johnson, "I did not teach this great creature to play horse. I am glad I did not have the job, for I think he was very likely a kicking and plunging customer to tackle. Did you know that one good blow from his foot will break a man's leg without further trouble? Our solemn friend with the pink neck is from the great Hippodrome at Paris, and he came to Mr. Barnum already educated. He is much more gentle now than during his first months in this country, and is very fond of being fed by the children about the Quarters. You will notice that he is not driven with a bit, but simply with a headband, and you can see for yourself how obedient he is to the rein."

"Do your ostriches ever eat the curious things that others of their race are said to?"

"I am sorry to say that they sometimes do," replied the Superintendent of the Menagerie; "I know it to my cost. Only a few weeks ago a large and valuable ostrich found and swallowed a piece of pine board several inches in length. It was too much for him, poor fellow! he died."

The ordinary food given to these birds in captivity is bread and certain vegetables chopped into small pieces and mixed together. A dishful of it was to be seen inside the rude pen in which they were confined, and they apparently had leave to help themselves *à discrétion*, as they used to say in French restaurants. Speaking of an ostrich's diet reminds one of a very little girl who told her brother that when she ate ice-cream she wished she had an ostrich's neck, so that she "could taste it all the way down."

Any grief that may have been felt at the sad story of the greedy ostrich was forgotten when Mr. Johnson said, cheerfully: "And now, since you have seen one of these queer turn-outs of mine, you may as well see two others. Here they both come."

Every one present looked up toward the folding-doors, which at this instant were opened mysteriously from behind.

"Giraffes, as true as I live!" exclaimed one of the party. And giraffes they surely were, which advanced slowly into the ring, drawing after them a gorgeous little chariot, painted and burnished to resemble a peacock's brilliant plumage. It was guided by a little girl coachman. The graceful, stately creatures seemed thoroughly at home in their duty as they paraded along.

It was not until they had carried themselves and their chariot well past the party of spectators that there appeared behind them a fresh wonder. Mr. Johnson could scarcely call the third "turn-out," which then appeared, his own. For upon the box of a fashionable kind of buckboard, made of precisely the right size, sat one of Mr. Fryer's dogs—little Major, of whom our readers heard something a week ago. Major held in his mouth the lines by which he guided Nelly, one of the canine household; and other members of the family, Cronian, Sprite,

Jerry, had turned themselves into the gentlefolk out for an airing, while Frank acted as footman.

"The giraffes also were taught by our French friends," said Mr. Johnson. "They came to us perfectly trained, and have behaved themselves beautifully when in the ring ever since."

"Is a giraffe a difficult animal to break to harness?" inquired somebody.

"Not especially," replied the Superintendent. "He is extremely shy, but not vicious at all, and he develops a real affection for his teacher and keeper. Did you ever notice a giraffe's eyes? If you talk of the beauty and gentle expression of the eyes of a gazelle, you have never looked at those of his hundredth cousin."

And truly when, a few moments later, the party had a chance to examine those deep black orbs, fringed by such thick dark eyelashes, all agreed that there could be no more lovely eyes in the world. The next time that the Great Show is in their neighborhood our readers can make up their minds as to this fact for themselves.

As Mr. Johnson's "turn-out" turned in and disappeared, the quartette of sight-seers left the building, and passed into the menagerie again. There was the usual screeching of cockatoos going on, and now and then an unpleasant howl from the panther's cage.

It was now nearly noon, and the greater part of the animals were taking naps. The black-maned lion lay cuddled against his savage mate fairly snoring—just imagine a lion snoring! Of the four royal Bengal tigers only one seemed disposed to sit up and make himself agreeable. The leopards stretched their supple limbs, and blinked, not very amiably, at a certain black sister whose rare color made her an object of dislike to all in the den. Over on the other side of the open space the hippopotamus was enjoying a good scrubbing from one of the keepers, as you see him in the picture.

"Let me tell you something," said Mr. Karl, the keeper in charge of the great beasts of the eat kind in the Show. "Whenever a man is in doubt about the sort of humor one of these fierce fellows happens to be in, what do you think is the safest way in which he can find out? By a common broom. Let him be sure and take a broom with him into the cage, and then go quietly around sweeping for dear life. The creatures will snarl at the broom, and attack that before they will touch him. So long as he keeps that broom in his hands he is in a measure a safe man; but let him once contrive to lose it out of his grip, or permit one of his charges to claw it away from him, and he is in danger at once."

One of the little audience at once took pains to assure Mr. Karl that whenever he had occasion to go into the tiger's cage he would be particular to take a very large and durable broom—several brooms if necessary. And so he will—when he goes.

Before bidding good-afternoon to Mr. Barnum's wonderful establishment a few minutes was spent in watching Mr. Conrad give a lesson to the huge baboon, Tom, which recently came into his hands, and which he is very carefully educating in a variety of tricks. At present the cunning beast has only learned to come to his keeper when called, to walk upon a rolling wooden globe, and to be tame enough for further lessons. He is an unusually large specimen—about the size of a Newfoundland dog—and when first given to his master four men could not manage him. He was exceedingly savage, and on one occasion, catching Mr. Conrad at a disadvantage, he actually tore all the clothes from the keeper's back, and gave him several ugly wounds. He is now much more tractable, but even yet has his hands secured in leather gloves and his mouth muzzled while "school is in." By the middle of the season he will doubtless have his name on the bills of the Great Show, and make the acquaintance of many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SOME CRAWLING LEAVES.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

WHEN Australia was first discovered by the English, as many strange stories were told about the wonderful things to be found there as we used to hear in the early days of California. Among other things it was said that the leaves of a certain tree had a habit of descending from their proper place and walking along the ground.

A party of English sailors had left their ship to roam along the coast and "see what they could see." They were resting under a tree, lying on their backs probably, and naturally gazing upward, when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves, which turned somersaults in the air, after the manner of leaves generally, and then floated to the ground. The sailors were surprised at this shower, because it was not the fall of the year, but midsummer, and these falling leaves looked fresh and green. It was strange to see leaves deserting the tree without any sort of reason; but this was nothing to what followed.

After a short rest these able-bodied leaves began crawling along on the ground toward the trunk of the tree from which they came, and the amazed sailors started up in terror. They probably knew from experience that people who come in contact with the ground may also expect to come in contact with various crawling insects, but walking leaves were something altogether out of the common way; and they took to their heels at once, and lost no time in getting on board the vessel. The land was certainly bewitched, and one of the men said, in relating their adventure, that he expected every minute to see the trees step out and dance a regular jig.

Fortunately this singular phenomenon has been fully explained by later travellers who were not too much frightened to stop and examine the matter. It was discovered that these queer leaves are really insects that live upon the trees, and are of the same color as the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies, and their wings are like large leaves. When anything disturbs them—like a breeze, for instance—they fold their legs away under their bodies, and then the leaf-like shape, with stem and all, is complete.

Not only are they of a bright green in summer, like the foliage of the trees at that time, but they actually change when the leaves do to the dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these leaf-insects is that, although they have a generous supply of wings, they seldom use them, but when they have been shaken to the ground, after lying there for a few minutes as if they were really leaves, they crawl toward the tree, and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power of getting back to their quarters in a much quicker and easier way.

N A N.*

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "AUNT RETI'S TEMPTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THERE!" exclaimed Phyllis, triumphantly, from her place on a ladder in the hall at Rolf House—"there! the last bit of evergreen, thank goodness! and how does it look?"

The chorus of voices, young and old, from below declared it was a perfect success. And so it was. The fine old hall seemed to bloom with the freshness of evergreens and flowers, and at one end the huge tree was standing

behind a screen, which was to be removed at the fitting moment after tea. Half a dozen of the invited guests had arrived—those who were to remain over Christmas-day—and Nan was now anxiously waiting Marian's appearance.

The door-bell gave a quick peal, and Nan turned around, her heart beating from a mixture of feelings connected with Marian. A gust of wind, a little drift of snow, and then Marian's figure appeared.

Every one was very quiet while Miss Rolf, with her usual courtesy, went forward and said, "How do you do, my dear?"

As the old lady extended her beautiful hand it was seized rather boisterously by Marian. She had come here fully determined not to be "patronized" or "snubbed"; so, although everything she saw in that first glance was rather awe-inspiring, she said, with her jauntiest air,

"Well, yes, here I am, alive at least. How do you do, Nan? Putting up greens, are you?"

The girl glanced confidently about her, staring at Phyllis on the ladder, at Joan and the boys assembled by the fire-place, and at Mrs. Heriot and old Robert, who were helping carefully here and there. Finally her free gaze came back to Miss Rolf, and there something in the old lady's tranquil face and figure, with its air of unconscious dignity and good-breeding, seemed to check her loud voice and independent manner. She stood very still.

"Will you go upstairs, my dear, with Nan?" said Miss Rolf's quiet voice again.

"Oh yes, m—thank you, m." And Marian crossed the hall with Nan, and went up the wide, curving staircase, looking down once in a while at the pleasantly active group below, and enjoying the sense of luxury and space about her.

The two girls had to pass through Nan's room, and here Marian would have liked to stop and examine all the dainty furnishings and ornaments within it; but the sight of Laura sleeping on the sofa made Nan hurry her cousin on, and into the comfortable little room assigned to her.

How to give her the dresses she hardly knew; but while Marian was busy at the mirror taking off her hat and pulling down her "bangs," Nan said, rather timidly,

"Marian, we thought—aunt and I—that perhaps you'd have no time to prepare a party dress, and aunt bought these—if you like them."

Nan swung open the wardrobe door, and Marian turned around with an exclamation of delight. She felt no hesitation about accepting the gift. Her eyes danced as she exclaimed,

"Well, I never!" She was not ten minutes in getting her dress off, and flying into first one and then the other of the two pretty dresses. And it certainly was a comfort to see how much their simplicity improved her whole appearance.

Nan left Marian with Laura, when the latter awoke, and went back to help with the Christmas preparations. Altogether it was an enchanting afternoon. The Blakes and Traverses arrived early, and were all comfortably settled in the black-walnut parlor, where Mrs. Heriot had a most delightful supper prepared for them. Little David having owned to a weakness for plum roll, there was enough there to satisfy a dozen like him; and Nan fitted in and out once or twice to make sure that her protégées had everything they needed for their happiness and comfort. She declared afterward that it was equal to any picture to see that table—Mrs. Heriot at the head, Love at the foot, and Mrs. Travers and David on either side, and between them such a sparkling array of china and glass and silver.

The supper party in the dining-room was to Nan rather alarming, since there were present various new relations

* Begun in No. 157, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"NAN CLASPED THE NECKLACE ABOUT HER SLENDER WHITE THROAT."

—an elderly cousin, Jane Marsh, and her two quiet daughters; a tall boy cousin, named Val Paton, who teased her all the time; Mrs. Grange, from Bronfield; and Dr. Rogers, whose eyes kept twinkling at Nan; and all the College Street Rolfs; and the minister, Mr. Hammen, and his delicate young daughter.

Just before supper Laura had been declared unable to come down, so Nan contrived an excuse, and slipped away upstairs with a plate of good things for her cousin.

She sat on the low bench by the fire, while Laura slowly ate the cake and sweetmeats, and remained so long that the latter finally exclaimed,

"There, Nan, it is half past seven; you *must* go and dress."

And Nan jumped up, and ran down-stairs to find Marian. That young person was engaged in a very animated conversation with Val Paton, and she looked as if she were enjoying herself thoroughly. It was a new excitement, however, to go upstairs and dress for the party. Nan staid with her to give her any help needed, and when

the last touches were put she could not but admit that Marian looked very well, and very much like a "little lady." "And school will do the rest to her *manners*."

Nan's own toilet was speedily made. It was only a simple white mull with blue ribbons; but Mrs. Heriot stopped her in the corridor to make sure everything about "her bairn" was right.

I can not describe all the delights and wonders of that Christmas. First came the tree, when the whole party, servants and all, were gathered about, and Nan distributed the gifts. Of course all proved satisfactory, from the joint offering of the Rolfs—Nan included—to Aunt Letty, of a dainty blue and white tea service, to little David's enormous army of tin soldiers, cannon, forts, and all war-like contrivances. There were not wanting useful presents as well: Marian had a set of furs, and Love Blake a fine winter jacket. As for Nan herself, she had what she prized most, an exquisite gold watch, with Aunt Letty's portrait on the inside. And then Phyllis's gift had a peculiar meaning. Nan had said to Aunt Letty, when the presents were talked over: "Aunt, I *do* want Phyllis to

have something beautiful;" so together they had chosen a pearl necklace—just a string of beautiful pearls, from which fell little fine-pointed glittering gold drops.

Phyllis was standing near the tree, looking very beautiful in her white lace dress, when Nan clasped the necklace about her slender white throat, and she did not see the tears that came into her cousin's eyes. Phyllis was thinking of how grandly she had expected to mould Nan to something worthy of her new position—and was it not from little Nan she had learned her deepest, purest lessons?

Of course the party was a success. By nine o'clock the rooms were all filled with a gay, laughing company, but the younger ones best enjoyed keeping by themselves. The band was stationed in the hall, and the young people danced in the walnut parlor, the utmost good cheer prevailing. Once in a while Nan ran up to report progress to Laura, who had her presents on her sofa, and seemed to enjoy things from the distance.

It was midnight when all but the home party had

gone. Nan had kept wishing Lance had been there, and Phyllis said, as they all gathered about the hall fire, that she meant to write to him that very night. Marian looked as if she began to see something in life better than the attempt to be the most "stylish" of Mrs. Delille's "young ladies"; and Joan could only "hold on" to Nan, as she expressed it, declaring she was too happy to live.

So with all these happy feelings the party separated for their various rooms. Just before they went to bed, Marian said to Nan, with a little half mortified laugh,

"See here, Nan: I don't think you a *bit* stuck up, as I thought you'd be, and I think it was awfully good of Miss Rolf to ask me."

Little as it was, this remark pleased Nan greatly, and made her hopeful for the future.

Every one was in bed, and it might have been thought asleep, but Nan felt wide awake after the many excitements of the day.

It was a glorious night. Although the ground was white with a covering of snow, the moon silvered everything, and Nan knelt in the window of her new room looking out with grateful eyes upon the place she now felt to be really home. She was thinking of so many things that she scarcely heard any sound within, until Phyllis's step sounded just at her side, and there was her oldest cousin in her dressing wrapper. Nan welcomed her with a quickly outstretched hand.

Phyllis sat down by Nan in silence for a minute; then she said, very softly,

"Nan, will you always help Laura, and Joan, and all of us?"

"Of course," whispered Nan; "all I know how."

The two cousins remained silent a little while longer, and then Nan said, looking out at the quiet snow in the moonlight:

"What were the words of that old Christmas hymn, Phyllis!—

'And unto us a Child was born,
Whose mark of sorrow must be worn.'

Phyllis," she added, "do you suppose we must all have sorrow?"

"Sometimes," said Phyllis. "But, Nan dear, I think it is going to be your part in life to help other people's sorrows."

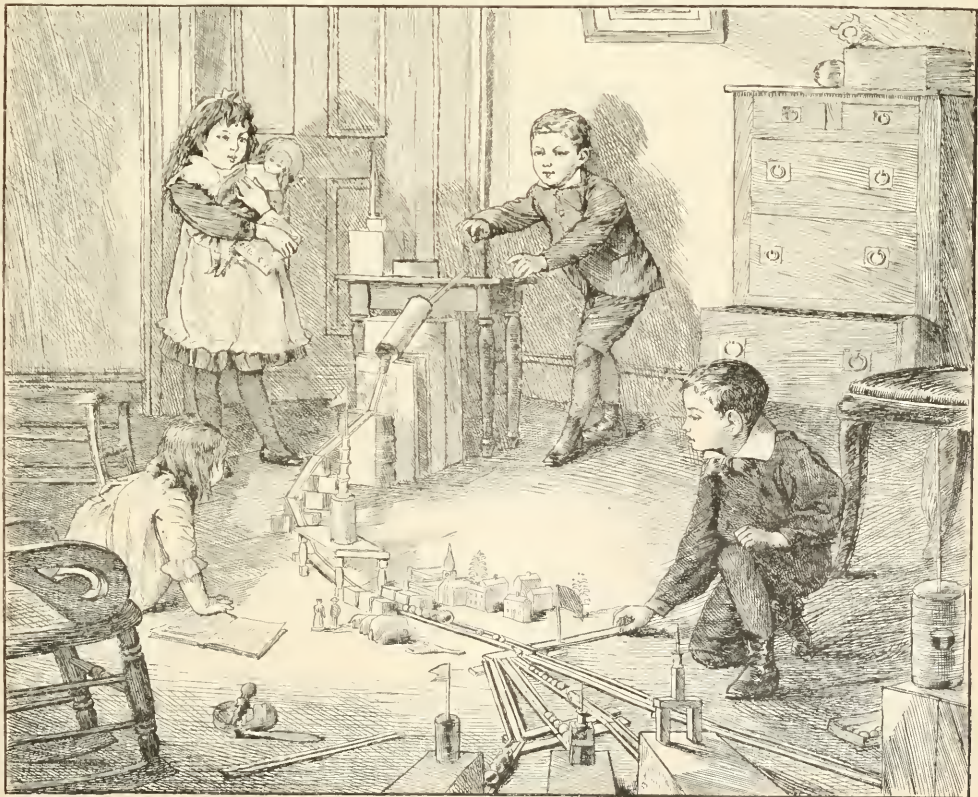
"If I can be good enough and wise enough," answered Nan.

And then in a moment Phyllis kissed her good-night, and went away, glancing at Laura, sleeping in Nan's bed.

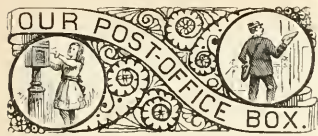
How many changes had come since, with all pride and curiosity, Phyllis had gone to Mrs. Rupert's for Nan! Not one could have defined the child's power among them; but I think that somewhere beyond the quiet starlit sky at which Nan was gazing that Christmas morning, *One* knew that the gift of sweetness and truth given to her had not been wasted.

And so we will leave her, hoping, if we meet her again, it will be seen that Miss Rolf's trust was not an idle one.

THE END.



THE GRAND TRUNK LINE.



I AM very glad to tell you that many of the boys have answered the questions I asked them in No. 173, and that while some of their letters appear in this number, others are held for next week's Post-office Box.

Some of the little girls are beginning to be tired of their winter clothes, and wish that mamma would see about getting their pretty new spring dresses. Mother Nature is quite busy and important in the same direction, for her trees must presently come out in full suits of bright green, and her flowers are waking up and looking about for something to wear.

Let me tell you how some little Chinese girls were dressed when they were taken by their parents to call on Miss Bird. Miss Bird is an English lady who is a great traveller, and in the course of one of her journeys she visited Malacca. Of course you know where to find Malacca on the map. What is it, my dear—a peninsula or an island, and what are its boundaries? If you have read the little lesson in geography so that you can answer those questions, I will tell you something of what I read in Miss Bird's narrative.

Life among the Malays is rather easy-going and pleasant, except when tigers are around, as happens now and then to be the case. When one of these ferocious monsters is seen on the streets, the people bar their houses and shut their shops, and nobody dares to go abroad until the hunters have come out and killed the beast.

The Chinese children who came to pay their respects to the party of English visitors were four in number—a boy and girl of five and six years old, and two younger children. Their papa was a very rich merchant, and they were attended by a train of Chinese and Malay servants.

The little girl wore a yellow petticoat of thick satin, with a broad box pleat in front and behind, embroidered with flowers in blue silk. Over this there was a robe of crimson brocade, with a broad border. It was cream-white satin, which also was embroidered with lovely blue flowers. Above this was a tiptop of three rows of embroidered lozenge-shaped pieces of satin.

On the little head was a black velvet cap shaped like a crown. Blazing on top of this was a cluster of large diamonds, and smaller ones were fastened over it, flashing like dew-drops in the sun. The slender little neck was wadded down with no less than seven necklaces, the first of which was the second of emeralds, the third of pearls, the fourth of hollow golden beads, the fifth of diamonds and sapphires, the sixth of finely wrought chains clasped by a filigree fish, the seventh a massive gold chain from which hung a golden shield, on which, among flowers and fishes, the child's name was raised in rubies. Besides all this splendor the poor child wore heavy gold bracelets and wonderful ear-rings.

The other children were dressed in the same showy way. It was a relief to see two little things who afterward came to make their call simply dressed in blue and white, with only here and there a gem set in silver. They were in mourning for their mother, and thus the plainness was accounted for.

Do you know, dear children, that I think you look much sweeter in your pretty white aprons and comfortable dresses, in which you may run and jump to your heart's content, than these little creatures did. When they stooped down to pick up some sugar-plums their jewels and stiff satin clothes were in the way. If any they must have the sharp stones and heavy chains around their necks. They don't have the good times you do, my chicks.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

I don't want you to think me a little German girl when I am a little American at school in Dresden—a very charming place. The floods in Europe have been terrible. The Elbe (Dresden is on that river) has been a great many feet higher than its usual height, before I left America. Everybody told me Dresden was very cold, but we have had only one or two snow-storms, not deep enough for sleighing.

I have been to the Dresden Gallery several

times, and I think the pictures are simply perfect. I like Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," best of all. I saw the Queen in church, and I was disappointed because she looked like any other lady. I met the King in the Park the other day; he looks very old.

I have been in the Vault yesterday. It would fill the paper if I should tell you of everything there. For one thing, I saw the only green diamond in the world. There was also a silver brooch about six feet long, with the Great Mogul and all his attendants in precious jewels upon it. Then there was a fire-plate of white marble, also set with jewels, and many other things.

I think you must be tired and sad by this time, but this summer, when I travel, I will tell you all about the places we visit.

They are very cruel to the dogs here; they keep them muzzled, and the peasants make the lame ones take the place of horses. There are a great many tame pigeons in the streets. They have ostriches in the Grosser Garten, and the prettiest pink crane I ever saw. There are about twice as many animals as in Central Park.

MEXICO C.

Thank you, Mignon, for your letter, which is very interesting. I would like to see the green diamond and the pink crane, and I feel very sorry for the poor dogs which have heavy loads to draw.

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS.

I found some pussy willows to-day (February 18), and I think I am about the first person who has found any this year. I live in the country, and go to school every day unless it storms very hard. I have a brother and sister younger than I am. I have a canary-bird, which I call Smutty, on account of two little dark places behind its eyes. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and I like it very much. I am taking painting lessons in water-colors, and have painted some pretty things.

A. GREENE, W.

You are the very first person to write to me about finding ticks of spring. I am glad you found the pussy willows. Have you ever tried to paint them? I would change birdie's name to something prettier if I were you.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have a trained goat; her name is Nell. When I drive her from home she gets talky, but when I drive her back she runs all the way. She will be bad and untrained, when I hitch her up again, because she is getting lazy. While I was sick with the measles I had a skive-trip, a name was Zib. Christmas week he was killed by the cars, so that made my holidays end very sadly. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and so does my friend Clara in Harrisburg.

MARY H.

SEVENTH HIGH SCHOOL, HUBERTS, NEW JERSEY.

I am twelve years old, and go to the High School. I am very fond of reading, but have so many nice books that I hardly know which I prefer, but I think that I like best Longfellow's poems, and my brother, Arthur's stories, and Zola's stories, and Klox's *Boy Travelers* for travel. I have four volumes of the *Boy Travelers*. I do not like to study very much out of school, as I don't like to read, and write my exercises when I have, and only copy them afterward.

I take music and dancing lessons. My favorite game is base-ball. In the evening, when my lessons are learned, I generally read. Last Friday day I went over to New York and helped my instructor make out the reports, and he gave me \$1.50. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and like it very much indeed. A constant reader.

HARRY H. M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a boy ten years old, and take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is lovely. Once when I was in the country we went to the beach, and the crabs began to bite fast the sky grew suddenly black, and papa said, "We must get home as fast as we can," so pulling in our lines, and picking up our baskets and net, we ran. The sky grew blacker, and the wind blew very hard, and as we reached a bridge not far from home, papa said, "We shall have to stop at the house, for the boys are waiting to get us over," which we did, and then went home and cooked the crabs.

I take delight in reading Jimmy Brown's and James Otis's stories.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS,—You said you wanted to know something about boys, so we are going to tell you what we do. We twelve boys are great, and we are all very good. We have a tutor, who teaches us at each boy's house for a month, from 9.30 A.M. to 2 P.M. The top floor of my father's house is divided into two rooms. One is comfortably furnished with a bed, a desk, easy-chairs, fire-place, etc., while the other has nothing but dumb-bells, trapezes, etc. The former we call our study, and the latter our gymnasium. Wednesdays we play at our Royal Ten-

nis Club with our sisters and cousins. Other afternoons we play base-ball in a lot a block from our house. Evenings we read our papers and books until 9 P.M. We take turns all dining at each other's houses on Saturdays, and have lots of fun.

Our favorite books are the "Leatherstocking" tales, our favorite amusement is reading, and our favorite play is base-ball. About our motto we had a good deal of fun. One of our mother told us to get one of our study calendar, and always keep it, so this is what it is. "Two ears to one tongue, therefore hear twice as much as you say."

With three cheers for YOUNG PEOPLE, we remain,
REGINALD R. (aged 14), FRANK S. (aged 14),
RAY S. (aged 12), DAVE L. (aged 15),
TOM L. (aged 13), LOUIE M. (aged 11),
JACK J. (aged 14), ALMA E. (aged 14),
PHIL J. (aged 12), GEORGE P. (aged 15),
DICK J. (aged 13), MAX W. (aged 13).

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FIVE KITTENS.

Oh, Postmistress dear, you should have been here.

And so, the five kittens I had,
Four sweet little dears; I almost shed tears
When I think of the fates they have had.

There were five of 'em—five small kittens—alive,
And, O, such cute antics they'd put out;
It would make you laugh if you'd but hear half,
Their names were Pat, Pet, Pit, Pot, Put.

My papa, you see, went and named 'em for me
After I had called one Pet, you know;
He said that he thought 'twould be fair, and I

To give all the vowels a show.

Black and white were three, 'ceptin' Pat, and she
Was kind of a yellowish-pale,
And little black Pot, who only had got
Some white on the tip of his tail.

They were warm, and well fed on nice milk and bread.

And 'enough-bones, soup, and spare ribs,
And varied their diet by mucking nice quiet
Out in the big barn and corn-cribs.

Well, then, Patsy she had on a sloping tree
A warm, sunny spot where she bunked,
Then a big dog there crept one day as she slept,
And left little Patsy defunct.

A farmer one day bundled Pat in his sleigh
And to his home, five miles off, drove;
That night he heard scratchin', and lifting the
Walked Put, and crept under the stove.

Soon Pit got to mumm; at last he left home,
And then never more could be found,
He always 'cose wild; I'm afraid the poor child
Has gone off somewhere 'n' got drowned.

Poor little black Pot in the horse stable got
One day when the horses were fed,
An' I fear had a kick—she was very much sick,
An' pretty soon, presently, dead.

But dear sweet old Pet, she lives with us yet,
Is now at my feet lying thinking;
She's 'specially cat, therefore she does nothing but
purr.

'Cept occasionally lazily winking. C. H. II.

ANGELIA, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in the little village of Angelia with my aunty. Most of the children write about their pets. I have had one for more than two years, and that is my dear black cat, and I do love it better one. I have read them all aloud to aunty. I look anxiously for it every Tuesday, the day it comes. I do not go to school, but study at home. I have finished the Fourth Reader, and am in the second geography and arithmetic, and have kept a journal more than two years. I hope my letter is not too long to print, as it is the first one I have written.

MARY E.

WARREN, OHIO.

I saw your invitation to the boy readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to write. I live in this little town, and work during my spare time in the printing-office. I have a telegraph instrument with which to spend my leisure. I also take great pleasure in reading, especially Jules Verne's works, his *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* is splendid. But my telegraph is best. There are ten of us boys on the line, and more coming. Not wishing to tire you, I say good-by. E. M.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I live with my papa and mamma. I am thirteen years old. About three years ago I caught four land-turtles, and last summer I raised four young ones. The old one dug a hole in the ground, and then she laid her eggs. My father and I watched her dig the hole. I also have a small water-turtle which I caught last summer. I keep it in a glass, with stones in the bottom. I harness one of my large land-turtles, named Dick, to

a small wagon, and drive him. He knows his name very well; he will also come when I call him.

This is the first time I ever wrote to the paper. Tell Dora and Amy I would like very much to have them see my young land turtles. I bury the large ones every winter in the ground. I go to school, and I am only four classes from the graduating. I have taken music lessons four years. Love, B. E.

The boys have given us quite a picture of their busy lives. Next week we shall have to hear from more of them.

HELSING, ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I want to tell you about our country up here. It is a little valley with mountains all around it. It is very very fine, because the grass is green only in the winter, and in the summer the creeks are all dried up. We have a little place with three springs on it. I usually go there to have snow here, but this winter it had no because it was unusually cold. I have five cats, two guinea-pigs, and a dog. My cats' names are Spottie, Topstyrtur, Nig, Dandelion, and White-foot; my guinea-pigs' names are Dimple and Daisy; my dog's name is MARY LOUISE C.

CARLTON, CANADA.

I saw a letter in the Post-office Box a little while ago from my cousin in Winnipeg, and it made me think I would like to send you one. Carlton is a little village on the Ottawa River. Nearly all the people are French-Canadians. We live in a great big stone house that was once a barracks. In the cellar there is a great deep hole, where they used to put the bad soldiers. We have such a lot of snow here; the drifts at the sides of the roads reach away about a foot. I would like to see you, and my little brother Max and I have such fun playing in it. We often go out snow-shoeing and sliding. I wonder if you ever went down hill on a "bob." I don't want to, I would like to see you, and your old bill; you would like it, I know. I am ten years old. Your loving little friend,

DAISY.

How delightful to live in an old house like yours—a house that was once occupied by soldiers, and that has a mysterious hole in the cellar! I am afraid I would not enjoy riding down-hill on a "bob."

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

This is my first letter to my dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I love it very much, and so do papa and mamma. I am just six years old, and my sweet little sister Verne Eleanor is two and a half years old. She has ten dollies, and she will have many names. Last summer she used to swing in the hammock, and called it the "hammer." Now she can recite most of the rhyming little rhymes in my YOUNG PEOPLE each week. I have two lambs bound, and I want to save this year's numbers to bind. We have a pet bunny named Snowball; he is all white, with pink eyes. In my aquarium I have a large golden-fish named Pickwick; we had a small one named Weller, Mr. Winkle, and Pearl, but they died a while ago. One day when mamma came home she found our Maltese cat Cleopatra playing with Pickwick on the carpet. Mamma threw him in the water again, and he soon revived and was all right. The cat has since died, and so has our canary-bird. I am fond of animals; have been to China's times, and like to go to Lincoln Park to see the bears. Jimmy Brown's stories are so funny! I have had a splendid snow-man of my own in our front yard for some time, and he has not yet melted. I have a very good friend, Jimmie, who has a dog named Sam. On my last birthday papa gave me *Junco's Picture Book of Natural History*, and on Christmas grandpa gave me a box of sliced-up pictures of animals that I have seen in the ones.

ATTIE MARIAN L.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.

I wrote a letter to you once before, but I have not seen it printed, so mamma told me I might write again. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are so funny. I like "Nan" very much, but I don't see why Laura don't tell that she got those things, and not let Nan get blamed for her. I am eight years old, and will be the 12th of March, —and am in the Third Reader. I study Gray's Geography, arithmetic, and writing. Maunna teaches me my lesson on the piano. I have a dog named Sam, and I love him very much, and all of them, but I love one the best; her name is Julie. She will be three years old on my next birthday. Julie got a pretty willow cradle lined with blue cloth. I had a dog named Sam, my bed, and put her in it every night. When I wake in the morning I always find her eyes open looking me. I hope you got lots of presents on your birthday, and just what you wanted. I had a pretty tree, and a nice time. I got three such lovely books! I was *Diddle, Dumps, and Tot*. It has all about Ole Billy, just the same as was in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have read it through about six times. Bob has too, and we both laugh just

as much every time. Another book was *Papa's Little Doughnuts*. I have read it several times too, and am glad there is to be a sequel to it next year. I hope somebody will get it for me. My third book is *How Babies*. It is so beautiful! I saw one of the birds, and I got tired looking at the sweet baby pictures. I love to draw and paint. Grandpa teaches me how. I have *Kate Greenaway's Birthday Book*, and I paint one of the pictures in it each day when the date comes.

I received many pretty valentines from Valentine's Day; I have filled a window with them; then the girls and I stand outside and look at them. It is such a rainy, misty day I can't see across the street, and I very much like to have to stay in the house. Now that I've begun this letter I don't feel quite so bad.

My brother Bob has just finished a fire-screen for mamma. It is covered with strong muslin, on which he has pasted Christmas cards close together, so the muslin don't show. He made it all himself. It is very pretty, and mamma says she much likes with it, and finds it very useful. The frame-work is pine-wood, and Bob stained it brown.

We went to see General and Mrs Tom Thumb in Chicago just a few days before that dreadful fire at the Newhall House, Milwaukee. I was so glad they escaped unhurt. I think Mrs. Thumb is too sweet for anything.

OLIVE T.

Write again, dear, and tell Bob I expect to hear from him.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have a cat, but I do not play with her, for I have more fun without her. I have a younger bird, and it is covered with scabs seven years old. We have a large garden, and I have a hot-bed of my own.

I saw the transit of Venus through one of the great telescopes in the world, and she is here at the Observatory.

NANNIE W.S.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am a little girl seven years old, and my name is Pearl. I did not get a name until I was three months old, and then my mamma was reading Enjor's book, *The Island Pearl*, and I named me after Queen Pearl, for she thought her such a sweet little girl. I have five brothers and two sisters; the eldest is eleven years old; I also a canary-bird pet, and two dogs, Nero and Tiger. We live on the banks of the Ashley River, and I have six very large groves of beautiful oaks and two hundred rose-bushes. My mamma has just finished reading "Uncle Remus" to us. He reminds me of our old mamma Silvey, who was my papa's nurse, and is eighty years old, and is so smart and active now. She lives with us, and tells us about papa when he was a little boy.

PEARL II.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, but have never written you a letter before. I have read all of the stories; I liked "Nan" and Jimmy Brown's stories very much indeed. I am ten years old, and my next birthday is May 1st. The time for flying kites will soon be here, and I have already made me a large one. I expect to have a jolly time flying my kite. I am going to school to a nice lady teacher. I have a good many studies, and am kept pretty busy during the day.

Your friend, JIMMIE S.

And this is from Jimmie's sister:

I suppose you will be very much surprised to receive a letter from a little girl who down in Tennessee has not a subscriber to the paper. But my brother takes it, and I take great interest in hearing the pieces read, and especially the letters from the little girls and boys all over the Union. I am a little girl six years old, and I just commenced to go to school. I am learning to read, but can not write much, so my sister writes this for me. I have no dolls, but when I am not at school I play with my pets, and games.

ALICE S.

ANNIE D.—"Book" comes from "hoc," an Anglo-Saxon word meaning a beech-tree, the bark of which was at one time in use for writing purposes. "Library," a collection of books, is derived from the Latin word "liber," which also signified the inner rind or coating of a tree. The old Greeks and Romans found this convenient to use as we use paper. "Scholar," a student, it may seem to a busy school-girl, traces its pedigree all the way back to ancient Greece, and comes from a word meaning leisure, which the polite Athenians applied to "school." People who had time on their hands, and were not in a hurry, went to school to hear the philosophers talk under the spreading shade of trees. "Coin" is derived from the Latin; it is simply a piece of metal stamped. "Diamond" comes from the same source as adamant; it means something ex-

tremely hard—hard enough to resist fire. "Portrait" means only a picture drawn with brush or pencil.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1. TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. Among. 2. Not less. 3. A metal. 4. To disown. GAZETTA.

2.—1. A small fastening. 2. A piece of land.

3. A steep rock. 4. Small receptacles.

ALF. KAUFMAN.

No. 3.

1. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. 2. A vehicle. 3. A heavenly body. 4. A fortification. 5. Prompt. 6. To endeavor. 7. In our Post-office box. J. K. SELLM.

No. 3.

1. A letter. 2. A parent. 3. Equal value. 4. A leopard. 5. A Chinese vessel. 6. Forgiveness. J. K. SELLM.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters, and am a wise saying of old.

My 1, 5, 27, 10, 7, 8 is a city once renowned for learning and art.

My 25, 16, 44, 20 is an point of the compass.

My 6, 11, 12, 46, 2, 13, 51 is a skilled warrior.

My 4, 3, 24, 45 is a place of defense.

My 31, 32, 21, 33, 15 is food.

My 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 can do both good and evil.

My 18, 29, 38 is part of a wheel.

My 26, 25, 24 is a vegetable product.

My 38, 17, 30, 35, 34 is used by every housekeeper.

My 9, 23, 32 is an article of dress.

My 49, 13, 14, 47 is a musical sound.

My 20, 50, 22 is a thoroughfare.

My 48 and 37 are in the second person singular.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 173.

No. 1. Skating, Base-ball.

No. 2. T O P Z
T O A P
P A T
Z

No. 3. Core. S-hovel. Y-car. S-tick. S-hoe. G-old. C-cat. C-up. S-in. P-ink. I-land. F-red-red-ed.

No. 4. A D E P T
D I V E R
E V E R Y
P E R I S T
T R Y S T

No. 5. I V Y
H A T
E L K
E F F
E N D
A T E
T I N
A N D
N E T
A S P

No. 6. A D D
D A Y
E Y E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Etta H. Jones, Lucile Ring, Ralph Timpson, M. T. Roy Van Orden, Elvay P. Hutchinson, Jesse S. Godine, Marion McAlbin, Marie L. Charles, B. Jefferson, Katie Webb, Joseph P. Bolton, E. and K. Wilson, Susan Willow and Poppy, Leona Torrey, E. C. Jenkins, Alfred M. Bloomingdale, Philip S. Westcott, Arthur Bancroft, May Kimey, C. G. Goldsmith, Winifred Fitch, Sam Lee, Jennie Tanager, Dame Trol, Rosebud and Peony, Indian Chief, Geo. Logist, Rip Van Winkle, Margaret Elmore, John Baxter, David McCoy, Alex. McD., and Maggie Swan.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



BREAKERS AHEAD—WHERE IS THE HEAD?

SILHOUETTE CHARADE.—GROCER.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

ANY number of players can join in this fascinating amusement. They are arranged in equal sides, each occupying one-half of a darkened room, with a cotton sheet tightly stretched between them like a curtain. This sheet is made semi-transparent by dampening on both sides with a wet sponge, and a large lamp is placed on the floor against the wall on each side of the room. A few caps, bonnets, shawls, hats, and coats, and plenty of paper and pasteboard, with scissors and sewing materials, are near at hand, and each leader has a piece of board with which to darken his lamp while the opposite side is acting. The figures one, two, three, and four are cut from paper in Roman numerals, and are pinned on the sheet to denote the number of syllables in the word about to be performed, and the acting of the syllable is always followed by a representation of the whole word. In these scenes the sound of the word is always followed, without regard to the spelling, and no one is allowed to guess the charade until the whole word has been acted. The leader of the side which is to act the first charade calls out "Ready," and the leader of the side which is to guess it darkens his lamp slowly by means of the board. For example:

SCENE I. GROW.—A table covered with a cloth is placed near the sheet on the side occupied by the performers, a small flower-pot drops down from above on the table, a lovely maiden in a huge poke bonnet plants some seeds, on which the sun slowly rises and pours his genial rays, this luminary being made of a sieve covered with cloth, lighted by a candle, which is drawn up by a string in the hands of a boy who is hidden behind the table. The maiden eagerly watches the process, and occasionally waters the earth supposed to be in the flower-pot with a sprinkler, and also fans it with a huge palm-leaf fan; a few leaves slowly appear, and gradually the plant grows until it reaches the ceiling. The maiden claps her hands in rapture, and smells of the plant until it grows above her reach, when she begins to grow herself, and continues to become taller and taller until her head touches the ceiling, when the leader darkens his lamp and a dark curtain seems to fall over the sheet. The plant is managed by a boy behind the table, who pushes a twig up by means of a long stick on which paper leaves are tied. The maiden grows taller as the light is moved slowly toward her.

When the leader of the acting side darkens his light to show that the scene is over, both lights are shown while the next scene is being prepared.

SCENE II. SIR.—A King is seated on a throne made by placing an arm-chair on a table with a foot-rest and hassock before it to represent steps, an esquire marches in and kneels on the lower step of the throne. Two attendants enter; the first hands a sword to the King, bowing profoundly. The King rises, strikes the kneeling figure on his shoulder with the flat side of the sword, and thus makes him Sir Knight. The second attendant then fastens the sword on the side of the newly made Sir, and with great ceremony presents him with a huge pair of spurs. Having placed a helmet on his head and the spurs on his feet, the attendants congratulate the knight by shaking hands, and retreat, bowing very humbly several times to the King. The Knight then

follows his attendants, having also taken a formal leave of his Majesty, and the scene is closed by darkening the light as before. The crown and sceptre of the King and the spurs and helmet of the Knight are easily made of paper at a moment's notice, as of course only the shadow of these objects is needed.

GROCER.—A man with a paper cap and apron stands behind a long counter dealing out groceries to eager buyers. First a boy with a large hat buys a salt fish, which flaps its tail and his him on his ears as he turns to carry it home. A little girl then buys some eggs, and is surprised to see a chicken rise slowly from the covered basket in which they have been placed. A woman brings a can, and after much hard bargaining in pantomime buys a quart of milk, which is poured into the can; but as she turns away, the cover flies off and a cat's head lifts itself from the can, which she brings back to the man, who shows great astonishment at the result of the bargain. These effects are very easy to produce, as only the profile of these various objects is needed, and the chicken and cat's head are already placed so they can be lifted without being seen by the spectators on the other side of the sheet. At the end of each charade guessing is allowed to all the spectators, and the incorrect guesses are counted on the side of the actors. The spectators must then in their turn act a charade in the same manner, and at the end of the game the side that has made the fewest incorrect guesses is declared the victor.

PUSSY.

DID you ever think why we call the cat *puss*? A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it *Pasht*, the same name they gave to the moon, for the word means the *face of the moon*. That word has been changed to *pas* or *pns*, and has come at last to be *puss*, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. *Puss* and *pussy* cat are pet names for *kitty* everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?



TURNING THE S-TABLES.

"Ha' ha! How do you like it yourself, being shut up all alone in a dark stable, with nothing but spiders and hay-seed to amuse you?"

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RAISING THE "PEARL."—By James Otis,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

OPEN PIRACY.

THE idea of a boy as small as Tommy Tucker turning pirate, in the belief that he could thereby better re-

venge himself on Captain Sammy, was very funny to our three boys, and as they walked home they had quite a discussion as to how long he might continue his piratical career.

Mrs. Evans, on being told the story, did not think Tommy was such a dangerous character as to make it necessary for her to inform the authorities of his whereabouts, and, greatly to Dare's relief, she promised to

say nothing about the matter. But she did insist that the boys should not become friendly with him, unless it was with a view to persuading him of the evil and folly of his ways.

Bobby was not in favor of acting as missionary to Master Tommy, for he was rather inclined to be afraid of him; but Dare promised to try to do the would-be pirate chieftain all the good he could, although he hardly thought he could effect as much with his tongue as Captain Sammy could with his leg.

That night, after the question of Tommy's piracy had been discussed, the boys laid Captain Sammy's offer before Mr. Evans more in detail than they had done before supper, and to their great delight were told that they might suspend their studies during the time they were engaged in raising the *Pearl*, provided they gathered all possible information as to the supposed formation and history of the Everglades. Mrs. Evans also suggested that they should study, from such authorities as were obtainable, the cause and formation of the coral reefs which inclosed the State of Florida in a net-work so dangerous to navigation.

Such study as that seemed but play, and they were perfectly willing to give the required promises.

On the following morning they were at the scene of the wreck nearly as soon as the sun had peeped over the trees at the little town of Tampa, and they had brought their dinner with them, in order that they might not be obliged to waste any time in going back to the hotel for something to eat.

As yet they had no idea how they were to go to work to raise the sunken steamer. Dare had asked his father to advise with them as to how they should proceed; but Mr. Evans had refused to have anything to say about the matter. He said that, since Captain Sammy had made such an offer as he had, it was but right that they should work and plan unaided, for that was the price they were to pay for the use of the boat after she was afloat.

It was high-water when they arrived at the beach opposite the point where the *Pearl* lay under water, and it seemed much more of a task to raise her than it had at low tide, when a portion of her upper works was visible.

Both Charley and Bobby looked upon Dare as the leader of the enterprise; therefore, instead of making any suggestions as to the work on hand, they looked to him for orders.

Dare was almost at a loss to know how they should set about their task, even though he had spoken so confidently the day before; but he did not care then to acknowledge that fact fully.

"I don't exactly know how we are going to raise her," he said, after as long a delay as he dared to make, lest his companions should discover how entirely he was at a loss to know how to proceed; "but there is one thing sure, and that is we must build some stout rafts which we can anchor alongside of her."

As he said this a very good plan for raising the boat presented itself, and he added:

"If we could make rafts large and stout enough, we could get some chain-cables, pass them under the *Pearl* at low-water, and make them fast to the rafts. When the tide rises, of course the rafts would raise the steamer, and we could float her in nearer the shore, doing the same thing each day, until we got her where she would be wholly uncovered at low-water."

The plan seemed so simple that the other boys came to the conclusion that raising steamboats was the easiest thing in life, and the question of how large the rafts should be was being discussed when Captain Sammy was seen stumping along the beach toward them.

"Well, boys, have you got the *Pearl* afloat yet?"

"We've hardly had time for that yet, sir," replied Dare; "but we shall do it."

Then Dare asked the little man what he thought of the plan he had just proposed, and was delighted at the hearty approval it met with.

"I have got some small chain-cables that will be just the thing, and you can go to my dock for them whenever you are ready to use them. Of course the success of your plan depends more upon your raft than anything else, and if you'll row me over to that little island there, I'll show you some trees that will make excellent timbers for the heavier portions, although of course it will take you some time to get them ready for use."

As he spoke Captain Sammy pointed to a small island about two miles from where they were standing, and which appeared to be covered with a fine growth of heavy timber.

Dare's idea had been that they could buy some thick planks which would make better rafts than any they could build of trunks of trees; but thinking Captain Sammy might have some reasons of his own for wanting to visit Dollar Island, as it was called, he agreed to the plan, and all started for the little Captain's boat.

Before Dollar Island was reached the boys found that Captain Sammy could be quite a tyrant when he was on the water, for he kept them pulling at the oars, while he sat in the stern-sheets and steered, much as if they were a crew which were obliged to serve him.

But it was not such a remarkably hard pull, after all, and when they stepped ashore on the beautiful little island they felt fully repaid for their work.

"Now one of you stay by the boat, while the others come with me around the shore," said Captain Sammy. He placed the luncheon the boys had brought with them carefully under the stern seat, and then started along the shore, leaving them to follow as they chose.

Bobby was anxious to be left as boat-keeper, a position which Dare and Charley were only too willing to accord him; so they started off after the little Captain, while Bobby curled himself up on the bank where he could watch the boat and take his ease at the same time.

He had been on guard in this leisurely fashion for more than an hour when he was startled by a sound from among the trees just behind him, and at the same time he saw a little round head, surmounted by a wonderfully large and gaudily trimmed hat, just moving out from behind the trunk of a tree.

"Who's that?" he asked, quickly.

"Captain Thomas Tucker," was the bold reply, in a very thin, squeaky voice, as the rather diminutive form of the pirate chieftain came into view, closely followed by another boy of about the same size and appearance, whom Bobby concluded was the pirate crew, Ikey Jones.

Master Tucker still wore the long coat, but he had made several additions to it. On each shoulder was sewn a piece of yellow cloth, evidently intended as epaulets; around the waist was a large piece of red flannel tied as a sash, and in this was stuck an old pistol without a lock. The hat was evidently the pirate's crowning glory; it had several strips of red and yellow cloth tied around it, with long ends hanging down on one side, while in the gay-colored folds were fastened several feathers that gave a startling appearance to the whole costume.

The crew, as represented by the meek-looking person of Ikey Jones, wore no distinguishing marks of their bloody calling save a leathern belt around the waist, in which was placed a not very dangerous-looking table-knife.

Now Bobby was rather a coward, more especially when he was alone, and the appearance of these two avowed pirates, when he thought his party were the only ones on the island, rather frightened him.

"Where's the old heathen gone?" asked Master Tucker, as sternly as his thin voice would permit.

"Who?" asked Bobby, in surprise.

"The old heathen—Captain Sammy?"

"He's somewhere along the shore, with Dare and Charley. How did you get here?"

"Took an old boat that would just hold together, an' started after you did."

Bobby trembled with fear, for if the piratical crew had followed them so closely, they must have had some dreadful motive.

"Look here, now," said Tommy, as he and Ikey went toward Captain Sammy's boat, "here's me an' Ikey Jones, an' there's you. Now that's enough to make a little pirate's crew if you say you'll come with us. You shall be the mate, an' boss Ikey 'round as much as you want to. Will you do it?" And Tommy began to push the boat off as though there was no question but that Bobby would accept the offer.

"No, I won't; and you mustn't touch the boat, or Captain Sammy will be angry," said Bob. But his courage was not sufficient to admit of his going down to the boat and pulling her up on to the beach again.

"I'll tell you what I'll do if you'll come," said Tommy Tucker, persuasively, having now launched the boat until she was held only by the anchor-rope. "Ikey has to go home every night at seven o'clock, an' I'll let you go too, so's you won't get into any trouble with your aunt."

This idea of being a pirate by day and a peaceful citizen by night was a new phase of life to Bobby, but yet he was not pleased with it.

"I tell you I don't want to be a pirate," he repeated; "and you must pull the boat up again, for Captain Sammy will be here pretty soon."

Tommy glanced over his shoulder quickly to assure himself that the little man was not in sight, and then he said, sternly, while Ikey Jones got behind him in order to be safe in case Bobby should be made angry:

"There's no use talkin', for I'm a reg'lar pirate now, an' you don't want to fool 'round much with me. I come here to get this boat, an' to have you fellers join me; but if you won't, I'll take the boat anyhow, an' I'll serve you out awful if you try to stop me."

"But it's stealing to take her, and we can't get home again if we don't have her."

"I can't help that, for I'm a pirate," was the brief reply of Master Tucker, as he motioned his crew to get on board, and then giving the boat a vigorous push, he jumped into her, and the pirates were afloat.

It was not until the little craft was at such a distance from the shore that it was impossible to get at her that Bobby had sufficiently recovered from his fear and surprise to run down to the beach. There he called imploringly:

"Come back, Tommy! come back, an' don't be so mean as to steal Captain Sammy's boat!"

Tommy paid no attention to the appeal. He had come out that morning all equipped for his piratical work, and he proceeded to business at once.

He took from his pocket the symbol of his new calling—the horrible black flag, which had been made from pieces of his mother's dress. The material, which was about one yard long and half as wide, had originally been black, but was now a sort of dingy green. In the centre was what had probably been intended for a skull and cross-bones made of white cloth, but which really looked like an unskillfully made jack-o'-lantern with the face chalked.

This terrible symbol of death Master Tucker tied to one of the oars, and planted it firmly in the bow of the boat, where it hung as innocently as ever it did on Mrs. Tucker's back.

Then seating himself in the stern-sheets with the tiller-ropes in his hands, the newly fledged pirate gave the order for his crew to pull at the oars, and the piratical craft slowly left the island, while Bobby stood on the beach in a state of alarm not easily described.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY,

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

ABOUT the year 1820 Ferdinand Hiller, a musician in Berlin, used to watch with interest the games played by certain clever little fellows, led by a particularly handsome lad of ten years. This boy, whose name was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,* was quaintly dressed, and had the air of distinction which was natural to the Mendelssohn family. He entered into every game with such spirit and delight that Hiller was amazed to learn that he was a musical genius, whose compositions and performances were already known to an intimate circle of friends.

Mendelssohn's father was a banker living in the Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin, and Felix, his eldest son, was born in 1811. He had one brother and two sisters, and never was a family circle more thoroughly happy and harmonious. Music was highly esteemed in the household, but it was a disappointment when Felix decided upon a musical career. However, the parents were wise enough to see that their son possessed real genius, and so they set to work to give him the best possible education.

Felix composed, as I have said, while he was still romping with little playfellows in the Berlin streets, and once a week his father allowed him to assemble certain young musicians and lead them through some orchestral work. One of his most enthusiastic friends has given a charming picture of these "practices"—the group of earnest performers, the boy conductor, still wearing his childish costume, with its round jacket and deep collar, standing on a raised platform, baton in hand, solemnly and perfectly directing the players.

Felix's sister Fanny was his special favorite and companion. She was a brilliant musician, and composed readily, although with less genius than Felix. Several of the "Songs without Words" were written by her. Never was there the slightest jealousy or misunderstanding between the two. When Felix composed anything he could scarcely wait to show it to his dear "Fance," as he used to call her. Everything the two liked they had to share with each other, yet the two younger ones, Paul and Rebecca, were not shut out. It was a charming quartette, and no wonder that the friends of the Mendelssohns used to fear the young people would be spoiled by knowing only the happy, prosperous side of life.

Felix made a famous journey in 1821. With Zelter, his old master, he went to Weimar, where he passed a fortnight in the house of the poet Goethe. It was certainly a memorable occasion, and Felix, although only eleven years of age, wrote the nicest little letters to his parents and sister describing his experiences. From the first of these I quote:

"He [Goethe] does not look like a man of seventy-three; rather of fifty. After dinner Fräulein Ulrike, Frau von Goethe's sister, asked him for a kiss, and I followed her example. Every morning I have a kiss from the author of *Faust* and *Werther*, and every afternoon two kisses from father and friend Goethe. Think of that! In the afternoon I played to Goethe for about two hours, partly fugues of Bach and partly improvisations. In the evening they arranged a whist table, and Professor Zelter, who took a hand, said, 'Whist means that you are to hold your tongue.'"

The attention that he received during this youthful visit does not seem to have touched Felix's sweet nature with anything like affectation or vanity. All his life he was simple, genial, and too thoroughly a genius to care for praise in any way that would have done him harm. He wrote the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and many other now famous works, before he was twen-

* Bartholdy was a family name which the elder Mendelssohn adopted, but, except in print, it was rarely used.

ty, and soon after began to dream about his greatest work—the oratorio *Elijah*.

Fanny Mendelssohn's marriage did not remove her from the charmed family circle. Just back of her father's house was a beautiful villa known as the Garden House, and here she and her husband, the artist Hensel, took up their abode. Here she organized the celebrated *Matinées* of music, at which the flower of Berlin musical and aristocratic society was present, and where the noblest compositions were performed week after week.

Felix's English journeys which he made from time to time were full of pleasures both social and musical. With his dear friends, the Moscheleses, he staid constantly, and in the house many pictures and other reminders of those happy busy days when Felix and Moscheles worked together still remain. Moscheles had a fund of delightful humor, and he and Felix seemed just fitted to draw out that which was most entertaining in each other.

and Moscheles undertook the guidance of the Leipsic Conservatoire, Felix's house became a new social and artistic circle, and Hiller has given a graphic description of it.

There was a large dining-room, with a sitting-room and bedrooms opening from it. To the left was Felix's study, a water-color drawing of which now hangs in Madame Moscheles' London home. Here were his piano, desk, and some favorite pictures, and the small portable easel or writing stand, now also in Madame Moscheles' possession, which he constructed himself, and on which he composed most of the *Elijah*.

One evening a friend found Mendelssohn seated, buried in thought, before his Bible. He looked up with one of those sudden gleams which used to transfigure his whole face. "Listen," he said, and then in a voice full of agitation he read that part of the First Book of Kings beginning, "And, behold, the Lord passed by." It had inspired him for the *Elijah*.

Those few short years in Leipsic must have afforded delightful memories for the friends who flocked to Felix's house. Not only was there constantly good music, but on birthdays and other festive occasions the Moscheleses and Mendelssohns would improvise most delightful entertainments, into which the great artists entered with child-like enthusiasm. On one of these occasions, in which Joachim, the celebrated violinist, took a part, Moscheles writes that "Mendelssohn was sitting on a large straw arm-chair, which creaked under his weight as he rocked to and fro, and the room echoed with his peals of laughter."

Felix was at Frankfort when news was brought him of his sister Fanny's sudden death. She had been playing at one of her *Matinées*—her fingers suddenly dropped from the keys—she was carried into an anteroom, and soon breathed her last. From that time Felix's spirits drooped. Not only did he mourn his sister's loss, but her early death seemed to be prophetic of his own.

On the 9th of October, 1847, he composed his last work, "The Night Song." That same day he came to see the Moscheleses, walking slowly through their garden, and then going out with his friends for a stroll, during which he talked of Cécile and her coming birthday. From this he went to the home of an intimate friend—Frau Frege. There he attempted some music, but was forced to give it up. He went home, and a little while after his wife found him pale and cold upon the sofa. The next day the symptoms of brain trouble began, and on November 4, 1847, he expired, at the age of thirty-eight years.

It has been given to few human beings to pass a life so unclouded by care or sadness, so full of love and sympathy and the joys of success, as Felix Mendelssohn's. In the thirty-eight years of his life he included more work and more simple joy than many who live beyond the allotted threescore years and ten, and it is a relief to turn from sad lives such as Mozart's, or Weber's, or even Beethoven's, to one like his. Everything sweet—everything that was tinged with the sadness which comes over any artistic spirit you can find in his "Songs without Words"; everything grand and sublime in his oratorios of *Elijah* and *St. Paul*. When he lay dead his earliest intimate friend, Edward Devrient, tells us that he seemed to be buried in flowers, for to his bier his friends brought everything that was rare and fragrant in that November season. He looked, Devrient said, once more as he had looked when a boy. Devrient, who had been his tenderest companion, stood touching his brow for the last time, and of that moment he writes: "The span of time in my remembrance inclosed the whole of happy youth in one perfect indelible thought."



FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Sometimes, after hard work, Mendelssohn would come into Madame Moscheles' drawing-room, tired and worn. Then that ever-ready friend knew just what should be done. She would insist upon his lying down in a darkened room, where he would often sleep for hours. These long sleeps were his salvation, for there was in his family a disposition to sudden brain prostration.

It was Mendelssohn's habit to compose rapidly, and then to correct and re-correct some of his best phrases, until sometimes Moscheles would have to insist upon his friend's leaving his MSS. further untouched. But Mendelssohn was never satisfied; he would yield grumblingly, and declare he never could write *just* what he wanted. But to what genius is any work perfect?

Mendelssohn's wife, Cécile, was beautiful, amiable, and sympathetic, and she proved a devoted companion to him and a most careful mother. When Mendelssohn



A NIGHT IN A SUGAR CAMP.

BY ADA C. STODDARD.

OUR eyes looked eagerly at Nate as he came bursting through the kitchen door.

"Hi, boys, don't ye want to go into Uncle Zeb Haskin's sugar camp 'long o' me?"

It was on a Friday morning. The Tyler twins, Will and Win, were in their mother's kitchen eating a luncheon, because they had gone out coasting on the crust very early, and had not returned in season to breakfast

with the family. Both looked toward the door at the same minute, exclaiming, with great delight,

"Oh, Nate! of course we do, if mother'll let us."

"I know she will," cried Win, excitedly, and he proceeded to empty the contents of the cream-jug into the coffee-pot. "There! now see what I've done. Come right in, Nate; we'll be ready in a jiffy."

Nate complied, grinning broadly. He was a long, lank youth, very awkward, and very good natured, and the Tyler boys were his especial favorites.

"I lay out to stop overnight," said he. "Uncle Zeb is a-goin' to sugar off."

That was the signal for another outburst of enthusiasm, which continued until the boys had finished their luncheon. They had only recently removed from the city, and their ears and eyes were open wide to the new and delightful country sights and sounds.

"Isn't it jolly?"

"How do you sugar off?"

"I never had any real maple sugar—only the store kind, in little scalloped cakes, thin as a wafer."

"And sanded to boot."

"Will used to think they grew on maple-trees, like apples," said Win, with a sly glance at his brother.

Nate laughed. "Sho, now, he didn't! Ho! ho! ho! ho!"

"As if apples grew on maple-trees!" retorted Will, with a great deal of scorn. "Anyhow, I—"

"He's afraid of sheep, too—of our old Billy," said Win, teasingly.

But Nate, fearing a storm, prudently interposed. "The crust's a-thawin', boys," said he; "an' you'd best ask your mother 'bout goin'."

Mrs. Tyler said, "Yes, if Nate would look out for them"—a suggestion which the boys secretly resented; for, weren't they nearly as large as Nate, and within two or three years of being as old? But they were too much delighted at the prospect before them to remain long under a cloud, and, after all, the fact that Nate was born and brought up in the country ought to count for something.

So they set off, Nate with Win and Will, who carried a

huge well-filled lunch basket between them; and they went blithely across the fields and over the river and through the pine woods, to Uncle Zebulun Haskin's sugar orchard. The sugar season, that delightful time of frosty nights and crusty mornings and sunny melting days, was drawing to a close. At the same time winter had not lost his power as yet, and a thick shower of snow-flakes was coming down as the boys reached the camp.

Uncle Zeb made his sugar in a very old-fashioned way. Here was no neat sugar-house with its arches of brick and patent evaporators; instead, the boys saw a great iron kettle swinging over a blazing fire in the open air, and directly alongside a little hut, built of the odds and ends of any convenient material. The trees for some distance around were tapped, and the sap collected in huge iron kettles, which were brought to the camp on a sled drawn by Uncle Zeb's stout team of horses, Jerry and Dick.

The old man made his young visitors heartily welcome.

"I'm right down glad to see ye," said he, shaking hands all around. "Now make yerselves to hum, in the shanty and out on 't."

There was no need that Uncle Zeb should tell them to do so, since who ever knew three wide-awake boys that would fail to make themselves at home under such happy circumstances? Still it showed a hospitable intention, and put them at once at their ease.

They enjoyed themselves thoroughly exploring the camp and helping Uncle Zeb as he placed log after log on the great blazing fire. The odor of the syrup bubbling in the big kettle was very appetizing, and not many moments had passed before the boys had made for themselves ladles of wood, which they dipped into the syrup, trying it from time to time on some snow to see if it were boiled enough for candy.

It required a great deal of trying, and by the time it was quite done the boys had already eaten all they could. But they helped Uncle Zebulun lift the kettle from the fire, and then stood around to watch him stir the sweet mass until it began to grow thick and grainy, much like lumpy pudding; and then they helped him again to dip it out into birch-bark boxes pinned together at the corners with little bits of wood. It was great sport for Win and Will; but Nate, who had watched the operation many times before, thought it a very trivial affair indeed, and would much rather have been playing at snow-balling, or firing at a mark with Uncle Zeb's old musket, that was standing in a corner of the hut—a sport which the boys practiced at pleasure during the afternoon.

It was while they were sitting around the fire eating their evening meal, and drinking maple sap from birch-bark dippers, that Uncle Zeb said, quite as a matter of course, "I guess I'll take a run out to the store, boys; I'm all out o' tobaccaker."

Will and Win looked at each other: somehow the pros-



BRINGING THE SYRUP TO CAMP.

pect of remaining all night there in the woods was not so pleasing as it had seemed to them in the morning. The air had grown very chilly with the going down of the sun, and the great trees looked lonesome and ghost-like, holding their skeleton arms against the pale yellow sky. Dusk was closing around them, and the woods were full of shadows.

"I—I don't believe but what we'd better go too," said Will, clearing his throat with an effort.

"Bless ye," said Uncle Zeb, "you couldn't git there. I've got to snow-shoe it. I'll be back consider'ble airly in the mornin'."

There was nothing more to be said. The three boys watched the old man fasten the unwieldy snow-shoes upon his feet, and they strained their eyes in the direction he had taken long after he had disappeared among the trees. Over the Tyler boys at least there crept a feeling of utter loneliness, and they were conscious of a queer uncomfortable swelling in their throats. Even Nate, who was fourteen years old, shivered a little, it had become so very cool.

"Say we go in and light up," he suggested. "Uncle Zeb's got some candles."

So into the little hut they went, and having found a candle in a candlestick made of a potato, they lighted it and sat down and looked at each other. The stillness was almost painful. Away off in the woods an owl hooted mournfully, and once, when some bits of icy snow rattled down the roof, the boys started, and each one of them looked behind him.

"I'm a goin' to load up the musket," said Nate. "Some kind of a wild critter might come prowlin' round in the night; no knowin'."

They all felt very solemn when this preparation for defense was completed, and the musket, well loaded with powder and ball, placed again in its corner; and each of them went more than once to the little window in the front of the cabin and looked out. The snow had stopped falling long ago, and the moon had come up above the tops of the trees, so that the scene without was flooded with the silvery light, and made the interior seem all the more dismal by comparison. The candle flickered in the air which drew through a broken window-pane, and altogether the boys felt very, very cheerless and alone.

"Hadn't we best turn in," asked Nate, after a little, "so as to be up early—before Uncle Zeb gets here?"

His companions readily agreed to this proposition, and presently the three slipped into Uncle Zeb's bunk. It was not at all a downy couch—only a little shake-down of boughs spread with one or two blankets; but the boys were very tired, and the spicy fragrance of the cedar was very soothing.

Will could not tell how long he had slept, when he awoke with a sudden start and a feeling of fright which seemed to have come from his dreams.

For an instant he could not remember where he was, everything looked so strange and out of place to him. Then he heard a sound which seemed to have mingled in his dreams—a steady solid crunch on the crusted snow outside, as of some heavy body moving slowly along. Will's first thought was that it was morning, and that Uncle Zeb had come. Then he waited a moment, and felt sure it could not be so.

The moon shone broadly in through the window, making the cabin almost as light as day. Will lifted his head and listened a very long time, as it seemed to him, before he tried to wake Nate, who was sleeping so soundly that a whisper close in his ear, accompanied by a good shake, failed to arouse him. Finding that this was so, Will said to himself that it would be a pity to disturb him or his brother at least until he had made some effort on his own account to discover the cause for his alarm. He knew if

he should hoax them in his fear, they would laugh at him unmercifully in the morning, and no boy cares to be laughed at. So he stepped cautiously out of the bunk and up to the window to reconnoitre. The moon was descending the western sky, and by its light Will saw, standing beside the kettle in which Uncle Zeb had sugared off, a great black unwieldy creature, with a stubby tail, short ears, and a snub nose.

It was a bear.

He was eating the crumbly bits of sugar from the sides of the kettle; and even while Will stood gazing out at him motionless with terror and delight he put his nose in the air and lumbered a step or two backward, as if scenting danger.

There was no time for thought. Will—though afterward he wondered how he had the courage to do it, trembling with fear and excitement as he was—snatched the old musket, pointed it out through the broken window-pane, and fired. Almost at the instant of the discharge there was a hoarse growl from the bear, as he turned and went plunging away through the frozen snow, while a loud cry of dismay came from the two boys in the bunk.

It was certainly a time of great excitement; and when Will had told his story, which he did with a great many breathless interruptions, the three boys went in a body to the window, keeping tight hold of each other all the while.

But everything was silent out-of-doors, and finally they sat down together to wait for daylight, Nate first reloading the musket that had done such good service. They said they would not shut their eyes again, but such tired eyes could not be trusted, and before a half-hour had passed they had stretched themselves upon their bed of boughs and were fast asleep.

They were still asleep when Uncle Zeb came in the morning, early, as he had promised, and it was his cheery voice at the door that awakened them. You may imagine what a welcome they gave him, and with what breathless eagerness the story of the night was poured into his ears.

"Now do stop an' git yer breath," urged the old man, though he himself was visibly excited. "'Twouldn't be a mite surprisin' if there *were* a bar round. He's ben here once afore, quite a spell ago. Le's go 'n' take a look."

He went out, followed closely by the boys, and, in the soft half-light that precedes the dawn, together they scanned the tracks around the big kettle. There were spots of blood on the snow.

"You teched him, anyhow," said Uncle Zeb to Will, whose heart was almost standing still, "an—an—why, boy," he cried, excitedly, "ye've *killed* the critter! Look 'er there!"

It was quite true. Scarcely half a dozen rods away lay the huge black motionless bulk.

"Had—hadn't we better take the gun, sir?" asked Will, as Uncle Zeb stepped briskly forward. "Is—is—maybe he isn't quite dead."

"Dead's a door nail," declared Uncle Zeb presently, amid a storm of excited exclamations. "'Twas the critter's ugliness as kerried him off. Pretty well done for a twelve-year-old! Pretty—well—done!"

But Will with many blushes protested against receiving so much praise. "I didn't mean to, you know," said he. "I didn't think I'd kill him. I don't know what made me shoot; but somehow I couldn't help it."

"I won't say maple sugar on a tree again, old chap," laughed Win, "nor anything about sheep. But I just wish I'd ben the one to wake up."

"You better not," said Nate. "Hooray for hooray, and hooray for Will!"

And the woods echoed.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

THE magnetic needle is one of the most sensitive and delicate of instruments. It quivers like the aspen leaf at the approach of any object that repels or attracts it. It shakes with every tremor of the earth or sea. It is seldom at rest; almost as if alive, it wanders around its limited circle. It seems to have its likes and dislikes, its feelings and its impulses. Sometimes a magnetic storm sweeps over it and drives it from its course. Sometimes it seems roused to a wild excitement by some opposing influence. But soon again rest comes, and the delicate, feeble needle points forever to the north.

Upon its firmness and unchangeable nature rest the most important human affairs. It guides the steamers that cross the Atlantic, and brings them safely to their harbor. Without this feeble instrument the *Alaska* would never venture to rush over the ocean in cloud, mist, or night, or the *Serria* reach her destined aim. It leads the great host of immigrants safely to the land of plenty; it carries back the crops of America to feed the people of Europe. Without it Columbus could never have found the New World, and centuries might have passed before the two hemispheres were united. Its delicate guidance leads the explorer through tropical forests and over the polar ice.

No one can tell when the magnetic needle first came in use. It was once thought that it was invented at Anafifi, a famous sea-port of Italy, about the year 1302, but it was known in Europe long before. A French poet, Guyot, about 1150, sang of the wonderful needle that always pointed to the north star when the sea was dark and gloomy. It was known in Sweden in 1250. It seems to have come first from Holland. But the Chinese assert that they used the mariner's compass before the tenth century, and it may have been brought to Europe from that singularly inventive people.

The Western races took up the invention, and have made it the foundation of a new science. They have built upon the magnetic needle the science of electro-magnetism. Magnetism not only guides great steamers over the seas and explorers by land; its delicate vibrations are made to carry knowledge around the world, and enable nations to converse with each other, however far apart. The system of electric telegraphs depends upon the peculiar properties of the magnet. The strange, mysterious power that was first unfolded in some Eastern city by the shores of the Pacific has been turned to new uses. It lights our streets, conveys messages, writes, and may one day drive the rail-car and conduct most of the operations of labor. The steam engine has found a rival.

The needle does not always point to the pole. Even Columbus discovered and was alarmed by its variations. It varies; it changes. And careful observers in all parts of the earth have studied its peculiarities, and endeavored to account for them. But in vain; no one can explain the mystery of the needle. Scientific men have offered probable theories; careful observers have noted its changes in different latitudes and places. It is still everywhere the same delicate, restless, variable thing that seems often half alive. But with all its variations it is yet sufficiently true to afford a safe guidance. It returns from every vibration to point again to the north. It is the symbol of constancy in all its changes.

TED AND THE CHICKEN-POX.

WHEN Ted was told by the family doctor that he had the "chicken-pox," and couldn't go to the party given in honor of Dick Swinton's little sister's eighth birthday, where there was going to be a magic lantern, and ices for supper in the shape of all sorts of funny little birds

and beasts and fishes, and German mottoes with full suits of uniform and all manner of other things inside, made up into little bundles, he was just as unhappy as he could be.

"I hate the chicken-pox," said Ted.

Just at this moment Aunt Lucy came in.

"Why, Ted?"

In about half a minute Ted, big boy though he was, found himself in Aunt Lucy's lap.

"But, Ted," finished up Aunt Lucy, after having allowed that it was just "too awfully awful, and those other fellows getting all the things, and me home here, don't you know?"—"when I was six years old I had the chicken-pox, and I had a perfectly splendid time."

"Aw, no-o-o-ah," said Ted.

"But I did."

Then Aunt Lucy smoothed Ted's hair, which was just one-quarter of an inch long, buttoned up his jacket, fished the end of his collar from somewhere down his neck, and began:

"It was one Sunday after dinner, and the first I knew of it was hearing my mother say she wanted a fire made in the Red Room, for Lucy had chicken-pox, and must be kept away from the other children.

"So I went to the Red Room, where everything was as comfortable as possible, and where, for about a week, I had a perfectly delightful time.

"For one thing I had my best doll to play with the whole time, and her bed right near mine, and then my mother staid with me nearly all day, and I had the copy of Moore's poems off the parlor table whenever I wanted it, and my sister read aloud 'Lalla Rookh.' That is a beautiful story, told in poetry, about a Princess who went on a long journey on camel-back. Altogether I liked having the chicken-pox. My brother and sister used to come and shout through the key-hole, and I'd shout back. They were very anxious to know if I would get marks on my face, and they would say, 'Are you pock-marked?' and I would scream back, 'Not yet.' I think we were all rather disappointed that I came out of the Red Room no worse than I went in.

"Then I knew a little boy who lived opposite. His name was Towsey. His grandfather had fought in the Revolution, and Towsey had his epaulets and his sword and cap. Well, to amuse me, Towsey would come to the window first with the epaulets on, then with the cap, then with the sword, which he would brandish about, making believe he was fighting. I would clap my hands at whichever I liked best. Then I would show him my doll, first dressed one way, then another, and Towsey would only laugh, because he was a boy, and I suppose he didn't like dolls. One day he painted his face like an Indian, and came and danced before the window, and I danced back. I wonder what any one would have thought passing through Thirty-fourth Street to see the two windows.

"When I got better, Towsey sent me a candy basket with a dove in it. I regret to say my little sister and I resolved not to eat the basket; but we each used to go and take a little kind of lick of it once in a while, until one day we found that it had begun to disappear. I am sure you and May wouldn't do that if you had chicken-pox ever so!

"On Sunday I spent the day at such a funny old house. The little boy of the family was about your age, and just think! his grandfathers have lived two hundred years in that same house. It has a great big hall, and a big staircase, and rooms with deep fire-places and wainscoted walls. And the drawing-room furniture came from the court of Louis XIV. Do you know about him, Ted? The house was an old colonial manor—your governess will tell you what that means. After dinner the little boy read aloud from an interesting story-book, which we all found very pleasant."



KITH AND KIN AND KISSES.

All this time Ted had been listening with his eyes and mouth wide open.

"Now, Aunt Lu, I don't think that was so much fun. I'd a great deal rather have gone to Dick Swinton's; and just think! those ices, and they say that in the mottoes there's just the most wonderful things, and you pull 'em, and they go snap! and, o—o—oh! oh! oh!"

Just at this moment Aunt Mary came in.

"Why, Ted!"

Before he knew it he was in Aunt Mary's lap.

"Just let me tell you what a time I've been having among the shops. You know the windows are all full of pretty things for Easter. There are beautiful picture cards, flowers arranged in all kinds of lovely ways, and eggs of all sizes daintily colored and ornamented with beautiful designs for people to exchange as gifts on the great day that is so near.

"I felt so sorry for two poor little children who came to these windows just to look, for they knew they couldn't buy any presents. I began to wonder what they would choose. Two years ago I had such fun at Easter. I captured two poor little children in London on Easter-ve, and gave them a good dinner. While they were eating

I asked them what they would like best to buy for Easter. Now could you believe that they were too ignorant to know why we celebrate this wonderful day, or what happened to make us regard it as one of the most sacred days of all the year?

"I told them the marvellous story, and then I took them out to buy something, so that they might remember that Easter and what I had told them of the wonders of the Resurrection, when the Saviour of the world arose from the dead.

"What do you suppose the little girl wanted to buy? 'A pair of kid gloves.' Only think! when she had scarcely any clothes!

"We went into a shop and bought the gloves and a nice shawl, and the boy bought woollen gloves and a muffler. After this I noticed she looked very sad, and I asked her what was the matter, and she said because 'mother hasn't anything.' So I asked her what her mother would like best, and she said her mother had consumption, and would like something warm; so we bought a knitted wool jacket with long sleeves.

"You never in all your life saw such happy children. Just think! they had never been told about Easter, and every year had seen the stores full of things, and happy-looking children going here and there

in carriages with warm clothing on to make their purchases. A kind gentleman I knew sent the mother and children a nice dinner, and I am sure they enjoyed it very much."

Just at this moment Ted's mamma came in. "How's my boy?"

"Oh, dear, dear!" wept Ted. "I ain't anyhow. Aunt Lucy and Aunt Mary have been here talking to me: I think it's what papa calls 'diverting my mind.' But I want to go to the party, and I don't like the chicken-pox, and I never, never, never will."

Now I might preach all you little folk a sermon on this text, and tell you that Ted ought to have been more patient, and grateful for what Aunt Lucy and Aunt Mary had done to "divert his mind" from the troubles of chicken-pox. But I am not going to do so. I have only told you about Ted because some of you may have the chicken-pox somewhere, and there's nothing like good company when things are uncomfortable. Just say to yourself:

"There, that other fellow has got it too! It's got to be put up with; there's no doing anything about it, and we must just stand it the best we can."



'HARDLY WORTH DARNING.'—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N. A.

MARCH.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE loud winds play their trumpets gay;

The days march to their ring;

And here's the bridge across the ridge

That leads to happy spring.

Over they go beneath its arch,

A merry troop, for this is March.

Come, green grass, lift above the drift

Your fringes to the air;

Come, silver boot, come, rosy foot,

And leave your gay prints there;

Come, bluebirds, and come, glad new leaves,

To flutter round the homestead eaves.

Through meadows damp, with your bright lamp,

Oh, yellow cowslips, haste;

Come, south wind warm, with one light arm

Around the willow's waist,

And call and call the violets dear,

For morning's here, and spring is near.

Come, silver streams, the winter's dreams

Break with your ringing feet;

Wake, rivers gay, and flit away;

Come, rains, with fingers sweet,

And hang new tassels on the larch;

Come, all glad things, for this is March.

THE NEWSPAPER CLUB.

BY THE SECRETARY.

I WILL state at once that the Newspaper Club is not, as one might perhaps be led to think from its name, an association of editors. The President, it is true, is an editor, and as for that, so is the Secretary; but as the latter's publication is nothing but a modest little amateur paper, his editorship is far from important. The club selected their name for the excellent reason that at the time they could decide on no other.

From the beginning it was only intended as a temporary one, but somehow the name has grown familiar to the members, and now after a year's use there is not any positive sign that we shall adopt another. However, it describes, I think, the club's object about as well as anything else, which object is, as our constitution states, "by study of the newspapers and magazines to gain an acquaintance with the prominent events of the day, and to acquire a facility in imparting information about the same."

The club itself grew out of our President's Sunday-school class, comprising ten boys, whose ages range from thirteen to sixteen, and who, I regret to say, could not succeed in keeping the discussion of the current topics interesting to boys entirely out of the lesson. Our teacher accordingly proposed that the class should band itself together into a club, which should meet on every other Saturday evening, and there discuss as much as we liked the subjects which we would persist in bringing into the Sunday-school.

We boys thought this a good idea, and on the 11th of February, 1882, seven of us met at our teacher's house for the purpose of organizing a club. The first thing "in order" was to elect a President, which we did by unanimously choosing our teacher, after which the others complimented the writer by electing him to the position of Secretary and Treasurer. Then a committee was appointed to prepare a constitution, which at the following meeting was reported and adopted. For the information of any who may want to get up a similar club

it may be worth while to give briefly the main points of our constitution here.

Name and Object.—(Already given.)

Membership.—Members to consist of class No. — in W— Sunday-school at the time of the adoption of the constitution, and any others proposed by the Executive Committee, and elected by a majority of the members present. Number limited to fifteen.

Dues.—Five cents each meeting.

Officers.—President and Secretary, the latter to act as Treasurer. Elected for four months.

Committees.—Executive Committee, appointed by the President, consisting of two members—President also a member *ex-officio*—to which all questions affecting the club are referred.

Meetings.—Every alternate Saturday evening at 7.30 P.M., unless otherwise ordered.

Library.—Under the care of the Executive Committee, to be provided by donations of members and purchase of books out of the funds of the club. Any member keeping a book out over three meetings liable to a fine of five cents per week.

It will be seen from this that the machinery of the club is very simple. The officers are as few as possible, and not so important that any one need covet their position. We have already had three elections without any change being made, and begin to feel that we are illustrating the theory of civil service reform, which we are just commencing to understand.

The fortnightly place of meeting of the club is the front basement of our President's house, in one corner of which stands a not unimportant feature of our association—the club library. This is made up, as the constitution already quoted states, of books contributed by the members, and also those which our President generously adds; and each member is at liberty to take a book at any meeting, providing he returns it within a reasonable time. Frequently the club has the pleasure of entertaining at the meetings visitors, friends of the President and of the members, and not many weeks ago we welcomed a gentleman whose name is very familiar in the columns of *YOUNG PEOPLE*—the author of "Reg.," and of many other equally interesting stories that have appeared in these pages. He had with him, when he called, the manuscript of a story which has not yet appeared in print, and which he was so kind as to read to us and submit to our criticism.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to describe or at least give an idea of the proceedings of one meeting. The members assemble in the "club-room," where seats are provided around the cloth-covered dining table. When a "quorum" is present the President raps with his ivory gavel (which, by-the-way, was a present from the members last Christmas), and order being secured, the Secretary calls the roll, after which he reads the minutes of the last meeting, which, as is usually the case with minutes, are not remarkable for their variety or interest. The club then proceeds at once to the business of the evening. Probably a debate will come first, generally on some historical subject, and after that has been hotly but good-naturedly contested a reading—often one of Jimmy Brown's much-admired articles—follows.

At the previous meeting one of the members has been appointed to give what we term the "topics"; that is, the most important events which have occurred during the two previous weeks. These are now presented, and discussed in an easy, unconstrained way—an exercise which, I feel sure, gives each one of us a very satisfactory idea of current history. One of our more intellectual members then reads an original essay on some popular topic in which we are all deeply interested, presumably on account of his originality; or perhaps our President reads us one of his stories previous to its publication.

By this time the clock points to the hour that denotes bed-time, and when the books are selected from the library, a "motion to adjourn is in order." The club steal cautiously upstairs, don their coats and hats, and depart

with the satisfactory conviction that the Newspaper Club is a "good thing," and bound to prosper.

One thing I should like to add, for the benefit of any who may have become interested enough in this account of the Newspaper Club to wish to get one up of a similar character: Be sure and get some one older than yourselves to help you with the organization, or else I am afraid it will lack the vitality which the Newspaper Club seems to possess.

NOTE BY THE PRESIDENT.—It is hardly necessary to add anything to the Secretary's account, unless it may be to speak of a small bulletin or programme which is usually prepared by him for each meeting. This programme gives the usual order of exercises, as they have already been described by the Secretary. Of these exercises the "topics" are not the least important feature. It is this feature, indeed, which gives the club its name and its motive. Besides the one person appointed to present the topics, each member is expected to come prepared with the news of the fortnight, so that what the first omits the others can supply. If any readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* are anxious to get up a Newspaper Club, the President of this one will be glad to send them any aid in his power, though the Secretary's full and clear account seems to furnish all the details that are necessary.

"WILD DOLLY."

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

ONE of the loveliest spots in the world is a nook by the old saw-mill on the Asluetot River. Grand old trees interlace their branches overhead, and the rocks are covered with a soft carpet of moss and flowers. One side of the mill is built against an enormous rock that rises out of the water to within a few feet of the roof.

The back of the mill on which the wheel is placed is covered with a wonderful vine, as old as the mill itself; this vine clings tightly to the worn gray stones above the wheel, and is kept fresh and green by the spray. It completely covers the upper part of the wall, concealing with a curtain of leaves and tendrils a small window under the eaves.

One sunny morning Dolly Wild and her brother Will came down to the old mill and peeped into the open door. The great saw was in motion, filling the building with a queer humming sound as if a colony of gigantic bees had taken up their abode in the place.

The sawyer turned as their shadows fell across the floor, and said, with a smile, "Well, Dolly, where are you going this morning?"

"To fish behind the mill," replied Dolly.

"Ever catch any?" inquired the man.

"No, sir," answered Dolly, scraping up the sawdust with the toe of her shoe, "but Will does sometimes."

"That's the way, is it?" said the sawyer, looking at Will, and laughing. Then turning to Dolly, he inquired, "Was that you walking on the plank over the race the other day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dolly. "But how did you know? I did not think you could see the plank from this side of the mill."

"There," said the sawyer, pointing up to the small window under the roof, through which long tendrils of the vine had grown and were stretching out toward the beams—"I was up there trying to catch a white owl. The vine's full of the pesky things. Now see here, Dolly, that plank is an awful dangerous place; it's right over the race, and if you should slip in when the mill's running, nothing short of a miracle could save you from being crushed up against the wheel. It's full a quarter of a mile around over the bridge, and a body might scream till they were black in the face before I heard them, unless they stood right in the door. So don't you try it again. I shouldn't like to think of *my* wheel crunching your little bones to flinders."

"Well," answered Dolly, "I won't go there again if you feel like that; but I never fall."

"Neither does she," put in Will. "She can climb and run and jump ten times better than I can."

"There's a last time to most things, remember that," answered the sawyer, "and don't let her go there again." Then he turned and resumed his work.

"Good-by," cried the children, and started off pell-mell down the road and over the bridge to their favorite haunt, Dolly skipping and jumping from one slippery stone to another as though she had wings, and Will following more slowly with his basket and rod. The sawyer's words had made him a little thoughtful, and as he watched his sister's careless movements he called out,

"Dolly, do take care! I don't wonder the fellows call you 'Wild Dolly.'"

"Do they?" said Dolly, stopping and looking around. "Then I think they're very mean. I never hurt them, I am sure."

"Oh, they only do it for fun, so don't be mad. But I wish you would take care, and look where you are going. You'll fall."

"Take care of yourself," answered Dolly; "I am sure you need it more than I do."

"How cross you are to-day!" replied Will. "What's the matter, Dolly?"

"Nothing," said Dolly; "only I don't want everybody saying, 'Take care,' calling me 'Wild Dolly,' and all that."

"Very well," responded Will, soberly; "only I don't want you to hurt yourself."

"All right," said Dolly, smiling; "I'm not angry."

By this time they had reached the spot which they had chosen for a fishing place. It was on the same bank of the river with the mill, and a few yards above it. Above, a great beech tree spread its arms far out over the stream, and beneath, a flat rock arose out of the water, making a most excellent spot for fishing.

At this point the river, rushing by perhaps for hundreds of years, had worn a little circular basin or bay in the hard rocks. Here the water was very deep and still close inshore. You could see down into the green depths for many feet, and when the sun shone directly upon it, you might now and then catch a glimpse of a trout turning his bright sides hither and thither. Will said it was a sort of "resting-place" for the fish before they took the plunge through the race.

Twenty feet from the shore, however, the river shot by like an arrow; a branch or log floating upon it would fairly seem to fly. A little beyond the bay the whole current was compressed into a great wooden trough or gutter, called the "race." This gutter delivered the immense power of the stream directly upon the paddles, or buckets, of the wheel, causing it to fly around in a continuous cloud of foam with a noise like thunder.

Just where the water poured out of the race upon the wheel there was a strong frame-work of plank which ran across the race, close to the surface of the swiftly running water, and very near the wheel. This frame-work was for the purpose of giving strength to the gutter, and to prevent the water from bursting it to pieces. Over this plank Dolly had often walked without the slightest fear, though it was always wet and slippery, and a single misstep must have surely dashed her to pieces upon the wheel. The sawyer had forbidden her to cross it again, and though she looked at it longingly as she wandered up and down the banks while Will was arranging his lines, she did not mean to disobey.

At the other end of the race—that is to say, farthest from the wheel and nearest the fishing rock—was another frame-work of different character. It was called the "gate," and was used for the purpose of shutting the water out of the race, and turning it another way. Of course, when the gate was shut, no water could get into

the race; what was already in it would run out, and the wheel would stop.

This gate was simply a square of thick plank, bolted together, of the exact size of the race trough, so that when down it would exactly close the end of it. It was arranged to run up and down in grooves made in two great posts standing upright on each side of the race. When the mill was in motion the gate was hauled to the top of the posts by means of a rope running over a pulley, and tied fast. When the sawyer wished to stop his wheel, all he had to do was to untie his rope; the gate would drop into

his rod. In his eagerness his foot slipped upon the wet rock, and the next instant he fell forward upon his face into the water. Before he could make one effort to save himself he was caught in the eddy, and whirled round and round like a cork.

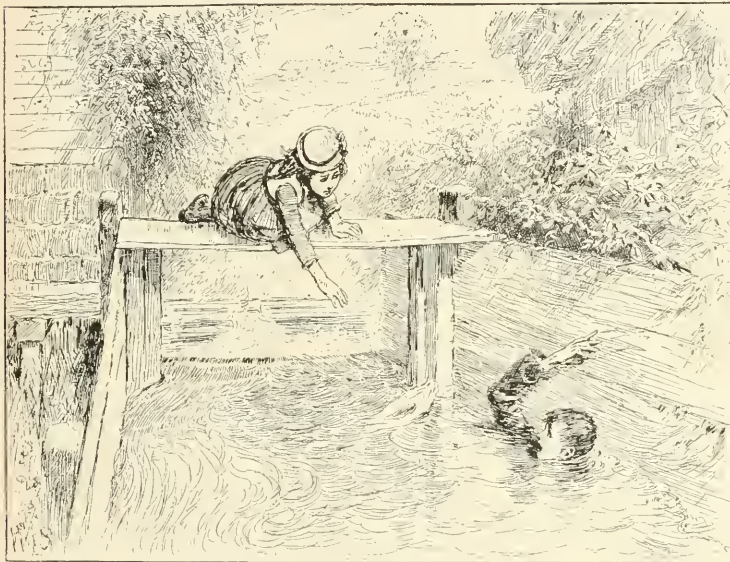
Dolly gave a piercing scream as she saw his mishap. She stood panting on the bank an instant as her brother was drawn more and more swiftly toward the centre of the stream; then she flew down the bank, and upon the plank next the wheel.

"They told me not to cross it," she thought, "but I must. If Will is drowned, I don't care whether I fall in or not."

Will's basket had fallen in with him, and, being lighter than he, had been drawn into the current first, and was swept down toward her like a rocket. It passed beneath her feet, struck the wheel, and was dashed high in the air. She nearly fainted as she thought that this was what must happen to Will.

Not two minutes after his fall Will's body came driving down the race toward her. She uttered another cry, and crouched down, holding on to the plank with one hand and extending the other toward him. The brave girl never thought that, even if she could catch her brother, the force of his motion would be nearly certain to drag her in with him.

On he came, striking now one side of the race and then the other, until



"WILL'S BODY CAME DRIVING DOWN THE RACE."

the trough of its own weight, and the water would be shut off from the wheel.

After a while Dolly went back to where Will was fishing. He seemed to have very poor luck, for not a nibble had yet rewarded his patience. Dolly sat down beside him, and began to cut up her bread into squares with her knife.

"You'd better eat your bread," said Will, contemptuously; "the fish won't touch it."

"I'm sure they would like it better than those nasty flies and bugs," said Dolly; "I know I would."

"But you're not a trout, are you?" asked Will. "How do you know what fish like?"

"Well, they don't like your bugs, that's plain," returned Dolly. "You haven't had a bite for half an hour."

"That's because I've got an old grasshopper on my hook," said Will, "all bones and no taste in him. Here, Dolly, just watch my line, will you? I'm going to hunt up a cricket, a large fat one, and then you'll see."

Will laid his rod upon the rock, and began hunting along the bank for his cricket. Dolly was sure her bread would have been better bait, and she would have liked to have drawn up the line and put a morsel of it upon the hook. But she knew Will would be angry, so she sat watching the float bobbing upon the water, until all of a sudden it gave a great jerk, and sank out of sight.

"Will! Will!" cried Dolly, excitedly, "you've got a bite. Quick! quick! he's running away with the rod!"

Will ran down the bank, and sprang forward to seize

he shot directly toward her. As he was passing, she succeeded in catching him by the hair with one hand, while she clung to the frame-work with the other. Of course her strength was not sufficient to have held him up for a moment. But the tug she gave him directed his course toward the side of the race, and the very instant he was about to be flung upon the wheel, his arm caught in the frame-work upon which Dolly stood, and he was wedged fast. The water tugged and jerked at him, but now its power only fastened him firmer in the frame-work. His jacket was torn off, his hat was gone, his upturned face was cut and bleeding, and his eyes were closed.

Dolly clasped her hands and looked round for help. She sprang from the plank and ran toward the mill. The sawyer and his man were near the front of the mill on an upper floor. She screamed to them, but the saw was going, and they never heard her. She thought of climbing the high bank, and running around to the front to alarm them. But would there be time? Any moment Will might be torn loose, and then help would be too late.

As she ran wildly along the bank her foot struck the rope which held the gate in place. She stopped and looked up at it. She knew that if the gate were closed Will could be saved, because no more water could get into the race, and the wheel must stop.

She caught hold of the rope and tried her strength upon it. She could not stir the gate; it took the strength of the sawyer and his man to raise or lower the heavy planks,

and what could the strength of one poor, half-fainting little creature do with such a weight? If she could untie the knot which held the rope, the gate would drop of its own accord. She tore at the knot until her fingers bled, but it would not be untied.

She arose and looked around again. Will was still hanging in the frame-work. Perhaps there would be time to climb the hill and warn the sawyer. She started at the top of her speed, but suddenly turned aside with a cry of joy, and sprang toward the flat rock where they had been fishing. The knife with which she had been cutting up her bread still lay there; its gleam had caught her eye. It was very sharp, and she thought she might cut the rope with it.

She seized it and ran back to the gate. Stooping down she pressed the blade against the tightly strained rope with all her might. There was a sharp snapping sound, then the rope parted with a dull report, and the gate splashed heavily into the water.

The knot of the parting rope had struck Dolly a violent blow, and her cheek was cut open to the bone. But she crawled to the edge of the race and looked over. The gate was in place, and the water was rapidly lowering; already the wheel had stopped. Will was saved!

The sudden stoppage of his saw had astonished the sawyer, and Dolly saw him thrust his head out of an upper window.

"You vixen!" he cried, "what have you been doing?"

"Saving Will," said Dolly, faintly. "He fell into the race, and I cut the rope and let the gate fall. Oh, come down and help him out, please!"

What with her cut and her fright Dolly was so weak that she could not move, but lay upon the edge of the race, while the sawyer and his man drew Will out of his dangerous position. He was yet insensible, and his arm was broken, but he was alive and in no danger of dying.

"Safe, Dolly!" cried the sawyer, as he came up carrying Will. "Jump up and run ahead."

Dolly rose and tried to do as he told her, but she was so weak and sick that she staggered and fell down again.

"Why, the poor darling is hurt too!" cried the sawyer to his man. "Lift her up, Jim, and carry her into the mill. Cheer up! that's a brave girl; we'll have you safe home in a jiffy."

"I don't mind," said

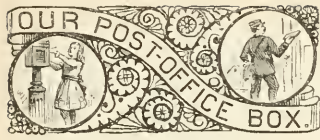
Dolly, with a faint smile. "It don't hurt much. I am so glad Will is safe I don't feel anything."

The two children were carried into the mill. The sawyer then harnessed his horse to the mill wagon, and, making a soft bed of sawdust in the bottom of it, laid Dolly and Will upon it and carried them home.

Will was sick for many weeks, but Dolly was out in a day or two. The sawyer told everybody what had happened, and Dolly was very much astonished by what people said of her. The village paper had a long account of the accident, in which it spoke of Dolly as a "heroine" and a "brave little woman." Dolly could not understand why so simple a matter as doing your very utmost to save the life of one you love should be thought so wonderful.

Will never forgot what his sister had done for him, and years afterward was fond of telling the story of the old mill, and of asserting that there never was another such girl as his sister Dolly.





SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

FOR the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymns"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given—together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist—in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N. A., M. F. D. MILET, N. A., and MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A. N. A., Superintendent of the Art Department, HARPER & BROTHERS, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made as follows: one page HARPER'S WEEKLY, \$500; one page HARPER'S BAZAR, \$300; one page HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT have been published. That published in 1887 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete; and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

KITE time and top time and hoop time and skipping rope time! What fun you are having, to be sure, when

Cheerily O

The March winds blow,

And we say good-bye to storms and snow!

PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK.

I live in Orange County, on the Delaware River. If the boys and girls will look on their maps they will see very near my home a spot where the Delaware joins. It is called Carpenter's Point, and sometimes Tri-States Rock. If here, you could place one foot in New Jersey, and one in New York, and a hand in the water of the river which is the line of the State of Pennsylvania.

My grandmother lives in Milford, seven miles away, and my little dog Fritz lives with her. He was frightened at my coming, and when I came and chattered to him, he wiggles all over his body and shows his teeth when he sees me, as if he were laughing.

I go to the Mountain House School; it is called so because a very steep hill is just behind it. It is four stories high—I mean the Mountain House, not the hill—and we can step out on the ground from three of the floors. There are oak and chestnut trees all around it, the little squirrels race all over the roof, and bad boys go up the mountain-side sometimes and throw stones on the roof. We can look down on the canal, the railroad, and two rivers—the Neversink and Delaware.

G. W. V.

Was I no older than I suppose you are, Master Gus, when I climbed the very mountain of which

you speak with a merry party of friends, one summer day. But I think the school was not there at that time. It must be pleasant to have the squirrels for such friendly little neighbors.

GRAND ISLE, VERMONT.

I have written to the Post-office Box before, but my letters have not been printed. I do so, as Jimmy Brown says, "If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again." I wash dishes for mamma, and like it very much. I think Hope would be a good name for Harry W.'s little baby sister. My papa gave me a new Waterbury watch this morning. I have had lots of fun sliding on the ice. Mamma puts meat in the tree and crumbs out the birds. I like to see the birds, and sometimes there are four kinds of birds there at once—the chickadee, sparrow, woodpecker, and sapsucker.

GRACE P. M.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and I made a patchwork quilt with 1764 pieces two inches square in it, and when it was done my father gave me five dollars for it. I have three bound volumes of YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like them very much. I have a little sister, and she is very cunning, and can repeat pieces and sing songs as well as if she were six years old. There is a picture of a little girl in YOUNG PEOPLE who looks just like her. The name of the picture is "Where did you come from?"

MAMIE L. B.

Both Grace and Mamie must accept the Post-mistress's very best wishes. Grace has shown good sense and perseverance in writing more than once to the Post-office Box, and I like her for watching the birds, and telling me the different kinds that have had their breakfast at her door on chilly mornings. Little Mamie, the darling, deserves great praise for her patience in making that quilt with its 1764 pieces. The present her father gave her was earned very honorably. Now she must make a crazy quilt. In a crazy quilt the pieces are taken just as they come, of all shapes and sizes, and if of silk and velvet, they are all the prettier. If any reader is making one, she may write and describe it to her other girls.

BROCKVILLE, CANADA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in Brockville, on the bank of the river St. Lawrence. I have one brother and one sister. I have a dog named Carlo and a cat, which I love very much. I have been sick, and have not been good to school yet. Papa has a boat, in which we go out in summer, and we have great fun building sand castles. I can row very well. Papa used to let me go out in the boat alone. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I will send you my receipt for ginger-sauce.

One cup of molasses, one cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, two tea-spoonfuls of ginger, one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, one tea-spoonful of soda, and three table-spoonfuls of water.

KATIE M'CL.

Now for our boys.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I was thirteen years old on Washington's Birthday. I have two sisters; one is named Mary, and the other Nan. Mary is ten years old, and she helps with the house-work. Nan goes to school, and she is learning very fast. She was six years old the 1st of March. I work in a bond broker's office on Third Street, and when I am at leisure I play checkers; I also play dominoes. The books I like best are Lives of the Presidents and Robinson. I am going to sea next year as a cabin-boy.

JACK C.

My advice to you, Jack, is not to go. What would Mary and Nan do without you?

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

Will you kindly inform me in the Post-office Box whether, in the game of hare and hounds, in the start of ten minutes which the hare receives must he throw the scent (paper) when he starts, or not until the ten minutes have elapsed?

F. C. W.

The hare is supposed to throw the scent from the time he starts, but it is sufficient to begin as soon as he is out of sight of the hounds.

DAYTON, NEW YORK.

I am twelve years old. I attend school regularly. I have a good many chores to do out of school hours. I take the entire care of a cow and twenty hens, and I take care of two coal and two wood sledges. I like to see the boys bring in the coal and wood, and in the morning I build two wood fires. Evenings I play games—dominoes, go-bang, and others. The grand prize game, and checkers. Now even I read in a book called *The Kangaroo-Doctors*. I am very fond of reading. My favorite authors is J. T. Crowbridge. Of his books I have the "Jack Hazard Series" and "The Silver Medal, Bound in Honor, and His Own

Master. Of Jules Verne's books I have read *The Mysterious Island*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, and *Around the World in Eighty Days*. The name of the other books are *The History of England*, by Charles Dickens. *Lost in the Jungle*, by Paul Du Chaillu. *Drifting Round the World*, *God Crusoe*, *Six Steps to Honor*, and others. My favorite motto is, "Do the best you can where you are."

Ask the boys and girls for me how they would write an article to the hardware merchant for two of the articles of other books and get for me three dollars, and two brothers, all younger than I am. I had a little brother called Ward, who died three years ago with diphtheria. I hope you will print my letter.

NOELMAN T.

It is a real pleasure to have so straightforward and wholly a letter to print. Your life is a busy and wholesome one, full of work and play very well mixed, and your books are good books for a boy's library. And your motto, it is a splendid one. The boys may answer your funny question.

JERFERTON CITY, MISSOURI.

In No. 173 you say that you would like to hear from the boys, and so I take this opportunity to write to you. I was in an office all day from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., and like work very well. My motto is the same as Davy Crockett's was, viz., "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." I don't invest in games any more, as I have more at the disposal age of seventeen and a half years. My favorite amusement is stamp and coin collecting. I have already about 1500 varieties of stamps and 2000 of coins. I like to read the newspapers, the daily papers and stamp and coin papers, and have also read many books. My favorite author is Mark Twain.

There is a great deal of excitement here today. We have the State penitentiary at this place, and have convicts in it from all over the State, and they murdered to-day, and set the penitentiary on fire, and burned it all to the ground. But the warden called out the citizens, and gave them arms and ammunition, and had them mount guard until they got the fire under control.

H. L. G.

SHANAWAHT, OHIO.

I am a boy who will be ten years old next Tuesday. I have no pets at present. I had a nice squirrel, but it died; its name was "Cute Tommy." Don't you think that was a funny name? I have a dog named "Cute," and a cat named "Edwin"; he is seven years old. My papa has taken YOUNG PEOPLE for us since Christmas. My dear mamma often reads to us.

I like to play a great deal next door to us. She entertains us in many ways. She plays on the piano, and helps us to find out the puzzles. Don't you think I have a good mamma and auntie? I go to writing school, and like it very much. My auntie writes this for me. I am fifteen years old. What do you think of her writing?

A. N. D. (per Z.)

You may tell your auntie that her writing pleased me much, though I would like to see your own.

LA PORTE, INDIANA.

I live near a church in La Porte. When I get home from school at noon I eat my dinner, and then I sit down and read in *The Life of President Lincoln*. I am very much interested in that book; I have almost finished it now. It is not a very long book, but it tells me a great deal of his history of his life. After I get through reading, I go out and play until school-time. After school in the afternoon I play a little, then I come and make a fire in the cook-stove. After I have eaten my supper I read in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE if I have a new number. I like the stories of the authors in YOUNG PEOPLE better than any other books, but I intend to get a few books. I like to play checkers too pretty well. I am ten years old, and my playmate is seven. My motto is, "Try till you get what you want."

ALBERT H. B.

Yours is a good motto too, Albert, and I like your letter very much.

CREATION, ONTARIO.

I am a larger boy than you. I have never taken YOUNG PEOPLE before this year, and it comes to me from Toronto. I am eight years old, and I live on the shore of Lake Ontario, and I wish you could see the ice, but I don't like the sliding of the spray against the land. I am very fond of reading, and sincerely wish that the paper were twice its size.

CHARLES P. C.

Not a stranger, but a little friend.

Now for the girls again.

MONTICELLO, ALABAMA.

Mamma has promised for a special privilege to write you a letter for me, but she has never quite time enough, so now my auntie Cecile is writing for me. I am seven years old, and have a little sister Juliet, aged five, and a baby sister Jean; she isn't

two. The other day I asked sister Julia if she had an orange in the bureau drawer, & I said I thought that was good enough to go into the papers.

I have been taking *Young People* for two years, and like it so much. I think *Nan* is a lovely girl, but I don't think that *Laura* is a good girl at all, and especially for such a large child. I almost can't remember her.

My teacher, Mrs. C., is a charming woman, and I hope she will soon be able to teach me to write my own letters. Grandmamma has been visiting us for some time, she is the bestest grandmamma in the world, but she did not get well long enough. Papa has just planted out a great many rose-bushes, and when they bloom in the summer I want to send you a box of them. I am not like *Rosabelle*; I like to work, & fill the salt-cellar every Saturday morning. Down at my grandpa's house there are seventeen Japan tea-trees, and they have thousands of flowers on them; my mother is too long-peace excuse me. With love, your little friend,

MARY MARTIN C.

Not a bit too long, dear child; and you signed your name beautifully.

INDIANAPOLIS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have taken *Young People* ever since it was first published. I like it very much, especially the story of "Nan." I have one pet; it is a little dog, named *Chick*. I expect to enjoy myself at a Slesha surprise party on Friday. I go to school every day, and I love to study. I have lots of fun doing house-work on Saturdays. I can bake plain cake and pudding, and a great many other things. Write to the Post-office Box; every letter is read by me.

GRACE M.

A Slesha party is something new. I hope it went off nicely.

The next letter is from a little fellow whose penmanship is as plain as type-writing.

NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO.

I do not go to the public school; I spend from three to six hours with papa in the study; I am studying Latin, United States history, and arithmetic. I like *Young People* very much. I like *Anna's Family Robinson*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Anderson's Wonder Stories*, *Arabian Nights*, *Esop's Fables*, *Chatter-box* for 1882, *Abraham's Voyage*, and *Traveler's Story of the Happy Bay*. *Henry Martin* is one of the other less noted books. I read *HARPER'S Young People* and *Young Companion*; I am very much pleased with *Young People*. Among my books I like *Young Family Robinson* best. I spend my evenings reading and playing games. I play a number of games, such as authors, checkers, backgammon, chess, dominos, dominoes, etc. My pleasantest out-door amusement is playing ball and tennis. My regular work is to take care of Barney, our horse, morning, noon, and night. For this papa gave me a watch; he will soon give me a playing-press.

GEORGE H. L. B. (aged 11 years 6 months).

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I saw that no one else had written from this town, so I thought I would write a little letter. I have a Maltese kitten, and if I whistle it will jump up into my lap and snuggl my mouth, and it will stand on its hind feet just like a dog. I got four very pretty valentines yesterday. I have lots of fun on my roller skates in both winter and summer, and I love to ride with my papa on a pair. I guess I can't write any more now. Good-by.

AGNES T.

Every boy must read what J. K. has to tell:

EAST NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

This is the first time I have written to the Post-office Box, but I have read many letters in it, also what you said about that dangerous weapon, the powder-box. I have had some boys who, on the 21 of July a boy told me of a nice little cannon he had seen in a store window for ten cents. I thought that would be a good chance on the Fourth, so I ran home, got my money, and bought the cannon without telling mamma anything about it. How I had to regret it afterward! The next evening I went out to show the cannon, and when I was about to fire, the powder-box was left open, and as I was bending over it a spark flew in, and all the powder exploded in my face. I was badly burned, and had to stay in bed for a week. I hope no other boys will have to go through the same thing, but I have learned a good lesson—never to play with powder or pistols. I am eleven years old.

MORRIS, TEXAS.

As you will perceive by the heading of my letter, I live "away down south in Dixie." I am ten years old and a farmer's daughter, and live in the country five miles from town. I helped my papa and brother pick cotton, but we have finished now, and as there is no school for me to go to, I stay at home and help mamma. I have five sisters

and one brother. My oldest sister Emma is thirteen years old, and is at a boarding-school in Waco.

I have no pets except my little sisters. Our baby's name is Tommie. That is a queer name for a girl, but papa says he never expects to have another boy, so he named her. I don't think she have had a severe winter for this latitude—more snow than for many years. We have had some fine skating on the pond.

IRA R.

CONTRACT HIRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have a big bulldog named *Crib*; he dislikes me very much; whenever my elder sister plays on the piano *Crib* cries and growls so that we have to put him out doors. I don't know what will print this letter, as it is the first one I have ever written.

BESSIE D.

THE BOY WARD, ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

Not long ago we read in *HARPER'S Young People* about a pet turtle that two little children have, and Sister says she thinks they would like to hear about ours. Last summer, when we were down at our Seaside Hospital at Rockaway Beach, Theodore was coming from the Post-office, and he had a little turtle in his pocket, and I took it to the hospital in his pocket. We all became very fond of Pete; that is the name we boys decided to call him—and when we came home, I took *Pete* to the hospital, and he was in his pocket again, and we have him yet. Our turtle is an iron one, the stands on legs, and *Pete* stays under it most of the time. About once in three days he gets hungry, and comes out into the dining-room to let us know it. The turtle will drink the water run in the bath-tub, and after we put *Pete* in we give him a piece of raw meat, so that he can eat and swim and take a drink. Theodore got well, and went away, but he sometimes goes to see *Pete* and the boys.

A. B.

Little friends who are interested are informed that a fair for the benefit of Harper's Young People's Lot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for children will be held in Republican Hall, 55 West Thirty-third Street, on Wednesday, March 28, from 12 until 10 p. m. The admission will be ten cents.

AT ST. EDNA.

Annie Davison, St. Edwards, Boone County, Nebraska, has received from correspondents in answer to her exchange, several packages of silk pieces which are not accompanied by name or address. She will be glad if any little friends who have sent articles to her, and have received nothing in return, will, upon seeing this notice, write to her describing what they sent, so that she may send them what they desire.

WALLINGTON, ONTARIO.

I am a little girl, and will be ten years old next Friday. I go to school, I have a lovely pet kitten; her name is Snowdrop; she is perfectly white, every hair of her; she is very fond of playing. I have two brothers and two sisters. I was born in Canada, but when I was two years old I came to Canada with my papa and mamma. I have been to Minneapolis and back seven times, and to New York and Philadelphia three times. We did not visit New York for the first time for a Christmas present; we hope we may take it all ways after this. We are delighted with "Nan."

EMMA M. W.

DEAR POSTMASTRESS.—I wonder if a grandmother may have admission to the charming circle of the readers of the Post-office Box. Having seen that one of your little correspondents is in trouble about her canary, which has strained its voice, I, having had one similarly situated, thought I would tell her to give it rice, and it will recover its voice. Eggs given while the birds are molting will keep them well, so that they will not stop singing. I keep one in the cage all the time.

Perhaps some of your little girls would like to know how to dispose of some of their pretty picture cards. If they take four fans that open, take off the outside handles, join the ends, and stretch the stems outside, unite them in the centre by a ribbon bow, draw a cord through so the fans open, then tack it on the wall, the handles make a very pretty receptacle for the cards. The fans may be all alike, or two alike; either way makes a very bright little beauty spot on the walls. And now grandmother will bid the little boys and girls good-by.

Thank you very much. Grandmothers are always welcome where there are groups of loving children.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nine years old, and I have a pocket kite, and I have a box of blocks with which I can make a picture of Gulliver and the little people of Lil-

liput. I got a present of a cup and saucer. I have a circus wagon and an express wagon. I go to the Franklin School, and I am in class No. 15. I can do long division. I go to Sabbath-school. I am going to get a new suit, and I have my money.

JOSEPH GIBSON McCA.

Long division is hard work for a boy of nine. How large is the pocket kite, and where do you fly it?

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAMOND.
1. A letter which is both a vowel and a consonant. 2. A Jewish tribe. 3. A woman who set two ancient peoples at war. 4. A character in *Robinson Crusoe*. 5. A Greek hero. 6. A novel. 7. A poet. 8. A character in *The Tempest*. 9. A character in *Lore's Labor's Lost*. 9. Effervescent. 10. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 11. A consonant. ACTUR H. TIMMERMAN.

No. 2.

DOUBLE READING.

1. I am a prop or support; behind me, and I am a family tribe; behind me again, and I am a single point. 2. I am a movable seat; behind me, and I grow on animals; behind me again, and I surround the earth. 3. I am worn for good for time; behind me, and I injure; behind me again, and I support the hand. 4. I am an act of deceiving; behind me, and I am the reverse of cold; behind me again, and I consume. 5. I am a pointed instrument; behind me, and I am a small stream; behind me again, and I am freedom from pain. 6. I am a lingering disease; behind me, and I am a lady; behind me again, and I am still a lady. 7. I make glad; behind me, and I am a contract; behind me again, and I am freedom from pain. 8. I am a bird; behind me, and I am a friend; behind me again, and I am above all. MADISON McALVIN.

No. 3.

TWO CROSSWORD ENIGMAS.

1. First in youth, not in age. Second in hand, not in page. Third in yacht, not in sail. Fourth in sheep, not in goat. Fifth in yeast, not in bread. Sixth in wrote, not in said. Seventh in saucer, not in cup. Guess me now, or give me up. My whole is a traveller sage and good. Who rambled far by sea and wood. ALICE and BESSIE B.

2. First in hand, not in arm. Second in anger, not in charm. Third in yacht, not in sail. Fourth in live, not in trod. Fifth in comb, not in brush. Sixth in light, not in crush. Seventh in saucer, not in cup. Eighth in hope, not in vice. Ninth in ripe, not in soup. Tenth in minute, not in hour. Whole a very fragrant flower. ANNA A. WRIGHT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 171.

No. 1. S H O T O P E N
A O H O T A B
O L I O E T N A
T O O L N E A R

No. 2. H E R B
Y E E A B A D E N
E N D T E N
A N N

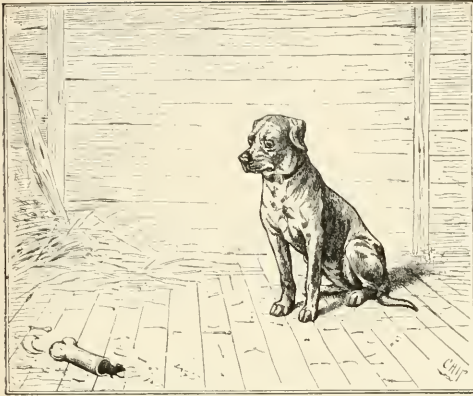
P C
L O T A R T
P O L A R C R U E T
T A R T E D
R T

No. 3. Dryden. Burns.

No. 4. "Home, Sweet Home."

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by M. B. Cannon, George H. Jacobs, Rigolotto, A. T. R. A. M. R., Erskine Wright, Arthur Bonshoff, Charlie Bonshoff, Ralph H. Hunt, Arthur H. Timmerman, Ellen V., Mamma's Girl, Zoe Bryant, Dora Yarnouth, Max Eisenman, John Coll, Theo and Albert De Lantier, L. C. Dix, Fannie Hastings, Jack F., Laura S. Curtis, Charles P. Welch, Lou S., Al Snow, Reuben Carver, Josie W., Emily Bliss, Frank L., Walter Pyle, Caroline J. Lyman.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE MOUSE AND THE MARROW-BONE.

A mouse peeped out of a marrow-bone
 Which Bruno had been munching;
 The bone was hard and tough and strong,
 The hole within was narrow.
 This opened Bruno's great brown eyes
 In wide and comical surprise;
 He'd gnawed, and gnawed, and gnawed so long
 On that great bone so tough and strong,
 And yet been only lurching,
 While this wee beast crawled in to feast
 Upon the very marrow.

SPIDERS AND THEIR WEBS.

THE apparatus by means of which a spider constructs its web is situated in the hinder part of its body, and consists of five principal vessels, or internal reservoirs, in which the gum-like material is stored, with a number of small ones at their base. From these little flasks or bags of gum tubes proceed to the out-

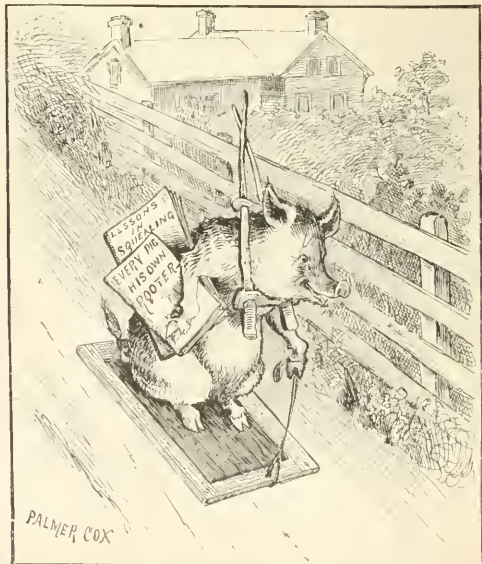
side spinnerets, five in number, which may be seen by the naked eye in large spiders, and look like fine tiny knobs surrounded by a circle. On examining them through a strong magnifying-glass they will be seen to be studded with about a thousand minute bristle-like points, each of which is a tube connected with those reservoirs inside the little creature's body; these points are called spinnerules.

In rope-making manufactories it is well known that in ropes of equal thickness that is the stronger which is composed of many small ones twisted together. This principle has been carried out by the all-wise Creator in the spider's web. From each of those five thousand spinnerules issues a thread which is made up of many of quite inconceivable fineness. A great naturalist, who spent much time in studying spiders through a microscope, calculated that it would take four millions of the fine threads spun by a tiny spider no bigger than a grain of sand to be as thick as a hair of his own beard. Spiders have the power of shooting out these gossamer-like threads from their little bodies, and they generally choose to do it in the direction of the wind, so that the thread is carried by it to a distance until it meets with something to which it sticks.

There are people who believe that the spider flies when they see her pass from branch to branch, and even from one high tree to another, but she transports herself in this manner: she places herself upon the end of a branch and there fastens her thread, after which with her two hind-feet she presses out one or more threads, which she leaves to float in the air until they be fixed to some particular place. A naturalist made an experiment in this way: he procured a small branched twig and fixed it upright in an earthen vessel which contained water, and on the twig he placed several gossamer spiders. The water was to prevent them getting away by any other means than by their web. Then he set himself to watch them. If there was a natural current of air, or if he blew softly with his breath, the spiders turned themselves toward the direction whence the wind came, and partly raising themselves, shot out from their spinnerets threads which were carried out in a line by the moving air. Next the spiders were careful to find out whether the ends of these lines had become firmly attached to any object or not by pulling at them with the first pair of legs; when satisfied of this, after tightening them sufficiently, they made them fast to the twig; then they discharged from their spinnerets a little more of the liquid gum, which they applied to the spot where they stood, and, committing themselves to this bridge of their own construction, they passed over in safety, drawing this second line after them to use in case the first gave way.



Mrs. Pass ran away with a fish from a tray.



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LITTLE MILKSOPS.

EASTER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D.

FOR nearly two thousand years Christians have observed Easter in memory of the day on which Jesus

rose from the grave. The people long ages ago made ready for it by fasting, at first for forty hours, and then for a longer time, until the fast reached the length of forty days.

If we go back fifteen hundred years we will find Con-

stantinople, which is now ruled by the Turk, the capital city of the Christian world. It was a more beautiful city then than now. The people were gay, and fond of the chariot races which were given for their amusement. The chariot-drivers were known by the colors they wore, and there would be among the people a blue-ribbon party and a red-ribbon party, and they would shout for their favorite chariot-drivers as if their lives depended on the winning of the race. On Sundays they went to hear their great preacher, John, called the Golden Mouth, and when he pleased them with his eloquence they clapped their hands and shouted at the top of their voices.

When the long fast began, the bright city underwent a total change. The races were suspended, the street cries were subdued, people moved to and fro in the markets quietly, and the nights were still. But all this was very tiresome to a part of the population, and now and then there would be a chariot race in spite of the rules of the Church. During these fast-days the whole city lived on plain food, so that it was said "there was no difference between the table of the Emperor and the table of a poor man." On the Sunday before Easter the "great week," as it was called, began. This was Palm-Sunday, and was observed in memory of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, when the people gathered about Him, and marched with Him down the slope of Mount Olivet, carrying green branches in their hands.

The Emperors made this a special day for pardoning criminals, so that many prisoners were glad to see Palm-Sunday come. Every day of the "great week" was kept with a solemn service. In one city it was the custom on Good-Friday to worship in the grave-yard beyond the walls, because, they said, Christ was crucified outside the gates of Jerusalem. The next day, Saturday, was the "great Sabbath," so called because on that Sabbath, according to Jewish reckoning, Christ lay in the grave. Thousands were now baptized, and put on white robes as a sign of purity.

When the evening came, Constantinople and all the chief cities of the empire were illuminated. They appeared to be masses of fire; the people went through the streets to their churches carrying lighted torches, and there they watched all night for the dawning of the Resurrection-day. When the light of Easter appeared there was a universal shout of joy.

Besides expressing joy by song and worship in the church, it was customary to seek out and relieve on Easter-day the poor and the needy, as we do now at Christmas. But the week after Easter was a holy week too, and at the end of it, on the Sunday, all who had put on the white robes of baptism laid them off; as this was the last day of their appearance in white, it was called the "White-Sunday." All through the fourteen days beginning with Palm-Sunday the courts were closed, no lawsuits were tried, and the people tried to live in peace with each other.

Such were the means used by the Church in those far-off times to express its thanks for what Christ has done for the world by His death and resurrection. But old customs pass away, and new customs come in; still the world does not forget Easter. In Russia the people greet each other on Easter morning, saying, "The Lord is risen," and answering, "The Lord is risen indeed." In Jerusalem a church has been built over the place where it is supposed Christ was buried. Here the half-barbarous Greeks wait on Easter-eve for the bursting of the holy fire from the hollowed rock. Thousands gather about the spot, and as soon as the fire appears, candles are lit from it, and carried to the churches and their homes. In the rushing from the sepulchre after the flame is kindled many are trampled down, and some at times have been killed. Different from these scenes is the quiet remembrance of Easter in Protestant Europe and America.

In many Protestant churches Easter is the day for receiving new members, especially the young.

Many beautiful hymns which celebrate the glories of Easter have come down to us from the far-off times. One of them has been turned into English thus:

"Tis the day of Resurrection;
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of Gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

"Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord, in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own *All Hail!* and hearing,
May raise the victor strain!

"Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy, that hath no end."

More than a thousand years ago this hymn was written, and in those years has been read and sung by Christians. But in all languages which Christians speak Easter hymns have been written. Old monks, whose lives were hid away in cells, and who talked to each other in crabbed Latin, made the Latin musical when they wove its words together into Easter songs. And men who, like Luther, came out of the cells wrote and sang too of the Easter-day. One of Luther's hymns has this verse:

"That was a wondrous war, I trow,
When life and death together fought;
But life has triumphed o'er his foe;
Death is mocked and set at naught;
'Tis e'en as Scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquered death."

This is the meaning of the Easter festival. It is the festival of the East, that is, of the rising Sun, which drives the darkness of night away. Men are only too glad that Christ has conquered death, and their joy keeps alive the remembrance of Easter from age to age.

RAISING THE "PEARL."

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ON DOLLAR ISLAND.

WHEN Bobby stood on the beach watching Tommy Tucker and Ikey Jones as they sailed slowly away, he realized that it was no longer possible for him to leave the island until some boat should pass that way, or come directly to their assistance.

Bad as such a position was, Bobby did not look upon it as the worst of his troubles. He had yet to meet Captain Sammy, and explain what he, who had been left in charge, was doing when the pirates stole the boat. This he considered was a trouble by the side of which being obliged to remain on the island any number of days seemed like a pleasure.

Bobby knew that he ought to have resisted with force any attempt to take the boat, and he feared that Captain Sammy, in the absence of the real culprits, might punish him.

He continued to run back and forth on the beach, exploring Tommy to return, but making no attempt to warn the others of the evil that had been wrought, for Captain Sammy's coming was worse than Tommy's going.

But Bobby was not left long in uncertainty as to what the little man might say or do, for while he was still intent on trying to persuade the runaways to return, he heard a most unwelcome and gruff voice call out from the thickest behind him:

"Hello! What's in the wind now? What are you kicking up such a row about?"

For a moment the unhappy boy could make no answer, and while he thus hesitated, the little Captain came into view, and looked in surprise at Bobby, without missing his boat.

"What's the matter with you? What are you yelling so about?" he asked, impatiently.

"They've gone! they've gone!" cried Bobby, pointing to the boat, whose occupants were now making every exertion to get away even from the sound of the one-legged man's voice. Tommy had laid aside his dignity of Captain for the time being, and was tugging away at one of the oars as if he feared pursuit, even though he knew it was impossible.

Captain Sammy gazed out over the water, shading his eyes with his hand, as if it was difficult for him to believe that he was not deceived, and then he looked down at the place where his boat should have been, too much surprised even for words.

Dare and Charley had come up beside him, and they too were at a loss to understand it all.

"It's Tommy Tucker; he's taken the boat," cried Bobby, growing more frightened at this unaccountable silence on the part of the Captain. "They've stolen her, an' gone off to be pirates!"

"Come back here, you rascals!—come back here!" shouted Captain Sammy, as he realized all that had been done; and then, with a quick, angry movement he unfastened his wooden leg, and stood with it in his hand as if uncertain whether or not he should throw it at them. "Come back here, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The boys in the boat made no reply, but rowed with all their strength, until Tommy, in his eagerness, dipped too deep, "caught a crab," and fell over backward in the bottom of the boat, a confused mass of gorgeous piratical uniform and frightened boy.

Dare and Charley ran down on the beach, as if they thought they might do some good by thus getting nearer to the runaways, while Captain Sammy, without stopping to think that he still held his leg in his hand, attempted to do the same thing.

Of course there could be but one ending to such a start, and when the angry and forgetful little man attempted to step on the leg that was no longer in its accustomed place, he very nearly turned a somersault, and came rolling down on the beach, very much to his own disadvantage, and frightening Bobby almost out of what few senses still remained to him.

Captain Sammy choked and sneezed, because of the sand that had gone down his throat and up into his nose, while Dare and Charley had considerable trouble to keep from laughing at the comical appearance he presented.

This accident did not lessen Captain Sammy's anger, and when at last he succeeded in standing on his one foot, he was in a fine state of rage. He began to realize that he could effect nothing by holding his wooden leg in his hand, while he might work himself further injury if it was not placed where it belonged; so he put it on at once.

"How did it happen? how did they get her?" he demanded, furiously, as he turned to Bobby with a threatening gesture.

Although Bobby was not a brave boy, he could never be accused of lying, even when the truth was as much

against him as it was in this case, and with no little hesitation and shame he related the events as they had occurred.

"Why didn't you stop them? Why didn't you chew 'em all up?" demanded Captain Sammy, furiously.

Bobby thought it was absurd in the Captain to talk about his chewing two pirates up, and he replied, almost piteously.

"I couldn't; there were two of them, and they said they'd serve me out if I tried to stop them."

"Serve you out!" sneered Captain Sammy. "Why, they couldn't have done anything if you'd only dared to go up an' knock their heads together."

There was a difference of opinion between Bobby and the Captain as to what Tommy and Ikey could have done; but Bobby thought it would be useless to attempt to make the angry man view the matter in the same light he did, so he remained silent.

"How did they get over here?" asked the little man, after he had relieved his mind somewhat by shaking his fist savagely at the retreating pirates.

Then Bobby told what Tommy had said about coming over in an old boat, and Captain Sammy started around the beach to find her, filled with the hope that she might serve as a means of pursuit. But one glance at the boat, after they had found her, was sufficient to show that nothing could be done with her. She was so old and worm-eaten that it was a wonder she had held together long enough to bring the boys over. The Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl had a better craft than she was.

Captain Sammy looked at her in silence for some time, and then he said,

"Well, this *is* a nice kettle of fish, an' no mistake!"

"How are we going to get home?" asked Dare, thinking of what his mother would suffer if they were not with her by night.

"That's jest it! that's jest it!" cried Captain Sammy, again giving way to his anger. "Oh, how I wish I had hold of them precious villains for a little while! They'd wish they really was pirates. I'll tell you how we're goin' to get home. We're goin' to stay here till somebody comes along an' takes us off, an' we may be here a week, for the matter of that, for nobody would understand any signals we could make from here. It's worse than a regular shipwreck."

For some time the party stood in silent despair, the boys thinking of the fears which would beset Mr. and Mrs. Evans at their absence, and Captain Sammy wondering if sleeping in the open air would not be sure to bring on an attack of his old enemy the rheumatism.

"It won't do any good to set here," said the little man at length, speaking in a more cheerful tone. "We're here for a while anyhow, an' we might as well make the best of it. How are we off for provisions?"

There was no need for any one to reply to the question, for the moment it was asked each one knew that the only things they had taken out of the boat on their arrival were the axes, and the pirates had not only captured a boat, but they had gotten one that was provisioned for several hours at least.

"Well, we shall have to suck our thumbs for a while, at any rate," said the little Captain, as if he had resolved to bear his troubles as cheerfully as possible. "We will build up a fire in the hope that some one in Tampa may see the smoke an' come over here to find out the meaning of it. And since you boys came here for timber for your rafts, the best thing you can do is to begin cutting it. The work will keep you contented, and you won't be wasting your time."

Bobby, who should have done something toward preventing the misfortune that had come upon them, was charged with the work of building the fire signal and

keeping it going, while Dare and Charley started about what was really the first work connected with raising the *Pearl*.

It was then hardly more than ten o'clock, and they had quite a long day before them in which to work, even if they were prisoners on a lonely island.

All hands went to work with a will, and while Dare and Charley were blistering their hands in

The little Captain had had no voice in the selection of the camp, for after he had given the boys all the oysters they wanted for dinner, he seemed to have lost his cheerfulness, and had fallen into a moody silence.

It was after Dare and Charley had decided upon the camping ground that they went to the point of reef on which Captain Sammy was sitting, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"We think we had better camp for the night near the fire, sir," said Dare, "and if you have no objections, we will put up some kind of a shelter."

"It don't make much difference where we lay, my lad," said the little man without looking up. "I'll be sure to have the rheumatiz anyhow, an' it's no odds to me whether it comes when I'm layin' on the ground or settin' here by the water. But I'll show that Tucker boy what a pirate is when I get hold of him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"WHY DIDN'T YOU CHEW 'EM ALL UP?"

their efforts to hew down the largest trees, Captain Sammy busied himself with gathering the tiny oysters that were fastened to the rocks just below the surface of the water.

These little shell-fish were very acceptable to the boys, who had grown hungry the moment they knew their food had been carried away, and thanks to the lunch the little man brought them, they were able to keep at their work all the more closely.

Captain Sammy had a small canteen of water with him when he left the boat, and the contents of this he doled out very sparingly, but in such quantities that they did not really suffer from thirst.

By six o'clock the boys had felled and trimmed off the branches of ten trees, a sufficient number, in Captain Sammy's opinion, to form the heavier portion of the rafts they wanted to build. It was then time to make some arrangements for a place to sleep that night, since it was hardly probable any one would come to their rescue before the next day.

Bobby had kept the signal fire burning all day, and after some consultation it was decided that they should use the level piece of ground just back of it as their camping place.

FOREIGN PARTS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE big south room in the "wing" of Promethe Centre Academy always had more boys and girls in

it than any other room in the building. Some of the others had boys in them, and some had girls, but this was what old Squire Cudworth called "the mixed pickles room." Miss Eccles had made a quiet place of it ever since the first time she rapped on the table with her ruler, but there had never before, during any five minutes, been so little breathing done in that room as there was at the close of school on the first Friday in May.

It took Miss Eccles just five minutes to tell the scholars that to-morrow would be Saturday, and that the new railroad had offered to take the whole Academy, except the building and the desks and benches, on a free excursion to the city, thirty miles north of Promethe Centre. All were to be at the railway station at nine o'clock in the morning, and bring their lunches with them; and every five children could bring along a grown-up person to take care of them; and they would have three hours in the city to see the sights, and they would all get home safe if nothing happened.

Such long breaths as they all drew when she finished her speech! And half the girls waited, after school, to ask questions, but not one boy had a thing to ask till they got out on the green. Then every fellow turned to the nearest other fellow and said, pretty nearly what Ben Gates said to Rube Hollenhouser:

"Isn't it great, though?"

"Guess it is," replied Rube—"only it can't be done."

"I'd like to know why it can't."

"'Cause there's two hundred and fifty that go to the Academy, and all the fellows that have brothers and sisters 'll bring them; and the fellows that don't go to the Academy they'll all come; and there'll be all the grown-

up people. Do you s'pose any one railroad can carry such a crowd as that?"

"I don't care, anyhow. Guess we'll be there in time.

A fellow can see a good deal in a city in three hours."

"It isn't the biggest kind of a city."

"It's bigger than Promé Centre."

There could be no dispute as to that, but when the excursion train coughed and whistled up to the platform at the railway station the next morning, there was a large amount of vexation because Rube's prophecy had been looked out for.

There was Miss Eccles at the door, and all the other teachers had been standing by her ever since a little after eight o'clock, and they had been mean enough to point out to the man who gave the tickets around just which ones really went to the Academy. They even shut out three boys and a girl who went there last year, and six of all sorts who said they meant to begin to come in the fall.

It was easy enough to arrange about the older people, for the railway man said there weren't half enough of them to keep such a crowd out of mischief, and old Squire Cudworth and Dolf Zimmerman actually bought and paid for tickets for themselves.

The railroad was very popular that morning with all the boys and girls who managed to get through the station-house and into a car, but there was a bitter feeling against it left behind among some of the most active young people in or about Promé Centre.

"Bun," exclaimed Rube, at fifteen minutes past nine, "did you hear that thing whistle? She's a-going."

"Hold on tight, Rube. She'll jerk when she starts."

"No, she won't. See there, now! She goes off just as easy!"

It was wonderful the ease with which that locomotive walked away up the track, with all those cars behind her, and every car packed full of happiness and a little anxiety. The railway had only reached Promé a few weeks before that, and it was hardly in good running order now, and Squire Cudworth declared:

"This ere's a mighty risky business, but I s'pose they must do something for popplearity and to keep people from stage-riding and going afoot. I ain't in any hurry to-day, and I thought I wouldn't walk this time."

Squire Cudworth made a good deal of fun for the young folks in his car, but the Academy boys and girls were more in awe than ever of Miss Eccles. That daring woman went from end to end of that train while it was in motion. She ventured right on from car to car until she had told them all to sit still and not put their heads out of the windows and have them knocked off.

"Hear that, Rube?" said Bun Gates.

"Guess I did. They wouldn't stop this train, the way it's a-going now, just to run back and pick up a fellow's hat for him."

It was grand fun, though, to look out of the windows

and see the trees and houses and fences go by so fast. Bun Gates just had time to point once and say,

"See that cow?—she's just like old Chittenden's new brindle," when Rube was justified in replying,

"Cow!—that's a flock of sheep."

"They're gone too now. Isn't this a great way of travelling? It's awful, though. If you run off the track, there's no telling where you'll go to."

"There wouldn't be anything left of Promé Centre Academy."

"I don't believe it would kill Miss Eccles. She knows all about railroads."

The very excitement and novelty of it kept them all reasonably still, and the conductor said he was proud of them, and so was Miss Eccles, but the other teachers did not make any remarks, and the Academy Principal was in the very front car, with his wife and his mother-in-law, and six of his own children and two of their aunts, and about half of the Board of Trustees. Everybody knew that he had all he could attend to, and so they did not expect any more of him.

"Rube," said Bill Chittenden, just a little before they reached the city, "ain't you tired? I've been trying not to sit down heavy till I can't stand it much longer."

"Have yez, thin?" interrupted Felix McCue. "Wud the railroad be troubled if wan more fly lit on it some-where? Ye'll have to ate more'n ye do now before the weight of ye'll comit wid a railroad."

Bill Chittenden was about the thinnest boy that lived at his end of the village of Promé Centre, but it was cruel of Felix McCue to tell him so in that way. Before he had time to say anything about Felix's fight with the railroad



"THEY ARE PULLING THE MULES OUT."

men when they tore down his mother's pig pen the locomotive whistled to let the city know the train had come, and the whole Academy knew at once where it was.

"Bun," said Rube, "we've got three hours. Where are you going, first thing?"

"Going to see the canal. Father told me to. It's right in the middle of the city, and maybe they'll take it away now they're making so many railroads. Mother

says I rode on it once with her when I was a little chap, but I don't remember a word of it."

Rube agreed that the canal must be worth seeing, but insisted that he had seen it before, and would know when they came to it. Felix McCue saw them slipping away from the crowd, and he darted after them as a matter of course.

"That's it, b'ys. There's more fun wid three than there is wid three hundred. I'm wid ye."

Felix was a good fellow to have along, and they were a full square down the street before the Academy "procession" could be formed at the city railway station. There was another railroad that ran through the city from east to west, and there might be a dozen for all the boys knew, but they could plainly perceive that the street they were following led right on toward where the houses seemed to be tallest and thickest. The further they went, the more people they met, and Felix McCue remarked, "If they'd lock arms and walk slow, there'd be a procession of 'em."

"That's what our Academy's doing now," said Rube. "They won't see half what we will."

"Boys," exclaimed Bun, "there's a bridge straight ahead. That's where the canal is."

They walked a little faster for a couple of minutes, and there it was, right before them. It was wide enough for three canals, and all the way between two high-arched bridges, but when it came to either of these it narrowed to the width of a common road.

"That's what father called the basin," said Bun. "Look at the boats!"

There were several of them, long, heavy-sided affairs, and no two were alike. There were three at the bank, as if they were unloading, or loading, or taking a rest, but all the others were in motion.

"Takes two horses to pull 'em," said Bun. "Look over yonder."

"That boat's only got one horse."

"Luk at the nixt wan," said Felix. "Thim's mules. Oh, but the ears of thim's worth seeing!"

There were not many mules in use near Prome Centre, and this was an especially interesting pair. The one in front, on the tow-path of the canal, was, as Bun said of him, "very small for his ears," and the mule behind was described by Felix McCue as "the biggest mule that iver had ears put onto him."

He was large, indeed, but his goodness was not in proportion to his size, for at that very moment he was preparing to make a disturbance. His driver had rashly halted him, for some reason, and there was no telling when he would make up his mind to go on again.

"Rube," said Bun, "he's backing."

"It's the way of thim," said Felix. "It's the ounly way yiz can get worruk out of some of thim. Put thim wid their heads to the waggin and they'll back wid yez all day."

However that might be, the big mule was backing now, and there was a tremendous hubbub on the tow-path and on that boat and on another boat a little behind, and a great many people seemed to find the matter worth looking at.

"Bun, he's pointed wrong," shouted Rube. "If he backs three feet more in that direction—"

"He's pulling the little mule right along with him," said Bun.

"He'd pull the canal," said Felix. "There he goes!"

A great shout along the tow-path greeted the perverse success of the big mule, for he not only backed into the canal on his own account, but he drew after him his unlucky companion.

"It's the big splash they made!" exclaimed Felix. "But they can both swim, and they're not backin' now."

The sudden plunge into cold water may have cooled the big mule's temper, but it seemed as if everybody else's

temper were lost entirely, and the boat also lost her steerage-way and began to yaw around. Just at that moment a still bigger boat was coming through under the bridge, and the man who was steering it looked at the mules in the water instead of minding his business.

It was all the fault of the big mule, of course, but Felix hardly had time to say,

"B'ys, luk at them!" when the two boats came together with a great thump, and you could hear the crash of something breaking.

"Boys," exclaimed Bun, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything! Would you? Hear that fellow!"

They could hear the man on the deck of the mules' own boat shout to the man on the other deck,

"You've done it now."

"Guess you're stove in."

"Stove? Guess so. We'll be on the bottom in five minutes."

"Hear that?" said Rube. "Isn't he a brave fellow, though? Not a bit scared, and his boat's a-sinking under him. I've read of sailors going down with their ship, but I never saw it done before."

"Where's the rest of the crew?" said Bun. "Guess they haven't any passengers to speak of."

They heard the man on deck say just then, in answer to a question:

"Cargo of salt in barr'ls. Wish they'd salted down them mules 'fore ever they hitched 'em on to haul for me."

It was very bad for the salt, and for the mules, and for that boat, and for the canal.

Down she went, lower and lower, faster and faster, until just as the boys drew a long breath, and Bun whispered, loudly, "Six inches more, and she's under," the boat stopped sinking, and the man on deck shouted,

"Touched bottom! Here we are! Now you just get by us if you can."

"That's the throuble," said Felix. "D'yc see what it's done, b'ys? It's corked up the canal jist at the mouth of the bridge. Niver another boat 'll git by till they pull out this wan."

"They're pulling the mules out down yonder," said Rube. "Come on, boys. We must see something more before we get home."

Whatever else they saw had to be seen quickly, but they were on hand at the railway station when the regular Academy procession marched up the street.

Of course they had to give an account of themselves, but Miss Eccles was in excellent spirits for some reason, and she actually responded to their first somewhat misny reply with "Well, and what did you see that the rest of us did not?"

"Is it what did we see?" exclaimed Felix. "Sure an' we saw a mule commit suicide an' pull another mule into it after him, an' there was a shipwreck on top o' that, an' the canal's turned into salt-water."

It took Rube Hollenouser and Bun Gates all the rest of the time before the train started to make that explanation clear to Miss Eccles and old Squire Cudworth, but all three of the boys had enough to talk about after they got home that evening.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT TEASING.

THE trouble about teasing is that it makes nobody really happy, and it always causes somebody to feel annoyed. I do not know that big brothers are more in the habit of teasing than other people are, but it often happens that my many little nieces run to me and say, "Please, Aunt Marjorie, won't you speak to Willie?" or, "Won't you ask Hugh to let my pussy alone?" And when I look

at the grieved faces and quivering lips, although I am a very amiable person indeed, I assure you I want to give Hugh or Will a shaking.

It is very unmanly to tease little sisters. Once in a while, too, it happens that the little sisters grow up and write books, and put the teasing brothers into them, and then the whole world finds out what naughty boys they were. That is what befell the brothers of Madame Michélet, a French lady, who was not very happy as a child. Her brothers worried her cat, and stole her darling doll, and hanged it to a tree. Is it not terrible to think that in these days hundreds and thousands of children know just how badly those boys behaved so long ago?

But I have met teasing girls in my time. I suppose you will think it strange that a grown-up lady should be so silly as to be afraid of caterpillars, and indeed your Aunt Marjorie is very much ashamed to confess so absurd a fear. Still, it is a fact, and can you imagine anything more cruel in a little girl, knowing this, than to put a poor innocent caterpillar on my arm one day? I am sure you would have felt indignant had you been there.

Then, besides being very annoying, it is quite possible that a serious injury may result from what is simply meant as innocent teasing. A boy or girl who is never timid nor nervous may play some trick that will frighten a more delicate and sensitive brother or sister into real illness. It seems dreadful to think of, but cases have been known where poor little children have been frightened into convulsions, and actually to death, by heartless and ignorant people.

Teasing is wrong, because it implies a desire to have fun at another's expense. Perhaps to have pleasure at another's pain would describe it more precisely. No noble boy or girl can enjoy a pleasure which makes a companion uncomfortable. For this reason you should never take part in a practical joke, or in anything which is not fully up to the standard of the Golden Rule. You all know what that is.

THE STORY OF THE EASTER HARE.

From the German.

BY EMILIE MORE.

OLD King Frost was obliged at last to take his departure, for each day the sun grew warmer and staid longer in the sky. So he quickly packed up his snow and ice, and went off to the North Pole.

Scarcely had he gone when Spring, a beautiful boy with bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks, came tripping through the woods, and as he passed along the grass sprang up fresh and green, and the trees burst into buds; the little squirrels peeped out, and seeing him passing, leaped to welcome him.

Sweet Spring rejoiced in all this beauty, and amused himself as he went gayly through the land by touching with his wand the plants and bushes. As he did so great clusters of lovely flowers sprang up on all sides.

But when all the flowers he loved best were growing around him, when the little birds had built their nests, and the humming bees were busily seeking their golden store, Spring seemed sad and lonely; shadows crossed his bright face; he sighed as he said:

"Where are the good folks who have always come to welcome me, and to enjoy the delights I have prepared? Do they not know I am here? can it be they have not heard my herald, the cuckoo, telling of my arrival for days past? Where are they all hidden? Perhaps they are still sitting by the fires in their narrow close chambers, where they have kept warm all the winter, and do not know that King Frost has gone and my reign is begun. I must send a messenger to them to tell them I have come. But whom shall I send? The little birds are all busy finishing their nests or sitting on their eggs, the butterflies are too

frail for such a journey; squirrels are not to be depended on—none of these will do. I am puzzled whom to send."

Just then a little hare ran under a hedge near by.

"Stop, here!" cried Spring, joyfully. "I want some one to help me, and I think you will be the very one."

The little hare was at first so timid that he feared to come, but remembering all the sweet food and pleasant things that Spring had brought him, he took courage and came slowly nearer. Sitting modestly down, he asked Spring what he wished him to do.

"Little hare," said Spring, "I want you to run quickly into the villages and towns, and tell the men you will meet, with Spring's best love, that he has arrived, and that they are invited to come into the fields to see and enjoy all the beautiful things he has brought with him."

But the little hare did not move. Instead, he sadly scratched one of his long ears with his little paw, and, sighing, said to Spring:

"Dear sir, spare me this task. You know we hares are a timid race, and the dogs and their friends the men have always been our enemies. It would make you weep were I to tell you the sad end of most of my own family. My father died of a gunshot wound, and my mother was killed by a dog; and if I should go into their dwellings, how could I hope to escape?—some cruel dog might catch me, and his master would give me to the cook for his Sunday's dinner."

But Spring only laughed, and replied:

"Oh, timid little hare, it is not so bad as that. Men only eat hare in autumn and winter; so they will not harm you now, and the dogs, who are truly not much your friends, are now all chained up, and what is still more, to their great displeasure, have muzzles on their noses, so that they could not bite if they would. But, so as to make you quite content, I have an idea. You shall take a present with you, for I know that those who bring presents are always kindly received."

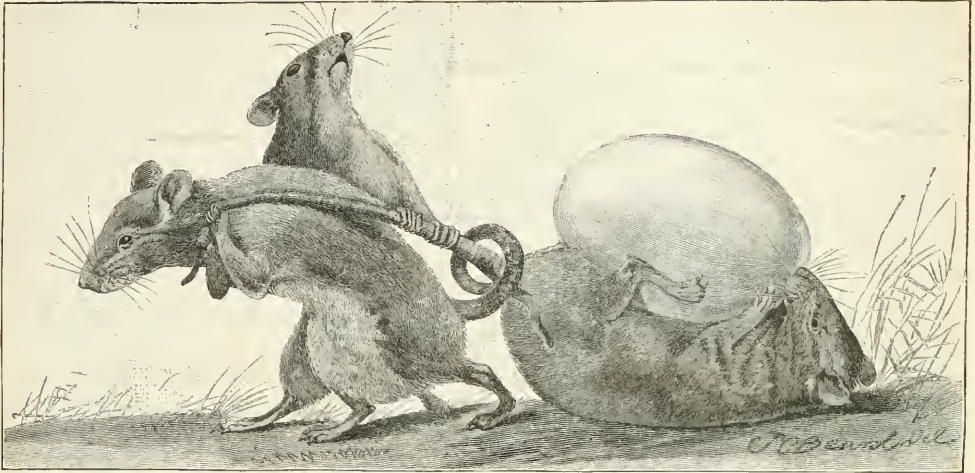
So Spring went round to the little birds and begged from them some of their pretty colored eggs. Some who had only two or three felt they could not spare any, but most of them cheerfully gave at least one. Then Spring went to the side of a pond, and from the osiers on its banks wove a basket, so that the eggs could be carried safely.

"Take these, little hare, and give them to the people you meet, telling them they contain gifts from me. This pretty blue one the robin gave me will make them brave and bold; this larger speckled one from the sweet thrush will make them contented in a lowly home. They all contain some choice gift."

The little hare now started cheerfully on his journey, but when he came in sight of the houses and churches his courage failed him; he dared not go to the big men and women, but crept up to the little children, timidly offered his gifts, and gave his message. How delighted they were with such treasures and such news, and how quickly they ran to their parents to beg them to take them at once to see if it was all true that the little hare had told them!

When they got out into the country they found it all more beautiful than they could have imagined. Some played on the soft grass in the meadows, some sought the hidden flowers in the shady nooks Spring had told them of, and made them into lovely wreaths, and the parents were delighted to see their children so happy.

When at last it was time to return, flower-laden, to their homes, they all wished to thank the little hare, but as soon as he had delivered his message and gifts he had scampered back to his little hole in the hedge, and could not be found. Then they all agreed, in order that his kindness should ever be remembered, that every year at this season they would have little hares made of sugar, and pretty colored eggs, in memory of Spring's little messenger. And this is the reason that all the little children do so to this day.



A SLY OLD RAT.—By PARMENAS MIX.

THREE rats, a trio sleek and keen,
Walked out to take the air,
And note the beauties of a scene
A bright full moon made fair,
When suddenly they spied a prize—
Some hen with little wit
Had laid an egg of goodly size
Where rats might capture it.

Congratulations were exchanged
Between the lucky three
As they, about the treasure ranged,
Scanned it, in ecstasy.
But ah, they had no means at hand
To take the prize away,
And earnestly they planned and planned
Until 'twas nearly day.

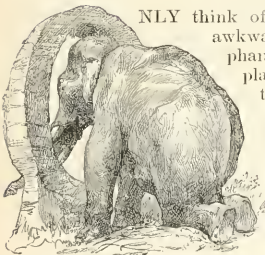
At length the eldest proved most wise:
Said he, "Take me in tow,
Upon my back; I'll seize the prize
With all four paws—just so—

While you two, grasping tight my tail,
With your united power
Can drag me home (you can not fail)
Within the next half-hour."

Arrived at last with progress slow,
The two who'd tugged so well
Turned to unload their friend, when, lo!
They found an empty shell,
With anger flashing from their eyes,
They charged their crafty friend
With sucking, while *en route*, the prize
By puncturing one end.

Then said the culprit, with a sigh,
"Your anger wings my breast;
What's done, my dear companions, I
Did only for the best.
Fearing at times a total wreck,
So much I pitched and rolled,
I moved the cargo from the deck,
And placed it in the hold."

THE ELEPHANT ACT.



but many others quite as curious and wonderful.

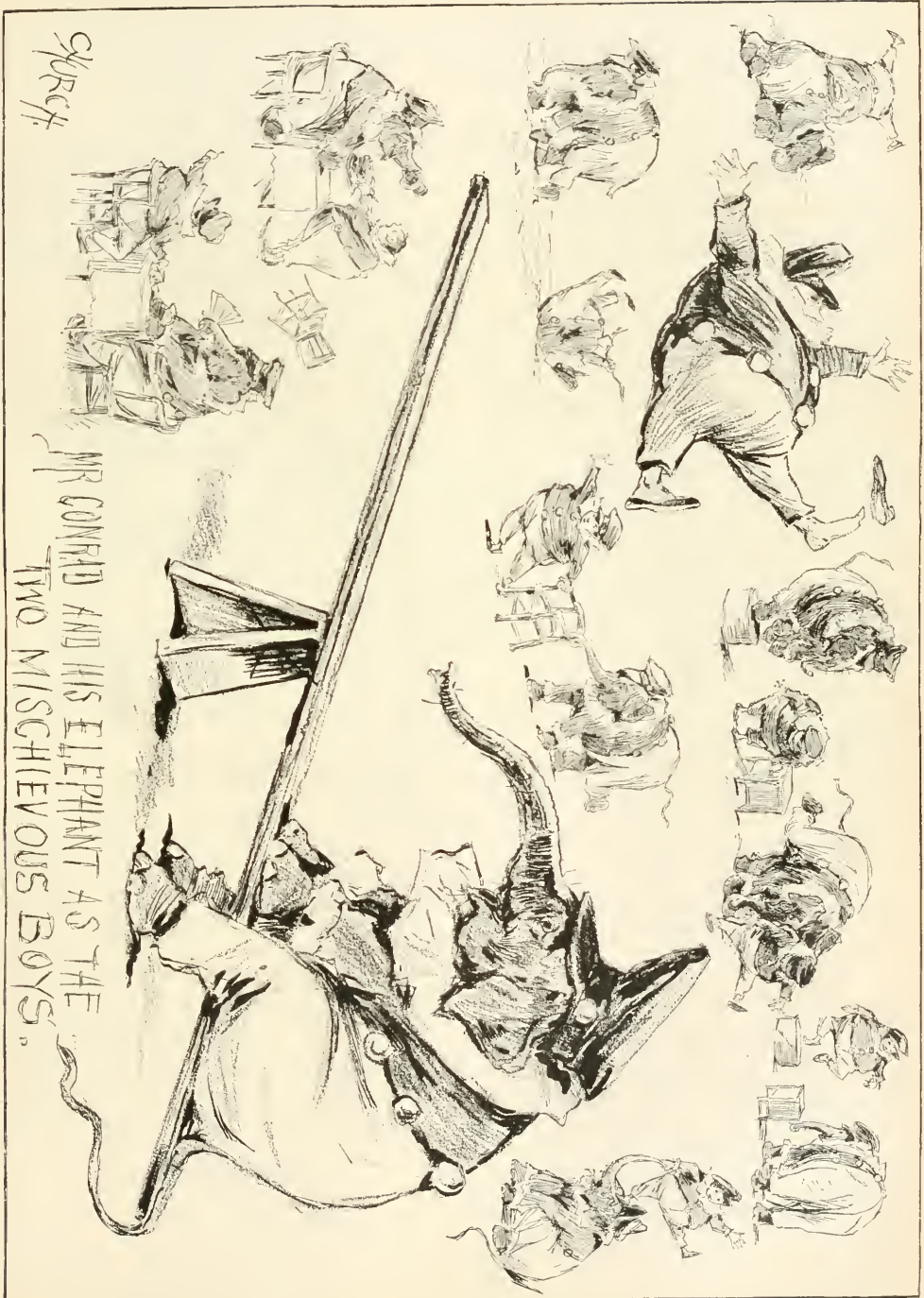
When the Great Show is in full working order, and an entertainment is being given at any place, among the other performances of the evening the audience will find announced on the show-bills, "The Great Elephant Act; or, the Clown and Elephant as Two Mischievous Boys." And an extraordinary act it is!

First, the Clown and Elephant enter, and salute the audience, after which they march around the ring, indulging

in some very amusing pranks and capers. The Clown then lies down, and the Elephant marches over him. After he has done this, without hurting so much as a hair of his master's head, the great creature rolls himself, or as much of himself as he can, in a tub. Finally he gets up, turns the tub upside down, and dances on it, while the Clown plays the organ.

Fancy an elephant dancing! But he does it, and on the bottom of a tub which is hardly large enough to hold his four great feet at once. It is no wonder that he soon tires of such fun, and wants to try something else. He thinks he will be a musician, and so he pushes his master from the instrument, and grinds out the music for himself, while the Clown dances. This he tires of, too, and his next prank is to play "seesaw." He gets on one end of the plank, while his master mounts the other. Of course his great weight brings his end to the ground, and the poor Clown is tossed up aloft, and comes down on his head.

After all this, such an accomplished Elephant may be supposed to want his supper. A table is brought in, and he begins his meal, with his master sitting opposite. Alas! he is very greedy. He eats up all the food, but otherwise he behaves very well; he takes his wine from a bottle instead of a glass, but he uses his napkin in a very careful and polite way.



SKETCH.

MR CONRAD AND HIS ELEPHANT AS THE
TWO MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

During the meal some one in the audience usually throws a bouquet. The Clown and Elephant both bow in acknowledgment; but while his master is busy taking away the remnants of the meal the Elephant sits carelessly down on the poor flowers. The Clown searches for them, and is quite in despair at their ruined condition.

Finally the Elephant and his master lie down for a nap; but the Elephant, instead of being quiet, roars so loudly that the Clown reproves him severely for "snoring." After a little while they seem to find sleep impossible, and they both march off the scene. As they depart, a shoeking accident happens. The Clown, happening to seize the Elephant's tail, it comes off in his hand, and the poor animal disappears tailless behind the curtain.

THE COURT MUSICIAN;

OR, THE LORD MAYOR'S RIDDLE.

A Play. In Three Acts.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

CHARACTERS.

Taddeo Vermicelli	A fiddler.	Second Alderman.
Antonio Macaroni	An organ-grinder.	Monks, afterward Paul.
The Lord Mayor.	Luisa Vermicelli	Tessa Vermicelli
First Alderman.	Luisa Vermicelli	Taddeo's Sisters.
	She Newsboys.	

ACT I.

SCENE.—A poorly furnished room. At the right a lounge, on which LUISA lies asleep. TESSA sits by her side, darning a stocking. She advances to front of stage and sings.

Solo: TESSA.

Air: "For Riches and Rank,"

Luisa has just now gone to sleep—
At last I shall have some rest;
From morn till night she's done nothing but weep,
And her temper's been none of the best;
And when she wakes she will weep again;
But what is her grief, or what her pain,
Why she is moaning,
Crying, groaning,
I've asked her time after time in vain.

Whenever I'm not kept here at home
I sing in the streets all day;
The people to hear me gladly come,
Or else to hear Taddeo play.
For Taddeo goes wherever I go—
He carries along his fiddle and bow;
And while I'm winning
Pennies by singing,
He plays the melody obligo.

Enter TADDEO (L.), a fiddle in his hand.

TESSA (holding up her hand warningly). Don't make a noise, Tad; Luisa has just fallen asleep; she has been crying all day.

TADDEO (coming near, and looking down into LUISA'S face). Have you found out what she cries for?

TESSA. She will not tell. Whenever I ask her she cries the harder. Have you made much money to-day, Taddeo?

TADDEO (gloomily). I made eighty cents, but Antonio Macaroni stole it.

TESSA (anxiously). Ah, Taddeo! he will steal your fiddle some day. Did you make the money by playing?

TADDEO (turning away). Yes.

TESSA (following him). Playing your fiddle?

TADDEO. No; playing marbles.

TESSA (decidedly). Then you deserved to lose it. But have you nothing left?

TADDEO (emptying his pockets of marbles, bits of string, a knife, a few sharp, and various other articles). No; nothing at all.

TESSA. Then we shall have no dinner to-morrow. Indeed, there is nothing for supper to-night. (Luisa wakes up and begins to cry.) See! Luisa is awake. We must amuse her. Take your fiddle, Taddeo; and I will sing another verse of my song. (Taddeo plays an accompaniment, while LUISA sobs.)

Solo: TESSA (air as before).

When summer appears we frequent the boats
That ply to and from the sea-shore;
I warble my songs, and Tad plays his notes,
Till the passengers clamor "No more!"
But we know that so long as they're out to sea
They can't get away from Tad and me;
So whatever they're saying,
We keep on playing
Till they pay us to stop and let them be.

[While TESSA is singing the LORD MAYOR and ALDERMEN, carrying lighted lanterns, enter stealthily at left. They survey the scene unperceived, and hold up their hands in wonder. At the close of the song they come forward. TESSA and TADDEO retreat in surprise. LUISA continues to weep.]

LORD MAYOR (turning to children). Pray tell me what all this is about. Why should one person be fiddling, another singing, and another crying? In all my experience I think I never saw so extraordinary a sight. Did you? (Turning to the ALDERMEN.)

FIRST ALDERMAN. I We never did.

SECOND ALDERMAN. I We never did.

LORD MAYOR. And probably you never will.

FIRST ALDERMAN. I We never will.

SECOND ALDERMAN. I We never will.

[The children shrink back. LUISA has stopped crying, and looks in astonishment toward the intruders.]

LORD MAYOR. Come, do not be afraid. We will not hurt you. TESSA (timidly). We were trying to amuse Luisa, sir.

LORD MAYOR. Does Luisa always cry when she is amused?

TESSA (taking LUISA'S hand). She cries all the time, sir. She has cried ever since our little brother Paul was lost. And I am afraid we don't know how to amuse her. Do you think a doll would amuse her, sir?

LORD MAYOR. I think it would. (He looks at the ALDERMEN.) ALDERMEN (in concert). We think it would.

TESSA. Well, you see, we could not get her one, at any rate. Taddeo had all his money stolen to-day. (The LORD MAYOR starts back in horror, and the ALDERMEN follow his example.)

LORD MAYOR. What? Stolen! Where are the police?

FIRST ALDERMAN. I What? Stolen! Where are the police?

SECOND ALDERMAN. I What? Stolen! Where are the police?

TESSA. Oh, they're never around when one wants them. It was Antonio Macaroni stole it. (The LORD MAYOR notes the name in his memorandum-book.) And we haven't got anything for supper. (Luisa begins to cry.) Oh dear! there she goes again.

LORD MAYOR. How very unfortunate! (He takes a handful of silver out of his pocket.) I would give you twenty-five cents; but, you see, there is a law against giving charity except through the proper officers. (He rejects for a moment.) Suppose I give you an office instead?

TADDEO (joyfully). Then we wouldn't have to do any work!

LORD MAYOR. Quite right. But you are Italians.

TESSA (cagerly). Yes, sir; but we have been six weeks in this country.

LORD MAYOR. Oh, that will do. A month is long enough. (To the ALDERMEN.) Is any office vacant?

FIRST ALDERMAN. The office of Musician to the Court, your honor.

SECOND ALDERMAN. But it can not be filled without an examination.

LORD MAYOR. Must the candidates be examined in music?

FIRST ALDERMAN. Oh no, your honor. If they understand algebra, that will do.

TESSA (mournfully). But we don't understand algebra.

SECOND ALDERMAN. Does she understand puzzles?

TESSA (inquiringly). Puzzles?

LORD MAYOR. Rebuses, cross words, magic squares, riddles, enigmas, charades, anagrams, double acrostics.

TESSA (doubtfully). We have done them in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. (The LORD MAYOR and ALDERMEN nod their heads.)

LORD MAYOR. All right, then. The Examination will be a riddle. Bear your hunger until to-morrow, and all will be well.

FIRST ALDERMAN. I Yes, all will be well.

SECOND ALDERMAN. I Yes, all will be well.

[The sound of boys singing is heard outside.]

Solo and Chorus: NEWSBOYS (invisibly).

Air: "Hearforth, Stephon, east away,"

FIRST NEWSBOY.

We are Arabs of the street,
And our patrons thus entreat:
Buy the Herald, Sun, or Times—
Leave us only your half-dimes.

ALL. Leave us only your half-dimes,
Out of your large generosity.
Here's the very last atrocity
In the Herald, Sun, or Times.

LORD MAYOR. What was that, pray?
 TESSA. Oh, those are the Newsboys. They are on their way to the "Home."

LORD MAYOR (*approvingly*). Oh yes; a very useful institution. I must call there some night. I make it my business to call on all my people. For, you know—

Song: THE LORD MAYOR.

Air: "When Britain really ruled the Waves."

When good Al-Raschid, termed the Great,
 In Bagdad lived and reigned,
 He used to wander forth by night,
 And—as he had a perfect right—
 To be a poor man foined.
 All kings and caliphs did the same
 When good Al-Raschid won his fame.

And now, though many years have passed
 Since that illustrious time,
 I try to make myself appear,
 By rigging up, as you see here,
 A King or Porte Sublime.
 All kings and caliphs looked the same
 When good Al-Raschid won his fame.

And, thus disguised, we go about
 The town upon the sly,
 From Tompkins Square to Bowling Green
 We wander, lofty and serene,
 The Aldermen and I.
 For kings and caliphs did the same
 When good Al-Raschid won his fame.

We prowl through dark and dirty halls,
 Where not a single ray,
 Except the gas-lamp in the street,
 Lights up the gloom, or shows our feet
 The inviting way.
 But kings and caliphs did the same
 When good Al-Raschid won his fame.

And when we reach an open door
 (As we have done to-night),
 Behind the jamb we safely hide,
 And, peering cautiously inside,
 See many a strange sight.
 Ah! kings and caliphs did the same
 When good Al-Raschid won his fame.

Curtain falls on Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The City Hall Park.

Enter six NEWSBOYS, from opposite sides of the stage. All cry out together.

NEWSBOYS. Extra! Herald! Times! Terrible accident!

Enter (L.) LUISA, in shabby costume. The boys offer her newspapers.

LUISA (*loftily*). Pray do not make so much noise. Is there anything in the papers about the Examination? (*The boys look at one another and hesitate.*) Why don't you answer? How stupid!

NEWSBOYS (*in concert*). What examination?

LUISA. Why, the Examination at the City Hall for a musician. Haven't you heard about it?

NEWSBOYS (*in concert*). We have not.

LUISA. Well, you'd better look in the papers and see. (*They all open their papers at the same time and look eagerly down the columns. Having found it, they thrust their papers eagerly toward LUISA in dumb-show.*) Have you got it?

NEWSBOYS (*as before*). We have.

LUISA. Very well. Read it, then.

NEWSBOYS (*reading in concert*). "There will be an Examination at the office of the Lord Mayor this afternoon at three o'clock, for the purpose of selecting a Chief Musician to the Court. The office will be given to the one who can answer the following riddle:

"A fiddler played, and a maiden sang,
 While one in grief sat weeping—
 Ah! who shall tell what hidden pang
 That heart held in its keeping?"

LUISA. Will some one cut it out? (*Each of the boys immediately hands LUISA a paper. She accepts them all, and bows her thanks.*) Ah! that will do. Thank you. Shall you all try for the prize? (*They look at one another.*)

NEWSBOYS (*in concert*). We will.

LUISA. Well, I hope you may get it.

NEWSBOYS (*in concert*). We will do our best.

LUISA (*turning aside*). Very well. You may go now.
 [*Exit NEWSBOYS (L.), singing.*]

Solo and Chorus: NEWSBOYS (*as before*).

FIRST NEWSBOY.

For the prize we mean to try,
 Though we know not how or why
 Riddles should be made the test
 In determining which is best.

CHORUS.

In determining which is best—
 Who sings with the most facility,
 Plays with liveliest agility—
 Riddles never are any test.

LUISA. At last I am alone. I thought I never should get away from Tessa. Let me read his letter: "Dear Luisa,—Meet me in City Hall Park.—Yours, Antonio." What can he want? Ah! he comes! (*Turms away, and pretends not to notice his coming.*)

Enter MACARONI (R). He carries a hand-organ on his back, and leads a monkey by a string.

MACARONI. Luisa!

LUISA (*turning round*). Ah! Antonio! (*She sees the monkey.*) What a beautiful monkey! Is he a new one?

MACARONI (*stroking the monkey's head, while the animal gambols around on the floor*). Yes. He is a young gorilla. (*Proudly.*) I am the only organ-grinder in New York who has a gorilla.

LUISA. You are indeed fortunate. But what did you want, Antonio?

MACARONI. Oh, I wanted to show you my gorilla. But before I forget it, can't you get me Taddeo's fiddle some day?

LUISA (*shaking her head*). I don't believe I can. He carries it with him all the time, and at night he sleeps with it. It's a very valuable fiddle, you know.

MACARONI (*contemptuously*). Oh, it's an old thing. It isn't worth twenty-five cents. I tell you what I'll do—I'll give you another one, which you can put in its place at night, and Taddeo will never know the difference.

LUISA (*vehemently*). I don't think I ought to.

MACARONI. Ah, Luisa, you don't know how much I think of you! Just think of it: I am going to give Taddeo a fine new fiddle for an old one! Isn't that a proof of my devotion? See, I will give you this ring besides. (*He holds out a finger-ring, which LUISA takes and examines eagerly.*)

LUISA. Ah! will you? Then I will do it. You may bring the fiddle to the Examination this afternoon.

MACARONI. What examination?

LUISA. Why, in the Mayor's Office. It is for the place of Chief Musician. Have you not read it? (*She hands him a paper, which he reads eagerly, while LUISA holds the gorilla. The animal meanwhile stands on its hind-legs and shows signs of playfulness. LUISA drops the cord and retreats.*) Oh, Antonio! I am afraid!

MACARONI (*contemptuously*). Girls are always afraid. (*He returns the paper and takes back the monkey.*) You don't expect me to guess any such silly riddle as that?

LUISA (*tossing her head*). You wouldn't think it was silly if you knew the answer.

MACARONI. Do you know it?

LUISA (*mysteriously*). Perhaps!

MACARONI (*convincedly*). Ah! tell me, Luisa. See, if you will tell me I will make Jocko go through his tricks. (*He motions to the monkey, who begins to dance clumsily about the floor.*)

LUISA (*moving away*). Ah! No; he is too big.

MACARONI. Well, then, tell me because I ask you.

LUISA. I will tell you—to-morrow.

MACARONI (*complaintfully*). But that will be too late for the Examination. If you will tell me at once, Luisa, I will let you have the ring now.

LUISA (*turning the ring on her finger*). Oh! will you? But I am afraid Tessa will be angry.

MACARONI. Do not mind Tessa. Think of the ring.

LUISA (*still admiring the ring*). Well, I suppose I must. (*She is about to speak, when TESSA and TADDEO enter hurriedly from R. TADDEO seizes MACARONI by the collar, while TESSA takes LUISA'S hand. LUISA bursts into tears.*)

TADDEO. Thief! Where is the money you stole from me?

MACARONI (*examining his purse*). I haven't it with me now. But I will give it back to you. It was only in joke, you know.

TADDEO (*taking the monkey's cord*). Very well, I will keep the monkey as security. (*MACARONI resists, but the monkey breaks away from him and jumps up on TADDEO with signs of delight.*) You see the monkey recognizes me.

MACARONI. Yes, as a relation.

TADDEO (*advancing threateningly*). Go! get that money!
 [*Exit MACARONI, R.*]

TESSA. What is the matter, Luisa dear? What is it that distresses you?

LUISA (*sobbing and shaking her head*). Oh! I can't tell.

Enter MACARONI, unperceived, at L., and NEWSBOYS at R., also unperceived.

TESSA. But, Luisa, if you will only tell us, we can guess the riddle. We know it all but the "hidden pang," and you are the only one who can tell what that is. (LUISA continues to shake her head and weep. TESSA looks at TADDEO.) We must amuse her, Taddeo.

Song: TESSA and CHORUS.

Air: "With Strepchon for your Foe, no doubt."

We've nearly found the riddle out,
For I'm the one who sings, no doubt,
While Taddeo plays,
And people praise
His fiddle and his bow.

But why Luisa cries all day,
What trouble wears her life away,

And whence the grief
Beyond relief,
We do not surely know.
[During the singing MACARONI and the NEWSBOYS come forward. All join in chorus.]
CHORUS. But why Luisa cries all day,
What trouble wears her life,
Curtain falls on Act II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Lord Mayor's Room in the City Hall. At the back of the stage, on a raised platform, is seated the LORD MAYOR, with an ALDERMAN on each side. At the right are the NEWSBOYS, and at the left TADDEO, TESSA, LUISA, and the monkey; and at a short distance from these stands MACARONI.*

LORD MAYOR. Are you all ready?

NEWSBOYS. Yes.
TADDEO. Yes.
TESSA. We are.
LUISA. Yes.

MACARONI. LORD MAYOR. The purpose of this examination is to select a person to fill the office of Musician to the Court. The candidates must be able to solve a double-barrelled acrostic, and to tell a jew's-harp from a snare-drum at sight. Can you all do this?

TADDEO. Yes.
NEWSBOYS. We can.
TESSA. Yes.
LUISA. Yes.

MACARONI. LORD MAYOR. Then let us proceed. You must write the answer on the slips of paper. The boy who gets it first may raise his hand. (TESSA raises her hand.) Well?

TESSA. Suppose it's a girl, sir?
LORD MAYOR. She may raise her hand too. (They write rapidly for a moment, when MACARONI'S hand is raised.) Well?

MACARONI. I think I have it, your honor.
LORD MAYOR. Bring it here. (MACARONI takes the paper to the LORD MAYOR, who hands it, unopened, to one of the ALDERMEN. TESSA'S hand is raised.) Well, is yours done too?

TESSA. Please, sir, I am writing for Taddeo. He can not write.

LORD MAYOR (shaking his head). Then that counts him out. Are there any others? (He looks inquiringly at the NEWSBOYS, who are consulting together.)

NEWSBOYS (in concert). Here is ours, your honor. (They all rise at once and take it up to him.)

LORD MAYOR. Now have we got them all? (There is no reply.) Read the first one, Mr. Alderman.

FIRST ALDERMAN (opens MACARONI'S paper and reads):

"A fiddler—his name it was Tad—
Played so exceedingly bad,
That his sister Luisa
Thought he did it to tease her,
And became uncontrollably sad."

LORD MAYOR (shaking his head). That does not tell why a maiden sang. And, besides, the boy is not a bad player. I do not believe that would make his sister cry. Read the second answer, Mr. Alderman.

ALDERMAN (reading TESSA'S paper):
"Our little sister wept the live-long day,
While Tessa sang and Taddeo played his fiddle;
Though why she wept I'm sure I can not say,
And so suppose I have not guessed the riddle."

LORD MAYOR. Very good. But that does not tell us what the pang was. Let us have the next one.

ALDERMAN (reading the NEWSBOYS' paper):
"While Taddeo played and Tessa sang
Luisa sat a-weeping—
We can not tell what was the pang
Her heart held in its keeping."



"LUI SA IS AWAKE: WE MUST AMUSE HER."

LORD MAYOR (*puzzled*). Dear me! none of them have guessed it. Isn't there anybody here who can tell us what the hidden pang was? Why did Luisa cry? That is what we want to know. (*The monkey displays great excitement, while LUISA, rushing forward to the LORD MAYOR'S seat, breaks into sobs.*)

LUISA. Oh! I will tell. I didn't dare to tell before—I was afraid Tessa would scold—but I can't keep it any longer. It's because I lost my little brother Paul. Tessa thought he ran off himself. But he didn't. I lost him; and I've felt so dreadfully about it that it made me cry all the time. (*As LUISA proceeds the monkey's costume drops off and discloses a little boy. He rushes forward, while all rise up in excitement.*)

PAUL (*taking LUISA'S hand*). Ah, dear sister! I am Paul! I was stolen by a wicked magician, who changed me into a gorilla, and forbade my retaining my natural shape until you should tell how I was lost. Now it is all right; and you need not cry any more.

LORD MAYOR. Ah! This is very satisfactory. The riddle has been guessed, and the little boy has been released from his uncomfortable disguise. But to whom shall we give the office? (*He looks at the ALDERMAN, and then at the candidates.*)

ALL (*except MACARONI*). Give it to Paul!

LORD MAYOR. Very well; since you insist upon it I will give it to Paul. But who is the one (*pointing to MACARONI*) who did not speak?

NEWSBOYS (*in concert*). Antonio Macaroni.

LORD MAYOR. Macaroni? The name is familiar (*consults his memorandum-book*). Ah! Macaroni, come up here. (*MACARONI comes forward.*) You are charged with stealing eighty cents from Taddeo Vermicelli. What have you got to say for yourself?

MACARONI (*nervously*). It was only in joke, your honor, and I have given him security.

LORD MAYOR. How is that, Taddeo? Have you got security?
TADDEO (*doubtfully*). I had, your honor; but the security has gone away.

MACARONI. I gave him the gorilla for security.
LORD MAYOR. Ah! you did? Well, the Court decides that there is no gorilla, so you must pay him the eighty cents.

MACARONI (*complainingly*). Then I want my gorilla back.

LORD MAYOR. But there isn't any gorilla.

TADDEO. Never mind, your honor. It's worth a good deal more than eighty cents to get Paul back. He can keep the money; only I don't want to have anything more to do with him.

LORD MAYOR (*approvingly*). Very good. You hear, Macaroni? Taddeo generously allows you to keep the money, on condition that you never speak to him or his brother or sisters again. Do you agree to that?

MACARONI (*sullenly*). Yes, your honor. (*Aside.*) I've lost the fiddle.

LORD MAYOR (*coming forward*). Then it is all settled, and everything is satisfactory. The Court has secured a musician. By-the-way, can Paul play or sing?

TESSA (*shaking her head*). No, sir; Paul has no ear for music at all.

LORD MAYOR (*thoughtfully*). Could he play a hand-organ?

TESSA. Perhaps he could, sir, with a good deal of practice.

LORD MAYOR. Very well, then, we will get him one, and he can practice three hours every day until he can play the "Sweet



"THE RIDDLE HAS BEEN GUESSED"

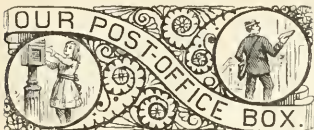
By-and-By"; for, you know (*the nods to the others and begins to beat time*)—

ALL (*in chorus*):

All kings and caliphs did the same
When good Al-Raschid won his fame.

Curtain falls.

NOTE.—The properties of this little play are very simple, and it may be performed in any parlor or drawing-room. The costumes of the children are supposed to be shabby; though Paul, when the monkey disguise is thrown off, may be better dressed than the others. A little effort will easily manufacture a monkey's-skin out of gray Canton flannel, and it should be so contrived that it can be instantly dropped off. This may easily be done, since the monkey is already on the stage when the curtain rises on the third act, and does not move until the time comes for dropping the garment. It should be attached to a string leading off to the side of the stage, and immediately pulled out of sight. Antonio's hand-organ may be made out of a soap or starch box, by painting it the color of black walnut, tacking a piece of red muslin or cloth to the front, and attaching a wooden handle to the side. If a violin can not be procured, a rough one may be readily made with a cigar box and a few bits of wood and string. It makes no difference whether it can be played on or not. The Lord Mayor's costume is a purple gown, bordered with gold, and slashed with gold on the sleeves. A gold collar or band hangs from each shoulder, where it is fastened by purple ruffles. The Aldermen are attired in scarlet robes with fur trimmings. Of course anything in the way of a showy outside garment will answer the purpose. The airs are all taken from Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, *Totenthat*, which can be obtained from any music dealer for one dollar. In arranging the "business" of the stage it would be well for the young performers to have the advice and assistance of some person older than themselves.



I HAVE a word this week for my dear little housekeepers. I lately overheard one of them saying to a friend that she thought it very silly for people to take so much care about food. In her opinion the mind was of far more importance than the body.

I would be very sorry indeed if I supposed that any of my young correspondents were so devoted to eating nice things that they were on the way to dyspepsia or any other troublesome disease. If you eat too many hambos, pea nuts, or dainties, you may pay for the folly by being unable by-and-by to enjoy a plain dinner.

If you were ever on a steamboat you have been interested in watching the engine which keeps it in motion. If there were no fuel put on the fire, however, the engine would stop. That little engine, the stomach, must have its fuel too, or else the brain will not work, and the hands and feet will grow heavy and become useless.

So I hope you all take a good wholesome lunch on to school, and put it up so nicely that it looks tempting when you open the basket or box at noon. And I hope those who go home to dinner have a recess long enough to let them take the meal without fretting lest they may be late for the afternoon session. Do not eat between meals, nor nibble chocolate creams and other confections in the evening. A girl or boy who has been studying hard all the evening will not be hurt by a cracker or a piece of bread and butter at bed-time.

Do you think you can remember all this?

Can any little reader tell me which of the great poets drew this pretty picture of a little girl?

"A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white;
To see a child so very fair
It was a pure delight.

"No fountain from his rocky cave
Ever tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."

Some of you find quotations in prose and verse as school exercises. Some, I hope, learn by heart the pieces you like best. Now whose hand shall first be held up to name this poet, and to tell the name of the poem from which these stanzas are taken?

This little correspondent has seen some wonderful sights, and has a queer raft and some odd passengers to tell us of:

VENON, INDIANA.

I am a boy ten years old. I live near the Ohio River, where there was a great flood. A great deal of property was destroyed by the water. The people from here sent food to the people at Lawrenceburg, who were almost starving. At Madison a corn stalk was seen floating down the river. I saw this in the lower part of the Upper Peninsula, just across the straits from Mackinac Island. This is a very pleasant place in the summer-time, but is very unpleasant in winter, for the snow is very deep, and there is so much cold wind. Papa has several lumber camps seventy-five miles above this place, and my brother and I

VENON COUNTY, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and I live on one of the broad prairies of Southwest Missouri. We had a queer visitor this winter; it was a little prairie-bird. My uncle brought it in half-frozen one of its wings was injured so that it could not fly. It hopped around, and ate and drank, and seemed to be very happy, when one morning mamma opened the window while sleeping after it had staid with us two weeks, and it flew out, and we never saw it again. My uncle Willie gave me your interesting and instructive paper for my birthday present. I think the story of "Nan" is so nice.

MARY L.

ST. LENOX, MICHIGAN.

I thought I would write my first letter to the Post-office Box. I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in the lower part of the Upper Peninsula, just across the straits from Mackinac Island. This is a very pleasant place in the summer-time, but is very unpleasant in winter, for the snow is very deep, and there is so much cold wind. Papa has several lumber camps seventy-five miles above this place, and my brother and I

went up to them during the holidays. I study one of your books called *Harper's School Geography*. There are four churches here, and the organ in the First Congregational Church every Sunday morning. Good-by. FLOY M.

I am glad to have among my friends a little girl who at eleven can play the organ in a church.

ROCKCASTLE SPRING, KENTUCKY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been taking *YOUR PEOPLE* since last November, and have fallen so much in love with it and with you that I can scarcely get through my week and don't want to have taken another magazine, and was so afraid I shouldn't like *YOUR PEOPLE*, but I am delighted with it.

I have been staying all winter at Rockcastle Springs. My papa and uncle own it. It is a beautiful mountain resort. The hotel-vesties between two high mountains, near the brink of a most magnificent and rocky strand, and from 1200 to 1300 and throw pebbles into the water. There are all kinds of game fish in it. I caught a large pike and a white salmon, for which I have received a great deal of praise, as they are both very game and difficult to land. We have a number of row-boats, and I can row splendidly.

I am ten years old, and daily recite English history, that I have geography. My mother, mother, and I have just laid another bird. My father. I have a little brother seven years old; his name is St. Clair. He is in the Second Reader.

I can row on the river beautifully. I have two lovely birds—a German canary named Be-be, and a linnet named Fraud. Be-be is the smartest bird I ever saw. I will peck your finger, kiss you, and if you do not say, "Kiss me," he will peck you. He will take a little slip. When he let him out of his cage he follows us about like a poodle, and will fly on our heads, and play hide-and-seek. Fraud laid thirty-four eggs, and he did not do it.

We have a splendid playfellow—of course it is a dog—whose name is Fern. But she did such a dreadful thing; the other night she got in our bed, and she curled up with me, and I could not bid them. How I did cry! Your little friend,

NAUCERLE C.

I am six years old, and I live a little way out of town. I have seen so many letters from the girls that I thought I would like to tell you about my pets. My elder sister Lil and I have each a lovely pony; mine is white, and hers is black. I have a little dog, and I like him very much. I am just learning, and like it very much, though I am first I was afraid. I hope this letter is not too long, and that I shall see it in the Post-office Box very soon. Lil is writing this for me, as I can not write well.

Where does little Madge live? She must ask Lil to write again and tell me. I like to know where my pets are when I am reading their letters.

CHENEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day. My brothers take *YOUR PEOPLE*, and I like to read it very much. I have a cousin about my age in Kansas on a sheep ranch, and after we read our paper we send it to her. We have at home a little Japanese dog. His name is Jap, and he is very cunning. I have had my picture taken, and Jap was taken with me. He was very much frightened when we took him to the photographer's, and was sick all the next day.

HATTIE T.

Now these boy friends who have been waiting so politely to make their bows may step forward:

FUSHING, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In No. 173 you earnestly invited the boys to write to you, so I thought I would. My favorite sport just now is skating, and I think it is very fine sport. I am thirteen years old, and am publishing a paper called *Boys and Girls*, which occupies nearly all of my time out of school. I send you a copy, which I think is pretty good for a boy of my age. Don't you ever love to read the books and stories written by Trowbridge. I think that a printing-press is a good thing for a boy, for then he is not idling away his time, but is doing something useful and good. My brother takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all like to read it very much.

ROBERT M. R.

Your paper is very clever and very neatly printed. I make a quotation which expresses my views precisely. Boys and girls, read it, please—

"It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their little rights is one of the most disagreeable and unindulgent in the world."

BRIDGPORT, CONNECTICUT.

I am eight years old. I have no pets, like other boys, but have a little sister. Her name is Ada; she is the pride of all our hearts. My love,

HOWARD II.

FORT SKEELING, MINNESOTA.

I have been taking *YOUR PEOPLE* since the beginning of the year, and like it very much, particularly the letters in the Post-office Box. Mamma reads the paper to me every week as soon as it comes. I have seen letters from other posts, but have not written from Alaska nine years ago, will oblige me, dear Postmistress, by putting my little letter in the box, for I am anxious to see it in print. It being the first mamma has written for me to put her. She often writes to my little cousins for me.

I am a little boy six years old, and have for pets a dog, a cat, a pigeon, and some chickens. My dog's name is Rover. He is a very old dog. Papa and mamma came from Alaska nine years ago. I have a puppy then. I have travelled a good deal, we think, for a little boy, and I expect you will think so too when I tell you where I have been. I was born near San Francisco. I have travelled 9000 miles, and lived at many different posts—Presidio, San Francisco, Fort Canby, Wyoming Territory, Fort Warren, Massachusetts, and Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

This has been a very cold winter here—the coldest in many years, so persons say who have lived here all their lives.

W. F. S.

WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are a little boy and nine children and ten years old. We study at home with papa. We and our little neighbors have formed a society to protect poor dumb animals. Our only pets are two lame cats and a bird named Tom. I have a pretty story about our horse Verincetorix. Aunt Daisy told us how to spell that word. Verincetorix is very fond of jaguartha, our cat, who climbs up in his bark and goes to sleep. One day a large white dog ran into the stable and tried to seize the cat, but it leaped up on the side of the stall, and Verincetorix wouldn't let the dog get him, and he had to jump.

Our uncle has just come back from China, and brought us many rare things. We would like to exchange. We are writing this all ourselves, and hope it will be published. We are writing a story on her birthday. We are afraid this is too long, but we like to write to the Postmistress.

ROSE and FRANK.

The Postmistress hopes that mamma has not had her birthday yet, but whether she has or not she is a happy mother to have two such darlings. It is a very good idea to protect the poor dumb animals, and I wish more children would form such societies. If you send an exchange, it shall be tucked into the proper place.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am in a board school, and have fine times here up among the Berkshires. Last week the boys wrote "compos" on Washington, and two of them received prizes in the shape of a just of the great and good man. One of the big fellows will be the school mascot at the next election. We have had beautiful skating, and I made a skate sail, on which I towed some of the boys on a tippie here.

I am in a board school, and have fine times here up among the Berkshires. Last Saturday a school-mate and myself went to see Crosby, the Hermit of the Housatonic. He is a very well-read man, and also a hunter, but he is a very kind people think not quite in his right mind. We boys like him. He showed us his guns, and a cannon which he calls his baby. He catches the squawks and puts them in his house, and has promised to give me one.

In the evenings I practice on the piano, and have a study-hour. Sometimes this routine is pleasantly varied by the boys and girls who come to the moonlight. On our coasting ground there is what is called the second bumper. It is a sort of jumping-off place, where the boys have jumped fifteen feet on papers and on their heads.

We have very little weather which prevents out-door sports, but it has been too stormy to go out, and then we employ ourselves in cutting tracks with the boys. I have a very nice set of boys had to take turns and use them by the hour. My favorite stories are *Dobbin*, *The Quibble*, and *Among the Ladies*. Like William G. Steadard's stories, and wish T. B. Aldrich would write more for boys. My favorite game is base-ball, or was until I was presented with a bicycle, which I cannot get to enjoy. It is a 50-inch Standard Columbia.

I have no room-mate this term. Last half I had, and he left a calendar, a verse of which I had taken for my motto:

"Howe'er we be, it seems to me
"Tis only noble to be good."

The scenery here is very beautiful. I mean to photograph it next summer, and get some fine views. I have walked three miles up Prospect Mountain to East Rock. This rock is to be seen in *Peter's composita*. It is a thick rock about twenty feet high.

C. C. W., J.V.

You are, I fancy, at a very good school, and are leading just the sort of life you ought to. But that jumping-off feat sounds alarming to a lady in her easy-chair. I am relieved that you and

your comrades are not likely to do it very many times this spring.

NOTHURST, MICHIGAN.

The Postmistress wanted to hear what boys do out of school. I bring in wood and draw water. I like to play marbles as well as any game. My favorite amusement in winter is sliding down hill and skating; in the summer, swimming and going barefoot. I like animal books and books of adventures best. I think my favorite author is C. A. Stephens, and his two books by him, *The Knave-of-Club* and *The Young Man of the Year*. One of my Christmas books was named *Wild Adventures in Wild Alaska*. I have read it through three times. I wonder if any of the boys have read Paul De Chaillos's books, and how they like them?

I have a horse named Kitty, and my sister Grace has a dog named Roy. I had a dog named Tombo, and I sold him for fifteen dollars. Grace made some little sponge-cakes after the receipt in *YOUR PEOPLE*, and they were splendid.

EDDIE H. L.

ROSELLE, KANSAS.

I am a little boy eight years old, and live in Roselle. The stories in *YOUR PEOPLE* are all interesting; my favorite is "Nan." I haven't any pets living now, but once had two cunning little parakeets. I have a little sister Mattie, four years old, with long golden curls and blue eyes, who says a great many quaint things. My favorite book is *The Swiss Family Robinson*, my favorite game hide-and-seek. Papa has a library, and I have an immense number of books. I can't read all of them, but I like very much is entitled *Travels Around the World by a Boy*. My motto is, "Honesty is the best of all policies." I have a number of orphaned children out of their poverty when I get to be a man.

WALTER J.

Here is a story from one of our bright girls, and it is very well told indeed:

MATTIE'S ADVENTURE.

"Oh, mamma, I am so lonesome!" sobbed Mattie, as she stopped rocking the baby. "Since we moved here I have not seen a person except Fannie, and that was two months ago."

Well," answered Mrs. Brown, in a comforting tone, "Fannie is the eldest of a family of six, and she has a great deal of work to do; besides, she lives two miles away; but if your father is willing to let you go alone, I will try to spare you this afternoon, and you may go and see her."

Mattie jumped up, clapping her hands, and went to work with a will for the rest of the morning.

Mr. Brown did not consent very readily, for he said, "There is a thick strip of woods about a mile from here, and it is very likely that if Mattie stays late she may encounter a bear."

But after much protesting that she was not afraid, and would not stay late, he consented. At two o'clock, bright and happy, Mattie started off. "She was very brave, still she thought she would not like to pass through the woods alone at night. Now, however, it was daylight, and she lingered quite a while picking the roses that grew along the road-side. She reached Fannie's house in safety, and spent a very pleasant afternoon."

Meanwhile her father felt very anxious, and was sorry he had been persuaded to let her go alone. At supper-time he said, "I think, mother, I will walk down toward the woods and see if Mattie is coming," and off he started.

He saw nothing of Mattie until he reached the woods, and there he saw a sight to make his heart stand still. He saw a bear, and he saw a girl all aglow, hair streaming out behind, and apron caught up. Just behind was a large, fierce black bear.

"What shall I do?" thought the poor father; "I can not get to her or she to me." Suddenly he cried, "Drop what you have in your apron!"

Mattie obeyed. When she reached her father she said, "I fear, papa, I was a little late. I had three of the cunningest little black kittens, that I found playing at the foot of a tree."

She was very much surprised to hear that her father never thought of her being in danger, and was chased by the mother bear. Everybody was very thankful for Mattie's escape, and she never went through those woods again alone.

BESSIE D.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I am a little boy who will be eight years old in April, and I want to write a few lines to tell the little readers of the Post-office Box how I caught an owl. One day, soon after Christmas, it was snowing hard, and I was standing at the window looking into the yard. I saw upon the fence a bird which I thought was a very large sparrow. I called my mamma to look, but she, upon seeing my eyes, told me it was a small owl, and that I might try to catch it. So I went up to the bird and me take it in my hands and carry it into the house. I am sorry to say it lived only three days; but my papa let me get it stuffed, and it

looks very nice to me, as an owl, I imagine, is not to be caught in a city every day.

I am trying to find a motto to be mine, and when I find one, if you print this, I shall write again and tell it to you.

VICTOR E. S.

I shall not forget your promise about the motto.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

All the little girls and boys write about their pets; I have none but my dolls. I take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like to see no number of it. It is a splendid story, and I can hardly wait from one week to the other to get the paper. I am writing this letter myself.

LIZZIE B.

Now that "Nan" has been concluded, I hope you will be equally pleased with the "Raising the Pearl."

PERUVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

My home is twenty-four miles from New York city. I am twelve years old. We have a very good school here, and I like my teacher very much. On the 27th of February we celebrated Longfellow's birthday by the children giving quotations, reciting some of his poems, reading his life, and singing. We had a few visitors, and all enjoyed it very much.

We have four kittens. Mine is named Pansy; the others are Daisy, Punch, and Judy. We have a magpie. She is very cunning; she coughs and whistles, calls her own name, Maggie, and my name, Kattie, and Nettie, the little dog. She says, "Get away," "Pretty, pretty," "Naughty bird," and some other things which are very amusing. I like all the stories in the children, but the story of "Nan" was splendid.

KIRTIE W.

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have no pets. I have a baby brother; he will be two years old on the 10th of June. We are going to move to Brooklyn on the 1st of May. I want to live in Brooklyn very much, but have never lived there, and do not know how I shall like it. I have a good many cousins there. I have six dolls; one, a funny baby, is a Chinese doll that turns his head all around, and when you pinch him he will make a noise and blink. I like it makes me laugh, and mamma and papa too. I hope you will print this, as it is my first letter to a paper. I have written some to my grandpa and nuntle.

ANNE S. H.

TROY, N. Y.

Last Christmas I received a violin, and one of my aunts gave me a nice ring, and my uncle a large history of the United States and, best of all, a book of the latest of a family of six, and she has a great deal of work to do; besides, she lives two miles away; but if your father is willing to let you go alone, I will try to spare you this afternoon, and you may go and see her."

FRANK H.

MASON CRY, IOWA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I live in Northern Iowa. It is quite cold here; the thermometer has been thirty or two degrees below zero. The snow has been eleven or twelve inches on a level. I read nearly all the contained stories in *YOUR PEOPLE*. I liked "The Prince of the Snow Club," and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and always enjoy Jimmy Brown's stories. I didn't take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* when "Toby Tyler" was published, but have got the book.

JAMIE M.

Maudie came to me the other day, saying, "Won't you tell the Little Housekeepers how to set in a patch neatly? Tom does tear his jacket so often, and I mend it, so as to save dear mamma the trouble."

When you have to mend a garment, take time and take pains, so that you may do it well; mending can not be hurried. Baste the patch very smoothly on the wrong side of the torn article, turn the edges in, and hem them down. On the right side cut the hole into a square shape, turn the edges in, and hem them neatly on the patch. Sometimes you get them the hole on the patch, and I have seen this done, on the knee of Jack's pantaloons, for instance, so very nicely that nobody would imagine they had been torn.

One of the most annoying things some of my Little Housekeepers have to encounter is the sewing of shoe buttons. They are forever popping off. It is a good plan to sew them on very strongly with waxed thread when the shoes are new. Then keep at hand in your basket some strong linen thread, a large needle, and a supply

of buttons, and if a button is loose, why, presto! a moment's work, and it is fastened as it should be.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A CORNSHREW.

1. A fastening. 2. A note. 3. The heroine of a popular story. 4. A figure. 5. People who do not wear hats. 6. Cultivated land. 7. A summer fruit. 8. To escape. 9. A letter in the Greek alphabet. 10. To fret.

The cornshrew begins with the third letter of the first word, and winds its way to the final letter of the last word. It is something we shall be very glad to see.

MORRIS BRUSH.

No. 2.

EASY DIABLOSDS.

1. A. I straw. 2. To plunder. 3. A small sail. 4. A bank of sand. 5. Violet.

2-1. In mit. 2. A verb in the present tense. 3. A test. 4. Found in a field of corn. 5. In Albania. Romeo.

3-1. A letter. 2. A covering. 3. A bird. 4. A fold. 5. A letter. P. S. WESCOTT.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is the part of a day.

My second at feasts overflows;

My whole, standing firm as it may,

Is never in perfect repose.

LILY H. WOOD.

No. 4.

A QUESTION.

What word is that in the English language which, originally of one syllable, becomes a word of two syllables by the cutting off of the first two letters? LILY H. WOOD.

No. 5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A domestic animal. 2. A drug. 3. To make clean. 4. A girl's name. 5. To improve. THAYER.

No. 6.

ACROSTIC.

1. A conjunction. 2. A hid. 3. Not wet. 4. Fear. 5. A toy. 6. Part of the body. 7. Central gear of the name of a country in Europe. TIM AND TIP.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 175.

No. 1. P L A T O
L A T I N
R O M A N
L E A S E
I T A L Y

No. 2. R A V E L I N
N A V A L
N E D
N

No. 3. A L M A
L E A P
M A M A
A F A R

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Billy Hunsceyck, Samuel Branson, Lily H. Wood, Ernest Wolkwitz, B. H. L. Lahn Leyland, Edgar Seeman, Thayer, L. Bruckman, Carroll Bunting, Sophie Dore, Griswold Stuart, Amy Winslow, Lottie V., Fanny Cheeseman, Grace Vau Name, Tom Benson, P. P. C. A. Golden, Dandy, Walter A. May, Lucila Deniston, Warsaw, A. M. Bloomfield, Rodgers and Thurston, Carrie Willmarth, Max Heintzmann, R. S. D., Kitty Clover, Winifred and Charlie Jimmy Jones, T. R. Fanshaw, Alida Graves, Josie Brown, Floy, Frances, Johnnie and George.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

Is a noble store-house, well stocked with good things, grave and gay, for the whole household of children—from the wee ones to the boys and girls well on in their teens. Parents can make no mistake in subscribing for the current year, that their little ones may have a yearly fund of joy.—From the Sunday-school Journal, edited by the Rev. Joun H. Vincent, D.D.

Subscription Price, \$1.50 per Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in London, October 14, 1644, and was the son of an Admiral. He was the oldest child, and had but one brother and one sister. He studied at Oxford, and stood high as a scholar, but was expelled from college for attending the meetings of a certain religious sect whose views he held.

His father sent him to travel through Holland and France, and he remained there several years, devoting as much time to study as to amusement.

After his return home he was sent to Ireland to attend to his father's estates, but he turned more firmly than before to his former views, and when he returned again to London he began to preach.

He was imprisoned, but soon obtained his freedom. He was imprisoned again, and sent to Newgate for six months. When he was set free he travelled for a time in Holland and Germany.

He was married in 1672 to Galielma Maria Springelt.

He had a claim against the government for £16,000, in settlement for which he was given the grant of a large territory in America, with the right to form a colony with laws in accordance with his views. He came to America in 1682, when a charter was issued and a city planned.

He returned again to England, was accused of treason and deprived of his title to the land, but was declared innocent in 1693, and the title re-issued in 1694.

He returned to America in 1699, and remained two years. He died on the 30th of July, 1718.

He was noted for uprightness and justice.



"If broken egg-shells are not crushed the witches will put to sea in them, and sink ships."—*Old Saying.*



COLTS WILL BE COLTS—NEDDY RETURNS HOME AFTER A FROLIC WITH THE CHILDREN.

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "For pity's sakes, Edward, where have you been? Playing with those children again. I suppose, and a pretty figure of fun they've made of you, too!"

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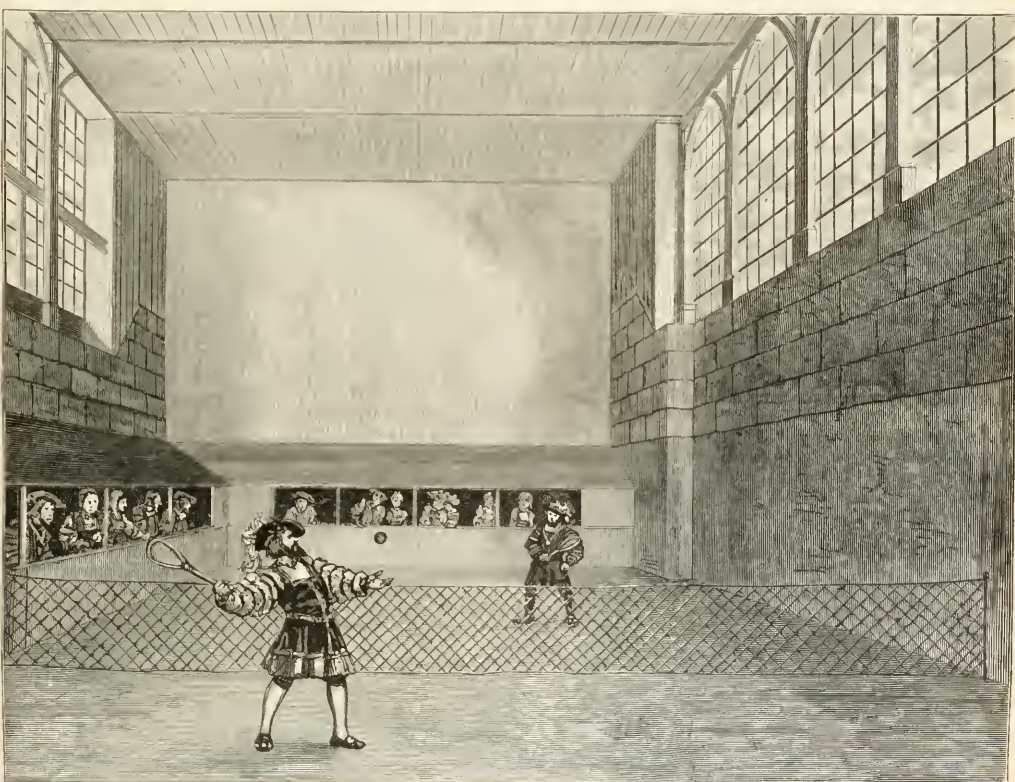
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HENRY THE EIGHTH PLAYING TENNIS.

THE ROYAL GAME OF TENNIS.

VERY different indeed from our modern game, lawn tennis, is the original and ancient game of tennis, now sometimes called court tennis. People who are fond of going back to the beginning of things have no difficulty in tracing tennis back to the reign of the English King Henry III. When they have got thus far they find

that even in those days the game was considered an ancient one, and they discover that the Romans had a game of tennis, which they called *pila*.

Now, think they, we have the "way-back" origin of tennis. But, oh dear, no! The ancient Greeks played tennis; and possibly before them the more ancient Phrygians, and so on. Arrived at the Greeks, the historian of games generally gives up the search, and contents him-

self with the thought that the origin of tennis lies too far back in the history of the world to be discoverable at this late day.

Both in England and France tennis was a favorite game among the wealthy. The French royal families played in a court at Versailles, which is now used as a gallery for statues. The English monarchs, beginning with Henry VIII., used the court at Hampton Court, the palace which Cardinal Wolsey built for himself, but was obliged to give to his envious sovereign.

Our illustration gives a view of the tennis-court at Hampton Court, and in the foreground we see the King himself. A less illustrious person might perhaps have been a more active and skillful player, for King Harry was no light weight, but few people seem to have enjoyed the game more. On one occasion there was a brilliant array of royal players, Henry and the Emperor Maximilian of Germany playing against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg. The Earl of Devonshire was not too proud to "chase" balls for the two monarchs, nor Lord Edmond for the players of less exalted rank. The result of this game was quite satisfactory, for it is recorded "they departed even-handed on both sides, after eleven games fully played." What puzzles the modern reader is how they could have played eleven games and yet "depart even-handed."

Although it was a rare thing for ladies to take part in tennis, it was not unknown, for we read of a damsel named Margot who was not only a match for many of the gentlemen of the time, but played equally well with the palm and the back of the hand. In those days (when Charles V. was King of France) the game was called palm-play, for it was played with the hand covered with a glove. Later, tennis-players bound cords around their hands; and later still, some one—we do not know who, but we have a tender regard for his memory—fastened cords across a pear-shaped frame, and put a handle to it. Hence our familiar racket.

And now, having seen that the game of tennis is of highly distinguished origin, let us see what manner of game it was and is. The court in which it is played is ninety-six feet long by from thirty-three to thirty-nine feet wide. It is inclosed on all four sides, and is covered by a roof. But its interior walls are not at all like the sides of a box; they are broken up into all sorts of queer angles by buttresses and roofs and what not. Along the two end walls and one of the sides runs a long gallery with a sloping roof, which comes to within about seven feet of the floor. At one end of the court this gallery is open, and here, protected by netting, the spectators sit to watch the game. This is called the "dedans." The whole of the long gallery is called the "pent-house," and its sloping roof plays an important part in the game, as it requires a great deal of practice to judge at what angle a ball will fall to the ground when it has struck in its course a perpendicular wall and the roof of a shed.

The man who planned the first tennis-court must have laughed to himself as he laid those additional traps for unskilled players called the "grille," the "passe-line," and the "tambour." The "passe" is simply a line, but it must be carefully avoided in serving; the "grille" is a recess in the corner of the pent-house, and when a ball falls in it one is counted against the striker. As for the "tambour," it is nothing but a provoking and unnecessary angle in one of the side walls, and must have been put there out of pure contrariness, to add one more to the difficulties of the beginner.

Very few people in this country, even among those who have travelled in Europe, have ever seen a match at court tennis, for the courts are very expensive to build, and are rare even in England and France. There are only two courts in this country, one at Boston and the other at the Casino at Newport. Those of our readers who

may visit the latter delightful resort next summer should not fail to pay a visit to the court, and see the game which has endured for centuries upon centuries, and been the favorite pastime of kings.

FLO AND FLORA.

BY ADA C. STODDARD.

"IT'S too bad!" declared little Flo Stetson, pulling off her hat. She had come to spend the sunny half-holiday with her cousin, whose name was the same as her own, but who didn't begin to be so rosy and dimpled. "I don't call such doings as that fun!"

"What?" asked Flora, glancing up listlessly from a lapful of canvas and worsteds.

And Flo told her. It was at school the day before, which had been the last day of March, that the boys were recounting the tricks they had played in other years, and little Micky Lanahan asked in his funny way, "Sure, an' who bees April-Fool?"

Micky was a new boy. He stood leaning against the school-yard fence as he spoke, with his small red hands in his pockets and an anxious look on his face as he gazed down at his boots. Those boots were a sad trouble to Micky; they were very large, and the toes turned up and gaped wofully, and they were all he had.

A shout arose in answer to Micky's question from that merry, thoughtless group.

"He don't know April-Fool, boys."

"Oh, Boots!"

"We've been acquainted with him ever so long."

"And we'll give you an introduction when the time comes," laughed Fred Stetson. "Won't we, boys?"

"And they're going to," said Flo—"Fred and Teddy Blake—and I don't think it's fair. His folks are real poor, and his mother's sick almost all the time. They make fun of his boots, you know—and they are dreadful things, really—and so they're going to hang one of the boxes that new shoes come in on the door, with a bundle of papers in it, and 'April-Fool' printed on the inside piece. And they're going to look in the window and see Micky when he gets it. Fred's fooled me lots of times to day, but I don't care for that. I don't think it's much fun, though, and it's mean to fool that little Micky Lanahan. So!"

Flo's cheeks glowed cherry red, and she talked rapidly. Flora listened with kindling eyes.

"Flo," she cried, "I'll tell you what to do. All the time my ankle's been sprained, you know, I haven't spent my pocket-money. I've got two dollars now, and I was going to buy you a birthday present; but I'll spend it for a pair of shoes for Micky instead, if you're willing."

Was Flo willing? She almost screamed with delight.

"Oh, you dear Flora!" she cried. "And I'll change the boxes! Oh, Flora Millings, what fun! Such a joke on Fred and Teddy! And Fred said he wouldn't be fooled once this April. Oh, oh!"

Flo could not wait. She put on her hat and almost flew down to the shoe store and home again. Fred's box neatly tied up was on the hall table waiting for night, and it was only the work of a moment to replace the little bundle of papers with a pair of stout shoes.

"Such fun!" said Flo to herself, and she almost burst out laughing when, after tea, Fred took the box from the hall table and went off with Teddy Blake.

"After all, I don't half like this," he said to Teddy. "If it was any other fellow I wouldn't care a snap. But of course it's only in fun. I told him we'd introduce him."

"Of course," laughed Teddy; and so they made their way down a cross street and through an alley to the little tumble-down house Micky Lanahan called home.

Fred put the box down quietly at the door and rapped.

They had plenty of time to dodge around the corner of the house to a window; and they were looking in even before Micky had his hand on the latch.

It was such a poor little room, bare-walled, bare-floored, and scantily furnished! A thin-faced woman sat bolstered up in the only rocking-chair it contained, and a lamp burned dimly on the rickety table. The big boots stood in a corner, and when Fred's gaze fell upon them he suddenly turned it the other way.

"Ted," he whispered, "I wish we hadn't. I do wish we hadn't, Ted."

There was a shrill cry of joy from Micky then. He had opened the door and discovered the box, and his trekked face was beaming with delighted surprise when he came back into the room.

"Och, mother, it do be shoes!" he cried.

The thin white face in the rocking-chair was turned eagerly toward the boy.

"Sure it can't be the truth, Micky."

"Deed it is, mother!" cried Micky, tugging at the string. "What else should it be now?"

Fred at the window gromed inwardly.

"Such a miserable thing to do!" he said. "I'd give a dollar to be out of it, Ted. I don't see—"

"You did it yourself," said Teddy, not very good-naturedly. "You thought of it, and all, but I'd give another dollar if we hadn't, and that's a fact. Let's go."

"Wait," said Fred. "We'll make this up—Hallo! Why, Ted—Ted Blake!"

For Micky had got the troublesome twine unknotted at last, and had pulled from the box those stout thick shoes. And he was capering about the room wild with joy.

"Beant they illegant, mother? Oh, mother, look! Did ye iver see the loikes? An' 'twas April-Fool that fetched 'em—it says April-Fool on the paper! Sure it's a foine odd gentleman he is. Oh, mother, it's cryin' for gladness I am, sure! 'Twas April Fool fetched 'em till me."

"Then April Fool never did a better piece of work," said Teddy, feeling not a bit ashamed of the tears that filled his own eyes almost to overflowing. "But, I say, old fellow"—and he began to laugh.

I think you can not imagine two more astonished boys than those who slid softly away from Mrs. Lanahan's window and hastened off home in the darkness.

"Such a good joke!" laughed Fred. "I never was so glad of anything in my life."

"We'll pay for those shoes, anyhow," said Teddy. "Can't you guess who did it, Fred?"

"I think 'twas Flo and Flora," Fred answered. "Anyway, I'm almost sure Flo had a finger in the pie."

He was quite sure of it when, a little later, he opened the hall door at home. For a plump little form glided up to him, a dimpled little hand tucked itself under his arm, a rosy little mouth was placed close to his ear, and a soft little voice whispered, "April-fool!"

A DIVE, A PLUNGE, AND A CATCH; OR, HOW MY MAN CAUGHT THE IGUANA.

BY J. W. CARRINGTON.

THE sketch of the iguana, by Mrs. Conant, published some time ago in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, recalls an incident of one of my journeys that the boys may like to hear about. Thirty years ago I was going up the Chagres River on my way to Panama for the second time. It was before the Panama Railroad or the town of Colon, which we call Aspinwall, was built. At that time we used to land at the town of Chagres, at the mouth of the river, and go up the river in canoes either to Gorgona or Cruces, and from there on mule-back to Panama.

The journey up the river was a very long and crooked one, of from sixty to eighty miles, and of course against

the current, which was very strong. It was slow work, and I have often spent from two to three days in getting up to the landing-point. The canoes were what we called "dug-outs"—Robinson-Crusoe boats—hollowed out of a single log, and the large ones were heavy and strong.

My largest—I had two—was about twenty-five feet long, and amidships about five feet wide. On the lower half of the river my men rowed; on the upper part, in shallower and more rapid water, they laid a plank along each side of the canoe, on which they walked while "setting" that is, pushing the canoe up-stream with long poles. These poles they would plant firmly on the bottom of the river, and then push against them as they walked back toward the stern along the plank. So, you understand, they sat when they rowed with the oars, and stood when they "set" with the poles.

It was heavy work, and frequently through the day we would haul up to the bank under the shade of the trees, and give the men a rest. The banks were heavily wooded; the tropical forest was very thick, and came down to the edge of the water. One day, about three o'clock, I let my men run the canoes in under the shade of a large tree right at the mouth of a little brook which emptied into the river, and from which we knew we could get cool clear water for our water kegs.

It was in a hot climate, remember, and the water of the river was muddy and warm. So we all took a drink, filled our kegs, and then settled ourselves for a rest, my passenger friends lazily lounging on the bright clean mats under the *tollo*, or palm-leaf roof, over the after-part of the canoes, and my crew napping on the setting planks.

One of the men, however, sat on the plank next the shore, with his feet hanging overboard, eating his lunch. As a general thing these canoe-men wear very little clothing, usually a head-covering, and light cotton drawers reaching from waist to knee.

As we were thus taking our ease we suddenly heard on the bank above us a noise of men calling in the depths of the forest, a rustling through the thick underbrush, and the barking of dogs. We sprang up from under the *tollos* to see the hunt, for that it evidently was.

In a moment or two we heard a rush through bushes or boughs close to us, and then out on a large branch which stretched high above and over the canoe ran a huge iguana—the hunted game. Apparently surprised by seeing himself confronted with more human enemies he paused for a second, and then dived into the river, scarcely two feet from the knees of the lurching canoe-man.

Instantly the man sprang from his seat, straightened himself, and down he plunged, feet foremost, into the deep water, as rigid as an iron bar shot down by a strong hand; away on a gentle eddy quietly floated the best part of his dress—his grass hat.

We all drew a long breath, and wonderingly awaited the end. For a moment or two everything seemed to remain quiet. Then there was a splashing in the water as if a mighty battle were going on. Our little boat rocked as if there were a tempest about us. Every instant we expected to see the water grow red with the blood of our unhappy canoe-man, and the huge beast rise to the surface with some fragment of his victim in his jaws.

We had not calculated upon the awkwardness of the iguana, however, or the wonderful sharpness of our black boatman. There were a few more moments of breathless expectation, during which one might perhaps count five. Then came a break in the water, and almost where he went down up popped the black head of the canoe-man, and, gripped hard and fast by his tail and the back of his neck so as to prevent his biting, was the iguana held firmly in his grasp.

As soon as we grasped the situation, a hearty laugh went round. Then with one accord we went to work to help our valorous canoe-man. In spite of his struggles

the clumsy prisoner was got on board, securely bound, and deposited in the bow, after which we resumed our journey.

Just before sundown, finding a cleared space on the banks, we beached our canoes, and tied up for the night. The men made a fire, slaughtered, dressed, and cooked their game in a sort of fricassee, and, with characteristic

courtesy, extended a polite invitation to their captain and his passengers to partake of the delicacy. It was "respectfully declined with thanks." It certainly looked nice and tempting—white as young chicken—and (after I learned to eat frogs' legs) I have been sorry I did decline, for I have never been able to find iguana meat offered for sale or served at any table.



"OH, THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING-TIME!"

GENTLEMAN JACK'S REVENGE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

IT was the 1st of April, in a pleasant village situated in the northern part of Vermont, under the shadow of the Green Mountains. Jack Forbes walked alongside of a picket fence where the pickets were high and the spaces between them narrow. As usual he wore rather a dignified air, which was slightly ruffled when his hat, tilted back by an invisible thread above his head, fell off behind him. He looked very crossly over the fence at two boys who were shaking with merriment at the success of their trick.

"I knew that was you, Rob. You're in big business now, ain't you?" said Jack, noticing at the same moment a quarter lying on the walk tied to a string. "If you must play the fool, can't you get up something newer than these baby tricks?"

"It's April-fools' Day, and a fellow must do something, mustn't he?"

"Come here and have some fun with us, Jack," said Rob. "See, there's old Peebles coming. Watch now how neatly his hat will go off."

"Not I, thank you." Jack looked back at a feeble, shabby old man who came with uncertain footsteps. "You wouldn't really annoy such a poor old chap, would you, Rob?"

"It won't hurt him any," said Rob, doggedly.

Jack stood quietly till the old man came up, then raised his hand and broke the slender black thread, and as he did so set his foot on the quarter until Rob's intended victim had passed on.

"I'll pay you up for this before night, you'll see, Gentleman Jack," cried Rob. "What business have you to come here spoiling our fun?"

Jack walked on with a laugh, leaving Rob and his companion to arrange their plans for revenge. He knew Rob would keep, or make every attempt to keep, his promise, for if there was one thing which good-humored, fun-loving Rob Mudget excelled in, it was the playing of small jokes and the taking of solid enjoyment therein.

Jack, however, kept quietly on the watch, and skillfully managed either to ward off Rob's tricks, which, as he

had said, were stale and babyish enough, or to turn them upon their author in a fashion which exposed him to well-merited laughter. April-fools' Day had, in fact, almost worn away without giving Rob a fair chance of "getting even" with Jack.

There was an amateur concert in the Town-hall that evening, given by the young people of the village for the purpose of raising funds for a new branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The room was crowded, the pupils of the school occupying the front seats.

A young lady from a neighboring place was about to sing, and there was perfect quiet as she took her place upon the stage. Just at this moment Jack heard a slight movement behind him, followed by the peculiar sound made by a little round of smothered laughter. Knowing Rob was near, and having every reason to suspect some of his trifling pranks, he would not look around, even though he presently felt a light touch on his back.

His quickened ear had just caught a whisper of "Shame!" and "Take it off," when his attention was drawn in another direction. A light music stand, which was none of the staidest, had been placed to receive the music of the young singer. A little nervous movement of her hand as she turned a leaf had unfortunately overbalanced it, so that not only the music went flying off toward the audience, but the stand itself fell to the floor, which was two or three feet lower than the stage.

No one but the lady who was singing and one who accompanied her on the piano were on the stage. Within the moment of painful embarrassment which followed, Jack Forbes quickly stepped from his seat and gathered up the music. As he did so he perceived that the rickety little stand had gone to pieces. He sprang lightly upon the stage, and bringing another from the rear, placed the sheets upon it, and with a bow to the performer turned back to his seat.

It was a graceful little act, gracefully done, and more politeness and thoughtfulness were shown in the prompt action than could have been looked for from most country boys; it was the outcome of a self-possession born of careful home training in good manners. The boys were more or less inclined to make sport of the politeness of "Gentleman Jack," but he had wisely accepted the assur-

ance of his elders (which many boys with equally good training think it manly to refuse) that good manners go a great way in the make-up of character, and he believed that, given high principles and hard work, a boy with good manners will soon outstrip one without.

But, stepping from the stage, he was surprised to see more of a sensation in the audience than what had happened seemed to call for. Little outbreaks of laughter came from some of the younger boys, and a broad smile appeared on faces which should have been sober. One of his friends drew him to his seat with a hurried whisper.

"Here, Jack—you went up there on such a run-and-jump that I hadn't time to stop you; it's too bad—see!"

"I— Jack, I'm sorry," stammered Rob Mudget. "I only wanted to make the boys laugh a little. I never thought of your getting out of your seat."

Jack's face blazed as friendly hands took from the back of his well-fitting new coat a paper card on which were displayed in staring capitals the words,

JACK A. DANDY.

He now understood the smiles. "The figure I must have made bowing and scraping before all these people!" was his first galling thought. Very few among them, he knew, would feel anything but disgust at sight of such a mean trick, but that did not take away the mortifying sense of having been made to appear an object of ridicule. He turned away from Rob's eagerly whispered apologies, and left the hall, when the entertainment was over, without waiting to speak with any one, thus avoiding his schoolmates till the next morning.

As he came up to the playground by himself just before school opened, he heard shouts of laughter. All who were there seemed too busy about something which was going on to heed him, and he joined the gazers almost unnoticed.

Rob Mudget, still intent on playing the part of buffoon, which seemed to suit him so well, was the centre of attention as he went through some performance which Jack did not at first understand.

He had upon his back the same placard which Jack had worn on the evening before. As Jack came up to him he was in the act of sticking the handle of an old broom in the ground, upon which he arranged with great care a piece of newspaper. All was done with absurd gestures and an over-acting of politeness to some unseen personage.

But as he finished his acting with a mocking bow, and walked away in mock dignity, and with a most absurd expression of self-approval, Jack Forbes strode into the circle with lips trembling with rage. Last night's mortification was bad enough, without making sport of him to-day. He might have forgiven the first, knowing it was not entirely intentional, but this never.

The boys gathered around fully expecting a fight, although some of the more peaceably inclined cried:

"Don't, Jack." "It is awfully mean, though." "He deserves it if ever any one did."

But Jack did not strike him. Rob was somewhat smaller than himself, and he would have despised an unequal fight. He snatched the placard from his back, and folded it with quiet self control.

"As sure as you and I both live, Rob Mudget," he said, in a voice husky with passion, "I'll keep this till I'm revenged on you."

One afternoon a week later a boy brushed from his clothes snow which told of a vigorous tussle with drifts, and scraped and stamped more from his boots, at the door of the village drug store. There had been one of those heavy falls of snow that are sometimes known in New England even as late as the first part of April.

"Robert Mudget! What business brings you here on such a day as this?"

"Very important business, Mr. Watson. My father's sick. Please put this up quick; I want to get back as soon as I can."

"You can't go back to-night, boy—you must be crazy to think of it. How did you get here?"

"Over the hills. The lower road's all blocked so horses can't get through; but there are places where the snow's blown off on the hills, so a body can pick their way along."

"But there's a dreadful storm coming atop of the other one. You *mustn't* go, Rob."



"HOW CHILDISH ALL THAT SEEMED NOW!"

"I must." The boy busied himself getting his clothing in order for his homeward walk while the medicine was being put up, tying his trousers about the ankles of his boots with bits of rope, and winding his comforter closely about his neck.

"To keep out the snow," he explained. "I don't always bundle up so."

"I don't like it at all, Rob," repeated the druggist. "Seems as if I'd ought to *make* you stay," he added, un- easily, as Rob opened the door and stepped briskly out.

"You couldn't do that," laughed the boy. "Then, more soberly, "Thank you, but my father needs the medicine."

Two or three anxious pairs of eyes followed his figure as he turned out of the village street and began to climb the nearest hill. Everything betokened a heavy storm in the opinion of these men who knew well that a snow-storm among Vermont hills is not a thing to be made light of. They watched him on as he went, now faster, now slower, as the ground or the snow happened to favor him, sometimes wading through a drift, and again skirting slopes which the wind had swept bare. And they shook their heads forebodingly as he at length disappeared from their view beneath the gathering shades of the threatening clouds, hoping he might reach and pass the summit before the full weight of the storm fell upon him.

It was the next day that a neighbor of Farmer Mudget opened the door of the drug store, and asked,

"Anything been seen of Rob Mudget?"

"I told him he ought not to go back," was the answer, given with a blank face.

"He got here, then?"

"Yes."

A company of men soon took their way up the hill with resolute faces but sinking hearts, as they thought of the intense cold which had been borne on the wings of the storm.

The news quickly spread through the village. Jack Forbes, after a moment of thought, said to his mother,

"I am going after the searching party."

"You, Jack? What can you do that they can not do without you?"

"Perhaps nothing, but I am going."

He was determined, and his mother made some strong coffee, which he put in a tin flask wrapped in a newspaper. He had recalled a time when Rob and himself, a year or two back, had, while on a hunting expedition among these hills, taken refuge from a rain-storm in a cave. It had proved a dry and comfortable retreat, and it had instantly occurred to him that there was a chance of Rob's having attempted to reach it, in case that he found it impossible to make headway against the wind. He hoped to overtake the men, and followed their tracks for some distance, but finally abandoned them to work his way in the direction of the cave.

It was work, sure enough. Long before nearing the point he sought his hope of ever finding Rob alive grew fainter and fainter. If it was difficult for him now to advance by daylight and in fairly quiet weather, what must it have been to the boy in the storm and the darkness?

Night was closing in as he approached the cave, and to his exceeding joy he saw that a small space about its opening was beaten down as if by much treading, although the light snow had partially covered it again. All weariness was forgotten as he sprang to the entrance, shouting, "Rob! Rob!"

No answer came, and with beating heart he made his way in, and touched a form huddled in a corner.

"Rob! Rob!"

Still no answer. Jack shook him with an energy increased by excitement and alarm, but with no effect. He was evidently in the dread stupor which always results from long exposure to excessive cold; had it passed into death?

Quickly Jack gathered some fragments of wood which lay around, and took from his pocket the flask with the paper wrapping, on which he depended for starting his fire. To his sore dismay he found that a slight leak from the flask had made it too damp to burn. He hastily emp-

ried his other pockets, and from an inside one came a paper which, as he unfolded it, brought into view the words "Jack A. Dandy."

He started in surprise. He had not seen the words since he had folded the paper in wrath at the boy who now lay motionless before him. The heat of his anger had long ago cooled, but he had always cherished a determination to revenge himself when the chance offered. It was this that had led him some time since to transfer the placard to this pocket of his winter coat. How childish all that seemed now, as he watched the smoke rise from the burning paper! In the dead hush and the fading light Jack found himself wondering if on the quiet of the eternal shore all the strife and struggle and hates and revenges of boys, and men too, will not look just as trifling as his quarrel with Rob looked now.

Soon he forced some hot coffee between Rob's lips, repeating the dose from time to time, while he rubbed the unconscious boy with snow to the full extent of his strength. And when at last Rob opened his eyes, Jack did not feel how the tears streamed from his own as he thanked God for this revenge which He had granted him.

"What is it? You, Jack? What are you doing, and what am I doing anyhow? Oh, I know now. My! ain't I stiff, though! Gi' me some more. Say, how *did* you get here? Asleep, wasn't I? Well, I tried to keep awake—walked and walked on that snow till I was clear tuckered out, and couldn't take another step. There ain't a bit of feeling in my feet. Got anything to eat?"

The ringing shouts which Jack sent through the frosty air awoke such a cheery echo among the hills as quickly to reach the ears of the men in search, and the lost boy was soon at home, stoutly declaring that all he wanted was something to eat.

"Seems to me, Jack," said one among the school-boys some time after, "that revenge you used to talk of is rather slow. When is it to come off? It was a promise, you know, and we want to see the fun."

But Jack never told any one except Rob how he had fulfilled his promise to keep the placard until his chance of revenge came.

"Jack!" said that young person, with a solemn shake of the head, "if everybody took the same kind of revenge as you took on me, what an *everlasting* jolly world this would be, hey!"

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIT," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SEA-URCHINS.

THE labor of putting up a shelter for the night was not hard, since all that it was necessary to do was to pile up against two trees the branches they had hewn off in finishing their timber.

After this was done the question of supper presented itself; and since Captain Sammy showed no disposition to do anything about gathering more oysters, the boys started out to get some for themselves.

Bobby had an idea that in order to gather oysters successfully he should wade into the water after them, instead of reaching down from the top of the rocks, as he had seen Captain Sammy do; so his shoes and stockings were off in a twinkling, and his trousers rolled up as far as possible.

His example was closely followed by Charley; but Dare,

* BEGIN IN NO. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

who was doubtful as to whether such a proceeding was wise or not, concluded that it was safest to try first for their supper as the little Captain had done.

Both Charley and Bobby plunged into the water when they came to the line of reef where they expected to find the food, while Dare crept along the top of the rocks.

Bobby had taken but a few steps in the desired direction, and was congratulating himself upon having been wiser than Dare, when suddenly he screamed in a way that was almost blood-curdling, while his face showed signs of the greatest fear.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried Dare, as he jumped into the water, regardless of the fact that he was not prepared for a wetting, and ran toward the screaming boy.

Bobby paid no attention to his questions, but continued to scream, while he held up first one foot, and then the other, thus showing that they were in some way connected with his pain or terror.

"It's a shark! It must be a shark!" cried Charley, now stepping around in the greatest excitement, but attempting neither to aid Bobby nor to gain the shore.

At the suggestion that it was a shark Bobby redoubled his efforts at screaming, with such success that the din was almost deafening.

Dare tried in vain to quiet Bobby long enough to learn what the matter was, but finding that an almost impossible task while Charley was doing so much to add to the excitement, he said to his screaming brother, in tones that were not exactly mild:

"Now, see here, Charley, you are not hurt, and I want you to stop your noise. See if you can hold your tongue long enough to help me get Bob ashore."

It seemed as if Charley had just realized that he was not injured in any way, for he ceased his screams almost as soon as Dare spoke, and, like the sensible boy he usually was, at once commenced to do what he could toward aiding his cousin.

When the two boys waded up to where Bobby was standing he had become quiet for the moment, and was about to tell what had caused the outcry. But he was interrupted by Charley, who commenced to scream loudly—this time from pain rather than fear—and he went through the same peculiar motions with his feet that Bobby had been indulging in.

Dare stood for several seconds as if he had lost the power to move; he was as thoroughly surprised a boy as ever visited the Florida coast.

"What is the matter?" he cried, forgetting that he was in the water above his knees, and trying to stamp his foot in order to command attention. "Tell me what the matter is, or I shall think you are both crazy."

Charley paid no attention to the question. He managed to stagger to the reef, across which he leaned, kicking his heels high up in the air, as if only in that position could he find relief.

The situation Charley was in helped to restore Bobby to one or two of the five senses he appeared to have been frightened out of, and he started in a very painful way for the shore, saying as he did so:

"We've been bitten by something. It must have been a scorpion, I am sure, and just as likely as not we are poisoned."

"Don't be so foolish," cried Dare, impatiently. "You're old enough to know that scorpions don't live in the water." And then he added—for he was really afraid they might have been bitten by some poisonous creature, although he did not want them to know of his fears—"Even if a scorpion had bitten you, it wouldn't kill you."

By this time Bobby had crawled high up on the beach, and was examining the sole of one of his feet, which was bleeding considerably.

"Tell me how it felt," asked Dare, who was anxious

to learn as nearly as possible just what had caused the trouble, for the sight of Bobby's bleeding foot added to his fears.

"All I know about it," sobbed Bob, as he wiped away the blood and sand with the sleeve of his shirt—for his handkerchief was in his coat pocket, tucked snugly away in one corner of the camp—"is that when I went to step, after I got out where the water was over my knees, I felt something sting me."

"What's the matter now? Who's killed? Have more pirates come?"

It was Captain Sammy who asked the question. The outcry had broken in upon his smoky dream, and he had hobbled along the beach at such a rapid pace that his usually red face was now almost crimson, while the perspiration was running down his neck in small streams.

"Bobby and Charley waded in to get some oysters, and something stung them," explained Dare, feeling relieved that Captain Sammy was there to share his anxiety.

"Stung, eh?" said the little man, as he carefully adjusted his spectacles, and examined Bobby's foot with the air of a doctor.

What he saw did not appear to frighten him very much, for he took out his knife very quietly, and after some little cutting of the flesh, which caused Bobby to scream again, he drew out of the foot a long dark greenish splinter, which he held up laughingly.

"They've stepped on some sea-urchins, that's all; and the next time they wade around this coast they had better keep their shoes on."

Great was the relief of all three of the boys at finding out that the matter was no worse; but the faces of the two sufferers clouded again very quickly as Captain Sammy went to work with his knife, and they learned that each of the spines of the sea-urchins must be dug out.

Owing to the fact that his eyesight was not very keen, Captain Sammy was not remarkably quick about his work, and more than once Bobby cried aloud and pulled his foot back from the grasp that held it, but all without troubling the little sailor in the least.

He continued at his work until he had taken out thirteen of the needle-like spines from the feet of the two boys, and then, after advising them to bandage the injured members with their handkerchiefs rather than try to put on their shoes, he hobbled back to his perch on the rocks to resume his pipe and vengeful dreams of Tommy Tucker.

There were no further thoughts of oysters after the surgical operations were ended, and in fact it seemed as if the fright and pain had quieted their hunger so far that they no longer thought about it.

With Dare's assistance, Charley and Bobby limped back to the rude brush camp, and there they lay, with feet smarting with pain, thinking over the same subject that was occupying Captain Sammy's attention—the pirates and their work.

Dare, from whose clothing the water was trickling in little streams, had commenced to undress for the purpose of hanging his clothes before the fire, when Captain Sammy shouted from his rocky perch,

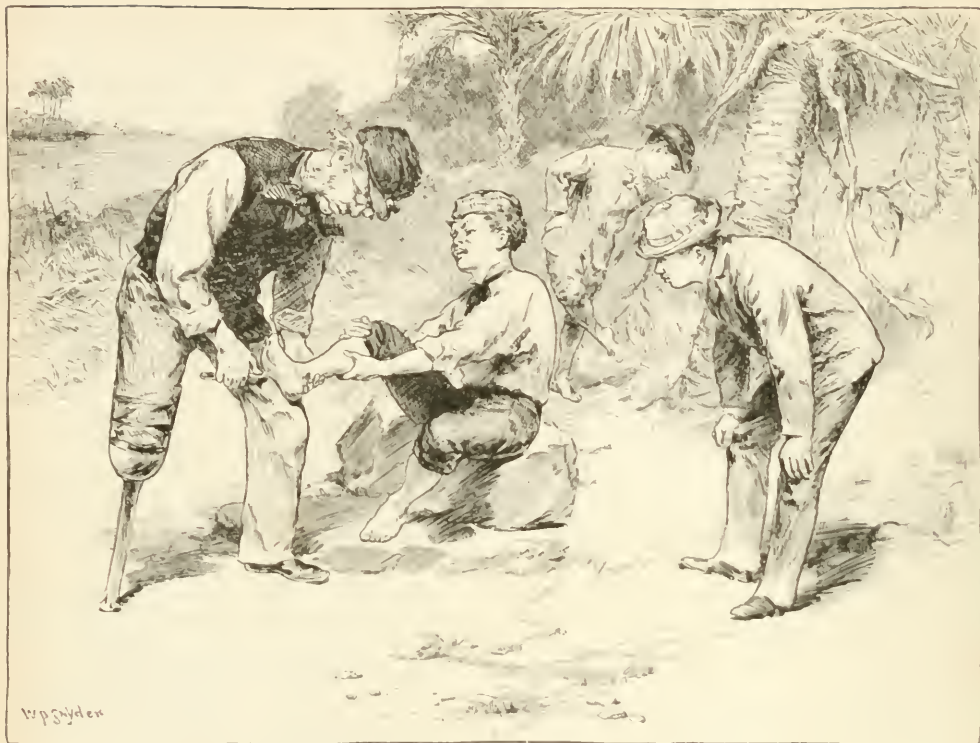
"Here! what *are* you going to do now?"

"Going to dry my clothes," replied Dare, still continuing his work.

"Stop it!" roared the little man, as he hobbled toward the camp. "It would be worse than wading into the water barefoot to undress here."

"Why?" asked Dare, in surprise. "My clothes are soaked with water, and I don't see any reason why I shouldn't dry them."

"You'd see and feel more'n ten thousand reasons why you shouldn't as soon as you were undressed. Haven't you been complaining of the mosquitoes all day? They are active little fellows down here in Florida, especially



"THEY'VE STEPPED ON SOME SEA URCHINS, THAT'S ALL."

just at night-fall, and I had rather step on two sea urchins than give them a chance at my naked body."

There was no need for the Captain to say any more; Dare realized at once the trouble he would have been in had he done as he proposed, and he contented himself with wringing the water from his coat and vest, and squeezing it from his trousers legs as best he could. Then he sat down as near as possible to the fire that the heat might have full opportunity to drive the dampness out.

When the sun set and the shadows began to lengthen, the wind came up from the sea, causing the fire to roar and crackle in a cheerful way that had a soothing effect upon the one-legged man.

The warmth was grateful to all; the smoke that was driven closer to the ground served to keep the mosquitoes away, to a certain extent, and in case anything should have been learned of their misfortunes by those on shore, the flames would serve as a beacon.

"Now make yourselves just as comfortable as you can," said Captain Sammy, seating himself so near the blaze, in order that he might ward off the expected attack of rheumatism, that he ran great danger of setting his wooden leg on fire. "It ain't any kind of use to grumble at what you can't help, an' you might as well have a good time as to sit mopin' round."

This was good advice, but it sounded rather strange, coming as it did from the one who had been doing all the grumbling, while the boys had made the best of the adventure.

From the first moment Dare had seen the little Captain with his wooden leg he was sure that he had a perfect fund of stories from which he might draw without fear of

exhausting it, and he thought the time might be pleasantly occupied by listening to them.

"Can't you tell us some stories, sir?" he asked, both fearing and hoping that the request would call forth one of those fits of scolding for which Captain Sammy was famous, and out of which the desired stories would finally come.

"Stories?" growled the little man. "Do you's pose I went to sea just for the sake of gettin' a lot of stories to tell to boys who have got me in such a scrape as you have?"

"No, sir," replied Dare, thinking the latter portion of the Captain's speech referred to Bobby. "But you would have had the adventures, whatever you might have gone to sea for, and now that we are here and where we can't get away, we would like very much to hear about them."

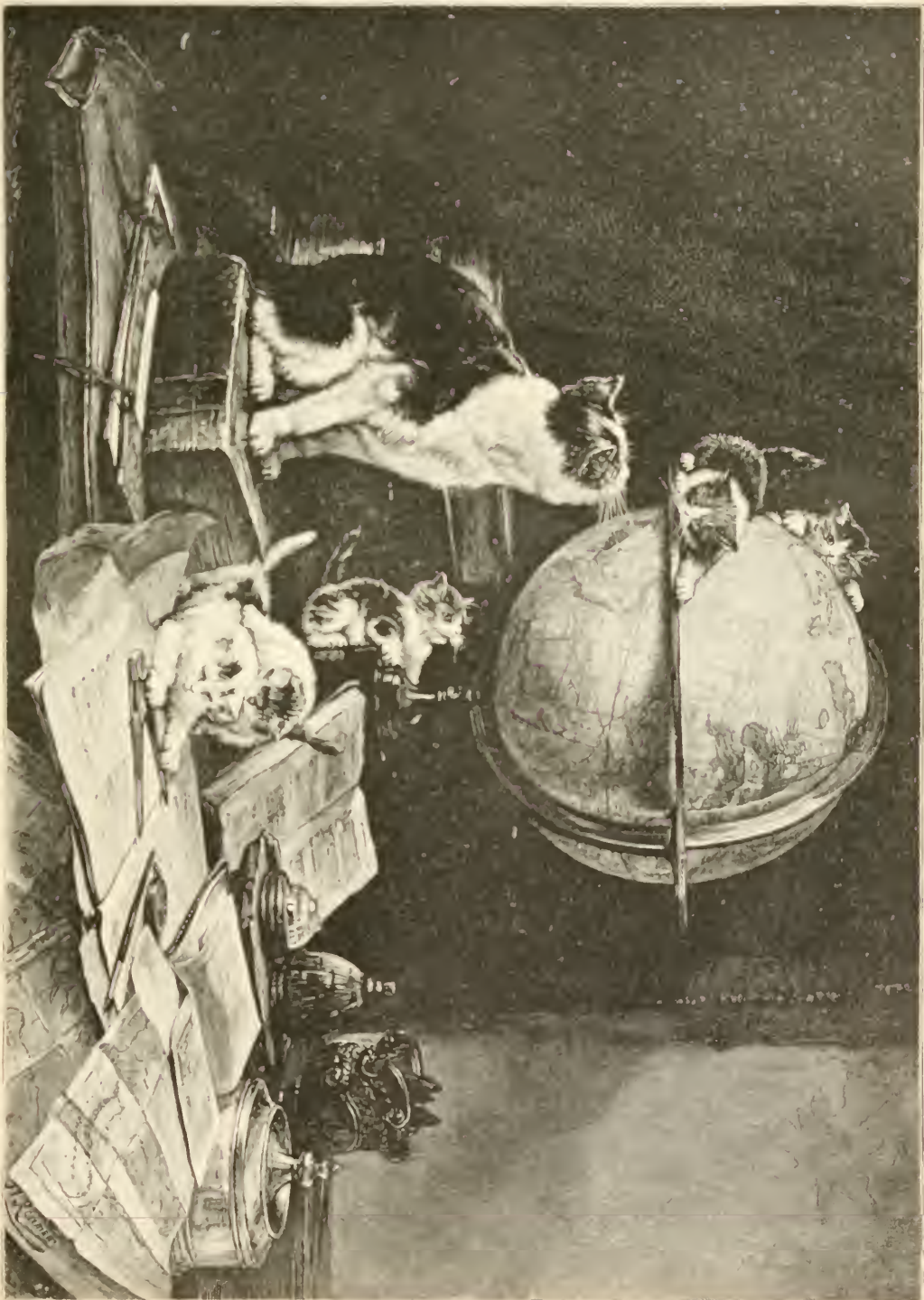
It seemed as if Captain Sammy was about to grant their request, for he resettled himself in a more comfortable position, and gazed out over the water as if he expected that from it would come memories which would aid him in the task.

Dare, who was watching him closely, saw his face suddenly light up, and he was certain that thoughts of some pleasant event in his life had come to the little man. But just when he expected to hear him commence a story, Captain Sammy jumped to his feet, and cried, joyfully:

"Here's a boat now! Those little rascals must have told where we were, and some one has come for us!"

Then he stood gazing out over the water with as much anxiety as if he had been a shipwrecked sailor who had waited months in the hitherto vain hope of seeing a sail.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



APRIL GOLD.

BY MARY A. BARR.

Tom and his brother Antony
Lived with their grandfather Gray.
You'd never guess how Tom was fooled
Upon an April-day.
"Boys," said the old man, cheerily,
"Go down to the village store;
You'll find there's something there for you
That you never saw before."

Tom said he would, but Antony
Just shook his head and smiled,
"Grandfather dearly loves a joke,
But I'm not to be beguiled—
I've not forgot it's April-day;
I'm off to the mountain pool.
You may go to the village store,
But you'll be an April-fool.

So Antony went to the mountain pool,
And Tom to the village went,
And on the way was oft inclined
His going to repent.
But at the store he found a box
Addressed to Thomas Gray;
With many a hope and many a doubt
He carried the box away.

Antony said, "Don't open it;
It is just two years to-day
Matt Herrick got an April box—
It was full of moss and hay."
But Tom made answer to the doubt:
"That folly I do not mind;
I know who sent Matt Herrick's box,
But grandfather's far more kind."

Oh, but Antony laughed in glee
As off the covers were cast;
Twenty covers were taken off,
But the box was found at last.
Five golden dollars in the box,
And a little note that said:
"Dear lads, it isn't the smartest wit,
It isn't the wisest head,

"That always wins in this busy life,
We must love and trust always;
And, Tom, I'm glad your heart could trust
That even on April day
Grandfather would not cheat your hope
For doing what you were told;
And don't forget when you're a man
How you won your April gold."

AN OLD STORY FROM DENMARK.

THE BOY WHO FOUGHT AGAINST NELSON.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE are many things well worth seeing in the old town of Copenhagen, the prettiest of all Danish cities. There is the Exchange, built 260 years ago, with a queer old spire shaped like seven serpents all twisted up together. There is the great white mass of the Round Tower, with the winding path up which Peter the Great once went on horseback. There is the Frue-Kirke, with its marble figures of Christ and the twelve apostles, carved by the famous Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, whose grave you may see in the middle of the Royal Museum, with the statues which he made standing around it like sentinels. There is the royal park, in the centre of which lies the ornamental lake where old King Frederick VI. used to row himself alone in a small boat, with crowds of people looking on. And then, last but not least, there is the tall house at the corner of the Oester Gade, or East Street (the Broadway of Copenhagen), at which the little Danish children looked up sadly one morning in 1875 when they heard that dear old Hans Christian Andersen was dead, and would never write fairy tales for them any more.

But the prettiest sight of all is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Burial-ground, which lies on the slope of a low ridge a little way north of Copenhagen, overlooking the white

houses and red roofs of the city, and the bristling masts in the harbor, and the bright blue waters of the Sound, and the purple hills of Sweden beyond it.

There are no splendid monuments or long epitaphs here; nothing but plain wooden crosses, each marked with a simple date and the words "Fällt for Fædrelandet" (fallen for his country). Most of them bear the date of "1864," when poor little Denmark was crushed by Austria and Prussia together; but on a few of the older ones you will see "1801." This too was a memorable year for Denmark, and one of the stories connected with it is the story of the boy who fought against Nelson.

It is a fine morning in April, 1801, and the sun is shining brilliantly over Copenhagen. But his brightest rays can not pierce the thick clouds of rolling white smoke that drift upward, hot and stifling, from the batteries along the Danish shore, and the scores of stately ships on the smooth waters beyond, the thunder of whose cannon brings an answering echo from every hollow among the Swedish hills. Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson, the terror of France and Spain, has come with an English fleet to punish Denmark for allying herself with England's mortal enemy, Napoleon; and this day it shall be seen how Danish men can fight under the eyes of their own people, with the Prince of Denmark himself to lead them on.

For more than three hours the battle has raged, and it is still as hotly contested as ever. Thick as a November fog lies the hot sulphurous smoke, through which a fierce red flash breaks ever and anon like lightning playing in a cloud. Unseen ships exchange volleys with musket batteries. Stone walls crumble and masts fall as if by magic, and death comes blindly, no man knows whence or how.

All along the harbor wall, despite the flying shot that plump into the water at their feet, or dash fragments from the parapets around them, are gathered crowds of pale faces and trembling figures—old men hardly able to crawl, weeping women, young girls clasping their hands tighter at every fresh burst of cannon-thunder, and round faced children gazing with wide wondering eyes at the maddening uproar around them. In all that great throng there is not one who has not a son, a brother, a husband, or a near friend in the heart of that rolling smoke, behind which Death is so busy; and well may they shrink and tremble as the gradual slackening of the Danish fire at length begins to tell that the day is going against Denmark.

Suddenly there issues from the thickest smoke, cast up by the tide at the very feet of those in the Tre-Kroner (Three Crowns) Battery, a mass of floating spars and clinging men, foremost among whom is a bright-eyed lad in the uniform of a Danish midshipman.

"Who are you?" asks a tall, fine-looking man in a richly embroidered suit of navy blue, for whom every one makes way respectfully.

"Oscar Villinves, midshipman of the *Dannebrog*, your Royal Highness," answers the boy, raising his hand to his wet, powder-grimed forehead in salute; for this tall man is the Crown Prince of Denmark himself. "We fought the Admiral's flag-ship till there were only a dozen of us left; and then, as we didn't choose to surrender to the Englishmen, we jumped overboard and floated ashore upon these spars."

The Prince's brow darkens, for the *Dannebrog* has been one of his finest ships. But before he can speak Villinves turns to those around him.

"Lads, who'll help me to make a raft? We'll show these English that a Dane's not beaten just because his ship has been sunk."

Fifty willing hands were instantly at work. The young midshipman gives his orders as coolly and clearly as the oldest captain afloat, and in a wonderfully short time a strong frame-work of beams and spars, with planks fixed crosswise upon them, lies all ready on the water.

"And now a couple of guns," cries Villimves, "and away we go!"

"But what are you going to do, my lad?" asks the amazed Prince.

"Get alongside the English flag-ship, and at her again. Her guns can't reach so low, and she'll soon see what *our* guns can do."

And the raft, impelled by as many men as can safely crowd themselves upon her, glides straight toward the huge three-decker that bears the flag of Admiral Nelson.

For this little patch of floating logs to assail the mighty line-of-battle ship seems as absurd as for a fly to attack an elephant; but it soon appears that Villimves is right. Lying right underneath the guns, and safe from their shot, he quickly makes himself felt. Splinters fly like snow from the stern of the *Victory*, and men fall right and left before the English can even tell whence the mischief comes. But at last an officer looks over the side, and sees with amazement that the cause of all this havoc is a small raft commanded by a boy.

"Get away, you young fool!" cries he; "you'll be shot if you don't."

"I'll be shot if I *do*," replied Villimves, laughing.

"Well, if you *will* have it, you must," said the other, in a tone of gruff admiration. "Marines, jump up here, and give these fellows a dose."

And now it begins to go hard with the poor little raft, for although the cannon can not reach her, the muskets of the marines deal death at every volley. But as each Dane falls another takes his place, and the fire never slackens for a moment. Villimves, his clothes torn with shot, his blood flowing from more than one wound, his men lying dead or wounded all around him, fights stubbornly on until only five of his crew are left.

Suddenly there comes a lull in the firing, and presently it ceases altogether. Then there looks over the stern of the British flag-ship a pale, worn face (at sight of which all the English sailors take off their caps respectfully), and Villimves hears a clear, sharp voice saying to him:

"Well done, my boy. You can leave your post now, for the order has been given to cease firing. Come on board and dine with us; we'll all be proud to have you, for you're the best man we've fought to-day."

The young hero's white face flushes proudly, as well it might, for he who praises him thus is no other than Admiral Nelson himself.

The morning after the battle there was a great gathering of English and Danish officers at the King's palace in Copenhagen. There were many splendid uniforms there, and many fine-looking men; but the object upon which all eyes were fixed was a small, slight, pale-faced man with one eye, and his empty right sleeve pinned to his breast. The Danes who had seen him before bowed to him with the utmost reverence; but those who had not, found it hard to believe that this little maimed sickly figure could really be the terrible Nelson who had destroyed their finest fleet at one blow.

"Your lordship has fairly won the day," said King Frederick, holding out his hand to the English Admiral; "but I trust you will give us Danes the credit of having done our best to beat you."

"Your Majesty's sailors have done all that the bravest men could do," answered Nelson, heartily. "The French fight well, but they could not have borne for one hour the fire which your brave fellows bore without flinching for nearly five. I have been in a hundred and five battles, but this last was the hardest of all."

Here the Admiral stopped suddenly, cast a keen glance into the crowd, and then sprang forward and seized by the hand a young Danish midshipman—no other, in fact, than our friend Villimves.

"Glad to see you again, my brave boy; you're an hon-

or to your flag. Your Majesty, if I were in your place, I'd make this young fellow an admiral on the spot."

"My lord," replied Frederick, bowing, with a glow of pleasure on his handsome face, "if I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should not have a single captain or lieutenant in my service."

But although the King did not make Villimves an admiral, he made him a lieutenant that very day; and in after-years the young middy became one of the foremost men in the whole Danish navy.

DOROTHY, THE FISHER GIRL.

FAR away on the northern coast of Scotland there is a little fishing village where the simple people spend very quiet lives. The girls are hardy and brave, and work as steadily as the boys. When the boats come in with their store of fish the women are on the beach to meet them, and they help in hauling the boats to land, and then carry the baskets with their glittering freight to the carts which are waiting to receive them.

Dorothy was a brown-cheeked lass, with nothing to distinguish her from her companions.

One evening last summer every boat in Dorothy's hamlet had gone to sea. Not a man was left in the settlement except three very infirm and aged fishermen, long past work.

In the night there came a southerly gale with a southerly sea, and the boats could not return. They found a harbor in a village about eighteen miles to the north.

The sea grew blacker and blacker. Great clouds of foam flew before the wind, dashed against the houses, and skimmed away into the distant fields. The sound of the wind was like the low rolling of fire-arms, and the waves as they broke among the rocks seemed to shake the ground.

When the tempest was at its worst a little schooner was seen coming around the point, and unfortunately hugging the rocks. To the horror of the breathless watchers in the village she presently struck. Her crew were seen clinging to the rigging.

There was no chance of getting a boat to her, and the helpless villagers stood on the shore, expecting to see her go to pieces, and the men drown before their eyes.

"Will she last for an hour?" cried Dorothy. "If I thoct she would hing there, I'd be away for the life-boat."

"You can never cross the burn," said the old men.

Four miles south there was a village where a life-boat was kept. Half way there was a stream, usually shallow, which ran into the sea, and over which was a rude plank bridge.

"I'll a'way!" said Dorothy. Over the moor she ran for a mile in the teeth of the storm. The second mile was still harder, for she had to splash through the foam, and the great waves might have dragged her off her feet.

At the mouth of the burn, or stream, her brave heart failed for a moment. There was no guessing at its depth as it rushed along, swollen and angry. In she plunged, the water up to her waist, and once she stumbled in a hole and fell, but struggled to her feet again.

Then the water grew deeper. Stretching out her arms, Dorothy battled with the current, and, half wading, half swimming, she reached the hard ground.

Wet to the neck, and her hair dripping, she fought her way on till she reached the house where the coekswain of the life-boat lived.

"The schooner! On the Letch! Norrad!" she gasped.

"Here, wife, look after the lass," cried the man, as he ran for his boat. Poor brave Dorothy! Her part of the work done, she had fainted. But the life-boat went northward round the point, reached the schooner in time, and saved all on board, except the Captain, who had been washed away.

OUR CONCERT.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

THERE is one good thing about Sue, if she is a girl: she is real charitable, and is all the time getting people to give money to missionaries and things. She collected monahundred dollars from ever so many people last year, and sent it to a society, and her name was in all the papers as "Miss Susan Brown," the young lady that gave a hundred dollars to a noble cause and may others go and do likewise.

About a month ago she began to get up a concert for a noble object. I forget what the object was, for Sue didn't make up her mind about it until a day or two before the concert; but whatever it was, it didn't get much money.

Sue was to sing in the concert, and Mr. Travers was to sing, and father was to read something, and the Sunday-school was to sing, and the brass band was to play lots of things. Mr. Travers was real good about it, and attended to engaging the brass band, and getting the tickets printed.

We've got a first-rate band. You just ought to hear

and when I heard them coming I sat up as quiet as possible, and never said anything about what I had done, because we never should praise ourselves or seem to be proud of our own work.

Now I solemnly say that I never meant to do any harm. All I meant to do was to improve the music that the man who wrote it had been too lazy to finish. Why, in some of those pieces of music there were places three or four inches long without a single note, and you can't tell me that was right. But I sometimes think there is no use in trying to help people as I tried to help our brass band. People are never grateful, and they always manage to blame a boy, no matter how good he is. I shall try, however, not to give way to these feelings, but to keep on doing right no matter what happens.

The next night we had the concert, or at any rate we tried to have it. The Town-hall was full of people, and Sue said it did seem hard that so much money as the people had paid to come to the concert should all have to go to charity when she really needed a new seal-skin coat. The performance was to begin with a song by Sue, and the

band was to play just like a piano while she was singing. The song was all about being so weary and longing so hard to die, and Sue was singing it like anything, when all of a sudden the man with the big drum hit it a most awful bang, and nearly frightened everybody to death.

People laughed out loud, and Sue could hardly go on with her song. But she took a fresh start, and got along pretty well till the big drum broke out again, and the man hammered away at it till the leader went and took his drumstick away from him. The people just howled and yelled, and Sue burst out crying and went right off the stage and longed to die in real earnest.

When things got a little bit quiet, and the man who played the drum had made it up with the leader, the band began to play something on its own account.

It began all right, but it didn't finish the way it was meant to finish. First one player and then another would blow a loud note in the wrong place, and the leader would hammer on his music-stand, and the people would laugh themselves 'most sick. After a while the band came to a place where the trombones seemed to get crazy, and the leader just jumped up and knocked the trombone-player down with a big horn that he snatched from another man. Then somebody hit the leader with a cornet and knocked him into the big drum, and there was the awfulest fight you ever saw till somebody turned out the gas.

There wasn't any more concert that night, and the people all got their money back, and now Mr. Travers and the leader of the band have offered a reward for "the person who maliciously altered the music" that's what the notice says. But I wasn't malicious, and I do hope nobody will find out I did it, though I mean to tell father about it as soon as he gets over having his nose pretty near broke by trying to interfere between the trombone-player and the man with the French horn.



"THERE WAS THE AWFULEST FIGHT YOU' EVER SAW"

it once. I'm going to join it some day, and play on the drum; that is, if they don't find out about the mistake I made with the music.

When Mr. Travers went to see the leader of the band to settle what music was to be played at the concert he let me go with him. The man was awfully polite, and he showed Mr. Travers great stacks of music for him to select from. After a while he proposed to go and see a man somewheres who played in the band, and they left me to wait until they came back.

I had nothing to do, so I looked at the music. The notes were all made with a pen and ink, and pretty bad they were. I should have been ashamed if I had made them. Just to prove that I could have done it better than the man who did do it, I took a pen and ink and tried it. I made beautiful notes, and as a great many of the pieces of music weren't half full of notes, I just filled in the places where there weren't any notes. I don't know how long Mr. Travers and the leader of the band were gone, but I was so busy that I did not miss them.



THE NORTH WIND DOETH BLOW

TO JOSEF NEUBACH

S. B. MILLS.

Andante

The north wind doeth blow And we sha'll have snow, And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing? He'll

st in a barn, And to keep him self warm Will hide his head un-der his wing, poor thing!

Pvd. *Pvd.* *Pvd.* *Pvd.* *Pvd.*

Pvd. *Pvd.*





THE Postmistress thanks the writer of the letter which follows, not only for his kind reference to herself, but for his appreciation of the little correspondents whose busy pens make this department of *YOUR PEOPLE* so interesting and popular. Every week their letters, merry or thoughtful, as may be, help to give us glimpses of child-life all over our happy country. Sometimes we have letters from young Americans abroad, and occasionally the boys and girls of other lands send us pleasant messages. Fathers, mothers, and teachers frequently slip their kind notices to *YOUR PEOPLE*, and their approval of ours by writing to the Post-office Box. Paper is the representative of numbers whose praise is well worth having, and gives us real encouragement:

NEW YORK CITY.

Will the Postmistress of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* permit the father of one of her young addressees to heartily thank her for the manner and method of her work? The good, healthy tone of the letters and your comments, and the bringing together children of all classes and all sections of the country so intimately, are doing more than could be done in any other way to make all who now look on you as their friend good, wholesome *American* young women and men.

It is to work their minds, to give them rest and amusement it affords, is educating a generation and acting as an antidote to the less healthy tone of society in our larger cities. With my best wishes, I remain, very gratefully yours,

PATER.

AVONDALE, OHIO.

You say you want somebody who makes pets of chickens to write to. I have a hen named Tip. One day she saw him standing on the lawn, hungry and wet, about as big as a partridge, a lost chicken, and we took him in. He is now a great Shanghai rooster about two feet tall. She told us he had been a hen crooked, and he can only eat corn wrapped in dough. He lived in the kitchen, and Mary the cook called him Tiny, because he was so small. He is a great talker, and talks now in a very loud way. When he wants to get into the house he knocks at the door with his great big foot.

I have other chickens that are pets, and I have a dog and two pet pigs. They are the jolliest pets I ever had.

I have read *YOUR PEOPLE* every week for three years. I am eleven years old, and go to a fine school, and love to study.

GUY S.

SALISBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I am ten years old, and I have a sister who is twelve. We both like to read. For pets we have a cat and two birds—one named Bonbon, and the other Peep. We also have a horse named Bessie, and a dog named Bob. When they were chickens we petted them so much that they became quite tame. One of them, named Nigger, hops on my shoulder, and lets me take him up in my arms. Another one has laid an egg in the horse's ear. Our hen's name is Tabby. She likes to play with hens, and often goes to sleep in the hens' nests.

My home here at Salisbury is only a mile and a half from the residence of John G. Whittier, in Amesbury, and only half a mile from that of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

LIZZIE M. W.

I was once the possessor of a dozen chickens which were as great pets as yours are, Lizzie. One of them, a brave creature, in a sober brown suit, we called My Lady Water-proof, because she stalked about like a lady in a water-proof cloak. Another was Miss Betsey, and another still was named by one of my children after a deity, but I did not detect the name of the family, and always named it after the name Mrs. —. I did not approve of this at all, and when the true Mrs. — happened to visit us, great was my terror lest she should happen to have her funny namesake presented to her, which would have been a great pity, so I changed Mrs. — to Little Dumpling.

PENFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have all the numbers of *YOUR PEOPLE*, and like the paper very much. I have had a dog pet hen that was almost eight years old. I began to make a pet of her when I was about twenty months old, and then I called her by the name she made when singing, and that name gradually changed to Wawa. She was a speckled black and white Houdan, and so muffled around

the face that mamma had to clip the feathers so she could see to eat. She was so nice and pretty and lippy. She would sing while I held her in my arms. She used to coax the other hens' little chickens away from them, and scratch for them, and would hover them if they would let her. When we moved from Weedville, Elk County, Pa., I took her to my father's place, and she laid a corn about a month ago, and I feel as if I can never find another hen so nice. We made a party for me—

Eddie says don't tell you he cried. There was more than one sorrowful heart when we lost poor old Wawa.

EDDIE'S MAMMA.

Dear Eddie, it was no wonder you cried. I would have cried with you if I had loved the gentle hen as you did.

MARIBETH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I won't tell you how old I am, but will say that I was born on the 28th of September, 1873. I have been reading *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for some time, and look anxiously for every number. When I am asked to look at the paper, I am finding it all the cuts on the last page always make me laugh heartily.

I have four brothers and two dogs—a Newfoundland and a terrier. The big dog I call Ponto, and the little one Tip. Ponto is trained to draw a small wagon, and will pull me any place that I desire. He never gets balky. Some time ago I had lots of fun racing with my friend Harry. Our horses were named Sam and Jimmie, and I and H. would like to drive Ponto, but they are afraid that the girls would not think that manner. They ride horseback on old George and Prince. Our horses are named Sam and Jimmie, and they are broken. I go to school every day when I am well, and would like to tell you what I study, but my letter is getting too long.

GOOD-BYE.

GEORGE H.

You are studying penmanship to advantage. You write a hand which is a credit to yourself and your teachers, and a great pleasure to read.

BRYAN ROGER, LOUISIANA.

The weather here is warm and pleasant, and we have violets and roses in bloom. I have a little garden with lettuce, onions, radishes, and flowers. I work in the garden to-day, and Aunt Mary bought us a little express wagon to haul leaves. Our dog's name is Josephus.

I like "Nan" so much, and Jimmy Brown. Jimmy's papa must get tired of taking him up stairs.

GOOD-BYE.

ARTHUR B.

ORRELL, ILLINOIS.

I read "Raising the Pearl" in the last paper. When my father was in Tampa, Florida, he went to Cuba, and saw a young Bassett, or fish, as it is called, exactly as described in the story, very cross, and with only one leg. He owns a great many boats. When papa asked for some oysters his papa said, "You are going to put them?"

"Then he said, 'Do you want some crackers with them?'"

"Yes," was the answer. So my father went in and got some oysters, and Captain Sammy must not take any pay for them.

ROBERT A.

Captain Sammy must be polite and kind, notwithstanding his gruff manner.

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I could write to you about many pets of mine, but I don't feel rather tired, so for a while I will let my friend who has visited me every week for a long time, and whose visits have been such a pleasant anticipation—"this dear little girl, whom I love, will come no more. I shall miss her very much. I think you know her; her name is Nan. Regrettably yours,

GRACE G.

I too felt a pang when Nan made her courtesy. We shall have to coax the author to tell us more about her one of these days, unless, indeed, she can point us another graceful girlie who shall steal into our hearts as Nan did.

Let me describe a Friday in my school-room; and when you have read my letter, then, children, let me tell you what makes it such a happy one on that day. I think I shall hear you say, "Our paper—*HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*." I fear you will not see the first cause, for children too often grasp only the outward appearance, overlooking the inward principle which lead to outward happiness; so I will tell you my rule to encourage obedience and diligence. It is this: when lessons have been fairly done, I shall miss my moment during the week. *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* visits the school-room in a manner which I will now describe.

"Ding-dong! ding-dong! sounds our great college bell. We go to the chapel. Perfect order prevails, except that here and there a very close observer might see a sly nod from Bill to Tom, and from Tom to Dick. We then go to our seats.

I enter mine. Faces are beaming as I pass down

to my place of importance. The verbs are nicely conjugated in all their parts, and pronouns declined neatly on the board. (And let me tell you a secret: *afterward* and *there* are the compound personal favorite pronouns with me for such exercise; I do not wish *my* young people to be saving attracted, drowned, and hiccoughed. Now for the first time, "The Great Line," by Josephine Pollard, and when I come to

"Jim delighted in games and ball.

"And his mind was not in his books at all."

I can not refrain from a glance at a fat boy we will call Dickson. I think the author would be gratified to see the reddening face go down, and the eyes

Bright Thomas then goes to the board, and writes,

"On your eyes he presses poppies,

"On your will he puts a brick," etc.

My class is ready for a parsing match. Fat Dickson insists that you are pressing on poppies instead of eyes. So girls head. Fat boy Peter, out of humor, pretends he can not say the rule for adverbs. Ding-dong! ding-dong! An hour has passed so nicely! Girls have won; consequently excused from class-room first. Boys look severely at Dickson and Peter.

Here enters Geography No. 3 in fine order; lesson well recited. Then a short lesson distinctly read, for this is my turn to recite. Now do you think I read to them?—Mr. Thompson and the Bats? I wish you could see Bessie, Lizzie, Rebecca, Wash, and all the bright faces; and when Mr. Thompson trends on Mrs. Rodemich's call, Charlie, my new friend, from the country, laughs so loud that if our president were not so good and wise he would have me before the faculty for disorder. But we will excuse Charlie; he will soon learn how to laugh. Ding-dong! Recess. They crowd around to see the picture of Mr. Thompson and the other rats.

I will not trouble you with the dignified young ladies who are here to-day to recite more difficult lessons, but carefully by aside "The Sad Story of a Boy King" for my *Little* history class.

Do not, dear young people, let your parents think you have no time on your hands for this my method, and have to lose English history authority for it, as I may prove to you some day by writing to you my Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, and what he says about it.

With love for the young all over the world, and especially *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*,

SISTER FLORENCE.

The Postmistress knows, although you do not, in what city of the sunny south Sister Florence assembles her class for these delightful Friday exercises. She is sure that there are many teachers who find *YOUR PEOPLE* helpful, and she is glad that the school-days of some of you are made so bright and pleasant. Sister Florence has contributed a charming letter to this number of the Post-office Box, and we all join in thanking her.

FORT WASHINGTON, STATES ISLAND.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I like the story of "Nan" very much, and Jimmy Brown's stories in *YOUR PEOPLE* very much, and this is the first winter I have ever been North.

NELLY W. C.

I suppose you enjoyed the winter sports, as they were quite new to you.

SPASSY RIVER, ONTARIO.

I have always lived in Bay City, Michigan, until this winter, when we came up here, and now I am building a mill. I was on snow-shoes yesterday for the first time. I went too fast, so I fell down. I think it is fun to walk on them. There are a great many people here now, before the snow came, there was some lovely snow.

The mail comes once a week on sleighs drawn by dogs. I am always glad when it comes, as it brings me news from my friends. I would like to be a member of the Little Housekeeper's Society. I am twelve years old.

ADA E. M.

WELLSVILLE, NEW YORK.

My grandfather has taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for me since the first publication. I think it is the best paper for the young folks that is published. I think "Old Times in the Colonies," "The Cruise of the 'Gambol' Club," and "The Talking Leaves" are very nice stories, and Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. As I have no pets, I will tell you about the oil tanks near this place, which are built by the Standard Oil Company. The tanks are made of plate iron about one-third of an inch thick, each plate being about four feet wide and eight or ten feet long. The tanks are thirty-three feet high and ninety feet in diameter, and are each capable of holding about thirty-six thousand barrels of oil. There have been a great many of these tanks built, and others are building. Three hundred men are employed in building them, and thirty thousand feet of lumber are used for scaffolding, and for the construction. The tanks are situated at what is called the Pump Station, there being two large buildings, one of them five large arches, and the other two immense pumps for forcing the oil



A FIRST-OF-APRIL JOKE.
MUCH FUNNIER THAN SHE KNEW.

AN APRIL-FOOLS'-DAY GAME.

A new game and a new friend,
To pleasure and happiness tend.

AND so the following game may prove pleasant and entertaining, not only to the little folk, but to their elders, who are said to enjoy "a bit of nonsense now and then."

There is one peculiarity about this game, however, and that is, it can only be played once among the same people. The leader announces himself as a gardener who is about to arrange his garden. He must of necessity be some person who can control his features. The gardener stands at the door, before he goes out, long enough to invite those who are in the room to come out one by one as quickly as possible to receive the name of some one of his garden products. He is very careful to impress upon all the necessity of keeping secret the names which they have received. Of course they all think that some new mystery is to be unfolded; but, without any one's knowledge, all are given the name of the same vegetable.

For instance, as each one goes out to receive his name from the gardener, the latter says, "You'll be carrots, will you?" "Yes." "Thank you." "Carrots"—all of them are carrots. The gardener stands at the open room door, and says, "Now, as I mention a vegetable, the person whose name it is must *instantly* rise and follow me out of the room." Then the gardener calls, "Carrots!" Of course there is a general stampede, which is most laughable. Every one thinks all the others are making a mistake, and the fun increases when each discovers the trick. It is a good game for an April party, especially if the "carrots" or "beets" are all led to a supper of cotton pies and wooden ducks and turkey.

SOME KNOWING PIGEONS.

THE Central Prison at Agra is the roosting-place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighboring country for food every morning, and return in the evening, when they drink at a tank just outside the prison walls. In this tank are a large number of fresh-water turtles.

Any bird alighting to drink near one of these turtles has a good chance of having its head bitten off and eaten; and the headless bodies of pigeons have been picked up near the water, showing the fate which has sometimes befallen the birds. The pigeons, however, are aware of the danger, and have hit on the following plan to escape it:

A pigeon comes in from its long flight, and as it nears the tank will cross it at about twenty feet above its surface, and then fly back to the side from which it came, as if to select a safe spot which it had remarked as it flew over the bank. But even then the bird will not alight at the edge of the water, but on the bank about a yard from it, and will then run down, take two or three hurried gulps, and fly off to repeat the same process at another part of the tank, until its thirst is satisfied. In this way they escape the danger that lies in wait for them.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

UNDER the ground the spring flowers were waiting—
Hyacinths rosy and yellow and blue;
Tulips in gayest robes fit for a king or queen;
Golden narcissus, and silver ones too;
Pretty bright crocuses; dear little lily bells
Strung upon slender stems, longing to ring;
Iris with banners of lilac and purple
Ready to wave at the coming of Spring.

But still a winter wind blew cold above them,
Still from a winter sky fast fell the snow.
"Oh, will he never," they murmured, while shivering,
"Weary of scolding and fighting, and go?
He's had his own way for three months long and dreary;
Now it is time he should let us have ours.
Nought have we done to be punished thus; children
Sometimes are naughty, but *never* are flowers."

"I'll plead our cause," said a snow-drop. "Pray hasten,
Green leaves, before me to show me the way;
And I will carry a flag of truce with me,
And then he in honor must bear what I'll say."
But Winter, spying the tiny flag coming,
Borne by a herald not half a foot high,
Shattered his spear of ice, crying, "Ye pigmies,
Fear me no longer; I'm going. Good-by."



"THIS IS VERY FINE WEATHER." "SO SAY WE ALL OF US."

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THE "TEARERS" TRIAL TRIP.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

FOSTER BRETT, Chandler Henry, and Andy Steadworth were three friends who were often called "railroad boys," because their fathers were all connected in some way with the Prairie Railroad. They had passes for all trains, and each knew the name of every locomotive that ran in and out of Prairie Junction.

Foster, or Fos for short, had a good share of the mechanical genius of Civil Engineer Brett, and was always puzzling over how he could invent some improvement in something that would make him rich and famous. So he was greatly delighted when one summer his father gave him a small hand-car, which had been half smashed in an accident, to use his wits upon.

"But what can you make out of it except another hand-car?" asked Chandler, as he looked at the ruin with some contempt.

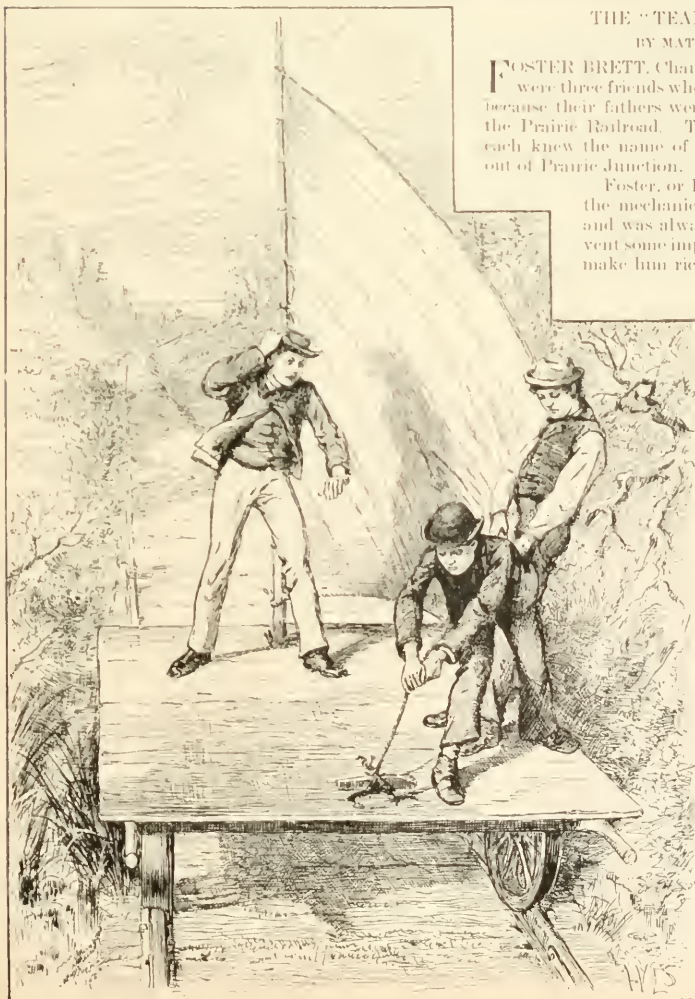
"If I'm going to invent something new, what do I want with any of the old things?" and Fos began to measure the length and breadth of the car in a very business-like fashion.

The two boys watched his movements with a growing interest, and when the young inventor put up his rule and inquired if they could keep a secret, they both placed their hands upon their hearts as a sign that they could lock up a hundred if need be.

"Well, then," continued Fos, after making sure that there was no one in the round-house, by the side of which his car had been placed, "I'm going to rig up a sail-boat!"

"With the nearest river twenty miles away?"

"For no river at all," returned Fos. "That wouldn't be an invention, would it? No, it's something that's nev-



er been tried before. I'm pretty certain, and it's just this: if you'll both help me I mean to put a sail on this car."

"But you can only go the way the wind blows," objected Chandler. "so how do you propose to get back to your starting-point? Do you expect the wind to change to suit you every time?"

"Now, there," cried Fos, "I'm glad to hear you talk like that, because, you know, all the great inventors were laughed at at first, so I guess my idea must be worth something."

This had its effect, and both Andy and Chandler listened more seriously as their companion went on to tell how once when some professor proposed to cross the Atlantic Ocean to Europe in a balloon by means of an easterly current of air, there was the same objection about his getting back.

"But didn't he get people to make him a balloon," went on Fos, "and wasn't the thing talked about in the papers, and he had his picture published?"

"And came down in the woods before he even got to the coast," finished Chandler.

"But that was because it was a balloon," returned Fos, quickly. "If I can sail with the wind, I'm not afraid but I can manage so as to come back again; but even if I can't it'll be a great thing to prove that cars can be moved by means of sails, so they can put them on the regular trains, when the wind favors, and make them go twice as fast."

Chandler was privately of the opinion that such an arrangement would prove fatal to all time-tables, and was just going to inquire how people would know when to expect a train, when Andy suddenly exclaimed: "We've got a sail at home that you can have if you want it, Fos. We had it on our boat when we lived East, and brought it out here thinking it might be useful for something or other, but I heard father say when they came across it in cleaning the house that he didn't want it. It's all mildewed and full of holes, but I guess it will do for a trial."

"Jolly!" cried Fos. "That'll save a lot of trouble in begging for old sheets. And now, Chandler, bring your tool chest over to the grove behind our house after dinner, and we'll set to work mending the platform and making a place for the mast. We can let it down a foot or two underneath, you know, and brace it with strips. Has your sail got a boom, Andy?"

"No, and if you take my advice, you won't have any, for it'll be sure to come flying around suddenly and knock one of us over."

"Well, I suppose it'll do if I just fasten the sheet to a cleat. I think I've seen some big boats fixed that way around the docks in New York."

"What'll we do for a mast?" asked Chandler.

"Oh, we can take the flag-pole we put up for the Fourth for that," replied Fos. "You know it's in the grove there, nice and handy. And now be careful, both of you, not to say a word about it to anybody until after we have the trial trip."

"All right," returned Chandler; and then the three went their several ways for dinner, to meet again in the grove in which that year's Fourth of July celebration had been held. A seldom used siding of the railroad ran through it, and on this Andy and Fos had pushed the hand-car, after having placed on it the old sail, which Mrs. Steadworth declared she was glad to have out of the house.

The first thing to be done was to take down the flag-pole, which was not quite so easy a task as Fos had thought. However, it was finally done without accident, and then "the captain" declared that three feet must be sawed off from the lower end. Andy manfully straightened out the sail, while Fos patched up the platform of the car, not

forgetting to leave a hole for the mast. Next came the fastening of the sail (which luckily was of the "leg-o-mutton" style) to the pole. This was done in a very unseamanlike fashion by means of bits of rope.

The mast, with the sail added to it, was pretty heavy, but the three at last succeeded in lifting it into position; and then, while Fos and Andy held it, Chandler made it fast by means of the flooring and two or three braces.

All this took time, and as the last nail was being driven the Bretts' supper bell rang.

"I don't believe anybody'll notice that mast in here to-night," said Fos, as he wound the sail around the pole; "and if there's a breeze, remember we're to start on our trial trip at five o'clock to-morrow morning. There's no train till seven, so we'll have a clear track. My, won't she tear along!"

"Let's name her the 'Tearer,'" suggested Andy, catching the delight of his friend.

"Good!" cried Fos; "I'll paint it in red letters on a piece of board to-night."

The last thing before going to bed that night the three boys put their heads out of the window to see about the state of the weather, and long before five the next morning they were up, dressed, and wending their way against half a gale of wind toward the grove.

Foster, of course, was the first one there, and when the other two arrived he pointed proudly to a piece of shingle nailed to the front of the hand-car, on which was painted in rustic lettering the word

GET ABOARD

"Get aboard," he cried, excitedly. "The sooner we're off the better."

"But how are we going to get back?" inquired Chandler, as he somewhat doubtfully took his place on the car.

"Oh, it's just a trial trip, you know; so we needn't go so far that it'll hurt us to push her back. But isn't it fine to have such a glorious breeze, and exactly in the right direction, too? It'll take us right on to the main track."

The wind was certainly all that could be desired, and as they loosened the sail, Andy and Chandler began to grow as excited as Fos.

"Now each of you put out a foot and give her a start," ordered the latter, when all was ready. "One, two, three—go!"

And go they did, for the three had shoved with all their might, determined to have a splendid "send-off," if nothing more. Out of the grove, on past the round house and the now quiet station, glided the queer-looking boat-car; but it made no noise, so nobody saw it except its three builders and passengers.

"But just wait till we get out into the open country," exclaimed the delighted Fos, "then you'll see her earn her name."

"Are you sure the track's all clear?" asked Andy, nervously, as the "Tearer" jolted from the siding on to the main line.

"Why, what could be on it at this hour?" returned Fos, as he caught hold of the sheet to feel how taut it was.

"Seems to me we're running pretty fast, Fos," remarked Chandler from his post as lookout before the mast.

"Certainly we are, and that's the fun, and business too, of the thing," replied the young captain, smiling contentedly.

"We've gone over a mile already, I guess," added Chandler, as if he had been counting up the number of them he would have to walk back.

Then nobody spoke for a few minutes, while the hand-car sped along faster and faster, for the same question had suddenly come into the minds of all three: how could

they stop the "Tearer"? There was no brake, and they had nothing with them that could be used in place of one.

Chandler was the first to break the silence.

"The morning express is due at the Junction at seven, isn't it, Fos?" Then without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his watch, and went on: "It's half past five now, and we're running to meet it."

Andy was looking anxiously from one to the other of the older lads, and they in turn kept their eyes fixed on the sail, in which there was still no sign of a crease.

Suddenly Fos sprang toward the sheet, crying, "What goes we are! Why don't we let our sail loose?" and he began fumbling at the knot; but the great strain had drawn it so tight that it was impossible to nudge it.

"Quick! Andy! Chandler!" he exclaimed—"one of you give me a knife. I must have left mine in the wood-shop when I was cutting that name-board."

Andy had lost his the week before. Chandler, however, had one, which he hastily handed to Fos, but the car was now jolting so violently, and Foster's hand shook so, that just as he was about to cut the rope the knife slipped from his fingers, fell beside the track, and was soon left far behind.

The boys looked at one another blankly after this, until at last Chandler took out his watch again.

"Do you think it would be safe for us to jump off?" was all he said when he had noted the time.

Fos shook his head. "We must stop it and get it off the track some way," he added.

"But don't you suppose the engineer of the express will see us in time?" faltered Andy.

"And what if he should? he couldn't stop us, could he?" And Fos buried his face in his hands, as he tried to think of some means of putting an end to the "Tearer's" wild flight.

"Can't we break the rope?" suggested Chandler.

Then all three, at the risk of falling off, used all their strength to this end, but the sheet held fast, and the wind still showed no signs of falling.

They had already whizzed by two or three stations, but it was so early in the morning that no one had noticed them. There was no large town nearer than thirty miles, and before that distance could be covered they would meet the express.

On and on they went, and they looked at each other in silence, for no one of them had the heart to speak a word. Faster and faster they flew, not only toward what might be death to them, but what might also result in the destruction of the coming train.

Every moment they expected to hear a whistle, and see the black form of the locomotive as it rushed to meet them. How vainly now did Foster regret that he had made such a secret of his experiment. It seemed as if he must have felt that his father would have forbidden it.

But stop, what does this mean? The wind was blowing as steadily as before, the track was as level, but the speed of the car was surely slackening.

"Oh, the curve!" exclaimed Chandler.

They had all forgotten about that, and the "Tearer" had gone around it, and was now slowing up, for the wind struck it from the side.

Very soon the boys were enabled to bring their runaway boat-car to a stand-still, and then as quickly as possible, and with an utter disregard for the mast, they tipped it up, the wind helping them, and had it just clear of the rails when the express came rushing by. Then they walked three miles to the nearest station, and waited two hours for a way-train, on which they meekly rode home.

The "Tearer" was brought back that afternoon on a freight train, but her trial trip was the only one she ever made.

AN EXTINCT SEA-COW.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

ON a bleak day in November, 1741, more than one hundred and forty years ago, a Russian ship which had been driven through icy seas at the mercy of winds and waves, came to a small harbor on an unknown and rock-bound coast.

On board the ship was the arctic explorer Behring, who on a previous voyage had discovered the strait which separates Asia from America, and which bears his name. Many of the men who were with Captain Behring were sick and dying, and any harbor was welcome. Although not a tree or shrub of any kind could be seen on the desolate shore, the barren rocks and sand heaps were better than the stormy sea.

After anchoring the vessel those of the crew who were strongest went on shore. They found a stream of fresh-water which was not yet frozen over, although the sides of the mountains were covered with snow. Along the banks of this stream the men made hollows in the sand which they roofed over with sails brought from the ship, and to these rude shelters they removed their sick companions.

The cold grew more bitter every day, and many of the sick men died from want of proper food and care. On the 8th of December the party had the misfortune to lose its commander, Captain Behring. He died after great suffering, and was buried on the desolate shore.

Not long after his death a great storm arose, and the vessel, the only means of escape of these poor sailors, was wrecked upon the rocky coast. There was but a small portion of the ship's provisions remaining, and forty-five men were left with no hope of escape for months to come.

The situation was dreadful, but the men faced it like true heroes. Instead of sitting on the cliffs and watching for a sail, which in those far-off regions might never appear, they at once set to work to see what they could do to help themselves. The first thing to do was to secure all the beams and timbers of the wrecked vessel before another storm could sweep them away.

Happily the carpenter's tools had all been brought on shore, and although three of the Russian carpenters had died, there was a Cossack among the crew who had once worked in a ship-yard, and who was able to direct the building of a new vessel. It was decided to begin the new ship as soon as the snow melted so the men could work, and meanwhile they must discover where they had been cast ashore, and if the land contained anything to support life.

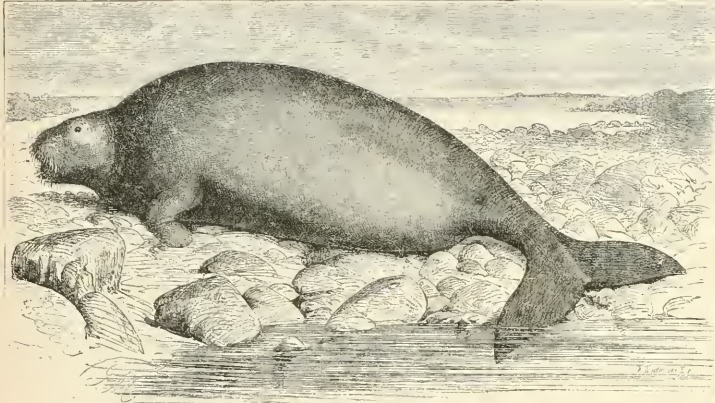
About ten miles from the coast was a high hill, and on climbing to the top the men found that they were on a large island. This island, now known as Behring Island, in honor of its discoverer, who lies buried in its sands, is the most westerly of the Aleutian group, and at the time these poor Russian navigators were cast away on it was uninhabited, except by foxes and other wild animals.

The creature that was to play the most important part in saving the lives and health of these shipwrecked men was a sea-cow. To their great delight they found large herds of these creatures living in the bays and inlets of the rocky shore. They belonged to the same family as the sea-cows which are to be seen all along the Amazons and in swampy coast lands of the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, but were much larger than those found in tropical seas. Steller, the naturalist of Captain Behring's expedition, studied their habits carefully during his forced stay on the desolate island, and the creature is now known in natural history as Steller's sea-cow.

It was a very large beast, measuring in length from twenty-eight to thirty-five feet, and weighing over five hundred pounds. In form it was similar to a huge seal or sea-lion, and its fore-flippers were armed with stout

nails, with which it tore up the sea-weed and water-grasses which served for its food. These sea-cows were very sociable animals, and lived in large herds like cattle. They lived mostly in the water, but would sometimes crawl on the shore, and sleep for hours and even days among the wet sea-grasses. They were very ugly-looking creatures, and their movements on shore were clumsy and awkward. The head was small, the mouth large; the hide, covered with scattering short stiff hair, lay in great wrinkles all over the huge body.

When the Russian sailors first saw these beasts they were puzzled how to capture one; but starvation was



STELLER'S SEA-COW.

almost upon them, and food must be obtained at any price. The animals were not afraid of men, for they had evidently never seen human beings before, and were not suspicious of evil. At length one was secured by means of a harpoon, and to the great relief of the men the flesh was found to be similar in flavor to beef, while the thick coating of fat with which the creature was covered under its skin was useful as lard.

Good and wholesome food was now abundant, as more sea-cows were captured and killed, and the men went to work to build their ship, their hearts filled with courage and hope. It was slow work, as their materials were poor; but at length a small vessel was completed and successfully launched, and about the middle of August the men set sail from the island where so many of their former comrades were buried. The ship was well supplied with salted and dried sea-cow beef, and after a voyage of eleven days a small port on the coast of Kamutchatka was reached in safety.

But there were sad days in store for the poor and defenseless sea-cows. The escaped sailors told wonderful stories of these creatures, and soon other sailors, especially those in charge of whaling ships, sought out the island, and waged relentless war upon the sea-cows, which proved valuable for their strong stout hides, the nourishing meat, which, salted or dried, would keep for a whole year, and for the immense quantity of fat—an article much valued in the cold countries of the far North. So extensive was the slaughter of the sea-cows that in less than thirty years not a single animal remained.

Many explorers of more recent times have tried in vain to find one of the animals described by Steller; but it seems to be entirely extinct, and the only traces which have been discovered are a few skeletons bleaching on the barren sand.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WRECK.

THE boys were obliged to look several moments in the direction Captain Sammy pointed before they could see anything that looked like a boat, and then they saw dimly in the fast-gathering darkness a small white cloud on the surface of the water, that grew to look more and more like a sail.

Captain Sammy seemed almost beside himself with joy, for in this approaching boat he saw the means of escaping a sharp attack of rheumatism, which he felt he should surely have to endure if he slept in the open air all night.

But the boys looked at this boat which was coming along so merrily under the influence of the strong sea-breeze with far different thoughts. They had counted on this enforced camping out as an adventure which could be told their friends at home as having some tinge of danger in it; but to be rescued before nine o'clock in the evening made it a very tame affair.

On came the little boat, regarded with such opposite feelings by age and youth, until she could be quite clearly seen, although the white sail hid those on board from the view of those on the island.

They could almost hear the water ripple around her bow, and Captain Sammy could keep still no longer.

"Boat ahoy!" he shouted, using both hands for a speaking-trumpet, and making such a noise that he might have been heard half a mile away.

There was no answering hail from those on board the little craft, and while Captain Sammy was wondering why no reply came, the boat luffed up into the wind, presenting to the watchers only the full sail and the bow.

"Why! why!" stammered Captain Sammy, in surprise—"why, that's my boat!"

The boys thought that rather a rash assertion for the little man to make, since it was impossible to see her with sufficient clearness to be sure as to such a fact; but the Captain continued, "That's my boat, sure, for there's the very patch I put on her sail last Wednesday."

In trying to make out this mark, the boys now saw what they had not noticed before. At the mast-head floated something black, which Bobby felt sure was the pirate flag Tommy Tucker had displayed on the oar shortly after he had captured the boat.

It was all very strange, for it did not seem possible that Master Tucker would come to the island, so great had been his fear of Captain Sammy. Besides, now that it was evening, his crew must be on shore, behaving like a peaceful boy again.

But as the boat went slowly ahead, and then came up into the wind, there could be no mistake made. Master Tucker was there, and alone, in all the glory of his gor-

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

geous uniform, while his flag floated proudly over him. He surely had come back, although for what purpose it was impossible even to guess.

At the sight of this boy, whom he had put out of his mind, in order that he might be more contented with his fate, all of Captain Sammy's anger came back with renewed force.

"You villain!" he cried, "come in here this minute, and let me get my hands on you once."

It is hardly possible that Captain Sammy thought Tommy would obey the command, and yet he waited patiently, as if he expected that such would be the case.

"I'm comin' over here in the mornin' to serve you out," cried Tommy, defiantly, to the angry man; "but I've come now to tell them boys that Ikey went up to the hotel an' told that they wouldn't be home to-night."

"Does my mother know where we are?" asked Dare.

"No; he jest told her that you was off with that old heathen, an' wouldn't be home to-night."

"Did he tell her *why* we couldn't come back?" and Dare grew anxious now.

"Of course he didn't. What kind of a feller do you think I am? If he'd told her that, she'd sent over here to-night, an' I ain't goin' to let Cap'n Sammy get away till I've fixed him out so's he'll be sorry he ever took his leg to me."

"I'll beat the whole of your miserable body with it," roared Captain Sammy; and he started to take off his leg again, but remembering his former mishap, he shook his fist instead.

"Will you come in here and take us off?" he shouted.

"No, I won't," was the pirate's defiant reply. "If them fellers want to go home, I'll carry 'em over, provided they'll tie you hand an' foot, an' let me pound you as much as I want to first."

Under other circumstances it would have been impossible for the boys to have restrained their laughter at the very comical appearance of Captain Sammy; but now it seemed all too serious for mirth.

He ran along on the beach first this way and then that, shaking his fists at the small boy in the boat, and acting in every way as if his anger had made him lose his senses.

"Will you do what I want you to?" asked Tommy, clearly speaking of the capture of the Captain.

"We can't do that," replied Dare; "but we'll do almost anything else you want us to, if you will take us home."

"I'll never take you away if you don't tie the old heathen;" and from the very decided tone it was easy to understand that Master Tucker expected them to help him to his revenge.

While they had been talking, the wind had been increasing in force, and already had the waves begun to put on their white caps as if preparing for a regular lark. The little boat, lying head to the wind, tossed about like an egg-shell, and Captain Sammy saw that she was being forced slowly but surely toward the beach.

If Tommy could only be induced to remain there long enough, he might be aground before he was aware of the fact.

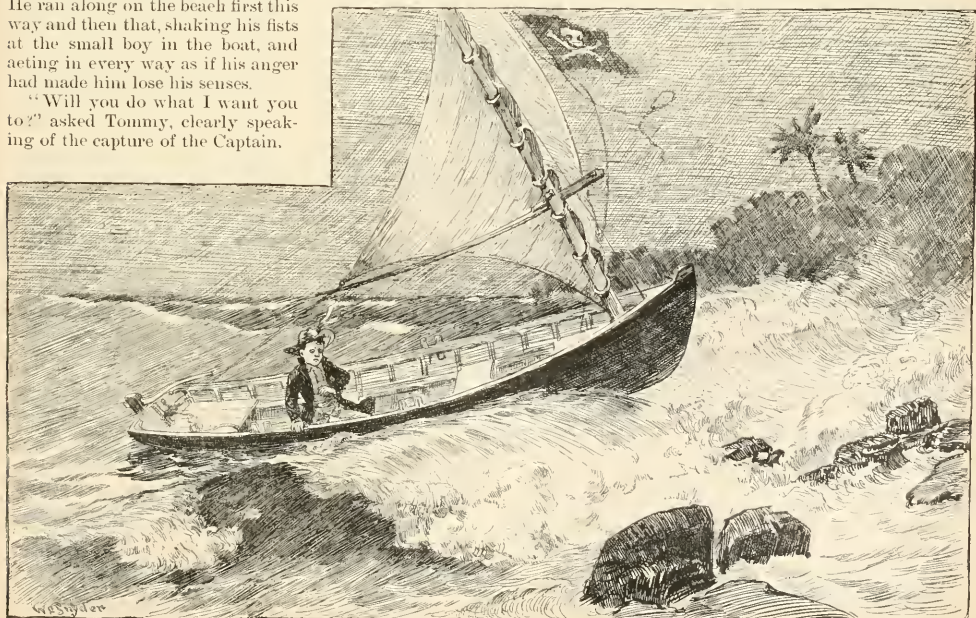
"Keep talking to him," whispered the Captain to Dare, "an' we may get our hands on him after all."

But it was almost as if Tommy had heard what his enemy had said, for hardly had the words been spoken when he found out his peril, and began to see how he could avoid it.

He got an oar out, and began pulling the boat around so that the sail would fill again. Had he been a better sailor he would not have pulled so long before he attended to the sheet and helm, and this same want of knowledge brought the pirate voyage to a more speedy ending than he had looked for.

He worked at the oar until the wind completely filled the sail, forcing the little craft around suddenly, and bearing her directly on to the sharp reef of coral that showed itself just above the water not more than fifty feet from the main line of the shore, and a little to the right of where the party on the island were standing.

The force of the wind, which was now increasing each moment, sent the boat on toward the sharp coral points, which could pierce her timbers so easily, with a speed that seemed to make Tommy helpless. He made no attempt to



"THE BOAT HUNG FOR A SINGLE INSTANT OVER THE REEF."

remove his boat from the dangerous position in which he had placed her, but clung to the rail, crying for help in the most unpiratical manner.

"Let go your sheets, and put your helm hard down!" shouted Captain Sammy, forgetting, in his eagerness to save the boat, that he was giving advice which, if followed, would enable the thief to escape.

But Master Tucker was past that point where he had any idea of what he should do, or even where he could understand what was said to him.

He remained by the rail, looking at the reef toward which he was being borne, with his boat at the mercy of both wind and waves, that were dashing her on to destruction.

With only one thought, that of trying to save Master Tucker when the final crash came and he was hurled into the water, the three boys, regardless of the wounds caused by the sea-urchins, ran down the beach. Captain Sammy, still shouting his orders to the frightened pirate, followed their example, and all stopped opposite the point toward which the boat was heading.

It was but a few moments before Tommy Tucker's career as a pirate was ended.

Lifted high on a wave larger than the preceding ones, the boat hung for a single instant over the reef below, and then was dashed upon it with a force that shattered every timber, and, fortunately for him, hurled the pirate captain entirely over it, almost upon the beach.

Master Tucker was not at all injured by the fall; but he was terribly frightened at being thus thrown exactly at the feet of the man whom he expected would punish him most severely.

Before the boys could reach him—and they started to his aid at once, fearing lest he was injured by the fall—the disheartened pirate, who had lost both weapons and his gorgeous hat, sprang to his feet, and made all speed toward the centre of the island.

His short voyage, during which he had destroyed nothing more than Captain Sammy's boat and temper, was ended, his craft was a complete wreck upon the little reef, and the pirate himself a prisoner upon the same island to which he had doomed the others.

It was a quick ending to Master Tucker's dream of wickedness, and one that seemed all the more cruel to him since he had never believed that pirates were in the habit of being wrecked.

When his boat first struck the reef, Captain Sammy dashed into the water as if he were going to her rescue, regardless of the rheumatism; but before he had gotten in above his knees he turned around and came back.

He knew from the sound when she struck the reef that she had been injured beyond all hope of mending, and it would be a more than foolish task to attempt to wade out to where she was being torn in pieces by the waves.

"Look out for the oars and sail!" he shouted to the boys, while he watched for the small water cask which he always carried, no matter how short a voyage he was making, in the hope that it would be washed ashore, and thus give them a chance to secure a stock of water.

It was hardly ten minutes, so furious had the waves become and so strong did the wind blow directly toward the land, before the boys had secured three of the oars, and soon after the sail came ashore directly in front of the Captain.

He ordered the boys to drag the canvas up to the camp. As they did so they wondered why he remained there so anxiously when there was no longer a hope that any portion of the boat, save small fragments, could be washed ashore.

But Captain Sammy's watching was at length rewarded, and when he saw the water cask floating heavily on the waves he rushed into them for the second time, and brought it ashore triumphantly.

"It come just in time," he said, gleefully, "for there ain't over an' above half a pint of water in my canteen, and you boys would have wanted a drink pretty soon."

In fact, they began to grow thirsty just as soon as they realized how near they had come to being without any water, and it was not until they had each drunk twice from the cask that they felt satisfied, even though they had not thought of it before.

Captain Sammy spread the wet sail out in front of the fire to dry, and as he sat gazing at it and smoking he felt very much relieved in mind, for now they would at least have a covering over their heads.

It was quite natural that the boys should wonder as to what had become of Tommy Tucker, and Dare proposed that they should go in search of him. But Captain Sammy put an end to any such charitable plan by saying,

"Let him alone, an' in the morning I'll go after him myself, an' then—"

The Captain did not finish the sentence, but his face was very expressive as to what Master Tommy's fate would be when he should have him in his power.

Dare trembled for the misguided pirate until he realized that it would be one thing for Captain Sammy to go after him, and quite another matter to catch him, owing to the matter of legs. But he thought it was cruel to leave Tommy alone on the island all night, even though he had done them so much harm.

"Don't you think we had better try and find him, so that he can sleep with us to-night?" Dare asked. "It won't do any harm, and you can punish him in the morning."

"He wouldn't have a chance to sleep very much if he should dare to show his nose around here to-night," said Captain Sammy, in such a tone that Dare concluded it might perhaps be less painful for Tommy to sleep alone, and anywhere he could find a place, rather than with them.

The boat sail was far from being dry when the little man took it from the fire and spread it over the boughs of the trees as a shelter. But the hour was late, and the Captain anxious that the party under his charge should get to sleep as soon as possible.

But even after the boys were stretched out on the hard sand, and Captain Sammy had laid himself down between them and the fire—as if to keep them from rolling out of bed—sleep did not appear inclined to pay them a visit.

They listened anxiously to each sound, and at every rustling of the leaves they fancied they heard Tommy coming to ask that he might be allowed to share their camp with them.

Then when the time wore on, and every one in the tent save Dare had yielded to slumber, the boy began to grow very nervous and unhappy because of the possible fate of the pirate. He feared lest all kinds of accidents might befall him, until his imagination had pictured so much suffering for Tommy that he attempted to crawl quietly out over Captain Sammy in order to go in search of him.

But it seemed as if the little man slept with one eye open, for no sooner did Dare make the first movement toward getting out than the Captain said, much as if he had not been asleep at all, but had been lying awake reading the boy's thoughts,

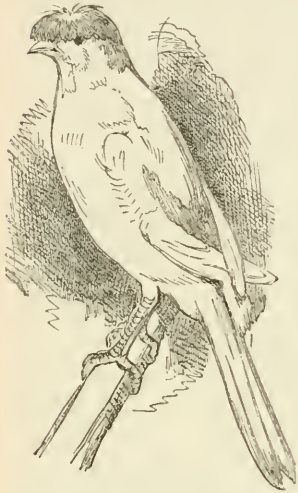
"You may put some more wood on the fire; but don't you try to find that Tucker boy, because I shall make it very uncomfortable for him if he comes around here to-night."

So all Dare's kindly impulse resulted in was the rebuilding of the fire, and then he crawled in behind Captain Sammy again, wishing he could know that Tommy was at least safe from bodily harm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAISING CANARIES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.



THIS is the portrait of the little songster that took the prize at the "Exhibition of Canaries, and British and Foreign Birds" recently held in London, England. The little fellow with his golden plumage and musical voice must indeed be a prince among canaries, for he had 793 other birds of his own kind to dispute the prize with him. All honor to him, with his dainty ways, his cunning top-knot, and his rich outbursts of song such as can only come from the free and untroubled heart of a bird!

So far, we have not taken enough interest in birds in this country to have exhibitions especially devoted to them; but that canaries are very popular among us is shown by the fact that during this season sixty thousand of these birds will be brought to this country from Europe, and will join the thousands upon thousands that are already at home in our land. Soon, also, these beautiful songsters will be passing through the most critical period of their lives—the breeding season. Thousands of them will perish from neglect, want of knowledge and experience, and even from too much care on the part of their owners.

Raising canaries is an interesting, instructive, and paying employment for young people. It is very suitable to the girls, as they are usually more painstaking and thoughtful, more delicate and tender in the handling of pets, than boys. Many hints, suggestions, and make-shifts may be offered to a beginner which will prove very useful; still, the successful raising of canaries must depend to a great extent on the knowledge gained by experience.

The modern breeding cage, which is to be the home of the father and mother bird and their little ones, is called a "double cage." It is in reality one long cage divided through the middle by a movable wire partition. In one of these divisions two nest boxes are placed, and the hen bird is allowed to select the nest that pleases her best. The partition is left open, unless the male bird becomes ill-tempered, when it is used to separate him from his family so that he can not injure or annoy them. The cage should be hung in the most quiet and private part of the room. Warm or hot walls should be avoided, or positions where the hot rays of the sun will reach it, though one hour of the cool morning's sunlight will be of advantage. The heat of the room should be very even.

The best nesting boxes are of tin or wire; pasteboard and wooden boxes are very apt to harbor vermin. In order to destroy these little pests when they appear, the so-called "Persian powder" is blown into all parts of the nest, even into the feathers of both the old and young birds, without the least injury to the birds, but with death-dealing effect to their tormentors.

Some breeders remove the old nest and destroy it as soon as the young are out of their shells, and put in its

place a hand-made nest. This should be done when the mother bird is away feeding or bathing.

For nest-building many things can be used, such as deers' hair, ravelled-out old sheeting, untarred Manila rope cut into lengths of one inch and picked apart, also fine shavings of tissue-paper, and feathers that have been scalded in hot water. These materials are placed in small quantities against the wires on the outside of the cage, so that the hen and male birds, for they both work on the building of the nest, can reach them. If they were placed on the floor of the cage, they would become soiled and otherwise unfit for nest-building.

In case there are a number of breeding cages in the room, they can be placed one above another, or if placed side by side, they must be divided by partitions of stiff paper, so that the occupants of one cage can not see those of the other cages. The floor of the cage should be thoroughly covered with gravel. A little old lime, broken well up, may now and then be scattered about the bottom of the cage as well as the gravel.

In the way of plain wholesome food for birds that are breeding nothing is better than German rape-seed mixed with a little canary-seed. Bird-seed should be as pure and fresh as possible. See that it is free from dust; sift it well, and keep it in clean, dry jars or pickle-bottles. The hen bird must be well supplied with lime in the form of finely crushed egg-shells and cuttle-fish bone.

As soon as the young birds are out of the shell, the food is changed to hard-boiled egg grated and mixed with an equal part of soaked cracker. During hot weather the cage should be well supplied with greens, such as tender and fresh lettuce, chick-weed, groundsel, or a piece of raw sweet apple. To wean the young birds from their soft food, and that they may learn to feed themselves, nothing is better than carefully washed and soaked rape-seed.

The twelfth or thirteenth day after the laying of the first egg the young birds may be expected. The nest should be looked at every day, for it often happens that a young bird is smothered or otherwise killed, and the necessity of its prompt removal is very great. Should the parents desert their offspring, they are sometimes raised by hand by means of a goose-quill filled with a paste composed of equal parts of hard-boiled egg and grated cracker, to which is added soaked rape-seed that has been rolled on a board to separate the hulls from the meat of the seed. Two or three quillfuls of this paste are fed to the orphans every hour.

The young males begin warbling as soon as they are fledged and can leave the nest. They are then placed in separate and small cages near accomplished singers for their musical education. Their voices improve constantly for eight or nine months.

A bad-tempered, greedy, and vicious young male bird is known as a "growler," and is always to be taken out of the nest and disposed of before he does an injury to his sisters and brothers. The male bird, so long as he behaves himself in the breeding cage, refrains from annoying his mate, feeds her, takes her place on the eggs when she is off, is doing all that can be expected; but as soon as he begins to behave badly it is better to make use at once of the partition to the cage and place him where he can do no mischief.

In case the young birds are not out of their shells, it may be necessary to find the hen bird a mate who will behave better; but as soon as the young are hatched the mother bird will bring them up herself without any help. The mother birds are not always perfection; some are poor nest-builders, or lay their eggs anywhere and everywhere about the cage, or will not lay regularly, as they should, every day; others again will not feed their young, or will peck and pluck out their feathers after killing them; but, as a rule, the female canary is a model of good behavior.



"TAKE CARE, SIR!"

JOHNNIE AND THE CRAB.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

JOHNNIE was lying with his head over the stern of the boat, looking down into the water. He was in no very good humor either, and the reflection of his face on the surface of the creek was a very wrinkled one.

"I don't care," he muttered. "I think mamma might let me take just a little row. It's just as safe as— There's a crab! I wonder if it is a soft one?" he added, interrupting himself. "I'd poke my finger down and see, only if he was hard he'd bite me." And Johnnie leaped further over the stern of the boat, trying to see what the crab was about, till, splash! he went over into the water.

For a moment he was frightened, but soon recovered his self-possession, as the crab remarked, rather crossly, "Do you always make your entrance into company that way?" Johnnie declared he was very sorry, and the crab, somewhat softer, growled, "I s'pose it's all right, but you nearly tumbled on me, and spattered my mouth full of mud."

"I was trying to see if you were soft."

"Oho!" laughed the crab. "And you thought you'd fall on me to find out." And the crab laughed as if he thought it a great joke. Finally he calmed himself, and continued, "No, I ain't soft, but I'm a shedder. Now under here," he continued, lifting a piece of sea-weed, "is a real softie."

"What does he stay under the sea-weed for?"

"On account of the men. Partly because of the toad-fish, and partly because of eels, but mostly on account of the men," replied the crab.

"Do the toad fish bother you much?"

"Awful!" replied the crab, solemnly—"awful! Why, you see, a good-sized toad-fish could swallow me whole. Then the eels bite one's legs off and nibble pieces off of us, so that ain't pleasant."

"I should think not," said Johnnie.

"Now there comes a toad-fish," continued the crab. "He knows I'm hard, and he don't see you." And with

a lazy flirt of his speckled tail, the toad-fish vanished round the corner of the dock.

Johnnie breathed freer as the ugly-looking creature disappeared, and proceeded once more to question the crab.

"How do you shed?" he inquired.

"Well, you've just come in good time to see," answered the crab, good-naturedly, "for I'm just going to shed."

So saying he chose a clear space in the mud, and commenced to wave his claws to and fro; suddenly he stopped. "Come here," he said; then added, as Johnnie approached, "You see, the back seam is split all the way along?"

"Yes," replied Johnnie.

"And the two side seams?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the crab, "with the exception of those two small cracks in my claws, these are the only splits in my shell, and I shall crawl out of the back seam." And he commenced waving his claws, and moving first one way and then the other. The crack along his back grew wider, and the soft shell underneath could be plainly seen. Soon he was half-way out of the old shell, and finally, after great efforts, he slid out completely, and the old shell and the perfect crab lay side by side. For the moment Johnnie could hardly tell which was which, but a wink from his old friend soon showed him.

"Now," said the crab, "you see I'm as soft as can be. Put your finger on me gently, and feel." Johnnie did so, and found that the crab's skin was as soft as his own. "I think I'll go to sleep for a while now. You had better run up to your mother; but before you go just pull up that piece of sea-weed over me."

Johnnie did as he was told, and suddenly found himself in the boat with his neck very stiff from having hung over the stern so long. When he told his mother about it, she laughed, and said, "You must have dreamed it." But Johnnie says that he was sure that he saw the crab wink at him as he left the boat, and certain it is that Johnnie won't eat crabs any more for fear of making a meal off his friend.



GRANDMAMMA'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

MARK'S STORY.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

MARK is my brother. The story is his, not mine. He is just home after a terrible adventure. No doubt you all read of the wreck of the *Euroclydon*; that was Mark's ship.

The *Euroclydon* was wrecked somewhere in the latitude of Cape Horn; a few survivors in a small boat were picked up in a state of great misery by a passing vessel and brought home to England. The opinion of the men saved—some thirteen or fourteen in number—was that every other soul on board had gone down with the ship.

Mark's name appeared in the papers among the list of the missing, and for weeks we mourned him as dead. I believe his mother—my mother too, God bless her loving heart!—never quite despaired through those long fearful days, when we sat out on the lawn, pretending to work or read, but with thoughts far away, never daring to mention the name of him whose memory was always uppermost in our minds.

Brave, handsome Mark! How could she think of him as lying cold and dead at the bottom of the tossing sea? No, he was living in her heart. A prayer for his safety was on her lips from morn till night, and, strong in loving faith, she believed he would some day be restored to her.

And he was.

Why tell of the joy he shed on the household, of the surprise, of the discarded black dresses, of the shadow lifted from my mother's life? After the news of the wreck she looked ten years older, but the stolen summers were restored to her on the day when Mark walked alive and well up the garden path. Why tell all this? Let Mark tell his own story.

When the catastrophe happened I was below, and I at once rushed on deck. Two boats were lowered in the greatest confusion, and filled beyond safety.

Seeing this, and knowing that if I sprang into either of them the cook and one of the seamen, who were beside me, were sure to follow, and we should all be capsized, I made up my mind to keep to the ship and take my chance. Hardly had the Captain's gig got away when a great sea caught her, and over she went. I could see only two men afloat, and presently they disappeared.

What to do with ourselves now became the important question. The vessel was settling lower and lower in the water every minute. To stay with her till she foundered was almost certain death, and the only chance we had was to hastily build a raft and trust to floating about until we caught the attention of some passing vessel.

No sooner said than done. All worked with a will, and soon a few planks were tied securely together. Scarcely was this done when we heard a strange rumbling noise below-decks. The boilers had burst, and with one terrible roll the vessel sank. In a moment we were all in the water, and it seemed to me an age before I came to the surface again.

On rising at last, and pushing the hair out of my eyes, I looked round for the raft. There it was, floating bravely, not many yards away, and the ship's cook had already gained possession. Striking out in despair, I soon reached it, and with his help scrambled out of the water. Then we saw Smith struggling hard to reach us. A wave bore us right toward him, and we managed to haul him aboard. So three of us were saved, if saved you could call it, to be left in the midst of the wildest sea in the world on a few planks tied hastily together.

How the days and nights passed I hardly know. I think we were almost too benumbed to be able to think. One thing, however, became clear—the sea was gradually getting quieter every hour, and this gave us hope.

On the third day we sighted a speck in the distance. It was land. Evidently we were nearing some of the islands of Terra del Fuego. On we drifted, inspired by fresh hopes, dismissing from our minds all fears as to the reception we might meet with should the island prove to be inhabited. It was land; that was enough for us. We took one of the planks of our raft and used it as an oar, working it by turns.

Almost as soon as we commenced waving our jaekets we beheld a movement on shore. The place *was* inhabited, and in a few minutes half a dozen boats were skimming toward us over the water. How shall I describe the occupants of these boats? And how can I find words to tell our despair when we recognized them as the lowest type of savages—most likely cannibals?

Soon they were beside us, shouting and screaming in a horrible jargon; men and women almost naked, of a tawny brown color, short and thickset. Hideously ugly is a mild term to apply to them. In vain I scanned the numerous faces for a trace of mere human feeling. In only one countenance did I seem to find a gleam of pity. It was the face of one of the women, younger than the rest, and less fiendish in her expression. Her eyes all through this strange scene were fixed steadily on me.

All at once the women, as with one impulse, thrust into the men's hands their weapons of war, and with wild gestures pointed to the raft. In a moment the man nearest had raised his blade, and poor Smith fell dead. Another savage hauled cost the cook his life. I closed my eyes, and lay there expecting that my death-blow would instantly follow.

Whether my weak state or my youth had filled them with pity I know not, but they did not strike. In a short time I was lifted off the raft into one of the boats, and we paddled back to shore. After that I remembered nothing for a time. I suppose I fainted from exhaustion and hunger. When I came to my senses I found myself in a dark, damp cavern on the side of the steep rocky island. At first I wondered where I was, and looked round utterly astonished, until my eyes fell upon a figure at the doorway, and I remembered what had happened. All my clothes were gone with the exception of my trousers; but although evidently a prisoner, with my jailer at the door, I was not bound in any way.

But I need not go into the details of my daily existence. Nothing occurred, and I could only wait and wonder what would be my fate.

My usual food consisted of a coarse salt species of mussel, varied with a kind of dried sea-weed, and occasionally—about once a week—a piece of raw seal was added to my bill of fare. Was I being fattened up for the royal table? And when would his Majesty take a fancy to a *filet de midshipman*, or some English bones grilled?

One night my jailer was absent, and I was stretched in a corner of the cave trying to get asleep. Suddenly a shadow fell across the entrance, and a figure approached. In my visitor I recognized the young woman whose eyes had been so earnestly fixed on me during the terrible tragedy on the raft. She began to make signs; the thought that she wished to save me helped me to understand her.

By gestures she told that on the morrow I was to die, and that she desired to save me. She gave me a small weapon, with which I understood I was to slay my jailer if he saw me. She led me to the mouth of the cave, and pointed round toward the eastern side of the island, where, as I understood her to mean, there were no inhabitants. By degrees I understood that she meant me to go to one particular creek in the island, and there I would find oars and paddles, or probably, I thought, a boat or a raft.

How I ever scrambled over those unknown and rocky paths I can not tell. My feet were soon cut and bleeding, but I heeded not. On, on I pushed, with desperate speed.

It seemed to me as if the distance lengthened as I went, and I despaired of ever reaching the creek in time to save myself.

At length I reached a gully wider than any I had passed, which I fancied might lead me out to the sea-side. In about half an hour I was rewarded by hearing the distant splash of the waves. In a little time I came across a pair of clumsily made paddles hidden in a crevice of the rocks, and jumped for joy. But no boat was near. "Extremes meet," is an old proverb. From the extreme of delight I was plunged into the extreme of misery and despair. What was the use of paddles without a boat?

Standing on a high rock asking myself if I could sail to Europe on two small oars, I saw, about thirty yards from the edge of the sea, a dark object of square form that seemed to move with the swelling of the waves. In a moment I was swimming toward the object. Was it a raft? I rapidly approached. It proved to be a long box, for on striking its side it sounded hollow. I swam round to one of its ends, that faced the bright moon. Picture my joy when I read in white letters the word *Euroclydon*.

It was the ice-box of our ship! Had Providence guided it there? I then saw what the brave girl had done. Knowing it to be impossible to steal one of the boats belonging to her tribe without being found out, she had waited until chance should supply something that would do in its place. The ice-box had drifted there from the *Euroclydon*, and the savage had deemed it time to set me free. I clambered on to the box and fell upon my knees with a prayer of gratitude.

It was now nearly dawn, and no time was to be lost. I tried to paddle my strange craft out to sea, but my progress was slow. That it *was* progress was all I could say.

A day passed, and no sail appeared. As night came on I opened the doors of the ice-box and lay down on them, and was as comfortable as any one could expect to be under the circumstances.

The second day passed without incident, as did also the third, except that on each I saw a ship in the distance, which I was unable to signal.

The fourth day was pleasant but very cold. I saw another sailing vessel, but could not attract her attention. Remember, I had but one garment, and when I wanted to signal a vessel I was obliged to take it and wave it frantically above my head. I did not suffer in the least from hunger; in fact, I had no craving for food.

At last—words would fail to describe what my feelings were—I saw a brigantine, and in answer to my two-legged flag she signaled me. I strained my eyes to try and watch her every movement. I seemed to think that if I ceased to look at her for a second she would disappear. I held out my arms toward her, my teeth were set, and my eyes were almost starting from their sockets. I saw the boat lowered, and as it came near and nearer, I fell down in a heap on my queer craft, and sobbed as if my heart were breaking. The men took me quite tenderly on board the boat, and my faithful ice-box drifted away.

No sooner had I set foot on the brigantine than I made a rush for the "scuttle-butt" and began to drink. After I had drank all that I could, the steward stopped me, and furnished me with a bowl of coffee; I never knew until that moment what a delicious drink coffee is. Then the Captain got me food, and the sailors brought me clothes. I was the hero of the hour. Every luxury of the ship was given me, and in return I had to tell my story a dozen times a day.

You may be sure that when we reached England I did not stop to write, but took the first train home. And here I am.

This is how Mark always used to wind up. There is no need for me to add anything. The story is true, and that is enough.

LITTLE FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

VERY likely many of you have still before you the pleasure of reading the works of Miss Fredrika Bremer. In *The H. Family*, *The Neighbors*, *Nina*, and other stories written by this bright and merry-hearted woman, you will find a world of enjoyment, for Miss Bremer was one of the most famous women authors of our century.

But it is not of her books nor of her grown-up life that I thought of telling you when I wrote "Little Fredrika Bremer" at the top of my paper.

When she was a child most parents were very grand and stately in their manners with their children, and hers were especially severe and formal. Fredrika and her sisters used to hide in the rooms of their governess or nurse when they heard the step of father or mother. The first duty of each morning was to go to their mother, not for a kiss and a loving look, but to be criticised and scolded if they did not enter the room gracefully. They had to courtesy at the door, walk slowly up to Madame Bremer, and kiss the tips of her extended fingers. Fredrika could never stand, sit, walk, or courtesy well enough to please her mother, and she was often obliged to go through the whole performance several times, and be blamed for her awkwardness besides.

Madame Bremer had three principles in the government of her children—two which were very good, and one which was very bad. They were to be kept in ignorance of the evil that is in the world, they were to be thoroughly taught by the best professors, and—think of it, dears!—they were to eat as little as possible. She fancied that eating as much as they wished would make them dull about learning, and vulgar-looking as well; she desired her daughters to become sylph-like and slender, like the heroines in the romances which then were the fashion.

So, until they were fifteen, the little Bremers never were permitted to eat as much as they wanted at any meal. Breakfast consisted of a tiny basin of cold milk and a very little piece of thin hard rye biscuit. Dinner was always eagerly welcomed, for then the children were allowed to eat of three of the four or five dishes which composed the meal; they tasted very good to the poor half-starved things. At night the rye bread and cold milk appeared again. Miss Bremer's sister declared in after-life that she never had seen bowls so small as those which held their breakfasts and suppers.

Fredrika was a very plain child with a very large nose, which she made much worse by constant efforts to improve its shape. High foreheads were admired in those days, and hers, alas! was very low. Young ladies who wear bangs and frizzes to hide their foreheads will be amused to learn that Miss Bremer began to improve hers by regularly plucking out the hairs which grew around it, until one day her mother remarked, quite innocently, "Your forehead is not so very low, after all!"

In spite of constant scolding and punishment Fredrika managed to be quite happy. The servants and her brothers and sisters loved her very dearly. One year the children saved all the candies that were given them, eating only one or two, and locking up the rest, so that Fredrika, who was fond of candy, should have a great box of it on her birthday. The birthday came, and there was an immense heap of sugar-plums, but unfortunately most of them were hard and dry, and the children were much disappointed at the result of their self-denial.

The girls were clever, witty, and well taught in books, but none of them were ever very strong. They suffered in health throughout life, from their mother's mistaken notions that thin clothing and insufficient food were for their good. But nothing checked their flow of cheerful spirits, and of the household of young people Fredrika was the gayest and most charming.

WHY THE CATS OF JAPAN HAVE NO TAILS

BY
EVAL OGDEN

It was in the LAND of the MORNING,
The REALM of the RISING SUN,
In days when the CATS of JAPAN had tails
Though the MONKEYS, poor things! had none.

It was down in the PROVINCE of FIREFLIES,
In the month when the rice-fields grow green;
The day had been misty and drizzly
And at night not a star could be seen;
But each fire-fly had taken his lantern
And put on his rain-proof straw hat,
For an airy dance in the dark and the damp
When the great bronze bell
Should sound through the swamp
The frolicsome HOUR of the RAT.

The MONKEY suffered great pain that night
From tooth-ache; the CAT he saw
Had troubles too, for she wept outright
At loss of her mother-in-law.
So they went to the house of MO-MO-TA-RŌ
In pain and tears, just to see
If they could drown such terrible woe
In cups of fragrant tea.

There in the scent of the LOTUS FLOWERS
That float on the KA-MA-GA-RŌ
They heard the wind-bells that fringe the roof
Of the temple at SA-MAN-SIN-Ō.

What's that?
Said the CAT
As she saw the gleam,
As down the stream,
Of a sudden brilliant light:
"It's nothing at all."
"But the FIREFLIES BALL!"
Said the MONKEY, "They dance tonight:
There is not," he added, "beneath the skies
A pleasanter sport than to catch fireflies,
But then I suppose you wouldn't care
For sport; and besides you wouldn't dare."
"Do you 'dare' me? A failless thing like you!
Show me the thing that I wouldn't do!"



BRENN

AN—MDCCCLXXXII—



lightly floated, the fireflies
 Hither and thither and yon,
 And gracefully waved the tail
 of the CAT,
 As she leaped from log to stone,
 Chasing a bright
 Little glimmer of light,
 As the winged millions
 Flashed in collisions,
 A-dancing the DANCE of MIDNIGHT.

With superior grace,
 The CAT in her chase,
 Stepped on a moss-covered log;
 But that step I am sure
 Proved too insecure,
 For she next pitched headfirst in the bog.
 And while floundering there,
 In the wildest despair,
 She felt herself turning quite pale
 As that MONKEY ran out overhead on a bough,
 A-muttering something like "jolly chance now!
 —Get even with her about 'tail'."

For nought but that waving tail cared he,
 And he sprang for it, with a grin of glee.
 He pulled and tugged, in vain at first,
 For the mud was of mud, the very worst
 But at last, with a jerk that sent him down
 Head over heels, like the TEA-KETTLE-CLOWN,
 The CAT was once more safe on land.
 But—the TAIL broke off in the MONKEY'S hand.

The MONKEY was heard next day in COURT:
 "Was it my fault," said he, "that it broke off short?
 I can only hint, had the tail been strong—
 But I must not make my plea too long—
 Yet oh! Let me swear no hope of gain
 To myself, for a moment entered my brain;
 And the proof— I flung your tail away
 Far, far out in the rolling SEA."

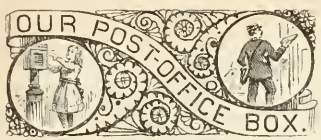


The COURT decided, as any court must,
 That the MONKEY was right and the cat unjust;
 And it issued a solemn and wise command,
 To be put in force throughout the land,
 That no cat in JAPAN, till TIME should fail,
 Should ever be suffered to wear a tail.



"Oh! I could, if I would, a tale unfold
 Chuckles the BROOK as it runs to the SEA—
 And so could the cat's laugh, the SPARROW,
 From the top of an old cherry tree.
 But no cat in JAPAN, that LAND of BLISS,
 Has unfolded a tail from that day to this."





CLINTON, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—My brother hastaken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. Papa takes the MONTHLY and WEEKLY. I like the editor-in-chief of the Monthly. My grandpa took them when papa was a little boy. They are all bound, and we think a good deal of them. I am eleven years old, and have written to you several times, but mamma never would let me do so. She says she will send this, and copy it for me so that you can read it without any trouble. I want to tell you a true story. It happened to a relation of mine about twenty-seven years ago. This is the fourth story I've written:

NELLIE AND ABE.

When Nellie was twelve years old her mother sent her to the country to spend the summer. Nellie was thin and pale; could not study or eat. The doctor said she must go in the country, run all she wanted to do, and do as she liked. If she did not want to do that, she thought that would hurt her. Aunt Betsy let her have her own way. She rode on horseback, waded and swam in Stony Creek, stood on the long logs that stuck out from the hay-down with after it was loaded, and which hung on to the back of the cart while the men were loading. The men called it the boom-pole. But the most thing that Nellie liked to do was to see what I am going to tell you. Her cousin in Abe, who was ten years old, did everything that Nellie told him to.

One day they put their white little heads together and made up a plan for blocking their faces and going round the neighborhood begging. Nellie burned several holes, and blackened Abe's face and hands. With his help she put black dots all over the cow's face, and blackened his hind clothes. Abe, putting on an old dress they found in the garret. Abe, like all the little boys in that part of the country, went barefooted every day, and he forgot to blacken his feet or put on shoes.

Off they started. After calling on some of the neighbors, and having a merry time, the children walked slowly down the road. Suddenly they espied a man in a dress, and a boy in a coat and hat. "Ah!" cried Abe, "here comes old Dominic Van Horn. Let us ask him to help us."

So Nellie, putting out her hand as the dominie ran up to them, said, "Won't you please give us some pennies, Sir, to get something to eat?"

The old gentleman asked them a few questions, then putting his hand in his pocket, took out two pennies when the dominie turned out Abe's bare feet. "Suff he, turning to Nellie, "Little girl, is that your sister?"

"No, Sir," she answered, "it is my cousin."

"How is it how is it that she has a black face and white feet?"

"She is pibald!" screamed Nellie, and the naughty children ran down the road as fast as they could, while the old dominie rode off laughing.

Now, dear Postmistress, don't you think that is a funny story? BESSIE B.

Yes, it is a funny story, and Bessie has told it very well. What a library you have, dear! If you possess all the volumes of HARPER'S MONTHLY Magazine! I am sure you would be proud to show them, and looking at the pictures. It was very kind of mamma to copy your letter and story for me to read. Please give my thanks.

CENTREVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I have wanted to send you a letter for a year, but I was afraid you would not get it, unless I had enough for the Post-office box. Don't you all wish we could see the Postmistress? Mamma and I talk about her a good deal sometimes. We think she is young, and again we decide she is not, for she seems to know what will please us, and gives us such good advice that we can't help thinking she has a good many boys and girls at home.

I am a girl eleven years old. I live in a pretty grove of holly, magnolias, and beech. My mother is an invalid. She teaches us when she is not suffering too much. She has not walked for six years. I do all our work—cooking, milking, and house-work. We have no servant. My little brother can help me; he is only six years old, but he can chop wood, milk the cows, and do the best of all, he is so kind and thoughtful of dear sick mamma.

I tell you one little thing about him. Last fall mamma sent him with some money to the store to get some cloth to make him an overcoat. After he had done a little way he came back to her, and she asked him if it hurt him. He said winter haunched. Mamma told him she would attend to it, but he begged her not to put it on, and asked her to write for it instead of the coat for him.

I have a chance to go to school, and mamma is going to try to get along with Ed Elliot (that is my brother's name). I have a younger brother, but mamma was too weak to take care of him, and a kind aunt took him home, he was four months old. He is four years old now, and his friends love him dearly. It was very hard for us to give him up. You may know he is happy when he comes to see us, but you do not know how very lively he is if you would like to know how I manage I will write again.

Will the Postmistress care if I ask some of the young people to send me some silk-crepe ribbons of velvet or ribbon for my sick mother? I would like to make my little brother a quilt for a keepsake. If they send their names, I will send in return some magnolia leaves and tea flowers this summer.

I shall think a great deal about your sick mother, Lillian, and I hope you may be able to exchange some of your pressed flowers with the girls who have bits of silk to spare. Can your mamma amuse herself by reading, or does that tire her too much? Your little brother must be a dear, thoughtful boy, and will make a very good man if he grows up as kind and unselfish as he now is.

SUMMIT, BRIDGE PLAND.

I am nine years old. I have two brothers; their names are Arthur and Willis. We all go to school; we all like the teacher. My papa attends to the depot, and my mamma teaches in most of the time. We had some skates and tools last Christmas. The tools we have are a hammer, saw, screw-driver, awl, pliers, bits, and a file. We had some books, and my papa bought some books. I like the stories of Robinson Crusoe and The Swiss Family Robinson. I keep home when my mother is not at home. I like to play very much, and the toys I wish Jimmy Brown would give me.

GEORGE H. N.

SPRING VALLEY, NEW JERSEY.

I have never written to YOURS PEOPLE before, and I thought I ought to do so now, because it is a long time. I have two sisters and three brothers. We live on a farm of forty acres. Papa has business in New York, so is away through the day, but comes home at night. I have been lame thirteen years—ever since I was a baby—but am under the care of a skillful surgeon in New York. When I go to the hospital I take the car to the depot, and walk to Franklin Square. My brothers and I do the farming.

I read in your paper that you would like to know what your boys do before school and after their school hours. Before we go to school I milk the cows and feed them, and my brother feeds the horse and goes to the station with papa. My brother George has an excuse house he came late. He lets me go on, so I may take my time, as a mile is quite a walk for a lame boy. In the afternoon, when we come home, I get wood and coal for morning, do my chores around the barn, and go to the station for papa. I have an older brother, who has graduated from school, and a wiggler.

HERBERT H.

If a lame boy can accomplish so much, and be so merry and cheerful as I am certain Herhert is, what shall we expect from the rest of the boys who can run and jump on two active feet?

CHOCOMA, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nearly six years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four or five weeks, and I like the letters the best of all. Somebody reads them to me, because I can't read good yet. I wish I was able to tell you all about my pets, my little Dickey, and my little Watch, first. If you put your two hands on the floor, he'll run and bite them, and he will tear up everything that he can get hold of. He is very noisy, and he has the scarlet fever. He is light yellow, and bathes and sings me every day. I am going away for a little visit with Nellie, but mamma is like her, and she will be here for me. One day papa broke his leg, but it is all well now, and this morning I rode out with him.

GRACIE R. (written by Lucy).

POTTSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am very nearly twelve years old. I have two pets—a cat and a dog. The former we just call Kitty, but she is two years old, and not much like her mother. The dog is a spaniel, and is the dearest little dog you ever saw. Besides these two pets I have five dolls—six I mean if I forget my new one. They are Mimie, Daisy, Fanny, Ching-Wing, and Red. I have also a few French little china dolls, Fanny and Daisy are French, Mimie is wax, and Ching-Wing a jap. I have one sister and two brothers. I made forty-six cents for my mother. I received six valentines, and all were very pretty.

We had two canaries. One, my little brother hurt so it died at the age of ten, and the other was a pair that I bought for ten days before it was out of its cage, and my little brother took care of it; so was frightened that it died, at twelve months old. They would each, if they had lived till now, have been thirteen years old.

I live one mile out of town, and as it is snowing pretty hard, I do not believe I can get to Sabbath-school this afternoon. I say my lessons at home to my sister. My studies are French, Latin, history, writing, spelling, grammar, and arithmetic, mental and written arithmetic. I hope you can read my writing. Love to the Postmistress from FLORENCE H.

PUSSY AND THE POLICEMAN.

Once there was a little pussy cat, and it went down town, and met a policeman, and the policeman said, "Where are you going, Miss Pussy?" And the pussy said, "I am going down town, and I am hungry." So the policeman said, "Come with me, and I will get you something to eat." So he took her away down to the station-house. But the pussy cat was afraid of all the policemen sitting with their chairs leaning against the wall. The one who was with him said, "Don't be afraid, they are all friends." So the policeman went and got an apple and gave it to the pussy. But the pussy said, "My mamma won't let me eat apples with the skin on." So the policeman said, "I'll excuse me." And he got a knife and took the skin off, and then the pussy ate it all up. And then the policeman got a piece of bread and butter, and the pussy ate that all up too; and that's all.

Nan says that her little sister Belle told this story when she was three years old. It is a very pretty story.

ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA.

My papa has been taking YOUR PEOPLE for us since the first number was issued, and we like it very much. After I get home I like to play with my kites, skate, coast, or play some out-door game. I spend about half an hour in study. In the evening I must bring up night coal, and when my work is done, I read some of the stories in the book. I like Jacob Abbott. I have read the "Hollo Books" written by him, and several of his histories. I like the "Hollo Books" best. One of my favorite books is Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe. My game is skating. My pleasant winter amusement is skating. EDWIN S. E.

NEWBURNPORT, ONTARIO.

I am a little girl eight years old, and have been living the last year in Newburnport, Ontario. I have one little brother, Lyn, six years old, who has been in the house for a week with theumps. I have a sister, who is nearly three years old; her name is Edith McCord. We all love her and pet her very much.

My ammie Belle, who lives in Jamaica, West Indies, sent me YOUR PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I have a grandpa who lives in Toronto, where we used to live. Mamma and I went to see her last summer, and I hope we will go and see her again this summer. I have been at school all winter, and am in the Third Book. I am writing this letter all myself. I hope you will print this, for I want to send it to my papa, who is in St. John, New Brunswick. LOTTIE B. C.

ASHENA, NEW YORK.

I am nine years old, and have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I was afraid you would not print my letter. I think my year's stories are very funny. I have a dog; his name is Jack; he is a Gordon setter. Papa bought a badness for him, and I have trained him to it. I have some milk to sled, and he drags me around on the ice and snow. I am studying at home this winter with mamma, but am going to school in the summer. AMY B. P.

CRANFORD, NEW JERSEY.

As I have not seen any letters from our town, I thought that I would write one. I have a goat named Billie that I drove around in summer, and I have a cow named Bessie, and I have a pig named Emory-bird, but he died a few weeks ago. There is a squirrel out in the yard in the trees that I would like to get and keep for a pet, if I could catch him. We have a little chick named Tom, and a great big mastiff; the little one is white, and the big one is very jealous of the big one, whose name is Frank, and one day he shook Snip up so that he was very much frightened. I like to read very much; my dimmy Brown's story are the best of all. I am eleven years old, and a boy. E. A. B.

Please don't catch the squirrel, dear. He prefers to race about in the trees, to being a boy's pet. You may admire him as much as his freedom as you could in a cage.

MADISON COUNTY, ONTARIO.

I am a little girl ten years old. Salem, the capital of our State, is only eighteen miles from here. The Willamette River, on which it is situated, only runs a few miles and is a very pretty river. Portland, the largest city in our State, is forty miles north. We live in the country, and the railroad runs through our farm. Papa has a car, and we go to school on the cars, and I have been there several times.

There are some very pretty hills near here, and part of the time this winter they were covered

with snow. On a clear day we can see Mount Hood one of the highest mountains in the United States) very plainly. Its summit is always covered with snow. Papa has a large farm, and raises four fine head of beefy yearling, and two young sheep. It will soon be spring-time, and then I like to go out in the field and watch the little lambs play. I once had a pet lamb, and it grew so large that I turned it out with the rest of the sheep.

It rains a great deal during the winter here, so we have been called Wetfoot, but I think Oregon is one of the best places to live in. This winter ago I went down to Oakland, California, to go to school. While there I often went to San Francisco, and lived in Woodward Garden. I saw many beautiful things, and I had a horse and twelve year old, and we each have a horse and saddle, and in pleasant weather we often go out riding. This winter we have a governess. We have a Steinway piano, and we both play music, and we have lots of fun swinging and playing together. I read *Young People* every week. I like the story of "Nan" and the letters in our Post-office box very much. **GERTRUDE H.**

CLANTON, ALABAMA.

I am sorry that my teacher is too sick to come to school to-day. My two older brothers have gone a-fishing, so I will spend some of my time playing with my little brother. We are very much with *Harper's Young People*, which comes each Thursday. One week when papa gave me the paper, he said, "Do see if Nan is out of her trouble yet." Of course he knew she had not, but mamma would come out nicely. I would like to join the Hoosekeeper's Club, though I can not send any useful receipts for cooking; but mamma says I can't run my own kitchen, and I have a new carpet. I am ten years old. I live in the pine woods near my papa's saw-mill. I will write some time and tell my city cousins how I spend my time in the big woods. **ANNA LOR D.**

You may join the Little Hoosekeepers, Anna. I like to hear that you keep your room in nice order. That is one sign that you are a little lady.

CLOUD COUNTY, KANSAS.

As I haven't not many letters from this place, I thought I would write one. My mamma and I like the Post-office box very much. I want to tell the children about the prairie-dogs and their towns. They are small animals about as large as a rat in the shape and color, but similar to a dog. They build their houses near each other. First they dig a hole in the ground, then pile earth around in the shape of a mound; they have a door at one end. Some dig out two acres of ground. When they hear a noise they all run up on top of their houses and stand on their hind-legs and bark for a long time. My brother and I tried to catch one, but it was so hard to have a brother. We have a sister Nellie. Nellie and I have three dolls. I am a little girl eight years old. Good-by. **CLARA E. T.**

NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

All the little girls and boys who visit their pets, so I am going to say something different. I live in Napa Valley. We live opposite the Husana Asylum; there are twelve hundred patients there and five little infants, and it would be very hard for me to see them. Every Friday night there is a dance, and the crazy people dance. It is a very strange sight to see them dancing. One big girl named Nora, cried out loud because she was so full of water. I go over very often to see the doctor's little girl. I used to be afraid of the crazy people, but I am not now. My brother walks to Napa to see a mamma teacher. My brother and I have three dogs and one cat; the dogs' names are Loufer, Bonner, and Tramp, and the cat's name is Tilly Winks. We had a rooster named George. We are very much with our Sunday paper, and some days we get one hundred eggs. This is my first letter, and I hope you will publish it. **BETTIE M.**

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am one of the boy readers of *Harper's Young People*. My papa has been taking your paper for me since 1879, when "The Brave Swiss Boy" was published. I have now on hand, nicely done up, 172 numbers of *Harper's Young People*, and it seems to me I never get tired looking over them. I have read so many nice little letters from so many nice little people about the pets they have that I might tell you about some. I have had since our Postmistress said she would like to hear from her boys who take the paper. That a lovely pair of bunnies; they were very beautiful and when for some time I gave them some guinea-pigs, and gave them plenty to eat. I had a fine goat, with a buggy and express wagon to ride out in. My goat was nicely trained, and I kept him at home. Whenever we went to the country my papa would have him taken along too. I had some fine sport with him. I sold him not long ago to a nice little boy who takes good care of him.

I now have a pet rooster, which I raised myself. When I first got it I had to feed it. Now it has grown very large, and will follow me wherever I go, and every day when we eat dinner it comes to the dining-room porch and pecks on the window until we give it some of our dinner. It will eat cake, and almost anything sweet, and drinks tea and coffee instead of water.

I also had a pet alligator, brought to me from Florida last August. I thought, perhaps, when I first got him that he might die during the fall or winter, as our climate is colder than Florida, but he is living as well as ever. He was very much brought to our home. He will eat only when in winter, and does not eat a great deal.

My little cousin Ohio, who rears your paper, and who has a dog which every girl and boy in our city would subscribe for *Harper's Young People*.

And now, dear Postmistress, I must say good-by, and I only wish that every girl and boy in our city would subscribe for *Harper's Young People*. **WILLIE F. L.**

ANDREWS, DAKOTA.

I thought you would like to hear from a little girl in Dakota. I have taken your paper two years, and have never written to you before. I am eleven years old. The only pet I have is a Maltese kitten. I had a beautiful singer—a bird—but the kitten killed him. I was sorry, but I had him stuffed. I think "Nan" is a lovely story. **ROSA B. H.**

NEW YORK CITY.

I have a brother almost nine years old. I think "Nan" ended splendidly, and we have had many a good laugh over Jimmy Brown's stories. I think the "Raising the Pearl" is going to be very interesting. The only pet we have is a cat named Hussy. She will not eat her breakfast until we sit down. Mamma gave her a saucer of milk, and she would not take a bit until we sat down at the table. **ANNIE H.**

A very polite cut.

WEST CLIFTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

I have taken your paper since last August, and have seen but two letters from your paper. I think I thought I would write one. I also take the *Youth's Companion*, and have saved every number of each paper. You said you wanted the boys to write. In the evening I study my lessons and read. My favorite books are books of travel and history. My chief amusement is reading, and my favorite game is marbles. I was very much interested in "Nan," but was sorry that it did not tell more about her. I hope the author will do so in the future. **WILLIAM O. H.**

SPEAR, INDIANA.

I am a little Hooseer girl. I suppose you don't care if I have a little corner in your Post-office box? I have a darling motto, which you sent me dear paper for her Christmas gift. I am twelve years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, grammar, geography, reading, writing, spelling, and history. I study music at home. My mamma teaches the primary grade here; she has seventy little ones. Almost all your little folks tell about their pets. I have two, which I think will compare with any one—a great big black and white snowball, and a pretty little black hen named Jetty. Snowball is by me now. I have a nice grandmother. She likes to work your puzzles, especially those which have anything about geography. "Reg" was a fine story; I was delighted with it. I think the same as Flora C. M. about our Postmistress. **MAUDE L.**

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I like *Young People* very much. "Nan," I think was a very nice story. I am seven years old, and have just learned to write. I have a little brother three years old who is very funny. I have four cats; one has six little kittens; they are very soft and pretty. The little girl next door is my constant playmate; her name is Susie C. H. Good-by. **JENNIE R. O.**

JAMISON.—If you will send your real name and address to Messrs. Harper & Brothers (Advertising Department), Franklin Square, New York, they will communicate with you on the subject of your letter.

P.M.—Either the choir leader or the organist of the church you attend will give you an address on the subject of which you speak. No musical instrument can be mastered without patience and labor.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Arabi Bey, Frank S. Clark, Bertie Brown, Sydney H. Brounfield, Mary L. G., Edith M. G., Lettie S., Ralph Farlow, Clara K., Sherman K. Hart, Julia H. L. G., Carl W. Winfield Armour, Josie Barnes, Louisa Turtle, William Smith, Fred and Frank A. C. D., Meteor, Princess Daisy, Ed-

gar Seeman, G. Goldsmith, Bertie B., Rose Jackson, Molly Orr, E. N. Igmar, Arthur and Florence, Fannie Rowley, William Hartman, Cecil Curtis, Annie Benn, Elsie Starr, John Coe, Charlie F., Theodore Porter, Harry B., John Ainslie, Chester and Frank Voorhees, and Fred Artlar.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A COMBINATION DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Type Size.

- First Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. A kind of grain. 4. Part of the body. 5. A letter.
- Second Diamond.—1. A consonant. 2. A noun. 3. Small globules. 4. A verb. 5. A letter.
- Third Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. To forgive. 4. Before. 5. A vowel.

Middle Row.

- First Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. A Latin word meaning pray. 3. Smears. 4. An animal. 5. A letter.

Second Diamond.—1. A consonant. 2. Goddess of mischief. 3. A weight. 4. Conclusion. 5. A vowel.

Third Diamond.—1. A vowel. 2. Metal. 3. To corrode. 4. A girl's name. 5. A vowel.

Third Row.

- First Diamond.—1. A consonant. 2. A knot. 3. A kitchen utensil. 4. Close of the day. 5. A vowel.

Second Diamond.—1. A vowel. 2. To join. 3. A boy's name. 4. To expire. 5. A vowel.

Third Diamond.—1. A vowel. 2. To mistake. 3. Offense. 4. A sceptic. 5. A consonant.

EMILIE C. W.

No. 2.

REHEARSING AND CURTAILING.

- 1. Hechard an animal, and get something for a boat; curtail, and get a serpent.
- 2. Hechard a conflagration, and get anger; curtail, and get a tree.
- 3. Hechard a personal pronoun, and get a personal pronoun; curtail, and get another.
- 1. Hechard a coin, and get a large boat; curtail, and get to injure.
- 3. Hechard a part of a verb, and get a numeral adjective; curtail, and get another verb.

KING CHARLES.

No. 3.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1. My first is in toe, but not in row.
- My second is in whole, but not in roll.
- My third is in foot, but not in fist.
- My fourth is in foot, but not in list.
- My fifth is in study, but not in play.
- My sixth is in horse, but not in sleigh.
- My seventh is in dark, but not in night.
- My eighth is in strength, but not in light.
- My whole is a boy's name.

ARTHUR S. Mc DOWELL.

- 2. In croup, not in loop.
- In twilight, not in plate.
- In bean, not in foe.
- In pray, not in reach.
- In touch, not in march.
- In night, not in kite.

My whole is a thing in which children delight. **NAN.**

No. 4.

THREE EASY SCALES.

- 1.—1. To discern. 2. A fish. 3. A tree. **FRANK REED.**
- 2.—1. A girl's name. 2. An adverb. 3. Not old. **FRIDA L. S.**
- 3.—1. To correct for publication. 2. A girl's name. 3. The rainbow. 4. A lesson. **P. S. WESCOTT.**

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 177.

No. 1. **W**
D A N
H E L E N
B E R R A M
A T A
W A L T E R S C O T T
S E B A S T I A N
M E R C A D E
P E T E R
E T A

No. 2. B-r-acc. Ch-air. Ch-arm. Ch-est. D-r-ill. Ma-lady. P-l-ace. P-l-ower.

No. 3. Ulysses. Heliotrope.

The answer to "Who Was He?" on page 336 of No. 178 is William Penn.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



AFTER THE PARTY.

"Surely you've not washed this Morning, Tommy?"
 "No, Mamma! I was in Bed so late last Night that I didn't think I required it!"

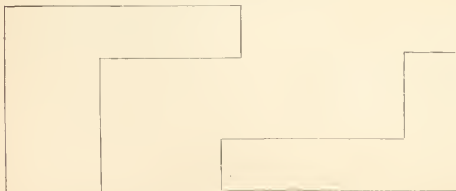
SAVED FROM FIRE BY A DOG.

BY MARTIN ROBSON.

ABOUT a month ago a dog, whose master is Mr. Henry Gower, an insurance agent, living at Maldon, Essex County, England, made his way into the house through a hole leading to the shed where he slept, and awoke his master by jumping on the bed, licking his face, and whining. He also pulled at the bed-clothes, and altogether behaved in such a way that his master was annoyed, and sent him off with a scolding.

A minute afterward he returned, and went through the same actions, tearing away at the bed-clothes so wildly that his master arose for the purpose of shutting him out. The dog capered about with evident pleasure at having got his master to rise, and Mr. Gower, crossing the room to shut the door, saw in the opposite windows the reflection of fire.

He immediately hurried on his clothes, called his children (his wife was from home at the time), and took such steps to call the fire brigade together that the fire, which had begun in a shed close to where the dog slept, was soon put out, and all danger at an end. Thus was saved from destruction not only Mr. Gower's house, but several buildings close by in which were stored the gunpowder stocks of two iron-mongers and a gunsmith. Under the guidance of Providence the little dog's action was the means of saving many thousands of dollars' worth of property. He is of mixed breed, but looks like a Scotch terrier, and rejoices in the unusual name of Brail.



CUT TWO PIECES THE SIZE OF EACH OF THESE, AND OUT OF THE FOUR MAKE A SQUARE.

THE NAME PUZZLE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

AMONG the many ways of conveying information by a secret process none is better than the following very simple method, which has been very rarely found out.

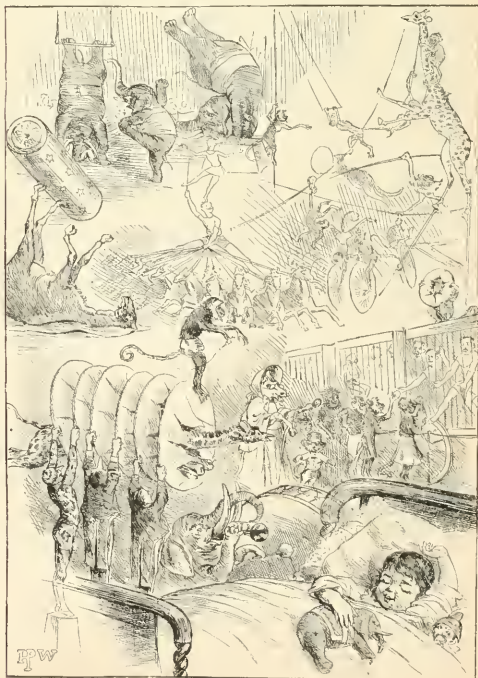
One person is sent out of the room, and the rest of the company fix upon some word or sentence for him to guess. This may be the name of some article in the room, some event of history, or some little story. On his return a number of questions is asked him by some person who is acquainted with the trick, and the article is guessed by the player as soon as it is mentioned.

The secret of this is that he knows that the selected article will always be named to him just after some article which begins with the first letter of his own name. This of course might soon be found out by the rest of the company if the first letter of the name was used several times in succession. Instead of doing this, the questioner uses the first letter only once, and when the guesser returns for the second time he knows that the second letter of his name will be used.

When the Christian name has all been spelled they must go on to the middle name, which is used also one letter after another, and then the last name is treated in the same way.

An example may help the little ones to understand the easy though puzzling method of playing the game. Frank Walker Jones we will suppose to be the name of the guesser who is sent out of the room, and the word chosen for him to guess first may be "orange." The questions are to be asked by George, and when Frank enters he begins to question him as follows: Is it that picture? Is it a hat? Is it a lamp? Is it an apple? Is it a fig? Frank, being on the watch for the first letter of his name, knows that the next word will be the right one, so says "Yes" the moment orange is mentioned.

They may next choose "Sindbad," and George may ask, Is it a book? No. A piece of music? No. Is it a fig? No. Is it a monkey? No. Is it Blue-beard? No. Robinson Crusoe? No. Sindbad? Yes. The next time George may inform him by using an apple, then by Napoleon, then kangaroo, and so on. After this he can use the middle and last name in the same manner.



WILLIE'S DREAM AFTER THE SHOW.

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A DECIDED MISTAKE.

BY E. I. STEVENSON.

THERE is one part of Sands Moffat's life to which, like many another boy, he can never look back without saying to himself, "Don't I wish I could just go over it again!" By "it" Sands means his six years at Dr. Portress's school in Mount Sparta.

Sands and his friends there were, in fact, a very jolly little crowd. The tall brick school building, standing on a height a quarter of a mile out of the village, was sunny and roomy and rambling. Its big garden was a complete happy hunting ground to the boys, to say nothing of the school play-ground, the gymnasium, and the bowling-alley, all fitted up in the newest style.

There was always enough whooping and general racket from them to convince people passing that hard play as well as hard study must be the fashion of the school. Regularly once a week stout old Dr. Portress was obliged to say to some anxious father, "Why, my dear sir, if the youngsters 'll only get their Latin verbs as they do now, and the answers to their problems, they *can't* make too much noise for me." It seemed as if they tried to.

Sands himself, Fred Traft, Hugh Black, and Chess Burnett made up what they called The League, "Offensive and Defensive." Their hands were never known to be against any one, nor any one's hands against them.



A SMALL BUT SELECT AUDIENCE.

But what of that? it was a league all the same. Yet stop; when I say never, I mean—hardly ever. And the single exception chanced thus:

One late autumn afternoon Traft, Black, and Burnett had gone chesnutting, leaving Sands to entertain himself. Truth to tell, Sands had been invited to stay in after school hours to become better acquainted with his United States History lesson. When he came out he found the other three had sorrowfully deserted him. Sands got his *Life of Paul Jones*, and sat down under one of the big willows. Five or six small boys belonging to the school were lounging around the other end of the bench. Presently Sands became aware that one of these was telling to the rest a story much more wonderful than anything in his book. There seemed to be enough information in it about what the story-teller called "ghosts and hobgoblins and witches" to stock all the foolish old nurses in the land. The little boys stood listening, with excited faces. Sands dropped *Paul Jones*, and marched up to the story-teller.

"I say, Brown Junior," he exclaimed, "where did you read all that precious stuff, eh? You ought to be ashamed of yourself for remembering it."

Brown Junior blushed. "I didn't read it at all," he answered, after some hesitation. "Belfort told it to some of us last night."

"Told it to some of you last night, did he?" repeated Sands, angrily. "So Belfort is at his old tricks, putting ridiculous nonsense into the heads of you fellows on the sly? I thought the Doctor gave him a sound warning on that subject last term."

"Yes, sir," spoke another little fellow in the group. "But he keeps on telling us the stories, after tea, in the prayer hall, every evening. On Tuesday Tommy Gautier was afraid to go upstairs alone."

"I wasn't anything of the sort," said Tommy, indignantly. "I only—"

"Well, never mind," continued Sands. "Afraid or not afraid, Belfort has got to stop frightening you little fellows. Just remember that whatever he says isn't true—not one word of it. There never was such a thing as a ghost. No boy ever saw one, and never will, either. Now run off, the whole pack of you; and not another story of Tad Belfort's do you let me catch you retailing, Brown Junior, or it 'll be unlucky for your ears."

The little boys ran off, and began punting about the foot-ball. Sands sat still, in a brown-study. All at once he laughed heartily. Then he joined the foot-ball players.

The chesnutters returned an hour before tea-time, well pleased with their full bags. Sands beckoned Traft, Black, and Burnett around the corner of the bowling-alley directly he saw them. "Look here, you fellows," he exclaimed; "Tad Belfort's been at his old tricks again, frightening the second-form boys out of their wits with what he calls ghost stories."

"Has he? The seamp!" exclaimed Burnett.

"And that, too, after the lecture the Doctor gave him last year!" exclaimed Black.

"And, you see, the Doctor isn't likely to hear anything about it for a good while," pursued Sands, "for of course nobody's going to tell him. So I thought—"

"That we ought to do something, and put a stop to it ourselves?" inquired Traft, quickly. "Good boy, Sandsey. Long may you wave!"

"But how shall we manage it?" "What's the plan?" exclaimed Sands's three friends, in lower voices.

"Haven't I been planning it half the afternoon? Belfort not only talks about his rubbishy old ghosts, but he believes in them too—don't he?"

"Of course he does, the precious idiot!" answered Traft, with a very wry face, having just bitten into a very worny chesnut.

"Very well, then. He sleeps alone in the corner room

of the third floor—Shafer's old room—and there isn't any master, and only two other fellows, on that floor. We'll just fix ourselves up to-night—you, Traft, Burnett, Black, and myself—as near to what ghosts ought to look like, if there happened to be any, as we can. Somebody must get leave to run down to the village for four white masks before tea. After the last bell for lights out, you fellows must slip around to Traft's and my room. Late enough—say by about twelve o'clock—when the Doctor and everybody else is asleep, we'll come out, creep upstairs, and go into Belfort's room."

"Suppose he wakes?" interrupted Black.

"Let him. He'll have to wake a minute later, when we all stand round his bed! Then I'll give him a shake. He's an awful coward, and he'll be so frightened at seeing our four white figures about him that he won't know what he's about. If he tries to make any noise, we must catch hold of him and stop him in a hurry. After we've frightened him long enough we'll pull off our masks, show him who we are, and make him promise never to tell one single ghost story more in this school, or we'll let out to the other fellows how scared he was. They won't ever let him hear the last of it if we do. What do you think of it?"

"Capital!" "Fine idea!" "Best lark out!" came the expected chorus. "Black, careful soul, stopped it."

"Look here, Moffat," he objected, "your notions are all very well. But suppose that when Belfort starts up he is either too clever to be tricked, or too frightened to do anything except give three or four of the worst screeches you ever heard. He'll bring the whole house up, Doctor and all, before we can get off."

"Well," admitted Sands, "of course in that ease we'll have to cut away like good fellows—down the back stairs and into our rooms. You two can get out of my window into yours over the piazza roof. But we will get square with him, all the same, for spoiling the thing. Let each fellow take his wash-stand mug along with him full of water. If he yells, down with the water on top of him before you run. That 'll be one comfort to think about afterward."

This last idea clinched the business. The League separated. Hugh was given leave by the unsuspecting Mr. Camp to "run down street before tea; just time to do it, sir."

He strode up the flagged walk in twenty minutes with a package, and with winks full of mystery to Burnett and Traft, "sought the seclusion" which Traft and Moffat's room granted, the others accompanying him.

Tea followed. After it Traft noticed a dozen of the younger boys in the prayer hall hanging around Belfort—a tall, hulking fellow of fifteen—who was plainly reeling off one of his longest and silliest ghost stories. They sat listening with a fearful joy.

"He won't be trying that after to-night," Black said to Traft as they walked out.

Traft laughed. The evening study hour in the school was finished somehow. Sands and the other members of the League scarcely dared to lift their eyes to Dr. Portress's grave, good-humored face as he read prayers, distributed the evening mail, and answered forty-three "Good-night, sirs," as the boys filed out—the custom of the school. An hour later each boy was supposed to be ready for bed. The bell rang; a master walked past each door to be sure that the lights were out. Quiet settled down throughout the big school building.

Hardly had the master's step died away when Sands Moffat's door opened softly. Two white figures entered. White masked, and draped in the sheets from the beds, four noiseless figures, each crowned with a white turban, slipped out of the same door a couple of hours later. Each carried something carefully in his hand. All was still. The air was chilly, and the four figures might have

been seen to shiver and shake with cold and excitement, as they glided one by one up the stairs without a word or sound.

"Steady, Black! Less noise, Burnett!" whispered Sands, as he drew near to the end of the hall.

"Hope you haven't spilled any water; it might track us if we have to run for it," came Black's low voice.

"Never mind the water. Hurrah for the ghosts!" said the irrepressible Traft.

"Be still, Traft!" ordered Sands. He reached Belfort's door, and noiselessly turned the knob. The other three followed him within the room. A broad strip of moonlight fell across its floor. There stood the bed in the shadow. The League took their appointed places around it, their hearts "thumping like pile-drivers," as Burnett afterward put it.

"One—two—" counted Sands with his hand. Alack! Ere he counted the "three" the sleeper in the bed stirred. He woke up. Two swift, sharp cries escaped him. He struck out to seize the nearest ghost.

"Down with your water!" exclaimed Sands. "Quick! Run for it!"

The dash of the water over the bed, and the rush of the four boys to the door, head over heels, succeeded. The door had latched. Sands caught the handle. It came off. Traft fell atop of him, Burnett dashed on Traft, and Black plunged against Burnett, upsetting all the quartette and a towel rack. Before they could scramble to their feet, a voice, stern in spite of suggestions of choking caused by so many mugfuls of water, rang out to completely shipwreck their little presence of mind:

"Young—young gentlemen, what does this outrageous—outrageous!—mean?"

Sands heard Black exclaim, in anguish, "Gracious! boys, it's the Doctor!"

And the Doctor it certainly was.

Forbidding them to stir—they could not very conveniently—Dr. Portress threw his red dressing-gown about his wet and shivering self, and lit the gas. The sight of the disguised four, huddled together across the room, in the corner, their extraordinary costumes, bare feet, mugs, and masks, beside their utter bewilderment, nearly took away the little breath the Doctor had left.

"Take off those masks, young gentlemen," he said, quickly.

The League obeyed as speedily as cold and fright permitted. By this time several of the older students of the school, and both the under-masters, had hurriedly left their rooms, mounted the stairs, and knocked at the door. No response coming at once, some one of them pushed it open. They stood there staring at the extraordinary scene within.

"Come in—come in, gentlemen," said Dr. Portress, grimly. "The more the merrier, under the circumstances."

But, bewildered or grim, Dr. Portress had a keen sense of fun. He had understood in a moment that by mistake he had been made the object of some very improper school-boy prank, originally planned without the least reference to himself, much less to permitting him to be an actor in it. As he looked at the shivering League, who hung their heads, speechless, before him—as he glanced at the alarmed faces of the in-comers, his mouth began to twitch before he had asked or given a word more of explanation. He bit his lips, he sneezed tremendously, and finally, after a single desperate attempt to preserve his dignity, he burst into a peal of laughter, loud, long, and hearty. It was irresistible. One by one all the surrounding group chimed in, even the sadly frightened League.

"Go to your rooms, young gentlemen," the Doctor said, in another moment, recovering himself. "I shall not inquire into this remarkable affair to-night. Moffat, Traft, Black, and Burnett, come to the study to-morrow morning before breakfast."

The two masters escorted the members of the League to their own rooms like so many convicts. Not a word could they say to each other as they descended the stairs, nor did the masters ask them questions. Nevertheless, just before Sands left Black's side he contrived to mutter to him, "We'll make a clean breast of it all to-morrow."

And Black answered: "Yes; and who knows he'll let us off pretty easy—after that laugh?"

Dr. Portress did. He had been a boarding-school boy himself twenty-five years before.

The next morning the four culprits met in the study, and, as Sands had said, made a clean breast of it. The Doctor read them a lecture, sound and earnest, as to taking law in their own hands for the benefit of Belfort or the smaller boys, or upon any other occasion whatever. He was entirely equal to attending to such matters. He likewise gave them a merited number of pages in their Latin grammars and dictionaries to "write out"; and very lucky were they to escape so lightly. As they quitted the study rather shamefacedly, Sands looked up, and gathered courage enough to say, "Dr. Portress, if you please, sir, would you mind telling us how you came to be in Belfort's room last night instead of Belfort?"

The Doctor laughed softly to himself, and replied: "Why, you see, the plastering in my bedroom downstairs became dangerously loose yesterday right over my bed. I forgot about it until just before the 'lights out' bell had rung. Then, to save Mrs. Portress trouble, I stepped upstairs, and remembering that Belfort slept alone, I made up my mind to ask him to room with Eggert, and took his place myself—the most convenient way I could think of, so late. If I had had the least idea that a surprise party was in store for Belfort, I would have kept him and myself out of it at any price. One thing more: if you prefer, and can keep your secret yourselves, no other person shall know anything more about last night's adventure, Belfort not excepted, let them ask as many questions as they will."

Of course the humbled League promised. Not one of the four has ever let out a word of the matter until now.

LIVERWORTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

ONE beautiful October day I started out, basket in hand, to hunt for some curious plants that I had been reading about, and which had interested me very much. I had often noticed, as you have probably done, curious flat leaves, with curled-up edges, growing on damp paving-stones or around a spring, clinging close to the stones or wet ground, and carpeting them with a mat of rich dark green.

As soon as I began reading about the liverworts I recognized my old friends at once, and was anxious to see them again now that I knew something about their ways. A friend who was interested in my studies promised to show me the way to a spot where they grew, and this October day was set apart for the excursion.

After leaving the street ears we turned down a side path and entered a deep cut, and in another minute a great wall of uneven rock and earth stood in front of us, covered from top to bottom with the most exquisite green. Mosses elude close like a rich velvet mantle, ferns reared their delicate fronds, tiny weeds fresh from the continual sprinkling of a stream of water which trickled over the rock grew in all the little crannies, and close around a spring which had hollowed out a small basin for itself in a ledge of the solid rock grew the liverwort.

Besides what I had seen before in the liverworts I now found that the leaves were spotted all over with diamond-shaped markings of a darker green, each of which had a dot in the centre, and that they were covered underneath



Fig. 1.—LEAF. a, Pocket Disks; b, Seed Disks; c, Nest.

There were three other kinds of outgrowths upon the leaves which I want to show you when we have done examining the leaves themselves. Fig. 1, *a*, is a leaf which I brought home to draw for you; *b* is another from a place close by. Fig. 2 is a piece of the same leaf magnified. You see the diamond-shaped spots plainly in this, with the little dot in the centre. Now I want to make you understand clearly the meaning of these spots and their central dot.

Just imagine that this irregular piece of leaf is a large low house, only one story high, made up of quantities of little rooms placed side by side, and with no entries or passages between them. The under side of the leaf is the floor of the house, the top is the roof, and the diamond-shaped spots all over the top are the roofs of the separate rooms; each spot is a single roof, and covers in one room. The dot in the centre is a wonderful little chimney that leads out of the room into the open air, and keeps it fresh.

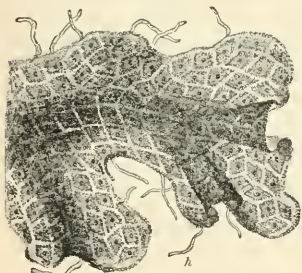


Fig. 2.—PART OF LEAF, MAGNIFIED. h, Root Hairs.

These rooms have no doors or windows; they have only these chimneys, for their inhabitants never want to come and go; they only want light and air, and these they get through the chimneys. We have been looking at the liverwort rooms from above; a good magnifying glass will let you look right down the chimney's throat into the rooms, and see the little inhabitants. Now I want to take off the front of one of them, as you take off the front of a baby-house to look in. Fig. 3 is a room cut in this way, though this is cut right down through the middle, so that the chimney is sheered in two, and you may see how it is built.

The floor, *f*, is very thick, made up of three or four rows of cells; the walls (*w*) are only one cell deep; the roof (*r*) slopes up from every side toward the chimney (*c*), which is in the middle. The chimney, as you see, is built of rows of cells, one laid on top of another, just as the bricks are laid in our chimneys. The inhabitants are like the inhabitants of a greenhouse; they are queer little plants, something like a cactus plant so common in greenhouses or as a window plant.

The liverwort is a plant that seems to be all leaves. There is no regular stem, but the leaves grow on and on, one out of another; the roots (*h*) are the little glassy hairs that grow from the under part of the leaf.



Fig. 3.—LEAF CUT THROUGH ONE ROOM OF FLOOR. r, Roof; c, Chimney; w, Wall; f, Plants growing inside; h, Root.

What takes the place of a flower, that is, the part that produces the seed, also grows out of the leaf. I hope you noticed in Fig. 1, *b*, the odd little umbrella-

la-shaped things that came out of one, and the blunt, clumsy scalloped clubs out of the other, *a*. If not, you may look back now and see them, for they are very curious little things.

The first we will examine under the magnifier. Fig. 1, *b*, is like a little umbrella deeply scalloped about the edge. In Fig. 4 you may see it in two positions very much enlarged. No drawing can give you the least idea how beautiful this is under the microscope (*a*, Fig. 4); the delicate green spotted with a deeper tint of the same color and from beneath lovely irregular fringes, which look as if they were made of glistening spun glass. When you turn it over (*b*) you see nestling between the bright fringes a little round body like a pea in its pod; this body comes after the seed. If I had looked for my liverwort earlier, I would not have seen this pea, but would have found something even more singular, which comes before it, as the flower comes before the fruit. We can not talk about things without having some name to call them by, and as the names the botanists give these things are very long and hard and puzzling, we will name them for ourselves, and call these long scalloped umbrellas seed disks, for they grow the seed.

After the seed disks have grown, down between the fringes a tiny bud sprouts, which, when it is complete, is an odd, pretty little vegetable bottle with a ball in the middle (Fig. 4, *c*), reminding one of the water-bottles with ice frozen in them that we sometimes see at restaurants. When the bottles are full grown the neck peeps out from between the fringes, waiting for something.

Now we will have to go back, as they do in the story-books, and see what the bottles are stretching out their little necks for. On the other growths (Fig. 1, *a*) you see some queer little toadstools which grow underneath the leaf, and curve around upward till they stand straight up; these usually grow on another plant near by the seed disk, and while one is growing the other is doing the same thing. Now look at one of these little toadstools (they are not really toadstools, but they look like them). I have cut it with a sharp razor right down through the middle, as we

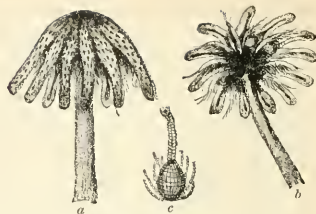


Fig. 4.—SEED DISKS, TWO POSITIONS, a, b. c, VEGETABLE BOTTLE.

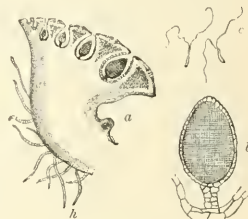


Fig. 5.—a, POCKET DISKS; b, EGG-SHAPED BODY; c, WHIPS; d, ROOT HAIRS.

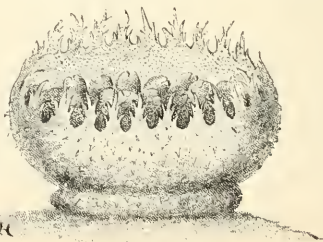


Fig. 6.—CUPULE, OR NEST.

did the tiny room of the leaf, and you are looking at it sidewise. You see (Fig. 5, *a*) that it is all full of little pockets, and that standing on end in each pocket is something like an egg. Fig. 5, *b*, is this egg enlarged still more.

Each of these eggs is like an immense prison, with hundreds of cells built story on story. In each cell is an impatient little prisoner waiting to get out. You remember I told you the liverworts always lived where there was plenty of water. The water is the fairy that finally lets the prisoners free. It trickles into the pockets and fills them, and the prison walls swell and crack and free the captives. Funny-looking little things they are, too, when they get out! Put them in a little water on a piece of glass and look at them through your microscope, and you will see hundreds of little blunt-handled whips, each with a couple of lashes (Fig. 5, *c*), which have the singular power of whipping around without any help.

By some unknown means beyond our guessing these diligent little whips, sooner or later in their active trips through the water, find the open mouths of the bottles in the seed disk, and whip themselves in. This was what the bottle was waiting for, and the ball in the bottle, and the whip which has found its way in to it, enter on a very close partnership, just such a partnership as we saw long ago (HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, February 11, 1882) was formed by the pollen and ovule of the geranium, just such a partnership as must be made for the formation of every seed. The little whips are a queer kind of pollen, and the ball in the bottle an ovule.

In ordinary plants the seed formed in this way falls into the ground and makes a new plant, but the liverworts do not. Without leaving its home between the glassy fringes the seed grows till it makes the round pea which we saw in Fig. 4, *b*; this is made up of a quantity of a kind of seed called spores, and whole bundles of long elastic threads, which, when they are ripe, snap and flit the seed everywhere about, so that one single seed produces thousands of spores, which sow themselves broadcast.

Besides these curious arrangements for sowing themselves, there is yet another. The liverworts, when they find themselves in very comfortable quarters, get lazy; they grow and spread and take their ease, and don't seem to care whether any other liverworts come after them when they die or not; no little disks grow on them to make seed and sow themselves; but whether these disks grow or not, they almost always have on their leaves the little nests marked *c* on Fig. 1.

Now let us put one of these under the microscope and look at it. If it was hard to give any idea of the seed disk by means of a mere picture, it is impossible here. The nests are the most exquisite things imaginable; the shape you see in Fig. 6, but they look as if they were carved out of a pale emerald, the fringed points shining and glistening, and down in the bottom of the nest lies a treasure-trove of carved gems of a deeper green. Over it all one would imagine diamond dust had been sprinkled, as it glitters

and sparkles in the light. These little gems are spores which are washed out of the nest, and taking root, make new plants to bear new nests as beautiful as themselves.

Upon pots in most greenhouses you will find quantities of another kind of liverwort, not nearly so beautiful as the one I have been describing. Instead of the nests there are little crescent-shaped pockets which hold the spores. Another kind has a little upright flask which holds them. But whatever shape they may be, and whether the seed-making disks are on the leaves or not, some kind of cup or pocket for the spores is always formed.

RAISING' THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STEBB'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

RESCUED.

WHEN the boys awoke on the following morning the sun had risen, and Captain Sammy had followed his example. He—meaning Captain Sammy, not the sun—had kindled the fire anew; but instead of allowing it to blaze, he was doing all he could to deaden it by flinging green boughs wet in sea-water upon the flames.

The boys watched him for some time in silence, wondering what he was trying to do, until Charley asked him the reason of his strange actions.

"Well, you see"—and Captain Sammy spoke in the tone he always used when telling anything new or strange—"I kinder reckon that when the Jones boy finds that his partner don't turn up this morning he'll tell the folks jest where we are. The chances are that no one will believe



THE ARRIVAL OF THE RESCUING PARTY.

him, so I want to keep this smoke goin', for they can see that when they couldn't see the blaze."

* Begun in No. 153, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

After he had thus explained the reason for his work he made them pay for their curiosity by ordering Charley and Bobby to keep enough fire going to raise a smoke, while he seated himself on the point of the ledge to watch for the coming of the rescuing party.

The only toilet which the boys could make that morning was to wash their hands and faces in the salt-water, and dry them on their handkerchiefs, which caused them to understand, as they never had before, how fresh-water, soap, and towels can refresh one.

By the division of labor according to Captain Sammy's orders Dare had nothing to do. At first he secured more firmly the logs which they had cut and rolled into the water the day previous, that there might be no chance of their getting adrift, and in order that they might be all ready for towing to the mainland. Then he helped the other boys in their task; but finding that there was no more work than two could do easily, the idea occurred to him of making an effort to find Tommy Tucker, in order that he might go to Tampa on the same boat that carried the others.

Without Captain Sammy's knowledge, he told Charley and Bobby what he was about to do, and asked them to call him in case any boat came to their rescue.

Then he started, keeping so near the water on his left that he could make no mistake when he wanted to get back.

It was not until he was some distance from the others that he dared to call Tommy's name, for he was afraid that if Captain Sammy should hear him he would try to prevent him from doing good to the pirate in return for evil.

When he did call out it was in a low tone, and he looked carefully around each root or trunk of tree that was large enough to conceal the boy he was in search of.

In this manner he had walked so far that he was beginning to think he ought to return to camp, when he heard a rustling of the leaves, and then came a hoarse, frightened whisper:

"Where's Cap'n Sammy?"

Dare knew, of course, that this question had been asked by the boy he was in search of, and in order that Tommy might not think he was trying to catch him, he stood perfectly quiet, as he replied,

"He's back there on the beach watching for a boat."

There was a moment of silence as if the boy was making up his mind as to whether or no there would be any danger in showing himself, and then Master Tucker stepped out into view.

He was certainly the most discouraged-looking pirate that ever was seen in that part of the country. The sash was still around his waist, and the epaulets on his shoulders, but owing to his plunge in the water, and the night he had spent among the trees, all the glory of coloring was covered with mud and dirt. His face was at least twice as dirty as usual, while each hair on his head seemed to stand out in a different direction, giving him a very comical appearance, especially about the head.

He was far from being the same bold pirate chieftain he had been the day before, and that he had had quite as much of piracy as he wanted was shown by the tone of his voice, as he asked,

"What did Cap'n Sammy say about his boat?"

"He was very angry, and I don't think he would have let me come here to find you if he had known what I was going to do."

"What is he goin' to do to me?" asked Tommy, and his knees actually trembled beneath him, as he thought of the punishment he might receive.

"I don't exactly know," replied Dare, not wanting to tell the boy all the threats made against him by the angry Captain; "but I suppose he will whip you."

"He'll half kill me," replied Master Tucker, sadly.

"I suppose he will be rather hard on you," said Dare, inclined to be sympathetic, but feeling at the same time that Tommy deserved some severe punishment for what he had done. "But I tell you what you had better do: come right out with me, and have it over before any one comes from Tampa to take us off."

"I wouldn't go out there where he is—not for—not for a dollar," exclaimed Tommy, frightened at the simple idea of such a thing.

"But how are you going to get away from here, and what will you get to eat while you do stay?"

"I don't know, an' I don't care. I ain't goin' out there where he is."

Dare noticed that the pirate was so broken in spirit that he no longer called Captain Sammy an "old heathen," which was good proof that he was not as proud and triumphant as he had been ten hours before.

"I s'pose I shall get home some time," said Tommy, sullenly; "but he won't have a chance to get hold of me, I can tell him that, for I can run twice as fast as he can any day."

Dare used all the arguments he could think of to persuade Tommy to go with him and try to gain Captain Sammy's pardon; but his words had no effect.

Master Tucker declared that he had rather stay there and starve than to go out and meet the man whom he had every reason to believe would punish him severely, and he flatly refused every proposal Dare made, replying to each,

"I s'pose I'll get home somehow; but he won't never catch me."

While Dare was urging him to do as he wished, he heard Charley calling loudly, and he knew that some one was coming after them.

"All right, I'll be there!" he replied, and then, turning to Tommy again, he said: "I suppose a boat is in sight, and I must go. Now, Tommy, if you won't come with us, what do you want me to do for you when I get back?"

"Nothin'," replied Tommy, sullenly; and then he disappeared quickly in the bushes, as if he was afraid that Captain Sammy, guided by Dare's voice, would come to catch him.

Dare's attempt to do good to the boy had resulted in nothing; but he was glad that he had made the trial. He walked back to the beach feeling that he ought to have done more, yet not knowing what else he could have done, so great was Tommy's fear of the little Captain.

When Dare reached the beach his father and two men were just landing from a boat, and Captain Sammy was explaining to them his misfortunes, with so many and terrible threats against the boy who had done the mischief, that Dare thought perhaps it was best for Tommy to remain out of sight for a time.

Captain Sammy looked at him sharply as he came up, much as if he understood the errand he had been on, but, greatly to Dare's relief, he did not ask any questions.

Mr. Evans explained that neither he nor his wife had felt any anxiety concerning the boys. Ikey Jones had delivered his message as Tommy had told him to do, but he had run home before any questions could be asked, fearing that he would get into trouble about his share in the theft of the boat.

Mr. Evans, troubled by the scanty information almost as much as he would have been at no word at all, started at once for Ikey's home, and there, owing to the ex-pirate's wholesome dread of his mother's slipper, the whole story had been told.

It was then too late to think of sending for the prisoners that night, and knowing that they would be perfectly safe with the little Captain as leader of the expedition, no fears were entertained regarding them.

Dare told his father how he had seen Tommy, and

begged that he would ask Captain Sammy to allow the pirate to go with them. But Mr. Evans refused to do anything in regard to the matter. Tommy deserved punishment, and he thought the man who had been injured by the boy should be allowed to do as he chose regarding him.

The logs that had been cut on the previous day were all ready for towing, and the Captain insisted that the men who had been employed by Mr. Evans should pull them to the mainland, in order that their trip to Dollar Island might not be wholly a failure.

Therefore, greatly to the delight of the boys, they were fastened to the stern of the boat. The oars, sail, and water-cask, which were all that remained of the little Captain's jannity craft, were put on board, and all the prisoners of Dollar Island, except the one who was still hiding in the thicket, were sailing toward Tampa.

Tommy had said that he should make Dollar Island his piratical head-quarters, and he now held full possession of it.

Owing to the heavy logs which were towed by the sail-boat in which Mr. Evans had come to the rescue, the trip from Dollar Island to Tampa was a long one, and during it the boys learned much by listening to a discussion regarding the work which they had undertaken.

Mr. Evans had asked Captain Sammy some questions as to the *Pearl*, and the little man was in exactly the right mood for conversation.

The question of how much work was needed to raise the sunken boat by the means of the rafts came up, and the Captain inclined to the belief that the three boys could do it unaided in four or five days. He also seemed to think that they could hire planks enough to make a double covering for the frame-work of logs, and by this means their work would be very much lessened.

Mr. Evans told Dare that he could order the necessary lumber hauled to the place where they would need it, and have the bill sent to him. He also bargained with Captain Sammy for the purchase of a small boat he owned, which the boys would need in building the rafts, and which would afterward be useful as a tender to the *Pearl*, in case she was successfully floated.

The boys were therefore ready for work as soon as they should reach the shore, and it seemed to them as if Tommy's attempt to injure Captain Sammy had resulted very much in their favor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ELEPHANT SOLDIER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

LONG, long ago, on India's plains,
There raged a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
His part to act in the affray;
And on his back, above all heads,
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,
Which shook its colors to the air.
Proudly the mahout rode, and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there,
Till "Halt!" he cried; and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed.
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slain was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the conflict grew!
Yet patiently old Hero stood

Amidst it all, the while his feet

Were stained, alas! with human blood,
His ears were strained to catch the voice
Which only could his steps command,
Nor would he turn when men grew weak,
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft;
The fleeing soldiers saw it. "Lo!
We are not conquered yet," they cried,
And rallying, closed upon the foe.
Then turned the tide of conquest, and
The royal ensign waved at last
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
Of him whose sole command he knew—
Waited, nor moved one ponderous foot,
To his own captain's orders true.
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
Poor Hero "halted." Bribe nor threat
Could stir him from the spot. And on
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived one hundred miles away,
"The mahout's son! fetch him!" they cried;
"His voice the creature will obey."
He came, the little orphaned lad,
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master's son
Had been the "little driver" too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long, wistful glance around,
Old Hero's march began again.
Onward he went. The trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead;
And then about his master's son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed
A soldier's honored grave had found.

TWO LITTLE INDIANS.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

"FINE ripe pomegranates, quinces, pears, *tunitas*," sang a sweet little voice in the streets of the great city of Mexico. On the pavement, under the shadow of a large church, sat two little Indians, a brother and sister. All around them lay heaps of rich ripe fruit.

Remembering the dear little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, and that they are interested in boy and girl life in all parts of the world, I stopped to buy some pomegranates of these little fruit merchants, and to win from the shy Indian maiden the story of her simple life.

At first she refused to answer a word, and hid her large black eyes in the striped blue and white cotton mantle which forms a part of the costume of every Indian girl in Mexico. The boy, however, was more talkative, and told

me his name was Carlito, which is also the name of many of my readers, only perhaps they do not know that little boys who talk Spanish say Carlito instead of Charley. His sister's name was Luzita, which means very pretty and bright; and very pretty and bright she was, with her plump nut-brown cheeks, her streaming black hair, and her beautiful eyes.

I had a copy of *YOUNG PEOPLE* in my hand, and as something had to be done to overcome the shyness of these two little Indians, I opened it, and showed them a pretty picture of some soldier boys marching in grand review. A smile rippled all over Carlito's brown face.

"Look, Luzita," he cried—"look at the little soldiers."

The blue cotton mantle fell from the pretty eyes, and Luzita was soon chattering merrily with her brother over the wonderful pictures.

In the city of Mexico are a great number of little In-



CARLITO AND LUZITA.

dians. They are a very busy little people, and run about the streets or sit at the corners all day long, selling fruit, sweetmeats, little baskets and brooms which they make themselves, funny little brown jars and plates just large enough for toy kitchen furniture, and many other interesting things. But among them all there are few so intelligent and pretty as Carlito and Luzita.

These two little children had kind parents, who, although they could neither read nor write, knew the importance of knowledge, and sent Carlito and Luzita to school. They were very studious, and had learned to read their little primer and to make big letters on their slates, when one sad morning their papa lay sick and quiet with closed eyes, and before night he was dead.

They lived in a tiny cottage on the banks of one of the old canals which lead from the city of Mexico to the large lake lying miles away at the foot of the mountains. It

was not a pretty white cottage like the small farm-houses in the United States, but a low building containing only two rooms. Its walls were of rough stones fastened together with coarse mortar, and the roof was only a thatching of dried plantain leaves; but it was home to this simple Indian family, and now the kind strong father was gone. Carlito, although only ten years old, was the man of the house, and must do a man's work. There was the mother, Luzita (two years older than Carlito), and a baby brother, who lay all day in a basket, fighting the air with his little brown fists. There was the garden full of fresh vegetables planted by the father, which must be harvested by other hands than his; and in the canal in front of the cottage was the rude empty canoe, tied fast to an old tree stump.

Somehow the garden and the canoe must be made to continue their work of bringing bread for the desolate family.

In those first days of sorrow little Carlito sat and thought very earnestly. His head was weary with the care thrown upon him, but his courage grew larger and larger as plans for the future opened before him. His mother could take care of the garden, he was sure of that, for he had seen her digging and hoeing many long sunny days, while the father was away in the city selling vegetables. And he and Luzita could sell things—of course they could. He knew lots of boys and girls who did it who could not reckon and count so well as he could.

Besides the vegetable garden, there were pear-trees, pomegranates, and quince-bushes, all loaded with ripe fruit. And great numbers of *tunas* grew all about the cottage.

The *tuna* is a very large cactus, with great round prickly leaves. Its fruit, which is green, and shaped something like a small plump cucumber, has a thick skin, which incloses a pale green pulp as delicious and refreshing as a glass of cool water. The fruit grows in a very curious manner. It has no stem, but springs directly from the top and sides of the great leaf, first appearing as a little green knob, which, after the yellow blossom falls, swells and swells until it attains its full size.

The pomegranate you will perhaps remember as one of the fruits brought back by the men sent by Moses to spy out the land of Canaan. It is a very beautiful fruit, containing hundreds of juicy seed-vessels of the richest crimson. It flourishes all over the American tropics as plentifully as in the Promised Land in olden time.

It was a very proud moment for Carlito when for the first time he loaded his canoe with great bunches of juicy carrots, baskets of fresh pease and beans and tomatoes and peppers, and rich ripe fruit from his own trees, and taking his seat among his treasures, with Luzita at his side, paddled down the canal toward the great city in the early morning. And he was prouder and happier still when, late in the afternoon, he and Luzita paddled home again with an empty canoe, but with their pockets filled with little shining silver pieces.

Hard work and keeping at it brought success to these two little Indians. The mother, with Carlito's help, tilled the little garden, and on days when the load of vegetables was very abundant she would strap the baby on her back, wrapped in her blue and white cotton mantle, and come herself to the city to sell them in the great market place, while the two children sat at the street corner with their fruits. Carlito was soon able to buy a large square piece of straw matting, of which he made an awning, that Luzita might not suffer from the hot rays of the sun.

If you come to the city of Mexico, and go to a certain corner of the street near the great square in front of the Cathedral, you will be sure to find Carlito and Luzita sitting under their awning selling fruit; and if you can talk with them, you will learn that every word of this story of two hard-working little Indians is true.



THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

"LITTLE FLOY."

BY MRS. WELLS FERRIN.

"WHAT is it?" asked Papa Bisbee.

"What is it?" echoed Mamma Bisbee.

"What is it?" elimed in little Floy.

Dora Bisbee had just unfolded the morning paper, and her low cry of joy and surprise, as her eyes glanced over its columns, caused the little group on the back porch to ask the above question.

Mr. Bisbee laid down his newspaper, his wife paused with her hands in the dough, and little ten-year-old Floy rested her brown hands on the top of the churn-dasher, which she was moving swiftly up and down, to listen as her sister read:

"The celebrated German musician Carl Fraulander will give one of his matchless entertainments in this city this evening in Markwell Hall. As the Professor's fame has long preceded him, it is unnecessary to say that he will meet with a warm reception and crowded house. Let everybody come. Such opportunities are rare."

The Bisbee family lived upon a farm ten miles from the city of C—, and consisted of father and mother and four children. The oldest girls were twins—Cora and Dora—aged seventeen, and possessed of more than ordinary beauty. They had been petted and well-nigh "spoiled" by short-sighted parents and friends, and were looked upon as very superior beings by their younger sister Floy. For had they not been away to boarding-school, and taken music lessons, and learned to do up their hair in the latest style?

"We must all go," said Dora, laying down the paper.

"Of course we must," added Cora, who had appeared in time to hear the announcement.

"I don't see how we can all go," remarked Mr. Bisbee. "The two-seated buggy that I lent yesterday to Neighbor Thomas has lost a bolt, and can't be used until it is repaired. The carriage can seat but three, and that not very comfortably; so somebody will have to stay at home."

It was a plain case—some one must stay. Dora looked hopefully at her mother. Mrs. Bisbee noticed the appealing glance and came promptly to the rescue.

"I could not think of going with baby," she said, "so I will stay, for one."

"And I will stay with mamma," said Floy, who knew she would be expected to make this sacrifice; but she looked straight down at the frothy ring of cream on the churn cover as she said it, that they might not see how hard she was trying to keep back the tears. Musical little girl that she was, she did not know that there was a greater charm in the simple ballads she sang to baby than in the operatic airs her sisters spent so much time in practicing to sing when there was company. But she *did* know how she had longed to hear the German gentleman sing, and how she had read everything she could find in the papers about him and the other fine singers with him. And now he was coming, and *she* must stay at home—or somebody must—and she had offered to do so herself, and with so little show of reluctance that the others never guessed what a struggle it had cost her.

"That's a darling!" cried Cora, kissing her. "We'll bring you some candy."

As if candy could make up for it!

And so it was arranged that Mr. Bisbee and the twins should take an early tea, and drive Topsy, the fiery black pony, and reach C— in time to secure good seats in the hall; for it would be crowded, Cora said; and Dora said if she could not get a seat near the platform she would not go at all.

Floy watched the preparations with almost feverish interest, noting how careful Cora was to arrange her hair beamingly, and Dora to place the rich lace at throat and

wrists, and wondered if, when she grew to be a "big girl," she would have "such a nice time" as they were going to have. And when they had been tucked into the carriage, and Topsy spun away out of sight, we will not wonder that she did shed a few childish tears of disappointment, and wiped them away with the corner of her calico apron.

By-and-by the twilight began to gather, and with it tokens of a coming storm. The supper dishes had been washed and put away, and Floy was teaching baby to "patty-eake," when the curly head of a neighbor's little son was thrust in at the door, and a piping voice exclaimed:

"Please, Miss Bisbee, could you come over an' doctor mother a bit? She is got awful 'tack nooralgy, an' says fer you to bring over some of your nerve powder. She is berry bad," added the boy, as he detected the doubt in Mrs. Bisbee's manner. That good lady looked at her children, and then at the gathering clouds.

"Will you be afraid to stay alone a little while, Floy? I will come back as soon as possible."

"Oh no, I shall not be one bit afraid. Baby and I will have a nice time while you are gone—won't we, darling?" she said, shaking his string of spools gleefully at him, whereupon Freddie laughed and crowed, and Mrs. Bisbee, kissing them both, went out into the gathering darkness.

Floy amused her baby brother until he began to grow sleepy, and then like a little mother she put on his night-gown and rocked him to sleep, and tucked him in the crib. Meanwhile the rain that had been threatening began to fall in large warm drops, which increased in number, until at length it came pouring down in torrents, with gusts of wind that bent the old elm in the yard, and strewed the ground with branches from neighboring trees.

Little Floy, white and frightened, but with her usual presence of mind, closed the chamber windows first, then those below, and watched the violence of the storm which the blinding flashes of lightning now and then revealed. She thought of her father and sisters, and wondered if they, or any one else, were out in this dreadful storm.

Just then, as if in answer to her questioning thought, there came a knock at the door so loud and determined that it startled her. She thought of tramps, of robbers, of a neighbor—but no neighbor would knock like that. Quaking with fear, she gathered Trip, Cora's poodle, in her arms for a sort of body-guard, and started to answer the summons. She turned the handle slowly, and held the lamp high over her head as she peered out into the gloom.

There, drenched with water and bare-headed, stood a short, stout gentleman—and he *was* a gentleman. Floy could see at a glance—who bowed politely, and begged to be allowed shelter until the storm was over.

"The wind carried my hat away," he explained, passing his fingers through his wet curly locks. He stepped into the hall at Floy's invitation, and removed his water-soaked overcoat.

"I have been quite unfortunate," he continued, noticing the shy look with which the little girl regarded him. "I expected to reach C—to-night, but owing to a railroad accident I was obliged to stop at the first station above here, and hire a conveyance to the city. It is almost impossible to keep the road, with the rain and lightning blinding one so."

His gentlemanly manner, and that nameless something which comes from long contact with good society, put our little heroine at ease in a moment, and placing an easy-chair for him, she spread his drenched coat before the fire to dry, and proffered him her father's slippers and dressing-gown. They were accepted with a charming bow and "thank you" that quite won her heart.

"You are not keeping house alone this stormy night, are you, my little lady?" asked the gentleman, with a strong flavor of foreign accent.

Floy informed him that papa and the twins had gone to the Fraulander concert, that mamma was visiting a sick friend, and baby was asleep.

"Why did not you go to the concert too?" he asked, pulling at the corner of his black mustache.

"We couldn't all go," replied Floy. "Dora and Cora are the oldest, and of course they couldn't stay at home just for a little girl like me. It's going to be perfectly splendid, too, Dora said; and Cora said I wouldn't appreciate it anyhow," she added, with a slight quiver in her voice, as she thought how at that very moment they were sitting in the blaze of the gas-light, listening to those rapturous melodies she so longed to hear.

The gentleman's eyes twinkled merrily as he asked, "Do you like music?"

"Oh, so much!" was the reply, with a glance at the elegant piano she was seldom allowed to touch lest she leave finger-marks.

"And do you ever play?" continued her questioner.

"Sometimes," said Floy. "When the girls are away mamma lets me practice all I want to. I can play a waltz I learned all by myself," she added, with an air of amusing confidence.

"I love music too. Won't you play your waltz for me?" he asked, coaxingly.

Though naturally timid, Floy's reserve had vanished in the genial presence of the stranger, and so she played and he listened, and even persuaded her to sing for him one of her quaint little songs. The sweet voice warbled like a bird, and then sank into a mournful strain, from which it rose carolling again, until the gentleman clapped his hands in delight.

"You will make a great singer yet, little one," he remarked to the astonished child, stroking her curls. "Just keep on singing, and some day the world will hear of you. And since you have played for me, I will play for you."

He seated himself at the instrument and ran his fingers over the keys. It seemed to Floy that he touched them without knowing what he did, and yet there burst forth such a flood of melodies that the child could scarcely believe her senses, and crept close beside him to watch his hands as they flew with such wonderful rapidity over the white ivory. And then he sang song after song, until the tears sprang into the great brown eyes: such tender harmonies, such angelic music, she had never listened to before in her short life.

When he had finished he turned and looked into the upturned face. "What! tears?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is all so grand, so beautiful!" was the reply.

He caught her hands in his and laughed a merry, ringing laugh, and told her those little hands would some day play much better than his clumsy ones had done. Then going to the door, and finding the storm had ceased, he put on his coat, which was nearly dry at this time, and tying a handkerchief over his head, told his little hostess he must be going. He thanked her for her kindness, and bade her adieu, leaving in her hand a card. She took it to the light, and read thereon, "Carl Fraulander."

Mrs. Bisbee returned soon after, and heard with delight Floy's story. Then they sat quietly by the fire, and waited until a sorry-looking group put in an appearance a few hours later, cold and tired and cross.

The girls told of their disappointment; how the Professor had been prevented by a railroad accident from reaching the city, what a "perfectly horrid" time they had had, and "what a bore it is to live in the country anyhow."

But what was their chagrin when they learned that patient, self-sacrificing little Floy had been the great musician's sole audience, and that he had sung for her some of his choicest productions! There was no help for it, however, and they bore it with as good a grace as could be expected.

Ten years have passed away. Again it is September, mild and mellow and golden, with fruitage ripening everywhere, and hazy glory hanging over lake and mountain.

The farm-house upon the hill is a trifle grayer than of yore, and the vines clamber more wildly over its porches, while the trees cast denser shadows than they did when first we made the acquaintance of the Bisbee family. Let us peep within these walls again, for it is evening now and the lamps are lighted. Beside the window in his great easy-chair the father reclines. His usually active limbs are quiet now; but the doctor says his disease is not as yet dangerous; only he must have the best of nursing and perfect rest. The mother moves quietly about, but her step is slower, and her black hair is threaded with silver.

"Hark! didn't I hear a footstep? Has she come?" the invalid asks, eagerly.

"It is only the breeze, father."

But listen! What sound is that we hear? Is it not some one singing? The sick man hears it too, for the drooping head is quickly raised, and he bends forward to listen. In at the open window it floats, a snatch of "Home, Sweet Home," low and soft and sweet, yet clear as the notes of a silver lute. It seems to electrify the eager listener, who starts from his seat, forgetful of his weak limbs, but is gently drawn back by his wife.

"Wait a moment, Robert," she says. "Listen again." But there is no mistaking that bird-like voice as it trills and quavers on the willing air, only it is richer and fuller and more complete, and holds the old couple as if spell-bound for a moment.

But it is only for a moment, and then the singer is in their midst. It is Floy, who has returned from the school of art and music, where she has won high honors, to gladden the dear home with her sweet presence, and waken the echoes with her joyous songs.

The offer of a salaried position in the gay city has been declined, because home duties rank first in her warm little heart. And mother's eyes grow moist, and father's hand rests long and lovingly on the young head, as they welcome her home again.

Perhaps the Professor's words that the world will hear of her may be realized some day, but just now Floy is the support of old age and the comforter in its lonely hours. In the years to come the sweet songs and ballads that she sings for the little audience at home may be heard in concert halls, and delight hundreds of listeners; for the Professor says that Floy has only to study a little while longer, when she will more than realize all that he ever prophesied of her.



PEAWEEES, OR PONIES.

MARBLES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

IS there a wide-awake boy, a boy who goes to school, and knows how to enjoy himself during play-time as well as how to study hard during study hours, that does not know all about "fen dubs," "fen h'isting," "fen punching," "fen inching," "fen grinds," and "fen bunching"? If there is such a boy, he has missed a great deal of fun in never having learned and used these mystical sayings; and when perhaps he becomes a father or a grandfather he will lose much pleasure in not being able to take a hand in with the youngsters, and tell how he played marbles when he was a boy.

Although it is many and many a year since I wore the skin off my knuckles and my trousers out at the knees,



BURNT AGATE.

and flattered myself that I knew all about marbles, it was not until recently, when talking with the wholesale dealers in marbles, that I had to acknowledge that there was still very much to be learned on the subject that is interesting and new.

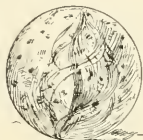
I was told that in ancient times, away back before the Christian era, games were played with marbles, not the beautiful round, smooth, and polished ones of the present day, but with round sea-worn stones and pebbles; also that marbles are frequently met with in the ruins of old cities, and among the other wonderful relics found in the buried city of Pompeii.

As to which particular nation or people first manufactured stone and glass marbles nothing is known. About the first mention we have of them is that they were introduced into England from Holland as early as 1620. This being the case, the boys have our early Dutch settlers to thank for the first introduction of marbles to this country, as it is not at all probable that the stern Pilgrims would encourage the playing of games with round stones.

All the dealers in marbles—and I have talked with very many of them—tell me that the entire stock of marbles for the American market comes from Germany, and that the prices paid for manufacturing them are so low that no American laborer would or could live on such wages. A great deal of the work, such as moulding and painting, is performed by poor little children.

I shall never again watch a lot of happy, intelligent, bright, well-fed, and well-clothed American boys playing at marbles but I shall think of the poorly clad German children munching away on a piece of black bread (for that is all they get to eat) as they work on their weary tasks for a few cents a week. Poor little things! it is no wonder they love America, and wish they were human marbles and could roll over here.

The common gray marble is made of a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. This stone is first broken with a hammer into small square fragments. From 100 to 200 of these are ground at one time in a mill which resembles a flour mill. The lower stone remains at rest, and is provided with several concentric circular grooves or furrows. The upper stone is of the same size as the lower, but revolves by means of water-power. Little streams of water are allowed to flow into the furrows of the lower stone. The pressure of the "runner" (the upper stone) on the pieces rolls them over in all



SNOW-FLAKE.

directions, until in about a quarter of an hour they are reduced to nearly perfect spheres.

An establishment with three such mills can turn out over sixty thousand marbles a week. This operation is for the coarser kinds of stone marbles. In making the finer grades they are afterward placed in revolving wooden casks in which are cylinders of hard stone, and the marbles, by constantly rubbing against one another and against the stone cylinders, become very smooth. To give them a high polish the dust formed in the last operation is taken out of the cask, which is then charged with fine emery powder. The very highest and last grade of polish is effected with "putty powder." Marbles thus produced are known to the trade as "polished gray marbles." They also are stained different colors, and are then known as "colored marbles," and are sold by the New York wholesale dealers at from seventy to eighty cents per thousand.

What the maker receives for them I leave you to imagine, for the German wholesale dealer must obtain his profit, then comes the cost of sending them to this country, and the Custom-house duty, and a profit for the American dealer who disposes of them at eighty cents per thousand. As there are twenty to twenty-five lines or varieties of German marbles, it is not to be wondered at that they hold their own against even the labor and time saving machinery of America.

After the small gray marbles come the largest-sized marbles, or bowlers, now called "bosses" by the New York boys. These are one and a quarter inches in diameter, and cost from \$6 to \$7 per thousand. The next grade of marbles includes the "china alleys," "burnt agates," "glass agates," and "jaspers," though with the trade these are all called

marbles. China alleys are painted in fine circles of various colors, or in small broad rings, in which case they are known as "bull's-eyes." Some of these are pressed in wooden moulds, after which they are painted and baked. These cost from 50 cents to \$7 50 per thousand, according to the size. The better and more highly finished alleys are made of china, carefully moulded, painted, and fire-glazed. These cost from \$2 75 to \$15 per thousand, the largest being an inch and a half in diameter. Our illustrations in every case show the marbles full size.

Next come the jaspers, or, as the boys call them, "Croton alleys," consisting of glazed and unglazed white china handsomely marbled with blue. The "burnt agates" are also china, and highly glazed; in color they are a mixture of dark and light brown with splashes of white; when green is introduced with the above colors they are known as "moss agates"; by the dealers they are known as "im-



BULL'S-EYE.



GLASS FIGURE AGATE.



CARNELIAN AGATE.



CROTON, OR JASPER.



BIRD'S EGG.

itation agates." The prices of these range from \$2 75 to \$7 50 per thousand. Then comes a very large and beautiful class or variety of alleys known as "glass marbles." These range in size from two inches in diameter down to the small "peawees," and are of every conceivable combination of colored glass. Some contain figures of animals and birds, and are known as "glass figure marbles." These are pressed in polished metal moulds the parts of which fit so closely together that not the slightest trace of them is to be seen on the alleys, which is not the case with most of the pressed china alleys, for if one looks over a number of them sharply he will detect a small ridge encircling some of them. The "opals," "glimmers," "blood," "ruby," "spangled," "figured," and imitation carnelian all come in this class, and are all very beautiful.

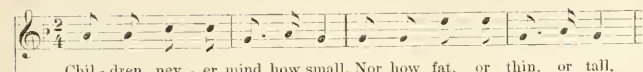
Now come the most beautiful and expensive of all mar-

bles—the true agates and true carnelians. These are gems, and are quoted as high as \$45 per gross wholesale for the largest sizes. They are of the most exquisite combinations of colors in grays and reds, and are all highly polished by hand on lapidaries' wheels. Last and least in size are the "peawees" or "pony" alleys and marbles. They are comical little chaps no larger than a good-sized marrowfat pea. Of late years gilded and silvered marbles have been introduced, also a style speckled with various colored paints, which are called "birds' eggs."

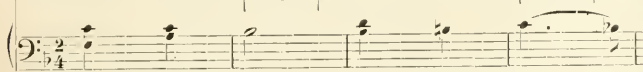
When playing marbles it is well to provide one's self with a pad on which to kneel, thereby avoiding all soiling and wearing out of the knees of one's pants. A rest for the hand when "knuckling down," consisting of a piece of the fur of any animal, will be found very convenient when playing on coarse sandy soils.



"CHILDREN."



Chil-dren, nev-er mind how small, Nor how fat, or thin, or tall,



Wish, as lit-tle chil-dren should, To be ver-y, ver-y good.



Yet I find, however small,
Whether fat, or thin, or tall,
Little children, as a rule,
Do not like to go to school.

I've remarked, however small,
Whether fat, or thin, or tall,
Children much too kindly take
To plum-pudding, sweets, and cake.

Further, I have noticed that,
Whether tall, or thin, or fat,

Children, do just what you please,

Wear their stockings at the knees.

You've remarked—at least you ought—
Children fat, or tall, or short,
Though you have them tipped with steel,
Tread their hoots down at the heel.

Men have tried, and tried in vain,
This great problem to explain,
Why poor children, though they would,
Are so very seldom good.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SO many of you have written to me about your interest in the fair for Young People's Cot, which was held in New York on March 28, that I think you will be glad to know something about it. The tables were loaded with pretty and useful articles, many of which had been made by little girls. I saw Aunt Edna there, and Miss Fanshawe, who has been so kind in receiving and taking care of the contributions for the Cot. Aunt Edna showed me some of the tasteful articles which had come to her all the way from Texas, California, the Carolinas, and Virginia on purpose to adorn her table. I was very glad that the Postmistress was not the only person who went to the fair because it was held for Young People's Cot. There were visitors there who had come by boat and by rail from several places outside of New York, and the ladies were very busy in waiting on them.

As for the fish-pond, there was such a crowd in its neighborhood that I could not get a glimpse of its treasures. And the boys with tiny trumpets, and the girls flying here and there, you should all have seen them! I can not tell you yet just how much money was made at the fair, but it was so much that you will be perfectly delighted when Miss Fanshawe shall announce it in her next report.

When the Cot is endowed, and the little child who belongs to us is occupying it, then, dears, I shall go to St. Mary's and see the pleasant ward where the children are cared for by the gentle Sisters, and tell you all about it.

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been sick in bed for over a year, but am getting better. I thought I would amuse myself by writing to YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa carried me down to our library and pilloved me up in the window on the evening of Barmen's procession, which passed our house. It was quite a rousing sight for me, as it was the first time I had seen anything of the kind since Decoration-day last year.

I am Jumbo in London some fine ago. On my brother Gerald's birthday mamma gave him permission to celebrate it, as he pleased, so he decided we should all spend the day in the Zoological Gardens, and we must all ride Jumbo—even mamma! We had great fun. We also rode

camels, all except mamma. She said it was enough of fun to have ridden Jumbo.

One time, when we were in London, before Gerald's birthday celebration, a very funny thing happened. We were all at the Zoo, looking at the giraffes. One giraffe stood in front of mamma. Suddenly a little girl called out, "Oh, mamma, look at that giraffe eating that lady's head off!" We all turned to look, and mamma discovered that the giraffe was calmly nibbling off the crown of her hat! The giraffe was the only one of the party who was not frightened. He quietly walked off with his mouth full of artificial flowers. Mamma had to hurry home, having had enough of the Zoo for that day.

I am afraid I will not be well in time to see Jumbo this year. My little brother Arthur went there yesterday, and said, "Oh, it was bully; but every fellow ought to be allowed to go three days to really see it." Arthur is eight years old.

I hope my letter is not too long to be printed. I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I like Mr. Alden's and Mr. Stoddard's stories very much. I wish Mr. Stoddard would write a sequel to the "Talking Leaves." Of course I like Mr. Lillie's stories, because she is my aunt. I enjoy reading them in MS. I have written this all myself. Perhaps you are as tired of it as I am.

JOHN J. M. (11 years).

We are not a bit tired of so merry and descriptive a letter, but I haven't a doubt that you were ready to lie back in your reclining chair or among the pillows, and rest awhile after writing it. What a droll giraffe, to be so easily cheated by the flowers on a lady's bonnet! Did you ever hear of the artist who painted flowers so beautifully that he deceived the bees, which went flying toward the picture to find the sweets they love? I imagine some little folks will exclaim, "O-o-h! what a fortunate boy, to see Mrs. Lillie's stories so long before we do!"

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have eight dolls. One of them is very large. Her name is Mrs. Edith Lillian Montague de St. Evedard. About two years ago she was married, but her husband Robert lost his head, both arms, and one leg (I think mamma threw him in the ash barrel), so she is a widow. She has a daughter, Carrie May. Carrie is a jointed bisque doll, with lovely dark blue eyes and curly hair. The others are named Edith, Mabel, Daisy, Belle, Mammie, and Nellie.

Last Christmas a very kind lady friend of papa's and mamma's sent me a beautiful doll's dressing-case. It has everything so nice: three bottles of

cologne, one of bandoline, a piece of lovely pink soap, sponges, two brushes, a comb, powder, face and puff, wash-bowl, pitcher, soap-dishes, sachet, and even an oil-skin cap. Don't you think she was a very nice lady to know just what little girls like?

This is the first letter I have ever written. My brother Percy used to write letters to you, but he is twelve years old now, and he lets me take YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and we both receive it. I love *Young People* too, but I like YOUNG PEOPLE best, because it comes every week, and I understand things in it better. ELLA M.C.D.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I was surprised to see the name of Mignon C. of Dresden, Germany, in the columns of YOUNG PEOPLE. She and I were dear friends once, and if we go to Europe this summer I hope we may meet her, that is, if she has not forgotten me by this time. I too, like Minnie M., live "way down South in Dixie," but have travelled all over the North. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and enjoy it exceedingly.

Living in the city, I don't have many pets, only a French Angora cat and a canary. As these were raised together they get along very well. But I should not like to trust Master Tom (the cat) too far, for instinct might prove stronger than training. If it is not too much trouble, will you kindly tell me on what day fell the 11th of August, 1869? ANNIE L. T.

The 11th of August, 1869, fell on Sunday.

KONA, HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

My name is Harold James Manning B. I am four years old, and more than three feet high. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and mamma has read all about Santa Claus in it, and I thought you would know where he lived, so I asked papa to write and ask you if you could let me where he lives. I will sing every day "A green hill far away." I have a little calf; his name is Billy; his mother is Jenny; they come and eat out of my hand. I am a good boy, but sometimes am a naughty. My dog and I get grapes to eat. My father takes care of me. The mango-trees are all in flower. We have nice mangoes, peaches, and bananas. We have a big dog, a yellow Mopsy. He is the top, because he will run away sometimes. We have a little rice-bird that is building its nest in a bunch of bananas. Please put this letter in your paper, and let me know where Santa Claus lives. Papa is a farmer, and sees long ridges of mountains. That's all from HAROLD.

My darling boy, where Santa Claus lives is a great secret, and nobody ever finds it out until he or she has grown so wise, or else so foolish, that Santa Claus has no time to ring his bells at that person's door. Does papa read fairy tales to you? If so, when you have found the singing leaves, and the talking bird, and all the other queer and pretty things in the land of the fairies, you may perhaps discover and sanctify home. That rice-bird probably knows it, but she is too busy with her nest in the bananas to tell little Harold.

Will you listen while two little people—Frank and Virginia—tell you about a large Newfoundland dog who had a name, but not a name, and she was a little girl? On one occasion, mamma tells us, she went with her papa and mamma to spend the evening with a friend. When they were ready to return home, they saw a carriage, no horse and carriage at the post where grandpa had fastened her. As it was not more than a mile to their house, they all started to walk, and they went on for some time, but when they were coming after them with the horse and carriage. They thought that he must have gone out to the carriage when he heard it come, and finding no one in it, he was following him with the carriage, and carriage turned around, and induced the old horse to leave the little colt she had probably come home to see, and to return with him in rear. As he was following him with the carriage, grandpa, grandpa, and mamma were all in it was after ten o'clock at night. The faithful dog was walking backward right in front of the horse, and he was following him with the carriage.

I am writing this for little brother and myself, as I am the oldest—ten years, and he be but seven. He has a pet squirrel, which was given to him, but it is so anxious about its health and life, that he hardly likes to keep it. I can almost hear you say, "Rather too long a letter," so in haste we bid you good-by. FRANK and VIRGINIA S.

P.S.—Mamma's receipt for

DROP GINGEBREAD.

Half a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of molasses, half a cup of sweet milk, a full tea-spoonful of soda, two eggs, and three cups of flour; spice; bake in party pans. V. S.

I am so glad you would to hear from us boys. Seems to me most people don't like boys, only my mamma she says her boys are her rubies, and her girls are her pearls. We live in the country, and have five acres, and in summer I have to

weed mamma's flowers; and if I feed the chickens I may sell the eggs and keep the money for my own use. Mamma reads the papers to me at school, and take lessons on the violin, and I have to practice every morning before school. Sister takes lessons on the piano, and we play some evening society together. Sister likes to see mamma play with us, or papa on his flute. My best amusement is my violin. The book I like best is *Uncle Remus's Sayings and Doings*. We just laugh when papa reads that. He sits there and says, "Mamma I have read, because mamma reads lots to me. I have two sisters and one little baby brother. He is two years old, and has long light curls. Sister is ten and a half. I am nine. Another thing I like is to use tools. My papa gave me a splendid great big chest on Christmas, and a real wood-bench, and mamma lets me have it when my nursery, and she sits there and makes, and I make things. Sister and I are saving our money for the Cot; we have ten cents apiece each week, but we have to buy our own pencils and candy and at Sunday-school, so it takes a long time. Mamma won't let us chew wax. It eat much candy, and she won't pay us money for doing our work, while she says it's our duty. Sister has a note, and she says to my mamma—"He who aims at the sun will surely hit something higher than his foot." We study every night, but I don't go to bed till 10. I have some holidays. When we play games—go-bag, cribbage, or logzomahy. I just loved "Tober Tyler." I have two dogs, and they always follow the carriage; one is a fine hunting dog, and the other isn't.

RUX N. W.

Where does Rux live? He forgot to tell us.

I have written to the Post-office Box before, but my letter was not printed, so I am going to try again, and hope this letter will not go into the bin, like the last. I have a sister and am studying German. I have a sister and a brother, Fannie and Clyde. I have a little dog about ten inches high, and his name is Jumbo. He runs away to bed every night, and he goes out in the street when the boys are playing marbles, and he runs away with the marbles. We had a cat, but when we moved the cat would not live in our new house. I have some folks near Chicago in 1873, '74, and '75. At night my brother and sister play dominoes, except Thursday. Then we read HAPPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I think "Taming the Pearl" is a splendid story.

ORRIN G.

WAYSBIE, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl six years old. My sister and I like to read the paper. She sent you a picture at Wazgto No. 31. Hers was an alligator, and although there are two alligators in our last paper, hers doesn't appear. We hope to see it yet, though, because we think it real good. My papa has sold his place here, and is going to Texas. He is so far away I'm afraid YOUNG PEOPLE will never find us, and that's what grieves me. We will write you yet, then we will tell you what to send in. Uncle Cate tells us that all the boys in Texas are "cowboys." That isn't so, is it?

AMMIE W.

Uncle Cate ought to know. Does he keep a sober face when he tells you that story about the Texas boys? YOUNG PEOPLE will be sure to find you, if you remember to send your new address.

TERRILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

Very often children get tired of their toys and cry for something new, and most likely their crying makes their parents or older sisters angry with them. Take a ledger, or day-book, or any such book that you want to keep, and if you are writing or not, and cut out about half the pages (do not tear them, as it will make those you do not want come out, and then take any cards you do not want, and paste them in). Cut out pictures, and paste them in also, arranging them as prettily as possible. Get colored ones, if possible, as the others will not look very nice, or put a large card in the middle that arranges other pictures around it, or fix them in any way that is pretty.

I made one for my brothers and sisters, and find it very convenient. I think, if some of the subscribers of YOUNG PEOPLE will make one of their younger brothers or sisters, that they will like it very much. They will feel proud to say that they have a scrap-book as well as Susie or Anna.

M. B.

MOUNTAIN PARK, WERNERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am sick in bed. My mamma has just been reading to me the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE. I like them very much, and asked her to write one for me, but she says she has no time. We live in the town of Medford. It was too cold there for mamma (the mercury below zero for one month), and she was taken ill, so a few weeks ago she came and lived with me wither. My mamma and sister who is fourteen years old, came with me to be cured of asthma. He is much better.

I had fine weather here for a few days on a pair of long legs, but on one day the bob broke, and we were all thrown off. I hit the back of my head and the lower end of my spine very hard against the stone wall, and have

not been well since, but the doctor says I will be around again in a few days. I told mamma this is the place for well people to get sick, and sick people to get well. It is a very nice place, though, because they make mamma well and do not give me any medicine, but they will not let me go to school. I like the Sunday-school, and I like to get well better than I do the foundations and hot packs.

One day George and I were up on the mountain, looking at the great old chestnut, dogwood, and juniper trees, lying on a great moss-covered stone, when we saw about a dozen squirrels jumping, playing, and scolding above our heads. It was fun to watch them. George wished he had his gun, but I did not.

I am ten years old. I wish I could see Barnum's barkers perform. I wish I had a book to teach me how to draw. I like the story of my? I have a splendid great watch-dog at home. We call him Caesar. It was almost as hard to say good-by to him as to my brother Will. Was that wrong? I send love to you and all the letter-writers.

P.S.—I received a beautiful book just before I left home from my teacher for being the best scholar in the school. Is there any room for you to put in the Post-office Box? I hope not.

I am very sorry you met with so dreadful an accident. In HAPPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 156, Vol. III., you will find a capital article on the training and teaching of dogs by Edward I. Stevenson, who knows all about them.

ATMENS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy six years old, and have been taking HAPPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the beginning of the year, and like it very much. I can hardly wait from one Tuesday to the next. Mamma or sister will read the stories to me every week. I have no pets except one cat named Jumbo. I think he is very wonderful. Sometimes he tries to steal a drink of milk from the cream pitcher; he can not get his head in, so he sticks his foot in and laps the milk from it. I have a little friend Willie who comes to play with me very often.

DOUGLAS K. B.

HERE IS A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO WRITE A BUSINESS LETTER:

I saw in the Post-office Box a letter from Norman T. asking how you would write an order for a tailor's goose if two were wanted. Here is the way I would write one:

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, March 27, 1883.

Messrs. Hubbard, Spencer, & Co.,

CHICAGO.—Dear Sir, I enclose a check for a tailor's goose? If so, please send two of the above-named articles to.

FRANK GOULD.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Our brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and he reads it to us in the evening. We like Humy Brown's stories best. We wish he would write some more. Won't you ask him to? Mamma gave us a darling little blue pig on Easter. Bob (that is our brother) likes to go to make a house for him. We often go out to Fairmount Park when the weather is pleasant, and sometimes we take our dolls. We have ten of them. Our sister is writing this letter for me, she is ever so kind to us. Will you please print this letter, as we have never had any of ours printed before?

LENA and LOTT A. (aged 5 years).

LEWISTON, MAINE.

I want to tell you what is done with the YOUNG PEOPLE that comes to my mother every week. My father is the pastor, and mother has a class of small boys in Sunday-school. After YOUNG PEOPLE comes she puts a thick wrapping-paper cover on it, and lends it to the oldest boy in her class. He keeps it one week, and then brings it back the next Sunday, and it goes to the next oldest, and so on. In this way they each have a new one every week. Then, after it has gone through the class, down to the youngest boy, she takes it again, and lends it to the boy who blows the organ in church. One day this week he came to the door and wanted to know if "this box" a policeman's son "couldn't have it to read." So that makes another one. Then mother takes off the extra cover and sends it by mail to one of my cousins—or rather to three of them in a bundle. When they are done with it they take it to two more of my little cousins, and then it goes to still another, and even a fourth. There it stops, and is stowed away in the bottom of a box. Mother's son says she is going to have them all again, to make a scrap-book of, though I tell her it will be a scrap-book indeed—a very, very, very scrap-book. My father has a dollar and a half in her life, and I think so too.

D. C. W.

ALICE.—There is no book that teaches all that is to be learned before you can be a good lawn-tennis player. The principal rules and some account of the game were given in No. 84 of HAPPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and Nos. 44 and 45, Vol. XIV., of HAPPER'S BAZAR contain some very

good hints about positions in play, etc. The *Rules of Lawn Tennis* are published by Wright & Ditson, Boston.

VIOLA.—Plenty of cold water freely used, and regular exercise both out doors and in, will make your skin clear, your eyes bright, and your cheeks rosy. A good complexion is the sign of perfect health, so if you take care of the one, the other will take care of itself. Have you a garden? If so, an hour's work daily among the plants from this time until autumn will help to make you strong, cheerful, and beautiful too.

H. D. L.—A party call is a call made upon a hostess within a week after the party at which she has entertained her friends.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
ABSENT VOWELS.
1. C—R—T—G—, a mountain in Central America.
2. T—L—M—, in South America.
3. T—C—L—M—, in South America.
4. L—X—F—R—, in Europe.
5. K—P—T—N, in Siberia.
6. —P—R—N—, in one of the Society Islands.
- ETHEL VICTOR.

- No. 2.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
1. An ancient mariner. 2. An shepherd. 3. A State of the Union. 4. To sound. 5. A famous woman. 6. Aquatic fowls. E. J. SHEPPARD.

- No. 3.
TWO EASY DIAMONDS.
1.—1. A vowel. 2. A century. 3. A girl's name.
4. A slippery fish. 5. In vessel. B. SHEPPARD.
2.—1. A letter. 2. A utensil. 3. A city in Japan.
4. A point. 5. A letter. MABIE.

- No. 4.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 15 letters, and I am one of the Seven Wonders of the World.
My 1, 4, 2 settles a debt.
My 3, 11, 12 is a boy's pet name.
My 7, 6, 5 is between the lights.
My 8, 9, 10, 4 is a piece of furniture.
My 14, 4, 15 is a carress.
My 3, 4, 13 is a sunbeam.
- ANDIE OWEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 178.

- No. 1.
C L A S P
M A I N E
A Y A L A
O P T I C
T U R K S
T L T H
M E L L E
E O P E
A L P I A
W O R L D

- No. 2.
R O B A R T L
T R I A L
A R E E A R L L

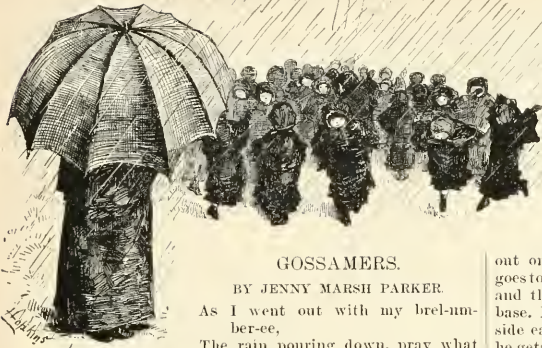
- No. 3.
E A P
E A L E
P L Y
E

- No. 3.
Hoor glass.
No. 4.
Plague. Acue.
No. 5.
H O R S E
O P I U M
R I N S E
S U S A N
E M E N D

- No. 6.
A N D
B O Y
W A T
B A T
E Y E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Marie, James H. Dawson, Joseph Walker, L. C. Robinson, H. C. Breatley, Harry Greenleaf, Edith Jennings, Lottie Wheeler, P. S. Wescott, C. Norman Trupp, A. D. Williams, Junr., William O. Harper, Caroline J. Lyman, Helen Keese, Fannie Wheeler, Jenny Frier, Arthur Leigh, Fred and Fenimore Dayton, J. Allen Junr., Theodore C. A. R. D., Princess Daisy, Emily Sykes, Bob Bright, Chester T., A. G. Hume, and Earl Fletcher.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



GOSSAMERS.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

As I went out with my brel-nun-ber-ee,

The rain pouring down, pray what did I see

Out there by the school-house just before nine?—
Some forty odd some things hard to define.

They were black—oh, so black!—except a white nose.
Perhaps they were crazy overgrown crows;
Perhaps they were turtles—big fellows that go
Tiptoeing around on their hind-legs, you know.

There, now! I have guessed it! It's plain as can be!
They were seals, hobbling seals, just up from the sea.
A shower won't hurt 'em. They're going to try
What it is to be quiet in school, and get dry.

A STORY OF A CHAFFINCH.

I AM going to tell you a true story about a chaffinch. One morning when I came down-stairs I heard a great chattering going on, and went to the door to see what was the matter. I saw a chaffinch lying on the ground under a tree, and another flying and dancin' round it and kissing it. By kissing it I mean putting its beak close to the other's, as I dare say you have often seen birds in a cage do.

I went to the bird and took it up, and found that it was warm, but quite dead. When I took it in my hand the mate hopped on to the twig just above my head, as if to see what I was doing with it. I then laid it down on the same spot, and went in to breakfast. All through breakfast the bird went on in the same way. Afterward I went to my household duties. Then, as it still kept on doing the same, I took away the dead bird and put it behind the outside window-blind of the drawing-room, the window being wide open. The chaffinch, however, kept hovering near the window, and did not seem to mind my being there.

Presently I went away into the garden for half an hour, and when I came back I found that the chaffinch had carried away the dead bird and laid it under the same tree, and was again doing all it could to rouse it; first chirping, then singing a long note, then flying down and hovering round it and kissing it; then settling on the branch once more, and trying another note. It went on in this way the whole day, seldom leaving its dead mate, or, so far as I saw, taking any food; and so I left it when I went to bed at night, and next morning when I came down it was still there, going on in the same way.

Then I felt that it was cruel to let the poor little bird go on any longer, so I took away the dead bird and buried it, and from that time I saw no more of the other chaffinch, though I often thought of it, and hoped it would find another mate.

PRISONER'S BASE.

BY AN OLD BOY.

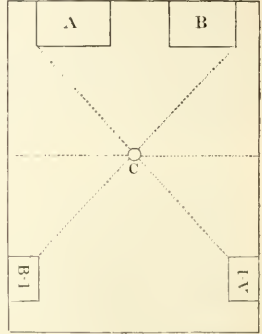
DON'T be afraid of the game because of the diagram, boys, for you can readily mark it out on any kind of ground, and it is by no means necessary that the lines should be drawn straight or even.

The squares A and B are the bases, which must be large enough to contain all the players; the smaller squares, A-1 and B-1, are the prisons. The number of players must be evenly divided, each side having a captain, and they must occupy the bases. Having decided which side shall open

the game, the captain sends

out one of his men, who goes to C, cries out "Chivy," and then runs back to his base. If one of the opposite side can touch him before he gets home, he is obliged to go to prison; if belonging to A side, he goes to A-1, if to B side, to B-1, remaining there until one of his party can take him out.

The pursuing player is, of course, not allowed to chase the "chivy" unmolested, one of "chivy's" side being ordered to pursue and touch him, and this latter becomes in his turn an object of pursuit; and thus, if the two captains so decide, each player



may be pursuing and pursued. It is not allowed that more than one shall chase one of the other side, therefore each boy has his own particular object of pursuit.

A player may only touch that opponent who has left home before himself, and can of course only be touched by one who has left after him. When a player has made a capture he has the right to return home without being pursued, and can not be touched until he starts out again.

A player once touched is obliged to go to his prison, and remain there until one of his side can reach him untouched, when both may return in safety to the home base. The prisoner need keep only his feet in prison, and may reach over the line as far as possible. If there are several prisoners, they may form a chain, one only remaining in prison, and the others extending as far outside as the length of their arms will permit.

The game is won by the side which succeeds in getting all the members of the opposite side in prison at one time.



"THIS DAY A STAG MUST DIE"

HARPER'S

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RAISING THE "PEARL."*—By JAMES OTIS.

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORKING ON THE RAFTS.

IN order not to spend the time necessary to go to the hotel for



breakfast. Dare asked that he and Bobby might be allowed to go directly to Captain Sammy's dock, where they could get both the boat

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

and the chain-cables, while Charley should go to the hotel for sufficient food to serve them as breakfast and dinner.

This Mr. Evans consented to, while Captain Sammy forwarded matters very much by saying that he would attend to ordering the lumber and nails, and then the sail-boat was headed for the sunken *Pearl*.

Upon arriving there the logs were left, anchored near the beach, and since it was then ebb-tide, they would be aground ready for the boys to begin work on them by the time they should return.

Here also Mr. Evans and Charley were landed, as they were then nearer the hotel than they would be at the little Captain's dock, and then the sail-boat started again.

At the dock the tender was brought out of the boat-house in which she had been placed to protect her from the rays of the sun, and the boys were surprised to find that she was as neat and serviceable a little craft as they could have wished for. From the manner in which she had been spoken of they expected to find an ordinary boat, rather the worse for wear, instead of one that hardly bore marks of usage.

The building in which Captain Sammy stored what he called "odds and ends" looked more like a regular shop than an ordinary store-house, for in it could have been found almost everything necessary to fit out a vessel for a long cruise.

After the chain-cables, which were to be used to pass under the *Pearl* and fasten to the rafts, had been laid aside for transportation, Captain Sammy selected a number of smaller chains, which he explained could be used to fasten the ends of the logs together.

Hammers, wrenches, and a quantity of stout staples to fasten the ends of the chains were also selected from the general stock, and when at last the little man concluded they had enough with which to begin work, it was found that it made altogether too much of a load for the small boat to carry.

"You can take the smaller things with you, an' I'll send the heavier stuff by the same team that takes the lumber," said Captain Sammy, and the boys started at once, only too anxious to begin operations without further loss of time.

Although they had not spent much time at the dock, they found Charley waiting for them when they rounded the point beyond which the *Pearl* lay in her watery resting-place.

He had with him a plentiful supply of provisions and a pail of water; but the wonderfully good news which he brought received more immediate attention than the food did, hungry as they were.

The landlord of the hotel, who knew, as almost every one in Tampa did by this time, of the work which the boys had on hand, had proposed to Mr. Evans that the young workmen be saved the trouble and time of walking back and forth from the hotel to the scene of their labors. In order to avoid this he had offered to loan them a shelter tent and some bedding, and Mr. Evans having accepted the offer, the tent would be sent down some time during the day.

It was great news, to be sure, and they felt that even if they did not succeed in raising the *Pearl*, they should have a glorious time camping out on the beach.

After their excitement had subsided sufficiently, they ate their breakfast, and a very hearty one they made too, and then, the tide having gone down so far as to leave the logs high and dry, they began their work, which they felt confident would be crowned with success.

The two timbers that were to form the sides of one of the rafts were hollowed out at each end, so that the logs which were to be placed on them would rest firmly, and the same work was performed on those that were to serve as ends. Then the four were laid together, forming very nearly a square, and around their overlapping ends were

placed chains, which were made secure by driving staples through the links into the logs.

It was nearly two hours before the first one was thus made ready for the planking, but the time was well spent, for the timbers were fastened as securely as a carpenter could have done it.

This work was hardly completed when Captain Sammy, seated on a huge load of lumber, rode slowly down the beach, and under his direction the planks were laid across the logs and nailed firmly in their places. In this way a double flooring was laid, which, although it was not water-tight, of course, would have very great buoyancy, which even a larger craft than the *Pearl* could hardly overcome.

While this work was being done some of the men from the hotel brought the tent and bedding, and Captain Sammy exerted himself to give a good many more than the necessary orders in regard to putting it up, at the same time that he was issuing commands thick and fast to the builders of the raft.

Therefore, by the time the boys were ready for their dinner, they were able to eat it within the tent, through the open flaps of which they could see one of their lifting machines all ready to be floated off to the sunken steamer, whose smoke-stack was then showing above the water.

Captain Sammy had invited himself to dinner, and despite the manner in which he had ordered them around during the forenoon, they were glad to have him with them, for with all his bluster and scolding, his companionship was pleasant, and he rendered them a great deal of assistance.

He scolded because he was obliged to stay there and superintend the operations, when both he and they knew that it was his own pleasure to be there. He fussed about this thing and that until the boys were more than ever convinced that his petulant ways concealed a good-natured, cheery old gentleman.

But during all the time, when he talked of almost everything, not one word did he speak regarding the pirate of Dollar Island.

From the time they had returned to the mainland, even though so many things had occurred to make him happy, Dare had been anxious regarding Tommy Tucker, and now, while they were enjoying an after-dinner rest, and Captain Sammy appeared to be in such excellent humor, he resolved to speak a good word for the captive.

At first he tried to bring the conversation around so that the little man would speak first of the prisoner; but in this he was unsuccessful, for he carefully avoided a mention of the ex-pirate's name.

Then Dare spoke of the discomfort of being obliged to remain in such a place as Dollar Island, and concluded by reminding the Captain that Tommy was there with nothing to eat, and no chance of making his escape.

"An' I hope he will stay there, too," said Captain Sammy, savagely. "I just hope he'll have to stay there two weeks anyhow, an' then when he gets over here I'll make it lively enough for him so he'll forget he's ever been lonesome."

"But he would starve to death!" exclaimed Dare, horrified at the thought of any one being forced to remain so long in such a place.

"Starve? Not a bit of it. He knows how to find plenty to eat, an' if he does go hungry a little while it 'll do him a power of good."

Surely it did seem as if, in Captain Sammy's present state of mind, he would never consent to any plan for Tommy's relief; but Dare had no idea of giving up so easily. He told the Captain boldly that he was anxious to go after the boy, and asked him to consent to their going, because, in a certain sense, it was for him to say how much punishment Tommy should receive.

Captain Sammy was, or professed to be, in a towering

rage when Dare concluded, and he declared that they should not go to Dollar Island if he was obliged to stand guard over them all night in order to prevent it.

Dare argued and entreated for a long time, but all to no purpose, until Captain Sammy, as if tired at being urged so strongly, said, with a growl of impatience,

"If I'll agree to your goin' after that villain, will you agree to look out for him while you are here, an' be responsible for him?"

Dare hesitated; he was not quite willing to promise so much, for fear he could not carry it out, but yet he felt very anxious to release the boy.

"I'll do the best I can, sir," he replied, after some thought, "and we'll make him promise to behave himself."

"Oh, he'll promise it quick enough," sneered Captain Sammy. "He'll promise anything; but you've got to see that he keeps his word."

"We'll all do the best we can to look out for him, won't we, boys?" asked Dare, pleased at the thought that he had won Captain Sammy over after such a struggle.

Charley and Bobby nodded their heads to show that they accepted their portion of the contract, although Bobby was not as cheerful about it as Dare would have liked to have seen him.

"Now I'll give my consent to the plan if you'll promise that you won't go after him until to-morrow morning," said Captain Sammy, with a terrible frown. "One day isn't enough to give him all he needs of Dollar Island."

Dare thought it the refinement of cruelty to keep the poor fellow there so long, no matter how much wrong he had done; but Captain Sammy was firm in the stand he had taken, and no amount of persuasion could shake him.

"Not an hour sooner," he said, decidedly; "and when you land him, even then you want to be sure an' keep him away from here, or I'll—" Captain Sammy tapped his wooden leg in a way that told plainly enough what he would have said.

Dare was obliged to content himself with having so far overcome the injured Captain; but he promised himself that they would start at a very early hour on the next morning.

"Now!"—and Captain Sammy jumped to his feet as if he had just discovered that they had been wasting valuable time—"if you boys think you can waste your time in this way, you are mistaken. The *Pearl* will never show her bows above water if you don't go to work."

There was no need of urging the boys to exertion, and as soon as he had shown that he was ready to continue the labor they were at it with a will.

Owing to the little man's disposition to work as well as command, the second raft was built in less time than the first, and when Captain Sammy started for home it was with the promise that he would return at low water on the following day, and help them to make fast to the steamer.

Both rafts were anchored so that there would be no possibility of their drifting away during the night, and the boys felt that they had reason to be satisfied with their day's work.

Shortly after Captain Sammy had left them Mr. and Mrs. Evans paid them a visit. Mr. Evans came for the purpose of bringing them something to eat, and his wife that she might be sure they would be safe and comfortable during the night.

It was while Dare was talking with his parents about the difficulty he had had in persuading Captain Sammy to allow them to go for Tommy, that his mother suggested that one of the boys should find out where Mrs. Tucker lived, so that she might be told of her son's whereabouts.

Charley offered to carry the information to the pirate's mother, and when his parents returned to the hotel he accompanied them, leaving Dare and Bobby to look out for the camp, and to speculate upon their chances for lifting the steamer the next day.

When Charley returned he reported that he had found Mrs. Tucker's house, and had told her where her son was. She had been very anxious about him, but as soon as she knew where he was she appeared to think that he would get home in some way, and seemed indifferent about the matter, save that she said she hoped Captain Sammy would whip some of Tommy's foolish ideas out of his head.

The boys were tired enough to go to bed early; but before they did so they were obliged to wait until the tide had floated the rafts, so that they could anchor them in the proper position for beginning the morrow's work.

When that was done, and their boat had been drawn up some distance on the beach, the boys rolled into their camp-bed, where the ripple of the water on the beach lulled them to sleep in a remarkably short time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIDING AN ALLIGATOR.

BY S. MILLER.

I CAME in my journey to the banks of a river which was crossed by a ford. A train of pack mules was passing, and while waiting my turn I went into the ferry-house to escape the heat of the morning sun. Several other gentlemen were there. Presently an Indian came to the door and addressed us in Spanish, saying,

"Would the señores like to see me ride the alligator?"

Standing around his hut, he received with satisfaction gold pieces amounting in value to nearly five dollars. He placed these in his money-belt, and saying, "I am ready," led the way. He then drew out a sharp-pointed knife, and felt its edge as he walked.

The river lay before us, with deep, black water on either side the shallow ford. The opposite bank was steep, and a don at my side remarked that below the water's edge it was dug out in burrows, where the caymans (as they are called in those parts) were wont to lie in bad weather tier above tier. Now they were out in full force, spread over the sand on our shore like scaly logs.

Our Indian, a lithe, active fellow, ran lightly up to one of the beasts, and before the astonished animal could recover himself enough to sweep his tail around and dash him down, his enemy was upon his back, and had seated himself directly behind the fore-legs, clasping the body, and holding the knife still in his hand. Rage and fury entered the beast's heart. He slipped into the deep water, and made for his particular place of refuge. Once there, woe to his rider! But the dominion given to man over all beasts did not fail now. With a prick of the knife in the creature his rider defeated his purpose, and he plunged madly around the water basin.

No ride was ever wilder, no circus-rider more skillful, than the clinging Indian in the wild race that was now begun. Stirring the muddy depths, churning the waves with the greatest commotion, round and round they flew, ever faster and faster, now above, now below the surface. The Indian, cool and wary, by an occasional prod of the knife caused his strange steed to swerve from dangerous points. Whichever direction he wished him to take, he pricked him on the opposite side.

When it became evident to our circus-rider that he had given us a fair display of his powers, we saw him watchfully and cautiously prepare to land. And this part of the exploit was most wonderful of all. How to leap in mid-career from the furious creature—this was the task—and it was as admirably executed as any other part of the performance. As they neared our shore, the Indian, having gathered himself up, leaped lightly off, waded to shore, and came toward us with as much of a smile on his sad countenance as any of his race ever show.

Now downward, swifter than if a thousand spurs were driving him, dived the great creature to solace himself in the cool sunless caverns of the river's depths.



SPRING-TIME

BY MRS M. E. SANGSTER

MY little bright eyed darling,
Pray did you ever see
The dainty flower-angels
Who flit through bush and tree?
They come when April coaxes
The baby leaves apart,
And to and fro on errands
Of gentle haste they dart.

And oh! the joy they feel, dear,
When, in a tender quest,
Some shining April morning
They find a fairy nest,
A pretty birdie's cradle
Just rocking in the air,
With pearly eggs close lying,
Tucked in with fondest care.

The little cherub wachers
Have learned one secret well—
That songs and wings are prisoned
In every fragile shell;
But till the shell is broken
The melodies are dumb,
And so the flower-angels
To free the birdies come.

STAR-FISH.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THOSE of you who go to the sea-shore in summer have perhaps discovered that star-fish like rocky coasts the best. They are found most abundantly where the crevices between the stones afford good hiding-places for themselves and for the animals upon which they feed. They do not thrive upon muddy or sandy bottoms, and boys and girls hunting for curiosities upon such beaches are often disappointed to find no star-fish.

They spend most of their time creeping over the rocks, though they love to be where the tide will ripple over their bodies and keep them well supplied with sea water, which they depend upon for their lives. Those poor half-dead star-fish which we sometimes see in a pitiful condition on the beach will often revive if placed in sea water, or, if left on the beach, the next high wave may restore them by carrying them out to sea again.

Our dried specimens are yellow, but when alive star-fish are of a dull red color, sometimes tinged with purple. They seem plump and fat on being taken from the ocean,

but they are only puffed up with water; and if you watch them closely you will see the water oozing out all over the back. No doubt you have learned how tedious and discouraging it is to attempt to dry star-fish. You have perhaps been obliged to go home, as many before you have done, and leave them still drying in the sun. It may help you to know that the best way is to put them first in fresh-water, which kills them at once; then leave them for an hour or two in alcohol to harden the tissues before placing them in the sun or in a warm oven to dry.

Our common star-fish has five hollow rays or arms, extending from the centre like a star. If any of these rays are broken off, others grow in their places. It is a singular fact that these animals can break themselves to pieces, or throw off their rays, when they become alarmed. A gentleman who was not familiar with this odd habit of the star-fish was once strolling on the beach, and carrying carelessly a fine large specimen by one of its rays. Suddenly the inanimate-looking creature threw off one of the lower rays. The look of dismay with which the gentleman dropped the star-fish when he found it was breaking itself to pieces was highly amusing. In this case the star-fish accomplished nothing but its own partial destruction, whereas if it had broken off the ray by which it was held, there might have been some hope of escape for the remainder of its body.

Star-fish glide along smoothly, and without apparent effort. They bend their bodies into various shapes to fit

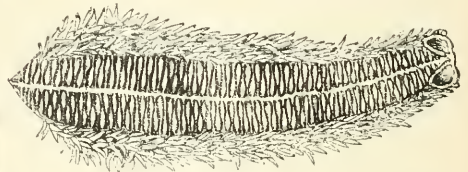


Fig. 1.—UNDER SIDE OF RAY.

the inequalities of the surface over which they creep, and in order to do this they require a movable skeleton. See how beautifully nature has provided for this necessity by forming the skeleton of thin limestone plates, so joined as to admit of slight motion. These plates are represented in Fig. 1, which is the under side of a ray, and the end having been broken off, we can see the two hollow tubes which it contains.

Look now at the upper side of your star-fish, Fig. 3, and notice the knobs and short spines with which it is covered.

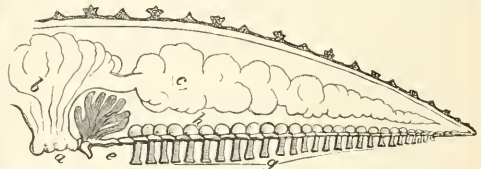


Fig. 2.—INTERIOR OF RAY.

Between these spines are tiny forks, with two prongs that are constantly snapping. The use of the forks is not perfectly understood; they sometimes catch small prey, and they may also be useful in removing particles of matter that would choke up the pores which open on the surface. The first thing your bright eyes will discover is probably the round spot near the middle of the back and between two of the rays. That is called the "madrepore body," and it is an interesting object. Examine it with your microscope, and try to think what those tiny holes can be in-

tended for. It must be a sieve. Yes, it is a sieve, admitting water into tubes which run to the end of each ray. During life the madreporic body is bright-colored, and it strains all the water that enters the tubes, so there is no danger of their becoming choked.

Now if we turn our star-fish over we shall find its mouth on the under side. This is an important organ, too, for the star-fish busy themselves continually with eating. They are especially fond of live oysters and clams, and they have the oddest way of eating them. They turn their stomachs right out into the oyster shell, surrounding the soft body of the oyster, and sucking it up. When the star-fish feeds it not only bends its rays into a cupshape to hold on to its prey, but multitudes of tiny suckers spring up to help, and the prey finds escape impossible. Oysters are generally so quick to close their shells in time of danger that we can not understand why they should allow the sluggish star-fish to catch them napping. It has been suggested that the star-fish drops into the shell some liquid which paralyzes the oyster, but this no one knows.

So you see the star-fish, without any tools, is able to help itself to raw oysters. Do you not think it has the advantage here of boys and girls? It would puzzle any of you, I imagine, to open oysters without a knife or other tool.

The way in which star-fish walk is also curious. It will repay you well to examine the next living star-fish you find, and notice the odd manner in which it glides along. In the middle of each ray is a double row of hollow tubes, which squirm and grope around like a multitude of worms. As these are the organs by which they move, they are called tube-feet. They are lengthened and enlarged, much as the tentacles of sea-anemones are, by filling them with water. For this purpose each tube-foot is connected with a little round bag filled with water from the water tube running down the ray. When the bag contracts it forces water into the foot, which reaches forward and attaches itself by a round sucker on the end to the surface over which the animal wishes to move. In this way one sucker after another is stretched out to cling to the surface, and as the suckers are shortened again by expelling the water, the body is dragged forward. Fig. 2 shows the interior of one of the rays. The tube-feet, *g*, are shrunk up quite short, which makes the water-bags, *h*, all the larger. Notice the mouth, *a*, the stomach, *b*, and the intestine, *c*.

The double rows of tube-feet are set in a deep groove. In your dried specimens the tube-feet have shrivelled up and fallen away, and in the grooves you will probably see a number of delicate plates arranged side by side in two rows. These are called "ambulacral plates," and they are sufficiently far apart to allow water to flow out between them from the water-bags into the tube-feet. Notice this in Fig. 1. On the outer edge of the rays is a number of stiff spines.

Star-fish have a liver and intestines. Their organs do not lie wholly in the central portion, but they extend into the five hollow arms. They also have nerves, which surround the mouth and pass down each arm, where they end in a red eye speck. This, you see, gives the star-fish five eyes. You would think that with such a number of eyes that they could see everything that is going on. But these eyes are not perfect like yours, and it is very

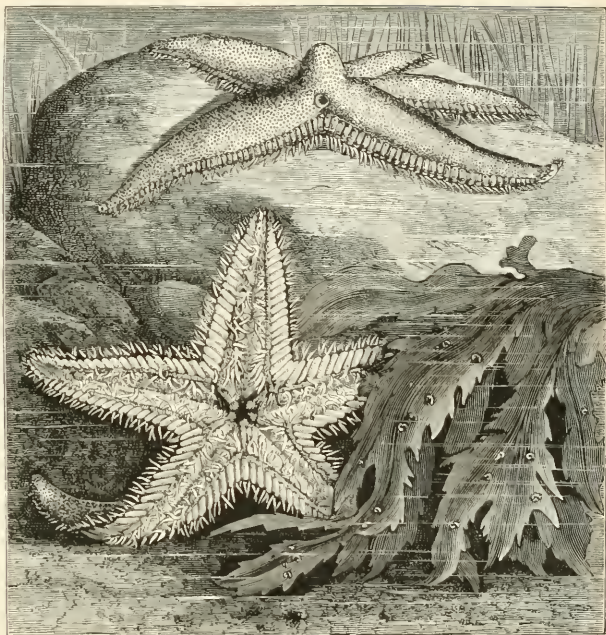


FIG. 3.—STAR FISH AT HOME.

probable that they can see but little. Star-fish are said to be careful of their eggs, carrying them with the suckers near the mouth.

Mrs. Elizabeth Agassiz tells the following story, which would seem to prove that they not only see well, but that they are very faithful to their young. A gentleman who was watching a star-fish in a large glass dish wished to examine the eggs closely, so he parted the suckers around the mouth, and took the eggs away. After a time he placed the eggs back in the dish, and was surprised to see the star-fish move toward them, and placing itself over them, fold them again in its suckers. Thinking this must be accidental, he took the eggs again, and putting the star-fish in a larger dish, with some obstacle in the middle, he dropped the eggs in the opposite end of the dish. The star-fish, creeping over the obstacle, went immediately to the eggs and took possession. The experiment was tried the third time, and, as before, the mother lost no time in gathering up the eggs and snugly tucking them away under her suckers.

The star-fish's fondness for fresh oysters is a serious matter to the oyster-grower, and causes him to lose large quantities of his valuable property. It is estimated that the damage every year to the oyster beds between Staten Island and Cape Cod amounts to \$100,000. Large numbers of star-fish sometimes appear suddenly and unexpectedly upon shores where oysters are raised. They seem to be washed in from the deep sea, and, settling upon the oysters, they begin their work of destruction, and consume many bushels in a short time. These attacks occur chiefly in the latter part of summer or early in the fall, and are much dreaded by the owners of oyster beds.

An account is given of an oysterman on the Massachusetts coast who, after a few rainy days, discovered that the star-fish had come during the storm, and were having a feast upon his oysters. With an eel-spear he succeeded in catching from the shallow water 2500 star-fish during the

next two days. Still, notwithstanding his efforts to save his oysters, this unfortunate fisherman lost 300 bushels within one week.

The oysterman has learned the value of these destructive pests for manure, and those dredged from oyster beds are now saved for fertilizing purposes. We might also attribute to the star-fish a certain usefulness as scavengers of the ocean, since they eat all sorts of animal substances, dead as well as living, and do their full share toward keeping the waters pure.

Some kinds of star-fish have long feathery arms, and are much more beautiful than our common ones which we have been studying.

A DEBT OF YEARS.

BY KATHARINE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, old fellow, I shouldn't object to being in your boots," was the way Will Mortimer announced himself as he entered the room where his chum Paul Channing was studying. "You're in luck."

"If I'm no more in luck than I am in boots," returned Paul, with a laugh, as he glanced at his slippers, "I don't believe the news will turn my head. A fortune left me, of course?"

"Not exactly, but possibly the beginning of one. One of the Senior societies has offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best design for their invitations."

"I don't know how I'm particularly interested in that," said Paul.

"You certainly are."

"Why?"

"Because you're going to try for it, and going to win it," said Mortimer, coolly.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Paul.

"I'm not," returned the other. "Didn't you design the programme for the theatricals last winter? 'Twas said you did."

"I had something to do with it," admitted Paul, "but Captain Eckels worked up the thing. It would never have appeared otherwise."

"Well, what's to prevent your designing now, and his contributing the fine work?" suggested Will.

"His being at present in the Bahamas makes it a little awkward," laughed Paul.

"Come to think, I believe it's open only to the college fellows," corrected Mortimer; "but even so, if the design is good, the engraver, I should think, could do the fine work. You'll try anyway, Channing? Get your name up, you know."

"Which society is it?" questioned Paul.

"Something sensible from you at last!" exclaimed Mortimer, as he answered him, and went on to urge, "You've six weeks before you, and even if you shouldn't come in first, you might second or third, and like enough your design would be exhibited, and in that way you'd get your name up."

"This getting one's name up will be your hobby yet, Mortimer," laughed Paul.

"I left some of the fellows copying the notice," said Will, "to slip under Doane's door, with a note bidding him go to work, as we wanted the honor in the Freshman Class; and when some one suggested your name, they said, 'All the better; we'll spur him on too.'"

"No harm in trying," thought Paul, as he read the notice that evening, "though I'm about sure Horton or Weaver will get it; still, as Will says, there is the one chance. 'Decision to be made May 15.' Why, mother's birthday! If it isn't! Imagine sending her a check for a hundred dollars! Think of Ethel—she'd go wild. But, pshaw! here I am building castles equal to the little sister

herself. But I'm resolved to try for it," he repeated, "and to go to work to-morrow."

He was as good as his word, so far as going to the society rooms to look over invitations of past years and get a general idea of what was required was concerned; but it did not advance his work to any great degree, for no sooner did he begin to outline a design than those he had examined rose before him, until he almost came to the conclusion that everything had been used.

It was not until a fortnight after that he exclaimed suddenly, "Something that will do at last!" and got out his crayons. "Now I wonder if I'll go to the rooms to-morrow and find that I've seen this?" as he gave a few delicate strokes, and then held off the paper. "Not a bad idea," he added, as he went on. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

That beginning led to his setting aside a daily half-hour or more, and as the work grew under his hand his interest so deepened that it was not even lessened when he heard that the prize was being competed for by students from every class.

"Now if I could only think of a novel way to introduce the society motto," mused Paul, one morning, as he took down the sketch from the topmost shelf of his closet and looked thoughtfully at it. "I'm determined not to have a scroll, nor anything that has been used."

An idea struck him not an hour afterward, and as soon as the recitation was finished he hurried to his room with the intention of making a few strokes, for fear the afternoon might find the suggestion less clear in his mind.

He clambered up the shelves and reached for the sketch.

It was gone!

"Why, I couldn't have put it anywhere else, could I?" Paul exclaimed, calling to mind that he had once or twice thrust it in the table drawer when some of the boys had entered rather hastily.

"No," as he pulled the drawer out, "I remember perfectly putting it up there. Let me look again."

He did, searching through the papers, until there was no doubt left in his mind that the sketch was gone.

Paul stood amazed.

"Stolen!" he cried, his face pale with anger. "But it was here an hour ago," he went on, excitedly, "so I may get track of it—if it isn't destroyed." The mere thought seemed to unman him.

He sank into a chair, and tried to think the matter over calmly.

"No one has ever seen me put the sketch there, except Will. Could he, I wonder," and a light broke over his face—"could he have taken a look at it before he went home, thinking that perhaps the telegram he got summoned him there for really more than a day, and that he might not have another chance? I believe he has," he concluded, "and that in some of his absent-mindedness he has locked it up, or even put it in his satchel. That's more like him yet! I'll probably have a note to-night explaining it all. How little the old fellow dreamed what would come of it! Here I've missed nearly a whole recitation!"

CHAPTER II.

"BUT I wish I knew where Mortimer had put that design," Paul said to himself, later in the day, as he pulled out the drawers of a desk absently. "This is my regular time for working, and I miss it; besides, that motto is just going to work in beautifully."

He looked about the room for some time in an aimless sort of way; then, scarce knowing what he did, mounted a chair which brought his head on a level with the top shelf of the closet.

"Well!" he exclaimed, a moment later, in a tone where surprise, pleasure, and inquiry were blended, as he waved the lost design in the air, "Will is back!"

He looked about the room for other signs of Mortimer's arrival, while a cloud gathered on his face as he noticed there were none, and that the room was exactly as he had left it a few hours before.

"Except"—and he spoke aloud in his earnestness—"this design was not here. Of that I am positive. Now what's the meaning of this? Hallo!" another exclamation as he was closing the closet door, "what's this?"

He turned something over and over in his fingers while a strange expression flitted across his face.

"If here isn't a clew!"

He examined it closely. A horn button indistinctly plaid, such as were fashionable at the time.

"And not Will's, either," Paul declared a moment after, "or I greatly mistake. So it seems I've two fellows to look up," and he smiled grimly. "I only hope I'll light on Mortimer first. He's just fond enough of detective stories to enjoy all this.

"The plot is decidedly thickening," he added, as he went toward the college buildings, wondering what course to take in the event of further developments. There was one nearer at hand than he imagined.

A squad of *Eighty-fours* were coming toward him, to whom he called,

"Any one seen Mort?"

"No," was the answer as he joined them.

"Gone home, hasn't he?" ventured some one casually.

But Paul did not hear. He had started back, stifling the cry that rose to his lips as his eyes fell upon Philip Doane in a passing squad.

The buttons Philip wore corresponded to the one Paul had found, and there was one missing from his coat!

An hour later Paul sealed a note to Philip Doane which read:

"I would return the button from your coat did I not conclude that you left it in exchange for the use of my design. Bear in mind that I do not accept it as such, but retain it as evidence should any question arise regarding our claims to the Senior prize."

"There," said he, reading it over, "I call that the fair thing. I show him I don't mean to expose him unless he defrauds me. I guess that'll settle him. I'll get it off before Will comes. I've thought better of telling him anything about it."

As he turned to ring a bell summoning Dan, the general errand-runner of the floor, he caught sight of a letter that had been slipped under his door.

"From mother," he exclaimed, tearing it open. Finding the letter a long one, he pulled down the shades, lit the gas, and threw himself in an easy-chair as if the more thoroughly to enjoy it, forgetful for the moment of what the last few hours had revealed.

He read the first page with evident enjoyment, and laughed aloud over something that Ethel had said. But as he went on his brow clouded. Before he had finished the second sheet, he tossed them on the table impatiently.

"What was it?" he asked, half aloud. "Do all in my power for Philip Doane? No; that wasn't it."

He sat down again and took the letter, his eye finding these words:

"I came across an old school friend the week that Ethel and I were away. Can you guess? None other than the dear one I have so often talked of and wondered over—Margaret Grenville. I will tell you some time how strangely our meeting came about. She is now Mrs. Clayton Doane, and has a son in your class—Philip. Do you know him? His mother's has been a sad life, but I pray with her that she may find in her son the comfort she hopes. She is anxious about Philip. He has been thrown in the past with those whose influence has been bad, and she fears his associates at college are not the ones she would choose. If you do not know him, seek him out, and do him all the good you can.

"Remember what Margaret Grenville did for me. How I owe every bright spot in my childhood through God to her. Help him if in your power to be worthy such a mother that he may give her the pleasure that seems reserved for him only to give. I need not suggest ways to you, my dear boy, who probably know far better than I how to repay in part that debt of many years ago."

Paul leaned his head upon his hand while the letter fell to the floor. He sat there so long, so quiet, that no one would have dreamed of the battle within. After a time he lowered the gas, but still sat there. When he did leave his seat long afterward, it was to take the note he had addressed to Philip Doane and hold it in the flame of gas until it had burned entirely away. He then slipped his design hastily in an envelope, and sat down to think a moment before he wrote:

"MY DEAR PHILIP,—I had intended trying for the Senior's prize, but this evening decides me to give it up. I understand you mean to compete. Will this attempt of mine be of any use to you? If so, accept it with wishes for your success. PAUL CHANNING."

Again he sealed an envelope, and this time rang the bell so sharply that Dan was almost immediately at the door.

"Take it at once. Philip Doane. No answer," he said, quietly; then, as the door closed, he threw himself on the bed and half sobbed, half moaned,

"Oh, mother, you can never know, nor Ethel, how hard it was! Only God who helped me ever can."

The few remaining days before the 15th of May passed quickly. Philip Doane had acknowledged Paul's design by a card on which he had hastily pencilled, "With many thanks."

The boys met the day following, and Philip began, "It was awfully kind of you, Channing—"

But Paul interrupted him with, "I only hope it will be of some good to you," in a tone which said, "Don't let's talk about it."

"Well, I should rather think so," returned Doane. "My only wonder is that you didn't finish it up yourself. It strikes me as admirable. All done but the motto, wasn't it?" he ventured, enigmatically.

"Yes," said Paul, exhibiting interest in spite of himself, "and I was going to introduce that at the left." He took a pencil from his pocket, and made a few lines in his notebook, with Philip intent on every stroke.

"It seems to me that's the place for it?" he said, half questioningly.

"Decidedly," said Philip, and there they left the subject.

"When does Mortimer come back?" inquired Philip.

"Not for a week yet," returned the other. "I'm quite lonely, too." He paused a moment before he added, "Come in, Doane, and see me when you can."

CHAPTER III.

THE evening of the 15th was come. Paul was lighting up his room in honor of the return of Mortimer, when he heard a great shouting in the hall.

"What noise is that?" he wondered, going toward the door and opening it. "What are the fellows shouting?" as he listened intently.

The sound came nearer and nearer. A moment later and Will Mortimer bounded into the room.

"They're coming!" he cried, excitedly, "right here; but let me congratulate you first," and he made one of his well-known rushes for Channing. "Don't look so innocent, old boy. It's yours as sure as I'm alive!" and he wrung Paul's hand, and called, in answer to the voices in the hall.

"Mine—what?" stammered Paul, trembling with excitement as he heard "C-h-a-n-n-i-n-g" shouted outside

his door, followed by a cheer that seemed to shake the room.

"The prize!" screamed Mortimer in his ear, as the fellows rushed in and caught Paul in their arms, exclaiming at the top of their voices.

"Three cheers for Channing!"

Paul essayed to speak, but his voice was drowned.

"Hear! hear!" cried some one, at which the uproar partially subsided, until Channing's name, given and responded to somewhere out-of-doors, found a ready and deafening echo in his room.

"A mistake. I did not compete," Paul managed to make heard.

"Mortimer," said Paul, "I tell you this is all a mistake."

"No, it is not," said a voice at the other side.

"Doane! You—?" began Paul.

But he got no answer, save from the chorus of voices.

It was far into the night, when quiet had succeeded the noisy enthusiasm of the evening, that Philip Doane tapped at Channing's door.

"What's that for?" asked Paul, fancying it to be Mortimer. Then as there was no answer he turned his head, and on seeing Philip sprang to his feet.

"The very one I was thinking of," he cried, putting out his hand. "Oh, Doane, what can I say?"

"Nothing yet," returned Philip. "Nothing until I tell you something. Perhaps then you will not care to offer me your hand."

"But I already know what you would say, Doane," said Paul, earnestly.

"You do not know that our keys are alike; that I once came into this room, and made use of your design."

"I do—I do," repeated Paul.

Philip drew back. "And knowing that you wrote me what you did?" he cried. "Why did you not despise me as I despised myself even before your note came? Oh, Channing, I can never explain what led me on. I tried to think I wanted the prize more to please mother than the boys, but"—his voice had sunk to almost a whisper—"had I won, I could never have told her, knowing that I had gained by theft. Channing, I thank God you wrote me what you did, and that this way was given me to show I am not all you must have thought me."

"Philip," said Paul, "let me tell you how years ago your mother was the only friend mine had. I thought in this way to pay the debt. But now that you have made me win the prize," he added, with a faint smile, "the debt is heavier still. And your mother?" he questioned, in a low tone. "I thought it would make her happy."

"For mother to know," said Philip, forcing back

the tears, "that I have broken away from the others; that I resolve to give up the past, to begin anew, will be more to her than any college triumph; and for her to know too that I have a hope of gaining your friendship!"

"A hope! When it is yours already?" said Paul, in a voice he tried to control as their hands met.



"A HOPE! WHEN IT IS YOURS ALREADY?"

"Good fortune has turned his head!" shouted Will, at which the din commenced again, while he and Philip locked themselves with two others, and in an instant Paul was carried out of his room, through the halls, in one building and out of another, the air still ringing with cheers.



THE ORPHAN GIRL.—BY S. S. CONANT.

O FATHER of all forsaken, take pity on me, I pray;
I look to Thy loving-kindness, alone in the world to-day,
Bereft of father and mother, who have passed to the better land:
O list to my supplication, and lead me by Thy hand!

Ah me, when I think it over, the happy life we led
Until that sorrowful morning they told us he was dead,
My strong, brave-hearted brother, who in the war was slain,
And our gray-haired father and mother were ne'er the same
again.

Morning and noon and evening she sat by the cottage door,
With dim eyes weeping and longing for him who would come
no more,
Until in the dreary autumn she could no longer wait,
And passed from us to meet him within the golden gate.

Ah, father, loving and tender, he loved me well, I know,
But his heart was crushed and broken; he sank beneath the
blow:
He always seemed to be searching for something he could not
find:
So long they had walked together, he could not stay behind.

Alone in the world, O Father! 'Tis hard and cold, they say;
In trial and temptation, be Thou my help and stay!
Bereft of father and mother, to Thee alone I plead;
O Father of all forsaken, be with me in my need!

My father, mother, and brother, they rest with Thee above;
And I, Thine earthly orphan, I rest me in Thy love;
I go as Thou wilt lead me, upon Thy will I wait
Until Thou bid'st me join them within the golden gate.

HOW KATY CAUGHT HIM.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

"YOU'RE sure you won't be afraid, Katy?"

"Oh no, father!"

"But Tilly is so deaf," added Mr. Dillingham, pausing with his foot on the carriage step. "Shan't I stop and ask Aunt Priscilla to let one of the girls come up?"

"No indeed, father; I won't be a bit frightened."

"Well, there's nothing to hurt you, and I shall be back with your mother some time to-night if it's a possible thing. Good-by, daughter."

Mr. Dillingham seated himself in the vehicle, touched the old gray lightly, and drove away. Katy stood in the door and watched her father off. She was just thirteen years of age, and she didn't feel a bit afraid, and when the carriage was out of sight she bounded off the door-step and across the road to the big barn, whence she presently returned with her apron full of eggs.

"Tilly," she screamed, going into the kitchen—"oh, Tilly, let me make a sponge-cake, all myself, for dinner to-morrow. I've found some eggs, and I want—to make—a *sponge-cake*."

"Oh yes," said Tilly, quite with the air of one who can hear as well as another one, but who likes to play sometimes at being deaf, "make half a dozen sponge-cakes if you want to, dearie."

So Katy beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, for ten minutes; she put in the sugar and beat five minutes, and the flour and beat three minutes more, exactly by rule, and when all this was done, and the cake browned to delicious perfection in the big oven, the short November afternoon was already half-way through.

"I'm going to put my cake in the preserve closet, Tilly."

Tilly didn't offer any objection, and Katy carried her sponge-cake through the pantry into the little dark closet beyond. There were rows upon rows of preserve jars, and above them on the upper shelf Katy caught a white gleam from the silver—the ewer and sugar bowl and cake basket and tea-pot, besides a quantity of spoons that had belonged to her great-grandmother. They were very heavy and all of pure silver; and suddenly, as Katy stood gazing up at them, she remembered, with a little shiver of dread, the face of a tramp who had looked in at the door the day before while Tilly was cleaning the silver at the table. He asked for a drink of water, and when he had got it he went away; but it seemed to Katy at this minute that he looked at the silver a great deal longer and sharper than was at all necessary. What if he should come back? He wasn't a vicious-looking tramp; indeed, Tilly had thought and said what a pity it was that he should be a tramp at all—such a bright face he had and such a pretty way of speaking, but—

"You can't tell much by looks," said Katy, wisely, to herself. "I believe mother would almost rather lose the farm than that silver. Anyway I'll put on the padlock before I go to bed. I suppose it's foolish, though."

Perhaps that was the reason she forgot all about it. She sat at the window for a long time, busy with her knitting and with thinking of how glad she would be to see her mother again. Two weeks is so long a time; and Mrs. Dillingham had been a day more than that with a sick sister in Wakefield, almost twenty miles from home. The clouds had shut down heavy and gray, and it would be dark early.

But by the time Katy was ready for bed she had forgotten all about the padlock, though she was really a little nervous and frightened, and wished more than once that Tilly's cot bed in the little room over the kitchen would hold her with Tilly. But she felt better when she had gone upstairs into her own cozy chamber, and had fastened the door; and pretty soon after saying her prayer she crept into bed and fell fast asleep.

When she awoke the clouds had cleared away and the moon was shining full in at her window. She awoke suddenly, with thoughts of the silver in her mind, and presently she heard the chimes of the old clock ring through the house like a bell—twelve.

"I declare," said she to herself then, sitting upright in bed, "I didn't think to lock that closet door. But it's safe enough—mother never thinks of locking it."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep again, but it wasn't a bit of use, though she counted more than two hundred sheep jumping over a gate. She couldn't help thinking of how badly her mother would feel should that silver by any chance be stolen. It seemed to her that there were strange noises all about the house; and once a sound as of a window being moved softly up set her heart to thumping in a very lively way.

"What a goose I am!" she said at length, aloud, and jumping out of bed as she spoke. "It's nothing but a rat. But I'll go down and lock that door. I can't go to sleep till I do."

She slipped into a wrapper, laughing at herself all the while, and went softly down-stairs—so softly that she could scarcely hear the sound of her own stockinged feet as she walked. She took down the padlock and key, which were seldom used, from a nail in the kitchen, and went bravely into the pantry. The moon shining in at the window lighted her way, but it was surely not the moonlight which shone in that dreadful preserve closet, streaming out at the door, which stood wide open.

Katy's heart stood still with horror! There in the closet, on the wide lower shelf, was a lighted lamp, and beside it glistened the heavy old-fashioned cake dish that had belonged to Katy's great-grandmother, and before it stood—Katy was sure—the tramp.

She could hardly keep from screaming, and her hands shook as with the ague; but with one quick dart she slammed the closet door, put the heavy hasp in place, and sprung the padlock. There was a startled exclamation from her prisoner as she did so. It was all Katy heard before she fled from the pantry to the outer door, unlocked it, and sped away through the moonlighted night toward Aunt Priscilla's, a mile distant.

"He can't hurt Tilly," she panted, "and she won't wake up, and he—can't get out. But maybe he'll burn the house up. Oh, why can't father come! and what makes it so far to Aunt Prissy's?"

She didn't get to Aunt Priscilla's. Just at that moment came the sound of carriage wheels, and before Katy had time to do more than recognize the old gray she heard a startled cry from her mother.

"Why, Katy! child alive, what brings you here?"

Then poor little Katy, how she trembled when her father picked her up and placed her in the carriage; and how, almost sobbing with the fear and excitement of it, she told her story; and how, by the time they reached home, she was as nearly in hysterics as it is possible for a well-ordered little girl, with no nerves to speak of, to be.

"There, there, dear! And in your wrapper, too!" said her mother, anxiously. "You might have put on a shawl, Katy. You'll catch your death."

"You must have dreamed it all, daughter," said her father. But he lost no time in entering the house, and he provided himself with a huge pistol, which hadn't been discharged for a dozen years, before he unlocked the closet door and began to open it cautiously. Then Katy and her mother, waiting by the kitchen door, which they took the precaution to hold wide open, heard an exclamation of surprise.

"Aha! you'd better come out, sir, and give yourself up peaceably."

"With the greatest pleasure." It was a laughing voice, and it was a laughing, remarkably good-looking

face that presently showed itself over Mr. Dillingham's shoulder in the pantry doorway.

Katy's mother took an eager step forward. "I believe—it is Frank!" she cried. "Why, Frank, Frank Sawyer, where did you fall from?"

The minute Katy saw her mother half crying on the young man's shoulder, with her arms around his neck, she knew that this was the uncle she never remembered to have seen, who had been abroad for years. Poor little Katy once more! How astonished and ashamed she was! To think that she had locked her mother's only brother up in the preserve closet for a thief! How dreadful it was! Katy, with burning cheeks, drew back in the shadow of the open door.

"But how—I declare," laughed Mrs. Dillingham, "I don't much blame Katy."

"It goes without telling," said Katy's uncle, laughing too. "I came on the ten-o'clock train, and made up my mind to walk over from the station. When I got here I knocked at the door, but nobody woke up, so I just made my way in through the window. I was hungrier than a cannibal, and thought I'd get something to eat without waking anybody up. I was after preserves—you know I've a sweet tooth—when I saw grandmother's silver, and I was taking a look at it for the sake of old times, when—presto! I found myself a prisoner."

"It was Katy," said Mrs. Dillingham, laughing until she cried. "Katy—why, what are you hiding for, child? Come here." And Katy reluctantly obeyed.

"Now how was it, daughter?" asked her father, when this new strange uncle had shaken hands with Katy, and kissed her half a dozen times on each cheek.

So Katy told the story over again, this time with a good many laughing interruptions.

"And you were kind of a burglar," she said, stily glancing up, "because you were after the preserves, you know."

"I got in through a window too, Katy. And I ate a whole sponge-cake while I was locked up."

"It was mine," said Katy, laughing again.

Mr. Dillingham sat down, and took his daughter on his knee. "Well," said he, "you'd have done just the same if he'd been a genuine tramp, as he ought to have been, poking around folks' houses in that fashion. I'm proud of you, Katy—did."

"So am I," said Uncle Frank Sawyer, and he rolled up his eyes in a comical way at Katy.

"And so am I," said her mother, and she kissed Katy.

HOW TO PLAY MARBLES.

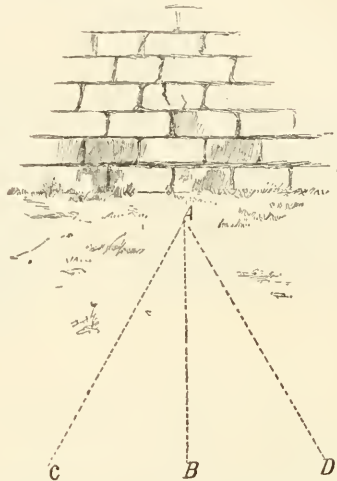
BY JAMES OTIS.

IN an article published a week ago, boys, you were told where our marbles come from and how they are manufactured. Now for a few new games and some directions how to play them.

The game of *Lags* is a favorite with the French boys, and is played by any number, who take their places opposite a stone wall. Lines are drawn as in the diagram, about fifteen feet from the wall, the first player having the advantage given him of standing at B, in a direct line from the point to be aimed at, as shown at A. The other players must shoot at an angle, from the points C or D. The first player shoots or throws his marble at the wall in such a way as to make it rebound. The next throws in a similar manner, and if it stops within the span of the player's hand from the first marble, the owner wins one.

All play in the same manner, no one but the first player standing at B, and if the last player should be within a span from all the others he wins a marble from each one. After all have played from the stations, they continue to throw from the spot where their marbles fell. If the alley should strike another one when it rebounds, the own-

er of the striking alley receives one from him who is at rest, or the latter is put out of the game, as may be decided upon at the beginning.



Bridge-board is played with a little bridge, as shown in the illustration. Eight arches are cut through it, each be-



ing large enough to allow a marble to pass through easily. The arches are numbered from 1 to 8, the lowest numbers always being in the middle,

and the highest outside. Each player deposits ten marbles in the pool, or less if agreed upon, and then pays one marble to the pool for each shot.

If the alley passes through either of the arches, the player takes from the pool as many marbles as are indicated over the top of the arch through which he passed. If the alley should not pass through the arch, the player receives nothing, and if he misses the bridge altogether he pays another marble into the pool as a fine. In order to win, the alley must pass completely through the arch, and to test whether the marble be through or not, in the event of the question being raised, pass a knife-blade close by the outside of the bridge; if it touches the marble in the least, the player is considered to have missed.

Picking Plums is a game not unlike *Bridge-board* in principle, but can be played without any board. A line is drawn on the ground, and nine marbles, or "plums," are laid out in it in a row, the space between them being just large enough to allow two marbles to stand side by side. The players contribute a certain number of marbles, so there shall be sufficient to put the plums on the line and leave some in the pool.

In front of the row of plums, and about five inches from it, are three holes, as shown in the illustration. The players pay three marbles to the pool for six shots, and have all they can knock out of the line; but if at any time while they are taking the six shots the player's alley falls into one of the three holes, he not only is obliged to pay one marble to the pool, but loses the number of shots which may be remaining to him. The game can be continued as long as there are any marbles in the pool to make good the row of plums.

Spanners is a simple game, but one which is well calculated to teach correctness of aim. The first shoots his marble to the distance of a few yards, and the other tries to strike it with his own. If he can succeed in doing so, he wins one marble. But there is another point in the game, which is that if No. 1 can shoot his alley so close to No. 2 that he can span the distance between them with the thumb and fingers of one hand, he wins the marble just as if he had hit it. Attempting the span, however, is rather a dangerous plan to follow, since if it fails the opponent is sure to be able to place his own alley so as to secure a span.

The game of *Conquerors* is probably well known to every boy, and hardly one who reads this article but that can show a favorite conqueror. Yet it should not be called one of the games of marbles, since there is no skill whatever in the playing of it, and he who has the hardest marble wins without effort on his part. Conquerors may be played with stones just as well as with marbles,

and then many a favorite alley will be spared to serve its master in the more skillful work of shooting.

Practice shooting; for if any game is worth being played at all, it is worth being played well, and a boy should never be satisfied until he is certain that, either at his sports or his tasks, he is doing the best he can.

Do not be too anxious to hit your opponent's alley when it is at such a distance from you as to make the shot a chance one rather than a certainty. If you are not reasonably sure of the shot, it is far better to simply shoot your own alley into such a position as will give you a good chance next time, or, if your adversary be a good player, get into as secure a place as possible without going too far away from the objective point. There is a great advantage in holding the marble correctly, so that your own alley has a certain spinning motion imparted to it as it leaves your hand, which causes it to fly off at an angle when hitting the object, instead of falling "dead," and remaining perhaps inside the ring.

A GOOD SUBJECT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD

THOMAS LITTLEJOHN POPPENHAMMER was one of those wise boys who believed in that beautiful sentiment, "What boys have done, a boy can do." T. Littlejohn Poppenhammer had heard that boys had learned to take photographs. There were boys' cameras to be had in the stores. Pop decided he must have a camera. The other boys and girls considered it distressing to give T. L. P.'s whole name, so they called him Pop, for short. Some of the more hardy boys called him Little Pop. Pop's father was a wise man, and when his son asked for a camera he gave him one.

It came in a neat box, tripod, camera, dry chemicals, scales, trays, and all. Pop studied the book of directions, and worked hard for a whole day picking apples to earn enough money to buy a dozen dry plates. Intelligent readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* will know exactly what all this means—Pop meant to become an amateur photographer.

When the dry plates arrived Pop lighted his red lantern and took the box of plates and the plate-holders of the camera into his mother's linen closet. It made a first-rate dark room, for there was no window, and the door shut tight. Every boy in the neighborhood wanted to see the plates, and Pop took four of them into the dark room.

When the white sheets of glass were seen they felt disappointed.

"Wait till they're exposed," said Pop. "Then you will see things. I tell you it will be fun."

The mysterious work was finished, and Pop and the boys went out to see what they would take first. Every girl wanted to have her portrait taken, and Susie Glover wanted her doll in the foreground with Rover by her side.

"You don't think I'm going to waste my plates taking dolls and dogs? I'm looking for better subjects than that."

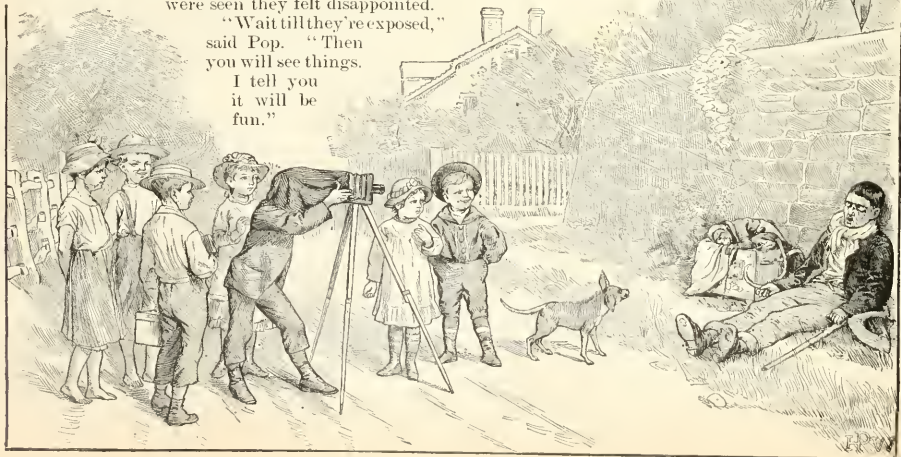
Somebody suggested one thing, and some another. There was the old well with the moss growing on the stones. There was the "Fairy Ring," up at Parker's Woods. There was the "Lovers' Lane," and "Poverty Scrabble," and other picturesque places.

It was a very hot day, and while they were preparing the camera they heard a hand-organ in the street. After a while the music stopped, and they thought the man must have gone away.

Just then Sarah Lipstone came along and said, "Oh, such a queer thing! The hand-organ man has fallen asleep with his monkey at Deacon Green's stone wall."

"Hurrah!" said Pop. "Let's take him."

Sam Terry took the camera box, and Pop shouldered the camera on its tripod, and they all crept softly down the street toward Deacon Green's. As they went along they met Sadie Green and Freddy Stinson, and of course they



joined the procession. They crept up as softly as possible, and Pop set up the camera, and put the black cloth over his head. Every one looked on with the greatest interest, the boys ready to laugh, and the girls curious to see what would happen.

"It's a good subject," said Pop, in a muffled voice from under the cloth. "I'll focus on his nose."

"Steady, now," said Pop, as he took the cap off the camera. "Look pleasant. One, two, three, four, five—done!"

Pop put on the cap, pushed the slide into the plate-holder, and folded up the tripod. The monkey never winked, and the organ man slept peacefully on. The whole party stole carefully away, every one just ready to laugh at Pop's capture.

When he had arranged all the chemicals in his mother's kitchen that night, he closed the doors and blinds, and by the light of the red lantern he developed the plate. The boys and girls who came to see it done thought it was truly wonderful to see the picture appear on the white plate. It was a great success, and a perfect portrait of the man and the monkey. The expression on the monkey's face was truly beautiful.

The next morning there was a tremendous excitement in the village. The constable was asking every one if he had seen a hand-organ man about.

"He stole a white scarf with black stripes from old Mrs. Smith's clothes-line."

"Here's your man," said Pop, showing a fine blue print from his negative.

"Sho!" said the constable. "That is just complete. It's a regular picture. Why, the man has the scarf round his neck. Will you give me the picture?"

"Oh, certainly," said Pop. "I can print another in five minutes."

They soon caught the man, and Judge Pettis said the photograph was good evidence. The fellow begged hard to be allowed to take his monkey and organ to jail, and the Judge said that he might do so, as it would serve to amuse the prisoners. As for the man, he never knew to this day how it all happened. Pop kept the negative, and often told the story to his friends, presenting them with blue prints of his first subject.



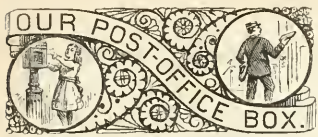
THE INFANTRY.



THE SPECTATORS.



THE CAVALRY.



I HAVE splendid news for you, children! Open your eyes wide, and clap your hands!

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT, IN ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL, IS ENDOWED!

You need not send any more money, as the treasurer has the full sum—three thousand dollars—in hand.

I think it quite wonderful that the whole amount should have been raised in less than two years. I am sure you will all be as glad as I am.

All the particulars of the conclusion of this grand effort will be given in the next number of **YOUR PEOPLE**.

Here is a letter from a little correspondent who sees Mount Olympus from her father's door:

SALONICA, TURKEY.
I am nine years old. I live in Turkey in Europe, in the town of Salonica. I have seen the dancing dervishes three times, and they twirl around like tops for an hour at a time. I have also seen howling dervishes once, and they howl like dogs. We have a Turk called a cavass, whom you would call a guard, who goes out walking with us, and hits us the door down a long time to see how his name is usual. The man who buys for us is a Jew, and his name is Sagitto, which means Isaac, but the Jews here call him Isca.

There are the red camels, and the white camels, and it looks very beautiful now, covered with snow. There are a great many camels here, which carry goods into the interior, where there are no roads. They know how to load, and a good many are tied together with a string, and are led by a donkey or a small horse.

I speak Greek, French, and English. My mamma is from America. I was born in America, and so were my two little sisters. I enjoy reading **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** very much. I have two volumes of it. I hope you will print this.

HARriet M. D.

BENJON, NEVADA.
I have never written to you before because I never knew anything about you until the 19th of March. I was sent a year-old cat that day, and for a birthday present my cousin Herbert subscribed for **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. It was such a surprise! and I do like it, oh! so much. I must have taken him a long time to give so much money—it would me—and he will not be eight years old until June. What can I give him for his birthday? We can not buy anything in these parts. I wish you would be kind to see this letter in the Box, for he has taken **YOUR PEOPLE** several years?

Now, dear Postmistress, you will open your eyes when you see the message I have put into your mail; it is a loaf of bread. I made it all myself, even to the yeast, and it is the first I ever made. I should like to join your cooking class. This is the way I mix my yeast and bread:

First, I put on a big apron, and wash my hands. I peel six good-sized potatoes, and put them out to boil. When well done I wash them, and put them back in the water they were boiled in; this water must be very hot. Then I sift enough flour into the potatoes and water to make it quite thick. I put a table-spoonful of hops in a tin cup, and water over it. I do not add salt. I strain the hot water into the mash (dough, potatoes, and water), stir all well together, and set one side to cool.

When cold I add your yeast; that is, some yeast left from the last making. If you have none, buy a yeast-cake, dissolve in warm water, and add this; or you may be able to buy some baker's yeast, but here my mother has to make her own yeast and bread. Now your yeast is made, and it made right, will be very smooth, white, and creamy; if it all lumps, put it through a wire strainer into a stone jar, and let it be in warm room, when it will rise very rapidly, and if your jar in the first place is more than half full it will overflow. We make our yeast bread, when we have our bread ready, we do not add salt to our yeast. Some add a cupful of sugar to a quart of yeast; this takes off the bitterness of the hops, and makes the bread a very little sweet, but we do not use it with the sugar in.

To make bread I see that my bread-pan—a deep clean tin used only to make bread in—is all clean and nice. I put on my kitchen apron, and wash my hands clean my mother then I sift my flour into my pan until it is quite full (an eight-quart pan), with my hand make a hole in the centre of the flour, put in four or five table-spoonfuls of salt, and a half of my yeast, and about two cups of water, cold in summer and tepid in winter. I then with my hands work this up, and gradually add more water until I get my flour all worked

in, and the dough so stiff it will not stick to my hands. I cover it with a clean towel, and set near the stove in a warm but not hot place; it is not hot, it will not rise evenly. Be careful, too, not to let it chill.

When it has risen to the top of your pan, and is full of little bubbles, it is ready to knead. Put in your bread-pan and grease them, and put your bread-board on the table, also have ready a pan of sifted flour. Put some of this flour on your board, and take of the risen dough, a spoonful at a time for a loaf of bread. You will find it (the spoutage) very soft and sticky. Work up all the flour the dough will take. The more you knead it the finer-grained your bread will be, for the better the flour the more it takes. Then mould your loaf into shape smooth and nice, put it into your bread-pan, previously greased with a little lard. Put your pans of moist clean muslin (we keep our flour sacks for this purpose) to keep off any dust or ashes (we use wood here to cook with). When your loaves are risen do not let it get a little hot and hot. Do not have too hot a fire. Thrust a straw in the loaves, and if the straw comes out clean, your bread is done.

As our bread is done we put it between two clean cloths we keep for this purpose, and we spread on the table double, lay the loaves on this, and put the other double over it; this prevents the crust from hardening. When cold we put it in an covered tin, which keeps it moist and from getting dry and stale.

I hope you will think my bread nice, and my letter not too long. Have you a cabinet? My mamma says she wishes you had a cabinet of your very, very own. If you had, you would not have time to amuse other people's children.

Ever and ever so much love from your little friend and admirer, ESTELLE S.

The small loaf—white, firm, and sweet—came safely, and I thank you that I was very much pleased, and felt very proud when I took it in my hands. People need never be hungry who have the chance of eating such good bread as yours. Tell mamma if she may be mending torn garments, and sewing buttons on snaques and jackets, and signing school reports, and helping certain young people over puzzling places in their lessons, she would change her opinion. If I hadn't children of my very own, do you think I would know so well, dear, how to talk to my throng of little folk, far and near? I have a cabinet. Who will tell Estelle what to make for her cousin's birthday?

BLOOMINGBROOK, OHIO.
As you have taken such kindly notice of our little girl, she wishes you had a cabinet. I thought it well to write that Betty Boy died of an earth-worm on Easter. Many thanks to those who told us of their turtles; and our pets now are Bessie (our cat), four sets of little chickens, and a Jersey cow and calf. Won't the dear Postmistress come out and drink a pint of warm sweet milk with each of us?—our allowance at each milking. DOTY AND AUNT E.

Farewell to Pretty Boy. Thanks for your kind invitation. Wish me cozy checks like your own when you check your milk, and I shall be satisfied.

This comes from one of my boys:

CLAREMONT, MISSOURI.
I am thirteen years old, and will be fourteen on the 6th of June. I have a twin brother and two sisters, one older than myself, and the other younger than I. My father is a Postmaster. I go into the Post-office every Thursday night, and wait for **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. My brother and I bring in all the wood and feed the horse and cow.

I have no pet except a dog, whose name is Sancho. When I go hunting I take him with me. He goes into the water and brings out ducks and geese about there. The most of little chickens, and silver-corn, and wear a lake about nine miles from town. We usually stay there two weeks. LESTER F.

NEW YORK CITY.
I am a boy twelve years of age, and attend school regularly, and when I come home from school I practice on the piano, and afterward study my lesson for the next day. I like my music very much. I read **YOUR PEOPLE**, *Golden Days*, and *The Youth's Companion*, but of all I like **YOUR PEOPLE**, the best. I take **HARPER'S MAGAZINE** too.

I see the boys and girls tell whether they have pets or not. I have a few. The few are my mother's cat, my sister Betty, and my brother Will. We had a bird, but he died of a broken wing, and I think that is enough. Last year I had my **HARPER'S MONTHLYS** bound, and they made two volumes. EDDIE GRAHAM S.

THREE RIVERS.
I am a little boy twelve years of age. I go to the High School, and I take **YOUR PEOPLE**, and I am glad to tell you how I subscribed for it.

One day my grandmother asked me what I would like to have for my birthday present, and I told her I would like to subscribe for your beautiful paper, so she gave me \$1.50. And she also gave me a beautiful gold watch.

I have a couple of bantams, and the hen lays every day, and I take good care of them, and love them very much. My neighbor has a little pony, and I go out to ride her; she is very wild.

WILLIE F.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister
Whatever she does I kiss her
Although this little midget
Always keeps me in a fidget

She mixes up my play things
And tangles up my kite strings
And I thought she was a baby
She can always lose my ball

She's in mischief all the day
She insists on her own way
But I kiss her what else can I do
When she says Erty I love 00

These pretty verses are the work of Ernest B., a Brooklyn boy nine years old. It sends regards to Jessie C. S., of Montreal, a little friend of his who had a letter to No. 74.

PORTSMOUTH, RHODE ISLAND.

I read the letters from your little girls and boys every week, and so I want to write to you myself, and see how my letter looks in print. I am a Rhode Island girl, and I live on the island of Rhode Island, close, very close, to the shore, on Narragansett Bay, an hour's ride from Newport. I have a great deal of amusement on the shore finding shells and sea-weeds, and little lobsters and crabs and fishes, and digging clams, and bathing in the summer. I have two brothers and two sisters, and we put on our bathing clothes in the house and go to the beach.

I live on a farm, and have plenty of pets—a large water-dog named Joe and two small dogs, besides ducks and hens and guinea-pigs, and my mamma, and I wash dishes, and I can attend to—and a rabbit yard for my rabbits. It is very pleasant here, because we have pears and peaches and cherries and apples. We all help our mamma, and I wash dishes, and I love to do it. I have wanted to write to you a long time, and now I have done it, so good-by from

DAISY S.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

I am a girl fourteen years old. My brother, who is sixteen, and is in America, sends **YOUR PEOPLE** to Joseph, my brother, aged twelve. Any, my sister, who is ten, and my mother, and I enjoy it very much. I think "Nan" was by far the best tale; it was so brave in her to be silent when her cousin was in fault. Then, next to "Nan," I think the Post-office Boys is interesting. I am a little American, and staid there eight months. I visited Niagara Falls, and thought they were magnificent. We James, Lillie, Benjie, and myself, saw the Falls during the winter holidays. My brother Benjie is still in America, keeping my aunt company. He is becoming quite an American.

I have had the scarlet fever, but I am well now. I was beautiful with an aunt at Seaford. We have a beautiful pet at home; it is a Persian cat named Pie. She has a lovely gray skin. MARY A. B.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

I am learning to keep house, and would like to join the club. I send you a splendid receipt for corn egg bread. It is delicious, and so delicate! I have two canary-birds; they are very sweet to me by my name. I am hanging over the front door. The other day one of the cages was knocked down, and Janie broke her leg. I fear she will die. I never have succeeded in raising any birds. Janie would have eggs, and Robie would eat them.

I am going to have a strawberry bed this summer, and attend to it myself. My mother and I are in the habit of going to the farm. We live on a large farm. This summer I am to attend to the chickens for grandmother. I have nearly a hundred eggs ready to set. LILLIE S. B.

CORN EGG BREAD.

Two cups of buttermilk, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs beaten separately, half a pound of soda, spoonfuls of meal, and one tea-spoonful of salt.

CLACKA, TENNESSEE.

I am a boy twelve years old. I have just moved to this village to attend school. This is my first year, and my mother has taught me at our home in the country. This school is conducted by the Messrs. W., and we think it the finest school in the State. I have about one hundred and thirty-five pupils. The Young Men's Christian Association have services in the school-room every Friday evening after school is dismissed, and practicing once a week.

Will you tell you how we study **YOUR PEOPLE** in our school. We have a class of forty-four. A lesson is selected by the teacher, and when we are called to our recitation our teacher reads a

verse, which we are required to write correctly; then we pass our slates to the one below us for inspection, and if he finds a mistake in writing, spelling, or punctuation, he traps us; then we have to read the lesson, and give the meaning of all the hard words. I have hunted out the meanings of as many as fifty words in one lesson. The one who is at the head and says the lesson gets a distinction. I like **YOUR PEOPLE** very much, as it supplies the place of both history and geography. Our next lesson will be the last chapter of **NAN**. WILLIE D. L.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

The day had been cold and blustering, and in the night came a wonder: behold! the moon was everywhere. It was surrounded with a large circle, and on either side was something that had the appearance of a rainbow, and in the middle was a cross. This happened in the year 1861, and was very beautiful sight it was. It was because particles of ice in the air acted like so many little mirrors, being reflected upon by the moon.

WORHALL W.

NEW YORK CITY.

I thought I would write and tell you how I employ myself. I am fourteen years old, and have gone through a course of lessons. I can now make up with every alchemy, and will play the circle, and on either side was something that had the appearance of a rainbow, and in the middle was a cross. This happened in the year 1861, and was very beautiful sight it was. It was because particles of ice in the air acted like so many little mirrors, being reflected upon by the moon.

I read of Mamie L. B. and her quilt in No. 177, and will tell her of my crazy quilt, as you asked. I have made one, and will play the circle, and on either side was something that had the appearance of a rainbow, and in the middle was a cross. This happened in the year 1861, and was very beautiful sight it was. It was because particles of ice in the air acted like so many little mirrors, being reflected upon by the moon.

What a clever girl! you have learned dressmaking! But mind the doctor, and do not sew too steadily, especially at the machine.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

On seeing a letter from my little cousin in Dresden, Germany, a short time ago, I decided to write one myself for the Boston office. I had written the authors in **YOUR PEOPLE** are Jimmy Brown and Mrs. John Lillie. I have lately tried several of the Little Housekeepers' receipts, some having been a success and others a failure. The "Mashed Turnip pudding" turned out to be heavy, but the Dolls' Cup Cake was very good indeed, and by adding a little coconut to this receipt it makes it delicious. A dabby dish for tea is mashed potatoes formed into the shape of balls, but let pears, and with a small stick of cinnamon stuck in at the top for a stem they look very tempting when browned over a little in the oven.

MATTIE C.

I am a boy twelve years old, and live on one of the Sea Islands, near Charleston, South Carolina. As there is no school here, I go to my mother. I have a softer dog named Max, and often go shooting, and take him with me. Our place is called Seven Oaks, from a very remarkable old tree on it. This live-oak tree is fifty feet in circumference, with seven distinct trees growing from it. Five are still standing, one is lying on the ground, and the other rotted away years ago. R. C. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My little boy has had the mumps, and has amused himself very much by cutting these designs while he has been in bed, and wishes me to send you these, that perhaps some of the other little children can pass a little time in the same way. The paper can be obtained at the Kindergarten stores, where it is sold for paper-folding. He folds and then cuts the paper in different ways, each time making a new creature when opened. Of course the paper must be folded very exactly, or the designs will not be true. Let me thank you again and again for this beautiful paper; it is everything to be desired for the little ones.

EVELYN'S MAMA.

The designs were very pretty indeed, and I am glad Evelyn can cut them so nicely. Another friend suggests that children amuse themselves by cutting doll heads from the illustrated papers, and pasting them on other bodies with very comical results.

READING, NEW JERSEY.

As I have never written before, I will write now. I have begun a diary; I started it on the 1st of April. Papa says he don't believe I will keep it well. He says if I keep it a year he will get me a nicer one. My papa is a school-teacher, and we children have to study. Sometimes we think it is a little hard, but mo-

ther says it is a good thing. Amelia, we made some of your cream almonds, and they were very nice; they tasted like French-candies. I like the story of "Raising the Pearl" very much, and also think that Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I would very much like to hear some more about Nan, and how she is getting along in her new home. I am eleven years old.

RETTA F.

A LOAF OF BREAD.

Out of a window came a loaf of bread,
And lit a boy on the top of his head;
It scared a horse that was hitched to a gig,
And he took a man run over a pig.

The boy took the bread, and home he posted,
And told his mother he wanted it toasted.
The boy he ate, and he ate, and he ate,
Until he got up with a stomach-ache.

EWING A. L. B. (8 years old).

FARMINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have taken **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** from the first number. I liked the story of "Nan" so much, I was sorry when it was concluded. I must tell you of the dear little bird I had for a pet. I gave him every three days a drawful of seed, and every day fresh water. One day, when in the room where his cage hung, I looked up at it, and saw him put his head far out and look about, but I thought he was growing tame. That evening my papa saw two mice in the same room, and killed them, after morning on going to his cage to give water as usual, I found him sitting on the bottom of his cage, looking so weak, and on looking into his drawer it was empty, so I hurried and gave him some soaked bread in water, but too late; he died in half an hour—starved to death. The mice had eaten his seed all up, and poor little bird was hungry when he put his head through the bars the day before.

M. M.

As I can not possibly crowd in all the letters which I want to publish this week, I will answer some of them here. John A. P.: I am sorry that you have been disappointed about your letters. Thanks for your puzzles.—A. H. J.: What a pity to shoot the dear little robins—Alice S.: "Madge" is a very pretty story. Send another some time. I can not make room for this.—Ethel H. Andrews is making a crazy quilt, and exchanging silk and plush scraps with other girls; she lives at No. 322 1/2 Guerrero Street, San Francisco, California.—Frank B.: It was too bad your goats were poisoned. Who could have been so wicked? I would like to see your squirrel.—Willie C.: Kiss Bessie for me.—Henrietta T. P.: My compliments to Tap.—Ella M. P.: There is no charge for the insertion of exchanges. Which of your numerous pets is the favorite? The pug, I fancy.—Carrie B. F.: Thanks for your letter. I am glad you want to learn housekeeping.—George H. P.: So you are to be a cabin-boy and sail to the South Seas. I hope you may become a Captain in time.—Nannie D.: How unfortunate you have been to have all your pets run away or die!—George M. D.: For a boy only eight you write well. Your governess must take pains with you.—Grace J. V.: I remember your other letter. Try a third time, dear. I will think of your suggestion about "Denaerotic."

BOYS' LIBRARY COMMITTEE.—I thought of you on the evening of your reception, and had Belle open on the line of cars that runs through Dream-land you would have seen me there. I wish one of the eight would write and describe your association and its object.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first in glittering state is seen
Shiny, chit'ny and a flash of green
At evening fires within my bound
Dot here and there the quiet ground.
And titles are told, and to and fro
The feet of busy people go.

My second hath a thrilling tongue,
And oft its praise have poets sung.
He sometimes swings, and he is swayed,
And sometimes gems a tiny flower;
And whosoever you may dwell
What time it is 'twill surely tell.

My whole's a name renowned in story,
And covered o'er with fame and glory.

MOTHER BUNCH.

No. 2.
TWO ENIGMAS.
1. My first is in June, but not in soon,
My second is in June, but not in loom.
My third is in pie, but not in sky.
My fourth is in lie, but not in guy.
My fifth is in tin, but not in suit.
My sixth is in mate, but not in gait.
My seventh is in eye, but not in lay.
My whole is something in the sky.
JOHN A. FAIRLIE.

2. In rake, not in bow,
In plus, not in oak,
In flag, not in hove,
In flare, not in smoke,
In meat, not in drink,
In crimson, not in ink,
My whole have armies oft assisted,
Given to soldiers when enlisted.
C. L. LAING.

No. 3.

A RIDDLE.

I am firm, hard, solid, yet brittle. If you use me well, I am everybody. If you scratch my back, I am nobody. All seek my company, though they prefer to meet only themselves. Cook.

No. 4.

A PUZZLE.

One-ninth of a netarine, one-fifth of a peach, one-fourth of a pear, one-sixth of an orange, one-seventh of an apricot, one-tenth of a strawberry, equals what fruit? Cook.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 179.

No. 1. S T A R E F O N T
T A R E O H I O
A R T O I L E
R E S T T O E S

G I R L
D E E
R E A M
L A M B

No. 2. C A D
B A A D
C A D N Y
A D A Y
Y

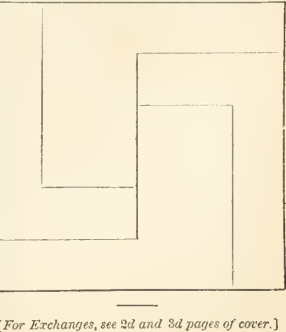
D
C A N
D A T E S
N E T
S

No. 3. Bad. Rib. Yard. Kirk. Bay. Crib.

No. 4. O L I T E
O L I E
L O C K
I L K
T O

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Rigolette, John F. Little, Charlie Trumpler, George Trumpler, Lady Lura E. Hunsbie P., Emelie de L. Kennedy, Ray F. Hutchinson, Fred Molman, Ernest Wolkwitz, Henry Chambers, Bessie Wilson, Edna Kip, Emma Shaffer, Henry K. Pease, B. D. H. and E. C. Maudie C., Walter Morrill, Three Stars, Kitty Jackson, Jesse S. Godine, Alfred S. Hequemouze, Lulu Payson, Morris Van Wyck, Clarence Senior, George Trumbull, Glover Birch, John T. Smith, Rosalie Haswell, Arnold Thompson, Archie Demarest, Roland Ware, Maggie Payne, Clara De Poy, Elsie L., Helen V., James A. M. J. Ritchie, Lincoln Stearns, Bessie Hyde, G. S. Weller, D. J. Hickey, Yorke Allen, Jessamine W. Ray, William Matthews, S. Hail, Ida and Emma Hennessey, William Pitt Anderson, Emma Radford, Harry Stiles, and Ed. Jerry.

ANSWER TO THE SQUARE PUZZLE ON PAGE 368 OF NO. 180.



[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



PARLOR GAMES AND FORFEITS.

THE ANIMAL CLUB.

IN this game two of the party are elected to fill the office of President Bergh and his Vice-President; the others each choose some animal, bird, or insect which they will represent. The President then relates an anecdote slowly. At the occurrence of any of the words with an initial letter the same as that of any of the animals, the cry peculiar to it must be imitated by the person who represents it; for instance, if there be a dog, at any word commencing with a *d* the dog must bark. The Vice-President must be on the watch for any omission. When one occurs, the delinquent must pay a forfeit.

FORFEITS.

The Statesman.—Ask the penitent what State he would like to represent in Congress. When selected, he must be made to spell its name backward without a mistake. If he fails, he knows not the requirements of his constituents, and must lose his election.

THE ECLIPSE.

You are to take an ordinary tea-tray, then mount a chair, and holding the tray up before your face, gradually withdraw it in the manner of an eclipse. A pretty little girl can make this a very pretty picture.

THE EXCHANGE.

You are to give a five-dollar bill in return for your forfeit. This is done by writing out a note as follows:

"To one handkerchief" (or pencil, or whatever the case may be), "five dollars," which you present to the distributor in exchange for your forfeit.

Then you may ask the penitent a conundrum, which, if he answers correctly, of course lets him off.

"Why does a hen cross the road in wet weather?—Because she wants to get to the other side."

"What most resembles a cat?—A kitten."

"How many little girls would it take to reach from Philadelphia to New York?—Seventy-five, for a miss is as good as a mile."

"If a bear should go into Stewart's, what would he want?—Mnsliu" (muzzling).

"If the alphabet were invited out, what time would U, V, W, X, Y, and Z go?—They would go after tea" (T).

AN APE'S REVENGE.

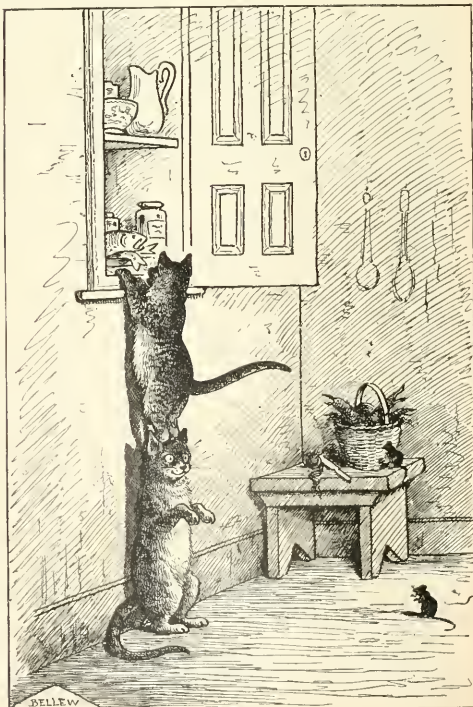
APES, when their anger is aroused, are very dangerous creatures, as they will dare almost anything in order to avenge their wrongs. Many of their deeds of revenge are well known; but the following anecdote, which comes from Italy, is as amusing as any we have yet heard of.

Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo, resided in Florence, in a house overlooking a garden belonging to some friars. Il Rosso possessed an ape which was on very friendly terms with one of his apprentices called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, letting it down into the adjacent garden and drawing it up again by a rope.

The grapes being missed, a watch was set, and one day a friar caught the ape in the very act. He tried to inflict a thrashing; but the ape got the best of it, and escaped. Il Rosso, however, was sued, and his pet sentenced to wear a weight on its tail. But few days elapsed ere the culprit had an opportunity of avenging this insult.

While the friar was performing mass at a neighboring church, the ape climbed to the part of the roof under which the altar stood, and, to quote Vasari's words, "performed so lively a dance with the weight on his tail that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken; and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentations was heard that lasted for three days." The revenge which the ape took upon the friar was, however, more easy to bear than the vengeance of an elephant who was disappointed in regard to some expected sweetmeats.

A French gentleman living in India had a tame elephant, which was accustomed to go into the dining-room after dinner, and beg from the guests. One day the elephant came when they were at dessert. A gentleman refused to give it anything; but the elephant would not go away. The gentleman, angry at its asking, gave it a stab with his fork. The elephant went into the garden, tore a branch, covered with black ants, off a tree, and shook them over the gentleman's head. The ants got into his ears and down his neck, and at last he undressed and took a bath to get rid of his tormentors.



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THE MAY-DAY FÊTE AT BEVERLY HILL.

BY AGNES CARR.

"MISTRESS MAY BEVERLY requests y^e pleasure of your companie at a Maie-day fete, according to y^e custome of y^e olden tyme, at Beverly Hill, on y^e firste daie of Maie, 188-."

This was the invitation, written in old English characters upon rough note-paper, and sealed with wax, that Edith Dinsmore gayly opened and read aloud one mild morning in the middle of April.

"How charming!" she cried, addressing a party of girl friends, each of whom held a similar missive.

"The only thing I don't like about it," remarked Laura Marly, "is that little Brownie Le Brun has an invitation too."

"Has she?" exclaimed Edith. "What could have induced May to ask her? It would have been much nicer if she had kept to our set."

"May is too kind hearted to slight any one," put in Elsie Duncan, "and Annette belongs to our class, and ought to be considered one of the set."

"I am not accustomed to associate with charity girls," said Laura, with a scornful shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh, hush! she must have heard you," whispered Elsie, as a little figure in a well-worn brown dress entered the room, and took a book from a distant table.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," remarked Edith. "But here comes May now."

"Good-morning—good-morning, May," was heard on all sides, and the girls gathered round the new-comer, asking eager questions about the coming fête.

"Grandpa, you know," laughed May, "is a real old English gentleman, and delights in ancient customs; and it was his idea to celebrate my sixteenth birthday in this fashion. And we want you all to dress in quaint old costumes; it will make it so much more picturesque."

"We will. Oh, what fun!" exclaimed all the girls.

Annette Le Brun alone was silent, until May Beverly, breaking away from the noisy group, approached her, saying, "And you, Brownie, will come to my fête, of course?"

The girl's dark eyes were misty with tears as she said, softly, "No, I think not; no one will want me."

"Nonsense! I want you, and you will surely not disappoint me on my birthday." And thus urging, May at length won a half-unwilling consent from the plain little French girl to accept her invitation.

Annette Le Brun, or Brownie, as she was more often called, was the daughter of a former French teacher in Mrs. Merwin's "Select School for Young Ladies and Children," but now Madame Le Brun's health had failed, and, unable longer to teach, she eked out a scanty livelihood by doing for large stores the exquisitely fine embroidery that had been taught her years before in a French convent. Mrs. Merwin felt a warm friendship for the poor gentlewoman, and kindly kept Annette in the school, that she might at least have a good education as her capital in life, and for which she partially paid by teaching one or two of the primary classes.

Brownie was bright and capable, but was rather looked down upon by members of her class, only May Beverly and Elsie Duncan ever showing her anything like real kindness. So the poor child's life was a very dreary one, and much as she dreaded to accept it, this invitation to the May-day fête was like a glimpse of paradise.

In direct contrast to little Annette's gray-lined life was that of May. Her parents gave her every care, and she had the loveliest of homes. Beverly Hill was a grand old place overlooking the noble Hudson, and it was Mr. Beverly's delight to form his American home on the model of an old ancestral hall in merry England. So there was an "approach," a large wood-fire place in the spacious hall, and a picture-gallery hung with many portraits of Beverlys of past generations, while the conservatories were a wonder to all the country round.

Unlike the usual 1st of May, the day of the fête dawned bright and warm, and ten o'clock found a gay party of young people collected in the Grand Central Depot awaiting the special car that was to transport them to Beverly Hill. And Annette Le Brun was among them, with an unwonted color on her sallow cheeks and a sparkle in her dark eyes.

It was but a short run through the peaceful spring-awakened country, and on the platform at Beverly Station stood May herself, with her cousin Carl, dressed like two Arcadian peasants, to welcome her guests. Large open carriages were in waiting to convey them up the hill, while at the lodge gate they were met by a gay procession in quaint costumes, which escorted them through the grounds to the house. Some of the girls, clad as milkmaids, bore upon their heads tin pans and pewter plates adorned with garlands; others held aloft on tall poles May wreaths formed of hoops twined with flowers, while the boys carried cows' horns and hollow canes, and waved branches laden with buds and blossoms. As they marched they sang an old May-day song:

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands,

"The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leaf;
Our heavenly Father watered them
With His heavenly dew so sweet.

"The sun shines bright and sheds its light
Upon this festal day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!"

Arrived at the house, May led the girls to an upper chamber to lay off their wraps, and many were the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" over the pretty fanciful gowns now revealed, and in which these nineteenth-century maidens looked like village rustics of "y^e olden time." But all were amazed when Brownie Le Brun threw aside her gray cloak, and stepped forth as the daintiest of dainty shepherdesses. The material of her dress was an heirloom, brought long ago from France, and her mother had skillfully fashioned it into an exact copy of a costume worn by Marie Antoinette when she descended from her throne to masquerade at Little Trianon. It well suited Brownie's style, and she looked almost pretty. May and Elsie hugged her in delight, and then the merry party went down the staircase to the grand old hall now decked with greens, and where a wood fire blazed cheerfully upon the hearth.

A collation awaited them in the dining-room, which Mr. Beverly assured them was much like a May-day feast once given by an English ambassador to a Queen of Sweden. The centre piece consisted of three large cheeses adorned with flowers and boughs of trees, and was surrounded by an infinite variety of English sauces, creams, puddings, custards, and tarts, while there was no lack of substantial in the way of broiled chickens, tongue, and cold meats. It was an odd meal, but all enjoyed it from the novelty.

Unfortunately in our climate wild flowers are very chary about appearing by the first of May, only a few hardy dandelions venturing to creep out so soon from their snug winter-quarters; but Mr. Beverly had prepared for this, and the conservatory supplied the flowers that were to be woven into garlands, the prettiest of which was to serve as a crown for the May-Queen.

But before the task of preparing the wreath was begun, and while the girls were walking about the gardens, Laura Marly, Edith Dinsmore, and two or three of the others suddenly found themselves in a lonely dell beneath some drooping willow-trees, whose bending branches swept a little stream that ran foaming and whirling over the stones, forming a series of seething rapids around a group of moss-covered rocks, and finally falling in a silvery cascade down into a deep ravine below.

"What a charming fairy-like nook!" cried Edith.

"And look," said Laura, "at that graceful little maiden-hair fern growing out of the highest rock. It must be the first of the season, and I shall try and get it to twine in my wreath."

"Oh, Laura, don't!" cried the girls. "The current is very swift here, and if you should slip in you would be carried over the falls and surely killed."

"I don't intend to slip," said Laura, stubbornly, "but I do mean to have that fern," and grasping one of the willow sprays as a support, she leaped lightly upon the first slippery stepping-stone leading to the rock in the centre of the stream.

Her companions implored her to return, but with a willful shake of her head she went steadily on, picking her way, while the water boiled around her, until the height was gained, and she reached up for the prize. "You see, I am sure-footed as a chamois," she cried, gayly, as her hand touched the feathery fronds. But at that instant a tiny water-snake, gliding from a crevice in the stone, made her start; she lost her balance, and fell with a loud cry into the rushing water.

"Help me, girls! save me!" she called, in despair, as

she tried in vain to regain her feet on the moss-covered stones.

But her friends were panic-stricken, none daring to venture to reach her. One fainted away, another covered her face with her hands and sobbed wildly, while Edith ran up and down, wringing her hands and uttering frightened cries for help.

Laura succeeded in throwing one arm around a stone, which prevented her drifting nearer the fatal fall; but she was soon chilled through, and felt herself losing her hold, when the bushes were pushed aside, and Annette Le Brun appeared upon the bank.

"Will you let Laura drown before your eyes?" she exclaimed, indignantly, as she instantly grasped the situation; and hastily untying a wide sash that she wore, she fairly forced Edith to stand still and hold one end, while, fastening the other about her own waist, she ventured bravely out upon the slippery rocks. Laura watched her approach with eager eyes, and, when near enough, fiercely clutched the gay skirt of the little shepherdess, thereby almost dragging Brownie also into the stream.

"Let go!" commanded the French girl, sternly, "or I can do nothing for you. Wait until I can brace myself against the rock; then take my hand and try to rise."

Laura did as she was told, and with Annette's help succeeded in climbing up on the rock, which was high enough to be almost dry.

"Now we must wait," said Brownie, "until they can bring a board. I will not risk returning on the stones."

By this time Edith's screams had been heard, and boys and girls came trooping from all directions. Mr. Beverly too appeared, with a troubled face.

"What hare-brained girl has been so silly as to cross the Naiad Rapids?" he exclaimed. "It was tempting Providence indeed."

"But that little French girl is a brick," said Ralph Duncan, as he and Carl hastened up with a long plank, which they threw across the stones, and on this rudely constructed bridge the trembling maidens returned safely to land.

"You are indeed a good, brave girl," said Mr. Beverly, with a kind smile, taking Brownie's cold hands in his. "I am proud that May should have such a friend; and Miss Marly will feel that she owes her life to you, for some years ago a laborer's child attempted the same feat, and was swept over the falls forty feet below."

Annette was now the heroine of the day, and all crowded round to praise her presence of mind and courage; but poor Laura was sobbing and shivering with cold; so Mrs. Beverly hurried her up to the house to change her wet clothing.

This was soon accomplished, and the girl, dressed in one of May's suits, seemed to feel no ill effects from her sudden bath. But when Brownie stole softly into the room to try and remove the spots which the spray had made on her pretty costume, she could hardly believe it was her haughty, self-willed class-mate who now threw her arms affectionately round her neck, and in such a humble tone begged her forgiveness for her past unkind treatment.

"For," she said, with a shudder, "Edith, Maud, and Clara were perfectly helpless, and if you had not come as you did I should have lost my hold, and been carried down into the dark ravine below."

To kiss and forgive was very easy for Brownie; and now May too came to thank her for keeping such a shadow away from her birthday fête, and to beg them both to come down to the great hall, where all were now engaged in twining the May wreaths. While they were at work the boys disappeared, and the "flower fays," as some of the ladies called them, were suddenly startled by a cheering and shouting without.

Hastening to see what it might mean, they beheld coming up the road eight yoke of oxen, with daisy-chains about their necks, their horns tipped with tiny nosegays,

and drawing after them the old-fashioned May-pole, wound with bright ribbons and flowers, and on which were seated all the merry lads in their picturesque costumes.

With much ceremony and laughter the pole was erected, and then came the choosing of the May-Queen. The lot fell upon the gracious little hostess, who with a queenly air ascended the mossy throne prepared for her, and was crowned with the French girl's wreath, all having agreed that it was the prettiest among them all, and with a kiss for each May chose Brownie and Laura to be her maids of honor. A graceful dance—borrowed from the German—then took place, and merrily they waltzed on the greensward, while the last rays of the setting sun lighted up the pretty scene with a roseate hue.

It had been a merry day in spite of the accident, and after a bounteous tea, served in the hall, the evening hours too sped by with dance and song and jolly cheer. The train left at ten o'clock, when, as she bade her friends good-by, May put into the hands of each of her school-mates a spicy little bouquet, composed of sixteen May-flowers, within which was hidden a golden keepsake as a memento of the day, while in those for Laura and Annette were mingled tiny sprays of maiden-hair fern which Carl had secured from Naiad Rock.

"I shall press mine," said Laura, "and always keep it in remembrance of Brownie's bravery, and I hope it will teach me to be less foolish and self-willed in future."

"And I," said Annette, with a happy smile, "will do the same, as a souvenir of my two dearest friends, May and Laura, and of this lovely May-day fête."

JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER.*

BY D. A. MUNRO.

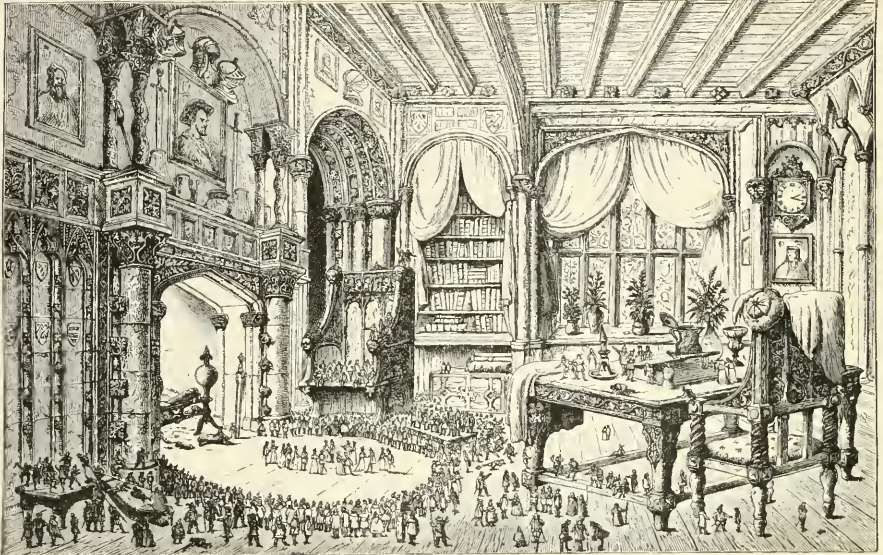
IT was not till tops came in at the Edinburgh High School that the boys began to see that, after all, James Nasmyth was a very smart fellow. There was, indeed, no reason why he should be dull. He came of a very clever family: his father was a distinguished painter, and had been an intimate friend of the great poet Robert Burns, and his home was the resort of many of the great men of the Scotch capital, like Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Brewster, who liked to spend their evenings there.

But James did not get on so well with his lessons as many of the other boys who had no such advantages. He had been taken from the first school he attended because his teacher had been so annoyed by his stupidity as to give him a brutal whipping, which confined him to bed for more than a week. Since coming to the High School he had always manfully tried to master his tasks, but he was slow at learning from books, and he remained steadily near the foot of his class.

He could read very well, but he often got into trouble about his spelling. The rules of grammar and the names of the tenses puzzled him sadly, and he was fairly distracted by the irregular verbs. So his teachers and companions put him down as one of the dunces of the school.

When top-time came the mistake was found out. Instead of going to the stores like the rest to purchase a top, he brought one down which he had made with his own hands, and that so well that it would spin twice as long as any other top in the whole school. No top could spin so sweetly as his, and the boys gathered in crowds and listened with envy to its hum. It was this top that led to the discovery that the little left-handed boy of nine years had a wonderful skill in making things, and from the time when that became known he was a hero among his school-mates.

* *James Nasmyth, Engineer.* An Autobiography. Edited by SAMEL SMILES, LL.D. Author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," "Character," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50; 4to, Paper, 20 Cents.



"THE FAIRIES."—FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES NASMYTH.

Every one of them was anxious to possess something of his manufacture, and he was kept constantly busy in making toys for his friends. He made kites for them, and tissue-paper balloons, and even the brass cannon for celebrating the King's birthday. Then he turned old keys into beautiful little guns by boring touch-holes in their barrels, and putting sliding brass collars on them. In fact, there was scarcely anything that James could not do, and the boys were continually calling for Nasmyth to give them advice or assistance in their difficulties.

It must not be imagined that this skill had come to James only when his companions found out about it. He had always been an observant, old-fashioned child, and had begun to notice things, his mother used to say, when he was only four days old; and from his earliest years tools and things made with tools were his greatest delight. When the servants took him for a walk past the Calton Hill, he would steal away from them and peep in at the doors of the workshops, where men were at work of different kinds amid the blaze of fires and the beatings of hammers.

The greater part of James's knowledge was acquired in his father's work-room. This was an apartment in which Mr. Nasmyth kept a large variety of tools with which he amused himself when tired of painting. After James had learned to walk he would follow his father thither at every opportunity, and sit for hours near the bench, trying to understand all that was going on. As he grew older, Mr. Nasmyth explained to him how the different tools should be used, until at length he was able to handle them himself to such good purpose that he was dubbed "the little jack-of-all-trades." It was in his father's work-room that he made the toys which won the admiration of the High School boys. Mr. Nasmyth gave his son also careful training in the art of drawing, and James soon learned to express his thoughts clearly and exactly by a few strokes of the pencil. In after-years this accomplishment was invaluable to him in the pursuit of his profession, as well as a source of amusement in his leisure hours, which were frequently beguiled by sketching places he had visited, or scenes conjured up by his imagination. The accompany-

ing illustration, giving his idea of the dainty little inhabitants of fairy-land, is a specimen of a series of fanciful drawings made by him as a rest after his day's labors.

James was very glad when he left school. He longed to be an engineer. He set himself in earnest to increase his knowledge of mechanics, and by the continual use of his eyes and his fingers he made rapid progress. He turned his bedroom into a small brass foundry, taking up the carpet to prevent its being soiled, and he would work there at night long after he should have been sound asleep. When he was seventeen years old, he made a small working engine, which he gave to his father to use in grinding the oil-colors for his pictures; and as Mr. Nasmyth took great pride in exhibiting the beautiful machine to the friends and patrons who visited his studio, people began to talk about James, and to predict great things of him. One of his inventions was described in a scientific journal, and he constructed a steam-carriage for the Scottish Society of Arts, which for several months was the amazement of the whole town.

At length James felt that he had learned as much as was to be learned in Edinburgh, and he went to London, where he was engaged as private assistant to a noted engineer, whose factory was the perfection of mechanical excellence. Here he made the best use of his rare opportunities of forming an acquaintance with the principles of his profession, so that when his kind master died he determined to set up in business for himself. Manchester was selected as the place where he should try his fortunes, and thither he went, with a collection of tools which he had made for himself, and a few letters of introduction.

He soon found, however, that the small sum of money which he possessed was not enough to pay the rent of a suitable shop, and as his father was poor and could give him no assistance, it looked as if he must fail at the very outset of his career. There lived in Manchester at that time three brothers—William, Daniel, and John Grant—sons of a poor Scotch candle-drover, who by means of economy and hard work had raised themselves into positions of wealth and influence. They had never forgotten their own early struggles, and were ever ready to give a

kindly word or a helping hand to young men starting in life. Under the name of the Brothers Cheeryble, the employers of good old Tim Linkinwater, the great novelist Charles Dickens has given a charming description of them in his story *Nicholas Nickleby*.

A friend took young Nasmyth to the office of the Messrs. Grant. One of the brothers invited him to lunch, and as they sat at table the good old gentleman listened with interest to the young stranger's account of himself, and then, with a warm pressure of the hand, whispered to him—for there was a large company present—that if he needed money he could have the use of twenty-five hundred dollars. James could scarcely believe his ears, but Mr. Grant winked at him in such a knowing way that there could be no further doubt about the generous offer, for which James returned his most grateful thanks.

As soon as the party broke up James lost no time in engaging a flat in a large factory near the centre of the city, and he had not been there long before he became well known among the people of Manchester. His business increased with great rapidity, to the terror of a glass-cutter who occupied the room underneath, and who, as he heard the clang of the hammers and the movements of the great masses of iron overhead, expected to see the machinery and engines come crashing down upon him through the floor.

At length the ceiling gave way beneath the weight of an immense iron beam, and the glass-cutter with dismay saw his tumblers and decanters shivered to atoms by a shower of broken plaster. Nasmyth was immediately informed by his landlord that he must quit the premises. With characteristic energy he at once secured a vacant

piece of land in a convenient place, and there he built a factory of his own, which, as the Bridgewater Foundry, was soon known all over the world as the home of some of the most useful inventions of modern times.

Nasmyth's most famous invention was the steam-hammer, by means of which large masses of iron can be forged with the greatest ease. It is a very heavy machine, of immense power, and yet so delicately made that the workman, by means of a lever, can direct its operations with the utmost nicety. The great steam-hammer at Woolwich Arsenal, in England, can be made to give so gentle a blow as to crack the end of an egg placed in a wine-glass on the anvil, while the next blow may be given with such force as to be felt two miles away. The original drawings for this wonderful contrivance were made by Nasmyth in about half an hour.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

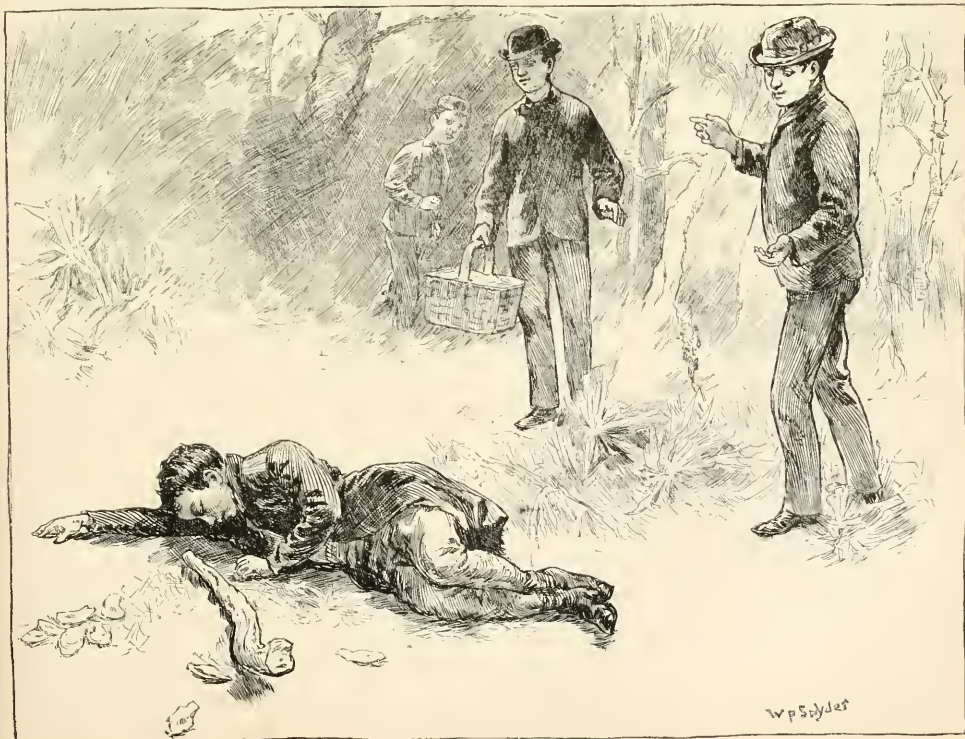
AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STEUBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A DISCOURAGED PIRATE.

THANKS to the early hour at which the young wreckers went to bed, they were up almost as soon as the sun was on the day when the success or failure of their plan for raising the *Pearl* was to be decided.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



THE BOYS DISCOVER THE PIRATE.

The rafts floated securely where they had been anchored on the previous night, and as the boys looked at their stout frames, which would offer so much resistance to any weight that might be put upon them, it was easy to believe that when they were made fast to the steamer the action of the tide would lift the *Pearl* very readily.

They had three hours at their disposal before the water would be low enough to admit of their beginning work, and this time was to be employed in releasing Tommy from his imprisonment.

Breakfast was hurriedly eaten, and without any fear that their belongings in the tent would be disturbed, even if any one from the town should come to pay them a visit, they started for Dollar Island and the pirate.

The pull over was not as hard as when they had rowed Captain Sammy, for the boat they were then in was not as large as the one Tommy had wrecked, and besides it was earlier in the day, and consequently much cooler.

They had supposed that Master Tucker would keep a very sharp lookout for approaching boats, and had no doubt but that he would be on the beach awaiting their arrival.

But when they landed he was nowhere to be seen. They began to think he had already been rescued, and that their labor had been in vain. But they did not propose to return until they had made a thorough effort to find him; therefore they went to their old camping place as a good starting-point from which to begin the search.

When they arrived there they understood why it was the prisoner had not welcomed them to the island.

There, on the ground, on the same spot where they had encamped, lay the once brave but now thoroughly cowed pirate, sleeping quite as soundly as if he had been in his own bed at home. Around him were a number of shells, showing that Captain Sammy was right when he said the boy would find something to eat, and by his side was a club almost as large as himself, which he had probably taken to bed with him in case it should become necessary to defend himself.

Dare leaned over and shook him several times before he awoke. Then, as soon as his eyes were opened, he leaped to his feet and looked anxiously around, as if he expected to see Captain Sammy pop out of the bushes somewhere near him.

"Where is he?" he asked, as if doubting whether he could trust the intentions of his visitors.

"He's at home, if you mean Captain Sammy," replied Dare; "and we have come to take you home too."

"Are you goin' to take me to *him*?" he asked, with very little of the piratical swagger that had frightened Bobby at the time he captured the boat.

"No; you shall go wherever you want to." And then Dare told him of the arrangement they had made regarding him.

"If you promise us that you'll behave yourself in the future, he won't trouble you unless you go where he is."

"No danger of that."

"And will you promise?" urged Dare.

"Yes," said Tommy, "I'll promise, an' I'll keep it too. I did think I wanted to be a pirate, but somehow it ain't as much fun as I thought it would be, an' now that the flag an' my sash an' cap are gone, I'll let Ikey Jones be the pirate, an' I'll look round for somethin' else."

Dare told him they had heard that Ikey Jones had also reformed, so that the pirates of Tampa no longer had an existence, save in the memory of Captain Sammy, and it would be likely to remain green there each time he thought of his wrecked boat.

They remained on Dollar Island about half an hour, and when they started on their return trip Master Tucker took one of the oars, working at it manfully until they were within about a quarter of a mile of the shore. Then he ceased rowing, as if he began to mistrust what had been told him, and looking Dare full in the face, he asked:

"Now you ain't foolin' me, are you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Cap'n Sammy ain't hidin' anywhere 'round here where he can jump out an' nab me jest the minute we get on shore, is he?"

"If you don't believe us," said Dare, with considerable dignity, for he felt hurt that they should be doubted after all they had done, "you can land wherever you say, and then you will be sure we are not deceiving you."

"I ain't 'zactly 'fraid, an' I don't think you'd tell any lies about it," said Tommy, with some hesitation; "but if it don't make any difference to you, I'd rather get out further down the beach."

The boat was headed in the direction he desired, and when the land was reached Tommy first made sure that his enemy was nowhere in sight, and then jumped out quickly.

"Now see here, fellers," he said, as he held on to the bow of the boat for a moment, "you've helped me out of a bad scrape, an' I'll keep my promise to you jest as long as Cap'n Sammy lets me alone." Then with a "good-by" to the boys, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him in the direction of his home.

There was not one of the boys who did not believe but that Tommy would keep his word, and had they been told then that they would be sorry that they had released the prisoner, they would have laughed at the idea.

It was not a long distance from where Tommy had been landed to where the *Pearl* lay, and when they arrived at the scene of their labors Captain Sammy was just coming up in a boat rowed by two men.

The little man looked at them savagely, as if he was angry with himself for having given his permission for the release of Tommy; but he said nothing, which was quite a relief to the boys.

The tide was nearly down, and it was evident that the little man had come there to work, for after ordering the men to row him directly to the rafts, he called out for the boys to bring him the cables.

It was quite a task to carry the long chains from the beach to the boat, and while it was being done Captain Sammy and his men busied themselves in examining the rafts and the position of the sunken steamer.

"Now, then," said Captain Sammy, when the chains were finally placed on one of the rafts, "we are goin' to help you make fast to the *Pearl*, and after that you will have to do all the work yourselves. While we are passing the chains under the steamer you had better be stretching a hawser from the rafts to the shore, so that you can haul them in at high water."

Even the fastening of the hawsers was not such a simple task as it looked. It was necessary to attach a short one first to each raft, and then fasten the two ends on to a longer one, so that when the boys pulled the rafts and their burden inshore, they would move at the same time, and under the same amount of force. Otherwise a swinging motion might be imparted to the yacht as she hung in the chains, and thus become displaced or wrenched.

Long as it took the boys to get the hawsers arranged properly, Captain Sammy did not seem to have begun his portion of the work when they had finished; at least that was what Dare thought at first, although he afterward changed his mind.

One end of each of the two cables had been wound several times around the log that formed one side of the raft on the port side of the *Pearl*, and then made secure by two heavy staples. The middle, or bight, of the chains hung down in the water, while the other ends were thrown over the raft lying to starboard.

"We're all ready now to hook on, and it must be full low water," said Captain Sammy, as he consulted his watch, and the boys looked upon the remark as an order for them to be ready to assist.

They rowed out to the port raft, and there waited the little man's pleasure. The two men had gotten into their boat, which they anchored directly over the bow of the *Pearl*, and there, each holding a long boat-hook, they too waited for Captain Sammy to give the word.

The little man was on the starboard raft, and when he was satisfied that every one was ready, he shouted, as he grasped the unsecured end of the cable,

"Dare, you and Charley lean over the raft and swing your end of the cable inshore; and you," he added to his men, "stand ready."

The boys obeyed the order without understanding what they were to effect; and when the heavy chain was slowly swung toward the beach, the men in the boat fastened the iron-shod end of their poles into it at its lowest point in the water, pushing it directly under the bow of the sunken steamer.

Captain Sammy quickly made his end of the cable fast with a piece of rope, and then exactly the same work was done on the other.

After the two cables were thus in position the two rafts were swung nearer together, and the two logs which the boys thought had been uselessly cut were placed across from one raft to the other, about ten feet apart.

The cables on the starboard raft were hauled as taut as possible, after which their ends were secured as firmly as on the other raft.

Captain Sammy then produced from his boat four stout chains, each about twenty feet in length, and having large clamps at one end.

These he hooked on to the cables a short distance below the surface of the water, one on each side, and brought them up around the two logs.

"There, my lads," said Captain Sammy, triumphantly, "when you want to take up the slack to-morrow, all you have to do is to anchor the rafts as far apart as possible, drop the clamps farther down on the main cable, and belay the short chains. Besides, by this means, you see, there is no chance for the rafts to swing one way or the other, and drop the *Pearl* out just when you thought you had her fast."

It was a contrivance which the boys would never have thought of, and Dare was now very glad that Captain Sammy had been anxious to aid them.

All hands now turned their attention to drawing the short chains taut, and this was done by the means of a capstan bar, a turn being taken around one end of it, and then the bar being used as a lever.

Each one had been drawn up as taut as the strength of the workmen could make them, a double hook was fastened through the links, and then their portion of the work was done. It was for the water to do the remainder.

The tide had commenced to flow, and all hands went on shore to watch the effect of their labor, the boys so excited that it seemed as if the minutes had twice the usual number of seconds in them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOST BOAT OF '37.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

"THAT is a splendid skin, that white bear's. What a magnificent carriage robe it would make! I should think you would use it for that purpose."

"Carriage robe! No, no. It is too precious for that, or for anything else which could tend to wear or to soil it. There is too much history written all over its white fur; it carries too many associations with it, some of them pleasant, some of them sad, to let it ever go into common use. Why, the very fight in which it was won deserves a poem, to say nothing of what the result of the fight disclosed. I must tell you the story.

"But before commencing, just look at this wood-cut.

Only a week ago I came upon it by accident, as we may say, and it fairly took my breath away for a moment. Where the artist found his material I do not know; but if he had looked through the sights of my rifle one day in the summer of '72, and then sketched what he saw, he could hardly have drawn more correctly the objects which had brought my rifle to my shoulder.

"There they stood, those two brutes, with just that lovely smile on their faces and that peculiarly expressive snarl which you can almost hear as you look at the picture (at least I can), and the next instant things were lively.

"But I must go back to tell you how it was that I chanced upon a spot which brought finally so much romance to light. Our ship had been for two days solidly blocked in the ice on the southern side of Jones Sound, about a mile and a half northwest of Caledon Point. As there seemed no prospect of any motion in the pack which would release the ship, half a dozen of us had started out early that morning for a walk and a scramble toward and along the land, ready for any adventure that might occur. We headed into the deep bight between Caledon Point and Belcher Point, entering a small cove, whose position, as I afterward determined it, is quite accurately in 75° 46' N. and 81° 40' W.

"The ice which we had crossed since leaving the ship had been rough, formed of cakes tumbled here and there by the movements of the floe, and was clearly of recent formation. We had no sooner entered the 'gate' than we were in another region. The surface was comparatively smooth, and no words were needed to assure us that the ice was *old*. It bore the stamp of age on every side.

"'I should not wonder,' said one of the men, 'if this here cove froze up five thousand years ago, and forgot to thaw out again.'

"'To be sure it did,' said another. 'It is the very place where old Adam used to do his skating. See, there is an 8 that he cut on the backward roll.'

"But my curiosity was so strongly excited by the strange, *old* look of everything about us that I pressed on rapidly, and when we reached the rocks that marked the left border of the inlet already mentioned, my comrade Howard and myself were about a hundred yards in advance of the men. We passed the point, and, sure enough, a smooth surface of ice stretched between the hills several miles inland; but we saw nothing of ice or hills, for right before us, and not thirty yards away, was *the picture*.

"As I said before, it seems as though Mr. Specht must actually have seen what I saw then. The positions, the expression, the intention, are all there. That sweet-looking old she-bear on her hind-legs, with one paw on her cub's shoulder, stood there for a second just as you see her, but it was only for a second. They seemed to have been examining the ruins of the old boat when they heard our approach, and were ready instantly for fight.

"'Quick, Howard! Ready with your rifle, man. Here they come!' and like a flash they did come. The horrid snarl changed to a burst that was the beginning of a howl, but ceased abruptly, and they made their dash without a sound; they were too much in earnest to waste breath in that way. Howard was on my left, and of course the mother fell to me. The reports of the rifles came together, and the two bears went down together. The old one never stirred a muscle; the force with which she had sprung doubled her in a heap, and whirled her over till she lay on her back with her tail toward me. My ball had struck her right eye, and ploughed up the entire base of her brain. Death came in a moment.

"The cub dropped like his mother, but scrambled to his feet again. Howard had aimed at his left eye, and had struck it not quite fairly. But before the bear could recover himself the second ball did its work, and the fight was ended.

“Well, well, old fellow,” said Howard, turning around coolly to me, “lively bit of a breeze we have had.” “Breeze,” said I. “I should think so; sharper and quicker than a West African squall.” By this time we had reached the two huge bodies. The size of the mother you can see, for this is her skin; we judged that her weight must be in the neighborhood of nine hundred and fifty pounds. The other I have called a cub, but he was as large nearly as his mother—certainly as heavy within a hundred pounds.

had not noticed them. Of course our interest was intense. In that fearful world of ice and cold an abandoned boat tells always a tale of woe and horror.

“The first thing we noticed was that, old as the ice all about us might be, the boat was older. And the next was that she had been frozen in and made fast by the ice at the very point where we found her. Her top-sides, it is true, were shattered and broken, but in such a manner as to show that it had been done by time, storms, and bears, rather than by floating and running ice. Her lower

works were still entire, and if taken into open water she could still have carried an ordinary crew. This latter fact we could not learn, of course, till we had removed the greater part of the ice and snow which mostly filled her. But everything in relation to her showed that she had been built long, long ago; how long we could scarcely venture to think.

“How long, Tom?”

“Heaven only knows, sir. Before we were born, I’m a-thinking,” replied he, very solemnly. This was as we had only commenced removing the ice. Not another word was spoken, until, nearly down to her keel, one of the men broke out a piece of ice, and called out, “Look here, sir—look here. This is a jacket. No; it is only a bit of a pocket, after all.” And a pocket it was—the only remnant we found of her ill-starred crew.

“But what a tale it told! The bears had doubtless dragged away and devoured the bodies long years before, this little piece being in some way torn off and left. In it we found a scrap of paper. It was the commencement of a letter of which the main portion had been carried off with the garment, probably with the body of the writer. It was written in pencil, and evidently by a hand cramped and stiffened with cold, though the heart was warm as ever. This is what was written, or rather what *is* written, for here on the inside of the bear-skin I have

fastened the original scrap. Look at it, and think of the heart-ache that went with it:

“August 24, 1887.

“MY DARLING MOTHER,—I shall never see you again. God help you! God help you! Our ship is crushed in the ice. Seven of us took to the quarter-boat, and we have been now six days without food. The others have died, and I am—

“That is all. Thirty-five years that boat and that pocket with its scrap of paper had been in the ice. Poor mother! who she was, where she lived, we never knew. All we could say was, ‘God help her!’”



“THEY SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN EXAMINING THE RUINS OF AN OLD BOAT.”

“The men now came hurrying up, and for a while great were the excitement and the rejoicing. We were making preparations for carrying the skins and the meat to the ship (no easy task over such a rough surface), when a cry from Howard aroused us: ‘The boat! look at the boat!’ and forthwith the bears were forgotten and abandoned, and we hastened away to the spot where they had been standing as we first saw them.

“Projecting just a little from the ice were the worn and broken timbers of a boat. It was not at all strange that in the whirl and the excitement of the moment Howard and I



CROWNING THE MAY-QUEEN.

"FIVE FINGERS."

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

I WAS once staying in a foreign hotel, where for an hour daily I used to be tormented by hearing some one overhead play five-finger exercises. Now fifteen minutes of five-finger exercises may seem to the listener an hour, but

by the clock on my mantel this "Da-da, da-da," with only the variations usually introduced, went on for fully that length of time.

"Unhappy child!" I used to say to myself; "can she or he *never* get beyond that drudgery?" But it was evident the five-finger student was not alone, for, later, would come the most astonishing practicing, which showed a

master-hand. It perplexed me until I found that but one musician was at work. The student of the five-finger exercises proved to be no other than one of the most famous pianists in the world.

I mention this fact simply to show my young readers that the greatest musicians do not disdain to employ this simple method of improving their execution. In some conservatories of late there has been a great deal of discussion as to how the finger exercises should be played, and I am going to tell you all I have ever heard on the subject which can be applied to general practice.

Look at your fingers—the left hand and the right. What do you wish to do with them if you are to be a pianist of any merit? You wish to gain perfect control over them, so that you may strike any note with any finger with equal ease, making the sound suit the music?

"Oh," says a discouraged young reader, "I never could make my fourth finger as strong as my first." That is, however, just where you are mistaken. The third and fourth fingers can be made precisely as strong as the first, and, oh, the relief of being able to execute a difficult passage without tiring any one finger in particular!

Now while general exercises are very valuable, according to the best masters we can not possibly do without the five-finger exercises if we would gain the force needed in piano-playing, and so we ought to consider most carefully what to do with them. Not very long ago nearly all masters taught their pupils to hold down one note while striking the next, but I believe this practice to be discarded now. *Squeeze* the note ever so slightly, but lift each finger after striking with it, holding the hand slightly elevated, and the knuckle part a little sunken.

It would not be possible here for me to give you all the ideas of the best masters of the piano-forte on finger practice, nor, indeed, to do more than offer suggestions as to what is really necessary in beginning the study of music, but a few words I can say about various methods.

The best conservatories and the best masters teach as a leading principle that you *must* take things slowly—it can hardly be *too* slowly. A pupil of Deppe (one of the most successful teachers in the world) told me that he spent sometimes one hour a day with his master simply learning how to hold his fingers and hand. "And yet," said this young man, "when I went to Deppe I thought myself a fine pianist, but Deppe discovered at once and showed me very plainly that I had never learned how to lift my fingers and touch the note properly."

"And what did you begin with?"

"Oh," he answered, "the simple five-finger exercises."

I remember once hearing a little girl of fourteen play surprisingly well, and on asking her if she practiced a great deal, she said not so many hours a day, but so carefully. She also told me that her master made her practice her finger exercises for fifteen minutes at the end of each hour. Now let any discouraged little student try what even fifteen minutes a day will do. The reward will surely come in the satisfaction you will have in finding yourself able to do well what you have been doing badly.

At a musical gathering in Paris a young man performed very brilliantly, and two famous musicians standing near the piano discussed his merits. "What a pity," said one of them, "that he never was taught the real use of *these*," and he stretched out his five fingers in the air.

"Oh," but a young reader may remark, "I *always* practice *my* finger exercises an hour a day." But the real question is, *how* do you practice them? I once heard a young player boast that she had learned so many pages of Virgil during her practice of finger exercises. "They are just da-da, you know," she said, "and of course I never had to look, so I used to put my book before me and learn Virgil at the same time." Her family were very proud of this double feat of study; and yet, think over for a moment what is the intention of the exercise. No doubt it

may be "just da-da, da-da," but every note must be *listened to* by the player.

A pretty story is told of Liszt, the great pianist, for whom a certain young lady was playing. In the music occurred a passage where after each single note in the scale the next was struck twice. The young girl did the passage very well, but Liszt was not satisfied. He seated himself at the piano and played it delicately for her. "See," he said, "you strike this C; then D listens—says yes, yes. You must always watch for what the notes say to each other." So be player and listener as well.

It seems to me that the use of the digitarium, or dumb piano, is an evil, since how can one possibly learn tone from it? The only benefit is exercise of muscle, but generally at the cost of what is called touch, for one never knows quite how to touch if sound is wanting.

The greatest ends in music, as well as in other arts, are arrived at by the simplest means. Show your fingers how to fall properly on the notes, and how to move from one to another, and you can hope to be a great pianist.

THE PROFESSOR'S RUBBERS.

BY DAVID KER.

"TELL us a story, Uncle Dmitri," cried three tiny voices at once, as two little Russian girls and a curly-headed Russian boy clustered around their uncle's arm-chair.

Knowing by experience that the request would be granted, the rest of the company drew closer, and General Milutine began as follows:

"When I was about thirteen I used to go to school at the St. Vladimir Lyceum. There were several of my chums in the same class, and a wild lot they were, always in some scrape or other; but the wildest of all was a lad from the Lower Volga. We used to call him 'Prokaznik' [Madcap], and a very good name it was, for he couldn't be happy without playing some mad trick or other. One evening he caught the Professor of History—a crabbed old fellow who was always scolding—asleep in his chair, and rubbed his bald head with phosphorus, and when the poor old gentleman came into the classroom, half an hour later, he lighted up the whole place like an Eastern illumination, and scared some of the smaller boys so much that they ran away screaming.

"On one occasion it was the old Professor of Mathematics at the Lyceum who became Madcap's victim. Among the Professor's queer ways—and he had plenty of them—was his custom of going about, winter or summer, wet or dry, in a pair of enormous rubbers, whether to save his boots or from mere force of habit I can't say. Regularly every afternoon he took off his rubbers at the door of the classroom before going in, and put them on again when he came out, and all the boys knew them as well as they knew the dome of the Isaac Cathedral.

"Well, our friend Madcap took it into his head to have some fun with the Professor's rubbers. One afternoon he contrived to come up just as the Professor had gone in, leaving his rubbers outside as usual. Madcap pounced upon them at once, drove a nail through each of the heels right into the floor, hid the hammer in a corner, and walked into the classroom looking as innocent as could be.

"You may fancy the poor Professor's dismay when, on slipping his feet into the rubbers and trying to shuffle away as usual, he found himself rooted to the ground, and unable to stir an inch. He struggled, twisted, tugged, jumped, and at last, thinking he was bewitched or struck with paralysis, he began to shout and scream till the whole place rang. Madcap and his chum, who were looking on from the stairs above, got scared, and ran to help him; but just then the Professor gave a tremendous tug, and tore one of his rubbers almost in two.

"When the boys saw the old man look troubled, they began to think that he might not be able to afford a new pair, and they at once repented of their joke. Out rushed Madcap to a store round the corner, bought the best pair of rubbers in it, and put them into the Professor's hand as he came slowly and sadly down the steps; and there were tears in the poor old man's eyes as he took them. But it didn't end there, for Madcap had a friend at the court in the shape of his godmother, the Czar's own sister-in-law, and through her influence the Professor got such a good appointment that I don't think he'll ever have to wear worn-out rubbers again."

"And what's become of him now?" asked all the three children at once.

"His Excellency the President of the Imperial University!" announced a servant at that moment, throwing open the drawing-room door.

In came a tall, fine-looking old man in black, so erect in figure, so firm in step, and with such a clear bright eye that it required the evidence of his snow-white hair and wrinkled forehead to make one believe that he had really celebrated his eightieth birthday nearly six months before.

"Ia, Stefan Yakowitch"* (Stephen, son of James), cried General Milutine, springing up and grasping the new-comer's hand heartily, "you've come exactly at the right moment. Do you know, I've just been telling our friends here how you had your rubbers nailed to the floor by a mischievous young student at the St. Vladimir Lyceum a good many years ago."

"What!" cried all the company, with one voice, "was the Professor—"

"The Professor was our good friend President M——," answered the General, laughing, "and I was the young Madcap."

LET GO YOUR ANCHOR!

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE new ship *Texas*, all ready for sea, lay at one of the large wharves on the Bath side of the Kennebec River. She expected to sail on the following morning for Savannah, at which port she was to load with cotton for Liverpool, England.

Captain John Sears, part owner of the *Texas*, was her commander, but in the eyes of his son Johnny, aged twelve, this fact was not of nearly so much importance as that he, Johnny Sears, was to accompany his father in the ship on the voyage in question.

The Captain was sitting on the quarter-deck enjoying his after-supper cigar. Johnny was restlessly roaming up and down in a fever of excitement, his sharp eyes taking in everything of interest about the ship. Following closely at his heels was a handsome English mastiff, which stood very nearly three feet high, with tawny hair, a broad chest, and handsome head. A friend to be desired was Jack, the mastiff, but a terrible foe. Jack was a pup when given to Captain Sears. Having grown to his present estate on shipboard, he might literally be called an old sea-dog, and it is needless to say that the mastiff Jack and the boy Johnny were great friends.

"If the crew do come in the morning boat, I doubt if we get away to-morrow," remarked Captain Sears, half aloud, breaking a silence of some minutes' duration.

Johnny dropped the spokes of the big wheel with which in imagination he had been steering the ship before a heavy gale of wind.

"Why not, father?" he asked, with a distressed face. "Barometer falling, and the equinoctial close at hand," was the brief reply, as, knocking the ashes from his cigar, Captain Sears glanced doubtfully at the setting sun, which was half hidden by a bank of dun-colored cloud.

* The usual form of address in Russia.

"Telegram for you, sir," said a small boy, who had just scrambled aboard, and stood looking about him with wide-open eyes.

Tearing open the yellow envelope, Captain Sears read aloud as follows:

"PORTLAND, October 19, 187—

"Trouble about crew. Come on at once in 5.30 train.

"J. JENKINSON."

"And it's twenty minutes past five now," said the Captain, rather crossly, as he jerked out his watch, for he by no means liked the idea of leaving the ship that night. Both his officers were ashore, as also were the cook and steward. All of them had families in the vicinity, with whom they were spending this their last night before sailing.

"Well, there's no help for it," finally remarked the Captain, with a sigh, as, slipping into the cabin, he hastily changed his coat, and brushed his hair, "so, Johnny, you must look out for the ship a little while. I'll call at Hortons' on my way to the depot, and have them send down a night-watchman right away. Until the watchman comes down, don't let any stranger aboard. I shall probably be home in the morning boat. Good-night." And swinging himself on to the wharf, Captain Sears rapidly made his way up-town, while Johnny, with a rather disappointed look, began to pace the main-deck in true nautical style.

A repulsive-looking man who bore the marks of a tramp—and a sailor tramp at that—rose up from behind a lumber pile near the edge of the wharf, and shook his clinched left fist in the direction taken by Captain Sears. His *left* fist, for the reason that his right arm was missing just above the elbow.

"I thought it were you, Cap'n Sears, when I heard your voice whilst I was layin' round here yesterday," he growled, savagely. Then, turning, he looked thoughtfully up at the ship's side. "Nobody in sight," he muttered, "the watchman not like to get here for a good half-hour at best, and only a slip of a boy aboard, while like as not old Sears has left some money or wallyables layin' round his state-room to be had jest for the takin' of 'em. It's wuth rummin' a bit of resk for, anyway." And with another glance up the deserted wharf, the tramp began climbing the side ladder, using the stump of his left arm with considerable skill to help him in his ascent.

Hearing the steps, Johnny turned toward the gangway. A greasy slouch hat, whose tattered brim partly shaded the wicked-looking face of its owner, met his gaze.

"Oh, look here now, I say, we don't allow any strangers aboard," said Johnny, with a very decided shake of the head, as he stopped short in his walk.

"You'll 'low the watchman what Cap'n Sears had sent down from Hortons' aboard, though, won't ye, sonny?" was the cool reply. And without awaiting further remonstrance the intruder drew himself over the rail and stepped down on deck.

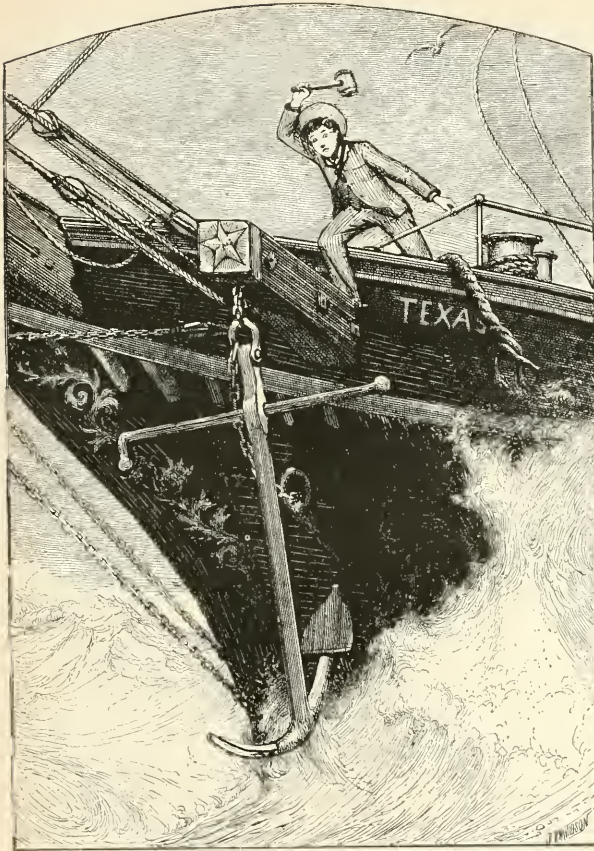
"Why, yes, I suppose so," answered Johnny, slowly and rather doubtfully. "Do you know my father—Cap'n Sears, I mean?"

"Oh yes," returned the man, with an unpleasant smile. "I was to sea with yer pa once in the ol' ship *Vanguard*. It was he cut off this here arm, owin' to an accident that happened to me that v'y'ge," he continued, touching the stump with a very dirty forefinger.

This interested Johnny at once, and he was about asking the particulars, when, rather to his surprise, the supposed watchman turned on his heel and quietly walked into the cabin.

"Hi—I say there!" cried Johnny, rushing after him, "my father don't allow—"

But poor Johnny's speech was brought to a sudden end. For as he entered the cabin he was caught by a strong



"THERE WAS A SWIFT RATTLE OF CHAINS, A TREMENDOUS SPLASH."

arm, and dragged toward the open door of the steward's pantry.

"I'm goin' to put you in solitary confinement for a spell, sonny," grimly remarked his captor, as Johnny vainly kicked and struggled.

All at once there came to the frightened boy's mind the remembrance of his powerful friend Jack, whom he had last seen asleep on the quarter. "Jack—oh, Jack! here—come here!" he cried at the top of his voice. There was a scuffling sound on deck—a noise as though a calf were tumbling down the after-companionway—and through the half darkness appeared the glowing eyes and indistinct form of the great English mastiff.

Well was it for the scoundrel that he released his hold on Johnny in time for the boy to grasp Jack's steel collar with both hands, and hold him back by force and voice.

"Get out of this, quick, or he'll tear you to pieces," cried Johnny, excitedly, while Jack, growling fiercely, tugged at his young master's restraining grasp. And as Johnny forcibly though inelegantly represented it afterward to his father, the man "got." Johnny heard him scrambling over the rail and down the side steps at an astonishing rate of speed.

"I declare!" Johnny exclaimed, with a gasp, as he released Jack, who sprang on the rail and watched the

flying man through the gathering darkness. "Spouse Jack *hadn't* been aboard! There's over five hundred dollars in father's desk in the state-room. *Wou'd* I have a story for father when he gets back in the morning, though!" he added, excitedly, as, lighting a lantern, he hung it in the main-rigging, noticing with some surprise as he did so that the wind was rising, and it had begun to rain.

Hour after hour passed, and still no watchman. Captain Sears had left the message with the Hortons' clerk, who had forgotten to deliver it; that was all. And so, wrapped in his oil-skins, Johnny paced the wet deck, with Jack by his side, while all the while the continually increasing gale piped and shrieked through the rigging.

By midnight it was blowing harder than ever, and Johnny began to feel very uneasy, though he scarcely knew why. Ascending to the quarter, he steadied himself by the mizzen rigging, and peered shoreward through the thick darkness. All at once there was a loud twang, and the stern hawser, which had been as taut as a steel bar, slacked suddenly, and fell with a splash in the water. Another similar noise, and then another, and still another.

Rushing frantically to the top gallant forecastle, Johnny saw that the great ship's hawsers hung helplessly at her side, while the *Texas* herself was swinging rapidly off shore with terrible force.

It was not fear of personal danger which made poor Johnny, as he stood half paralyzed for a moment, cry, "Oh, what *can* I—what *shall* I do?"

It was the remembrance that his father's savings of twenty years were invested in the *Texas*, and Johnny had heard him say that he knew he *ought* to keep his share insured, but he could not well afford it. And Johnny well knew

that a collision with the vessels anchored in the river, or, still worse, striking the Hawkbill ledges on the other side of the channel, would bring a heavy bill of expense to the *Texas*' owners.

Now, after the launching, the great anchor was hove up and hung by the ring stopper at the cat-head, ready to let go. Johnny, who had been on board when the *Texas* was launched, had watched the whole operation from beginning to end.

"It's all I *can* do," said Johnny, aloud, as a sudden thought flashed through his mind. The carpenter's iron-headed maul lay on the forecastle. Seizing it with fast-beating heart, Johnny placed one foot on the cat-head, and with a strength born of excitement and despair, struck once, twice, thrice, at the strong iron trigger which, when in position, confines the hauling part of the ring stopper.

There was a swift rattle of chains, a tremendous splash, and then followed the grinding rush and roar of the great chain-cable as it flew through the hawse-hole from the ranges under the forecastle. Then came a sudden tautening of the cable, and lo! the *Texas* was safely riding at anchor nearly in the middle of the river.

"I guess we'll go below and turn in, Jack," said Johnny, with a great yawn; "the ship's all right now." And they went.

"What did the man mean by saying that you amputated his arm, father?" asked Johnny, on the following day, as a steam-tug was taking the *Texas* swiftly down the river toward the ocean.

"He was the ringleader of a mutiny, and the worst man I ever had in a crew," was Captain Sears's answer, as he rested his hand fondly on his boy's shoulder. "He fired at me twice, and to save my own life I shot him through the arm, shattering the bone. This ended the mutiny, but the wound would not heal, and if I had not cut off his arm he would have died. He made a great many threats, but I had entirely forgotten that such a man

lived until I heard your story. By cutting the hawsers he hoped to do me a great injury, and would have accomplished it, only my twelve-year-old son was too quick-witted for him."

"Now, father," exclaimed Johnny, "Jack deserves ever so much more praise than I do." But I don't wonder that Captain Sears is proud of his boy. Do you?

Note.—This story is founded upon an event that actually took place. A ship went adrift from a wharf in Bath, Maine, in an equinoctial gale, and a young fellow, the only one on board, saved her from going ashore in the manner described.—F. H. CONVERSE.

THE PEACOCK AND THE SEA.

By WILL CARLETON, AUTHOR OF "FARM BALLADS," "FARM LEGENDS," ETC.

A PEACOCK stood by the sea,
And said, "How grand 'twould be,
To take a sail
With my bright-eyed tail
A-streaming out after me!

"I should then the credit gain,
With my long glittering train,
To be the first one
Of peacocks known
To have navigated the main.



"How the peacock tribe would glare,
And scold the listening air,
To see me afloat,
Like a palace boat,
With decorations to spare!"



So he launched him on the sea;
But rods he had not sailed three,
Ere water he drank,
And soaked and sank,
And went where the fishes be.

Three times he sank and rose,
And screamed his sudden woes,
Till by great good luck
An honest duck
Came and hauled him out by the toes.



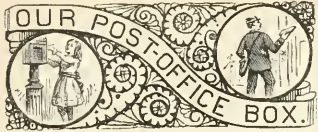
He lay on the clean sea sand,
Right glad to have come to land,
And heard some concise
And sound advice,
That the old duck had on hand:

"If you would keep more near
Your own legitimate sphere,
It seems to me
You would happier be,
And very much better appear.



"I go, you understand,
By air, and sea, and land;
But every one
Is modestly done,
And I don't lay out to be grand."

The peacock rose with a wail,
And combed his dragged tail,
And slouched away,
With a sour "Good-day";
And that was his farewell sail.



ACCORDING to promise, the final report of the treasurer of the fund for Young People's Cot is given this week. All eyes will turn eagerly to that column, and everybody will read with interest the letter from Aunt Edna, who is the lady, as some of you may remember, who originally proposed that we should endow this Cot.

I hope that in coming days you will not forget the child who is to occupy it. I shall go and see the first little inmate, and tell you all about him or her, and I expect to regard that child always one of my dearest little friends. You know the Cot in time may be a resting-place for many little ones, who without it would have had no comfortable bed on which to lie, and no kind care while ill and suffering. It will probably never be without an occupant who shall owe happy hours to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE:

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.—Perhaps some of you remember my telling you long ago about the high mountain of \$3000 we were to reach when we reached the top we were all to burst! Well, I am both glad and sorry now to tell you that the time has come for the burst; and a hearty one, I am sure, for you. I have to tell you that the top has been reached, the \$3000 won, and Young People's Cot no longer among the things that will be, but is really our own; and the brass plate that is put over each engraved head is now in its place over ours, with this inscription:

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT. The loving work of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. "Little children, love one another."

And I know those of you who can go there and read it will never regret the self-denial you had to practice to be among the contributors. There may be some of you, but not many, who are here to tell me where they all came from so suddenly. I say not many, for most of you know that a fair was held in New York city March 28 for our fund, and brought in the largest sum yet, and I thought you can do it in person; you must all thank our treasurer, Miss Fanshawe, for this great addition to our fund, for she worked hard to make the fair successful. Of course you would all have liked to see, but it was through her efforts entirely that it was carried on so well through in my discouragements. I want also to remind you that thanks are due to Miss Fanshawe for the good care she has taken of your money all this time, in receiving and answering the many letters sent, and looking after various things connected with the work, all of which she cheerfully attended to.

At the fair were more beautiful things than I can begin to tell you about, but one thing I saw there I must tell you. It was something I had thought you all have liked to see, but it was not for sale; it was nothing less than our good Postmistress, who, to show her interest in our work, kindly came to the fair, and we had the pleasure of seeing her and talking to her.

As I have before told you, our money, while awaiting its completion, has been in the Greenwich Savings Bank, and the interest has amounted to \$24 for the good use, which amount to be handed to the hospital \$319.11. This, you see, is more than the sum needed for our endowment fund. Part of this extra amount will go to the brass tablet at the head of the Cot, and the remainder will go to some of the many needs of the hospital. I am to tell you that any contribution after this time will not be allowed, unless Miss Fanshawe without an address, and so leaves her without any means of returning it, will be given to the hospital, where we know good use will be made of it, so that the Postmistress will also say to you that she is going to have all the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE which contain the Cot acknowledgments since July, 1881, taken and given to the hospital, keeping a record that you see of every name that has helped on the work.

When I began my letter I said I was both glad and sorry that they had come to this hour, — oh no! very glad on that point,—but sorry that our pleasant acquaintance of nearly two years must in a measure be broken to the hospital, keeping a record that you see of every name that has helped on the work. I have been wondering how many of the little children who have been working to help raise the \$3000 have died at the same time, something that will outlast even the Cot itself; I mean the kind, unselfish love that you have been building up in your hearts, leading you to deny yourselves that you may help

those less favored and happy than you are, and bring you, perhaps slowly but surely near, to that dear Saviour who gave up so much for us all that His love might bring us to Himself. Be sure He has noted and helped each little soul who has carefully read my letter to you, however small and insignificant it may have seemed to others.

And that His love may strengthen you in all your good and blessed work now and all your life through, is the good-by of your friend,
AUNT EDNA.

NORMAL SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

I am a little Indian girl and twelve years old. I thought I will write a few lines to day. I am at Hampton school. And I am going to tell you a little of my home. I came from Dakota. And the name of the City is Yankton Agency, well, I live in Yankton. I like it very much. My mother and my father are living and two little sisters and one little brother. My little brother was born when I came away from my home. I am going to stay here three years. Sometimes I want to go home and sometimes I want to stay here. I like my home very much. And now I am going to tell you about the school here. I go to school every day. I like to go to school very much. My mother and father have a new building and we named it; we call it Winona Lodge; it is a very nice house indeed. We scrub every Saturday; we like to scrub the floor. We have a large yard, and every week we scrub it. It takes about eight girls to scrub it. When we all begin to scrub we all begin to sing something and it is very nice. We like to scrub very much, the girls like to scrub very much, and the teachers like it too. Every Saturday we always scrub the horse stable. And we got two little Indian babies here at the school. They are very nice little babies. I go to school every day from the school till the morning and we have sewing school in the afternoon. Some of the girls and boys go to school in the afternoon, because they work in the morning, and some of the girls and boys work in the morning school and I work in the afternoon. My wash day is on Tuesdays, and I iron in the afternoon; wash on Tuesday morning and iron on Tuesday afternoon. Our teacher reads letters out of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I thought I will write one too. So I wrote this letter. I like the letters that our teacher reads very much. I like my friends I like very much. From a little girl,
MERCY L. C.

The Postmistress is very much pleased with Mercy's letter, and thinks her a brave and good girl.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have no brothers or sisters, and so I make first among the animals. Our good friend Tiger is a very gentle bison there; her name is Kate; and when I call her she will come and eat cake or crackers right out of my hand. She has a calf about six months old, and another one who is just born. The father died last winter; his name was Big Ben. He was given to the Park Menagerie by General Custer. He was an immense fellow, and his horns also were very large (see the picture), and a beautiful zebra which is striped black on the body and white on the legs. I prefer these animals to the fierce lions and tigers.

I go to the Academy every day, and I am going to the academy of Art and Natural History. At the former place are many rare treasures and pictures and a fine view of the Obelisk. At the Academy of Natural History are stuffed birds and animals from all parts of the world and curiosities from savage lands. A fine gorilla has been lately added; he is a dreadful-looking fellow.

My favorite books are travels, particularly in Asia and Africa. My favorite study is geography. I am nearly nine years old, and have taken You See Paper for a year, and I like it very much. I see how glad I am when it arrives on Tuesdays.
S. H. M., JUN. (per mamma).

GREENSBORO, MISSISSIPPI.

I send the kind Postmistress a few violets. They are wild, but I have no sweet violets to send. My teacher gave me a little piece of ground in her garden, and I took a part of it for flowers. I had some sweet violets, and I wish that I could write you a letter during the overflow, and was very glad to see it come out in print, and hope this one will too.

Those who are sick call her little brother Walter, who has a little piece named Annie, who is very cunning. She calls me Aunt Maggie very sweetly. I think the Little Horsekeepers' Society is a very nice name. I wish that I had a horse, but I know of none, unless I should tell you how to make pean candy, or do you all know how? I copied some receipts from Young People's Paper, and I think you will like them. I am going to go home. I heard with a lady some distance below papa.

I like this paper very much, and always read it with great interest. I like the letters, and I go horseback-riding nearly every day at recess. I am very fond of riding that way, and in summer we go horseback-riding every evening. I did not like my middle name, so a lady called me Daisy; so I ask every one to call me that, but

only one young gentleman will do so, and that is because he has not known me long, and had not got used to calling me Maggie, which is my real name. I am thirteen years of age. I hope the Postmistress will accept my violets. DASH D.

Daisy, the violets were very beautiful, and quite fresh when they arrived. I will answer you your postscript in another number of the Post-office Box. Please send your receipt for the pean candy.

MAY.

Merry May says:
From the hills green clad,
From the silvery stream,
From the bright and glad,
Her ways are winsome,
Her rays sunshine bright;
The flowers greet her,
All color and delight.

The birds sing lightly,
And twitter and chirp.
Their tidings brightly,
MAY, sweet MAY, is come.
April's eyes were sad,
And wither'd wither'd,
MAY is always glad,
Seldom April smil'd.

But we loved April,
Her weeping, sweet wiles,
Tears and smiles combined.
My kisses and my love,
Came with all the smiles.
Merry, merry MAY,
Your steps betray you,
Flower-strew your path,
Gold and red and blue.

Buttercups golden,
Red for the clover,
Blue for corn-flowers,
Daisy and odon.

Flowers strewn your path,
In hill, meadow, and wood.
Darling, merry MAY,
"Thy smiles are for good!"

NEW YORK. HELENE GREENELLE.

BENT OAKS, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl nine years old. My sister Sara Felix subscribes to YOUNG PEOPLE. We read it together, and we love to look at the pictures. We have two little brothers six and seven years old. They are so mischievous, but they are fond of their kindfolk.

My father has an orchard, and he has rare times fishing and rabbit-hunting. Our dog is an Irish setter, and is up to all sorts of tricks. We have a baby sister named Alice, for mamma. Papa thinks she is the sweetest thing in the world, and so do we all. I guess you would think so too if you could see her walk and hear her talk.

Good-by and God bless you, dear Postmistress, and all the young people in the world, and so do we all. I guess you might to say, "And God bless all the old folks too."

W. B.
Thanks for the letter, and that, which is more than a wish, because it is a prayer.

SAN LEON OBISPO.

I have often wished to write to you, but I feared you received more letters than you had time to read. I am seven years old, and my brothers have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since its first number. Now it comes to me in my own name. Mamma reads all the pretty stories and letters to us, and we enjoy it very much. I am very much interested in the sketches of the lives of great musicians, and hope to see more of them. We have a nice saddle-horn; her name is Music. She is very young, but she is very good.

This is a pretty town, about nine miles from the coast, and at this season the hills are covered with grass and beautiful wild flowers. We have ten very nice oranges, which bear fine fruit. There are many Spanish people living here. Before going to school I help my brother feed the poultry, and after school I play with my baby sister Fern. I do not like very much, as my eyes are not very strong, but mamma reads from YOUNG PEOPLE or St. Nicholas to us, and sometimes a chapter from Dickens's *Child's History of England*. My favorite book is *Godson Cruise*, favorite game Authors. My pleasantest amusement playing soldiers (I have a fine drum), and my favorite motto, "Always speak the truth."

My sister Fern, I do not like very much. I send you my best love, and hope if you ever come to California you will be sure to visit your little friend

STUCKY W. S.

GREENWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I have not been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a very long time, but my sister took it two years, so you will see it is an old friend that we did not like to part with. I was very much interested in the story of "Nan," which was so sorry when it ended. We all laugh over Jimmy Brown's tricks, and I would like to know if there is a real Jimmy Brown. We all enjoy reading the letters every week, and I would write you a letter from California, if I thought I could write, as a letter from

this part of the country might be interesting to some of our readers. I am a little child who live in the suburbs of the beautiful mountain city of Greenville, with a splendid view of the mountains in front of our home. Although we have a great deal of cotton in our garden, I am not much older than you, and spring comes much sooner. We have a number of flowers in bloom in the open ground early in March. I have four cats, Dot, Partridge, Polly, and Browney; one dog, Bessie, the last a cat. My brother has a Newfoundland dog. He had a funny way of stealing the hens' eggs; he would take them in his mouth and take them to the barn and then eat them. A great deal of cotton is planted here in the summer, and if any little readers of your paper who have never seen it growing will send me their address, I will send them some of the blooms and the bolls.

NANSIE D.

QUISQUAMOND.

Seeing in No. 175 that you wished for those who made pets of chickens to write about them, I would say that I have two fantail chickens, rooster and a hen, which I think very much of; their names are Dick and Dot. My sister also has a hen, whose name is Dull. My sister also has a pair of many eggs. But my hen has laid over eighty-five eggs, each one being about three times the size of a robin's egg.

One morning last winter my mamma went to the door, after it had been snowing hard all night, and found the coop that the chickens were in buried in the snow. My brother then went out and shovelled the snow away, not expecting to find them alive, but after a while he found them all alive and well.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and do not think that there is any other story paper that can surpass it.

MURIE S.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I send a receipt for makinz cherry blossoms open in the house. Get some nice branches (any size you please), and put them in water that has in it five grains of nitrate of soda to every quart of water. Add one grain of the same every day until the flowering is over. Of course the water is never changed. I should like to make the following exchange.

To any one sending me a pair of tame young crows which are healthy and can eat, I will send a pure Bramah rooster or pullet after July 1, as it would not be old enough to lay.

JANE DUDLEY, 23 Boston Building.

110 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

As I have a very interesting story of a turtle to tell, I thought the readers of the Post-office Box, especially those who own turtles, would like to hear it. My turtle was fed in the yard with a piece of bread. The turtle remained there for a few days; then, to my surprise, one morning I found the peg gone, and about three yards from where it had been, a hole in the ground. I took it out and I had almost forgotten about the truant, when I heard that he had been seen coming out of a hole in the ground in a neighbor's yard, about one furlong from our house. Do you think I am telling the truth, or is it all a fancy story? Has any other boy had similar experience?

FRANK B. H.

Hands up, turtle-owners! Who answers Frank first?

GREENSBORO, PENNSYLVANIA.

I tried the receipt for cream almonds which Amelia Norris F. sent, and they were very good indeed. We found some hepatitis and a little arbutus in the woods on April 8, and one anemone bud, but there were no signs of any other flowers, except the leaves.

ELLIE E.

Mia E. J.: Wee-Wee and Jink, I really think, are very sweet when seen they eat, but that dear cat exceeds by half all other pets.—Alice A. N.: You must teach your bird to come to you when you call. Did you think you were forgotten, my little seven-year-old girl?—Bessie V. D.: I hope the painting lessons go on bravely.—Arnie M.: You will very readily find the answers to your questions by looking into your school history. I see that you are a studious boy, and I am sure you are a dear helper to your mother.—S. M. B.: I approve of all your treasures, except the gun.—John T. L.: You printed your letter quite nicely.—Clara H.: Yours is a good letter too. I am so glad you are safely through that dreadful thing, the scarlet fever.—Nessie H. H.: I hope Mr. Brodway will furnish covers for *YOUNG PEOPLE* on receipt of 48 cents by mail, and my book-binder will put them on for you at a small expense.—Anna G.: Your writing is very plain, and I read it with ease. No wonder you like your pretty Maltese kitten.—A. B. P.: I don't quite like the idea of bestowing so heroic a name on a cat, however smart he may be.—M. S. B.: Your Easter gifts were lovely. I had a number too.—Jennie C. J.: I liked your dear little letter, but could not make room for it.

Write again by-and-by.—Lora C.: Busy boys ought to be like clever me.—Jan W.: I think Gertrude or Grace would suit the little sister.—Carrie M.: You will enjoy the long walk to school now that the spring has come.—Madeline W. P.: I hope Ching and Pepper agree. That was a dear little picture on your note-paper. I am glad you have a park for a play-ground.—Battie H.: Your postal told me almost as much as a letter. Your kitties have very pretty names.—Phil W. J.: Your wee sister Mabel must be a darling, with her bright little speeches.—Fred B.: It is not so easy to get your coat on fire, do not run as fast as you can, but be down and roll over and over to smother the flame. If I were you I would be careful, and I would get into such a predicament.—Little M. G.: I would like to hear your bird sing, and still more to hear you, while your sister plays.—H. E.: So Dick is a good mouse? That is a good quality for Puss.—Mary C. P.: How sorry I am for that poor little baby!—Sallie W.: I think botany a delightful study myself.—Ella F. W.: Please send me a card telling me whether you composed the pretty rhymes about Ranger your own self, or copied them out of a book. Be sure to do this, dearie.—Edna H. L.: Nancy is no doubt a cunning cat; she knows her little mistress will not forget to feed her. Jimmy Brown is very mischievous; but then you little folks encourage him by laughing at his tricks.—Maude C.: Cherry, Goldie, and Frisky are very nice names for pet birds.—R. W. A.: What a shame to kill the poor chicken with the funny name of Lamey-Taney!

The Little Housekeepers are informed that a number of excellent receipts will be published in the next Post-office Box.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COL.

Contributions received for Young People's Col in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street:

- Florence and Alice Peterson, \$5; James A. Nelson, Erlango, Ohio, \$1; Helen and Margaret Barrett, Portland, Oregon, \$1.50; Esther offering from Horace and Jacob Lazelle, Fort Craig, New Mexico, \$5; Easter offering from Andrew and Josephine Beers, \$25; Easter offering from Willie and Edna, St. Johnnie E. Church, New York, \$50; Josie Chester, Belleville, Texas, \$1; "In memory of a little boy gone home," from Mrs. K. B. Roe, Fort Custer, Montana, \$10; Easter offering from Miss Nelson-Sullivan Sunday-school class, Church of the Transfiguration, New York, \$4.50; George and Frank Brock, Live Oak, Fla., \$1; A. Mexia, \$1; Easter offering from five children of West Berkeley, Cal.—Mrs. E. Ralph S. Patter, Pasadena, \$1; \$50; Mrs. J. H. Jones, Holy Innocent's Guild, \$3.45; Daisy Mears, 2c.; F. Annie, Dolomite, and Louise Coe, Montague, Mich., \$2.25; David M. Grege, Reading, Penn., \$2; Ira Beach Nichols, Pleasant Mountain, Penn., \$1; Morgan, Edmund and Susie Morgan, Richmond, Shelby Co., Ky., \$1.00; Mary B. Lavelly, Pittsburgh, Penn., 50c.; Lonika M., Brooklyn, \$1; Little Friend, Owen, Ohio, 2c.; Beekie L., Green Bay, Wis., 1c.
- Proceeds of a fair held in New York March 28, 2107.85; interest on money deposited in Greenwich Savings-Bank, \$27.34; total, \$1160.39; previously acknowledged, \$1809.72; April 14, 1888, grand total, \$3000 H.

E. AUGUSTA FANSLAW, Treasurer, 43 New St.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

My sister Carrie takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My mamma has told me about Young People's Col, and I want you to have all the money out of my bank for it. I am four years old.

JOHNIE F. GATENEY.

PASCOG, RHODE ISLAND.

I have read about the Col, and thought that I would like to send something. Please find my enclosed. I carried it myself. I am eleven years old.

RALPH S. POTTER.

LIVE OAK, FLORIDA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and Cousin Frank is mine. We are staying away at grandma's in Live Oak, Florida. We are having fine large strawberries now. Cousin Frank takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and I think it is a fine paper. I want to get down to take it for me when I go home. There are oranges on the trees as large as pease. I read in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about the Col in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children which children are paying for. Frank and I have earned one dollar to send. We enjoyed it all. I hope my letter is not too long, and should like an answer very much.

GEORGIA BROCK.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have no pets to write about, except my two sisters, who are younger than myself. We girls make a paper,

and called it "Daisy Petals." We made up the stories ourselves. Mamma said they were real good. We all enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, and have had it ever since it was published. I often take *YOUNG PEOPLE* to school on Friday and read it. I read Jimmy Brown's stories to grandpa, who is sick, and he laughs at them. I wrote a letter to you once before, but it was not published. I hope this will be. I send you fifty cents, which I earned myself, for the Col. I hope you will soon have enough money to pay for it.

MARY B. LAVELLY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

- FIVE VERB EASY SQUARES.
- 1.—1. A toy. 2. A number. 3. A playing.
- 2.—1. A human being. 2. A verb. 3. A snare.
- 3.—1. A playing. 2. An explanation. 3. A pronoun.
- 4.—1. A fasting. 2. A summer luxury. 3. A nickname.
- 3.—1. A number. 2. To increase. 3. Fresh.

EXCLISIOR.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a proverb familiar to every one, and am composed of 20 letters.

- My 1, 2, 10, 4, 12, 6 is a reply.
- My 19, 6, 9 is a part of the body.
- My 15, 20, 19, 11 is an element.
- My 14, 17, 18, 20, 3 is a tool.
- My 5, 13, 8 is all insect.
- My 16, 7, 1, 17 is an ore.

A. T. B.

No. 3.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. A verb. 4. A boy's name. 5. A girl's name. 6. A falsehood. 7. A letter.

A. T. B.

No. 4.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

The first letters of the words in the answer read downward in the order given will give the name of a celebrated navigator of the fifteenth century.

- My first is a city on the southern coast of Spain.
- My second is a city in New England.
- My third is a city which once ruled the world.
- My fourth is an island in the north.
- My fifth is a country in Southwestern Europe.
- My sixth is a State in the Union.
- My seventh is a river in North America.
- My eighth is a beautiful city in Europe.
- My ninth is a river in New York.
- My tenth is one of the great lakes.
- My eleventh is a river of France.
- My twelfth is an island in the West Indies.
- My thirteenth is a river of Siberia.
- My fourteenth is a city in England.
- My fifteenth is a range of mountains which forms a boundary between two countries.
- My sixteenth is one of the New England States.
- My seventeenth is a city in Switzerland.
- My eighteenth is a river of North America.
- My nineteenth is a desert in Africa.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 180.

No. 1.	W	T	S
	H	E	A
	I	L	E
	A	R	S
	P	A	P
	R	E	E
	A	R	E
	R	A	E
	T	S	
	O	R	A
	A	T	E
	T	O	N
	P	O	N
	E	R	O
	D	E	E
	S	E	E
	A	D	E
	T	I	E
	A	D	D
	S	I	E
	V	E	D
	I	E	R
	E	D	R
	E	E	R

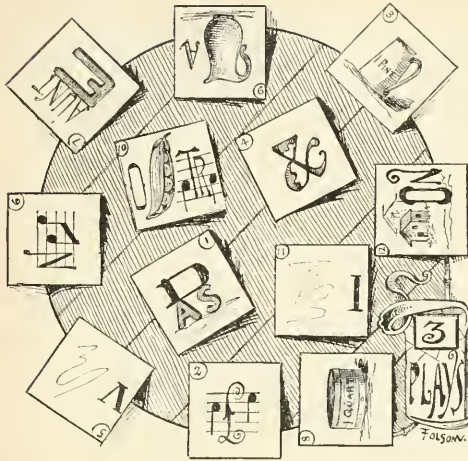
No. 2. B-our, bon-r. F-fire, fire. Y-your, you-r. M-mark, mark-k. D-one, done-e.

No. 3. Theodore. Crayon.

No. 4.	S	E	E	N	A
	E	L	L	R	E
	E	L	M	N	E
	E	D	I	D	A
	I	R	S		
	T	A	S	K	

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from John F. Little, E. Elmshie P. Ernest W., Emelle de L. Kennedy, Lady Lania, Roy F. Hutchingson, Henry B. Gray, Fred M. George, Trampner, W. Barker, J. L. P., Benjamin J. Allen, Alice Cantine, Charles E. and Arthur H. Timmerman, A. M. Bloomingdale, Charles H. Welch, Jun., Ellen M. F., Louise Georgehouse, Charity Gleason, Wm. Barker, Tommy M., Gracie Darby, F. U. Walton, Ucker Tom, Thomas W. Chambliss, W. H. Smith, Maud N. Niekerson, Stella Avery, Maggie Day, Jack Smith, Harry Osmond, M. George Thompson, Van Allen, Lottie Marschall, Elsie Deyo, Arnold Sperry, Emmeline and Eleanor Bailey, Daisy Q., Wilhelm Corliss, P. J. D., and Spay.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THREE PLAYS.

Arrange these twelve squares in three rows, four in each row, in such order that you can find the name of a well-known play in each row.

ACTING ANIMALS.

THE public has always taken kindly to performing animals. The pleasure-seekers of Queen Anne's time fully appreciated the little marmoset, from the East Indies, that danced the *Cheshire Rombs* and performed several other pretty fancies, and very much applauded the playing horse, which, being told there was a warrant come to press him into the service of the French King, fell so lame he could hardly set one foot before another. Upon learning he must go if alive, he threw himself down, with his legs stretched out stiff and his tongue hanging out of his mouth, lying as if he were dead. But when this remarkable animal was told to rise and serve Queen Anne, he jumped on his feet and became "extraordinary brisk and cheerful."

Animal performers, be their parts ever so simple, are not always to be depended upon. An effect never dreamed of by the composer of *Tannhäuser* was produced one night at Covent Garden, thanks to a couple of goats. With the first note of the goatherd's song, the two goats tethered to the rock began to bleat most piteously, and in her own interest Mademoiselle Cottino hastened to set them free. One made a hasty and undignified exit; but the other, less bashful, made its way to the foot-lights, and insisted upon delivering itself of a solo as unmelodious as the most ardent admirer of the music of the future could hope to hear.

Determined to put the *Forty Thieves* upon the stage in as realistic a manner as possible, a Nevada manager provided Ali Baba with a real live mule to carry off the proceeds of his raid on the robbers' cave. Either from lack of proper instruction or from the perversity of his nature, that animal behaved so badly as to upset the entire performance. No sooner was he on the stage than he put his fore-feet down firmly, and kicked as only a mule knows how to do, sending the prompter into the orchestra, a small boy after him, and every member of the company on the stage at the time off in various directions. Having the stage to himself, he exercised his heels until he had kicked the cavern, the jars of oil, and an expanse of forest far into space, and utterly wrecked the whole scene. That mule's

first appearance was his last, although the spectators were so delighted with his spirited performance that they wanted him to take a benefit, but the manager declined to give him a night.

A parrot lately distinguished itself at the Denver Opera-house, the manager of which had borrowed it from a restaurant-keeper. During the first act of *Old Shipmates* the bird was quiet enough, but as soon as it had become accustomed to its novel surroundings, commenced to display its accomplishments, to the amusement of the audience and the dismay of the actors. "Lamb chops or breaded veal?" screamed Poll, bringing forth a loud "S-sh!" to which the bird responded with, "Shut up; you make me tired!" "Stop eating so much!" and other remarks about as absurd. An actress pushed the cage to the wings of the stage, to be seized by the manager and carried to the property-room, the voice of the indignant parrot gradually dying away in the distance, until the slamming of the door shut it out altogether, but not before the offender Poll had revenged its removal by nipping the captor in the leg. A little later the manager thus addressed his treasurer: "Mr. Morse, let it be understood once for all that hereafter no living wild beasts will be introduced on our stage."

"SEE! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES"—
TO GRIEF!

I've a pasteboard helmet upon my head,
My shield is a smooth-planed board;
The Star-spangled Banner's above me spread,
And look!—do you see my sword?
I'm bold as St. George himself, I vow;
I wish the old Dragon would come just now!

Should I meet with a giant, a robber knight,
Or a painted Arrapahoe,
I'd strike at the wretch with all my might,
And down 'neath my blade he'd go.
Ha! ha! to o'erthrow him and lay him flat,
He'd need but one blow from my hand—like *that!*

Ow! ow! Oh dear! it's gone right in
To the bone, I do declare;
Who'd ever have thought that nasty pin
Was stuck in the table-cloth there?
Oh, *don't* it hurt! and it's bleeding, too!
Quick! tie it up for me, sister Sue.



WALKING THE FENCE.

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"SEE! THE MEN ARE RUNNING DOWN TO MEET US!"—SEE STORY, "DAN'S SHIP," PAGE 430.

DAN'S SHIP.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

"Who can tell what coming people are aboard the ships that may be sailing to us now from the unknown seas?"—DICKENS.

I.

"WILL you please show me the way to the steerage?"

It was a timid little voice that asked the question, and an anxious little face that looked up into the faces of the group of passengers around the forward companionway of the steamer *Sahara*. The ship had just weighed anchor, and was slowly steaming down the river Mersey on her passage across the Atlantic. It was a chill December afternoon, and most of the passengers had already gone below. Among the few who remained on deck was a little girl, hardly more than eight years old, who did not seem to have any one with her, and who had for some time been glancing shyly at her fellow-travellers, as if to invite their protection.

"Will you please show me the way to the steerage?" she asked again.

A kindly looking woman took it on herself to speak.

"Why, to be sure," she said; "the steerage is right down these stairs. But where's your mamma?" she asked, curiously.

The tears came into the child's eyes.

"My mamma is dead," she faltered.

"You poor child!" exclaimed the woman, sympathetically. "But who takes care of you?"

The little girl looked up wonderingly.

"Why, I take care of myself," she said; "I'm all alone."

"And did they let you go to America that way?"

"There was no one to hinder," the child replied, "and there wasn't anywhere else to go. Mamma bought my ticket before she died. If she hadn't done that I must have gone to the work-house."

A little murmur of interest went through the group.

"And where are you going," the woman asked, "when you get to the States?"

The child drew aside her little shawl.

"There it is," she said, pointing to a piece of white muslin that was sewed to her dress; "mamma put that there before she died. She said I never could pronounce the name of the place, and so she'd write it down for me. The trouble is," she added, as though she ought to apologize for not being able to pronounce it, "it's got eight syllables, and I never went beyond three in school."

The woman bent over and studied the placard.

"What does it say?" some one asked.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "I ain't much of a scholar, and I can't read the name of the place any more than the little girl can herself. It's one of those red Indian names that they have over there. But the child is Myra Church, and it goes on to ask if those whom she meets will do a kindness to a dying mother by helping her on her long journey. Ay, lass," she exclaimed, heartily, taking the child's hand in her own, "we'll do that."

The people who stood around nodded their approval.

"And is the person you're going to," the woman went on, "any of your kin?"

"She's my mother's cousin," the child explained.

"There was nobody else to take me."

"And does your cousin know you're coming?"

Myra shook her head.

"She doesn't know anything about me at all," she said; "she doesn't even know that mamma is dead. There wasn't time to write a letter. I'm afraid she won't be very glad to see me," the child added, pitifully. "I wish there was some other place."

The woman had her own fears about the warmth of Myra's welcome, but she did not express them.

"Ah, well!" she said, consolingly, "don't borrow trouble. I dare say it will come out all right. Perhaps some other place will turn up."

Myra's lip quivered, but she did not speak.

"At any rate," the woman continued, "you're here, and the only thing to do is to keep on until you come to America. It won't be so bad when you once get started."

The ship by this time was well under way; the shore was rapidly receding, and Myra had turned to look over the bow in the direction of the New World to which she was going.

"If I only knew," she murmured, "that there was some one who wanted me on the other side!"

The woman laid her large hand tenderly on the frail little arm.

"Mind this, now," she said: "whether your cousin wants you or not, there's many another who would be glad to have a little girl like you. Don't fret any more about it, and I'll find you a place near mine to sleep."

Myra followed her new friend below, a good deal encouraged by the woman's cheering words. The other people in the steerage received her quite as cordially, and before long the little girl was very much at home in her narrow and dimly lighted quarters. Fortunately, though the sea grew rough and the weather became stormy, she did not get sick; and while she could not go much on deck, she did not want for company in the steerage.

As the voyage continued, the storms grew worse; the wind kept dead ahead, blowing almost a gale; and on the twelfth day out the Captain calculated that they were still four hundred miles from Boston. For three days, however, he had not been able to take an observation, the sky was still dark and threatening, and he was not quite certain of his whereabouts. Indeed, he might be nearer the coast than he supposed. The passengers, on their part, were confidently planning to take their next day's dinner on shore. "You'll eat dinner with us, Myra," one and another had said; "you can bide over the day before you start on your journey."

But Myra was less confident than they.

"Do you think we'll get in to-morrow?" she asked, that evening, in response to one of their invitations. "Do you suppose the Captain knows where we are? Ah!" she cried, as the wind came with a sudden howl down the open companionway, "listen to the wind. Has it blown like that before?"

Her fears might have been caught by the others had not one of the men broke into a loud laugh.

"A thousand times," he cried. "The ship has been through it over and over again. Go to bed, little one, and to-morrow you'll be safe in America."

Myra was not wholly satisfied, but she went to bed, and her alarm did not prevent her falling sound asleep. In a little while most of the passengers had followed her example, and presently, but for the creaking of the ship and the roar of the wind, the steerage was still.

While they slept, a sudden shock made the vessel quiver from end to end. A dull grating noise followed, as though the keel were dragging over rocks; then the engines stopped for the first time in thirteen days, and the vessel swayed upon its side. At the same time the noise of loud outcries and of hurried tramping on the deck above told those who were waked up that some calamity had happened. Bewildered and terror-stricken, the people poured out of their berths, while the man who had encouraged them only an hour before, and who had been the first to mount the stairs, called hoarsely down the companionway, "All hands on deck! the ship has struck a rock!"

II.

Hardly any house could occupy a more exposed place than the little cottage in which Dan Roberts lived with his father and mother. It stood on the top of Indian

Head, a bold peak jutting out into the ocean, and besides the light-house and the life-saving station on the beach below, it was the only house within two miles. Though it was so solitary, and though the wind often threatened to blow it away, and the waves sometimes lashed its strong foundations, Dan was fond of his home, and would not exchange it for any other that he knew of in the world. It was a saddened home at this season of the year, for just twelve months ago Dan's little sister Lucy had been taken away. To-morrow would be the anniversary of her death, and Dan recalled with pain how empty the house had seemed when they came back from the distant grave-yard, and how empty, indeed, it had been ever since.

Dan's father was on the life-saving service, and Dan himself expected to take up the hardy and perilous work when he should be a little older. The sea had a fascination for him, and there was nothing that he enjoyed more than to watch it tossing in the fury of a storm, or gently bearing on its unruffled surface the white-winged ships. He was an imaginative boy, and, looking seaward, he used to wonder, without knowing that a great writer had expressed the same thought, whether among all the ships there might not be one from over the unknown seas coming to himself. What would it bring him? he wondered, as he stood down by the life-saving station and looked out on the angry scene. Would it come on a wild, stormy night like this, or when the sea was calm and the sky clear? Most likely, if it came at all, it would be in a storm, for few ships sailed nowadays into Winter Harbor, though it had once been a great port, and many were wrecked on Hangman's Reef, whose low black surface lay above the water a quarter of a mile away. Just now, however, Dan could see neither ships nor reef through the darkness of the night.

The two patrolmen, one of whom was Dan's father, had some time since started on their respective beats up and down the beach; the five other men were asleep upstairs, and Dan was all alone. He was just thinking of going up to the cottage and turning in, when suddenly out of the darkness, above the din of the waves, boomed a gun. At the same moment a flaring light shot up from the direction of the reef, plainly showing through the night the outline of a stranded vessel. Dan rushed into the house and bounded upstairs.

"A wreck!" he cried, waking up the sleepers—"a wreck! There's a ship on the reef!"

The men sprang out of bed and jumped into their clothes, while Dan rushed down again, and lighting a signal, waved it over his head in response to the lights of the vessel, which were still burning. Meanwhile Mr. Roberts, further down the shore, was answering them with his own torch. A single glance when the men came down showed them that the surf-boat could not be launched, and that they must depend on the life-line. In five minutes they had run the heavy apparatus out of the building, and were dragging it through the sand to a point opposite the position of the ship. Half-way there they met Mr. Roberts coming toward them, and with his help they were soon at the spot. So far no time had been lost. It was important, indeed, that none should be lost. Looking through the night-glass as the blue-lights made the ship visible, they could see it rising and falling on the rocks at every break of the waves. With such pounding it could not last long. It was a great steamer, and the crowd of people whose anxious faces they could see gazing over the bulwarks warned the surfmen of the seriousness of the work that lay before them.

To train the gun and send the life-line flying over the steamer's deck was the work of a moment. It fell, as they could see, a little aft of the foremast, and presently the great hawser on which the buoy was to run had been drawn on board, and safely secured to the mast. Then

the whip-lines by which the buoy was to be pulled were attached, the buoy itself was lung, and everything was ready. An anxious crowd on the ship and another on the beach watched its approach to the wreck, and then its return to shore. When it came back it contained two men, who told the Captain of the surf crew briefly that the vessel was the steamer *Sahara*, bound from Liverpool to Boston, with one hundred emigrants and twenty cabin passengers on board. The women, they said, would be sent next. The car was then run out again, and on its return brought one woman and a child, who were promptly hurried, under Dan's charge, to Mr. Roberts's cottage. Meanwhile a large bonfire had been made, over which the rescued persons as they arrived dried themselves. When Dan came back a large number had been brought ashore, and it was not long before all the passengers were landed, and the sailors began to arrive. At this spectacle a woman who had come in the third trip of the buoy, and refused to go up to the house, and who had anxiously watched each load as it came in, laid her hand on Dan's sleeve.

"Have you seen a little girl come ashore?" she asked—"a fair-haired little girl with blue eyes?"

Dan shook his head.

"I haven't seen any but the one I took up to the house," he said, "and she had black hair; but I'll ask my father. Say, father," he called out, "have you seen this lady's little girl?"

His father, who was busy with the line, shook his head.

"Only three little girls came ashore," he said, "and they were with their mothers."

"Yes," said the woman, nervously. "I saw them; they weren't mine. This isn't mine, either," she explained. "The poor little thing is all alone; but she slept near to me, and I ought to have looked out for her. But I was so frightened I ran up on deck the first thing, and then they made me come off the third trip."

"Oh, well," said Dan, encouragingly, "somebody else will have found her. She'll come along one of these trips."

But she did not. Time after time the buoy came in without the child; and at length, quite unexpectedly, when it was pulled in, out stepped the Captain of the ship. He took the keeper of the station by the hand.

"We owe you our lives, Captain," he said, warmly. "The old ship can't hold out ten minutes longer. But there isn't a soul left on board."

The woman rushed forward with a loud cry.

"Oh, there is! there is!" she exclaimed; "there's a child asleep in the stowage."

The surfmen looked at one another in dismayed surprise.

"Who is it?" angrily demanded the Captain of the ship.

"It's the little girl that came on board alone, sir; little Myra Church."

Without waiting to hear more, the keeper turned to his men.

"Men!" he cried, "the ship is breaking up; it may not last ten minutes. But there's a child on board asleep. Will any one go out in the buoy and bring her off?"

There was a moment's hesitation, while each man weighed the perilous service in his mind. Then Dan's father stepped out, while at the same moment Dan himself pushed forward into the waiting circle. His handsome face burned with an excited glow, and his dark eyes were lit with the fire of courage.

"I'll go, sir!" he cried. "Father, you know I've got to do it some time; let me go now. It's my place," he went on, hurriedly; "I saw the ship first, and I can be better spared than you, anyhow."

While Mr. Roberts hesitated, painfully uncertain whether he should let the boy have his own way, the keeper decided the question.



THE LITTLE MUSICIANS.

"All right, Dan," he said; "you shall go. Hurry up, now! there isn't any time to lose."

Dan wrung his father's hand and jumped into the buoy. Urged by the surfmen's strong pull, it shot out into the darkness, and in a moment Dan had left the crowd, the fire-light, and the land behind. Only the creaking of the pulley over his head and the roar of the waves beneath kept him company as he made the solitary and perilous trip.

III.

When Dan at length had reached the vessel and climbed out of the buoy upon the wave-washed deck, he hurried down the forward companionway, lighted by the lantern which he had taken the precaution to carry, into the steerage. Myra's berth, the woman had told him, was well forward on the port side. He had no difficulty in finding it. The little fair head rested on the pillow as quietly as his sister Lucy's had ever done in her bed at the cottage, and as though no storms were threatening every minute to break the ship in pieces. With the first rays of the lantern, however, falling on her face, the child woke up. "What is it?" she cried, raising herself on one arm, and looking up into Dan's face with an expression of alarm. "Where are all the people?"

He took down a large shawl from the peg on which it hung.

"The ship is wrecked," he said, quietly, "and I've come to carry you ashore, where all the people have gone."

Her face, flushed with her sleep, suddenly grew pale. She had heard of shipwrecks from the others, and knew what they meant.

"Now?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "now; there isn't any time to lose.

Let me put this shawl around you, and you'll be as warm as though you were all dressed."

He wrapped her from head to foot in the shawl, and then took her up in his arms. He could hear the quick beatings of the little heart, but she made no sign of fear, and clasped her arm tightly around his neck, as he told her to do, when they went up the steep and slanting stair. In a moment more he had crossed the slippery deck, mounted the bulwarks, and seated himself in the buoy.

"Are you all right, little one?" he asked.

"Are you sure it's safe?" she whispered.

He laughed, though his heart was filled with a hundred fears.

"Oh, the buoy is safe enough," he said.

With the words he flashed a signal which he took from his belt. Presently the car began to move down the incline which the hawser made from the ship with increasing speed toward the fire that glowed and flickered in the distance. Would the ship hold out, he wondered, until they should reach the shore? Underneath them beat and roared the sea, dashing its spray up into their faces; and once a great wave broke over the buoy, drenching them through and through. Myra struggled to recover her breath.

"Oh," she cried, "won't we be drowned?"

Dan drew her closer to himself. It was now only a minute longer, and the car was moving with great swiftness. But how it seemed to drag!

"Not a bit of it," he declared. "See! we are almost there."

Myra peered out through the shawl. There, only a few rods ahead, blazed the great fire. In another moment they would reach it. But while she strained her eyes as if to bring the fire nearer, the hawser over their heads suddenly tightened, drawing the buoy upward, and while the buoy was tossing on top of the angry waves.

"Keep tight hold of me!" cried Dan, struggling for breath, as the sea threatened to swallow them up. "Don't open your mouth," he gasped. "It will only be for a minute, and the buoy will float us in to shore." He held the little figure with a grasp that even the fury of the waves could not loosen, though they lashed the buoy and its freight with almost resistless force.

"Won't we be drowned?" the little girl murmured, between the breaking of two waves.

"No indeed!" he cried, pointing to the shore. "See! the men are running down to meet us."

She raised her pale and frightened face from his shoulder and looked out. They were already riding the crest of a wave that promised to land them within the men's reach. Swiftly it bore them on, and when at length it threw them on the beach they were grasped by strong hands and drawn safely out of the threatening clutch of the under-tow. Drenched to the skin, stiff, and lame, but with no bones broken, Dan stepped out of the buoy, and was folded, with his light burden, in Mr. Roberts's capacious embrace.

"There!" the father exclaimed, while surfmen, sailors, and passengers crowded around to offer their congratula-

tions, "take her up to your mother, Dan. Or are you too tired to carry her any further? Perhaps you had better let one of the men take her."

But Dan shook his head, while Myra clung the more closely to him.

"No, sir," he said; "she isn't heavy. I'd rather take her myself."

"Very well," said his father, looking compassionately in the child's white face. "Poor little thing! she looks like our Lucy."

Dan started up the shore, and for a moment or two nothing was said.

"Did the ship go down?" she asked at length.

Dan nodded. "Yes," he said, "when I cut the ropes." She looked down at him in an awe-struck way. "And just to think!" she exclaimed. "If you hadn't come I should have been drowned. I wish I might stay with you always," she added, impulsively.

Dan's heart thrilled. Why might not this little girl replace the sister who had been taken away?

"Where are you going to?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know the place," she said; "nobody could pronounce it: it was written on my dress."

"And where is the dress?"

"Why, I left it on the ship, of course."

Dan drew a long breath. "And is that all you know about it? Haven't you got it written anywhere else?"

She shook her head. "No," she said, positively, "I haven't got it anywhere else, and that is all I know about it."

He then touched her forehead lightly with his lips. "Well," he said, gladly, "that is all you ever will know, then, for the ship has gone down, and your dress has gone with it."

They were now drawing near the cottage, where Mrs. Roberts was standing in the doorway. Dan looked up at the sky, and the east was streaked with the dawning of the new day.

"See, mother," he cried, placing Myra in her arms, "my ship has come in, and here is what it brought."

And so "on the other side" Myra found those who wanted her, and would give her the mother-love which she had lost. Not a person of those who remained at Indian Head that day could remember the eight-syllabled place where she had been going, and Myra herself had

not the least recollection of it. It did not matter, however, since the far-off cousin did not know anything about her coming, while Mrs. Roberts was delighted to keep her as a little daughter, and Myra herself was only too glad to stay. The sadness of the anniversary was chased away from the little cottage, and Dan will always remember it as the day when his ship came in, bringing to him the little sister from the unknown seas.

A PLEASING EXPERIMENT.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

EVERY time I try to improve my mind with science I resolve that I will never do it again, and then I always go and do it. Science is so dreadfully tempting that you can hardly resist it. Mr. Travers says that if anybody once gets into the habit of being a scientific person there is little hope that he will ever reform, and he says he has known good men who became habitual astronomers, and actually took to prophesying weather, all because they yielded to the temptation to look through telescopes, and to make figures on the blackboard with chalk.

I was reading a lovely book the other day. It was all about balloons and parachutes. A parachute is a thing that you fall out of a balloon with. It is something like an open umbrella, only nobody ever borrows it. If you hold a parachute over your head and drop out of a balloon, it will hold you up so that you will come down to the ground so gently that you won't be hurt the least bit.

I told Tom Maginnis about it, and we said we would make a parachute, and jump out of the second-story window with it. It is easy enough to make one, for all you have to do is to get a big umbrella and open it wide, and hold on to the handle. Last Saturday afternoon Tom came over to my house, and we got ready to try what the book said was "a pleasing scientific experiment."

We didn't have the least doubt that the book told the truth. But Tom didn't want to be the first to jump out of the window—neither did I—and we

thought we'd give Sue's kitten a chance to try a parachute, and see how she liked it. Sue had an umbrella that was made of silk, and was just the thing to suit the kitten. I knew Sue wouldn't mind lending the umbrella, and as she was out making calls, and I couldn't ask her permission, I borrowed the umbrella and the kitten, and meant to tell her all about it as soon as she came home. We tied the kitten fast to the handle of the umbrella, so as not to hurt her,



"HE LIT RIGHT ON THE MAN'S HEAD."

and then dropped her out of the window. The wind was blowing tremendously hard, which I supposed was a good thing, for it is the air that holds up a parachute, and of course the more wind there is, the more air there is, and the better the parachute will stay up.

The minute we dropped the cat and the umbrella out of the window the wind took them and blew them clear over the back fence into Deacon Smedley's pasture before they struck the ground. This was all right enough, but the parachute didn't stop after it struck the ground. It started across the country about as fast as a horse could run, hitting the ground every few minutes, and then bouncing up into the air and coming down again, and the kitten kept clawing at everything, and yowling as if she was being killed. By the time Tom and I could get down-stairs the umbrella was about a quarter of a mile off. We chased it till we couldn't run any longer, but we couldn't catch it, and the last we saw of the umbrella and the cat they were making splendid time toward the river, and I'm very much afraid they were both drowned.

Tom and I came home again, and when we got a little rested we said we would take the big umbrella and try the pleasing scientific experiment; at least I said that Tom ought to try it, for we had proved that a little silk umbrella would let a kitten down to the ground without hurting her, and of course a great big umbrella would hold Tom up all right. I didn't care to try it myself, because Tom was visiting me, and we ought always to give up our own pleasures in order to make our visitors happy.

After a while Tom said he would do it, and when everything was ready he sat on the window-ledge, with his legs hanging out, and when the wind blew hard he jumped.

It is my opinion, now that the thing is all over, that the umbrella wasn't large enough, and that if Tom had struck the ground he would have been hurt. He went down awfully fast, but by good luck the grocer's man was just coming out of the kitchen door as Tom came down, and he lit right on the man's head. It is wonderful how lucky some people are, for the grocer's man might have been hurt if he hadn't happened to have a bushel basket half full of eggs with him, and as he and Tom both fell into the eggs, neither of them was hurt.

They were just getting out from among the eggs when Sue came in with some of the ribs of her umbrella that somebody had fished out of the river and given to her. There didn't seem to be any kitten left, for Sue didn't know anything about it, but father and Mr. Maginnis came in a few minutes afterward, and I had to explain the whole thing to them.

This is the last "pleasing scientific experiment" I shall ever try. I don't think science is at all nice, and, besides, I am awfully sorry about the kitten.

CLOCKS AND THEIR INVENTORS.

IN the Kensington Museum at London is shown an ancient clock that was made in 1325 by a monk for Glas-tonbury Abbey. It is going still. For more than five centuries it has been keeping time. It told the hours long before Columbus came to America, and when a few painted savages wandered over the sites of New York and Brooklyn. It was going when Hendrik Hudson first sailed into New York Harbor. It still measures time, while steam and electricity are moving all around it.

But when it was first made the venerable clock was as much an object of wonder as a steam-engine or an electrical machine. Only kings and rich monasteries could purchase a clock. There were only a few in all Europe. It was thought at first that these wonderful machines were the inventions of sorcerers and magicians.

There are two kinds of clocks—spring clocks, in which the wheels are moved by power from the uncoiling of a coiled spring, and pendulum clocks, which are moved by

the gradual falling of a weight, the falling being regulated by the swinging of a pendulum. When a pendulum is set swinging it makes each swing backward and forward in just the same time until it stops, no matter whether the swing is over a long or a short space. Its swing is over a longer space at first than toward the last, when it is about to stop, but it goes faster, so that the time of the swing is always equal. This is called the "isochronism" (equal time, from Greek *isos*, equal, and *chronos*, time) of the pendulum.

But the real inventors of clocks were probably the Arabs. These children of the desert soon became as fond of invention as the people of Connecticut or New York. Bagdad and Cordova, their fine cities, were famous for their wonderful machines. Our ignorant ancestors thought the Arabs gained their rare learning from a compact with Satan. The clock was one of these inventions, and it appeared in Europe about the twelfth century. At first it was used only in the monasteries to direct the monks in their prayers. But very soon clocks were set up on some high tower or steeple in the European cities. In New York we have the City Hall clock, clocks at court-houses and on many churches. But in the cities of early Europe there was no way of telling the hour except by the sun and the stars.

When the first clocks were set up they were thought to be the most wonderful of inventions. The first public clock was raised on a tower at Padua, in Italy. A famous striking clock was placed on a tower at Bologna in 1356. From Italy the invention was carried to France and Germany, and in 1364 Paris for the first time possessed a public clock. It was set up on a tower of the King's palace, and was built by German workmen. No one in France, it is said, could make a clock.

Town clocks and church clocks are made to move by trains of wheels in much the same way, but the wheels are very large and strong, and the weights and pendulums very heavy. It is very hard work to wind up a church clock, and it needs a strong man to do it. In winding up the clock in the tower of Trinity Church, New York, the crank or handle has to be turned round 850 times. Many wonderful clocks have been made, in some of which the machinery moved figures of men and animals in a very curious way. At Heidelberg, in Germany, was formerly a town clock which, whenever it struck the hour, caused the figure of an old man to pull off his hat, while a cock crowed and clapped his wings, and soldiers fought with one another. This clock was destroyed by the French when they burned Heidelberg in 1693.

About the year 1500, clocks, which had been too expensive to be used even in many cities, are found in private houses, but still only the very wealthy could purchase one. Watches seem to have been made about this time, but were also very expensive. It is hard for us to conceive of a city without its public clocks, but in the year 1500 not many large towns possessed one. Three centuries and a half have made a wonderful change.

The clock has become one of the commonest articles of furniture. American factories pour out millions of them annually. They are found at all prices, from the cheapest to the most costly. In the year 1483 the revenues of the city of Auxerre were thought too small to purchase the costly invention, and the people asked the King's permission to buy one. In 1883 a wooden clock may be bought for half a dollar, and every village has its public time-keeper.

It seems strange that we should owe our clocks and watches to the dark-skinned and half-savage Arabs. But it shows us that all races and nations have been useful to each other. Once the Arabs were very intelligent and powerful; but they have become indolent and barbarous. They probably buy their clocks and watches, if they use them, in the European cities.

THE RAMBLES OF A DOG.

BY L. M. FINKELSTEIN.

I AM a Newfoundland dog, born in Mexico, and reared in New York city until I was three years old, when my master decided to take a trip round the world. A friend of his then asked him,

"What are you going to do with your dog?"

"I really don't know," he replied, looking at me kindly. "I would like to take him with me, but I am afraid of losing him."

I trembled lest he should decide to leave me behind.

"I'll take care of him until you return," said the friend.

"How do you like that, Bavard?" said my master.

I jumped up, and, placing my great paws on my master's shoulders, licked his face, and whined. My master seemed to understand me, for he said:

"I guess I can not part with the old boy, but will take him along. Ha! what do you say to that, now, Bavard?"

I said and did a good deal, for I barked, and rushed round and round the room, upsetting many a delicate ornament, and finally rolled on the floor, leaving a good deal of my coat on the Brussels carpet. The next day we went on board of a ship, and were soon sailing on the bosom of the mighty ocean.

I will not stop to describe our passage across the Atlantic, nor our journey in Europe, for things there did not strike me as being very extraordinary. It was not until we came to Asia that my curiosity was thoroughly aroused, for here everything seemed to be entirely different—manners, customs, and dogs. Palestine impressed me particularly, for here it was I had a most bitter experience.

When we first arrived at Jerusalem, the Holy City, I was struck by the number of dogs in the streets, and also the variety, who rushed after our horses' heels, barking lustily, and saying; "Come on! bark louder! These are Franks [*i. e.*, Europeans]. Frighten them! bark at them, and frighten them away!"

At first I was alarmed at the noise they made; but afterward I discovered that nowhere was the saying, "their bark is worse than their bite," more true than here.

It would be easy for me to fill a book with descriptions of curious street scenes in Jerusalem. I was bewildered for the first few days, for here you see people from almost every part of the world in their own national costume—the turbaned Turk, the latest Parisian style, and the almost naked gypsy. Such a collection of fashions I never did see!

Carriages of any kind, or sidewalks, are unknown; the streets are narrow and uneven, so that cats, dogs, donkeys, mules, horses, camels, and people have to get on as best they can by jostling each other, and dodging this way and that way. Some streets are so narrow that dogs often lying stretched out block the way, and persons on foot have to walk over them, while the dog coolly sleeps on. Most of the dogs here look like wolves or yellow foxes, and they always seem to bark the live-long night.

One day, while following my master through the lower portion of the city, I lost sight of him at one of the turns, and strayed into a strange street. I was frightened, and was about to retrace my steps, when some Arab boys came out of a dark-looking house. They seemed to recognize me, and exclaimed, "Here is that Frank dog!" I ran up to them, wagging my tail, and licked their hands, and tried to make them understand that I was lost; but, alas for the friendship of boys! They called me into their house, which I trustingly entered. Here they tied me in the cellar, patting and coaxing me all the time. My heart fell as I heard one of them say, "Nobody will find him here; we can keep him tied till his master is gone."

Two or three weeks must have passed, which seemed to me to be years. The boys brought me food from time to

time. One day they rushed in and said, "Now we can let him out, for his master is gone." They untied me, and took me into the streets with them. Coming into the Christian's street, I rushed into the hotel; but only to be disappointed, for the hotel-keeper exclaimed:

"Well, Bavard, poor dog! where have you been? Your master has gone long ago."

I heaved a deep sigh, and felt that I was a waif. Oh, the agony I suffered, alone in a foreign land, among strangers, and thrust into the street at night! The dogs rushed at me, yelling, "Get out of here, you detestable Frank, or we will tear you to pieces." I was chased and driven from street to street by various dogs, till I rushed into an open doorway, which proved to be an immense dirty cellar.

I remained in this cellar for about two days, till I felt the pangs of hunger gnawing me. At last I mustered up courage to look about me. Then, weak and faint as I was, I slunk out, and timidly glanced up and down the quiet street. Seeing some garbage lying a little further up the street, I ran across and found a hard crust and an old bone. One day I got a small loaf, and ran into a side street to eat it in peace. Here I found a dog with five little ones. At first she snarled at me; she looked miserable and half-starved. I felt sorry for her, and addressed her in our universal tongue, which is one of the advantages which we enjoy over men; for all dogs, bring them from any part of the world, can talk to each other freely.

"You are hungry, perhaps; take this loaf," I said, laying it near her.

She turned her motherly eye on me with a grateful expression, and said, "Though you are a Frank you are kind. Thank you."

I began to tell her my history, when a string of dogs came into the street, and began barking furiously at me that I should clear out.

"Halt!" said a large yellow dog with a long shaggy coat. "Let the beast alone."

The dogs fell back at once. He advanced, and snuffing my nose said,

"Are you the one who gave your bread to the dog with the pups over yonder?"

"Yes. She looked hungry," I replied.

"Well, you have a good heart, and I will befriend you. Come here on this door-step. I like your face, so I will tell you all about our rules in this city. My name is Samoore, and I am sheik [chief] of this district. We have about twenty-five dog districts, some larger and some smaller; mine is the largest. 1. The strongest dog in his district is the sheik until whipped by some stronger dog, who takes his place. 2. When the sheik barks, all the dogs in his district must bark. 3. No dog must ever go beyond the boundaries of his district. 4. When the dogs in one district bark, all the dogs in all the districts must bark louder if possible. 5. No dog must move out of a man's way. 6. Bark furiously at all strangers. 7. Drive away all foreign dogs. 8. Always bark at night. These are rules which every dog must fulfill, or we kill him or banish him from the city.

"I am very sorry for you," added Samoore, "but if you are clever and daring you can fight and get to be sheik of some district. We are going to have a business meeting to-night of all the sheiks in David's Square, and I will introduce you to them."

I felt highly honored. At midnight we hurried to the square. Most of the dog sheiks had already assembled. On my appearance there was a general growling and barking; but Samoore soon quieted them by saying I was his protégé.

After discussing various forms of management, one of the sheiks called upon me for a speech on Frank dogs.

I related as best I could how dogs were treated in my country. They all looked disgusted when I told them

that we had to wear muzzles, and were not allowed to roam about the streets, but that every dog had his owner. "Don't you dogs here ever get mad?" I inquired.

"Mad! What an absurd question! We never heard of such a thing. We are too intelligent to get mad, for we take everything calmly in this country, like our owners the Turks, and the more noise we make, the less fear there is. I don't wonder your countrymen are so frightened when we bark at them. I suppose they think us mad; it amuses us highly. You foreign dogs are slaves; here we have liberty; nobody dares muzzle us, and we have everything our own way."

awakened by some boy flinging a stone at me. One day while I was indulging in a day-dream I heard a familiar voice exclaim,

"Why, I am sure that is Bavard, Mr. Mentor's dog which he lost while here."

I jumped up, bewildered, for I had not heard that sweet name in years. Two gentlemen came up. "Bavard! Bavard!" called one of them. I barked and jumped round him. He saw that I recognized him, and said to his companion:

"Well, Mentor will be happy if I take him back."

My feelings of delight were inexpressible. I left my district and followed them to the hotel.

That night I went and bade farewell to all my dog friends, for we were to start the next morning. They thought I was ungrateful to desert their city. However, a large company of dogs accompanied me next morning to the Jaffa Gate, and barked their farewells lustily. My old friend Samoore's tears ran fast as he rubbed his nose against mine for the last time, and my eyes were dimmed as I answered with a quivering bark. A last glance, and the ancient walled city, with its hundreds of dogs, was out of sight.

It was a long journey, but finally we arrived in New York, and I saw my master standing on the dock. He had come to meet his friend, and little expected to see me, for when I barked he started with an astonished look. As soon as the vessel landed I leaped on shore, and whining, fainted at his feet. When I revived I found him pouring water down my throat, and exclaiming, "Bavard! Bavard! Bavard! Bavard!"

I wagged my tail and opened my eyes, for I was too faint to rise. I was lifted into his carriage, and brought to my old home. My former valet received me with joy. In a few days I was all right again, to the delight of my dear master. Recalling all my adventures, I thought that perhaps my young friends, especially the small boy, would be interested to know that, though I am only a dog, yet I have deep feelings, and understand many things, and have become much wiser in my tour round the world. Hoping my story will interest you, I remain, yours faithfully,

BAVARD.

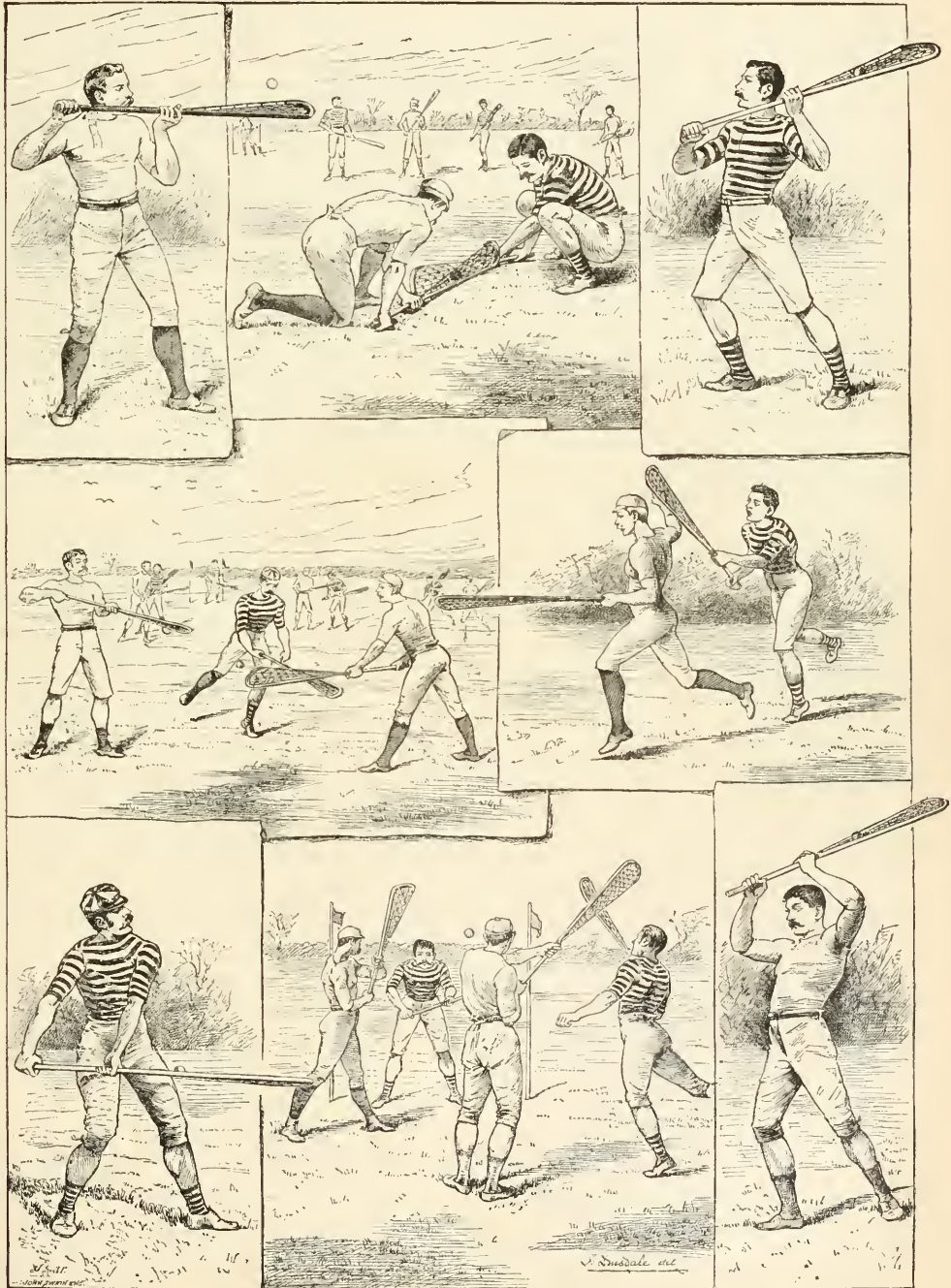


BAVARD.

Samoore had quite an affection for me, for he said, on our way back, "The sheik of the Armenian quarter has been wounded, so if you go there and fight the dogs you can become chief."

I did so next day, and after a hard struggle I succeeded in conquering all the dogs. They proclaimed me superior to them in strength. The old sheik died after a few days, and I remained chief.

I held this position for nearly two years, and often while asleep on the rough pavement I would dream that I had found my master; but generally I would be rudely



THE GAME OF LACROSSE.—[SEE PAGE 426.]

LACROSSE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

TO the "noble red man," for whom we all have some sort of romantic admiration in spite of his faults, we owe one of the most attractive and manly of games. It is strange that a civilized people should learn a pastime from savages, and even more strange that it should be one that is more free from danger than any of our own games with which it can be compared. Broken limbs and severe bruises are, unhappily, too common in most of our field games; but in lacrosse he is indeed unfortunate who receives a severer wound than a sharp rap on the knuckles, or, at the worst, a broken nail.

The origin of the name is the French words "la crosse," *crosse* being a bishop's crozier, which the stick resembles in shape, and the *crosse* is the racquet-like stick with which the game is played. The ball is generally made of solid rubber, of the kind that is called "sponge rubber." With the exception of these and of the goal posts, which are six feet high, and placed six feet apart, and surmounted by flags, no other implements are required for the game. As for dress, that which is suitable for foot-ball, or lawn tennis, or cricket will also do for lacrosse, but as in foot-ball, all the players of the one side must wear the same color, so as to distinguish friends from foes.

It is usual to have twelve players on each side, but let no ambitious team of young players be discouraged if they can only muster two-thirds of that number, provided the other side has as many and no more. Of course each side has its captain, whose word is law. How the players are placed on the field we shall now see.

In front of one of the goals stands a man in red, who is the goal-keeper, and close by him stands a blue, known as "home," whose business it is to interfere with the goal-keeper when he has the ball. If you look over the field you will see that every red is attended by a blue. There is the red "point" standing a few yards in front of the goal-keeper, and a blue fielder attending him. A little further away from the goal is "cover-point," also with his blue shadow, and so on, fielder for fielder, until you come to the blue "point" and "cover-point" with their red attendants. From this it will be seen that a player must be very quick and dodgy to use to advantage any chance that may come to him, since an opponent is always at his side.

When the field is arranged, the referee or umpire advances to the middle of the ground and places the ball on a mark. Two players then take up positions facing each other, one of them perhaps kneeling on one knee, and the other stooping down. These players are called "facing-men," or "centres," and it is they who start the game.

"Play!" cries the umpire. Swish goes the *crosse* of the stooping player, who has tried to draw the ball out from between the two crosses. But the other, with quick movement, brings his "stick" sharply down between the ball and his opponent's stick, and then picking the ball up with it, he starts to run. But he is not allowed full swing; for the red player hits fiercely at blue's *crosse*, who, however, draws it back, and tosses the ball over to one of his own fielders. This is a dodger, and wonderfully well he avoids his enemies. A red *crosse* was descending upon his with a mighty blow that would not only have dislodged the ball from its resting-place on the netting, but would most likely have knocked the stick right out of the blue dodger's hands. But blue is up to this trick. Is he not a dodger, and does he not know just what to do in a case like this? He simply turns aside his *crosse*, so that the other stick hits only the ground, and passes his opponent before the latter can raise his stick for another stroke.

But another red is close upon him, and as blue has done well in bringing the ball so far, he tosses it to another of his own side. This player is almost within easy throw of

the blue goal; it is a tempting shot, and he tries it. But he happens to throw the ball right at the goal-keeper, from whose stick it rebounds, until it is secured by the red "cover-point," who, seeing the blue field somewhat scattered, throws it with great force in the direction of their goal. Unfortunately for him, in the race for the ball the blue player wins, and before the red can stop him he has picked up the ball and is off with it. Soon he loses it, and it is bandied about from one to another, with a great clashing of sticks, and doubling and panting and shouting, until a loud yell of triumph arises from the blues as the ball is carried with a rush through their enemies' goal.

Thus the first game is a victory for the blues; but they had the wind in their favor, and that was a great advantage. Now you will see the sides change goals, in accordance with the law, and with the favoring breeze perhaps the reds will recover their lost ground. Then if, as often happens, the wind dies away as the sun gets lower, you will see a grandly contested game to decide the match. Not, however, that two out of three games are always required for a match. Sometimes it is "best out of five," and in important matches that side has the victory that wins most games in a stated time, say an hour and a half.

The principal art in lacrosse is that by which a player who finds himself hard pressed by an opponent throws the ball to one of his own side who shall carry it out of danger. This is called "tacking," and it is the chief merit of the play of the Canadian Indians, picked teams of whom have seldom if ever been beaten by white men. You will see a player who has been running with the ball on his stick, and who is closely followed by one of his enemies, suddenly relieve himself of the ball and so thwart his pursuer. As likely as not he will throw the ball backward over his head, and the action will look very much like "fancy" play, which should be avoided in all games. But in this case it is not "fancy," but really "scientific" play, for had he thrown the ball in front, his pursuer would have knocked it off his stick as he swung his stick backward in order to throw the ball forward. With good judgment, therefore, he threw the ball backward over his head, and so his body was between his stick and his enemy in the rear until the ball had happily been passed to a friend who was on the lookout for it.

In another case the player who had the ball might resort to other tactics than tacking, especially if he was not closely pressed from behind. It might be that, although he was a long way from the goal, the field was scattered in out-of-the-way parts of the ground, or massed behind him, and the goal, perhaps, unprotected. In that case, then, he might try a long throw at goal, since it might win a game, and not being pressed it would be useless to waste valuable time in passing the ball to a friend who had no better chance of forwarding it than he had.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE WORK OF THE TIDE.

ANXIOUSLY the boys watched for the first sign which would tell that their plan was a success, and as the water rose higher and higher their fears lest it should prove a failure increased.

Soon it was easy to see that the rafts were settling into the water, and the chains gave forth a dull, muffled clank now and then as the strain upon them forced the links into a more perfect bearing upon each other.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Do you think they will raise her?" asked Dare, unable to bear the silence any longer.

"Raise her!" echoed Captain Sammy—"they'll have to, unless something breaks, and I don't think it will."

Then the boys waited in fear lest something should break, starting in alarm at the slightest sound. But there was no sign but that everything was as strong as Captain Sammy's faith.

Finally the rafts settled down as if the weight of the *Pearl* was about to sink them, and then, just as the boys were expecting to see them covered by the water, there was a sudden rocking motion, a sort of trembling of the planking, and they rose at once several inches out of the water.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Captain, and the men joined in the cheer, while the boys added their voices to the general uproar.

"Well, lads," said Captain Sammy, in a cheery tone, "the work is as good as done now. If I wasn't getting so old and full of rheumatic twinges, I'd stay over here with you, an' we'd take advantage of the tide to-night, for there's a good moon, but as it is, we'll have to wait till morning, an' I'll toddle over to the dock now to see how things are coming on there. Keep a sharp lookout that nothing happens, an' I'll be here at low tide to-morrow."

He had started off when he began to speak, and by the time he had finished he and his men were nearly out of sight around the point.

The boys were left alone to keep watch that the tide did its duty.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Dare, after they had remained silent for some time, watching the rafts as they lifted the *Pearl* higher and higher from the place that had very nearly been her grave. "It will be low water at ten o'clock, and bright moonlight at the same time. We can take in the slack of those cables just as well as if Captain Sammy was with us. It will be high tide about four o'clock in the morning, and we can take turns at watching, so that we shall be sure to pull her in at high water. Then when Captain Sammy comes to-morrow she will be almost ready to go to work on."

As it was necessary to remain idle until high water, which would not be for nearly five hours more, Dare proposed that Bobby should walk to the hotel, for the double purpose of informing his father of their success up to that point, and to supply their larder.

Bobby returned in due time, warm, tired, and loaded down with good things, out of which all three made a hearty dinner. Then there was more lounging around, and laying plans for their trip to the Everglades, until the water had nearly crept up to the line on the sand which marked the height to which the tide flowed.

Then the work began. The long hawser had been made fast to a tree which grew on the bank, and Charley and Bobby stationed themselves there, while Dare rowed out to the rafts and raised the anchors.

"All right!" he shouted, as the last one was raised, and nothing prevented the rafts and their burden from being pulled in toward the shore.

As he spoke he jumped into the boat, rowed quickly to the beach, and did his share toward hauling their prize into more shallow water.

The task required all the strength that they possessed, but they were more than willing to expend it at such work, and by the time the tide was fully up, the *Pearl* had struck bottom again, and their labor was over for six hours.

The rafts were anchored again, care being taken that it should be done in such a way that they would swing as far apart as possible, as Captain Sammy had ordered, and when the young wreckers were in their tent again they had the satisfaction of seeing that the *Pearl* was not more than half as far away from the shore as she had been in the morning.

"Now," said Dare, as he looked at his watch, "it is a little past four. Let's see if some of us can't bottle up some sleep before it is time to go to work again. Charley, you and Bob lie down, and I will keep watch until six; Bobby shall stand guard till eight, and you till ten. After that we will divide up an hour at a time, because it will be more lonesome in the night."

This plan was carried out, and although there was not much sleeping done before low water, each one felt refreshed because of the rest he had thus forced himself to take.

The night was so light that it was possible to work quite as well as in the day, and they were cheered in their labors by seeing fully half the upper works of the little steamer above water, when before only her smoke-stack was visible.

The little pilot-house and cabin glistened as white in the moonlight as if the painters had just finished their work, and through the open windows could be seen a portion of the machinery.

"Isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed Charley.

"Indeed she is," replied Dare, who hardly felt like doing anything else but looking at her; "but she won't do us much good if we don't go to work."

Thus reminded that they were there for labor rather than admiration, the boys commenced at once the difficult task before them. The chains were first unfastened one by one, and then made taut and fastened again as Captain Sammy and his men had done at first.

While it was not possible for the boys to take in as much slack of the chains as the three men could have done, they had the satisfaction of reducing the length very materially.

Then the anchors were placed so that the rafts would swing closer together when the tide forced them to begin their work of lifting again, and the night-watch began.

It was fully eleven o'clock, and Dare proposed that they stand guard one hour at a time. As the first watch would be the easiest, Dare gave that to Bobby, with instructions to call Charley at twelve, he coming on at one.

During that night not one of the sentries fell asleep at his post. There were many times when each one of them felt very much like yielding to the slumber that beset his eyelids, but a brisk walk along the beach soon rendered him wakeful.

At one o'clock Dare was called, and when his hour was up he could not bring himself to waken either of the others, who were sleeping so sweetly, and arguing that, as the leader of the party, he should do the most work, he continued on guard until four o'clock, when he roused the others.

Both the boys were very much surprised at finding that Dare had been on watch three hours instead of one, and Charley insisted that in the future he should do no more than his share of the work, whatever might happen.

This time it was a sleepy party who tugged and pulled at the heavy hawser, but when the *Pearl* grounded it seemed almost certain that she would be fully uncovered at low water, and with the idea that in the morning they would be able to see the extent of the damage done their steamer, all hands rolled into bed.

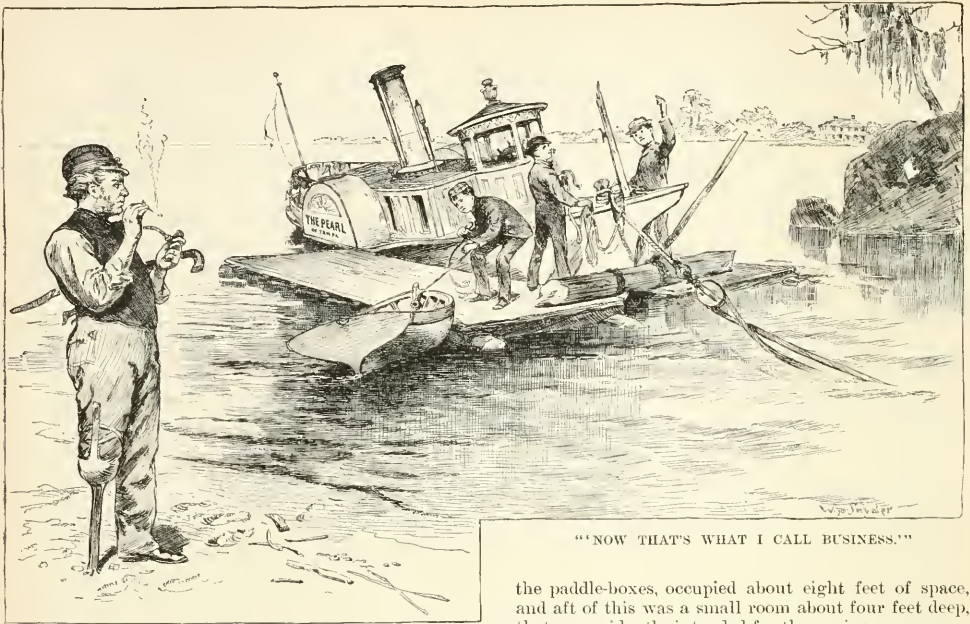
CHAPTER XI.

HIGH AND DRY.

THE boys did not awaken until a late hour on the following morning, and then, even though it was only about "half-tide," they could see above the surface of the water quite a portion of the upper works of the steamer.

They felt lame and stiff when they came out of the tent, but this actual evidence of progress took that feeling away in a great measure, and all hands were as eager for work as if they had been taking rest for a week.

One of the boys from the hotel had brought them a can



“NOW THAT’S WHAT I CALL BUSINESS.”

of hot coffee, and after a hurried bath, which was hardly more than a dip into the water, they ate their breakfast in quite as much haste, for they wanted to have everything in and around the tent looking in ship-shape order when Captain Sammy arrived.

Each moment that passed revealed more of the little steamer to the view of the eager watchers, and paddling out to the rafts they had the satisfaction of seeing that, without a doubt, she would be high and dry at low water.

Already was the rail of the steamer uncovered, and it was at last possible to see very plainly the little craft that was to be under their complete control.

She was a side-wheel boat, on the paddle-boxes of which were painted in black, with just a trifle of ornamentation, the words,

THE PEARL,
OF TAMPA.

The smoke-stack was painted red, and the remainder of the outside work pure white that had suffered but little discoloration by its long bath.

About three feet of the bow was decked over flush with the rail, and evidently served as a tank for fresh-water; then came the main cabin, built straight up from the bottom flooring, and occupying fully twelve feet of the length. At the forward end of this, and rising about three feet above the top, was a tiny pilot-house hardly more than three feet square, in which could be seen a wheel that had once been highly polished, and curiously inlaid with different-colored woods, and what looked to be pieces of bone or ivory.

The interior of the cabin was painted light gray, and it occupied the full width of the craft. A door at the forward end opened toward the bow, and one aft led into the little hall that ran past the engine-room to the stern. Two windows on either side afforded means for the free circulation of air, and between these windows were two berths, one above the other, on each side.

The machinery, which was, of course, directly between

the paddle-boxes, occupied about eight feet of space, and aft of this was a small room about four feet deep, that was evidently intended for the engineer.

Aft of this was the standing-room, five feet deep, over which had once been an awning, but this was now merely shreds of cloth hanging in the most forlorn-looking manner.

Now that they had seen the interior of the *Pearl*, they were doubly anxious to learn just how much damage had been done to her, so that they might know how much labor would have to be performed before she could be floated.

They were so busily engaged in trying to ascertain the extent of her injuries that they did not hear the approach of Captain Sammy, who was stumping along the beach, evidently in a state of the greatest surprise because the work had progressed so rapidly, and it was not until he spoke that they were aware of his presence.

“Now that’s what I call business,” he said, approvingly. “You couldn’t wait for daylight, but had to sit up all night so you could see the craft to day, eh?”

“We thought it was a pity to waste so much time, when it wasn’t a great deal of work to take advantage of last night’s tide,” replied Dare.

“Well, if I had known what you had been doing, I should have brought some stuff to work with this morning. Say, you Charley and Eob, come inshore here an’ put me on to the raft, an’ then row over to the dock, tell one of the men there to give you some canvas, pump tacks, and cold tar; then get back here as quick as you can.”

The boys obeyed the little Captain’s orders very readily, and while they were at the dock Captain Sammy and Dare unfastened the cables from one of the rafts, and poled it ashore.

The planks which had formed the top were now to do service as ways for the boat to rest on while she was being repaired, and these were nailed together and weighted down by the chains and rocks, so they could not float when the tide came up again.

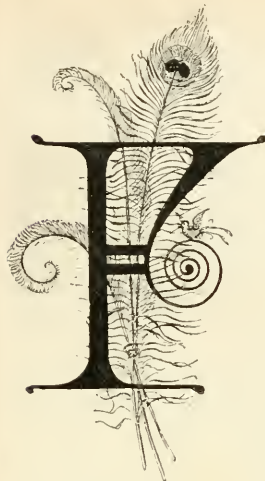
By the time the boys returned from the dock, the entire bow of the steamer was out of water.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No. VII.



OR a plain bureau a scarf covering is perhaps as pretty as any, and it should be embroidered at the ends, or some simple figure could be scattered over it. But for bureaus that have boxes on either side a square or oblong piece of crash or round-thread linen is the simplest and most useful cover, as it can be readily washed; and this, with a cushion cover to match, any young girl can make. Nothing is required but a piece of crash of a quality costing about twenty-five cents a yard,

and a few soft shades of crewel. Cut the linen exactly the right size to fit the opening before the glass; allow an inch for fringe if it is to be over-cast or hem-stitched, an inch and a half if tied in tiny knots, which can be made easily with the aid of a crochet hook. The fringe should be unravelled out last of all, after the embroidery is completed. Draw in the four corners the designs 1, 2, 3, and 4 by holding the pattern up to the window-pane if you have no impression-paper, and tracing the lines with a soft sharp pencil.

Work the border lines and stems in stem stitch, the leaves and flowers in New England stitch, as given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 59, letting the stitches run in the direction of the shading lines. The pin-cushion cover should be made in the same way, with border lines, and design No. 5 in the centre, and it should be cut large enough, so that the fringe at the corners will touch the bureau. The whole should be worked either in three shades of one color, as olive or blue, or the border lines, leaves, and stems can be worked in three shades of olive or sage greens, and the flowers in pink (scarlet-pink), blue, and yellow. Let the outer bordering line be the darkest.

Pretty and useful tray covers can be made in the same way of small pieces of crash fringed at the two ends or all around, with these little designs in the corners, but without the centre figure, which would

be covered by the cups, and without the border lines, which make a little too much color for table use. The more carefully the fringe is finished, the prettier the work will look. Press on the wrong side with a warm iron, laying the work over folds of soft flannel. If the wools are good, this work will bear careful washing.

A LITTLE SUFFERER.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

I'M taking out my Claribel
This morning for an airing;
She has been sick so very long,
We hope have found it wearing.

She's had the measles and the mumps,
And all since last December,
'Sides several ovver sicknesses
Whose names I can't remember.

I've had her vac-ci-na-ted, too,
And oh! the scar it's leaving!
But all these things are nothin' to
The time when she was teeing.

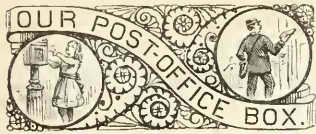
I sat up all night long wis her;
She grew worse fast and faster;
I gave her pollygolic, and
Put on a mustard plaster.

She's been so patient and so sweet,
I love to kiss and pet her.
Poor child, she's suffered ev'ryting!
But now the darling's better.

I hope the air will do her good;
"Dear, don't kick off your cover."
I've been so anxious, no one knows
Or feels it like a mover!



DESIGN FOR BUREAU OR TRAY COVER.



NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Somewhat or other the letter from John M. in the Post office Box for April 17 brings back the memory of a little boy with whom I came over the ocean two years ago, and whom I particularly remember because he was so fond of reading. He had a brother Gerald, too, and I am quite sure it is his aunt and so, dear Postmistress, I dare say your correspondent and my little friend of the steamer— if he will let me call him so—are the same. It grieved me to hear that he had been ill; but I have no doubt, without knowing about it, that he has borne the illness patiently. I think I saw the patience in his eyes on board ship, and I am quite sure I can read it between the lines of his brief letter.

Somewhat, too, the letter brings back the tender memory of another of my boy friends, who, just three years ago, when about Johnnie's age, was taken with an illness that proved to be long and dangerous. After a while he got better, but whether he staid upstairs or came to the front window when the processions went by made no difference; the eyes that had grown so dim would never see again. This was a terrible trial—more terrible even than the illness—but he bore it so bravely and uncomplainingly that those who were about him grew to respect and admire him, and will be better all their lives for the example of his patience. And that is the way in which we can make even our sicknesses helpful to those around us and to ourselves, by never hurting him. I know, to be ill, but perhaps during the last year Johnnie has been showing his brothers that it is not so hard as they have thought.

I am glad, at any rate, that he is getting better. When I went to Barnum's the other night I wished that he might be riding again on Jumbo's back. Indeed, I fancied I saw Jumbo, as he passed by, turn his little eyes toward the children, and then drop them disconsolately, as though he were looking for somebody who was not there. Do you suppose, dear Postmistress, he was looking for Johnnie?

I would like to be a little mouse in the corner, and peep at John's face when he sits at his desk, and wonder whether it will bring him to think which of all the friends who they remember making on that delightful voyage this may be.

MERAN, TYROL.

You say you would like to hear how boys spend their study and play hours. I get up at eight o'clock and read my lessons, or study, or have English and Bible history from my mamma, and German, French, history, geography, arithmetic, and penmanship from a private teacher. I have my music of the afternoon tea, and generally read or play.

Meran lies in Tyrol, and is a winter resort for sick people. The Tyrolese dress very family. The men wear short leather pants reaching to the knees, a broad black leather belt embroidered with white, a very short-waisted brown coat with red lapels, no vest, but broad green suspenders, low shoes with black garters, their knees are bare.

The women wear their dresses short. The skirt is in pleats so full there are over twenty yards of it, and the bodice is tight, with a high collar, a chief around the neck, and generally a large blue apron.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

How pleasantly one may make enjoyable acquaintances all the more so when the Post Office Box I assure you I enjoy the weekly budget of letters nearly as much as my own, and sometimes, after finishing them, I say, half-rectfully, "I wish I knew who would grow one called best." Sometimes visit the children's ward of one of our hospitals. It is a bright, cheery place, full of pictures and toys, and pretty plants in the sunny windows. The children, whose names the staff nurses are tucked under white covers, are all very well contented. One little fellow, Jamie by name, is a regular little mischief, and keeps Sister Casey by his heels, and grows one called best, he is so droll. He is knock-kneed, poor little fellow! and waddling up to you, he will tell you, in shy zee, that he is the "nurse's pilot." This is his own name, and he would grow one called best, him such a thing. There is a brown-eyed boy of ten whose leg has been amputated. It was pitying to see him raise his anxious eyes to Sister Casey, how soon it would grow one called best.

It is very hard to see little children suffer. Even a bright, cozy ward does not lessen the painful fact, although it does much to soften it.

Bright scrap-books amuse them wonderfully, and I have often been edified by the most original descriptions of the pictures.

We are having April showers here, and the birds are singing and the blossoms. I am so glad spring is coming, for I expect to have an enjoyable time with my botany and flora. And now good-by.

LILLIAN P.

I am glad you go to the little sick children and do what you can to amuse them. I wonder if you will look in one of these days on "our child" in Young People's Cot?

FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR.

I am a big boy six years old. I have a baby brother "Carroll" he is most a year old. I have ten little white chickens, and I had a dog named Tag, but he ruined our flowers, and so I gave him away. The hands are busy every morning at midnight, and Sunday morning we have inspection. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I expect soon to see my letter in it, and I think Jimmy Brown's stories are awful funny.

NORTON E. W.

BROOKLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA.

While ago I came across three of the longest words I ever saw, and I thought I would send them to the Post office Box. "Winterthurchburgschweidnitzerwartburg" is the name of a German organization. A small Welsh village is named Llanfairpwllgwybregiillannddywyllogo. *(Llanfairpwllgwybregiillannddywyllogo)* is the name of an extensive mountain range.

We have had a very cold winter here in Canada, and there is still a great deal of snow on the ground. I think yours is a very nice paper. I liked the story of "Nan" very much, and was sorry when it ended. Jimmy Brown is, in my opinion, a bad boy, and deserves to be taken upstairs. I pity Sue if he ever does go to live with her.

ANNIE.

Can you pronounce those words, Annie? It gave me a headache to try.

I think perhaps some of the little ones would like to hear of a little friend of mine "away down South in Dixie." His name is Will, and you must picture in your mind a sturdy chap, sunburned and rough, with big black eyes, and a violent habit of looking out of them. He is only five years old, and lives in a pleasant village, where neighbors are plentiful, and in spite of all his mamma can do to save him from the commission, and to get her sorrow over the first thing he says when he goes into a house is: "Howdy, Mrs. _____ (or Miss). "Have you got a soap?" is one of our safe. I expect you got teakakes in it. 'Tis most starved."

Will's papa has tried to correct his runaway habits, and, as a final resort, got a switch and used it most freely on Will's back. Will's mother whenever he came from the store and his boy was not at home he would "repeat the dose."

All went smoothly for a few days; "then, alas! I hope he forgot—" Will ran off, and did not return. When the two-o'clock bell rang it recalled the fact to our runaway that papa would be home to dinner. Oh, how his little feet flew! He gave out a note of breath as he ran into his mother's room.

"Has papa come?" he asked.

"Yes," said mamma, with a sad face.

"Then take me in your lap, for I s'pees there's going to be a fuss."

When his father finished dinner he came into the room and said: "Oh, my little son, why did you disobey your mother?"

"Then, papa," said Will, "let me off this time. I couldn't help it. It's the time of year all boys run away."

"I can't know whether will get his whipping or not, but I think the little folks will agree it was a very funny excuse." AUNT HETTIE.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am one of your little readers—eleven years old—and I send the true story of my pet birds to the Post office Box:

THE SAD STORY OF THE PIPER FAMILY.

There were four of them in all—Mr. Jack Piper (that was the papa bird), Mrs. Jill Piper (that was the mamma), Major Piper, the son, and Miss Piper, the daughter. They were very happy until death came into their family. The papa had had two or three attacks of asthma, but one day he died. They may have missed Mr. Jack, but they did not put on mourning garments.

There was a month after the death of her father, Miss Muff quarreled with her mother, and as she never could agree, they fell to fighting. As Muff was the spryest, she killed her mother by pecking her in the back of the neck, and so she got much about her mother's death, but she was the same, and was as happy as if her mother was living.

As I buried Mrs. Piper in the garden beside her husband, Muff resembled her father in appearance, but her disposition was like her mother's. She inherited the same disease that her father

had, asthma, and in about two years after her mother's death she died. Her funeral was private.

The Major was left alone. From his childhood he had been fond of stinging. And he never was happier than when he was playing with his master. Major's health is very good, and if he lives until next Decoration-day he will be six years old.

ALICE C. R.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

I have never written a letter to the Postmistress, so I thought I would like to try to write one, and to see over children and their pets, and so I will. I have three little chickens, a bird, and a cross cat, and I had a dog that had eight cunning little puppies. I have seven dolls; their names are Eva, Rosalia, Cosette, Marguerite, Isabel, Rosalinda, George, and Jap.

We have a large yard and lots of trees around the house, and in a tree near my window the robins always build their nests in the spring, and I remember a dear little robin always flew to the top of the chimney every night and sang, and sang a sweet little song.

CONSTANCE L. W.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have never been to school, but have said my lessons to mamma since I was five. I have no pets except six dolls and a little baby brother named Herbert. My aunt Blanche has even me a poodle dog, but it is too young to leave its mother yet.

I have a nice swing and many story-books. I have a large brother Tom, who is away at school. I have had letters from him, but they were in my other letter was not printed, so I thought I would write again. I like "Nan," "Raising the Pearl," and the Post office Box very much. I hope this letter is not too long to print.

MADRID J.

LEBON, MICHIGAN.

I am a little lame girl nine years old, and I never went to school in my life, but my sister teaches me to write, and I read nearly all the time, except when I am in my mother's arms, and helping my sister make beds. I go on errands too, and hunt bees' eggs.

My papa gets me a great many books. My favorites ones are: I. M. A. Let's let's let's *Progress and Robinson Crusoe*. I have read *Little Women* and *Little Men* a great many times. I have a yellow bird called Tris, and a red bird called Rubie. I take *N. Nicholas*, *Hilde*, *Archie*, and your paper. I watch every week for the YOUNG PEOPLE.

FAVE K.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school. I am in the Third Reader, and study geography and United States history, and I can read and division. I have no pets, for I have no room to keep them, but I go to the country every summer to visit my cousins. There are three little boys and a girl, and I am the oldest. My mother while I was there they had a pet fox, but it got so cross that we had to give it away. It bit the boy who got it, on his nose. Then he traded it for a sheep.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas, and enjoy reading it very much. I like the new story of "Raising the Pearl." Will you please tell me how to keep rabbits in the city?

FREDDIE S. M.

IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 133 you will find an article telling all about the care of rabbits.

RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

I am eight years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. I enjoy reading very much. I will give you a list of the books that I have read: *Robbie*, *The Sorcerer*, *Family Robinson*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, *Michael Stragg*, *Arabian Nights*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *A Story of the Old Boy*, *The Old Boy*, and many others. I attend the public school, and am in the grammar department, ready to begin fractions.

MAX.

THOMSONVILLE, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My children being very much interested in your department, have begged me to write to you. Like all the others, we find YOUNG PEOPLE a more than pleasant visitor, and ever the Jimmy Brown dog comes out the letters. Those written by children from the flooded districts were of more than ordinary interest. They are now quite taken up with Captain Sammy Bunt and the boys pirate Tom and Tucker.

My three children attend my school, and YOUNG PEOPLE must, of course, go too. I open it at the most interesting picture, pin it up in a conspicuous place, and many a time I have not been answer about it. Then the ones who have the best lessons take it to read. They have learned many things which set them to thinking, and that is what children need so much. At the time of the Western Floods I read the school some of the letters, and their lessons were about that section.

so they were open-eyed all through it. Willie has written you a letter, and I will send it, but for fear that you can not read it I will copy it.

MOTHER.

Thank you for so pleasant a letter. Now everybody must read little Willie's:

I am seven years old. I have a little sister Elsa five years old, and another, Ella, nine years old, and we all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I sit the table and go after the milk every morning. We had a pet cat named GIP, who used to open the door, and he would stand on his hind legs and beg for something to eat. Now we have no pets but the hens. My favorite game is Authors, but we like Hide the Thimble.

WILLIE H. P.

TOGA, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl five years old. I have no pets of my own, except my books and dolls, but have lots of them. My favorite dolly is little Jenny Wren; my auntie gave her to me on my last birthday. But my greatest pets are my papers and magazines. My papa has brought me home YOUNG PEOPLE every Wednesday night since it was first printed. Then he and mamma read every word for me. I saved all the numbers, and on Christmas mamma sent them to the poor little sick children at the hospital. I have been wanting to write to the Post-office Box for a long time. I can hardly wait until it is read to me. I enjoy it so much—it and the Jimmy Brown stories. I can not write myself, so papa is writing this for me.

ETHEL V.

ANDREX, MASSACHUSETTS.

I thought I would write and tell you about a game that we play a good deal at home and also at school, called "Crambo." Perhaps you know what it is. Each person playing has two slips of paper, and on one he writes a word, and on the other a question, and passes the word to the person on his right hand, and the question to the one on his left hand. Then you take your word and question and write some poetry in which you answer the question and put in the word. The word does not have to come at the end of a line. Here are some we wrote one evening:

Word, "Character." Question, "Are you happy?"

How can I be happy
When to school I must go
On Monday the next,
And sit in a row
Of excellent scholars,
The which I am not?
And this on my character
Makes a sad lot.

Word, "Fire." Question, "Do you believe in women's rights?"

I do not believe in women's rights;
'Tis not their place to go to fights
Or any other horrid sight,
And when great fires break out,
I think there is no doubt
That women should stay at home and not
pout.

Word, "Gondola." Question, "Do you like to go to school?"

I like to go to school;
I don't want to be a fool,
And so I mind the rule,
But when I have grown old,
And also somewhat bold,
All heaped up lots of gold,
All across the ocean blue
With a dear friend or two,
And travel Europe through,
I'll sail in a gondola,
I'll try my luck on roller
Skates, and become a bowler.
When all of this is done
I shall be tired of fun,
Then I may turn a nun.

I think it is lots of fun.

A week ago to-day I hurt my knee, and have been at home from school since. It was just at the beginning of the term. I was so sorry! My room-mates, Fifiue D. and Eugene V., and myself have named our room the "Nourward" room.

I think of the stories that have been in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE like "Nan" the best. I wonder if you know who wrote this?

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;

This making life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

ANNIE U.

Charles Kingsley is the author of this pretty stanza. Crambo is a good game for girls and boys, and your rhymes are quite ingenious.

Thanks, Annie dear, for your kind fancy about the Postmistress and her looks.—Ella A. M.: Try

again, darling, and write a longer letter.—Dayton W.: You were a little man, to have your tooth extracted. I am sure you did not cry.—Virginia M. R.: Be very careful about flying around too fast on your roller skates.—Dora B. P.: How perfectly delightful to live where there are so many birds! The quarrelsome little sparrows drive the singing-birds away from my home, so I do not hear such a chorus as you do.—Dolly R.: Always send the answers to your puzzles when you send the puzzles. Enigmas must rhyme. Very charming letters have been received from Albert G., Arthur S., S. G. S., Will A., Jun., Frank R., Lula H. P., Louis W. C., and Annie E. P.

THE WOODSIDE SCHOOL.—I hope the children have not forgotten Mrs. Richardson's little school at Woodside, near Lincoln, North Carolina. Mrs. Richardson writes that the children enjoyed their Easter festival very much. She wishes to return her thanks to readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who send books, papers, and needed clothing to the poor-colored people whom she is trying to teach and help.

RECIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

PLAIN OMELET.—It is very easy to make a delicate, delicious omelet, if you know how; yet half the people who make omelets send to the table tough, leathery things of which little Housekeepers would be ashamed.

In the first place, my dears, see that you have a hot fire, and a clean smooth iron spiler. Put the pan on the fire to become heated; break the eggs into a basin, sprinkle over them pepper and salt, and give them twelve vigorous beats with a spoon. Now put butter the size of an egg (for five eggs) in the heated pan; turn it around so that it will moisten all the bottom of the pan. When it is well melted, and begins to ball, pour in the eggs. Holding the handle of the omelet pan in the left hand, carefully and lightly with a spoon draw up the whitened egg from the bottom, so that all the eggs may be equally cooked, or whitened to a soft, creamy substance. Now, still with the left hand, shake the pan forward and backward, which will disengage the eggs from the bottom; then shaking again the omelet a little one side, turn with a spoon half of one side over the other; and allowing it to remain a moment to harden a little at the bottom, gently shaking it all the time, to make room to a warm platter held in the right hand. A little practice makes one quite dexterous in placing the omelet in the centre of the platter, and turning it over as it is tossed from the omelet pan. However, if one can not manage the tossing operation, which is the correct thing, the omelet can be lifted to the platter with a pancake-turner. It should be creamy and light in the centre, and more firm on the outside.

POTATOES IN CASKS.—The following is a nice way of serving baked potatoes. Bake potatoes of equal size, and when done, and still hot, cut off a small piece from each potato; scoop out carefully the inside, leaving the skin unbroken; mash the potato well, seasoning it with plenty of butter, pepper, and salt; return it with a spoon to the potato skin, allowing it to protrude about an inch above the skin. When enough skins are filled, use a fork or knife to make rough the potato which projects above the skin; put all into the oven a minute to color the tops. They will have the appearance of baked potatoes burst open.

SNOW POTATOES.—These are mashed potatoes pressed through a colander into a dish in which they are to be served. The potatoes then resemble rice or vermicelli, and are very light and nice. They make a pretty dish, and must be served very hot.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Make a cup cake with the following ingredients: one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, four eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful of soda, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar or two tea-spoonfuls of yeast powder; cut the cup cake, when baked, through the middle, or bake it in two or three parts; put a layer of the chocolate mixture between and on the top and sides of the cake.

CHOCOLATE MIXTURE.—Five table-spoonfuls of grated chocolate, with enough cream or milk to wet it, one cupful of sugar, and one egg well beaten. Stir the ingredients over the fire until thoroughly mixed; then flavor with vanilla.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Take four continents of Europe and one of Asia, and arrange them in such order that their initial letters shall spell the name of a fifth peninsula of Europe.

KING CHARLES.

No. 2.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across.—1. Sea-robbers. 2. Weary. 3. A piece of furniture. 4. A letter. Down.—1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. A part of the body. 4. A space. 5. A boy's name. 6. A nickname. 7. A letter.

TIM AND TUP.

No. 3.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. To expose to heat. 2. An Oriental. 3. A lady's name. 4. A gentleman's name.

TIM AND TUP.

No. 4.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of 12 letters, and am the Indian name for Flint River, in Georgia. My 10, 8, 9, 11 means to hunt. My 2, 4, 5, 7 is a musical instrument. My 1, 3, 4, 7 is the gait of a horse. My 2, 12, 1 is a covering. My 7, 2, 3, 4, 12, 1 is part of an animal. My 6, 5, 7 is a very small insect.

G. B. LAMAN, JUN.

2. I am composed of 19 letters, and am the title of a story in YOUNG PEOPLE.

My 19, 17, 8, 18 is to throw into the air. My 16, 7, 12 is to strike. My 4, 5, 6, 8, 1 is a hard surface. My 2, 10, 19 is not to run. My 11, 7, 15 is a tropical fruit. My 4, 16, 3, 9, 8, 14 is a dairy product. My 13, 17 is an exclamation.

MARY E. E.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first is in give, but not in take. My second is in river, but not in lake. My third is in moon, but not in sun. My fourth is in ice, but not in run. My fifth is in mind, but not in bear. My sixth is in token, but not in dart. My whole is as sweet as sweet can be. When handled with care and cleverly.

CLARENCE WENDELL.

No. 6.

AN EASY DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A kind of dessert. 3. A musical instrument. 4. A conclusion. 5. A vowel.

ERNEST WENDELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 181.

No. 1. Cartago. Tolima. Haeoluani. Jungfrau. Kapitän. Opureona.

No. 2. Ulysse S N O T I ow A T O W T E V E D uck S

No. 3. A G E E P O T A G N E S T O K I O E L T I P S O

No. 4. Pyramids of Egypt.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Seven Oaks, Ernest Walkwitz, Allan Shepherd, Nancy J., Jennie M., C. De Gauguez, Susan Dean, John Roper, John Benson, Roger Talbot, William Wilson, Emily Hayes, Alice and Jessie Knox, Fannie Emery, Albert Curtis, Mand Nelson, Annie J., Forster, Bessy W., Joseph Loy, Bert Wheeler, Theodore and Van Cott D., Thomas W. Chambliss, Princess Daisy, Vernon Howard, and Floy Hartley.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A CAT AND A CATCH.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

NOT long ago a distinguished writer on animals and their intelligence declared that in his judgment the cat was naturally more clever at lifting a latch, unfastening a gate, or, in fact, getting over any little difficulties in its way, than a dog. The following true story is an argument. Harry was a very pretty white and Maltese cat, with bright eyes and a delightful purr—*was*, poor fellow! for he is no more.

During the month of December, 187-, a small basement window in the kitchen of Harry's master was found open night after night. The servants were questioned, and each time were positive that the mysterious window had not only been tightly shut, but *locked*, before the kitchen was left to itself. Water-pipes froze, rain drenched the floor, lectures followed; still the window was discovered unlocked and open when morning brought down the maids to light the fires.

One cold afternoon Harry's mistress was directing a plumber in the kitchen. Presently the cat's cry was heard outside, and in a moment Harry was seen pleading at that identical window for entrance to the joys of the hearth. "Go away, Harry," said his hard-hearted friend: "you must wait until I get ready to open the door for you." What was her surprise to behold Harry, after a few minutes longer of entreaty, lying flat down with his back to the window and against its panes.

Paying no regard to her presence, he began dashing his fat legs and body violently against the sash, when, utterly to her astonishment, the simple lock sprang back. He had, then, long ago found out that it would act thus! The instant he heard its click, and knew that his barrier to comfort was unavailing, Harry pushed up the easy-sliding window with his hind-legs in a twinkling, and stood purring within it, on the sill, before the open-mouthed spectators. The secret of the window was out!

It is hardly necessary to say that when this story was first told by them nobody would believe it to be a fact. The remarkable feat was, however, repeated by Harry several times to the satisfaction of the doubters, one of whom was the writer.



A FAMILIAR SPRING PICTURE IN CENTRAL PARK.
Old John and his Charges—10 A. M.

HARPER'S

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CAST AWAY IN A TREE.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

IT had been raining three or four days—raining hard. Down on the rim of the ocean in the neighborhood of Casco Bay, where the Topham School was encamped, it seemed to several impatient boys that it would never cease raining.

Some of them had been planning to explore the small islands in the bay; others had in view a visit to a fort two or three miles away; and Foo Tong, a Chinese lad who was a pupil in the school, wanted to take a cruise to a neighboring beach in search of specimen shells. Indeed, each and all the boys of the school had some project to carry out when the sky became clear.

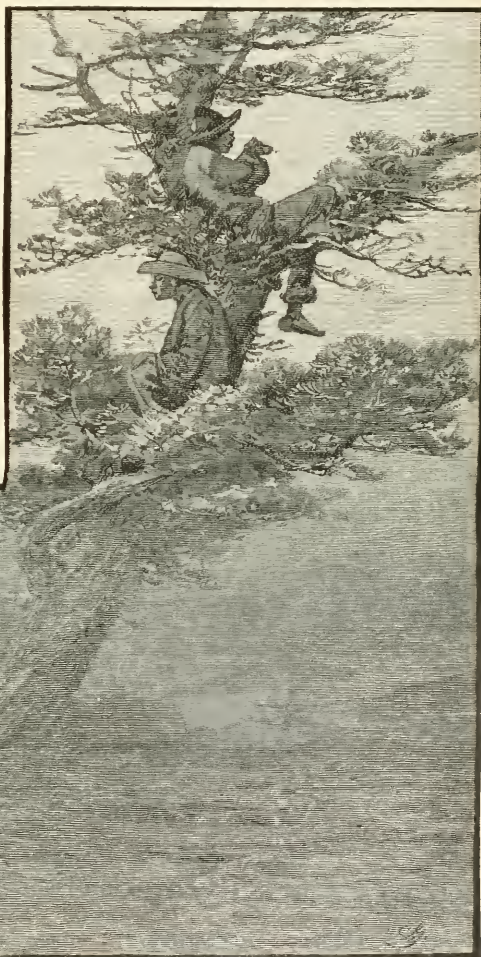
Finally Foo Tong became impatient, and concluded not to wait any longer. Rain or shine, he meant to venture forth in a dory of one of the fishermen. Hence, as might have been expected, a catastrophe followed.

Foo Tong was not much of a sailor, and he therefore induced Napoleon Bonaparte Pickens, a colored boy, who was chief lieutenant to the camp cook, to go with him and manage the dory. The two stole away from the camp unobserved, and met in a cove where the boat was fastened.

"No goodee watching rain allee time," said Foo. "Me wantee more great fun."

"We's jes' gwine to hab it, an' no mistake," Nap replied. "T's ben achin' a whole week to try dis yere dory."

Both made haste to untie the dory; and in another moment, after taking aboard Nap's dog Gip, they pushed off from the shore. Although it was raining, the bay was calm, and it was not difficult to row or to keep the boat pointed in any direction desired. But had either of the boys really been accustomed to living near the sea, he would have noticed that a thick



FOO AND NAP TAKE REFUGE IN THE TREE.

fog was threatening in the distance, and been more cautious.

"Jes' you steer wid de paddle, Chimesey, an' leabe de rest to me," said Nap. "I know what I's 'bout when I gits in a boat. Keep her headed for de p'int right afore yer nose."

Foo was quite willing to do as he was bidden, especially as Nap performed the hardest part of the labor; and as he had not yet mastered much of the English language, he also let Nap do most of the talking.

In about three-quarters of an hour they reached the beach for which they had set out, and drew the dory high and dry on the sand. Then Nap went to work, assisted by Gip, digging clams, while Foo wandered off in search of shells. The afternoon undoubtedly would have passed pleasantly enough, and everything would have turned out quite as intended, if that dense fog, which was approaching slowly and surely every moment, had kept out of the way. Nap did not notice it until it began to gather around him, and then he did not stop to think much about it. Clams, big and little, were engaging his attention just then; and as soon as he had filled his hat with them he kindled a fire and proceeded to roast them.

"Guess we'll hab a little clam bake on our own hook, Chimesey," he said.

"Fire much goodee," Foo answered, running up to it a moment, and choking with his mouth full of smoke. "Big fun. Hi! hi!"

Gip barked; Nap heaped the crackling fire with wet drift-wood, and Foo ran hither and thither picking up every shell and pebble that chanced to please him. By-and-by, however, Gip heard the sound of a bell somewhere in the distance, and suddenly became melancholy, as dogs sometimes do when they hear bells. Sitting down, he howled loud and dismally.

"Shut yer mouth, you ole pup," Nap commanded, savagely.

But Gip could not be silenced so easily. He trotted away a rod or two, and began howling again.

"Golly, it's de fog-bell ober on de Cape!" Nap said to himself, after listening a minute. "We's in a scrape. Hey, Chimesey! Chimesey!"

Foo appeared shortly, out of breath and rather startled.

"Hurry up an' help pull de dory into de water," said Nap, tugging at the boat. "Time we's a-gittin' up an' gittin', I reckon."

"What for go?" Foo asked, surprised.

"Too muchee fog, Chimesey," Nap explained.

"Ho! ho! fog no hurt," said Foo, shrugging his shoulders as usual.

"You am only a goose, I guess. Catch a holt ob de boat quick. Do you hear?"

"No, siree, you no bossce me," Foo answered, stubbornly. "Me not go now. Me huntce more shells."

Nap stood up straight, pulled his tattered old hat firmly on his head, and placed his arms akimbo.

"Look a-yere now, Foo Tong, you jes' better believe I's a-gwine for to be cap'en ob dis boat. You help me git her into de water dis minute."

Foo shrugged his shoulders again. "Me no speakee English," he said. "Me no understand."

It did not take more than three seconds more, though, for him to learn what Nap meant, and hastily dropping the shells he held, he assisted to draw the boat to the water. Then he stuffed his pockets with his treasures, and sat down in the stern.

The fog was already so thick that nothing could be seen in any direction except fog, and it was becoming thicker and thicker. Nap believed at first that he knew the right direction to head the boat, but before he had been rowing many minutes he discovered that he was not sure where they were. In fact, he was bewildered, and as the thought occurred to him that perhaps he was rowing toward the

open sea instead of the mainland, he grew a trifle frightened.

"Chimesey," he said, in a scared voice, "I's kinder uncertain which way for to p'int. Mebbe's not we's a-gwine de tother way, an' we ougter turn right round."

"You a great cap'en, you!" Foo said, sullenly. "Row ahead. Me steer. Me know which way."

After these remarks both remained silent, and Nap continued to row with all his strength for a half-hour or more. The shore, however, did not appear to be any nearer than before, and he finally stopped, discouraged, and allowed the dory to drift.

Foo now for the first time began to look frightened. He too had supposed that he knew the right direction to steer, but he had found that he was mistaken. He saw that unless the fog cleared soon they would be in a dangerous situation. A vessel or steamboat coming in from sea might run over them, or they might float out among the waves, and be capsized. He talked to himself excitedly in the Chinese language, and, standing up, shouted for help.

"You am powerful stirred up, Chimesey," said Nap, looking at him with wonder. "Guess you tink fogee some hurtee now, hey?"

"Row, row much more," Foo said, entreatingly, taking up the paddle and plying it desperately. "We try again."

They turned the boat and rowed in another direction a long while; then they shouted until they were exhausted; and at last, when they had been rowing here and there two or three hours, and it began to grow dark, they gave up in despair. Foo lay down in the stern, coiled his pigtail, covered his head with part of the loose sack he wore, and fell to wishing that he was back in Hong-Kong. Nap, quite tired and careless, leaned against one side of the boat, and was soon sound asleep. Gip, in fact, was the only one that was on the watch, and he sat in the bow with his ears thrown forward, as if aware of the responsibility that rested on him.

A couple of hours later, while Nap was dreaming that he was on the slippery back of a whale which was frisking around at sea, the dory thumped solidly against something, Gip growled and barked, and Nap awoke just in time to see Foo scrambling out of the boat and stepping on a dark rock.

"Hi! hi! no drownce me here!" Foo cried, greatly delighted. "Waves no tipee over big little rock. Hi! hi!"

The place proved to be a small rock island, in the centre of which was a tall spruce-tree. When Nap had examined it, he remembered that he had seen it once before while sailing with some of the boys of the school. It was near one side of the bay, he believed.

"Guess we'll hiteh up yere till mornin', Chimesey," he said, fastening the boat. "Seems to be better'n loafin' round on de water."

"Yes, yes," Foo answered. "Hitehee boat. We stay here."

It was so dark that neither could see the other two yards apart; but the rain had ceased. Nap squeezed the water from his jacket, made a pillow of it, and prepared, by lying down at full length on the rock, to resume his slumbers. Foo, after some moments, also followed his example. The night, however, was not to be passed so easily. Some time before morning Gip's barking awoke them, and they both jumped up, rather startled, to find that the miniature island was nearly all under water. The tide was rising and covering it; and, moreover, the dory had somehow disappeared. The only way they could escape the calamity that threatened them was to climb the tree, which Nap hastened to do. But first he buttoned his jacket around Gip, then tied a strong fishing-line over it; and when he had reached the lowest limb he slowly drew the dog after him. He then mounted to a higher limb, while Foo took possession of the lower one.

"Reckon you don' want to be drowned no more'n we does, do you, pup?" he said, putting one arm about him.

Gip licked his hand, and expressed his gratitude by wagging his tail in a thankful manner. Before many more hours he performed a service also, as will be seen, that quite paid for the care his master had shown him.

In the course of an hour or more a faint gleam of daylight began to appear; and although the fog still remained, it was not so thick as it had been. Now and then the vague outline of trees could be seen in one direction, not a great distance away. Nap and Foo both shouted for help several times after they had distinguished the welcome sight. But still another long while passed, and no one answered.

"I tell you F's gittin' tired ob dis," Nap said at length. "Seems dough we might stay yere foreber. Mebbe de Professor an' de boys 'll neber miss us."

Foo said nothing. But an idea had occurred to him. He could not speak English, neither could he write it; but several times in his life he had made some more or less extraordinary attempts at drawing. He sharpened a lead-pencil and drew a crude picture on his handkerchief of the tree with Nap and himself among the limbs, and the water surrounding it. When he had completed it he handed it down to Nap, who thought it looked very much like drawings he had seen on tea chests.

"Tie him on dog's neck," said Foo, making many gestures with his hands. "He swimme over there; then over shore. Boys sees picture; then come."

The idea was too novel for Nap's mind to grasp.

"Guessee pup not fool 'nough to try dat," he said.

"Ho! ho! You more seare than dog. He swimme when you drop him in water. I give you one dollar to make him swimme."

Nap considered the proposal, and concluded that he would try it. If Gip would not go he could manage somehow to draw him up again. After trying the handkerchief securely around his neck he patted him a moment affectionately, and then dropped him as easily as he could.

The dog, of course, was greatly surprised by this treatment, and refused to swim away until he found they would not aid him. He then, however, lost no time in reaching the island, where he shook off the water, and barked back at them. When he grew weary of doing that he ran up and down the shore searching for something to eat. But at last Nap and Foo lost sight of him.

Hour after hour passed; the fog all vanished; the sun shone bright; and by-and-by the tide had fallen sufficiently to expose a bit of the rock beneath the tree. The boys descended, and waited and waited, impatiently and desperately hungry. The forenoon seemed a year long, and the afternoon equal to three or four years. But both passed somehow; it grew dark, and the rising tide again drove them up the tree.

Perhaps if it had not been for Gip the catastrophe might have had a very serious ending. How he spent the day nobody ever knew; but he made his appearance among the boys in the camp about sunset in a very drenched and soiled condition. The head master and all the school had been searching high and low the most of the day for the missing boys; and when Foo Tong's handkerchief was found around the dog's neck there was much excitement. An old fisherman to whom it was shown said "he guessed the China boy meant that they was on One-tree Island," and an expedition was fitted out immediately to go in search of them.

At last Foo and Nap saw a light approaching over the water; then they heard the dip of the oars, and a few minutes afterward they were rescued.

"Golly!" said Nap, as soon as he realized that he was safe, "you don' catch me a-gwine to sea agin in dis yere bay."

"Not mucchee!" said Foo, shrugging his shoulders.

LITTLE GIRL AND LITTLE BROOK.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"LITTLE brook, little brook, why are you always singing?"

"Because in early morning all the flower bells are ringing
To waken bees and butterflies, and bid them journey over
The fields through which I flow, where grow the daisies and the clover;
Because the live-long day the birds from tree to tree are calling,
And now and then in dancing drops the sparkling rain is falling;
Because when comes the night the moon and stars are brightly beaming
Upon their fair reflections in my silvered waters teeming;
Because I'm happy, little girl; and that is why I'm singing."

"Little brook, little brook, if you find so much gladness,
Why, surely I should know no single thought of sadness;
For all you have I have—green fields and butterflies and flowers,
And bees and birds, and sun and moon and stars, and pleasant showers;
And then I have—and this is far beyond all other blisses—
A darling mother, little brook, who gives me smiles and kisses."

MR. THOMPSON AND THE FIELD-MICE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON lay under the hedge by the wheat field. He had left the house, because the piazza was crowded with summer boarders, and the chatter of the young ladies disturbed his thoughts, he said. What he was thinking about he did not tell, but he carried with him a large book called *The Natural History of Rodentia*, and had his finger upon the article on Field-Mice.

He read for a few moments after he had settled himself comfortably in the shade of the hedge; then he shut the book, and gazing out over the swaying field of golden grain, he murmured to himself: "Field-mice! They must be curious little animals. They do not seem to do any harm. I wonder what they live on?"

"Wheat," piped a small voice near his foot.

"What?" said Mr. Thompson, somewhat startled.

"Wheat," repeated the small voice.

Mr. Thompson looked down. There close by his foot sat the cunningest little mouse you could imagine. He was but little over an inch long, and he had very bright eyes and a very long curly tail, and he sat up on his hind-legs and winked knowingly at Mr. Thompson.

"Wheat—we live on wheat," he repeated, with a shrill little giggle at Mr. Thompson's surprise.

Mr. Thompson stared at the tiny creature in amazement, then asked,

"What do you live on after the wheat is gone?"

"Corn," squeaked the mouse.

"But corn don't last always," objected Mr. Thompson.

"What do you do in the winter?"

"Sleep," replied the field-mouse, cheerfully. "We go under-ground and sleep. Now there is our cousin the big field-mouse; he lays up a store of eatables for the winter. And as for our other cousin the house mouse, I don't believe he sleeps at all."

"I don't believe he does," said Mr. Thompson, shaking his head, as he thought of the sleepless nights he had passed while the mice were holding high carnival in the walls. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"Over here in the wheat. Come over and see," answered the mouse. "Not that way," he added, laughing, as Mr. Thompson started to rise.

The mouse ran up Mr. Thompson's arm, and sat on his head. It seemed as if he weighed a ton, and Mr. Thompson slowly began to grow smaller and smaller. His alpaca duster was just the right color for the mouse's back, and his white vest did not change in hue, though it was of soft fur, instead of cotton duck. Mr. Thompson looked at himself approvingly. He really made a very handsome mouse, and he switched his long tail jauntily as he followed his new-found friend. They threaded their way in and out among the wheat stalks, which seemed like large trees now, till at last the mouse paused, and said,

"There is my house up there."



LITTLE FANNIE AND HER PETS.

About eighteen inches from the ground three or four wheat stalks were brought together, and between them there hung a ball of dried grass and long horse-hairs about as big as a base-ball, curiously woven together, making a solid nest. The mouse ran lightly up the stalk, and Mr. Thompson followed. On one side of the ball there was a small hole. Into this the mouse went, and Mr. Thompson followed. Inside was Mrs. Mouse and six children. Mr. Thompson staid in the nest but a moment, for it was small, and the apartment was crowded. After coming down and complimenting the mouse upon the beauty of his dwelling and its inmates, he sat down, and prepared to question his companion.

"You spoke of your cousin the large field-mouse. Does he live in the same way?" he asked.

"No," replied the mouse; "he lives on the ground. He makes his nest of grass; but as he is so much larger than I am, he could not run up the wheat stalk as I do. I have another cousin, the short-tailed or black mouse, but we are not very proud of him. He lives in the ground all the year round, and steals anything he can lay his paws on. Then in the winter he will eat off the bark all around a young apple-tree, and kill it. That is the reason why people dislike us. We don't do any harm, but the black mouse and the house mouse are so wicked that we have to suffer for their faults. But here comes one of my cousins from the house. I'll introduce you to him."

After the introduction was over, the house mouse said:

"Perhaps you would like to walk down to the barn and see how we live there? We have rare sport, I assure you."

"I should like to do so very much," replied Mr. Thompson. "I have been greatly interested in your cousin's house."

"Pooh!" said the house mouse. "That is nothing. I live in the lumber-room, next to the granary. There are several families of us there, and I can assure you we have some queer dwelling-places. My nest is in an old boot, I have a friend who lives in a tea-kettle, and another has a splendid place in an old cushion."

They trotted along as they talked, and soon reached the granary. Here Mr. Thompson saw the nests, and was much interested in one enterprising individual who had taken possession of an old jug which was lying on its side. He had filled it with paper and corn silk, and boasted that he had the warmest house in the lumber-room.

"I was a little afraid of it at first, though," he said, "for I had a brother who crawled into one of those big

humming-tops, and couldn't get out. You see, whenever he tried to get to the hole it would roll over, and so he was unable to escape. He had been in it all day, when the nurse-girl came to find the top, and as she came up the stairs he happened to move, so that the top rolled toward her. She was dreadfully frightened, and ran to the house, screaming that the top was bewitched. Then they came out and took the top away, and I have never seen him since."

Mr. Thompson remembered the circumstance, and how the mouse had been shaken from the top into the clutches of the cat, but he said nothing. After he had looked around to his satisfaction he retraced his steps to the wheat field. His friend the field-mouse was waiting for him.

"What do you think of living in the granary?" he inquired, as Mr. Thompson seated himself.

"Well," replied Mr. Thompson, reflectively, "I should think it would be more dangerous. The cat is around all the time, and the folks set traps, and it is so much used by the men that I should think it would not be a very good place."

"Yes," replied the field-mouse; "but then the cats come here too, and the hawks and the weasels, and in the night the owls. So you see we have a pretty hard time of it. There was one nice man, though," he added, reflectively.

"Who was that?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"That Scotch poet Burns. Haven't you read his poem to a mouse? But here comes a young lady. Now you will see some fun." And the mouse's little black eyes twinkled with mischief as he rushed toward the bars.

Mr. Thompson looked around; it was too late. The young lady was his beloved Angelina. The mouse dashed at her furiously. She saw him coming, and jumped frantically toward a rock, uttering a series of screams which would do credit to a steam calliopo.

The next thing Mr. Thompson knew, he was at her side, and she had fainted in his arms. It was the work of some time to revive her; and as Mr. Thompson gathered up her parasol and fan, which she had dropped in her alarm, and assisted her faltering steps homeward, he made a solemn vow never again to be a mouse, since the inoffensive animal carried such terror to the feminine heart.

TOM FAIRWEATHER AT ADEN.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY,
U. S. N.



next port made by the vessel upon which Tom Fairweather was so active and interested a passenger was Aden. Tom had been told that Aden was called the Gibraltar of the East, so that he was prepared for frowning rocks and natural fortresses when his father's ship steamed into the bay. But he was not prepared for anything quite so black and barren as greeted him. Lieutenant Jollytarre was leaning with him over the ship's side.

"I never saw such black hills," said Tom. "They look as though they had just been thrown up by an earthquake."

"And so they were, only longer ago than you and I could count. You see their forms show all the violence

of the convulsion which created them—heaps of burned fragments, cliffs divided by deep fissures, and sharp peaks shooting upward. Perhaps the fires are still raging within their sides."

"I shouldn't like to live here. I should be afraid of an outbreak any day."

"That has not happened for a long time. I suppose the earth's fury is gradually dying out. But take it all in all, the other nickname by which Aden is known suits it the best; it is quite often called 'the coal-hole of the East.'"

"And I don't know anything it looks more like," quoth Tom.

"Yes, it is a good name, and for other reasons. A great quantity of coal is stored here, belonging chiefly to steam-ship companies. Aden drives a flourishing trade from the fact that it is a free port. It has almost ruined Moeha by taking away a great deal of the coffee trade from there. It exports also honey, gum, feathers, dyes, pearls, and ivory. Of course it imports but little besides coal, wines, liquors, and some coarse cotton goods."

"To say nothing of very bad tobacco," said Captain Fairweather, joining them. "The worst I ever smoked came from Aden."

All this time they were steaming into Aden Bay. When they had come to anchor, Tom's father suggested that he should go on shore at once with Jollytarre. Tom, you know, was always wild for the first chance to stretch his legs. They were lauded by one of the ship's boats at a fine pier, and found themselves in a village skirting one side of the harbor.

"This is not Aden proper," explained the Lieutenant; "that lies beyond, three or four miles across the peninsula. We'll want a carriage to drive there in."

They stopped a moment and looked about them. Immediately they were surrounded by a crowd of persons eager to supply fifty imaginary wants. One Arab urged them to buy ostrich feathers; another wished to rent them horses.

"I can't stand this," said Mr. Jollytarre. "Life is short, and as we only came here for coal, and are to leave to-morrow, we must make the most of our time. Good! there's a carriage;" and Jollytarre concluded the bargain forthwith.

The road from the inner harbor across to old Aden is of sand and volcanic cinders. It lay between black scorched hills and over blistering sand. The place reminded Tom of pictures he had seen by Doré, who used to delight in such subjects.

Presently they came to a pass cut through the comb of a ridge. It was closed by a heavy double gateway, and the wall crossed by an arch. A soldier stood guard at the gate.

Our two friends passed parties of Arabs bringing camel-loads of their produce to market. Tom stared a good deal. This was the first time he had ever seen a camel outside of a circus, and he was both amused and excited.

"I would give a good deal to get on one of them," said he.

Just then a line of camels coming toward them was stopped by the drivers for a rest. Mr. Jollytarre was not slow in taking a hint. He called out to the coachman to stop also. "I don't doubt those fellows would give you a lift, Tom," he said. And he proceeded, partly by signs and partly by the few words of Arabic he had at his command, to make known Tom's wish.

One of the men nodded pleasantly, and coaxed and pulled his camel down on his knees, so that Tom could mount. Tom felt himself rise higher and higher. The chief impression made upon him was of one prolonged shake. The camel was so big, and it was so long before he steadied himself on his legs, that Tom thought he never would stop going up. Finally the great creature took one huge stride and then another. It was by no means a gentle motion. It was a swaying from side to side; it was a pitching forward; it was the shaking continued; and, above all, there was the sensation of being on the top of a very high mountain.

Mr. Jollytarre had resigned himself to the idea that Tom's ride would be a prolonged one, but in fact it very soon came to an end, for Tom found the camel so dirty that he was glad to get away from the disagreeable smell and greasy feeling, and to return to his seat in the carriage.



THE RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

Having left the pass behind them, the town of Aden came into view. It lay in a circular sandy basin, almost enclosed by black mountains of volcanic cinder.

Through the town ran the dry bed of a torrent which rarely flowed, since it only rained heavily in Aden once or twice a year.

"Only once or twice a year!" repeated Tom, looking at the dry river-bed; "then what do they do for water?"

"They would fare badly enough if they depended upon natural resources," Mr. Jollytarre said. "To begin with, all the water on the peninsula is brackish. But they have a very remarkable system of water-works here, which we must take a look at. In fact, these water tanks are about the only objects of interest in Aden. They are but a short distance off, and we may as well explore them now."

"When were these built?" asked Tom, as they reached the reservoirs on the hill-sides, a picture of which you see before you. "I suppose in the year after the flood."

"Not quite. But they date back to the year 600 A.D. They were constructed to catch the water draining from the mountains surrounding the town, reservoirs being formed on the mountain-sides, and the overflow from the higher ones running into those below. Once filled, the water would hold out for seven years without a fresh supply of rain. These tanks are so admirably constructed that the British government thought it worth while to restore them, so that now they will hold over ten million gallons of water."

Having made a thorough examination of the tanks, Tom and his friend returned to their carriage and drove back to New Aden.

"The Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are over there," said the Lieutenant. "By-the-way, they used to be called the Gate of Tears, from the number of wrecks that occurred there before navigation was much studied. Tom, take a look around and see what a strongly fortified old place this could be made. From the beginning of days in Aden wars and rumors of wars have been familiar sounds here. Even after the place came into the possession of the East India Company robbery and murder were constantly perpetrated by the natives in the town, until the fortifications on the land side were completed. After that there was tolerable security inside the walls."

"My father told me yesterday that this harbor was known to the Romans," said Tom, contributing his bit of information. "He says that the Turks, too, found it such a good half-way house on the road to the Indies that they thought it worth while to erect fortifications to keep it in their possession."

"Oh yes," said Jollytarre, "but nowadays the English are famous for adding to their real estate on a large scale. There is a good story told of a former Governor here. The island of Perim is a barren spot with a light-house on it just at the entrance to the Red Sea, near the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. It belongs to the British, and this is the way they got it. A French Admiral had been sent to plant the French flag there, and take possession in the name of France. This seemed at the outset plain sailing enough, but unfortunately on his way to the Red Sea this gallant Admiral stopped at Aden, where the British Governor showered hospitality upon him, and expressed a great desire to know the cause of the visit. The Admiral, however, kept his own counsel until his visit was drawing to a close. Then, on the last evening of his stay, after an uncommonly good dinner at the Governor's, when, I suppose, his tongue had been loosened with wine, he confided to the Englishman that he should sail the next morning for Perim."

"What a goose!" said Tom.

"No doubt the Governor thought so too, for he lost no time in turning his visitor's folly to good account. Without leaving his seat at the table, he scratched off a pencilled note to the commander of a ship of the Indian navy then

lying in Aden Bay. This was what the note said: 'Get steam up with all speed, and plant the British flag on Perim Island.'

"Good for him!" cried Tom.

"Yes, I suppose so. At all events, the steamer was off before the Admiral went to bed, and in about eight hours Perim was a British island, as the Frenchman found when he arrived there next morning."

"Poor old fellow! I wonder what they did to him for being caught napping?"

"History doesn't say. But here we are at the pier, and there is the boat."

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIE," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

HIGH AND DRY.

THE injury the *Pearl* had received was found to be far less than had been supposed. She had been badly stove in at the bow, but the bottom planking was found to be in good order, and she had sustained no damage save in that one place. The water had run out of the deep hole in the bows as the tide went down, until all that was left in her remained at the stern.

"Now, you boys," said Captain Sammy to Charley and Bobby, "get on board, and go to pumping just as soon as the rail is above water, and when the tide comes in to-night I promise you it shall float the *Pearl* wherever we want her."

The little man, with Dare's assistance, then began nailing the canvas over the broken timbers, and when it was all done a thick coating of tar was spread over it.

Charley and Bobby had worked hard at the pump until they were nearly tired out, and when Captain Sammy's work was finished Dare took their place, and remained there until the sucking sound of the pump boxes told that the *Pearl* was freed from the burden of water that had held her captive.

She was high and dry on the beach, and while they were waiting for the incoming tide Captain Sammy ordered the boys to clean out the sand and other dirt which had settled in the cabins and engine-room.

Then her anchors and cables, as well as every other movable thing on board, and some of the chains used for raising her, were piled up in the stern in order to raise her bow as high as possible above the water when she should float.

That done, the tired party went to the tent for the dinner which had been delayed until the work was finished; and again they waited for the tide, though this time it was with the certainty that the little steamer would float upon it unaided.

As soon as the water began to ripple around the stern of the *Pearl* Charley and Bobby were ordered on board with long poles to force her along when she began to float. Captain Sammy and Dare stood by the hawser that had been made fast to the bow in order to pull her on to the ways that had been laid as high up on the beach as it was thought the steamer would float.

When in sailing trim the *Pearl* drew but fourteen inches of water; but now, owing to the heavy load in the stern, the tide had risen nearly three feet before she began to swing slowly around.

"Hold her there!" shouted Captain Sammy to those on board. "Don't let her swing one way or the other." And then he and Dare pulled her a few inches ahead until she grounded again.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

In this slow way she was forced up the beach until, when the tide began to ebb again, she had settled firmly down on to the plank ways, and so high up that the workmen would not be disturbed by the water more than two hours each day.

"There," said Captain Sammy, as he lighted his pipe, seated himself on the sand, and unbuckled his leg for a more complete rest while enjoying his triumphal smoke, "the *Pearl* has been raised, an' all you boys have got to do is to patch up the hole in her bows. You want to find some well-seasoned cedar lumber, and you'll have the work done in no time."

Now, after what looked to be the most difficult part of the task was accomplished, Dare began to doubt his ability to repair the steamer in a workman-like manner, and his face told quite plainly just what was troubling him.

"I s'pose you begin to think the worst part of the work has yet to come?" said the little man, as he tapped with his wooden leg on the tarred canvas.

"I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to make it look as nice as it did before, although I think we could make it watertight," said Dare, frankly.

"Well, I'll tell you what can be done. I'll see to getting the lumber, and I'll come over here and boss the job, providing you'll take me out as a passenger when you start on your cruise, in case I should want to go."

There could be but one answer to this, for the boys had come to like the little man so much during their acquaintance with him that they would be only too well pleased to have him with them, and Dare told him as much.

"Then," said Captain Sammy, who seemed to be delighted at the boys' liking for him, "we'll have the *Pearl* ready in two days, and on Monday you can start."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAUNCH.

The boys were naturally anxious to start on their cruise to the Everglades as soon as possible, but yet they felt that Captain Sammy was making a very rash promise when he said the *Pearl* would be repaired in two days.

As much as they wanted to have the work done, they did not think it could be accomplished so quickly; but they resolved to waste no time, in order that they might do their full share toward it.

Therefore, while Captain Sammy was smoking contentedly on the beach, they set about a thorough cleaning of the interior, which promised to be a long task.

Then a new difficulty presented itself; the engine needed prompt and skilled attention, and neither of the boys had the slightest knowledge of machinery. The more Dare thought about the matter the more firmly was he convinced that they were utterly powerless to act in that department, and therefore he appealed to Captain Sammy.

"Of course you don't know anything about the engine, and no more do I," replied the little man, quietly. "What you've got to do is to hire Tom Rogers for two or three days, let him put the engine in good condition, and then teach you how to run it. I'll send him over here in the morning, and you can make a trade with him."

When morning came the boys were so sleepy after their hard work that they did not awake until Captain Sammy arrived, and shouted, "Shipmates ahoy!" in his gruffest tones, and then they scrambled out, feeling decidedly ashamed at being found in bed when the little man was there and ready for work.

It was a very hurried toilet and a still more hasty breakfast they made that morning, and while they were thus engaged Captain Sammy had ordered the two men whom he had brought with him to go to work.

One was the machinist, and he agreed to put the engine in thorough working order in two days, while he thought that in that time, if one of the boys would help him, he

could give him such instruction as would enable him to run the engine during the proposed trip.

The man said his charges would be three dollars per day, and Dare engaged him to remain with them as long as was necessary, providing he did not get through as quickly as he had thought he could.

"You'd better keep him with you until you get down to San Carlos Harbor," said Captain Sammy, and Dare concluded the bargain, subject to his father's approval.

When the question came up as to which boy should turn engineer, Dare thought he ought to take that post, since there was likely to be more work involved; but Captain Sammy settled the matter by saying:

"Let Charley attend to the engine, and Bobby can help him. You are the oldest, and should be the skipper, for that is really the hardest position, and one which requires the longest head. You must remember that you are going into waters about which you know nothing, and an error of judgment may wreck the *Pearl* where she can't be raised as she was here."

Captain Sammy's words amounted, in fact, to a decision. Charley and Bobby went into the engine-room with Tom Rogers, while Captain Sammy, the man he had brought with him, and Dare set to work to close up the hole in the bows.

So simple was the work to Captain Sammy and his man that by six o'clock the hull of the *Pearl* had been made as good as ever, and the new timbers had received the first coat of white lead, over which was to be put two coats of paint.

Rogers had progressed much slower in the engine-room, because it was necessary to take the machinery entirely apart, and free it from the rust that had begun to gather.

The two workmen stopped work promptly at six o'clock, and Captain Sammy went away with them; but the boys kept at their task of "cleaning up" as long after supper as it was possible for them to see what they were about.

On the following morning they took very good care that Captain Sammy should not find them asleep when he came, and when the day was done, the work on the *Pearl* was finished. Nothing remained but to launch her.

As it was Saturday night, the boys went to the hotel to remain over Sunday. It was not necessary for any one to keep watch over the *Pearl*, and they had had enough of camp life to make them willing to sleep in a comfortable bed, as well as to eat their food at a table.

Captain Sammy had agreed to furnish the necessary bedding, cooking utensils, and coal, while upon the boys was to rest the duty of victualling the craft.

Therefore Dare and his father had considerable business to attend to that evening, for the question had to be settled as to whether Mr. Evans would be willing to buy for them provisions sufficient to last during the long voyage they proposed taking.

In order that there might be no mistake about it, Dare first told his father that now that the raising of the *Pearl* was an accomplished fact, they had come for his permission to make a long trip through the Everglades, or as far in as they could go in the yacht. Dare also told him what portion of the outfit of the steamer Captain Sammy would furnish, and concluded by asking if he would buy the provisions for them.

Mr. Evans's answer was as satisfactory as it was prompt. "I already have to pay for the use of the lumber you hired, and shall be obliged to pay the machinist. Now I am willing to purchase the things necessary for the cruise, provided you all give up your allowance of spending-money, and provided you learn all that is possible of the State which you are in, and the peculiar formation of the lower portion of it."

There was no question as to whether the boys would accept such a generous offer, and it would have been im-

possible to find three happier lads in the entire State of Florida than Dare, Charley, and Bobby.

The Monday on which the *Pearl* was to be launched came at last, and the boys were up and on the beach at an early hour in the morning, even though the tide would not serve for the important ceremony until nearly evening.

It was while Dare was making a trip alone from the boat to the tent that he saw a movement among the bushes

he resolved to speak with the little man regarding it before he left him that night.

There was no chance for conversation then, for the Captain bustled and fussed around with his preparations for the launch, ordering Dare here and there, until the boy got so confused that he hardly knew what he was about.

When he was ready to put the finishing touches to his work, those in the engine-room were called out on to the



"THOSE ON SHORE SET UP A LOUD SHOUT OF TRIUMPH!"

that skirted the shore, and then a small familiar-looking head appeared.

There could be no mistake as to the ownership of that head, for it belonged to the former pirate of Tampa, and the stealthy manner in which it had been shown betokened mischief.

"Where's the old heathen?" whispered Tommy, as soon as Dare had approached him.

"I'm expecting him every minute now, and you must be careful not to let him see you, or I'm afraid he might punish you for wrecking the boat."

"He'll see me more'n he wants to before long," said Master Tucker, with a tinge of the old swagger in his tones. "I was goin' past his dock last night an' he started after me, an' when he found he couldn't catch me, he shied a stick an' hit me on the arm. Now I'm goin' to serve him out, promise or no promise, an' I've come to warn you. That's his steamer; an' even if he has lent it to you, I'm—"

The sentence was not finished, owing to the fact that the head was suddenly withdrawn, and a quick rustling of the bushes told that its owner was carrying it away at full speed, while the sight of Captain Sammy on the beach told the reason of the haste.

Dare was alarmed lest Tommy intended to "serve Captain Sammy out" by doing some injury to the *Pearl*, and

beach, and Dare ordered to go on board. He was to stand in the bows to throw over the anchors as soon as the launch had been accomplished, and both the other boys envied him because of the position.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, who had promised to be present at the ceremony, arrived about fifteen minutes before the appointed time, and Captain Sammy was kept remarkably busy in trying to do his work and explain everything to the visitors at the same time.

Finally all was ready, the last block was laid, and the Captain and Rogers began knocking away the timbers that held the *Pearl* prisoner.

Then she started, slowly at first, but with increasing speed each second, until she struck the water with a force that dashed the spray up around her in great volumes, and once more the *Pearl* was afloat.

Those on shore set up a loud shout of triumph, to which Dare responded by waving his hat, and then he let go both anchors.

Just as this was done, and he was thinking with pride that the beautiful little craft was at his disposal, for some time at least, he caught a glimpse of Tommy Tucker, who was standing among the trees peering out, as if plotting some mischief against the little steamer. The sight destroyed all Dare's pleasure for the time being.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PRINCE AND THE WHIPPING-BY.

“WHAT is a whipping-boy, anyhow?” All the boys and girls will ask that question when they look at this picture of Edward VI. and his whipping boy.

I must tell you, then, that in old times a Prince, who was to be a King after he grew up, was treated as a person

of very great dignity and importance. It would not do to punish him, because his person was held to be sacred; but as a Prince was only a boy, after all, he had to learn lessons and he had to obey his teachers. If he did not get his lessons, or if he was saucy to his teachers, it would

not do to overlook the matter; somebody must be punished, and in those days boys were always punished by flogging.

But it would not do to flog a Prince. He was a King's son, and after a while would become King himself. So whenever the Prince did anything for which a flogging was necessary, the flogging was given to another boy. They kept a boy for the purpose. It was his business to take all the Prince's whippings for him, and hence they called him the Prince's whipping-boy.

The boy who took Edward VI.'s whippings for him was named Barnabas Fitzpatrick, and it is said that he and the Prince were very good friends indeed.

In the picture it seems that Edward is trying to save Barnabas from the whipping, and we think better of him for it; but it would have been still more manly for him to have stood up and taken the whipping himself.

"ONLY A GIRL"

BY MARY DENSEL.

THEY lived with their grandmother, did John and Katinka, in the old yellow house by the river. There was plenty of room in the house, in spite of its being only one story high. For the "milk-room" opened out of the kitchen, the "sink-room" was between the pantry and the "pump-room," which in turn led into the "seed-chamber," and was connected by an arch with the "meal-closet" and "store-room," the latter being next the barn, where lived Peter, the fifteen-year-old "colt."

The small garden lay in the rear. The garden was the principal spot, after all, for by means of that John intended to earn his living. He gloried in being a boy, and able to support himself.

To be sure, grandma made his clothes, and Katinka knit and darned his stockings; but John did not take that into account. He thought no more of paying Katinka for her labor in the mending line than he did of rewarding her when she helped to weed the garden. What were girls made for, unless to help?

So twelve-year-old Katinka worked cheerfully by his side, carried water when the weather was "dry," rose at four o'clock A.M. to pounce on potato-bugs at their morning revels, or made herself into a scarecrow and stood half the day waving her arms and shouting at the crows when the corn was planted. But it was clearly understood that John raised the vegetables, especially the cabbages.

"Which will sell at three cents a head, Katinka-tink-tink. Then I'll have enough money to buy a *Harp of Judah*, and go to singing-school," announced John, who was fourteen years old, and learning to sing a nerve-shattering part called—by himself—*bass*.

Katinka's eyes shone.

"I wish I could go to singing-school, too," said she.

"So you might, if you were a boy and could earn the money," answered John, loftily. "There's a caterpillar! Go for him, Katinka-tink-tink!"

So Katinka "went for" the worm, then ran for a hoe, afterward fetched the water-pot, and finally, there being no more odd jobs on hand for this particular lord of creation, she was graciously permitted to attend to her own small plot of ground, at the contents of which John smiled scornfully.

There were bachelor's buttons, bouncing-bets, holly-hocks, thrift-flowers, blue "baby's-breaths," and three great sunflowers.

"Trash!" John called them, to Katinka's anguish, for though she was aware that squashes and beans were vastly superior, yet she was very fond of her silly flowers. She even wondered if she might not beg John to carry a few of them to the city, and try to sell them with his vegetables. Then she might perhaps join forces with Sally Lowder, each paying half for a *Harp of Judah*, from which they

could warble in company. But Katinka hardly dared to proffer this request when John's vegetables were ready for sale. The cabbages were especially magnificent.

"Three cents a head, and there are as many as thirty of them," said John, one evening, rubbing his cheek, and gazing out of the window. "To-morrow I'll harness up and take them to town."

Now the reason John rubbed his cheek was that for two whole days it had pained him, and to-night there was a red place puffing out behind his left ear. The next morning there was a swelling behind the other ear, and he had a double chin fit for an alderman.

"John," said his grandmother, "it's *the mumps*."

It was indeed, and a fiercer boy than Master John you never saw, for mumps being "catching," he could by no means go into town and spread the disease as he sold his cabbages.

"All I can do is to stand here and see them burst open at three cents a pop," said he, bitterly.

Katinka's heart was full of sympathy, but what could she do—being only a girl—except make poultices for the swollen face, and fly out into the garden every five minutes to see if the "cabbage over yonder" had burst yet, or to scare away the blackbirds which were holding high carnival, and jeering in their thievish hearts at the distorted face in the window?

The following day the mumps were even worse, and four cabbages blew open. The waves of misery bade fan to swamp both John and his tender little sister, until suddenly Katinka rose to the surface, and, "I'm going to market," quoth she.

You may be sure there was a sensation at these words. Grandma held up both hands in horror.

"Pho!" said John. And he meant "pho!" He meant it in the broadest sense of the word. "You're only a girl. What can a girl do, I'd like to know?"

"You *shall* know," declared Katinka, stoutly. "Grandma, please don't say 'no.'"

Now grandma never did say "no" to Katinka. Perhaps it would often have been wiser to do so, but history must speak the truth, and the fact is she dropped her hands as Katinka explained her plans.

"And I must go this very day, grandma," ended Katinka, "for by next week I shall be down with the mumps myself."

"Besides that, the cabbages will be ruined," added John. "The little birds fly about the city unharmed. Who would molest dear little Katinka?"

So reasoned gentle, unworldly grandma.

John still scoffed, but perhaps for that very reason Katinka ent the cabbages with a firmer hand. She gathered the string-beans, some pease, a few radishes, and even went so far as to dig some early potatoes. Then she marched to the barn to interview Peter.

Now Peter had opinions. Alas! some of these ran in the same groove with his young master's.

"A girl put on my bridle! Perish the thought!"

Peter tossed his head so laughingly, and held it so high that Katinka reached upward in vain.

"Absurd little minx!" said Peter, communing with himself.

But suddenly Peter found himself tied to a post; there was a barrel at his side; there was a scramble and a flutter of petticoats. Before he could collect his senses Peter's eyes were fenced in by blinders, the bit was between his astonished teeth, the wagon shafts were clashing his sides.

"We'll see who can manage you, sir!" remarked Katinka.

It took only a moment for the little maid to don her cape bonnet, and to tuck the vegetables into the wagon. Then she mounted the seat, and was off and away.

Off and away at a breakneck pace, for Peter had bided his time. Conquered by a girl? Not he. With a tug

and a strain he ran up the first quarter of a mile. His breath came hard. The next, and his run had become a gallop. Two-thirds of the way, and the gallop was a mild trot. His bit was covered with foam. The top was reached. Peter dragged his legs wearily, then stopped short.

"Ha!" said Peter, "times have changed." "Ho!" said Peter, "in these days girls have queer ways of their own." "Hi!" said Peter, "let's be respectable."

Katinka had never dreamed there would be so many wagons at the market-place. Her heart failed her. Who would notice so small a person as herself among these busy, bustling men? Surely she never ought to have come. But she remembered John, and would not turn back. She guided the now meek and weary Peter to the curbstone, and gazed wistfully around.

No one noticed her. One man with butter and eggs was noisily crying his wares. Another, in a white apron, was bargaining for mutton. A third was crying, "Lettuce! nice fresh lettuce here!"

"Oranges! fifteen cents a dozen! Two dozen, twenty-five cents!"

"Any horse-reddish?"

The din almost deafened Katinka. She held out a cabbage, and shouted, but could not hear her own voice.

"I wonder if they would notice a flower?" thought she; for, quite unknown to John, she had brought some posies, thinking that even if she could not sell them, they would like to come to town and see the sights. She caught up a sunflower, and held it high above her head.

"Tell them I have cabbages to sell," she whispered.

All at once there was a lull in the noise about her, and a woman's voice exclaimed,

"Oh, what a panel she would make, papa!"

Katinka became aware of a tall, gray-haired gentleman and a young lady who was clinging to his arm.

"Oh, what a picture!" cried the lady again, and she came close to Katinka's wagon. "I should like to paint you, child," she said.

Katinka's gray eyes opened wider. Then, taking courage from the kindly face, she leaned forward.

"The cabbages are *only* three cents apiece," she said, appealingly.

"How dear!" exclaimed the lady.

"No, no, ma'am; that's very cheap," said Katinka.

The new-comer seemed to find her very amusing, for she laughed, and showed two rows of dazzlingly white teeth.

"It's you who are dear and simple and truly precious," she said. "Will you come with me, you little Penelope Boothby, and let me paint you?"

"My name is Katinka, and I must sell my garden stuff," said Katinka, solemnly.

"Papa, buy her vegetables," ordered the lady. "What have you, little one? Beans, potatoes, and hollyhocks, I declare! Papa, you go to your office, and Katinka—what a delicious name!—shall drive me home; then I'll buy her goods and paint her picture. Good-by, papa. Give me a seat in your wagon, child."

Katinka was lost in amazement. What was this extraordinary young lady about to do with her?

On they drove, away from the noise and bustle, until finally they stopped in front of a large brick house.

"Julia," said the lady to a white-capped maid who opened the door, "take these vegetables to the kitchen. Call Smith, and ask him to give this horse some oats. Katinka, you come with me."

Still in a daze, Katinka followed her eccentric hostess into a long room hung with pictures.

"I'll keep you only an hour, and I'll pay you a dollar besides the worth of your potatoes and cabbages," said the lady.

Katinka clasped her hands in delight.

"A dollar!" she repeated. "Then I can buy a *Harp of Judah!*"

The young lady flew about, placing an easel, hunting up pencils and brushes. Then Katinka was whisked into a chair, and bidden to hold tightly to her sunflower, while her captor sketched as if for her life.

"You blessed little old-fashioned cherub!" she was exclaiming. "Turn your head a trifle to the left. There! there! Now don't move for the love of Correggio himself. Oh, you cherub!"

Sketch, sketch, sketch.

"Drop your eyelids. One dollar!—I'll give you two, my beauty."

Sketch, sketch, sketch. The town clock elanged twelve.

"I guess I'll go home," faltered Katinka.

"Only two minutes more. Now raise your eyes. What! Bless me, a tear? I've tired you out, you poor little image! Julia, bring some eakes. Two dollars?—it shall be three! Come here, and look at yourself."

Sure enough, there was Katinka's very face peering at her from the easel, its eyes as big and as gray as her own.

"My, what a handsome sunflower!" cried Katinka.

Two hours later grandma and John beheld Peter racing down the road.

Before they could reach the barn Katinka had sped into the house, waving a five-dollar bill before John's swollen face.

"Say 'girl' again!" quoth she.

"Where did you get it?" demanded the astonished John.

"Sold your cabbages—two dollars. Queer lady made a picture of me—*three* dollars, because I was a *girl*."

"A picture of you? In that sun-bonnet?"

"Yes."

"With your hair in your eyes like that?"

"Yes."

"A picture of *you*?"

"With a sunflower in my hand. And she said I was a *che—a che—a chetub or dub or rub*. Yes, that's it, a *che-rub*. And she liked me because I was a *girl*."

"Well, I never heard the like of that!" cried John, and his cheeks seemed to puff out bigger than ever in his efforts to understand such nonsense.

But there were several facts that John had "never heard the like of." One was that during the next October, when he and Katinka were trotting to singing-school, each carrying a brand-new *Harp of Judah*, the folk of the neighboring city were in raptures over a certain picture which hung in a public gallery.

It was the portrait of a little maiden in a plaid sun-bonnet, who gazed at the crowd with wide-open, innocent gray eyes, and whose mouth wore such a happy smile that one and all smiled back at her, "just as you would at a lily." But it was no lily the child held in her hand. It was a large rich yellow sunflower.

And no one knew who the picture was, for when they hunted it up in the catalogue all they found was,

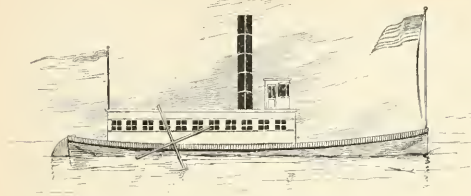
"No. 77. Only a Girl."

HOW TO MAKE A TOY STEAMBOAT.

BY VICTOR SMEDLEY.

ROBERT FULTON could not have been more proud and delighted with his first successful steamboat than was the writer when, as a boy, he succeeded in making a toy craft that would run itself.

The drawings and diagrams that are here given explain how to make a small boat, the motor power being a thin band of elastic, one end of which is attached to the centre of the paddle-wheel axle, the other end being tied to the flag-staff in the bow of the boat. A piece of string a few inches longer than the elastic when the latter is stretched out to its full length is also attached to the axle about midway between the elastic and one of the paddle-wheels.



THE TOY STEAMBOAT "ROBERT FULTON."

Do not tie the string on until you have turned the paddle-wheels around backward until the elastic is stretched to its utmost. When you let go the paddle-wheels the elastic will unwind; in doing this it will wind the string on the axle; so to start the boat you simply have to draw the string out to its full length.

The hull is made from a piece of soft wood about a foot long and an inch thick, shaped as shown in the diagrams. The boat is flat-bottomed, and is not hollow, the wood being sufficiently buoyant. The paddle-wheels are made of shingle or cigar-box wood about three and a half inches long and one inch wide, with an incision cut in the centre the same width as the thickness of the board; four of these will be necessary to make the two wheels. They are joined together by the axle, which should be about

the thickness of a lead-pencil, and half an inch longer than the width of the boat, to prevent the wheels catching on the sides of the boat as they revolve.

To fasten the paddle-wheels on the axle, drive a small finishing nail through one section of the paddle at the incision into the end of the axle, as shown in Fig. 2; then fit the sections together, and the paddle-wheels are complete. The axle is kept in place by pieces of wire, or pins with their heads filed off, bent like a horseshoe, and placed over the axle and driven into the boat. The cabin is made of white card-board, measuring, when extended out before being bent, about twenty inches; the sides are seven inches long and one and a half inches

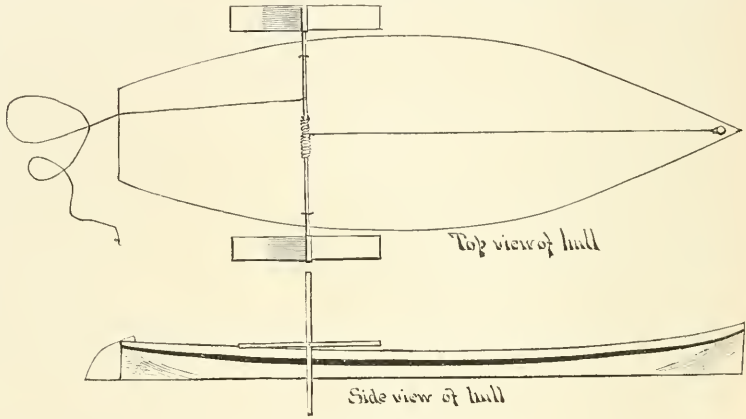


FIG. 1.—WORKING PLANS.

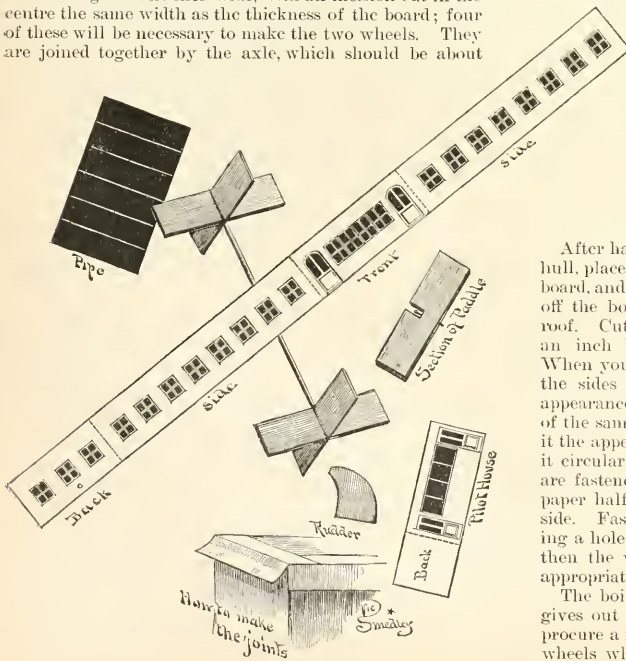


FIG. 2.—WORKING PLANS.

high. Upon this windows are painted in black. If you have no black paint, ink will do nearly as well. White spaces must be left to represent the sash. In the back of the cabin a small hole is punched through the card-board for the winding-up cord to pass through. The dotted lines in the cut show where to bend the card-board to form the four sides of the cabin. The pilot-house is bent in only one place to form the back, the front curving round in a half circle.

After having fastened the sides of the cabin to the hull, place the boat upside down on a sheet of card-board, and with a pencil go around the cabin; lift off the boat, and you will have a pattern for the roof. Cut around the outlines, leaving a quarter of an inch between your scissors and the outline. When you fasten on the roof it will project beyond the sides of the cabin, and this will improve the appearance of your boat. The smoke-stack is made of the same material as the cabin, blackened to give it the appearance of being made of iron. To make it circular, roll it around a lead-pencil. The pieces are fastened together by pasting a strip of writing paper half an inch wide over the joint, half on each side. Fasten the flag-staff securely in place by boring a hole with a gimlet in the bow of the boat, and then the vessel will be ready to be launched with appropriate ceremonies.

The boilers will never burst, and when the steam gives out it is only necessary to pull the string to procure a new supply that will send the little paddle-wheels whirling with renewed vigor, to the great delight of the assembled multitude of young people.

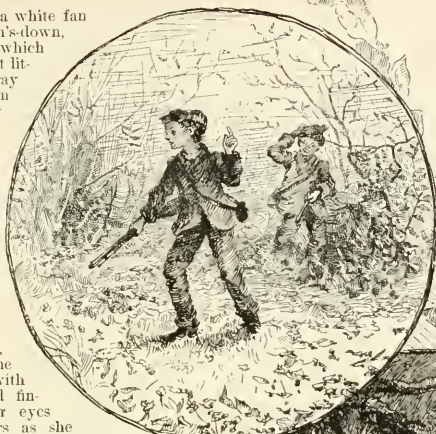
CRUEL SPORT.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ONCE had a white fan made of swan's-down, in the centre of which poised a brilliant little bird with gay plumage and open beak. I never liked the pretty fan, although it had been a gift to me, but something happened once which made me put it out of sight.

A dear little girl, not three years old, took it in her hand one day, and touched the bird gently with her pink-tipped finger. Then her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the little open mouth, and said, "Oh, aunty, that was the last song!"

Believe me, boys, when, proud of your guns and of the straight aim you can take, you go tramping through the fields, shooting the merry robins and gay orioles and tiny wrens, you are engaged in very unmanly sport.



Water-Colorist



The darling song-birds that had such happy, care-free lives, flying from bough to bough, and tilting on the flowery sprays, are sent to us for our delight. Their sweet notes make the morning and evening cheery, and a home always seems gladder and brighter when the birds come about it without fear.

What fun they have building their nests, and how patient the old birds are with the little ones, feeding them, teaching them to fly, and indeed teaching them to sing. Did you ever listen when a wren mother was practicing music with her babies? If you ever did, I am sure you would be as indignant as I am at any boy who would put an end to her little life, just for amusement.

The trouble with many boys is that they do not think. If they stopped to consider, they would not like to be seen bringing home a bagful of little birds which are not fair game, and which have been recklessly murdered.

Nor could they bear to lift their guns, take aim, and presto! wound a tiny creature, leaving it to fall on the ground and lie there dying.

These tender-hearted little girls have found a poor bird that has sung its last song. It was shot, no doubt, by Tom or Fred, who goes whistling on, never thinking how cruel he has been.

In some States of the Union the killing of song-birds is punished by fines and imprisonment. But there is another punishment which comes to farmers and land-owners who permit such work. The birds eat insects which destroy grain, and these little pests multiply and ravage great fields when the birds are destroyed.

There are birds which are good for food, and which it is not wrong to kill, provided they are needed for the table or for an invalid's meal. But the little songsters of the groves and hills should be sacred.



MUFFET AND TUFFET.

These pussy-cats are named Muffet and Tuffet, and belong to Miss Jessie, who has taken them with her on a visit. They rode fifty miles on the ears in this pretty basket, and one of these days, when Miss Jessie goes home, they will ride fifty miles again. So Muffet and Tuffet will be travelled cats, and may sit in the chimney-corner and tell stories.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

GILROY, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have two little sisters—Edna, who is seven, and Gemma, who is four years old. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost a year. We are all very much interested in hearing it read and looking at the pictures. Sometimes we go to Sonoma County, about two hundred miles north from here, to see grandpa and grandma, who live there. We pass through San Francisco, come to Sonoma County, and twice we went to Woodard's Gardens.

There are a great many things there to see. In the garden block there are many kinds of trees, shrubs, vines, and plants, and an aquarium with many kinds of fish, from large sharks to small gold-fish—which we see through plate-glass set in one side of the different rooms. There is also the large stone reservoir—an art gallery with many pictures, etc.

Then they have a menagerie on another block, and have a double tunnel under the street to let visitors go in through one tunnel and come out through the other. There are a great many animals—bears, lions, tigers, camels, bisons, and oh! so many it would take too long to write their names; they have sea-lions and alligators. But I guess this letter is long enough, and I will be as pleased as any of the other children are to see this in the Post-office Box. EDITH V. D.

EDITH V. D.

LYONS, IOWA.

I am a boy five years old, and I had a birthday, and what do you think I got? Why, five marbles and five pipes and five pennies and some mittens. The pipes are to blow bubbles with, and the five pennies I put in my bank, and my two cousins came over and spent the day with me, and we got so hungry because Maggie wouldn't get us our supper until after dark, but then she brought us a nice cake with five candles in it, and that was the reason she wouldn't give us our supper. I have no pets except a cat. I had a dog, but I gave him away to a man that wanted him. I was cross, and I didn't want him. I guess the man won't want him much after a while.

I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I look at the pictures, and some one tells me about them. I like the funny pictures best—that old rat was a good one—but I like the letters most, so I wanted to write, only I couldn't, but my papa said he would write if I would tell him what to say. I hope you will keep sending me the paper. My name is

CHRIST R.

LEWIS, MISSOURI.

I am twelve years old. I have a little brother seven years old who is very fond of play. I am very fond of reading, especially history. I am reading "Kolin's History," second volume. My little brother would rather have me play, and wishes I had no books except HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

I am seven years old I wrote a letter from the Allegheny Mountains to the Keokuk Gate City. Since then I have lived amid the Rockies, and then in Denver, where I was a messenger boy. Now I live here, but I think the nicest place I have ever been in, and we are going back there.

I have no pets except a little brown Leghorn hen. Brother has a cut little canary named Demi. I have taken St. Nicholas for the past five years, and have only recently been getting Young

People, but I like it very much, and will always take it in future. I like "Raising the Pearl," and was sorry when "Nan" was concluded.

A. V. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy six years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and look forward with pleasure to Tuesday night, for then my papa brings it to me. I like the story "Raising the Pearl," best of all, and read that first. I went to Barnum's circus last week, and enjoyed it very much. I think Jumbo is an immense animal. I gave him some crackers, and when he belid out his trunk to take them it was so large it quite startled me. I saw many wonderful things. I liked the races, especially the chariot race, exceedingly, but it was all splendid.

As I live in the city I haven't any pets except one little kitten named Alice, of whom I am very fond. I am going to Virginia in May. FALK.

BELLEVILLE, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eight years old. Sometimes there are Indians in town, and one day they were here, and I had just been to the baker's, and I bought a pie, and when I was coming back there was an old Indian and another had a little papoose all sitting in front of a tent, and I went up to see them, and papa and Edith were there, and the old Indian wanted me to give the pie to him, and the old squaw laughed. The old Indian and the little papoose came into the office, and the little papoose's dress was all covered over with elks' teeth, and my uncle Walter showed him his sword, and the old Indian and the old squaw showed the little papoose his watch, and the little papoose ran over to see it.

One Indian had a fur cap with brass-bells tied all around it, and another had a fur cap with a coyote's tail hanging down at the back; and one day we went to Allkall Creek for a drive, and I got three elks' horns, and we saw lots of other things. We drove and we drove, and the fence was all made of cord-wood. There was a little bull tied up. We saw lots of little prairie-dogs. TAYLOR M.

That was a queer way to ornament a baby's dress, was it not, with elks' teeth? We would not think it very pretty, but no doubt the little one's mother admired the effect.

ALSTED, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I live in a little village among the New Hampshire hills. We have lived here three years. Before that we lived in a larger town across the Connecticut. My papa's health was such he returned to his native village to try and regain it. I am twelve years old, and I go to school, and take music lessons. Vacations I spend in helping mamma about the house and doing fancy-work.

I would like to exchange with some little girl patterns in darned net, and directions for feather-bed and edging and knit edging, and I would like to join the Little Housekeepers, and will send receipts if the Postmistress is willing. The long days of summer are delightful here, and we have many lovely walks in the woods. MARY E. T.

I shall be expecting something nice from you, dear.

CHRISTIE HILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My children, who take YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy it too, always laugh at me when I have a certain dessert. They want me to send it to you, with the name they have given it.

MAMMA'S AND KATIE'S DELIGHT.—Half a box of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of cold milk; a pint of chocolate, or red and set over the tea-table with vanilla; stir until cold enough to make in moulds; after the chocolate is added put them on buttered paper to harden. SOPHIE, ALICE, and NORA.

Let me know how you would like to make it, and I will send you the recipe. I am sure you will like it as much as Katie and I do, for we have both given our fat upon eating it. Mrs. G. H. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a young girl, and a great admirer of YOUNG PEOPLE. My brother made me a present of it over a year ago, and every Tuesday night he brings it home to me. I liked the story of "Nan" very much, and hope we may hear more about her. I have a little pig named Little Puss, and a little pig named Purr. She is very cunning. Every morning she comes to my bed and wakes me up by walking around my head, and then, sitting down, puts both her fore-paws on my face, and while she sits all the time, works her claws in and out, as though she were playing on the piano. If she doesn't get her breakfast just when she wants it, she will stand up on her hind feet and bow and nod to me.

Perhaps some of you would like to know how to make a headache, as the common raised hair does very apt to do. Take cold water, and stir into it fresh Graham flour until you have a dough thick enough to turn out on the kneading-board and roll it out in sheets. Mix into it a little oil, and not have it run over the board. Mix into it a little enough flour so that you can roll it out and not

have it stick to the hands. Roll it about an inch thick; cut with a biscuit cutter, and prick the top of each biscuit with a fork. Have your oven very hot, just as hot as you can get it. Bake until well browned.

The secret of success lies in getting the dough just the right thickness, and having your oven hot. They may not be good at first, for although they seem simple, they are hard to get just right. They will certainly not be good if you do not have fresh flour. These gems are delicious, either hot or cold, eaten in milk, or with butter or honey. I can make Southern corn-bread. LOUISE B.

I shall make some biscuits from your receipt, and have them for breakfast some morning soon. Send your receipt for Southern corn-bread if you please.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I thought I'd write a letter,

I've never written before,

My brother sent some rhymes of mine,

And now I'll send some more.

I'm living at my grandmamma's

While papa is at sea;

If you don't mind I'll send him

How happy I would be!

I have no birds to speak of,

Except a pet that died;

I got a very nice one once,

I very nearly cried;

We buried him 'neath the pear-tree,

Another girl and I.

We saw a lot of blue birds and robins

That happened there to die.

My grandpa has a parrot,

One that my aunt did give her;

She says it's so excellent it can sing

Is "Way down the Swanny River."

I have a lovely doll,

She is very cunning, too;

She has big brown eyes

And a looking right at you;

Also three pretty hats,

And six sweet little dresses,

And also brushes and combs

To card her golden tresses.

I had her picture taken;

The man said I must be sober,

For I should smile

It would make her laugh all over.

My dear doll's name

Is Amy Alice.

And really she deserves

To live in a palace.

My name is Cora Denniston,

And I'm eleven years old.

I hope at the length of this letter

You kindly will not scold.

DAVTON, OHIO.

According to the request of Amelia Norris F., we write to tell you that the receipt for cream almonds in No. 179 is excellent. We tried it this afternoon, and had lots of fun while doing it. They are not quite hard yet, but we know that they will be splendid, for we have been "tasting" during the day. We will send you a receipt in return, hoping it will be as nice as yours:

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Take half a cake of Baker's chocolate, grate and set over the tea-table; while hot drop in the cream moulds, which are made of two cups of sugar and half a cup of water; boil three minutes; after it begins to bubble remove from the stove, and flavor with vanilla; stir until cold enough to make in moulds; after the chocolate is added put them on buttered paper to harden. SOPHIE, ALICE, and NORA.

The Little Housekeepers are coming to the front in force this week.

WALNUT HILL, DELAWARE.

I want to send a receipt to the Little Housekeepers which we have tried and find very good:

GOLD CAKE.—Three eggs beaten separately, one cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, flour sufficient to make the mass as stiff as pound-cake, one teaspoonful of Lunford's yeast powder; flavor with vanilla.

I will send silver cake next week, which is much better than gold cake. R. T. II.

ALLGHEWY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

A great many of my little friends have asked me for suggestions for building a doll's house. My plan has been so successful that it may be of use to some of the subscribers to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I first procured two boxes, generally tea-boxes, about eighteen inches square. These I placed side by side on the floor against the wall, the side toward the front being open. Boxes an inch or two apart. The floor was made on the top floor. The attic consisted of one small box placed on top of the second story. The inside walls and ceilings I papered with the scraps of wall-paper left over from the rooms in the house had been papered. The floors I covered with pieces of carpet, either new or scraps cut off when an old carpet has been made to fit a smaller room.

In the second story I placed a bed, and in case I did not have enough for all my rooms I

manufactured over boxes of tiny card-board boxes, using oblong boxes for the beds, covering them first with pieces of muslin or bright-colored chintz. A ruffle around the edge of the muslin when allowed to fall over the sides formed a screen such as is seen on every four-post bedstead. Across the front of each room I hung curtains of broad cloth, trimmed with fringed runners. The curtains not only looked nicely when drawn for the night, but served to keep out the dust.

A little girl who shows so much cleverness in making a house for her dolls will furnish her own home tastefully when she shall be older.

NICHOLASVILLE, KENTUCKY.

We are two little school-girls who are each aged six, and named Sallie and Jessie. We love to play together; sometimes we fly kites or take walks, and most of all we love to pull our bows and play housekeeping with our dolls. They are named Sallie, Jessie, Belle, and Brown. Our cat has no name. The canary is named Claude, and sings all the time. We like to hear the stories and letters in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and have never seen a letter from this place. Sallie's mother is writing this for us, and we are going to put it in the Post-office, and hope you will like it.

SALLIE A. and JESSIE G.

OKLAHLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

A few weeks ago the Postmistress asked for a description of my quilt. It is a diamond shape or in squares, and take a piece of silk, or whatever material it is, any shape at all, and beginning in the middle, and sew all the sides; then pull it over and baste it down very neatly all around. Sew a piece next to it in the same way, and so on until the diamond or square is all covered.

I am very fond of sewing, and I love to read. I have finished our calico quilt, and have nearly done another; I am going to begin two silk ones when I get this one finished. I am also very fond of reading, and have a great many of my favorite magazines are *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* and *St. Nicholas*. We have had wild flowers now for about a week. I am trying to learn the scientific names for them. We are going to now that *Heptacis triloba*, the *Sanguinaria canadensis*, and the *Anemone nemorosa*. The pressed ones inclosed are for the Postmistress.

I would like to be one of the Little Housekeepers. I send a receipt for

TEA CAKE.—Beat one egg very light, put it into a tea-cup, and fill up with sweet cream; add one cupful of white sugar, one of flour, a pinch of salt, and half a cupful of cream or tartar, and half a tea-spoonful of soda. Mix the cream of tartar in the flour, and put the soda in the cream.

MAY E. O.

Thanks for the pressed flowers. Do you ever embroider a flower or fasten a pretty picture in appliqué-work on your silk patches?

DIAMOND, ILLINOIS.

I am a boy seven years old. I go to school, and an learning Long Division. I have a little brother and sister; Horace is four years old and Etta and Isaac the little horses all their names excepting h, d, p, and g, but little Etta can say them the fastest. One day little Horace was cross because he did not find an egg in the old black bird's nest, so he got a stick and tried to drive her out of the nest. I wipe the table dishes for mamma. I hope you will print this letter. If you do not, I shall feel like saying what my little brother says: "Here is a poor little boy that has lots of trouble." Papa gave me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a Christmas present, and I like it very much indeed. I expect to go to visit my grandma and grandpa in a few days, and perhaps you will write you from there. I hope my letter is not too long.

LESTER CHAPIN S.

NEW YORK CITY.

A good while ago my mamma read to me in *YOUNG PEOPLE* about how to fix a box to tame a mouse in. I thought I would try it, for I loved pets. I caught one, and kept it in the trap until papa helped me fix a box. He got a wire, and we tried to put him in, and if he had not run up my sister's dress I would have lost him. I took the wire-box out of my toy barn for his little bed, and hung the little horses all in the wire box, and his food and water. He got real tame; but one morning I was in an awful hurry to go to school, and mamma said she would feed him for me; but she did not see the cage, and she had gnawed a little piece in the box under the wire, and had got away. I was very sorry, but then I thought maybe he might like his own little bed. I took the wire box and put it in the corner of my room, and when I caught another, and named him Mr. Stumber's Brother. He became so tame that he would eat from my hand, and then store away in a corner of his cage, and he could be very warm morning I went to feed him, and looked everywhere for his cage, and at last found it on a wall-splend, where it had been put to keep cool at night. I was so glad to find it, but the poor little fellow was dead; he had been sun-struck. I was awfully sorry; but then I could not help it. I think I never will try to keep an

other mouse for a pet, for I have been so unfortunate.

A. ERSKINE G.

Indeed, your mamma and sister must be very brave. I do not think I could let a little boy of mine make pets of mice, especially if they were in any danger of getting away and hiding anywhere about my dress.

BRACKLEB, FLORIDA.

I am thirteen years old, and one of your boys. I want to tell you what I do, as you invited the boys to do so. I have poultry to attend to night and day. I have some Plymouth Rocks, and Cochins, some Pekin and common puddle or English ducks. Then I have young chicks and ducks. These keep me busy quite a while. Then I help on some of the office work, and have lessons to mamma. At night I read the papers (we have one for every day in the week) and study my lessons for next day. In winter I make the bread and butter, and now I make the puddles, set the table, and help mamma. I like to read, and my favorite authors are Jimmy Brown, Mr. Otis, Mr. Stoddard, Mrs. Lillie Alger, and Cassin. I like to play base-ball, and I like to work in my garden, and raise vegetables. I have young orange-trees, and cultivate them. I like to ride, too, and do ride the horse here. We have a good horse, and I like to ride in the woods, especially when there are ripe wild fruits, as there are now. Our blackberries are all gone now. Huckleberries are ripe, and others soon will be.

To-day is a rainy day. We have had some beautiful days. Everything looked so green and pretty. I like the sun-shiny days. I would like to be one of the Little Housekeepers, if you will let a boy. If I am a boy I can do house-work as well as any girl. I tried some cake yesterday from a receipt in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. It was a rainy afternoon, so I asked mamma to let me, and she said, "I will let you, if you do everything ready. This is the receipt I used: I used nearly double the quantity: Four eggs; half a cupful of sugar; a small amount of butter; one whole lemon, and five grains of salt. Beat the whites and yolks separately. I baked in small scalloped and plain pans, and made thirteen nice little cakes. I made them without a bit of help at all, and mamma says they are as good as any she ever made. This is my first attempt at making cake, but I have often helped mamma make some. I can cook well, too. I have done so when mamma has been sick. She has said to me, "I can make more cake now—that I will have to make it. Mamma has the receipt for ice-cream cake; I will make some some time, and send you a piece, if you would like it. I will send the receipt soon." I would now, but I have not got it with me.

Your boy, FRANCIS C. S.

I am delighted to have such a boy as yourself among the Little Housekeepers, and I hope there may be others who will follow your example. There is no reason in the world why boys should not learn how to cook. The best professional cooks are men, and a knowledge of the art comes in very nicely in ordinary home life. Gentlemen when exploring, hunting, fishing, or camping out acquire great skill in preparing dainty food, which, they say, tastes better than the best diners they ever get at home. In war-times soldiers learn to make coffee, broil meat, and bake biscuits by their camp-fires, and find that they can cook as well as march and fight. So, Francis, be sure you do not forget to send on the receipt for ice-cream cake, and "we girls" will try it at once.

Why should not my boy readers form a Cooking Club of their own, and send reports of their efforts in that line to the Post-office Box? There is in Philadelphia a club composed of gentlemen, and one of its rules is that each member shall know how to cook one dish to perfection. At certain periods this club gives luncheon parties, to which the members invite their lady friends, the skill to eat the nice things and compliment the cook in the best way possible. I think it would be some time this summer you boys, having little cooking circles here and there, should be able to invite your sisters and cousins to a picnic where every viand should have been prepared by yourselves! What do you all think?

Herbert A. Donalds, 24 Earl's Lane, Providence, Rhode Island, would like to correspond with boys who have had experience in the care of rabbits. He is a great reader, and writes for the *New York City*, edits and prints a very pretty little paper. He would like other boys who edit amateur or puzzle papers to exchange with him, and sends a special request to do so to Robert M. R., of Flushing, Michigan.—Charming letters have been received from Maggie W. K., Richard C. D., John, Johnnie B., Jennie and Belle T. E., C., Ronald M. G., Montie M., J. Rogers H., Bessie C., Charlie D. M., Fannie E. H., Starr H. B., Fred-

erick P. B., Milton T. B., A. Theo. W., St. Elmo S., Eliza E. G., Hannah W. O., May K., Lucy M. M., and Edris B. M. I hope all these children will accept thanks and love from the Postmistress, and write again.—**Millie S.**: What a dainty cat, and yet he did kill the chickens!—**Norman M.**: You did not come and speak to me at the fair. Perhaps you did not know I was there.—**Mary A. V.**: I never heard of a black Snowflake before.—**J. C. J.**: I hope I may some time hear your performance on the violin, and join in the encores.—**Hattie W.**: Write whenever you please, dear.—**Joseph S. E.**: Would "Six Jolly Girls" do as a name for your club, or, still better, "Half a Dozen Sunbeams"? I hope you will have good times together.—**R. M. B.**: So you waved your handkerchief at Mr. Thomas when you went to the Philadelphia. Well, I have often waved mine. Weren't you sleepy the next day?—**Bertha** and **Marion**: Your puzzles are very good.—**Alice L. B.**: I wonder if any other little girl besides yourself makes a pet of a flying-squirrel?—**Jack and Ferdie**: There is no charge for the insertion of exchanges, and the columns are open to all our young readers, but the exchanges must be deferred. We have not room for long ones.—**Lillie A. D.**: Wiggles, sometimes called "recondite forms," are lines which form portions of the outlines of pictures. When a new Wiggie is given it forms part of the outline of a picture already drawn by "our artist." Your object and that of the other girls and boys who try to solve the Wiggie problem should be to draw a picture containing this line. The little artist whose picture most nearly resembles the picture originally drawn by "our artist" is called the Successful Wiggler. This explanation has been made before, but is repeated for your benefit and that of others who have been puzzled to know just what was meant by the Wiggles. Always be sure to draw your Wiggles with care, and send them as promptly as you can after the reception of a new Wiggie.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ZIGZAGS.

1. A planet. 2. A fruit. 3. Playthings. 4. An animal. 5. A valley. 6. To flow gently. 7. A small bird. 8. A mineral. 9. To gain. 10. Privation. Zigzags—A sign of spring.

KING CHARLES.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In curl, not in hair.

In your, not in their.

In bought, not in sold.

In pearls, not in gems.

My whole is an island not very far off. Where the jay-bird died of the whooping-cough.

BERTHA and MARION.

No. 3.

REVERSIONS.

1. Reverse to move, and get an animal. 2. Reverse a tropical plant, and get a month. 3. Reverse an apartment, and get a marsh. 4. Reverse to punch, and get a useful article.

KING CHARLES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 182.

- No. 1. Campbell.
- No. 2. Jupiter. Rifles.
- No. 3. Looking-glass.
- No. 4. Cherry.

Answer to puzzle on page 416 of No. 183:

12 1 9 6 London Assurance.
3 11 5 8 Messure for Measure.
7 4 2 10 Antony and Cleopatra.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bertha and Marion, Walter A. May, A. A. Beebe, Freddie J. Faulk, Helen W. Gardner, Harry H. Romer, Lena B. W., Blanche Hubert, Frank H. Underkoff, Francis Reed, Joseph Warner, Hattie Tibbrell, Charles H. Weigle, Jun. Jonathan Grace, Molly Payne, Rebecca Clayton, Maudie Eide, Anselm Deyo, Princess Daisy, and Essie Culver.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



MOTHER OWL.

WHO STOLE THE CARDINAL'S HAT?*

THE children being seated in a circle, a child who does not take part in the game whispers to each of the rest a name representing some color, as "Red-cap," "Blue-cap," "Yellow-cap," etc. Two players are exempted, one of whom is called "My Man John," and one represents the Cardinal. The latter now leaves the room, first placing in the hands of "John" a little billet of wood, bidding him take care of the Cardinal's hat, which at the same time he declares to be of some particular color, as green. John conceals this somewhere in the room.

The child who went out then enters, armed with a cane, and demands the Cardinal's hat. John affects to have forgotten all about it, and asks, "What color was it—green?" and so on until he guesses the color. Being thus reminded, he declares that some one of the group, as, for example, Red-cap, has stolen it. Red-cap is now asked by the questioner, "Red-cap, did you steal the Cardinal's hat?" He also must pass on the charge, saying, "No, it was White-cap" (or any other color).

* From *Games and Songs of American Children*. Collected and Compared by WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL. Published by Harper & Brothers.

If he omits to do so, or names a color not included among the players, he must pay forfeit.

Meanwhile the questioner becomes indignant at the numerous demals, and proceeds to extort confession by torture, rapping with his cane the fingers of those whom he addresses. If he succeeds in obliging any child to confess, the latter must pay forfeit. At last My man John owns the theft, produces the hat, and the game is begun again, until a sufficient number of forfeits have been collected.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

BY GATH BRITTLE.

THEN weary, foot-sore travellers,
All in a woful plight,
Sought shelter at a way-side inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head;
For of these tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man—
And to please all his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

In room marked A two men he placed;
The third he lodged in B;
The fourth to C was then assigned;
The fifth retired to D;

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man;
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by.
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten.
And this it is that puzzles me,
And many wiser men.



IN CENTRAL PARK.



A MONKEY TRICK.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.—NO. 186.

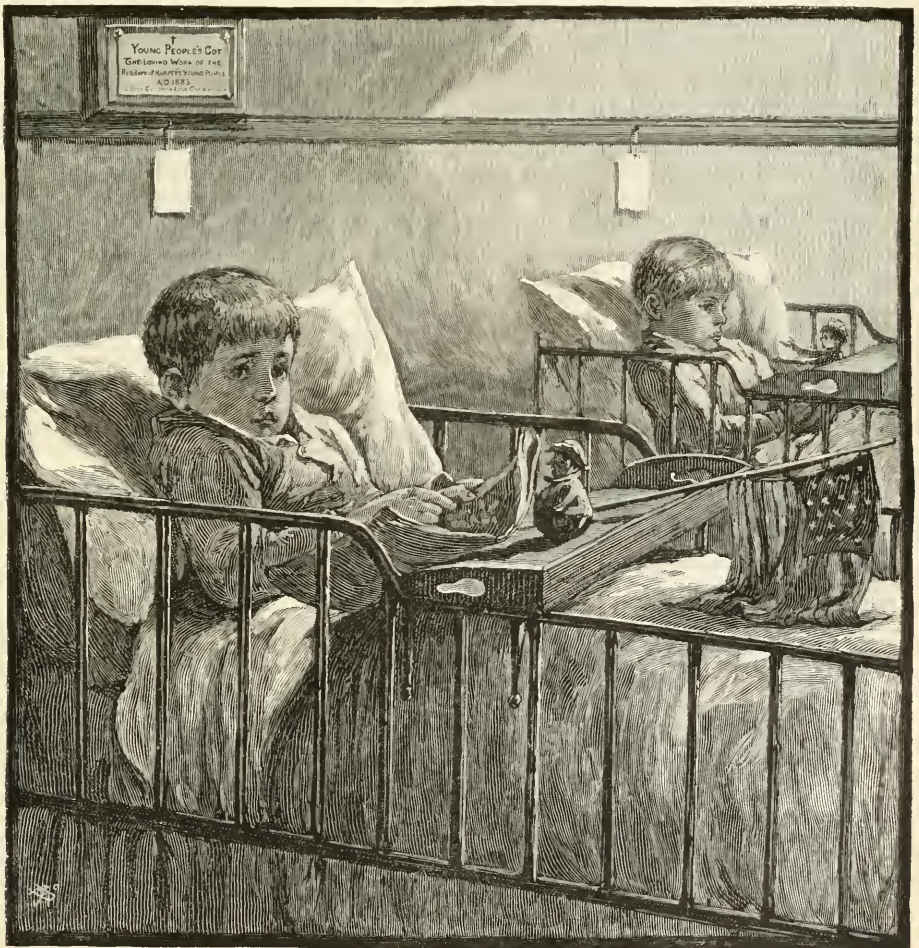
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YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

OUR CHILD AT ST. MARY'S.

BY THE POSTMISTRESS.

ONE bright morning not long ago I dropped my pen, looked my desk with a snap, and tied on my bonnet. "Yes," I said to myself, "I will take a little trip to St. Mary's, and see with my own eyes the dear child who is the first to occupy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S Cot, for which the boys and girls have been sending their gifts, and about which they will all be wanting to hear."

I found that our artist had been before me, and had already made a pretty picture of the dainty white-dressed Cot, with its small inmate, and its plate which tells to every visitor that your kindness and self-denial have given the gentle Sisters the means to care for your child. As you look at the picture, let me tell you something about the hospital, and about Holy Innocents' Ward, in which our Cot has its place.

The dear child who is in it at present is a little blue-eyed girl with a thin, pale face, and a very shy look. Her name is Sarah H. McShague. She is between five and six years old, and has hip-disease. As I smoothed the soft brown hair which was parted from her high forehead, and took in my own her slender little fingers, I felt glad that Sadie had been brought there for help, and possibly for healing.

She is a sweet and patient child, who smiled and blushed as she talked to me. The Sister said she had been very homesiek for the first day or two after she came, but that most of the little ones were so. In a very short time they became used to the hospital, and fond of the nurses who give them such tender and constant care. And when the hour at last arrives when the doctor says they are well enough to go home again, they are sure to shed a good many tears over the parting.

Little Sadie has a weight attached by a cord to one of her limbs, but it is covered by the sheet, and I would not have seen it unless I had asked the Sister to show me just what was the matter. She was sitting up in her bed, leaning against the pillow, and before her on a little tray were a number of toys. Beside her was a doll, which seemed to be a comfort. Perhaps you will be glad to know that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is to be sent regularly to the cot, so that if you ever have any messages for our child, whether she is Sadie or somebody else, you may send them to the Post-office Box, and they will get to her in safety.

St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children is under the charge of a Protestant Sisterhood, and is located at Nos. 405 and 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. It receives children of both sexes between the ages of two and fourteen years, without distinction as to belief or color. No cases of contagious disease are admitted.

The children brought here are often sadly deformed, or have met with dreadful accidents from falls or seals through the carelessness of their parents. Often the poor, hard-working mothers are so busy trying to earn bread for the children and money to pay the rent that they can not take proper care of the little ones, who are left to manage as best they may. Many of the boys and girls in the hospital have been sufferers most of their lives.

When they enter St. Mary's the first thing the Sisters do is to give them a nice warm bath in the basement, and to dress them in clean soft clothing from head to foot. Every garment they have worn before coming is sent to their homes at once, and they are made perfectly pure before being taken upstairs.

The wards of the hospital are large, airy, and cheerful. Great windows let in the sunshine, and pictures hang on the walls, while green growing plants and blooming flowers please and refresh the eyes.

The sound of merry voices and of laughter greeted me as I followed Sister Catharine up the broad stair and into Holy Innocents' Ward. These little invalids were not

moping. No indeed! Some were sitting up in little chairs, nursing their dollies, many of whom had bandaged heads and limbs; others, though in bed, had their bits of worsted-work, or their slates and books; and in one corner a group was gathered around some young ladies who had come, as they do daily, to teach or amuse their little favorites.

Three times a week a lady who has a lovely voice goes to the hospital to sing with the children. In each ward there is an organ, and the Sister says it is very sweet to hear the song of praise going up from these suffering little ones.

Remember, dears, there are no rosy or dimpled cheeks here, and no round active limbs like yours. And yet the children look and are happy, and do not fret or complain as one might almost expect.

Attached to every ward is a small dining-room, which you would call "cunning," I am sure, for in it is a low table with dear little arm-chairs, and here some of the children take their meals. Of course very many have to eat in bed, and it is quite an event when they are promoted to sit at the dinner-table.

There is a beautiful little chapel in the hospital, where religious services are held. It is a quiet, peaceful place, in which I felt like lingering.

But I think you would have liked better the play-room at the top of the house. Here every day all the little ones who are well enough to play are brought up in the elevator. There are all sorts of toys here—games, balls, tops, marbles, and, crowning splendor, a baby-house, into which the delighted children take turns in gazing.

The hospital is supported wholly by the gifts of the charitable. During last year two hundred and four children were treated within its walls. It has a branch, called St. Mary's by the Sea, on Rockaway Beach, to which many of the patients are taken every summer. Holy Innocents' Ward was furnished by a band of young ladies who belong to the Church of the Transfiguration, of which the Rev. Dr. Houghton is rector. Miss Fanshawe and "Aunt Edna" are members of this band.

It costs \$3000 to endow a cot. For \$200 a cot may be supported one year, and in some cases this is done by people who wish to help a good work, or to pay in this way a tribute to the memory of some one whom God has taken. Surely the blessing of the Master who loved little children attends those who do this in His name.

Visitors are welcome at the hospital every day from 11 to 12 o'clock A.M., and from 2 to 4 o'clock P.M. I hope some at least of our little readers will go to take a peep at Young People's Cot.

THE OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

AN ADVENTURE IN WESTERN INDIA.

BY DAVID KER.

"OH, Ella, we've lost our way!"

There was certainly some reason for Miss Somerford's tone of dismay, and for the startled look which her words brought out upon the face of her charming cousin. For two young ladies to lose themselves in a lonely part of the "Ghauts," as the natives call the hilly region between Bombay and Poonah, with night coming on, and every appearance of a storm, was not exactly the most agreeable situation possible, and so evidently thought Fanny Somerford, and likewise her cousin Ella.

"And it's getting dark, too," whimpered Fanny, who had only the day before been longing for a chance of showing how well she could face any sudden danger. "What ever shall we do?"

"We must just go a little higher up the hill, and try if we can see the road from there," answered Ella, who was the bolder spirit of the two.

"No, don't leave me—there's a dear; I'm sure I see somebody coming up the hill," pleaded poor Fanny.

"So there is," cried Ella, joyfully; "it's a native boy, and we'll just ask him to direct us."

"But—but won't it be rather a risk?" objected her cousin, nervously. "Suppose he should lead us wrong, and bring us into a robber's den or something! I've heard of such things."

"So have I—in romances," laughed the bolder lady. "My dear Fanny, people aren't robbed and murdered here nowadays, in broad daylight, close to a railway station."

She stepped forward and found herself face to face with a creature which, but for the words of astonishment that it uttered at her sudden appearance, might well have been mistaken for a monkey just escaped from some zoological garden. It was barely four feet in height, brown and shrivelled as a dried sea-weed, with just enough clothes upon it to have made a good-sized pocket-handkerchief, and sufficiently monkey-like to puzzle any one who had not been long enough in India to get used to the sight of such hobgoblins.

As the thing came to a halt, Miss Ella mustered her few words of Hindostani to accost it, and ask it to show her the way to the Upper Ghaut House.

"What you give me s'pose I show you?" demanded the scarecrow, in broken English, with the true Hindoo instinct of making the best bargain out of everything.

The young lady offered him a rupee (about fifty cents). "No want rupee—want dis," said the young darky, touching the red woollen scarf that Ella wore around her neck. "S'pose Miss Baba* give me dis, dat time I show right way."

"Let him have it, by all means. Give him anything he wants, and let us get home before it grows dark," said Fanny, in a terrified whisper.

"A likely story indeed!" answered Ella, indignantly, "that I should give my father's birthday present to a little imp like that! Here, boy, I can't give you this, but if you'll take us home I'll give you a rupee and a half the moment we get there."

"No want rupee," repeated the young savage—"want dis," and once more he touched with his lean brown forefinger Miss Somerford's scarf, the bright color of which had taken his fancy very strongly.

"Well," said Ella, with an idea of gaining her object without losing her scarf, "show us the way first, and we'll settle about that afterward."

The boy gave a peculiar grin, and led the way up the hill-side at such a pace that the two girls, active as they were, had quite enough to do to keep up with him.

"Ella," whispered Fanny, drawing close to her cousin's side, "I'm quite sure this boy's leading us wrong. Just fancy, if he should be taking us into a nest of those dreadful strangling people that we used to hear about!"

"If he's led us wrong," rejoined Ella, boldly, "we can soon settle that. I see some old men sitting among the trees, and we'll just ask our way of them."

As she spoke they came out into a kind of clearing, where they beheld a very curious sight.

Grouped together in the centre of the clearing were about a score of dwarfish figures, whose broad, black, ugly faces were fringed with thick white beards, giving them a very queer, unamny look. They seemed to be holding a sort of council, for they were all seated upon the ground, with their hands on their knees; but one and all were perfectly silent, and this utter stillness, together with their extraordinary appearance, impressed Ella so strongly that she hesitated to speak to them.

At length plucking up courage, she approached, and was about to speak, when all at once the supposed old men sprang up, with a shrill chatter, making grimaces hideous enough for the worst lunatic in Bedlau. Then the ladies

perceived that their "old men" were neither more nor less than the bearded monkeys of the East Indies.

They at once shrank back among the trees, and aided by the gathering darkness, succeeded in slipping safely by. But the mischievous boy did not escape so easily; for one of the monkeys, either provoked by his antics, or mistaking him for another monkey from some hostile tribe, caught up a stick, and rushed furiously at him. The boy fled in terror; but fast as he ran, the monkey ran faster still, and in another moment shrill cries of pain were heard from below, showing that the young rogue had got his deserts at last.

"Serves him right," said Ella. "He wanted to give us a fright, and now he's got one himself. However, he's done us a good turn without intending it, for I see something like a road down yonder, and I think it must be the very one we're looking for."

It was so, sure enough, and in another half-hour they were safe at home again.

SEA-URCHINS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

WHAT funny, prickly creatures the sea-urchins are! A person might easily mistake them for green chestnut burrs scattered on the beach, and, glancing up hastily, might almost expect to find the overhanging branches of a great chestnut-tree. But we see no tree, and by this time the prickly green things may have stretched out their purple suckers and begun to drag themselves over the beach. This prompts us to place them among the animals. We have seen the same method of travelling practiced by our old friends the star-fish, but surely these round creatures can be nothing like star-fish.

Yes, my dear friends, that is just what they are like, and I think we shall soon discover a close relationship between the two. We might almost say that the sea-urchin (Fig. 1) is a star-fish that has got up in the world, and folding its rays together side by side, has concluded to live henceforth shut up in its beautiful round box.

We sometimes find the empty white shells of sea-urchins that have lost their coating of prickles or spines, as they are properly called. The shells are ornamented with rows of dots and knobs with open lace-work between, and they are very elegant, being scarcely thicker than an egg-shell. This shell is not one globular piece, as you might suppose, but it consists of several hundred little plates exquisitely fitted together, and forming a true mosaic, as seen in Fig. 2. On the inside of the shell you can easily see the lines where these plates are joined, and if I am not greatly mistaken you will be charmed with those double rows of lace-work which divide the shell into five equal sections. Let us see what they mean.

If we should place a star-fish on the table with its mouth down, and bend its rays backward until they meet together on top, and the edges of the rays touch each other, we should have the general plan of a sea-urchin. Do not imagine that star-fish ever do turn into sea-urchins. I merely wish to show you the similarity of their structure.

According to this arrangement the double rows of perforated plates would represent the middle of the rays of the star-fish where the tube-feet are situated, while the broad belt of knobs corresponds with the strip of spines on both edges of the ray. The mouth would be underneath, and you would of course look for the five eyespecks on the top where the ends of the rays meet. You will also find the madreporic body at the top, a little on one side. This small sieve, which is so interesting in the star-fish, performs the same service for the urchin, and prevents the entrance of any sand or other solid substance into the five tubes that pass under those holes in the shell.

* The native term for an unmarried lady.

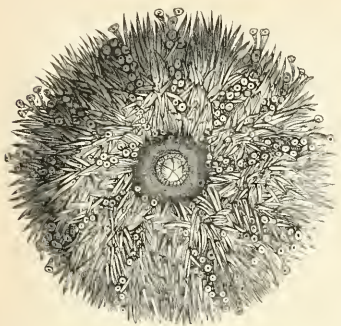


Fig. 1.—UNDER SURFACE OF A SEA-URCHIN, SHOWING ROWS OF SUCKERS AMONG THE SPINES.

are supplied with water from inside the shell. In the diagram (Fig. 4) the madreporic body is shown at *f*, and the tube-feet with their little water-bags at *p*. Sea-urchins move by means of their tube-feet, which may be lengthened so as to extend far beyond the spines.

The shell fits the animal exactly in its infancy, and must still serve it in old age, for urchins never cast off their coats as crabs or lobsters do. Being formed of many small pieces, it grows a little all over, as I shall show you. Each plate is surrounded by living flesh. This flesh secretes lime from the sea water and deposits it round the edge of the plates, thus increasing the size of the shell uniformly. After sea-urchins die the spines drop off; the shell is so frail that it too is soon broken, the plates falling apart.

Do not omit to look at the spines with your microscopes, and see what beautifully carved columns they are (Fig. 3). Falling about on the back of the urchin, they remind one of a sadly neglected grave-yard with its tottering monuments.

Each spine is hollowed at the end to fit a knob on the shell. This forms a perfect ball-and-socket joint, which is supplied with delicate muscles to move the spines. As the creature travels along the spines are constantly working, and they look as if they too wanted to help. In some species the spines are very large, and they are used for slate-pencils. We should think it quite luxurious to have such artistic pencils, but many boys and girls in out-of-the-way places, especially where fishing vessels bring home curiosities

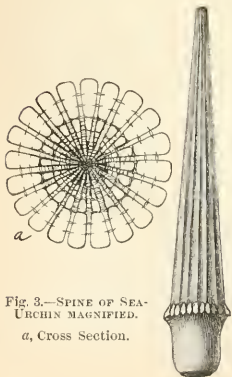


Fig. 3.—SPINE OF SEA-URCHIN MAGNIFIED.
a, CROSS SECTION.

Through these holes are protruded the double rows of tube-feet, just like those we have studied in the star-fish and worked in the same manner. It adds much to the beauty and interest of the shell to know that these lovely fine dots are openings through which the tube-feet

from foreign shores, have puzzled over their examples and written their copies with these elegantly fluted spines. I wonder if they had any trouble to keep their points sharp, and whether they knew their pencils had grown on the backs of sea-urchins?

Did you notice the white spot in the middle of Fig. 1, also the pointed beak near the top of Fig. 2? Both of them show the five white teeth which come together in a point, and may be extended beyond the shell just as they are in Fig. 2. I hope you will observe what a great step forward the sea-urchin has made. We have found nothing like teeth before in the lowly creatures we have been studying, and here comes the urchin, armed with five hard white teeth, having sharp cutting edges like a rat's teeth. Each tooth has a separate jaw of its own, and is worked by its own muscles. This singular arrangement has attracted much attention, and from the shape of the jaws and teeth they are known as "Aristotle's lantern."

Notice, too, in Fig. 4, how well the sea-urchin is supplied with organs—the mouth, *a*, the stomach, *c*, the coiled intestine, *d*, and the anal opening, *o*—whereas our studies heretofore have been animals with a simple sac for a stomach, and all the refuse was returned through the mouth.

This highly favored individual has also a heart, *v*, and blood-vessels, although the blood which passes through them is quite different from that of higher animals.

The sea-urchins of the Mediterranean are larger than ours, and are used for food, either raw as we eat oysters, or boiled. They were a favorite dish with the ancient Greeks

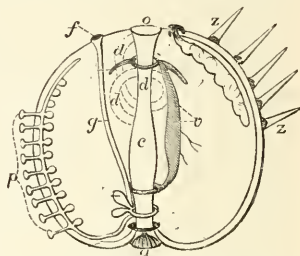


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF A SEA-URCHIN.
a, Mouth; c, Stomach; d, Intestine; o, Anus;
v, Heart; f, Madreporic body; g, Main water-tube; p, Tube-feet; z, Spines.

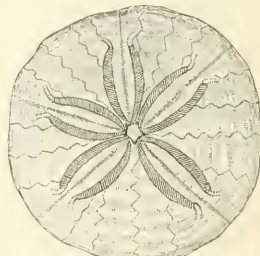


Fig. 5.—SAND-DOLLAR.

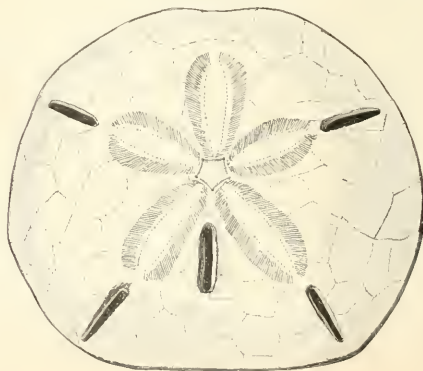


Fig. 6.—KEYHOLE-URCHIN.

and Romans. Bunches of their eggs are also offered for sale as food in the Italian cities. The eggs pass out of the shell through small openings near the madreporic body, and they are often seen on top of the shell, surrounded by spines which have been drawn together to hold them.

Young people, I notice, like to use the proper names for things, and now that we know all this about the sea-urehin we will give it its right name, the *echinus*. In your reading you will also meet with the word *echinoderm*, and it will give you pleasure to recognize it as an old acquaintance. Echinoderm means spiny-skinned. It is the general name given to star-fish, sea-urehins, and their relations, most of which have prickly coverings.

The echinus has a curious habit of boring holes in hard rocks. It sinks in the hole for a considerable distance, and looks well satisfied with its snug retreat. It is not understood how the rock becomes worn away, unless it is by a rotary movement of the body. Constant dropping, we know, wears a stone, and constant turning and twisting may do the same. There is no doubt but the hole is made by the animal that occupies it, as it fits exactly, whether the occupant be large or small.

It is amusing to watch the echinus in shallow water drag itself along by its tube-feet, and seeking, as if by instinct, to hide beneath the sea-weeds. The animal will sometimes cover itself by drawing together pieces of seaweed and gravel.

In visiting a good museum you will be surprised to see how many different varieties of these creatures there are. Some species are flattened, and pass by the name of sand-dollars (Fig. 5), keyhole-urehins (Fig. 6), etc. During life the skeletons of these animals were covered with skin, and furnished with a furry coat of little spines and small tube-feet.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIE," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VOYAGE BEGUN.

HOWEVER much the sight of Tommy Tucker standing near the beach as if he were planning some mischief might have troubled Dare, he was not allowed to spend much time in dwelling on his fears.

The speed of the steamer had hardly been checked by the anchors before those on the beach, even including Mr. and Mrs. Evans, got into the small boats and rowed out to the *Pearl*.

"Now," said Captain Sammy, in his old commanding way, after all were on board, "we have got to get the craft around to the dock so that we can get the supplies on board. Dare, you go into the pilot-house and steer as snug along the shore, toward the dock, as possible, while the rest of us pull her. Charley and Bobby will take one boat, and Rogers and I the other, and if we can't walk her along over the water, no one can."

The anchors were raised, the towing lines made fast, and, under the influence of four oars, the jaunty little steamer did glide over the water at a respectable rate of speed. Dare, who was in the pilot-house, was as proud and happy as any boy could be who had unexpectedly become captain of as fine a steamer as the *Pearl*.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, as the passengers, examined every part of the boat, and judging from the admiration on their faces when they finished, it would not have been a difficult

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



TAKING IN STORES.

matter to have persuaded them to take a short cruise in her.

In less than half an hour the steamer was made fast to Captain Sammy's wharf, just opposite a large pile of articles which he had laid out in the morning, and which were put on board of her at once.

There were tables, chairs, bedding for the four berths, and all sorts of cooking utensils. The last mentioned Captain Sammy was very careful about, stating as the reason of his excessive precaution that he had shipped as cook, and wanted to know where all his tools were.

Then came water casks, spare ropes, spars, and cables, and some of the workmen about the dock were set to work filling the tank with water, and putting the coal on board.

Captain Sammy had taken good care that there should be no delay about the start, and to that end had done a great deal of work during the morning, as was shown when he handed Mr. Evans a list of eatables which he had ordered, and which had already been brought to the dock.

By the time the visitors were ready to depart there was absolutely nothing left to be done, so far as getting the steamer ready for her voyage. Rogers had announced that the engine was in perfect running order, the boys were sure that everything that was needed was in the cabins, and when the last bushel of coal was put on board, Captain Sammy said that his portion of the work was done.

All that remained to be done was for the crew to get their baggage on board, and Mrs. Evans thought the boys had better sleep at the hotel that night, so that during the evening they could pack everything which they wanted to take with them.

But now, as the question of leaving the steamer alone came up, Dare remembered Tommy's half-uttered threat, and he begged that at least two of them might remain on board to keep watch against any mischief the ex-pirate might attempt to do.

Captain Sammy growled out something about the foolishness of ever having taken Master Tucker from Dollar Island, and it was plain to be seen that he was not at all easy in his mind regarding Tommy's ability to do harm.

Mr. Evans seemed to understand that it was not exactly safe to leave the steamer alone, and the question of how the difficulty should be avoided had just come up for discussion, when Captain Sammy settled the matter by saying: "You boys go to the hotel and get what things you want to take with you. You can bring them here, and sleep aboard to-night. I'll stay here till you come back, an' if that Tucker boy so much as shows his head around here, there won't be enough of him left to get back, or my name ain't Sammy Basset."

This plan was carried out, as, in fact, anything proposed by the Captain usually was, and the boys left the hotel two hours after, promising to see Mr. and Mrs. Evans on the next morning, when they would come down in the *Pearl* to the pier nearly opposite the hotel on their way to the Everglades.

When they reached the steamer Captain Sammy was stumping around at a furious rate in the standing-room aft, muttering all sorts of threats against Tommy Tucker, whom he believed he had seen skulking around the head of the dock.

"Keep a sharp lookout," he said, as he went on shore, after the boys had come on board, "and if that villain comes around here, don't stop to have any talk with him, but hang him right up." Then he stumped along up the pier, looking behind and around everything large enough to afford a shelter for a boy of Tommy's size.

Dare lighted the swinging lamp that hung in the centre of the little cabin, and after they had arranged their belongings in such a way as to make the place look home-like, and put their guns where they could get at them readily, the boys went on deck to watch for the approach of the pirate.

But Captain Sammy was either mistaken as to having seen Tommy, or the boy had been frightened away when the little man made the search of the dock. After waiting a little while the captain and crew of the *Pearl* "turned in."

The novelty of the situation, and the thought that they were actually in the steamer which was to take them on their famous trip, served to keep them in a state of wakefulness that almost amounted to remaining on watch, and it was nearly morning when the last one of them sank into a slumber that was disturbed by dreams of all kinds of possible and impossible adventures.

It was hardly daylight when Dare awoke on the following morning; but he roused up his crew so that everything might be put in the neatest trim before the cook and engineer arrived.

The beds were made, the cabins swept again, and everything on deck disposed of in such a way as to make the best show, and by sunrise Captain Sammy made his appearance at the head of the dock.

He had evidently counted on finding the boys asleep, and had probably enjoyed the idea of scolding them as sleepy heads, for his face showed plainest signs of disappointment when he found them up and at work.

He had brought what he called his "damage" in a canvas bag, and, after throwing it carelessly into one of the berths, he began his official duties by getting the breakfast on the stove that stood in one corner of the engine-room.

By the time Tom Rogers arrived the breakfast had been eaten, and he and Charley went at once into the engine-room. The smoke that soon began to pour out of the smoke-stack told that they were getting ready for the start as quickly as possible.

Soon the noise of escaping steam was heard, and no unmusical sound ever rang on Dare's ears as pleasantly as did that.

He took his station in the pilot-house some time before it was possible to start, and swung the wheel around in anxious expectancy, while Bobby rushed from one end of the boat to the other as if he thought the entire business devolved on him.

"Now keep your eye peeled," said Captain Sammy to Dare, after what had seemed to be a long time of waiting. "Ring the bell once when you are ready. I'll cast off the lines now."

Dare sounded the whistle just once for the sake of hearing it. Bobby seemed to be lifted right off his feet by the music. Captain Sammy cast off the hawsers, and Dare pulled the engine-room bell with a vigor that promised to snap the wire if repeated.

Slowly the wheels commenced to revolve, and the *Pearl* began to glide away from the dock, while from the pilot-house, the bow, and the engine-room sounded a shout of joy and triumph.

Dare's head almost swam with delight as the little steamer went ahead at full speed; and Captain Sammy took up his station just in front of the pilot-house to assure himself that the young captain was not entirely unfit for duty from excitement.

On approaching the pier at which he was to say adieu to his parents Dare sounded the whistle until he saw his father and mother come out of the house, and then he turned his attention to making a creditable landing.

Captain Sammy contented himself by simply watching Dare's proceedings, ready to give a command if necessary, but allowing the boy to take his own way so long as he was managing the craft properly.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans were already on the pier when Dare rang the first bell to "slow down," and when the *Pearl* was taken alongside the wharf almost as skillfully as an experienced captain would have done it, both his father and Captain Sammy showed Dare their appreciation of his skill in managing the steamer.

The stay here was not a long one, for all hands were

anxious to be as far on their journey as possible before night, since it had been decided that, unless it was quite necessary, the *Pearl* should not be run after dark, thereby lessening the risks and labor.

Dare proposed to take his father and mother out for a short sail, but Mr. Evans refused, saying that if the invitation was given on the return from the Everglades it might be accepted.

Then the "good-byes" were spoken, the boys were cautioned to obey Captain Sammy, Dare went into the pilot-house again, and everything was ready for the actual beginning of the voyage.

The bell was rung for the engine to be started, the whistle sounded as a parting salute, and when the wheels began to revolve, and the *Pearl* sailed swiftly away, the trip to the Everglades had begun.

CHAPTER XIV.

CORAL REEFS.

It was all plain sailing before the *Pearl*, and only necessary for her captain to keep her headed straight down the bay.

When they were well clear of the land Tom Rogers tested the speed of the little craft by putting on all steam, until it seemed as if she flew along the top of the water, rather than in it, and Charley and Bobby, in the bow, where they could have a full view during this trial of speed, could hardly control their joy.

Dare was quite as much excited as they were, but he concealed it in his desire to appear as grave and dignified as he thought the captain of a steamboat ought to be.

Down Hillsborough Bay the *Pearl* raced, and after about two hours of the exciting sport Captain Sammy explained that they had reached Tampa Bay, which accounted for the increased roughness of the water.

Mangrove Point, at the mouth of Little Manatee River, was passed, and then Dare steered the *Pearl* as near to the little chain of reefs as he dared to go, heading her directly for Mullet Key as he began to leave them astern.

Captain Sammy left his position of lookout to resume the duties of cook, and when the yacht was nearly opposite Seminole, Charley, Bobby, and the cook had a nicely served dinner of fried fresh fish and plenty of vegetables.

Then the little Captain, with the aid of the boys, spread the table again, and sent Charley to relieve Rogers, while he took Dare's place in the pilot-house, so the captain and engineer had their dinner.

Bobby had been appointed dish-washer, and he waited upon this second table with very little skill, and at the expense of two plates, which he broke through attempting to take them from the stove when they were so hot as to burn his fingers.

When Dare went into the pilot-house again the course of the *Pearl* had been changed, and she was running down between Ana Maria, or Palm, Key and the mainland.

"I guess we'll lay up in Sarasota Bay to-night," said Captain Sammy. "It's about the half-way place to the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River, and there isn't any need of rushing."

Dare was perfectly willing to come to an anchor anywhere the little man thought proper, and Captain Sammy took up his position in the bows again, in order that he might direct the course of the yacht through the net-work of small keys and reefs that marked the entrance to Sarasota Bay.

The sun was still quite high in the heavens when the *Pearl* dashed along merrily into the waters of the bay, and came to anchor just inside a jutting point of land that formed a snug harbor, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the shore.

Outside, seeming to shut out the waters of the Gulf from the bay, could be seen Long Boat, Sarasota, and Long

Keys, as if standing sentinel over the beautiful body of water that formed the bay.

All hands "turned to," under the little Captain's orders, to make everything snug for the night, and when that was done he said, in his gruffest and most commanding tones,

"Now, then, if you boys are goin' ashore, you want to do it now, for your father told me that you was goin' to find out all about how the reefs was made before you got back, an' I want you to tell me the whole story to-night."

The boys were greatly surprised at this command, for as yet they had had no time to learn anything of the formation of the reefs, and of course were unable to give Captain Sammy the slightest information.

Dare managed to say, however, that they would go ashore for a short time, but that they could hardly tell anything about reefs.

Captain Sammy made no reply, but busied himself with his canvas bag, and the boys started for the shore in the little tender.

There was very little that was interesting to be seen on the shore of Sarasota Bay, and the boys returned to the yacht before the hour had passed. But, quickly as they had returned, they found supper waiting for them, Captain Sammy and Rogers having already had theirs.

When they had finished eating, and helped Bobby in his work of clearing up, they filed into the forward cabin, looking rather mournful because they were apparently expected to recite a lesson they had never learned.

It was quite evident that some considerable preparation had been made for their reception, for the cabin table was covered with books, and seated behind it, with his longest pipe in his mouth, and a pair of cracked spectacles on his nose, was Captain Sammy, assuming all the airs and graces of a country school-teacher of the olden days.

"Sit down and be quiet," said Captain Sammy, glaring at them as if he suspected they intended to disobey him.

The boys did as they were commanded, although Bobby was so averted that he only occupied a very small portion of his chair, and that directly on the edge, as if he believed it might be necessary for him to run away at any moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAND OF THE FEZ.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

IT is not often that the people of Europe and America follow the fashions of the East, but one little article of wearing apparel has come to us from this distant part of the world that is certainly very attractive. No rosy-cheeked school-boy skating or coasting over wide fields of ice and snow ever makes so bright an appearance as when his curly head is surmounted by the jaunty crimson "fez." He becomes a picturesque figure in the landscape, and we follow the bright bit of color with its waving tassel, thinking how very, very much prettier it is than the dull cloth cap.

I wonder how many of you that wear your crimson head-coverings with such pleasure ever think anything about Morocco, the land from which they come, or about the strange people that inhabit it? What sort of a costume is the jaunty fez usually worn above, and who are the people who wear it? Let us see if we can find out a few facts about them.

The country of Morocco, of which Fez and Morocco are the two largest cities, lies along the coast of Northwestern Africa, and at the foot of the great Atlas Mountains. The inhabitants are Arabs, Moors, Jews, and negroes, very few Europeans being contented to make their homes in this strange and distant land. Many of these people are well educated, however, and some of them are very rich. As in every country, the Jews are a merchant class, and those who are successful in business live in a very luxurious way.



A JEWISH MAID OF MOROCCO.

Our girl readers will be interested in the beautiful portrait of "A Jewish Maid of Morocco" given on this page. These Jewish maidens are very beautiful, and while they preserve the peculiar features of their race, they are remarkable for their delicate light brown complexions and large dark eyes.

The young girls of every country, I fancy, are fond of dress. Indeed, it would be quite an unnatural little person who did not like to look pretty, and have people around her admire her costumes; but some of the girls of Morocco are positively splendid in their attire. If they are at all wealthy, the amount and variety of their jewelry is quite marvellous. Diamonds are not much in use; but rubies, emeralds (generally uncut), and pearls are scattered about in profusion. They love these glittering things dearly; and on various occasions wear finger-rings and huge ear-rings of gold set with precious stones, necklaces of amber and coral, massive bracelets of gold, and armlets and anklets of silver inlaid with gold.

Let me see if I can describe to you the articles that the pretty maiden whose portrait we have here would wear on a state occasion. First, there would be the fine embroidered shirt (*kumja*), fastened down the breast by numerous small buttons and loops, and a pair of very loose trousers. Over the shirt is a jacket (*caftan*), usual-

ly buttoned in front, with loose flowing sleeves, and made of silk or satin, heavily embroidered in bright colors.

The hair of the Jewish maid is worn uncovered, but after she is married she will hide it carefully away under a handkerchief of black silk, over which another of gay colors is tastefully arranged. Her little feet would be incased in red slippers embroidered with gold. Then would be added the wonderful masses of jewelry I have told you about.

For out-door wear there is one article which no maid or married lady of Morocco would dream of being seen without. This is the *haik*, or veil, common in nearly all Eastern countries. It consists of a wide piece of thin cotton, woollen, or sometimes silk material about six yards in length. It is arranged about the head and also the body in a wonderful series of artistic folds. The girls of Morocco have a dainty way of bringing the haik over their faces, so that nothing but one of their bright eyes can be seen.

One or two things we have to record about these pretty African maidens that seem very objectionable. They have a habit of staining their finger-tips a bright red with the juice of a plant called *henna*, and their olive cheeks are frequently covered with rouge. In addition to this they further disfigure their fair faces by dyeing their eyelashes and eyelids with a black substance rightly named *kohl*.

There is another custom, however, whereby the maids of

Morocco try to increase their beauty which seems even more horrible than the painting of cheeks and eyelids. In this part of the world a young girl is not considered beautiful unless she is not only plump, but what we should call positively fat. In order to produce this flesh she is made to keep quite still, and forced to eat all kinds of fattening things. Bread is broken into crumbs, and these are moulded into pellets which are forced into the throat, and must be swallowed even though the poor girl turns from them in disgust. The name for these pellets is *harrabel*, and they are about the size of a common cannon shot. A seed called *fennyreek* is also made use of in great quantities for the same purpose. We should think our lithe and active girls utterly spoiled by all this superfluous flesh, but in Morocco a woman can not be too fat.

The Moors are a lazy people, and as for the women, they may be said never to walk at all. No Moorish maiden would know what to make of a party of merry school-girls racing home after a day spent over their books. She would think they were quite crazy. Indeed, it is from the Moors that we get the absurd adage

"Never sit when you can lie,
Never stand when you can sit,
Never walk when you can stand,
Never run when you can walk."

THOR'S JOURNEY TO JOTUNHEM.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

CHAPTER I

THOR was the greatest giant-killer that ever lived. His home was in Gladsheim, on the towering top of Mount Asgard; and he was said to be the strongest and bravest, though not always the wisest, of all the good folk

Asgard Mountain to the homes of men. Nor paused he even here until, on the farther side, he came to the towering Himminborg, where dwelt his brother, the gold-toothed Heimdall. Heimdall was the warder of the gods and the faithful keeper of the rainbow bridge, and night and day he watched it lest the giants might force their way over it, and drive mankind from off the earth. More wakeful than the birds was Heimdall, and his eye was so piercing that, by night or day, he could see everything within a hundred miles of Himminborg. His hearing too was very sharp, for there was no sound that could escape him. He could hear the grass growing in the fields, as well as the ocean's roar, or the storm-clouds' din; and the silent music of the stars, too heavenly for our ears, cheered and gladdened his more lonesome hours.



who dwelt there. When the mist giants of the summer wrapped the world in dark clouds and threatened to destroy the ripening harvest, Thor harnessed his goats to his great iron chariot, and with his mighty hammer in his hand, rode out to battle with the foes of man, and drive them back to their airy homes in the mountains. And, later in the season, when the frost giants of the North-land came rushing furiously from their chilly halls of Jotunhem, and sought to overwhelm all living beings with their icy breath, he met them single-handed, and, after months of stormy warfare, forced them to return, beaten and ashamed, to their own cheerless land.

Early one fine morning, Thor, standing in his iron car, drove out of Asgard at so rattling a pace that all the people were astonished at the noise he made. The din and uproar of a common thunder-storm were nothing to the uproarious racket that followed in the wake of the prancing goats and the rumbling car. But the Thunderer, as men called Thor, was so often riding here and there, and driving over the rough clouds, and hurling his hammer at the giants of mid-air, that everybody had long ago concluded not to wonder greatly at anything he did. This time, however, there was quite a curiosity to learn where he was going. But none of his acquaintances knew, and not even Sif, his golden-haired wife, could tell.

Thor drove furiously onward until he reached the shimmering rainbow bridge, the trembling way that leads from



THOR RIDING THE RAINBOW.

In the peaceful halls of Heimdal, Thor staid many days, a loved and honored guest; and as the brothers quaffed the gladsome mead together, the pleasant memories of former days were again awakened. Then Thor told his brother the secret of his journey: he was on his way to Jotunheim, the home of the giants.

"Ah!" answered Heimdal. "Why dare you thus venture into the stronghold of your foes? Have you not enough to do to ride in the whirlwind and the storm, and to fight our enemies there? What if some mishap should befall you in Jotunheim? Then the earth would miss your thundering presence in the clouds, and the giants, no longer fearing your hammer, would come in the driving hurricane to lay waste the fields and waylay the fair homes of men. I, as well as you, am a sworn foe to the Jotunheim giants, but I dare not leave my post. Why will you rush into danger?"

"I go to slay the wolf in his lair," said Thor. "Is it not better to meet our enemy and overcome him once for all than to keep up this everlasting warfare, which is stayed only to be begun again?"

"But think of the chances against you," answered Heimdal. "Think of what might follow failure."

"Thor never fails," cried the Thunderer, "and he never thinks of chances."

Next day Thor bade his kind brother good-by, and drove out of Himminborg into the cheerless land of Niflheim. In that country the frost giants rule, and the sun shines but half the year, and snow and ice cover the land and the sea. With voice and whip Thor urged his team along, and he travelled hundreds of leagues through clashing cliffs of ice and blinding storms of snow until he stood under the steadfast northern star, and at the farthest bounds of Niflheim. There he saw the giant Hresvelger, the keeper of the north winds, standing upon the very uttermost edge of the world. The grim giant was clad in eagles' feathers, and when his huge wings flapped, dire hurricanes arose, and the bitter winter blasts rushed forth to chill the earth. Of him Thor asked the way to Jotunheim.

"Go south, then east," answered the giant. "Go south, then east over the frozen sea; but beware."

Then Thor gave the reins to his goats, and they sped southward, swiftly driven by a strong blast from Hresvelger's wings. They made no stop until they had passed the bounds of Niflheim, and came into warmer lands and among the abodes of men.

Late in the evening Thor halted at a peasant's hut, and asked for shelter during the night. Gladly the good people welcomed him, and gave him the best of all they had; but there was not food enough for all. Then Thor killed his two goats, and when he had stripped off their skins, he boiled the flesh in the great iron kettle which hung over the fire. And then all sat down to partake of a meal the like of which the good peasant and his family had never tasted before. With great care Thor spread the skins of the goats upon the floor before the fire-place, saying to his hosts,

"Be very careful, when you have eaten all the flesh from the bones, to throw them softly upon these skins."

This every one did; but Thialfe, the peasant's son, thoughtlessly broke one of the shank-bones in order to get at the marrow within.

Thor rested in the hut all night, and in the morning, when the first faint streaks of light appeared, he rose and dressed himself, and made ready to resume his journey. The old peasant, who had also arisen, and was stirring the fire, wondered how his guest would travel that day, and what he would do with the iron car that stood beside the door. But his mind was soon set at rest, so far as that was concerned; for Thor, taking his hammer in his hand, passed it three times over the bones and skins, calling his goats by name; and the creatures took their wonted forms,

and rose upon their feet, and walked to their places in front of the iron car. But one of the animals limped painfully on one of its hind-legs. When Thor saw this his wrath waxed very great, and he grasped the handle of his hammer with such force that his knuckles grew white and his hands swelled big with blue blood; and he knit his dark eyebrows, and stamped furiously upon the ground.

"Who has broken my goat's leg?" he cried.

The peasant and his wife fell upon their knees and screamed with fright, and earnestly declared that none of their family had done anything of the kind; and the trembling Thialfe and his little sister Roska, with tears streaming from their eyes, besought the terrible Thunderer to have pity upon them and spare their lives, for they had not meant to do any harm to the goat.

When Thor saw in what great trouble the poor people were, his anger was softened, and he laid his hammer quietly in the ear. Then he turned to the peasant, and said:

"On one condition I will spare your lives. Give to me as servants this fleet-footed boy, Thialfe, and his sister, the golden-haired Roska. Then I will go on my way, and leave you and your wife in peace. And every year the boy, whom men shall call the delver, shall make the ground ready for the farmers' seed, and his sister shall follow him, and reap the golden grain. The one shall have the care of the hopeful seed-time and its promises; the other, of the gladsome harvest and its rich fulfillments."

"Take them," answered the poor man and his weeping wife, "for you offer them a better heritage than we can ever give them."

Then Thor took Thialfe and Roska with him, and they travelled eastward until they came to the great sea. Here they left the goats and the iron car, and taking a swift-sailing vessel, they crossed to the other shore.

No sooner had they stepped upon land than they knew that they were in the country where the giants dwell. The trees, most of them oaks and ashes, seemed to reach upward to the sky; the coarse grass was taller than their heads, and there were no flowers, neither were there any singing-birds. Everything was of hugest size, and seemed rough and harsh and altogether forbidding.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOREST PLANTING IN SPORT.

BY HUGH CRAIG.

YOU may think, boys, perhaps, that we have trees and woods enough. But men who have studied the subject will tell you that in many parts of our land we have already cut down too many. When all the grand old trees have been removed from a hill-side the rains begin to wash away the soil, and the mountain slope that was once so green and shady soon becomes a barren and stony tract. This is the case near Boston, at a place called Middlesex Fells. The land here was formerly covered with white pine; now whole tracts are bare and useless. The people are therefore trying to replant trees and restore the old forest.

I lately read a pretty story how a forest was replanted in a part of Switzerland. The people in an old town there determined, like the people of Middlesex Fells, to transform a piece of waste land into a forest. They thought it would be a good plan to give the job to the school-boys and school-girls in the village. So they gave the schools a holiday one day, and then arranged all the boys and girls in ranks, with a drummer and fifer at the head, and away they marched merrily. A wagon followed with some light spades, and bags of acorns and nuts and other seeds, and a good many baskets of things good to eat. The planting, you see, was to be a kind of picnic.

When the children—who you may be sure were pleased at this frolic in the country, but were wondering what they would have to do next—came to the spot, the boys were called forward and put in line. Then spades and pick-axes were given them, and they were told to dig some holes several yards apart. While the boys were digging the first line of holes, the girls were placed in line, one girl behind each boy, and a bag of acorns given to each. When the row of holes was finished, the boys shouldered their spades and marched a few yards forward to make another row. The girls then advanced and dropped two or three acorns in each hole.

So the work went gayly on until they all took a recess. The picnic baskets were opened, and, as everybody had a good appetite, were soon emptied. Then after another hour's work the drum and fife sounded, spades were thrown into the cart, and all marched homeward. The children were all in good spirits, because they had enjoyed their holiday and were proud of having spent it usefully. There were no truant for the next few weeks, in each of which a holiday for planting was given, and the work was soon finished. "It is fifty years ago," said the old school-master who told the tale, "and a very fine wood is the one my school made."

A week from to-morrow will be Decoration-day. I want to propose to you that each boy and girl who does not live in the midst of a great city shall on that day plant, in memory of the heroes whose death the day commemorates, one tree, where in time to come it will be an ornament and its shade a blessing. Not that this idea is a new one with me; I only want to call your attention to it. It was first proposed by ex Governor Seymour, of New York, whose mind, in spite of his many years, is always filled with some plan for the benefit of his country and the people he loves.

THE TWINS.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

THEY were a couple of gray parrots that belonged to Guy and Louis Fenton, and the bird fancier from whom they were purchased had named them "The Twins," because, as he said, "they were as much alike as two peas in a pod." Individually they were addressed as Dick and Peter, and each knew his name.

Guy and Louis had obtained them especially for their "Museum of Great and Wonderful Curiosities," which they had established in the loft over their father's stable, and it was not long before all the boys of the neighborhood made haste to see them. The exhibition fee was three cents, and a large poster outside the stable door, printed by Louis, set forth in glowing words what the parrots could do. Besides being able to chatter a good deal of parrot talk, they could march on a tight rope, perform gymnastics on two small swings, and shoot each other with toy cannon.

When they had performed the last trick both would lie still a moment or two as though dead. Then Dick always jumped up suddenly, fluttered his feathers, and called out loudly, "Where's Peter?" and Peter immediately came to life, hopped on his legs, and replied, "Here I am." This part of the performance alone was declared by most of the boys to be well worth double the price of admission.

One fine morning, after the parrots had been in the museum a month or more, the boys hung them out-doors in their cage to enjoy the fresh air, and then went to school. When they returned at noon both birds had escaped and disappeared. Somehow the piece of wire which fastened the cage door had dropped from its place, the door had swung open, and freedom was at hand. The Twins, instead of remaining concealed wonders any longer, were now flying wherever they desired, and at liberty to display themselves free of charge to all the world.

"We are in a nice fix, aren't we?" said Guy, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and talking at the empty cage. "I think we are," Louis answered. "Nobody will care to see the show now. We'll have to shut up shop."

After some deliberation, however, it was decided to make a desperate effort at least to find the birds, and to offer a tempting reward for their capture. As soon as dinner was over the brothers took their dogs and began the search high and low around the stable, in the neighboring fields, and in the woods that were not far off. But it turned out that they might as well have searched for a needle in a hay-stack; for when it began to grow dark, and night came, they had not found even the slightest trace of the fly-aways.

"For all we can tell, they may be twenty-five miles off by this time," said Louis.

"I would rather have given away all the rest of the show than lose them," Guy declared.

They were standing now in the midst of the loft and surveying, under the dim light of a lantern that hung from a cross-beam, their collection of stuffed beasts and birds, live squirrels, pet rabbits, guinea-pigs, and doves. Louis's attention, however, was soon attracted by another noise outside one of the dormer-windows. They both listened a moment, and heard a fluttering of wings against the glass. In an instant they pushed up the window, and Dick, rather the worse for a wetting, flew in and perched himself on the cross-beam near the lantern.

"So you've come back, old fellow?" said Guy, joyfully. "Home's the best place, after all, hey?"

Dick hopped around two or three times, cocked up his head as though an idea had just occurred to him, and called out, "Where's Peter?"

He looked so funny, and the question was so appropriate just then, that both boys burst out laughing.

"That's what *we* want to know, old fellow," Guy replied. "Where's Peter? We've been hunting all over for both of you."

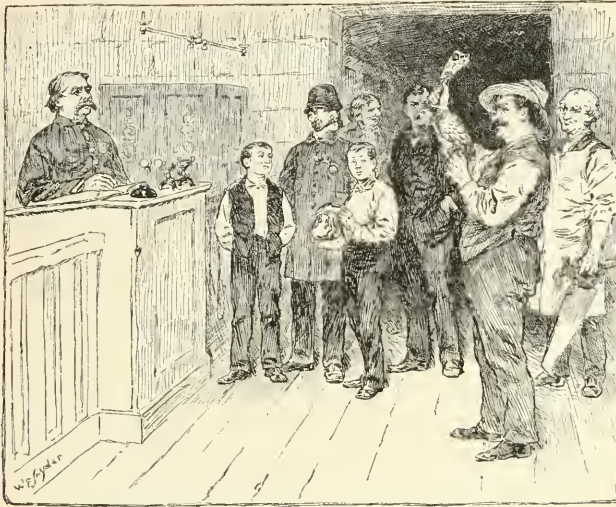
After trying a moment to imitate their laughter, as if he looked upon the escape as a good joke, Dick entered his cage at one end of the loft, and settled himself for quiet and rest, as if tired out by the day's adventure. His owners took care to fasten him in securely this time, and then returned to the open window to wait patiently for his mate.

But Peter did not come that night, nor the next day. In fact, his whereabouts was to remain a mystery some time. Neither inquiry nor reward brought any information about him. It was not until two or three months had passed that the boys found him.

Happening one day to be in a small city ten miles away, Guy visited a store where birds were kept for sale. Louis and he had decided to buy another parrot to take Peter's place, and he was in search of one like him. The store-keeper showed him several in cages, and at last led him upstairs, where he kept a "happy family" composed of several species of birds all together in one large room.

Guy had scarcely entered this place before he saw, with some astonishment, a parrot perched on a rod across one corner of the room that was the exact image of Peter. Indeed, he was almost certain that the bird was Peter. The store-keeper, however, said he guessed he was mistaken; there was no parrot in the room that knew that name. He had bought this one lately from some one he did not remember, and he had not had a chance to train him. Guy tried to make the parrot recognize his name, and repeat the parrot talk Peter had been taught; but the bird seemed to be dumb, and remained quietly indifferent. The store-keeper then said, jestingly, that he would sell him for the amount he cost if Guy could prove that he had been his.

This suggested a new idea to Guy. He drove his father's old gray horse home that afternoon as fast as he could go, and made haste to talk the matter over with



"'HERE IST DE RIGHT PRISONER, SHUDGE,' HE SAID."

Louis. The next morning both set out for the city together, taking Dick in a small cage with them. When they arrived at the store they asked permission to carry him up to the room where the happy family was, and as soon as they were inside Louis whispered to him.

"Where's Peter?" he cried immediately in his loudest manner.

"Here I am," briskly replied a cracked voice, and Peter himself, without any mistake this time, flew up from behind a barrel, and lighted on the top, with a dignified air, ready to receive his callers.

The store-keeper laughed, and was obliged to admit that Guy had found his bird.

"You shall have him for three dollars, the amount I paid for him," he said. "I bought him honestly, and only want back my money."

This was readily agreed to by both boys, and when Guy had caught Peter they all went down-stairs to the store. Here Guy laid on the counter a five-dollar bill. In another moment a commotion followed. The store-keeper had scarcely stepped to the rear of the store to get money to change the bill when Louis, seeing that his horse just outside was frightened by a passing drum, rushed out to him, and Guy, dropping Peter on the counter, ran to his aid. The observing parrot then quickly seized the five-dollar bill and boldly left the place.

All this soon brought about, as will be seen, a dire catastrophe. The store-keeper, returning with his change, found that the boys, the money, and the parrot had suddenly departed, and being a hasty man, he concluded that Guy and Louis meant to steal the bird. As soon as he reached the door he saw one of them driving down the street at great speed, and the other running after him. He therefore gave chase instantly, and cried to everybody to stop them.

In a few minutes there was quite a hubbub raised; a policeman captured Guy, and a small mob stopped Louis and the runaway Dobbin. The store-keeper, quite out of breath, pushed his way through the crowd to the policeman.

"Take him to the station-house, officer," he said. "He and his brother have stolen a parrot from me."

In vain Guy protested that the man was mistaken, and tried to explain how it all happened. The officer hurried him away before he could think what to do, and in three

or four minutes he was ushered into the presence of the Police Captain. Louis was brought in close behind him, and a gaping crowd gathered at the door.

"What's the trouble?" the Captain asked immediately, looking at the boys fiercely.

"Been stealing something," the officer answered, abruptly. "Here's the man who makes the charge."

The store-keeper thereupon began to tell excitedly what had happened, and to accuse the boys of theft. But before he had quite finished, and while Guy and Louis were wondering how they could prove their innocence, the proceedings were disturbed by another prisoner calling out, lustily, "Here I am! here I am!"

The next moment a big German, with a broad grin on his good-natured face, brought Peter up to the railing in front of the Captain's desk.

"Here ist de right prisoner, shudge," he said. "I seed him mit mine own eyes. I was stoundin' in mine shop across de street ven de leetle robber flies in mit dis moneys in his bill."

"Here I am!" sang out Peter again, unabashed, and struggling to get away from his captor.

"What is it you say?" the store-keeper asked, after a pause, looking at the German, rather puzzled. "Do you mean to say that the parrot flew away of his own accord, and took the boy's money with him?"

"Yah, dat ist it. I catched him miueself mit dis moneys in his bill."

While all were laughing, and the parrot continued to declare his presence, Guy managed to tell the Captain his side of the story, and Louis and he were at once released.

"You are welcome to the bird," said the store-keeper, perceiving the mistake he had made. "I'll give him to you, boys, and I beg your pardon also for my blunder."

The crowd cheered, and pushed one another right and left to catch a glimpse of Peter as Guy and Louis hurried him off and sprang into their wagon behind old Dobbin, where Dick in his cage had been watching passing events. In a few minutes more the boys were on their way home, and breathing more freely.

"I reckon we came pretty near getting into a scrape," said Louis, slackening the reins over Dobbin's back.

"Yes, indeed," Guy replied, not yet quite recovered. "But Peter won't get a chance to go off and learn any more new tricks right away."

As soon as they arrived home they made The Twins close prisoners again in the loft. In fact, their performances have since been confined to its limits, and they have been worth a mint of pennies to their owners.

THE MICE AT TEA.

BY PALMER COX.

BY invitation kind and free
Two mice went out one night to tea.
The hostess met them with a smile,
And laid their things away in style.
And soon the table-cloth was spread
With crackers, toasted cheese, and bread;
And when they gathered round the board
The cups of tea were duly poured.
One took a sip, then shook her head,
And setting down the cup, she said,
While looking round, as in a dream,
To find the pitcher holding cream,

"Without a drop of cream, my dear,
I'd rather have the water clear."
"Too bad," the hostess made reply;
"But yesterday the cow went dry;
So now I do the best I can,
And carry out another plan:
Until the milk returns once more
I use more sugar than before."
The other guest then laid her bread
Upon the plate, and sadly said,
"A single bite I can not eat
When drinking tea so awful sweet."
"Indeed! I'm sorry that's the case,"
Replied her friend, with sober face.
"That's all the kind of tea I've got—
I sweetened all within the pot."
"Is that the way you make your tea?
Then you should come and visit me,"
The other cried. "It seems a sin
To put the tea and sugar in,
And stir them up while boiling hot."
Why, this is simply soup you've got."



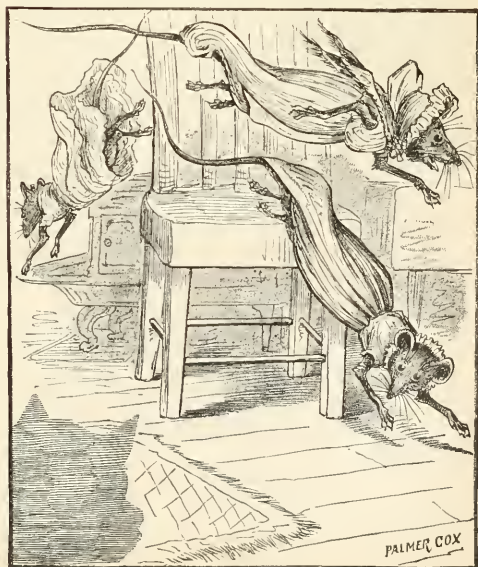
AT TEA.

But when the shadow of the cat
Stole like a cloud across the mat
The argument on tea was dropped,
Their little eyes from sockets popped,
And soon there was a lively race
To see who first could leave the place.
One jumped across two kitchen chairs
And half-way down the cellar stairs;
Another skipped about, and ran
Behind a box and copper pan,
And squeezing through with all her power,
Escaped the danger of the hour.
The third one every effort strained
Until the sink was safely gained,
And lacking pluck to venture out,
Lay hid for days within the spout.
And this all came about, you see,
Through finding too much fault at tea.

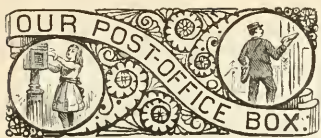


RECEIVING THE GUESTS.

With flushing face the hostess spoke:
"Excuse me; I don't see the joke.
You can't give any points to me.
Because, my friend, I've crossed the sea,
And learned the custom, if you please,
From them that know—the Japanese."
"The nasty Japs!" the other cried:
"I thought you had a little pride.
What brought you there, I want to know—
The most outlandish place to go
In all the world to seek advice
Or learn the art of cooking nice."
But while they sat disputing there
The cat came creeping down the stair;
She listened to their chat awhile,
And hardly could suppress a smile.
Said she: "I haven't ate a bite
Since two o'clock on yester-night;
In fact, I scarcely have the strength
To jump a lounge or table's length.
And yet I'd almost do without
To hear this warm discussion out."



THE SURPRISE.



OMEGA, MADISON PARISH, LOUISIANA.

I am a little girl just nine years old, and live, as you may see by my Post-office, in the overflowed part of the State. We are overflowed now, but the water has been down for less than a year as it was last. We had to go up in the loft of our house last year; the water was four feet deep in our rooms. We have kept our cows this year. I help mamma milk. I have seven years old; the other, a baby, is just as sweet and cunning as he can be.

Mamma takes HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Brother Will and I like our paper very much, but enjoy Jimmy Brown's pieces most of all. I have no pets except my three dolls; their names are Brenta, Florence, and Lucy.

I must tell you of a dear little vren that has built her nest behind one of the pictures in our sitting-room. Mamma keeps grapes over the picture, and she fastened her nest on the stems. She has little ones now, but I don't know how many, because we are afraid of frightening her away by touching her nest. I study geography, history, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, and writing. M. A. G.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAKOTA.

I am a boy six years old. I have a little baby sister two years old. I live among the Indians. I like our little Indian boys playing with bows and arrows. I bought a bow with four arrows for a dollar and a quarter. I went with mamma to see Chief Red Cloud, who has just come from Washington, and saw some squaws having a dog feast. One of the chiefs gave me a pony, and I named it Lalee, after one of his girls. In taking a long walk to the top of a hill where the Indians have some buffins on the top of the ground I found some wild flowers last Sunday.

I play dominoes and word-game evenings. I go ten cents a week for bringing wood and helping mamma, and am saving my money to buy a velocipede. I like your paper very much. EUGENE A.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR POST-MISSRESS,—WE GROWN-UPS ought not to take the space set apart for your little letter-writers, but I must tell you how glad and thankful I was last week, when visiting St. Mary's Hospital, to see Young People's Cot occupied by a dear little invalid girl. I know all the dear children would have rejoiced with me to see the accident that their money is doing.

If any little boy or girl would like to know how to make a pretty needle-book for a charitable fair, I can suggest one. Take two small paper packs (you may buy self-edging ones, or make them yourselves); sketch upon them any pretty device—a flower or Kate Greenaway figure (my little boy drew dogs' heads); cut flannel slips of the same shape (either better than muslin, or pink them out with a scissors); tie these all together, the flannel leaves inside the paper ones, with a bright ribbon run through the thumb-hole of the palette, and you have a very nice and tasteful object for the work-basket.

Is it not time the children began to tell how they are making their gardens? AN OLD FRIEND.

Thanks for this kind letter, and for the writer's interest. Will our little gardeners prove that they have not been idle by sending word about their plants and vegetables, and how they care for them?

*Little Miss Mary, quite contrary. How does your garden grow?"

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

I'm only six years old, but I want to write to you. I got out my pet. Our cat is named Polong and we had a dog named Fox, and the two used to play together a great deal, and when they got tired would cuddle up on the mat beside each other and go to sleep. One day when I and my sister were visiting at grandpa's in Detroit, and the dog went away. Something must have happened to him, for he never came back. Our horses are called Billy and Bill. One day when I was left after one in Jean Bigelow's "High Tide," besides she has a black face. I had last year an aligator which we brought from Florida, but he is dead now.

This winter papa and mamma took me with them to New Orleans to see the Mardi Gras and the city, and afterward to Cuba, where we saw lions, bears, crocodiles, parrots, and many other strange animals. We went to a plantation and sugar-mill, where we saw the almost-unked slaves standing in the sugar with bare feet while they used a pounder to press it in the hogsheds for ship-

ment to the refinery, where these yellow crystals are made into white sugar.

I must not forget to tell you that while our boat stopped at Key West, colored boys with only a little cloth around the middle of the body were swimming in the water, while people on the boat dropped quarters and dimes into the water to see them dive for them. They hardly ever missed bringing up the pieces of money. If they had not been in their mouths, would call out, "Throw another here, boss." It was fun to watch them.

I have the best volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I think I like "Tolly" best. I think you thought he had found Santa Claus, the best, though all the stories are good. If you print this, perhaps I will write again some day. Of course mamma has to copy it for me.

WILLIE B. McC.

Willie's mother, in a note to the publishers of YOUNG PEOPLE, expresses her approbation of the paper in very cordial words:

I have long thought of writing to thank you for the beautiful wood-cuts (almost like fine engravings) which you send me. They are very beautiful and in so many useful things, such as botany and astronomy and the wonders of the deep, so interesting and instructive to the impressionable mind that I feel the learning of these things is so valuable, and much better than these things are than some of the trashy publications we used to have for children!

GLENDALE, KENTUCKY.

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school all the time. Papa has a friend who is kind enough to send me YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much indeed. Many thanks for his kindness. I have a little sister and a brother, and a dog named Ned. He was a shepherd. Some one poisoned him. We felt so bad about it. I have a mocking-bird; he sings beautifully. I like the letters from the Little ones so much. Your little friend, WILLIE H. C.

ROCKS POINT, NEW YORK.

DEAR POST-MISSRESS,—You will be surprised to hear that when I read the story of the boy who had mamma that Young People's Cot was endowed, and we used send no more money, she said, "Oh, how sorry I am!—not that they have the full sum, but that we have not." I had seen and read my pennies until I should have a dollar, and might have sent it some time ago, but there was still so much needed we thought to be in time. I would like to do for you a good deed. Would it be accepted now? If not, we will send it to the "Tribune Fresh-air Fund."

We think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE just perfect, so interesting and instructive, so just the thing for the little ones. Mamma says I will never outgrow it, for she and papa like it as well as I do, and I am half past nine. Mamma teaches me to write and I can repeat the Lord's Prayer in French, and recite several psalms and poems nicely. I can not begin music until I have finished my multiplication table. Mamma reads a chapter to us of "Child's Book of Nature," and recites and reads it next day. Can any of the little girls tell why we have two eyes, and two ears, and only one tongue?

I would like to join your cooking club, and will send you a receipt for buns that I make all myself. They are very nice. Will some one please tell me how to make cocoa-nut balls or biscuit? "I would like to tell you all about my dollies, but I have so many, and love them so dearly I should never stop if I once began. I am sorry for the little girls who do not love to play with them. Mamma made a King's Court board for me and I can make a very nice one. I would give a merry time over it. We have never seen a letter from this way. And will you please answer, and tell me if we shall send the money to Miss Faunshaw or to Miss Mary D. Lee at Mamma's.

Little readers, please observe Nance's questions to you, and answer them soon. I would give her the receipt she asks for, but prefer to let the Little Housekeepers tell how they make cocoa-nut balls. Send the receipt for your buns soon.

As the Cot has been paid for, Miss Faunshaw can receive no more money for the fund of which she was kind enough to be the treasurer. No. 367 Catherine at St. Mary's Free Hospital, No. 316 West Thirty-fourth Street, will receive any contributions which children and adults send for the Fresh-air fund of the hospital.

We are pleased to hear that you like the pretty game of King's Court.

WINDOM, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl who lives away out on the wild prairies of Minnesota. We have a very large natural grove, except around water of some kind. We live on the banks of Willow Lake, so named for the many willows on its shores. We girls, my sisters and I, together with our neighbors' little girls about our own age, formed a club the other day, and the initials are T. T. O. W. Our governess, when trying to guess it, said she thought it must be Teasing Tomboys

of Windom. But that is not it. Our badges are going to be steel-colored silk worked with blue silk, and I think they will be quite pretty. Our YOUNG PEOPLE arrives here every Friday afternoon, but we do not get it until Saturday, for then papa comes home, and he brings it with him. Papa takes HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR also. Our baby Rita (named for Rita in the Bible) was just a year old on the 1st of this month—April—and is just as sweet as she can be. She's an "April-Fool" baby.

If I wrote all that I wanted to, I'd fill the Post-office Box, I am afraid, so I will say good-bye.

MILLIE K.

What can those letters mean—T. T. O. W.? Tell Tales of Wisdom, perhaps. I am not very clever at guessing, so unless Millie whispers it to me I shall never find out. Well, the secret is part of the pleasure, isn't it, girls?

Although the story which follows is rather longer than those we usually publish in our Post-office Box, it is so very well written that it is due to its author, a little girl only twelve years old, to give it a place here. Valerie may hope, if she keeps on as she has begun, to become a favorite writer for YOUNG PEOPLE at some future day.

THE STORY OF THE WIND.

"Captain, I want a story." So spoke a little maiden, throwing her arms around her uncle's neck, who sat on a rustic bench. She was little Eva, but her uncle called her Puss, because it was his name as a Captain, because until lately he had been Captain of a fine frigate.

"What shall my pay be to-day?" he asked. "Well, Captain," she said, "truly, holding her head on one side and balancing herself on one foot, "I'll speak my new piece."

"You must pay beforehand." "Oh, no, no, no!" "Then I shall keep my story," Mr. Haywood said, feigning anger.

Well, since you are such a baby, I suppose you will excuse your uncle, really holding her forehead visibly, and standing before her uncle with her hands clasped behind her back.

They were in front of a handsome villa, which, with its surrounding grounds, was called Oakland. Scattered over the bottom plantation before them were negroes of all ages and all sizes, and when they saw little Puss with her hands clasped behind her, they knew a "piece" was being preached, and a succession of this said community, with one or two almost in their second childhood, crowded eagerly around her.

Pussy waited until all were quiet, and then commenced in a sweet, childish tone:

"Come, little Leaves," said the Wind one day, "Come o'er the meadows with me and play; Put on your dresses of red and gold—Summer is gone, and the days grow cold. So, little Leaves, come, and let me lead you down they came fluttering one and all—Over the brown fields they danced and flew, Singing the soft little songs that they knew; Dancing and playing, and laughing and shouting, Winter had called them, and they were content.

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds. The Snow laid a covertlet over their heads."

When she had finished her story, addressing herself to the fat little youngsters around, exclaimed, "Hi, dar, you little black children, w'at you don't here; sho! sho! git out dar."

At this they started on a run for the plantation, followed by old mammy herself.

As soon as Pussy had ended, she ran to her uncle, saying, "Now, Mr. Captain, where's my money? You killed me, and you settled the ruffles of her snowy dress around her."

"Pussy, do you know that the Wind which called the Leaves away, and hid them don't their red and gold, and they don't know it, mammy! I fanned their downy bedclothes from them, and warmed them!"

"Who told you so?" questioned Puss. "So, mammy, my story," was her uncle's reply, and he began:

"One night, while I was a midshipman, I was sent aloft for some slight offense. I took a rest on the cross-benches, and I do not know what it was a bitter cold night, and while I hunched my heavy coat close to my neck I wished that there was no North Wind.

"Oh, what a wicked thing to wish!" interrupted Puss.

"So the North Wind himself seemed to think, for he blew even harder and stronger than before, and this time I felt sharp, and I shivering some. I recognized words. They were these: 'Oh, why do people think so hardly of me?'"

"Hearing this, I exclaimed, 'And why should they think so hardly of me?'"

"This made the Wind stop blowing, and he whispered, 'I will tell you. I was born at the equator. The intense heat made me very thin and light, consequently I rose, and would have fallen from the earth, but you know, I am like a magnet, and attracts everything, so I was saved. Sweeping northward as an upper current, I did no good, but becoming heavier, I sank toward

the earth, and was welcomed everywhere as the warm South Wind.

When I reached the Strait of Gibraltar I saw a boy about sixteen years old, the Captain's nephew, on the deck of a ship in harbor. He gazed and stared in open astonishment until one of the crew started for him, walked toward him, and said, as he touched his cap, "If you would become a sailor, sir, you will have to learn to climb. Now you have a good climb the rigging. When he reached the topmast, a sailor who was on the lookout tied him to the mast, and demanded a guinea. This the astonished boy had to do, and then he was released. The Captain, roving from the cabin, laughed heartily, for it was a custom on board that any one climbing the rigging for the first time should pay a golden forfeit. The next I saw some idlers, wrapped in old tattered brown cloaks, and snuoking their little paper cigarettes with evident enjoyment.

When I came to a town to see the Carnival at Bordeaux. The streets were full of merry maskers, and at every corner crowds had gathered around the itinerant ballad-singers, and queer-looking fellows on stilts stalked about where open-eyed children were staring with wonder and amazement at the showman's box. Many other things could I relate of this beautiful sunny France; there, where the grape vine and the silk-worm feeds on the mulberry leaves, I lingered as long as possible.

Then I crossed to England, and there saw a fox hunt among the country, and the Thames filled with foreign ships.

In old Scotland I saw the bonny lassies and the Highlanders in their plaid kilts dance the Highland fling and the hornpipe. I saw the great ice-berg Edward die (travel) until I reached the north pole; then I turned toward the south again, but this time I crossed the western continent. There, while yet in the air, I saw the little Esquimaux children wrapped in furs.

Crossing the United States, I saw a herd of buffaloes being chased by a hunting party of Indians who held their long feathers around their heads, and around their necks strings of glass beads; in their hands they held their bows and arrows, and they rode on spirited horses that seemed to know their duty well. As I went on my way, and along the cotton plant and the sugar-cane fields, and the alligators bask in the sun, I grew warmer, but I still kept enough of my cold air to cool the blood of the fevered and moderate the intense heat of the sun.

But now I am cold—so cold that all hate me; but you will not, will you? I have not the North Wind's medal. But before I could answer, I was called below. I descended to the deck, and heard the cold wind blowing onward."

Mr. Hayward flushed, Pussy thanked him, and he, lifting her on his shoulder, marched into the house.

While Eva was sleeping that night she dreamed that she saw alligators chasing Indians, and the Indians were hugging together, and that a real live Esquimaux was telling her a story.

VALERIE V. B. FRANKEL.

ROSEBUD, IOWA.

I thought I would send you a letter. I can not tell mamma to write this for me. I tell mamma what to say. I am six years old. I have a cat; his name is Tommy. I had a dog once, but he got so old and lame and crippled, and followed around so much, we sent him out in the woods and poisoned him.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like to have mamma read the letters to me. Mamma read all the girl down in Mississippi, and she wanted the pieces of silk, and so I sent her some. I wonder if she got them? I am going to write the Postmistress a letter when I can write. Good-by.

EUGENE D. P.

Probably Lillian W. will write and tell us whether she received the pieces of silk. My little cousin and I others have sent her.

Poor old doggie! How sorry you must have been when he had to be killed, yet it was the truest kindness.

GERMANIA, ALABAMA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have responded to the Young People's paper long time and love it very much. I think "Nan" was the best story that ever was, and Jimmy Brown's too. I have always lived in Cleveland, Ohio, until I moved on the ground now a big black snake. It is all so different. We live in the country, and it is warm, and the trees are green, and we have had flowers for a long time.

When I was doing something that happened last week. Mamma and I were sitting in the parlor, and pretty soon my baby sister, who was on the porch, began to scream, and we ran out, and there on the ground was a big black snake. I screamed, and it ran under the steps. The next day auntie threw some paper behind the logs in

the big fire-place it was too warm that day to have fire, and something sprang up and glided away. Auntie screamed, and mamma came running in from the porch and asked what was the matter, and auntie said, "There was a snake, and it was flying in this room now." So they looked, and there it was all coiled up under the table; so they called papa, and he came in, and took a big stick and killed it.

Lots of funny things happen to us here, and if you like my letter I will write some more another time. Mamma says I must not make this one too long.

JULIE V. G.

IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nearly five years old. My papa is guiding my hand. I have a little baby brother, but he is sick most of the time; and I am not very well either. I have a good many pets: birds called Toby, Honey-suckle, Surprise, Silver-and-Gold, and Penny; I have also a very handsome peacock, called Adeline because he is so proud, and a lot of chickens and cats. I have a play-room, and lots of toys of all kinds in it, and every time papa and mamma go to the city I always expect them to bring me something, and they generally do. The weather here is just what I like, and the weather would come, so that baby brother and I could play out-doors. I hope this letter is not too long for you to publish.

MABEL D.

Did you ever know a very proud Adeline that you have given that pretty name to the peacock? My Adelines have always been lovely.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am one of the little folks that read your paper every week, and I have noticed so many little boys and girls send you letters that, although I am only five years old, I would like to write also. Not long ago there was such a cold here for jumbles. I gave it to our cook, and she made them for our tea, and, as my little sister says, they were "perfectly lovely." We have them made in the shape of birds, and, as you know, when we have eating them, first we bite off a head, then a foot, and very soon it is all gone.

I would like to know the little girl who sent you this receipt. I could like to have a pattern for a pudding which I could try. And if another little friend could give me a pretty pattern for a silk quilt in the shape of a star, I have been learning to sew during the last year, and now I can sew so nicely that I would like to make something pretty.

LITTLE MAY.

CENTREVILLE, OHIO.

I am a little Canadian boy. I live in a village near the foot of Lake Ontario. In the summer we go down the St. Lawrence River to Central New York, near New Bravelle. It is a beautiful trip, about one hundred and fifty miles. We generally stay from one to two weeks. We pass what is called the Thousand Islands. My favorite stories in your paper are "Stories of the Pearl," "Jimmy Brown's," and "Nan." I have no pets, except my little chickens and two birds. The birds' names are Dick and Polly. I had a fancy for some birds last year, and I am in this spring. Last summer they drowned the dear little things in their dish of water, and this spring pecked them to death.

If Naudin D. of Centreville, or Carolina, will send a sample of the blooms and holls of cotton to me I will be very very glad, as I have never seen cotton except when in cloth.

FRED MARSH.

W. W. C.: The Postmistress is inclined to think your proposal a good one, but would like to wait a little before saying anything about it to the young gentlemen. Your letter is placed on file for reference.—Hattie V. K.: Your home must be lovely, and I have a picture of you in my mind feeding your pigeons and guinea-hens.—Earle J. N.: You have selected a good motto.—Fred N. J.: It is against our rules to publish the full names of our little correspondents, but a message may be sent through the Post-office Text to any one whose letter interests you.—Walter H. L.: Do you mean to be an editor when you grow up?—Florence M. G.: Do be careful how you ride that wild Texas horse. R. B. R. wants somebody to tell him a short and quick way of multiplying five figures by five figures, and six figures by six figures. Arithmetic Class, you may speak, only not all at once, please.—Lillie D.: Your dog was wonderfully kind to the poor hurt pussy; far above those cruel boys, in my opinion, is so wise a dog.—Harry B. Y.: Your letter has a pleasant sound, but it is not quite good enough for publication. Try again.—Sarah F. H.: I am so glad you had so good a time on your birthday.

The following correspondents will please accept thanks for bright little letters: Kate L., Louie Adams W., Margaret B., Elsie E. G. H., Victor J. A. L. R. E. H. W., Hattie R., Mand C., Julius O. G., Helen G. H., and Alice B.—Will the chil-

dren please notice that their letters can never appear in the next number which they receive after writing to the Post-office Box? They must always wait several weeks for their turn.—Fannie J. M.: The initials N. A. after the name of an artist mean National Academician.—D. K. W.: Follow your own fancy in conducting your party. Read "The May-day Fête at Beverly Hill" in No. 183. It may give you some ideas.—Congratulations to all the dear children who are going after wild flowers. I wish they would show me where the hepaticas, anemones, and violets grow.—Suie M.: We are sorry not to publish your letter of April 29, but if you knew how many similar requests we receive, you would understand why we feel obliged to say no to yours. Your letter is very interesting, and the Postmistress hopes you will not fall to send another soon.

Next week the Little Housekeepers will find in the Post-office Box some hints as to the way to cook for the sick, and also several receipts for dainty dishes to tempt the appetite of an invalid.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A metal. 3. A liquid. 4. A fisher's utensil. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A girl's name. 3. A kind of boat. 4. An adverb. 5. A letter. D. H. W.

No. 2.

SYNONYMS.

- 1. Synecopate an adjective relating to a metal, and get an adjective meaning minute.
2. Synecopate a number, and get a phant.
3. Synecopate a noun signifying free course, and get a verb signifying to recite in verse.
4. Synecopate a verb signifying to contradict, and get a noun, formerly a title of the Governor of Aahlers.
5. Synecopate a noun signifying a resting-place, and get a verb signifying to reduce to coal.
6. Synecopate a noun signifying a confusion, and get an abbreviation of a boy's name.

CHARLES E. and ARTHUR H. T.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. To hit. 2. A dwelling. 3. A stranger. 4. To be able. 5. A Scottish name. 6. A girl's name.
2. To have supreme authority. 8. A Latin word meaning friends. 9. A kind of Russia leather.
Primals give the name of a celebrated author; finals, the name of one of his works.

ZEPHIN JACK.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

- My first is in pig, but not in hog.
My second is in mist, but not in fog.
My third is in a bird, but not in a hog.
My fourth is in throw, but not in hurl.
My whole is the name of an English earl.

STUDIO.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 183.

No. 1. T O P M A N
O N E A R E
P E T N E T

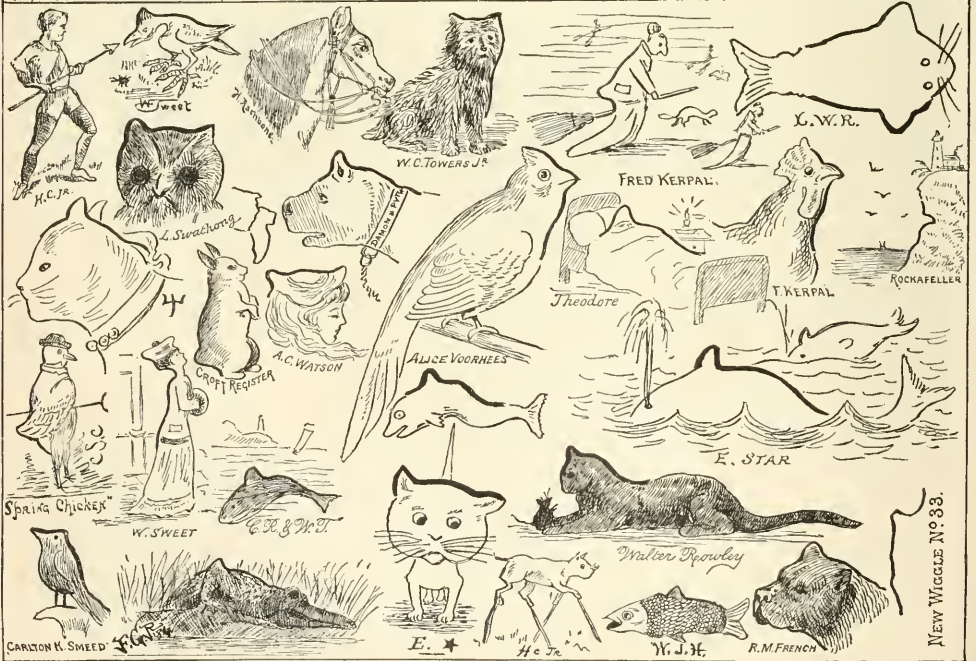
No. 2. T O Y P I N T E N
O H O I C E E K E
Y O U N E D N E W

No. 3. S
C H
N I L L E
C H A R L I E
E L I E
L I E

No. 4. Christopher Columbus.
Cadiz, Hartford, Rome, Iceland, Spain, Texas, Ohio, Paris, Hudson, Erie, Rhode, Cuba, Ohi, London, Ural, Maine, Berne, Crutney, Sabara.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Cummings, Samuel H., Manning, Fred, Hattell, G., Hardin, Emily Sec, Ella M., Demott, H., Woodruff, Helen M., No Name, Samuel Bronson, Chaucer Harris Hand, Essie O., Ernest Weikwitz, Maudie and Clara Kempton, Floy Benson, J. F. Ritchie, Caroline Jane Lyman, Charles De Gange, Peacock, Harry S. Ayer, Charles E. and Arthur H. Timmerman, J. Harry Mowbray, Matilda Fletcher, Charles F. Trumpler, Carl D., Herbert P., Barclay, Clara, Roltich, Charles, and Harry Berne, Helen M., W. M. Wade, Eclanthe, Dora Raymond, Princess Daisy, Louise and John Ricard, Etienne D., Maggie Cocks, Tailorbird.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



NEW WIGGLE No. 33.

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DECORATION-DAY—WATCHING THE PROCESSION.—DRAWN BY H. P. WOLCOTT.

"IN FATHER'S PLACE."

(DECORATION-DAY.)

BY MARY D. BRINE.

ONLY a little ragged boy,
 Barefooted, it is true,
 But heaven's golden sunshine lay
 Within his eyes so blue.
 Without the florist's door he stood
 With earnest, wistful face.
 "Got any work, please, sir, that I
 Can do about the place?"

"It isn't money that I want,
 But I'll work good, you'll see,
 If when I've done, a little bunch
 Of violets you'll give me."
 The florist laughed. "That's cheap enough.
 Here, try your hand at this;
 Since all you want are violets, boy,
 One bunch I shall not miss."

A little later, and the streets
 With uniforms are gay,
 And martial music fills the air
 For Decoration-day.
 The "silent city" reached at last,
 Begins the task of love,
 As soldiers gently scatter flowers,
 Their comrades' graves above.

Then stepped our little lad
 To the humblest grave of all,
 And on it laid a portion of
 His offering so small.
 A soldier asked, "Tell me, my child,
 Why are you here to-day?"
 "I came in father's place, sir, please—
 I could not stay away."

"He was a soldier long ago,
 And he remembered well
 The dark and cruel battle-field
 Where many comrades fell;
 And every Decoration-day,
 Till he got sick an' died,
 In helping deck the soldiers' graves
 He always had a pride."

"An' so, 'cause he is lyin' there,
 An' couldn't come"—the lad
 Here wiped his eyes—"I came to bring
 The only flowers I had.
 I took his place the best I could;
 I hadn't much to give;
 But father would have given more
 If God had let him live."

Oh, tenderly the moon looked down
 That night where slept the dead,
 And lovingly her mantle bright
 Above the graves was spread,
 But long its radiance lingered o'er
 The humblest grave of all,
 Where some kind hand rare flowers had laid
 By Johnny's offering small.

BARBARA'S PINK HAT.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

THE children of Brooklyn look forward to the day of the grand annual Sunday-school parade with delight and excitement. It is a sight well worth seeing: bright-faced boys and girls in their prettiest clothes marching merrily along to the music of the bands, gorgeous silken flags and banners flying, ribbons fluttering, and wafted over all the perfume of thousands of flowers.

Ethel Green and her friend Barbara North belonged to the same Sunday-school, and had been selected to carry the cords of their class banner as a reward for their punctual attendance and good behavior during the year. It was considered a post of honor, and naturally the children were delighted. But it was customary for the cord-bearers to dress alike, and Barbara was very doubtful whether she could match Ethel in any one garment, for her grandmother, with whom she lived, had but a small income,

and, besides, held what are called old-fashioned ideas about little girls' dress.

Ethel had never thought of this. So when Barbara had answered that it would be impossible for her to join the procession, she was both astonished and dismayed. When they were alone Ethel asked so many questions, and seemed so hurt and disappointed at her friend's refusal, that at last Barbara said:

"Well, Ethel, if you must know, I can not dress as your mother will dress you, so there's no use thinking any more about it."

"Is that all?" cried Ethel, very much relieved. "I thought it was something a great deal worse. Just tell me what you can wear, and I will ask mamma to dress me the same."

"I can have a white dress," answered Barbara, "for grandmamma said that she would make over for me this summer an embroidered India muslin skirt that she used to wear when she was a girl. But the worst of all is this brown hat. It is new, and quite good enough for me, I suppose; but it certainly will not look well among all the pretty light hats of the other girls. And grandmamma said, when she bought it, 'Take good care of this hat, Barbara; it is fine straw, and must last all summer.'"

"Oh, well!" cried Ethel, "then that's all right. I have a white dress, I know, and I think I have a brown hat."

"That will never do," said Barbara, decidedly. "Let it stand this way—if grandmamma can give me a light hat, I will go. If not, you must find another companion."

"No," answered Ethel, decidedly; "I have made up my mind to stay at home if you do. But when will you know? Remember, this is Monday, and the parade is on Wednesday."

"I shall know to-morrow morning," answered Barbara, as she turned away.

On the following afternoon the girls met in the street near Barbara's house.

"Can you go?" asked Ethel, anxiously.

"Yes," cried Barbara, with sparkling eyes. "Last night I told grandmamma about the hat, and, do you know, she said you were a good self-sacrificing little girl to be willing to give up wearing your handsome clothes for me, and that she would not try your friendship too far. Then she gave me this," and Barbara drew from her pocket a crisp new five-dollar bill. "I am to buy a hat with it—choose it myself, for grandmamma is busy finishing my white dress. Will you come with me to the milliner's?"

"Yes," cried Ethel, eagerly. "I can go if I can take Ida along. Mother and Aunt Nelly have gone out, and Ida would cry dreadfully if I should leave her."

"Let her come, of course," answered Barbara. "Now here's the milliner's card. This is where grandmamma always buys her bonnets—Madame Fanchon. It's in Fulton Street, near the ferry."

A short walk brought them to Fulton Street, where they saw Madame Fanchon's great gold-lettered sign directly before them.

Barbara and Ethel were soon busy examining the wonderful array of beautiful goods. After peeping into nearly every box and drawer in the store, madame brought out a hat which Ethel declared was exactly similar to hers. Cream-white straw, lined with pale pink silk, and trimmed with apple blossoms.

"Oh!" said Barbara, in a subdued tone of delight and admiration. "I never saw anything quite so beautiful."

The hat was soon deposited in a bandbox and delivered to Barbara. Then they turned to look for Ida, whom they had left to amuse herself at the window. To their dismay she was gone.

The two girls hastened into the street and looked about them. Presently they caught a glimpse of Ida trotting briskly along toward the ferry.

"There she is!" cried Ethel. "I do hope she will not try to cross the street."

"There is always a great crowd in Fulton Street about six o'clock; so the girls had a difficult time of it, dodging between the people, to keep the little figure flitting before them in sight. Suddenly Barbara, who was a little the taller, gave a sharp cry, and darted forward. Then Ethel knew at once that some accident must have happened to her little sister, and grew dizzy and faint. But recovering herself almost immediately, she ran on in the direction which Barbara had taken, and soon found herself near a group of people collected on the curb-stone.

"Is she hurt?" cried Ethel, trying frantically to force her way through the crowd.

"But all were too busy talking to notice her.

"Did you ever see such presence of mind?" said one.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" answered his companion.

"A brave, bright girl!" said another.

"Please, please, move and let me go to her," pleaded Ethel, tugging at the speaker's coat.

"Well, little girl," said the gentleman, "what do you want?"

"I want to see her," answered Ethel, lifting a pair of wet eyes and a very frightened face up to his. "She is my sister."

"Your sister?" exclaimed he. "Here, take my hand, and we will find her in a jiffy."

The man forced his way through the crowd, and Ethel found herself face to face with Barbara, who looked troubled and embarrassed.

At the same moment a large, good-natured-looking woman came forward with Ida in her arms.

"Now, children," said she, "the little lass is all right. There's nothing in life the matter with her, barring a big scare. So keep hold of her hand tight, and run home."

"Thank you," answered Ethel, gratefully, as she flung her arm around Ida's neck, and kissed her tear-stained cheek.

"Please come, Ethel," whispered Barbara, impatiently. As Ethel turned to comply she noticed that her friend was empty-handed.

"Where is your new hat?" inquired Ethel.

"There," answered Barbara, pointing to the centre of the street.

And there it certainly was, but its beauty had departed forever. The delicate straw was broken, and the silk and flowers crushed into a soiled heap. More than twenty vehicles had passed over it since it was flung there by the girl's own hand.

When Barbara started forward with a cry she had seen little Ida step off the sidewalk, and try to cross the street. When she reached the spot she found that the child had fallen directly before a large dray, and was completely surrounded by wagons. To save her Barbara was obliged to pass under the poles of several carts and carriages, which she did without hesitation. Then lifting Ida to her feet, she turned to retrace her steps, but found that the way had become blocked, and just behind her a pair of horses had grown so restive as to be almost beyond their driver's control. The man shouted to her to move out of the way, and just as she began to fear that they would certainly be run over, the driver of one of the wagons stooped from his high seat, and cried:

"Hand me the young one. Step on the hub. Be spry, now."

Barbara could not lift Ida encumbered as she was with the bandbox; so without hesitation she flung it down, and quickly followed the man's directions. When Ida was safe she gave one lingering look at the once pretty piece of finery. A horse's hoof had crushed the box and bonnet into an almost unrecognizable mass.

Barbara and Ida were passed on from one vehicle to another, until they were safely deposited upon the sidewalk.

"You dear, good girl!" said Ethel, as they slowly made their way toward home. "How can I thank you enough! You should have heard how every one was praising your presence of mind and bravery."

"Please don't say any more about it," replied Barbara. "I only did just what any one would have done."

"But I am so sorry about your beautiful new hat!" continued Ethel. "What will your grandmamma say? And to think it is all my fault for not watching Ida better! Oh dear, it's just too bad!"

As they turned toward home the three faces were all very sad, and no one would have known them for the happy party that met on the corner only a few short hours before.

"I will tell mamma or Aunt Nelly at once," thought Ethel, as she entered the house. "Perhaps there is yet time to buy another bonnet for Barbara."

Just as she opened the door, Hannah, her mother's servant, came hurrying toward her with a telegram.

"This is for your aunt," said she, "and I'm thinking you had better open it; for Miss Nelly stopped in a short time ago and said she was going to a concert this evening. So she would not be back till late, and the message may be particular."

"Then I suppose I ought to open it," said Ethel, doubtfully.

"Yes, miss, I think you should."

Ethel opened the telegram, and read aloud:

"NELLY.—Take charge of the children. I shall be detained very late.
C. GREEN."

This was a dreadful delay, but nothing was to be done except to wait patiently.

The evening passed slowly. Bed-time came, and Hannah insisted that both children should go to bed.

So Ethel undressed, and lay wide awake, thinking, until a distant church clock struck eleven; then, after a while, she heard a carriage drive up and Aunt Nelly go to her own room.

Ethel could lie still no longer, so she ran up after Aunt Nelly, and peeped into the door.

"Who's that?" said Aunt Nelly.

"It is only I," answered Ethel. "I knew you could not be asleep yet, and I want to tell you something."

"Very well; I am ready to listen. Come in, dear."

It was so pleasant to have some one to confide her troubles to that Ethel told her story quickly.

When she had finished, Aunt Nelly said:

"What a dear, good, brave girl Barbara North is! I don't wonder you love her. She certainly must not be disappointed. I will make her another hat."

"But the parade begins to form at half past seven," said Ethel.

"Yes, I know," answered her aunt. "Now go to bed and try to sleep. I promise Barbara's hat shall be finished in time."

She spoke so decidedly that Ethel ran back to her own room, and was soon sleeping so peacefully that she did not awake until the sun shone full in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked Ida, as Ethel sprang suddenly out of bed.

"I told Aunt Nelly about Barbara's hat last night, and she promised to make her another one this morning, so I am going to call her."

"And I'll come too," said little Ida.

They dressed hurriedly, and scampered off to Aunt Nelly's room. But, early as it was, they found her putting the last stitches to a beautiful cream-colored straw hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with apple blossoms.

"It is the very same," cried both children at once.

"No," said Aunt Nelly; "this is my last summer's hat



“DON'T SPEAK UNTIL IT IS FINISHED.”

made over. These flowers I wore in my dress last night, and this pink silk is one of my sashes. But don't speak until it is finished.”

So the children kept very still, Ethel leaning on the back of a chair that stood before Aunt Nelly, and Ida, with her elbows on the seat, watching Aunt Nelly's nimble fingers with delighted and astonished eyes.

At last the wonderful bonnet was finished. Ethel gave her aunt a kiss, called her the “dearest little aunty that ever lived,” and hastened with it to Barbara.

The day was lovely, the parade a success, and of all the happy faces Barbara's and Ethel's were the happiest.

After this the two girls became even firmer friends than ever. And although Barbara has had many new bonnets since then, she still keeps a little faded pink hat among her other treasures.

RAISING THE “PEARL.”*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF “TOBY TYLER,” “TIM AND TIP,” “MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER,” ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

CORAL REEFS.

“NOW, then,” said Captain Sammy, sternly, “when you boys went off I told you that when you came back you was to tell me what caused the Florida reefs, the like of which can't be found anywhere else in the country, didn't I?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Dare; “but we don't know now any better than we did when we started.”

“Why didn't you look at them, an' find out, as we was comin' along?” asked the little man, with a suppressed chuckle, as if he was having a great joke all by himself.

“I don't think the keys look different from any island.”

said Dare, who almost began to think that Captain Sammy knew no more about the matter than they did.

“That's just because you don't know anything about it,” said the little man, triumphantly.

Inasmuch as the boys quite agreed with him in this assertion, they said nothing, and he was disappointed if he had thought he was going to provoke an argument.

“Now listen to me,” and Captain Sammy straightened himself up in order that his words might be more impressive. “I know all about it without any book, but I'll just keep one in my hand as I go along, for since my eyesight's got so bad I can't hold on to some of these names as I used to.

In the first place, the Florida reefs don't run up the coast this way, though some folks hold that all the keys and reefs along the coast should be reckoned in with 'em, but in that I have my opinion and you can have yours. The Florida reef, the way we call it down here, starts from a little north of Cape Florida, an' runs some miles beyond Key West. All that is one big bank of coral, with here an' there spots where it's been built high enough to come atop of the water, an' then the sand washes up on it, the mangrove-trees grow, an' then they're keys like them you can see out there in the offing.”

Captain Sammy stopped long enough to assure himself that the boys were paying strict attention, and then continued:

“The reef runs in a regular curve, croppin' out just a little here an' there, from Virginia Key, which is next to Cape Florida—an' everybody knows the cape is on Key Biscayne—to a little west of the Marquesas, where it opens up in Reef Channel an' Key West Harbor. Then it runs nigh on to sixty miles sou'-sou'-west, an' then about a hundred an' forty miles west-sou'-west, perhaps a little more westerly, but that's neither here nor there. Then for about thirty miles it runs west-nor'-west, taking in the Tortugas. Now you keep them p'int's of the compass in your mind in case you should ever want to coast around that way, an' you an' I won't have any trouble.”

Captain Sammy glared over his glasses in order to learn if there was any chance for trouble then, and finding that there was none, he said, solemnly:

“Now of course these reefs are bein' built all the time, an' what you want to know is how that's done. Here goes for the way these scholars put it, an' you can have your 'pinion 'bout it, an' I can have mine. A reef is a regular limestone wall that a leetle animal they call polyps have built, by sucking in the water that has got lime in it, and throwing the lime out on to the places where they want to build. These leetle animals can't work where the water's more'n fifteen fathom deep, so you see they have to curve around just as the land curves. Now they go to work and build great knobs—coral heads we sailors call 'em—all the way around in this fifteen fathom of water, an' they keep p'ilin' 'em up till they are about six fathoms from the surface. There they stop, for they're sharp, these little polyps are, an' they know that they can't work when they come just so near the surface. Then another kind, pretty near like them, that can't work except in shallow water, come along an' build on top the coral heads another kind of stone. Then the third

* Begin in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

sort of little fellows come an' put on the finishing touches just at the top of the water, making the coral that fine and delicate that it looks like leaves an' grass."

The little man stopped only long enough to wipe his glasses, and then continued:

"Now, you see, this reef is a regular limestone wall, straight up an' down to seaward, an' sloping toward the land. Well, in time the waves grind the coral that's on the top into sand; then the mud that's in the water washes up, and, take everything together, it makes tolerable good soil. All the mangrove-trees around about shed the most part of their seeds in the water, because, you see, growing over it, they can't help themselves, an' the seeds float around till some of them get washed up on to these reefs. Once they get into that sand they grow, an' that settles it so far as the reefs go, for then folks or turtles can live on 'em, an' they're keys. Now that's the way the books have it that the reefs an' keys are made, an' if I should happen to have a different opinion to that, you see you ain't bound to take it that I'm right, because you an' I never had a reg'lar introduction to each other."

The boys were at a loss to understand how the absence of an introduction could affect a fact, and they urged Captain Sammy to give them his idea of the formation of the reefs, or, at least, how it differed from that which he had stated as coming from "books."

But the little man was so decided in his refusals, and so guarded in his replies to any of the questions intended to draw him out, that they soon came to the conclusion that his opinions did not differ in any way from those of the authorities he had quoted.

"You see there's a good deal more about this end of this snug little State that you ought to know," said Captain Sammy, as he laid aside his pipe, which had long since "gone out," took off his glasses, and closed his book with a bang that caused the boys to jump; "but I sha'n't tell you about it now, for it will keep until we run on to it, and, besides, I want you to go to bed now, so we can make an early start in the morning."

By the way Captain Sammy spoke the boys knew that there was no use in trying to prolong the conversation, and they crept into their berths, feeling that an hour after sunset was altogether too early to go to bed on the first day of the cruise.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NIGHT ALARM.

THE *Pearl* lay as motionless as if she was yet high and dry on the beach at Tampa, and there appeared to be no reason whatever why all hands should not have a comfortable and quiet night's rest. The night was cold enough to make the warmth of the bedclothes feel comfortable to the occupants of the cabin, but not so cold as to prevent the cabin door from being left open to admit a free circulation of air.

It seemed to Dare that it must have been midnight when he was awakened by hearing Captain Sammy shout angrily,

"Now what are you about? Why don't you lie still and give other folks a chance to sleep?"

Dare supposed, of course, that Charley or Bobby had gotten up. Bobby had the berth above Captain Sammy, and Charley slept in the one above Dare, therefore the latter put his hand up to his brother's berth in order to learn if it was he who had disturbed the little man's repose.

But Charley was not the one who had broken the quiet of the cabin, for as Dare touched his face he cried out,

"Don't fool; let a fellow alone, can't you?"

"Don't fool!" echoed Captain Sammy, unable to see what was going on, and supposing Charley was the culprit who had awakened him. "It's no fooling matter to kick up such a row in the night, and I'll let you know that I'm not fooling."

"What—what—what's the matter?" asked Charley, in surprise.

"What's the matter?" roared Captain Sammy, growing so angry that he tried to sit upright in his berth, and hit his head against the boards above him with a thump that startled Bobby. "I want to know what you're skylarkin' round for at this time of night?"

"I ain't skylarking," said Bobby, roused from his sleep by the thumping of the little man's head against the berth, and thinking, of course, that he was spoken to. "Was I snoring, sir?"

"Hold your tongue until you are spoken to," roared the Captain; to which Bobby answered, meekly,

"Yes, sir."

All three of the boys now began to think that some dreadful thing had happened, and that one of the others was responsible for it, while Captain Sammy was in such a towering rage that he could hardly explain himself.

"Now see if you have got sense enough left to tell me what you were parading around the cabin for at this time of night?" he roared out.

"Whom are you speaking to?" asked Dare, almost beginning to think the Captain had lost his senses.

"Why you, of course. Who else should I speak to?"



"IT'S ME—TOMMY TUCKER—AN' I'M AWFUL HUNGRY!"

cried the little man, as he tried in vain to light a match.

"I haven't been out of bed since I got into it," replied Dare, gravely.

There was perfect silence in the cabin for a moment, during which Captain Sammy succeeded in lighting the lamp, and then he angrily surveyed the cabin.

Each one of the boys was in bed, and there were no evidences of their having been up since they first went to sleep.

Captain Sammy had hopped out of bed on one leg, and now, after seeing what seemed to be proof that the boys had been doing nothing worse than sleeping soundly, he hopped back to his berth, strapped on his wooden stick, and stumped out to the engine-room, where the boys could hear him accusing Rogers of having come in to disturb the sleep of the occupants of the cabin.

Rogers denied having done anything of the kind, but scolded at the little man for having awakened him, when he had probably been dreaming of a disturbance.

Captain Sammy growled out some inaudible reply, and came back into the cabin looking less angry and more mystified than when he left it.

He put out the lamp and got into bed, insisting that he did hear some one, although the proof he had should have convinced him that he was mistaken.

It was some time after this before any of them could get to sleep; but after a while they dropped off into slumber, until Dare was the only one awake.

Just as his eyes were closing, and he had nearly yielded to the same influence, he was conscious of a rustling sound as if some one was moving near him.

He turned over quickly in alarm, and was about to cry out when a hand was laid over his mouth, and the intruder whispered softly in his ear,

"It's me—Tommy Tucker—an I'm awful hungry."

Dare was so surprised that he could not have spoken even if Tommy's hand had not been over his mouth. He understood now that Captain Sammy had really heard some one in the cabin, but how it could possibly be Tommy Tucker was more than he could make out. He was trying to understand it all when the boy whispered again,

"I'm awful hungry."

"But how did you get here?" Dare asked, as soon as he could remove Tommy's hand from his mouth.

"I hid under Captain Sammy's berth this mornin' when you was all eatin' your breakfast. I didn't know he was comin' with you, an' I knew he wouldn't let me come if he knew it; so I thought I'd hide there till you started. I've been in that little mite of a place since mornin', an' I'm 'most dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SCALES AND ARPEGGIOS."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

"WHAT I want to hear from you," said Von Bülow to a young lady who applied to him for instruction, "is a scale and an arpeggio."

The young lady played the scale of E minor,* and the chord of a flat in arpeggio. Again and again she had to repeat them, each time following some special instruction from the master, and at the end of half an hour she found herself doing them in a manner altogether new to herself, and certainly very much better than she had ever done them before. That half-hour's experience, it seems to me, was invaluable, for it taught her that even when a thing seems to be well done it can always be improved upon, and that the scale she felt so simple a performance really meant a great deal more than young students think.

I have heard elderly ladies say that when they were taught music, forty years ago, for instance, the *amount* done was almost the only thing ever considered. They rattled off so many scales an hour, practiced the "Battle of Prague," or the "Dew-drop Waltz" another hour, and really felt themselves quite brilliant musicians. But in those days only professional players really studied.

I do not want to say anything against our grandmamas' sincerity, but certainly musical study was not then in any way a fine art. Girls at school or under a governess "took" it, just as they all "took" drawing lessons. Is there any household, I wonder, where souvenirs of the past are cherished without some pictures of large flat-looking flowers on pasteboard, or without a music-book full of old-fashioned, and I regret to say painfully unclassical, music? Unfortunately young people of to-day "take" music very much too often in much of this old martian spirit, but happily such rarely perform after they leave school. The students whose music is nowadays considered worth anything is the student who *thinks* and *feels* and is patient.

I suppose no question in musical instruction is more difficult than that of a proper selection of exercises or studies. After and with the five-finger practice must come the scales and some fitting study, and I have heard from the very best masters that what may be called a "jumble" is of all things most ruinous to style and correctness.

"I study twenty different kinds of exercises," I heard a young miss remark to a friend.

"Oh," exclaimed the other, with a look of the greatest admiration, "and I have only five!"

I felt as if I should like to have tested the playing of those two young people comparatively.

Of course every school or conservatory has its own ideas, and I am sure my young readers could tell me of fifty different and perhaps equally excellent methods of teaching used by their different teachers, but the main points, if successful, must be the same; and of course our object is not to teach; rather is it to help the teacher by a little outside impetus—something to make study seem a little more entertaining and worth while.

The best foreign masters, I think, recommend for *études*, or exercises, Cramer, Czerny, Moscheles, Gradus, and Hummel, but Czerny much more carefully studied than most young students think necessary; and, for *strengthening* the playing, most emphatically dear old Bach. A very famous young pianist told me that she made the most careful study of Czerny and Bach, and never found herself able to play in public without going through beforehand half an hour of the simple "five-finger" and half an hour of Bach; then a third half-hour of her old friend Czerny in one of his *études de vélocité*.

Now it seems to me, for an every-day rule of musical practice, one could hardly do better than follow Mademoiselle G—'s rule, only I would enjoy better giving fifteen minutes at a time to the five-finger, and fifteen to each of the others, alternating between Bach and the five-finger. If one adopts a regular system of practice, there is such a satisfaction in feeling one is doing something thoroughly. I think the only striking advantage in studying in a conservatory is that one must do things slowly and systematically; but any young student at home, and with a good teacher, may do this, if the mind and heart and will only can be made to act together. Three months of Czerny might be replaced by three months of Moscheles, and so lay the foundations for Chopin, which is an admirable study, even as a study, and for Beethoven, whose music can always be divided and subdivided as studies for a student of almost any age.

Although study with a view to making music a "career" is different in one sense from study simply for love of it as an art and a personal resource, yet the same guiding rules must be the same, and the young student who

* This scale is the one commonly used abroad as a sort of test.

says to herself, "Oh, but I never should want to play in public!" ought to work with the same spirit as the one who looks forward to a public life, the only difference being in the time bestowed upon it. If for a professional future six and eight hours a day are required, besides a complete musical life, but two hours a day well employed can work wonders with the amateur student, and with what a feeling of joyful possession does not such a one reach a day when she can *really* interpret the master's meaning! It ought never to be considered in the light of an accomplishment, only as an *art* to be acquired for itself, and for the joy there is in acquiring and possessing it. If you do not feel that your music will make you yourself happy, even though you were alone and never to be heard, then do not try to pursue it. Be very certain that no one will care for what you can do in it.

On the other hand, there are many people who for some reason—usually a defective touch or lack of proper feeling for music—can never become executants; yet such a one can nearly always derive the greatest profit and enjoyment from the *theoretical* study of music. I often wonder why this is not considered a necessary study, independent of musical performance, just as other sciences are taught, for by this means you can open up a whole field of thought and enjoyment.

Listening to music becomes another and newer delight, and, besides, you can be in possession at least of the *science* of one of the noblest arts. The best composers have by no means been the best performers; indeed, the very reverse has often been the case, and some of the very best teachers abroad play but indifferently well; that is, the best teachers of *technique*, for when people speak of taking lessons from Liszt, or Rubinstein, or Bilow, etc., it usually means only playing pieces the notes of which they have learned for these great masters, who correct their style and offer suggestions.

Music as a theory requires, no doubt, years of study before the whole, or even the suggestion of the whole, is attained; but a great deal that is very satisfactory may be learned in a much shorter time; and to the young student who feels no "instinct" for performance let me suggest fifteen or twenty minutes a day of "theory": perhaps it may develop the lacking instinct; at all events, if persevered in, it must lead to much satisfaction in hearing and understanding the music on all sides of us to-day.

THOR'S JOURNEY TO JOTUNHEM.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

CHAPTER II.

FOR a whole day Thor and his two young companions wandered in the forest, and yet they met not a single person, nor saw, indeed, a single living creature. At night, foot-sore and hungry, they sought some place where they might lie down and rest, for the dinner bag which Thialfe carried was empty, and they must needs go supperless to bed. Just as they were about to give up all hopes of finding shelter they spied what seemed to be a large brown house without a single window, and with but one great door as wide as the building itself. As they proceeded it seemed to be entirely empty, and when they entered they found no chairs nor beds, nor, indeed, any furniture at all. On their left was a great round empty room, upon the floor of which they lay down; and as they were very tired, they soon fell asleep.

How long they slept they did not know, but they were awakened by an earthquake which shook the forest, and threatened to tumble the house down upon their heads. When the earthquake was over, a loud and harsh rumbling and roaring continued to be heard, and this was kept up until the dawn of day.

As soon as it was light enough to see, Thor went out and looked around. Under a great oak-tree he saw a giant lying asleep; and he knew then that the noise they had heard in the night was but the snoring of this huge monster. While Thor stood gazing at him in wonderment the giant awoke, and rubbed his eyes, and lazily arose. Then Thor was mightily amazed, for of all the giants he had ever seen this one surpassed them all. Far up to the very tree-tops, whose branches were among the clouds, the giant towered, and puny Thor could scarcely reach as high as his ankle. Yet the Thunderer was not afraid. He looked up at the great giant, whose face was hidden in the mists of the morning, and called out,

"Good giant, tell me thy name, I pray."

The giant answered in hoarsest thunder-tones:

"My name is Skrymer; but I know who thou art, without asking thee. Thou art Thor; for nobody else would dare to come unbidden into the giants' country. By-the-way, I see before you one of my mittens which I lost last evening."

And he reached down with his great hand and took up the house in which Thor and his comrades had passed the night; for it was, indeed, nothing but the giant's mitten, and the chamber where they had slept was but the thumb of the mitten.

"Where is little Asa-Thor going with his two little servants?" asked Skrymer, in tones of mock gentleness.

"I am going to the castle of Utgard-Loke, the King of Jotunhem," answered Thor.

"How would you like for me to go with you and show you the way?" asked the giant.

Thor readily accepted the giant's offer, for he had not the remotest idea where the great castle of Utgard-Loke was, nor in what direction he should go to find it.

Skrymer kindly shared his food with the three travellers, and after they had eaten a hearty breakfast they set out on their journey. All day long they jogged onward through the forest, the giant striding before, and never making the slightest pause. At sunset they halted under a wide-spreading oak, and Skrymer at once lay down to sleep, saying to Thor,

"Take the bag that holds my food, and when you have opened it, help yourselves to what you find in it. I want no supper for myself."

Thor took the bag, and they went to a neighboring grove, where they tried with all their skill and patience to open it. But the more they pulled at the strings the tighter they became, nor could they unloose a single knot. For a whole hour Thor worked with the stubborn bag. At last his good nature as well as his patience entirely gave out. He dropped the bag upon the ground, and seized his hammer in both hands, and in a very angry mood walked over to the place where the giant Skrymer was sleeping. Thor raised his hammer high in air, and then struck him upon the head with all his might.

The giant yawned and opened his eyes, and when he saw Thor standing near him he said:

"My dear little Asa-Thor, are you still up? Why don't you find a soft quiet place and lie down to sleep? I have been having a very pleasant nap; but just now something fell upon my head and waked me. I think it must have been a leaf from the branches of this old tree."

"I am just making ready to go to sleep," answered Thor, and he tried to hide his hammer under his cloak.

Thor went back to the grove where he had left Thialfe and Roska, and as they could not get at the food in the bag, they made up their minds that they must go to bed supperless again. But Skrymer snored so loudly that not one of them could sleep. At about midnight Thor's wrath waxed so great that he could bear it no longer. He seized his hammer again, and running quickly to the giant, struck him a most fearful blow upon the top of the head, so that the hammer sank into his skull clear up to the handle.

Skrymer jumped up quickly and scratched his head, and cried out:

"What is the matter now? It is very strange that I can not be allowed to sleep. The acorns keep falling from this tree, and just now one struck me square upon the head. How goes it with you, Asa-Thor? Have you been asleep?"

"I have been sleeping as soundly as I could," answer-

streaks of dawn were seen in the east that he settled himself and recommenced his snoring. Then Thor crept slyly up to him, and swung his hammer with all his might, and struck him full upon the temples, and the heavy steel sank out of sight in the giant's brain.

Skrymer sat up and stroked his long beard, and said:

"How short the night has been! Here it is already daylight, and it seems as if I had hardly slept at all. There must be birds flying through the tree-tops, for I was awakened by a piece of bark falling upon my head. How did you rest last night, good Asa-Thor?"

"Not so well as one might wish, kind giant," answered Thor; "yet as soon as I awoke I hurried over to ask about yourself, for I heard you groaning in the night, and feared that you were sick."

"I am not so well as I might be," said Skrymer.

"But I am still able to travel. I think it is about time that you were making ready to start, for the

road to Utgard's eastle is long and rough. I shall be obliged to leave you here, for the eastle is east of us, and I must go on toward the north. But before we part let me tell you something. When you come before Utgard-Loke don't boast about what you can do, for there are many big men there. You think that I am tall, but I am a mere child by the side of some of the Utgard folk. They will not think much of such little fellows as you. So, above all, beware of bragging."

Having said these words, Skrymer slung his dinner bag over his shoulder and set out with long strides toward the north.

Thor and his two comrades turned their steps eastward, and in a short time came to a broad highway which they followed. About noon they reached the outskirts of a broad plain. In the plain they saw a large castle, the towers of which rose above the clouds. Thor knew that this must be the palace of Utgard-Loke, the Giant King of Jotnheim. He now pushed rapidly forward; but although the eastle seemed quite near, it was late in the afternoon before the walls of the huge fortress were reached. The wide moat

was full of water, and the single draw bridge was down. But when they had crossed the bridge and come to the great gate they found it shut and locked.

For a long time Thor beat lustily upon the gate; and they all cried out as loud as they could for the porter to open and let them in. But no one seemed to hear or heed them. At last, when the sun was almost down, they became so impatient that they could wait no longer; and they climbed up to the key-hole and crept through it, and, one by one, dropped quietly into the court-yard below. The gate-keeper, who was a very large giant, sat on his bench fast asleep, and they hurried past him without being heard or seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

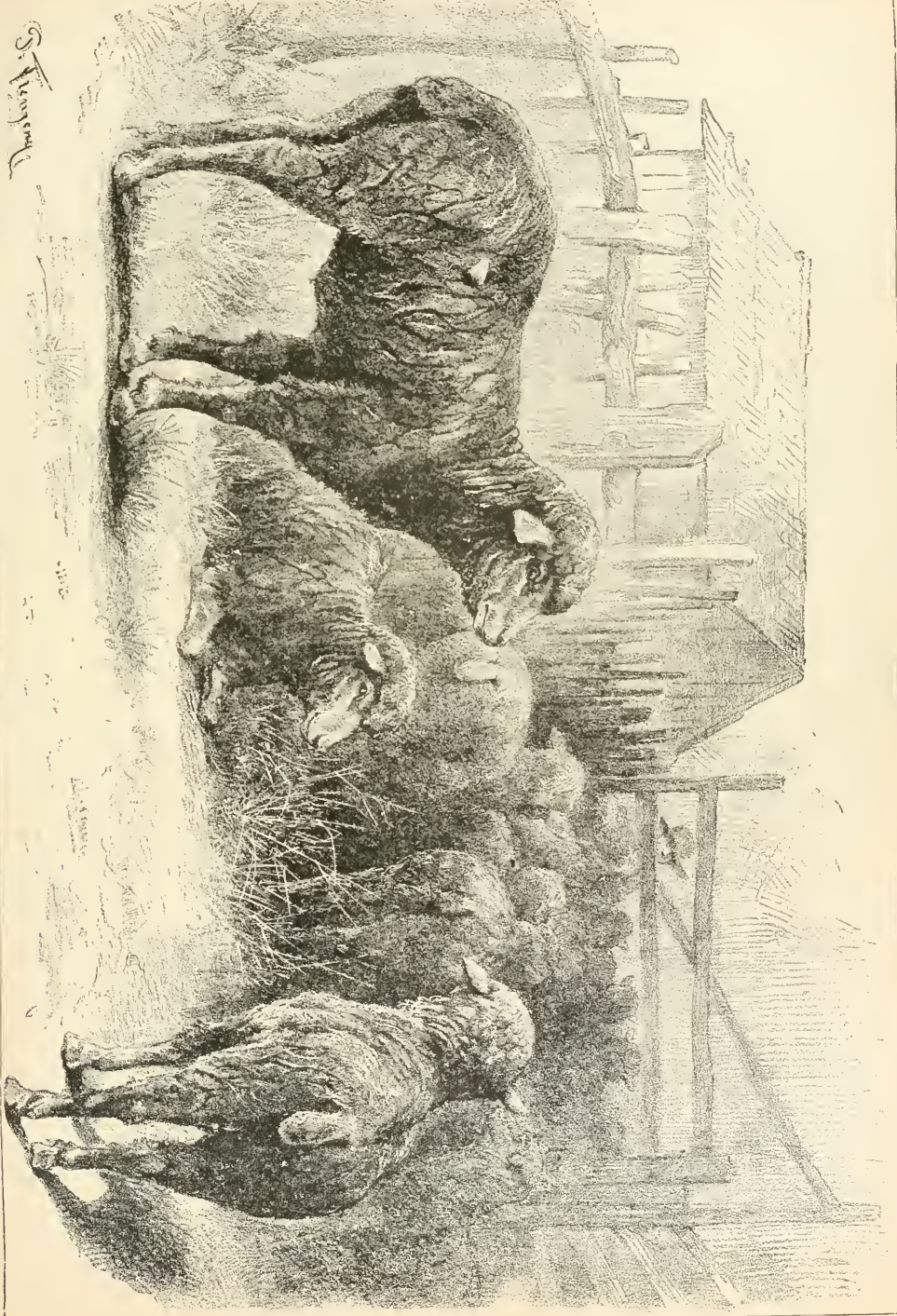


ed Thor; "but hearing you complain, and fearing that something might ail you, I came over to ask how you were resting. Now I will go back. Good night!"

"Good night!" said the giant.

Thor went back to his place, but he still felt very angry with Skrymer, and he thought that if he could but strike the giant again he would put an end to him. But Skrymer seemed to be wakeful; and it was not until the red

S. H. H. H.



WAITING FOR SUPPER

A QUEER KIND OF HOLIDAY.

BY DAVID KEEL.

"FINE day we've got for it—eh, Bob?"

"First-rate, old fellow; and the wind all in our favor, too. I say, let's stand out to sea a bit; it's no fun dodging about the coast this way."

They were young sailors who spoke thus. Neither could have been above fourteen; and in 1742 the eastern coast of England was very different from what it is now in 1883. Light-houses were few and far between. Sunken rocks and shoals, not yet set down on any chart, abounded all along the coast. Worse still, the savage fellows that haunted the shore, and lived upon the plunder of wrecked vessels, thought nothing of showing false lights to lure a storm-beaten ship to her doom, or of quieting with a timely knock on the head any one who might have survived to dispute their right to her cargo.

But all this did not trouble Bob and Jim in the least. They were out for a day's sport, and a day's sport they meant to have, come what might. Young as they were, it was not the first time they had taken a boat out to sea in rough weather; and when Jim, taking the tiller, shouted to Bob to "let go the sheet," and they felt themselves flying over the water like sea-birds, both boys fairly shouted with delight.

"When I'm a man," cried Bob, "and have money enough, I'll be a pilot, and have a craft of my own, and cruise about all day on the lookout for jobs."

"And I'll be Captain of a frigate," added Jim, "and sail all round the world, into all sorts of places where nobody's ever been."

For two or three hours the young sailors were perfectly happy; but at length Jim said, rather seriously:

"Hadh'n't we better put her about? I can hardly see the shore, and you know we promised Sam to bring the boat back before dark."

"Just one half-hour more," pleaded Bob; "we don't have a cruise like this every day."

Away they went again; but meanwhile the breeze had freshened to a strong wind, which was fast rising into a gale. The dancing ripples had turned into white, leaping waves, one of the hugest of which burst suddenly over the gunwale, drenching both lads to the skin.

Jim's clear gray eyes were bright and fearless as ever, but his firm lips were set, while even the reckless Bob began to look serious.

"I—I think we'd better put about," faltered he.

"Too late," replied Jim, decisively; "all we can do now is to keep her before the wind. If this wind don't change, the next land we shall see (provided we see land again) will be the coast of Holland."

"Pleasant!" sputtered Bob, ruefully, as another wave filled his eyes and mouth with brine. "I wish I'd let you turn when you wanted to."

"Never mind, old boy; it can't be helped now. Catch hold of this bit of bread and red herring; we shall want all our strength before long."

They did so, indeed. A few minutes later a furious squall burst upon the devoted boat. Before Bob's numbed fingers could obey Jim's shout of "Down with the sail!" the gale struck her with its full force. The light mast snapped like a stick of sealing-wax, down came yard and sail with a rattle, and the hampered boat careened till the sea poured into her like a cataract.

How Jim managed to get forward and cut away the wreck he never knew. But the boat righted at last, and they began to bale her out, having first lashed the helm amidships to keep her steady.

Afternoon waned into evening, and evening deepened into night—a night that seemed endless to the forlorn boys, now wholly at the mercy of wind and wave. About an hour after midnight a deluge of rain burst upon them,

showing that the storm was near its end, and they hailed the favorable sign with a cheery hurrah. But the next moment Bob shouted frantically,

"Port your helm! here's—"

Before he could finish, a huge black shadow seemed to start up over them right out of the sea. There was a tremendous shock and a deafening crash, and their shattered boat went down like a stone into the depths of the sea, leaving them clinging convulsively to a tangled mass of cordage.

"I say!" cried Jim, who was the first to reach the deck of the vessel against which they had been dashed, "this is 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' The old tub's half full of water, and there's not a soul on board!"

"Isn't there?" shouted Bob, bending his head eagerly forward. "Listen!"

Sure enough, at that very moment a faint knocking was heard right under their feet, and a feeble cry of "Help!"

"There's some fellow shut in here," cried Jim, pointing down the after-hatchway, which was quite choked with broken spars and fragments of wreck. "Bear a hand, Bob, and we'll soon have him out of that."

The hatchway was speedily cleared of rubbish, a door at its foot flung open, and a man, gasping and gurgling as if strangled, fell forward into their arms. They dragged him up into the fresh air, and he began to revive at once, although it was some time before he could speak. While Bob was attending to him Jim examined the condition of the vessel. The foremast was still standing, but the main and mizzen masts had gone by the board, and the planking on the starboard-quarter was completely stove in, while the hold was nearly full of water. The only comforting facts were that the wind had fallen, and that the sea was evidently going down likewise.

"He'll do now," said Bob, coming up. "I've propped him against a spare sail, and he says he'll be all right presently. He tells me his name is Crossley, and that he's a rich merchant homeward-bound to London from the Baltic. When they took to the boats he ran down to get some money or something, and those timber fell and blocked him in, and the crew went off without him."

"Well, look here," cried Jim; "this craft's loaded with timber, so that she's not likely to sink; and I don't believe she's leaking either, or the water in her would be a deal higher. Let's try the pumps and see."

To work they went, and were soon joined by Mr. Crossley, who, now that his faintness had worn off, did as much work as both of them together. After a long spell of pumping Bob went to "try the well," and returned with the good news that the water had fallen six inches.

"Bravo!" cried Jim; "we'll pump her dry in a few hours at this rate, for it's only the after-hold that's been filled. Let's look about for something to eat, and then at it again."

After some search they rummaged out a biscuit chest and a small cask of water still unharmed by the sea. While they were eating, a faint gleam of light began to show itself in the east.

"Hollo!" cried Bob; "I thought this was supper, and it turns out to be breakfast. Look alive, mates; the sun 'll be on deck soon, and he musn't catch us skulking."

At it they went again, and by sunrise the ship was so much lightened and the sea so calm that the three worn-out workers thought they might venture upon a nap. When Jim awoke again the sun was well above the horizon.

"Bob," cried he to his chum, who opened his eyes at that moment, "here's a breeze getting up from the east. Now if we can only manage to get some sail upon the old craft, I think we'll find our way home yet."

Bob and Mr. Crossley were on their feet in a twinkling, and the three set to work to make sail. The foremast

and jib-boom being still sound, they succeeded—not without some difficulty—in hoisting the jib and foretopsail. Then Jim went to the helm, while his crew of one man and a boy stood ready to obey his orders. For even in this first boyish adventure of one who afterward became so famous he seemed already to command and be obeyed quite as a matter of course.

The breeze freshened, and the lightened ship went pretty rapidly through the water. All that day she ran before the wind on a westerly course, and just about night-fall our three voyagers saw the distant coast of England looming shadow-like along the horizon.

"Thank God!" said the merchant, drawing a long breath.

"We haven't made such a bad voyage, after all," laughed Jim. "We went out in a boat, and we're coming back in a ship. I'm sorry for poor old Sam, though, losing his boat, because he was so kind as to lend it to us. If we get any salvage for bringing this craft into port we'll give it to him."

"Never mind the boat, my boy," rejoined Crossley; "I'll make that good; and you may rely upon some salvage for saving my life, whether you get any for the ship or not. By-the-by, what's your name?"

"James Cook," answered the boy.

"I'll remember it," said Crossley; "and I'm much mistaken if all England doesn't some day remember it too."

He spoke truly. Thirty years later that barefooted boy was the greatest seaman and explorer in Britain, and Mr. Crossley, then a white-haired, wrinkled old man of seventy-five, was never tired of telling his friends about the strange voyage that he had once made in a water-logged vessel with CAPTAIN COOK.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

AN Indian hunter, who knew of two litters of cubs, which he intended to capture as soon as they were old enough to be taken from their mother, was anticipated in one case by a black cat, and in the other by a fox. The latter paid the penalty of his adventure with his life, and was found in the den literally torn into shreds by the furious bear. The fox had killed one of the cubs, and the old bear, hoping to find a more secure place, had gone off with the two remaining cubs. The Indian overtook and slew her, and captured the cubs.

Upon another occasion he was not so fortunate. Wishing to secure the large price offered by the officers of a garrison town for a pair of live cubs, he was unceasing in his endeavors to find a den. One day, when accompanied by his little son, a boy of ten, he discovered unmistakable traces of a bear's den near the top of a hill strewn with granite boulders, and almost impassable from the number of fallen pines. One old pine had fallen up-hill, and its upreared roots, with the soil clinging to them, formed, with a very large rock, a triangular space into which the snow had drifted to a depth of ten or twelve feet.

The Indian was about to pass on, when he detected the whining of bear cubs. By taking a roundabout way he reached a place on a level with the bottom of the boulder, and there saw the tracks of an old bear leading directly into the centre of the space between the tree root and the boulder. The old bear in her conings and goings had tunneled a passage under the snow-drift. Getting down on his hands and knees, the Indian, with his knife held between his teeth, crept bear fashion into the tunnel.

After entering several feet he found the usual bear device—a path branching off in two directions. While pondering what to do under such circumstances a warning cry came from his little son, who was perched on the top of the boulder, and the next instant the old bear rush-

ed into the tunnel, and came into violent contact with the Indian, the shock causing the tunnel to cave in.

The Indian, after dealing the bear one blow, lost his knife in the snow, and seized the bear with his hands; but she proved too strong for him, and was the first to struggle out of the drift, when unfortunately she met the little Indian boy, who had clumbed down to his father's rescue. He received a tremendous blow on the thigh from the bear's paw as she passed, which crippled him for life.

Four days afterward, the Indian, determined to avenge the injury of his son by slaying the old bear, returned to the den, and discovered her lying dead upon the snow in front of the boulder; his one blow had gone home, and the poor creature had crawled back to her young to die. The Indian dug away the snow, and found the cubs; one was dead, and the others died before he could reach the camp.

KITES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

OLD sheets and old shirts! How I used to pester my good and over-indulgent mother for them! And didn't they make splendid kite tail—so long, so clean and white! And the gangs of "kite cutters" and "slingers," how "big brother" used to "shake 'em up" and bump their heads together when he caught them after my kites! All this was many years ago; and yet I can make as good if not better kites now than when I was a boy. We will see.

Our first kite will be "mother's kite" for "the boy" (Fig. 1). This kite is made of the common brown straw

paper used by grocery men. From this paper a good-sized heart is cut; the paper is then strengthened with numerous broom whisks or splints, which are introduced through small holes that are made with a coarse darning needle. For a tail several thicknesses of grocery cord is preferable, and for the captive cord linen thread (not twine or cord) is best. For a face-band No. 3 is most suitable.

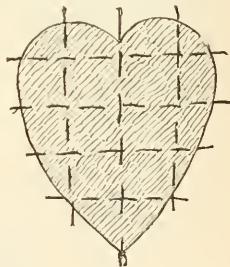


FIG. 1.

Fig. 2 is a diamond pin-wheel kite. The frame consists of two sticks of well-seasoned white pine; the shorter stick crosses the long upright stick at right angles, and they are tied together where they cross one another. The ends of the sticks contain notches in which the frame cord is secured, giving to the kite its diamond shape. To this kite pin-wheels of stiff paper of various colors are attached as shown in the figure. For a tail strips of old sheeting are best. Face-band No. 3 is used. This kite is a medium high flier, but does not behave well in a strong wind.

Fig. 3 is a shamrock or Patsy kite. The frame (Fig. 3, A) consists of an upright and a cross stick; the three circles which form the outline of the shamrock leaf are of split bamboo or split rattan. These circles are bound together and to the frame sticks with sewing silk or strong linen thread as shown in Fig. 3, A. It is best after the binding is completed to apply hot glue to the parts; this gives greater strength, and holds the binding together. The covering of this kite consists of emerald-green tissue-paper, which is veined with greenish-yellow paint to give the leaf a more artistic and finished look. The stem of the shamrock is formed by winding green paper around

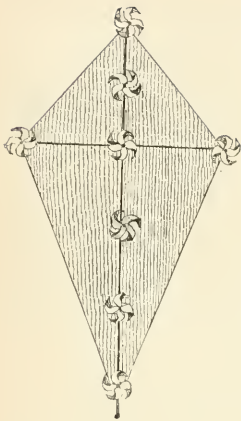


FIG. 2.

the prolonged end of the upright stick of the frame. For this kite face-band No. 1 is used. The Patsy kite is a low flier, and rags are the proper material for the tail.

Fig. 4 is a Union Shield kite, and consists of two slender cross sticks and a stouter upright stick. The outline of this kite is formed around the sticks with curving sections of split bamboo or rattan, which are bound together firmly with silk, and secured with glue. The staffs for the three streamers consist of very thin splinters of bamboo, which are fastened in position with silk to the side strips of bamboo and to the upright centre stick. These streamers and the

covering for this kite consist of heavy white tissue-paper, on which the Stars and Stripes are painted with water-colors. Face-band No. 5 is used.

Fig. 5 is the "Evening-Star" kite. The frame is the same as that of the diamond pin-wheel kite. When the frame cord is run around the sticks a diamond kite is formed; but by using four short "gathering-in cords" a star kite is formed. These

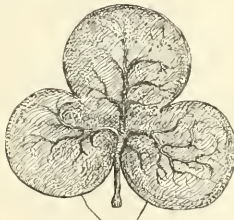


FIG. 3.

gathering-in cords are first fastened by their ends where the sticks cross one another; they are then passed over the frame cord and are drawn tight, and the remaining ends tied in the same place as the first. By this means the frame cord is drawn inward, thus changing the diamond shape of the frame cord into a star having one long and three short arms, as shown in Fig. 5.

The masses of slender rays which are shown in Fig. 5 spreading out from the angles formed by the gathering-in cords consist of numerous and very slender splints of bamboo; these splints are first glued in radiating positions to a piece of thin card-board, which is known as the "spreader" (Fig. 5, A). This spreader is then glued to the kite where the gathering-in cords form the outer (obtuse) angles.

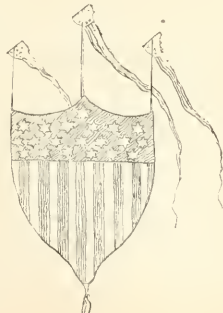


FIG. 4.

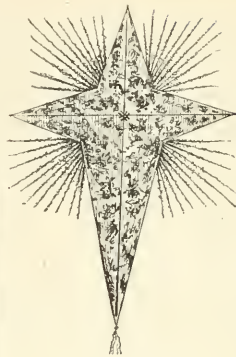


FIG. 5.



FIG. 5, A.

The covering of this kite is of light blue tissue-paper bespangled with gold-leaf. The bamboo rays are also gilded with gold-leaf. In bright sunlight the effect of this kite is very beautiful; it is a medium high flier. Face-band

No. 3 is used. Fig. 6 is a combination of star kite and a Greek cross (in open-work). This kite is much the same in its construction as the evening-star kite, the only difference being the two inner circles of split bamboo or rattan and the open-work Greek cross.

The outer and largest circle of bamboo is securely fastened in four places to the two frame sticks, and to this circle are also fastened the gathering-in cords of the star portion of the kite. All that part of the kite which is contained within the arms of the star and the outer circle is covered with light blue tissue-paper, which is bespangled with silver-leaf. The smaller or inner circle is also fastened to the sticks of the kite wherever it crosses them. From the corners of the angles formed by the crossing of the sticks eight strings are fastened; these are again fastened to the inner circle of bamboo at equal distances so as to form the arms of the Greek cross. This cross is covered with brilliant crimson paper bespangled with gold-leaf.

When covering the cross the paper is cut a quarter of an inch larger than the actual size of the cross, to allow for the lapping of the paper over the string and inner circle. For this kite a strong wind is required.

In the group of face-bands (Fig. 7) the letter A stands for the sticks of the kite, and the dotted line B shows where the captive cross is attached to the face-band.

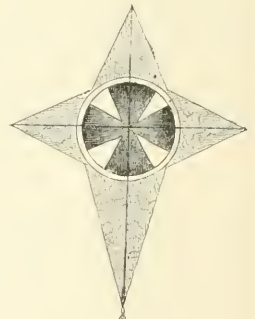


FIG. 6.

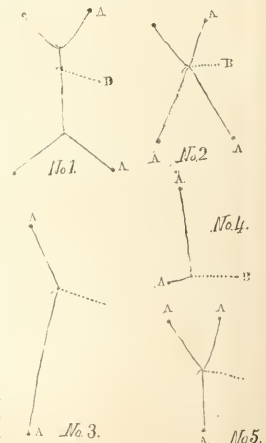
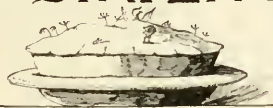


FIG. 7.—FACE-BANDS.



SING · A · SONG · OF · SIXPENCE ·



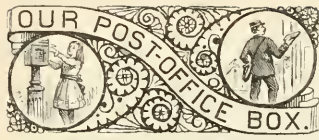
To MARTHA GRASS. S. B. MILLS.

Allarghetto

Sing a song of six-pence, a pocket full of rye, Four and twenty black birds baked in a pie; When the pie was opened the birds be-gan to sing, Wasn't that a dainty dish to set be-fore the King! The King was in his count-ing-house, count-ing out his mon-ey; The Queen was in the par-lor, eat-ing bread and-hou-ey; The Maid was in the gar-den, hang-ing out the clothes. By came a black-bird, and sipped off her nose.

Fin. *Fin. Fin. Fin.*





CENTREVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

The exchange proposed by Lillian W. in a letter which appeared in No. 180 has called forth many beneficent suggestions on the part of the young people. Twenty-five packages, great and small, have arrived in excellent condition, and as many white-winged messengers sweetly laden with kind words of sympathy, as the invalid mother in her little woodland prison, "shut in" from the beautiful light of day.

The pretty diversion of opening and looking over the beautiful silks has refreshed me, while the letters have rested and comforted me more than I can tell you. If in a dark moment I should ever be tempted to say, "This is a cold world," my little box of letters will rebuke the thought, but I must ask you not to make the weight of obligation too great. If we find it impossible to send leaves and tea-flowers to all, we shall take advantage of the thoughtfulness of friends who have said, "If you receive many packages, do not feel under obligations to me, for it has given me pleasure to send the scraps."

I have received several pretty patterns for the little brother's quilt, but as I have quite a number of large and handsome pieces, I shall attempt one of large blocks. When this one is complete L. will assist me in making a "crazy" quilt. Her own acknowledgments, and the fact that my little nurse and housekeeper has begun school in earnest. She will write a letter for the Post-office Box soon.

The little brother was delighted with the books sent by A. W. I have answered some of the letters, and I trust the kind Postmistress can make room in her delightful department for this general acknowledgment. Let it be known that my little nurse and housekeeper will be pleased. Little children! how my heart goes out to them. It is the privilege of only a few to know just what self-sacrificing and faithful friends they are. One must be dependent upon them for comfort and companionship before they can justly appreciate their real worth. L. W.'S MOTHER.

I told you last week that I thought Miss Lillie W. would write again, and here is something better. Those who have been interested in the little girl, and who sent their packets so promptly on reading her offer to exchange pressed flowers on reading her offer to exchange pressed flowers for boxes of silk, will be rewarded when they see how much happiness they have given Mrs. W. Only by reading her own words can you get an idea of the brave and cheerful life a sufferer may lead shut away from the world within four walls. Are you not glad that through the Post-office Box, and the little daughter's artless and touching letter, a bit of sunshine has found its way to the mother's couch? As I read her pencilled lines I thought of a favorite stanza by Keble:

"Meek souls there are who little dream,
Their daily life an angel's theme,
Nor that the rod they bear so calm
In heaven may be a martyr's palm."

And will you not try to be brave and cheerful too when things are not quite as you wish them to be?

BEAUFORT, NEW YORK.
I am one of your most devoted readers, and I heartily enjoy every word of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am fifteen years old, and attend school. On Saturday I take a painting lesson. I have no vacation at all, as I study Latin and geometry in the summer.

I have been down the street this afternoon purchasing stationery. I buy it by the dozen sheets, and in various styles. I have bought a pair of crushed straw berry, a shrimp pink, and terracotta, all ragged edge. I have very fine collections of autographs, minerals, corals, advertising cards, perforations, coins, and, in general, anything that is new and beautiful. I have one very beautiful specimen of brain coral that I have been offered fifty dollars for. I have the autographs of many distinguished poets, statesmen, and patriots, among them Abraham Lincoln, Garrison, Fillmore, Hayes, Grant, and many others—about two thousand in all.

My perforations are very curious. One fragment is perforated with leaves underneath so distinct that you can at once discern the variety. My papa has just read my letter, and says it is egotistical. I so, I beg your pardon.

CORINNE S. L.

There is nothing to pardon, dear, in what your papa calls egotism in this letter. We all want to know about each other, and thoughtful collectors

can not give more pleasure to those engaged in the same pursuits than by stating what articles they have been able to obtain, and telling in which possessions they take most pride. As for those brilliant colors in stationery, I shall be sorry if they ever become popular among my young correspondents. I am glad you wrote to me on plain cream-finished paper. When I receive a rosebud, or shrimp pink, or navy blue letter, I feel a little shiver creeping over me before I begin to read it. Please remember, boys and girls, that the Postmistress prefers white paper and black ink from her contributors.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mamma, Lil, Ted, Buckie, Baby, and I all live together in a tiny house 'way up town. Mamma has been an invalid for nearly a year, and as we have no room for a servant, I keep house. I don't like teaching, as a washing woman, and I don't like to leave school. Nobody that has not little brothers knows how they tear their clothes, and then look so penitent one has not the heart to scold them. I like cooking very much, and would be glad if I might join the Little Housekeepers when I have a little more experience.

I wonder if the children have seen any of Pilot's skin? It is nearly an inch thick. We have—

MIRA W. 11 1/2 YEARS OLD.

Pilot, as the children may not know him, was an elephant which I purchased when I was twelve, which it unfortunately became necessary to kill. A girl who at thirteen is actually a housekeeper, taking charge of everything, and mending the boys' torn jackets and trousers, is entitled to an honorable place in our Society, isn't she? Never mind about having to leave school, Meg. There are more schools than one, and your home life, with its opportunities of making your dear ones happy, is doing better for you just now than teachers' or text-books can. And your turn to go to the school you love may come again by-and-by.

CREATOR POINT, ON THE HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy seven years old. I live on the Hudson River. I have seven little boats: four are sail-boats, two are steam-boats, and one is a row-boat. In the summer-time, my papa and I get a row-boat with papa or my cousin Willie, and sail them.

My sister takes HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like "Rising the Pearl" very much. I am the treasurer of a club. My sister and three cousins belong to it. We publish a paper called *The Merry-Go-Round* every month.

This is my first letter, and I hope you will print it.

HARRY L. C.

Won't you send me a copy of *The Merry-Go-Round*, Harry? I would like to see it.

EIKS, NEW YORK.

I will write and tell you about my kitten. He is black and white; his feet are white, and he has a black spot on his chin. He is just a real old boy, but he is a splendid mouser. My sisters and I caught a turtle, and named him Frank, but he fell out of the window one day, and went home. I like the *Young People's Society*, and when I get a good receipt I will send it. Good-by until I write again.

ISABEL N.

Ask mamma to give you a nice receipt for breakfast pancakes. Some of the Little Housekeepers want one.

GLENWOOD CITY, COLORADO.

I have had HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it was first published, and I like to read it very much. I like "Nan" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" better than any of the other stories. I have been printed seven times, and am ten years old. I live on a ranch seven miles from Gunnison City, Colorado. We like it here because we have plenty of cows and horses. There is a creek running through our ranch, and in summer we catch a lot of trout. There has been good skating on it this winter. I hope this letter is not too long to print.

GEORGE A. C.

No, indeed, George. It might have been longer. Do you help take care of the cows, and have you a horse? Have you a big cat named Tommy Grey, and every time when he wants to come in he rattles the door-knob or else sneezes.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a boy who is ten years old, and I hope you will print this letter, because it is the first one I ever wrote. I have a very big cat named Tommy Grey, and every time when he wants to come in he rattles the door-knob or else sneezes.

I go to Winslow Street school, and study arithmetic, geography, spelling, music, drawing, language, and writing. I like the story of "Raising the Pearl" very much, and the Jimmy Brown stories are splendid. I sell candy at the Worcester Technical Institute, and lay up in the bank about \$200 a week. Some evenings I sell as many as twenty dozen sticks of candy.

H. X. P.

What famous appetites for candy the fellows at the Institute must have!

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am going to write you a letter and tell you about my pets; but first I will tell you where I get my pets. I have an uncle Cyrus in Providence who feeds the *Young People's WEEKLY, BAZAR, and YOUNG PEOPLE*, and after reading the last named he sends it to me. Isn't he kind?

Now I will tell you of my pets. One is a cat named Crumbo—a queer name, isn't it? Another pet is a turtle; he is about two inches long. A while ago I put him in mamma's fernery, and he buried himself under the moss; but now he is in a fish globe with water and stones. My sister has a canary bird.

I am eleven years old, and go to school every day and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, drawing and writing, language, reading, and music. I am in the South School District, which is the largest in the city. The Capitol, near which we live, is very beautiful. It is made of white marble, and the dome is gilded. Above the dome is a place called the Lantern, where those who choose may go and have a view of the surrounding country for many miles; I have been up several times.

If you are pleased with this letter, and would like to have me write more about Hartford, I will do so some time.

PERLEY R. W.

I am always pleased to hear more than once from my boys.

WHITESBURG, ALABAMA.

As I have not seen a letter from this part of the country, I thought I would write one. I have five brothers and three sisters. We live on the mountain about seven miles from Whitesburg. We have a lot of sheep and twenty-five lambs. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. We began taking it last year. I have never been at school, as there is none near enough, but I try to learn all I can at home.

WALTER A. II.

Please write again, Walter, and tell us more about the mountain and your life in summer.

WHITESBURG, ALABAMA.

I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. We have eleven to do for, but I do not mind the dish-washing. I have a sweet little pet lamb; its name is Bubby. I think that "Nan" is the best story, and Jimmy Brown's the funniest that I ever read. I have a wax doll. I have never been at school, because we live too far from an school for me to go. Dear Postmistress, please print my first letter. Good-by.

SALUDA G.

I think Saluda and Walter must be acquainted, as their letters were written on the same day. Would it not be a good plan to have a little family or neighborhood class for the children who live so remote from a town, and ask one of the young lady sisters to teach it?

COURT, ILLINOIS.

A kind friend in Chicago has sent *YOUNG PEOPLE* to us since September, 1882. We are all glad to see your papers, my two sisters, my brother, papa, mamma, and myself.

We have no pets except our little baby sister, who is only four months old. Papa has a windmill sixty feet high, with which he grinds and shells corn. The wheels are thirty feet in diameter. I have been up to the top of it two or three times, and Arthur, my brother, often goes up to the machinery. Arthur often grinds Saturdays, and sometimes he has to stay out of school when papa goes away.

We take *YOUNG PEOPLE, St. Nicholas, and Youth's Companion*.

AMY A.

I live in San Francisco, but during the summer months I go to our mountain home up in the Santa Cruz Mountains. I have two dogs; their names are Old and Spot. We have traps in the woods near the house, and catch quail. There are wild-cats in the woods, and one night one of them sniped the fresh meat in our safe, and we had to close it, and were awfully frightened. The dogs scared it off. I have taken HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number. W. S. D.

CHATTAHOOCY, TENNESSEE.

My brother takes your paper, and I like to read it very much. I am ten years old. I want to tell you about my pets. We have a very big cat named Rando, a cat named Fanny, and a large dog named Don. He is an Irish setter. I want to tell you about Don playing *18-55*. He will play like a real person. He will put his front paws around a tree and shut his eyes, and look

(my brother) and myself run and hide, and when we were hid we call "Ready!" and he jumps down, and he can smell our tracks, and finds us, and then he looks at us right hard, and then he runs back and looks at us. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box, and I like the story of "Raising the Pearl" very much indeed. I don't think Captain Sammy ought to be so very cross to Tommy Tucker.

NELL H.

CATSKILL, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I commenced going to school last September, but have had to stay at home since the holidays, as I have had the whooping-cough. I have two dolls, Emma and Pearl, and a canary I call Ned, who is a sweet singer. My mamma reads me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week. Mamma is writing this for me. I wanted to write it myself, but she was afraid you could not read it very well.

DELLA LOU.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

I am eleven years old. I love to read. Mamma is very particular about what books I read. I like Brown's is just dreadful. If he belonged to our family, I would want to have him stolen. I don't think his family has very good government over him. We would not have any articles more than our own. Sometimes I think the paper ought to be called HARPER'S OLD PEOPLE, for at our house the big folks sit down and read it first. When I can catch the postman I take the paper and hide it, then I leave it when I want it.

LUCIA C.

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old. My uncle Horace sends me YOUNG PEOPLE. I think "Nan" was a splendid story. I saw a letter not long ago from a lame boy. I know how to pity him, for I have been lame myself for eight years. I go to a physician in New York. He says I have the hip-disease. I wear one splint all the time, but I can walk a very little.

My papa is a farmer, and I make a pound of butter every morning; he gives me two cents for every pound. I went down to my grandma's yesterday to spend the day. She lives about a quarter of a mile from my home. I am plying a bed-quilt; I have thirty three blocks done. I recite my lessons to my mamma every day. I study geography, arithmetic, reading, writing, and spelling every month, and sisters a few on years old, and the other two. They are full of fun.

HATTIE F. W.

HANTS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

Ever since I read Rosalie P.'s letter I've thought I would like to write to the Post-office Box. I have a sister and a brother, and a dog named Spot at the time it appeared, I had to wash dishes and do all sorts of house-work. Even now that we have a servant I have to do a great deal.

I am a very young man, I have a brother and a little sister music-lessons, and I play the organ in our church.

Will you please tell me which you think the best to be, an accomplished young lady, or a good housekeeper?

I send a couple of receipts for the Little Housekeepers:

BATH BUNS.—Work half a pound of butter into a pound of flour, to which add five well-beaten eggs, with a table-spoonful of yeast; mix them with a little warm milk, cover the dough, and put it in a warm place to rise for an hour; then mix in four ounces of loaf-sugar, and three ounces of brown sugar, and stir in a few on the top of each bun; bake in a brisk oven, and when done brush them over with milk and sugar.

DELICATE CAKE.—Beat to a cream seven ounces of sweet butter; beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs, and mix gradually with it one ounce of fine white sugar; stir in the eggs one pound of flour together with the butter, half a nutmeg, grated, and some essence of lemon, or bitter almonds, or rose-water. Bake in a pan lined with buttered paper.

ANNIE E.

I do not think a young lady can be called an accomplished and understands housekeeping thoroughly. One of these days I will have a little talk with you all on the subject. Thanks for your receipts.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.

I am a little boy nearly six years old. I have a little brother named Bruce, who has a little dog named Jack. My father has a big dog named Tom. I have a little friend named Margaret, who has two more little brothers, and the baby is so sweet, I call him "the Fairy Queen." I think the Post-office Box is the nicest thing in the paper.

ALEX A.

The Postmistress acknowledges the following favors: Mrs. Pitts and requests that if there is not room to publish them, Letta S. M., Herbert S. K., Jennie D., Tom O., Mary I., John F., Edwin

L. W., Mattie L. D., Lily W. A., F. C. M., George H., Helen S., Marian L., Miriam M. W., Susie H., Albert B., Irma C., Arthur T., Juliette M. C., Marion, and Marc. A. T.; Exchanges are inserted without charge. Walter V. Shoemaker, Saratoga, Dakota, owing to recent irregularities in the mails near his home, has been unable to send specimens in return for articles received by him as promptly as he wished to. He hopes before long, however, to satisfy all exchangers with whom he has had correspondence.

To a SUBSCRIBER.—Will the New York lady who recently sent a District Telegraph Messenger boy to Messrs. Harper & Brothers to buy a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and subsequently wrote by mail to rectify a supposed mistake, please send her name and address to Messrs. Harper & Brothers?

COOKING FOR THE SICK.

Remember, dear Little Housekeepers, that when you are cooking for the sick you must take the very greatest care. An invalid's appetite must be tempted, and often the doctor will tell you that quite as much depends upon getting the patient to take nourishing food as upon medicine. Always serve an invalid's meal daintily, on the prettiest china, with the whitest napkin, and the brightest silver in the house. Make the little meal look like a picture if you can. How very happy a girl or boy who is invited to learn cookery, you know—will feel if the toast or porridge made by careful little hands is eaten with a relish by the father or mother who is ill.

TOAST.

Not one person in a thousand knows how to make good toast. The bread should not be too fresh. It should be cut *thin*, evenly, and in good shape. The crust edges should be cut off. The best method of toasting bread is to extract all its moisture. Present each side of the bread to the fire for a few moments to warm, without attempting to toast it; then turn upon the first side at some distance from the fire, so that it will slowly and evenly receive a golden color all over the surface. Now turn it to the other side, moving it in the same way until it is perfectly toasted. The coals should be clear and hot. Serve it the moment it is done, on a warm plate.

POACHED EGGS.

Salt the water well; when it is *simmering* drop lightly each broken egg from a saucer into it. Cook one egg at a time, throwing carefully with one spoon the water from the side over the egg to whiten the top. When cooked just enough do not let it get too hard) take out the egg with a perforated ladle, trim off the ragged pieces, and slip it on a small thin piece of buttered toast, cut neatly into squares. When all are cooked, and placed on their separate pieces of toast, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over each one.

RIE-PUDDING.

This receipt makes one of the plainest and best puddings ever eaten. It is a success with every grain of rice seems lying in a creamy bed. Ingredients: One cupful of boiled rice (better if just cooked and still hot), three cupfuls of milk, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, a table-spoonful of corn starch, two eggs; add flavoring. Dissolve the corn starch first with a little milk, and then stir in the remainder of the milk; add to this the whites of the eggs and the buttered toast, cut neatly into squares. When all are cooked, and placed on their separate pieces of toast, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over each one.

RISE CONES.

Mould boiled rice, when hot, in cups which have been previously dipped in cold water; when cold turn them out on a flat dish, arranging them uniformly; then with a tea-spoon scoop out a little of the rice from the top of each cone, and put in its place an equal quantity of jelly. When it is well to hold a stick of cinnamon on the rice to flavor it.

In preparing a meal for mamma or auntie, who is ill, it is best not to take her too much on account. A table-spoonful of the rice pudding on a thin saucer will be quite enough; do not show her the whole pudding. Never ask an invalid what she would like you can help it. But try to give her a little surprise at each meal. Be very gentle in your movements in a sick-room. Wear a dress that does not rustle, and shoes that do not squeak,

and avoid both whispering and loud talking, which disturb weak nerves. Try to look cheerful, even though you feel anxious. Your dear ones are in God's care, and if the doctor, the nurse, and all the kind friends are doing what they can, you must always hope and expect that the invalid will soon get well.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

- FIVE EASY WORD SQUARES.
- 1.—A. Very small quantity. 2. Past. 3. A shelter. 4. Tracks. E. N. C. A.
 - 2.—1. Costly. 2. Repose. 3. A continent. 4. Behind.
 - 3.—1. Tightly. 2. A plant. 3. To sell. 4. A boy's nickname. G. E. A. L.
 - 4.—1. A domestic animal. 2. A number. 3. A verb.
 - 5.—1. A conveyance. 2. A verb. 3. A color. D. E. M., J. R. S.

No. 2.

- NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
- Fifteen letters there are in me,
And if you heed me, wise you'll be.
My 12, 14, 6 is a weight.
My 3, 4, 5, 1 is a way of cooking.
My 2, 11, 8 is an insect.
My 13, 10, 15 is in a boy's nickname.
My 3, 7, 9 is to plant. JACK.

No. 3.

- W. O. H. A.
- My first is in have, but not in hold.
My second is in mind, but not in mould.
My third is in corn, but not in wheat.
My fourth is in heart, and also in heat.
My fifth is in year, but not in snail.
My sixth is in cry, but not in bawl.
My seventh is in lire, but not in own.
My eighth is in sad, but not in lone.
My whole is the name of a great Queen.

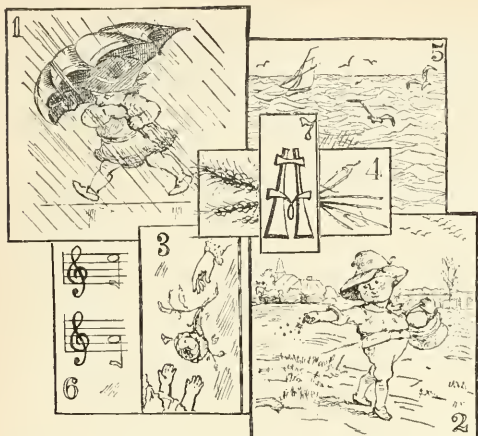
No. 4.

- GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.
- My first is a Territory of the United States.
My second is a range of mountains in Europe.
My third is a river in Eastern Europe.
My fourth is one of the Western States.
My fifth is a sea in Western Asia.
My sixth is a city in Europe.
My seventh is a river in Asia.
My eighth is a lake in Africa.
My ninth is a race of people.
My tenth is a sea-side resort.
My eleventh is a river in Asia.
My twelfth is an island in the south of Europe.
My thirteenth is a range of mountains in Western Asia.
My fourteenth is a group of islands north of Scotland.
My fifteenth is a country in Africa.
My sixteenth is a river in Central Europe. W. O. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 184.

- No. 1. S wden,
P ortugal,
A rabia,
I taly,
N orway.
- No. 2. P I R A T E S
T I R E D
B E D
A
- No. 3. B A K E
A R A B
K A T E
E B E N
- No. 4. Thromate-ska.
Seck. Horn. Trot. Hat. Throat. Ant.
"The Cruise of the 'Ghost.'"
Toss. Ilt. Crust. Hot. Fig. Cheese. Ho.
- No. 5. Violin.
- No. 6. P
P I E
P I N D O
O

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Louisa, Morel, John Figgers, Edie M., Little Somebody, Louis How, Bertha K. Rees, W. O. Harper, Walter Morrell, Herbert Keizer, Edgar Seeman, Clarence Miles, Edith and Millie Kendall, Mabel B. Canon, Marie T. Tucker, George and John Winthrop Jennings, E. C. Dietz, Theo and Kitty Romaine, Sharlie Windom, Caspar H., Jennie C. McBride, Andrew Thomson, Tailor-Bird, Harry H. Romer, Victor Vincent, Florence Williams.



SHOWER PUZZLE.

Describe No. 1 with seven letters arranged into one or more words. Take away one letter, and describe No. 2 with the remaining six, and so on until only one letter remains.

LAUGHTER GAMES *

THERE is a whole class of games of which the object is to excite to laughter by means of some ridiculous action.

Such games are sometimes played with a lighted candle. The players approach each other from opposite sides of the room, and sustain a dialogue in solemn tones, while they must keep a grave countenance, on penalty of paying forfeit. For example:

"The King of Turkey is dead." "What did he die of?"
 "Doing so" (some ridiculous gesture).

* From *Games and Songs of American Children*. Collected and Compared by WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL. Published by Harper & Brothers.

A more characteristic version (in Nantucket, Massachusetts) had it, "The royal Russian Princess Husty Fusty is dead." To which it was necessary to answer, soberly: "I'm very sorry to hear it. Even the cats bewail her loss."

A game which was formerly popular with children in Massachusetts was to lean a staff in the corner, while a player was seated in the centre of the ring. Another child now entered, took up the staff, approached and addressed the one sitting, and a rhymed dialogue ensued:

"My father sent me here with a staff,
 To speak to you, and not to laugh."
 "Methinks you smile." "Methinks I don't.
 I smooth my face with ease and grace,
 And set my staff in its proper place."

If the staff-bearer laughed, he or she must take the chair, otherwise the next player continued the game.

A third amusement is for girls to excite one another to laugh by gently pinching in succession the ears, nose, lips, etc., while making use of some ridiculous expression.

In a Swiss game this performance is complicated by a jest. Each child pinches his neighbor's ear, but by agreement the players blacken their fingers, keeping two of the party in ignorance. Each of the two victims imagines it to be the other who is the object of the uproarious mirth of the company.

A MALTESE CAT.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

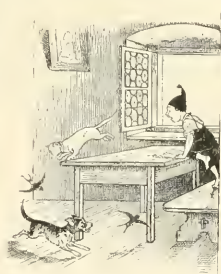
WHEN papa came home the other night
 He held the lid of a basket tight.

"Now, children," he said, "guess that."
 And when they guessed everything but right,
 He lifted it just a little mite,
 And showed them a Maltese cat.

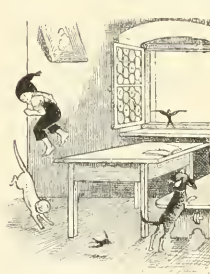
"And now," said papa, "though puss likes fun,
 Yet, if you torment him, of course he'll run.
 Don't love him *too* hard and squeeze him."
 "Why, papa," cried Ned, in surprise at that,
 "I thought they called it a *Maltese cat*,
 Just so's you could *maul* him and *tease* him."



ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



FIVE.



SIX.



SEVEN.



EIGHT.

AN INTERRUPTED LESSON—IN EIGHT SCENES.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.—NO. 188.

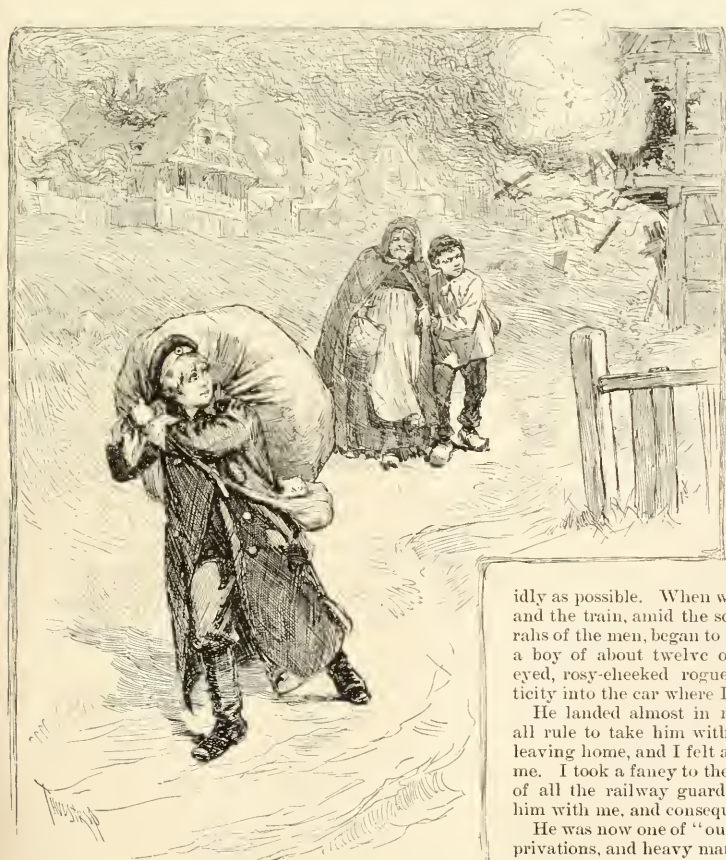
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THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

AND so you young folks want a story, do you—a story about the war, eh? Well, children, you shall have

it. Story telling is all old Uncle Karl, with his wooden leg, is good for nowadays.

Twelve years ago, when the last great war broke out (to me it seems like yesterday, and yet three of you were not born then), all Germany was in a state of the wildest excitement. There were many old people still living who remembered the former great Napoleonic wars, and the terrible times when the French overran the country. Who could foresee whether these times would not return? The army was got into marching order; the women worked night and day to get their husbands' and brothers' kits ready in time, and the children paraded the streets singing "The Watch on the Rhine."

My regiment was among the first to be ordered to France. Arrangements for the start were made as rapidly

as possible. When we were all packed into the cars, and the train, amid the sobs of the women and the hurrahs of the men, began to move slowly out of the station, a boy of about twelve or thirteen years old, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked rogue, sprang with a cat-like elasticity into the car where I was standing.

He landed almost in my arms. It was contrary to all rule to take him with us, but my heart was sore at leaving home, and I felt almost as if he had been sent to me. I took a fancy to the boy at first sight, and, in spite of all the railway guards said, I succeeded in keeping him with me, and consequently with the regiment.

He was now one of "ours," and shared all our dangers, privations, and heavy marches. He ran errands for us, laid our dinners, lit the bivouac fires. He was very unselfish and kind-hearted, and endeared himself so much to the rough soldiers that he was soon the acknowledged "pet of the regiment." He never seemed to feel fatigue.

After a long day's march I have seen him run hither and thither, fetch water, kindle fire, or spread his cloak over

some tired soldier, chatting merrily all the while. He seemed a little ebullient, capable of being in two places at once.

When the hard fighting began, and hardship and privation increased, we wanted to send the little fellow back to Germany. But he himself would not hear of it. "If I am too small to fight for my country myself," he used to say, "I can at least help those who do. When we have beaten the French and taught them to mind their own business, I'll go back with you, not before. And then:

"Hey, boys, hey!
March and away
To the land of the oaks again!"

Well, it so came about that we were quartered in a French village. This was after the first great battle of Wörth, when we succeeded in driving the enemy from our frontiers. The inhabitants had already fled, all, at least, except a few old people who seemed too indifferent to take the trouble of bestirring themselves. Suddenly we received orders from head-quarters to send every one out of the village.

This seemingly cruel command was given with the intention of protecting the poor old creatures, as, in case we should have to retreat, the place would be fired in order to hinder the enemy from making it a point of vantage against us. A beacon pole was erected behind the village, and a heavy battery had orders to play on the devoted place, and lay it in ashes, as soon as the signal should be given by lighting this pole.

This was in the afternoon. Toward evening a detachment of troops entered the village noiselessly. Fritz was with them. The captain had strict orders to search the village from house to house to make sure that every one had left it, and that nothing of value was destroyed. I went with him in his rounds.

We came to a substantial two-storied house, in the upper window of which a faint light was burning. We went in, groped our way up a dark staircase, and entered a large room heaped up with all sorts of articles. In their midst sat an old woman with a hard, wrinkled face, staring fixedly at the wall.

"Woman," I cried, "why are you sitting here? Have you not heard the order to quit the village?"

"What do I care for your orders!" she replied, in a harsh, deep voice. "This is my own house, and I mean to stay in it."

"But the place is going to be fired, and you will be buried under the ruins. It is to save your life that we have come, and if you won't listen to reason and go of your own accord, we must try force."

"Just try it," cried the strange creature. "Turn me out of my own house like a dog if you will; I'll return to it when you are gone. Kill me if you like, but I shall stay."

I saw there was no use in saying anything more to her, and I had no time for it, besides. There was little chance of the bombardment taking place till morning, so she was safe till then. We returned, leaving all quiet.

About half an hour later Fritz entered the guard-room. He planted himself right in front of me with a sort of half-embarrassed air.

"Well, Fritz," I said, "and so you are not sleeping yet? What is the matter, my boy?"

"There is nothing the matter," he said; "only Louis is here, and I can't make out what he wants."

Louis was a pretty slender boy of about Fritz's age, only not so strong. He was no stranger to us, as he belonged to a neighboring village where we had been in quarters shortly before. I sent for him at once.

"Why are you here, Louis?" I said, when he was brought in. "Boys like you ought to be in bed, and not in dangerous places like this!"

"My grandmother is here in the village all alone," he said, frankly. "I've come to fetch her!"

"Your grandmother!" said I. "Is that the old lady in the house yonder with the two lime-trees before the door?"

"Yes, that is her house."

"Well, you'll have your trouble for nothing, I can tell you. She told me that nothing should make her leave the house."

"I shall try, at any rate. My mother will be very unhappy should anything happen to grandmother."

I took the boy to his grandmother's house. Louis told me, as we went along, that she was a strange old woman, by no means poor, but that she had quarrelled with all her family, and for years had not entered his parents' house. His mother had often taken him to see her, but he noticed that she had a strong dislike to his father.

We reached the house. Light was still glimmering in the upper room, and the door was open. As soon, however, as we began to mount the dark stairs I heard the sound of a key being turned in the lock. The old woman had locked the door in our faces.

Louis implored her to let him in, saying he had a message to her from his mother. On hearing this she opened the door.

"You have come to fetch me," she said, with a softened look. "You have taken a deal of trouble to no purpose, as I mean to stay where I am."

"You surely don't mean to stay till the Prussians shoot your house down about your ears?"

"Why not? The Prussians have beaten our armies, and the cowards have fled. But I, a poor old woman, mean to defy them. Let them beat down my house if they like. It is my own. Here I am, and here I mean to stay."

"In that case I shall stay too," said the boy, decidedly.

"You!" said the old woman, wonderingly, her hard features assuming a softer expression. "You are too young to be food for powder. Go home to your mother."

"Not without you, grandmother," said the boy.

Her face became almost tender. "Take the boy away," she said, turning to me. "He could almost persuade me against my will."

"He'll not go unless you go, I can see that," said I.

"So you had better leave the place with him, if you do not wish him to be killed."

"Is it true, then, that the village is to be destroyed?"

"The order for it may be given any minute."

"Very well, then, I will go, but not till morning. You can stay here, Louis. There is room enough for us both. But what am I to do with my things?"

I advised her to make up all her most valuable things in a bundle, and let her grandson carry it. Then I impressed on Louis the necessity of being off at as early an hour as possible next morning. As I left the room, I heard the key turning again in the lock.

We noticed by various signs in the enemy's camp that there was something brewing against us. What it was we could not tell. One thing only was certain, and that was action on the morrow.

When the sun rose there was a thick gray mist over everything. When it cleared away, the French came toward us with wild hurrahs to storm our position.

We were prepared for them. We let them come on half-way, and then let off a salvo so well aimed that they stopped, and threw themselves into a trench, from whence they rained bullets on us.

We were too well covered, however, to suffer much. But their attack on our left wing was more fortunate. After a short, gallant defense, overpowered by numbers, it was obliged to retreat. The danger now became great for us, as the enemy crowded more and more to the

front. The word was given for a general retreat. Whilst our little detachment, fighting and taking advantage of every cover, withdrew slowly from the village, I went, accompanied by a sergeant, to the beacon pole. My orders were to light it the moment the village should be free from our people.

Just at this moment Fritz came running up to say that Louis and his grandmother, whom I believed to be already far away, were still in the village.

"Run and see," I said to the good little fellow. "If they are really still there, send them off instantly. They are lost else."

We could easily see the old woman's house from where we were standing. Fritz ran swift as a young deer across the open field, over which the enemy, now rapidly approaching, were sowing bullets plentifully.

Our situation was growing more critical with every moment. In spite of the attention required for the enemy's movements, I could not help looking uneasily toward the house into which Fritz had disappeared.

He came out at last, but—alone! His usual merry smile was changed into a look of fear and anxiety as he rushed up to us, screaming at the top of his voice:

"An axe! an axe! The lock is hampered. They can't get out."

One of the soldiers in the trench started forward, threw him an axe, and, quick as thought, returned to his post. The brave boy caught it up, and, heavy as it was, darted off with it across the dangerous path for the second time.

"Quick, Fritz, quick!" I called after him. "In two minutes the beacon must be lit."

My reminder was unnecessary. Anxiety for the prisoners, and more especially for his playmate, added wings to his feet. I was getting very anxious about all three, but more especially about my own gallant boy. Three lives hung from a thread. The heavy battery on the heights beyond was only waiting for the signal to open its terrible fire on the devoted village.

The enemy, who had been comparatively quiet for a little, now began to advance again. Some of my people still held the last solitary house in the village. It was high time to call them back. When this was done the moment was come to light the beacon, and Fritz was still in the fatal house.

Used as I was to the horrors of war, it was a terrible moment for me. The sergeant stood beside me waiting my orders. I hesitated for one minute before saying the word which would be equal to a sentence of death for three innocent beings, in no way connected with the great quarrel now being fought out between two nations.

"Light the beacon at once!" called the colonel, galloping up at this moment.

"God help them!" thought I, with a shudder.

The flames licked the straw-clad pole. Almost immediately after, a report from the battery guns seemed to crash into my very brain. The great balls hissed over our heads, and fell crashing on the roofs of the village houses, already beginning to fill with the enemy. Every shot told; but the house on which all our looks were fastened was still untouched.

Still Fritz did not appear. A second salvo was given as destructive as the first. The next house but one was hit. From its shattered roof arose clouds of dust and smoke. Still the walls that sheltered those three were spared.

"Where is Fritz? He's lost!" sounded on all sides.

"No—there he is! He's saved! Thank God! Bravo, Fritz!"

There he was indeed. He had just stepped out of the house. Close behind him came the two whom his heroic courage had saved from certain death.

On he came, nodding to us and smiling. They were

scarcely six paces from the house when the terrible shot reached it also and levelled it with the ground.

But the three fugitives were by no means yet out of the reach of danger. Bullets were raining on all sides of them. The space they were crossing was completely unprotected. Fritz, careless about himself, showed himself most eagerly desirous of getting his protégées as quickly out of the reach of the bullets as was possible. He was carrying the old woman's bundle, while Louis helped her along. Onward they hurried in the direction of the other village, where the battery was erected. Soon, however, I lost sight of them, as I had other things to attend to than looking after the fugitives.

It was a brave deed, children, and it might have ended very badly for his gallant little performer. Well, I see, is looking very anxious to know how it all ended. You will be pleased to know that all three escaped safely. Better, still, Fritz's bravery and unselfish conduct had their reward.

The story came to be talked about in the army. It got to the ears of our gallant leader and Crown Prince, "Our Fritz," the soldiers' friend, as we called him. He interested himself, after the war was over, for his poor little orphan namesake. His kindness got him a free place in the cadet school of Berlin, where he studied military tactics, and passed an examination brilliant enough to do credit to his royal patron. He is rising fast in his profession without losing any of the good qualities that endeared him to us in his low estate. So now, guess who is coming to-morrow to pay us a long visit at our country home? Why, who but Captain Fritz, the former "pet of the regiment."

THOR'S JOURNEY TO JOTUNHEM,

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

CHAPTER III.

CROSSING the court-yard Thor and his followers came to the palace, and the door being open, they walked boldly into the broad hall. There they saw a great many huge giants, some sitting, some standing, and some at big round tables engaged in quiet games.

Our three travellers passed entirely through this hall, but they were so small that they were not seen, although they were in great danger of being stepped upon and crushed to death.

At the farther end of the hall was the King's audience-chamber; and when they entered it and saw the great Utgard-Loke upon his throne, they stopped and uncovered their heads and saluted him. Yet it was a long time before he noticed them. At length he looked down, and said,

"Ah! here are three little striplings who have lost their way. Methinks from his looks that one of them is our old enemy, Asa-Thor, from Asgard."

"You are right," said Thor, stretching himself to his full height. "I am he."

"Well," said the King, "what would you have at Utgard's castle? What are you good for? What can you do? For we allow no one to stop with us unless he can do some one thing better than any of us can do it. Now in what way do you think you excel? What feat of strength or skill would you like to undertake?"

Then said Thor, who in truth was very hungry, "There is, indeed, one thing that I can do, of which I am anxious to make trial at once; I can eat more food, and eat it faster, than any of your big Utgard men."

And the King answered, "You have said well, and you have spoken of that about which you may truly boast until you find some one who can outdo you. We will see how fast you can eat."

Then he summoned his vassals, and bade them make



THOR TRIES TO LIFT THE CAT.

everything ready for the trial. A long trough filled with meat was brought and set upon the floor; and then the King called one of his men, whose name was Flame, and bade him eat against Thor. Thor sat down at one end of the trough and Flame at the other, and both ate as fast as they could. In a few minutes they met at the middle. Thor had eaten only the meat, but Flame had devoured the meat, the bones, and the trough itself. And all acknowledged that Thor had been beaten in this contest.

Then the King turned to Thor, and said: "What other feat would our uninvited guests be pleased to try? Or will they now give up, and say that they are beaten?"

"Never!" answered Thor. "Although I succeed but poorly at eating hard wood and bones, yet I can drink almost anything. For no man can drink as fast as I, or as much. Now since I am very thirsty, I should be glad to undertake the feat of drinking."

The King readily agreed, and he bade all the people come into his great banquet hall, and ordered the servants to bring his drinking horn.

"This is the horn," said the King, "out of which we make our courtiers drink when they have broken the rules of our court. Most of them can empty it at the first draught, but some of the weaker ones drink twice. I suppose, of course, that the great Asa-Thor can drink it all at one swallow, and then want more. Come, try it!"

Thor took a deep breath, put the horn to his lips, and drank as much as he could. When he stopped he was amazed to see the vessel as full as ever. The King laughed and said: "I never thought but that Asa-Thor would have done better than that. Yet try again."

Thor braced himself for another long drink, put the horn to his mouth, and drank till he grew black in the face. Then he set the vessel down, and saw to his disgust that the liquor had sunk but a very little; it would still be hard to carry it without spilling.

"Well, well, friend Asa-Thor," said the King, roaring with laughter, "you drink quite bravely. But haven't you saved too much for the third draught? If you are not careful, you will be so good to yourself at first; that, at the last, you will overtax yourself. But, in truth, if you show no greater ability in other feats than you have in eating and drinking, our Utgard people will not feel very much afraid of you."

This speech made Thor so angry that he took up the horn and drank with all his might. But drink as long as he would, the liquor still stood at the same height, and he at last gave up in despair.

The King said, scornfully: "It is plain that you are not so great as men say you are, nor as you yourself think. The best that you can do is to say no more about feats which are impossible to you. Still, if you would like to undertake something else, we shall say nothing against your trying."

"I am not yet ready to say that I am beaten," answered Thor. "I will try any other game that you may choose. What will you have me do?"

The King thought for a moment, and then said: "I think we might try you at a little game with which we sometimes amuse our children. They think it great fun to lift my old cat off the floor."

Thereupon he uttered a low whistle, and an old gray cat came out of a corner, and rubbed herself against his legs, and purred very loudly. Thor grasped her round the body, and lifted with all his might. But the more he lifted, the more the beast bent her back, and all he

could do was to raise one paw off the floor. At last, seeing that further trial was vain, he let go of the cat.

Then the King cried out: "We have seen that this boaster who came from Asgard is not what he pretends to be. If such as he is great among the Asa folk, what kind of people must those Asa folk be? We will have no more games and no more trials of strength, for the time is growing late. Let our self-invited guests be shown to the chambers which have been made ready for them, and let them be entertained as friends. But on the morrow let them betake themselves back to their own land, where they may tell their countrymen of what they have seen in Jotunh m, and of what great things they failed to do in Utgard's castle."

The next morning Thor and his comrades were led into the banquet hall, and the choicest food of every kind was set before them. And when they had eaten and drunk to their fill they bade farewell to Utgard's castle, and set out on their journey homeward. And Utgard-Loke, the Giant-King, walked with them across the plain as far as to the boundaries of the wood. There pausing, he said:

"My good friend Asa-Thor, you have met the wolf in his lair, as you boasted you would do; what think you of him? How much honor do you think you have gained in Jotunh m?"

"I must frankly own that I have gained none," answered Thor, ashamed, but always truthful.

Then the giant said:

"Now that you are safely away from my castle, and shall never go into it again, I will tell you something. You have done much greater things in Jotunh m than you think. If I had dealt fairly with you, and used no deception, you might have done us great harm. But from beginning to end I fooled you with trickery. It was I who met you in the forest, where I dropped my mitten on purpose to give you a lodging-place for the night. I tied the dinner-bag with iron wire in such a way that you could find no ends and no knots. When you struck at me under the tree, your first stroke would have killed me had you hit me as you thought. But before going to sleep I had drawn a mountain around me, and it was that which you struck when you thought you had cleaved my skull.

"When you sat down to the eating trial you did not know that you were contending with fire, yet Flame,

who ate meat, bones, and trough, was but the wildfire which destroys everything in its way. When you almost killed yourself trying to empty my drinking horn, you did not know that the small end of the horn was in the sea, and that if you had emptied it you would have drunk old ocean dry. And yet you drank most wonderfully well; for when you shall come to the sea again you will find that it is much shallower than when you crossed it three days ago.

"The eat which you could not lift was, in truth, the great Midgard snake, which holds the earth in his coils. And when we saw that you had really raised one paw up from the floor, we were very much alarmed, for at that time the snake could barely make his head and tail meet, and if the earth had slipped out of his embrace it would have been all over with us. Now go home, Asa-Thor; for should you stay here I have other tricks in store with which to fool you, and you would never get the better of me."

Thor was more angry than he had ever been before. He seized his hammer with both hands, and turned to strike the Giant-King; but he could see no one save the fleet-footed Thialfe and the smiling Roska of the golden hair. He looked where the great castle had stood, thinking that he would go back and level it to the ground; but there was nothing there save the meadow-like plain covered with tall waving grass. The palace of Utgard Loke had vanished.

Thor bit his lip with vexation, and returned with all speed to his home on Asgard Mountain, wiser, by far, than when he had left it.

THE END.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNSUCCESSFUL PLOTTING.

EVEN in his whispered conversation it was easy to tell that Master Tucker was thoroughly disheartened; but how to aid him was an entirely different matter.

"We shall have to tell him you are here," said Dare.

"No, no, don't do that; he'd just about kill me. I'd rather starve than have him know it. Can't you get me a cracker or something and show it under the berth?"

"I don't dare to now; but I will the first thing in the morning."

"Be as early as you can," whispered the hungry pirate, and then he crept cautiously back to his hiding-place, while Dare lay and wondered how it would be possible to keep Tommy's presence a secret until he could be landed.

As might be expected, he was in a very unenviable frame of mind regarding Tommy's presence on the *Pearl*.

He knew the proper thing for him to do was to tell the

little man the exact state of the case, and not attempt to deceive him in any way. But he feared to do this because of the consequences to the pirate.

Captain Sammy was justly angry with Tommy for having wrecked the boat, and there was no doubt but that he would inflict some terrible punishment upon him because of it in case he should meet him. If he should know that Tommy had secreted himself on board the *Pearl*, thinking to take a pleasure trip in the steamer without the knowledge of its owner, the little man would be still more angry, and thoughts of the revenge he might take made Dare shudder.

It was a long time before he could get to sleep that night, and even then he awakened at short intervals, his fears being so great that sleep could not overcome them.

When daylight came Dare was the first to respond to the little man's call, but he could not look him fully in the face, because of the knowledge that he was deceiving him, and he feared his secret could be read from his countenance.

He did succeed, however, in throwing some bread and cold meat under the berth where Tommy lay concealed, but he had no chance to speak to the self-made prisoner.

The fire in the furnace had been banked on the night previous, and the work of getting up steam occupied but a short time; in fact, so quickly was it done that the little craft was ploughing her way through the waters of Sarasota Bay before Captain Sammy had breakfast ready.

That meal was eaten as was the dinner the day before, first by the little Captain, Charley, and Bobby, and then by Rogers and Dare.

After Dare took up his position in the pilot house again, Captain Sammy remained in the bow, even though the channel was so deep and wide that there was no necessity of his directing the helmsman, and it seemed to the anxious Dare that he was on the lookout for something.

Through the bay, past Sarasota Key, to Chaise's Key, the little steamer continued her course in what might have been called an inside channel; but here this water-way protected by keys came to an end, and the yacht was run through Casey Pass to the clear waters of the Gulf.

Then the course was down past the coast within about a mile of the shore, and when they had run for a few miles Captain Sammy surprised Dare greatly by telling him to give the signal to stop the engine.



"SUDDENLY THEY SAW CAPTAIN SAMMY THROW THE HARPOON."

* Begun in No. 153, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Wonderingly Dare obeyed, and when the little steamer lay almost motionless on the water, the little man explained to Dare and the other boys, who had come rushing out in the greatest excitement to learn the meaning of the sudden stop,

"I want to try and get a turtle or two, so that we can change our bill of fare a little, and I reckon we sha'n't have to row around here very long without finding one."

Then he ordered the tender made ready, while he went below, and took from right in front of where Tommy was lying in fear and trembling a single-pronged harpoon that he had stowed away there.

While he was below Dare had an opportunity of telling Charley and Bobby, in a very hurried way, of the cause of the previous night's disturbance.

Their surprise, and in Bobby's case fear, was written so plainly on their faces when Captain Sammy came on deck that it was a wonder he did not suspect that something was wrong, and he probably would have done so had he not been so deeply engaged in the matter of getting a turtle for dinner.

It was while Captain Sammy was making the boat ready that a sudden thought presented itself to Dare. If he could arrange matters so that Rogers and Bobby went in the boat with Captain Sammy, there would be a possibility that he might, in case the chase led the party any distance from the steamer, run the *Pearl* in close to land, and set Tommy ashore.

Of course he had no idea what the boy would do there so far from home; his only thought was to get him out of the dangerous position in which he had placed himself.

"Now who's going with me? I can't take but two;" and Captain Sammy looked around as if he expected that each one would be eager to accompany him.

Dare had no idea of going if he could help it, and Charley and Bobby were so dazed by the strange news they had heard that they paid no attention to the question.

It was while all three stood silent that Rogers said,

"I should like to go, if the boys don't care to, for it has been some time since I have been on that kind of a lark."

"You can, of course; but I thought the boys would be just crazy for it," said Captain Sammy, in surprise at the indifference displayed by the crew.

Dare realized that it was necessary for him to say something in order that their singular behavior might not excite suspicion, and he said, in a hesitating way,

"If you would take Mr. Rogers and Bobby with you, it would give Charley and me a chance to see how we could handle the steamer alone, and we could come after you whenever you were ready to come on board."

"All right," said the little man, as he motioned the others to get into the boat; but it was quite plainly to be seen that he thought the affair very strange, despite this apparently plausible excuse.

As soon as the boat left the steamer, Dare and Charley went below, where they found the pirate had already emerged from his concealment, and was in the engine-room, eating at a rapid rate. From his hiding-place he had heard the conversation on deck, and as soon as the sounds told that the small boat had started, he made a frantic rush for the tables.

In a brief, hurried way Dare told Tommy what he proposed to do, and asked him if he would be willing to go on shore at any point it would be possible to land him.

"I'll go anywhere, no matter what kind of a place it is, jest so's I'm clear of him," said Tommy, speaking rather indistinctly because of the quantity of food in his mouth.

Thus assured that the party whom they wanted to aid was willing to be aided, the boys went on deck in order that they might keep watch of the boat, so as to take the first opportunity of landing the fugitive.

They could see Captain Sammy standing in the bow of

the tender, with his harpoon raised ready for throwing, as if he already saw his prey, while Bobby and Rogers were steadily pulling away from the *Pearl*.

The little boat was soon fully a mile and a half in advance of the steamer, and it seemed certain that they could reach the shore without being discovered, as to their intentions, until after it was too late to capture Tommy.

Suddenly they saw Captain Sammy throw the harpoon, and in another moment the boat dashed ahead with increased speed, showing that the iron was fast in a turtle, which was dragging the boat along at a rapid rate.

It seemed to Dare that the time had come for him to put his plan into execution, and he headed the boat directly for the shore.

"Now start her up!" he shouted to Charley, and an instant after the little craft leaped through the water at a rate that told every ounce of steam had been applied.

For just one moment, and only one, Dare felt sure that he would be successful. Then Captain Sammy's boat was whirled suddenly around, as if the turtle had made up his mind to travel in another direction, and dashed along within fifty yards of the shore at right angles with the course the *Pearl* was on.

"Slow down!" Dare shouted to Charley, and as the steamer's speed was slackened he saw Captain Sammy waving his hand for him to approach.

"It's all up now," shouted Dare to the engine-room. "Captain Sammy's coming right for us, and you'll have to hide Tommy again."

Between turtle-power and steam-power the two boats came together very rapidly, and by the time they were within hailing distance Captain Sammy succeeded in passing a rope around one of the turtle's flippers, and thus making him prisoner.

"You did the thing just right," said Captain Sammy, as he came on board, "and if you should go turtling all the rest of your life, you never could handle a boat as near right as you have this one."

CHAPTER XVII.

ABOUT TURTLES.

It was a huge turtle which Captain Sammy had captured, and when it was pulled in aboard of the *Pearl* its jaws opened and shut with a snap as it bit furiously at everything near it.

"Now," said Captain Sammy, assuming the same learned air he had worn during the talk about reefs, "what I want you to tell me is what kind of a turtle that is."

Up to this time the boys hardly knew that there was more than one species of turtles, and with some hesitation Dare confessed as much.

"Why, you boys don't know nothin' at all—nothin' at all," cried Captain Sammy, in tones of disdain. "Thought there wasn't but one kind of turtle, eh, an' you claim to have been brought up among civilized creeters? What was your father thinkin' of, and how did he expect you was going to earn your own living if you didn't know anything about turtles?"

Dare was on the point of saying that inasmuch as they did not intend to become turtle fishers, save for the few months they were in Florida, such knowledge was not of very great importance, although it might be useful. But he checked himself, and said, instead,

"How many kinds are there, sir?"

"There's a good many kinds, and you ought to have known it," replied Captain Sammy, solemnly. "There's the hawksbill, for instance, that what is called the tortoise-shell comes from, an' there used to be a good many of them around here. They are the ones that only lay two sets of eggs, one in July and one in August, and then they lay about one hundred and fifty at a time, or three hundred in all. Then there is the green turtle—and

I've seen one that weighed over five hundred pounds. Some folks say they do go as high as seven hundred, but about that you can have your opinion, and I'll have mine. Green turtles commence with the egg business in May, laying two litters in that month, and one in June, averaging about eighty to the nest. That's the kind of turtles that make the best eating. Then there's a kind called the loggerhead that's great on eggs; she lays three sets at about the same time the green turtle does, and when she gets through with her work she's laid five hundred. The trunk turtle ain't so far behind, although she only lays about three hundred and fifty eggs in the season."

The boys almost forgot their pirate under the berth in their surprise at the great number of eggs one turtle would lay, and they were about to ask some questions regarding the manner in which the eggs were deposited, when the little man continued:

"The loggerhead and trunk turtles are mighty savage creatures, and run a good deal larger in size than the others do; they lay their eggs anywhere around here. The green turtle is moreshy, and she gets off where there isn't so much of a chance that any one will find her eggs; but I have known her to come right up on the coast here to make her nest. But the hawkbill, she's the one that takes good care no one finds her out, and when she wants to lay eggs she gets 'way off on the smallest keys. It's my opinion"—and now Captain Sammy looked very wise—"that turtles are a mighty knowing animal. I don't go so far as to say that they know jest what you are talking about, but they come pretty near it."

"How do they make their nests, sir?" asked Dare.

"Now that's where their cunning comes in," said the little man, earnestly. "They don't come out till high water on a moonlight night, and they know when it's high water as well as I do. They go up jest above the highest point of the tide, and scoop out a nest with their flippers in the sand. Then they commence to lay their eggs, doing it very quickly, and when they're done they cover them over with sand and go back into the water again. The sun hatches the eggs, you know, and when the little turtles come out they make a bee-line for the water. They ain't more than an inch long, and the birds gobble up as many of them as they can before they get into the sea."

"How deep are the nests?" asked Charley, wondering whether they might not remain there until it was time to hunt for such nests full of eggs as the Captain had described.

"About a foot and a half deep, and it only takes the old turtle about ten minutes to fill it."

"Now what kind of a turtle is this one?" asked Dare, pointing to the enormous fellow that was snapping savagely at everything near him.

"That? Why, that's a loggerhead, of course, and you ought to know it, after all this talk," cried Captain Sammy, impatiently; and then, as if he had just noticed that the steamer had not started again, he shouted, "What do you mean by loafing around here? Get on at once, for if nothing happens we must anchor off Punta Rassa to-night."

Dare rushed to the pilot-house, Rogers and Charley went to the engine-room, and Bobby was forced to help Captain Sammy in the preparation of turtle soup for dinner.

When Dare went on deck they were just passing Laeosta Island, and Captain Sammy seated himself in the bow again.

Then Boca Captiva and Captiva Island were left astern. Quite late in the afternoon Sanibel Island was reached, the yacht swung gracefully around Point Ybel, up past Fort Dulany and into San Carlos Harbor, anchoring off Punta Rassa a short time after night-fall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO OBSCURE HEROES.

HOW THE PARTISAN WARFARE IN THE CAROLINAS WAS BEGUN.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

WHEN the British marched up from Savannah and took Charleston, in the spring of 1780, they thought the Revolution was at an end in the Southern States, and it really seemed so. Even the patriots thought it was useless to resist any longer, and so when the British ordered all the people to come together at different places and enroll themselves as British subjects, most of them were ready to do it, simply because they thought they could not help themselves.

Only a few daring men here and there were bold enough to think of refusing, and but for them the British could have set up the royal power again in South Carolina, and then they would have been free to take their whole force against the patriots further north. The fate of the whole country depended, to a large extent, upon the courage of the few men who would not give up even at such a time, but kept up the fight against all odds. These brave men forced the British to keep an army in the South which they needed further north.

The credit of beginning this kind of partisan warfare belongs chiefly to two or three plain men, who did it simply because they loved their country more than their ease.

The man who first began it was Justin Gaston—a white-haired patriot who lived on a little stream called Fishing Creek, near Rocky Mount. He was eighty years of age, and might well have thought himself too old to care about war matters; but he was a brave man and a patriot, and the people who lived near him were in the habit of taking his advice and doing as he did.

When the news came that Tarleton had killed a band of patriots under Colonel Buford in cold blood Justin Gaston called his nine sons and many of his nephews around him. Joining hands, these young men promised each other that they never would take the British oath, and never would give up the cause, come what might.

Soon afterward a British force came to the neighborhood, and all the people were ordered to meet at Rocky Mount to enroll their names and take the oath. One of the British officers went to see Justin Gaston, and tried to persuade him that it was folly to refuse. He knew that if Gaston advised the people to give up, there would be no trouble; but the white-haired patriot told him to his face that he would never take the oath himself or advise anybody else to do so.

As soon as the officer left, the old man sent for his friends, and about thirty brave fellows met at his house that night, with their rifles in their hands. They knew there would be a strong force of British and Tories at Rocky Mount the next day, but in spite of the odds against them they made up their minds to attack the place. Creeping through the woods, they suddenly came upon the crowd, and after a sharp fight sent the British flying helter-skelter in every direction. This stopped the work of enrolling the people as British subjects, and it did more than that. It showed the patriots through the whole country that they could still give the British a great deal of trouble, and after this affair many of the men who had thought of giving up rubbed up their rifles instead, and formed little bands of fighting men to keep the war going.

Another man who did much to stir up partisan warfare was the Rev. William Martin, an old and pious preacher in the Scotch-Irish settlements. These Scotch-Irish were very religious people, and their preacher was their leader in all things. One Sunday after the news had come to the settlement that Buford's men had been killed by the British in cold blood, the eloquent old man went into his pulpit and preached about the duty of fighting. In the afternoon he preached again, and even when the service was

over he went on in the open air, still preaching to the people how they should fight for their country, until all the men in the settlement were full of fighting spirit. The women told the men to go and do their duty, and that they would take care of the crops.

These little bands of patriots were too small to fight regular battles, or even to hold strong posts. They had to hide in the woods and swamps, and only came out when they saw a chance to strike a blow. Then the blow fell like lightning, and the men who dealt it quickly hid themselves again.

They had signs by which they told each other what

least kept them in a hornets' nest. If they could not drive them out of South Carolina, they could keep them there, which was nearly as good a thing to do, because every soldier that Cornwallis had to keep in the South would have been sent to some other part of the country to fight the Americans if the Carolinians had let the British alone.

In this way small bands of resolute men kept Cornwallis busy, and held the State for the American cause, until General Greene went South and took command. Greene was one of the greatest of the American Generals, and after a long campaign he drove the British out of the



MARTIN PREACHING TO THE PEOPLE ON THE DUTY OF FIGHTING.

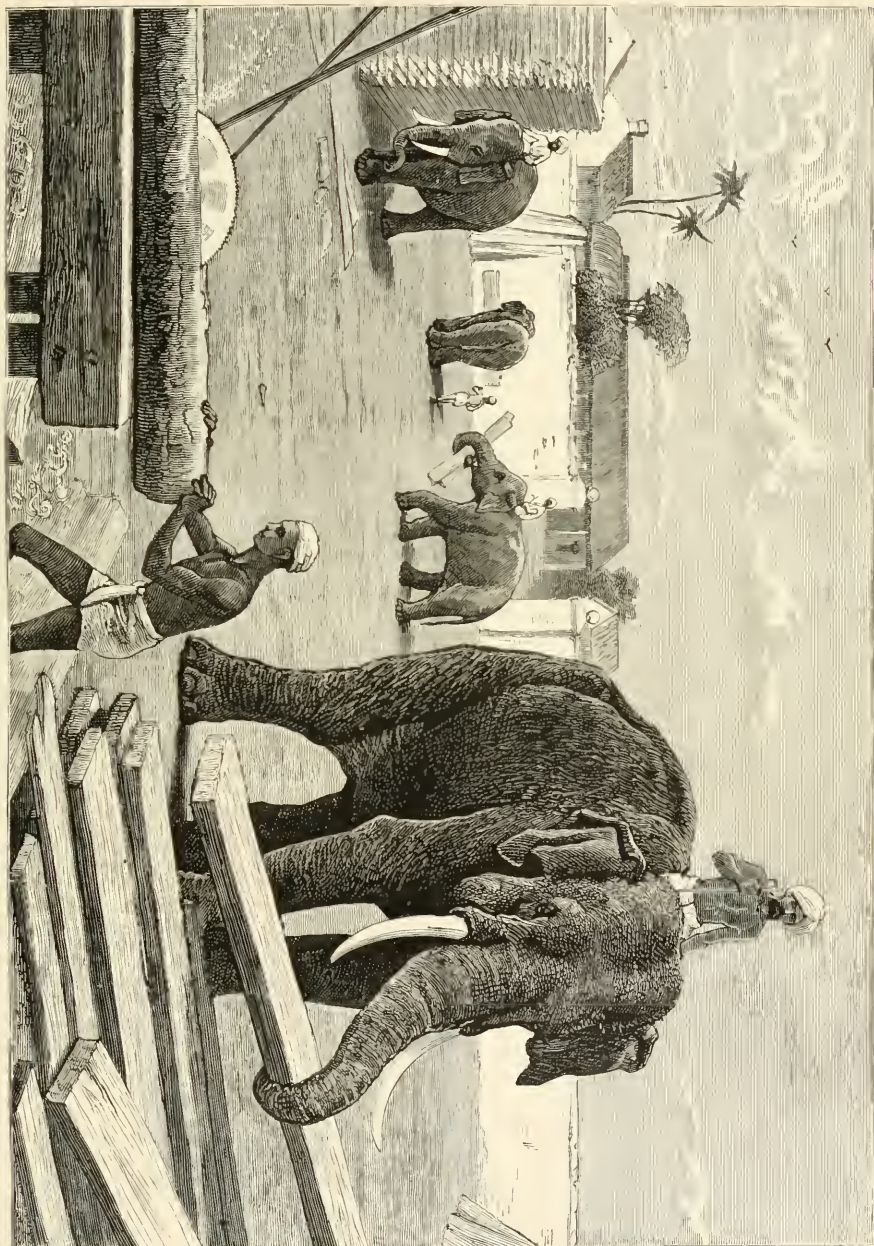
they were going to do. A twig bent down, a few stones strung along a path, or any other of a hundred small signs, served to tell every patriot when and where to meet his friends. A man riding about, breaking a twig here and there, or making some other sign of the kind, could call together a large force at a chosen spot within a few hours. The men brought out in this way would fall suddenly upon some stray British force that was off its guard, and utterly destroy it. The British would at once send a strong body of troops to punish the daring patriots, but the redcoat leader would look in vain for anybody to punish. The patriots could scatter and hide as quickly as they could come together.

Finding that they could not destroy these patriot companies, the British and Tories took their revenge on women and children. They burned the houses of the patriots, carried off their crops, and killed their cattle, so as to starve their families; but the women were as brave as the men, and from first to last not one of them ever wished her husband or son to give up the fight.

If the patriots could not conquer the British, they at

State. But if it had not been for the partisans the South would have been lost long before he could be spared to go there; and if the partisans had not kept a British army busy there, it might have gone very hard with the Americans in the rest of the country.

When we rejoice in the freedom of our country we ought not to forget how much we owe the partisans, and especially such men as Justin Gaston and the Rev. William Martin, who first set the partisans at their work. It would have been much easier and pleasanter for them to remain quiet under British rule; and they had nothing to gain for themselves, but everything to lose, by the course they took. Gaston knew that his home would be burned for what he did, and the eloquent old Scotch preacher knew that he would be put into a prison-pen for preaching war sermons to his people; but they were not men to flinch. They cared more for their country than for themselves, and it was precisely that kind of men throughout the land, from New England to Georgia, who won liberty for us by seven years of hard fighting and terrible suffering.



ELEPHANTS MOVING TIMBER IN BURMAH.

USEFUL ELEPHANTS.

IN the town of Maulmain, in Burmah, the whole business of moving timber is done by elephants. There are many large timber-yards at Maulmain; indeed, it has always been famed for its exports of teak logs, which are cut in the forests upon the banks of the Salween, and then

floated, sometimes hundreds of miles, down to the capital. In these timber-yards elephants are employed in drawing, stacking, and shifting the immense teak logs, some of them weighing as much as two tons.

A log that forty men could scarcely move the elephant will quietly lift upon his tusks, and holding it there with his trunk, will carry it to whatever part of the yard his

driver directs. They will also, using trunk, feet, and tusks, pile the huge timbers as evenly and correctly as one could wish. They will select and pick out particular timbers from the centre of a stack or heap of more than a hundred simply at the command of the driver. The huge beasts are directed by the mahouts, or drivers, by spoken orders, pressure of the feet on their necks, and by the use of the autobus, or elephant goad.

It usually requires a year or a year and a half to teach them the "lumber business," and when thoroughly taught they are worth from 500 rupees (\$250) upward, according to their abilities. Sometimes an animal breaks his tusks through being forced to carry an excessive weight by a stupid or brutal driver, though the elephant knows his own power, and generally refuses to lift more than his tusks can safely bear. If these should be broken off close to the head, death would ensue; if only cracked, they are hooped about with iron bands, and are thus rendered serviceable for many years.

HOW TILDY DROVE THE COWS HOME.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"WHERE is that boy 'Bimelech'?" said Aunt Huldah, in an aggravated tone. "There ain't a chore done, and the white turkey has gone across the field to steal her nest again, and the guinea-pigs are squealing for their supper enough to deafen you, and the wood wantin' to be chopped, and Jonas gone to see his mother. Why he couldn't have a mother livin' in this town instead of ten miles off I don't see; but hired men have no consideration for other people, any more than boys have. I should like to know who is going for the cows!"

Aunt Huldah was a little cross, but then—poor woman!—she had had a hard time to manage the farm and make both ends meet since Uncle Joshua died. And although she did scold sometimes, she was very kind to 'Bimelech and Tildy.

"I will go and bring home the cows," said Tildy. "I can ride Lightning bare-backed. I have done it ever so many times."

"I don't think poor old Lightning will ever run away with anybody," said Aunt Huldah. "But it's hard work for you to take down the bars and put them up again. I don't believe in girls doing such things, when it's what boys are for. But there's no telling what time that boy'll be home. Perhaps you may as well go. And you'd better hurry, for it's a lonesome road, and it will be dark before long."

Tildy had old Lightning out of his stall and was on his back in a twinkling. But there was no such thing as hurrying old Lightning. He knew as well as Tildy did that they were only going for the cows, and he didn't mean to hurry his stiff old bones on any such commonplace occasion. It was a long time ago that Lightning had earned his name. Jonas, the hired man, said he was "slower than stock-still" now.

Tildy broke off a beech switch, and tried that as a persuader. She did want to get the cows home in good time, so that Aunt Huldah need not think too much about 'Bimelech's absence. He had a bright new half-dollar that he had earned by picking berries, and there was a circus over at Cranberry Centre. Tildy didn't know that he had gone there, but she was pretty well acquainted with boys. You couldn't have 'Bimelech for a brother without being.

Instead of having his pace quickened by the beech switch, Lightning, not being accustomed to such things, stopped short, and turned his head around to look at it. Then he twitched it out of Tildy's hand, and serenely munched the green leaves.

After that Tildy returned to moral suasion, and told him how important it was to have the cows milked, and

the milk taken care of at the proper time, for of the cream was to be made Aunt Huldah's goldenest, sweetest, fragrantest butter, that was expected to take a prize at the Agricultural Fair, and out of the prize money Aunt Huldah had promised to buy her, Tildy, a new cambrie dress—bright blue with tiny spots—to wear to the Sunday-school picnic.

I can't say that old Lightning was touched by these arguments, but he did begin to go a little faster, and before Tildy had fairly decided what color to have the hat trimmed with which Aunt Huldah might have money enough to buy her, to go with the dress, she had reached the pasture.

Instead of being close beside the bars, as they usually were at night, the cows were huddled together in a distant corner of the field, as if they were frightened, and suddenly, as she stopped Lightning at the bars, he began to shiver and pant with terror.

"What can it possibly mean?" said Tildy, aloud. But before the words were out of her mouth her heart seemed to have stopped beating. From behind a clump of bushes there suddenly appeared a huge shaggy brown creature, that walked with a lumbering gait straight toward her.

Tildy knew in a moment that it was a bear. 'Bimelech was very fond of natural history, and knew as much about animals as the school-master himself, and he was always showing pictures of animals to Tildy, and explaining all about them.

A bear he certainly was, and a big one, but how he could have got there was a question. Since the days of her great-grandfather Tildy knew no bears had been seen about there.

She had not much time to think, however, for Lightning, quivering in every limb, dashed over the fence—Lightning, who had not leaped a fence for twenty years!—and, with Tildy clinging for dear life to his neck, went on a dead run across the pasture, over a stone wall on the other side, through the brook, and half-way up the hill, where he stopped exhausted.

Tildy slipped down to the ground. She thought the bear, at that distance, was preferable to Lightning in his present state, which might lead him to dash off again at any moment, for Lightning's terror had not abated; he was only exhausted.

Tildy thought of the cows with a dreadful sinking of the heart, and looked about her for help. But there was not a house or a person in sight.

She stole softly down to the stone wall, as if she expected the bear to appear from behind any bush by the way, and peered over. The cows were still huddled together in a distant corner of the pasture. Against the bars she could see the huge outline of the bear.

Could a bear climb a fence? Tildy had forgotten the teachings of 'Bimelech's natural history books on that subject, but she thought it more than probable that he could. But he certainly did not seem to be making any attempt to do so. Slowly, and with her heart in her mouth, Tildy climbed the stone wall. She was very nimble, and she was sure she could get over it again before that unwieldy creature could reach her, and she might by some means save the cows. If she could only drive them over the stone wall! She walked slowly toward the bars, armed with a large stick.

The bear did not seem ferocious; perhaps she could drive him away. She stopped at a respectful distance and stared at him; she dared not go very near, although the bars were between her and the huge creature. As she stood gazing at him a very strange thing happened. The bear rose on his hind-feet, looked over the bars at her in a friendly fashion, and held out his paw as if for a cordial shake!

This proceeding was so entirely foreign to Tildy's previous ideas concerning the habits of bears that she did not know what to think. But when the bear, finding his

friendly overtures disregarded, began to dance a slow and stately minuet, Tildy felt like the little old woman on the King's highway, who cried, "O lauk a-mercy on me, this surely can't be I!"

"Bimelech's natural history books said nothing about this kind of a bear. He seemed to belong in a fairy book. He looked at her as if he really wished her to admire him. Tildy remembered a fairy story she had read of a Prince who was turned into a deer by a wicked fairy; perhaps somebody had been turned into this queer bear.

But being a shrewd, sensible little Yankee girl, Tildy soon came to the conclusion that there must be a more practical solution of the mystery. And suddenly there flashed into her mind a story that Jonas had told of a performing bear he had seen at a circus. She had almost forgotten it, because she had been so much more interested in the other wonders of which Jonas told—the baby elephant, the giraffes, and the talking hyena; but Jonas had said that the bear was perfectly harmless—"as gentle as a baby."

This was certainly a trained bear, and he seemed harmless. Tildy had ceased to tremble now, and she took a long look at him. He was muzzled! Tildy's courage arose with astonishing suddenness. It was not easy to believe in the gentleness of a bear after reading those dreadful stories in 'Bimelech's books; it was a comfort to know that this bear could not bite if he wanted to. He might hug the breath out of her body with those great shaggy paws of his, but he did not seem in the least disposed to any such violence, and Tildy began to feel as brave as a lion.

"What silly cows, to be afraid of a tame creature like that, when he didn't try to touch them!" she exclaimed, forgetting how her teeth had chattered ten minutes before.

There was a collar around the bear's neck, and from it hung a stout rope. If she only dared to take hold of the rope and lead the bear home, what a sensation she should create! thought Tildy. She extended her hand over the top bar, and the bear immediately placed his paw upon it and gave it a little friendly shake. It was such a huge, shaggy paw! Tildy felt a cold chill creeping over her, but she did not flinch. He certainly was a very sociable bear.

Tildy took the bars down slowly, watching him narrowly all the time. She took the rope in her hand, and he still looked at her in the mildest manner possible. She might lead him home with safety, she thought, but she could not leave the cows behind, and their objections to the bear could not be easily overcome. But she resolved to try an experiment; she led him down the road, out of sight and, she hoped, beyond the scent of the cows, he following her with the docility of a dog. She fastened his rope to a tree, and then went back and drove the cows out into the road. They were a little wild and unruly, being evidently still in terror of the bear, but once in the road they started on the trot for home, and Tildy brought up the rear with the bear.

"Bimelech was sitting on the door-step eating apple-pie. Jonas had also returned, and was looking anxiously down the road for Tildy and the cows.

Tildy and the bear were attended by a throng of admirers. Men, women, and children had run out of their houses, and were following the bear.

"Jehosaphat!" said Jonas.

Aunt Huldah rushed to the door, uttered a shriek, and fainted at the sight.

"There isn't another girl in Ponkadonk who would have dared to do that. That comes of being *my* sister, and knowing all about bears and things," said Bimelech, with his mouth full of pie. "That's the bear that strayed away from the circus. There are posters all over Cranberry Centre offering ten dollars reward for his return. Won't you be rich, Tildy? I'll take you to the circus, and you can pay for both."

Jonas went in search of old Lightning, and soon brought

him home, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself, and neighing humbly to Tildy.

"Bimelech carried the bear over to Cranberry Centre to his owners that very night—although Tildy felt very sorry to part with him—and brought Tildy the ten dollars. And Tildy had her new cambric dress and the prettiest hat in Ponkadonk, without waiting for Aunt Huldah's butter prize; and she bought for Bimelech a very big book on natural history, full of pictures of animals and birds, and a beautiful new butter stamp for Aunt Huldah, and a gray neck-tie for Jonas. And when the circus came to Ponkadonk Tildy met her bear again, and he greeted her like an old friend.

SOME MORE KITES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

ONE of the newest styles of Chinese kites that is being offered by toy-dealers is known as the tailless fan kite (Fig. 1). The frame of this kite consists of five thin and flat strips of bamboo, the ends of which are shown in the figure as extending beyond the face of the fan. The centre upright strip and the two side strips cross one another at the bottom of the fan, and form a small handle, which acts as a balance weight, and answers the purpose of a tail. The covering is pasted over the entire surface of the fan, and is painted to represent a fan.

The paper covering of this kite is left very loose toward the two upper corners of the fan, so as to form pockets. When flying, the wind fills the pockets and sustains the kite. This style of kite is now selling for from two to five cents each. For a face-band, No. 5, shown in the article of last week, is used.

Fig. 2 is another new style of Chinese kite, the general shape of which is that of a banner. The frame consists of four very thin and flat pieces of split bamboo, which are glued to the back of the kite. The face of this tailless kite is concave; this concavity is produced by a cord which is tied to the ends of the horizontal strips of bamboo, and then tightened. For this kite No. 5 face-band is used.

The round fan kite (Fig. 3) consists of an ordinary Japanese fan, the bamboo handle of which has been cut away, so as to make it very light. This kite requires a strong wind and plenty of tail. Face-band No. 3 is used.

Fig. 4 is a banneret kite. The frame consists of two sticks, the upright one being the stoutest and the cross stick the thinnest. The frame cord starts from near the right-hand end of the cross stick, and passes through a deep notch in the lower end of the upright stick. It is then brought up, and is securely fastened near the left-hand end of the cross stick.

The upright staff of the banneret is ornamented with a small silver paper star. It is strengthened by two cords, which are fastened just below the star and to the cross stick. To each end of the cross stick is attached a bunch of very narrow tissue-paper streamers. The frame of this kite is covered with white paper, on which is painted with water-colors the Stars and Stripes, as shown in the figure. For this kite face-band No. 3 is best. Fig. 5 is a single and very long streamer Union shield kite, which is constructed on the same principle as the shield kite described last week.

Fig. 6 is the "champion American kite" in all respects, it being the highest flier and the best behaved when carefully balanced in all its parts, and will remain motionless in the air for hours at a time. Its proportions are graceful, and will admit of a great deal of ornamentation.

The frame of this kite contains two long and one short and light cross stick. The three sticks are so arranged that they cross one another at three different points. In this way greater strength and solidity are obtained in the frame, and the sticks can be much lighter than when they all cross at one point, as is the case with all three-sticked



FIG. 1.

store kites. To the outer frame cord red, white, and blue tissue-paper fringing is attached, and on the inner frame cord is pasted the red, white, and blue tissue-paper covering of the kite. The pennant staff consists of a very thin strip of bamboo, and is tied to the cross stick and to the two

frame cords. It is also braced with two cords, which are fastened near the pennant and to the upper ends of the long sticks. For this kite face-bands Nos. 1 and 2 are used.

When making and flying kites the following suggestions will be found useful: The tailless Japanese and Chinese kites are for light winds; for strong winds they need tails. For pasting, boiled flour paste is best, and the less paste used on a kite the better. There should

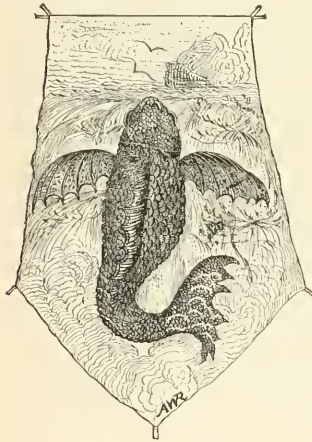


FIG. 2.

be as little pasting-down margin as possible, as a perfect kite should combine great lightness with strength.

The covering of a kite can be made water-proof and transparent by applying cheap furniture varnish that has been thinned down with spirits of turpentine, or by applying a coat of hot paraffine; the paper then becomes the so-called "waxed paper" used by confectioners.

When attaching the captive cord to the face-band, remember that it must be so placed as to hold the kite in the teeth of the wind; also fasten thoroughly every tie of the face-band, so as to avoid slip-ties and slip-knots. When selecting thread or twine for the captive cord always choose that which is the lightest, strongest, and most closely twisted, as the constant winding and unwinding will soon tell upon



FIG. 3.

any but the best quality. A good way to preserve the cord is to give it a light coat of melted paraffine; this will hold it together and preserve it from dampness. But it must be borne in mind that the kite has to sustain the weight of the captive cord, and that when it becomes too heavy it sags and bears the kite down.

I have found some of the American sewing-machine threads just the thing for medium-sized kites. Some of these threads are to be had on single spools of a length of two thousand four hundred yards. For large kites carpet thread and upholsterers' twine are the best. It is always the safest rule when kite-making to tie with fine silk thread all parts of the

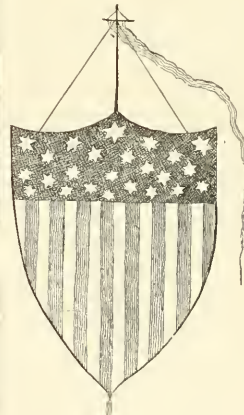


FIG. 5.

bamboo fishing-rods. From these can be obtained various lengths of bamboo which they have no use for, and any of them will sell for fifty cents an entire but slightly worm-eaten pole, which will make excellent kite sticks. When shaping the sticks for the frame always make them flat, so that when bound together they will not slip, as will round sticks. When using bamboo the projections of the joints should be sand-papered down. The straightness of all sticks should be constantly tested on a level surface.

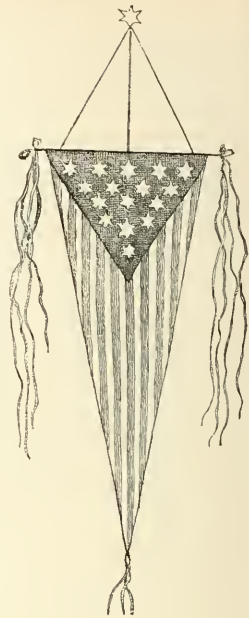


FIG. 4.

frame of a kite that cross one another, and to also apply a small quantity of hot glue to the ties. The covering of a kite will never become baggy if the frame is held together firmly by the ties and the frame cord.

The best parties to apply to for bamboo cane are the dealers and makers of

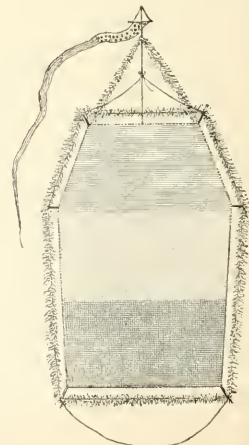


FIG. 6.



MIXING THE PUDDING.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

HOW does it happen that so important a thing as the mixing of the pudding for papa's birthday dinner has been left to the children? Of course Ethel and Susie have tried their skill in making some of the nice cakes for which receipts have been given in the Post-office Box, and have succeeded very well; but a birthday dinner, and in papa's honor, too, is a great event. No wonder that Gertrude is interested and anxious, and even little Tina has crept down from the nursery and perched herself on the table, ready to give her advice. It would be dreadful to spoil a birthday pudding.

By the time you are as old as Aunt Marjorie, dears, you will have learned never to be surprised at anything, however unexpected. That Bridget's second cousin's wife's sister should arrive from Ireland this very morning, and there being nobody in the world but Bridget to go and meet her at Castle Garden, and that mamma should be seized with one of her worst, most blinding headaches just when she felt as though she had not a moment to spare, and could not be ill, would have been astonishing, I own, if things did not often turn out in precisely that way.

"Perfect quiet in a darkened room will cure me, daughter," said mamma to Ethel, "and if Bridget does not return in time, Norah can cook some sort of a dinner. We'll put off the pudding, and have it to-morrow, and somebody may go to the baker's for a pie."

To the baker's for a pie! Susie said she thought that would be disgraceful, and Ethel and Gertrude agreed with her. So they resolved to steal around like mice, on tiptoes, and make a magnificent pudding, and amaze mamma.

"Pleatse poor mamma!" said lisping Tina.

"Indeed it will," answered capable Ethel.

A good cook once told me that she would rather make nine puddings than one pie. I believe I would myself, for pie-crust is such a dainty thing to manage.

These little girls were always very neat about their cooking, so you may be sure they washed their hands and slipped on clean aprons before they began their work. Then they brought their suet, their eggs, their sugar, and their molasses, and arranged them all on the table, so that they needed to take no extra steps. Norah came down and coaxed the range fire into burning splendidly, and so the small cooks were saved from one great worry. So much depends upon dampers and ovens, you know!

As they were to steam their pudding, Norah set the steamer on for them, and told them to be careful to butter the mould well, so that when done the pudding would not stick fast, but would come out smooth and whole.

Tina and Gertrude stoned the raisins, Susie measured the sugar, and Ethel mixed the mass. This was the receipt they used (they found it in one of mamma's books):

"One cupful of suet chopped fine, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of raisins, one tea-spoonful of salt, one small tea-spoonful of soda mixed in the molasses, three and a half cupfuls of flour."

For the sauce, when the pudding was done, they stirred to a cream a half-cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar; they added the white of an egg beaten to a froth, a half-tea-spoonful of vanilla, and a cupful of boiling water thickened with a tea-spoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water. This was allowed to come to the boil, and was taken off to serve with the pudding.

Mamma's head was well by the time dinner was ready, and papa said he was very proud of his clever little daughters. The pudding was excellent.

came to me, and finally he ran off. Then another dog came, and he was killed; and then I had a cut, and he ran off. I can hardly wait for my one Young People to another day for my paper. I liked the "Cruise of the Canoe Club," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and "Nan." My motto is "Less talk and more work." C. J. T.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Having seen so many nice letters in our Post-office Box, May and I thought we would write also, and hope to see it in print. We think that Young People is the jolliest paper of any, and only wish it were three times larger. We have a garden, and intend to raise tomatoes, potatoes, pease, radishes, lettuce, onions, and cutwip. May we join the Little Leaguekeepers? We enclosed a receipt for corn-meal cakes, and also some puzzles. Will the Postmistress kindly let us when modern sewing-machines came into use?

MAY E. H., and SOUROW A. L.

You will find the receipt printed in the next column. Needles of steel were brought from Spain to England in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and you may be surprised to learn that these useful and delicate little tools of the housewife actually pass through one hundred and twenty hands before they are ready for a lady's work-basket. The needle itself is very ancient, and made of ivory, wood, or bone, it was used in India, China, Africa, and, in fact, everywhere, long before Europe became civilized.

FRANKTOWN, NEVADA.

We have an aquarium with two gold-fish in it. We have a great many flowers. The mountains around here are very steep. My brother Henry has two telegraph instruments; my brothers practice telegraphy every night. I have four brothers and two sisters. The stories I like best are "Toby Tyler," "Nan," and "Raising the Cais." We live within one and one-half miles of the railroad. I would like to see your building very much. I was twelve years old on the 6th of April. We have a rooster named "Toby." ALBERT L.

One of these days you may visit New York, and if so, you must come to Franklin Square.

PLYMOUTH, WISCONSIN.

I am four years old. Papa and mamma call me Ref. Papa is an editor, and I have a great many books to read. I like Young People very much. I have a cat by the name of Gardie; he was given to me by a dear friend. I have five picture cards. I am printing this letter myself. Mamma tells me how to spell most of the words. With love. REGINALD A. W.

The dear little man printed every word of this himself in such beautiful plain letters as it did me good to see.

CAMBRIDGEBOROUGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send you by this mail a specimen of coral from the cave of which I told you in No. 128, also a pebble from the Pacific Ocean for you to keep. We had a dreadful drought the night the line of the floods in February; had to leave the house where we then lived in a boat. The water was three feet deep in the first floor. We now live in my mamma's old home, and the house where I was born. I went from here to the Pacific coast and back here for a year, and had have since lived in Minnesota, Nevada, California, and Arizona. Don't forget to let her papa and mamma, and as she was the only little girl on the vessel, she was often to be found sitting up by herself in a cozy corner of the deck, watching the sails and the wind, and when needed, making a pretty white foam about the side of the vessel.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed aloud to herself on one morning, "I hope that what would I not give to take a trip to the bottom of the ocean, and see for myself all the wonderful things they say are there!"

"Would you really like it?" asked a sweet little voice at her elbow. "On looking up she beheld one of the sweetest little creatures she had ever seen. Holding out her hand, she said, "Come with me, and I will show you the wonders of the ocean."

Before Ruth had time to think, she was following her little guide down, down to the very depths

of the ocean. She was not prepared for the grand sights which everywhere met her. Here were trees of the loveliest hues she had ever seen, and seaweed of all colors and shapes, and shells, and various other jewels in the form of shrubs and plants. Suddenly they came to a most beautiful range of blue mountains, and, turning swiftly round the corner of these, a splendid castle met Ruth's astonished eyes.

"This," said her little companion, "is the Ocean King's palace. Is it not beautiful?" And Ruth looked almost unable to describe. The castle itself was built of coral, beginning with a deep crimson, and ending at the top in a most delicate shade of pink. The doors and windows were studded with all kinds of precious stones, and the conservatory was of diamonds, while the flowers within were the loveliest she had ever seen. The high wall which surrounded the palace was composed of pearls and trapezoids.

In and out of the doors and windows fluttered lovely nymph-like creatures, their great beauty marred only by their having tails instead of feet and limbs. As Ruth reluctantly followed her guide (who had now become the same as these pretty creatures) past this gorgeous palace they came to the ruins of a large vessel that had lately been struck by the waves of a cyclone, and it was with a feeling of great sadness that she turned away and again followed her guide.

Now they came to the dwellings of the poorer classes of mermaids; these were chiefly cottages of dark brown coral studded here and there with garnets. The mermaids that they saw here were almost similar to those they had seen at the castle, but their eyes, instead of being so brilliant and luxuriant, was out close to their heads; for, as the little guide (whose own hair was flowing far beyond her tall) informed Ruth, the ladies had it cut to a mere fringe, and they were obliged to wear, every day, which Ruth thought was rather selfish of the rich ladies who had so much hair of their own.

They travelled much further, seeing many more villages, their guides being the sea-king's daughters, who must have, hoping that she had enjoyed her little trip, and satisfied her curiosity. Before she had time to thank her and kiss the little hand she held toward her, she was gone, and Ruth found herself once more in her cozy seat on the deck of the vessel, wondering if all she had seen was true, or if it had been a dream.

Ruth is now an old woman, but she still looks young, and many have seen her wonderful trip; and of the many stories she tells her little grandchild-her favorite, as well as theirs, is that of the "Ocean's Wonders." V. GIE.

Will Nannie D., of Greenville, South Carolina, oblige the Postmistress by sending her full name?

The Postmistress acknowledges favors from PERRY S., L. L., L., Ray C., Hattie M., Louie B., Mary B., R. F. M. (thanks, dear for your violets), Katie B., Fannie D., Robert P. M., Freddie M., Milton G., B. Gertrude M., Ida M., S., Lydia, Marie, and Carrie, and Archie A., Stanley B., and Edith M. She only wishes she could invent some way of printing these letters, every one of them, without taking up more than the space which can be afforded in the Post-office Box.

GOOD RECEIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSE-KEEPERS.

CORN-MEAL CAKES.—Take a quart of sweet milk and boil with half a cup of sugar and half a cup of butter; add enough Indian-corn meal to make a stiff batter; beat three eggs to a foam; add half a tea-spoonful of salt, and four eggs; send the milk, and melt the butter in it; when partly cooled, stir in the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, then the salt and flour; when quite cold, stir in the whites of the eggs, well beaten, with froth; bake in rather large patin pans; serve immediately with a sauce. The puddings should be filled with pulp. Strawberry sauce is especially nice with these puddings.

BATTER PUDDINGS, BAKED.—One quart of sifted flour, butter the size of an egg, one pint of milk, half a tea-spoonful of salt, and four eggs; send the milk, and melt the butter in it; when partly cooled, stir in the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, then the salt and flour; when quite cold, stir in the whites of the eggs, well beaten, with froth; bake in rather large patin pans; serve immediately with a sauce. The puddings should be filled with pulp. Strawberry sauce is especially nice with these puddings.

ROLLY POLY PUDDING, BOILED.—Make a biscuit dough, and roll it out into a square about a fourth of an inch thick; spread over it (leaving an inch square at the edge) with any kind of fruit, or berries, such as strawberries, raspberries, etc., sweetened, or preserves; roll it tight; seal it in a cloth, giving room for it to swell; boil it for an hour; serve with almost any kind of pudding sauce. A nice rolly-poly pudding may be made with sponge-cake baked in sheets, spread with preserves or jelly, rolled, sprinkled on top with the crumbs of the cake, and with any kind of fruit.

BAKED BERRY ROLLS.—Roll biscuit dough thin, in the form of a large square; roll this into small squares; spread over with berries; roll the crust, and put the rolls into dripping pan; close together until full; then put into the pan water, sugar, and pieces of butter; bake them; serve any of the pudding sauces.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
TWO FOUR TEARS.
1. My first is in war, but not in strife.
My second is in matron, but not in wife.
My third is in sigh, but not in moan.
My fourth is in have, but not in own.
My fifth is in evil, but not in bad.
My sixth is in mournful, but not in sad.
My seventh is in high, but not in tall.
My eighth is in little, but not in small.
My ninth is in glad, but not in state.
My tenth is in destiny, but not in fate.
My whole, with its letters rightly combined,
Forms the name of the wisest and best of mankind. G. I. W.
2. My first is in save, but not in spend.
My second is in give, but not in lend.
My third is in slow, but not in fast.
My fourth is in calm, also in blast.
My fifth is in glad, but not in state.
My sixth is in rate, but not in hit.
My whole it is something sweet and dear,
For which we look in the spring of the year. ALICE B. C.

- No. 2.
A RIDDLE.
I begin every effort, and end every scheme;
I am with you awake, and I glide through your dream;
I terminate hope, and am found too in fear;
I end every smile, form a part of each fear.
This riddle, I know, you will guess with all ease,
So send me the answer, my dears, if you please. G. I. W.

- No. 3.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am a quotation from a poem by Thomas Hood, and I consist of 47 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 19, 33, 34, 4, 41, a great general and adventurer.
My 37, 45, 13, the first name of a noted rebel in the reign of Richard II.
My 10, 3, 19, 43, 1, 30 were used to bind a very strong man.
My 14, 25, 39, something that Jumbo loves.
My 40, 35, 42, 21, 15, a well-known Welshman.
My 11, 23, 47, 23, the house of a celebrated giant.
My 36, 10, 45, 28, 12, a character in *Ivanhoe*.
My 33, 17, 36, 6, a maiden.
My 38, 31, 44, a lake in Scotland.
My 2, 5, 8, 1, 20, a bird commonly called the greenlet.
My 18, 24, 7, the present time. N. B.

- No. 4.
FOUR EASY DIAGRAMS.
1.—1. A letter. 2. A general of the Revolutionary war. 3. A kind of boat used on the Mediterranean. 4. A fish. 5. A letter.
2.—1. A word. 2. A reptile. 3. A boy's name. 4. A utensil. 5. A letter.
3.—1. A letter. 2. To annex. 3. A serpent. 4. A cage. 5. A letter.
4.—1. In serve. 2. A convulsion. 3. A serpent. 4. A number. 5. In serve. EREKA.

- No. 5.
REVERSIONS.
1. Reverse a heavenly body, and get small animals.
2. Reverse a period, and get to send forth.
3. Reverse to flourish, and get calamity.
4. Reverse a musical pipe, and get a quadruped. A. B. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 185.

- No. 1.
M A R S
D A T E
B A T T
W O L F
D A L E
O Z O E
W E N
L E A D
E A R N
L O S S
- No. 2.
Cuba.
- No. 3. Flow—wolf. Yam—May. Room—moor. Nip—pu.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alex. Zhanger Hoenenhoung, Peacock, Caroline Jane Lyndon, Willie P. Duncaut, Will Shirley Peebles, Alice B. C., Edith Feumer, Nettie Junco, Flora Pollack, Samuel Edmund, Iezgie Thomson, Harold S. Be Sharon, Charles De Gaugue, Eureka, Nameless Knight White Feather, Mind S. Nickerson, Roy Sulz, Lulu McNameara, Smith Tuttle, George Wren, Arnold Van Ssee, Charlie Fisher, Robbie Craig, Nelson Van Archie Fleming, Hugh McDonald, Angelle Burnett, Amy A. Blose Dea, Marguerite, Daisy Jackson, Frances Carr, Alex. V. McKee, Habert Keifer, Tom and Jennie, Three Little Cousins, Dorothy Fox, and R. O. C.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE MERCHANT TRICK.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

THIS is a very amusing game, for it can be found out quite easily by paying close attention, and as its secret dawns upon the players one at a time they do not fail to enjoy the efforts of their companions to discover it also. The players sit in chairs placed in a circle around the room. Several of them should be already familiar with the trick, so that their correct answers will keep up the interest and excite the curiosity of the less fortunate.

One of the players begins by turning to the person at his right, with the remark, "I am a merchant." The player addressed replies with the inquiry, "What do you sell?" He then names some article, as chair, table, nail, tack, sofa, hair. The next player then in his turn informs the player on his right hand in the same words, "I am a merchant," and replies to the inquiry "What do you sell?" with the name of something which he

guesses may be the proper article. The leader, he who begins the game, will probably inform the player that his guess is incorrect. The next player then takes his turn, and he too will probably be informed that his guess is not correct. This seems surprising, as he will often try without success the very same articles which have been found to be correct when mentioned by some of the knowing ones.

Profiting by each other's mistakes, the trial goes merrily on, and many ways are tried to discover the process upon which the knowing ones are working. They try the initials of their names and many other devices, and carefully watch the manner of asking and answering the questions.

After puzzling long enough they are somewhat mortified to learn that the answer is correctly given only when the article named is touched with the left hand of the person who is naming it. A little ingenuity will enable the player to touch a great many objects without exciting much attention; but as the game goes on, and the manner of playing begins to be suspected, more caution is needed.

A BATTLE IN THE GRASS.

AFIGHT between a rattlesnake and a black snake was recently witnessed near Fort Worth. The black snake forced the fighting, gliding around in swift circles, while the rattlesnake lay coiled. The circles grew smaller, and the rattlesnake appeared confused as the black snake drew closer. His rattles ceased to give out their usual sharp sound, and his head dropped as if vertigo was seizing him. The black snake seized, by a lightning movement, the rattler by the throat, and, winding about him, the two rolled over and over together. In a few moments the rattlesnake ceased to breathe. An examination of the dead body of the rattlesnake revealed a fracture in the spine as complete as if done by a blow with a club. The rattlesnake measured five feet and three inches.



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

HARPERS

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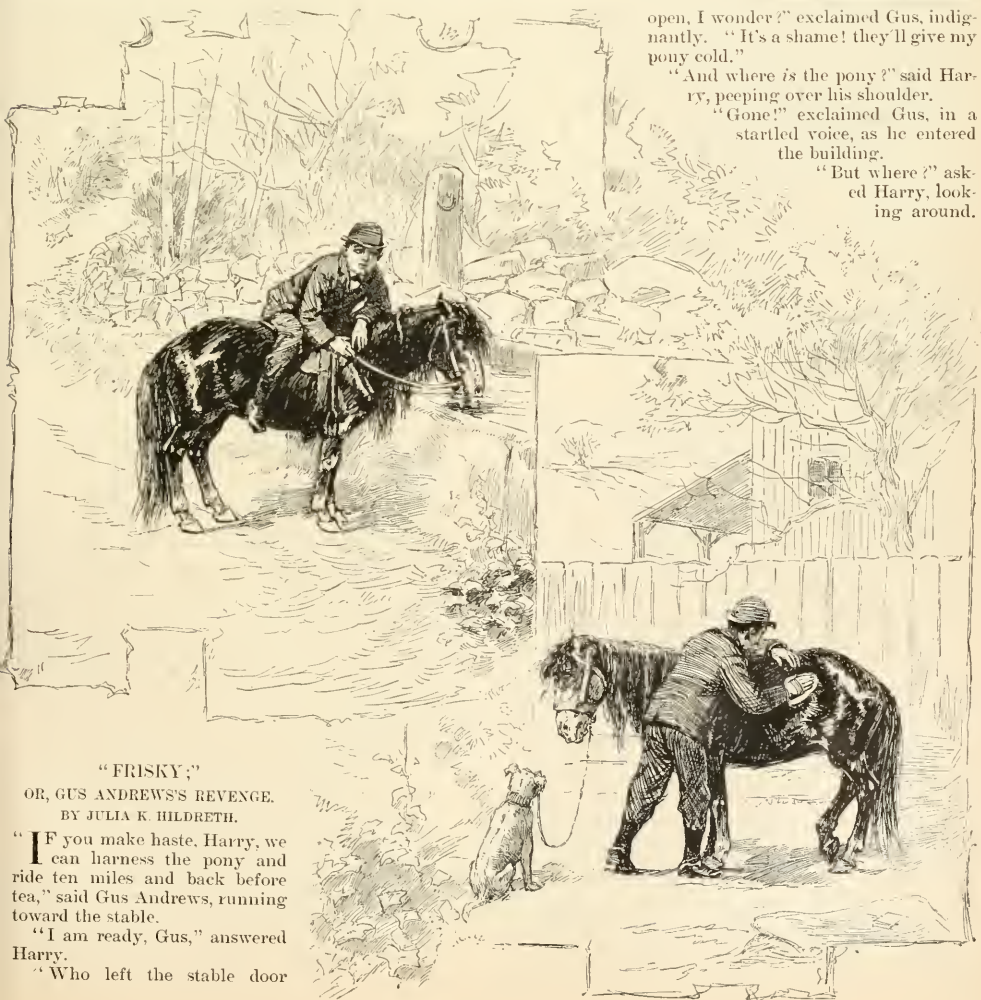
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open, I wonder?" exclaimed Gus, indignantly. "It's a shame! they'll give my pony cold."

"And where *is* the pony?" said Harry, peeping over his shoulder.

"Gone!" exclaimed Gus, in a startled voice, as he entered the building.

"But where?" asked Harry, looking around.

"FRISKY;"

OR, GUS ANDREWS'S REVENGE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"If you make haste, Harry, we can harness the pony and ride ten miles and back before tea," said Gus Andrews, running toward the stable.

"I am ready, Gus," answered Harry.

"Who left the stable door

"See here, Gus, these must be his tracks, leading toward old Mr. Beggs's garden."

"Are you looking for your new pony, Gus?" said a ragged little urchin, who had been watching them from the road.

"Yes," answered Gus, turning around quickly. "Do you know anything about him?"

"I saw old Miser Beggs larrupping him like fun all around his door-yard this morning. My! how Frisky did hop and kick! But old Beggs caught him at last, and shut him up in his barn, and there he is now, I think," said the little fellow, as he walked away.

"Well, if that is not too bad!" grumbled Harry. "What will you do now, Gus?"

"Why, go after him at once," answered Gus.

As the boys approached Mr. Beggs's house, which was close by their own, a small wrinkled old man came out of the gate, leading a beautiful bay pony. The pony seemed very much subdued, and walked with his head down. It was the truant Frisky. Gus ran up to the old man, and said, politely:

"Mr. Beggs, will you be kind enough to tell me how much damage Frisky has done, and let me pay for it, and take him home? I promise he shall not trouble you again."

"Get out of my way, boy," snarled the old man. "You can pay the pound-master fur him, 'cause that's where he's agoin'. It's the law, you know, and I sha'n't break the law fur nobody."

"Please, Mr. Beggs," pleaded Gus, "let me have my pony. They will starve him, I know, at the pound."

"He's 'most starved a'ready," chuckled the old man. "But it will do him good, and take some of the nasty tricks out of him."

Frisky turned his head and tried to pull away from Mr. Beggs at the sound of his master's voice, but the old man struck him several blows with a knotted stick which he carried, and the pony became quiet again, and followed him dejectedly.

"Stop beating my pony!" screamed Gus, in a rage, as he saw the stick fall upon Frisky's sleek sides. "I'll be even with you—see if I don't."

He was so angry that he stamped his feet, and shook his clinched fist furiously after old Mr. Beggs. Then, as soon as the pony and his jailer were out of sight, he threw himself upon the ground and cried aloud. Harry tried to comfort him, but in vain.

"He will starve," sobbed Gus. "Father will not be home in time to get him out this evening, for they close the pound at six, and I don't know what may happen to poor Frisky before morning."

"I think they will take good care of him, Gus. Come home with me and try my new scroll-saw, and forget poor Frisky until to-morrow."

"I can't," replied Gus. "It's no use."

The two boys sat talking until the short afternoon was over and it began to grow dark. Then they walked slowly homeward. Their houses stood side by side, only separated by a small garden. As Harry bade his friend good-by, he said,

"Don't fret, Gus, it will be all right to-morrow."

"I hope so," answered Gus; "but I know I'd like to beat that miserly old mummy to a jelly."

After tea Gus went to his own room and tried to read, but he could think of nothing but Frisky, and how to revenge himself upon Mr. Beggs, or Miser Beggs, as the children called him. The old man lived all alone in a half-ruined little cottage that stood at a short distance from Gus Andrews's home. He was supposed to have a great quantity of money hidden in various nooks and corners of his dwelling. But he himself declared that he was so poor that he expected to die in the work-house. As he was very ill-natured, and seemed to dislike everybody, he was shunned by all. He had no companion but a poor one-eyed dog,

almost as disagreeable as his master, and who, like him, appeared to take delight in snapping and snarling at every one. This dog was named Cyclops, and was the terror of the neighborhood.

Gus remained up until he grew very tired and cold; then he went to bed. "Morning will come all the sooner if I can sleep," said he, as he drew the blankets over his ears.

But Gus did not sleep until morning. About eleven o'clock he was awakened by a flash of light across his face. He sprang up to ascertain the cause, and found that the light came from the direction of Mr. Beggs's cottage, which was in sight of his bedroom window. There was a little half curtain at the miser's dingy window, and over that Gus saw that the room was brilliantly lighted up with a flickering glare that sometimes burned brightly and at others died away altogether.

"His house is on fire," said Gus to himself, "and I am glad of it. I hope every stick of the old shanty will burn up."

He watched for a few moments longer, thinking to see the old man run out and give the alarm; but everything remained quiet. No one seemed to notice the fire, and it kept growing brighter and brighter. Then Gus began to be uneasy.

"It will never do to let the old man burn to death in his bed," said he, as he began dressing hastily. "I'll go and see what Harry thinks we ought to do."

He slipped down-stairs softly and across the garden to Harry's window. It was so near the ground that he could reach it easily. So he tapped loudly on the pane, and after a few moments Harry lifted the window, and inquired, in a sleepy voice:

"Is that you, Gus? What's the matter?"

"Old Miser Beggs's shanty is on fire. Come out, Harry."

"Good!" said Harry. "Let it burn. He has money enough to buy a thousand old shanties like that."

"But, Harry, I am afraid Mr. Beggs is in the house asleep; for I can't see any one moving, and old Clops is howling frightfully."

"Oh!" said Harry, in a startled voice. "I'll be dressed in a moment."

Gus watched the light in Mr. Beggs's window impatiently while waiting for Harry, who presently climbed out. Then the two boys scampered off in the direction of the old man's house. No one had yet been alarmed, and the fire was spreading rapidly. When they reached the window with the half curtain Gus climbed upon the sill and peeped in.

"Harry," he shouted, "beat on the door! The room is full of smoke, and I can see something on the bed. Old Clops is running backward and forward. The whole side of the room seems to be on fire. Be quick! Pound as hard as you can."

Gus and Harry tried for some time to arouse the old man, but he did not even stir, although Cyclops added to the turmoil by howling and barking more furiously than ever.

"I shall have to break through the window," said Gus at last, when he found nothing would arouse the old man. Together they pulled the rickety window from the casement, and Gus jumped into the burning room. Clops flew at him as his feet touched the floor, and snapped and barked at him with what little breath he had left, for he too was almost smothered by the smoke.

Gus hurried to the bed where the old man lay. The smoke was so dense that he could scarcely breathe, but he shook Mr. Beggs, and called his name several times. He did not move. So Gus ran to the window, and between coughing and gasping told Harry that they would have to carry the miserable old man out, for he could not awake him.

Harry sprang into the thick smoke, and followed Gus.

The boys half-dragged, half-carried the old man to the window. The smoke blinded and choked them, and old Clops bit and snapped at their heels; but at last they got him to the window, and propped him up until the fresh cool air had revived him a little. Then they coaxed him to climb out and sit on a stone in front of his house. Gus wrapped a quilt that he had snatched from the bed around the poor shivering old man. He was only half-conscious even now, and sat mumbling to himself, his head buried in his hands. Old Clops crouched at his feet, whining.

"Here comes some one," exclaimed Harry. "Let's call fire. Perhaps we can save Mr. Beggs's house."

"Fire! fire!" screamed the boys at once, and Cyclops gave a long, melancholy howl.

A man ran down the narrow road leading to the miser's cottage, and said, "Hello! what's the matter?"

"Mr. Beggs's house is on fire, and he has been half-suffocated with the smoke," answered Gus.

In a few moments the little door-yard was full of busy people engaged in extinguishing the flames, and it was not long before the only signs of the fire left were a strong smell of burning wood and a little smoke.

"I say, Mr. Beggs," said the man who had come to the fire first, "you had better knock the fire out of your pipe before you put it in your pocket another time. It may save tobacco, but it's rather expensive in the long-run. See here," said he, holding up a badly burned coat, and taking a pipe from the pocket, "this garment is good for nothing, and your house will need some repairing before it's a pleasant place to live in."

Mr. Beggs sprang up with a growl, snatched the coat from the man's hand, and holding the quilt around him stalked into the house, without a word of thanks, and banged the door after him.

The men who had worked so hard to save the miser's house looked at each other and laughed. Then they went quietly home, and Gus and Harry were alone again. After saying a few words to each other they also returned to their beds.

Early the next morning, while Gus was dressing, Harry called him from the garden.

"Gus," he said, "come down; I want to show you something."

Gus hurried to join his friend, and said,

"Well, what is it, Harry?"

"Look at that," answered Harry, pointing down the road.

Gus turned, and saw old Mr. Beggs coming slowly toward them leading Frisky by the bridle.

"Here's your horse," mumbled the old man, looking everywhere but at Gus. "I am sorry I used you so mean. You said you'd pay me up, and so yer did. You saved my life. I'd rather you had hit me. In general I don't set much store by boys, but I kinder think you two are different from other boys."

"Thank you, Mr. Beggs, for bringing Frisky back," cried Gus, delightedly. "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing, boy," said the old man, shaking his head. "If anybody owes anything, it's me, I guess. I'll pay you some day, my boys—some other day."

"We have done nothing to deserve pay," said Gus. "Have we, Harry?"

"No, indeed," answered Harry, as he stroked the pony's nose.

The old man pulled out a large red cotton handkerchief, turned away, wiped his eyes, and went into his own house.

Frisky was as pleased to return home as his master was to have him safe again. That afternoon Gus and Harry took their long ride. On their return, as they passed Mr. Beggs's house, they saw the old man leaning over the gate. He stopped them and asked,

"Did you have a fine ride, boys?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Gus.

Then Mr. Beggs gave Frisky a lump of sugar, and immediately went into the house and shut the door, as though he were ashamed of what he had done.

After that day whenever Gus drove Frisky out, Mr. Beggs would watch for him over the garden gate, and nod his head and grin as he passed. He never said a word about the burned house, but patched it up himself as well as he could with a few old boards from his tumble-down barn.

About three years after the fire old Miser Beggs died. He left a will bequeathing his old dog Cyclops to Gus, and his property to be divided equally between the two boys. His money, instead of being hidden about the old shanty, was deposited safely in various banks, where it was to lie and accumulate until Gus and Harry became of age.

Cyclops proved to be at first rather a troublesome bequest, for he snarled and snapped at every one who approached him, and flatly refused to leave his old home. But after a while he grew a little less savage, and would wag his stump of a tail when Gus brought him a piece of meat.

Then one day of his own accord he followed his new master home, where he remain'd ever after. And although he never grew beautiful, the boys became so fond of him that he was their constant companion in all their sports. Especially did he take to Frisky. When Gus was on his back Clops would follow close behind, and when the boy was grooming him Clops would hold the bridle in his mouth, and superintend the operation with all the gravity in the world. Never was there such a good understanding between a dog and a pony before.

ON COLLECTING MOTHS.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

MOTHS belong to the order of insect life called Lepidoptera—a name signifying scaly wings. If you touch the wings of these insects too roughly, what appears to be a fine mealy powder is left on your fingers. If you examine the wings with a powerful microscope, you will find that they are covered with little scales so fine that to the naked eye they seem like powder. These scales cover the entire wing, overlapping each other like the scales on a fish.

Directions for catching butterflies were given in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, Vol. III., No. 142. The same method should be followed in capturing moths, only you can not take your net and hunt for them in the sunny fields as you hunt for butterflies. In the evening, when the lamps are lighted, they will fly in at the open window, and bump their heads against the ceiling of the room, or flutter blindly about the lamp on the table, and if you have your net and ether ready you can easily catch them and add them to your collection.

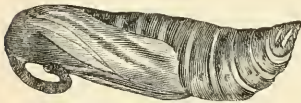
It is very easy to distinguish a butterfly from a moth when the insect is at rest. A butterfly always has its wings upright. The little skipper butterflies are the only exception to this rule, and even those always elevate the fore-wings. But the moth when it alights always puts its wings in a horizontal position, folding the fore pair backward so that the hind-wings are almost concealed. Another difference is that while butterflies flutter about in the sunshine and at night creep in among the leaves and go to sleep, moths sleep all day, coming from their hiding-places as it grows dark, to spend the night hunting for the sweet little honey cups of flowers where their food is stored. In scrambling about among the bushes in the daytime you will often disturb some moth. Then it will flutter about blindly and be easily caught. There is also a great difference between the caterpillars of moths and butterflies, and in the manner in which they form their chrysalides and



THE HAWK MOTH.

cocoons, which you will find fully described in books on Lepidoptera.

Moths are divided into two great families, Hawk-moths or Sphinxes, and Moths or Phalena. The Hawk-moths are called sphinxes because the caterpillars have a curious habit of elevating the fore-part of the body and remaining immovable for hours, which reminded Linnaeus, the great naturalist who named them, of the Egyptian Sphinx. The hawk-moths hover in the air like a humming-bird while they suck honey from the flowers.



CHRYSLIS OF THE HAWK MOTH.

There is one very large hawk-moth which may be found any summer evening taking its supper from the honey-suckle and other sweet flowers. As it poises in the air fluttering its large wings, it makes a loud humming sound like the buzzing of a beetle. Throw a net over it carefully, and give it a good dose of ether, for it is a strong insect, and will not yield its life easily. Its large gray wings, which expand about five inches, are ornamented with blackish markings, and on each side of its thick body are five dull orange spots which give it the name of five-spotted sphinx. You will think at first that in catching it you have broken off the long tongue which you saw it thrust into the flower cups; but look under its head,

and there you will find the tongue snugly rolled up like a watch spring. Take a pin and unroll it carefully before it is dry, for it is a wonderful tongue, five or six inches in length, long enough to penetrate to the bottom of the largest flowers. The caterpillar of the five-spotted sphinx is the large green potato-worm familiar to every country boy. It crawls into the ground to form its chrysalis, which is of a shiny brown color.

The great elm



MOTH AND HUMMING BIRD.

moth is another sphinx which is easily captured. It lives in elm-trees during July and August. It is as large as the moth just described, and has light brown wings, marked with dark brown and white. In summer evenings these creatures often fly into the lighted parlors of country houses, especially when elm-trees grow on the lawn.

There is one group of sphinxes which, unlike most of their family, fly in the daytime. They look like humming-birds as they flit about over sweet-scented flowers. They have thick dark brown bodies covered with down, and their wings are like lace with a downy border of reddish-brown. These moths are called *Aegerians*.

The division of Lepidoptera, which Linnaeus named *Phalena*, contains a great multitude of moths. The tiny creatures which as caterpillars eat woollen and fur in the summer belong to this family, and in some tropical countries there are moths among the *Phalena* with wings expanding twelve inches.

One of the largest moths which flies here in the North is the *Attacus cecropia*. Its wings expand fully six inches. They are reddish brown in color, with a gray margin ornamented with wavy black lines. Near the centre of each wing is an oblong white spot shaded on the edge with brick red. This handsome moth appears in June, and is



ATTACUS CECROPIA.

rarely found during the latter part of summer, but its great caterpillar crawls about on fruit trees and currant bushes in August. About the first of September, when it is fully grown, it is an enormous creature, larger and longer than a man's finger. It is then of a light green color, and covered with red, yellow, and blue warts. It spins its cocoon early in the autumn, fastening itself to the side of the twig where it has been feeding. The cocoon looks like an oblong bunch of thick brown paper, and is fastened to the twig with threads so strong that it is very difficult to break them. If you find a cocoon, do not try to detach it from its resting-place, but break off the twig, and if you keep it all winter in a cool place, the beautiful moth will crawl forth in the spring.

The *Dryocampa imperialis* is another large and very handsome moth. Its wings, which expand about five inches, are pale yellow, dotted with purple, and crossed by wavy purple bands. It leaves the chrysalis in June, and flies about until early in July, when it disappears. The last of August you will find its caterpillar crawling about on buttonwood-trees. It is a great green creature with a red back and orange-colored head. The last of September it goes into the ground to form its chrysalis, which lies safely hidden all winter, and works its way to the surface of the earth in spring just before the time when the moth will burst forth.

It is well to gather all the cocoons and chrysalides you can find, but do not keep them in close covered boxes, for the moth can not expand and dry its wings without room and air. When the moth first crawls forth its wings are folded around its body, and it looks like a worm. It takes several hours for the wings to open and become soft and velvety. If you are successful in getting a good collection of chrysalides, place them on a shelf where they will not be disturbed, and cover them with wire covers or baskets of fine wicker-work.

Watch them carefully, otherwise the moth may come out and die, and become so dry before it is found that it will crumble if you try to arrange it in your collection.

Nearly all of the small gray millers which flutter around the evening lamp belong to the *Phalena* family. These little insects are not very pretty, but sometimes you will find one among them with beautifully colored wings. The *Deiopeia bella*, which flies all through the summer, is a very pretty little creature. It expands only one inch and a half. Its fore-wings are yellow, marked with white bands and black dots, and the hind-wings are scarlet, bordered with black.

Many of the *Aretians*, or woolly bears, are pretty moths. They are called woolly bears because the caterpillars are covered with hair. The black and tan-red caterpillar which rolls itself into a little ball when touched is one of the woolly bears. Its moth is dull yellow spotted with black. One of the prettiest of the woolly-bear moths is the *Aretia acrea*.

You will find it more difficult to classify and name moths than butterflies, because there are so many varieties which vary very little in appearance.

Make your collection as large and perfect as possible, and if you can examine your specimens through a good microscope you will admire more than ever before the wonderful delicacy and perfection of nature's handiwork.



"HE PINCHED JUST AS HARD AS HE COULD PINCH."

AN ACCIDENT.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

UNT ELIZA never comes to our house without getting me into difficulties. I don't really think she means to do it, but it gets itself done just the same. She was at our house last week, and though I meant to behave in the most exemplifying manner, I happened by accident to do something which she said ought to fill me with remorse for the rest of my days.

Remorse is a dreadful thing to have. Some people have it so bad that they never get over it. There was once

a ghost who suffered dreadfully from remorse. He was a tall white ghost, with a large cotton umbrella. He haunted a house where he used to walk up and down, carrying his umbrella and looking awfully solemn. People used to wonder what he wanted of an umbrella, but they never asked him, because they always shrieked and fainted away when they saw the ghost, and when they were brought to cry, "Save me take it away take it away."

One time a boy came to the house to spend Christmas. He was just a terror, was this boy. He had been a District Telegraph Messenger boy, and he wasn't afraid of anything. The folks told him about the ghost, but he said he didn't care for any living ghost, and had just as soon see him as not.

That night the boy woke up, and saw the ghost standing in his bedroom, and he said: "Thishyer is nice conduct, coming into a gentleman's room without knocking. What do you want, anyway?"

The ghost replied in the most respectful way that he wanted to find the owner of the umbrella. "I stole that umbrella when I was alive," he said, "and I am filled with remorse."

"I should think you would be," said the boy, "for it is the worst old cotton umbrella I ever saw."

"If I can only find the owner and give it back to him," continued the ghost, "I can get a little rest; but I've been looking for him for ninety years, and I can't find him."

"Serves you right," said the boy, "for not sending for a messenger. You're in luck to meet me. Gimme the umbrella, and I'll give it back to the owner."

"Bless you," said the ghost, handing the umbrella to the boy; "you have saved me. Now I will go away and rest," and he turned to go out of the door, when the boy said,

"See here; it's fifty cents for taking an umbrella home, and I've got to be paid in advance."

"But I haven't got any money," said the ghost.

"Can't help that," said the boy. "You give me fifty cents, or else take your umbrella back again. We don't do any work in our office for nothing."

Well, the end of it all was that the ghost left the umbrella with the boy, and the next night he came back with the money, though where he got it nobody will ever know. The boy kept the money, and threw the umbrella away, for he was a real bad boy, and only made believe that he was going to find the owner; and the ghost was never seen again.

But I haven't told about the trouble with Aunt Eliza yet. The day she came to our house mother bought a lot of live crabs from a man, and put them in a pail in the kitchen. Tom McGinnis was spending the day with me, and I said to him what fun it would be to have crab races, such as we used to have down at the sea-shore last summer. He said wouldn't it, though; so each of us took three crabs, and went upstairs into the spare bedroom, where we could be sure of not being disturbed. We had a splendid time with the crabs, and I won more than half the races. All of a sudden I heard mother calling me, and Tom and I just dropped the crabs into an empty work-basket, and pushed it under the sofa out of sight, and then went down-stairs.

I meant to get the crabs and take them back to the kitchen again, but I forgot all about it, for Aunt Eliza came just after mother had called me, and everybody was busy talking to her. Of course she was put into the spare room, and as she was very tired, she said she'd lie down on the sofa until dinner-time and take her hair down.

About an hour afterward we heard the most dreadful cries from Aunt Eliza's room, and everybody rushed upstairs, because they thought she must certainly be dead. Mother opened the door, and we all went in. Aunt Eliza was standing in the middle of the floor, and jumping up and down, and crying and shrieking at the top of her voice.

One crab was hanging on to one of her fingers, and he pinched just as hard as he could pinch, and there were two more hanging on to the ends of her hair. You see, the crabs had got out of the work-basket, and some of them had climbed up the sofa while Aunt Eliza was asleep.

Of course they said it was all my fault, and perhaps it was. But I'd like to know if it's a fair thing to leave crabs where they can tempt a fellow, and then to be severe with him when he forgets to put them back. However, I forgive everybody, especially Aunt Eliza, who really doesn't mean any harm.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS.

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UP THE CALOOSAHATCHEE.

IT was at Punta Rassa that Tom Rogers was to leave the *Pearl*, and Charley take his place at the engine. That night, while Captain Sammy was on deck making everything fast and snug, Dare found an opportunity of whispering to Tommy that he hoped to get him ashore in the morning.

A mail steamer made weekly trips between Punta Rassa, Tampa, and Cedar Keys, and it was very probable that Tommy could get a passage upon her, even if he could not induce Rogers to take him home with him. It seemed, therefore, to be of the highest importance that the pirate should leave the *Pearl* at that point.

It would have been impossible for the prisoner to have moved around the cabin any that night, for Captain Sammy was up and down like a jack-in-a-box, and the first move would have been sure to result in detection.

At last the boys dropped off to sleep one by one, and when they awakened again Captain Sammy was in the engine-room preparing Rogers's breakfast, so that he could get on shore very early.

While Dare was in the cabin, on the alert to every move Captain Sammy made, he saw Tommy's head cautiously appear from under the berth, and heard the unhappy pirate whisper,

"You'll be certain to get me out of this to-day, won't you?"

"I'll do the best I can," replied Dare, bending low over the berth, that no one should hear his whisper; "but I don't see how it's going to be done."

"I shall die if I have to stay here any longer. I know I shall, for it's just awful," and the two tears that rolled down the pirate's cheeks attested to the fact of his suffering.

There was no time for Dare to express his sympathy, for Captain Sammy entered the cabin just then, and Tommy withdrew his head so quickly that he hit it a terrible thump on the berth above.

"Do any of the boys want to see the town?" the little man asked.

"I don't think they do, sir. Of course, if you want to send there for anything, any of us will go."

"No, I don't want to send, for I am going on shore myself to carry Rogers. I thought if any of you wanted to go, you'd better be getting ready. But it's just as well you don't want to, for there ain't more than twenty houses there, and really nothing to see."

Dare's heart seemed to come up into his throat, so great was his delight that Captain Sammy was going ashore, for it seemed almost certain that, once left alone, they could dispose of Tommy in some way.

* Begun in No. 173, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

He found an opportunity of warning Charley not to express any desire to see Punta Rassa, and then went on deck to say good-by to Rogers.

"Have everything ready so that we can leave the moment I get back," shouted Captain Sammy, as the little tender left the *Pearl*, and even as he shouted, the boys could hear Tommy scurrying around below, probably engaged in stretching his legs.

Strange as it may seem, the boys had not once thought that they should be without the means of reaching the shore after Captain Sammy left in the tender, and Dare's joy at his going was very short-lived, for he realized when the little craft left the *Pearl*, that he and his crew were quite as much prisoners as was Tommy.

"There's only one chance," he said, mournfully, to Charley, "and that is that a boat may come alongside, or near us, while he is gone. Let all hands keep a bright lookout, and if we see any kind of a craft, hail her."

Tommy was perfectly quiet below, and there was no doubt but that he was making rapid inroads on the larder.

The watch on the bow of the *Pearl* was not continued very long, for in five minutes after Captain Sammy stepped ashore he was seen returning with some bundles in his hands, and he started directly for the steamer.

"It's all up now," said Dare, with a groan. "Our trip is spoiled all because of Tommy, for I know something dreadful will happen when Captain Sammy sees him, and there isn't much chance that we can keep him hidden very long."

Then he went down to tell the prisoner that he must get into his dungeon again, or what would be altogether for the best, show himself, and be set ashore as soon afterward as the little Captain would permit.

But at this last proposal Tommy showed such signs of fear that it was useless to urge it. He declared that he had rather jump overboard and run the risk of being eaten by sharks, which death, he thought, would be far easier than the one the Captain would mete out to him. He insisted that there would be plenty of opportunities for him to get on shore after they were farther up the river, and that he would gladly take the chances of the walk through the woods to Punta Rassa rather than face his enemy.

Then Charley proposed that he should hide under the little berth off of the engine-room rather than in the forward cabin, since in that place they would have a better chance to give him his food, and he could go into the standing-room after all the others were in bed.

This change was gladly accepted by the disconsolate pirate, and he hastened to stow himself away as quickly as possible.

"You'll certain let me know when there's the littlest chance for me to get ashore, won't you?" he asked, imploringly; and Dare assured him decidedly that he was quite as anxious to land him as he was to be landed.

When Captain Sammy stepped on board he looked around him for some evidences that preparations had been made for getting the steamer under way, but everything was as he had left it. The crew bustled around lively enough as soon as he was there; but their idleness during his absence was something he could not understand, and Dare believed the little man had grown suspicious. He well knew that if the Captain should seriously suspect that something was taking place on the steamer which was kept a secret from him, it would not take him long to discover everything, and then would come the tragedy he had been fearing.

It was not many minutes after this before Charley announced that he was ready. The anchor was weighed, and the *Pearl* steamed swiftly up the sluggish waters of the Caloosahatchee River.

They had been about two hours on their journey when Bobby crept into the pilot-house, and in a way intended

to be secret, but which would instantly attract attention, whispered to Dare that Charley and Tommy had formed a plan which they wanted him to consent to. It was that one of the boys should call Captain Sammy into the cabin, and there engage his attention until the pirate could creep out on deck, jump into the tender, and row ashore. After he had made his escape into the woods some one could discover that the boat had gone adrift, and the steamer be put back for it. In case Captain Sammy should discover the plot after Tommy had east the boat loose from the steamer, and while he was yet in sight, Charley was to pretend to misunderstand the signals given, and thus the pirate would escape before the steamer could be stopped.

Dare did not like the plan because of the deception necessary to practice on the little man, but something must be done, even if it was desperate, and he told Bobby to go away for a while until he could think the matter over.

All this time Captain Sammy was leaning over the rail in a careless sort of way, as if he was paying no attention to what was taking place behind him; but had any of the boys watched him carefully they would have seen that he was on the alert for everything around him.

Dare realized that if they did not part company with the pirate very soon they would be so far from any settlement as to make it impossible that he could ever reach home; therefore, much as he disliked Charley's plan, he concluded that it should be tried.

He made motions to Bobby to come into the pilot-house again, and there another whispered consultation was held as to how Bobby should contrive to get the little man into the cabin and keep him there.

Then Bobby returned to Charley, telling him what Dare had said, and warning him to have Tommy all ready when Dare should give the signal by whistling through the speaking-tube.

Dare proposed to wait until they should come to a bend in the river before the plan was carried into execution, so that Tommy could be more sure of getting out of sight quickly. In less than half an hour the *Pearl* approached what seemed to be the very place of all others in which to try the experiment.

Dare whistled to Charley, and was about to motion to Bobby to do his portion of the work, when Captain Sammy started to his feet as if he had received an electric shock.

"I don't like this!" he shouted, in what to Dare seemed a stern voice. "Tell Charley to stop her."

It was with a sinking heart that Dare rang the bell, for he felt that the critical moment had come, and that in a very short time Captain Sammy would know all.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN SAMMY'S PERIL.

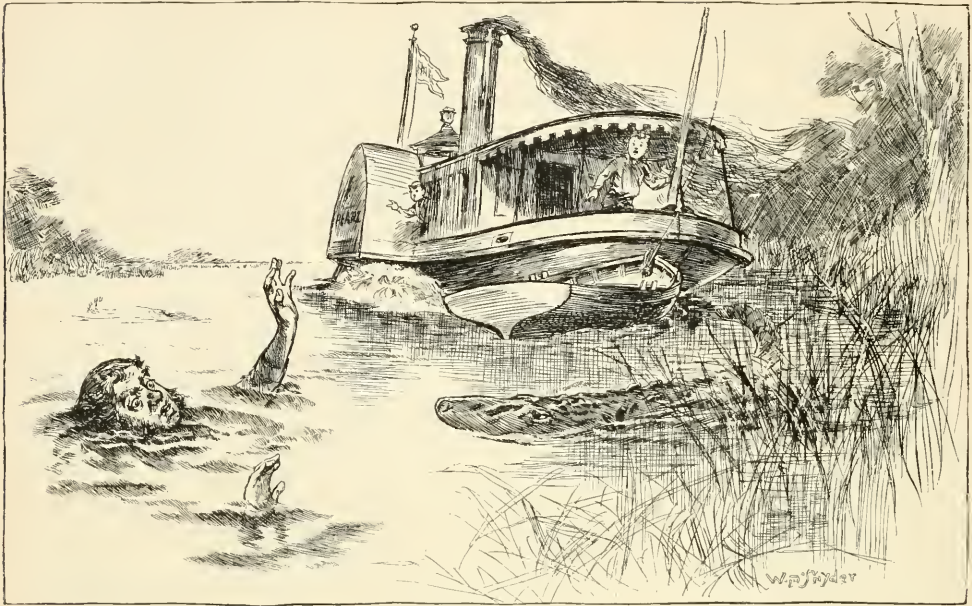
WHEN the little man gave the order to stop the *Pearl* he spoke in such a loud voice that every one on board heard him, and for a few moments confusion reigned in the engine-room.

Of course each one thought, as Dare had, that the pirate's presence was discovered, or would be in a very short time, and Tommy's knees trembled so that he could hardly manage to creep into his new hiding-place in the after-cabin.

But the cause of Captain Sammy's apparently singular action arose from a more innocent reason than the guilty boys believed.

"I don't like this idea of rushing ahead as if everything depended on our getting to Lake Okeechobee at a certain time," he said, when the boys stood before him, "and it is too bad not to take our share of these fish before we go any farther."

The faces of his listeners lightened up at once when they found that they had no cause for fear on Tommy's account. As soon as they learned that he wanted some



“CAPTAIN SAMMY'S OVERBOARD.”

fish, the boys produced their lines and hooks with an eagerness which caused the little man to smile.

It did not take the three boys—Captain Sammy not caring to try his luck—very long to catch all the fish, and even more, than they could possibly use, and when they drew in their lines they had as many black bass, bream, cat-fish, and perch as it was possible for the hungriest crew to dispose of before they spoiled.

Captain Sammy surveyed the catch with a grim satisfaction, and while the boys were winding up their lines preparatory to starting on their journey again he pointed out to them four quite large sharks which were lying motionless near the surface of the water, as if they expected a portion of the spoils.

“Look at ‘em!” cried the little man, as he shook his fist in helpless wrath toward the members of the same family that had dined off his leg. “You’ll find folks so ignorant as to tell you that sharks won’t come up a river, and here we are fully twelve miles from the bay. I tell you a shark will follow a boat for days in hopes that somebody will be foolish enough to tumble overboard, and just as likely as not those fellows have followed us all the way from Tampa.”

The boys could not repress a shudder as they gazed at the wicked-looking fish, and it was not difficult to believe that Captain Sammy had told the truth, and that they were following the steamer in the hope of making a meal of human flesh.

The view of the sharks was not a pleasant one, and when Captain Sammy called Bobby into the standing-room with him to help clean the fish, Dare and Charley started the *Pearl* again.

The farther up the river they proceeded the more numerous had the alligators become, until now it required no small amount of skill on the part of the helmsman to prevent the little craft from running into the unwieldy creatures.

Once or twice the *Pearl* went so near to them as to rub

against their scaly backs, and Captain Sammy, perched upon the rail at the extreme stern of the boat, ordered Charley to tell Dare to “keep his eye peeled or the steamer might get another hole knocked in her bow.”

When the little man asked Bobby to come into the standing-room he stated that it was to *help* him clean the fish; but when the work began Bobby was the one who was obliged to do the greater portion of it, while Captain Sammy, from his elevated seat on the rail, gave his youthful assistant scientific lectures as to how the work should be done.

Dare now had little time to think of the pirate, for it seemed almost as if the alligators were doing their best to strike the *Pearl* with their long ugly snouts.

One seemed to have risen from the bottom of the river not a dozen feet from the bow of the steamer, and Dare was obliged to swing his wheel hard down to avoid him. As it was, the little craft struck him about half-way from bow to midship, riding up on his scaly back in a way that caused her to careen until the starboard guard was even with the water.

Dare had tried to escape one danger without noticing whether he might not be running into another, and the consequence was that the steamer struck full upon one of the largest of the monsters at the same time she careened so badly.

Dare had no thought of anything save the possible damage that might have been done to the boat, and therefore gave no heed to the cry which came from the stern. In fact, so alarmed was he lest they were in a sinking condition, that he could not tell afterward whether or no he heard any cry whatever.

But in a very few seconds he saw that the engine had been suddenly reversed, and then came the startling cry, both from Bobby and Charley:

“Captain Sammy’s overboard! Captain Sammy’s overboard!”

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

BY S. D. A.

TROTTY is standing at the window, looking disconsolately up at the clouds, and wondering if it will ever stop raining. She is so tired of the rain, and of hearing mamma and Miss Carlotta talk!

"How long they have been at it!" thinks Trotty. "Most the whole afternoon."

Then she leans her golden head against the curtain and listens attentively, with a vague hope of hearing something that may be interesting.

It is such a pretty room she is looking into. The wainscoted walls have lovely plaques hanging on them, the shelves of the mantel hold many a rare bit of porcelain, and the hangings and the furniture are so bright and warm with their rich folds and soft coloring. Mamma sits in her low chair with her slim foot resting on the brass fender, idly smoothing her pet kitten Royal as he lies curled up like a great white caterpillar on her soft dress.

Mamma's friend Miss Carlotta stands at the end of the mantel shelf, where the lamp, with its globe covered with gold butterflies, sheds a soft light on her golden hair and the pale blue folds of her dress. She looks, as she stands there tall and straight, like the angel in the church window, thinks Trotty.

The fire flashes up, and seems to put some of its own life into the locket mamma wears around her neck, so brightly does it shine. It catches Miss Carlotta's eye.

"Whom have you in that locket, Helen?" she asks.

"Fred," simply answers mamma. But a shade comes over her sweet face.

"May I see it?" says Miss Carlotta, coming closer to mamma's chair.

Mamma unclasps the chain, and lays the locket in Miss Carlotta's outstretched hand. Miss Carlotta looks at it a little while in silence.

"Have you no clew to him yet?" she asks presently.

"None at all," replies mamma, so mournfully. "Oh, Carlotta, how I wish he would come back! I think father's heart is almost broken."

"I am sure he will," says Miss Carlotta. "Indeed, Helen, I can not help

thinking he will come home. You will certainly see him some day—when your ship comes in."

"Yes," repeats mamma, smiling sadly, "when my ship comes in."

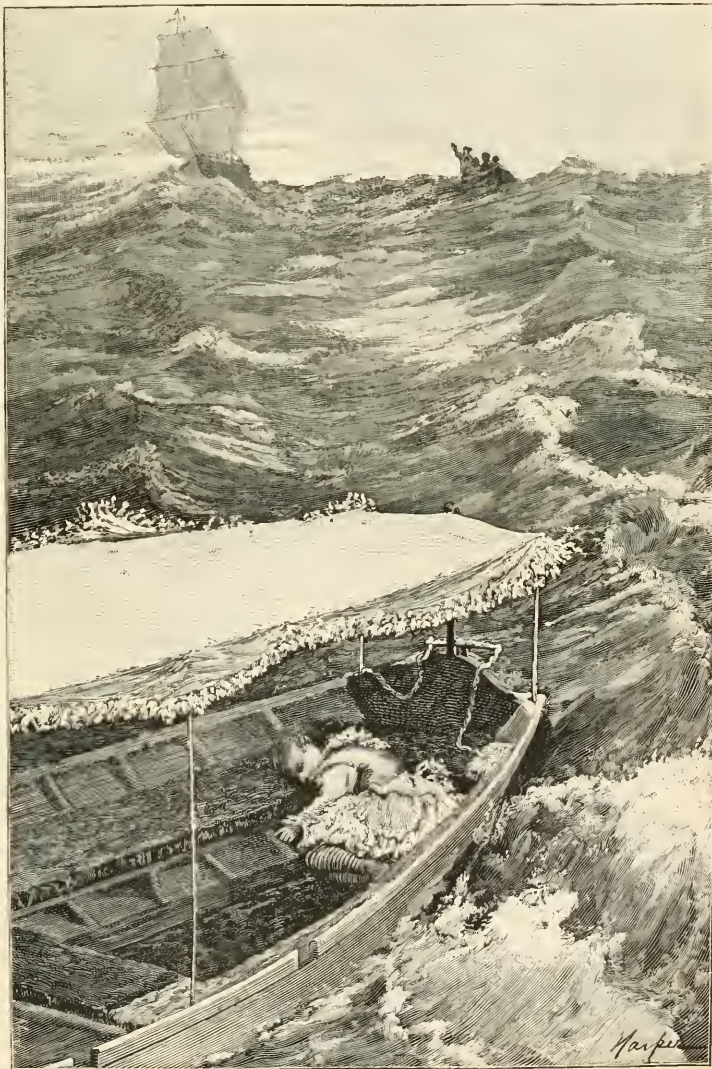
"Has mamma a ship?" thinks Trotty. "How very interesting!"

But what follows is more interesting still.

"What a handsome face," Miss Carlotta says, "and how much it is like your little Trotty!"

But before mamma has time to answer, papa's voice is heard at the door, and she and Miss Carlotta go out into the hall to get the letters he has brought. The locket slips from mamma's lap, where Miss Carlotta has laid it, and falls on the rug.

Trotty is about to follow the others, when the glistening



"ROCKED BY THE MOTION OF THE BOAT, TROTTY FALLS ASLEEP."

bit of gold attracts her attention. The opportunity is too tempting for Trotty to resist. She feels that she must see the mysterious "Fred" who looks like her, and who is coming home in the still more mysterious ship.

"Come right along, Jemima," she says, taking her long-suffering doll by the arm, and starting for the fireplace.

Jemima, sympathetic as usual in her wooden and sawdusty way, submits passively to being dragged over the carpet until she reaches the hearth-rug, where she falls prostrate before the superior attractions of the locket.

Trotty picks it up, opens it, and sees a frank, boyish face, with a pair of laughing blue eyes, very much like her own, only she does not know that. There is nothing at all about the ship, which disappoints her. She had expected to find something quite different, though she could not have told what. She drops the locket, chain and all, into the wee pocket, and proceeds to pick up the fallen Jemima. Just then nurse comes in at the door.

"Come, Trotty," she says, "it's bed-time."

So Trotty is taken into the library to say good-night to papa, mamma, and Miss Carlotta, and then walks up the long stairway alone by herself like a grown-up lady. Jemima goes too, carried by the head.

Nurse sits down by the nursery fire, and takes Trotty on her lap to brush out her pretty yellow curls. This is soon done; the little white night dress is put on, and presently Trotty is safely tucked in bed.

But before she has had time to get to sleep, mamma's own maid Anne comes in to have a little chat with nurse. At first they speak in whispers, which is rather foolish, Trotty thinks, as she watches them lazily. She does not pay much attention, and is just about falling asleep when she hears nurse say, "Her uncle Fred."

She is wide awake in an instant.

"You know I never heard the whole of that story," says Anne. "Tell me about it, won't you?"

Then, to Trotty's great joy, nurse tells Anne how, long ago, grandpa's pride and delight had been in his handsome boy. But though he loved him so dearly, he was very stern to him sometimes, too; and one day when grandpa had punished him very severely for some slight fault, the boy's proud spirit had rebelled against it.

"And," continues nurse, sinking her voice a little, "he just ran away, and we never heard a word of him since."

"Dear me!" says Anne.

"Dear me!" repeats Trotty under the pink curtains.

"The poor old man," says nurse, wiping her eyes, "his heart's most broken."

"Maybe he would come back yet," says Anne, in her funny Irish way.

"Maybe he would," replies nurse, rather doubtfully.

Trotty, listening attentively, can not quite understand all they are saying. She only understands that the handsome boy who looked like her ran away years ago, and that grandpa has been very sad ever since.

"But then," thinks Trotty, triumphantly, "mamma said he was coming home in her ship. I wonder if nurse remembers that?"

She listens once more to what nurse and Anne are saying. But they are talking of other things now. Presently the white eyelids fall gradually over the pretty blue eyes, shutting out the rose-colored curtains, the baby brother by the fire, the flickering light on the ceiling—and Trotty is fast asleep.

When the morning comes, the sun is shining, oh, so brightly? The minute nurse has finished dressing her, Trotty goes carefully down the stairs, and runs out upon the broad piazza. How fresh and green everything looks after the rain! Over the gate at the end of the garden walk she can see the blue ocean, with myriads of little waves dancing in the morning sunshine. She runs down

the walk quite close to the water. There is a beautiful green wave rolling in toward the sand. Trotty looks at it admiringly.

The wave breaks into a long line of white foam, and runs back again, leaving a curious-looking star-fish lying on the sand.

Then she suddenly remembers what she heard nurse say last night about Uncle Fred, and a new idea comes into her mind. "If I could only get the gate open, I would go and look for him. Maybe I could find him," she thinks.

She gives the gate an impatient little shake, and to her intense delight it swings open. Trotty runs quickly out on to the beach. Her friend the star-fish lies at her feet. Trotty picks him up, examines him carefully all over, and then invites him to go with her on her travels.

"I'm going to find my uncle Fred," she says. "You may go too, if you like, little fish." Then the poor star-fish is rudely pushed by some chubby little fingers into a wee pocket, and Trotty, with her pretty golden curls flying in the wind, walks gravely up the beach. She stops every now and then to look at some lovely shell, or to watch the odd little fiddlers running over the sand. She is just beginning to feel tired, when she turns a point running out into the water, and catches sight of what she thinks is the most fascinating thing she has ever seen.

It is a little white boat drawn half way up on the shore. Stretched over it is a dainty blue and white awning, with blue fringe around the edge. Trotty gives a scream of delight. She climbs on a large stone close by the boat, and finally, after many struggles, succeeds in getting inside. She walks cautiously toward the stern, and looks down into the water. She sees a curious little fish swimming about—very curious indeed, thinks Trotty, as she bobs from one side to the other, trying to follow his movements. Whoever left the little boat on the shore that morning must have forgotten that the tide was rising; for in a very short time, loosened by Trotty's exertions, and raised by the incoming waves, it has worked gradually away from the sand, and when Trotty, tired of the fish, looks around in search of other amusement, she finds that she is, what seems to her, a long way out at sea. At first she does not mind it very much, for she is quite used to the water, papa has taken her out in his own boat so often this summer. But after a while she grows hungry, and tired of dancing over the waves. She thinks of the nice breakfast at home, of nurse and baby, of mamma, and wonders if she misses her little girl. Two great tears come into her blue eyes.

"Oh, mamma, I want you! Why don't you come and look for me?" she sobs, sitting down disconsolately in the bottom of the boat.

The tears in the blue eyes roll down Trotty's cheeks as she lays her head against the cushioned seat, and draws her white apron over her face. She cries bitterly for a while, then the sobs grow fainter and fainter, until, rocked by the motion of the boat, Trotty falls asleep as soundly as if she were under the pink curtains of her own bed at home.

Now this same May morning, returning home after a long voyage, a great ship comes sailing over the sea. There are a number of passengers on deck watching the land they have not seen for so many days. The Captain stands on the bridge, looking through his glass at the different places they are passing. By-and-by he looks at something nearer, something small and white, that comes dancing over the waves. As the ship approaches, he sees that it is a little boat, and that there is a pretty child lying in it. Now the Captain has a little girl at home just the age of Trotty, and when he sees her sleeping under the striped awning, he thinks how badly he would feel were his own little one carried away like that; so he gives orders to have the vessel stopped, and sends some sailors in a boat after the little wanderer. By-and-by Trotty wakes up suddenly, and finds that she has been carried on to the great ship, and that she

is lying in some one's arms, surrounded by strangers, who are all looking at her. But although Trotty was very much frightened at the water, she is not at all afraid of people; so she struggles down from the Captain's arms, and says, gravely, as nurse had taught her,

"How do you do?"

This makes everybody laugh. Then a tall young man, who is sitting close by her, lifts Trotty on his knee.

"Come here, little one," he says, "and tell me your name, and how you happened to be so far from home."

"It's Trotty. I'm looking for Uncle Fred."

Just then she sees one of the passengers waving a white handkerchief to an outgoing steamer; they are passing. She jumps down, and pulls out the wee handkerchief, together with the poor star-fish and mamma's locket, both of which she has entirely forgotten. They fall on the deck, while Trotty dances about, waving a good by to the steamer. Her new friend stoops, picks up the locket, and tosses the star-fish back into the water, where he is quite happy again.

"Trotty," he exclaims, suddenly, "who is this?"

"Oh, that's Uncle Fred," answers Trotty.

Then Trotty is more astonished than she has been all day, for the young man, snatching her up, kisses her, and asks her so many questions that she can hardly answer them; but she tells him all about mamma, and thinks it very strange that he has never heard of papa or the baby brother. He is never tired of asking about grandpapa; but when they speak of him, Trotty thinks her new acquaintance is a very strange young fellow, for when she tells him what nurse and mamma said about Uncle Fred, and how grandpapa grieved for him, a tear rolls down his cheek.

"Bless me!" cries Trotty, wiping it away with her handkerchief. "Pears to me Uncle Fred makes everybody cry."

"And pears to me," answers her friend, "when Trotty goes home she will make everybody very happy. You dear little girl, I believe you are a little angel sent to bring me a hope of forgiveness."

"No, I'm not," replies Trotty; "but Miss Carlotta is. She's a blue one."

Then Trotty is interrupted in her turn by the Captain, who brings the stewardess to take her to luncheon, which pleases Trotty, for she is very hungry indeed by this time. After luncheon she takes another nap, and then wakes to find that the great ship has stopped, and that her new friend is waiting to take her back to mamma. They have to go a long way, for they take first a cab, then a ferry-boat, and finally the cars, before they arrive at the little village by the sea, the name of which Trotty has fortunately remembered. They walk up the street, as the sun is setting, until they reach the pretty cottage with the roses growing over it. Mamma and grandpapa are standing in the doorway, looking, oh! so worried. The young man swings the gate open.

"Father!" he falters.

"Oh, dear mamma!" cries Trotty.

Then Trotty thinks that every one has gone crazy, for Miss Carlotta comes from the parlor, papa comes from the library, and in a moment there is such laughing and crying both together, that poor Trotty is quite bewildered. By-and-by she gathers from what is going on that she has really and truly found her uncle Fred, and brought him home safely to grandpapa, who is holding him now by the hand, as if he never meant to lose sight of him again.

"Dear little puss!" says Uncle Fred. "If it had not been for her, I should not have found you for a long time, you have moved so far from the old home."

"She's a perfect little angel," says mamma, stooping to kiss her. "Do you ever expect to see a sweeter, Fred?"

But Uncle Fred looks at Miss Carlotta. Trotty goes off to the nursery, and tending poor Jenima, tells her all about the wonderful day she has had.

FAIRY ARMOR.*

IGWIGGIN arms him for the field,

A little cockle-shell his shield,

Which he could very bravely wield;

Yet could it not be piercèd;

His spear a bent both stiff and strong,

And well near of two inches long;

The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,

Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,

Which was of a fish's scale,

That when his foe should him assail,

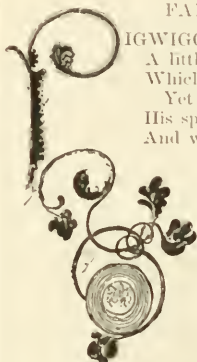
No point should be prevailing;

His rapier was a hornet's sting;

It was a very dangerous thing,

For if he chanced to hurt the King,

It would be long in healing.



* From *Nymphidia: The Court of Fairy*. By MICHAEL DRAYTON. Born 1563; died 1631.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,

Yet did it well become him:
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear.
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,

Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn and stop and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;



He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin;

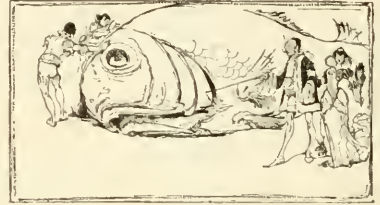
Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy

Do publicly proclaim him:

Withal that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilified;
But to the Fairy Court him hied
(Full furiously he posted),
With everything Pigwigin said:
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was arrayed,
As how himself he boasted.



'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint,

For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did,
The King which listened to it.

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And everything that I shall need;
By thee I will be guided:



To straight account call thou
thy wit,
See there be wanting not a
whit,
In everything see thou me
fit,
Just as my foes provided."

Soon flew this news through
Fairy Land,
Which gave Queen Mab to
understand
The combat that was then in
hand
Betwixt those men so
mighty:
Which greatly she began to
rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy
knew,
The first occasion from her
grew
Of these affairs so weighty.

A while there let we Mab
alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who, armed to meet his foe,
is gone,
For proud Pigwigglin cry-
ing:



Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journey's east,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying:

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwigglin bring,
That perfect were in everything,
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear,
That either had been either;
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way;
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own,
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.





I SUPPOSE that many of you are at present very busy with school. Examinations are going on with a high spirit, and your teachers are trying to find out how much you have learned during the past year. After examination comes vacation, and although that period is still a little way off, I have a word or two to say about it now.

It may be that some of the older boys will go on pleasant walking tours with their comrades, perhaps under the care of a professor or a grown-up brother, perhaps by themselves. If so, the Post-office Box would like to hear some of their experiences. Write of your adventures, boys, and you have any, or tell on the other hand, about your discoveries. If you are able to add any curious specimens to your cabinets or herbariums, be sure to send the rest of us a bit of description, which we will be glad to read.

The girls, no doubt, will prove the skill they have acquired as Little Housekeepers by making up dainty luncheons for fishing excursions and forest picnics. All young fishermen and fishermen may write about their setting out in the early morning, their delightful scampers over the early fields, and their patient, silent waiting by the stream for the fish to bite. Oh, the thrill which flies from the fingers to the heart when there is a sudden, strong pull on the line! Let me whisper it, girls and boys, and don't laugh at me, but that pull is a thing that frightens me so that I want to turn and run away, and come to fish another day.

What do you take in your baskets when you go on a picnic? I would like to hear of some nice places.

The children who stay at home through vacation often have quite as good times as those who go away. The good times we have, dears, depend so very much on ourselves, you know. Who can find in the Book of Proverbs a certain verse about a merry heart? Whoever learns it may recite it to mamma, and then take it for a vacation motto. I am very glad that verse is in the Bible, for I so dearly love merry hearts and cheerful faces.

Remember that we want the Post-office Box to be as bright and sweet as the summer itself in this season of flowers and fun. Little travelers must think of it when they see wonderful things in foreign lands, and little ones at home be on the watch for the pleasant things that happen nearly every day.

There is always a welcome, too, for the big brothers and the young lady sisters. I need not say one word with regard to the letter which is so, to me, I on our list this week. You will all be delighted to read it. I am sure!

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POST-OFFICE: Each day when I go into Holy Innocent's Ward the babies of Young People's Cot reminds me that we Sisters have not yet written one word to tell the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* how earnestly we thank them for their loving work. But the fact that we have written have been here will be able to realize how very like we are, in some respects, to a certain "old woman who lived in a shoe" (the great difference being in the fact that we try to get "them all out of bed" as soon as possible), and will, we trust, be ready to accept the assurance that our silence has not been owing to any want of gratitude.

Since the first subscription was given we have watched with the greatest interest the progress of the enjoyment, and so, to our eyes, the little "red" hat that they wear, and the very sentimental (only known only to Him who blesses the giver of a "cup of cold water" if offered in His name. In His name, therefore, and on behalf of all the suffering children who have been here, we bid you thank your readers for relieving us for all time from any anxiety in regard to the support of the hospital, and that we are getting our Sea-side Home ready for use, we depend on their assistance. Those whose gifts were too late for the enjoyment of the Cot will be glad to know that their money will be used to pay little Sadie's expenses at the sea-side, and those who have not grown weary in well-doing will find in the Fresh-air a new and interesting field.

Through Miss Fanshawe we have received from

Harold B. Fobes \$2 that he had sent last winter, and from Lonie N. Marcotte \$1, also, through the Postmistress, \$1 from a friend in Paris, and 50 cents from the Post Office at Toledo, Ohio. This money will be put in the Fresh-air Fund.

To-day two packages have been received from readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. One contained wild flowers for Sadie from a young friend in South Greenland, Long Island; the other was a box of toys and books from Robbie and Eddie Dodge and Cassie, Mrs. Cook and their mother. Sadie was charmed with the flowers, and the toys and books have been distributed among the home-sick children, eighteen of whom have been admitted recently. Your grateful friends,
SISTERS OF ST. MARY (per Sister S.).

FORT WHIPPLE, PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

We came out to this place last September with General Crook and several other officers from Omaha, Nebraska. We had a long and hard winter until we came to the terminus of the A. and P. R. R., and then we came over a terribly rough road sixty-three miles in an ambulance. I and my little brother, who is just a few days older than I, were jolly and out at night and sleep in a tent, but our mamma was terribly tired.

This is a beautiful country, but wild and desolate. We have picked up a great many pretty stones here, and have quite a collection. General Crook has gone down into Mexico with a number of Indian scouts and some white soldiers, and our mamma is excited to go with the Indians, the Apaches, and bring back safely little Charley McCombs, whom they captured not long ago.

We have a little pet squirrel, and James, our man, has made him a very nice cage with a wheel. When we first came here we had a scorpion and a centipede and several horned toads for pets, and our mamma is excited to go to the squirrel ranch here. This is a delightful climate, except in the spring. Since March the wind has blown almost constantly, but we boys manage to stay out of doors most of the time, and enjoy ourselves very much.

There is a band here, and we have dress parade twice a week. Our grandmamma, who lives in Texas, has subscribed for *YOUNG PEOPLE* for us, and mamma is excited to see every number of the stories, but especially "Raising the Pearl." I shall be ten years old next month. If this letter is not too long, I would be glad to see it in the Post-office Box. I have a stamp book with 375 stamps.

CHARLES DUVAL R.

P.S.—A friend sent us in some cherries to-day that were sent her from Tucson, and my little brother says his motto is, "Eat all the cherries you can get," which is a very safe one here, as cherries are scarce enough at Fort Whipple.

BRECKEN, SYRIA.

My uncle sends me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much. I think it is a very nice idea to have a Young Housekeepers' Society, and I would like very much to be a member. I am very busy here, and the only thing I can do is when I am sent into the kitchen to do anything there. I have a big apron, which I wear when I am going to cook; it covers my dress and sleeves, and is just like the apron which mamma and you get out for an Arab dish that we often make; it is called mabuly.

One scant tea-cupful of pounded rice, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, two tea-spoonfuls of pounded caraway-seeds, one tea-spoonful of ginger, one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, and a little more than one pint of water: mix and boil until it is about as thick as oatmeal porridge; pour into a bowl, and stir with your hands, almonds, pistachio-nuts, walnuts, and pine-cone seeds. It may be eaten hot or cold, but hot is better.

This dish used to be made whenever a little boy was born, and the parents used to give it to all the friends, but now it is made for girls too. If any of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* make it, I hope they will write and tell the Post-office Box how they like it. I think it is very nice, but others may not.

FLORENCE VAN D. (12 years old).

This is a novelty indeed. An Arab dish, the receipt coming all the way from Syria! We are very glad to include you among our Little Housekeepers, Flossie, and before you receive this number of *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever so many of us will have tried mabuly, and be able to say whether or not we like it. There is one sentence in your letter which tells a great deal to thoughtful readers here. Formerly the rejoicings were made only when a boy was born; now the parents are glad, and look for congratulation, when a dear little girl is added to the family. It would seem very strange to you, would it not, children, if everybody were to cry and be sorry because a darling little daughter was lying in her mother's arms yet in heathen lands feelings of grief and anger at the birth of a girl. You see sudden and sudden looks and dark frowns, and there is no love ready for the poor forlorn little babe, who thought to have been sent to show the wrath of

the gods. Wherever the Christian religion prevails this dreadful state of things is stopped, and Flossie's letter is to me like a white flower, showing that spring has come after a long cold winter. How glad we shall be when we hear that all over the world girls are as much prized as boys!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I want to tell you a true story about two birds of ours. Their names are Dick and Daisy. One day we let them out into the room, after shutting the door behind them, and they flew out. After a while my brother Louis went into the room, and not seeing Daisy, he said to Dick, "Dick, where is Daisy?" Dick flew to the top of a picture and looked as he usually does when he is excited, and sure enough, as Louis pulled the picture from the wall, she flew out. She was not a bit hurt.

LOTTIE P.

I think we ought to be careful how we talk before birds, cats, and dogs. They often seem to understand us in a very wonderful way.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

So often did I enjoy the stories about the young people's pets that when the incident described before occurred I thought I must tell it to you. One day Nemo, a large Newfoundland dog lay by the garden, and began to dig around and played in gnawing and scraping a ridiculous hole presented to him by the cook as a reward for having waited for one so long and so patiently. The neighbor's little child, who happened to have noticed the large dog with his treasure, and feeling his appetite growing too keen, stopped to see what could be done to satisfy it. After a moment's deliberation he began to crop the grass slowly, noiselessly, until he was nearly behind his victim, when he suddenly gave the fiercest howl he was able to give. Nemo, completely unawares, in a moment's anger, was frightened and he took to his heels with all his might, leaving the coveted feast to the cunning cur, who this time did not wait, but ran off with his ill-gotten booty in the opposite direction.
ARRARR P.

WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and as I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* I thought I would write a letter. I go to school, and have ten studies but I don't like which take up too much time to school very much. Last winter, during the flood, each teacher in the school requested the scholars to bring a pound of something that afternoon, and more than a hundred children did something, and almost everybody brought six or seven different things. That evening the principal had to order a furniture car to take them to the city.

I have no pets except a little sister three years old. I tried the chocolate creams last evening after school, and we all thought they were splendid. I had a letter from my Little Housekeepers, and will soon send some nice receipts.

FLORENCE T. C.

I suppose the pounds contributed by the pupils were sent to the poor people who had lost everything in the flood. If so, it was a very good idea on the part of the teachers, and no doubt you all took pleasure in helping to carry it out.

PAWNEE AGENCY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Post-office Box is very interesting to me, and I can't wait to get the letter which is to come. This is a beautiful place, surrounded by high hills on every side. Black Bear Creek flows through the place, and is a nice little stream filled with fish, and I like to go fishing. I hope you it is fine sport. Sometimes some of us fall in and get wet.

There are only a few white people here, this being the Agency for the Pawnee tribe. They used to be a very powerful and warlike tribe, but civilization does not seem to agree with them, as there were only 1300 at the last census. My father is carpenter for the Indians, and he has two Indian boys as apprentices. There is an industrial school here for the boys and girls, in which there are eighty scholars. My sisters and I went to the Indians' school a long while, but now we have been sent to the school for white children, all children of government employees.

I can talk Pawnee quite well. I am a girl, and ten years old. I can have lots of pets, such as horses, foot, lizards, centipedes and scorpions. The story about Pawnee Joe delighted the Indian boys and girls. They always enjoy reading *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Some of them are pretty well educated, and they are all good people.
GORA A. B.

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I have a cat which is just as old as I am. Her name is Pussy, and she has been with me ever since I was a kitten in a basket in the coal shed. One Sunday not long ago she took the kitten in her mouth and brought it around the house to the front door, where she laid it down. I went in and put it into the room where we were, and put it in the corner back of a chair. I thought I would let her stay there a little while. When I called her to come and eat her dinner, where do you suppose

she pat her kitten? On the register, to keep warm while she was gone. Wasn't that cunning in Mrs. Tipton's eyes?

My papa gives me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a birthday present, and he couldn't give me anything I would like better. I enjoy reading the stories so much. MAY E. M.

OSWEGO, NEW YORK.

My teacher asked me to write to the Post-office Box. I will be twelve years old the 23d of November. I am the son of a Methodist minister and my father is now stationed at the city of Oswego. I go to school, and like my studies very much. I study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and Latin, and I have many lessons. Our programme has both writing and drawing lessons for this time.

Oswego is a very fine city, and lies on the southern coast of Lake Ontario, and there are excellent places for fishing here in the summer.

WILLIE O'D.

CYPRESS HILLS, LONG ISLAND.

I am a little boy twelve years old. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, geography, and arithmetic; I read in Harper's United States Fourth Reader, and spell from a Speller issued by the same publishers. I have two brothers and one sister. I have a black and white rabbit, a black and white cat, and a black and white rabbit. I like natural history; I have collected some cocoons this year. We have two canaries. I have one sister; her name is Daisy. I found some yellow violets in the woods. Has the Postmistress seen them? WILLARD P. C.

I think you must be busy, with so many pets. Yes, I have seen yellow violets, and think them pretty, though I prefer the blue ones.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a boy eleven years of age. This is my first letter. I am writing to you, and I want you and mamma to see it. I have a brother and sister. We have three pets, a canary and two kittens. One kitten is all black, and if we throw a small ball he will jump and follow it back to us. We have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number. JULIUS C. G.

BEMBLEY, ILLINOIS.

I am just ten years old. I have two brothers or sisters, except my little brother Willie in heaven. My dear papa died with consumption four years ago, so that mamma and I live alone. My home is very pleasant, and mamma does everything she can to make me glad and happy. I love pets. We have an old cistern, and I put all the fish I can catch into it. I enjoy watching them. Then I have a bird and chickens. I would like to belong to the Hunspeckers' Circle, and I am a boy. Please count me in. JOSEPH RALEIGH N.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

I am a little girl six years old, and my mamma is writing this letter for me. My sister Betty and I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first started, and enjoy it very much. I am learning to read so I can read the stories to myself, and I am interested where they go, and sing songs, then we go to our desks and read, then we play games again, and have recess. We have a little pet kitten that we call Snowball, which is as cute as can be, and we come to our room in the mornings, and we have lots of fun with her in bed till it is time to get up and dress. We love a good horse, but my mamma doesn't mind. My papa has a horse, and now he is very white. We have many nice rides about town and out into the woods. In summer we take our lunch and eat it out there, and hunt for wild berries. The other day mamma left her horse, while she went into a store, and we walked up and put his head into a baker's cart, and ate a doughnut; he always seems hungry, though he looks very fat, and loves to be fed with grass or clover when we let him anywhere. We enjoy riding for we have owned him a long time; and he is always kind and good, and can go real fast also. We have a little Mediterranean pony named Billy that is also a great pet, and my sister likes to learn to ride on him; he is gentle, but likes to go so fast that mamma is afraid to have Helen ride him by herself. My mamma, and I have written this letter, and want to say hello to you when she sees it printed in the YOUNG PEOPLE. MARGARET B.

WYOMING, EL PASO COUNTY, COLORADO.

A friend of papa's has been sending me YOUNG PEOPLE for the last year. When I was born, I was sent it to my cousin in Pennsylvania. I live on the Fountain Creek, near Colorado Springs. It rises in the Pass, eighteen miles above Manitou, and flows into the Arkansas River at Pueblo, fifty miles below. The Spanish name is Fountain qui Bonille, which means boiling fountain, because it roars and tumbles among the boulders and rocks for several miles. I have been to school eight months this year.

I have two brothers and one sister younger than myself. I have no pets, except my little black and white cat, and my dog, a cow named Buttercup. I have a pony named Jolly. I have to ride to the Post-office every Saturday after-

noon. I found some wild plums in bloom the 1st of May. We have a lot of a ranch, and keep sheep, and have a hundred of little lambs. We have Mexicans to herd them.

My brother and I are learning to speak the Spanish language. We have lovely views of Pike's Peak, Pikes Peak, and the mountains, and Spanish Peaks. I hope to go to the Denver Exposition this summer, and I will write and tell you what I see there. BELLAH D.

COLD SPRING, NEW YORK.

As I have been having the measles, and can not read very much on account of my eyes, I thought I would write. I have sent two wiggles to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, the second one has been published. I had a turtle and a carp, but the turtle died. I have eight elephants, and they all have blankets and head-dresses except the two little ones. They are made out of Canton flannel, and are very nice for my circus. My smallest sister, who is ten years old, can play the piano and sing very well. My other sister, who goes to boarding-school, is going to play at Commencement. E. H. W.

WATKINS, IOWA.

I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and think it is a very nice paper. I like "Raising the Pearl" and Jimmy Brown's stories very much of all. I have not many pets to tell about, only a dog that will sit on a chair with a hat on his head, and then I have a cat that I have lots of fun with. I have one of the sweetest little sisters that ever was; she is eight years old. Her name is Flora. I am ten. RALPH D.

MARION, ILLINOIS.

We have twenty four hens and fifty five young chickens. We used to live in Kansas, and there was a river there; once we went in swimming, and we got into the swift current and nearly got drowned. We have three little pigs; whenever we go to feed them they squeal. My papa is a miller; so will I be a miller. Once my father worked in a water-mill; when it is high water the mill will run with it. Once I pulled the net up and caught a buffalo-fish, but the net fell down into the water, and the fish got away. I like "Raising the Pearl." I have to saw five cords of wood, and my brother splits it; my little brother carried the wood into the shed or the house. We used to have a cat. In the morning when my mother got up and laced her shoes, the cat jumped on her back and looked down at her. WILLIE S.

SPONGE CAKE.—One good heaping cup of sugar, one good heaping cup of flour, three eggs, flavor with orange or vanilla, and bake in a quick oven. This makes one hot loaf. ELM S. W.

ICE-CREAM CAKE.—The whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two cups of sugar, three of flour, one of corn starch, one of butter, one of milk, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or you can use a cup of sour milk with one teaspoonful of soda. Bake this first in jelly thus, then make a syrup of four cups of sugar and half a pint of hot water; let it boil and stir till it runs a little when dropped in cold water. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add the syrup when ready, beating hard until nearly cold, and then add jelly and vanilla. Add one spoonful of citric acid to this white beating.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon squeezed into a cup of cold water, two eggs, one cup of sugar, one large spoonful of corn starch, flour, or a cracker rolled fine, one large spoonful of butter. Separate the eggs, and make a meringue of the whites to put on top after the pie is baked. This only makes one pie. F. C. S.

NEWBURGH, MASS.

Would you like to hear from A little girl way down in Maine, Susie May B. by name? I have got two large sheep, and some little chickens. Saying peep! peep! peep! I have got three cats: A large one named Jack, Another named Jet, And another named Pet; Very knowing cats they are, And they all know how to play. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, And think the stories very fine. And now I will give you a receipt For all of you to keep: BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, half a cup of molasses, one heaping tea-spoonful of soda; steam two hours. And now I will close my letter. Perhaps next time I will do better. S. M. B.

The Postmistress thanks Elsie D. R., Madge H., Victor J., Elsie F. G. H., Belle A. L., Lillie M. G., Attie A. De L., Sue S. T. W., Aunt Alameda, Kate L., Walter K., Archie P., Hugh F., and Mollie G., for their pleasant letters.—Florence B. You are a busy girl with so many chickens and turkeys

to care for.—Kate B. M. I have no doubt you have found a great many wild flowers since you discovered the earliest hepaticas.—Sarah T. H.: You must have a good many friends who love you dearly.—True Friend: You ought to have told me your name, dear, even though you preferred that it should not be published. How am I to know the children apart if they do not sign their names?—Abby L. Y.: You have a number of pets. I hope you will visit St. Mary's when you come to New York.—May H. Y.: I am sorry your cat met so sad a fate. I think your Sunday-school teacher is very sensible to present HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to punctual scholars.—Lillie C. H., L. J. K., Woodworth C., Two Little Playmates, Wable L. A., and May A. H., deserve each a good mark.—Several Inquirers: Exchange is inserted without charge.—E. H. Williams, Chardon Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, wishes the address of the boy who lately sent him a package of thirty advertising cards.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1. TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. As if corns end. 2. Bell round. 3. Its soul. 4. Worth key. 5. Not a screen. 6. Lion pluck. 7. A city of the United States when properly arranged. ELA M. F.

No. 2. A RHYME.

The omitted words are made of the twelve letters in the last line, which is the answer to the puzzle. One day, when the sun was like gold in the sky, Little Carrie and I saw a swift whirling * * *. It hid us along, with its wings spinning round. Till * * * faces grew * * * as we rushed o'er the ground. Then I carried Sammy, a rollicking boy, And * * * in the race ran with frolic and * * *. Till he in the pond the sweet lilies were seen, With flowers so white, and with leaf-pads so green. We gathered a bunch, and we fled it around With a ribbon-garland that we happily found. They flew through the meadows went three of us by, With a cheer now and then for the * * * * * EDDIE FEARSON.

No. 3. WORD SQUARE.

1. It never burns by night or by day. 2. An adjective which describes nearly all children. 3. Something in which martyrs have rejoiced. 4. Necessary payments. 5. A meeting for purposes of peace.

No. 4. TWO CHARADES.

1. My first is French. My second is English. My whole is Latin. My first part will never find out. My second is founded in truth. It would be a pity should you ever become my whole.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 186.

No. 1. C T N C
C I D E R C A O A N
N E T N O T
R E

No. 2. Tiny-tiny. Three-tee. Swine-sing. Deity-Deity. Twing. Chair-cher. Chaos-Chas.

No. 3. T hum I
H oos E
A lie N
C ool D
K eel N
R egin N
A mie I
Y A S

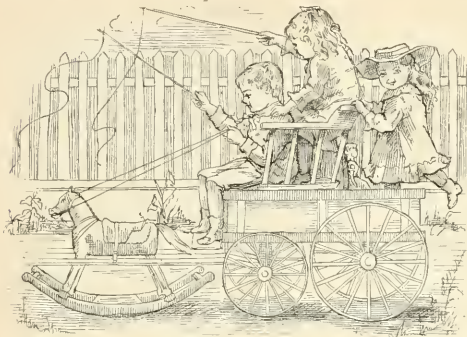
No. 4. Pitt.

The answer to the Shower Puzzle on page 480 of No. 187 is as follows:

1. A shower. 2. A sower. 3. A rose. 4. Ears. 5. Sea. 6. E. A. T. A.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eliza Ainslie, Dora Larkin, Roland Westcott, Thomas W. Clark, Charles B. Jacob Wilkerson, Ralph Henry, Eliza Dewey, Fred H. Nickerson, Arthur Bancroft, Fannie S., John S. Brown, Maggie M., Marian G., Keziah Morgan, Walter Morell, Ernest Walkwith, Edwin W., Louise P., Bertie Greenwood, Louise E. Day-Jane C. Ring, Teresa M., Alex. McV., Posie and Fannie, Daisy Crane, Grace and Franklin, Benedict, Clara M., Louise P. Underwood, Robert L. Aimee, Nameless, Bluebird, and Richard P. Lee, Eva A. McKean, and Lily H. Wood.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A CASE FOR MR. BERGH.

THE GOLDEN GAME OF GEOMETRY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

THIS game can be played by two or more persons. One player, who is selected by lot or vote, is called President Euclid. He places before him on a table the diagram containing the geometrical figures. The other players range themselves round the table with their backs to it, so that they can not see the board or diagram. Each player is given a certain number of beans or other counters, but the President receives double the number of any of the other players.

The President begins by placing a button on one of the geometrical figures, and he calls out to the person seated next to him on the left-hand side,

"Ho! most Noble Prince Pnpil. I place my button on the sixth figure of the third row" (this will be a dog in a decagon). "Now what have I under my button? You know the number, you know the row; guess my riddle, and away you go."

Then he counts twenty aloud. While he is counting, the player must tell him on which figure he has placed his button. If

he tells him correctly, the President must give him three beans, but if he answers incorrectly, he must give the President two beans. If, however, his answer is half correct, he only forfeits one bean. For example: in this case the proper answer would be, "You have under your button a dog in a decagon." But if the Prince Pupil should answer, "A duck in a decagon," or "A dog in a hexagon," the answer would be half right, and he would only forfeit one bean.

If the Prince Pupil is altogether incorrect in his answer, he not only forfeits three beans, but also his title of Prince Pupil, and is called for the rest of the game, until he gives a correct answer to some other question, by the name of the animal and figure he ought to have named. For example: in the case we have chosen his answer should be, "A dog in a decagon," but should he answer, "An otter in an octagon," or "A sow in a septagon," he is afterward addressed as Mister Dog in a Decagon until he retrieves his position by making a perfectly correct answer.

When the first Prince Pupil has answered the question correctly, the President places his button on another figure and appeals to the second in order, something in this style, to which he may add a little fun made out of his own head:

"This Dog in a Decagon Brown having failed to give me a correct answer, I now come to you, Prince Pupil Baldwin, to tell me what I have under my button." Then he repeats and counts as before.

As soon as a Prince Player has lost all his counters he retires from the game, and is said to have gone over the Pons Asinorum to the other side of Jordan.

The first Prince Player who gives three correct answers becomes President, and holds the position until another player gives three correct answers during his Presidency.

If, as the players become familiar with the game and the diagram, it should grow too easy to be exciting, the President may then count on either the left or right side as he pleases, in which case he will say either, "I am working on the philosopher's side," or "I am working on the fool's side."

On the philosopher's side the quadrangle will commence the first row, and the mixtilinear quadrangle will be the seventh figure on it. On the fool's side the mixtilinear triangle will commence the first row, and the equilateral triangle will be the seventh figure on it.



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HOPE GIVING HER EVIDENCE.—SEE STORY, "MR. GRUBBY'S OLD POCKET-BOOK," NEXT PAGE.

THE LEAP AT BAYOU CARR.

BY MARY A. BARR.

IT was long before the dawning, while as yet the camp was still.

Our colonel, keeping anxious watch, said, "Call me Texas Bill."

Then quick as the order came the man—a man with an eye like fire.

With a heart that never knew a fear, a strength that naught could tire.

"Bill, you can ride?" "I reckon." "Then saddle; I want to know

All that a man with open eyes can tell me about the foe."

Rapid and still as a man in a dream, Bill he galloped away; And he saw the enemy on their arms, just at the break of day; He noted them well, then backward turned, keeping an easy pace, To rest the steed he dearly loved after her well-run race; He praised her gait, he stroked her head, he said, "My bonny lass,

The bridle's slack, walk at thy will, and taste the fresh green grass."

They sauntered on till he heard a sound that made his pulses beat.

That made the mare prick up her ears, and paw her restless feet; The sound of galloping horses and men, and soon there came in view

A gay little squad of cavalry, all of them men in blue. He gathered the reins as quick as thought, "Oh, Bess, I'll trust to thee;

Now up and do thy very best for life and liberty."

But just as he pressed his Bessie's side, he turned with pleasant face,

"I am unarmed—you will not fire; I'll trust you for that grace; Then if you take me, I will yield to good men cheerfully." He waved his hand, cried "Good-by, boys!" Off like the wind went he;

Off like the wind, while close behind his foes came swift and hot,

But never a man among them dreamed of a pistol-shot.

A reckless race! a desperate chase! What ending would it find? Bessie and Bill were still in front, the rest not far behind, While just ahead was Bayou Carr, a bayou wide and deep, Full thirty feet from side to side—would Bessie dare to leap? She never made a single pause, she cleared it in grand style, While heartily the men in blue were cheering her the while.

She stood one moment. Then Bill turned—"Boys, once again good-by!"

They sent him back a ringing shout; he need no longer fly. There wasn't a man that chased him but freely bade him go; Not one to send a pistol-shot after an unarmed foe; And sure this act of self-restraint was a grander thing by far Than the daring leap of Texas Bill over the Bayou Carr.

MR. GRUBBY'S OLD POCKET-BOOK.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

ONE warm day in June, when the sky was all covered with flying black clouds, and the distant hills half hidden by a thick veil of gray mist, Hope Hunter scampered along a wide country road that ran between the school-house in the village of Burbank and her home, which was about a mile distant.

Hope was in a desperate hurry to reach home before the rain fell, for she wore her new blue dress, and her mother had said, as she fastened the last button,

"Now, Hope, this dress looks very nicely, and it took me a long while to make it. So try not to spoil it in one day, as you did your last."

Hope looked anxiously at the frowning sky as she flew along, her school-bag swinging on her arm and her hat pushed far back on her head. She had almost reached the garden gate, when her foot caught in a projecting root of an oak-tree in the road, and she fell full length upon the ground, strewing the contents of her bag in all directions.

The tears stood in Hope's eyes as she collected the scattered articles and crammed them hastily back in the bag.

They were all safe, but the beautiful pearl penknife her father had given her as a birthday gift, and that she could find nowhere. A steep bank covered with long grass and weeds sloped away from the road near the tree over whose roots Hope had just now fallen. As the knife was not upon the road, it must have slipped over this bank. So Hope scrambled upon the gnarled roots and peeped down.

Yes, there it was, shining brightly among the grass and leaves. She jumped down, snatched it up, and was about to spring back to the road, when her eye fell upon an old leather pocket-book lying close to where she had found her knife, and half hidden under a large stone. Hope picked it up, and, climbing back to the road, unbuckled the broad strap with which it was fastened, and looked in. It was filled with papers neatly folded and crowded together so closely that the pocket-book bulged in all directions.

"I thought it couldn't have any money in it," said Hope; "it looked too old and greasy. Some one must have thrown it away. Oh, how nice and thick!" she exclaimed, as the paper rustled between her fingers—just the thing to make pin-wheels of."

At this moment a large drop of rain fell from a cloud and splashed down upon Hope's nose. She flung the pocket-book hastily on the ground, thrust the papers into her bag, and ran hurriedly down the path to the house. The rain fell briskly as she flung open the hall door and ran panting into the front room, where her mother sat reading a letter.

"Did the rain catch my little girl?" said mamma, as Hope lifted up her mouth for a kiss.

"Oh no, I ran too fast," answered Hope, laughing. "I ran so fast that I tripped over the scrubby roots of that old tree on the road."

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired her mother, anxiously.

"Not much."

"Those roots must be cut off," said mamma, going to the window and looking out. "Only yesterday I saw old Mr. Grubby stumble headlong across the road. He might have killed himself."

"Mamma, there's that nice sailor man who gave me the little ship," said Hope, suddenly, pointing out of the window to a young man who was just then crossing the road—"Mrs. Barus's son, you know."

"Dear! dear! the root has tripped him up too," cried Mrs. Hunter.

"He's not hurt, mamma. See! he jumped up as lightly as a bird. I wonder what he is looking at in his hand? Oh, I see now—it's the old pocket-book."

"What pocket-book, Hope?" inquired her mother.

"I found an old pocket-book on the bank, but it was so greasy that I threw it away."

"Hope, the postman brought a letter for you this morning from your cousin Amy," said Mrs. Hunter, turning away from the window, and forgetting all about the pocket-book.

"Did Amy write it all herself?" inquired Hope, wonderingly.

"I think so," answered her mother, with a smile.

"Please read it to me, mamma; I can't read writing very well."

"This is what Amy writes," said Mrs. Hunter, holding the letter so that Hope could see it distinctly, and pointing to each word with a needle:

"DEAR COUSIN HOPE,—I am coming home Saturday. I have a new doll and a new doll carriage. Don't forget to make the pin-wheels you promised. Your ever-loving cousin, AMY."

"I think that's a very nice letter," said Hope, as her mother finished reading. "I'll go right away and make the pin-wheels if you will let me have your sharp scissors, mamma."

"Yes, dear, you may have them. And I will go and tell Sam to cut off those roots in the road before they do any serious damage."

As her mother left the room Hope took the scissors from the work-basket, and the paper she had found in the old pocket-book from her bag, and skipped upstairs to her little play-room in the garret.

The rain was pattering over the roof and dashing against the window-panes as Hope seated herself upon the floor and began her work. The paper she had found was of a light blue color, with a narrow dark blue line close to the edge. Hope spread these strips of paper out upon her knee and counted them over. There were twelve in all, and just twice as long as they were broad; and as a pin-wheel must be square, Hope cut them in two, and had soon made twenty-four pale blue pin-wheels. The few words written on each did not mar their beauty at all, for Hope had hidden these so carefully that no one, unless by looking very closely, would have discovered that the paper was not perfectly clean.

When they were finished and pinned to their handles Hope stacked them in one corner of the room, and looked proudly at her handiwork.

"There!" said she, aloud. "Amy can write a letter, but she can't make pin-wheels like those. I'll leave them up here until next Saturday, so that they will not be spoiled. This is Tuesday, and Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday are three more," said Hope, counting on her fingers. "That's a long time." Then she closed the door and went down-stairs.

The next day as Hope came home from school she saw a large crowd collected around William Barns's house, and heard loud voices within. She hurried home with the news to her mother.

"I am afraid they are going to arrest William Barns for stealing," said her mamma, sadly.

"What has William Barns stolen?" cried Hope, in astonishment.

"Old Mr. Grubby accuses him of stealing a great many hundred dollars."

"Oh, mamma! I don't believe he ever stole anything, he has such a nice brown face and always smiles at me."

"I am afraid that is no proof of his innocence," said her mother, patting her on the head. "But I am very sorry for poor Mrs. Barns."

Hope thought frequently of William Barns during the week, and missed his kind face in the village. It made her feel quite sorrowful to see the door of his house closed, and the shades drawn down over the windows. But when the day for Amy's return came, Hope forgot everything else in the delightful expectation of seeing her cousin and presenting her the wonderful pin-wheels.

It was no easy task to carry twenty-four paper pin-wheels safely through the village streets. So Hope thought, as she moved slowly along, with her eyes fixed upon them in anxiety for their safety. She was so intent upon this that she ran plump against a boy standing in the road. Hope looked up to see who it was, and warn him not to break her pin-wheels, when she found that she was close by the Court-house, and that there were five or six people standing around the door talking excitedly.

The boy Hope stumbled against was one of her school-mates, so she said,

"What's the matter in the Court-house, Tom?"

"William Barns stole old Grubby's pocket-book crammed full of money," answered Tom, "and they're trying him now."

"Did Mr. Grubby see him do it?" cried Hope, wonderingly.

"No, he didn't see him steal it, but it's all the same. He saw the pocket-book in his hand, and so did I and a heap of other fellows, too. We were all on the dock fishing, when old Grubby comes along grumbling, and

stands behind us. Just then a big fish pulled off my hook, and I asked Will Barns for another. He took an old leather thing out of his pocket and began fumbling in it for one. Then I heard Grubby scream something, and I looked up. He was standing close by Will with his hands looked just like the claws of a bird and his teeth all showing. The next moment he made a spring at Will and screeched,

"You thief! you rogue! you highwayman! give me my money!"

"Your money!" said Will. "You must be crazy, Mr. Grubby. I have no money of yours." Then he shook Grubby off, and putting the pocket-book back in his pocket, walked off as cool as you please. Next day Grubby had him arrested, and they found the pocket-book with a lot of fish-hooks in it on a shelf in Will's bedroom. But he says he found the greasy old thing empty near the roots of that big oak-tree by your house."

"So he did," cried Hope, who had been listening with her mouth and eyes open to this long story—"he did, for I saw him, and there was not one cent of money in it when I picked it up myself—nothing but little pieces of paper, and I took them out and threw the old thing away. And I'll just go and tell Mr. Grubby so," and Hope made a movement toward the door.

"I wouldn't," said Tom; "they'll all laugh at you. Who ever saw a girl walking through a court-room with an armful of pin-wheels?"

"I don't care if they do laugh at me," answered Hope, angrily. "I shall not let Mr. Grubby say that William Barns stole his money, when I know better."

"Well, I suppose you're right," said Tom. "But let me hold those things until you come back."

"No," replied Hope, decidedly. "You might break them."

So she walked in at the open door and half across the room, but could see nothing of Mr. Grubby. Although there were a number of persons in the room, it was so silent that the whirring noise made by Hope's pin-wheels sounded so loudly that those sitting near turned and looked at her. She tiptoed along quietly until she came to the end of a long row of benches. Then she saw an open space with three or four tables in it and a raised desk. Men sat at the table writing, and a very large red-faced gentleman, with his eyes closed, as if listening intently, was behind the desk.

Old Mr. Grubby was speaking when Hope first saw him.

"Yes," he said, "that is my pocket-book; the same that I missed Monday afternoon. It then contained twelve hundred dollars in certified checks of one hundred dollars each."

"Oh, Mr. Grubby!" cried Hope, stretching her head forward, and speaking in a very high voice, "it did not have one cent in it when I picked it up."

As her voice rang through the silent hall every one stood up and looked at poor Hope. She had not meant to speak so loud, and was very much mortified at the attention she attracted, and tried to hide behind the nearest bench. But a gentleman came forward and whispered,

"Come, little girl, and tell these gentlemen what you know about Mr. Grubby's pocket-book."

As he lifted her up on one of the tables in the open space a gust of wind came through the open window and set the twenty-four pin-wheels whirling around all at once with a loud noise. At this every one laughed, and Hope, remembering Tom's words, held her head down, and turned very red indeed.

"Never mind," said the gentleman who had lifted her up on the table. "They are not laughing at you. Now speak loudly, and tell us where you found the pocket-book."

She was quite alarmed now, and almost ready to cry,



for she saw that the man behind the high desk had his eyes open, and was looking intently at her, and that those who had been writing held their pens suspended in the air while they turned their heads her way.

"Tell them where you found it," said the gentleman again.

Then Hope did as she was requested. "But," said she, turning to Mr. Grubby, "there was no money in it, only pieces of blue paper, and I threw the pocket-book down on the ground after I had taken the paper out, because it was so old and dirty."

Again every one laughed, and Hope, feeling very much distressed, whispered to the gentleman near.

"Please take me down and let me go home."

"In a moment," he answered; "but first tell Mr. Grubby what you did with the papers."

"Here they are," said Hope, pointing to her pin-wheels. Mr. Grubby sprang across the room, and, snatching one from her hand, tore it from its handle and spread it open upon the table.

"Yes," he cried, "it is part of one of the checks. You wicked little girl, how dare you destroy my property, and frighten me half to death?"

Hope opened her eyes very wide at these words, and the tears streamed down her cheeks as she cried,

"Oh, Mr. Grubby, I did not mean to be wicked. Here, take them all, I won't keep one." And she thrust the beautiful pin-wheels into the old man's hands, and sobbed aloud. Every one crowded about old Mr. Grubby as he pulled off the papers and spread them open one after one. They were so much amused that they quite forgot Hope, who stood alone upon the table with her face buried in her two small hands.

But presently she felt some one touch her, and looked up to find William Barns's kind face close to hers.

"Don't cry, little Hope," said he, softly. "I'll take you home."

"What made Mr. Grubby call me wicked?" said Hope, wiping her eyes. "I did not mean to do any harm."

"I don't believe he quite knew what he was saying," answered William. "He has been very much worried about those papers, for they were worth a large sum of money."

"I did not know that," sobbed Hope; "and I am so sorry about my pin-wheels. I made them all myself to give to Cousin Amy."

"Never mind," said William Barns, coaxingly. "Don't cry, but jump on my shoulder, and I'll find you some

of the prettiest paper in the world. It came from China, and it's all covered with pink and blue and gold and silver butterflies, and I will help you make ever so many new pin-wheels."

He lifted the little girl upon his broad shoulder, and in this manner they left the Court-house.

William Barns not only kept his promise, but carried Hope and her brilliant paper pin-wheels on his shoulder all the way to Cousin Amy's.

And now whenever Hope passes William Barns's house she is greeted with loving words and kisses from his mother. And many a beautiful shell, bright piece of coral, and curious toy has found its way from William's seachest to Hope's play-room, for the sailor never forgot that she had saved him from being thought a thief.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

CAPTAIN SAMMY'S PERIL.

FOR an instant Dare let go of the helm and rushed out of the pilot-house to see what could be done; but before he could get aft he realized that, with the engine still in motion, he, by deserting his post, was not doing anything toward saving Captain Sammy, but was actually hindering operations by allowing the steamer to back where she might ground, or work herself worse injury.

Grasping the spokes of the wheel firmly, as if by his strong hold he could also retain all his presence of mind, he looked astern for some signs of the man who was in such deadly peril.

The steamer had run ahead some distance after the blow had been struck which knocked the little man from his lofty perch, and now he could be seen fully fifty yards below, while the reversing of the engine was taking the *Pearl* toward the bank of the river.

Captain Sammy was splashing around in the water and screaming loudly, evidently for the purpose of frightening away the sharks and alligators; but owing to the fact of his having but one leg, it was with difficulty that he kept himself afloat.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



Charley, Bobby, and even Tommy had by this time rushed into the bow, as if for Dare to tell them what to do, and he knew only too well that the saving of the little man's life depended almost wholly on him.

"Go back to your post!" he shouted to Charley, "and put on all steam ahead!"

It needed the stern command to arouse the engineer from his panic; and as Dare swung the wheel around, the laboring of the boat told that the order had been obeyed.

It was necessary to traverse nearly half of a circle before the apparently drowning man could be reached; and when Dare rang the bell to "stop her" he saw at a glance that Captain Sammy could do very little toward helping himself, lest, if he ceased his exertions for a moment, either the sharks or the alligators would seize him.

Dare was completely at a loss to know what to do, and even as he hesitated he could see that Captain Sammy's struggles were growing fainter and fainter. It was only too evident that he could not hold out many minutes longer.

Dare rushed for the tender, calling Charley to follow him, but he knew, even in his excitement, that they could not pull him in over the rail of that frail boat without upsetting her and endangering the lives of all.

The condition of his mind was little short of agony. Then just when his fear was the most intense he was conscious that a form had darted past him and plunged into the water.

He could not prevent himself from screaming as he saw what seemed to be a leap to certain death, and he looked quickly around to see whether it was his brother or his cousin who had gone thus bravely to die.

But Charley and Bobby were both standing behind him, and he passed his hand over his eyes as if he fancied he must have been deceived in what he thought he saw.

It was certain, however, that some one had jumped over, for a swimmer could be seen making directly for the nearly exhausted man, and splashing in the water at a furious rate.

"Why, it's Tommy!" he cried, astonished that he had not thought of this one of their passengers before, and then all his faculties were restored to him again.

"Give the wheels a couple of turns," he shouted to Charley, as he picked up a heaving line and ran to the bows.

The steamer was only about a dozen yards from the two who were struggling in the water against so many perils, and he hoped to be fortunate enough to run alongside them, where a rope could be flung around Captain Sammy.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

FORTUNATELY for Dare's plan the *Pearl's* helm was still hard down, and the slight motion given her by the wheels caused her to circle directly around the two in the water.

Dare was thus enabled to swing the bight of the rope to Tommy, and in an instant after it was placed under the little man's arms.

"Now climb up on the rope, and then we'll all pull him in," said Dare to Tommy.

"That won't do," replied the little fellow, as he renewed his efforts at splashing, "for, you see, when I was out of the water, they'd take his leg off quicker'n a wink. Haul him in, and when you pass the rope to me be ready to snake me in sudden, or it'll be all up with me."

Surely Tommy was showing himself to be a hero, and neither of the boys thought of his past misdeeds as they admired his courage.

It did not take long to pull Captain Sammy on board when all hands had hold of the rope, and, exhausted as he was, he managed to walk unaided into the forward cabin, where he applied his own restoratives.

Then came the more difficult work of rescuing Tommy,



"YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE, LAD."

for since the boy had spoken, all now knew the danger with which it would be attended.

The fins of the sharks as they circled round and round their expected prey, which they did not dare to touch, could be seen in dangerous closeness to the brave little pirate, and at times the ugly noses of the alligators seemed almost to touch him.

He was making as much noise as possible, but the exertion was telling on him, and when at last Dare succeeded in getting the rope around his shoulders it was quite time, for he was as nearly exhausted as Captain Sammy.

Bobby at this moment thought of what should have been done before, and taking an oar he reached out as far as possible, striking the flat of the blade on the water.

By this means they succeeded in getting Tommy on board safe and whole. But the moment he was landed on the deck he scurried to his old hiding-place, as if he expected Captain Sammy would give immediate pursuit.

Dare tried to urge him to come into the cabin in order to get some dry clothes, but Tommy displayed quite as much terror now at facing the little man as he did before he had made such heroic attempts to save his life, and he crawled under the berth without regard to the water that ran from him in little streams.

Tommy had hardly hidden himself, when Captain Sammy came on deck, apparently none the worse for his involuntary bath.

He looked at the three boys in silence for a moment, and then in a voice not wholly free from traces of emotion, but still gruff, he asked, "Who was it jumped in to help me?"

"It was Tommy Tucker," replied Dare, and before Captain Sammy fully understood that assertion he related the story of Tommy's being on the boat, speaking very rapidly, as if fearing that he should be interrupted.

For fully a moment Captain Sammy stood in perfect silence, and then he asked, in a voice which the boys were almost certain trembled, "Where is he now?"

Charley told him of Tommy's fear at meeting him, and where he had hidden himself.

"Go and fetch him out," and from the tones of the little man's voice it was hard to tell whether he intended to meet his late enemy in friendship or with the long feud still open.

It was one thing to order Tommy to be brought, and quite another to bring him. Charley had coaxed and entreated, all to no purpose, and it was not until he threatened to go and tell Captain Sammy to come himself that the pirate could be induced to roll out from under the berth.

Then when he went aft to where the little man was waiting for him he appeared like a boy who expects to be knocked down each minute, and fears some harder fate is reserved for him because the blow is not dealt.

But the reception was far different from what he had imagined it would be.

Captain Sammy went to him as he came up, and taking both the dirty hands in his, he said, in a voice that was husky with emotion:

"You have saved my life, lad, and that's something I can't repay by thanks. But for you this shattered old hulk would have been food for the sharks, and I standing before the great Captain. I never believed there was any good in you, Tommy, but you have shown that you are braver than most men would be. I'm going to take you home with me, lad—for if it hadn't been for you I should never go there again—and so long as I've got a timber to float on you shall be at the other end of it. Now get one of the boys to give you a dry suit of clothes till I can fix you up something to wear that looks more trim than the one you've got now, and take hold and have a good time with the rest."

And thus it was that Dare's troubles were over, and the not overbold pirate made one of the crew of the yacht *Pearl*.

As soon as Tommy was clad in a dry suit of clothes the *Pearl* was started on her voyage again, and the trip seemed to have just begun for Dare, who had hardly had a moment's peace since he knew of the stowaway.

Despite his previous calling Tommy proved a most valuable addition to the company. He was both willing and anxious to do everything in his power, and Captain Sammy soon began to like him as heartily as he had once disliked him.

Owing to the delay of the first day on the Caloosahatchee, Lake Kachpochee, through which they must pass, was not reached until noon of the second day after leaving Punta Rassa. Three hours later the *Pearl* glided out upon that large lonely-looking body of water.

The boys felt a sense of awe and isolation creep over them. Lake Okeechobee, as Dare had read when the first idea that he might visit it had come to him, is from forty

to fifty miles long, about twenty-five wide, and with a depth of from five to twenty feet.

This was to be their abiding-place while they remained in the Everglades, and Captain Sammy at once looked around for a good anchorage, which he fortunately found not far from the mouth of the river, where a piece of hard shelving beach ran down into the water.

"Now, boys," said the little man, after everything had been made snug for a long stay, "I suppose you are aching to get on shore to try your hand at shooting. You can all take the afternoon off, and I'll stay here to keep ship. Keep your weather eye open, for you'll find bears, panthers, and wild-cats hereabouts, as well as small game, and it wouldn't do to let any of them catch you napping."

Hastily promising to be careful not to allow any animal to get the best of them the boys rowed ashore, and it was not many moments before they learned that on the shores of Lake Okeechobee it is not necessary to hunt very long for game, for the woods appeared to be literally teeming with life.

Dare's greatest ambition in the hunting line had been to shoot a deer, and from the time his parents had first spoken about the trip to Florida up to that moment he had resolved that he would undertake any labor, however great, for the purpose of seeing one of those noble animals fall before his rifle.

Therefore it was that while the other boys were growing excited at the abundance of feathered game near them, and were discharging their weapons whenever a bird with particularly brilliant plumage would rise, Dare stood by, a silent spectator of the wholesale slaughter, as if waiting until his companions' spirits should have worn themselves out a little.

It was not long before the boys did tire of this wanton sport, for it was hardly anything else, since one could remain at a stand-still and shoot right and left without disturbing the numerous flocks save for a few moments at a time, and when Charley suddenly discovered that it was too bad to bring the birds down simply for the sake of killing, Dare was ready with his proposal.

"Let's divide into two parties, Charley and Bobby in one, and Tommy and I in the other; then one party can take a long hunt for big game while the other stays nearer the steamer, in case Captain Sammy should need us. By that means we shall get on without trouble, and by changing around each day all hands will have an equal chance of getting a deer or a bear. Now, Charley, do you want to take a long tramp to-day?"

Charley, who had slaughtered a quantity of birds, had no desire for such violent exercise just then, and with the understanding that he and Bobby should remain within sound of a signal from the *Pearl*, Dare and Tommy set out in search of game more worthy the hunter.

Tommy had not the slightest idea how deer should be hunted, but since the taint of his piratical calling had been removed from him he was ready for anything, and he accompanied Dare in high glee.

After settling the points of the compass as well in his mind as he was able, Dare started into the woods in such a direction as would keep the sun on his left side, and in a very short time they were where the forest was as dense as though they were in the very heart of the Everglades.

Still Dare pushed on until the cover was more open, and just as he caught sight of a small space which was nearly free from trees he saw that for which he sought.

Three deer and a buck were feeding in the open, and the wind was blowing directly from them to the hunters.

Under such circumstances it was not a difficult matter for the hunter to creep quite near them, and with hands trembling from the excitement of seeing the game he had so long desired to reach, Dare took as good aim as was possible, and discharged his weapon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECINCT.

BRAVE AND TENDER.

WHEN Sir John Lawrence was Governor-General of India he was told one day of a little girl who had been taken ill, and was pining away with grief at the loss of a very curious pet. The pet was a tame ostrich, which the child had raised from the egg, left by the ostrich mother in the grass of the park at Barrackpore.

The little girl's father was the keeper of the park, and soon after her discovery of the egg he died and his successor was appointed.

Fearing that foxes or jackals would eat her treasure, or that the cold dews would destroy it, the little girl carried the big egg to the bungalow, and buried it safely in a lidless box filled with dry white sand. This she took pains to set out in the sun every day just where the fiercest rays would pour on it. At night she coaxed a motherly hen, whose own eggs she transferred elsewhere, to brood over the box.

By-and-by, to the great fright of the poor hen, a giant chick broke the shell, and stepped into view. The hen ruffled her feathers, spread her wings, and fled.

The little girl and the ostrich became fast friends, and one was never seen without the other. What, then, was her dismay when the park-keeper took it into his head that the ostrich was public property, and must go to the government aviary!

The child was so distressed at the removal of her pet that her mother feared she would die. But the military surgeon who came to see her thought he knew of something better for her than medicine, and he wrote a letter to Sir John Lawrence telling him all about it.

The Viceroy was a very great man, and had pressing affairs of state to attend to, for millions of people looked to him as their ruler. But he had a very tender heart, and far away in England he had little girls of his own; so he wrote a reply, by the return mail, that the ostrich was at once to be given to its rightful owner, who lost no time in getting well.

Does anybody ask, "How can Aunt Marjorie make a bit of advice out of this little incident?" Well, you know we wrap pills up in sugar; and so we tell stories, and hide lessons within them.

A brave heart is always a tender heart, children. No matter how busy you are, you may, like Sir John Lawrence, take time to do a kind act for some one who is weaker than yourself.

THE DISAPPOINTED PICKEREL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FRED LARKIN lived on the shores of Lake Umbegaygogolik. They called it Gaygog for short. Fred said it was because they had such gay fishing there. Lake Umbegaygogolik was deep in the woods, and for a long time only the few hunters or fishermen who lived along its winding shores knew what particularly fine fishing could be had there.

But lately, somehow or other, the boys had found it out. Never was there such fishing as on the shores of Gaygog. Early in the morning, after school was out, and Saturday afternoons, there was always a party of boys perched somewhere on its banks, and floating over its surface in old punts and scows after those fish. Then something happened that upset the boys.

It is always so. When you are having the best fun, some one comes along, and that's the end of the good times.

"Here is this new hotel," said Fred. "They have built a frame house on the shores of Gaygog, and started a

stage line through the old wood road. The people down in the city will be coming here in crowds. They'll have the greatest lot of new-fashioned rods and poles, and all sorts of queer inventions besides, and they'll just spoil the fishing."

Sure enough. In June the hotel was opened, and a lot of people came up from New York to go fishing in Gaygog. They brought all kinds of new-fangled fish-lines and make-believe bugs on fish hooks. Of course all the fish would be scared away, and that would be the end of the fun. It was queer how the fish behaved that summer. There were so many fishermen that half the young trout in Gaygog were caught, and all the old ones retired in disgust to the deep pools, where not even such a skillful fisherman as Fred Larkin could find them.

Besides this, these city people at the new hotel were such monstrous eaters that not all the fishermen on the lake could keep the great frying-pans filled. The cooks were in despair. "More trout," they cried, "or the hotel will fail." Before the hotel was built, anybody could have a string of fish for the trouble of catching them; now the fish were worth money.

Now came Fred Larkin's chance. The cooks would pay ten cents apiece for good trout, and twenty cents for a big pickerel. Fred had never earned any money before in his life. He saw a small fortune just in reach, and he meant to have it. The first thing he did was to go home and have a complete overturning among all his old treasures. He got out everything that had to do with fishing. From among the collection he selected his best lines and his brightest fish-hooks. Then he made a net out of a strip of old muslin, and with it he captured a lot of young fry—"minims" he called them—and made ready for a big haul.

Somehow it didn't seem to be a good day for fishing. There was a mackerel sky, and not much breeze on the water. It ought to be splendid fishing, and yet he could not get a bite.

"I do believe those city fishermen have scared every trout out of his senses."

All day long he fished and fished. He rowed into all the favorite coves where the fish used to be plentiful. Not a fish to be found anywhere. The sun went down, and Fred rowed home, hungry and tired, and without a single fish.

"The fishing's ruined, and no mistake. Those new-fangled fish-lines just scared every trout away. As for pickerel, I do believe they have all dove into deep holes out of sight."

The cooks were in despair. "No fish. The city boarders had beefsteak three times a day. Unless we have fish, the hotel will fail."

Fred vowed he would have some fish, or know the reason why. While he stood in the hotel kitchen he happened to see a big wide-mouthed glass jar on the table. It had a label on one side, but was empty.

"Will you give me that old glass jar?" said Fred.

"What do you mean to do with it?"

"I want it to help catch fish."

"Oh, take it, then. Anything to get some fish. Bring some fresh trout, or the hotel will fail."

"I'll try," said Fred, as he took the big jar in his arms and went home.

Early the next morning Fred took the glass jar, his scoop-net, and a piece of string, and went down to the creek to catch "minims." He filled the jar with water, and as fast as he caught the little fish he put them in it. Soon he had a hundred or more of the small fry swimming about quite lively in the jar. Then he tore off a strip of his net, and with the aid of the string tied it over the mouth of the jar. Then he started for his boat.

He rowed out to a place where the water was clear and the bottom smooth. Taking the boat's painter, he tied it around the jar, and lowered it gently overboard. There

were the small fry in the jar at the bottom of the water, and yet not able to get out, as the netting held them fast. Fred leaned over the side of the boat to see what would happen.

Presently a fish swam lazily under the boat. Then he saw the small fish through the glass sides of the jar. He stopped and looked at them in a surprised way. He wriggled his tail, as if greatly excited, and then came a rush

they too stopped to see what was going on. The excitement below was tremendous. A whole school of little fellows, and not a single big fellow able to get at them! Fred knew they must be very mad about it, for the moment he let down his line two of them snapped at it, and one was soon flapping on the bottom of the boat.

It seemed as if there were a score of fish swimming round and round the glass jar. One or two big fellows



"IT WAS THE BIGGEST PICKEREL EVER SEEN IN THE LAKE."

at the "minims." He only bumped his nose against the glass, and swam away, disgusted.

Fred waited patiently. In a few moments back he came, bringing six others with him. He had evidently told them of the feast prepared for them.

Never did fish behave in such a remarkable way. They circled round and round the glass jar, poking their noses against it, and unable to understand why they could not get at the small fry inside.

Some more fish happened to sail past at that time, and

stood off, and said it was some kind of a game they didn't understand. Fred dangled his bait in front of one of these wise old chaps, and of course he came up lively.

Fred never caught so many fish before in one day. He was just baiting his hooks and watching the convention, when suddenly the meeting broke up, and not a fish was to be seen.

"They have found it out. No! My! that is the father of all the pickerel in Gaygog!"

It was the biggest pickerel ever seen in the lake. He thought he would have a look at the little fellows. He stood a little way off eyeing the fish in the jar, and gently waving his ancient tail.

Flash! he had gone. Oh, the jar has upset. Mister Pickerel had charged into it, and tipped it over, and it lay on its side. The little fellows were still inside, for the netting was over the mouth of the jar. Fred was on the point of pulling up the jar when he saw Mister Pickerel coming. He was evidently very angry, and meant mischief. He was aimed right at the big mouth of the jar.

"The show is over," said Fred. "He'll get the whole school, and the jar too."

Swoop! there was a sudden pull on the painter that made it swing. The rope stretched out this way and then that, and in a fever of excitement Fred pulled it in. He had to tug, for there was something heavy at the end.

Poor old pickerel! He had rushed at the mouth of the jar, and thrust his head right into it. The netting broke, and all the little fry ran out, but Mr. Pickerel was trapped. He shook himself, and rushed hither and thither, but the glass jar held on tight.

Everybody at the hotel said it was the finest fish dinner they had ever had. The baked pickerel was magnificent. The hotel was safe, and the next week Master Fred Larkin bought a real Waterbury watch, which he wears to this day.





LA LUZ DE BOGOTÁ.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

AMONG all the birds there is no family which for brilliant colors and sparkling beauty can compare with humming-birds. And in saying this it is not at all necessary to except even the gorgeous sun-birds, or the birds-of-paradise. Both of these are certainly provided with plumage of marvellous splendor, and from their superior size they make a rich display; but the lovely little humming-birds seem to me to far surpass them in beauty.

Their plumage is extremely bright and beautiful in its general coloring, and then, in addition to that, almost all the species are provided with extra ornaments in the shape of scales which scarcely seem like feathers. They are feathers, it is true, and nothing but feathers, but they are so short and so crisp and so stiff and elastic that they look more like fish scales; and, to make the resemblance more complete, they *shine* in the light as do pieces of polished metal, in which respect they are like the scales of many tropical fishes. These *scales* of the humming-birds are very commonly arranged in patches.

How well do I remember one morning on the table-land of Mexico! I had ridden till late in the evening, for I was in a region where water was very scarce. Neither I nor my horse had had anything to drink for a number of hours, and I kept on in the bright moonlight, hoping to reach a spring. None, however, appeared, and some time before midnight I halted and lay down on the ground to sleep till morning. When I awoke the sun had just risen, and I wish I had it in my power to give you some idea of what I saw, but I fear words will do it but very poorly.

All about me grew the yucaes which are so characteristic of that land. As I opened my eyes I looked up at one of them which was towering nearly twenty feet above my head. A large coarse stem stretched up about ten feet, and from its top spread out an enormous crown of strong, heavy, sword-shaped leaves, each leaf being five or six feet long. From the centre of this crown there rose a more delicate stem, and at a height of five feet there grew the flowers. Such flowers! Five feet more they went up, snow-white lilies, making a mass not less than a foot across, like an enormous white plume, the white broken only by the golden-colored anthers.

I looked to one side, and there stood another like it; I rose to my feet, and they were all about me. I had not seen any of them before in such a state of splendor, and to crown it all, as I looked up to the one above me, a hundred blazes of colored fire were flashing all around it. They were red, they were blue, they were green, they were black, they were white, and they were dancing here and there in the most bewildering fashion, and keeping up all the time a hum and buzz like that of swarms and swarms of bees. I could scarcely persuade myself that I was awake, that I was not still dreaming.

You can well understand how, in the days of the old splendor of Mexico and of Peru before the white men came, the brilliant scale-feathers of the humming-birds would be used by the natives for ornament. Of course such things, as is the case with objects of elegance and luxury now everywhere, could be possessed only by those who were wealthy, or what was the same thing then, by the nobles. Montezuma and his princes, at the time of the invasion of the Spaniards, had many garments, even large robes, which were composed entirely of these little scale-feathers. A piece of strong cloth of the proper size was taken, and each little feather was sewed singly upon it, the next being placed so as to overlap it just as they do on the neck of the bird, and so on till the work was completed. Some of the finest of these robes could not have been made without using the skins of fifty thousand humming-birds at the least, and several years of labor were required to accomplish the work.

And not only were such robes made, but Cortez describes most elegant pictures which were formed by fastening or embroidering the shining patches of the skins in such a manner as to work out the design of the artists. The Aztecs even called their capital Tzinzunan because of the abundance of the humming-birds, and they ornamented the statues of their gods with their feathers, often in the form of such robes and mantles as I have mentioned.

And you can not be surprised that most extravagant names have been given to them by various writers in trying to describe their wonderful colors and beauty. I remember one who closes his account of their sparkling tints by comparing them "to the hue of roses steeped in liquid fire." Another calls the little birds themselves "the tresses of the morning star": beautiful idea, and charming title, is it not?

And then only look at the name which is printed at the head of this article. It was given me for that lovely little fellow shown in the drawing. I dare say the name is not very widely known, and even in the place where I heard it there is much probability that only a certain

class of persons would recognize it, those being the Indians and the lower Spanish population.

I was in the capital of New Grenada. The windows and doors in that climate were open day and night, and it was no uncommon thing for humming-birds to dart in and out again, but one day a little fellow flew in and in some way became entangled in a curtain. As soon as he saw him, my Indian boy began shouting, "La Luz! la Luz!" and dancing about as though something remarkable had happened.

I soon caught the little hummer, and as I held him in my hand, admiring his most wonderful display of colors, Matéo had crowded up close to me and was watching with staring eyes and an interest that surprised me, and so I asked him, "Que tiene, Matéo" (What is the matter?). "Nada" (Nothing). "Que nombre hay la chiquita?" (What is the name of the little thing?) And after a minute he answered, with some degree of hesitation, "La Luz de Bogotá" (the Light of Bogotá). The name struck me as being very beautiful, and I think that it quite plainly means something, that there is some story connected with it, though I could not induce Matéo to tell me anything definite, yet his first effort was to get me to set the bird at liberty.

Before I left New Grenada I collected many specimens of this exquisite species, and I found it so perfectly lovely in colors and in shape, and its manner of nest-building so wonderful, that I thought it might well be called the Light of Bogotá. I wish I could color the drawing which you see here as the bird really looks in life, but as that can not be, I will color it in words, and you can apply them to the figure.

Do you see that wonderful ruff which stands out from each side of his neck? The species belongs to one genus of the humming-bird which is called *Lophornis*, a Greek name meaning crested bird, because all the species of the genus have some of the feathers of the head or the neck, or perhaps both, long and beautifully colored. This species is *Lophornis ornatus*, and surely he is most remarkably ornate. These long ruff feathers (you see some of them are much longer than the others) are of the brightest chestnut red, each one having its tip of an emerald green that sparkles, and as the throat patch from which these chestnut plumes spring is made of those glossy metallic scale-feathers, which are themselves also emerald green, the contrast made by the throat and the ruff is fairly bewitching. That long crest on the top of his head is of nearly the same hue as the ruff plumes, bright chestnut red, while the patch between it and the bill is made of emerald-green scale-feathers. Above he is of a bronze green all down his back, with a patch of snow white between this and his chestnut tail.

The female, as in all the humming-birds, has none of the gorgeous colors of the male. She is quite plain, and you can see that they are both of them very delicate and graceful; the figures are drawn of the natural size. But I spoke of the nest as being one of the charms of this *Lophornis*. Look and see. The body of it is built up of the soft down of plants about as white as cotton, and then is stuck all over on the outside with small scales of lichens, just enough to hold the down together; they look as though the wind might blow them away. And to help their beauty they are commonly set *right among the flowers*, say of a cantua twig. Only notice them, flowers, nest, and all together. La Luz, surely.

All of the humming-birds are natives of America only, and this species seems to be fairly confined to South America, for though a straggler or two now and then cross the Caribbean Sea, yet they are only stragglers. From New Grenada the bird abounds as far south as nearly to the limit of Brazil, being specially numerous in Guiana, all about Demerara and Surinam, and so on to Para and beyond.

HOW TO SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY FRANK BEARD.

WOULD you like to learn to draw? Don't you think that it would be a delightful occupation, on a long summer day, to take out your pencils and paper and copy some scene you want to remember, or produce a likeness of some queer bird or animal which strikes your fancy?

Many will say, "I'd like it very well, but I *can't* draw." Why not? You can write, you can hold a pencil and trace lines upon the paper; and if you can do this, you can draw a little. Anybody who can learn anything can learn to draw if he will give the same attention to it that he gives to other things.

Now we are not going to talk about copying pictures which some one else has already drawn, for there is not much satisfaction in making imitations of other people's work; it is much more gratifying to make the original drawings ourselves; but to do this we need some direction.

The reason it is more easy to copy a picture than to draw the real object is because the lines to be copied are all laid out on the flat surface of the picture; but to draw the object we must find out where to trace the lines for ourselves.

For instance, suppose we are to draw a flower-pot and plant. If we have the picture before us, we can readily see where all the lines are placed upon the paper, but in viewing a real plant and pot we are apt to become confused in trying to discover the directions and proportions of the lines.

Therefore we must learn to see things as they appear, not as they really are. This may seem strange to you, because one is apt to think that a thing must appear as it is; but let us look into the matter.

We will take a square box (Fig. 1). Now we know that all the sides are the same size, that the top is as large as the side, and that one side is as large as another; but if you try to draw it so, you will find it impossible, because, although you know that the top and sides are the same size as the front, they do not look so, and you draw things as they look, not as they really are.

What would your cube look like if we tried to make the sides 2 and 3 just like the side 1? Or the line C D as long as the line A B? Why, like Fig. 2. Don't you see that would be no box at all?

Take another example. We all know that a man's leg is longer than his arm, but it doesn't always appear so.

Measure the arms and legs of Fig. 3, and you will see by actual measurement the arms are longer than the legs, and yet it looks right, because the legs are projected toward you; in other words, the legs are *foreshortened*.

The great secret of drawing from nature is to train the eye to see a real object just like a picture.

Now let us return to our flower-pot again. We will suppose we are drawing from a real flower-pot and plant. We determine how large we will make our sketch, and begin operations by drawing a vertical line (a straight upright line). Along this line we will mark out the proportions of the plant and pot, as in Fig. 4.

We may easily discover that the plant is longer than the pot. This can be done by holding the pencil upright before the eye at arm's-length, as in Fig. 5, so that it will cover the pot, and measuring by the thumb the height of the pot, then raising the arm so as to cover the plant, and comparing the measurement of the pot with the plant. The dotted line shows the arm when lifted to compare the plant's length with the length of the pot. The lines

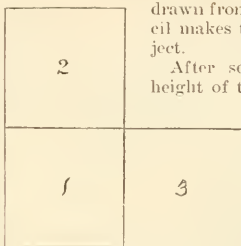


FIG. 2.

drawn from the eye show how the pencil makes the measurement on the object.

After settling the question of the height of the flower-pot and plant we will mark the measurements on the line. And now we will draw in the pot, leaving the straight line through its centre.

On observing the plant we will see that it is not exactly straight, and here again the straight line will be of assistance.

By holding up our pencil, which represents the straight line, we will discover that the stem of the plant leans considerably to the left. Guided by the line we can get the curve of the stem about right. Now we sketch the stem. Along the straight line we again measure the distance from the top of each leaf from the pot, as in Fig. 6. We can see several leaves, each reaching a certain height. Observing the same plan of measurement, we find that the top of the lowest leaf is about the same height from the pot as the height of the pot itself, and again from the top of the lowest leaf to the top of the plant measures the same distance.

By drawing another vertical line just touching the right side of the pot, we find that it touches the extreme edge of the leaf. Thus we find the exact situation of the leaf. By the same method we find the right places for the other leaves, and after we know just where they belong, we draw them in, and find that we have produced a very creditable outline from nature.

We need not confine ourselves to one or two guiding lines in sketching an object; in fact, we may use as many straight lines as will help us to get the correct proportions; not only vertical and horizontal lines, but slanting lines will also assist us in most cases. The sketch of a puppy (Fig. 7) will give an idea of the way to employ all lines necessary in sketching from nature. A few words will be all that is necessary to explain this illustration.

There lies the pup on the floor, and we seat ourselves at a little distance from it with pencil and paper. We will start off with a horizontal line A; then we can form some idea as to whether the little dog lies along a straight line, or in case the bottom line slants, how much it slants. Then draw the vertical line B E. Now suppose we hold our pencil upright in such a position as to touch the back edge of the ear, we will find that it passes through the shoulder of the fore-leg and the knee of the hind-leg, as represented by the line B E; so we have found the places for these parts. Another horizontal line, C D, drawn through the body, will touch the nose and hip, cutting the lower point of the ear. This will show us that the nearest hip and the nose are on a line. It will also help us to get the proportions above and below the line. Then by drawing a slanting line from D to E, we find that the hind-leg, the nose, and fore-paw are all on that line; so we can not go far astray in our proportions.

One of the chief difficulties in following this method of drawing from nature is to hold our measuring stick exactly vertical or horizontal. This difficulty can be overcome by providing yourself with a T-square (Fig. 8), and attaching to it at the point A a string with a weight attached so that it will hang plumb. By using this we can be sure whether we hold it straight or not, for in case we tip it too much on one side or the other the string will swerve from the middle of the upright stick. Of course, whenever we hold the T-square perfectly straight, the string will fall straight down the middle of the upright, and the top of the T will then give us a true horizontal line.



FIG. 3.

A little thought and practice will lead you to thoroughly understand this method, and when you really understand it you will have an unerring guide to assist you.

Of course as the eye and hand become trained with practice and observation, the work will become easier, and you will have less need of the T-square.

In beginning the practice of drawing from nature we had better confine our first efforts to things that will stand still, for without a practiced hand it will be almost impossible to sketch a restless subject; but if we attempt to do so, we should follow the methods before taught as nearly as possible.

Now suppose we start off on a sketching tour. We have hardly entered the barn-yard before something strikes our fancy—a goose. We would dearly like to take his picture, but he will not keep still an instant, now presenting a side view, now a front view, or turning his back toward us, and if we really *must* have his picture, we have nothing for it but to catch him and tie him up. Yet even now he is a hard subject, twisting his long neck, and bobbing his head about; but we feel that we must have his picture. So we observe the position in which he remains the longest time, or assumes oftenest, and begin our work.

We first note the general proportions. Is his body as thick as it is

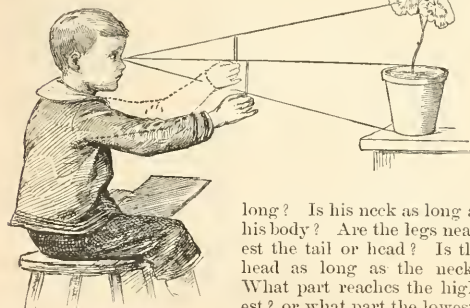


FIG. 5.

long? Is his neck as long as his body? Are the legs nearest the tail or head? Is the head as long as the neck? What part reaches the highest? or what part the lowest? We hastily consider these

questions, and determine in our own mind the answers, for we want to get an idea of the proportions before we begin to draw. Now we draw a horizontal line along our paper, and then hold up our pencil horizontally so that it will answer for a straight line drawn across the body of the real goose (Fig. 9). This will represent the horizontal line already drawn on the paper. Noticing then the directions the outlines of the goose take from the horizontal line (represented by the pencil), we sketch them in on the paper, remembering that one of the most important things is to get the right directions of the lines. Observe that in Fig. 10 the line A is directed to too high a point, and

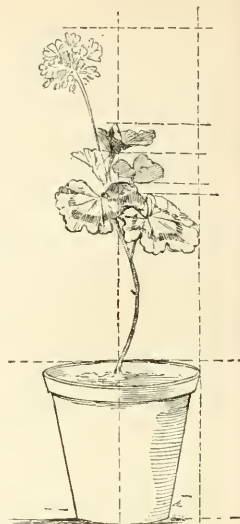


FIG. 6.

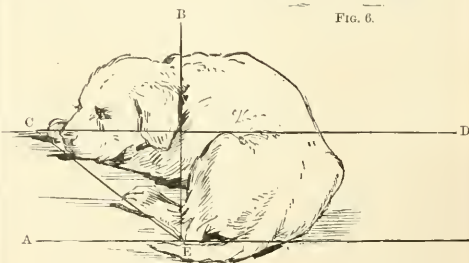


FIG. 7.

makes the body too thick and out of proportion.

In sketching it is best to make all straight lines instead of curves, for in this way we are more likely to get the right directions. Our first rough sketch ought to have something of the appearance of Fig. 11, and as we work it up more carefully it will become as nicely rounded as we could desire.

One of the most common faults a beginner is apt to commit is to try to do too much either by choosing too great a subject, such as a large landscape, or by putting too many little things into the composition. Take care of the large things, and the little things will take care of themselves.

If our subject be a clump of trees at some distance, we should not attempt to draw in separate leaves,

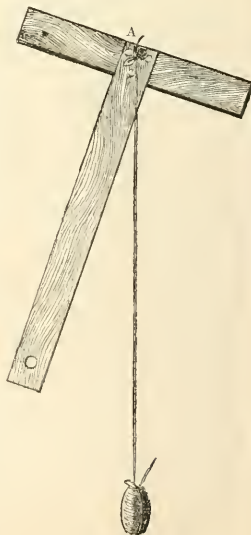


FIG. 8.

but endeavor to get the true shape of the tree, simply indicating the leaves by a few lines. Neither must we attempt in sketching to put in all the shadows; an indication of the stronger shadows by a thicker line is generally enough to give the idea of shadow. Notice in Fig. 12 how few lines there are, after all. The background of hills and trees is merely suggested by a few characteristic and light lines, because the light

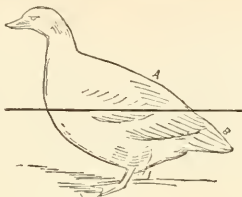


FIG. 10.

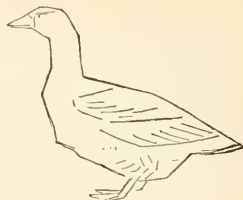


FIG. 11.

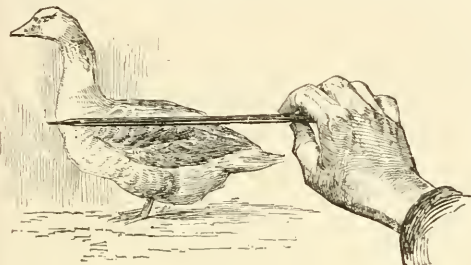


FIG. 9.

oil, and a sheet of white paper are all you really need to begin with.

striking upon them gave a very light appearance. The nearer objects are produced by thicker and blacker lines, and the water is shown by a few horizontal lines.

Draw as simply as possible. Ten pictures are spoiled by putting in too much work where one is spoiled by too little. Don't be discouraged. Every effort will show improvement if you really put your mind and heart in your work. As for material, a piece of soft rubber, a No. 2 pen-

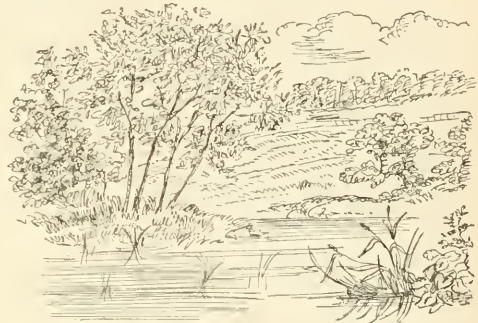
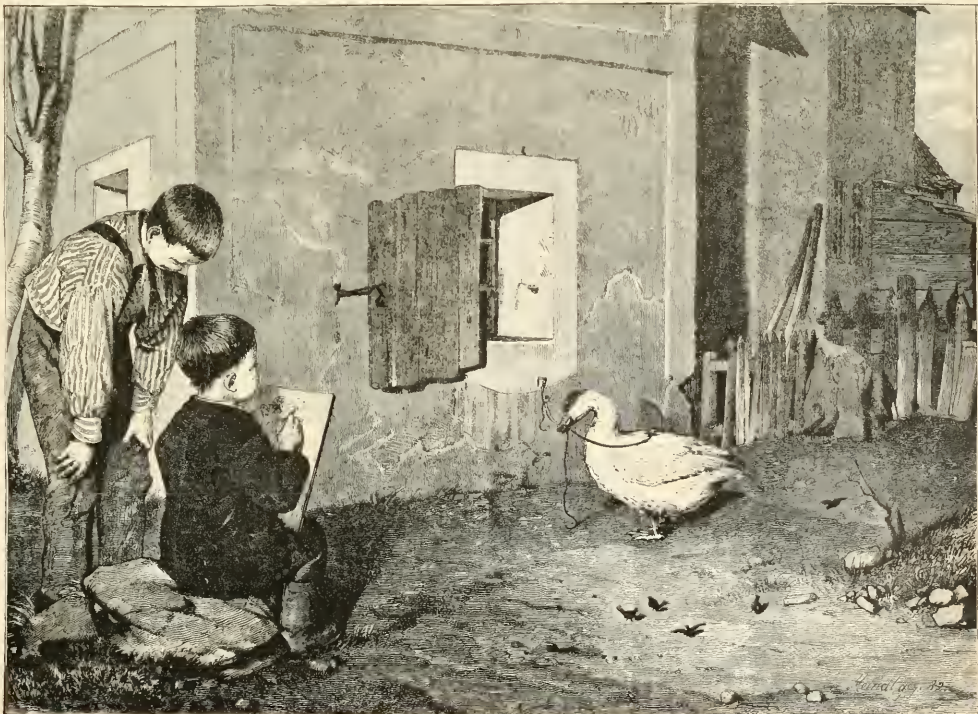


FIG. 12.



AN UNEASY SUBJECT.

EXERCISE.

T. CRAMPTON.

Allegretto.

1. Here we're standing in our places, all in or-der on the floor, For gym-nastics, while we're counting our one and two and more, Shat the
2. Now the hands to- geth-er clapping, but it must be soft-ly done, For we know no no-isy clapping there is, but lit-tle fun, For-ward
3. Now we'll stretch our hands a-sunder, out as wide as they can go, And we'll o-pen wide our fin-gers, of each one make a show, And now
4. Tru-ly won-der-ful in- deed it is, so ma-ny moves we make, And while nei-ther wand nor dumb-bell with-in our band we take, All the

hands up- on the chest, becls to- geth-er, toes turned out, So brisk we move, you'll see we all know what we are a- bout,
next we all must move, with our hands up- on the side, Then up and back, from right to left, our bo- dies now do ride,
ev-ry lit-tle finger, up- on our hands is secu, Oh, let us be care-ful be- to have them white and clean,
muscles of the body we ex-er-cise in turn, And aft-er that is done bow much the fast-er or we can learn!

Hands up and down we must, then out to left and right- If per-fect time we keep, 'tis such a pret-ty sight! For-ward!
Heads which we now must turn, are bow-ing ev-ry way, As if there was with-in them something we would say; But
Should-ers are twist-ed up and down and all a- round, In ev-ry shape and form that ev-er can be found, El- bow
Learn-ing we cov-et, and for that we come to school, Good health we'd al- so have, for that is na- ture's rule; Wise and

back a- gain they go! then up from the shoul-der straight- And when each of these moves is made we shall have count-ed eight,
do not say it now, for all that our lips can tell 's one, two, and three, and four, un- til the stroke of bell,
movements then we make fol- low in the same rou- tine, While nei-ther for-ward, right, nor left our bo- dies we must lean,
health-y we would grow, and we're striv- ing thus to be: And here a- hap-py work-ing school you're al- ways sure to see.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

TERRY, MONTANA.

I am a little Ohio Buckeye girl just ten years old, and we have moved out on a big farm or ranch in Montana. I have a shepherd dog named Bu Bu, and a cow named Jute. I have lots of fun hunting eggs. I watch for your paper, and enjoy reading the letters from the little folks, and send much love to them.

DAISY CALDWELL P.

MARBLESFORD, IOWA.

We have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, and like it very much. I agree with Rosalie P. about red hands. I am sure I wash dishes enough for any one. Many children tell about their pets. We have a few—a pony, a bird, cats, and chickens. Our pony is sorrel, and has white feet and face. We have many rides on him; his name is Dandy. I can ride as fast as he can go, and have never once fallen off, but my sister Mabel has had many curious adventures riding him, he is so skittish. Mamma has a great many flowers in the garden, and in winter keeps them in the house. I am intending to act a part in a drama or play at our exhibition. The play is, *Among the Breakers*.

ABBIE D.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* since No. 39. I was much pleased with "Nan," "The Talking Leaves," and all of the serial stories. In fact, with each number of the paper I have seen so many new beauties that I am firmly wedded to its interests. I suppose many of your correspondents will envy me when they hear that I know and love the Postmistress; but notwithstanding that fact I have written her two letters, neither of which has been printed. Papa says there are so many little folks who write letters to the Postmistress that he wonders sometimes how she can find time to read them all, not to speak of arranging them for publication.

I enjoy Jimmy Brown's stories very much, and hope he will write oftener. I have a dear little Maltese kitten only two days old, a French doll, and a great many books. I love to read, and think it aids me in my studies to have what is

generally dry history presented in the form of fiction. Can I join the Little Housekeepers? I am very fond of cooking, but I prefer to read, and as I am only eleven years old, papa thinks that if I store my mind now with literary knowledge and music, the Housekeeping Department can be added later, but if I become a member of your Little Housekeepers it might keep alive my interest. I hope this letter is not too long. The letters you publish seem to be the short ones.

EVA A. MCK.

There is no rule about longer or shorter so far as our little correspondents are concerned, but short letters do not take up so much room in this crowded Post-office Box, and so we can get more of them in, you see. Eva has been very sweet about her other letters which were not printed, and so deserves to have her patience rewarded. Tell papa that you will be a Little Housekeeper in vacation at least.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am a Cleveland boy fourteen years old. I am fond of reading, and I have read so many books that I believe their titles would fill a page. I am now reading *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and like it very much. We boys are fond of playing lake and bouquak, and we chalk the letter A for second. I am very fond of studying, and I go to the public school, and am in the B. Grammar class, second division. In the summer vacation I go down to papa's printing-office and set type, and am paid so much for many hours in the beautiful city. While I read a little book for the week. I advise Jack C. not to go to sea, for I don't think he would like to be a cabin boy.

PERCY V. F.

LIMONA, FLORIDA.

I am reading "Raising the Pearl" aloud to mamma. We are greatly interested in the story, for we live only ten miles from Tampa, and have spent many hours in the beautiful city. While I read my little brother Carl sits near, and draws doll little things, or plays with his blocks, or reads his *Mother Goose*, in a very comical fashion, quite softly to himself. We are always together, and mamma calls us the twins, though I am twelve and Carl but four. He doesn't seem to pay much attention to me when I read, but his

little ears have a way of hearing everything, and last night when he was drawing as usual, and I asked what he was making, he said, "Oh, just a picture of Captain Sammy," and here it is, just as he made it all by himself, and don't you think it pretty good for a little fellow only four years old?

CLAUDE M.

Indeed I do.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nine years old. I have to lie in bed, for I had a fall of my bicycle. I have no pets, except a little dog, Dot, and a large white cat, Snowdrop. We go to the country in the summer. We find turtles in the woods, and harness them to little post-board wagons, and they trot along very nicely; we feed them on fruit. We often go to the woods with papa to gather wild flowers and ferns. In the winter we have a fernery, and an aquarium with a great many little fish in it. I have sent wiggles twice, but they have not been published. My brother and I used to take *St. Nicholas*, but have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for some time, and are always glad when the day comes for the postman to bring it.

C. N. T.

That was an unlucky ride on the bicycle, was it not, dear? Keep on trying your hand at the wiggles; you will succeed in time.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old, and have just commenced taking *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am going to the country next month, and my papa thinks of buying me a pony. I expect to have a garden filled with flowers and take care of them myself. My little brother George has a black bear that growls and shows his teeth when he is wound. I have two birds, and expect to be a happy boy this summer in the country.

HEERY E., JUN.

I have two guinea-pigs, two rabbits, two dogs, and one canary-bird. We have two little baby brothers. We are five altogether—no sisters. We live in the country in the summer, and in town in the winter. I had four alligators, but my uncle sent me about twelve inches long. We go to school. Your little friend, Tom C.

Where does Tom live? He forgot to tell us.

FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

BREAD Pudding.—One pint of bread-crumbs soaked from thirty to forty minutes in one quart of sweet milk. Then add one cup of sugar, three eggs, and butter the size of an egg; bake until it looks like custard.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, the whites of four eggs, and one cup of flour. Beat the whites of eggs with my big brother. In a large field near the house may be found bunches of flints. They are of all colors—a delicate pink, white, dark blue, and black. Some are as thick as a paper, and some as thin as a leaf. They are very much like the flints found in the same field in a mound, on which we are going to build a summer-house. On an adjoining farm is a large stone mound about forty feet long and eight feet high. It is supposed to have been placed there by the Indians.

My home is near the banks of the Hockocking River. Every spring the river becomes very high, and great masses of ice float down in the muddy waters. In the summer it is like a little silver thread glistening in the sunlight. On the banks are great sycamores, some of which are covered by trailing grape vines. It is very nice to walk under them with my big brother. In a large field near the house may be found bunches of flints. They are of all colors—a delicate pink, white, dark blue, and black. Some are as thick as a paper, and some as thin as a leaf. They are very much like the flints found in the same field in a mound, on which we are going to build a summer-house. On an adjoining farm is a large stone mound about forty feet long and eight feet high. It is supposed to have been placed there by the Indians.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to a paper, and if it shall be printed I will write again, and tell you about a rock horse not many miles from here.

It is a very good letter, although your name, and shows that you use your eyes in watching the beautiful and interesting sights near your home.

I am ten years old, and live in three miles out of town. I like to swing in our big swing, and to swing in the tower. The tower is eighty feet high. In the top is a tank which holds 400 barrels of water. This is to supply the house. A small mill runs the water from the pond and into the tank. My sister and little brother Archie go to school with me in the tower. I take painting lessons, and have three boxes of paints. My favorite author George Macdonald. My motto is "Patience and perseverance lead to honor and success." Good-by.

I am a little girl ten years old, and live in the country. We have a nice large house with grounds around it, and my little brothers Bertie and Allen and myself have a great deal of fun playing. We have a dog named Rover, and lots of hens, and ten little chickens, hatched this spring. We expect to have a great many more, as we have seven hens sitting on eighty eggs. I had a little pet chicken last summer. I called it Tiny, and if you tapped on the floor or table it would come to you; it would eat out of your hand, and follow you around like a dog. It grew to be a large chicken, and then became sick and died.

As Beatrice has had to wait some weeks for her turn, I presume the ten chickens have become respectable pullets, and that she has a great many more feathered pets to care for.

I have two boats, a steamer called "The First City," and a little bark named "The First City." I don't think many little boys would want to see me with my little candles and go in a boat to work. I have a pet calf, and I call her Rosa; I feed her myself. Papa says a calf is better than a cat, because there is more of it. I have my little brothers Johnny and Willie, and two little sisters, Jennie and Emma. I read every letter.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live in the mountains, and men dig gold here. I have been in tunnels, and know how the gold is got out. I guess some of your readers would think it funny to see me with my little candles and go in a boat to work. I have a pet calf, and I call her Rosa; I feed her myself. Papa says a calf is better than a cat, because there is more of it. I have my little brothers Johnny and Willie, and two little sisters, Jennie and Emma. I read every letter.

ter in the Post-office Box to them, and we like them all. I think, as Susie S. does, there is no story paper like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

MABEL M. S. (per mamma).

GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother sits in her old arm-chair, Knitting as grandmothers can; The fire-light gleams on her silvery hair, And lights up her thin white hands.

Grandmother's thoughts are a long way off, "Way" way back in the past. Her thoughts keep time with her needles, As she knits along so fast.

For mother's days are nearly over— For she is aging fast; Her many, many, many eighty-four— They soon will all be past. LETTIE L. B. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The verses about Grandmother are very good for a little writer who is only twelve; and the composition on "A Dog named Phil" deserves a place, because Josephine G. is just ten.

A DOG NAMED PHIL.

This is about a dog that my cousin Rob has. He is eight years old, and his name is Phil. He is a very smart dog; he can say his prayers, and in Rob asks Phil if he wants his dinner, and Phil barks; then he goes and gets his pan, and takes it out to Cousin Rob's mother, and barks again, as if to say, "Please give me my dinner." I don't say that say that when he says his prayers he will get down on his hind legs and put his head on his paws, and stay there until some one says "Amen," when he jumps up. I can not think of any of the other things that Phil does, but I think that he is a very smart dog. Mamma was in Concord last summer—Phil lives in Concord—and she says that Phil steals his meals, and makes himself sick. JOSEPHINE G. PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

Now Florence has something to tell us concerning a pleasant time out of doors:

DAISY'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FLORENCE N.

Once upon a time there was a nice little girl, eight years old, whose name was Daisy. She was a very good little girl, and always did what her mother told her to do. One day she went to visit her cousin in the country, and it was a very long, pleasant day for her. She went to her cousin's farm, and helped to feed the pigs, ducks, geese, chickens, dogs, and sheep. Then they both played with May's dolls, and were having a charming time, when the dinner-bell rang; so they left the dolls and got their dinner.

After dinner Daisy, May, Charlie, and Fanny went down to a little river not far from the house, and they went into a row-boat, and put the luncheon basket in the bottom of the boat, and then they rowed away up the river until they came to a small island with sloping stony shores, and pretty green trees and grass all over it. Charlie helped them all out, and then took the basket. They strolled about looking for wild flowers, and soon had their aprons full of daisies, buttercups, wild roses, and jenny-jump-ups, which they carefully put in the boat to take home to their mamma. Then Charlie waded into the water to catch frogs and minnows, while the others were looking for shells and pretty stones. While they were laughing and playing a scream was heard from Fanny, who, while listening to a story which May was telling, had tumbled over a log and fallen into the water. Cousin May immediately came forward and soon brought her to land, and May got Daisy's warm coat and wrapped it round her, and she soon went to sleep. When she was up, her clothes, which were hanging out to dry, were all ready to put on, and when she was dressed again they all sat down to their tea. After tea they put the things in the basket and carried it down to the boat, and went in, and were nicely seated, when they heard thunder. May looked up at the dark rolling clouds, and Daisy said, "Hurry up, Charlie; it is going to rain."

If I don't want to be soaked, I guess I will answer Charlie. And as he spoke another peal of thunder and a flash of lightning came, and before they were gone the children felt some drops of rain. But soon as they came to the bank of the river they saw their house there. They presently landed and hurried up to the house, where they found Daisy's father waiting for her to go home to the city. So, after saying good-by to them, Daisy drove home with her father, having had a very happy day.

Annie J. D.: The panists in my garden have been injured this summer by a tiny worm. It has eaten its way along the roots. Perhaps your boys have suffered in the same way, or else the soil may not be suitable for them. James M., Alice H., Laura T., Mary B. W., Edna F., Helen W., Jennie H., Edith C., Coral M. E., Margaret Walterphine B., Ed. Elliott, M. A. O'D., Bessie L., Joseph Scott McF., Edwin L., Louise W., Lola M., and

Madie A. will please accept thanks for their letters.—Biondina M.: I can leave you more than a little bit in return for so sweet a message.—Clara Petz, Rock Island, Illinois, would like to receive cotton blooms from Nannie D., Greenville, South Carolina.—Ernestine: Read Walter Scott as deeply as you please, dear, but wait until you are older, as you read Nathaniel Hawthorne.—Jessie G. S., wishes a good receipt for vanilla caramels.—Willie M. R.: You write a very good hand.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

- FOUR VERY NASTY SQUARES. 1.—1. A berry. 2. What's in a A. A vegetable. 2.—1. Made haste. 2. Consumed. 3. A snare. 3.—1. An edge. 2. A girl's name. 3. A carcass. 4.—1. Several. 2. An animal. 3. A swelling. DAISY DEE.

No. 2.

- TWO SLIGHTLY HARDER SQUARES. 1.—1. A boat. 2. A biscuit. 3. A girl's name. 4. An exclamation. 2.—1. A tree. 2. A piece. 3. Open surface. 4. A heavenly body. ABRAHAM BEY.

No. 3.

- TWO CHARADES. 1. My first gave me a sweet support, My next is a nearly blushing lass; To the fields I'll ever repair My whole you will probably pass. 2. My first is only a name, My second is something small; My whole is of so little fame It has no name at all. LESTER H. WOOD.

No. 4.

- A QUESTION. What word of five syllables is that from which if you take one syllable away, no syllable remains? LESTER H. WOOD.

No. 5.

- GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. The first letters of the words in the answer read downward will give the name of a celebrated soldier who was born in Corsica. 1. A city in Italy. 2. A city in Greece. 3. A range of mountains. 4. A river in North America. 5. A city on the Danube. 6. An island west of Italy. 7. A river in Siberia. 8. A city at the junction of the Volga and the Oka. 9. A city in France. 10. A lake in Russia. 11. An island east of Greece. 12. A small sea south of Russia. 13. A city in the south of Africa. 14. An ocean north of Europe. 15. The most eastern country in Europe. 16. An island south of Australia. 17. A strong fort on the Danube.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 187.

No. 1. I O T A D E A R O V E R E A S E T N T A I S A A R T S R E A R

F A S T A L O E S O L D T E D Y

D O G C A R O N E A R E G E T R E D

No. 2. "Waste not, want not." Ton, Stew, Ant. Nat. Sow.

No. 3. Victoria.

No. 4. D akota. V olga. I owa. D ead.

L ondon. I ndus. V ictoria Nyanza. I ndian. N ewport. G anges. S ically. P aris. O rkeley. N atal. E the.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Anna Malory, Mary Taylor, Kittie Hopper, Andrew Pease, John McCormick, Theodore Fanning, Beanie Walter, K. C. B., Anne and Jack, Fannie S., Arabella Maurer, E. Whitt, Clara Stettiner, Carrie Thorne, Hattie Miller, E. L. Dunn, Van Wyck Hayes, Frank Gifford, L. H., Tessie Maine, J. Harry Mowbray, Arthur Appleton Beebe, Jennie, J. M., L. B., T. G., Ames, Ernest Damer, Jacob Johnson, Princess Daisy.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THREE ARTISTIC MAIDENS.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

TWAS on a lovely summer day
That three artistic damsels gay
Set forth to sketch together.
Each bore her book and lunch-bag small,
And each her ample parasol,
For sunny was the weather.

"Come," cried the first, "we'll draw that tree!"
"Nay," said the second, "don't you see
There's quite too little shadow?
Let's try instead this bit of stone,
With moss and lichen all o'ergrown,
Here in the shady meadow."

"How can you choose," exclaimed the third,
"So commonplace a thing! I've heard
A rustic bridge is charming."
At which the other two declared
To speak of anything so hard
Was really quite alarming.

And thus from early morn till noon
They walked, that lovely day in June,
And as they walked, disparted.
On nothing could they all agree.
Sure as one said, "That pleases me,"
The others were not suited.



At last the three, with sigh and frown,
Upon a log did sit them down;
And while their bags grew thinner,
They speedily became once more
The best of friends, as heretofore,
And quite enjoyed their dinner.

DOING HIS DUTY.

CÆSAR and his master had gone from home together, and while they were away the master found in his pocket a key which he should have left behind. He gave the key to the dog and told him to take it back. This Cæsar started off to do. On his way he was attacked by a butcher's dog, but he tore himself from his enemy and delivered the key in safety. Cæsar then returned by the road he came, hunted up the dog that had attacked him, and then ensued a combat which lasted a long time, until the dog that had dared to interfere with another in the execution of his duty had been most soundly whipped.



Monograms on left of bridge: two persons connected with the history of the structure. Monograms on right of bridge: two prominent officials of New York and Brooklyn. The letters which are found in numbered spaces give the names of five well-known bridges in this country and England; all the letters marked 1 make the name of one bridge, those marked 2 another, and so on until the five are found. Now find the names of towns, rivers, etc., which are indicated by fourteen numbered rafts which are floating down the river. The initials of these names, when found, will make, if used in the same order as the rafts are numbered, the name of one of the most prominent invited guests at the bridge opening. **GEORGE FOLSON.**

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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THE CHALLENGE.

A BUNCH OF CLOVER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

IT grew within a sunny field,
This little bunch of clover,
And day by day the singing wind
Just kissed it, blowing over
The bending rye, the feathered grass,
The brier-woven hedges,
Until it reached the dancing waves
With foamy silver edges.

O rosy red, O snowy white,
The dainty bunch of clover
Knows all the secrets of the winds
That kissed it blowing over;
And when a little fevered cheek
Shall feel the breezy flowers,
Each tiny top will whisper sweet
Of Love surpassing ours.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE TRACKLESS FOREST.

DARE had aimed at one of the females, instead of at the buck, because she had chanced to be nearer to him, and although she did not fall at once, he knew from her movements as she started away that his bullet had taken effect.

The herd were off at once, but the wounded doe ran so unsteadily that Dare, believing she would drop almost immediately, raised a shout of triumph, and started after his game, closely followed by Tommy.

The trail was not difficult to follow, even for inexperienced hunters, for it was distinctly marked by the blood that fell from the wounded animal, and Dare's heart beat high at the thought that at last he had killed the game he so ardently desired to kill.

But the doe was not so near her death as he had thought, for they continued to follow, catching glimpses of the wounded animal, as, left far behind the others of the herd, she ran with increasing difficulty, until the sun had sunk almost below the tree-tops.

In the excitement of the chase they had not noticed the passage of time, and when at last they came to where the poor animal had fallen, never to rise again, they were surprised to find that it was so nearly dark that it was with difficulty they could see the game they had killed.

"We must hurry back to the *Pearl*," said Dare, as he looked about him with a troubled air, "for it won't be long before it will be too late for us to be able to tell where the west is."

It seemed as if Tommy did not care whether they could distinguish the points of the compass or not, and he answered, "All right," much as if they only had the question of a five minutes' tramp before them.

Dare was so thoroughly anxious about their position that he did not even stop to try and skin his game, but commenced hurriedly to cut out one of the haunches that they might at least have proof of what they had killed.

Inexperienced as he was, and with only a small-sized hunting-knife to work with, it was no slight task to cut out the meat he wanted to carry, and when the job was finished, the darkness, which in tropical countries succeeds the light so quickly, had formed a thick veil around the hunters.

During the operation of cutting out the haunch Dare had turned the doe several times, and had changed his own position so often that when he was ready to start again he had no more idea of which direction he should

go in order to find the *Pearl* than if he had been led there blindfolded.

Not wanting Tommy to know that he was so utterly confused, he called to him to follow, and started off at hap-hazard, stumbling over trunks of trees, and tripped up by the running vines, until it seemed worse than folly for them to continue on their blind course any longer.

"Tommy," said Dare, solemnly, as he stopped and took one of his companion's hands in his, "we're lost!"

"I know that," was the cool reply from the ex-pirate, but he appeared perfectly indifferent about the matter.

"But what shall we do?" asked Dare, irritated by the calm manner in which his companion spoke.

"Get up in a tree, an' wait till morning," replied Tommy, calmly.

The ex-pirate's advice was not only good, but it seemed as if it was the only thing that could be done, and without being able to see toward what new peril they were going, they began to climb the nearest tree.

With their guns slung on their backs, the boys tried to get themselves into something approaching a comfortable position on the crotch of the limb.

But it is hardly possible to make one's self comfortable on the branch of a tree when it is a question of remaining all night, and the hours that came before daylight seemed the longest that Dare had ever known, although it is possible that Tommy had had some experience in dreary hours when he was hiding from Captain Sammy in the cabin of the *Pearl*.

Whenever sleep did visit their eyelids it was only for a few moments, and then they would awake with a start as they found themselves slipping from their perch.

In a state of continual awakenings, intermingled with the greatest desire to sleep, the time passed, and daylight came quite as suddenly as it had disappeared.

The first thing Dare did when it was light enough for them to pursue their journey again was to fire off his gun several times, that the report might serve as signal in case their companions were anywhere near them.

The first thing Tommy did was to build a fire and cook some slices of their venison, for they both felt nearly famished.

The breakfast of hot meat gave them renewed courage, and they started out almost thoroughly refreshed.

They had walked nearly an hour without seeing any indications that they were on the right course, when Tommy, who was in advance, uttered a cry of joy, and rushed toward a flat stone, at which he gazed intently.

"Here's a feller what 'll show us our way!" he cried, as he pointed to what looked more like the skeleton of an insect than anything else. "You wait a minute, and he'll stand up and point right to where the *Pearl* is."

Dare had heard since he had been in Florida of an insect called "the spectre," which superstitious people believed would point out the way to travellers lost in the forest, and without believing that it possessed any such power, he examined it with much interest.

Tommy, sincere in the belief that the spectre would point out the right direction for them to take, asked very solemnly if it would tell them the way they ought to go, and then he waited patiently for an answer.

It was not many moments before the insect partly raised its body, and waved its fore-legs to and fro as if really answering Tommy's question.

The ex-pirate started off at once in the direction pointed



THE SPECTRE.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

out; but Dare, who remained a moment longer, saw the spectre seize a fly in its feet, killing it instantly. It had waved its legs for the purpose of catching the fly, rather than to show Tommy the way, although no amount of reasoning could convince the boy of that fact.

Fortunately the insect had pointed directly in the course the boys had been pursuing, so that there was no need of any discussion as to whether they should follow its directions or not.

It was nearly noon before Tommy lost faith in the spectre's power, and then there was good reason for it, since they had walked steadily without finding even a stream which might give them a course for the lake.

They had suffered from the lack of water, but this suffering had not been severe, since they had found pools of brackish water now and then, which they drank as eagerly as though it had sparkled like crystal.

They were now as hungry as they had been in the morning, and Dare proposed that they should cook more of the haunch of venison, to which Tommy had elung firmly.

But it was only necessary to attempt to cut it in order to find that it was no longer fit for food, the heat having thoroughly spoiled it.

"We must shoot the first thing we see, for we shall never get out of this if we don't keep ourselves strong by plenty of food," said Dare, and Tommy promised to obey, which promise came very near being fatal to both of them.

The ex-pirate was in advance, and in less than ten minutes from the time he had promised to shoot the first object that presented itself, Dare saw him raise his gun to his shoulder.

It was impossible to see what kind of game the boy was aiming at, but Dare waited silent and motionless, hoping that the result of his shot might be a good dinner for both.

The instant the report of the rifle died away Dare heard a loud snarl, and a rustling of the bushes a short distance ahead, as if some very large animal had been wounded.

At the same time Tommy sprang back and began to reload his gun.

"What was it?" asked Dare, beginning to grow alarmed as the noise in the bushes increased.

"A panther," replied Tommy, in much the same tone he would have used if he had said "a bird," and then he added, quite calmly, "I fired 'cause you said I must at the first thing I saw; but you'd better look out, for he ain't dead yet."

It seemed an aggravation of their misery to be obliged to fight a panther when they were exhausted from the long tramp and lack of food; but there was no way out of it, and Dare peered cautiously around in order to be prepared for any move the wounded animal might make.

It was hardly a moment before he saw the panther, as, reared on its hind-legs, it seemed to be coming directly toward them, and not more than ten yards away.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

It was anything rather than a pleasant or even safe position in which the boys found themselves, with a wounded panther advancing directly toward them, and with no weapons other than two muzzle-loading rifles.

But there was only one way in which they could hope to get out of the difficulty, and that was by continuing the attack which Tommy had so rashly begun.

Reared on its hind-legs as it was, the animal presented a fair mark at short range, and Dare fired at him quickly, certain that he hit him full in the breast, but without causing any change in his movements.

Tommy, who had taken refuge behind a tree, where he loaded his gun with all the coolness and precision of an

old hunter, was ready to take up his portion of the thread of the difficulty, and he also sent a bullet with apparently as true an aim as Dare's.

At receiving this shot the furious animal was brought to the ground, where he gave such evidences of strength as warned the hunters that there was plenty of fight left in him despite his wounds.

Dare followed Tommy's example of loading while behind a tree, and two heavy charges were put into the guns. The monster was still writhing on the ground, and the boys, stepping cautiously up to within ten or twelve feet of the brute, sent two bullets crashing into his skull, which had the effect of killing him instantly.

It was a short but hard battle, well fought, and the boys stood viewing the evidence of their skill as marksmen, without a thought of the fact that they were lost in the forest, when suddenly a familiar sound greeted their ears, causing them to shout for very joy.

It was the whistle of the *Pearl*, and could not have been more than half a mile away.

"They must have heard us while we were firing at the panther," said Dare, joyfully, "but we will fire once more to make sure."

The guns were loaded with powder, and both discharged at the same time. Then came three short whistles, showing that the signal had been heard, and after that, prolonged whistling at regular intervals, so that the lost ones would have no difficulty in retracing their steps.

Dare was anxious to carry the skin of the panther with him as a trophy, and he insisted on skinning the carcass before starting again to rejoin their friends.

The hide was not taken off in a remarkably workman-like manner, but it was off, at all events, and then came a hurried march over fallen trees, among climbing, clinging vines where poisonous reptiles lurked, until at last the waters of the lake could be seen from among the trees.

The little steamer had never looked half so beautiful as when Dare and Tommy stepped out on the hard beach where they could see her a short distance from the shore, while Charley and Bobby were just putting off in the tender.

Five minutes later and they were in their floating home once more, trying to eat as many as three meals in one, and tell their story at the same time.

"It won't do to try any more such hunting adventures, lads, for you might not get off so easily next time, and I don't propose to leave any of you here in the Everglades," said Captain Sammy, in as stern a voice as possible; but his joy at their safe return was too great to admit of his speaking as gruffly as he could sometimes.

The *Pearl*, which had been cruising along the shore all the forenoon, until the reports of the guns were heard, was run back to her former anchorage, and after everything was made snug for the second time Captain Sammy said:

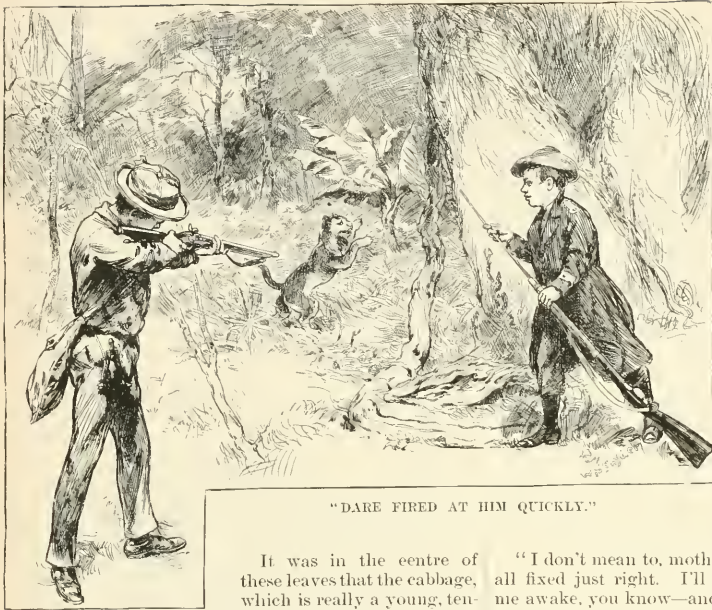
"Tommy, there's a cabbage-palm right over there. Can't you climb it?"

"Of course I can," replied the ex-pirate, in disdain that there should be any question about his ability to do such a simple thing.

"All right—here's my belt and knife, and if the boys will row you ashore, we'll show them what a cabbage that is raised on a tree tastes like."

The boys were only too willing to do as the little man suggested, for they were anxious both to see a cabbage-palm and to find out how a leathern belt and sheath-knife could be used in climbing a tree.

After they were on shore and Tommy had started in the direction Captain Sammy had pointed out, the boys could see the famous cabbage-palm, as it reared its graceful head above the surrounding trees. Fully ninety feet the trunk rose straight as a reed, with not a branch to mar its tapering symmetry, and the top was one immense mass of dark green fan-shaped leaves.



"DARE FIRED AT HIM QUICKLY."

It was in the centre of these leaves that the cabbage, which is really a young, tender shoot, would be found, protected by numerous fibres

or folds, and Tommy set about his task of getting it with the greatest unconcern.

He buckled the belt around the trunk of the tree and his own body, and by holding on with his knees while he shoved the belt further up on the trunk, he was enabled to make reasonably rapid progress, at the same time teaching his companions a lesson in tree-climbing.

On reaching the top Tommy cut off some of the large leaves, which would make an excellent camp on shore, and then cut the cabbage from its secure and cozy home.

Captain Sammy was as delighted with the prize when it was brought to him as if he had received one of the vegetable treasures from which the tree takes its name; but when it was cooked that night the boys could not detect very much of a cabbage flavor. Dare thought it was more like a boiled chestnut in taste, and the others were of his opinion, all save Captain Sammy, who would insist that the flavor was that of a cabbage and nothing else.

The little man showed them how to tan the skin of the panther, and Tommy and Dare worked at it while Charley and Bobby went on shore to shoot some sand-cranes, coming back with two fine specimens, which Captain Sammy promised to stuff for them.

This offer raised the greatest enthusiasm on the subject of stuffed birds among the boys; and the little Captain found that if he granted all the requests he should have work enough on hand to keep him busy about two months, therefore he proposed to teach the art of taxidermy to them, so that they might carry with them a goodly collection of specimens from the Everglades.

Dare and Charley were delighted with this plan, and for the next ten days little was done save stuffing and mounting the birds which Tommy and Bobby brought in.

When every available inch of space in both cabins was filled with birds of gorgeous plumage or grotesque shapes, Captain Sammy proposed that they start the idle engines once more, and make a complete tour of the lake, which proposition was accepted without a dissenting voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"KATIE'S WORK."

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

"HURRAH!"

The door flew open with a bang as Phil Payson burst into the little room where his mother and his sister Katie sat sewing, his face flushed, his eyes shining, and his cap swinging high over his head.

"Why, Phil!"

"Give three cheers, mother! Dance like a dervish, Kate! I'm going to be night-watchman in Mr. Medway's mill, at fifteen dollars a month. Oh, mother, ain't you glad?"

"Very glad indeed," answered Mrs. Payson, and for a moment she looked pleased enough to satisfy Phil's highest expectations. Then her face clouded.

"But your school, Phil dear; I can't have you leave that."

"I don't mean to, mother," said Phil, earnestly. "It's all fixed just right. I'll study nights—it will help keep me awake, you know—and Miss Cary is going to hear me recite every afternoon at five o'clock. She offered to, mother. Oh, mother, do say you're glad, really!"

Mrs. Payson pulled her tall boy down, and kissed him tenderly on both glowing cheeks. As for Katie, she was literally on tiptoe with delight. She was a little brown gypsy, with dark eyes full of fire and fun.

"Good for Miss Cary," she cried, twirling lightly around on her toes. "Isn't she just splendid?"

"She is very kind," said Mrs. Payson, smiling; "and I am glad, Phil, more glad than I can tell you. How came Mr. Medway to give you the place? It is a very responsible position, you know."

"Yes," said Phil, and he blushed and hung his head. "Squire Deems recommended me, mother. Mr. Medway said he told him I was a very trustworthy boy. I'm sorry I said such hard things about him."

"I'm sure he deserved it," Katie flashed forth, "for advising mamma to 'put us out'—that is just what he said—when—papa—went away, and offering to find good homes for us. The idea! What would a home be without mamma? and what would she do without us, I'd like to know?"

"What, indeed!" echoed her mother. "I can't tell, Katie. But Squire Deems thought he was acting for the best. He has been very kind all through our trouble, and I am sure it was his influence that procured Phil this situation."

"But it's mean for Phil to do it all," argued Katie. "I wish I could do something."

Phil wrinkled his nose at his sister and laughed.

"I'm the man o' this house," said he. "You and mother are ladies, Katydid. I don't mean you shall do much more sewing for people."

"My fifteen-year-old man," said his mother, laughing too; but there were tears gathering in her eyes.

And Katie dimpled, and then relaxed into swift gravity.

"I know what I can do, Phil," she said, going close to her brother: "I can hold up your hands the way that somebody in the Bible did. I can see the mill from my window, and every night—every night, Phil, before I go to sleep, I shall ask God to take care of my brother; and every time I'm awake I shall look down at you, so you needn't feel lonesome."

"Something of the guardian angel style?" laughed Phil, trying to joke away the moisture he felt creeping into his eyes. "You're a trump, Katie; but of course that's all nonsense—the looking out, you know."

Katie wasn't sure of that, however, and she meant to do just as she said if it were. She would feel as if she were somehow helping Phil, and that would be a comfort. Their little dwelling, though on the same side of the river as the mill, was above it, and around a wide bend; and so the long low structure under the river-bank was in plain view from the window of Katie's little chamber. She kept her word faithfully; and once or twice every night she would creep out of her warm nest to the window, and look down across the bend to the mill. Often, not always, she could see Phil's light shining out of the engine-room, and sometimes she watched it go from window to window as Phil went his hourly rounds over the mill. As for Phil, I am sure that, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, the lonely place where his nights were passed seemed far less lonely to him when he remembered that Katie might at any minute be looking from her window and thinking of him.

So a month passed by, and Phil performed his duties to Mr. Medway's entire satisfaction. There were some, indeed, who considered him much too young for his post, and did not hesitate to say so. But Mr. Medway always answered with a smile:

"Well, Squire Deems recommended him, and guaranteed I wouldn't be sorry I hired him. I've tested him all times o' night; he's always wide awake and about his business. He does the work of a man, and I get him ten dollars on a month's hire less."

Which was very true, and Mr. Medway ought to have blushed for it, though, to be sure, Phil was more than satisfied with what he received.

"I'm only two-thirds of a man yet," he said to his mother, laughingly. "I'm lucky to get the place. There are enough more who would be glad to take it."

He kept well up with his classes too, he was so ambitious. Miss Cary declared she was proud of him to Katie, and Katie's heart swelled with joy to hear it.

One day early in March something happened. Mrs. Payson was taken suddenly and violently ill. Katie, terrified beyond measure, could do nothing but rouse Phil from his sleep; and when the boy, startled by his sister's white scared face, had brought the doctor, he felt as though he could never sleep again.

There was no great cause for alarm, however.

"It's a bad attack of cramp," Dr. Daley said, with a re-assuring smile in Katie's direction. "You're doing just right. Apply hot cloths, and keep them hot. The spasms will ease away in a little time."

It was not until nearly night-fall, nevertheless, that Mrs. Payson became perfectly free from pain and quite herself again. Then Phil, light-hearted enough, and whistling a merry air, took up his

lunch-basket and his books and trudged off to his work. Katie, troubled, followed him to the door.

"I'd get some one else to-night, Phil," she said. "You have always been used to sleeping all day. What if—"

But Phil laughed, and opened his dark eyes to their utmost. "I'm as wide awake as an owl," said he. "I couldn't go to sleep if I wanted to. See!"

Katie laughed too at the comical, strained expression on Phil's face. But she couldn't help feeling a little anxious as she went slowly back into the house. Suppose Phil should go to sleep, and Mr. Medway have a notion to visit him, as he often did, Katie knew, what a sad thing that would be for them all, and how dreadfully Phil would feel!

"It would just break his heart, I know," said she to herself. "But of course he won't."

Katie's prayer for her brother's welfare was much longer that night than usual; and, once in bed, she tossed and tumbled, only to fall at last into an uneasy slumber. More than once before the little clock on the sitting room mantel struck ten she sprang to the window and gazed down across the wide white river bend, only to see Phil's lamp beaming cheerily in the engine-room. How Phil would laugh at her if he knew, she thought, feeling really out of patience with herself.

"I won't look out again," she said. "It's nonsense, just as Phil said. I will not look out again to-night."

But she did—once more. The lamp in the engine-room still burned steadily. It would have been a relief to see the light flashing from window to window as she had seen it so often, Katie thought. She could feel sure then that all was right. Now—

Was that the lamp? It flickered strangely. One instant it died into the ghost of a light, and the next it flared brilliantly. Katie rubbed her eyes in wondering terror. It was no illusion; the light shining from the engine-room window was not clear steady lamp-light. It was red—like fire!

Katie was already hurrying on her clothes. There was



"PHIL! DEAR PHIL!" SHE CRIED. "OH—FIRE!"

a dreadful lump in her throat, and her breath came in short, quick gasps. She did not pause for her boots with their endless rows of buttons; she pulled on her stockings and rushed swiftly out of her room and down-stairs, catching a shawl from the hall stand as she ran. Behind the kitchen stove hung a pair of Phil's thick woollen stockings, and these she hastily pulled on over her own. There was no question in her mind as to the course she would take. It was more than half a mile by the road to the mill; across the river bend it was less than half that distance.

The late rains had swelled the river, and overflowed its banks, but the bridge was still there, even though many of the country people had begun to think it unsafe. Katie did not doubt for a moment but that it would hold her light weight, and over it she flew. She thought that it creaked and swayed under her, and she fancied herself breaking through once or twice, but on she sped, her large dark eyes strained and fixed on that flaring red light. It seemed hours to her before she reached the mill. She had been there before to take Phil his lunch once when he had forgotten it, and she knew the way perfectly well. In at the dark yawning door she darted, and up two or three narrow steps. There was smoke in the air—surely.

She opened the door of the engine-room, and closed it hastily behind her, with a quick, shrill cry of dismay.

"Phil! Oh, Phil!"

For the room was full of smoke. Through it the lamp-light showed pale and dim. Little tongues of flame were running over the floor before the great furnace, lapping up a shaving here and there, and crawling, snake-like, up the wall very near the window. And Phil sat by the rough table, his face buried in his arms, asleep—so sound asleep and so stupefied by the smoke that Katie's first cry failed to arouse him.

She screamed with all her might, and shook him then.

"Phil! dear Phil!" she cried. "Oh—fire!"

It all happened in very little time. That one last word shrieked in Phil's ear awoke him effectually. He understood the situation, and sprang to his feet.

"Don't whistle!" cried Katie, catching his arm. "Don't rouse the town, Phil. We can put it out."

They fell to work then with a will. After all, it was not much of a battle. There were pails and an abundance of water at hand, and the fire was not really under headway. The flames, though wide-spread, had not begun to burn through the solid floor, which was soon thoroughly flooded. In a very few minutes it was all over, and Phil had opened the window. He turned to Katie then, who stood pale and trembling, as she had not trembled before.

"Oh, Katie!" he cried, chokingly, "how did you—"

And Katie told—or tried to tell him; but long before she had finished she was crying hysterically around his neck.

"Oh, Katie darling, don't. Don't, Katie."

The door opened at that moment. Phil knew who stood there before he heard Mr. Medway's voice.

"Heyday! What's all this fuss about?"

"There has been a fire, sir," answered Phil, readily, though with a shake in his voice. "But it is out now."

Mr. Medway stepped into the room without another word, and taking up the lamp proceeded to examine the wall, the floor, and the furnace itself carefully.

"Gibbs must look after this a little in the morning," he said; and he placed the lamp on the bench again, while Katie and Phil stood by with sinking hearts. Suddenly he looked at Phil's sister. "Why, what are you here for?" he asked, not unkindly.

Ah, how easy it would have been not to tell him—to say that Phil was lonesome and wanted her for company; to say anything but the dreadful truth. But Katie's honest little nature abhorred a falsehood.

"I—I—he was—I—" she stammered, with many painful pauses, "I—"

But right here Phil came bravely to the rescue.

"I was asleep, Mr. Medway," he said, "and if it hadn't been for Katie your mill—"

"Asleep!" repeated Mr. Medway, his face stern and cold.

It was an awful moment, and Katie ended it by springing forward and grasping Mr. Medway's hand.

"Oh, if you please," she cried, "may I tell you how he happened to do it? Mamma was ill, and he could not sleep at all yesterday. It was not his fault, sir—indeed it was not. Poor Phil! Oh, sir—"

Mr. Medway was not at all a hard-hearted man, though perhaps a little too intent on his own particular interests. His voice was husky when he spoke to Katie.

"How did you happen to see the fire?"

"Why—I—I—"

"She looks out of her window a dozen times a night to see that I'm all right," said Phil, with brusque earnestness; "and she prays for me before she goes to sleep. That's how, Mr. Medway. Oh, Katie, little sister!"

"Well! well!" said Mr. Medway, who seemed to be having a great deal of trouble with his throat and eyes. "Well! well!" And he was silent for what seemed to Katie and Phil a long, long time.

"I suppose I needn't—needn't come here again," Phil mustered courage to say presently.

"Not come again?" echoed Mr. Medway. "Why not, boy? Of course you'll come again, every night." He put his hand on Katie's head. "And I'm going to pay you a man's wages after this, remember. A boy with a sister like yours ought to be encouraged. I'm pretty sure you won't let this happen again."

And he slammed the door behind him.

"Oh, Phil!"

"Oh, Katie!"

They went home in the morning early, and Mrs. Payson heard the story of the night's adventure.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, mother!" cried Phil. "Think of that! And it's all Katie's work, every bit."

But Mrs. Payson, thinking too of Katie's work, shuddered and drew them close, and kissed them both.

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

ONE of the most striking "personal preservations" ever recorded took place on the familiar coast between Dartmouth and Torbay, England, and it did not happen to a "bold smuggler," as it ought to have done, but quite the contrary, that is, to a coast-guardsmen. He was first lieutenant of the *Dart*, the revenue cruiser on that station, and on news being brought him one evening of a projected "run," as the smuggling traffic was called, it was the second lieutenant's duty to go with an armed galley to prevent it.

"As my brother officer, however, was going ashore that night," he says, "I took his place." The lieutenant started with six sailors and a marine. Their oars were muffled, and they soon lost sight of the *Dart*. "The lights of the near and overhanging houses shone for a minute or two between her masts and yards; then the lofty black land and the glittering lights of the elevated town, never to be beheld again by most of us."

It was the 1st of March; the night was cold and showery, and as they pulled toward "Berry Head" a heavy ground-swell seemed to foretell a gale. In rounding the Head they shipped several seas, which made them chill and cheerless enough. At half past one, on reaching the entrance of the sound that separates the Mewstone from the mainland, the lieutenant determined to pass through it, ordering the bow man "to keep a very careful lookout,

and of course very careful myself." In this manner they had half threaded the dangerous passage, the "Ay, ay, sir," of the man at the bow repeatedly replying to the lieutenant's directions to "look out," when, to their great surprise, the boat struck on something forward.

"There's a rock under the bow, sir. Back off all—all."

Before the men could do so, however, the retiring swell left the galley suspended, "and being of that class justly called 'Deaths,' she almost instantly fell on her broad-side." While the words, "Throw the ballast bags overboard!" were passing the lieutenant's lips, she sank under him. "For a second or two the men forward appeared high and dry out of water; then she slipped off the rock, disappeared, and not a splinter of her was ever seen again."

The lieutenant could swim better than most men, and had great confidence in his powers, but benumbed as he was with cold, on an iron-bound coast, and with such a sea, "it appeared little short of a miracle that could save me."

As to saving others, "all such thoughts were quite out of the question." His first object, indeed, was to escape the grasp of his drowning crew, more particularly of the poor marine close behind him, "whom I had seen comfortably settled, and apparently fast asleep, a few seconds ago." He accordingly seized the stokesman's oar, as it floated past him, and "giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of," he struck out in the opposite direction to the rock, which he foresaw the rest would make for.

After a few strokes he looked behind, and this is what he saw—and heard: "The galley was gone! But as I rode on the crest of the wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow too plainly pointed out the fatal spot where the poor fellows were sinking in each other's embrace. For a few seconds a sea arose and hid the place from my view; and on again getting a glimpse of it the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernible, and a faint murmur only crept along the surface of the waves. Another sea followed. As it rose between me and heaven I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it. A faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by, and all was dark and silent around me." A sight, as our lieutenant truly observes, which many must have witnessed, but few have lived to describe.

As for himself, his ease seemed desperate enough, for if he should reach the shore the surf would dash him to pieces, and even if he should land, the cliffs were so steep that it would only be to die a more lingering death.

The lieutenant, however, was one of those men who "never say die," and clutch hope by its last skirt. He had a suit of heavy "Flushings" over his jacket and trousers, and a large boat cloak, which, however comfortable for sitting in, were quite too clumsy to swim in. By help of his supporting oar he got rid of his cloak and his two jackets, but he did not dare attempt to rid himself of the two pairs of trousers, lest they should cling round his ankles and hamper his movements; nor did he cast off his shoes, since, he reflected, they would save his feet from being cut against the rocks.

The coolness and common-sense of this gentleman, considering the circumstances in which he found himself, were such, in short, as it would be difficult to surpass. Thus lightened, and "with the oar held fore-and-aft wise under my left arm, I struck out boldly for the shore, and having been Heaven only knows how long in the water—to me it seemed an age—I got into the wash of the breakers, and after receiving several blows I scoured a footing, and scrambled up above the break of the waves."

Here one would think his story ought to have ended, but as a matter of fact the poor lieutenant was now as badly off as ever. "As I lay panting, breathless, and nearly insensible, the words 'Save me, save me; I am sink-

ing,' appeared to rise with the spray that flew over me." At first he thought it was fancy, but on hearing the cry repeated he aroused himself, and beheld a man struggling to reach the shore. "Never shall I forget the sensation of that moment: I could not stir a finger to save him. At this crisis the oar that had saved my own life floated within reach of his hand." He saw it, grasped it, lost it, was swept away, and again returned, and eventually clung to the shore. Presently he rose, scrambled up slowly to his commander's side, embraced him, and murmured, "They are all drowned, sir."

It must have been a most pathetic meeting.

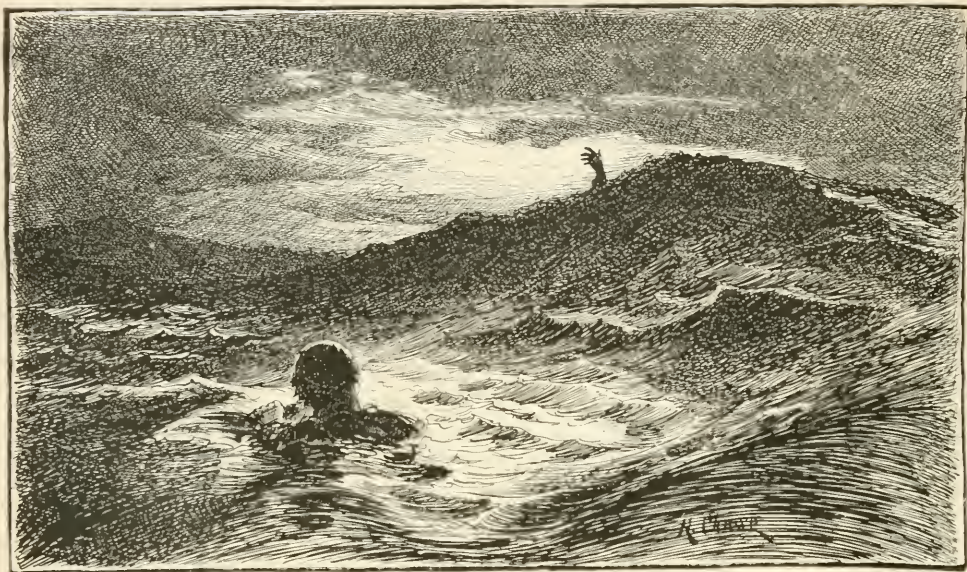
After a time they recovered themselves a little, and by means of stamping and swinging their arms persuaded the blood to flow through their chilled veins. Then they strove to climb the cliff. By helping each other they attained some thirty feet, when suddenly the lieutenant found himself on the edge of a precipice. A chasm yawned beneath him, through which the sea was dashing violently. "We were not on the mainland, but only on a rock!"

It is impossible to exaggerate the distress of mind of the two castaways at this discovery. Even the lieutenant, who was by far more vigorous and hopeful than his companion, was utterly cast down by it. He staid upon the edge of the precipice, just to make sure that there was no hope of escape save through that foaming channel with the steep rocks beyond it, and then "descended to the nearest ledge in deep despondency."

His shirt "clung with icy coldness" to his body, and his shivering frame warned him of his fast-failing strength. Though to attempt to cross the chasm was almost certain death, he preferred that risk to perishing by inches. His companion, on the other hand, the type of quite another class, shrank from the more immediate peril, talked of "the consolation of dying together," and clinging to the lieutenant besought him in the most moving terms not to leave him. In order to escape his grasp, our lieutenant had to feign to look for a more sheltered place, and then descended to the edge of the channel.

"The distance was not very great, but the water was one sheet of foam, edged by the long black sea-weed that adhered to the rocks, except where a heavy black sea rolled through the passage, drove the one before it, and flowed over the other. An apparently perpendicular cliff hung over the whole." It was hard to imagine a more terrible and hopeless position; nevertheless, reflecting that not only his own life but that of his wretched companion depended upon his making the venture, our lieutenant, watching "a smooth" (*i. e.*, when the foam was less furious), and committing his spirit to God, plunged into the gulf. A few strokes brought him to the other side, but it afforded no footing and, save for the sea-weed, no hold. "Again and again did I seize the pendent slippery weeds, and as often did the drawback of the sea, assisted by my own dead weight, drag me with a giant's force, and rolling down the face of the rock, I sank several feet under water."

It was no wonder if this time, with the sea whizzing in his ears and rattling in his throat, he thought that his last moment had arrived. He rose, however, once more to the surface, dug his nails into the rock, clung to the sea-weed with his teeth, and was torn from his hold by a tremendous sea, which cast him up many feet. In descending, he caught a projecting point above the weeds, "and at the same instant my leg was thrown over another; the sea left me, and, gasping for life, I hung over the abyss once more. Successive seas followed, but only lashed the rocks beneath me, as if enraged at having lost their prey. . . . The dread of being forced away caused me to make an almost superhuman effort. I gained a footing, climbed upward till even the spray fell short of me. God be praised, I was safe!"



"I SAW ON ITS BLACK OUTLINE A HAND CLUTCHING AT THE CLOUDS."

Having ascended some forty feet, he stopped to take breath, and between the roar of the breakers distinctly heard the frantic shrieks of his companion imploring him for the love of God not to leave him. In vain the lieutenant endeavored to comfort him by the assurance that if he succeeded in reaching the cliff-top he would send him help. He could not make himself heard, and indeed needed all his breath for what lay before him.

He now began to ascend the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, "now with tolerable ease, now hanging with scarce a foot hold over the pitch black ocean," until the cries of the man were lost, and the roar of the ocean itself was but faintly heard. Suddenly he "beheld the heavens all round him, and fell rapidly, head-foremost," he knew not where.

He thought he had fallen into the sea, but he had really toppled over the cliff on the landward side, a fall of only a few feet, but which had been sufficient under the circumstances to deprive the poor lieutenant of his senses. When they returned to him he found himself in a furze-bush, almost frozen to death. Unable to move his limbs, he contrived to roll out of it, which caused his blood to circulate, and made him conscious of that intense pain which "none but those who have been frost-bitten can have any idea of." At length, however, he felt the prickles left by the furze-bush, and "could with truth affirm that that was the happiest moment of my life."

He presently came upon the track of cart wheels, and, after a narrow escape from being shot as a burglar, made his way to a farm-house, where every attention was paid to him. Men were dispatched to the cliffs to exhibit lights all night to keep up his companion's spirits. In the morning a boat was dispatched, when he was found half dead. After three days' nursing, however, he recovered.

Only one relic of the ill-fated boat was ever discovered—its mast, floating *on end*, with a corpse tied by the hand to it! Such a night's adventure as that which fell to the lot of our brave lieutenant has probably few parallels, and I think it will be agreed that as a narrator of such matters he is without a rival.

DOGS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY SHEERWOOD RYSE.

NO animal deserves better treatment, or enjoys it more when given, than the dog. Like a human being, he should be well housed, well clothed, well fed, and when he is sick (which will be rarely if the other conditions are observed), he must be well doctored.

First, as to his house. As a general rule dogs should not be kept in a dwelling-house, since, as they do not wear overcoats, they are liable to take cold when they go out. A small dog may be kept in a stable or other out-house; but a large dog enjoys a house of his own. This should be oblong in shape, with a peaked roof at least eight inches higher than the dog, and it should be what most people would call too large for the dog. This will give him room to turn round, and when a driving rain or wind comes, he will be able to get away back out of its reach. For the same reason, the entrance should not be in the end of the kennel, but on one side, and near the end, so that he will be the less exposed to the weather.

The best kind of bedding is straw or yellow-pine shavings (sawdust and hay are too dusty), and it should be changed once a week, and the floor well brushed with a stiff broom. New bedding should always be dry, or the dog will be liable to get rheumatism. A strip of wood about three inches high is generally nailed across the bottom of the opening, so that the dog shall not drag his bedding with him whenever he comes out. In order to keep the kennel dry both above and below, it should be raised two inches above the ground, and the roof should be covered with canvas well coated outside with tar.

No dog should require any other coat than that with which nature has provided him, but it is his owner's duty to keep that coat in good condition. In-door pets of the fancy order may be washed as often as their doting mistresses may choose, and dogs that have frequent swims in clear running water, and plenty of exercise, may go without their "tubbing" the whole summer long. But as a rule a dog should be washed once a month, and a warm



*© Daniel Webster
1882.*

HILL AND POOR

bath, with plenty of soap and a thorough rinsing with clean water afterward, ending with a drenching with cold water (to keep him from taking cold), is the proper treatment.

As the dog strongly objects to this process, and especially to having his head washed—in which, perhaps, he will be like his master—it is well to tie him, unless you want a chase, and to begin with his head before you get him wet all over; a struggling wet mass of hair is not a comfortable thing to handle. After washing him, rub him well with a rough towel, and then put him in a clean place to dry. Of course he must have a perfectly clean bed to go to on "tub" night.

If a dog is regularly and well washed, brushed, and combed, and his house kept clean, he ought not to suffer from vermin; but it is an easy thing for him to catch fleas from other dogs. When this is the case, he must be treated with oil, well rubbed in, from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. After a few hours the oil may be washed off. Fleas like dog, but they can not bear an oily dog. Sometimes (and generally through neglect) a worse trouble fastens upon a dog, and causes him much annoyance. This is known as lice. A good and safe treatment is a thorough rubbing as before with petroleum. It is not poisonous to the skin, but it is as well to muzzle the dog while the oil is upon him, or he will lick a good deal of it off.

Finally, whenever a dog has been treated for vermin, the kennel should be well washed inside with hot lime. In fact, such washing should be done every six months, on a warm, dry day, in any case.

Most dogs are fed too much. Either they should be fed at table or at their own kennel, but not at both places. A meal once a day is sufficient, and then the animal should be allowed as much as he wants. Very little meat need be given; indeed, for a dog that has but little exercise and no work, only about one-tenth of his food should be meat. The rest may be bread, potatoes, and cooked green food from the table scraps. All these things he will eat if mixed with gravy or pot broth and such meat as he is allowed. Bones, of course, are a standard dish in the kennel, and they are principally useful because they make the teeth strong and clean. Do not be stingy with drinking-water for your friend. Let it be always clean, and freshly drawn from the pump or well, and in warm weather see that it is frequently changed. A small lump of sulphur in his water once a week or so will help to keep him in good health.

However otherwise well cared for, no dog will be healthy if always kept in-doors, or always chained up. He requires plenty of exercise. Indeed, except in the case of hunting-dogs, it is difficult to allow him too much. Chaining is a good thing, especially at night, and it should be remembered that to unchain him is a kindness which a dog will remember. When you have a new dog, therefore, always take care to be the only one to unchain him until he becomes greatly attached to you.

Dogs have been companions of man for so many generations that their natural instinct is in most cases to do right; and where they do wrong, it is generally owing either to the carelessness or bad example of their masters. Many a dog has been turned into a fighting or cat-worrying animal through thoughtless encouragement on the part of its owner.

There are many other things to be learned about the care of dogs, and an observant owner of a dog that he cares for will gradually pick up much knowledge by "comparing notes" with his dog-loving friends. If your dog becomes really sick in spite of your care (and by "care" we do not mean pampering), the best way is to write to one of the agricultural or sporting papers, describing the symptoms as clearly as you can. If it is one of the first-class papers, you will probably be answered in

the next number by an experienced veterinary surgeon. If, however, your dog is suffering, or is in danger, and you can not wait a week, the best thing to do is to take him to the veterinary surgeon, and let him treat the dog. A good dog is a friend that is worth a great deal of trouble and expense.

IN THE HEART OF HUMPBACK HILL.

JIM was fifteen, Sam was twelve, Johnny was nine, and then came the twin babies, who were not of any age to speak of. Their father was a miner who had come from England to the mining region of Western Pennsylvania, having heard that work was plenty and living easy in the new country. He had been killed by an accident in a mine only three months after his arrival, and his family were left to fight their way alone in the world. Jim worked in the mines now, but he was not large or strong for his age, and his wages were small, and there was not always bread enough to go round, to say nothing of butter.

People were kind to them, especially the members of the Iron Company, in whose employ their father had been; but times were hard, and there were many poor families to be helped, and lately there had been a great robbery, by which the Iron Company had lost many thousand dollars, and they did not feel that they could afford to give away as much as they had done.

Sam carried Jim's dinner to the mine whenever there was anything better for dinner than a piece of bread. One day their nearest neighbors, who were as poor as they except for the possession of a pig, which they had converted into roasts and fries and sausages, sent them, as a present, a fine roast. Not one of them would have cared to eat such a fine dinner as that unless Jim could have some too. Sam had been so unfortunate as to cut his foot in chopping wood that morning, so that he could not take a step, but Johnny declared that he could carry Jim's dinner just as well as Sam.

There seemed to be no reason why he couldn't, except that he was such a little fellow, not larger than most boys of seven, and the mine on Humpback Hill was a good ways off from where they lived.

His mother cautioned him a great many times not to wander out of the path, and she followed him to the door, and called after him to be sure to go into the right mine, because some of the old ones were very dangerous, especially the old Conoshawen Mine, which was very near the one in which Jim worked.

Johnny was somewhat impatient of her warnings. He had been up to Jim's mine two or three times with Sam, and he rather thought he could tell which one it was, even if the queer little square openings did look just alike. It was the third—no, the fourth—at the left hand, as one stepped upon the little table-land, half-way up Humpback Hill, where was the semicircle of tunnel-like mines, extending not down into the ground, like the mines Johnny remembered in England, but straight into the heart of the hill.

But was it not, after all, the fifth opening? Johnny was conscious of a little confusion in his mind about that point as he struggled up the hill, and wished he had asked Sam; but he should be sure to know it when he saw it. And there were almost always miners about the openings, or men bringing the ore out in drays drawn by queer little donkeys that kept their eyes blinking when they came into the light, as if they never could get used to it. There was no need of making a mistake about the mines, Johnny thought. He did wish his mother would get over thinking he was such a little fellow, and worrying about him if he wasn't tied to her apron string!

When he reached the mines there was nobody in sight. He peered into the openings of four or five, and could not see so much as a twinkling light in the distance. And

he had forgotten whether Jim's mine was the third, or the fourth, or the fifth.

He was wondering what he should do when there suddenly appeared out of one of the distant mines an Irishman with a dray full of ore and a blinking donkey.

"I say, mister, which mine is it that my brother Jim—Jim Pringle—works in?" called Johnny.

The Irishman, who was busily engaged in filling his pipe, nodded carelessly in the direction of the opening at Johnny's left hand. It was the fourth mine.

"That's the one I thought, but I wasn't quite sure," said Johnny, and ran into it, fastening the little miner's lamp which his mother had given him into his cap, and hoping that Jim's good dinner would not get cold before he found him.

Before he had gone so far into the mine that daylight refused to follow him the atmosphere became warm and oppressive, like that of a hot-house. The walls were dripping with water, and if he had not walked upon the rails which were made for the drays to run upon, he would have had to walk in mud and water over his shoes.

"It wasn't so wet the last time I was here," said Johnny to himself.

On and on he went. Jim's dinner would surely be cold before he got it.

"Surely it wasn't so far to go the last time I was here," he thought. "It doesn't seem as if Humpback Hill could be so thick through as this. This seems like a tunnel going under the whole world, without any end."

Could he be wrong? But no, the man would have been sure to know, and he thought he remembered that it was the fourth opening. He wasn't exactly afraid, but it did make him a little nervous to think that he was under the ground. The roof was supported only by wooden beams; it seemed very easy for the tons upon tons of earth above his head to fall and bury him. He wished Jim didn't have to work in a mine. Suddenly the feeble flickering rays of his lamp were cast upon a solid wall of earth in front of him. He glanced upward. One of the wooden beams had given way.

Johnny's heart beat like a trip-hammer, and he grew sick and faint. There had been an accident. How much of one it was impossible to tell. Perhaps the whole mine beyond that point had caved in.

Where was Jim?

Johnny uttered a piercing cry—"Jim! Jim!"—that the echoes brought back to him, but nobody answered.

After a minute or two, growing a little calmer, he examined the wall of earth carefully, and saw that at the top in one corner there was a large chink. He climbed up carefully and peeped through. There was an open space on the other side, and the chink was large enough for him to crawl through. For the first time Johnny was thankful that he was a little fellow. Jim might be suffering, dying, on the other side, and because he was small he could get to him.

The chink was a very close fit. It almost squeezed the breath out of Johnny's body. And in spite of all his care, when he did get through, he fell head-foremost into a pool of water on the other side. In utter darkness—for the water had extinguished his lamp—he picked himself up, and felt in his pocket for the matches which his mother had put there. He had a terrible fear that he might find them soaked with water; but no, they were happily safe and dry, and in a moment the cheerful little flame of his lamp lighted up the darkness.

The tunnel was all open beyond him. Nothing seemed to have fallen except in this place where the earth formed a partition. It was so straight and even on this side that it looked as if it must have been made with hands.

It struck Johnny as being somewhat singular. But as he looked closely at the beams, he saw that they were all

old and decaying; they looked as if they might give way at any minute.

He must have wandered into one of the old mines; perhaps the very one in which his father had been killed, thought Johnny, with a thrill of fear.

But that could not be, because there were tracks all about; there were a great many in the mud near the wall. As Johnny looked about him in wonder, trying to find some explanation of the mystery, he suddenly caught sight of something which looked out of place in a mine. It was a seal-skin coat, and it seemed to be thrown over a heap of something on dry ground near the wall. Johnny lifted it, and disclosed a heap of tools, small and large. Very queer looking tools they were, and if it had not been for a ring of skeleton keys among them Johnny might not have guessed at once, as he did, that they were burglars' tools. There was a tin box too, which he tried to open, but found it securely locked. He remembered that when the burglars stole the money and valuable papers from the Iron Company's office they had also stolen a seal-skin coat belonging to Mr. Bingham, the superintendent.

He had stumbled upon the hiding-place of the burglars' stolen treasures. It was one of the old mines, probably the Conoshawen, the most dangerous, where they thought nobody would dare to come. All the stolen money might be in that tin box.

The blood went dancing through Johnny's veins, and his heart beat so loud that he could almost hear it.

Keen detectives had been for a long time in pursuit of those burglars and the stolen property, and had not found a clew. It had been left for him, little nine-year-old Johnny Pringle, whom nobody thought good for much of anything, and whom the doctor called Hop-o'-my-thumb. And the reward offered was a thousand dollars!

Johnny scrambled back through the chink faster than he had come. He wanted to take that tin box with him, but it was too large. It is doubtful whether a boy ever ran faster since the world began than Johnny ran out of that mine. He couldn't spend time to walk on the rails now; he went splashing through the mud and water, falling now and then, and picking himself up without stopping to think whether he was hurt or not.

But at last he found himself in the open air, all safe and sound. The pail with Jim's dinner in it was still hanging on his arm, but he couldn't stop to attend to that.

He ran down Humpback Hill, across three fields where the snow-drifts reached to his waist, then down the railroad track to the village, and burst into the Iron Company's office with only enough breath left to gasp out,

"Burglars' tools!—seal-skin coat!—tin box!—old mine!" But you may be sure it did not take the gentlemen in the office long to put those detached remarks together, and an expedition was instantly formed, with Johnny as guide, to the old mine.

In the tin box they found intact all the money and papers that had been stolen from the Iron Company. And a watch was set, and the very next night the burglars were caught in the mine.

Johnny was the hero of the hour, and what was of much more account, he received the thousand dollars' reward.

Jim said it was the first time he ever knew it to be lucky for a fellow not to get his dinner.

But in spite of the thousand dollars—which, indeed, she wasn't quite able to believe in all at once—Johnny's mother couldn't quite get over being nervous because Johnny had been in that dreadful old Conoshawen mine, where everybody said the least jar was likely to bring disaster. She hugged and kissed him, and cried over him, and felt of his limbs to be sure they were sound, and even in the night she kept going into his room to be sure that he was safe under the bedclothes.

Jim doesn't work in the mines now; they bought a little farm with the thousand dollars, and live "in clover."

HOW THE OWLS WENT TO SINGING-SCHOOL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.



OOH! pooh! nonsense! I won't do it! To singing-school, indeed! Pooh! pooh!" and old Judge Owl straightened himself up on the limb of the apple-tree and looked very wise indeed.

"But, my dear—" murmured Mrs. Owl, pleadingly.

"Won't hear of it—won't hear of it. Pooh! pooh! Singing-school!—pooh! Why, the children can sing well enough now; and to go to that impudent Cat-bird, too!

Pooh! pooh! And four cherries a lesson—perfectly outrageous! Where am I to get the cherries, I should like to know? If she would take her pay in mice, or even in young cat birds, it would be another thing. But cherries! I would look pretty, at my time of life, picking cherries. Pooh! pooh!" said Judge Owl, contemptuously.

"But, my dear—" said his wife again.

"There's no use of talking; I won't hear of it," interrupted the Judge, crossly. "I haven't time to talk to you about it. I must go over to Farmer Jones's chicken yard and get something for dinner;" and with a parting "pooh!" the Judge was off for the chicken yard.



Mrs. Owl sat silent on the branch for a few moments; then she flew swiftly through the wood, swooping suddenly on her way to pick up an unlucky little rabbit, which paid the penalty for staying out late at night. When she arrived at her home, which was high up in the hollow branch of an old oak, she perched just above the hole, and called, "Maud! Augustus!" For, you see, Judge Owl having made a large fortune speculating in chickens, she was ashamed to call her children by the good old names which had been in the Owl family for years. The Judge did not like it very much, for he wanted the boy to be named Hoot, after him; but in this case his wife had managed to get the best of him. "How will it look on his visiting-cards?" she had asked her husband, "Hoot Owl, Jun. ? It's horrid!"



"You didn't seem to think so when you married me, and used to call me Hooty and Hootsy-tootsy," grumbled her husband.

"But, my dear, times have changed since we were young, and it would be hardly fair to make our little ones unhappy through life with such horrid old-fashioned names." So she called them Maud and Augustus, after two young lovers whom she had seen walking in the wood one evening.

"Maud, Augustus, come here," called Mamma Owl again. "Yes, mamma," squeaked two very small voices, and then followed a scratching and fluttering in the hole, and every now and then a sharp hiss, and one would squeak, "Gus, stop pushing me; I'll tell mamma," and Gus would hiss in answer, "I don't care; you began it."

Mamma fed the young ones, and had just finished when Judge Owl came flying heavily but noiselessly, bearing a fine spring chicken in his claws.

"Have you had enough?" he inquired; then added, "I'll leave this, anyway. I'm going to attend a meeting of the Antiquarian Association. Good-night."

"Oh, papa, can we go to singing school?" asked both little ones at once.

Now it is a remarkable fact that owls, being on a lower scale in the order of nature than man, are influenced to a certain extent by the feeling of their stomachs; they are



apt to be cross and irritable when hungry, and good-natured after dinner. Judge Owl had just finished a fine young chicken at Farmer Jones's yard, and a nest of young robins in the orchard, so he felt contented and happy.

"Well, yes, I guess so, if you want. Old Screech Owl was telling me the other day that his daughter wanted some scholars, and—"

"But we want to go to Miss Cat-bird," piped the young ones in concert.

"Well, you can't, and there's the end of that. To Miss Cat-bird! Pooh! impudent thing! Pooh!" and the Judge flew off, in no very good humor.

"Oh, ma, I knew it would be so!" snarled Maud. "Pa is just as mean as he can be."

"The gov'nor is cross to-night. Wait till I can do as I choose. I won't ask him to let me go. I'll go if I want to," growled Gus.

Now, as you can see, neither of the Owl children had been well brought up; they were not respectful, and they had bad tempers. The bad temper was inherited, however, and the disrespect was not rebuked by their mother, who said, "I'll see if I can't arrange it. Your father has gone away for a few days, and in the mean time you can take two or three lessons from Miss Cat-bird. I'll go and make arrangements, and you must stay very quiet while I am gone." So Mamma Owl flew off, and the young ones slid down into the nest again.

The morning came, and Maud and Augustus, with Mrs. Owl, set out for Miss Cat-bird's. At last they reached the nest, and Miss Cat-bird proceeded to give the lesson, but the youngsters were so stupid, and there was so much to learn, and the sun rose so fast, that before the lesson was finished it was so light that Mrs. Owl began to fear that she would not be able to get Maud and Augustus home again. Then the smaller birds found them out, and the old robin whose nest Judge Owl had robbed the evening before accused them of having eaten her children. The robins and the black-birds and even the quiet little chippies flew at them and pecked them, secure in the fact that Mrs. Owl could hardly see to defend herself.

The noise attracted the attention of Farmer Jones, who exclaimed, "There's the very old owl that's been eating my chickens," and he hurried into the house for his gun. "Har-

ry," he shouted to his son, "the old owl that has been killing our chickens is out in the hedge with a couple of young ones. I shall shoot the old one, and you can catch the young ones if you like." Harry hurried out to the hedge, and as his father shot the old owl he prepared to catch the young ones. The fright of the shot, and seeing their mother fall, made them tumble off the branch; they ran a few feet and hid in the grass, but Harry soon found them, and put them in a cage. He kept them for some time, and finally gave them to a city cousin, who writes sometimes, and as the owl is the bird of wisdom, and as Harry's cousin hasn't any wisdom to speak of, they were a most suitable gift.

Harry's cousin lets them sit in his desk sometimes, where they run into the pigeon-holes as far as they can, and sit watching him with their glassy eyes, making violent remonstrances if he moves his hand or the paper on which he is writing.—Get out, you scamp! Excuse me, but they do bite so hard, and just then one ran out and caught me by the thumb.



HOME BEAUTY.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"MINE be a cot," for the hours of play,
 Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,
 Where the walls are low and the roofs are red,
 And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
 And the dear little figures in frocks and frills
 Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
 And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
 And do naught in the world (but work) by halves,
 From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
 To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
 Of their ways "intense" and Italianate;
 They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
 To the *au d'la* and the dim remote;
 Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
 'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
 To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
 For the Earth first laughed when the children came.



THE NAUTILUS.

A SAILOR COSTUME FOR YOUR FAVORITE DOLL, IN TWO SIZES.

The Postmistress has great pleasure in calling the attention of the girls to this beautiful picture. The pretty little sailor costume which these dolls are wearing is the height of fashion, and just the thing for the season. What fun it will be to try your skill at cutting out the pretty pattern and putting it together neatly! I expect to hear reports of success from a host of clever little dress-makers. Although the pattern is to be furnished in two sizes only, your mamma will be quite willing to help you make it a little larger or smaller should it not precisely fit your dolls. I would advise you to make the dress of a soft woolen material, either a pretty check or stripe, or a plain color. Find a cool seat on the veranda or the lawn, and take plenty of time, for such a suit as this is worth all the pains a little girl can take. Now let me tell you something else.

Cut paper patterns, with full and plain directions for this stylish dolls' suit, inclosed in a neat envelope, will be sent by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to any little girl on receipt of 5 cents. Be sure and write your full name, and give your Post-office address very plainly, when ordering the Nautilus. The patterns are for dolls twelve inches or sixteen inches in height, without the head. Please state which you prefer.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SUMMER'S GIFTS.

RED and white cherries,
Beautiful berries,
Fragrant roses,
And other odors,
Daisies and buttercups,
Lilies and hollyhocks,
Brier and vine,
Sweet eglantine,
Lamb's in the meadow,
Fish in the brook,
And something lovely
Wherever you look.

GENEVIEVE L. D.

Well, girls and boys, can you believe your eyes when you look at the date of this number of *Young People*, and see that it is June 26? How time flies, and how careful we should be to improve it! Now for our letters. The first is from a young lady, who kindly tells us about the Indian school at Hampton.

LITTLE MERCY and HER COMPANIONS.

BY ROSALIE.

Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read little Indian Mercy's letter from Hampton Normal school, in the Post-office Box of No. 183, would like to hear about that little girl, her Indian and negro companions, and their home. Situated very near Chesapeake Bay, well sheltered from winter storms, the windows of Mercy's home look across a creek, and over the green and lovely Virginia meadows on one side, and over the treacherous to the wide waters of the Chesapeake on another. Mercy is an Apache, I think, and is as fat and jolly-looking as a happy little girl of

twelve should be. Quick and bright at her studies, her daily tasks are soon disposed of, and she is free to sew, play, and talk to her companions in her native tongue.

At Hampton all the girls are taught to sew, and make their own clothes and uniforms for the boys. The boys each learn one or more useful trades in the various shops connected with the school, and which they like best of all, are formed into a corps, with a real military officer (Captain B.) in command. Taught by him, they learn to march, and execute many pretty manoeuvres. They wear a neat dark uniform, with gold stripes and brass buttons, and have officers chosen from among themselves, and graded according to their school standard and general behavior; these latter are greatly respected by their more-dilatory comrades, and are a fine-looking set of young fellows.

There is, too, a well-trained band composed of colored boys, who play with spirit and skill. After three or four years at school, during which time their expenses are paid by the government, and as the Indians return to the West, to help civilize their tribes, and to teach the useful arts they have learned to the friends and companions of their early childhood. For the negroes good situations are found, where they can practically work their trades.

If any of the *Young People* boys and girls should visit Hampton, they must not fail to ask for little Indian M., who reads and writes well, and loves them all dearly. They will find her, as I have said, fat and jolly, with a sweet smile and a gentle word for every one.

Here is a letter for the little girl in *Young People's* Cot. Won't she laugh when she sees it?

TALASSER, ALABAMA.

DEAR LITTLE SADIE.—The Postmistress told us that HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* was to be sent to the little child in the Cot, and if any of us wanted to write to her we might, so you will see this in our paper. As you are so kind, I thought, Sadie, I was going to send some money to the Cot, but as they have the sum required, you must ask the Sister to let me send some, if not much, to help with the children's clothing. I'll give something to remember your friend Libbie. How would you like, Sadie, to live on a large farm, as I do? It is very nice, I can tell you. I sometimes help milk the cows, and when I do I always get some nice fresh milk.

I had a beautiful pair of canaries, which my aunt gave me, named Robbie and Jennie, but Jennie died, and I sold Robbie to a man who wanted to present him to one of his friends. If he had not wanted him so very much I could not have parted with him. I am going to try some of the receipts in the Libbie's book. I wish I could send you some of the things. Would you like to get a little box of moss and fern from a pretty little branch near my home? If so, I will send it to you. LIBBIE S. B.

As Sadie is in bed, dear, and can not move about, I am sure she would be pleased with the box of ferns and moss from the branch, which, let me explain to those who do not understand, is not the branch of a tree, but a little stream. I think the kind Sisters would prefer that gifts of money should not be sent either to Sadie or the other children individually, though toys, books, and flowers will be very acceptable. Little friends who wish to help along may send their pennies to swell the Fresh-air Fund, and then all the hospital children will share in the benefit.

CANTON, ILLINOIS.

I want to tell you some incidents concerning birds. We have a great many birds nesting on our place—bluebirds, robins, lettuce-birds, indigo-birds, yellow-birds, and many others. I saw martins, wrens, and three kinds of sparrows—the white-throated, field, and chippy sparrow. We have from two to four nests of each kind, excepting skylarks, white-throated, and sparrows, indigo-birds, and wrens, which have one apiece.

The picture I send you is one brood of bluebirds, and it is just as we saw them one morning in a cherry-tree in our yard, and papa drew them to send to you. That afternoon a little bluebird lit on his head while he was resting from his plounged, and I went down the chimney, and into the stove, but there was no fire in it. We heard it chirping, and my sister Edith opened the stove-door and it flew out. There is a big robin that follows papa, and he goes to plounged, and to catch the worms that he turns up. We caught several baby birds this spring, but we let them go

again. We also have several rabbits, which live in our currant patch.

I like the stories in HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and though "Nan" is a lovely story. I like the letters too. I send a receipt to the Cooking Club that is very good:

SET PADDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup of stimp chopped fine, one cup of sweet milk, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar. Turn into a cup of chopped raisins, spice and salt to taste, and half a tea-spoonful of soda: steam three hours; eat with liquid sauce.

HELENA B.

Thanks for this nice letter, and for the pretty picture and the receipt. What charming oper-air concerts you have had these mornings! The birds know their friends, you see. It is a great compliment to have a bluebird perch on one's head, for they are very shy little things, and do not make everybody's acquaintance.

Who does not feel happy and honored when a kind grandma draws her chair into the circle, and tells a story to eager listeners?

WATERWORKS, NEW YORK.

My sister Agnes and I spend our summers with grandma, and when mamma goes out for the evening, the dear grandma has only to say, "I will read you a story," and she has her story "told to you," and we hurry into bed, but not to sleep, the letters are too lovely. We do like to hear the boys and girls tell about their dogs and cats, and we want grandma to tell you about her bird.

A PET ORIOLE.

One summer night after a lovely shower, the sun shone out a few minutes, and the rain-birds, and a song-bird, emptied by its beauty, thought he would not stay in the little nest: but alas! his wings were not strong, and he fell to the ground from a tall maple-tree. A jockey, who was enjoying the sun, and the birds, saw and brought him to me. I was surprised to see how strong was the almost featherless bird as he chirped and struggled for his freedom. I put him in a cage, and thought of the sun, and the birds, and the garret. When I fed him I took him out, and gave him a fine cracker soaked in milk.

When he began to feed himself I felt quite relieved. His dish was the wooden water-ladle, with the handle off. After a while he decided he had had baby dinner enough; as soon as I put it in his cage he would tip it bottom side up, and was enjoying the sun, and the birds, and the meat, raisins, apple, potato, bread, and sugar. He would take the lump, drop it in water, swatch it up very quickly, and hold it in his claw at least, was enjoyed very much. I always left the skin of the raisin. He never refused to step on my finger when I held it for him, nor tried to get off until I placed him on his perch, even after he had his freedom in the ball, with one window open. He always gave a peculiar chirrup when I came toward him, which he never gave to any other person.

He was a home-bird, little brown bird, and we did not know how to write. My husband and daughter thought I had better let him go; so one pleasant day I put him up in the maple tree from which he fell. After two or three days he was the wife, and called "Petie," (that was his name). He came flying to me. I put him in his cage, I said, to stay.

All winter he amused us with his cunning little tricks. I put a new spool of thread on the window-sill he would run to it, peck a hole through the paper, and cock up his eye to me as much as to say, "Was it not funny that I should know there are holes in the window-sill, and I run to it every new spool. He enjoyed tumbling over the contents of my work-basket. He would take a small ball of yarn, fly to the top of a picture-frame, and tuck it in. When he was very tired, he would light on my arm, run up to my fingers, and peck at the ends of my needles, as if he were very mad. He did the same when I threaded a needle. He always did everything with great deal of vim. When it got to be cold winter weather he was fond of sitting on grandpa's nice woolen coat sleeve when he was reading his paper. If he was very tired, how much he folded, and unfolded his paper, Petie, like Greely, kept his seat. He would go to a shelf where there was a tin match-box which opened with hinges, lift the cover, and take out the matches, and he would sniff; drop it, peck down to see it fall, and then get another. If grandpa said "Tut, tut," and shook his head at him, he would drop his wings, and bristle up at him as a rooster does when he is going to fight.

One day I came into the room with some white frozen clothes in front of me. His cage was opposite to the door, and he saw that they were cold. He was so frightened he fell on the bottom of the cage invisible. I held him, and called "Petie, Petie." He soon came to. In the spring, when he had been in the cage for many months, he no longer called him homely; he was the beautiful colored English oriole. He was our bonny bird for another year, and then in the spring, when he began to moult, he did not seem to be so fond of feathers did not come out nicely. We were afraid he would die, so I concluded to give him a chance



"I'VE GOT A WHACKER THIS TIME, SURE."

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in England, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in the first year of the present century.

When he was very young he showed a great fondness for reading. When only three years old he would spread his book open on the floor, and, with a piece of bread and butter in his hand, would read lying on the floor beside his book.

When he was seven years old he had written several cantos of a poem and several hymns.

He was not fond of toys or playthings, but delighted in long walks, and especially, as he grew older, in romping plays with his brothers and sisters, with whom he was a great favorite.

He was a bright, good-tempered boy, always pleasant, and full of fun.

He had a remarkable memory. After once reading anything that pleased him he could repeat it word for word. He could recite the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," *Pilgrim's Progress*, and "Paradise Lost."

When he was twelve years old he was sent to a private school, and at the age of eighteen entered Trinity College, Cambridge University. He disliked mathematics, and from neglecting that branch of study came near losing his chance of getting a fellowship.

In 1826 he was admitted to the bar, but gave little attention to the practice of law. In 1825 he became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. Five years later he became a member of the House of Commons. He was elected to Parliament a second time, and made a speech on the Reform Bill that became famous.

In 1833 he received an appointment which took him to India. He returned in five years, and again went into Parliament, and was made a member of the cabinet. He left the latter at the end of two years. He then began a historical work which he had planned some years before.

He had great conversational powers, but had an aversion to general society, and disliked to go to a dinner party. He was very fond of his little nieces and nephews, and often played with them and took them to walk.

In 1852 his health failed, but was soon restored sufficiently to enable him to engage in his Parliamentary duties. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage. He died in 1859, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

BUTTERFLIES.

BY AGNES M. ALDEN.

"WHAT lovely groups of yellow flowers
Bloom in the grass to-day!
I'll quickly run and gather them
To add to my bouquet."

As little Toddlers hastened on
To pluck the blossoms gay,
These living flowers spread their wings,
And lightly flew away.



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CANISTER SLIDE;
OR, HOW AN ENGLISH SCHOOL KEPT THE FOURTH.
BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

IT was the queerest Fourth of July that Harry Tremaine had ever spent in his life. Half the day had already passed, and he had not heard a fire-cracker nor seen a flag. Except for the almanac he would not have known that it was the Fourth; and the absence of all those noises and

W.A. ROGERS.

"FASTER AND FASTER THEY FLEW."

sights to which he was accustomed made him feel homesick and sad. Of course he could not expect to find the day celebrated in an English school, but it provoked him that it was not, and the unceasing questions of the boys about America added to his annoyance.

It would not have vexed him if their questions had been intelligent, but in fact they were very stupid. None of the boys knew anything at all about the United States, though some of them thought they did, and professed to doubt Harry's plain and simple answers, while if he romanced and exaggerated they were quite likely to believe him. Just now they were particularly curious, and Harry found it hard work to keep his patience.

"I say, Tremaine," Tom Owen had just remarked, "didn't you say to-day would be some sort of a holiday in your country?"

Harry nodded.

"Why, of course," he said; "it's the Fourth of July."

The boys looked mystified.

"But we don't know what that is," said Owen. "Why is the Fourth more than the fifth or the sixth?"

Harry had to stop and think for a moment what the Fourth really meant.

"Why," he said, "it was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that the Declaration of Independence was signed."

"The Declaration of Independence!" Owen repeated. "Pray what was that?"

This utter ignorance about things that Harry had always known was very trying.

"Oh dear!" he exclaimed, "why don't you read history? Why don't you learn something about America?"

Owen was disposed to be indignant.

"Learn about America!" he exclaimed. "I assure you, Tremaine, we know a great deal about it. There's your Niagara Falls, for instance; I fancy there isn't a boy here who doesn't know it's in New York. It will be a favorite afternoon resort, I suppose, with you New-Yorkers."

"Ay," remarked Dick Wentworth, "and the new suspension-bridge between New York and Brookville—how odd, you know, that all your towns should end in 'ville'!—that crosses just below the Falls, doesn't it? It must be a grand sight. Just fancy the two cities on either hand, and the great Falls rushing down between, and the Bridge spanning the rapids below!"

Owen nodded.

"You see, Tremaine," he said, complacently, "we're not as ignorant as you think. In fact, we know a great deal about America. There's your civil war now. That's been going on about twenty years, hasn't it?"

Tremaine stared.

"Going on!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, not in your Northern States, of course," Owen hastened to explain, "but down South, in Chili, you know, and Peru. I see they had another battle there only a little while ago. Seems to me your government ought to be strong enough to put all that sort of thing down before this."

Harry did not imagine any one could be so ignorant.

"Why, look here," he exclaimed; "that's South America. It hasn't anything to do with the Southern States. Our war was over a dozen years ago."

Owen shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he said, "South America or the Southern States; it's all the same. There's a war there somewhere, I know, because I read about it in the papers—"

"But, Tremaine," interrupted Charlie Fairfax, who was younger than most of the rest, and whose questions Harry answered more patiently, both on that account and because he reminded the lad of his own little brother at home—"but, Tremaine, tell us about your Fourth of July. How do you celebrate it anyway?"

"Oh, we have fire-works and parades, and people fire

off their guns and cannons and make speeches and read the Declaration of Independence. It's an immense day, Charlie, at home. If I'd only thought about it in time and the Doctor had let me, I'd have had my father send me some fire-works here."

The boys looked at one another, while a larger one, who had not yet spoken, laughed rudely.

"Well, you must be fresh," he said.

Harry's face flushed.

"Why, what's the matter, Cornwallis?" he asked.

"What's the matter?" the other repeated. "What is the Fourth of July anyway? Isn't it the anniversary of the day when you declared yourselves independent of Great Britain?"

Tremaine nodded.

"Of course it is," he replied; "that's what I said."

"And do you suppose we're going to help you celebrate that?"

Harry drew himself up a little proudly.

"I don't know why you shouldn't," he said, "if you felt right about it."

"Well, we don't," declared Cornwallis, "and we never will. We don't take any stock in America, at any rate. It's a nation of day-laborers; there ain't any gentlemen there, you know."

Tremaine's eyes flashed.

"Do you call yourself a gentleman, Cornwallis?" he asked.

"The Cornwallises have been gentlemen since the Conquest," the other replied, grandly.

"Is that so?" Harry inquired. "Well, we haven't many of your kind; that's a fact."

Cornwallis grew very red.

"I'll whip you for that, Tremaine," he cried, rapidly beginning to take off his coat.

Harry did not move. His face flamed, and his hands were clenched at his side. If it were necessary he would defend himself, but he had promised his father that he would not get into any fights, and was resolved that Cornwallis should not make him break his word. The boys meanwhile had formed a ring, and were looking on in keen anticipation of the affray.

"Why don't you take off your coat?" demanded Cornwallis, angrily.

"I'm not going to fight," said Tremaine.

Cornwallis raised his hand, and brought it down on Harry's cheek. "Now we'll see if you won't fight," he said.

Harry's face grew white. He moved a step forward, and raised his hand. Then letting it drop, he stepped back to his old place.

"I sha'n't fight," he said, simply.

Cornwallis laughed tauntingly. "You're a coward," he sneered.

Some of the other boys repeated the odious word, and the ring widened and broke up as Cornwallis resumed his coat.

"You're a coward, Tremaine," he repeated; "all the Americans I ever knew were cowards."

Harry could not trust himself to speak, and as he turned away all the boys drew back to let him pass. He felt that he was in disgrace. It had been lonely enough before: how much worse would it be now! He went into the school-room, and sitting down at one of the forms, tried to keep back the tears that would persist in coming to his eyes. Presently he heard some one come in the door, and then a child's voice at his side said, "I'm awfully sorry, Tremaine."

It was little Fairfax, and the few words of sympathy took a load off Harry's heart.

"Thanks, Charlie," he said. "I was a little broke up, but I'm all right now."

"But why wouldn't you fight?" the boy asked, wonderingly. "I'm sure you weren't afraid."

"The others think I was," said Harry.

"Well, yes, they do," admitted Fairfax; "but I don't believe it."

"Gentlemen don't fight in my country," said Harry, "and I promised my father I wouldn't do it here. Wasn't it better, Charlie, not to strike him back than to have the Doctor write home to my father that I was a fighting character, and he didn't want me here?"

"I don't believe the Doctor would have done it," said the boy; "he's used to such things. But I think it was pluckier in you than if you had struck him. Are you going anywhere this afternoon, Tremaine? It's Wednesday, and a half-holiday, you know."

Harry's face clouded again. "I was going up Santhwaite Pike," he said, "with Cornwallis. But that's over now."

"Oh, can't I go with you?" asked the little boy. "I know the paths, and any of the fellows will tell you I'm good at a tramp."

Harry rose up from the seat. "Why, of course you can," he said, "if you ain't afraid the fellows will send you to Coventry: I suppose that's what they're going to do with me."

Charlie laughed.

"Oh, I'm too little," he said; "it don't make any difference what I do."

"All right, then," said Harry. "Come along. If Cornwallis goes the mountain's big enough for three, and we can keep out of his way."

II.

The boys' route to the mountain lay through Overdale Valley, at the entrance to which the school was situated, to the foot of the Pike, and then by a path leading around the back of the mountain to its top. Looking at it from the valley below, it presented a precipitous front, the highest and steepest part of which, reminding Harry of the Palisades on the Hudson River, was known as the Canister Crag. Very near the top the face of the cliff was terraced by a number of old slate quarries, while an almost perpendicular track, over which the quarry-men had been in the habit of sliding their slate, descended from these to the valley below. The climb up, though leading half around the mountain, was not difficult until they neared the summit. Then the path could hardly be traced; great bowlders blocked the way, terraces of slaty rock rose up before them, and chasms yawned under their feet. Harry began to wonder if Charlie's recollection had not failed him, when, on scaling one of the terraces, he found himself unexpectedly at the top. Around them spread the mountains, some higher, others lower, than themselves; on the one hand Lake Derwentwater glistened, and on the other Buttermere, while far away they could just catch a glimpse of the sea. The view was worth the trouble, Harry declared; and throwing themselves on a rock, the boys spent an hour in resting and taking in its details.

When at length they started to come down Charlie proposed that they should explore the slate quarry at the top of the crag, fifty feet, perhaps, below the summit of the Pike. This might be done by following a rough path, which the boys accordingly took, and which brought them in a few minutes to the brow of the cliff. Only a few feet away lay the quarry, which it seemed was not in use, with the slide to the valley below, looking steeper even and more fearful than it did from underneath.

"A man used to come down there sometimes on a sledge," Charlie remarked, as they stood gazing at the precipitous slope. "He was one of the quarry-men, and when he saw the Buttermere coach coming he'd slide down and meet it, and the passengers would give him sixpence. I believe he fell off one day, though, and got killed."

Harry shivered. To a boy who had coasted down

American hills all his life it was a terribly fascinating place.

"Come away," he said, turning abruptly round. "I feel as if I'd like to go down myself."

Charlie was not unwilling to leave a place that suggested such dangerous desires, and they moved up the path once more. They had only gone a few steps, however, when for some cause Charlie's foot slipped, and with a cry of pain he fell to the ground.

"Oh, Tremaine," he exclaimed, "I believe I've come to grief!"

Harry, who was a step or two in advance, turned around in dismay.

"Oh, come," he said; "it isn't as bad as that. Pick yourself up, old man, and start off."

But Charlie tried in vain, while the pain of the attempt turned his face ashy pale.

"I can't touch it to the ground," he said, despairingly; "it hurts even to move it. I couldn't get down the mountain to save my life. I say, Tremaine, you're an American; what shall we do?"

Harry looked up at the sky. It was not yet late, but there were clouds of vapor rolling in from the sea. Unless they made haste they might be caught on the mountain in a fog; and yet in Charlie's condition they could not even stir.

"I wonder if I could carry you," said Harry, in desperation. "Put your arms around my neck, Charlie, and see."

The boy did as he was told, and Harry struggled for a few steps under his load. But the path was too steep and too treacherous. In a few moments Harry stopped, and gently lowered his burden to the ground.

"I can't do it, old fellow," he said, mournfully. "I'm afraid of falling myself, and that would only make it worse. Now if Cornwallis would only turn up, both of us might get you down."

At the same moment, as if his wish had been heard, Cornwallis appeared around a turn some distance below.

"I say, Cornwallis!" Harry cried, in great excitement—"Cornwallis!"

The other did not slacken his pace nor even look up.

"Cornwallis!" Harry cried again. "For Heaven's sake, stop! Fairfax has lamed himself."

The wind carried down the words so that Cornwallis could hardly escape hearing them, but he paid no attention. Another moment would take him around the turn, out of sight. Harry felt as one might feel on a raft at sea when a ship goes by without heeding the signal of distress.

"Cornwallis!" he cried once more.

But while he cried Cornwallis turned the corner of the path, and was lost to view. Harry stamped his foot.

"Mean fellow!" he cried; "I'll whip him when I get back to school—see if I don't!"

Meanwhile the top of the mountain was wrapped in vapor, and it could not be long before they too would be enveloped in the soft white garment. If anything was to be done it must be done at once. Harry looked around in despair. All at once his mind went to the quarry not a hundred feet away.

"Charlie," he cried, "I've got an idea."

The little fellow smiled through his pain.

"You Americans are full of 'em," he said; "I knew you'd work it out."

Meanwhile Harry had rushed to the quarry. In a minute he had explored it, found what he wanted, and hurried back.

"Say, Fairfax," he cried, "will you trust me to take you down that slide? The sledge is there all right, and I can do it. Will you try it, Charlie?"

The boy raised himself on one arm.

"Are you sure you can do it?" he asked. "It's an awfully risky thing, you know."



LITTLE FRITZ AND HIS SOLDIER DOLL.

"Do it!" Harry exclaimed. "I've coasted all my life, and I've tobogganed in Canada too. If a fellow can do that, he can do this. All you will have to do will be to shut your eyes, take a long breath, and hold on. Hullo!" he cried, looking down into the valley, "there comes the afternoon coach from Buttermere now; if we can catch that we're all right. Get on my back, Charlie; the sledge is at the quarry, and when you're once on that I'll have you down in the valley in less than a minute."

Roused by the other's enthusiasm, Fairfax allowed himself to be carried to the head of the slide. Here Harry placed him on the sledge, taking his own position in front, with his legs outstretched in order to steer.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked.

Charlie hesitated. "You're sure you can do it?"

"Sure!" he exclaimed; "if I wasn't sure, Charlie, I wouldn't try it. Shut your eyes now, and hold on tight; I'm going."

He gently propelled the sledge to the top of the slide, and gave it a push with his foot. Away it went with the speed of the wind. Fairfax gave a little gasping cry, and grasped Harry more tightly around the waist. Harry, when he found that the track was as smooth as ice, and that the sledge answered to his touch as well as a coasting bob or a toboggan, lost his fears. A tremendous sense of exhilaration took possession of him. Faster and faster they flew. Sometimes it seemed as if the sledge had left the track and was careering through the air. Not even on the toboggan slide had Harry ever gone so fast, and while his own wind was all right, he could hear Charlie panting for breath. Presently, however, it would be

over. Indeed, their speed had already begun to slacken as the sledge gained the level ground; and looking ahead, Harry could see that there was ample room for their momentum to spend its force. Skillfully guiding the sledge down to the little stream that ran through the valley, Harry ran it on the bridge, the arch of which checked its further progress, and stopped it within ten yards of the waiting stage-coach.

Harry turned around to his companion.

"Well," he said, "it's over."

Charlie rubbed his eyes in a dazed way.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, reverently.

"To tell the truth, Tremaine, I never expected to get down alive. It was just terrific. I suppose it took about five minutes, didn't it?"

Harry had now shouldered the boy, and was carrying him toward the coach.

"How long did it take?" he called out to the driver.

The man, who had heard Charlie's calculation, laughed.

"Thirty-three seconds, sir," he said, approvingly, "and very well done too. I never see poor Jim—the quarry-man, you know, sir—do it quicker." He looked at Harry curiously for a moment, while the lad helped Charlie inside the coach. "You are bound for the school, sir?"

Harry nodded.

"Ay," he said; "my friend here had a fall, and it was the only way I could get him down."

"And begging your pardon, sir," the driver went on, "you're the young American gentleman, I fancy?"

This time Harry laughed.

"Why, how do you know that?" he inquired.

"Oh, I know'd it by your accent, sir," remarked the man, gathering up his reins, "but I know'd it more by your pluck."

III.

Three or four hours later Cornwallis came along the valley road toward the school. He had found himself caught in the fog, had lost his way, come out on the wrong side of the mountain, and added eight or ten miles to his already long walk. To these vexations was added the accusing sense that he had left Tremaine and Charlie on the mountain, and that Fairfax, as he had heard Tremaine call out, was lamed. What if they could not get down? Indeed, if Charlie were lame, how could they get down? Most likely they were still on top of the crag. It was now quite dark, and even if he reported it at the school, it would be too late to hunt them up. The nearer he got to the school, the more contemptible his own part in the business seemed.

By-and-by he drew near the house. Ordinarily one or two lights would be shining through the windows, but now every room in the lower floor was brilliantly illuminated, as though a party were going on. Wondering what it could be, he trudged up to the gate, and pulled the bell. In a moment the porter's form appeared on the other side of the bars.

"What's the matter?" inquired Cornwallis. "What's going on?"

"They're celebrating the American holiday, sir," the man said, letting Cornwallis in.

Celebrating the American holiday! What did the man mean? Cornwallis stared at him for a moment, then

brushing by, walked up the path to the door. Sounds of applause greeted his ear as he opened it, and as he entered the hall and looked through the door of the school-room, an extraordinary sight met his astonished gaze.

The boys were all seated at their forms; the head master's figure occupied the platform; in front of him, though Cornwallis could hardly believe his eyes, stood Tremaine, while over the latter's head waved a very small American flag. Tremaine was reading from a book, and as Cornwallis listened he heard these words:

"That these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

Cornwallis leaned over and touched Wentworth on the arm.

"What is it?" he asked. "What does it mean?"

Wentworth looked up in surprise.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he whispered, while Harry kept on reading. "Well, don't you ever call Tremaine a coward again."

"What's happened?" asked Cornwallis.

"Wait a minute," said Wentworth; "I fancy he's nearly through."

Harry's face was flushed with the excitement of reading the stirring words of the Declaration to an audience of British boys, none of whom had ever heard it before, and his voice rang through the hall as he repeated the closing sentence: "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

During the applause that followed Wentworth found a chance to tell what had happened.

"You see," he added, after reciting the story of Harry's daring, "we all felt ashamed of ourselves for calling a fellow that had so much nerve as that a coward. No fellow in the school, you know, ever came down Canister Slide before. We all apologized to him, but that didn't seem to be enough; we felt as if we ought to do something by way of penance. So we asked the Doctor if we might celebrate the American holiday, and if Tremaine might read us his Declaration of Independence, and that's what he's been doing. And really, Cornwallis, if it's all true, I believe myself the Americans were right."

Without answering, Cornwallis walked across the room to where Harry was still standing. His relief at finding that the boys were not fog-bound on Canister Crag, and his British admiration for a plucky thing, had quite overcome his sense of resentment.

"I behaved like a brute to-day, Tremaine," he said, "twice."

But Harry held out his hand.

"Never mind, Cornwallis," he said, heartily, "it's all come around right, you see, and it's the happiest Fourth I ever spent in my life."

"IN HONOR BOUND."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDBRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," ETC., ETC.

I.



EVERYBODY dislikes her. I'd just leave her out of the whole thing."

"And serve her right too."

"Of all things I hate a *mean* girl more than anything."

The last elegantly expressed idea produced silence for a few minutes among the group of girls on Miss Barrington's lawn. They were half a dozen in number,

varying in age from twelve to sixteen, and were like most young people of their kind who are country born and bred—robust, healthy, thoughtlessly happy girls, with no specially distinctive traits unless in the case of the first speaker, Kitty Jenners, who had a sharp, quick method of speech and gesture, keen black eyes, and a general air of almost military command, or in the last, May Blake, a rosy dimpled girl of fourteen, who as she spoke tried to look very calm, but only seemed to show more completely her inability to do so under any circumstances.

"I think it is time to give her a lesson," said Kitty's voice, rising rather shrilly again. And Hattie Barnes added,

"I hope she'll learn it."

Kitty flashed a quick look around at Hattie, as though



AMY AT HER DESK.

that young lady had expressed too decided an opinion, and went on in a milder tone:

"I don't suppose we need be positively horrid to her, but just show her what we think. Here is a girl who came to the Academy three months ago with heaps and heaps of clothes, and piles of money, and a guardian who just gives her everything, and yet she never has taken part in any school fun or treat, and only contributes the meaneast little sums to everything."

As Kitty stopped for want of breath—it could never have been words—Hattie ventured to remark,

"And the worst of her is that she never has anything to say about herself."

"Oh," said Kitty, with an expressive gesture of her hand, "we all know that her guardian is a rich gentleman, who took her when her mother died at sea because her father had been his friend."

"How did you hear that, Kitty?" May inquired, eagerly.

"Oh, I know," rejoined their commander-in-chief, one of whose principles was never to give her information too definitely. "I know. She and her mother were on their way from California, and Mr. Symes was on board, and when Mrs. Rodman died he promised to take Amy. My aunt knows the ship's doctor. Have you ever seen Mr. Symes? He's the queerest looking little old man. I don't envy Amy once her school-days are over."

As Kitty paused again, the figure of a tall young lady with a very lovely face came around from the garden, and as she drew nearer the girls every face brightened, and Kitty exclaimed,

"Oh, Miss Martin, do come here! We're talking about the fair."

"Well," said Miss Martin, smiling good-humoredly as she joined the little group, "and what about that? Are not all the plans made?"

"Nearly all. Of course Miss Barrington has been kind about it, and we are to have the refreshments from Volkes's, you know, and can invite all our friends but—" Kitty colored slightly; something in the English teacher's fair quiet face made the words die on her lips. But courage was Kitty's strong point; she rose above her sudden timidity, and went on: "But we are going to show Amy Rodman that we don't need anything from her. We asked her to contribute, and what do you suppose she said?"

"Yes," chimed in one or two voices, as the speakers turned eager glances upon their favorite teacher, "just what do you suppose?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," she said, smiling quietly.

"Well," pursued Kitty, with her nose rather high in the air, and using a tone of calm disdain, "she asked the object of the fair, and when we told her that it was to buy decorations for the school-room she fumbled and hesitated, and at last gave *fifty cents*!"

Miss Martin looked a little pained or puzzled, and Kitty, evidently thinking she had triumphed over any possible defense the teacher might offer, went on to say:

"I'll tell you what we have done. We have returned her the money with a polite note of thanks, and have assured her that we would not think of such a thing as even asking her to attend the fair, as everything will be so *expensive*."

Kitty laughed.

There was silence for a moment, during which one or two of the girls showed signs of uneasiness. Then Miss Martin said, very gravely,

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Kitty, flushing a very little, "don't you think that ought to settle her?"

"Yes," said Miss Martin, smiling, but still with something repressed in her manner—"yes, Kitty, I think it will."

"Oh, come now, Miss Esther," exclaimed Kitty, "you have something on your mind. Do say it."

Miss Esther laughed gayly.

"Of course I have, Kitty. But what good would it do for me to argue with you in poor Amy's favor? You have chosen to set yourselves against her, and consider her a miser. Now I can't entirely defend her conduct, and it would do no one any good for me to persist in saying that I feel she is misjudged. And as for the course you have taken in regard to the fair, it is done; but I hope you will not have to repent of it too bitterly."

And nodding brightly to the girls, Miss Esther walked on, disappearing a moment later through one of the side doors of the Academy.

The girls stood still and in silence for a brief space of time after this; then May said, with a furtive glance at Kitty's face,

"I wonder what Miss Esther really thinks, Kitty?"

"Oh," said that young person, with an effort at loftiness, "I'm sure I wish I could always feel on the charitable side of things as she does, though I don't think it's just. I don't believe in submitting to actual injustice even in such a case as this. Now remember, girls, this is a decisive time. Amy Rodman has to be taught a lesson which I hope no girl who comes after her will forget."

This was their commander's order, and if any one of the number felt inclined to rebel a very little it was May Blake, whose heart was always soft and tender; but May's weak point was that she never could oppose any ruling voice. Had it even been Hattie's, I fear her moral courage would not have been sullicient to battle against it, but Kitty Jemmers had in earlier days at the Academy been her champion and defender, and as she had always looked up to her as a superior being, it was but natural for one of her clinging, rather yielding nature to allow Kitty to give her opinion of Amy Rodman as well as of nearly everybody and everything else. It was not alone because of a belief that Kitty, with her quick, domineering ways and fertile imagination, her truthfulness and firm belief in her code of school honor, was always right, but because little May had a fashion of preferring to be guided, petted, and loved, that she did not openly that morning express some of the doubts she felt as to the justice of excluding Amy Rodman from their preparations for the fair. May looked at Kitty again, with the words of charity almost trembling on her lips; but she let the moment pass, as so many of us do in large and small matters—the moment for decision which leads to action, perhaps to a whole field of new loftiness in purpose and results.

Meanwhile Miss Esther had gone into the house and made her way down the cool matted halls toward a small school-room. It was a holiday; the sun was shining bravely, and the young teacher's heart felt very full of peace and good cheer. She liked her work and her pupils and her home, and could look forward to pleasant vacation weeks spent with her only brother in his sea-side home, and she could afford a great part of her thoughts and her time for those among the pupils who needed them. Just now her heart was full of the girl Kitty had been discussing with her—Amy Rodman, the orphan, who had been among them just three months.

Miss Esther stood still in one of the hall windows a moment before going into the school-room, trying to think the matter over calmly. Reprove, exhort, insist as she might, there was a very warm corner in Miss Esther's heart for Kitty Jemmers, and the teacher well understood how, without brilliancy or any touch of intellectual genius, Kitty had obtained the power over the girls which she certainly possessed. And if only she could be made to see that influence rightly used, that subtle power of guiding the will and inclination—nay,

even the belief of others is a divine gift—how much such a girl as Kitty might do, not alone here, in the limited circle of school-girl friends, but out in the larger, busier world where she would one day go to carry the power of her truthful, upright, eager nature among many who would bend to the charm and be influenced by all her words and actions! Miss Esther knew well that to many of the girls Kitty was an oracle never to be questioned. But whether from the inexperience of youth, the narrow-mindedness impossible to separate from fifteen, or mere thoughtlessness, Kitty rarely seemed to value her responsibility, to consider how, like the pebble thrown into water, and which causes a multitude of ripples reaching onward to the very ocean, her words, her actions, her opinions, could be.

Had she chosen to make a friend of Amy Rodman, to think carefully of and for her, Miss Esther felt sure that the child would have been won from her reserve, would have shaken off the half-shy, half-melancholy manner which enveloped her, and gone among her new companions with freedom and naturalness. But Kitty's generous disposition had from the first revolted against what she considered signs of miserliness in the rich orphan. Amy had passed, as it were, in review before the general of the Alsford Academy, and been found unworthy; but as she could not be absolutely dismissed from the ranks, she could at least be subject to the severest military discipline; and hard even upon herself, Kitty never flinched with others when she considered such discipline necessary.

Miss Esther's smile, as she watched Kitty's tall, lithe figure among the others on the lawn, ended in a sigh when she opened the school-room door and quietly went in.

At the upper end of the room a girl of about fourteen was sitting, writing rapidly, with her arms spread out at angles on the desk, and her head bent low above the paper. She lifted her face suddenly as Miss Esther entered, and flashed a sweet smile of recognition upon the young lady; her near-sighted eyes were quick enough to know the face she cared most to see, and as Miss Esther came forward, the tired, anxious look about the girl's mouth and eyes softened as she stood up, her face looked almost pretty in spite of its thin outline and sallow color, and about it was something so womanly and gentle that again Miss Esther felt Kitty was losing one of the golden chances of life in not making Amy Rodman her friend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHARGE OF THE HOUNDS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CREEK WAR.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

A TERRIBLE bit of news was carried from mouth to mouth through the region that is now Alabama at the beginning of September, 1813. The country was at that time in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, and for a long time British agents had been trying to persuade the Creeks—a powerful nation of half-civilized but very war-like Indians who lived in Alabama—to join in the war and destroy the white settlements in the Southwest.

For some time the Creeks hesitated, and it was uncertain what they would do. But during the summer of 1813 they broke out in hostility, and on the 30th of August their great leader, Weatherford, or the Red Eagle, as they called him, stormed Fort Mims, the strongest fort in the Southwest. He took the fort by surprise, with a thousand warriors behind him, and after five hours of terrible fighting destroyed it, killing about five hundred men, women, and children.

This was the news that startled the settlers in the region

where the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers come together. It was certain, after such a massacre as that, that the Indians meant to destroy the settlements, and kill all the white people without mercy.

In order to protect themselves and their families the settlers built rude forts by setting timbers endwise in the ground, and the people hurried to these places for safety. Leaving their homes to be burned, their crops to be destroyed, and their cattle to be killed or carried off by the Indians, the settlers hastily got together what food they could, and took their families into the nearest forts.

One of the smallest of these stockade forts was called Sinquefield. It stood in what is now Clarke County, Alabama, and as that region was very thinly settled, there were not enough men to make a strong force for the defense of the fort. But the brave farmers and hunters thought they could hold the place, and so they took their families there as quickly as they could.

Two families, numbering seventeen persons, found it was not easy to go to Sinquefield on the 2d of September, and so, as they were pretty sure that there were no Indians in their neighborhood, they made up their minds to stay one more night at a house a few miles from the fort. That night they were attacked, and all but five of them were killed. Those who got away carried the news of what had happened to the fort, and a party was sent out to bring in the bodies.

The next day all the people in Fort Sinquefield went out to bury their dead friends in a valley at some little distance from the fort, and, strange as it seems, they took no arms with them. Believing that there were no Indians near the place, they left the gates of the fortress open, and went out in a body without their guns.

As a matter of fact there was a large body of Indians not only very near them, but actually looking at them all the time. The celebrated Prophet Francis was in command, and in his sly way he had crept as near the fort as possible to look for a good chance to attack it. Making his men lie down and crawl like snakes, he had reached a point only a few hundred yards from the stockade without alarming the people, and now while they stood around the graves of their friends without arms to defend themselves with, a host of their savage enemies lay looking at them from the grass and bushes on the hill.

As soon as he saw that the right moment had come, Francis sprang up with a savage war-cry, and at the head of his warriors made a dash at the gates. He had seen that the men outside were unarmed, and his plan was to get to the gates before they could reach them, and thus get all the people of the place at his mercy in an open field and without arms to fight with.

The fort people were quick to see what his purpose was, and the men hurried forward with all their might, hoping to reach the fort before the savages could get there. By running at the top of their speed they did this, and closed the gates in time to keep the Indians out. But to their horror they then saw that their wives and children were shut out too. Unable to run so fast as the men had done, the women and children had fallen behind, and now the Indians were between them and the gates!

Seeing that he had missed his chance of getting possession of the fort, Francis turned upon the women and children with savage delight in the thought of butchering these helpless creatures in the sight of their husbands, fathers, and brothers.

It was a moment of terror. There were not half enough white men in the fort to master so large a force of Indians, and if there had been it was easy to see that by the time they could get their rifles and go to the rescue it would be too late.

At that moment the hero of this bit of history came



"JUST AT THE MOMENT WHEN MATTERS WERE AT THEIR WORST, HE RODE UP."

upon the scene. This was a young man named Isaac Haden. He was a notable huntsman, who kept a famous pack of hounds—fierce brutes, thoroughly trained to run down and seize any live thing that their master chose to chase. This young man had been out in search of stray cattle, and just at the moment when matters were at their worst, he rode up to the fort, followed by his sixty dogs.

Isaac Haden had a cool head and a very daring spirit. He was in the habit of taking in a situation at a glance, deciding quickly what was to be done, and then doing it at any risk that might be necessary. As soon as he saw how the women and children were placed, he cried out to his dogs, and at the head of the bellowing pack, charged upon the flank of the Indians. The dogs did their work with a spirit equal to their master's. For each to seize a red warrior and drag him to earth was the work of a moment, and the whole body of savages was soon in confusion. For a time they had all they could do to defend themselves against the unlooked-for assault of the fierce animals, and before they could beat off the dogs the men of the fort came out and joined in the attack, so that the women and children had time to make their way inside the gates, only one of them, a Mrs. Phillips, having been killed.

The men, of course, had to follow the women closely, as they were much too weak in numbers to risk a battle outside. If they had done so, the Indians would have overcome them quickly, and then the fort and everybody in it would have been at their mercy, so they hurried into the fort as soon as the women were safe.

But the hero who had saved the people by his quickness and courage was left outside, and not only so, but the savages were between him and the fort. He had charged entirely through the war party, and was now beyond their line, alone, and with no chance of help from any quarter.

His hope of saving himself was very small indeed; but he had saved all those helpless women and little children, and he was a brave enough fellow to die willingly for such a purpose as that if he must. But brave men do not give up easily, and young Haden did not mean to die without a last effort to save himself.

Blowing a loud blast upon his hunting horn to call his remaining dogs around him, he drew his pistols—one in each hand—and plunged spurs into his horse's flanks. In spite of the numbers against him, he broke through the mass of savages, but the gallant horse that bore him fell dead as he cleared the Indian ranks. Haden had fired both his pistols, and had no time to load them again. He was practically unarmed now, and the distance he still had to go before reaching the gates was considerable. His chance of escape seemed smaller than ever, but he quickly sprang from the saddle, and ran with all his might, hotly pursued, and under a terrific fire from the rifles of the savages. The gate was held a little way open for him to pass, and when he entered the fort his nearest pursuers were so close at his heels that there was barely time for the men to shut the gate in their faces.

Strangely enough, the brave young fellow was not hurt in any way. Five bullets had passed through his clothes, but his skin was not broken.



SCENE AT A FRENCH FÊTE.

IN France every town and hamlet has its patron saint, and every patron saint has one or more days set apart in each year in which he is especially honored. These are called fête or feast days, and during them there is a general holiday and merry-making. The village then becomes a fair, full of eating and drinking, music and dancing, booths and shows. Those of our young people who have been at Brighton Beach or the Iron Pier on Coney

Island this summer will have a very good idea how a French village enjoys itself during the fête of its patron saint.

There are amusements of all kinds, but the boys and girls are sure to buy "mirlitons." A mirliton is a tube of hollow wood, covered at the end with a piece of membrane, and having a hole on each side near the end. With this toy, which costs a cent, they can make a very loud noise, and as they all seem to enjoy doing so, you may imagine what a Babel there is. But no one seems to mind

it; the squealing blends with the cries of the showman, with the singing and music, the laughing and bargaining, and with that peculiar thud occasioned by the game which the artist has illustrated—the macaron balls.

You will see that there is a large box or trough containing a number of wooden balls, and this part of the box is also made of wood. At the top of the box is a huge human face, with staring eyes and wide-open mouth, and behind this face is a smaller box, which is made of tin. The game consists in so throwing a ball that it will go through the open mouth and strike the tin behind it. The player pays one or two cents for each chance, and if he succeeds he gets a paper of those delicious little macaron cakes which both young and old are generally fond of.

The gentleman in the picture is evidently a very good player, for his pretty companion, who has both a pet dog and a parasol to carry, seems to have quite as many sheets of macarons as she can manage. I dare say, however, that the dog will need a great many for his dinner, for most dogs are extravagantly fond of macarons, and if you have a pet dog I am sure he will gladly prove this statement.

The vender, or man who keeps the macaron box, generally dresses as absurdly as possible in order to attract attention. In the case illustrated he wears spotted pantaloons and a false nose, while he shouts continually, "Come along! All come along! One sou, two sous a chance. Ladies and gentlemen all the same."

GYP.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

TWO brownest of eyes, soft peering
Through a shock of slaggy hair;
Two brownest of ears, down drooping,
And a tail (whisked everywhere)
Brown, like his curly jacket,
Yet white at the waving tip;
This is our doggie's outline,
Our frolicsome, kindly Gyp.

But not for his brave appearance,
Though that is unique indeed,
Do we value our foreign poodle
Of notable Spanish breed;
But more for his comprehension,
And his willing way and quick
To learn and to do at bidding
The oldest and newest trick.

"Speak?" Yes, he speaks, at asking,
In loud or in lower key;
Walks, on his hind-feet jumping,
As cunningly as can be;
Plays dead, while nothing will rouse him,
Though you shake him and tease and coax,
Till you shout "The police are coming!"
When he's up, and enjoys the hoax.

He begs, and he catches biscuit
On the bridge of his nostrils laid;
Sits, pipe in mouth, with a cap on,
Like an old judge grave and staid;
Finds, with the truest instinct,
What is hidden in "hide and seek";
Steals handkerchiefs "for a living"
From pockets wherout they peek.

Charles Reade named a dog once Tonic,
A compound of steal, bark, whine;
But Gyp, you see, is an actor,
And judged on a higher line.
Besides, he's more than a tonic
In the sense of the novelist's wit—
He's a genuine jolly companion,
Full of gayety, "go," and grit.

I wish I had space to tell you
The half of the things he'll do;
He bounds through a ring, he dances,
He carries and fetches too.
In short, he's a wonderful creature,
Yet doggie from tip to tip—
Only a dog, yet splendid
In his dogship is our Gyp.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EVERGLADES.

IT was at an early hour in the morning after the tour of the lake had been decided upon that the *Pearl* left her anchorage, and sailed to the southeast along the shores—or at least the geographical boundary—of the lake. It is necessary to speak only in a technical sense of the shores of the lake, for the greater portion of the distance the boundary was marked only by tufts of grass or small patches of land looking like little islands.

This marsh, or submerged meadow, was really the lake shore, over which the water had flowed into what a writer poetically terms "that vast island-studded lake, the Everglades."

Captain Sammy talked during that first day of the voyage of discovery as if he had some stout internal spring which prevented his jaws from closing; but as all he said was entertaining and instructive, the boys would not have stopped him had they been able to do so. He pointed out among the trees palmettoes, oaks, cocoa-trees, crab-wood, mastic, and cypress, and among the birds very many varieties which they had not secured.

It was during their first night's halt that Captain Sammy said, as he armed himself with his formidable spectacles and a book:

"I did think when we struck in here that we could take a tramp inland, but the water is so high that you will have to get what information your father insisted you should have, from this book," and he handed them Professor Agassiz's *Methods of Study in Natural History*.

"Now this book will tell you that what is called the Everglades consists of seven parallel lines of hummocks, each of which has formed in turn the Florida reefs. After they were reefs they became keys, and then mainland, and some do go as far as to say that the whole point of this State was built by them little polyps I was telling you about."

The boys had been trying to resign themselves, in a sleepy way, to what they supposed was a long lecture on the formation of that portion of the State; but when Captain Sammy ended thus abruptly, and then handed the book to Dare that they might study it at their leisure, their relief was as great as their surprise.

Dare had but one question to ask, and the subject of it had troubled him considerably at the time he and Tommy were lost in the forest.

"Do you think there are any Indians around here, Captain Sammy?"

"None of any account, my lad. Time has been when they had their own way down here, and, for the matter of that, pretty much all over the State; but there's only about a couple of hundred left now, and they don't show themselves very often."

Before the *Pearl* was gotten under way the next morning Captain Sammy gave Tommy a suit of clothes he had been making out of some old ones of his. It was a full sailor rig, cut man-of-war fashion, and the ex-pirate looked as nice and trim in them as if he had been fitted out by the most expert tailor in the country.

The trip around the lake was not nearly as exciting or interesting as they had fancied it would be, save now and then when they landed to get some new specimen of bird to add to their collection, and all hands were beginning to weary of what was becoming monotonous, when Captain Sammy came to the rescue.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"We'll come to an anchor early this afternoon, and see if we can't fix the tender up for a night's fishing."

Tommy nodded his head approvingly, for he knew what was meant by fishing by night; but the others looked at the Captain in surprise, for they had not supposed the fish would bite at night, and Dare told Captain Sammy as much.

"I don't suppose the fish would bite," said the little man, "but that don't make any difference, for, you see, this time we will bite the fish," and then he chuckled over what he evidently thought was a very good joke, until the boys began to fear he would choke.

With some pieces of stout wire the little man made what looked like the grates such as are used in open coal stoves, and when these were done he and Tommy went on shore, returning with a quantity of pine knots.

Four short spears with barbs on them were put into the tender, the grates were hung on either side, and Captain Sammy's arrangements were complete.

It was easy now to understand what he had meant by "biting the fish."

The *Pearl* was brought to an anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon, the fires were allowed to go out in order to save coal, and all hands waited for the night to come.

The evening proved to be a good one for the sport, for there was no moon, and the stars were partially obscured by clouds.

"We couldn't have had a better time for the sport if we'd been waiting round here for a month," said Captain Sammy, as he gave the order for the boat to be hauled up alongside. "Before long I'll show you lads something you can tell about when you get home."

The boys thought they had considerable of that sort of material already stowed away, but they were eager for anything novel, and they lost no time in getting on board the tender.

Captain Sammy assigned to each of them a place in which to sit, for the little craft was uncomfortably crowded with so many, and he ordered Tommy to the duty of attending to the fires.

Each of the others had a spear, while Dare and Charley both had an oar, their task being to row to such place as the little man thought best suited to the sport.

Tommy had provided himself with some bits of tarred rope and paper, and by the time Captain Sammy had given the order to stop rowing he had the fire burning fiercely in the grates, with pieces of sheet-iron over the boat's side to protect the wood-work from the flames.

"Now look down at the fish!" exclaimed Tommy, in delight, and the boys peered down over the sides of the boat.

Great was their surprise to find that they could see through the water so clearly as to distinguish even the smallest pebble on the bottom, and fish of all sizes were darting in every direction.

"Pole her along with the boat-hook, Tommy," said Captain Sammy, and then he gave the others an example of how the fish were to be caught by spearing and hauling on board a large-sized one.

Tommy poled the boat gently along, at the same time keeping the fire burning brightly, while all hands engaged in the exciting sport, capturing some that required all their strength to land in the boat.

Even Captain Sammy grew so excited over the sport that he failed to notice that the wind, and not Tommy, was urging the boat along, while the sky was completely overcast by the large dark clouds that seemed hurrying along for the purpose of starting a storm.

"You'll have to stop now, for that's the last of the wood," said Tommy, as he threw a large pine knot on the fire, and as he said this Captain Sammy started up in something very like alarm.

Hurriedly he gazed around, noticing for the first time

the signs of the coming storm, and the means by which the boat had been propelled.

A dense darkness shut out from view everything beyond the circle of light, and it was impossible to see any signs of the little steamer.

For two or three minutes Captain Sammy stood erect and silent, mentally scolding at his stupidity in not hoisting the signal lantern before leaving the steamer, and then he seated himself in the stern again with the air of one who, knowing he has committed a grievous error, resolves to take desperate measures to repair the wrong done.

"Take up your oars and pull as hard as you can," he said to Dare and Charley, and speaking as if he was simply in a hurry to get back to the *Pearl*. "Keep your fires ablaze as long as you can, Tommy," he added, "and if you haven't got wood enough, use one of the thwarts."

But it was more difficult to return than even the little man had imagined. Urged along only by the wind as they had been, the increasing roughness of the water had not been noticed. Now as Captain Sammy steered her right in the teeth of the wind, for that was all he had to guide him in his course, the little boat danced and rocked on the waves, while every now and then, owing to her heavy load, one would break over the gunwale.

"Throw those fish overboard," said Captain Sammy to Bobby, who sat nearest him.

"All of them?" asked Bobby, in surprise, not willing to lose such a fine cargo.

"You may keep two; but put the others out as quick as you can. Tommy, bear a hand on that bow oar with Charley, and wake her up."

Tommy's position as fireman had become useless, since the waves had been fighting his fire from the time the start homeward had been made, and just before Captain Sammy spoke they had quenched the flames in both grates, coming in over the bow in no small quantity at the same time.

The darkness was now so intense that the old sailor could not see more than three boat-lengths ahead, and he knew, even though he was hardly willing to admit it to himself, that their chances for reaching the *Pearl* that night were well-nigh hopeless.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOST ON LAKE OKEECHOBEE.

THERE was no word spoken by those on the boat save now and then as Captain Sammy uttered an order in a sharp, quick tone that told quite as plainly as did the surroundings the peril in which they were placed.

Bobby was kept bailing steadily, and even then the water would have increased faster than it could have been disposed of if the little Captain had not assisted from time to time.

The wind was fast increasing in violence, until the waves in that inland sea appeared almost as high as on the ocean, and all the skill of the helmsman could not prevent them from breaking over the frail craft every few moments.

The boys labored manfully at the oars, but much of their strength was spent in vain, owing to the fact that at least half of the time the oaken blades were too high out of the water or too deep in because of the violence and height of the waves.

For nearly an hour this useless struggle was continued, and nothing had been seen of the *Pearl*. Owing to the fact that he had no means of directing his course, it was very probable that they were headed in any other than the right direction, and Captain Sammy also knew very well that they might have run within a dozen yards of her without being aware of the fact.

It had begun to rain, and if the gale continued to increase, as indeed it promised to, the little boat could not ride another hour.

Captain Sammy would have put about and let the wind drive them on to the shore some time before he did if it had not been for the danger that would attend the turning of the boat. Their only safety had been to keep her right in the teeth of the wind; but now that it was certain that they would be swamped very soon as they were going, the little man decided that the attempt must be made.

It was the only chance to save their lives, and after waiting for a few moments he gave the order to cease rowing.

"I am going to try to get her around," he shouted so as to be heard above the wind. "Be ready with your oars the instant I give the word."

Not one of the boys there, with the possible exception of Bobby, was ignorant of the danger attending this attempt, and they knew the peril they were in, and that

don't put out too much strength," said the little man, as he devoted all his attention to keeping the boat full before the wind.

After this order was given there was nothing more that could be done, and the party waited in terrible suspense for the shock which should tell them they had reached the land, while the little craft scudded before the raging gale as if she had a sail set.

Of course Captain Sammy knew that if they should strike the shore of the lake where there was a hard beach the boat would be stove, but against such an accident he could take no precautions. He had thought the matter over, and decided that it was far better to wreck their boat where they could gain the land than try to save the craft and be swamped.

The rain seemed to descend in torrents, and Tommy was obliged to help Bobby in his work of bailing, or they might have been swamped by the weight of rain water that poured into her.

"Of course you know that we're running for the shore,"

said Captain Sammy, after they had dashed along in silence for some time, "and when we strike it will be with great force; so keep yourselves prepared for it. After the first shock tells that she is fast, make for the land if you can see it; if not, stand by the boat until I've made the attempt."

From that time for fully an hour—and in their suspense it seemed as though it must be nearly morning—the party waited for the boat to strike the beach, all knowing only too well that if they chanced to come upon some one of the tiny islands instead of the shore, there was every danger of their being washed entirely over it.

When at last the shock did come every one save Captain Sammy was hurled from his seat, and it was impossible to distinguish anything which told that they were near the land.

The boat's bow was stove in such a way that she filled with water almost immediately, and it was as if they had been thrown into the lake.

Captain Sammy was about to leap over the side to attempt to make his way to the land, if indeed they were on the shore of the lake, when Tommy scrambled toward him, and said, almost imploringly:

"I can swim better than you can, an' it won't make so much difference if I should be drowned; so let me go first." And then, without waiting for an answer, he plunged over the side, being immediately lost to view.

It would have been useless for Tommy to have waited for a reply, for Captain Sammy made none. It seemed as if it was impossible for him to speak, and when he passed his hand over his eyes it was not all fresh-water that he wiped away.

Clinging to the sides of their shattered boat, the party waited for some sound which should come from Tommy telling that he had gained the shore in safety, or for the long silence which would proclaim the horrible fact that he had lost his life in trying to save others.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"EVERY ONE SAVE CAPTAIN SAMMY WAS HURLED FROM HIS SEAT."

their lives depended upon the promptness with which they obeyed orders.

For a few moments the wind forced the little craft directly backward, and then, as her bow rose on the wave, it swung her around, flinging her down into the chasm of waters sideways.

"Pull, Charley! Back water, Dare!" cried Captain Sammy, sharply, knowing only too well that if she was not turned while in the trough of the sea she would almost certainly be swamped as she rose on the next wave, and at the same time he leaned over, helping Dare with his oar.

The manoeuvre was successful, but it was not accomplished a second too soon, since almost the instant it was done the little craft came up on the crest of the wave, and the wind howled around them in a gust that was almost like that of a hurricane.

All hands breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness. It had been only a chance, but that chance was successful, and whatever might be ahead of them, they were safe for a few moments at least.

"Now row just enough to keep steerage-way on, and



By S. B. MILLS.

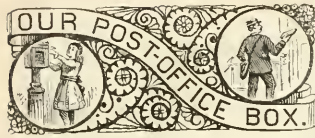
Allegretto.

Wil - lie boy, Wil - lie boy, where are you go - ing? Oh, let us go with you this sun - shi - ny day. I'm

going to the mea - dow to see them a - mow - ing, I'm go - ing to help the girls turn the new hay.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.





WHAT a popping of fire-crackers, and rattling of torpedoes, and fizzing of pin-wheels, and flaring of Roman candles, and fluttering of flags, and soaring of rockets, and shining of lanterns, and shouting of boys, and laughing of girls, and clapping of hands, and blowing of trumpets, and beating of drums, and blowing of trumpets, and ringing of bells, and pealing of bugles, and rattling of cherries and berries and ice-cream will be going on soon after this number of *YONGE PEOPLE* shall issue forth, with its bright pictures and pretty green cover, from the great printing-house in Franklin Square!

There, children, what do you think of that for a long sentence, written without stopping to take breath? Don't you think I've done it pretty well? And what will you say, and what shall I do to the forelinger just landed on our shores who inquires why all America, or at least all the United States, which is a good part of America, is throwing up its cap, and singing

"Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band!"

etc.? Why, of course, you and I will tell him that we are celebrating Independence-day, our country's great day, and if he wants to know more about it, we will sit down with some green tree, and relate, as we may, with pride, the true story of the Fourth of July.

Thinking of the dear and splendid day, little friends, my thoughts go back to the time when I myself was a little girl. I lived just across the way from a pretty white church, with tall pillars supporting the roof over a broad porch. When my sister and I went to bed the night before the Fourth we were too excited to go to sleep at once, and our dreams went on and on until about the Fourth of July in those days the Sunday-school children started early in the day, and walked together in a parade, escorted by soldiers and citizens, to a grove or bit of woodland. There they heard speeches, and listened patiently and reverently to the Declaration of Independence, and then sang stirring patriotic songs, and went home at last, after feasting on dainties and drinking lemonade, to enjoy themselves for the rest of the day.

I wish I could feel just as glad as I then did when I now lie down at night, saying, "To-morrow will be the Fourth!" I hope that my boys and girls, every one of them, are proud of their country. I hope they have read the history of their nation. I am sure that it will hurt none of them, in the pause about mid-day, when it is time to think of saving some of the torpedoes and crackers for use in the evening, to gather around papa, and beg him to read aloud that glorious Declaration, which should be familiar to young Americans.

IRVINGWOOD, VIRGINIA.

I send you my method of making bread, as you requested. I think the Little Housekeepers give very good receipts; several of them mamma and I have tried with success. I think, too, that there are many things besides cooking that little housekeepers should learn; so will you or one of the L. H.'s tell me how to clean lamps in the best and easiest way? I have a little story we ever read. I think there ought to be a better way than with soap and water, a piece of newspaper, and little sticks to push the paper through the long thin chimneys of the library lamps. I worked out the bread for mamma to-day. We read "Nan" in school in our reading class, and we were sorry when it ended. We all think it one of the most interesting that I do ever read. We also read "Cruise of the Canoe Club," and thought it splendid. We have such a nice little

school, and I really feel sorry for girls who have to leave home for boarding-schools. MAY 11, S.

You might make a little mop with a long, slender handle, and use it for the troublesome chimneys. A few drops of ammonia in the water will do away with the need of soap, and soft tissue-paper is better than newspaper for polishing them. An old silk handkerchief polishes chimneys nicely. If any Little Housekeeper can give a hint about this, she may speak.

SALT FOAM YEAST.—The one good handful of hops in cloth, drop set in two cups of water and in ten minutes; then take out hops, and stir in nine small or six large potatoes, peeled and grated raw, with one cup of sugar, one of salt, and one table-spoonful of yeast; mix all together, and mix until it comes to a boll; then take it off immediately, and set it away to cool. When lukewarm, add one half-pint of water (good measure), and set in the yeast, and mix, and stir. Then bottle, and cork it tightly.

BREAD.—The night before baking-day take one and a half pints of warm water or potato water, and mix a stiff batter with a table-spoonful of salt, meal and sifted flour and a table-spoonful of yeast; lastly, beat in thoroughly one tea-cupful of yeast, and place in a moderately warm place overnight. Next morning mix a new yeast, buttermilk, clabber, or potato water, and mix stiff with sifted flour, into which beat thoroughly the light rising of the night before, and pour into pans, but do not let it rise. This bread will stand any amount of cold. In cold weather the dough can be set away, and warm bread be baked whenever wished. The greener the dough is, the whiter the bread. When risen to the tops of the pans, make into dough, then knead, then stand it away to rise. When up again, and ready to run off, knead and roll, and bake in rolls. Do not let the loaves, more in the rolls; raise again; then bake in a hot oven. This yeast keeps well, and the bread never fails to come; it is very moist, white, and fine-grained. M. H. S.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

We are a family of four little brothers, and when HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes we want to see it at once. Even the baby cries for what he calls "Barber's Hung People." Yesterday, when the paper came, Irving (the third brother) hid it behind a looking-glass, so he could have it first, and then from school.

My brother Harry drew a picture which was printed among the Wiggles. We had a double-nosed dog named Dashi, but he is in Dakota now. He is very tall, and has some hair on his back, and will climb a ladder to the kitchen roof, and will climb down again head-foremost, then jump into Harry's arms, and from his arms to his shoulder, and from his shoulder to his feet, and so on. He is as nimble as the midshipman in the crew of the captain's gig. I am a little Hawkeye boy ten years old. RAY B.

COLD SPRING, MISSISSIPPI.

We live some miles from the Mississippi river. Our post-office is in a town on its banks. We enjoy the sweet spring and summer, and love to gather roses for the vases. I have two sisters; one just a few weeks old, with some curls and brown hair. My two brothers go with me on horseback to a school near us, and a number of my cousins attend there. I enjoy meeting every day at the dress-making part of the school, and to play with my sister Kate. The paper reaches me every Monday, and I like to read the story "Raising the Pearl." I have a white-and-gray cat which we call St. Nicholas. FANNIE.

I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school, and get on the Roll of Honor. I have one brother and one sister older than I am. I live in the place where Governor A. H. Stephens was born, and I have seen the house that I ever saw; I sit on the fence to see it pass.

LEMAR, J. H.

NEW YORK CITY.

Here is a little story I have written:
EDWARD AND FRISK; OR, WHAT COMES OF BEING LAZY.

Edward and Frisk were very good friends, and they played with each other a great deal. You must know that Frisk was a dog, but Edward was a little boy. One day Edward called Frisk; they were very close, but they can't go to home yet. Edward took his little cart with him. He harassed Frisk to it, and when it was full of sticks he would make him draw it to a place in the woods. Edward would put him down, and Edward would dump them out in a little heap. By-and-by Frisk got tired and warm, and he said, "I want to go home." No," said Edward, "you are very lazy, and you can't go to home yet." This made Frisk very mad, and he tore himself away and ran off. When it was time to go home Edward could not find Frisk anywhere, and he had to go and find him. One morning Edward heard a noise at the front door, and he went down to see what it was. There was Frisk; he

was thin and forlorn, and as he dragged himself into the hall he said, with a pitiful howl:—"That day I ran away. I met a man, and he took me up and went with me; and he beat me, and did not give me enough to eat, and after I had got very thin and weak he gave me a kick and told me to go off, and so I came home. And you have a new man, and he is a very lazy man, and Frisk kept his promise, and worked hard ever after." LOUISE S. B. (9 years old).

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS.

I saw the letter from Mamie L. I thought you had better, and I want to tell you I thought you began it when I was six, and finished it when I was eight. You wanted some one who had made a crazy quilt to tell about it. I have not made a quilt, but I have made an ottoman cover, and am making a sofa cushion. I take a square piece of cotton cloth, and baste on it pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or plush of any shape, and then take pieces of bright floss, and make a pretty fancy stitch where the pieces join. Will any girl who may make one like this please let me know of her success? I tried Katie McL.'s receipt for ginger snaps, and it was splendid. SAKAKI C. K.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I shall be twelve the first day of August. I have two nice dogs; one is a setter, and the other is a little Blenheim spaniel. The setter's name is Ash, and the other's name is Frank. Frank and I can sit up, shake hands, and kiss you; he is a very cute little dog.

I have a very nice magic lantern; it cost \$20. I have also a very nice set of glass; they are photographs. I often give exhibitions for neighbors and persons at our house. This is the first year I ever took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. We read it in school, and at my reading lesson. ROBERT P. M.

FERRISBURG, INDIANA.

I am a little orphan nine years old, and live with my mother and sisters. I have a garden when I was three years old, and my papa when I was six. Our home is a brick cottage in the centre of a large green yard. I am the youngest of three brothers and three sisters. My oldest brother calls me his pet. I am very glad of this. But sometimes he vexes me a little; he often teases me when he returns from a trip to his parents. I like to read the story of the party in the tent. He is a good and kind brother; he gets me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy reading it very much. The other day my sister Fidelity helped me to make some cranberry sauce. After I finished it, we flavored them with extract of lemon, and they were very good. Wishing all my little unknown friends good-bye, I am
ALLIE K.

FLEATHUR, NEW YORK.

I am nine years old. I go to school, and study grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and read in the Fourth Reader. This is the first time I wrote to *YONGE PEOPLE*, and I like the paper very much. Papa has taken it for sister and me for a long time. I did not go to school to-day, because I cut my finger badly. I will tell you what I did.

My father bought me a kitten after I came out to Florida, and brought me home some sugar-cane. I took some of the cane to school with me. At recess I was cutting it, and the knife slipped and cut my finger. I have several pets—a gold-fish, two chickens, and a cat named Dick. My fish I caught in Parakee Creek. I had to fill my hat with water to catch it. My mother bought me a kitten, and the fish; it looks handsome in it. One of my chickens is a rooster, the other a hen. Dick is a knowing old cat, and understands more than most cats do.

Since I wrote this letter my fish has died. Sister was getting from the table, and her chair hit the stand, and broke it and the globe, and a few days ago I had to go to school, and I have a turtle in its place. I caught it in the creek.

ROSBY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy six years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I go to school. I like it; I've been since December. I like to play with my seventy-eight pups. I go long walks with my uncle. Papa liked the soft gingerbread from your receipt. W. H. K. JEN.

Seventy-eight tops! Well, well!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little boy eleven years old. Genie, my little brother, listens to the stories in *YONGE PEOPLE* with eager eyes. You don't know how much it annoyed him. He says he reads the *Post-Office* on Mendelssohn. I think the best stories you have had were "Nan," "Toby Tyler," "Talking Leaves," and "The Cruise of the Canoe Club." I did not go to school, because I have a turtle in its place, and I am not going until next year.

Washington is a very large city. I have lived here over eight years, so it seems natural that I should have a turtle. I have a turtle in its place, and I hope I may see my letter printed in it. Genie says if you think he can write a let-

ter well enough to be printed he will try to write one. I have a beautiful bird dog, and a sweet little black and white kitty, which is very playful, and Gemie has at least fourteen pigeons. I take a few lessons, use *Robbins' Grammar*, and *Wood, and love* very dearly. KATIE F.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I am taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for which my papa has subscribed for me. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much better than the MAGAZINE. Mamma has five children, four girls and one boy; she has a sweet little baby seven weeks old, and we have a new name for it. We had a little bird last summer that was shedding feathers, and as soon as the feathers began to come out I again the little children loved it if they were all very sorry, because it would chirp to you and sit on your finger and eat crumbs out of your hand; so we got a strip of muslin and wrapped it up, and buried it in a deep hole. I hope it will come out this fall, or I would like to see it. The street on which we live has so many children that it is playfully called Baby Avenue.

GEORGE M. S.

TOLEDO, MICHIGAN.

Good-morning. I am a little Michigan boy. My age is six years and eight months. I go to school, and read in the Third Reader. School is almost two miles from here. I never will attend this term. My dear grandmother, who is dead now, taught me to read at home. She died last November, and the last word she spoke was my name. I like the red ink in YOUNG PEOPLE, and the pictures are the cutest and prettiest I ever saw. I want the children to guess what it was I had for a pet last summer. His mother was sick by a doctor. One of our friends once bought it and carried it home to me in his pocket. It would not eat at all for more than a week, and mamma says all its family spend the money called it Dr. Hunter. At last it learned to suck a bottle, and would hold the bottle with its own little fore-paws, just as if they were hands. It had two long sharp teeth in its mouth and would devour. After that I carried it on our wood pile to live, and would only come out when it was hungry. What was it? Your friend, DAVY T.

Who will guess right first? Be quick, that I may print your answer.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to you. I am nine years old, and will be ten in August. I like Jimmy Brown's stories—he how he made a pig-trap, and the young gentleman got hooked in it. I have a twin sister and brother, both younger than I am. My little sister's name is Annie, and she likes to dress up in mamma's silks and trills like a queen and clover. After that she goes to school, and are five years old. Paul is in the Second Reader, and Annie is in the "Pycner" (as she calls it), and they both started together. I have a sister older than I am. I do not go to school, because I have not been feeling well. I have no pets to tell you about. I hope this letter is not too long to be printed. Good-by. LILLIE COYLE H.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

I am a boy thirteen years old. I live on the outskirts of the city. I have two brothers and a little sister younger than myself. The brother next to me is eleven years old, and is much larger than I. I hope I won't always be smaller than he; I don't want to be a small man. My little sister is a beautiful girl, four years old, and she is not so small as I think who she is. My boys take her out sleigh-riding and dump her in the snow.

Beauty and Witty are our two pet canaries. Willie, the male, and sings sweetly. I don't know if she has four little ones. I drew a pretty picture for the fair that was held in New York for the benefit of Young People's Cot. My drawing was the best school. We are all taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. WILLIE R.

Do not mind being small, Willie. Merit is not measured by inches. Some of the greatest men the world has ever seen have been very small in stature. And don't be discouraged yet, for you may take a sudden start, and be a tall fellow after all.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I want to tell you about some tableaux we had one night in our school-room. We children got them up all ourselves. We called it the "Picture-gallery." First we took a strong string, and miled it to each side of the room, on which we then hung the pictures. We had a picture of a ladder about three feet high; we put a chair on each side, the back facing the audience, on which we hung a bright red shawl so that it covered the ladder, and the picture of a ladder. We had a good-sized gilt picture-frame in place, and one person sat down behind the step-ladder so as to hold the frame, which rested on top of the ladder. The pictures were dressed in the following present Summer, Winter, George Washington, etc.,

who then sat down on the steps of the ladder so that nothing but the head and neck could be seen, and there was a beautiful painted picture. For background we had a dark screen as black shawl would do as well. The effect was very pretty.

I would like to join your Young Housekeepers' Society. I send you the receipt for some cakes. Because he likes them so much. I do not know any other name for them. I got the receipt in Paris:

Two ounces of butter, two cups of sugar, the rind of two lemons, three eggs, three spoons of flour, one cup of sweet milk, a tea-spoonful of baking soda, and two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; drop on the pan in spoonfuls. ANNA C.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The following lines by a little girl in her sixth year may interest some of the little readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree,
Where the zephyr breeze
Slightly blows the spring leaves,
On the other side of the brook
Sits the shepherdess with her crook;
The shadows fall on the buttercup flowers,
Where the shepherdess spends her happy hours.
J. W. K.

FURLEY'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My grandmother sent me YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I think it was the best present I received. My favorite authors in the paper are James Otis, William O. Stoddard, and Mrs. Lillie. I live by the sea-side, near Georgetown, South Carolina. I have no pets except my hens and birds. We would like to have a blue jay for a pet, but he swallowed a piece of a match, and died. Sometimes I hunt for coon-eggs, and also find turtle-eggs; the turtles usually come out of the ocean about June at high tide, at night, and deposit their eggs. I am eleven years old. I feed the horses, hogs, and hens. My father is a rice planter. I have two brothers and five sisters. Good-by. DAVID E. F.

MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA.

I have been wanting to write to the Postmistress for a long time, but I have been afraid that there were so many letters that mine would not get a chance to show itself. I have been sick for over a week with asthma, and have it so much that papa says I had better go to Canada. I think "Raising the Pearl" is very nice, but I liked "Nan" better. Why does not Mrs. Lillie write some more interesting stories? I have a great many dolls, the Princesses are Dorothea, Martha, Queen Victoria, and several others. Please put my name down with the Little Housekeepers. I am going to get a book and copy all the receipts. SUSIE B.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The other day, when mamma, Edgar, and I were out walking, we saw a young robin on the grass near a nest, and mamma thought he must have been a mother bird. The nest, or the crows had carried him off and dropped him. The nest was on a very high tree, but still he was not hurt. Edgar picked the robin up, and I hunted up a cage, and we put him in. At first we fed him bread soaked in water, but Aunt Molly thought perhaps that would not be good for him, and we gave him just worms. He grew and weaker, and finally we were afraid we first got him our gardener said that he had seen in a paper that some man gave a young robin eighty worms a day, and to another he gave eight, and that one starved to death, so we thought maybe ours did. Can you tell me how to feed another one? I would so catch him? I am having a dreadful time at school now—the exercises are very long, and these bills to be sent in. I don't like to go to school, but I don't want to be left out; and it has been so warm here the last few days that we have been nearly roasted. ELLIE E.

It would be better to put the robin back in the nest with its mother than to try to feed it yourself, should you ever find another in the same plight. It takes an immense amount of food to keep a very young bird, these bills to be sent in all day. The parent birds are kept very busy catching flies and worms to feed their children. I want to beg my boys and girls to say No very strongly and promptly when people ask them to catch and kill song-birds either for the market or the milliner. I hear that thousands of the pretty darlings are being captured that they may help trim ladies' bonnets. I want you to be bird-protectors, and defend the little warblers who do so much to make our homes pleasant.

Charming little letters have been received from Hattie F. P. Auld W., thanks for the four-leaved clover, Annie D., thanks for the magnolia buds, and flowers, Lizzie B., Tessa F., Charles D., Archer H., Blanche S. (write again, dear), Katie S.,

George C. I., Edith R., Jennie T., Bertha L., Celia A. B., Mary E. F., Daisy H., Lillie A. L. (I'm so glad to hear you have a little sister), Fannie J., V. F., Nettie May P., Charlotte A. B., Mamie L., D. O. S., Jennie G., Iota A., Carrie G., Clara A. C., M. P., F. Leslie G., and Ralph S. (Ara. C. Box 412, Gallopis, Ohio, would like to correspond with somebody who has a genuine Indian bow to exchange. — G. S. Craue, 41 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, edits and publishes a pretty little amateur paper called *The Scrap Basket*, Edith S., 155 Nina Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota, publishes *The St. Paul Star*, a nice little four-page paper. These young gentlemen would like to hear from others who publish amateur papers.— Annie D., address for which several correspondents have asked, is Naunie Donaldson, Greenville, South Carolina.—In the exchange notice of Miss H. Eva Scott, printed in No. 189, the word "stamps" was used instead of "postmarks." She has 580 postmarks to offer for exchange, and her address has been changed to No. 626 Tenth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Exchangers will confer a favor by writing their offers always on a separate sheet of paper, instead of on the same one with letters, wiggles, or answers to puzzles.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
E. T. G. M. A.
My first is in new, but not in old.
My second is in silver, not in gold.
My third is in wren, but not in robin.
My fourth is in boy, but not in hobbin.
My fifth is in owl, but not in hawk.
My sixth is in run, but not in walk.
My seventh is in kiud, but not in pity.
My whole is the name of a beautiful city.
JOSEPH COHEN.

- No. 2.
FIVE EASY DIAMONDS.
1. 1. A letter. 2. Skill. 3. A part of milk. 4. A sailor. 5. A letter.
2. 1. In hiss. 2. Devoured. 3. A mighty agent. 4. Part of the body. 5. In sweet nature in decorative art.
3. 1. A consonant. 2. A vehicle. 3. A military man. 4. An adverb. 5. A consonant.
4. 1. A letter. 2. A hole. 3. Flowing water. 4. A number. 5. A letter.
5. 1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. An animal. 4. An adjective. 5. A letter. F. H. WALTON.

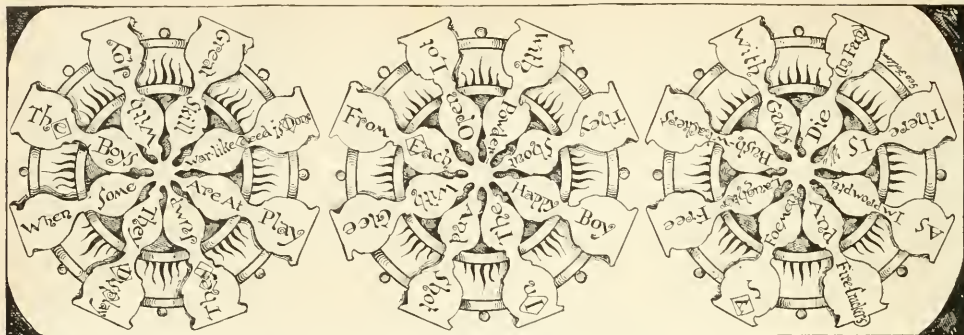
- No. 3.
AN ACROSTIC.
1. A vegetable. 2. A wild flower. 3. A disk of gold. 4. A flower with a maiden's name. 5. A box-like plant. 6. A name of a genre in decorative art. The initials form the name of a great beefeater. EMMY LAY.

- ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 189.
No. 1. San Francisco, Baltimore, St. Louis, New York, Sacramento, Annapolis.
No. 2. Fourth of July.
No. 3. H E A R T
E A G E R
R E N T S
T R Y S T
No. 4. Latin, Invalid.

Answer to East River Bridge Puzzle on page 528 of No. 190.
Monograms.—1. Kingsley (William C.), projector of Brooklyn Bridge. 2. Roebling (Washington), engineer of bridge. 3. Edson (Franklin), Mayor of New York. 4. Low (Seth), Mayor of Brooklyn.
Names of bridges from letters numbered—1. "St. Louis." 2. Columbia, railroad bridge across Susquehanna Valley. 3. "Suspension," Niagara. 4. "London," over Thames River. 5. "Grand Avenue," over Schuylkill River, Philadelphia.
Riddles.—1. Columbus. 2. Harrisburg. 3. Elgin. 4. Savannah. 5. Toronto. 6. East. 7. Rome. 8. Alabama. 9. Austin. 10. Racine. 11. Tennessee. 12. Hudson. 13. Utah. 14. Richmond.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Frank Driscoll, Walter Pyle, Ida and Alex. Hequemong, Carrie C. Howard, Samuel Branson, S. A. Rousseau, Arthur A. Beebe, M. F. C., Bessie Dixon, Clara Peet, Max Babb, Lena B. W., Kantam, Edith Howland, Lizzie Prichard, Lizzie Prentice, Frankie G. Prentice, Alicia Fitz-Simons, W. V. Lulu Pease, John Briggs, Arthur Williamson, Fritz Shultz, Donald Comstock, Pierre R., Will Hazilton, Paul Caswell, and Tom Tucker.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE POETRY MACHINE.

BY GEORGE FOLSOM.

PEOPLE who never write poetry have no idea what a mechanical business it sometimes is. It would be quite impossible for them to imagine how a poet will twist and turn his



syllables, putting them first here and then there, and transposing lines in order to get the best effect. Some idea of this process may be had by studying the "poetry machine."

The three wheels in our illustration contain a stanza of four lines rhyming in complets, each line being divided into three sections. There are four arms to each wheel, and each one contains a one-third section of a line. The stanza can be worked so that it may be read in twelve different forms, with no section occupying the same position more than once, and while still rhyming in complets it will in each distinct form have the same general meaning.

To show the method of working the wheels we give a small diagram, which shows the position for making one line with three sections. When the wheels are placed in this position read straight across.

After you decide which are the proper sections for one form, you will with care be able perhaps to make all of the changes. It will be necessary, of course, either to cut out the wheels or make copies of them for working the puzzle. When you have made the stanza pick out the letters inclosed in the diamond-shaped frames, and by transposing them you will find a description of the day on which the events mentioned in the stanza are supposed to occur.

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

CRIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather: it's horrid to tan.
It scorches his nose,
And it blisters his toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet-smelling hay."



OUR BOYS.

FRENCH BOY. "I'm going to be a soldier, and conquer towns."
ENGLISH BOY. "I'm going to be a sailor, and batter down towns."
AMERICAN BOY. "I'm going to be a merchant, and build up towns."

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“KEEP STILL, ROBBIE!” SHE CRIED.

“IN HONOR BOUND.”

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF “MILDRED’S BARGAIN,” “NAN,” ETC., ETC.

II.

“AMY,” Miss Esther began at once, “why don’t you go out on such a fine day, instead of staying in this warm room?”

Amy colored and looked troubled.

“Oh, Miss Esther”—she began.

“I know,” said the teacher. “You think the girls don’t want you with them. Isn’t that it, my dear? Now let me tell you, Amy, you are making a great mistake. Why didn’t you join with them in their fair? Don’t you know that girls feel such things very keenly?”

“I know,” Amy said, in a low voice, and turning away her eyes. Miss Esther sat down, and took one of the little girl’s cold hands in hers.

“You see, dear,” she said, very gently, “they may perhaps misjudge you; they may think”—Miss Esther paused, it was so hard to suggest that they considered her *mean*. Evidently the idea had not occurred to Amy herself, for she only turned a troubled but wondering gaze around upon Miss Esther.

“They do not like me,” she said, simply.

“Perhaps that is true,” assented the teacher. “But ask yourself why, dear. It is only because you have kept out of their sports whenever you would have had—to go to any expense. Do you see, my child?”

Amy looked down, her cheeks flushing painfully. She

had not failed to notice Miss Esther's glance at her expensive costume of silk and crape—one of the half-dozen rich dresses provided for her first mourning.

"I know," she said, in a low, quiet voice. "I do not want to spend the money, and as I don't do that, I prefer to keep away from the treats. I will go to the fair and buy some things," she added, quickly looking up. "That is, if they have what I want."

Miss Esther felt suddenly a sense of despair. Strongly against her will she felt almost convinced that Kitty's point of view was right. Amy must be naturally miserly, for it was well known in the school that her guardian's allowance was most liberal, and just how liberal only Miss Barrington and Miss Esther knew. It was difficult as a teacher to know how to advise the child—how to advocate spending, and how to impress upon her the fault in extravagance, and yet Miss Esther felt something ought to be said.

"I hope you will buy at the fair, Amy," she said at last. "Do you know the meaning of the motto, 'In honor bound?'"

"It means that we ought to do what is right, because it is expected of us, doesn't it?"

"Not exactly. It means, I think, that we all have peculiar duties to the world and to society which we must perform because we are what we are. If I am rich, I must give to the poor and to my friends because I owe it them; if I am needed as a companion or a friend, the thing within me which makes me anyway a worthy companion or friend calls upon me to live up to it. A great general owes the best kind of generalship to his soldiers, a mother to her children, even a school-girl to her companions."

"Yes," assented Amy, in a low voice.

"Well, dear," said Miss Esther, standing up, "you and I must go to the fair together this afternoon. I hope you will contrive to enjoy it."

Amy smiled in her wistful way upon the young teacher, and as soon as she was left alone she put away her portfolio, and from the school desk drew out the little note returning her fifty cents which Kitty had written so triumphantly that morning. One or two hot tears fell upon it, and into the girl's face a hard sad look came which had not been there while Miss Esther was talking, but she dashed the tears away presently, and returned more eagerly than ever to her writing. Outside she could hear the gay voices and laughter of the girls as they busied themselves over their tables and felt the bright influence of the lovely day. It was hard to stay indoors. Amy could remember long happy June days like this so far as sky and earth were concerned, but oh! how unlike it in other matters!

"I believe," she said to herself at last, "I'll ask Miss Barrington's permission to go down to the beach a little while. There I can talk to old Andy anyway."

Ten minutes later Amy was hurrying off down the white dusty road to the sea-shore and the cottage of an old fisherman whose acquaintance she had made early in the year. Miss Barrington's girls were allowed more freedom than many critics of her school thought wise, but it was equally well known that not one of her pupils had ever taken advantage of her freedom to break a school rule or do anything to discredit herself or her teacher. The school was like a home, the girls and their teachers like a family, and all was regulated by the same principles which would govern a well-ordered household.

Miss Barrington knew that Amy Lee was fond of talking to the old fisherman's wife and crippled daughter, and as, so far, no harm had resulted, she had allowed the lonely little girl to go down to the cottage an hour or two at a time to amuse them and be herself amused. Had she known how often of late the humble cottage had seemed to the child a paradise compared to the school-room,

where she was scorned and slighted on every possible occasion by the girls, the good teacher would have been surprised and pained. Even the tenderest mother of a family can not always reach every wounded place, and Amy, so far, had never complained, never broken rules, and never missed in her classes, so that the little school *cabal* had risen and been acted upon without the principal having suspected its existence.

III.

"There she comes, girls; now don't forget!"

So spoke Kitty Jenners from her table at the fair that afternoon about four o'clock. The fair had been a great success. Although Miss Barrington had insisted that only the families of pupils should be invited, they had come in numbers quite sufficient to make the scene gay and trade at the tables very brisk.

During the afternoon not a few had whispered inquiries as to the whereabouts of Mr. Symes's rich ward, reports of Amy's wealth having spread far and wide. The answers given, if not exactly unkind, were quite enough to prejudice the popular mind against poor Amy, who, as Kitty spoke, was slowly making her way through the garden and toward the shady part of the lawn, where the fair was gayly in progress.

In her black dress, and with the sad look now habitual to her in her eyes, she certainly did not seem to be a very good object for the shafts of sarcasm the girls had prepared. When, as she came up a little timidly to one table, saying quietly, "Have you any aprons?" and trying to smile, Kitty's heart nearly smote her, but Hattie, whose malicious eyes were dancing, hurried forward.

"Oh yes," she said, in bland tones; "here are aprons, Amy," and she displayed two of the kind known as "kitchen aprons," which Kitty had made.

Amy glanced at them, and took out her purse.

"How much?" she said, pleasantly.

"Sixteen dollars—weren't they?" Hattie said, trying to repress her laughter, and looking intently at Kitty.

"Sixteen," asserted the commander.

Amy looked in surprise at the group of girls, but she entirely failed to understand the point of their conduct.

"How much is that book rack?" she said, pointing to a small cheap-looking stand.

It was in May's department.

"Twenty-five dollars," answered May, fairly crimson from a desire to laugh.

Amy stood still a moment, with a strange, wistful, perplexed look deepening to pain in her dark eyes and about the thin lines of her mouth. That something was wrong she knew very well. She had known that when they sent her back her money; but she had determined to please Miss Esther by ignoring the slight, and going as a visitor to the fair. Brought up though she had been on a California ranch, far away from the society of other girls of her age and station, Amy was a lady to the core of her simple unsuspecting heart; and now she felt instinctively that some vulgar weapon of ridicule was levelled against her, for what reason she failed to understand.

"If you have anything—useful," she said at last, making a desperate effort to retain control over her voice and keep down the color from her cheeks, "for about five dollars, I'd like to have it, please."

Hattie's face glowed with triumph as she said, in her most cutting tones:

"Very sorry indeed, Miss Rodman; but, you see, there is really nothing for you to buy. Knowing that you intended to honor us to-day, we felt obliged to procure articles of the most luxurious and expensive kind. We had not the least idea you ever possessed so insignificant a thing as a five-dollar note. Isn't it a pity?"

Amy stood still for a moment, looking from one to an-

other of the girls, whose faces told her all that she needed to know.

This final slight had been intended, discussed, rehearsed, no doubt. Amy understood it all now, and, with a rush of feeling which she vainly strove to master, she realized how much the girls must have despised her to do this thing, and how completely in so doing they had added the last stone to the barrier between herself and them. She stood still, as I say, looking from one to the other in a silence the meaning of which they all knew as well as she did; and then, without a word further, she turned very slowly and walked away.

Amy did not care particularly where she went. The miserable aching feeling was so heavy upon her heart that she felt as though it burdened her steps, and it was only in a blind sort of way that she went down to the old fisherman's cottage, where his daughter sat near the window watching for her father's return from a place called the Reefs, where he had more than once in summer-time rowed Miss Barrington's girls.

Hetty Joyce, the fisherman's daughter, gave Amy the cheeriest possible welcome, and in talking to the crippled girl Amy almost forgot her own depression. But as it grew later, and above all as a storm seemed to be rising, she recalled the miserable fact that she must return to the school, and go among girls who were not her friends, perhaps to submit to fresh indignities from them.

"Good-by, Hetty," she said at last, standing up and kissing the poor girl's thin cheek tenderly. "I wish I could wait and see your father come back with the fish, but I can't. I'm going to walk home on the shore road, though."

"Then, perhaps," said Hetty, "you will see him. Miss Barnes's little brother went with him to-day, so he'll be sure not to stay late."

"And it's beginning to rain already," said Amy, looking up in some dismay at the fast-darkening sky; but she was not particularly mindful of weather. More than once she had received a reprimand from her teachers for going out without sufficient protection, and now she thought a little ruefully of her thin boots, and her silk dress, and the feathers in her hat. But other things lay too deeply in her heart to make her more than half conscious, as she walked along the shore road, that the storm had begun, and that the sky grew angrier every instant, and the sea more turbulent. One or two people passed her, hurrying from their boat houses, and glancing in some surprise at the daintily dressed little maiden, whose sad eyes seemed so absent, and whose whole mind was unconscious of the storm. But when the full torrent of rain came down Amy had the road to herself; not a creature was in sight, and the wind and rain were beating furiously about her.

Amy quickened her steps—began, indeed, to run; but she could not forbear glancing now and then at the wild waters to the right, and wondering how Mr. Joyce would make out on his homeward way. Then suddenly a shrill cry reached her ears. She stood still, straining her gaze in the direction whence it came.

The waves were black and wild, and the sky full of lurid lights. But for all this, and her near-sightedness, Amy could see on the breast of the angry water a small boat in which a child's figure was standing helplessly.

Not then, and indeed not until long afterward, was Amy conscious that, dimly, Miss Esther's words and those of the motto came into her half-bewildered mind. She stood there half a moment in a desperate silence, with a fierce straining of every nerve, as she thought what she could do, and how to do it. Up and down the long wind and rain blown road there was no one in view—only that little tossing boat, with the helpless child's figure standing in it.

Afterward Amy could not remember how she contrived to get into the boat-house she had just passed, and pull

out one of the boats. Happily she had been brought up to row, and she did not think of fear as she pushed out on the angry water toward the child, nor did she see and hear the people who were hastening down the cliff and calling to her to stop. One thought, and one only, possessed her mind: Hattie's little brother, separated from old Joyce by some strange chance, was out there alone, and in one minute more would be battling with the waves themselves.

He was a little happy-hearted, fair-haired child, whom Amy had often seen with his mother when she came out to the school, and she thought wildly of what it would be to them all at the gray house in the village were she to fail in bringing him back to them.

"Keep still, Robbie!" she cried out, as with a desperate effort she rowed on nearer to the child. The little fellow laughed aloud with delight. When she came to recall it all Amy could dimly remember a terrible clap of thunder, the sweeping away of her oars, and then it seemed as though a dark veil fell, and in a moment she was struggling in the water with the child's fair hair in her hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEA-CUCUMBERS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THE shore of Maine, you will remember, is very uneven, being broken by a succession of sharp promontories and quiet bays, and skirted with a fringe of lovely islands. Here is an endless variety of bold rocky cliffs, of secluded caves and quiet little pools, with the pleasing surprise of occasional short sandy beaches. We can scarcely imagine a shore better fitted than this to suit the various tastes of the sea creatures, and our search here is pretty sure to be rewarded by finding sea-anemones, starfish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, etc., besides a variety of shell-fish. Sea-weeds also grow in abundance, coloring the water with their beautiful tints.

This is true of the New England coast as far south as Cape Cod, while below that point the sandy beaches of the Atlantic shore are not favorable for the growth of these animals. In addition to the loose sand which is washed up on the beach, the great number of rivers emptying fresh-water into the sea renders it still more unfavorable for their abode.

As found on the beach, a sea-cucumber would remind you of a leather bag, somewhat worm-like in form, with no hard shell, and marked with rows of warts down the sides like a cucumber (Fig. 1). The skin is tough, yet it may expand and contract in a curious manner. This gives the animals the power of changing their shape, which often makes them look ridiculous.

A group of young people watching the movements of a sea-cucumber were once greatly amused at the odd shapes into which it changed, as if performing for their special entertainment. It sometimes lengthened out its body like a worm, then drawing itself in tightly around the mouth, the other end of the body swelled out like a jug. Suddenly, tiring of this freak, it began to make an hour-glass by contracting its body, as if a string were tied around the middle of it, with bulges above and below. The children were anxious to see its tentacles, but it would not put them out. There was no way to persuade the funny creature, and they wondered if it had grown obstinate.

The tentacles of a sea-cucumber form a feathery fringe around the mouth. Their number is usually ten, and they have the same curious power of changing their shape that we have noticed in the body of the animal. Sometimes the tentacles are contracted in the middle and swollen both above and below, or drawn in very thin at the base and bulged out above like a balloon. The mouth

may be distinctly seen in Fig. 2, which represents another species of sea-cucumber. It opens into a pharynx leading to the stomach. The long intestine passes to the other extremity of the body.

From the general appearance of the sea-cucumber you will scarcely suspect that it is one of the Echinoderms,



Fig. 1—SEA-CUCUMBERS (*Holothurians*).

but watch it creep over the rocks, and the relationship is at once established. The tube-feet will steal out noiselessly from those wart-like spots, as seen in Fig. 3, and it will travel just like a sea-urchin. The tube-feet are arranged on five muscular bands running from end to end, and dividing the body into five segments. The spaces between the tube-feet correspond to the spaces which are covered with spines in the sea-urchin. One species of sea cucumber has the tube-feet all collected on the under side of the body (Fig. 4). It is called a "sea-orange," probably from the rough rounded markings on the skin. In those species which have no tube-feet the animal is dragged along by the aid of anchor-shaped spicules scattered through the skin.

The madreporic body is not on the outer surface, as it is in other members of the family. It opens upon a little canal in the interior, which supplies the tube-feet with water. Although hidden from our view, this tiny sieve filters the water perfectly, and allows no irritating particles to enter the tube. The only resemblance to the Radiates which we detect in these animals is in the arrangement of their tentacles and their tube-feet and muscular bands.

The sea-cucumber does not break itself to pieces as the star fish does, but it has a peculiarity quite as remarkable: when alarmed it throws out various organs from the interior of the body, and, strange to say, these castaway organs are soon replaced by others. Dr. Johnson writes

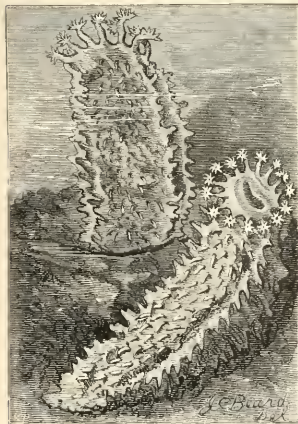


Fig. 2—SEA-CUCUMBERS.

of a sea-cucumber which parted with its organs in this manner when he had failed for several days to give it a fresh supply of sea-water. Still it did not die, for other organs grew in place of those so recklessly thrown away.

Sea-cucumbers, or holothurians, as they are properly called, are most abundant in tropical seas, where they lie in the mud or in shallow water, with their tentacles floating in expectation of prey. These creatures, as found on our shores, with their tentacles snugly stowed away, have no pretensions to beauty. One species from the Pacific Ocean is described as being much handsomer than the rest of its kind. The body is as transparent as glass, and of a lovely rose-color, with fine white stripes running from one end to the other, and crowned with a wreath of pure white tentacles.

Another kind of sea-cucumber, called the trepang, is a favorite article of food with the Chinese. Many thousand junks are engaged in the trepang fisheries in the Indian Ocean. The trepangs are caught with a harpoon as they creep over the rocks and corals, or, when the water is shallow, they are brought up by divers. While yet alive the animals are thrown into boiling sea-water, and

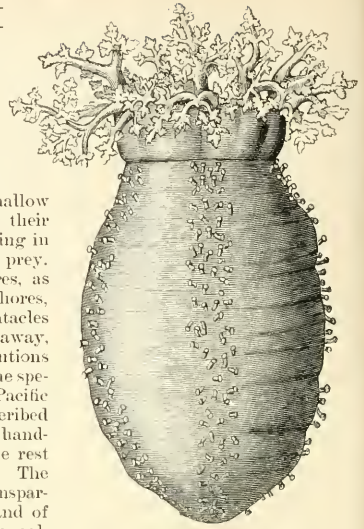


Fig. 3.—A SEA-CUCUMBER (*Pentacta frondosa*).

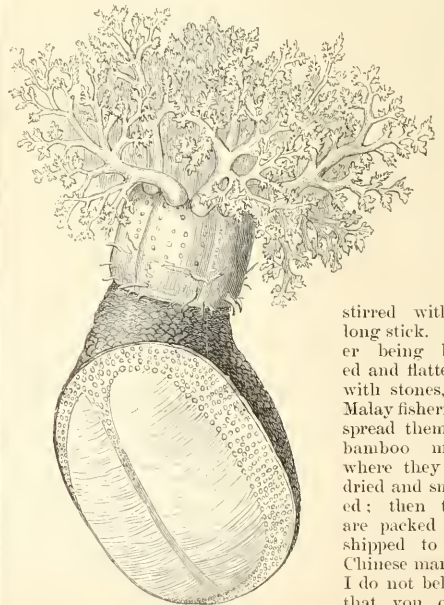


Fig. 4.—SEA-ORANGE.

stirred with a long stick. After being boiled and flattened with stones, the Malay fishermen spread them on bamboo mats, where they are dried and smoked; then they are packed and shipped to the Chinese market. I do not believe that you or I would care to

taste them; but the Chinese appetite is different from ours, and we seldom covet their dainties.

Some of you, no doubt, have found little lumps of clear transparent jelly left on the sea-shore by the retreating tide. Many of these jelly lumps are the undeveloped young of the class of animals we have been studying, and if some time you should place a number of them in sea-water, and change the water frequently, you may have the pleasure of watching their development, and see what special forms they assume. These animals produce great quantities of young ones. It is necessary they should do so, or the race would soon die out, as they are devoured in such numbers by the fish that a small proportion of them live to maturity.

The sea contains myriads of animals that prey upon each other, the larger ones eating the smaller; and we can form but little idea of the amount of life continually sacrificed for the support of that which remains. It seems almost marvellous that any of the delicate little ones should escape the hungry hordes that pursue them.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIT," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

LOST ON LAKE OKEECHOBEE.

THE waves were making a clean sweep over them, and it seemed as if each minute of that waiting was fully an hour long.

Then Dare fancied he could hear some one calling, and as he raised himself up to listen, he saw Tommy close beside him, the wind causing his voice to sound as if he were a long distance away.

"We are on a good hard beach," he shouted, "and all you'll have to do is to wade ashore."

At this news, which told that they had been waiting in dread within twenty feet of the mainland, the boys jumped out, and Captain Sammy ordered them to drag the wreck of the boat up with them, that the surf might not entirely destroy her.

On the beach it was no more possible to distinguish objects than when they had been on the water; but Captain Sammy led the way straight ahead, that they might gain some shelter from the storm in the woods.

The gale was so furious that it was impossible to find any shelter deserving of the name; and as they stood beside the enormous trees, which bent before the storm like reeds, they had even a better idea of the force of the wind than when they were scudding before it on the lake.

While they were standing there, and before they

had done anything toward trying to better their condition, Captain Sammy bethought himself of another and still more serious trouble which might have befallen them.

"You let go the anchor to-night, Tommy, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which one did you use?"

"The smallest one. It had been used the night before, and so I let it go to-night."

"Then there is every chance that the *Pearl* is a greater wreck by this time than the boat is," said Captain Sammy, solemnly; "for it doesn't seem possible that one anchor, even if it had been the heavy one, could hold her against this gale."

There was no reply made to this suggestion. Each one of the party knew of the dangers and privations which would be theirs, even though they did succeed in getting out of the Everglades, in case the *Pearl* had been wrecked, and to their present misery was added the horrible fear that they were in truth hopelessly wrecked on the shores of that inland sea.

Their two days' voyage of discovery had taken them just so much farther from the Caloosahatchee River, down which they must go to the coast, and they were that distance further in the Everglades, through which it might be impossible to make their way on foot.

Their situation was a desperate one, whether the *Pearl* was safe or not, and they were far from bettering it by standing there in the storm thinking of the dreadful fate the future might have in store for them.

"Come," said the little man, who was the first to arouse from the stupor of dread and fear into which all had fallen, "standing here shivering won't mend mat-



"THE 'PEARL'S' ALL RIGHT"

ters, and what we've got to do is to try to get up some kind of a shelter, or we shall all be dissolved before morning."

He had tried to speak in a cheery tone, and it had a good effect, for the boys began to move around, which was far better than standing idle, even if they could not better their condition.

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUNSHINE AFTER THE STORM.

THE darkness was so intense that it was only by feeling their way among the trees that the shipwrecked party on the shores of Lake Okechobee could manage to move along, and then it was, of course, impossible to do anything toward erecting a shelter.

Captain Sammy had aroused them from the despair which had begun to creep upon them, and that was all he cared to do, for he knew very well that it would be impossible for them to put up so much of a shelter as would shield a cat from the storm, owing first to the darkness, and next to the wind, which would have torn away anything in the form of a camp quite as fast as it was built.

After the boys had learned how useless it was to try to make a shelter, and were settling down into discomfort again, the little man started them out along the beach under the pretense that they might be able to discover some traces of the *Pearl*.

In this manner, urged on from one useless effort to another, the night passed. At about the time for the sun to rise the rain ceased to fall, the clouds dispersed, and when the orb of day came up on the eastern sky the heavens were clear and bright for his journey across them.

With the first light of dawn each one of the party gazed anxiously around the shores of the lake, but as far as they could see there were no signs of the little steamer.

"Look for wreckage on the shore," cried Captain Sammy, eagerly, as, from mere force of habit, he shaded his eyes with his hands from the light which was hardly strong enough to permit of their seeing the shore on either side of them.

But no such ominous signs were in sight, and there was still hope that the little craft was yet afloat.

They had been thrown ashore where the smooth hard beach extended for nearly half a mile, and to the left was a point of land around which it was possible the *Pearl* might be in view.

"Bobby, you run over to that point, and see if the steamer is in sight from there, while the rest of us try what we can do toward patching up the tender," said Captain Sammy; "for we shall want her, whatever has happened to the *Pearl*. Then if it should be that the little steamer is afloat, we must have the tender to get to her in."

Bobby started off at full speed, while the others examined the boat that had been hauled up on the beach. Her bow was stove past all hope of mending properly, but Captain Sammy believed he could fix her so that a short trip might be made in her.

One of the oars and the rudder were gone, while the forward seat had fallen before the flames Tommy had tried to keep burning the night before.

But fortunately for the party the two fish that Bobby had saved when he threw the others overboard were still there. They had gotten wedged in under the stern seat, and thus was a breakfast provided for the party, who otherwise would have gone hungry.

"Now, Dare, you see if you can't cook these fish, and, Tommy, take the bailing dipper and go for some gum."

No one save he who had spoken and he who was spoken to understood what kind of gum was desired, or what it was wanted for; but Tommy took the dipper and trudged off into the woods as unconcerned as ever.

It was not as simple a matter to cook the fish as at first appeared, owing to the difficulty of kindling a fire, for each one of the party had been thoroughly drenched the night previous, and of course the matches had shared the same fate.

But Captain Sammy was equal to this emergency, as he had been to many others since the cruise commenced.

After ordering Dare to find some wood which the heat of the morning sun had already dried, and have everything ready for the fire, Captain Sammy laid the wet matches on a rock in the sunlight. Around them he piled such dry material as he could readily find, and then with the glasses from his and Dare's watch he made such a sun-glass as speedily lighted the matches as well as the dryer portion of the wood.

"There's your fire," he said; "now get breakfast."

By this time Bobby, who had for a while disappeared around the point, came into view, running at the top of his speed, and while he was yet a long distance away those on the beach could hear him shout, "The *Pearl's* all right! the *Pearl's* all right!"

Then when he was nearer he told them that almost as far ahead as he could distinguish objects he could see the steamer riding at anchor, and apparently uninjured.

Captain Sammy's face expressed the thankfulness he felt at thus knowing that their situation was simply one of uncomfortableness, and not actual danger, while his feelings were shared in a greater or less degree by all the others.

Now as the fish began to splutter and hiss at being impaled on sharp sticks in front of such a hot fire, all hands began to feel very hungry, and Bobby and Charley tried to hurry the breakfast time along by piling the fire high with wood—an operation which only served to sprinkle the fish more plentifully with ashes and cinders.

Some time before this not particularly nice breakfast was ready Tommy returned with his dipper nearly full of gum, and when questioned by Charley as to what it was and where he got it, he replied that it was a substance which oozed from the gum trees, and that he had been obliged to visit several to get that quantity, because, owing to the rain-storm, it did not flow as freely as it would after three or four days of hot, dry weather.

"Captain Sammy's goin' to try to patch up the boat with it," he added; and the little man's actions now showed that Tommy had told the truth.

He had taken off his flannel shirt and torn it into strips, which he forced into the seams of the boat, that had opened, with the point of his knife. When the gum was hauled to him he looked at it critically, told Tommy to put it on the fire, and went on with his work.

The ex-pirate knew all about boiling gum down to use instead of tar, and he stirred the mixture carefully until fully two-thirds had boiled away, leaving a thick dark material almost like melted glue.

Breakfast was ready before Captain Sammy had finished calking the boat with the flannel, and all hands partook of it as best they could with neither plates, knives, nor forks, but no one made a remarkably hearty meal owing to the exceeding freshness of the food.

After the rather unsatisfactory meal was ended, Tommy proposed to the Captain that he should go opposite to where the *Pearl* was lying, swim out to her, and try to work her in toward the shore, in order to do away with the necessity of spending so much labor on a useless boat.

Captain Sammy looked up at him a moment as if to assure himself that Tommy was really in earnest, and then said, as he pointed to an alligator that was swimming by just then,

"How far do you suppose those fellows would let you swim?"

"Oh, I'll risk but that I could get out to the steamer before they could get hold of me," laughed Tommy.

"But I don't propose to have you risk it," said the Captain, in a tone that showed he considered all argument was at an end. "I'm about done now, all but putting the gum on. As soon as I spread that, you take the dipper and fill it again, while the other boys walk as far toward the *Pearl* as they can go on the shore. Then you boil the gum down, and follow them. I'll go in the boat,

and I don't want to carry any more of a load than I can help, for she isn't over and above strong."

Captain Sammy spread a thick coating over the seams, and while it was hardening Tommy started off gum gathering again, while the other boys went down the beach in the direction of the steamer.

When at last Captain Sammy had repaired the boat as well as was possible under the circumstances—and Tommy was obliged to fill the dipper twice over before he had finished—she was very nearly water-tight. There were two or three small leaks, but it would be impossible for any more water than enough to wet their feet to come in during the short voyage they would be obliged to take.

"Now run on an' join the other boys, Tommy, an' I'll pick you up when you come to the end of the beach," said Captain Sammy, as he got into the boat, using the solitary oar to scull with.

Tommy started off, and when he reached the others at a point where the beach merged into swampy land, he found that they were hardly more than half a mile from the steamer.

When Captain Sammy came up he took Dare and Tommy in the boat, and, after they reached the *Pearl*, sent Tommy back for the other two.

When the party were once more on the steamer they found to their great satisfaction that she had suffered but little damage from the storm. Some of the lighter articles that had been on deck, including two birds Dare had just finished mounting, had been either blown or washed overboard, and considerable water had been shipped.

The little craft had swung around and overridden her anchor-chain in such a way as to chafe her side. But everything could be set to rights in a short time, and it is safe to say that a more thankful party never gathered on Lake Okeechobee than was this, when the inspection was finished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FAITHFUL TIGER.

A CHINESE LEGEND.

IN the town of Chao-Ch' Eng many years ago there dwelt an old woman who had an only son. One day Hsia, the son, went up to the hills to look for work, and a tiger sprang upon him and killed him.

When the news was brought to his mother she ran to the nearest magistrate, weeping and wringing her hands, and begged for justice.

The magistrate laughed, and said, "Foolish woman, how can the law be brought to bear upon a tiger?" But she tore her white hair, and lifting up her voice, cried, "Justice! justice!" until the hall rang. Then he lost his temper, and bade her begone. But with streaming eyes and trembling limbs she ran around the court-room. "Justice!—my son, my son!—justice!" was still her cry; and the magistrate, seeing her great age and grief, took pity on her, and promised to have the tiger arrested.

But even then she would not go until the warrant was issued. The magistrate, much puzzled as to how he could do it, began to draw up the papers, and thought and thought until the perspiration rolled down his fat cheeks. Finally he asked his attendants which of them would take the case. Li-N'eng, who was a very young lawyer and something of a jester, stepped forward and said he would, whereupon the warrant was immediately issued, and the old woman went away.

The next morning when Li-N'eng awoke, and began to think seriously about what he had done, he was at first much frightened, but after breakfast he concluded it was a trick of his master's to get rid of the old woman, and a few days later he handed in the warrant as if the arrest had been made.

"Not so," cried the magistrate. "You said you could do this, and now you shall."

Li-N'eng was at his wits' end, and, in great trouble, begged permission to impress the hunters of the district to assist him.

This was granted, and, calling together the men, he went up to the hills, where he spent days and nights watching for the tiger.

But a month passed away, and he was fast growing too lame to hunt; for constables and detectives in China are bamboozled at intervals of three and five days until they accomplish successfully what they have undertaken to do.

At last in despair he went to the Ch'eng-huang temple, in the eastern suburbs, and, falling on his knees, he wept and prayed by turns. Suddenly a tiger walked in, and Li-N'eng shut his eyes, and waited to be eaten. But the tiger did not seem to notice him, and sat still in the doorway.

Seeing this, Li-N'eng plucked up courage and addressed him.

"O tiger, if thou didst slay that old woman's son, let me bind thee with this cord;" and drawing a rope from his pocket, he threw it over the tiger's neck, and went out of the temple. The tiger followed, drooping his head, and trailing his tail in the dust.

When they got to the hall of justice the magistrate asked,

"Did you eat the old woman's son?"

The tiger nodded his head.

"That murderer should suffer death has ever been the law. Besides, this old woman had but one son, and by killing him you took from her the sole support of her declining years."

Then the magistrate stopped, and the tiger hid his face on the ground.

"But," added the justice, "if now you will be as a son to her, your crime shall be pardoned."

The tiger looked up and nodded again, and he was unbound and went his way; at which the mother of the dead man was angry, for she thought the tiger should have been slain.

All night she lay hungry and sorrowful, but when she opened her door in the morning there was a dead deer before it. It was a fine fat buck, and she sold the flesh and skin and the handsome horns for such a good price that she had food for days.

Again a deer was brought, and then the tiger came often, always with a gift, and sometimes with money and jewels; so she grew rich, and was much better cared for than she had been even by her own son. The widow even became very fond of her wild guest, and she used to watch anxiously for him, fearing that some day he would forget to come. But the tiger was very faithful, and he became very gentle and harmed no one; he slept on the porch, and lay at her feet, and in cold weather breathed on her hands to warm them.

This went on for seven years, when she died, and all her relations came to her funeral. While they disputed for the first seat of honor, the tiger walked in and stood by it, roaring his lamentations until the walls trembled—so did the relations.

That night he ran off to the hills, and was seen no more. The people thought he had gone forever, and went on making preparations for the funeral. Finally everything was ready, and they were about to lay her in her grave, when, as the mourners stood about, he came rushing down with eyes like fire, and roaring a thunder-peal. They scattered in fright, but he disappeared as suddenly as he came, and was never seen again.

Then the people built a shrine in his honor, and called it "The Shrine of the Faithful Tiger," and it remains there to this day.



MY BABY BOY.

BY MRS. MARY H. TAYLOR.

MY baby boy, o'er whose golden head
 But two short years had their brightness shed,
 Had dropped his playthings, and climbed with care
 Till he stood erect in a neighboring chair,
 With his dainty ankles and bare white feet
 Half hid in the depths of the ensnared seat.
 He poised himself as he caught a view
 Of the pleasant picture the mirror drew
 Of his own sweet face. The violet eyes
 Were lifted a moment in glad surprise,
 As, with smile as sweet as my baby's own,
 The other Charley looked kindly down.
 "Dot boo eyes too? dot my pritty dess?
 You're the other Tarley boy, I guess."
 Then his face was grave, and he nearer bent,
 Stroking his cheek with a look intent;
 He touched his chin, and the ripe red lips,
 Sweet as the bloom the honey-bee sips.
 "What is it, Charley? what do you see?"
 With an air of conscious dignity
 This man in miniature turned to speak,
 And said, still stroking his rosy cheek,
 And touching his chin with his small pink thumb,
 "I'm lookin' to see haws my 'iskers come."

A PORTUGUESE GHOST.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

KING JOHN I. of Portugal was expected at his home at Cintra, and there were bustle and preparation at the palace. And nowhere was the bustle greater than in the royal kitchen.

As the traveller to-day approaches Cintra from Lisbon, the most remarkable architectural objects which meet his eye are two enormous chimneys. They might belong to a foundry or to the furnaces of chemical works, they tower aloft so imposingly, and bulge at the base into great white kilns; but they are only the kitchen chimneys of the ancient palace, originally built by the Moors, and therefore one of the oldest landmarks in the kingdom.

The kitchen into which these capacious chimneys open is in itself remarkable. In the first place, the chimneys, seen from the interior, are even more interesting than when they appear as two obelisks on the distant horizon. From the kitchen we peer wondrously into the throats of the sooty caverns, and the odors of dead dinners seem to linger like reluctant ghosts. One chimney was used for roasting and boiling, and

here hang great spits that worked by clock-work, slowly turning huge joints of meat, and whole kids, lambs, and fowls, before the blazing fire. Here, too, is an enormous crane, with pot-hooks and chains for hoisting and lowering, which reminds one of a derrick or complicated elevator apparatus.

By the side of this chimney are ranged rows of gleaming brass and salmon-tinted copper kettles, shining as brightly as the plate armor in the principal hall of the palace. With the other chimney a long row of ovens is connected, and near by stands a long marble-topped table, on which the cooks are busily employed rolling out vast plains of pastry, which are bounded on the east by floury snow mountains, and on the west by ocean tanks of olive oil.

Idelfonso Soares de Silva, the head cook, was noted for his pastry. He was pastry-cook at the convent of Alcobaca, the most princely religious house in the world. How the monks doted on his eel pie and his pâté de foie gras, his guava tarts and his pâtés of fried bananas! He was so much prized by the superior of the convent that it is doubtful whether he would ever have willingly parted

with him had not King John dined at the convent shortly after the memorable battle of Aljubarrota.

The monks were all so glad that his Most Christian Majesty had succeeded in routing the combined forces of the French and the Spaniards that they bade Idefonso do his best, and sixteen different kinds of pies were served before the conqueror. It is fortunate that they did not speak English, for then the King might have complimented them upon their *piety*; but as it was, they were saved any poor puns of that kind. The King was so delighted with his fare that he begged as a favor that their pastry-cook might be transferred to his own kitchen, and he granted the obliging monks important privileges in return for the favor.

One reason why King John was so anxious to obtain this wonderful cook was that he expected soon to marry an English lady, Philippa of Lancaster, and he feared that she might find ordinary Portuguese cookery little to her taste.

The new Queen had been married and crowned, and had come to live in the palace at Cintra. Her sister Catherine had come too to pay her a visit, and now, his warrings over for the present, King John himself was expected. Idefonso, in his paper cap and white apron, braided his rolling-pin, and determined to invent a pie that should carry his fame down to the remotest generations. Queen Philippa had been pleased to compliment him on his bell-shaped pastry flowers with hearts of marmalade. Such trifles as these might please the ladies; but the King was as valiant a soldier with the knife and fork as with the sword, and it would be another matter to win his praise.

Idefonso was not pleased with his promotion: he would rather have remained at his dear convent, but, since he had been brought to the palace, he determined to please the King so well that he would allow him speedily to return, never thinking that for the success of this design it was quite as dangerous to please him too well as to fail in his profession. He remembered that the King had expressed his admiration of all of the sixteen different pies with which he had served him, but had mentioned one cause for regret. A man could not eat sixteen pies regularly at each dinner, and it was a pity to lose the exquisite flavor of any one of them. Idefonso determined to invent one pie which should combine the qualities of the whole sixteen.

Accordingly he lined an enormous saucepan with fluted pastry, and within this he cunningly commingled minced pigeons, meats, suet, partridges, quails, snipes, woodcocks, with sliced lemons, apples, pears, quinces, peaches, apricots, nectarines, melon, pine-apple, custard apples, bananas, figs, pomegranates, cherries, almonds, raisins, plums, berries, currants, candied citron, marmalade, jelly, preserves, spices, red wine from Oporto,



CATHERINE READING BOOKS ON "THE BLACK-ART."

and white wine from Spain, with sugar-plums of all flavors. It was a wonderful pie, and the odor which it diffused while baking was so delicious and so penetrating that the King and his retinue, when hardly in sight of the great chimneys, put spurs to their horses, and came charging down the Lisbon road as though they heard before them the challenging battle-cry of "Santiago for Spain!"

The poor servants, who had hoped that, as the pie was so enormous, they might all come in for a share of the fragments, were greatly disappointed. The King would make his dinner of nothing else, and indeed the pie was a complete bill of fare in itself. The rest of the royal family were obliged to content themselves with narrow slices, for the King ate fully half of the pastry. The two court physicians looked at one another knowingly, and neither of them retired that night, expecting every moment to be called to his Majesty's couch. But, wonderful as it may seem, the King slept soundly, and remarked in the morning that he had enjoyed the most delightful of dreams.

He devoured another of the pies at dinner, and demanded that the cook should be brought in to hear, before the whole table, his master's august approval. Ildefonso stood with quivering lips trying in vain to summon courage to ask for his dismissal, while King John praised his masterpiece, and swore that henceforward, so long as they both should live, no one but Ildefonso Soares de Silva should make pies for the royal table.

The heart-broken cook left the King's presence humbly, but as soon as he reached his kitchen he gave way to frantic grief. He vowed that the King should rue his cruel selfishness, and salted the pastry with bitter tears. The threats of the poor cook seemed ridiculous to the other servants, and little notice was taken of them at the time, for another topic of conversation interested every member of the household.

Two nobles lodged in different parts of the palace had been each disturbed by a ghost in a long gown, holding in one hand a lamp, and in the other a drawn sword. This occurrence formed the table-talk at breakfast for both nobles and servants. The affair would have been discarded as a dream had not two gentlemen borne witness to it. The ladies became nervous with fear that a robber had visited the palace, and the King commanded that the entire building should be thoroughly searched, and a double watch placed that night at every door. Almost in the same breath he commanded Ildefonso to serve up for dinner another pie as nearly as possible a counterpart of the first.

"If this spirit has any news to tell," mused the King, "why does he not address himself to me, instead of alarming the ladies, and making a disturbance to no purpose?"

It was a fact, the singularity of which had been much talked about, that while every other member of the royal household had been more or less disturbed, the ghost had steadily avoided the King. Every night he unsheathed his sword, and laid it on the cloth of gold counterpane. Every night the lamp was left burning, and every night the King slept soundly until the dawn. At first he congratulated himself upon the circumstance, and dared all the ghosts and hobgoblins of the air to bewitch *him*, but, little by little, he found himself in an uncomfortable minority.

There was one other person besides the King who had not yet seen the ghost, and this was maid Catherine, sister of the Queen. She was as unhappy as any of the others, however, for she dearly loved her sister, and she could not help seeing how miserable Philippa was. She was walking one day in the curious old court of the palace, when she noticed the cook, Ildefonso. He appeared to be observing one of the fountains, commonly called the Weeping Lady, a rudely sculptured Niobe showing her prostrate children with astonishingly abundant tears, which gushed in jets from her eyes.

"Is it not absurd?" laughed Catherine; but when Ilde-

fonso turned she saw that he was weeping too. "Surely the statue is not so pathetic as to cause the beholder to shed tears!" she exclaimed, wonderingly.

"Nay, lady," he replied, "I wept at my own grief, and not for those of the marble woman yonder."

"What is your grief?" Catherine asked, kindly.

"It is homesickness," he replied, shyly. "I long for the convent where I was a lay brother, where, though I performed menial offices, I was yet regarded as an equal by the monks, and enjoyed walking in the cloister garden, or hearing the choir chant in the chapel, or even gossiped with the illuminators in the library, and found many a design for my confectionery in the arabesques of their missal borders."

"But here," suggested Catherine, "you are a member of the King's court."

"Better," replied Ildefonso, quoting from memory from something which he had heard read in the refectory while the monks took their meals, "is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

"You are not polite," said Catherine, with dignity.

"We are not bidden to be polite to the Evil One, and he has vexed me sore since I came here."

"How is that?" asked Catherine, curiously.

"He comes into the kitchen nearly every night, and makes havoc with all my preparations for the next day. Sometimes I find the currants and raisins strewed about the floor. Sometimes a fire will be kindled under the ovens, and good substance placed therein and burned to a cinder. If there chance to be a pie in the larder, it is invariably broken into and damaged, so that it is no longer fit to be set upon the King's table. The jars of confiture are often broken, and the paste trampled upon in the kneading-troughs. Neither bolts nor locks, nor charms nor talismans, avail against the plague, and I am an undone and miserable man."

"It is the ghost," said Catherine.

"Yea, I have heard that the great people of the house have seen a ghost, but as for myself I would not look upon it for the world. Spirits have the power of the evil-eye, and if they look upon you will change you to stone. And in that case there would be two weeping fountains, a man as well as a woman."

"If this ghost could be driven away, would you then be content to bide with us?" Catherine asked.

"No longer than the King compels me. I have said that I long for my convent. I was not made for a king's kitchen."

"Then why do you satisfy the King so well? If your pies were less toothsome he would soon give you leave of absence."

"If they were poor I would be remanded to the chambers of torture, or perhaps lose my head. Alas! I fear there is no relief for me; and a pie of mine will never again grace the board of the merry monks of Aleobaça."

Catherine sighed. "Both gentle and simple have their hearts' grievances," she said, and entered the palace, pensive and troubled.

The King's dwarf, a merry little jester, whose business it was to keep the court in good humor, plucked at her sleeve.

"Good mistress," he said, "did I not see you conversing with that saucy knave the cook?"

"Yes," replied Catherine; "but what grudge have you against him?"

"Simply that it is he who has raised all this fright of ghosts and phantoms to wreak revenge on my royal master. I'll wager that the ghost is none other than he of the saucypans, and if his gracious Majesty will permit me, I will lie in wait for him and finish him upon his next appearance."

Catherine was troubled. "Do nothing as yet," she said. "I myself will thoroughly sift this matter."

She sought her sister, and held a long conference with her.

"Would it not be well," she suggested, "to imprison the cook for a time in his own room, and see whether there is any truth in what the dwarf says?"

Philippa's face only assumed a deeper shade of gloom.

"This is no child's play of masquerade ghosts," she said, sadly. "Would that it were! The evil lies deeper, and has its seat in the King himself, though he, poor man, is unconscious of it. I have twice awakened in the dead of night, seized with a great trembling, whose cause I knew not, to find the King gone. When I left the room in search of him, and wandered up and down the corridors, I found him not, nor dared I awaken my attendants or alarm the guards, for I would not have them to know how grievously their master is plagued. Once when I returned to my room I found the King sleeping peacefully, and when I awakened him he persisted that he had not left the chamber. At the second alarm I sat me down, alone and trembling, to watch what would happen, and presently the King entered the room, but so bewitched that he saw me not, and answered me strangely when I spoke to him, and on the morrow he confidently affirmed, as before, that he had not left his bed."

"Surely," said Catherine, "the plot thickens, and I know not what to think."

But even while she spoke a cold and deadly suspicion almost stilled her heart. What if Ildefonso were not shamming, but had bewitched the King in earnest! She had heard of such things, and the cook had a dark look which would well befitt a magician or a wizard. She knew that if she breathed her suspicions to her confessor there was evidence enough to condemn the unfortunate cook to torture, perhaps to death, and she had been touched by his grief, and could not believe it feigned.

She wandered into the library, and selected an old book on the Black-Art. She sat reading this until late in the night in her sister's boudoir. It was filled with stories of Moorish sorcerers, and was enough of itself to frighten a nervous girl into convulsions. Suddenly she heard a step on the tiled floor of the passage upon which this room opened. With the step came the slow solemn sound of the clock striking midnight. The footfalls kept time with each stroke, and seemed to be approaching. In a moment more a figure in a long gown, holding a lamp and sword, passed the open door. Catherine sprang to her feet.

It was not a ghost, but the King himself.

Catherine followed him, bravely determined to solve the mystery. He passed by the room occupied by the court physician, and Catherine paused long enough to knock and arouse the learned doctor; but when she turned again the gliding figure had disappeared. She ran up one staircase and down another, but she had completely lost him. The physician joined her in a moment, and they wandered about for a little time to no purpose. Suddenly the memory of what Ildefonso had said of the havoc which the ghost made in his pantry came to her mind, and exclaiming, "Let us go to the kitchen!" she ran fleetly in front of his eminence the doctor, who was a portly man, and somewhat slow to follow an idea. When she reached the kitchen a strange sight met her eyes. There, comfortably swinging in one of the great brass kettles, which happened to be attached to the crane, sat King John, with his royal legs dangling over the side, and his royal hands engaged in dissecting a pie which he held upon his knees. The sword and the lamp stood upon a dresser-table. The former had clearly been used in carving the pastry upon which he was now lurching.

Catherine approached him and spoke to him, but he made no answer.

"He is asleep," said the court physician; "it would be exceedingly dangerous to awaken him now."

But just as he spoke, a small lithe figure which had been

concealed in an angle of the chimney sprang to a crank by which the kettles were lowered and hoisted, and loosening a bolt, the chain ran down with a rattling noise, and down came the kettle with a ringing crash upon the hearth-stone. It was the dwarf, who had concealed himself, as he had threatened to do, and who would now have attacked the confused monarch with a poker had not Catherine wrenched it just in time from his tiny hand. The doctor flew to the assistance of the King, helping him out of the kettle. "Where am I?" asked the bewildered monarch.

"You have been walking in your sleep, sire," replied the wise physician. "Doubtless the memory of this toothsome pie haunted your dreams, and so wrought upon you that you came in search of it without your own knowledge. But leave it, sire, leave it; you have already had more of it than is good for your invaluable health, and hereafter I fear you must bring yourself to give it up entirely."

It was a hard trial for the King to do so, but the relief which he experienced in knowing that he was not really bewitched, and that the ghost was, after all, no more frightful than himself, was such a delight that he was enabled to make the sacrifice.

When Catherine besought that Ildefonso might be allowed to return to his convent, the King readily granted the request, insisting only that three times a year—on the anniversary of the battle of Aljubarrota, on his wedding day, and upon Christmas—one of the magic pies should be sent him, and that a detachment of cavalry should be detailed to escort it from the convent to the palace.

NOTES ON FISHING.

THE SPIDER MONITOR, AND HOW I MADE ONE.

BY WILL WOODMAN.

EVERYBODY can not be expected to carry a fishing outfit with him, nor is it necessary, for I think I could always contrive somehow to catch a fish if I were where the fish was. When I was a small boy I used to spend my summers with my grandfather on the Delaware River, some miles above Philadelphia. One day I was fretting and whining, as disagreeable small boys sometimes do, because I had no money to buy a hook and line with.

"Do you really want to go fishing?" asked my grandfather, looking over his spectacles at me.

"Yes, sir," I answered, promptly, with pleasant anticipations of money to come.

"Well, then, I'd go, if I were you."

"But I haven't any hook and line," I answered.

"Make one, then. If I wanted anything as much as you say you do this, I'd have it, if I had to make it myself."

"But how can I if I don't know how?" I inquired, with an injured air.

"My boy," said he, "the Indians, who did not have anything like the quantity of material you have, made hooks and lines. They made hooks from crooked bones, and even from stones, which they carved into a seniecular shape. They made lines from the sinews of animals. If they had had the pins that you can easily get, they would have soon bent them into hooks, and they would never have asked for money to buy a line if they had the balls of cord or spools of cotton that you have to select from."

"Oh!" I said, somewhat ashamed that I had not thought of such a simple plan myself, and yet not quite sure that it would work. And then suddenly, as a new difficulty presented itself, I added, with something like pleasure, I am afraid,

"But what am I to do for a bob or a sinker?"

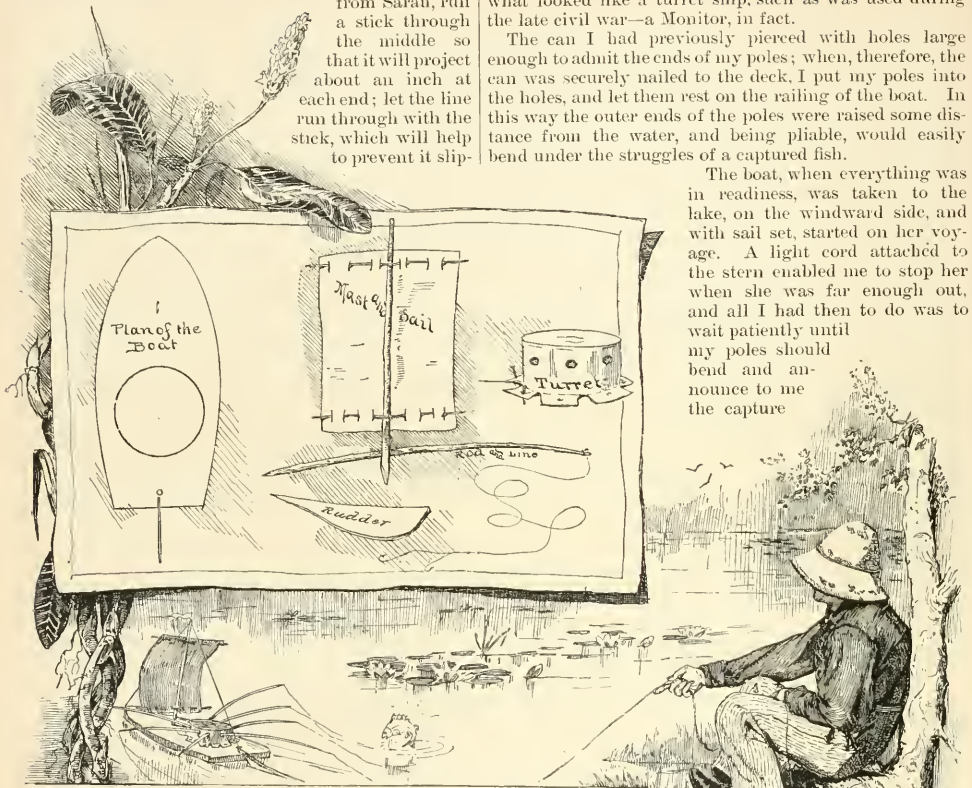
"You could do without them, but they are easily enough made," said my grandfather, with a twinkle in his eye that showed he was pleased to be able to overcome any difficulties his grandson could suggest. "For a bob get a cork

from Sarah, run a stick through the middle so that it will project about an inch at each end; let the line run through with the stick, which will help to prevent it slip-

what looked like a turret ship, such as was used during the late civil war—a Monitor, in fact.

The can I had previously pierced with holes large enough to admit the ends of my poles; when, therefore, the can was securely nailed to the deck, I put my poles into the holes, and let them rest on the railing of the boat. In this way the outer ends of the poles were raised some distance from the water, and being pliable, would easily bend under the struggles of a captured fish.

The boat, when everything was in readiness, was taken to the lake, on the windward side, and with sail set, started on her voyage. A light cord attached to the stern enabled me to stop her when she was far enough out, and all I had then to do was to wait patiently until my poles should bend and announce to me the capture



THE SPIDER MONITOR.

ping through too easily. If you can't find a piece of lead for a sinker, take a piece of iron, a part of a nail, for example."

I did as my grandfather told me, and, with a small hickory sapling for a pole, I caught many a perch and sunfish, and occasionally, to my sorrow, even an eel.

The lesson in self-help I had received was most useful to me, for it started me thinking for myself, and among other things I devised a plan whereby I combined the pleasures of toy-boat sailing with wholesale fish catching.

I found an old piece of two-inch board in the wagon-house loft, and chipped one end to a point to resemble a bow. I tacked a narrow strip of wood on the under side from the point of the bow to the middle of the stern; that was my keel to keep the boat steady in the water. (A rudder like the one in the illustration can be used in place of a keel.) My mast, which was usually a pine stick about the length of the boat, was placed between the middle of the boat and the bow. My sail, which was square in shape, was of cloth when I could get it, or of tough brown paper, and once I did use a cabbage leaf.

My fishing apparatus consisted of from six to ten tough but slender poles, not more than two and a half feet long. To these were attached lines varying from three feet to six feet in length, the longest line having the largest hooks.

I found an old tomato can, and cut it down to three inches in height. Then I cut a number of slits in the can an inch deep, and turned the slit edge up at right angles with the side of the can. This edge I nailed to the floor of the boat, as near the middle as possible, and thus I had

of the finny prey.

There is one advantage which the fisherman has over the hunter, and that is that he may always have his tools at hand for instant use wherever he may be.

I remember how I once got me as dainty a meal as ever Delmonico served, and that too in a desert place, where I am sure only a fisherman would have thought of finding a feast. It was when the railroad to San Francisco was first opened.

We had crossed the great Rockies, and were bowling along toward Ogden through a gorge in the Uintah Mountains, when we came to a stop. It was a wild place, with a precipitous, frowning cliff on one side, and a bare boulder-strewn mountain slope on the other.

Everybody was grumbling at the prospect of being kept in such a desolate spot; but my fisherman's eye had caught sight of a rippling mountain stream singing to itself as it danced along under the dark cliff, and I determined to ask some questions before I joined the army of grumblers. I went to the conductor.

"How long do you think we will stop here?" I asked, in my politest manner.

"How should I know?"

Evidently the conductor was cross; but I did not blame him; for I was sure that each passenger had already asked the same question at least once, and perhaps twice; so I tried another plan.

"Of course you can't tell exactly," I said; "but I was thinking that if we had time enough you and I might have a nice mess of baked trout out of yonder stream. I'm sure there are trout in it."

The conductor was only human, and he liked trout. He said he guessed we might stay there three or four hours, and he thought he might scare up a piece of cord for a line somewhere, but he didn't know about a hook.

"I'll look out for hook and line," said I, "if you will get the oven ready."

"That's easy enough," said he. "I'll make it of some of these flat stones, and I'll heat it with coals from the engine furnace."

Thereupon I took off my hat, turned down the inside

band, and selected a suitable hook, with a good artificial fly on it, from a number I had there. Out of my pocket I took a line, and with my knife I cut a pole from one of the clumps of trees.

"You go armed, don't you?" said the conductor, jovially, as he watched me.

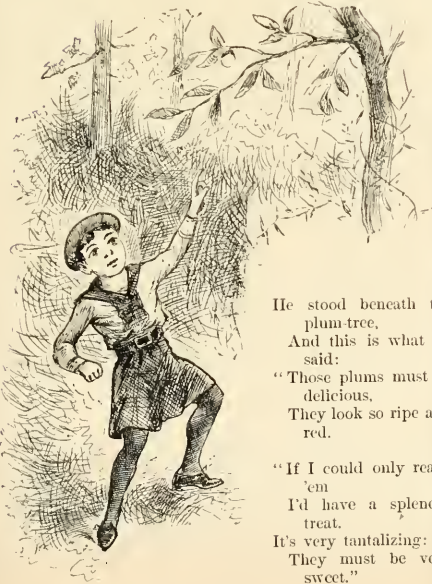
"Yes, sir," I answered; "and in the words of General Grant, I'm prepared to fight it out on this *line* all summer."

I was not mistaken in the stream. It was full of trout, and some of them were big fellows, too. I would have spent all the time fishing, but the conductor was interested in the oven, and insisted upon trying it. I never ate such fish in my life before, and as for the conductor, he smiled all the way to Ogden, and shook hands with me when I left him. Some of the ill-natured passengers said he would surely be sick after such an unusual fit of politeness, but you see they felt ugly because they had not had any of the trout.



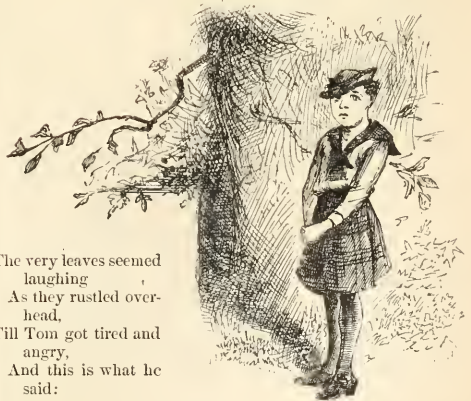
TOMMY AND THE PLUMS.

IT was a summer morning.
Said Tom, "I'll have some fun."
He started for the orchard
As fast as he could run.



He stood beneath the
plum-tree,
And this is what he
said:
"Those plums must be
delicious.
They look so ripe and
red.
"If I could only reach
'em
I'd have a splendid
treat.
It's very tantalizing:
They must be very
sweet."

Then Tommy jumped his highest,
But couldn't reach the limb
On which the plums were hanging,
And seemed to mock at him.
They nodded and they nodded,
And they really seemed to say,
"We know you can not reach us,
And you'd better go and play."



The very leaves seemed
laughing
As they rustled over-
head,
Till Tom got tired and
angry,
And this is what he
said:

"I really wouldn't touch one
If it was in my power;
They can't be worth the trouble;
They must be green and sour."



A MISHAP.

Poor Harry has dropped his bowl, and it lies here in a half-dozen pieces. All the nice bread and milk is spoiled and gone. Never mind, little man. Run home and tell mamma. She will give you another breakfast, and you may eat it under the trees if you wish to, and at the same time watch the birdies feasting on the crumbs at your feet. Perhaps mamma will find a way to join these bits together, and make the bowl over again as good as new.

"Never cry over spilled milk."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NAPLES, ITALY.

I think that some of you may like to hear about a small country town called Laserta, which few people know, although it is almost as interesting as Naples. It is about twenty miles from Naples, north of Vesuvius, and lies near the Apennines.

Last year when I was thirteen, my parents and I spent a few months there. The place is noted for its royal palace and surrounding parks. The palace is one of the largest and most beautiful in the world. It was built by a celebrated architect named Vanvitelli, an Italian, for one of the Kings of Naples, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, when, owing to the constant revolutions in Naples, the Bourbon Kings were rather glad to be out of it.

The rooms are all large, the different-colored marble floors are various and beautiful, and the entrance hall is vast, and has some beautiful pictures. The ball-room is very spacious, and is still unfinished, as the ornamental part is not yet done. One room is lined on every side with great mirrors.

The park near it has its mention too. Its chief attraction is a lovely water-fall, which begins high in the hills, and becomes alternately a canal, where ducks and swans swim, and a cascade, until it reaches a place where it disappears underground. There is a great deal of statuary, representing chiefly gods and goddesses. There is a beautiful lake, and many large trees grow beside it, and overhang and touch the water. In the middle of the lake there is an island, and on it a small house in the Pompeian style, with broken statues. The grounds are garden wall, and make it lovely with their dark green leaves and bright flowers. A bridge is fastened to a cord, by means of which one can pull one's self from the shore to the island. Many artists keep their sketches in the little house on the island.

I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE there not long ago, sitting beside the lake, on a hot summer's day, and from this city, so we thought, we would write one. We have been out picking daisies and buttercups this afternoon, and have got a large pretty bunch. Have any little girls ever tried to make little old women out of daisies? The way they are made is to take a good-sized daisy and

cut the leaves all around half-way down, leaving two petals (for the cap-strings) at the bottom. Then take pen and ink and make as funny or as pretty a face as you choose, and the effect is very droll. We send you one by this mail, and hope you will get it without its being crushed.

CLARA G. M. and EDITH N. S.

The little old lady was not at all disturbed by her journey. Her cap was not a bit ruffled.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have taken your paper three years. I have never written a letter to you before. Last summer I was in bed with rheumatism four weeks, and it was so pleasant for me when Tuesday came and brought YOUNG PEOPLE for me to read. I have no brother or sister, and for pets I have a canary bird named Bob Goldfeather; he is a fine singer. And I have a Maltese cat named Tippy-toes; he weighs sixteen pounds, and is very intelligent. I must copy something written by a young bird named Tomline on something that happened to Tip:

In the city of Elms there dwelt a cat,

A cat of high degree;

Big and glossy, sleek and fat,

A king among cats was he.

He lived on the very daintiest fare,

The choicest the land could boast—

Cream and canned, cooked with care,

And humming-birds fried on toast.

From the tip of his nose to the end of his tail

He was clad in a Quaker gray.

Except each toe and little toe-nail,

Which were milk-white, strange to say.

And so they christened him Tippy-toes—

A singular name for a cat;

But this Olive Street child, as you may suppose,

Was a high-bred aristocrat!

It happened on one fateful day

In Italy, bright September;

That dreadful day, though brief its stay,

Tip ever will remember.

He scented dimer in the air,

His noonday meal of dainties rare,

And bounded to the kitchen, where

The cook arranged his bill of fare.

Ah! luckless haste! Unhappy Tip

He tripped and fell on his side,

She closed the door as he flew through,

And almost sawed poor Tip in two.

He rose from that a-dooring grip

A sadder and a wiser Tip.

Our cook was very fond of Tip, and he of her, but our visitor, Aunt J., did not like cats, and Tip never forgave her for the accident. M. A.

ELKSBROOK, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in a little country place close to the railway station. Our house is shaded in front by elm and acacia trees. The orchard and garden are inclosed by a spruce hedge. We have pears, plums, grapes, and 140 chickens, and a nice kitchen garden. It is a very pretty place, especially in the summer months. We have a fine large church, a large hall, two school-houses, besides other nice buildings. I like my school and teacher very much. I hope you will not think I am too backward in my studies. I read in the Fifth Royal Reader, study geography, grammar, and spelling, cipher in decimal fractions, and draw an hour every Monday and Wednesday afternoons. I have no pets like many of the little girls I read of, but my sister Florie has a Maltese cat, that can open the door to her little sister three months old. She is so small that we all pet her. IDA M. S.

ORANGE, CALIFORNIA.

I would like to see a letter published from Southern California. I will tell you about a mocking-bird I had in my cage. I had it with four eggs in it, but I did not touch them, and watched anxiously for them to be hatched. One day as I approached the nest the little birds seemed to be pecking my hand and hit my ears with their wings with more anger than ever, when I discovered only two eggs in the nest. On going there the third day I found the nest empty, but the eggs were hatched and did not hatch. When the little bird had feathered out and was nearly ready to fly, it had hopped out of the nest on the ground, where it was in danger of being killed, when he bit me on the hand, the butcher-bird, which will cut the throats of all birds it can, and also cats and dogs, which do not hesitate to kill a rat, and to save the bird's life, put it in a cage and hung it in the top of a fig-tree, where the old birds fed it every day. I thought by having it caged a few days it would be able to fly and keep out of its enemies' reach, when I would let it loose, my morning I saw my brother coming to the house with the cage in his hand, and as he approached I saw a snake hanging half-way out of the cage, and the bird flew to it, loosed its wings, and was ready to fly, and it had crawled up the body of the tree, then into the cage, where it swallowed the bird, and after

doing so was unable to get out. My brother did not let the snake escape alive. We felt very sorry for the bird, but was a beautiful singer. We do not care mocking-birds here, they are all made up of cruet cage birds. The mocking-bird is a very interesting bird, and there are a great many here among the orange groves. We have birds and flowers all the year. My mother says that the YOUNG PEOPLE, and it is a welcome guest in the family. EVA J. H.

Many thanks to the lady who kindly sent the Postmistress a budget of letters from her little pupils at Farmington, Connecticut. We have not room for all, though all are entitled to praise. M. A. F., Lizzie C., Julia B., Minnie C., Mary A. H., Jessie A. H., Maude M. P., A. D. H., Henrietta S. H., Nellie B., Mattie P., F. J. C. and Gracie M. J. C. you have each received a good mark. F. J. C. is very considerate in collecting birds' eggs, and I am glad he obeys his teacher in taking only one egg from any nest. Here is Gracie's letter:

FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old. I will tell you how I happened to have YOUNG PEOPLE to read. My teacher and we scholars have each saved ourselves this last winter at school, and we sent the money we saved in this way to the Harpers for YOUNG PEOPLE. We all have it to read every week. Teacher excused us from our spelling lesson to-day so that we could write to the Post-Office Box. I have one sister; her name is Jessie. I never had to stand on the floor in my life. We have to speak every two weeks, and each one has a flower, and we are all going to count the blossoms and tell her how many we have had at the end of the term, to see which had the best luck. My mamma and papa do not know how to read. This is the first letter I ever wrote by my hand, and I hope it is not too long to print.

GRACIE MAY H.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

A great many girls in my class take YOUNG PEOPLE for themselves, and we scholars. I am eleven years old, and go to school. Dear Postmistress, did you like to study grammar when you were a little girl? I can not say that I do. We are right in the middle of our school year, and this year was a splendid story. BEATIE L.

Yes, dear, I did like grammar, and like it still.

THE GIANT KING AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

Once upon a time there lived a mighty Giant King who was a very kind man, and there were none he loved more than the little boys and girls. He gave them gifts of all kinds, from palaces and houses to live in to horses and ponies to ride. He was very careful that they should have all they needed in the world. The Queen of the Fairies thought, as it seemed as if he used his money for to make them comfortable. They loved him in return, but could not think of any way to repay him for his great kindness. One night the Fairies thought, and at once they gathered them all about her, and said: "I know you all wish to do something for our friend who has been so kind to us, and I have a plan to propose. It is this, to go to the Gnomes' Mine and each select a different kind of precious stone, all as nearly of the same size as possible. These we will shape like little balls, and polish them by means of the diamonds." They all agreed to do this. When they finish them we will bring them to the King." They all thought this a good plan, and acted upon it the next day. When they arrived at the mine they were ushered into the presence of the Gnome King, who, after listening to their plan, gave them wands, as the Fairy Queen had said, and ordered one of his subjects to escort them to the mine. They all went, and they let them choose the jewels they wanted, which they then put on the floor before them and rolled them to and fro with their wands until they were round and polished. Then returning them to the Gnome King, they went out for the Giant King's palace and presented him with the jewels. Then they returned to their homes, and there they lived long and prospered. And this was the story of "The Giant King and His Little Friends."

EDITH M. P. (aged 10 years).

PEASEL CREEK, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S, SEBASTIA, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Since I wrote to you last year we have had a very interesting story of a dear father died last March, and we do miss him so much! We used to live in Brighton, but we have moved into the country now. The other day my mother and I were out for a walk, and everything she had on was wet through, excepting her hat; she got hold of a root and pulled herself out, but her dolly floated away. She cried that I was obliged to help her, and she was as wet as I, as fast as we could, so she did not catch cold. I can not go out to-day, as last night I ran the fork

WATERBURY, NEW YORK.

We are two little girls, great friends, who both take this splendid paper. We have never seen a letter from this city, so we thought we would write one. We have been out picking daisies and buttercups this afternoon, and have got a large pretty bunch. Have any little girls ever tried to make little old women out of daisies? The way they are made is to take a good-sized daisy and

into my foot as I was digging up the garden. I do not go to school now, but mamma teaches me and myself a case to learn to read. I am quite old enough to study yet. I liked "Nan" very much, and so did mamma. I hope Jimmy Brown will write again. Good-by. With love—
Percy WILLIAM S.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am a girl eleven years old. My father is the editor of the Abbeville M. He gave my sister Anne and myself a case to learn to read. I have four sisters and one brother. We live on a hill, and down in the valley is a beautiful stream flowing. There is a mass of willows growing over it, and a plenty of grass. In one place there is a torn-up bridge, it is quite picturesque. Our house is a two-story house, with a large front and back yard. We have a large orchard, with plenty of fine fruit trees. The railroad runs from the front of the house. We have two cows. One is named Daisy, and the other Brindle.

May I join the Little Housekeepers? I like to cook when there is nothing to bother. I made the dinner biscuits to-day. I can make pound-cake. I have a pet kitten and a pet rabbit. I have a talent for drawing. Papa is going to let me and myself have lessons. I am going to the country this summer, and I expect to have a good time. I have never seen a letter from here before, or nearer this than Greenville, and that was from Nannie D. I think, with Susie, and Mabel M. S., that there is no story paper or book like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. One of your girls, HANNAH H.

I am glad you are learning to set type, and that you think of learning to draw, while you already know how to cook some things. You must be superior to "mother" if you wish to be a house-keeper, dear child.

SARASOTA, NEW YORK.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is very nice. Papa had the numbers bound into three large volumes for me. I have a dear little brother three years old, I am seven. I have never been to school. I had a pet cat for three years, but at last she ran away. RALPH R. B.

Thanks for the daisies which came with your letter, and kiss mamma for the dear little note she sent with yours.

JOHNNIE'S ACCIDENT.

I am going to write not a letter but a story about a boy named Johnnie. He was in general a good boy, but, like other children, he had his faults, and one of them was curiosity. If his papa or mamma brought in a bundle, Johnnie was always the first to open it, whether it was a good one or for somebody else's. His sister Nannie called him Peeping John, which served him right.

One day his mother called him into the parlor and said, "Johnnie, how would you like to go on a visit to Aunt Martha?"

Aunt Martha lived in the country. Johnnie jumped up and down for joy. Of course he was wild to go. On Friday he was ready, and set out, a happy boy.

Johnnie had been there two or three days he thought he could go anywhere by himself, and told Aunt Martha he was going for a walk.

The bad boy really went out bird-hunting. He soon spied a tall tree, on which was a nest. To be climbed, when the branch broke, and down he fell on his back. Some men in a field near by saw this happen, and ran to the rescue. One of them was Uncle Fred, Aunt Martha's husband.

Johnnie was carried to the house, put to bed, the doctor was called, and a telegram sent to his papa and mamma. It was a long while before he got well, and he was never known to go after a bird's nest again, and he is also stopped peeping. ALICE S. (aged 11).

HAWAIIKOPONAKA, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I am a little girl ten years old. My brother takes Young People. I enjoy it as much as I can. I ride horseback, I use a fine man's saddle, but I have learned to ride with a side-saddle. I live in a small yard, but I have a little pig and a cat and two kittens, and a doll to play with. I am six years ago, when I was a little girl about five years old, I saw a calf with a double head. I can see the sea on one side, and on the other side the mountain called Haleakala, which is the highest extinct crater in the world. It will put a Kanaka sentence in that I have learned since I have been here, "o aole maikai o Iolo." It means, "You are no good, you are silly." I have lived here seven years. EMMA W.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

This is the third year I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE, and although I take other papers, I like this the best of all. Mamma has made me a book for me every year, and they are made beautiful books. I read a letter in the Post-office Box one week from Marietta, Pennsylvania, but have never seen one from Marietta, Ohio. This city is built where the first settlement was made in Ohio, and on Saturday, the 7th of April, we celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of the first settlement

here. In five years from now we expect to have a grand centennial celebration in our beautiful city.

Yesterday I visited our cemetery, which we call Mound Cemetery, on account of a very large mound that stands in the centre of it, supposed to have been built by a race of people called the Mound-builders. This mound is about sixty feet high, and about two hundred yards in circumference. It has a ditch running around it. We have other works of these builders, but it would make my letter too long to describe them all. Mamma pointed out to me the grave of General Rufus Putnam, and also that of Commodore Abraham Whipple, who lived here in Marietta, and built and sailed out of the Ohio River with the first vessel. Quite a number of the pioneers are buried here. J. HERBERT W.

Herbert, I regret that I could not have given your letter a place a little sooner. You must write again.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

I am a subscriber to the paper, and I like it very much, especially the Post-office Box and "Kissin' the Book." I am about four or five years of age. I have no brother nor sister living. I live with my papa and mamma at the famous watering place, Eureka Springs. I have been eight years in this. We think of going home next week to Illinois, where my papa has a farm, and where all my relations live. I am very anxious to see them and my pets. I have a pet sheep, a canary bird, and a dog. My papa says he is going to buy me a pony and a horse, but I am a good boy and apply myself to my studies. GEORGE A. T.

Favours are acknowledged from Edna H. Walter, L. A., Eugene, Hugh G. S. (you had quite a flock of chicks to care for), Harry W. F., Mary H., Katharine S., Gracie W., Walter E. W. (you have a very poor opinion of Madusa Pass; most of the boys and girls do not agree with you), Nannie W. (send your receipts, dear), Lizzie A. P., William T., Ida M. E., Ross R., Helen S., R. N. D., Harlow V. W., Ella L. L., Jennie J., Daisy L., Eunice B., May I. S., Minnie S., Lizzie T., Mattie and Mattie R., Ella S., Sadie W. W., Elmer B., Lena H., Anna H., Bessie W., Katie V. A., Nellie A., Etta R., Editha, Gertrude B. (thank you for the pretty card), Bessie B. A., Alma C. C., Harri W. E., Helen H., Reges L., and Philip D. (why not collect moths and butterflies—you would find that an interesting way to pass the time), Louise McK. (I hope you will grow perfectly well this summer, D. E. S.: Write again, dear.

RECIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

POP-OVERS.—One quart of milk, seven eggs, a little salt, a little more than a table-spoonful of sugar, one egg, and four cups of a batter as soft as buttermilk; beat the eggs until very light, but not separately; bake in cups in a hot oven for one half-hour.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of flour, two of sugar, one of cornstarch, one of sweet milk, one egg, two spoonfuls of cream, one of soda, the whites of seven eggs, and a little vanilla; bake until it is a light brown. D. E. S.

COFFEE-CUSTARD.—One egg beaten to a froth, three-quarters of a cup of milk, two tea-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a little cream; beat thoroughly together; pour into a coffee-cup; bake until it is brown, and then take it out. LOUIS R. S.

CREAM CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one tea-spoonful of baking powder, one tea-spoonful of vanilla, one and two-thirds cups of flour, and salt; bake as for jelly-cake, in three layers. Cream for the above: one half-pint of milk, one egg, one tea-spoonful of cornstarch, one table-spoonful of flour, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, and a little vanilla; seal your milk; beat your sugar, flour, egg, and cornstarch together; let it boil until it becomes thick; add a little salt; spread each layer with this custard, and put them together. The above is nice for jelly-cake.

SPONGE GINGER CAKE.—Melt together half a coffee-cup each of butter and sugar; let them stir in half a coffee-cupful each of sugar and cold water; then add one table-spoonful of ginger, one egg, two and a half coffee-cupfuls of sifted flour, and four tea-spoonfuls of baking powder; bake in a moderate oven.

SPICE CAKE.—Half a cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, two and a half cupfuls of flour, one tea-spoonful of baking powder, four yolks of eggs, half a cupful of molasses, one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, one of allspice, and half a tea-spoonful of cloves; rub the butter and sugar to a cream; add the eggs; beat a few minutes; add the molasses, cinnamon, and cloves; mix, and mix into a smooth batter, rather firm; have a paper-lined cake-tin; bake in a rather quick oven. MARY E. C.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY WORD SQUARES.

- 1.—1. Something nobody will ever have a second time. 2. Something that means going before. 3. What rocks refuse to do. 4. What school-boys are glad to be done with.
2.—1. To dominate. 2. Upper. 3. A girl's name. 4. To attract.
G. L. ETTA and RALDIE.

No. 2.

TWO CHARADES.

- 1. My first you find when summer Has clothed the fields with green, And hidden close in folds of silk The tasselled corn is seen.
My second may be hanging From yonder leafy bough, Or tangled in the grasses— A horse both fair and slow.
My whole should every student be, If he would toil successfully.
MOTHEN BUNCEH.

- 2. You enter my first by my second, My whole is a place of repose.
ALICE HARDY.

No. 3.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A consonant. 2. By way of. 3. A musical instrument. 4. An insect. 5. A vowel.
2.—1. A consonant. 2. Timid. 3. Food. 4. A tropical fruit. 5. A consonant.
L. C. H.

No. 4.

A HARDER DIAMOND.

- 1. In considerate. 2. A chief. 3. Confusion. 4. A puzzle. 5. A litter. 6. The upward curve of the lines of a ship. 7. In considerate.
BANTAM.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

- In pumpkin, not in squash. In ruse, not in wash. In east, not in drink. In put, not in link. In round, not in square. In sorrow, not in care. In ink, not in pen. Not in four, but in ten. In iron, not in ore. Not in sleep, but in snore. In moan, not in screech. My whole is a part of speech.
BERTIE B.

No. 6.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

- 1. Rip each garment up, Ernest. 2. He can also number well. 3. That are all up. 4. Can you understand this figure? 5. Now that Moslem on the river-bank. 6. Go live with Mary, Amy.
MAGGIE A. ST.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 150.

Table with 4 columns of letters and 4 rows of numbers. Row 1: No. 1. II I P R A N, I R E A T E, P E A N E T. Row 2: I L P F E W, I R E W E F, P A T W E N. Row 3: No. 2. P R O A U P A S, R O G L O R A R T, A L A S S S T A R. Row 4: No. 3. Milk-maid. Nameless. Row 5: No. 4. Monosyllable. Row 6: No. 5. A pines, B rest, A theens, O mega, P yrethens, N egropont, R ythens, P yrethens, L inz, P yretharitz, E tha, A retic, O bi, E nssia, N jini Novgorod, T asmania, E brentreiter.

Answer to "Who Was He?" on page 544 of No. 151—Thomas Babbington Macaulay.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Nellie F., Amy M., Mattie M., Beck, Edgar Thomas, Fules Griffin, C. Hascall, R. Cavanna, Edith Sinclair, Lucy Dart, May N. Shafer, Willie Pink, Tom Pullison, Robbie McGregor, Rabbot Clark, James Ely, Bantam, Frankie G., Prentice, Peacock, May Arnold, Edith Patton, Viola, Daisy Douglas, Mima G. E., Otto, Edwin, George and Otto, Carrie and Charlie L., Clara D., Josephine S. B., John W., John Y. C., Harry, Frank May, and Budget.

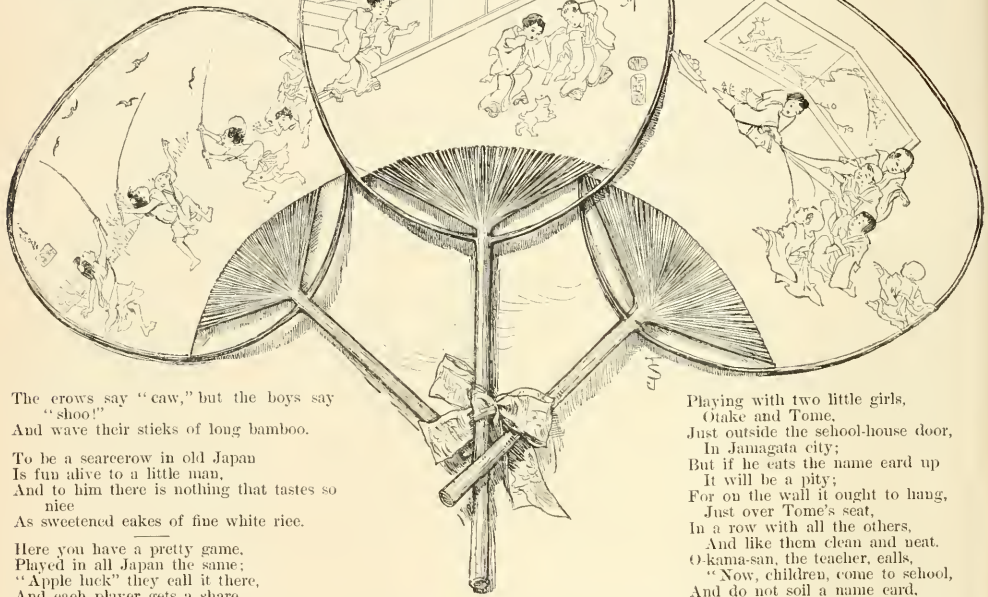
[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

JAPANESE FAN TALES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

FIVE little birds and five little boys,
All of them making a terrible noise;
The boys to drive the birds away,
The birds because they'd rather stay.

For Japanese boys and Japanese crows
Can always be found where the white
rice grows;



The crows say "caw," but the boys say
"shoo!"
And wave their stieks of long bamboo.

To be a scarecrow in old Japan
Is fun alive to a little man,
And to him there is nothing that tastes so
nle
As sweetened eakes of fine white rice.

Here you have a pretty game,
Played in all Japan the same;
"Apple luck" they call it there,
And each player gets a share.

Every apple in the basket
Has a name, but do not ask it;
Keep the one you chance to get,
Without a murmur of regret.

Some are wealth, or love, or beauty,
Others industry, or duty.
As the players sit in line,
Each one holds an end of twine.

The other ends are gathered tight
By her whose age gives her the right.
Each one, as she draws a prize,
From her place must quickly rise.

A small white dog is Shiro,
And happy as he can be,

Playing with two little girls,
Otake and Tome,
Just outside the school-house door,
In Jamagata city;
But if he eats the name eard up
It will be a pity;
For on the wall it ought to hang,
Just over Tome's seat,
In a row with all the others,
And like them clean and neat.
O-kama-san, the teacher, calls,
"Now, children, come to school,
And do not soil a name eard,
For that's against the rule."
To the dog she says, "Go home, sir,
We do not want you now."
And Shiro answers, "Yes, ma'am,"
With a Japanese bow-wow.

AN INDIAN GAME.

KORUNGATTAM; OR, THE MONKEY GAME.

TWO or more boys go up a tree and constantly move up and
down, each keeping to a branch by himself. A large circle
is drawn round the foot of the tree, in which an active boy is
posted to move round and round and watch the boys above.
One at a time may come down the tree, and, jumping on the
ground within the circle, run away, evading the hold or touch

of the guard posted in it. The sport lies in the boys above at-
tempting to come down from the tree, and the one below striving
to touch them.

Should any one on the tree cease to move for one moment, or
get into a branch already occupied by another, or be touched by
the boy below, or jump down on the ground outside the circum-
ference of the circle, he is counted "dead." The boys on the
tree may exchange positions by leaping, at one and the same
time, from one branch to another. This often gives relief, and
adds variety to the sport.



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"IN HONOR BOUND."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," ETC., ETC.
IV.

THE fair had certainly been a success, so far as enjoyment and profit were concerned. Before the storm broke, the tables were all cleared, and the girls gathered together in the school-room, a merry, excited, eager crowd, each one anxious to talk over the day's experiences, and to contribute to the general delight of the occasion by repeating the various little amusing incidents which had befallen her during the afternoon.

Hattie Barnes, trying to hang affectionately upon Kitty's arm, was very loud and demonstrative as she described Amy Rodman's discomfiture on being told that the aprons were sixteen dollars apiece.

"You should have seen her, girls," said Hattie, with a

KITTY ACTING AS AMY'S NURSE.

little giggle. "She twisted this way and that, and looked mortified to death."

Kitty turned rather a piercing glance upon Hattie. "Did she?" she said, calmly, and Hattie hurried to say, "Well, she looked awfully ashamed, anyhow."

Little May Blake glanced furtively at Kitty before she ventured to say, "I don't suppose she'll ever be so mean again."

"Well," said Kitty, slowly, indeed, almost solemnly,

and as though the words had long been forming themselves in a very perplexed mind. "I hope, girls, it's the last time we'll be quite so mean. Oh, I know what you are going to say, Hattie: it was I who suggested it. I know it, and that's why I am speaking now. I blame myself heartily, because—" And here Kitty's honest face colored. "Do you know, as she stood there looking at us when we told her those ridiculous prices, something made me suddenly feel myself not half the lady she was. I felt we had done a real vulgar sort of thing. There!"

"Why, Kitty?" cried May.

"Yes, I did, though," persisted the general-in-chief, with rather a hysterical sort of gurgle, though she tried to command her thin features. "It came over me all in a sort of rush, and I thought how could we possibly know what her reasons may be. Girls"—and here the general's tones grew very impressive—"I believe that there is something in Amy's life that we know nothing about."

There was profound silence after this. The girls, who were seated around the wood fire which Miss Barrington had had kindled in the stove when the storm began, looked at each other with wondering, perplexed faces. They had so long been accustomed to follow Kitty's leadership that never for one moment had it occurred to them to question her loudly expressed prejudice against Amy Rodman; but now it was hard to turn so suddenly in an opposite direction; too hard for Hattie's narrow mind, for she burst out with,

"Shame, Kitty, to change so! Remember all you said only this morning." Hattie's voice was so shrill that it seemed a part of the storm that was beating against the windows.

"Do you think I'm likely to forget?" cried Kitty, with blazing eyes and cheeks. "Didn't I say I felt ashamed of myself? What can be worse?"

And indeed for the hitherto successful commander of their forces to feel ashamed of anything she had done did seem about as terrible a thing as could have happened. After that, what might not be expected?

"There'll have to be some sort of an apology," Kitty went on, a little dolefully. "And I suppose I must make it. I haven't any idea of making a chum of her all at once, but what I have decided upon is"—and Kitty cast a meaning glance around the circle—"that she shall be given a chance."

A low murmur, half dissent, half tamely agreeing, greeted this, and Kitty leaned back in her chair, folding her arms with an air of grave reflection.

Suddenly Miss Esther's voice, eager and anxious, was heard at the door.

"Girls," she was saying, "do you know anything of Amy Rodman?"

Two or three sprang to their feet, and Hattie said, with a giggle, "Speak of an angel, etc."

But Kitty darted forward, exclaiming,

"Oh, Miss Esther, she hasn't been with us since this afternoon."

"Come outside," whispered the teacher, drawing Kitty into the hall, and shutting the school-room door tightly. "I am afraid she went down to the beach," said Miss Esther, looking rather white about the lips. "Mary, the cook, saw her hurrying off in that direction about half past four. Miss Barrington has gone to bed with one of her dreadful headaches, and I dare not disturb her. Suppose—What is that?"

For just then there was a sound of heavy feet on the porch, followed by a knock at the door.

Kitty flung it open, letting in the wind and driving rain regardlessly.

Outside old Joyce, the fisherman, was standing.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, in his slow way, "but doctor says you're to come at once. We got little

miss out o' the water, but she's pretty bad, down at my place."

"Oh! oh! oh!" moaned Kitty, and Miss Esther nearly staggered against the wall.

"Amy Rodman?" she said, faintly.

"Yes'm," said Joyce. "Seems she went out to try and get that little Barnes chap in. He'd been to the Reefs with me, and he was fooling with my boat, and got adrift; and little miss she seed him, and went after him. Some o' my men seed her then. That's how it was."

Miss Esther was accustomed to think and act quickly, and her good sense and self-control speedily returned. She consented to Kitty's accompanying her to Joyce's, and they started off in the Academy rockaway, after giving directions for a room with a fire in it, and a well-aired bed to be prepared on their return.

Kitty Jenners never will forget that drive in the storm, nor any detail of their going into the little cottage, where lights were twinkling, and where, in Hetty's room, on her small bed, Amy Rodman, white as death, lay seemingly asleep. Life had very nearly ebbed away before they rescued her, clinging desperately to Robbie's golden hair; but youth asserts itself sometimes even over death, and God had spared her. But Miss Esther knew before the doctor told her that Amy would be a long time very ill.

Kitty found it hard to tell just how the first hours of the night passed. They waited for the storm to die away before they tried to move her, and Kitty talked with Hetty, who had so much to say of Amy's kindness and goodness that Kitty's remorse awoke anew, and she felt, if ever the chance were given her, she would almost ask Amy to be her friend.

It was nearly morning; the violence of the storm had entirely ceased, when a melancholy little party came back to the Academy. As was to be expected, no one had slept that night, and every door opened as Amy was carried down the upper hall to the room made ready for her. Hattie Barnes had heard of her brother's danger, and how Amy had saved him, and had spent the night in foolish hysterics, which were very nearly beginning again, when Miss Esther came into the room and sternly commanded her to silence. This reduced Hattie's anguished cries to a sort of whimper, which she kept up while Miss Esther told them about Amy's courage and her peril, and how the doctor feared she would be a long time ill.

In spite of glorious weather the next day, and very easy lessons, it was hard for the girls to feel anything but subdued after the excitement of the evening, and as days went on, and Amy Rodman hovered between life and death, the school party grew very hushed and awe-stricken. Kitty, who by her own request was given the place of nurse, was welcomed once or twice a day by an eager set of girls, who had nearly forgotten their dislike in their compassion for the sufferer.

V.

Amy had been ill a fortnight, when, one warm and dusty day, an elderly woman arrived at the Academy, and was closeted some time with Miss Barrington, after which the news spread through the school that Amy's curious old guardian, Mr. Symes, was dead. And then, the night before school broke up, while the girls were sitting about waiting for Kitty's usual evening bulletin, Miss Esther came into the room, and, sitting down at her desk, remarked that she had a little story to tell them.

Every face wore an eager air, for Miss Esther was famous for her stories.

"I want each one of you," said the young teacher, "to accept this story without any questions. I can give no names, and I must leave all personal details to your own imagination." Then she began:

"I once knew a girl of about fifteen who came to a school with every appearance of wealth both in her dress and her allowance; and she had money—a large sum given her every month by her guardian. Now this girl

knew nothing of schools or school-girls and their ways, and she was too shy to make friends readily, and the girls, not finding her all the 'fun' they had expected, began among themselves to criticise her and slight her, and above all to try and detect miserliness in her. It was true that she rarely spent a penny, and on several occasions declined to share in treats; but while she gave nothing toward them, she never availed herself of their advantages. All the same her conduct increased the ill feeling against her. Now not one girl in the school had the heart and thought to go to their lonely little Western comrade and help her to be one of themselves, and to speak of the burden on her mind; for all the time while she was called mean and a miser in the school, she was *anxiously saving for a noble purpose*.

"Let me tell you what that purpose was.

"Years and years before, this girl's brother—he is dead now—had defrauded one of his employers, and only been saved open disgrace for his mother's sake. But that mother, when her boy was dead, had begun to save in every way to pay back the stolen money, and when her only daughter was adopted by a rich man, who gave her this liberal allowance, the girl resolved, almost with a vow, never to spend one penny unnecessarily until that money was every cent paid back; for not only was there the burden of her brother's sin on her mind, but she knew that the children of the man he had wronged were in actual need, which might not have been but for her brother's wrongdoing. Denying herself all girlish luxuries, she saved her money, and, as it accumulated, sent it out to California to the widow of her brother's old employer.

"Now I ask you, girls, how many among you would have had the moral courage to accept a false position, even for such a purpose? Don't we all know how delightful it would have been for this girl to have been the petted heiress of the school, with pockets full of money, and all sorts of devotion and attention? Instead of which she had to accept the lowest place, where, I regret to say, she was not only pined by the suspicions of her companions, but treated in a way unworthy of discussion."

Miss Esther paused. She did not tell the girls that she had with difficulty obtained from Amy permission to speak in some such fashion of her motive for saving; she never mentioned Amy's name; but every girl present understood.

After a short silence, Miss Esther said, more cheerfully: "Girls, Amy Rodman can see you all to-morrow. She will be moved into Miss Barrington's sitting-room, and I hope you will all be able to congratulate her." And without another word Miss Esther nodded to the girls and went away—back to her post in Amy's room.

Whether Kitty ever made her formal apology no one knows; but this I do know, that before her illness was over, Amy was on excellent terms with all the girls, even to a certain degree with Hattie Barnes, and in the autumn she went for a fortnight to Kitty's home in the mountains, where the friendship that has ever since endured was firmly cemented.

Her return to the Academy was celebrated with as much delight as a public holiday. Little Robbie Barnes was sent to greet her with a bouquet of his own choosing, and to this day—he is a university "stroke out" now—he never ceases to speak of Amy with gratitude and affection. But this being a perfectly true story, I must add that Amy's first care after her guardian's death was to pay every penny, with interest, which remained due in California. I saw Kitty Jenners only the other day, with Miss Esther, who is principal of the Academy now, and among other things she told me that one of Amy's dearest possessions is a locket the girls gave her years ago, on her sixteenth birthday, and, at Miss Esther's suggestion, they had inscribed across the back the motto, "*In Honor Bound*."

THE END.

ATTILA THE HUN.

IN the troublous old times, when the right to possess belonged to the strongest, there lived a brave, bold warrior called Attila. He was the leader of the Huns, who were a formidable race of men, noted for their cruelty. Many countries were at this time becoming civilized, were forsaking their idolatrous religions in favor of Christianity, and it seemed, indeed, as though at last the world was going to be happier, wiser, and less selfish.

But when the nations had grown tired of quarrelling and fighting, and were inclined to live peaceably, they were interrupted in their efforts by these barbarous Huns, who came pouring down over Europe from Asia, causing misery and desolation.

The half-civilized natives were frightened by the appearance of these bold savages. So cruel were they, and so great was their number, that the very sight of them was enough to cause alarm and terror; but when at their head, as king and leader, was seen the cruel Attila, the fear of the people amounted to dismay.

In appearance the Huns were hideous objects, having very large heads, flat noses, broad shoulders, and thick, bony, ugly arms. Most of them were very short, and had thin, weak, crooked legs, which looked quite unfit to support their large, square bodies; indeed, altogether they were more like demons than human beings. For some reason or other they were seldom seen walking. They were nearly always mounted on horseback, and when seated on their horses, one could have imagined that horse and rider were but one animal.

Attila was the leader of these savage tribes. It was said and believed that where his horse's hoofs had trodden the grass could grow no more; and, indeed, after invasion by Attila and his men, nothing but wild, dreary wastes were left.

Through Germany, toward France, they swept on, like a great army of locusts, feeding upon grain, fruit, or flesh, whatever they could find, their numbers being scarcely reduced at all, and to Attila was given the name of the Scourge of God.

At length it occurred to the Emperors of the West that by uniting their efforts these powerful enemies might be overcome.

Forgetting all the little quarrels among themselves, they agreed to combine their forces, and challenge Attila to fight with them. The spot chosen for the attack was in France, near the river Marne, and here all the troops arrayed themselves, with their brave monarchs at their head. Among them were Theodorie and Merovic.

Attila, confident of success, stood facing them, having for his warriors not only his own men, but also a horde of barbarians whom he had enlisted for the occasion. Before the battle he delivered an address, telling them all that if the victory should be theirs he would reward the brave handsomely.

The battle began, and to Attila's astonishment and rage he saw his own troops beaten down. Although the strength was on his side, the discipline and skill of the civilized armies won the day. For the first time he saw thousands of his followers lying dead, and rather than lose any more, as soon as evening approached he gave up the combat.

During the dark hours of the night each side wondered what steps the other intended taking.

To the amazement of the victors of the previous day, when morning dawned a most remarkable scene presented itself to their view.

On the top of a huge mound, made of the wooden saddles of the horses and of timber of all kinds, stood Attila, with a blazing torch in his hand. Around him was a fort made of wagons, while within this stood a number of the brave Huns, also holding lighted torches. The idea was

that, rather than submit, or be delivered into the hands of the enemy, the pile should be lighted, and Attila would perish in the flames.

The victors could not help admiring the bravery displayed by this proud barbarian, and, instead of making any further attack, they ordered their men to remain passive. Attila, with the remainder of his army, retreated in humiliation.

He never regained his former power, and before very long died in Italy. His body was laid in a coffin of gold, outside of which was a shell of silver; and in order that there might be no possibility of the corpse being disturbed for the sake of the valuable coffin, the slaves who had dug the grave were all put to death.

As soon as the Huns had buried their leader they hastened back to the East, sorrowful and subdued, for they had imagined their champion to be unconquerable and almost immortal. Nevertheless, they revered his memory, and made a vow never to disclose the place of his burial. Even to this day no one knows where his body rests.

A BRAVE LAD.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.



CHARLES BILLER, a lad of thirteen, was rowing down the Passaic River, near Rutherford Park, one summer day in 1877, when he saw a flat-bottomed boat with four girls in it struck by another boat containing three boys. The collision stove in the side of the scow, and tipped over the boat, so that both parties were thrown in the water. Quick as thought Biller threw off his coat—he had been bathing, and his shoes were already off—and jumped in after the girls. His companions were younger than he, and too terrified to do anything but sit in the boat and stare.

Two of the girls were about his own age, and the others a year younger. Biller himself was used to swim-

ming, and, grasping two of the girls, he struck out for the shore which was 150 feet away. Reaching it in safety, he left his freight, and went for the others, who were still struggling in the water. Some boatmen had meanwhile gone to the rescue of the boys who had caused the accident, and one of these caught one of the remaining girls, while Biller saved the fourth. For this brave exploit, the boy was rewarded with a gold medal from the Humane Society of New York. When, some time afterward, he came to go into business, his courage and manliness were not the least of his recommendations.

The boy or man who does one brave deed very often has the opportunity to do another, and although in the case of Charles Biller the opportunity was delayed six years, he was quick to improve it when it came. One bright day this summer he started from his home in Newark, New Jersey, for a day's excursion to Coney Island, and was walking from Brighton to the Iron Pier, a distance of about a mile.

As he trudged along, Biller saw ahead of him a carriage standing on the sand, and near by a girl, who, as he gazed, suddenly ran down to the water and plunged in. She was not in bathing costume, and the unusual sight excited the lad's wonder and curiosity. At the same moment he saw a gentleman get hurriedly out of the carriage, using a crutch to help him in the descent, and then hobble down to the shore, where he stood waist deep in the surf, wildly waving his hands.

By this time, persuaded that something must be wrong, Biller had run to the spot, and now he saw, far out in the surf, a little head, toward which the girl was bravely swimming. I dare say his thoughts went hurriedly back to the Passaic River, and the day, six years before, when almost the same scene went on before his eyes. But he did not stop to think. Kicking off his shoes and throwing aside his coat, he ran into the surf, dashed by the man, and swam for the girls, the elder of whom had already caught and was buoying up the little one.

"Keep her head above water," Biller called loudly as he drew near the girl, who was as brave and plucky as he.

She managed to do as she was bid, and then Biller directed her to take hold of his shoulders, at the same time leaving his arms free to carry them both inshore. The man meanwhile had dropped his crutch in his excitement, and when Biller, having landed the two girls, looked around, he saw the cripple swept away by the treacherous surf.

It was only the work of a moment to plunge in again; but the man was now as far out as the little girl had been when Biller first saw her, and every moment was carrying him further away. With a few rapid strokes Biller neared him, but, afraid of coming too near, tried to grasp him by the hair. This, however, was too short, and when Biller took hold of the drowning man's neck, the other turned and fastened on the swimmer his deadly clutch. The lad swam as well as he could in the man's terrible grasp, but lost consciousness just as they reached the shore.

In the course of the same afternoon Biller's employer in Newark was shocked by receiving a telegram announcing that the young man had been drowned at Coney Island while courageously endeavoring to save a Mr. Benedict and his little girl, who were perishing in the surf. The father was sent for, and the sad news communicated to him. But before he left the office to convey it to his wife a second message came, reading as follows:

"Don't be alarmed. Was senseless for a time, but am all right again, and on my way home. Had the good luck to save Benedict and two daughters; was rewarded with a diamond ring, gold watch, and other presents.

C. H. BILLER.

Biller's unconsciousness had lasted for half an hour.

When he came to himself he found the gentleman and his daughters anxiously awaiting his revival, and insisting that he should accompany them to their cottage, where he was fitted out with a dry suit of clothes, and overwhelmed with thanks from Mrs. Benedict for the preservation of her husband's and children's lives.

The father pressed upon the lad a sum of money, and when this was declined, compelled Biller to accept the gold watch and chain which he had carried in his own pocket, and a valuable diamond ring, as an expression of his gratitude and regard. These the young man shows to any one who may be interested in the affair, though he does not fancy the publicity it has brought him. "I have had so much said about me lately in the papers, and it was merely an accident," he remarks in a letter I have just received from him, and which I am sure he will pardon me for quoting, for the glimpse that it gives of his character.

Some one, trying to be witty, has said that absence of body is better than presence of mind, but this is the way the coward looks at it. One who is brave will try to be prepared when the danger comes, and will not shrink from meeting it. A little boy in the school panic the other day helped his teacher by dragging other boys, who were trying to escape from the window, back by their legs.

A young lady—I mention this incident for the sake of the girls—was riding horseback near her country home last week, when the animal took fright and ran away. The girl clung to his back, knowing that to be her only chance, though he dashed with terrific speed down a long hill, at the foot of which she knew there was a river and a bridge. The road, moreover, makes a sharp turn just before it reaches the bridge; and when it came to this point she saw to her horror that the horse was headed for a narrow space, not more than three feet wide, between the side of the bridge and a tree.

If he struck either the tree on the one hand or the bridge on the other she would be dragged off and killed, while if he leaped that seemed to invite a more terrible death on the rocks twenty feet below. Still she clung to his back while the horse leaped. He landed, not on the rocks, but in a pool just beyond, and was so hurt by the fall that he had to be shot. The girl escaped without harm, except for the shock to her nervous system. Had she not kept her self-possession and retained her seat on the horse's back, and guided him as well as she was able, she must certainly have been killed.

Had Charles Biller waited to see if some one else would not jump in the water his opportunity for heroism would have been lost. It is the boys and girls who are ready when the opportunity comes that do the gallant deeds and win the prizes in the struggle of life.

A PILLOW FIGHT.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE'VE been staying at the sea-shore for a week, and having a beautiful time. I love the sea-shore, only it would be a great deal nicer if there wasn't any sea; then you wouldn't have to go in bathing. I don't like to go in bathing, for you get so awfully wet, and the water chokes you. Then there are ticks on the sea-shore in the grass. A tick is an insect that begins and bites you, and never stops till you're all etup, and then you die, and the tick keeps on growing bigger all the time.

There was once a boy and a tick got on him and bit him, and kept on biting for three or four days, and it etup the boy till the tick was almost as big as the boy had been, and the boy wasn't any bigger than a marble, and he died, and his folks felt dreadfully about it. I never saw a tick, but I know that there are lots of them on the sea-shore, and that's reason enough not to like it.

We staid at a boarding-house while we were at the sea-shore. A boarding-house is a place where they give you pure country air and a few vegetables and a little meat, and I say they give me a jail where they feed you if they do keep you shut up in



"I NEVER WAS SO FRIGHTENED IN MY LIFE."

the dark. There were a good many people in our boarding-house, and I slept upstairs on the third story with three other boys, and there were two more boys on the second story, and that's the way all the trouble happened.

There is nothing that is better fun than a pillow fight; that is, when you're home and have got your own pillows, and know they're not loaded, as Mr. Travers says. He was real good about it, too, and I sha'n't forget it, for 'most any man would have been awfully mad, but he just made as if he didn't care, only Sue went on about it as if I was the worst boy that ever lived.

You see, we four boys on the third story thought it would be fun to have a pillow fight with the two boys on the second story. We waited till everybody had gone to bed, and then we took our pillows and went out into the hall just as quiet as could be, only Charley Thompson he fell over a trunk in the hall and made a tremendous noise. One of the boarders opened his door and said who's there, but we didn't answer, and presently he said "I suppose it's that cat people ought to be ashamed of themselves to keep such animals," and shut his door again.

After a little while Charley was able to walk, though his legs were dreadfully rough where he'd seraped them against the trunk. So we crept down-stairs and went into the boys' room, and began to pound them with the pillows.

They knew what was the matter, and jumped right up and got their pillows, and went at us so fierce that they drove us out into the hall. Of course this made a good deal of noise, for we knocked over the wash-stand in the room, and upset a lot of lamps that were on the table in the hall, and every time I hit one of the boys he would say "Ouch!" so loud that anybody that was awake could hear him. We fought all over the hall, and as we began to get excited we made so much noise that Mr. Travers got up and came out to make us keep quiet.

It was pretty dark in the hall, and though I knew Mr. Travers, I thought he couldn't tell me from the other boys, and I thought I would just give him one good whack on the head, and then we'd all run upstairs. He wouldn't know who hit him, and, besides, who ever heard of a fellow being hurt with a pillow?

So I stood close up by the wall till he came near me, and then I gave him a splendid bang over the head. It sounded as if you had hit a fellow with a club, and Mr. Travers dropped to the floor with an awful crash, and never spoke a word.

I never was so frightened in my life, for I thought Mr. Travers was killed. I called murder help fire, and everybody ran out of their rooms, and fell over trunks, and there was the most awful time you ever dreamed of. At last somebody got a lamp, and somebody else got some water and picked Mr. Travers up and carried him into his room, and then he came to, and said "Where am I Susan what is the matter O now I know."

He was all right, only he had a big bump on one side of his head, and he said that it was all an accident, and that he wouldn't have Sue scold me, and that it served him right for not remembering that boarding-house pillows are apt to be loaded.

The next morning he made me bring him my pillow, and then he found out how it came to hurt him. All the chicken bones, and the gravel-stones, and the chunks of wood that were in the pillow had got down into one end of it while we were having the fight, and when I hit Mr. Travers they happened to strike him on his head where it was thin, and knocked him senseless. Nobody can tell how glad I am that he wasn't killed, and it's a warning to me never to have pillow fights except with pillows that I know are not loaded with chicken bones and things.

I forgot to say that after that night my mother and all the boys' mothers took all the pillows away from us, for they said they were too dangerous to be left where boys could get at them.

"MOTHER'S DEAR COMFORT."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

THE kitchen is clean and cozy,
And bright with the sunshine gay,
And "Mother's dear Comfort" for mother's sake
Is busily working away
Paring potatoes, and thinking
"It's humdrum work to do;"
But little Miss Comfort is willing and quick,
And the sunbeams are helping her through.

For mother is sick and is sleeping,
And baby is quiet at last;
And father 'll be wanting his dinner soon,
The minutes are flying so fast.
Oh, she knows *he* will kiss her, and love her,
And call her his "Busy Bee";
But mother's pet name is the truest of all,
For "Mother's dear Comfort" is she.

THE KING OF THE MONKEYS.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

I.

OVER the narrow plain of Gelloor, which extends through a portion of the Punjab, the thick-sown rice and maize fields waved. The morning breeze was fresh, and stirred lightly the waters of the winding little Gelloor River. Curious bright-colored birds squawked and waded through the shallows. In the far distance sharp blue peaks could be seen.

An ugly yellow snake lay flat on a clump of river-grass. It had its eye upon a giddy young parouquet that was taking a dip but a few yards beyond its reach. The slimy body of the snake glided between the grass roots; nearer and nearer its hideous head drew to the luckless parouquet. But lo! just as his snakeship drew himself together for the fatal dart, down came a thick stick, the blow from which broke the reptile's backbone and sent him to writhe in the water. The little parrot flew off in terror. A slender dark-skinned lad of perhaps ten years sprang up from his hiding-place with a triumphant cry, "Wicked serpent, you will kill no more birds!" And little Rham Puggee hit the thick yellow body another hard blow with his stick, which completely finished the snake's business forever.

Poor little Rham! It was not often now that he had as much variety in his hard life as killing a snake. In fact, he had nearly rid his master's land of them.

Rham's master was a *ráyat*, hard-working, and very bad-tempered. He had bought little Rham, like a slave, from a band of strolling vagabonds. He fancied he could make the boy useful in tending the crops for him.

It was a hard life, but Rham endured it as well as he could, working all day in the hot sun, and dropping down at night-fall, like a dog, upon his coarse mat, to sleep until sunrise. He could remember nothing of himself before the days of his gypsy friends, not even whether he had really belonged to any of them.

Sometimes when the lad was sent by Jheer Narry, his master, to the village, a mile or two away, on an errand, and happened to see a group of brown-skinned boys of his own age playing around the great tank together, or sitting at the feet of a priest learning wisdom, Rham sighed. "I do not care about the playing," he thought; "I should not know how. But I would like to learn to read and write, and have a chance to become somebody better than the slave of a *ráyat* like Jheer Narry."

One day he ventured to say something of his ambitions to the *ráyat*. Jheer Narry struck him two or three hard strokes with a rattan, and laughed aloud as he scoffingly answered, "Wretched little pig, without a friend in the world but me, what business has such as you to think of aught except my maize fields? Away with you!"

Rham worked on carefully for an hour, cutting off with a sharp knife the ears of maize which were touched by a

disease that threatened the whole crop. At the end of that time he found that he would have to hunt out Jheer Narry to ask him a question or two. He walked down the long rows of maize. The field was not small. As he drew near to the corner of it he suddenly heard Jheer Narry's harsh tones.

"Ah, let me catch them at it—let me catch them at it!" the riyat was shouting hoarsely.

Jheer Narry stood, waving his arms excitedly, on the farthest edge of the plot. Rham could see that for many yards around the maize stalks had been uprooted, trampled down, and crushed to splinters. Hundreds of ears seemed to have been plucked off and then carried away, leaving only a few dozen that still strewn the earth among tangles of leaves and roots.

"The monkeys—the odious, wicked robbers!" stormed Jheer Narry. "They it is who have been here since yesterday. They must have trooped down from the great banyan grove last night on purpose to destroy my field of maize."

Jheer Narry continued walking out in fresh rage as he observed the amount of mischief the long-tailed robbers had brought about in perhaps not more than an hour.

"May the wicked thieves perish!" he cried again and again. "They came to visit me in just this way years ago. How they love to tear up and steal the corn before it is hard!"

"See you to it that it does not chauce again," said Bhat Gee, the friend of the enraged riyat. "They will come in greater numbers the next time—perhaps that will be to night. You should have your maize field watched, Jheer Narry."

"And indeed I shall have it so," replied Jheer Narry. "This little good-for-nothing pest who stands staring shall lie on a mat here with a cudgel to drive the thieves off. I shall be ruined by them. They have learned the way; they are sure to return."

Rham was startled at the idea of filling the post of watchman after this fashion.

"But, master, suppose they enter the field at some other spot? How shall I hear them? And, besides that, there are wild beasts prowling—"

"Be still, torment that you are!" interrupted Jheer Narry. "I neither know nor care how you will be able to keep these thieves out; but woe to your skin if you let them root up and pull off in one corner while you are pretending to do your duty in another!"

II.

The yellow moon was up. The night wind, cold as it ever is in the Punjab, tossed about the river-grasses and the rustling maize fields. Wrapped up in a castaway cotton robe of Jheer Narry, Rham squatted flat upon an old mat a good distance within the shadow of the uninjured maize, and where he could have a good view of the late scene of the monkeys' mischief-making. Poor lad! He was very tired.

"I shall have to lie here quietly," he said to himself, "and hope that if the monkeys do come back to-night they will choose this same spot for stealing. If they get into the maize elsewhere, why, I must bear my beating as best I can. If I could only tell the monkeys what I must suffer for their wicked tricks, I wonder if they would pull up the maize? The priests say that they are like gods, and understand many things. Oh!" exclaimed the boy, struck by a sudden trouble, "my master did not tell me, but suppose these should be sacred monkeys from the temple! Jheer Narry said something about a banyan grove. If they are such, I shall do wrong to try to keep them away. Did not I hear Bhat Gee once say that a man will die who does not let them always do what they please? Ah, what shall I do?" continued poor little Rham. "I dare not even frighten them lest the gods who

love them injure me or ruin all the maize with a charm. My master is a wicked man."

Rham thought so hard and long that presently his ideas became strangely blurred. He nodded, and drooped over, and presently lay flat on the mat, with his cotton cloth pulled over him, fast asleep.

Most marvellous to tell, not ten minutes after the exhausted lad's breathing had become regular, a something black skipped nimbly up from the other side of the rude fence, and stood there listening. Another black agile form followed. Rham was motionless, but the presence of some unseen enemy was suspected, and the plunderers were wondrously careful to make little noise. Gradually there began a rustling, leaping, and skipping, and then a subdued chattering. Over the low fence a dozen, two dozen, three dozen of the long-tailed scamps flung themselves. How could Rham sleep, clear back there in the gloom, weary as he was? Others approached boldly. Scores of the plunderers descended, and keeping well out of the way of Rham, glided down the field to a new point of attack. Innumerable heads and tails poured over that roughly twisted and tied fence, and darted like cats past the spot where some of the oldest and wickedest uncles in the horde had discovered Rham's small person, and given proper warning. Not until the wary visitors were fifty yards below Rham's seat the mischief began. Down came the maize stalks, off went the toothsome ears. The little monkeys laid hold of their fathers' tails, and pulled with them.

Altogether the business of the expedition was getting well under way, and no small mischief had been already once more done to Jheer Narry's crop, when, presto! a flying little human figure came running toward them, beating about with a stick, and shouting:

"I will not look at you to see if you are sacred monkeys. I do not wish to know, I tell you. My master sends me. I beg you to forgive me."

Whish! dash! away flew the terrified army, caught in the act. Rham could not help discovering, as he rushed toward them in the moonlight, that they were the sacred monkeys, as he had feared. Hence came his last requests for pardon. He had no need to strike one blow, though he would not have done so. The corn was dropped; the babies were seized by paws and tails, and pulled along; a tremendous screeching and chattering arose and passed away with the fleeing host. At length nothing but a faint murmur borne upon the night air from the road leading to the banyan groves could Rham hear. The field of maize was still as if undisturbed. Rham trembled with excitement.

But there lay the trampled and spoiled stalks and ears. Enough to cost Rham the promised beating to-morrow. Just then something very warm and soft touched the boy's bare foot. Rham started and looked down. It was a very young, a very tiny monkey, perhaps only a few days old. It was too young, indeed, to be afraid of a human being. It plainly was shivering with the cold where its mother had lost hold of it. Rham bent down, examined the small creature, and finally took it up in his arms. An idea struck him. The bewildered little monkey made no effort to escape from the warm breast that sheltered it.

"I shall be beaten," said Rham to himself, "for to-night—yes; but I will try not to have the corn robbed again, and so be beaten worse another time. I dare not hurt the sacred monkeys. So I will go now to the banyan grove and ask a priest from the temple that is sure to be there to speak for me to the King of the Monkeys. The priests understand their tongue, I think. And I will ask the priest to tell the King of the Monkeys that Rham Puggee, the servant of Jheer Narry, brings back one of his black people, and that he has not hurt it; and that this same Rham Puggee begs, because of his bringing the



THE MONKEYS DESTROYING JHEER NARRY'S MAIZE FIELD.

monkey back, and out of kindness to him, and to save him from being often beaten very cruelly, that the King of the Monkeys will command his people not to come again to do harm to the fields of Jheer Narry.

III.

Not long after sunrise the next day the gate in the wall before an old temple in a large banyan grove, about a mile from Jheer Narry's plantation, opened. Out came, not a priest, but a young English officer, dressed in an Indian hunting costume. He had started for a morning stroll with his gun.

Captain Cecil was a good deal startled by nearly falling over a sleeping Hindoo boy. Much to his surprise, the boy seemed to hold, nestling with great good-will against his bosom, a remarkably tiny monkey. The monkey also slept.

Poor Rham had reached what he supposed was his journey's end only to find the gate leading to temple and grove locked. He had not counted upon that. He therefore sat down before it, in the cold moonlight, to rest before setting out on his return to Jheer Narry's fields. The lad was sadly discouraged.

"Halloa, here!" cried Captain Cecil, starting back in surprise. "Who in the world are you? and what are you doing here so early this morning? Are you in trouble, youngster?" The questions were repeated in Rham's own musical language. Rham contrived to make answer, and finally Captain Cecil drew out the whole history of his life with Jheer Narry, and of his night's adventure, ending with his intention to implore the good-will of the King of the Monkeys. Captain Cecil laughed as he listened; but the story was a sad one of ill-treatment and heathen folly after all, and the young man's face was sober ere Rham was done.

"Look here," he said, "I think I can help you, my poor boy. I can not take you to the King of the Monkeys; I do not believe any one about here can. This old temple has been a government depot these many years, and all the priests of your queer religion that lived here have moved to some other big temple not far away. But I will ask my friends here, who are all Englishmen, to help me buy you from this cruel master of yours. If you will, you shall stay here and make yourself useful; and if you prove worthy of good treatment, why, you shall be helped all the more."

Rham's story, as Captain Cecil repeated it at breakfast in the mess room, found sympathy. If any distrusted the boy's tale, his simple air and the pathos of his dark eyes won them over. Captain Cecil rode down to Jheer Narry's fields, and came back, having bought Rham Puggée—that is, as much as any Englishman can buy a human creature. Rham never set eyes upon Jheer Narry more. The regiment was ordered away to Madras a few days after, and before many weeks were over Rham set out for England with his master, Captain Cecil. The captain did not intend to remain long at home, but he found that he must; and Rham staid, and was presently sent to an English school. Bright and eager to learn, he advanced until his master saw that Rham could never be kept a mere servant, nor did he wish to so keep him.

Years passed, and by every means he could grasp Captain Cecil helped Rham on his upward career until Rham could help himself. He became an educated, Christianized, successful young merchant in the India trade before Captain Cecil's head grew gray. Who would have supposed that all this was the result of the attacks of the monkeys on Jheer Narry's maize field, and of Rham's effort to save himself from a beating by having an interview with the King of the Monkeys?



"THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE."

THE CAPTURED FLAGS:
 A STORY OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.
 BY DAVID KER.

THERE are few prettier places in the world than the Canary Islands. All over the bold ridges that surge

up one beyond the other in endless succession dainty little white villas and tiny clusters of cane huts are scattered broadcast among the dark masses of tropical foliage that cover the hills to the very top. Between the purple mountains and the smooth, shimmering sea the low, flat-roofed, white-walled houses of the little town of Santa Cruz

(Holy Cross) straggle over the narrow strip of level ground like a half-finished game of dominoes; while high over all the magnificent Peak of Teneriffe, with its huge dark green pyramid and sharp white summit, rises far up against the cloudless brightness of the deep blue sky.

"What d'ye think of *that*, Bill?" said one of a party of sailors who had just landed from an English frigate. "Didn't I tell yer as you'd see some'at here worth looking at?"

"It's a grand place," assented Bill; "but think o' this here little biscuit-box having the cheek to call itself a *town*! I'm a Frenchman if it don't look as silly as a ha'porth o' treacle in a two-gallon jug. If I was a mountain, I wouldn't stand a thing like *that* holdin' on to me, like a barnacle to a ship's keel; I'd just give myself a shake, and send it rolly-poly down into the sea."

"True enough," said another of the party. "Who'd ever think as how that little place could ha' stood out agin Nelson himself, and beat him off too!"

"Beat off Nelson?" cried the man beside him, fiercely. "What fool's yarn's that as you're a-spinnin'? D'ye think there's any place on earth as could beat off *him*? Why, he'd ha' took Gibraltar Roek itself, he would, if it hadn't been British ground already."

"Sam's right, though, for all that," struck in a hard-faced old quartermaster. "I don't say it's any disgrace to the old flag, boys, that fifty men couldn't whip five hundred; but it's true enough that Nelson *did* get beat off from there, and lost his right arm into the bargain."

A smothered growl broke from the listening blue-jackets.

"And what's more, Jack my hearty, they took a couple of Union-jacks from us in that scrimmage, and they've got 'em hung up in that old church yonder, where I see'd them with my own eyes some three years ago."

"What? British flags captured by them Spanish lubbers?" cried Jack Hartley. "I don't believe *that*, even though it's you as says it."

"Well, my boy," answered the veteran seaman, coolly, "seem's believing, they say. It ain't far to the church, and you can just step up there and see for yourself."

"Now hark ye, my mates all," cried Jack, turning to the rest with a stern light in his bold blue eyes. But the words which followed were spoken in a whisper, though they seemed to have a very exciting effect upon all who heard them.

"I'm game for it," said one, squaring his brawny chest with a business-like air.

"And I."

"And I."

"You'll get us into trouble, Jack," said the old quartermaster, shaking his gray head; "but if it's got to be done you won't catch old Tom Crossrose skulking."

"Come along, then, my hearties," sang out Jack; and the tars, closing up, tramped steadily up the steep narrow street to the church door, and entered in a body.

Two or three of them looked rather blank on seeing that there were a good many people in the church; but old Tom, now that he was fairly in the business, seemed as much in earnest as any one, and was instantly ready with a word of encouragement.

"Never mind, boys. If it comes to a fight, one blue-jacket's a match for three Spaniards any day."

The old sexton, knowing by experience how freely sailors scattered their money, hurried forward to receive his new guests, and began pointing out to them the picturesque carving of the roof, the holy images along the walls, the various offerings placed around them by pious Spaniards, and last but not least the two captured Union-jacks.

He had just opened his mouth to tell the story of their capture, when a gag was thrust into it by Jack Hartley's brawny hand, while the old quartermaster pinioned his arms from behind. Two others snatched from the wall

the dusty, moth-eaten flags which they had come to re-see, and then the whole party made a rush for the door.

But the scuffle had attracted attention, and while some of the native visitors ran out to give the alarm, the rest attempted to hold the doorway, and keep the English from getting out. A few knock-down blows, however, from the sledge-hammer fists of the sailors soon cleared a passage; but meanwhile the alarm had spread, and when the party burst out of the church they found the whole street blocked up by an infuriated mob yelling for vengeance upon the "sacriligious heretics."

And now the fight began in earnest. Showers of stones, mud, and decayed fruit darkened the air. In front the crushing blows of the tars bore down all opposition, but the throng gave way there only to press more fiercely on their rear with clubs, stones, and even knives. More than one serious wound had been given on either side, and the bugle call from the garrison warned the English that the soldiers would soon be upon them likewise, when the crowd parted suddenly, giving passage to their own first lieutenant and thirty seamen armed with cutlasses.

"Come, my lads," cried the officer, "give back those flags, and let's have done with this. It would be too bad to grudge these poor beggars one trophy, when we've got so many of theirs; and even if they'd taken fifty flags they can't rub out St. Vincent and Trafalgar."

The last words hit just in the right place. The men answered with a hearty cheer, and restoring the flags, filed down to the shore without another word.

"Who were the ringleaders in this business, Mr. Seaforth?" asked the English Captain half an hour later, trying hard to look very stern.

"I'd rather you didn't ask me, sir, if you'll excuse me, for if I'd been one of them, I really think I'd have done the same myself."

But what the Captain thought we shall never know. He was silent for a while, and when he did speak it was about something else.

NOTE.—This story was told me rather confusedly by the old sailor; but the main statements, as far as I can learn, are correct.—D. K.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

WITHIN two hours after the shipwrecked party were on the *Pearl* all the mischief wrought by the storm had been repaired, save in the case of the tender, and she could not be made thoroughly serviceable again until the proper tools and material could be procured.

When Captain Sammy had patched her up with gum and flannel it was only with the idea that she might be used for taking them back to the *Pearl* again. He knew very well that she would not be serviceable for a longer time than that would occupy, and when, everything else being done, the little tender was pulled on board the *Pearl*, it did not require a very careful examination to see that it would not be safe to venture in her again.

"We can't land again, boys, unless at some place where we can run the steamer right up to the bank, for it would be worse than fool-hardy to attempt to get any distance in this boat, especially in waters where the alligators are as plenty as they are around here."

The boys were rather disappointed when they realized that their hunting trips were over; but they did not un-

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

derstand that the loss of that pleasure was not all that the wrecking of the boat meant for them, until Captain Sammy said:

"And if you can't go on shore we shall be sadly put to it for provisions. We shall be obliged to eat fish three times a day, and I reckon you'll get rather tired of that kind of a diet before long."

"But what can we do?" asked Dare.

Then it became evident from his reply that Captain Sammy had been leading the conversation up to the point where such a question would necessarily be asked, for he replied, quickly:

"I'll tell you what I think we'd better do, and then you can decide matters to please yourselves, for I'm willing to go or stay, just as you say. It's settled that we can't land here unless we keep steam up all the time, and that we can hardly do, on account of coal. Now it will get lonesome after you've been shut up on the boat a few days, so I propose that you go on shore for a grand hunting excursion to-morrow, and that we lay still the next day, of course, for it is Sunday. On Monday we will start for the sponge fisheries, where some of my vessels are, and from there go home. In Tampa we can get our boat fixed, fit the *Pearl* out anew, and then start for the Florida reefs. What do you say?"

Since returning to Tampa did not mean giving up the cruise, but simply making two installments of it, the boys readily agreed to the little man's plan, and began overhauling and cleaning their guns preparatory to the next day's hunt.

Some fishing was done over the rail that afternoon, not for the sake of the sport, but that they might have food; and when the party went to bed at night there was not one among them who felt sorry he was so soon to leave the Everglades.

On the following morning there was a light breeze setting toward the land, and Captain Sammy concluded to allow the little craft to drift in to the shore rather than go to the trouble of getting up steam; but he took very good care to let go the anchor some distance from the beach, paying out the cable till her bow struck the beach, so that she could be hauled out to a safer anchorage at night.

His orders to the sailors-turned-hunters were that they should not go into the woods more than a quarter of a mile at the most, and that under no circumstances were they to follow any wounded animal more than a hundred yards.

Not being particularly in search of large game, the boys were perfectly willing to obey the commands which were given with a view to their own safety, and their hunting that day was chiefly directed to getting more specimens of the feathered tribe to add to their already rather large collection.

But Dare was careful to see that their larder was provided for, and he bagged quite as much game as could be eaten before it would spoil, after which he joined the others in their search for rare birds.

During the entire day the hunting match was kept up, the boys going on board the steamer once or twice for the purpose of carrying their game, or of getting something to eat, and when night came they were quite tired enough to go to sleep as soon as they had rolled into their berths.

The next day, which was Sunday, was spent quietly on the steamer, Captain Sammy talking to them in a way which was as impressive as any sermon they had ever heard.

Bright and early Monday morning Charley was up and in the engine-room, and by seven o'clock the paddles of the *Pearl* began to revolve as she started on the home-ward trip.

Down through the narrow stream leading from Lake Okechobee to Lake Kackpochee the steamer glided, and

if the tender had been in condition to use, the boys would have pleaded hard for one day on the smaller lake, so much more cheerful-looking did it seem than the vast body of water on which they had been so long.

The first day's journey ended about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the yacht came to anchor a short distance below Fort Deynaud, and after supper all hands went into the standing-room, as had come to be their custom at the close of each day.

After they had been there a short time Captain Sammy pulled out of his pocket a small piece of printed paper, which was very much crumpled and soiled.

"There," he said, as he handed it to Dare—"there is a piece about sponges that I cut out of an old book I found, an' I want you to read it aloud, so's you an' your mess-mates will know all about what they're goin' to see, an' won't be worrying the life out of me asking questions."

Dare took the printed slip in silence—for he had learned that it was better not to argue with Captain Sammy, even when he appeared to be unjust—and read the article, as he had been told to do, while the little man smoked and stroked his chin with evident satisfaction.

This is what Dare read:

"The kind of sponges that are fit for use are found in the seas of warm climates. Two species are brought from the Levant, and a very inferior one from the West Indies and coast of Florida. The trade in sponges is very considerable, and is carried on chiefly by the Turks and the inhabitants of the Bahama Islands. The number of men employed in the Ottoman sponge fishery is between 4000 and 5000, forming the crews of about six hundred boats. These boats find their chief employment on the coasts of Candia, Barbary, and Syria. Here the sponge is obtained by divers, who take down with them a flat piece of stone of triangular shape, with a hole drilled through one of its corners. To this a cord is attached. When a diver reaches the growing sponges, he tears them off the rocks, and places them under his arms; he then pulls at the cord, which gives the signal to his companions in the boat to draw him up.

"The value of sponges collected in Greece and Turkey is from \$450,000 to \$500,000 annually. The Greeks of the Morea, instead of diving, obtain sponges by a pronged instrument; but the sponges thus collected are torn, and sell at a low price. The best sponges are obtained from detached heads of rock in eight or ten fathoms of water. The sponges from the Bahamas and the Florida coast are of a larger size and coarser quality. They are torn from the rocks by a fork at the end of a long pole. To rid them of the animal matter, they are buried for some days in the sand, and then soaked and washed."

"There," said Captain Sammy, when Dare had finished reading, "I could have told you all that just as well as for you to read it; but now you've got it just as it was writ down, an' if it ain't right you can't be throwin' it in my teeth that I don't know nothing."

Then Captain Sammy relapsed into a moody silence, looking as if no amount of coaxing or persuasion could thaw him out, for fully ten minutes. At the end of that time he began to tell stories, only stopping when it was absolutely necessary they should go to bed.

Just before they retired Captain Sammy announced that he was anxious to anchor in Charlotte Harbor the next night, so that they could reach the sponge fishers at an early hour Wednesday morning.

To do this it would be necessary to begin their preparations for the start as soon as it was light enough to admit of their working.

It hardly seemed to the boys as if they had been in bed ten minutes when Captain Sammy called them next morning; but they got up, regardless of their desire for another nap, and the result of their early rising was that they swung around the point of Boca Grande Key just at sunset.



THE BOYS ADDING TO THEIR STOCK OF CURIOUS BIRDS.

The yacht had been kept running at full speed all day, and, as a natural consequence, each one of the boys had been obliged to work so hard that he had not the slightest desire to visit the picturesque little town on the key.

They retired at once, and the start for the sponging grounds was made at nearly as early an hour on the following morning, each one on the alert to see this strange fishery, where a marine plant was the kind of fish sought for.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO MAKE A CAGE FOR WHITE MICE.

BY W. G. CAMPBELL.

TO make a cage with sleeping-boxes in the upper part and a ladder for the mice to ascend and descend by is by no means difficult nor expensive. It is very pleasant to watch the little inhabitants climbing up and down and running in and out of the holes in their upstairs rooms, and to see them swinging about in their boat-swings. And after one or two days they do not seem at all to wish to get out or to gnaw their bars, as many mice do if confined in a narrow space. I will first give a list of the materials and their cost, and then proceed to describe how the cage is to be made:

Thick wire	Cents.	Emery-paper	Cents.
Thin wire	10	Handle	2
Zinc	2	Screws for handle	6
Perforated zinc	16	Iron bar	1
Hinges	2	Screws for iron bar	12
Screws for hinges	5	Total	73
Staples	4	Without handle and bar	53
Brads	2		
Tacks	6		
	4		

These articles can be readily obtained at any hardware store, except the emery-paper; that is to be bought at a paint store. The thick wire should be about as thick as a thin knitting-needle; the other wire, as it is for binding pur-

poses, should be as thin as possible; so also should the zinc; the hinges ought to be about an inch long. The iron bar will be described hereafter.

The following are the sizes and descriptions of pieces of wood for a cage eighteen inches long by thirteen inches high and ten inches deep:

FRAME-WORK.			
A	11	by 18	inches. Bottom.
B	10	" 12 1/2	" " Ends
B	10	" 12 1/2	" " Ends
C	5	" 18	" " Front half of cover.
D	3 1/2	" 18	" " Upper half of back.
SLEEPING-BOXES.			
E	6 1/2	by 17	inches. Bottom.
F	3	" 17	" " Front.
G	4 1/2	" 3	" " Divisions.
G'	4 1/2	" 3	" " Divisions.
DOORS.			
H	9	by 18	inches. } Lower part of back.
K	4 1/2	" 5	" " } Cover of sleeping
K'	4 1/2	" 5	" " } boxes.
K'	4 1/2	" 5	" " }

The wood should be one-half inch thick.

First of all, the pieces B B should be nailed at the ends of A, leaving one inch of A projecting at back, and then

from the top of each of them a strip five inches by one-half inch should be cut, so that the piece C can now be nailed to join the ends and form the front half of cover. Across upper half of back we will next nail D. The frame-work is thus finished.

Now let us make the sleeping-boxes. First, we must with a centre-bit bore three holes an inch in diameter in piece F for entrances to nests; then let us nail G and G' on one side of F to divide sleeping-box into three equal compartments; to these we should next nail E, projecting an inch and five-eighths beyond F to form run in front of nests. Two holes should then be bored with a brad-awl near the front edge of this run, opposite middle hole to F, to receive ends of ladder, which will be described hereafter. Next, we must tack a strip of zinc along this run with eight or nine tacks, punching small holes just above those bored with brad-awl; then nail the sleeping-boxes thus made to B B and D as shown in drawing, leaving a slit of one-eighth of an inch between F and back edge of C, through which a piece of zinc four by seventeen inches is to be slipped, to keep the mice in their boxes while cleaning out the cage. The ends, bottom, and large door should then be lined with zinc inside, leaving a space of half an inch all round front of cage, where the wires are to come; and just under the holes bored in the run outside the sleeping-box punch two others the same distance apart in the zinc which lines the bottom; these are to hold the lower spikes of the ladder. The zinc should be tacked down as well in the middle as at the edges, having holes punched in it for the tacks to go through.

Now bore holes a quarter of an inch apart along C, and same in but not through A, about a quarter of an inch from front edge of each; then cut off from your wire enough pieces twelve inches and three-quarters long to go through these holes, which will be about sixty-eight in number. Let the wood of A be about half an inch thick or a little more, so that the wires can have as much hold in it as possible. Straighten your wires, emery-paper

them, and push them through the top holes, and bring them down to the corresponding ones in the bottom; then fix two longitudinal wires from B to B across the front of the others, and bind these upright wires to them with the pliant wire.

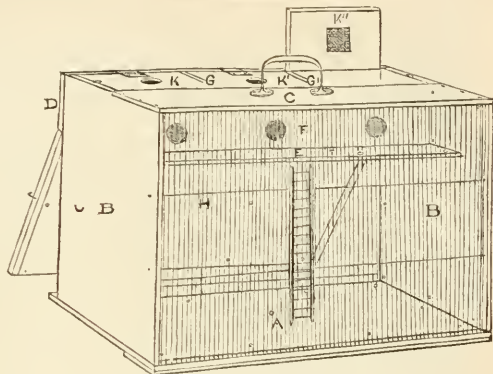
Hinge the doors to D, as shown in drawing, and splay front edge of each of small doors K, K, and K', and top edge of F, so that these doors may shut closely. Each small door should also have a hole made with the centre-bit in the middle, and a piece of perforated zinc should be tacked over them inside to ventilate the nests.

We now come to the ladder. Get two pieces of wood eight inches and three-quarters long by a quarter of an inch broad, and a quarter of an inch thick, and make holes every half inch along them, and in each end of them bore a hole, and drive a piece of thick wire five-eighths of an inch long in all these end holes, leaving three-eighths of an inch projecting from top ends and a quarter of an inch from bottom; then break off enough pieces an inch long to go into remaining holes of one of your sticks, and drive them in, but not so as to come through the other side; then drive the other ends into the remaining stick, and your ladder is finished. The boat-swings can be easily made in the

at b

same manner after looking at drawing, and fastened at the top of the wire that they are hung by with two staples to floor of sleeping-box. The fastenings can be made from staples, those marked *a* for large door, and *b* for small doors; the hooks of *a* should be put a little lower than the middle of large door, and the catches in ends of cage.

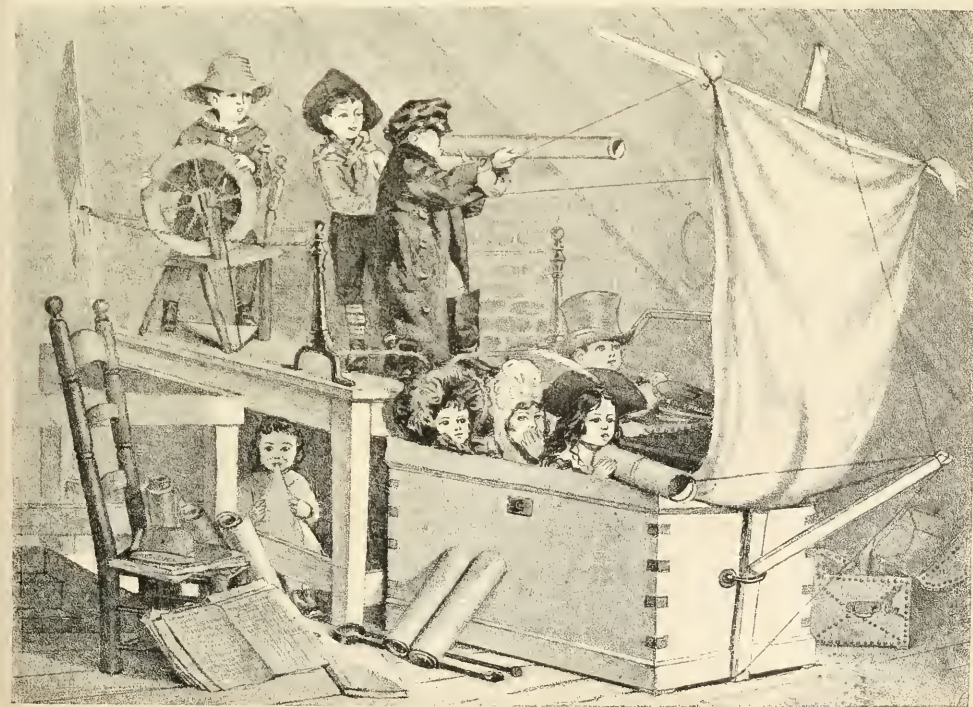
Now if you are going to have a handle, get as small an iron one as will comfortably lift your cage, and screw it



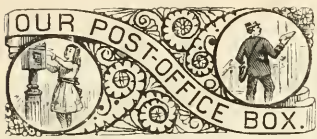
CAGE FOR WHITE MICE.

on to C, as near sleeping-boxes as possible; then as you will find the sleeping-box side will be the heavier, you might get a bar of old iron eighteen inches long, between one-fourth of an inch and three-eighths of an inch thick, and broad enough to make your cage weigh equally. Have three holes drilled in it, and screw it underneath the cage in front.

When mice are first put in such a cage as I have described, the ladder appears steep for them, but they soon get used to it, and reach their nests in two or three bounds from the floor.



"SHIP AHOY!"—DRAWN BY H. P. WOLCOTT.



ABOUT EARNING MONEY.

SOME of the boys have written to the Postmistress asking her to tell them how they may earn a little money during vacation. One bright-eyed little man—George R., Jun., is his name—has solved the problem for himself. He has a boat called the *Pocahontas*, and as his home is near a favorite summer resort, visited during the season by numbers of people from the city, he rows passengers across a certain little stream at five cents a trip. He intends to buy a pony with his money when he shall have earned enough to pay for one. I will not tell you where George lives, but it is not at all improbable that among my young friends there may be a half-dozen who, before vacation is over, may take a seat in the pretty *Pocahontas*, and have my brave little lad die for their ferryman.

Another boy of my acquaintance, who expected a year or two ago to spend his vacation wholly in town, asked his father's permission to learn something about business life in the ten weeks before school should re-open. He sought and found a place in an office, and pleased his employers so well by his promptness and intelligence that when he had been graduated they at once gave him a permanent situation.

But I want to tell you about Hal W. and his sister Bessie. They wanted ever so much to go to the mountains (this summer), and weeks ago they asked their mother if she would give her consent. She shook her head rather sadly.

"Where is the money to come from, my dears?" Bessie knew, if Hal did not, that there was no money to spare. Mrs. W. paints pictures, and is sometimes paid very well for them, and sometimes, alas! the pictures do not find purchasers.

"If you and Bessie can manage to earn enough to pay your own expenses, you may go to Wild-rose-ville in August," said the mother.

Now some children would have said, "What's the use of trying?" Not so Bessie and Hal, who are young Americans, and have plenty of pluck and persistence. They shook all the pennies out of their savings-banks and counted them, and added to their sum several silver pieces which had been given them about the Fourth of July by uncles and cousins to invest in torpedoes. They had not wasted a penny on torpedoes, and when they footed up their wealth it amounted to three dollars. With this Bessie went a good many yards of strong brown gingham of a close-checked pattern. After she brought it home you might have heard a sewing-machine singing a merry tune. As its little needle flew up and down the seams it seemed to say, with its quick elick, elick, click,

Hal and Bess are going, I guess.
Up the beautiful mountains.
Where the streamlets flow, where the green ferns grow.

In the spray of the snowy fountains.
Hal and Bess, they mean, I guess.
Although it is very funny,
To pay their way, on a summer day,
With their own bright golden money.

I see that you are puzzling your brains over the wonder what my dark-eyed Bessie was making, while Hal danced a jig as each finished thing was neatly folded and laid away in a flat basket. As you never will find out, I will tell you. She made a dozen aprons such as working-men wear to protect their clothing from soil and dust, and when they were done Hal took the basket on his arm, and went to a great building, where he saw men employed, some in one way and some in another, and there he offered the aprons for sale. He asked a quarter of a dollar apiece for them, and he sold the dozen in an hour. Bessie went on making and Hal went on selling these useful aprons to men who were glad of the chance to buy them, until they had disposed of no less than two hundred.

Another girl who wanted money, not for herself, but for charity, to bestow on some poor children who were in great need, went every day for a month to read the newspaper and the Bible to an old lady whose eyes were failing, but who

wanted to hear the Psalms and chapters she loved, and also to know what was going on in the world. The lady paid her liberally for her trouble.

There is a boy who writes a wonderfully good clear hand, almost equal to engraving. His name is Ambrose. He is in request among the ladies who know him, to write their names on their visiting-cards.

Other boys earn money with their printing-presses, or by weeding in the neighbors' gardens, going errands, or lending a hand generally.

If you wish to be of use, you must keep on the lookout in your own neighborhood. Above all things, be punctual, steady, and honest, showing that you are worthy of trust.

I have a great deal of respect for such a little girl as Cassie R. (ten years old), who picked berries all through the long hot days of last summer, sold them, and thus earned the money to subscribe for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which she wanted so much that she was willing to work for it.

Honor to willing workers! Though I say this, I do not want any of my boys or girls to think that *in itself* the pursuit of money is a very grand thing, that purpose be unselfish. Professor Agassiz once said, when urged to lay aside his scientific pursuits and engage in lecturing, so that he might secure a fortune, "I have no time to make money." Everybody honored him for feeling that his life-work was above mere gain or loss.

Now I think you will agree with me that you have had a long epistle, and that it is time for me to sign myself your loving friend,

THE POSTMISTRESS.

BARTON, GEORGIA.

I have vacation now, and mother keeps me busy setting hens and hunting eggs. We have two little calves—one named Jim, and the other that purpose be unselfish. Professor Agassiz once said, when urged to lay aside his scientific pursuits and engage in lecturing, so that he might secure a fortune, "I have no time to make money." Everybody honored him for feeling that his life-work was above mere gain or loss.

Now I think you will agree with me that you have had a long epistle, and that it is time for me to sign myself your loving friend,

R. S.

DANVILLE, IOWA.

I have read many nice little letters in the Post-office box. I wrote a letter once, but it was not printed, and now I will try again. One of my nice letters was from a boy who wrote for a birthday present last year, and I like it very much. Another one of my aunts gave me an old hen and fifteen little chickens, and when I first saw the chickens, I had a piece of paper pinned on the coop, pretending to be a letter from the little chickens, but it was a piece of poetry that my aunt composed for me, which I send you, hoping you will publish it with my letter.

FRENZ II.

We are only little chickens, so very small
And scratch around with thirty feet;
So feed us well, and make us fat,
And let us never see a rat.
The more you feed the more we'll eat,
And scratch around with thirty feet;
We'll pick the bugs out from the grass,
And keep them from the garden-sass.
But long before we grow so big
We'll scare the real rats with my pig.
And ne'er again will I go to rhymes,
So feed us well, and many times.

MONTROSE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy ten years old, and am spending my vacation at a little village near Jones Lake. This is my first letter to *YOUR PEOPLE*, and I want to surprise my mamma. Now I will tell you about my pets. I have a very nice horse named Max, which is very gentle, and I can ride anywhere with him. I have also a bull-dog named Ben; he is very gentle, but will bark at strangers.

ROBERT A.

CRITCHFIELD GROVE, WISCONSIN.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and we think it the choicest paper we ever read. I am twelve years old. We used to live in Texas, and almost everything was different with him. I have also a bull-dog named Ben; he is very gentle, but will bark at strangers.

Papa and I went out and picked a dish of dewberries for breakfast. They grow on low vines on the ground; they look like our blackberries here in the North. One time papa was digging sweet potatoes, and he found a centipede which I describe to you. It is a worm eight inches long, and as big around as my forefinger, black on the

upper side, and yellow on the under side, and people living there say that its bite is very poisonous.

My sister and I tried a receipt given in *YOUR PEOPLE* for making rice-pudding. We made it for mamma when she was sick, and she liked it very much. It was very dainty and nice. Thanks for the receipt.

EMMA J. G.

MARSHFIELD, NEW YORK.

I am a boy twelve years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and like the stories very much. I think "Raising the Pearl" is splendid. I live on the Sound, and have a great many nice sail boats. I have one just opposite Long Island, and every night we can see the lights in the light-houses.

HARRY II. F.

NEW YORK CITY.

I would like to send the Little Housekeepers the receipt of a Creek dish we often have, and like very much.

Two cups of tomato juice well strained; two cups of good beef stock; two cups of Italian rice, or, if you can't get that, Carolina rice will do; wash and dry it well; when the tomato juice and beef stock are brought to a boil, add the rice; then add one cup of butter and a little salt and pepper; let it all boil together until it gets quite stiff and dry and the rice is soft; eat it with jelly, or sugar, or nothing at all, just as you like.

I am a little Creek girl, and my name is

MARGO G.

P. S.—This dish was originally a Turkish dish, and is called Pilau.

M. G.

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

I think, perhaps, that you would like to have a letter from Lenox, which is situated in the mountains among the Berkshire Hills. Now is the season for laurel, and we have got a great deal already; it is very pretty. It is so pink when it first comes out! It is lovely up here now, and there are a great many people here for the summer. I live here all the year with my papa and mamma. I have two brothers, but they are away at school all winter. I have a pony, and his name is Jack. I ride nearly every day. We have lots of strawberries in our garden. I wish I could send you one, so that you could see how large they are. Your loving little friend

J. B. H.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have never written to you before. Mamma takes the *MAGAZINE*, and I like it almost as well as my own *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I read all the articles in it. I liked the one about Wales very much. I have been there. We lived in the little village called Blausteppan. I have often been in the old castle. Mamma and I went up to the highest tower. The people are very nice; the older women wear very high-crowned hats. I have a little sky-terrier; her name is Jessie. Every morning in winter I take her for a walk in Central Park.

MAT S.

OAK GROVE, MARYLAND.

I am fourteen years old, and have never written to *YOUR PEOPLE* before. I have taken it ever since it was first published, and I like the stories and pictures as splendid. I have two little brothers, named Albee and Raymond, and Raymond is just as sweet as he can be. I have two pets, except a jar of tadpoles that I got when we were little black eggs, although a girl has promised to give me a kitten to take home with me when I go. We live in Baltimore in winter, and papa has rented a place near the city for the summer. In June some of my friends and I went to a grand county for a few weeks, and leaving a money time riding horseback, and so forth.

EMILY B. A.

ST. JOHNS, MICHIGAN.

I am going to write my first letter to the Post-office box. I am a little boy seven years old. My sister Ploy and I take *YOUR PEOPLE* together. We are cousins of the Postmistress. We live in a pretty place on a point of land, and can see water on nearly all sides of us. I have been going to school since last October, and now I am policeman. In the morning, at six o'clock, there was a Polymorphous Procession of Antiques and Horribles, and at ten a procession of firemen,

JOHNIE M.

CHEROKEE, YARMOUTH.

I am ten years old. My sister began to take *YOUR PEOPLE* this year, and I have been reading it always love to read the letters in the Post-office Box, and of the stories I think "Raising the Pearl" is the best, and Mr. Thomson's and Jimmy Brown's are the funnest. I have to get, except a large Newfoundland dog, of which I am very fond. I live on a farm. Yesterday was a holiday, to celebrate the first settlement of Yarmouth. In the morning, at six o'clock, there was a Polymorphous Procession of Antiques and Horribles, and at ten a procession of firemen,

and in the afternoon, at two, races and games on the Sunday forenoon. But in the evening it was the best. The houses were lighted with wax candles and Chinese lanterns. There was a torch-light procession, headed by the brass band in a chariot.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

I think the letters and Jimmy Brown's stories are very nice. My brother has taken the paper ever since the first number. He had the scarlet fever so long ago, and as I have never had it, I had to stay away from him for five weeks. Mamma staid with him night and day, and she read to him nearly all the pieces in the bound volumes of YORSE PEOPLE. I have a canary-bird named Beauty. I go to the Fifth Ward Public School, and I like it very much. We have arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, and spelling. I am seven years old.

Dear Mattie forgot to give me her address, which I regret, for this is a nice little letter.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a boy nine years old, and I like YORSE PEOPLE very much. I like the story of "Raising the Pearl," but I don't exactly like a dog, though. This is the first letter I ever sent to your paper. I like to read the letters in the Post-office box, and send much love to the young people who write them.

GEORGE B. CALVERT.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have no brothers nor sisters, nor any pets, so I play with my dolls. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers' society, but I don't know how to get a receipt given in this paper; it was very nice. I now send a very nice receipt for bread pudding and for cookies.

BREAD PUDDING.—Moisten with boiling water enough bread to fill a large earthen dish; add one cup of raisins, one cup of sugar, and a cup of well-chopped stuf, some finely chopped citron and mixed spice, 2½ cups of brown sugar, and five eggs well beaten. Bake 1½ hours in a slow oven.

COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, just enough flour to roll, half a cup of butter, and one tea-spoonful of yeast powder.

Will some one give me a receipt for jubilee paste?

NANNIE D.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have taken HARPER'S YORSE PEOPLE since it was first published, and I love it so much that I can hardly wait until it comes. I like "Raising the Pearl" and the other stories. This is my first letter to the Post-office Box. I can't write very well yet, so my sister is writing for me, but I am telling her what to say.

I haven't any brothers, but I have one little sister ten years old and five big sisters. I have a pig, and two kitties, and lots of little chickens. It is raining to-day, and I can't go out to play. I do like the Postmistress very much, and she writes me nice enough to print. I just love her, and I ever go to New York I am going to see her. I send lots of love and a kiss to her.

WILLIAMS, S. H.

The Postmistress loves all the children, and would always thank them for the nice things that come to her, and she has a nice Post-office Box instead of this one, which has just so many columns, and no more. A kiss to you, Master Willard.

I am a girl who will be twelve years old on the 25th of next August. Mamma is without help just now, and I assist her. This is my first letter, and I hope she will make light bread, and to-morrow I am going to see if I can make it without any help at all. On last Wednesday I made some rice congee, and in a piece of jelly I put cream. Papa ate more than any of us; he likes rice and cream. I want to join the Housekeepers' Society, but the school-teacher says we must not be well enough to go to the final examination, and I will have to be examined when I begin next year.

I have two sisters and one brother, all younger than myself. The day before yesterday a playman and myself built a house in our back yard, and we have a sofa, chair, doll, dolls' bed, and a table and some shelves in it. My two sisters have fixed up the servants' house for their play-room, and we go to visit each other.

C. BESSIE W.

LAFOURCHE CROSSING, LOUISIANA.

I have already written your paper several times, and every week when I receive it I look up the story they let me write, and I find that now I have not seen one of them, so please do me the favor to publish this one.

I have two pet dogs; one is a rat terrier, and the other is a pointer that has gone blind from old age, and he is twelve years old. I have also three pet kittens; their names are Beauty, Twilight, and Tommy. I like your paper very much. I liked "Nan" the best of all the stories. I know

how to speak both French and English, and understand German. I send you a receipt for sponge-cake, and hope that it will please you. I bid you good-by.

CLEMENCE L.

SPONGE-CAKE.—Take five eggs, and separate the whites from the yolks; beat the yolks with six spoonfuls of white sugar; then add two spoonfuls of flour and two tea-spoonfuls of yeast powder; beat the whites to a froth, and mix all together; bake in a moderate oven.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have a canary named Nellie, after my teacher. We mated her with my sister's bird, and she had three little birds, and she has more eggs. I have a dog named, and although the birds were not injured, all the eggs were broken.

NIX M.

Nix's mamma, in a charming postscript, says: "YORSE PEOPLE is a most delightful paper, and has earned the thanks of every mother in the land for the good and useful reading it furnishes both children and parents. May it flourish," she adds, "while there are children to read it!"

FAIRBORN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have a beautiful home in the country, eight miles from Athens City, on the Ohio River. I have four little sisters younger than myself, but I have no brothers. I have a dog named Jerry, and a cat named three months old and four cats. I have a beautiful doll; I call her Edith. We had our Commencement last Thursday. Our school is not very large. It is a private school. I am six weeks' school. Mine was called "Beautiful Grandmamma." We had a good many visitors, and we had our dinner out under the trees, and after that music, and we danced and had very nice time all evening.

MARY LOUISE O.

JEFFERSON, INDIANA.

I have never written you a letter, so I thought if you would give a little girl a small place—a very small place—in your Post-office Box, I would write you readily. When papa comes in the house on Wednesday I always ask him if my HARPER'S YORSE PEOPLE has come. So you see I have taken a place in your paper whether you have asked or not. I live in Louisville to school, though I do live in Indiana. We live on the river bank, or at least very near it. I was at school when the flood first came, but papa came after me when it was at its height. I was just within four inches of coming in at our front door. I was in New York last summer a year ago. I did not know you then. If I had, I would surely have stopped to see you. I want to see that dear Postmistress. Will she please tell me what would be a pretty name for a doll? I must stop now, as I am afraid my letter will not be published.

KATIE H.

How would you like Jessica?

ETNA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and live on a large place here in Western Pennsylvania. I have a cat called Tabby that has four dear little kittens, of which I am very fond. Last winter, a great South-western papa, and his brother Fred, and I enjoyed the trip very much. When we came home we had a big box of curiosities, a little alligator, and a little terrapin. Can any of the readers of YORSE PEOPLE tell me what terrapin eat? The poor little alligator is dead. I have a garden which I take care of myself. I have parsnips, verbena, lady's-slipper, and geranium. I liked "Nan," and I like "Raising the Pearl."

SADIE S.

ETNA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nearly twelve years old. I have two old Seabright bantams and five young ones. I have a dog named I don't know, and I am going to give my cousin Sadie one, and she is going to give me one of her little kittens. I like "Raising the Pearl" and "Nan" very much. I am spending the day with Sadie S. I have been wishing to write a letter to HARPER'S YORSE PEOPLE for some time, so we thought this was a good opportunity.

MARY L. L.

CADIZ, MICHIGAN.

I was six years old on the 5th of July. Papa and mamma and I went to Traverse City on that day, and returned the next. I sat at the window in the hotel that evening and watched the big steamer coming over Traverse Bay from Grand Haven. The boys were playing football on the street in front of the hotel; it was such fun to watch them.

I have a little dog for a pet; he weighed two pounds and one ounce about three weeks ago; he was five months old then. I found nearly a gobbleful of four and five leaved clover to day. I do not go to school now. I am in Kindergarten now; our teacher is married. I have a little friend who is just the same age that I am. My mamma thought it would be pleasant for me to celebrate our birthdays together, but some of

our little friends were sick, and could not attend, so we didn't have any birthday party at all.

ADA E. N. II.

Rose W.: I am sorry that your exchange is not in accordance with our rules. The members of YORSE PEOPLE containing the story of "Mr. Stubb's Brother" will be sent to you by Messrs. Harper & Brothers on receipt of \$1.00. For the same amount you may buy the story in a dainty volume by itself.—Katie B.: I hope you will succeed with your dollie in the new costume. A great many little girls are thinking of trying to be dolls' dressmakers this summer.—Minnie B. M.: So two canaries, "stupid little things," and a dog of high degree, whose mother took a prize at the Paris Exhibition, constitute your family of pets? I should have rejoiced to have had both rats chloroformed, had I been you, instead of only one. Their being Chinese rats would have given them no favor in my eyes. I hope when you become a Vassar girl you will still continue fond of the Post-office Box, and as full of fun as at present. Your doll pattern has been sent as requested.—Lora A. S.: I am not surprised that you are discouraged about your exchanges. It is *always* best to write in advance and receive a receipt, before sending any article. Thanks for your receipts, which appear elsewhere.—Frank D.: I am sorry your bird died.—George H.: It is a great pity to be sick in vacation, and I sympathize with you in the trial. Perhaps by this time you are well again. Ezra D. B.: You are a little chemist. If you try any more experiments, send me word. Perhaps some of the other boys would like to dissolve ten cents' worth of blue-stone in one half-pint of rain-water, making the solution in a stone jar? Then they must drop some common nails into this jar, and leave it for three days, after which they may take a peep to see what change the nails have undergone.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

QUESTIONS.

1. What part of an army is generally at the end of a train?

2. Which two letters of the alphabet are verbs?

WILLIAM G. TRAQTAIR.

No. 2.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A cover. 3. An animal. 4. A river in Russia. 5. A consonant.

ERBEKA.

2.—1. A consonant. 2. An animal. 3. An article of daily convenience. 4. To obtain. 5. In pencil.

WILLIAM G. TRAQTAIR.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in dark, but not in light. My second is in lock, but not in sight. My third is in stand, but not in noise. My fourth is in quiet, but not in noise. My fifth is in Hugh, but not in Fred. My sixth is in live, but not in dead. My seventh is in lynx, but not in bear. My eighth is in wolf, but not in hare. My ninth is in strife, but not in war. My tenth is in justice, but not in Charles I. My whole is a tale of a gallant knight Whose freaks and adventures are a source of delight.

ERBEKA.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A fossil stone. 2. A sutor. 3. A town in Illinois. 4. Watches. 5. To obliterate.

J. K. SELMAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 191.

No. 1. Hercules.
No. 2. N I L D E R T
G L A D E
H E D G E
T R E E S
No. 3. Telegraphs. Potentates.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from T. H. M., Lucy Ainslie, Charles E. and Arthur H. Timmerman, G. Hardin, Grace Curry, Mamie Wilcox, Ida Emma Heubling, Charles L. Bostom, John Pelt, Sherman Dana, Caspar W., Dossia Harwell, Lulu Bettie, Francis Green, Tom Maxwell, Nelson Dodd, Ellis G., G. Topick, Bertha Sykes, Eddie H., Lily H., Wood, and B. J. Lantz.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



OUR ARTISTS IDEA OF WIGGLE No. 32.



SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLES Nos. 32 AND 33, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 34.

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PRINCE LAZYBONES TAKING HIS EASE.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

OF all the illustrious families who have shone like gems upon the earth's surface none have been more distinguished in their way than the Lazybones family, and were I so disposed I might recount their virtues and trace their talents from a long-forgotten period; but interesting as the study might prove, it would be a difficult

task, and the attention I crave for Prince Leo would be spent on his ancestors.

Of princely blood and proud birth, Leo was a youth most simple-minded. He knew that much was expected of him, and that he was destined to rule, yet so easily was he satisfied that his greatest happiness was to lie all day basking in the sun or dawdling through his father's park with his dog at his heels, the heels themselves in a very down-trodden state of humility, watching with languid gaze the movements of the world about him.

And the world just where he lived was very beautiful. On a fertile plain, surrounded by mountain-peaks of great height, threaded by silver streams, and so well watered

that its vegetation was almost tropical, was the estate of Leo's father, Princee Morpheus Lazybones. It had been in the family for ages, and was so rich in timber and mineral resources that none of its owners had cared to cultivate the land. Timber was cut sparingly, however, because the market for it was too distant, and the minerals remained in their native beds for much the same reason.

The family thrived, notwithstanding, and were well supplied with all manner of delicacies, for the servants were many, and there was never a lack of corn or wine.

Leo was most fair to see. To be sure, his drooping lids half concealed his azure eyes, and his golden locks sometimes hid his snowy forehead; but his smile was charming; his face had such an expression of calm satisfaction, such a patient tranquillity, that his smile was as the sudden sunshine on a placid lake. It was the smile of the family, an inherited feature, like the blue blood of a Spanish Don. And then it was given so freely; the beggar would have preferred it to be accompanied with the jingle of a coin, but as the coin never came and the smile did, he tried to think that it warmed his heart, though his wallet went empty.

There were those who said a smile cost nothing, else it would not have been bestowed. It had a peculiarity of its own which these same critics also objected to—it nearly always ended in a yawn.

But Leo heard none of these ill-natured remarks, and if he had would not have minded them any more than he did the burrs which cling to his garments as he rambled through the woods. Poor fellow! he would gladly have shared his coppers with a beggar, but he had none to share.

Morpheus Lazybones never seemed to think his son required anything; so long as the boy made no demands, surely nothing could be wanting, and every one knew *he* was not equal to any exertion. For years he had lived the life of an invalid, shut up in his room most of the time, venturing out only in the sunniest weather, and then with great caution. He had no particular malady except that he was a poet, but surely that was burden enough. To have to endure the common sights and sounds of this earth when one is composing poetry is indeed a trying and troublesome thing. So Morpheus found it, and therefore he frequently staid in bed, and allowed his fancy to rove at its own sweet will.

They lived in what had been a monastery. There had been houses and farms on the Lazybones property, but the money not being forth-coming for repairs, they had been each in turn left for another in better condition, until the monastery, what was left of it, with its solidly built walls, offered what seemed to be a permanent home.

Here Morpheus lined a cell with tapestries and books, and wrote his sonnets. Here Leo slept and ate, and housed his dogs. The servants grumbled at the damp and mould, but made the chimneys roar with blazing logs, and held many a merry carousal where the old monks had prayed and fasted. The more devout ones rebuked these proceedings, and said they were enough to provoke a visit from the Evil One; but as yet the warning had no effect, as the revels went on as usual.

Besides being a poet, Morpheus was conducting Leo's education. Undertaken in the common way, this might have interfered with the delicate modes of thought required for the production of poems, but the Lazyboneses were never without ingenuity. Morpheus so arranged matters that Leo could study without damage to his father's poems. The books were marked for a month's study, and Leo's recitations consisted of a written essay which was to comprise all the knowledge acquired in that time. Thus writing and spelling were included, and made to do duty for the higher flights of his mind.

I do not tell how often Leo made his returns, neither

do I mention how many papers Morpheus found no time to examine, but I may urge that Leo's out-door exercise demanded much attention, and that his father's excursions in Dream-land were equally exacting. But Leo, though he hated books, did not hate information. He knew every feathered thing by name as far as he could see it. He knew every oak and pine and fir and nut tree as a familiar friend. He knew every rivulet, every ravine, every rabbit burrow. The streams seemed to him as melodious as the song-birds, and the winds had voices. He knew where to find the first blossom of spring and the latest of autumn, the ripest fruit and most abundant vines. He could tell just where the nests were and the number of eggs, whether of the robin or the water-fowl. He knew the sunniest bank and shadiest dell, the smoothest path, with its carpet of pine-needles and fringe of fern, or the roughest crag and darkest abyss. He could read the clouds like an open page, and predict fine weather or the coming storm. He knew where the deer couched and where they came to drink, and when the fawns would leave their mothers, and no trout was too cunning for him.

But he did not know the use of a rifle. He had all sorts of lures for the creatures he wanted to tame, but no ways of killing them. For why should he kill them? There was always food enough; he was seldom hungry, and these were his friends. He liked to look them in the eyes; he liked to win them to him, soothe their fears if they had any, and then watch their pretty joy when their liberty was regained. And how could he have done this if their blood had been upon his hands? How could he have quieted the throbbing little hearts if murder had been in his own?

Thus Leo spent his time, delightfully and innocently. If life were only a summer's day! But already winter was approaching. Discontent was brewing on the estate. Taxes were unpaid; tenants were grumbling at high rents; laborers were threatening and their wives complaining.

Frequently, in the very midst of composing a poem, Morpheus would be called to adjust a difficulty, settle a dispute, or revise an account. This so disturbed his delicate nerves that illness, or the appearance of it, was sure to follow. He would then take to his bed, refuse all but a little spiced wine, allowing no coarse food to pass his lips, and strive to remember the beautiful words of which he had intended to make verses; but, alas! the words had flown, as well as the ideas which had suggested them, like so many giddy little butterflies.

CHAPTER II.

The monastery had been a grand old pile in its day; it was not one simple building, but a cluster of habitations which had grown with the growth and resources of the order which founded it. Like all feudal structures it had its means of defense—its moat and draw-bridge, its tower of observation, and in its heavy gates and thick walls loopholes and embrasures for weapons.

But grass grew now in the moat and birds nested in the embrasures, while Leo's dogs bounded through chapel and refectory and cloister, parts of the latter being converted into a stable.

Many of the walls had tumbled in hopeless confusion, but those of the buildings yet in use had carved buttresses and mullioned windows, on which much skill had been displayed.

Leo knew, or thought he knew, every nook and cranny of his home, for when it rained, or heavy fogs hung threateningly about, his rambles were confined to the various quarters of the monastery.

On such days the stone floors and bare walls were very inhospitable, but he would sometimes find a new passage to loiter in or a window-ledge to loll over and look from as he watched the rain drip from the carved nose of an ugly old monk whose head adorned the water-spout.

I don't know whether it ever occurred to Leo that this world is a busy one. The very persistence of the pattering rain might have suggested it, as well as the bee-hives down in the kitchen court, where some of his many friends were storing their winter provision, for bees as well as birds were familiar to him; but he had the true Lazybones instinct of not following a thought too far, and so he looked and lolled and yawned, wishing for fine weather, for a new lining to his ragged old coat, or soles to his slipshod shoes, but never once supposing that any effort of his own could gain them.

When it was cold the kitchen was apt to be his resort. It was a long and low apartment on the ground-floor, and its wide fire-place, with stone settle beside the hooks and cranes for pots and kettles, had doubtless been as cheery a corner for the old monks to warm their toes after a foraging expedition as it was for Leo, who liked to smell the savory stews.

On the day of which I write the rain had fallen incessantly, and Leo had been more than usually disturbed by it, for cold and dreary though it was, the servants had turned him out of the kitchen. They would not have him there.

"Idle, worthless fellow!" said the cook; "he lolls about here as a spy upon us, to repeat to the master every word he hears."

This was quite untrue and unjust, for Leo rarely conversed with his father, and seldom saw him when Morpheus took his meals as well as his woes to bed with him, as he had done at the present moment.

But the household was in revolt; the uneasiness from outside had crept within, and there was quarrelling among the servants.

"What shall I do?" said Leo to himself. "The rain is too heavy, or I would go out in it; but I have no place to get dry when I become soaked, and I can't go to bed in the daytime, as my father does. I wonder what he'd say if I went to him? Probably this: 'You have given wangs to the finest of rhymes, and spoiled the turn of an exquisite verse; now, sir, what atonement can you make for so great an injury? It's the world's loss, remember.' That's the way it always is when I disturb him. Heigh-ho! what a dull day!"

"A very dull day indeed, your highness."

Leo started, his yawn ending abruptly, and he turned more quickly than he had ever done in his life toward the sound which saluted him. Surely he had been alone. Who ever came to this corridor? He looked up and down its dingy length, but saw no one. He must have been mistaken. Then he listened. The wind swept waiving through its accustomed approaches; shutters and windows shook with the blast, but no foot-fall was to be heard. He turned to the diamond-paned lattice, and again watched the drops trickling from the nose of the water-spout. No one had spoken. Again he yawned prodigiously, but brought his jaws together with a snap which might have damaged his teeth; for, to his great surprise, a voice said,

"I think I could amuse you."

"And pray who are you?" asked Leo, feeling very queer, and as if he were talking to himself.

"That is of little consequence, so long as I do what I have proposed," was the reply.

"Very true," said Leo; "but I never before heard of a ghost in the daytime."

"I am no ghost, your highness; I'd scorn to be such a useless thing."

"What are you, then, and where are you?"

"You will find out what I am after a while; and as to where I am, why, I am here beside you. Do you suppose you human beings have all the world to yourselves?"

"Not quite, to be sure; the birds and beasts have their share. But one can see them."

"So could you see me if your vision were not imper-

fect. How about all the living things you swallow every time you drink?"

"I have heard of something of the kind, but it was too much trouble to understand it."

"Poor boy! It's a pity some old ghost of a monk could not interest himself in your education; but, as I said before, ghosts are absurdly useless, except to scare people whose consciences are bad, and nothing more is needed to make me doubt their existence than the fact of your living here in what should be their stronghold, and they never raise hand or foot to help you. It's quite in keeping with their ridiculous pretensions. Believe in ghosts? No, I never did, and I never will."

The voice, small and weak though it was, grew quite angry in tone, and it seemed to Leo as if it were accompanied by the stamp of a foot; but he saw nothing, not so much as a spider crawling over the stone corridor.

It was very peculiar. He pinched himself to see if he was awake. Yes, wide awake, no doubt of that; besides, he seldom dreamed—indeed, never, unless his foot had slipped in climbing a crag to peep into a nest, when the fall was sometimes repeated in his sleep. Who was this speaking to him? As if in answer to his thoughts, the voice went on:

"So far from being a good-for-nothing old ghost, I am one of the founders of the S. P. C. C., a very old society—much older than people of the present day imagine."

Leo was quite ashamed to be so ignorant, but he ventured to ask,

"What is the S. P. C. C.?"

"Is it possible you have never heard of it?"

"Never," replied Leo, still feeling as if he were talking to the walls.

There was a queer little gurgling "Ha! ha!" which was at once suppressed.

"Well, how could you know away off in this remote region?"

"I am sure I don't understand you at all," said Leo.

"No, I see you don't; and it's by no means remarkable. You live so entirely alone, and are so wretchedly neglected, that it is a wonder you know anything."

Leo began to be angry, but it was too much of an effort; besides, what was there to be angry at—a voice? So he remained sulkily silent until the voice resumed, in a changed tone:

"I beg your highness's pardon; I quite forgot myself. I am very apt to do that when I am much interested; it is a great fault, for I appreciate fine manners. But to explain. In the far-away cities where people live like ants in an ant-hill, all crowded together, there is often much cruelty and oppression, as well as vice and poverty. Now for this state of things they have laws and punishments, means of redress; but they relate principally to grown people's affairs, so the kind-hearted ones, noticing that little children are often in need of pity and care and protection, have an association called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It is as old as the hills, but they think it a modern invention. I am one of the original founders of that society, little as they know me; but human beings are so vain."

"Indeed," said Leo, lazily; he was already tired of the whole matter.

"Yes, vain and pretentious. Look at your father and his poems; he thinks his doggerel verses a mark of genius."

"What has my father done to you that you attack him so rudely?" asked Leo, angrily.

"Ah! you are aroused at last. I am glad. What has your father *not* done, you had better ask. But I acknowledge that I am rude, and I won't say more than just this: Your father has failed to prepare you for your duties. Trouble is coming, and how are you to meet it?"

"Don't know, and don't care," came out with characteristic Lazybones indifference.

"Ah! my dear Prince, do not speak so; it is quite time you knew and cared. Do you study geography?"
 "Sometimes."
 "All surface work, I suppose?"
 "Probably."
 "Now my plan of study comprehends an interior view of the earth's formation."
 Leo gave a tremendous yawn, and said,
 "Oh, please don't bother any more; I am awfully tired."
 "So I should think. Well, do you want to be amused?"
 "No; I don't want anything."

"Come with me, then."
 "Where?"
 "No matter where; just do as I bid you."
 "How can I, when I don't even see you?"
 "True. It will be necessary to anoint your eyes; shall I do it?"
 "Just as you please."
 Leo felt a little pressure forcing down his eyelids, and the pouring of a drop of cool liquid on each.
 When he opened his eyes again there stood before him the quaintest, queerest being he had ever beheld.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THERE'S MERRY LAUGHTER IN THE FIELD, AND HARMLESS JEST AND FROLIC ROUT."—MARY HOWITT.

WATER-SPOUTS.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

"THIS morning Mr. Wilson brought a newspaper with him to school, and read to us an item in it, which we wrote down in our note-books. He said we were to learn all that we could in relation to it, and be ready to repeat what we had learned to him to-morrow. I wish you would explain it to me, Uncle Arthur. This is what we wrote:

"The brig *Starlight*, of Bangor, arrived here yesterday from Cape Haytien. She reports that while she was lying becalmed off Hayti a water-spout formed near her, which she burst after firing several shots.' What are water-spouts, Uncle Arthur? How do they look? Did you ever see one? What did the brig fire at?"

"Well, well, Harry, you must be nearly equal to the brig; you have fired a perfect volley of questions at me. Which shall I answer first? But perhaps I can answer them all in one by telling you a little story of what I saw myself once in the Windward Passage.

"I was in a small schooner going from Kingston, in Jamaica, to Turk's Island for a load of salt. It was a very dull, heavy day, and there had been thunder at intervals all the morning, but no squalls. Cape San Nicolas was about ten miles north-northeast from us, and for at least two hours it had been hidden from sight by a mass of black clouds, but no wind had come from them, though the lightning and thunder had occasionally been very violent.

"Along toward noon I saw that something was going on in and behind that black screen that really was terrific. There was a fearful commotion. It was not only the flash and roar, but the boiling of the clouds themselves, which attracted my attention. They were whirling at an awful rate, and showed that some force was driving them, which, if it struck our little craft, might easily send us to the bottom at merely a moment's warning; and what made the matter worse, they seemed to be plunging straight

toward us, and were already within about a mile of the schooner. All at once their progress was checked; they came no nearer, but began to whirl about just where they were."

"What was that for, Uncle Arthur? What stopped them? The water was all open, was it not?"

"They were stopped, I have no doubt, Harry, by the same force that had been driving them, and which had been making all the uproar and commotion of the lightning and thunder and the wind."

"Why, the lightning is caused by electricity. I learned that a long time ago."

"Very true; you learned correctly. And I believe the water-spouts are caused by it also; they are *electrical phenomena*. But let us go on with what I saw. When the clouds stopped in their progress, the noise of thunder and of wind was perfectly awful. I could see that the sea at that spot, for a diameter of a hundred yards or more, was white with foam, and that it was dashing and tearing about with dreadful violence, and yet it did not advance. I took a glass to watch it, and then I could see that it was *going round and round*; it was *whirling* about one central spot.

"But my attention was drawn away from the water to the clouds above. They had settled very low, and had grown black almost like ink, or so at least it seemed to me, and in the midst of this blackness they were also whirling in the same way as the water, and what was very striking, they began to draw down right over the white spot of the waves. While I watched I saw the black cloud apparently sucked down in a long, dark, conical, whirling mass, which grew smaller as it stretched and stretched until it fairly reached the white water.

"The surface of the foaming and boiling sea was perhaps lifted a little, though I think that was probably only a deception of my eyesight. But I perfectly well recollect how that black *finger* of cloud went wavering and twisting here and there as though it could find no rest for itself, which doubtless was simply the fact. It reminded

me of a gigantic blaek leech poking his body about, hunting for a place at which to take hold and bite. It did not rest for a moment."

"It must have been horrible to see."

"It was horrible, and it was frightful even as I watched it in its formation. But the worst of it was yet to come, for after spinning around in that one spot for a time (I dare say it was only one or two minutes, though it seemed much longer) it suddenly started to move. The whirling did not slacken in its violence, but the entire process, the *whirlwind*, bodily began to advance, at first very slowly, but gradually increasing in speed. It came directly toward us, and had it continued in that direction nothing could have saved us from instant destruction. But when within less than half a mile it turned abruptly to the south, and passed us at a distance of about three hundred yards with a roar and a dash that were awful beyond description, though the wind, even at that little space from it, was not sufficient to cause us any trouble whatever."

"What became of it, Uncle Arthur? Where did it go?"

"It went to *pieces*, Harry. It wore itself out. It expired by its own violence, or rather the force was exhausted by which it had been caused. When it had passed off a mile and more from us it began gradually to diminish in force. There was no sudden change. The cone of cloud contracted and grew shorter little by little till it was gone, and presently the cloud itself broke up, and after a time the sun came out beautifully, and the remainder of the day was bright and clear."

"Then a water-spout, Uncle Arthur, is caused by a whirlwind on the sea? But how does electricity do any such thing? You said they were caused by electricity."

"I said I believed so, for I think there are many proofs of it, though we may not consider it certain. As to the manner in which the electricity acts we can not yet speak with any certainty. We may say this, however—it doubtless produces a rush of air from all sides toward one point, and the currents meeting produce the whirlwind."

"But why does not electricity, then, do the same things on the land? I should think it would."

"You are very right, Harry. It does precisely the same thing, though of course the effects are different, for the whirlwind must pass over a different surface. There can be no water spout unless there is water to be whirled. But houses and trees and fences and cattle and human be-

ings can be tossed about by it at a fearful rate. There is never a summer that we have not accounts of more or less of such events. They occur in various parts of the country, though they are more common on the open plains and prairies of our Western States than elsewhere, because the surroundings are such as to give better opportunity for their formation. They are often called in the newspapers cyclones, from the Greek word which means a circle. And on the desert plains of Nevada and Arizona and New Mexico they often raise the sand in huge columns which go marching along at a very stately pace. I have sometimes seen three or four of them at one time within a few miles of each other, each being from one to two thousand feet in height. I should be glad to tell you about them, but we have not time for it now."

"But why did they fire at it, and what good did it do?"

"It is the common belief of sailors that a cannon fired at a water-spout will break it down, but I do not know any evidence that the idea is correct. If the shots are fired at the time when the whirlwind is about to come to an end they would naturally think that their shot had done the work. But how the passage of a shot through such a storm as a water-spout really is could produce any effect on it I can not understand."



FIRING AT A WATER-SPOUT.

HAREBELLS.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

DO you know what the harebells are
That hang from the rocks by the sea,
And nod to the silver call of the wind
And the drowsy hum of the bee?
Oh, they are the bells that were stolen away
From fairy steeples one summer day.

The thief was a spiteful elf,
Who, banished from Elf-land,
Brought them with him into the earth,
And scattered them over the strand
Where a little beach bird was telling its dream
To a sand-flower pink and a gay sunbeam.

Then the little bird straightway flew
To Elf-land and told the queen,
Who sailed that way on a dragon-fly,
And, lifting her wand of green,
Touched the bright bells that told the hours
Until they were only some pretty flowers.

There was no soft greensward there
By the great blue hillyow sea,
So she hung them by a light green thread
To the rocks and moss tufts we see,
Where the first soft kiss of the evening dew
Changed them from silver to deepest blue.

But though they are only flowers,
If you softly bend your ear
Over their dainty drooping cups
A faint sweet chime you'll hear,
Swelling and dying like falling showers:
They dream they are still in the fairy towers.

DICK WENTWORTH'S SWIM.

THE TRUE STORY OF A BRAVE BOY'S DEED.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

I.

DICK WENTWORTH was the poorest youth in the university, and the proudest. Without a dollar to begin with, and without any kind of help, he had made his way through the first two years of his college course, and meant to make his way to the end. He did it by "working like a slave and living like a pauper," as he himself said; but he did it proudly, with his head erect. When anything like help was offered him, he refused it almost resentfully; but he was not too proud to earn money by sawing wood for those who could pay, or by doing any other honest work for wages; and he was not too proud to cook his own food and wash his own dishes.

At first there were his students who turned up their noses at Dick Wentworth, and called him a pauper, but after a while even they began to see that while Wentworth was as poor as a pauper he had not a trace of the pauper's spirit. He was a hard-working, independent gentleman, who respected himself and was soon respected by his fellow-students.

Still, nobody thought much about him. He had no intimate friends, and was nobody's hero. He was the best swimmer in the university, and was captain of the students' life-saving crew—to which the government had furnished a life-boat for use on the lake—but that did not count for much in college life.

II.

There was a hurried running through the college at day-break one morning, and a loud knock at Wentworth's door. "What's up?" he asked, leaping out of bed.

"Steamer ashore! We're going to man the life-boat!"

"I'll be with you in half a minute," answered Wentworth; and hastily drawing on his trousers and undershirt, he ran toward the lake shore, where all the students and half the towns-people were gathered.

The scene on which the people looked was appalling. A large passenger steamer lay stranded about four hun-

dred yards out, and the sea was beating her to pieces. Her upper works were already a mass of splinters, and shattered doors and bits of painted bulk-heads were every minute thrown up by the billows at the very feet of the people on shore, telling the sad story of what was happening out there beyond the furious surf. The pelting rain and the driving spray nearly hid the vessel from view, but in such glimpses as were to be had of it the people on shore could see the passengers and crew clinging to the wreck. Fragments washed ashore showed plainly enough that the ship's boats had been beaten to pieces, probably in the attempt to launch them, and the whole ship's company were now helplessly awaiting death.

The students of the life-saving crew, with Wentworth at their head, brought their life-boat to the beach and prepared to launch it. They placed themselves in two lines, every fellow stripped to the waist, and at the word pushed the boat into the water. The bow was instantly swung around by an in-coming wave, and the boat was driven beamways upon the shore.

A second effort was made, with greater care and a nicer calculation of time between the waves. The boat rose upon the crest of the billow, and the young athletes bent to their oars; but the water was too strong for them. The surf tossed the boat back upon the beach, capsizing it, and seriously injuring one of the crew.

"We want a volunteer to take Stokes's place," cried Wentworth, whereupon three stalwart young fellows offered themselves. "I'll take you, Mason," said Wentworth; "you're the best oar. Take your place."

The boat was righted, and a third attempt to launch her was made. For a moment it seemed that this time success had been attained. The boat rose upon the wave, and two vigorous strokes of the oars carried her beyond the curling crest. Then an oar broke; a rower fell backward. There was a moment's pause in the stroke, and the life-boat was dashed upon the beach by the angry sea. This time, alas! the good life-boat's ribs were crushed to a shapeless mass, and several of the crew were stunned by the fall.

A murmur of terrified despair ran through the crowd, which now included every man and woman of the college town. It was evident to all that nothing more could be done. Nothing frailer than a life-boat could live for a moment in such a sea, and there was now no life-boat to be had. The people were dumb with horror as they realized that there was nothing to do but stand there in the pitiless storm and wait for the bodies of the ship's company to come ashore. They were already beginning to come, indeed. Two men and one woman—all dead, and all more or less bruised and broken—had been drawn out upon the sand. These were the first swept overboard, but others would follow, and but one fate awaited all that company of people who could be seen clinging to the ship, unable to help themselves, and without hope of help from others.

"Let us pray!"

It was the college President—a venerable man, loved and revered throughout the town—who spoke. The people knelt at once, and the old man prayed fervently, with his white head bared to the storm. As he ceased, Wentworth approached and said to him,

"Send the women up the beach, sir, if you please."

"Why, Wentworth?"

"Because I must strip; the least rag of clothing may be fatally in my way."

"Why, what are you going to do, my boy?" asked the President, in astonishment.

"I'm going to try to carry a line to the steamer," said the youth, calmly.

"It is impossible!—it is madness to try!" exclaimed the President.

"So it is," said an old fisherman who stood by. "That sea will beat you to a jelly in two minutes."

"I suppose it is impossible," replied the boy; "but I'm going to try, sir."

The President looked into the youth's face, and catching something of the enthusiasm of his heroic purpose, laid his hand upon Wentworth's head, saying:

"When God gives it to you to attempt such a service to your fellow-men, it is not for me to interfere. May He strengthen and keep you!"

Wentworth bowed his head to receive this benediction, and then stripped himself at once, while the people looked on in awe-struck admiration of such heroism, and shuddered at the thought of its seemingly certain end. The symmetry of the youth's person, his superb beauty of body, seemed to make the matter worse; for was it not a special pity that a youth so perfect of limb and so full of life should be given as a sacrifice to the fury of the storm?

"Now, then, Thorpe," said Wentworth, after tying a slender cord about his body, "I want you to pay this out carefully. Remember that a single ounce of unnecessary pulling may cost all these people their lives."

"And your life too," said Thorpe.

"Yes, I suppose so; but I wasn't thinking of that."

After giving his fellow-student careful directions as to the management of the line, Wentworth stood for a moment cying the water. Then following a retreating wave, he plunged head-first into the wall of water, his purpose being to dive under the wave, and come to the surface beyond the break of the surf.

A moment's suspense followed; then the people saw the lad's body lifted up and borne in on the crest of the wave. He had failed, but at least he was unhurt. Taking time to recover breath, he plunged in again, and disappeared in the bank of in-coming water. The slow seconds passed with no sign. Men felt their hearts beat violently as they waited. The wave came in and broke upon the beach, but still the diver did not re-appear.

"That ended him, poor fellow!" said the fisherman.

"No, there he is!" cried Thorpe, as Wentworth's head came to the surface. Unfortunately the dive, long as it was, was not quite long enough, and as the diver came up he was caught by the next wave and dashed upon the beach.

For a time Wentworth seemed exhausted; but the breath came again, and looking toward a lumber-yard near at hand, he bade the people bring lumber and make a spring-board.

"Put it on the edge of the bluff down there where it overhangs the water—as near the edge as possible."

The students obeyed, shuddering, for they knew that to be dashed ashore against the bluff would be certain death to their comrade.

"He can't try that more than once," said the old fisherman; but somehow nobody thought it worth while to beg Wentworth not to try it at all. There was a resoluteness in his look which made them feel that persuasion would be useless.

When the spring-board was in place he examined it, and then, walking back a dozen yards, ran rapidly up the board, made a great leap forward, and went down among the waves. There were seconds of breathless waiting and eager scanning of the water. Then:

"Hurrah! I see him," shouted a student, "and he's beyond the break of the surf."

"Yes, and he is swimming steadily," said another; "but he'll never make the ship in such a sea as this."

"He's the strongest swimmer I ever saw," said Thorpe.

"That may be, but this is an awful swim. It is a quarter of a mile to the ship, and with such a sea on it might as well be ten miles."

It was impossible now to see the swimmer, buried as he was in a raging sea, and blinded as the people were by the mist and spray. But the line was slowly drawing out, and that showed that Wentworth still had strength to swim.

Students climbed trees for a better view. The women came back and crowded the bluff in their eagerness to learn how matters went with the swimmer. One young woman ran out upon the spring-board. She stood there, watching the bold swimmer through a large spy-glass. Her hair was blown loose, and tossed about by the wind. A gust carried away the shawl she had worn about her shoulders. But she knew nothing of these things, or of the pitiless pelting of the storm upon her. She knew only that there was a young hero out there among the mad waves, daring death in an effort to save the lives of others.

After a while the paying out of line came to a stop. The cord hung limp in Thorpe's hands, and even began to drift back upon the beach. Five minutes, which seemed five hours, passed away. Then the line stretched again, and the paying out was resumed. Not for long, however. The intervals of rest increased in frequency and length, while the spurts of swimming grew steadily briefer.

He was still alive, however, and that was something. After a while the swimmer seemed to have recovered strength, for the line drew out slowly and steadily for a very long time, and by the amount of cord left it was judged that he must be within a hundred yards of the ship. Then he ceased to draw the line. Minute after minute passed without a sign. That long swim, they were now sure, had been a last desperate effort to reach the ship, and when that failed the swimmer had sunk to the bottom.

There was a low murmur among the people as this thought was forced upon them. Then there was a twitch at the line in Thorpe's hand, and a moment later it began again to run out.

"We give Thee thanks!" said the President, reverently baring his head and looking upward, and not another word was spoken by any of the people on the shore. There was no need of speech. The line still drew. Wentworth was still swimming.

The young woman on the spring-board had not lowered her glass for a moment. She had stood there like a statue, scarcely moving a muscle. Now she changed her attitude a little, and in a voice quivering with excitement, she said, "They see him, and are getting a line ready!" Then, after a pause: "They are throwing the line! He has caught—no, he has missed it! He is drifting past the ship and out of reach! He has caught a line thrown from the bow! They are hauling him up! He is on deck! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

And the girl, wild with joy, threw down her spy-glass, and waved her arms as she shouted.

A larger cord was now attached and drawn on board. Then a cable was carried out, and a little after noon the first load of passengers—women and children—was brought ashore. When all the women and children were saved the men followed, and with the last careful came Wentworth and the Captain. The youth was greatly exhausted, and much bruised from being hauled aboard the ship, but no bones were broken, and a day's rest in bed was all that he needed.

III.

No, Wentworth did not marry the spy-glass girl. If this were a made-up story that is the way it would end; but it is not a made-up story at all. It is simply a true account of something that actually happened, though I have changed the names of the real persons somewhat. Wentworth was the hero of the college and the town, of course, and when it was known how poor he was there was an effort made to raise some money for him. There were wealthy men who wanted to subscribe liberally to a fund for his benefit, but the proud fellow refused to receive a cent, saying, when the matter was mentioned to him:

"I'm not an object of charity. Give your money to the poor."

And so Wentworth went on "working like a slave and living like a pauper," but in truth being a self-respecting



"SHE STOOD WATCHING THE BOLD SWIMMER THROUGH A LARGE SPY-GLASS"

gentleman. He made his way through college, and, as a matter of course, such a young man made a place for himself among men. If I were to mention his real name here many readers would recognize it as that of a distinguished clergyman and scholar, who, in spite of added years, is still strong for the doing of his duty.

SOME HINTS ON HORSEBACK-RIDING.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN.

I HAVE often wondered why horseback-riding is not a more popular amusement among our young people. "It is very expensive to keep a horse," some of you may say, "and papa does not feel that he can afford it."

But is it more expensive than many amusements that he already allows you, and is there not more pleasure in a breezy gallop through the Park and over country roads than can be had in many ways that cost as much? In England there are three times as many boys and girls that ride on horseback as we have here, and perhaps this is one reason for their ruddier looks and the stronger physique,

that can only be gained by plenty of exercise in the open air.

If you can not own a horse, one may be hired for a comparatively small sum, and this may be greatly reduced if the arrangement is a regular one. I would, however, prefer to think of every young rider as having his own horse. With a hired horse you are not at home in your saddle any more than the horse is at home with you upon his back. You do not take a personal interest in him, and he can not take the same kind of an interest in you.

Let me tell you the relations that exist between my horse Jeff and me. I have owned him seven years, and he thinks that he owns me. Nobody else rides him; but one day I put my wife upon his back. The groom was alarmed for her safety; but when she came back, pleased with her ride, he said to her, "Well, ma'am, he carried you only out of courtesy to the Captain."

Jeff and I are very fond of riding up and down the east bank of the Hudson from New York to Peekskill. He knows all my friends on the road as well as I do, and I think he enjoys the scenery as much. We talk together as we go along; at least I talk to him, and he understands me. It is a pleasure, you know, sometimes, to have a companion who appreciates your conversation, and shows his appreciation of it by silence.

I wish that every one of you might have a horse like Jeff. Some one of you who reads this may ask his papa to buy him a pony. I hope his papa will not listen to him. Little boys think ponies are nice, but I don't think that generally they are. The only possible advantage that a pony has over a horse is that when his rider falls he does not have so far to fall.

But then you must not fall at all. You ought to "stick on": that, after all, is the great secret of horsemanship. There are ever so many books which give minute directions as to "the seat." If you go to a riding-school you will hear more of it there. But Indians and ranchmen don't read books, and don't go to riding-schools. I would like to see some of our fancy horsemen try to ride a bucking horse on the prairies.

A great deal depends on habit and the style of saddle. I don't like the English saddle, for I don't think it is as easy for the horse or for the rider as the McClellan, the Whitman, or the Mexican. Nor do I think the style of riding upon it is as graceful, or that the "sticking on" is as sure. Nevertheless, we know that jockeys do adopt it with success, and that it has hitherto been more popular than any



A COOL DRINK.

other. Whichever kind of saddle you prefer, commence your practice without stirrups; then your knees will get the all-important "grip"; afterward you may indulge in the luxury of stirrups to make your riding less fatiguing.

You will notice that most saddles are placed so far forward upon the horse's back that they are close upon his withers. This is very wrong, as the horse would tell you if he could speak. When a clumsy hostler puts a saddle upon Jeff in that way he immediately remonstrates, but when it is put six or eight inches further back, as it should be, he becomes as quiet as a lamb. Not only will the horse carry you easier with the saddle in the right place, but he will carry you with greater safety. He will not be so likely to stumble, whereby he might break his knees and your neck.

Now I want to tell you about the reins. Try to ride as if you had none. Place no dependence upon them whatever for keeping your seat. Martingales should never be used; neither should a snaffle or a double bit. Every horse should be trained to go with a simple easy curb, and it is well to have a slide upon the single rein so that you will hold only one part, as it were, of the bridle in your hand. Thus you will not be tempted to steer the animal as if he were in harness, but by a gentle pressure of the rein on his neck upon the side opposite to the way you intend that he shall go, he will understand your wishes without any appeal to his mouth—the mouth which you should never spoil, as by so doing your horse would be totally ruined. By handling him in this way you will soon find that you can control him with your thumb and finger.

Riding-whips should never be carried excepting by ladies. They frighten horses, and do them no good. Those great clumsy clubs with loops on the end are only serviceable in England, where they are used to open gates in the lanes that are much frequented by horsemen. Wear a pair of light spurs. This advice may seem cruel, but it is not intended that the spurs should be used for any other purpose than that of giving an occasional hint, so that the horse may know that he is under your control.

Ladies may carry a light riding-whip, not a club, and they should never raise it, for a horse has the useful faculty, denied to us, of back sight. So the whip should be carried in the right hand over the flank.

There is an old rhyme well worth remembering. The horse is speaking:

"Up hill, spare me;
Down hill, spare thee;
But on the plain spare me not;
Cool me well when I am hot."

Only do not take his suggestions too literally. Do not let him cool off in a hurry. Slacken your pace if possible some time before arrival at your destination, so that he may come in not overheated. Above all things do not let him drink while warm—at any rate, not more than a sip to moisten his mouth. By neglect of this precaution many valuable horses have been foundered.

Almost all side-saddles are instruments of torture to the horse, if not to the rider, and not infrequently to both. This is owing chiefly to the trees, which are a combination of wood, iron, and padding. The California and the Whitman tree is the same for a lady's or for a man's saddle—a long bit of wood, open in the middle for air, and making the pressure on the horse's back more general than local. Two or three thicknesses of blanket are worn under it. You may say that such an outfit is not genteel. Perhaps not; but there is another old saying—"Handsome is that handsome does." I am glad to see that fashion has somewhat relented in shortening something that ought to be dispensed with altogether; I mean the riding-habit. How much more sensible is the practice that obtains in some South American countries of wearing frocks and riding trousers!

But we must be thankful for what we can get. Every

inch cut off the riding-habit is in the way of a guarantee of the rider's life. Girls should practice riding without a stirrup, and when a stirrup is used lengthen out the strap as much as possible. As in the case of the man's, keep the side-saddle well back from the withers. It is even more important in your case. Sit up straight if you can, but "stick on" any way; and, above all things, keep your hand off the pommel, and do not be afraid, or you will never learn to ride.

Bear in mind, all of you boys and girls, what I have said about ponies. They are generally more vicious than horses. I do not mean that you should be mounted upon a very large horse. For young people, and for people of any age of light weight, the most desirable size for a horse is fifteen or fifteen and a half hands, and he should weigh about 850 or 900 pounds.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RECKLESS STEERING.

THE sponge fishers were employed not far from Tampa Bay, and therefore when Captain Sammy had finished his business among them, it would require only a few hours for the *Pearl* to run into Tampa.

Three hours after they had left Boca Grande Captain Sammy pointed directly ahead to some low islands or keys, lying almost level with the water, and around which a number of vessels or boats could be seen.

"There are the sponge fishers," he said, "and in less than an hour we shall come to anchor among them."

The boys fully expected to see a novel sight when once they were among the sponge fishers, despite Tommy's assertion that there "wasn't much to be seen," and they were all excitement as they approached.

But when the *Pearl* was anchored in the very midst of the fleet of vessels, and nothing more unusual was to be seen than a number of small boats, each containing from two to four men, all engaged in plunging long poles into the water, and drawing them up with a mass of sponge at the end, they were disposed to feel that they had been defrauded in some way.

It was no more novel and not nearly so interesting as to see a party spearing eels, and after the boys had watched them for half an hour they had seen all they cared about.

Captain Sammy had been bustling around, making frantic signals with his hands, from the time the *Pearl* had first come to anchor. All his noise and fuss finally resulted in a spare boat being sent to them from a schooner of his called the *Bonita*.

The little man proposed to visit all the vessels lying there—those which he owned, to see that the work was being conducted to suit him, and the others for the purpose of bargaining for the sponge, the greater quantity of which was sold in Key West.

It was not his intention to take any of his own men away from their work to row him around on his tour of inspection and purchase, for he said in the most benevolent manner possible, and as though he were conferring some great favor, "I'm going to let Bobby and Tommy row the boat, and Dare and Charley can stay here to keep ship."

Neither of the two boys selected had any very great desire to labor at the oars on an errand which would be so uninteresting to them; but they were careful not to let

* Begun in No. 175, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Captain Sammy see that they looked upon it as anything but the greatest favor.

After the party had left the steamer Dare and Charley found it rather hard work to amuse themselves in a place where there was really so little to be seen. They watched the sharks as they glided around among the boats in search of prey, their dorsal fins visible above the water, looking sinister because of the very grace and swiftness of their movements.

After this they set to work catching fish for the purpose of surprising Captain Sammy by having a chowder all ready for him when he should come on board for dinner, and they did succeed in surprising him, for neither he nor any one else could have told what the dark-looking mixture was simply by judging from its taste and appearance.

Captain Sammy really appeared to be grieved because the captain and engineer of the *Pearl* knew no more about cooking than was shown by this chowder, and he obliged them to watch all his movements while he cooked two ducks, giving them a long lecture on cooking which was only finished when the dinner was.

"I'm goin' to take you in hand on the next cruise," he said, as he got into the boat again, "and by the time we've been the whole length of the reef, you will be able to get up almost as good a dinner as I can."

But he seemed to think they could wash dishes well enough, for he left the yacht without doing anything toward helping to clean up the little cook-room or the dining-table, and it was fully an hour, owing to their awkwardness, before Dare and Charley succeeded in doing it in anything like a proper manner.

After this work was done the boys lounged on deck wishing that Captain Sammy would return, so that they could get away from the very disagreeable odor caused by the decaying sponges, when suddenly the movements of an incoming schooner attracted their attention.

She evidently was one of the fleet of sponge-gatherers, but the singular manner in which she was handled caused the boys great surprise, amateur sailors though they were.

It seemed as if the helmsman had no idea as to where he wanted to go or what he should do, for he steered his vessel in the wildest possible manner, and without the slightest regard to the direction of the wind. The craft would be headed directly for one of the anchored vessels, as if the only purpose was to run her down, and then she would come about with sails flapping, blocks rattling, and men shouting, her prow directed toward another vessel.

This singular behavior on the part of the crew or captain of the schooner caused the greatest excitement among the other fishermen, and they shouted and yelled at those on board the offending vessel until there was a perfect Babel of confusion.

"It won't be many minutes before some craft gets smashed if they keep on at this rate," said Charley, when the vessel grazed the side of one that was anchored not far from the *Pearl*.

"The men must have been drinking," said Dare, and in a few moments the craft was so near that the boys could plainly see those on board, and it was only too evident that, from the captain down, all hands were in a state of complete intoxication.

They had probably just received pay for their cargo of sponges, and the money which they had labored hard and braved so many dangers for had been used to degrade them to a level many degrees lower than that of the brutes.

But those on the yacht had no time for watching the besotted sailors, for their position of spectators was quickly changed to that of participants in the general excitement.

The vessel, which had been some distance from them, now changed her course, heading directly for the *Pearl*, and in such a direction that it would strike her about midships.

"They'll run us down sure!" cried Dare, as he jumped

to his feet with the intention of signaling them; but as he realized how useless that would be, he shouted to Charley, "See if there isn't steam enough on to send us ahead a little way, and I'll trip the anchor."

Since they had intended to remain on the sponging grounds twenty-four hours at least, the fires had been drawn, and Charley knew even before he rushed into the engine-room that there was not an ounce of steam in the boilers, but yet he made the trial, shouting to Dare almost immediately afterward, "It's no use; the water isn't even warm."

Dare was tugging away at the cable, and as Charley spoke he looked up at the approaching schooner.

Her sails were full, she was not more than a hundred feet away, and coming with a force that must crush the yacht like an egg-shell.

"Help me launch the boat!" Dare shouted. "She will keep us from the sharks a few moments, at all events."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEWS AT TAMPA.

The excitement among the fishermen was now intense; there seemed to be no chance but that the little steamer would be run down, and in such an event the lives of those on board were in great peril.

It was hardly possible that they could remain in the water a single instant without being devoured by the sharks, and the vessel that was sailing toward them was so high out of the water, owing to having no cargo on board, that it would hardly be possible for the boys to gain any hold of her as she came crashing on to them.

Every boat in the vicinity was headed at once toward the apparently doomed steamer, but yet not one of them could by any possibility reach her until some moments after the crash would come.

Meanwhile the boys on board were working with an energy and desperation such as could only have come to them in a moment of great peril.

The boat would hardly be of much service to them after they got her launched, for, lying in the sun as she had been, the seams that were only imperfectly closed at the first, were now opened, so that she would hardly float more than five minutes. But, as Dare had said, she might serve to keep them from the sharks a few moments, and in that time some one of the other boats might pick them up.

It was no light task to launch the boat unaided in the few seconds they had at their disposal; but yet they succeeded just as the schooner with her drunken crew was within ten or twelve feet of them.

At this moment, whether by chance, or because some idea of the damage they were about to do gained an entrance into their stupefied brains, no one ever knew, the helmsman jammed his wheel hard down, and the craft was just beginning to sheer around in obedience to it when she struck the *Pearl*.

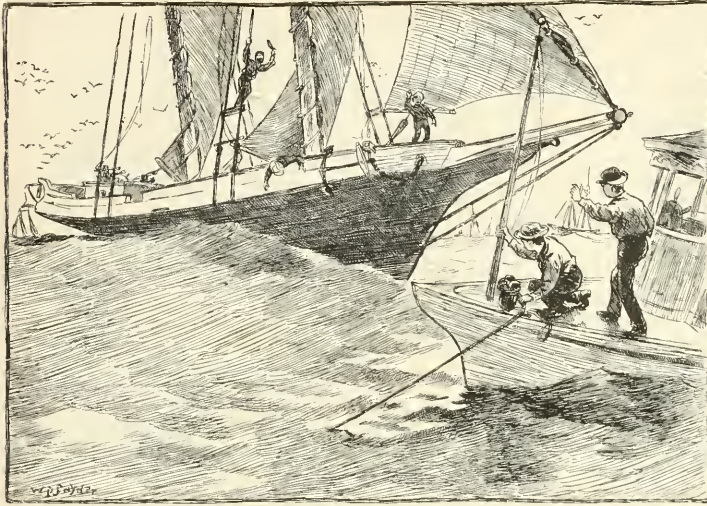
Dare and Charley were all ready to leap into the almost sinking boat when the final crash came, and Dare saw the helmsman's movement.

"Hold on!" he shouted to Charley: "she won't strike us full, and there are a good many chances that the *Pearl* won't sink."

Even as he spoke the blow came, and both boys were hurled to the deck, while the tender, which had cost such labor to launch, was sunk immediately.

It was hardly more than a hair's-breadth which had saved them, for they were saved, even though such a blow had been struck the little craft.

When Dare had started to trip the anchor he had, almost unconsciously, let off the turn of the cable from the miniature windlass, and the consequence was that the yacht was riding almost as free as if no anchor had been down. The wind, acting on her upper works as on a sail, had be-



"DARE WAS TUGGING AWAY AT THE CABLE."

gun to force her through the water sideways, which had the effect of diminishing the blow very sensibly. The schooner having begun to veer around, did not strike the *Pearl* with her cut-water, but hit her a glancing blow that had the effect of forcing her along, instead of bearing her down. The force was so great, however, that the *Pearl* was carried along to the full length of her chain cable, which was snapped apart as if it had been a thread, and nearly flung on to a vessel anchored on the port side.

The starboard rail was entirely stove in, but no damage had been done below the water-line, and Dare and Charley, scrambling to their feet, made every exertion to get the other anchor down before they should drift into some of the other crafts, and thus work more damage to themselves.

Captain Sammy with Bobby and Tommy, who had pulled for the yacht with all their strength when they saw the peril she was in, came on board almost immediately after the second anchor was down, and the little man occupied at least ten minutes of his time in shaking his fist and scolding at those who had been the cause of the accident.

When he had thus freed his mind he went to work to find out the extent of the damage done, and after that was ascertained he said, with a sigh of relief:

"Well, we ought to be very thankful that it was no worse. When I saw those drunken brutes sailing right down on you I made sure that the *Pearl* was gone forever, and your being saved was only a question of how long it would be before we could get at you. It won't cost much time or money to make the rail as good as new, and we have got out of the scrape cheaply."

By this time the career of the vessel with her drunken crew was over. They had tried the experiment of running one of the islands down, as they had attempted to do with the *Pearl*, and the consequence was that the vessel was ashore in what looked to be a sinking condition.

Captain Sammy had nearly completed his work when it became necessary to start to the aid of Dare and Charley, and now he concluded that he would try to do no more that day.

"We can stop here on our way to the reef," he said, "and then I can see those whom I have not already talked with. We will spend the rest of the day in fixing

the rail, and to-morrow morning we will start for Tampa."

The tender which they were to repair having now gone to the bottom, or floated off full of water, it would be necessary to have a new boat for the *Pearl*, and Captain Sammy concluded to keep the one that had been sent him from the *Bonita*, which fact he announced to the vessel's captain with a great deal of unnecessary scolding about those who had done the mischief.

Now that they had a boat again, the boys concluded that they would go on shore to see what the little village on the key looked like; and when Captain Sammy announced that the rail was patched as well as it could be until he could get the steamer home, they started for the land, leaving the little man alone to keep ship.

There was nothing on shore to interest one save the "crawls," or pens for turtles, which appeared to make up the belongings of each household as much as a hen pen does that of a farmer's in the interior States. They inspected the occupants of these crawls with a view to distinguishing the different species Captain Sammy had told them about, and then returned to the yacht.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HO! RUB-A-DUB-DUB!

BY ANGELINE MAY.

HO! rub-a-dub-dub! Ho! rub-a-dub-dub!
You may drum till your wrists are sore,
Till your elbows droop and your shoulders stoop,
But they'll never come back any more.

For the three old maids, the dear old maids,
Who dwell on the king's highway,
Have been wooed and won by three merry men;
For I heard the gossips say

That the butcher he came in a pea-green coat
And a wig of autumn red,
And he sighed such sighs and vowed such vows
As would turn any old maid's head.

The baker he came with a huge bouquet
And his pockets full of tarts,
And he wooed and won the oldest old maid,
With the tenderest of tender hearts.

Then up the mighty river Scrub
The candlestick-maker sailed
In a boat shaped strangely like a tub,
And a polka-dot coat that trailed

He tied his tub to a juniper tree,
And strode up the king's highway,
With his polka-dot coat tails over his arm,
And a smile that was blithe and gay.

First he piped a serenade
On a jew's harp made of tin,
While with sugar kisses and chocolate hearts
He strove his lady to win.

In compliments sweet and yards of verse
His love he did confess,
Till she gently leaped on his polka-dot sleeve,
And timidly whispered, "Yes."

And there they embarked in a graceful
And sailed out on the river wide.

Now all the folks in the country round
Came running from far and near
To bid farewell to the three old maids,
And hear what there was to hear.

They crowded down to the river-side,
And waved and shouted "Good-by!"
Till the oldest old maid stood up in the tub,
And made them this reply:

"Farewell, farewell, to all our friends;
We are off for Thistle-down fair.
We shall stop at the Isle of Needles and
Pins,
And there'll be three weddings there."

Then the drums they
beat and the dogs
they barked,
And the people
shouted a song
That echoes still
through nursery
rhyme,
And will be remem-
bered long.

"Ho! rub-a-dub-dub!
Ho! rub-a-dub-
dub!
And who do you
think was there?
The butcher, the baker,
the candle-tick-
maker,
And all of them go-
ing to the fair."



So the maids were won,
But each happy heart these
troublesome questions vexed,
When and where should the
wedding be?
And what ought they to do
next?

Then up spoke the candlestick-
maker bold,
"Oh, brothers and sisters dear,
You shall come with me in my
gallant tub
That lieth in wait at the pier."

So the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker
Each offered his arm to his bride,
And gayly they marched down the king's highway
To the juniper-tree where the gallant tub lay,

Ho! rub-a-dub-dub! Ho! rub-a-dub-dub!
You may drum till your wrists are sore,
Till your elbows droop and your shoulders stoop,
But they'll never come back any more.

SUMMER IS COME.

T. CRAMPTON.

Cheerfully.

1. Wel- come, sweet sea- son bright! Sum- mer, so dear! Mon- ain and val- ley no long- er are sec- re;
 2. Meck- lit- tie vi- o- lets, hid- ing from view. Gold- en eyed dal- sies all spark- ling with dew;

Wake, pret- ty lil- y bells, list the bees' hum!, Join in the cho- rus, bright sum- mer is come!
 Join with the song- y birds and bees' plea- sant hum, Joui in the cho- rus, etc.

Sum- mer is come, Sum- mer is come; Sum- mer, bright sum- mer is come; Sum- mer is

come,
 Sum- mer, bright sum- mer; Sum- mer, hright sum- mer is come. *Symph. f*

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

CINCINNATI, IOWA.

I am a boy nine years old. I have two brothers and four sisters. I am the eldest of the family. I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy it very much. The story I like best is "Raising the Pearl." I always read it the first, grandpa, papa, and Uncle Richard own a packing-house. They built a large boat, and named it *The Pearl*. Uncle George painted it. He painted its name on the stern. We have two dogs, Grace and Sam. Grace is Sam's mother. She is as old as I am. We have a large apple orchard. When the apples get ripe we have a very nice time gathering them.

I have a nice little flower garden. I fixed it in the spring, and I have flowers in it now. I had some pink roses, but they are all gone. I have a lot of white roses. Grandma is very fond of gardening; she gives me lots of flowers and plants. She says my white roses are the prettiest of all. I give her ever so many of them. I will be as glad as any boy to see my letter printed.

BERTIE G.

I am a girl fourteen years of age. I go to school, and I like my teacher very much. I have two brothers; one is a young man, and the other is eight years old. The latter goes to school, reads in the Fifth Reader, and has the large arithmetic, geography, and grammar. I have pieced one nine-square bed-quilt, and have two more commenced. One is called "Around the World," and the other the "Tea Pattern." I saw in No. 154 of *Young People* a letter signed Bita M. Westport, California, saying she was piecing a quilt by the name of "Lincoln's Platform." I would like to exchange one of my patterns for that one. Will Bita M. please mail the pattern, with her address, and state which pattern she would like me to send her in return, and I will promptly forward the pattern she names in her letter? I have a pattern called the "Philadelphia Payment," and I can get one called the "Cat's Claw." I will send either of these or one of the others, as she may prefer.

ELEEN M. MOSHER, South Westport, Mass.

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK.

In No. 191 I saw the pretty sailor costume for dolls, and thought I would like one for my doll. I would like one of the twelve-inch patterns, if you please. My address is—

I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper in the whole world. I would not take five cents a dollar for all the numbers I have, now unless I were sure I could get them all again. We have a large lawn, and lots of rose-bushes, and three hammocks, one for each girl. For pets we have a dog named Curly, and four birds. My bird is named Major, and he sings from morning until night. One of his notes sounds like a sewing-machine or a saw.

One thing everybody here enjoys is Chautauqua Lake. There are quite a number of boats on the lake, of which the *Jamestown* is the largest, and the *Cincinnati* is the fastest. Sometimes, when we go up the lake, we see turtles in the water. The lake is twenty-one miles long. I think it is beautiful.

If I ever go to New York again, I am coming to see the place where *YOUNG PEOPLE* is published, and to see you. I wish I could send you a bunch of roses, but I am afraid they would wither before they could reach you. I send you a puzzle.

K. T. S.

In some regards this is a very good letter indeed. In the first place, the way in which our correspondent asks for the pattern which she wishes sent to her is really a model. It is very straightforward and business-like, and in addition to what is here printed, the unfilled blank contained her name and post-office address in full. In the next place, it gives us a good idea of K. herself. We hope the little lady may, one of these days, step into the office where *YOUNG PEOPLE* is at home, before it starts out weekly on its trips to other homes all over the wide world.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Having never written before, and as *YOUNG PEOPLE* is a dear friend of ours, we thought we would write now. May we belong to the Little Housekeepers? Here is a receipt for molasses candy:

Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one table-spoonful of vinegar, boil from twenty minutes to half-an hour.

This is splendid. Will some one give us a receipt for butterscotch?

MARIE C. and HALLIE W.

LEASTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl twelve years old. Papa gave HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my brother Carl, and he gave me HARPER'S MAGAZINE. I have no pets except a bird, and I am afraid he is going to die. I like to make out my puzzles, especially those referring to geography. It rained yesterday, so I did not shoot off my fire-crackers. I saved them until to-day.

MAY A. B.

Is your bird mouling? If so, he may soon be quite lively again.

WELLSBOROUGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy twelve years old, and am in the Junior Academic Department at school. My home is surrounded by a yard with a great many trees, affording a fine place for playing "Tispy." I have a family of batskins composed of two roosters, two hens, and a chicken. I have the charge of about twenty other fowls besides. Papa is going to get me a canary-bird. I have taken HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE every year but one since it was published, and like the stories very much. Will you please tell me whether Jimmy Brown is an older or younger boy? I have an older brother and sister away at school, but they are expected home soon. I take music and drawing lessons. My mamma gives music lessons. I have sent two Wiggles, but neither was paid.

CHARLEY G. O.

Do not despair of seeing yourself by-and-by among the Wiggles whose efforts are published. Everything comes round right in time to those who persevere. I should think nobody who reads Jimmy Brown's funny stories would fancy him an *old* boy. Only a very young one could perform such pranks.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

My mamma has promised for a long time to write a letter for me, and at last she is ready. I have a pet cat named Willy; he is very, very thin now while shedding his coat, but in winter he is very large. We think Willy quite intelligent. When the dinner bell rings he is generally asleep, but he rouses up and trots to the dining-room, and on reaching it, if none of the family is there before him, he walks to the foot of the stairs, and meows until some one comes. He will not take anything from the table at this time, but after we have begun our meal, and one rises for any purpose, he will dart to that chair and snarl something from the plate. Was it not a squirrel that Davy T. had for a pet? I am glad to see Mrs. Lilly's new story, as I liked "Nan" so much.

NANNIE T. B.

SHERBURNE FOUR CORNERS, NEW YORK.

I think the pet Davy T. mentions was a woodchuck. I have three little nephews; the youngest is four months old, and the oldest is five years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have been sick with diphtheria, and my eyes are very weak, so that I can hardly see. I am thirteen years old.

FANNIE A. II.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

I have seen so many letters in *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the boys and girls that I thought I would write too. I am a little girl eleven years old, and one who thinks a great deal of your nice paper. I have nine dolls; one is a widow, another is a colored servant named Chloe. My widow doll has two children, Mabel and Marian. I could tell you about the others, but I am afraid it would make my letter too long. I think Davy T.'s pet must have been a woodchuck.

LOUISE C. S.

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have a little sister nine years old. We live in the city of Philadelphia, but have come to visit my grandpa and grandma and spend the summer. They have

a horse named Pansy, and she will eat cake out of your hand. My sister and I go to the Friends' School. Like the story of "Raising the Pearl" very much, and I have it read to me as soon as it comes. We have beautiful times at grandpa's going fishing and reading down at the wharf. I wrote this letter all myself, and I hope you will print it. So good-by.

REBECCA E. N.

THE DAISEIES' LESSON.

What do all the daisies say,
Sparkling in the heavy grass,
Lifting up their pretty heads,
Nodding to us as we pass?
"We are like the golden stars,
They shine upward, we shine too;
Both are doing just the work
God has given us to do."

Let us, then, the lesson learn
Of the pretty daisies teach,
Not to wish, with longings vain,
For the work beyond our reach;

But to do with all our might,
Every moment while we may,
Whatever our hands may find
Ever near our feet by day. — ALICE E.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

LESON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I like reading in the Postmaster. I have written several letters myself, but not one has been printed. I have a large cat, whose name is Spicy; he is very handsome, and I think he would win the prize at a cat show. The other day I went to see a little girl, and we climbed up into a tree, and after the girl and I had gone out on a limb two more children came out, and one of them fell down, and I hurt my knee and my arm pretty badly. — LORNA S. B.

I like to hear of girls who climb trees, for I think a girl should excel in out-door sports, just as her brother does; but, dearie, four or five children on one limb were just three or four too many. It is a mercy you were not injured for life.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been taking Young People two years, and like the stories ever so much. I will be eleven years old on the 16th of October. I have a sister older than myself. I wish you could see the little colored birds down here. They have feathers they wear their hair in little pigtails, forming a sort of halo around their fat shining faces, but on Sundays their mothers put little blue bows on the ends. Carrie once a sack to little honey baby whose name is Pearl. I take *World's Companion* too. I hope this is not too long. My sister Carrie is going to copy it for me.

Does the Postmistress ever play Go-board?

NED L.

She would if she ever had time, but you can't keep her too busy.

BROOKVILLE, MARYLAND.

I am not one of your subscribers, but my little sister Laura, who is thirteen, takes the *Young People*, and I am sure I enjoy reading it quite as much as she does, and my brother, who is a young man of twenty three, is a great admirer of it. Even papa enjoys the adventures of Captain Sunny and the boys. I had no idea that Tommy would prove himself so brave as he did in the shark adventure. I always feel a deep interest in Jimmy Brown's exploits. He certainly has an original mind, and if he continues to improve it at this rate he will be a very brilliant man. One little girl said she would pity Sue if Jimmy ever did go to live with her; but I think you and Tray would be quite as kind to Sue to be pried. I wish the wedding would come off, for I would like to see how Jimmy will improve his mind—or that of some one else—on the occasion.

Will some reader please tell me who is the author of the following lines?

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty."
Was this, the dream a shadowy lie?
"Toll on and on heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A nocturnal light and truth to thee."

HALLIE M. G.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

We think the poet of Davy T. was a woodchuck, LOTTIE and PATSYON W.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I have a little story to tell which I think the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would like to hear. One morning we went to the barn, and we saw an old hen with five little heads peeping from under her wings. And what do you think they were? We lifted the old hen up, and there were five little kittens. One was white, and the other four were dark. A day or two before the mother cat killed and ate some of our little white

chickens. I think it was a kind return for the old hen to take care of her little kittens.

I have a box of paints, and I am beginning to paint flowers, and I thought I would put some on this letter.

SOPHIE M. S.

The flowers were painted very nicely, dear, and the story will charm the children. The old hen was a darling.

May's pretty rhyme, which comes next, matches the song we give you this week, does it not? Read it both. If you all love summer as I do, you will be pleased with this verse of May's:

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little sister; her name is Emma. My brother Andrew takes Young People; we also take *Golden Days* and *St. Nicholas*. My papa is writing this letter for me. I have composed a little piece of poetry, and here it is. I hope to see it printed; it would please my little brother Andrew very much:

The summer has come! the summer has come!
The flowers are nodding in the beautiful sun,
The children are singing their happiest songs,
The grasses are green, and the sidles are blue,
The world is lovely to me and to you,
The squirrel is hopping from tree to tree,
Happy as ever he can be. — MAY CLIFFORD 8.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

I have written once to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and the letter was not put in, so I thought I would write again. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are so funny. Margaret B. I think, wrote very nice letters. I am nine years old, and I have two sisters, Lucy and Genevieve. We had a nice dog, but he ran away all the time, so we sent him away. His name was Fetch. Don't you think that was a nice name? — EMILY S.

I ought to have been Scamp, when he was so naughty.

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

I have been thinking I would write to you for some time. I have a little sister Mabel, who is four years old; I am nine. I have a very pretty bird called Winnie, and a dog Beauty. I had a red bird, but he died a few weeks ago. My auntie and cousin are visiting us. I was so glad when school was over! — MAYDIE L.

Bessie W. H.: Croquet is a pleasant out-door game, and I am glad you are fond of it. Write again, dear. — Percy S., Painesville, Ohio: The Postmistress would particularly like to receive a letter soon from this little boy, who has, she is afraid, felt a wee bit neglected. — Harold, and Harold's mamma, who live away off at Kona, Hawaii, are assured that the Postmistress clapped her hands with pleasure when she read little Harold's loving messages. She wishes she could see the passion-vine growing all over the veranda, and would like to kiss the pretty boy, and play hide-and-seek with him. — J. Friend L.: Good luck to your rabbits; they are very nice pets. Did you ever read about the poet Cowper and his pet hares Puss and Tiny? — Anna H.: A pet wild cat? Be careful. — John G. W.: Pora boy! only eleven years old you write a remarkably clear business hand, and I enjoyed reading your letter, although I am not able to face room for it. With six boys and three girls your mother must have a very houseful, and she at least has no need of other pets. — Emma L.: A pony, a kitten, two mocking-birds, and six dolls are enough for one little girl, I think. — Alice S. thinks Davy T.'s pet is a rabbit, and Lulu W. B. is sure it is a woodchuck. Some of the other children have guessed that it is a squirrel, and now, Master Davy, send a postal, and solve your conundrum. — Mary D. G.: Do not be discouraged because your letters are not printed. — G. J.: You will like to hear an orange grove must be charming at some periods of the year. — May R., Lucy L., Bessie P., Anna B., Herbert S., Theodore F., Sandy P., and M. G. will please accept thanks for their letters and messages; Helen K., Bertie T., Mattie F. E., M. K., and Susie S. deserve great praise for theirs. — Reuben L.: Birds' eggs are excluded from the articles which may be offered or asked for in exchange. — Sadie M. T.: You are a bright little seamstress.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 192.

gether yolk, mustard, celery-seed, salt, pepper, and parsley, and put the mixture back into the white, being careful not to break it.

LONA A. S.

CHOCOLATE 'CREAM BOXBONS'—Put one pound of sugar in a stew-pan, with milk enough to dissolve it; let it boil four or five minutes; take it off the fire; add a little vanilla; then cream it; roll it in little balls the size of a filbert, and let it cool; put half a pound of chocolate in a tin plate over a kettle of boiling water, and when it dissolves dip the bonbons into it, and lay them on buttered paper to cool.

HONEY CAKES.—One quart of honey, half a pint of sugar; ginger, nutmeg, salt; half a pint of melted butter, a teaspoonful of soda in half a teacup of warm water; pour the roll; roll thin, and cut in cakes.

FRUIT DROP CAKES.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, three eggs, one pound of currants, one tea-spoonful of rose-water, one tea-spoonful of essence of lemon, and one tea-spoonful of soda; drop from a spoon on a tin, and bake.

SEED CAKES.—One and a half pints of flour, one large cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, a wine glass of water, a tea-spoonful of soda, and a large spoonful of caraway-seeds.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. The whole, of 10 letters, forms a part of public worship.
The 7, 4, 5, 1 is needed in commerce.
The 4, 3 is slow but strong.
The 5, 6, 10, 9 is to do what makes one sorry.
The 5, 8, 9, 10 are despatched by J. L. K. SELM.

2. A line composed of 9 letters, and am the name of a famous exploring vessel.
My 7, 3, 1 is to devour.
My 3, 8, 2 is devoured.
My 3, 4, 5 is a girl's name.
My 1, 6, 8 is a jewel.
My 1, 9, 3, 5 is a girl's name.
My 5, 2, 8 is a share.
My 7, 9, 4 is a number.
My 8, 6, 3 is a beverage.
My 3, 5 is an article.
My 3, 7 is a preposition.

ERREKA.

NO. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Something both fierce and cowardly. 2. A mixture. 3. A king of the desert. 4. Something prized by newspaper men.

ERREKA.

NO. 3.

AN ACROSTIC.

1. A sacred river in the East.
2. An island west of Asia.
3. A river in North America.
4. A town in Europe noted for jewelry.
5. The glory of the ancient world.
6. A river haunted by crocodiles.
7. A range of mountains in the Eastern hemisphere.
8. A country in Europe.
9. A river in China.
The initial letters spell the name of the science which describes all these.

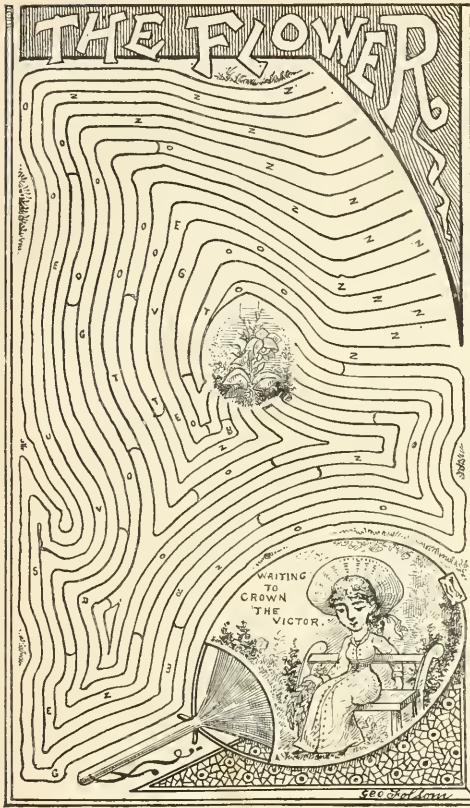
CHARLES E. and ANTHONY TIMMERMAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 192.

No. 1. New York.
No. 2. C A R T S T E A M
C R E A M S T E A M
T A R E A R
M M
M V R C
V A N P I T C A N
M A O R R I T T R C A M G L
N O P T E N L
R R R E W
No. 3. C anti-floater.
A none.
D andilion.
M argold.
E R
S unflower.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from George Horsfield, Lydia B. Penrose, Annie R. Hartman, Clara Shields, Francis Freeman, Carrie C. Hovey, Fred the Quack, Walter Eric, Samuel Brauson, Charles H. Weigle, Jim., Daisy Gleason, Della Goad, May Wilson, John Timpon, Arath Grey, Mary D. C., Antonia Romanca, Van W., Alice Post, Jeanie Day, Alex. Scott, E. R. S., Will Grey, Emma Tollman, Louis Barstow, Glenn A. Kidd, Walter Morlet, Flora Pollock, Jack and Nannie Pegram, Emma W. G., Max Babb, and Fred and Mimmie.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE FLOWER.

BY GEORGE FOLSOM.

THE beautiful Princess Nogodon had a great many noble suitors for her hand and heart. Ten had been put off with gentle regrets, when one day a strange knight, handsome as Apollo, presented himself at the castle gate. He was granted an audience with the Princess, and his gentleness and manly bearing won her favor at once. Fearing to give him too much encouragement at the first meeting, the Princess tried to think of some plan by which she might contrive to have him go away with the hope of winning the prize at last.

At this moment an attendant announced that there were four more cavaliers at the gate. Begging the knight to excuse her, the Princess gave her esquire orders to announce to all the suitors that the test of the Royal Maze should decide who should marry the Princess Nogodon.

There were fifteen paths to the Maze, one for each suitor, and but one led to the centre, where blossomed a lovely flower. The knight who returned with this flower would be entitled to claim the hand of the Princess. Each knight was to pick up the letters which he would find strewn along the path.

The Princess told an attendant to hang the cage containing her pet canary at a certain path, and then sent a message, in a feigned handwriting, bidding the favorite knight to select the path where he heard sweet singing. The knight did so, and returned bearing the flower, and the letters forming a name, while the other knights brought back nothing but letters, and were weary and disconsolate.

We show the Maze, with its fifteen paths. See who can find the one leading to the flower. Pick up the letters as you go, and form words with them in the order in which they are found in the path traversed.

RIDDLE.

OPEN and shut, yet have no lid;
Of flies I often people rid;
In summer I work, in winter I rest.
And devote my time to art with zest;
I am found in all countries, and bought with a dime;
Though a thousand years old, I am still in my prime.

THE EGG-DANCE IN INDIA.

THE Indian egg-dance is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise:

The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip-noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection, to prove that they are real, and not imitations.

The music strikes up a jerky monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip-nooses, and with a quick motion throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight, like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip-nooses, until they make a horizontal aureole or halo above the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes more rapid—so rapid, in fact, that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl.

The moment is critical: the least false step, the least irregularity of time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way; that is to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended.

At last all the eggs are successfully removed; then the dancer stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by the dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, advances with a firm step to the spectators, and presents them with the eggs, which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick in the performance.

THE FAST EXPRESS MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.



THE DASH.



THE SMASH.

HARPER'S

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THE WEDDING PARTY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CEREMONY.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.
BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

OVER forty years ago a lady from Waterford, New York, who was visiting Hartford, Connecticut, told this bit of experience to her friends there:

"When I was in Bridgeport last week," she said, "I saw the finest, funniest little fellow in the world. The friends whom I was visiting wanted me to go to a children's school to see the smallest boy that ever attended

any school. I went, and the school-mistress called up 'Charlie,' when a mite of a fellow came and stood on her held-out hands and recited his letters."

This little fellow was Charles Sherwood Stratton, afterward known as General Tom Thumb, and the story gives a good idea of his size and the impression he made on people when he first came before the public. It was in November, 1842, that Mr. Barnum discovered him at his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and a few weeks later that he made his appearance in New York. "He was

not two feet high," says Mr. Barnum; "he weighed less than sixteen pounds, and was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone. After some coaxing he was induced to talk with me, and he told me that he was the son of Sherwood E. Stratton, and that his own name was Charles S. Stratton. After seeing him and talking with him I at once determined to secure his services from his parents, and to exhibit him in public."

Hereupon, however, occurred a difficulty. The child was very small, it was true, being not much higher than a man's knee. But then he was only five years old, and if that were known people might refuse to believe that he was a dwarf. Accordingly, when he was advertised in New York, six years had been added to his age, several inches subtracted from his height, and the place of his birth changed from Bridgeport to England. Here is the announcement that appeared in the *Courier and Enquirer* of December 17, 1842:

"General Tom Thumb was born in Lancashire, England, and arrived in this country in the steamer *Columbia* a short time since. He is eleven years of age, weighs fifteen pounds two ounces, and is exactly twenty-two inches high. Beyond all question he is the greatest dwarf of whom we have any account, being smaller than Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who was accidentally sewed up in a pyc to the amusement of his friends, and alongside of whom Major Stevens declares himself to be a giant. Of a verity he is the greatest curiosity we have ever seen. . . . No description can possibly enable the reader to form any idea of the diminutiveness of this little gentleman. . . . We shrewdly suspect that his cane is no more or less than the handle of a steel pen with a button on the largest end of it."

The General at once made a great sensation. People who are middle-aged now recollect with what delight they went to his entertainments when children, listened to his songs, enjoyed his quick wit, and admired the presents he received. For a year he charmed the children and interested the grown people of New York, and then Mr. Barnum determined to take him to England.

Here his success was even greater than at home. A house was hired in one of the fashionable neighborhoods, cards were sent out to the nobility, and in a few days elegant carriages blocked the street in front of the door, while crowds of distinguished people thronged the drawing-rooms for a glimpse of the little General. Mr. Barnum even managed to let the Queen hear of him, and in a few days he was summoned to Buckingham Palace.

An older person might have been frightened by the importance of the occasion and the elegance of the company, but the General was only a child, and was too used to crowds by this time to show any shyness or fear. He talked to the Queen as if she were his mother, and delighted all the royal household by his bright manner and clever speech. Her Majesty presented him with a beautiful gold watch and chain, and other gifts were made to him by the different members of the family.

When it became known that he had visited court the interest of the public increased. Entertaining stories were everywhere told of his cleverness and wit. On one occasion, it was related, the Duke of Wellington came into the hall while the General was representing the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. Walking up to the platform, the old Duke pleasantly inquired,

"What are you thinking of, General?"

The little fellow, who had been pacing up and down the stage, lost in thought, looked up from underneath his cocked hat and recognized the Duke.

"I was thinking," he said, quickly, "of the loss of Waterloo."

One can get a good idea of the excitement that prevailed by reading what was said at the time. Haydon, an artist who was exhibiting his pictures in the same building, and

to whose exhibition no one came, tells us that in one week twelve thousand persons paid to see Tom Thumb, while only one hundred and thirty-three and one-half came to see his show. So great was the enthusiasm over the little General that he is said to have made half a million of dollars out of his two years' European tour.

In 1863 Tom Thumb's public career reached its highest point in his marriage to Lavinia Warren Bump. This young lady, who was also a dwarf, had been discovered by Mr. Barnum the year previous at her home in Middleborough, Massachusetts, and placed on exhibition at the Museum in New York. She was then about twenty-two years old, and quite attractive in her personal appearance. Crowds flocked to the Museum to see her, and the excitement rivalled that caused by Tom Thumb twenty years before. The General himself became interested, and not unnaturally formed the idea of making her his wife. Happily Miss Warren, as she was called, listened favorably to his suit, and in a short time the little couple had become engaged. Their wedding was arranged by Mr. Barnum on a scale of great splendor, and many who are yet young remember the sensation which it caused. New York had fewer sensations then than now, and the marriage of General Tom Thumb was quite a wonderful event.

On the 10th of February, 1863, the ceremony was performed at Grace Church, New York. A large and fashionable company was present, no one being admitted who had not a card of invitation; it is said, indeed, that as much as fifty dollars was bid for a ticket, of which, however, none were sold. The best man was the rival dwarf, Commodore Nutt, and the bridesmaid Miss Minnie Warren, Lavinia's sister. After the wedding a reception was held at the Metropolitan Hotel, and the little couple went off on their bridal tour.

They have since exhibited both in this country and Europe, but with their marriage public interest in a large measure died out, and of late years little has been seen or heard of them. On the 15th of July Tom Thumb suddenly died. He had grown since he was first exhibited to be forty inches in height, and at the time of his death weighed about seventy pounds.

COUSIN TOM'S WEDDING.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was to be in the church, with music and flowers, and my brother Claude and I were to walk up the middle aisle and lead the procession.

"Now you must both put on your best behavior," said mother, after we had worried ourselves into our new clothes on the all-important night; then she kissed us just as if we'd been going to bed, and sent us off to the church an hour before the time.

We found the sexton just opening the doors, and he let us go round with him while he lighted up, and then I proposed that we should stand outside and watch the people come.

"I wonder if Cousin Tom feels nervous," said Claude, as we walked down the steps under the awning. "I shouldn't think he would, though, for you know doctors— But I say, Bert, what's the matter down the street there? See all that crowd? Let's run and find out."

"Come on," I cried; "I'll beat you there," and forgetting all about our good clothes and "best behavior," we both started off down the block.

"Oh, somebody's been run over, or something!" I exclaimed, as I won the race and found a lot of people bending over the form of a man lying on the grass in front of the Baptist church.

We both stood still for a minute, and I was trying to listen to what a gentleman next to me was telling a policeman, when Claude pulled me by the sleeve and whispered

that it might be the very case Cousin Tom, who had just graduated at the Medical School, was waiting for.

"Let's tell him about it!" I cried. "Quick, before they get somebody else;" and then we both tore off to his lodgings, around the corner, and pulled the bell as if the house was afire.

I tell you, the girl came to the door in a hurry, and without waiting for her to announce us we bolted upstairs to Cousin Tom's room, and rushed in to find him just putting on his white satin neck-tie.

"Oh, do come quick!" we both fairly shouted. "Such a—"

"Why, boys, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, making a muddle of his cravat. "Has Alice fainted, or the dressmaker forgotten to send her dress home, or what?"

"No, no," cried Claude. "There's a man hurt, and an awful crowd, and—"

"Quick, how far from here?" interrupted Cousin Tom, leaving the two ends of his tie hanging, and snatching his pea-jacket. "I can spare just twenty minutes."

"Why, it's only around the corner, in front of the Baptist church," I replied, dancing around the room in great excitement; and then we all three raced off.

"Where is he, boys?" cried Cousin Tom, and Claude pointed inside the railing that ran in front of the church, and against which, strange to say, nobody was leaning.

Then, not waiting to hunt up the gate, our cousin, who was a great strapping fellow, shouldered his way through the crowd, and without paying any attention to the efforts some of the people made to hold him back, he placed his hands on the top rail of the fence to vault over.

The next instant he gave a spring backward instead of forward, and fell against Claude, who of course fell against me, and we all three went down one after another like a row of bricks, while the people set up such a yell that you might have thought they had all turned into wild Indians on the war-path.

Being nor, and quite used to hard knocks, neither Claude nor I was hurt, and we sprang up as lively as ever when Cousin Tom was lifted off of us. But there was not much spring about *him*, and we were awfully frightened when we found that he couldn't even speak.

Then they explained the whole thing to us, which was something like this: there was an electric light in front of the store next the church, and in some way the stuff—the electric fluid or whatever it is—had got off the track, or the wires, and run into the fence, and so whoever touched it got a most tremendous shock. That was what was the matter with the man inside, and the crowd had tried to warn Cousin Tom, but he was too excited about getting an interesting case to listen.

"Oh, if he's killed, it's all our fault for telling him about it!" moaned Claude.

"And he was going to be married in half an hour," I added, despairingly. "And Miss Lord 'll be in the church waiting for him, and when he don't come she may have a fit or something, and oh, Claude, how can we tell her?"

By this time they had picked Cousin Tom up and carried him into a drug store a few doors off. They told us he was only stunned, and would probably be able to sit up in the course of half an hour. As he hadn't lived in town a week yet, nobody in the crowd knew who he was, and so the burden of carrying the dreadful news to the wedding party fell upon Claude and me.

"It's five minutes to eight now," announced my brother, nervously, as having left word with the druggist that we would soon be back with friends and a carriage, we hurried off to the Episcopal church. "Cousin Tom't was to be in the vestry by this time, and, oh my! won't it be awful to have Miss Lord walk up the aisle on her father's arm, and then find nobody to marry her?"

"But, Claude," I proposed, a bright idea suddenly striking me, "if we can't only get to the church soon enough

to see her drive up, we can tell her then, and have the coachman keep right on to the drug store."

"The very thing!" cried Claude. "Let's run for it."

And run we did, but, alas! arrived at the church just in time to see the bride's carriage drive away from the awning—*empty*.

We could hear the organ playing and the people whispering that the procession would soon begin to move toward the altar.

"Oh, why don't they make sure Cousin Tom's here first?" I exclaimed, in a whisper.

"Perhaps they will," returned Claude. "At any rate they ought to wait for us to lead off; but, stop, I've got a plan, and though it's a kind of desperate one, it 'll save Miss Lord having a scene before everybody. I'll—" and he spoke the rest very softly in my ear.

"Why, Claude, dare you?" I cried, under my breath. "And do you know how to do it?"

"Yes, I noticed the place when we were in here with the sexton. Now do you think you can get up close to Miss Lord before I count twenty slowly?"

I nodded and hurried into the church, leaving Claude to take up his station in a dark corner of the vestibule. The procession was evidently waiting for us, and as fast as I could I squeezed a way through the crowd to take my place in front of the bride. She smiled when she caught sight of me, and put out her hand. Then just as I took it every light in the church went out, and I knew Claude had succeeded in his plan of turning off the gas.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Lord," I whispered, still keeping hold of her hand, "but come out with me to the carriage, because Cousin Tom's hurt, but not very bad, only he can't stand up long enough to be married yet, and— But I'll take you to him right away."

Well, she didn't scream nor say she was going to faint, but just held on to my hand tight, and let me lead her out in the dark. We found Claude on the sidewalk, holding the door of the carriage open; and ordering the coachman (who looked as if he thought we were eloping with the bride) to drive to the drug store. We all three got in, and were off before the people in the church had a chance to think of anything else but the darkness into which they had so suddenly been plunged.

"But—but did the electric fluid put out the lights in church?" asked Miss Lord, after we had explained to her about Cousin Tom's shock.

"Oh no; I turned off the gas," said Claude, promptly. "Don't you think it was a good way to keep people from staring at you and gossiping when they found the groom didn't come?"

"Yes, I see now, and I am sure I am very much obliged for your thoughtfulness; but what will papa and mamma think has become of me?"

"That's so!" I exclaimed. "We forgot all about that part of it. Stop the carriage, and I'll run back;" which I did, and found the church lighted up again, a bigger crowd than ever inside, and Mr. and Mrs. Lord rushing about in every direction in search of their daughter.

I was a little frightened at first, but remembering how much the bride had been spared by our plan, I walked boldly up to the "distracted parents," and began to explain the whole thing. This took some time, but I told the story as quick as I could, and I had scarcely finished when back came the carriage with Cousin Tom and Miss Lord both in it.

I jumped as if I had seen a ghost, and indeed Tom looked like one, but declared that he was every bit strong enough to go through with the ceremony. Miss Lord was already in her mother's arms, and I was awfully afraid we'd have a scene, after all, but luckily everybody thought it was because the gas had gone out, and in ten minutes they were safely married, and nobody out of the family the wiser.

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

BY KATE VANZANDT.

WAY up among the loftiest of the snow-clad Alpine mountains stands the Hospice of St. Bernard. This is the good saint who, if the legend tells us truly, was born at the little village of Menthon, in the upper Alps, and who thought that he could serve God better by building here a monastery, so high and so removed from the world that he and his followers might live safe from temptation, spending their lives in prayer and holy thinking, and in helping travellers whose business led them through this dangerous region.

This is the highest winter dwelling in all the upper Alps. Elsewhere the hardy Swiss come when the spring sunshine begins to warm the earth, bringing their flocks with them, but at the first whistling of the autumn winds back they go into their sheltered valleys. Only the good brothers of the Monastery of St. Bernard remain, holding their place here and on the Simplon, keeping a sharp watch day and night, and ready always to expose their lives if they can succor some wayfarer whose struggle with the difficulties of the mountain pass has worn out his strength and exposed him to a terrible death from cold and hunger.

The society connected with the monastery has at present about forty members. It was founded in 962, since when the regular brotherhood has consisted of from ten to fifteen Augustinian monks. To these may be added a number of lay brothers, who attend to certain charitable and religious work in various parts of the adjoining valley. A word, too, must be said for the good and faithful dogs, which, though their names are not registered on the roll of the society, play a part that no human being could fill.

Some three weeks ago, when we were travelling through Switzerland, climbing great peaks and clambering over billowy frozen glaciers, we met one of the good Brothers of St. Bernard. He was a young and broad-shouldered gentleman, who had recently been sent from the Hospice of St. Bernard to that on the Simplon. From him we learned the ways of the brotherhood and something of the life they live during the winter days, when only the visit of a traveller or the rescue of one from a terrible death breaks the long and weary monotony.

There are nine months of winter on the St. Bernard, and nearly as many on the other Alpine passes. The snow covers the landscape for miles around, the wind whistles fiercely through the great upright peaks, and all the desolateness of stormy skies shrouds the poor lonely hospice in terrible gloom.

The present massive building dates away back from the sixteenth century. There are two buildings. One contains the church, the rooms of the brothers, and numerous apartments for the reception of travellers; the other and smaller is called the *Hôtel de St. Louis*, and serves for a refuge in case of fire, and as a granary, and a lodging for the poorer class of wayfarers.

All travellers, come they upon any day or any hour, are welcome at the hospice. On arriving each is received and welcomed by a brother clad in black robes, with the cross embroidered on his breast, who sets forth what the

house has to furnish, or who offers a neat room where the visitor may rest and lodge so long as he chooses to remain.

No money is ever received by the brothers from the traveller who rests or refreshes himself at the Hospice of St. Bernard. If he will he may place a deposit in the little box which bears the inscription "For the Poor"; but no money is demanded and none received by the brothers themselves.

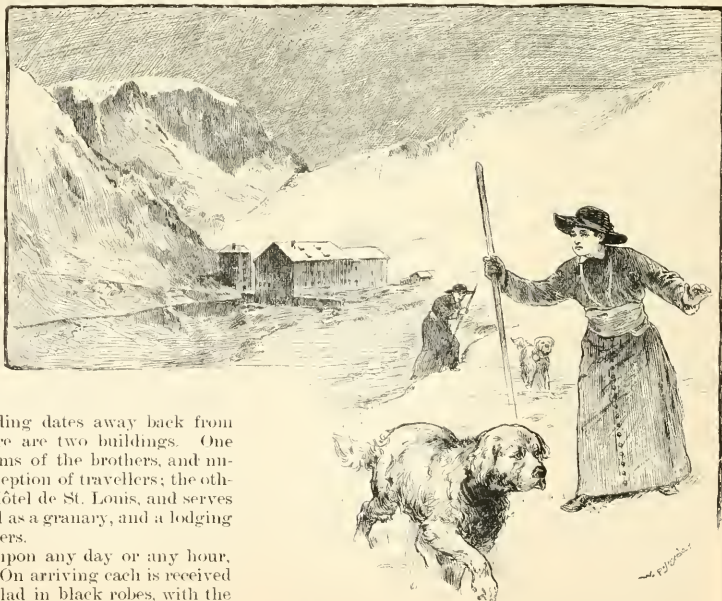
Yet the monastery is not rich. In older times it was, but of late years people have been less liberal toward it. It is said that of late years nearly twenty thousand travellers have been accommodated every year, but that they have scarcely left behind them money enough to pay for the entertainment of one thousand. But that some have been generous we know from the pictures that hang upon the walls, and from the valuable objects that adorn the church and the various rooms.

The provisions for the hospice are mostly brought from Aosta, on the Italian slope of the Alps. Sometimes twenty horses are daily employed in the transport of articles in the way of food and of fuel for the use of the hospice. The latter, of which vast quantities are consumed in winter, is brought from the Val de Ferret, twelve miles distant.

From our good friend the brother who explained to us so much of the life and the purpose of the noble band who spend their days, or such part of them as their health is spared, at the two hospices, we obtained a photograph of himself and his associates, and also of some of the noble dogs that share their labors. From these photographs our artist has drawn the accompanying picture.

The original stock of the St. Bernard dogs is believed to have come from the Spanish Pyrenees. This genuine old stock is now extinct, but there are many noble fellows to succeed them, who, if their lineage is a little doubtful, are certainly as intelligent and faithful as their predecessors.

Some of the four-footed heroes have a record of which



SEARCHING FOR TRAVELLERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

any human being might be proud. One has saved three or four lives, another six, another scarcely less than a dozen; yet they wear no decorations, and their names are not known to the world. They go about with their soft intelligent eyes, intent upon their duty when duty calls, but at other times gentle and playful as children, demanding nothing but a caress, or a piece of meat if there is one to be spared from the table where their masters are dining.



"THE FAIRY PLACE WHERE DAISIES GREW."

The following is one of the latest instances of the wisdom and devotion shown by these dogs: A short time ago Father Nicholas, a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, once aide-de-camp to the Czar, was returning from Fourvoirie to his monastery, followed by a fine St. Bernard dog, to which he was greatly attached. Instead of keeping to the highway, he took a foot-path which runs along the left bank of the river Guirs, which is thereabouts very steep. As he walked he read his prayer-book, and being intent on his devotions, he made a false step, and falling down the precipice his course was not stopped until he reached—unconscious and terribly bruised—the edge of the stream. The dog followed, and, as is supposed, tried to rouse him. Not succeeding, he returned to the foot-path, and did his best to attract the attention of two shepherds who happened to be passing; but alarmed by the mastiff's manner, and thinking him mad, they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them.

The next day the dog presented himself at the monastery, and the monks, thinking from his appearance that he was hungry, offered him food. But the animal refused to eat, and by his plaintive barkings and gestures did his best to tell the monks that something was wrong. In the end some of them decided to follow him, and the dog, with many signs of delight, led the way to the place where he had left his master. When he reached the part of the river-bank whence Father Nicholas had fallen he began to bark, and the monk, who had by this time recovered consciousness, was able to utter a feeble shout. When his rescuers, preceded by the mastiff, reached him, they found him lying with his feet in the stream, and quite unable to move. With the help of the shepherds, whom the barkings and shoutings had drawn to the spot, they contrived to drag him to the top of the precipice and carry him to the monastery. The mastiff remained by the bedside of his master, whom his intelligence had saved from a frightful death, until he recovered.

Sometimes these brave dogs fail to discover a traveller until the terrible cold of the mountains has done its work, and no effort will bring him back to life. Then the monks bring the body and place it in a small building called the Morgue. Here it will remain without decaying, for the cold is so great that the process can not go on, and years afterward persons have recognized their friends lost on the terrible Alpine heights.

No traveller can visit the Hospice of St. Bernard without a feeling of respect and admiration for the heroic and devoted band who have charge of it. When they go to take their places there they know that within a certain time their health must fail, and that, while still young in years, they must return, old and broken, to the valley to wait for death.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE "FRESH-AIR FUND."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

IT WAS little she knew of the sweet green grass,
With its wonderful wealth of clover,
Which, far outside of the city's walls,
Was spreading the broad fields over.
Yet blue her eyes as the summer skies,
And as sunny her tangled hair
As the goldenest sunbeam ever sent
To lie on the earth so fair.

What wonder she opened her blue eyes wide
When she learned, one happy day,
That she and many a child beside
Were to travel far away,
"To the fairy place where daisies grew,
And the streets were soft and green,"
And her little heart o'erflowed for joy
Of the glad things yet unseen.

Old Farmer Jones on the platform stood
When the train came in at last,
And the little "waif" who was sent to him
He clasped in his strong arms fast,
"For it's never a chick nor a child have I,"
Said he to the agent then,
"An' just as true as the heavens are blue
I'll be good to this gal. Amen!"

And he bore her home to the shady farm,
And he "turned her out to grass,"
As he merrily said. And the sun and breeze
Made free with the little lass,
And kissed her cheeks till they blushed as red
As the reddest rose that grew,
And innocent mischief peeped from out
The ooze sad eyes of blue.

"Dear friend," says a letter from Farmer Jones,
"There's no two ways about it,
This farm's got used to the wee gal's laugh,
An', in fael, can't thrive without it.
Why, bless your soul! it would do ye good
To watch the chick each day
A-turbin' the old place upside down
A-toug of her happy play.

"An' me an' my wife we don't see how
There's anything else to do
But just holl on to the kettle gal,
If it's all the same to you.
An' I reckon the blessed child that lives
With the angels in the skies
Won't mind if the little uew one stays
To wipe the tears from our eyes.

"An' the mother this gal has lost will find
My pet in the angel land,
An' I make no doubt but they'll both be glad
As they watch us, haud in haud.
So, now, whatever there is to do,
Just write it fur me to sign,
An' God's blessin' rest on the 'Fresh-Air Fund'—
Your work as well as mine."

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.*

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDEWEAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

LEO had heard of kobolds and gnomes and elves, but in all his wanderings over the Lazybones estate in the brightness of noon, the dewy dawn, or dusky eve, or later when the moon bathed every shrub in silver, he had never so much as caught a glimpse of fairy folk.

Here, however, was a real elf—a most peculiar person. He was extremely small, thin, and wiry, about two and a half inches high, and his costume a cross between that of a student or professor and that of a miner, for on his bushy head was a miner's cap with a lantern, and on his back was a student's gown, while his thin legs were incased in black silk stockings, and his feet in rough hob-nailed boots. Slung over one shoulder was a leather bag, and in his hand was a curious sort of a tool.

"The Master Professor Knops has the honor of saluting Prince Leo Lazybones," was the way in which this extraordinary person introduced himself, making at the same time a deep bow and a military salute, but with no raising of the cap from which the little lantern gleamed with a bright blue flame. Leo returned the salutation with lazy grace, smiling curiously upon the queer little object before him, who proceeded to say:

"And now let us go; I lead—you follow."

"Forward, then," responded Leo, rising from his lounging attitude.

The elf went nimbly down the corridor as if accustomed to it, and paused before a door which led to a flight of stone steps.

"Are you going down cellar?" asked Leo, who knew where the stairs led.

"I am," replied Knops; "but these huge doors and heavy hinges bother me. Be so good as to open and close them for me. By-the-way, you may get hungry; shall we find food down here?"

"Perhaps so," said Leo, following, and doing as requested.

They went down step after step, and it was wonderful how much light came from that little blue flame.

On skipped the elf, his gown pulling out, his nailed boots pattering over the stones, and Leo found himself quite breathless when they reached the cellar, so unused was he to any rapidity of movement.

"Suppose we meet some one," said Leo.

"And what have we to fear if we do? No one can see me, and if you are afraid of a scullion or house-maid you are not the Prince I take you for. Tut! tut! don't be afraid—come on."

The cellar was damp, and great curtains of cobwebs, like gray lace, fell over the empty bins and wine vaults. From a heap of winter vegetables Leo filled his pockets with apples and turnips.

They came at last to a door which Leo remembered having opened once, but finding that it led to a passage which was dark, dismal, and unused, he had not cared to explore it. He now followed the elf through it, but not without misgivings, for as he groped along he stepped on a round object which, to his horror, when the little blue flame of the elf's lantern revealed its empty sockets and grinning jaws, proved to be a skull.

Knops turned with a smile when he saw Leo's agitation, and said, blandly,

"You are not interested in this form of natural history, I see." Then taking up the skull, he placed it in a crevice of the wall, saying, "Here is another proof that there

are no ghosts about. Do you think any one would be so careless of his knowledge-box as to leave it to be kicked around in that way? Oh, those old monks were miserable housekeepers; the idea of stowing away their skeletons so near their kitchen closets!"

Leo smiled faintly, and went on after Knops, who every once in a while gave a tap on the walls with his tool, starting the echoes.

"There!" said he, "do you hear that? This is the way we make old houses haunted. I don't do it for fun, as do the elves of folly. I have a sensible purpose; but they like nothing better than to frighten people, and so they make these noises at all hours, and get up reports that a house is bewitched; but even a common insect like the cricket can do that, human beings are such ridiculous cowards."

Leo made an effort to assume the courage which he did not feel, and asked his guide how much farther he intended to lead him.

"Now," said Knops, stopping, and putting on an air of intense gravity, as if he were about to deliver a lecture, "I must beg you, my dear Prince, to place perfect confidence in me. I promised not to harm you. As a member of the S. P. C. C., I am pledged to protect you. As a member of the S. P. C. C., I am pledged to protect you; besides, you have no idea how much I am interested in you; this expedition has been planned entirely for your benefit. Trust me, then, and give yourself entirely up to my control. Ask as many questions as you wish, provided they are useful ones. Just say, without ceremony, 'Knops, why is this? or, Knops, what is that?' and I, in return, if you will be so good as to allow me, will say, frankly, 'Leo, this is this, 'or 'that is that.' But here is the entrance to our habitations. You will have to stoop a little." Striking again with his tool, a panel slid open in the wall, through which they crept.

It was still dark, but the air had changed greatly; instead of the musty dampness of a vault, there was a soft warmth, which was fragrant and spicy, and a beam as of moonlight began to illuminate the passage, which broadened until they stood at its termination, when Leo found himself on a ledge or gallery of rock, which was but one of many in the vast cavern which opened before them.

On its floor was burning an immense bonfire, which flashed and flamed, and around which was a bevy of dwarfs, shovelling on fuel from huge heaps of sandalwood. Every gallery swarmed with elves and dwarfs in all sorts of odd costumes, but all bore little lanterns in their caps and tools in their hands. Some were hammering at great boulders, others with picks were working in passages similar to the one Leo had left, and others seemed to be turning lathes, sharpening knives, cutting and polishing heaps of brilliant stones. Every once in a while a party of queer little creatures much smaller than Knops would trundle in wheelbarrows full of rough pebbles, and, dumping them down before those employed in cutting and polishing, would be off again in a jiffy for another load.

Leo was so astonished that he stood perfectly silent, gazing now at the flashing fire which reflected from all sides of the brilliant quartz of the cavern, and now at the tier upon tier of galleries full of busy little people.

"This is one of our workshops," said Knops, "but not the most important. Now that you have rested a moment I will take you to that."

Lie upon line of red and green in rubies and emeralds were at the base of the grotto, and then he found that the emeralds sprang up into long grasses and the rubies into flaming roses, and on slender spars were lilies of pearls and daisies of diamonds, and blending with these were vines of honeysuckle and strawberries, gleaming with sapphires and topaz and amethysts, wreathing and flashing up to a ceiling of lapis lazuli blue as a June sky. The floor was a mosaic of turquoise forget-me-nots on a turf of Egyptian jasper.

When Leo had looked at all this bewildering beauty

* Begun in No. 195 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Knops pushed open the mica door again, and they began to traverse the galleries of the rock cavern. He was surprised that none of the elves noticed him, nor even looked at him, and he asked Knops the reason.

"I have rendered you invisible to them, my dear Leo, for two reasons: one is that you may be undisturbed in your examination of their work, and the other is that they may not be interrupted; for of course your presence would be a source of lively interest to them, and yet any stoppage of work would necessitate punishment."

"Punishment?" repeated Leo, questioningly.

"Oh yes; most of our hardest workers are elves of mischief, and it is only by keeping them thus constantly employed that we prevent disorder. You have no idea what pranks they play."

"And what is your authority among them?" asked Leo.

"I am one of our King's cabinet; my title is Master Professor. My learning qualifies me to decide upon the plans of work, where to search for precious stones, and how best to prepare them for man's finding. Nothing is more amusing than the wonder and surprise men exhibit at what they consider their discoveries of minerals and gems, when for ages we have been arranging them for their clumsy hands."

"How do you do this?"

"Ah! it's a long story. Here you see the result of our long searches, and were it not for the processes we conduct none of these stones would ever be found. We can penetrate where man has never been; we can construct what man has in vain tried to do. Come with me to our diamond-room; we do not make many, preferring to find them; but as an interesting scientific experiment we have always liked to test our ability."

So saying, Knops turned down a little lane lighted by what looked like small globes of white fire.

"Electric light," said Knops, with a gesture of disdain, as he saw Leo blinking with wonder, "the commonest sort of a blaze; and yet men have nearly added their brains over it, while we made it boil our kettles. It's the simplest and cheapest fuel one can have; but having utilized it so long, I am on the lookout for something new. Here, this is the way;" and again he opened a mica door.

CHAPTER IV.

BLOW-PIPES and retorts, crucibles and jars, porcelain and glass vessels of all odd sorts and shapes confronted them on tables and shelves, and, seated before small furnaces, with gauze protectors for their faces and metal ones for their knees, and queer little rubber gloves for their hands, were the very queerest of all the elves Leo had yet seen. They were thinner and much less muscular than the miners and stone-polishers, with eyes too large and legs too small for their bodies, so that they resembled nothing so much as spiders.

"See how in the pursuit of the beautiful one can lose all beauty," said Knops, confidentially.

"How hot it is here!" said Leo, gasping for breath.

"Yes, my dear fellow, there's no doubt of that; the heat is tremendous. Now some of your thermometers go no higher than a hundred and thirty, while ours can ascend to three and four hundred; that is, for the common air of our dwellings. Of course the heat demanded by many of our experiments is practically incalculable; for instance—"

"Oh, get me out of this!" entreated Leo.

"Here, step into this niche, put your mouth to this opening?"—and Knops pointed to one of many silver tubes which projected near them—"now breathe. Is not that refreshing?"

"Yes," said Leo, reviving, as he took a long draught of fresh cool air. "How do your people endure such heat?"

"They are used to it; besides, they can come to these little tubes, as you have done, whenever they please."

"Where does this air come from?"

"It is pure oxygen; we manufacture it, and here is a lump of pure carbon which we also manufacture," and he laid in Leo's hand what looked like a drop of dew. It was a diamond of exquisite lustre.

As Leo looked with surprise and admiration at it an elf came staggering up to the niche. After breathing the oxygen he turned to Knops with a heart rending cry.

"I have lost it—lost it, Master Knops."

"Lost what, Paz?"

"The finest stone I ever made, and I have been years at it."

"How did that happen?"

"Burned it too long—look!" and he produced in his spidery hand a small mass of charcoal.

"Never mind, Paz; better luck next time," said Knops, kindly.

"No, I am no longer fit for the profession; such a mistake is inexcusable. I can not hold up my head among the others. I meant that diamond for our King's tiara or the Queen's necklace—bah! P lease, Master Professor, put me among the miners, or take me for your valet. I care not what I do."

"You are depressed just now; wait awhile."

"No, I must go. I have broken my crucible and put out my furnace. I will not stay to be scorned."

"Come with me, then, and I will see what I can do for you."

"He may be useful to us," said Knops to Leo, adding, "we never allow these diamonds to be put in the quartz beds; they are all reserved for our own particular uses. It takes so long a time to make them that only elves of great patience and a certain quiet habit of mind are trained to the task. Look!"

He pointed toward what appeared to be a glittering cobweb hanging from a projection on the wall. It was composed of silver wires, on which were strung numbers of small but most exquisite gems, each of which sparkled and flashed with its imprisoned light.

"In the same way," he resumed, "all the pearls we use are of our own cultivation, if I may use the term. We secure the oysters and insert small objects within the shells, generally a seed-pearl of insignificant size, leaving it to be worked upon by the living fish; when enough time for the incrustation has elapsed we find our pearls grown to a remarkable size, of rarest beauty and value. These processes are not unknown to man, but men are so clumsy that they seldom succeed in perfecting them."

Leo by this time was quite exhausted both by what he had seen and by what he had heard, and he begged Knops to allow him to rest.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear," said Knops. "Pardon me for wearying you. I am more scientific than hospitable. Come to our sleeping apartment. I think I shall allow Paz to see you, for, as he is so unhappy, it will divert him to serve you while you remain with us, and perhaps, too, he can suggest something suitable for your food. I ought to have thought of this before."

Leo had, with three or four bites, disposed of an apple, and had already begun on a turnip, when Knops, giving Paz a peculiar sign, the spidery little fellow reached up and snatched the turnip from Leo's hand.

"What's the matter now?" asked Leo, too tired to regain it, easily as he could have done so.

"I can't see anybody eat such wretched stuff as that; wait till I cook it," said Paz.

"Well, Paz, I am glad you can help me out of my difficulty," said Knops. "I really am puzzled what to do for Prince Leo's hunger. My breakfast is a wren's egg; for dinner, a sardine with a slice of mushroom is enough for four of us; for supper, a pickled mouse tongue. How long could you live on such fare, Leo?"

"Not long, I fear."

"So I supposed. Well, here is the dormitory; by push-



"THEY WENT DOWN STEP AFTER STEP."

ing up a dozen or more beds, you can stretch out awhile. Meanwhile I can attend to some professional duties, after I have dispatched Paz for your food. What are you going to do with that turnip, Paz?"

"An elf who can make diamonds from charcoal can perhaps produce beefsteak from a turnip," said Leo.

"Ah! don't remind me of my bitter humiliation, kind sir," said Paz, in a sad tone. "I will do what I can for you. Do you like soup?"

"Immensely."

"And roast quail?"

"Delicious!"

"Apple tart?"

"Nothing better."

"Adieu, then, for an hour."

Knops too departed, leaving Leo to look about him, with curious eyes, upon rows of little beds, each with a

scarlet blanket, and each having its pitcher and basin conveniently at hand. But he soon was fast asleep.

While all this was happening to Leo, at the Monastery was great confusion. The servants had gone in a body to Prince Morpheus's bedroom to demand their wages. With tearful eyes and wailing voice he had protested that he had no money, that his life was hanging by a thread, and that his brain was on fire. They loudly urged their claims, declaring they would instantly leave the premises unless they were paid. As they could not get a satisfactory reply from their master, who hid his eyes at the sight of their angry faces, and put his fingers in his ears to keep out their noisy voices, they concluded to go; so, packing their boxes and bags, and pressing the mules and oxen into their service, they one by one went off to the nearest village.

One old woman, who had never known any other home, alone remained, and when the storm subsided and the house was quiet, Morpheus, being hungry, crawled down to the kitchen fire to find her boiling porridge.

"Where is my son?" asked Morpheus.

The old woman was deaf, and only muttered, "Gone—all gone."

"Alas! and has my son also deserted his father?" cried Morpheus.

The old woman nodded, partly with the palsy, and partly because she knew of nothing to say. Morpheus smote his forehead with a tragic gesture, and allowed himself to fall—gently—upon the floor. When he had remained in an apparent swoon long enough he was revived by some hot porridge being poured down his throat, and his hair and hands sprinkled with vinegar. Rousing himself as if with great effort, but really with great ease, he stood up, and finding the kitchen warmer than his cell, concluded to remain there; but the old woman was too stiff with rheumatism to wait upon him, so he had to ladle out his own portion of porridge, get his books and candle for himself, and finally bring in some fagots for the fire.

When he sat down to study he found himself in a more cheerful mood than he had been in for many a day, though he could not help wondering what had become of Leo. As he went on thinking where the boy could be he was inspired to write what he called a sonnet upon the subject. Here it is:

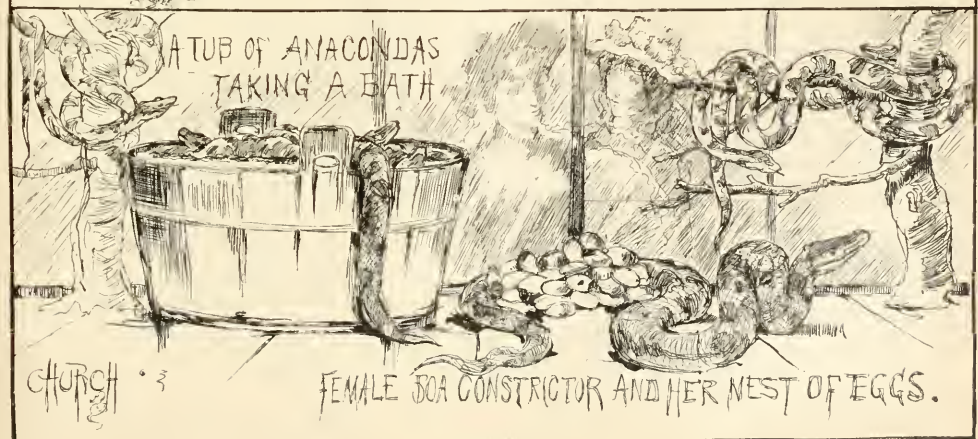
My boy has fled his father's home,
No more he treads these halls;
In vain my voice invokes his name,
In vain my tears, my calls.
The night winds sigh, the owlets cry,
The moon's pale light appears,
The stars are shivering in the sky—
I tremble at my fears.
Has then the Knight of Shadow Dread
My Leo forced away
From his fond parent's loving heart
In Death's grim halls astray?
I bow reluctant to my fate;
'Tis mine to weep and mine to wail!

He counted the lines over carefully; the eighth and tenth seemed short, but it scanned after a fashion. On the whole it suited him, and was rather better done than many of his verses, so with soothed nerves he sought his pillow.

The old woman had slumbered all the evening in her chair. Indeed, her snoring had been even and regular enough to act as a measure in marking the time for the musical cadences of the sonnet.

Morpheus, having a pretty good appetite, ate some bread and cheese and drank some ale before retiring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BRAVO, STICK!

BY MARGARET EXTINGE.

ONE day in autumn a fine flower bulb was planted some five or six inches deep in the rich brown ground, and a stick that the gardener had found lying in the field just outside of the garden gate was stuck near it.

"Well," said the stick, in a dry little voice, as soon as the gardener had gone, "I never thought to be brought into this beautiful garden, at which I have been peeping through the fence for a month or more. I wonder if I am to live here always? I hope so."

"If you do live here always," called the flower bulb from her snug resting-place, "I don't see what good it will do you. You're only a stick, and a stick you'll remain. Now I—and, by-the-bye, if it hadn't been for me you'd have staid in the field, for you were wanted only to mark the place where I am planted—shall greet the spring with handsome green leaves and the summer with lovely blossoms."

Now it happened, before the winter was over, a hungry mole burrowed its way into the garden, and, sniffing about in search of something to eat, found all the roots and bulbs too bitter for its taste with the exception of one—the very one that had spoken so boastfully to the stick—and that it speedily devoured. And so when spring arrived nothing came from the spot where that bulb had been placed to greet her.

But, lo and behold, the stick had taken root, and was covered with the prettiest tiny green leaves. The gardener, coming that way, looked at it with wonder. "Why, that's the stick I picked up outside last fall," said he. "I'll let it stay there, and see what it comes to." And it came to a sturdy trelet, covered before the summer passed away with fragrant pale pink flowers. Some chrysanthemums, who had heard the conversation between the bulb and the stick when they paid their autumn visit, cried, "Bravo, stick! you have done well, but how did you do it?"

"Oh, I tried so hard!" said the trelet, in a mellow little voice; "and I never lost heart, no matter how cold the winter wind and snow. But I'm sorry the mole ate the poor flower bulb."

SEA-BATHING AND FLOATING.

BY CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, THE CHANNEL SWIMMER.

ONE of the first points to decide upon with regard to sea-bathing is, Who should bathe and who should not? I do not, you see, put the question, Who should swim and who should not? The fact is, that if you can swim you will be sure to want to bathe.

Now many persons will declare that this point is one for a doctor to decide, but this I deny, except in very exceptional cases. It is a question of common-sense. The first question is, Do you feel inclined for it? If you do, it will probably do you good. The next point is, If you don't, how far are parents justified in making their boys bathe who would rather not? This entirely depends upon how they go to work to make them bathe. You must treat young and nervous lads like puppies. If you throw a puppy into the water you will spoil it forever. The proper course is to coax it in, and as with the puppy, so with the boy.

There is a great deal of difference between pluck and fool-hardiness, and I recollect a case many years ago which will explain what I mean. Two boys were bathing where there was considerable tide. One of these boys tried to persuade the other to swim out to a rock some little distance away. The other refused, notwithstanding that his companion called him a coward; and in order to show his own superior courage, the first

boy tried it himself. But the tide ran sideways, and the boy, failing to reach the rock, became tired, and finding he could not have the rest he anticipated, turned for the shore; he took short quick strokes, and called out for "help." The "coward," however, now swam boldly out to help his companion, who but for his assistance would probably have been drowned. The two reached the shore very much exhausted.

A common cause of danger in bathing in a strong tide is when a boat is anchored out fishing. Though the bather may not get more than a couple of yards away from the boat, he can not reach it, and if only a very moderate swimmer he might get flurried on finding this out.

In bathing from a boat the boat should always be free. Again, it is often dangerous to bathe from a boat when the bather is alone. I remember a case some years back in Windermere Lake. A fairly good swimmer took out a boat by himself for a dip. There was a fair amount of wind, and the boat, lightened by the absence of his weight, sailed away from the swimmer, and eventually came ashore. The unfortunate swimmer, however, had to swim ashore at once, and regain his boat by walking along the edge of the lake in a very light costume. Had not the man been a good swimmer the end might have been far worse than merely laughable.

There is a great difference between fresh-water and salt-water as regards danger in bathing. Salt-water is much heavier, and consequently more buoyant. It is therefore much easier to float in salt-water, and there are thousands of persons who can float in the sea who can not float at all in fresh-water.

In learning to float you should remember that the only part of your body that should be out of the water is the face, and not the head. Many persons fail to float because they keep their head too forward. In floating keep your head well back, and stick your chin up in the air as high as you can. Recollect that it is your body that floats, being rather lighter than water, bulk for bulk, and that your legs, head, and arms sink, being rather heavier than water as a rule, bulk for bulk. In floating, the difficulty at starting is to balance yourself; for this purpose you must use your arms.

Sometimes, after throwing yourself on your back and drawing in a deep breath, you will find that your legs have a tendency to slowly sink. When this is the case you must balance them with your arms, which you must hold straight out over your head as far back as you can reach, keeping the back of your hands on the water close together, flat and side by side. You will now find that your toes will come up and pop out of the water. In fact, you are like a balance, the trunk of your body, especially the lungs, full of air, floating in the middle, and your head and arms on one side balancing your legs on the other.

It is very important to be able to float well, and floating requires practice. To be able to float well gives one great confidence in the water, as when you feel that you are growing tired you know that you can get a long rest whenever you like. The longest time I ever remained in the water was seventy-four hours, *i. e.*, over three days and three nights. Of course I rested a great part of this time by floating on my back. This was at the Scarborough Aquarium, in salt-water. Of course the water was warmed, the temperature being about eighty degrees.

When I swam across the English Channel the great difficulty I had to contend with was the cold, and not the mere fatigue of swimming. If the temperature of the English Channel were like that of the Gulf Stream or the Red Sea, there are hundreds of good swimmers who could cross it with ease.

I can when in training in a bath swim a mile in half an hour. Were I to again attempt to swim the Channel, the first thing I should have to do would be to get fat. I

want to weigh nearly forty pounds more than I should, my present weight being about one hundred and do not mind, and the consequence of this would be that I fifty pounds not be able to swim a mile in less than thirty-five should not, or perhaps even more. On the other hand I minute would not feel the cold.

It is impossible to float in what is known as a choppy almost when you are floating be careful how you draw in sea. Veath. You should watch your opportunity. Always keep as much air in your lungs as possible—that is, ways keep your breath and hold it in rather more than you draw into in ordinary breathing. Then, when you breathe would so quickly, and refill your lungs as soon as possible. out, do not draw in your breath through your nose rather it is better through your mouth. A mouthful of salt-water, especially than fresh, is very uncomfortable; you have to get into in a better position almost directly in order to cough; be an upright often makes one feel very sick. The moment a sides, if water gets into the nose you will feel it and be drop out of stop in time. Still, this is very disagreeable, and it able to be careful in taking breath while floating so as to be best of any unpleasantness of the kind.

As a rule young lads float easily, and also men after to avoid to "fill out with age." A healthy, active, muscular being—say a good cricketer in good training, without a superfluous flesh about him—will rarely float in fresh any sea. On the other hand, a fat sleek man will always water. In case, the simple reason of this being that "fat float well" swims.

RAISING THE "PEARL."*

BY JAMES OTIS.

OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

THE NEWS AT TAMPA.

IT is nine o'clock on the following morning when the *Pearl*, Darrell Evans commanding, swept around the Key into the waters of Tampa Bay, and three Mullet later she was made fast to the pier at Captain Sam-

hours back. "My own, you boys, run home, so that your parents will know what I brought you back whole, and the pirate and I know tend to cleaning up," said Captain Sammy, and the will at ere not long in obeying him.

Boys wing into the hotel like a young whirlwind, in the most surprising Mr. and Mrs. Evans, their joy was consoled only checked when the landlord said to them, just as a side-ere almost tumbling up the stairs in their eagerness, they war father and mother went home last week."

"Y three stood looking at the man as if they could not All stand what he had said, and, as a way of making under- realize the truth of his assertion, he handed Dare a them r

letter, as from Mr. Evans, stating that business had called

It wddenly away, and Mrs. Evans was not willing to be him suid. He had left passage tickets for the boys, and left be vere to return home as soon as they received his they v

letter. "I dear! and we have got to go back without finishing "Oh, ise," said Charley, in a mournful tone.

"Our erbs," replied Dare, "we must go, for he says come as

"Y ts we get the letter. Of course if he had known soon to should get it before the voyage was over, he would that waid that we could stay until it was done; but since have sn't know that, we must go home." he did

It was a sorrowful party that retraced their steps to the dock to tell Captain Sammy and Tommy that, so far as they were concerned, the cruise was over. And the other members of the *Pearl's* crew were quite as sad about it as the boys were.

"It can't be helped, lads," said Captain Sammy, as cheerfully as possible. "All we can hope is that you will be back here again before the winter is over. You can't leave here until four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, so you had better pack up your birds and other things you've got aboard here this afternoon, and to-morrow morning, not later than ten o'clock, come around to my house, and the pirate and I will give you a dinner such as you ought to learn how to cook."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FAREWELL DINNER.

By the arrangement which Captain Sammy had made, the whole of the last day they were to remain in Tampa was to be spent with him.

The steamer sailed for Cedar Keys—at which point they were to take the cars for Fernandina, leaving there in a steamer—at four o'clock in the afternoon, and an early dinner was to be served, in order that they might have as much of the afternoon as possible in which to visit for the last time the little steamer which had been their home for so many days.

It lacked fully ten minutes of the time appointed when Dare knocked at Captain Sammy's door, which was immediately opened by Tommy.

They were almost too much surprised for words at the pirate's changed appearance. His hair was combed neatly, his face was perfectly clean, and his costume was that of a particularly neat sailor out for a holiday. White flannel trousers, and shirt with blue collar and cuffs, in the corners of which were worked white stars, gave to the once disreputable-looking boy the neatest possible appearance.

Captain Sammy could be seen in the adjoining room, dressed with the same neatness, but he was too busily engaged about something to be able to stop to speak or even scold.

But the room into which they had been ushered was the most wonderful of anything they had seen in the State, for it was as full of odd little things as an overstocked museum. The mantel-piece fairly bristled with whales' teeth, sharks' teeth, and alligators' teeth; each corner of the room was completely filled with sprays and branches of coral, while every available inch of space on the walls was covered with pictures of all kinds of possible and impossible vessels.

A stuffed bird was standing on his head under one of the windows, as if it had been frightened at the many strange things around, and had assumed that attitude in sheer desperation. The model of a vessel, possibly the same one Captain Sammy had commanded, stood against an enormous turtle-shell, and at one end of the room lay at least a bushel of shells of almost every conceivable variety.

Bits of rope in which were tied all kinds of curious knots, complicated blocks, and odds and ends of every description littered the room, save directly under the mantel-piece, where stood what the visitors thought was the most beautiful thing of all.

This was neither more nor less than a trim little schooner about six feet long, rigged in the most perfect manner, with neither a block nor a line missing or out of place.

Captain Sammy entered the room just as the boys were gazing at the vessel, and a grim look of satisfaction came over his face as he observed the visitors' admiration of this, which was probably his favorite among all the curiosities.

"Can she sail, Captain Saummy?" asked Dare.

* Begun in No. 173, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



THE FAREWELL DINNER WITH CAPTAIN SAMMY.

"That she can," replied the little man, enthusiastically. "She can live in almost any weather; an' I've seen more lives saved through the craft that this one's the model of than I ever saw lost, which is sayin' a good deal. Sail? why, that 'ere craft could turn a square corner if anybody that knew how much twice two was could get on board of her. Sail? why, she could get clean away from the wind, an' have to lay to till it caught up with her."

Captain Sammy patted the sides of the little craft as if it was some living thing that could understand his caresses, and then, glancing up at the clock, he rushed off to the kitchen in the greatest possible haste.

Master Tucker seemed to take naturally to this great change in his surroundings, and in answer to Dare's questions he told them that Captain Sammy had announced his intention of regularly adopting him. The little man had already visited Mrs. Tucker, and by promising to contribute a certain amount each month toward her support, had induced her to consent to the plan.

Therefore Tommy was to begin to attend school on the following Monday, and he would persist that all the changes in his circumstances were wholly due to the boys, who had shown him by example that true pleasure and right doing go hand in hand.

All this conversation, which was broken in upon from time to time by their admiration of the schooner, had occupied them so long, that when it was finished Captain Sammy popped his head in at the door and shouted, as if he thought they were miles away:

"Shipmates, ahoy! All hands to dinner!"

They went into the kitchen, where Captain Sammy, with great pride, gave them seats at a table that seemed almost groaning under the weight of evidences of his skill as cook.

Turtle, which was cooked in every imaginable way, was the principal dish, and in addition to it were fish, fowl, and fruit sufficient for at least a dozen hungry men. It was Captain Sammy's purpose to have them partake of everything on the table, and so strictly did he carry it out that even when Bobby had eaten so much that he had serious doubts as to whether he could walk home, or would be obliged to get the others to roll him along like a barrel, the little man glared at him so fiercely that he ate another turtle steak and two more oranges through fear of personal violence.

And it was a jolly time, for when Captain Sammy was not scolding nor frowning at his guests because they did not eat more, he was brimful of fun, and told stories until their heads were as full of the wonders of the sea as their stomachs were of food.

"Now," said Captain Sammy, after he was satisfied that full justice had been done to his feast, and the table looked as if it had been swept by an invading army, "I'm downright sorry that you're going away, for I'd counted on having you here with my pirate for a long time yet. I'd made up my mind that we'd all go out turtle-fishing in May, and that would have been rare sport, for all you would have to do would be to walk up to an old turtle after she'd hid her eggs, an' tilt her over on her back."

Even though the boys did not speak, their faces show-

ed so plainly how sad they were at not being able to participate in such glorious sport, that Captain Sammy added, quickly:

"If it can't be done this year, it can another, an' whenever you come you know you'll be welcome here. The pirate an' I shall stay right on this spot till my old bones are laid away like a bale of sponges, to make 'em ready for the great Captain, who won't ask where I hail from, but will only want to know if I sailed close by His compass. It was Tommy here"—and the little man laid his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder—"who saved my old life when it wasn't hardly worth the saving, an' he an' I'll be together as long as I stay in this world, an' next to him it was you who saved me, for if it hadn't been for you he wouldn't have been where he was. I ain't much on talkin', lads, but my heart is in the right place, an' all I can say is that jest so long as I've got a roof over my head or a deck under my feet, jest so long I'll give you up three-quarters of it, an' be glad of the chance."

Captain Sammy's eyes were getting suspiciously red, and when he finished speaking he arose hastily from the table, went out on the veranda, where the boys found him shortly after, sending up great clouds of tobacco smoke in the most furious manner.

After that the *Pearl* was visited for the last time, and with hearts heavy at leaving this strangely assorted couple, whom they had learned to like so well, the last adieus were spoken, and the boys were on the steamer bound for home.

Although Dare, Charley, and Bobby fully intended to visit Florida during the following winter, circumstances prevented, and it was not until last year that they succeeded in so doing.

Then they went by the way of Jacksonville, and although they had never seen that beautiful winter resort, they did not remain there an hour longer than was necessary.

There was but one place in Florida they were anxious to reach, and but two persons they particularly wanted to see. That place was Tampa, and those persons Captain Sammy and his pirate Tommy.

They started on the first train that left Jacksonville for Cedar Keys, and there they were so fortunate as to land an hour before the time for the mail steamer to start for Tampa.

They had given no hint of their intended visit, answering Tommy's last letter without once mentioning the subject that for five years had lain so near the pirate's heart—their visit to him since he had become a steady, honest boy. Therefore there was no familiar face to greet them as they landed from the steamer, and they were all the better pleased that it was so, for the surprise would be the more complete.

During the five years they had been absent from Tampa they had by no means forgotten the way to Captain Sammy's house, and when they approached it, they were thoroughly well pleased at seeing evidences that the "family" were at home and unaware of their presence.

Captain Sammy's familiar gruff voice called out "Come in!" in response to their knock, and, opening the door, they saw the little Captain leaning back in his favorite chair smoking, while seated at the table was Tommy Tucker Basset—he having long since been legally adopted by Captain Sammy—reading aloud from one of the little man's favorite authors.

It was a hearty greeting that both the occupants of the cottage gave them, and the three weeks they spent there were as full of enjoyment as Captain Sammy and his pirate—as he would still persist in calling him, very much to Tommy's confusion—could fill them.

Although they did not attempt to reach the Everglades again, they took many a cruise in the *Pearl*, which looked as bright and new as if she had just been built, and when at last their visit was ended, Captain Sammy and Tommy took them to Cedar Keys in the yacht.

"Come soon again," said the little man, as they parted at the railroad station. "I don't tell you not to forget us, for that I know you never will, and you may be sure that we shall never forget you, for my pirate learned what pleasure there was in leading an upright, God-fearing life when you boys came down here and took the job of raising the *Pearl*. Good-by."

THE END.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CONCERT.

JPW

they were a lot of fools. I caught one boy going out of the window, and made him sit down quiet, and after that they all sat down quiet."

When asked if he was not afraid himself, Freddie replied, "No, sir, not a bit." Then some one put the question, "If there had been a real fire, how would you have felt?" To this he answered, very simply, "I'd have felt bad, sir, but I'd have tried to get out of it the best I could."

Freddie is a bright-eyed little lad eight years old now. But one of these days we are going to hear of him as a cool, determined man doing his work in the world bravely, and winning distinction by some heroic action worthy of one who showed so much courage and spirit when a very little boy. And as for little Miss Jennie, though we do not know the particulars, we are sure she was equally prompt to act with presence of mind. (City children, you must remember, are not used to these noisy insects as country children are, and this accounts for their fright.)

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

I am a little boy nine years old, and I have no brothers nor sisters. For pets I have two kittens; their names are Tiny Tim and Puss. Rebecca isn't my pet at all. I have a garden, which just now is keeping me busy, because it has been raining for two or three days, and the weeds are got a good start.

A few days ago I went over to Manitow to visit the Cave of the Winds, which is about a mile up Williams Canon. As we went, we passed through a cabin which we pass on the way to the cave in the cañon. In one place the walls of the cañon come so near together that there is only just room enough for a cart to pass between ledges of rocks hanging over our heads which looked as if they would fall down on us. The walls of the cañon are from four to six inches thick, and at the top they are worn into strange shapes, like towers and castles and arches.

The trail to the cave goes up in a zigzag course until it reaches the trails. The stairs were about the entrance, which is four hundred feet above the road. In the first room we registered, and mamma put on an alster to protect her dress from the drippings of the candles which we carried.

We went through a long passage, and came into Canopy Hall. There is a projecting ledge of rock in this room, with stalactites growing up from it. There are two large dome-like holes in the canopy, near the edge. The canopy is of rock, and grows into the room. You can see a place on the floor where the water used to run over the top of the plates, and in one place the stalactites looked like icy curtains. Then there is a basin more than five feet deep, where water used to stand, and, and at the top they are worn into strange shapes, like towers and castles and arches. This is crossed by a bridge.

There are a great many ladders, bridges, and stairways in the cave, and a great many curious shapes worn in it. One of these is called "Mary's Little Lamb," another is the "Old Hog." There is a room called Music Hall, because the formations give out musical sounds when struck. There are a great many other things in the Bridal Chamber, is the prettiest room of all. There are a great many stalactites, resembling small snakes and serpents, twisting upward. Then there are stalactites growing together in pairs, and stalactites which look like vases, urns, candlesticks, vegetables, and a chandelier. There are stalactites which look like figures of people: one is shaped like a girl, and is called "The Judge." Stalactites are formed by water dripping downward, like icicles, and stalagmites by water dropping on the floor, and they grow upward. As still drop in the Bridal Chamber, the stalactites in the Bridal Chamber, and the floor is slippery, and they have placed a hand-rail to keep people from slipping. Before the rail was there a gentleman slipped and laid a brick on a fine stalactite. There are many more wonderful things to be seen in the cave, but there is not time to tell about them. EDWARD DANA S.

OUR STORIES.

"Pearl" is the work of a youthful contributor whose mother says, in a note to the Postmistress: "My daughter of fourteen years has written this little story, and has asked me to send it to you. I send it without a correction, right from her pen." If the Postmistress may venture a prediction, it is that the writer of "Pearl" may hope to do still better in a not distant future. "The Garden Party," by a Brooklyn girl, is also well written, and full of promise.

PEARL.

I had been at the hotel four months before I began to take any notice of her. I did remember seeing every Saturday and Wednesday night a little figure going through the hall carrying a large basket, but I never noticed the girl until one day, until my friend Mrs. Tichenor suggested Mrs. Adams for a laundress. "Nearly all of the ladies

here have employed her for long time, and since your washer-woman has disappointed you, you must try her, my dear friend," she said.

"How can I see her?" I asked.

"I'll tell Pearl when she comes for my things Saturday," my friend answered.

Saturday evening came, and with it Pearl. I remembered Mrs. Tichenor's promise when I heard a tap at my door and "Is this Mrs. Hyde's?"

"I said, 'Come' and 'Yes,' and then asked if this were Mrs. Hyde's things."

"Yes, missy,"—dropping me a courtesy—"and Mrs. Tichenor said as how you wanted mamma to do yer wash."

"I do; but, little one, you are not large enough to carry a great basket."

"I knows I looks little," but, missy, I's awful strong; I's used to it, too."

What a funny little picture she made, with the crimson velvet pottice for a background, a short blue petticoat, green shawl, and old red hood, looking from which was a thin but peculiarly expressive black face.

"Pearl," I cried, impulsively. "Why were you named that?"

"Reckon cause I's so brack. Our folks is always got 'em things by their contraries," she replied, bitterly.

I gave her some cake and fruit, and she finally walked down stairs with my large basket hooked gracefully on her head, and one thin arm held up the red shawl. The next day she came that day, and she came regularly twice a week, taking the clothes Saturday, and returning them Wednesday evening. But one Wednesday evening came, and Mrs. Tichenor called, and Mrs. Adams called, and some of the ladies came to my room to ask if I had heard of the child, for I was known to be one of her special favorites among the hotel ladies.

"Friday mornin' she waxed impatient—ungrateful creatures! served faithfully so long, and now agin on account of the non-appearance of a polished bit of linen! But Saturday mornin' the clothin' was done, and I had no more to do but my mammy's head, and I'm comin' no more, please tell her lady."

PEARL.

"What is the child to do?" I inquired of the Irishwoman who returned the clothes.

"Niver a bit do I know. Dade if it wasn't for my own six childer, I'd take and kape her mesself."

It was Friday mornin', and finally Mrs. McGray decided to take her in her suite to have charge of her baby evenings, for her regular nurse refused in having her evenings to herself at least. This was kindly consented to, and finally Mrs. McGray decided to take her in her suite to have charge of her baby evenings, for her regular nurse refused in having her evenings to herself at least.

"My husband himself said, 'If that Pearl of yours succeeds in keeping the McGray baby quiet, I'll give her a gold eagle Christmas.'"

"Pearl" had been so entirely given up to little Freddy McGray, her days to running errands for the other ladies of the house.

So she came. Though naturally of a bright disposition, she mourned her own dear death, and longed for her own sunny South, whence she had come five years before. "Pappy's brother's there, and mammy's aunt, and all de folks," she said so often; but it was long time before her desire was fulfilled. Her work was not hard, but by degrees she grew thinner, and the nurse maid of a fashionable hotel longed once more for the wash-tub and ironing-table.

Her third birthday brought her a rich surprise. The ladies selected me to tell her. I took her into my room, and opened the conversation by saying, "Pearl," suppose you had a pretty Miss Stacy is to be married in two weeks to the Southern gentleman, and will leave der Boston for Richmond."

"Yes, missy, I heard 'em tell of it; but I didn't say no, but was Richmond whar she was a-goin' to live. That's whar de folks live 's a-goin' to live, two or three miles out."

"Yes, little Pearl; but guess what we are goin' to do for you? We'll give you a grand present."

"Don know. Is it anything to wear?"

"Nothing to wear, dear; but Miss Stacy has everything she can possibly wish except a little colored maid, and you are going to be her one. The maid is a little girl who has been here at the V— for many months, and wishes very much to return to her own der Southern home. Can you guess whar the name of her is?"

"Oh, missy, missy! it can't—it can't be me! It can't be true!"

"But it is true. Are you glad now?"

Her cheeks filled with tears. Sobbing, she threw herself at my feet and wept, and cried, every now and then, "So happy! so happy!"

The two weeks passed only too quickly. The ceremony was performed at the end of the day, the infinitely happy people were seated in a parlor car, waving adieus to a sorrowing group of friends. The two oldest of the three were happy, but I did not think they were more than little Pearl, who seemed to fairly glow in her great new-found joy.

A month afterward I received this postscript in haste: "Adieus, my friends."

"DEAR MISSY, I's just as happy as I can be. Please tell 'em all so. PEARL."

NEWBURY-FORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

It was Friday, and the following Thursday would be Fido's birthday. The children and their cousins who were visiting her for the summer,



OUR DARLINGS.

FEET that dance lightly,
Eyes that smile brightly,
Faces as sweet as the morn;
These dear little misses
On thousands of kisses
Have fed since the day they were born.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE Postmistress would like to have every boy and girl read the following letter:

"Frederick Schultz, Esq.,"

"DEAR SIR,—At the time of the panic in Grammar School No. 25, June 8, I noticed from the published accounts that your little boy Frederick, aged eight, showed great courage and presence of mind in endeavoring to allay the panic in the boys' department, instead of getting frightened and increasing it, and that a young girl of the same age, Jennie Beck, was equally cool-headed in the girls' department. I consider it so important that such qualities should be commended as an example to others that I have taken the liberty of having a gold badge prepared commemorating the action of each of these children; and having ascertained your name and address from Mr. Pettigrew, principal of the school, I send the one for your son herewith, and trust you will permit him to accept it, and hope that it may be a means of encouraging others not to lose their heads under like circumstances. A single person with courage and presence of mind can stop a panic in the beginning that afterward probably nothing could allay, and nothing but just such presence of mind as that exhibited by these children can prevent disastrous consequences when an accident or foolish person occasions an alarm. Congratulating you and Mrs. Schultz upon the qualities shown by your son, I remain,

"Very truly,
F. B. THURMAN."

This letter was addressed to the parents of the quick-witted little hero. The badge which accompanied it is in the form of a double Maltese cross suspended from a clasp. It bears this inscription: "To Frederick Schultz, eight years old, for courage and presence of mind at Grammar School No. 25, June 8, 1888."

The story of the panic is one which I would like to have you all remember. There was in reality nothing the matter, the whole trouble having been caused by the foolish behavior of two or three little folk. One of Freddie's companions, when questioned after the affair was all over, said: "There was no fire in the school. It was simply one of those strange bees they call dancing-bees that came in the window and frightened the class. When they began to holler and scream, Schultz cried out, 'Keep still; it's nothing at all.' One little boy ran to the window to throw himself out, and Schultz caught him and pulled him back, saying, 'You'd better not let me catch you doing that thing again.' He kept the whole class back from running to the door or the windows, and so none of 'em was hurt."

Freddie himself tells the story as follows: "There was a big sting-bee came in and frightened a little girl next me, and she hollered, 'Oh! oh!' and then other boys and girls cried, 'Oh! oh!' and 'Fire!' Then they began to run for the doors and windows, and I shouted to them that

were racking their brains for a plan to celebrate it. After much thinking and some suggesting, Lulu Rogers, Effie's cousin, proposed a garden party. Garden parties were uncommon and almost unheard of things in the small country village of Weston, and Mr. Thorpe's house was large, and the grounds extensive. This plan, they were sure, would meet with approval. Besides, Lulu had the notion that her plans also had successfully carried out, so this was hailed with joy, and accepted amid shouts and cheers.

In a short time it was all arranged. The only thing wanting in the matter was a young girl, Mr. Thorpe, which it was easy to obtain, as Effie was the only child of wealthy parents, who thought they could not do enough for her. Indeed, they would be glad to give her a very good girl, and dutifully repaid all their affection.

It is needless to say that Effie entered into the arrangements with spirit. Invitations were issued for rich and poor, and she had a grand affair. Nothing was talked of in the village but the "party up at Thorpe's," and the young folks waited impatiently for the important day to arrive.

At last it dawned, and although it was bright and clear, it was not sultry, and every one was delighted with the weather. At seven o'clock in the evening the party assembled, and a very bright night. Lulu Rogers were hung every where available place about the house, on the piazzas, and on the trees, and nearly every girl who possessed a white or light dress wore it. This made the scene appear all the prettier.

Games were introduced, and as one game led to another they had a merry time. The hours passed very pleasantly, for Effie did her duty well as mistress. Game after game was played till supper-time. The servants had been directed to set a table in the arbor for supper. Every kind of fruit in season was on it. Cakes, pyramids of nuts, almonds, raisins, etc., were all arranged with taste. Bricks of cream were set elegantly upon the ends of the table, and the birthday cake, with a silver knife with which to cut it, was laid out on a table which had been placed directly in front of the seat Effie was to occupy. At last all was ready, the bell was rung, and the children trooped into the arbor, where many exclamations about the beauty of the table.

Supper, like all things, only lasts for a time, and this was soon over.

The piazzas in the parlor were broad and smooth, and a dance was proposed by Effie. Several boys and girls were soon whirling around, while those who did not care to dance played quiet games, or watched their partners.

It was a happy evening to Effie and her guests, and one they would always remember.

After a while Mr. Thorpe and John the coachman began to talk out some things that looked very queer. There was to be a surprise to Effie. Each of the children tried to guess what it was, but each guessed wrong, until a girl exclaimed: "Oh, I know what it is. Fire works!"

It was right, and for two hours the children were amused by them. The party broke up about half past eleven, and every one was tired.

Garden parties are now the fashion with the Westons, but not one is so well kept as Effie's, and Lulu declares it was her most successful scheme.

GRACE RANDOLPH T.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

HILLSBOROUGH, OHIO.

Papa gave me your pleasant paper for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I liked the story of "Nan," although I did not get to read all of it, as it was about half finished when I began talking the paper. I am glad Mrs. Lillie is going to write another story.

My papa is a Presbyterian minister, and we have lived here fourteen years. Hillsborough is a small city of about four thousand inhabitants; and I have six sisters and four brothers, two brothers, one older and one younger than I am, and no sisters. My older brother goes to college. My little brother Jamie will be nine next month. He is very much like me in "Kissing the Pearl."

ELLA G. MCS.

St. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

I always read the letters from young correspondents, and find them quite interesting, and perhaps some one may enjoy reading a letter of mine. I am fourteen years old. When I was six months old I had the scarlet fever, and lost my hearing, and have never heard a sound since. When I was four years old papa died; I remember it quite well. I began attending the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Northampton, Massachusetts, when I was eight years old, and am still in that school. I can read the lips quite well, and my friends think I talk very nicely. My mother died two years ago, and now I live with some dear friends, Mr. H. and his wife, during the three months' vacation in the summer. My papa has a horse that I ride very nicely. I like riding in it very much. I sit with my back to the horse, so I can talk easily with the others. My friends have very many hens and chickens, and I like to take care of them.

When I read the letters in the Post-office Box I often think of my pets. Spot, the dog, is very fond of following the dog-cart, and chasing all

the birds. He will sit up and beg for food or drink. Beauty is a large Maltese cat that is very smart and handsome. My friend gave him to me last summer, when he was very small. Now he performs many tricks. He will sit up, move, jump through your hands, etc. He has a silver collar with my name engraved on it, and a small padlock. Royal is a small tiger kitten about two months old. He is the smartest little I ever saw. Very often he fights with Beauty, and they play together all day long. I have three small bantam chickens that are very tame and cunning. They follow me every where, and will sit on my feet.

Next week I am going to visit my uncle on a farm, and then I shall go to the sea-shore for a few weeks with my friends.

NETTIE P.

Though deprived of hearing, your letter shows that you are a cheerful and happy girl, and that you are all delighted with it.

URBANA, ILL.

I thought I would write a little letter to the Post-office Box to tell you how much I enjoy "Young People." We have taken it for four years, and I like it very much. I would like to live as we all like to read it, even mamma and Aunt Maggie; and Ethel, my baby sister, never can tell her mamma a story when she is going to sleep without her having read her one to her. I can't find a word, but tells her stories from the pictures, and makes them very cunning.

We all went to a family picnic on the Fourth of July, and had a very nice time. I was fishing and gathering shells. I haven't any pets, but I have a pretty flower bed, and the flowers are growing splendidly. In our Sunday school they distribute flowers every week to all scholars, and then in the fall we have a flower-soi-fair, and have written enough now.

Laura S.

MERRILL, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I sent Bob T.'s letter. I think his pet is a squirrel. It is very warm here. On the Fourth of July I shot off fire-crackers. One little boy here put out one eye and injured the other, so he can not use it. I thought I would send you a receipt for sponge-cake. I make it, and it is good:

One egg and half a cup of sugar beaten together, half a cup of water, half a cup of flour, and a teaspoonful of baking powder.

I think "Nan" and "Toby Tyler" are the best stories I have read in "Young People."

AMELIA N. F.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have taken "Young People" since the first number, and I like it very much. I am going to collect moths and butterflies this summer. I like the new story "In Honor Bound." I have two cats—or I should have said kittens; their names are Shep and Tod. Ted is black and gray striped, Shep is black and white; they are both very cute. My sister Bartie has a canary-bird which is very tame; he will hop on your finger; his name is Cherry Junior. "The first Cherry was my bird, and was as old as I was when she died; he lived to be ten years old. My papa is going to get us a goat and a four-seated wagon, and as there are four little sisters of us, it will be great for us."

BESSIE D.

I wonder if the goat will tick me too.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE: I have taken you from the first number, and I think that you are splendid. I am eleven years old, and very tall for my age. I have one sister, five or six children years old. I was not well last winter, and did not go to school, but I had French and music lessons at home. We live opposite a large square, so it is nice and airy in summer, and a splendid place for sledding in winter.

MARGARET WILLIS B.

Justeen B.: I have placed those pretty pressed ferns in my Bible. Thank you.—Fannie D. and Betty: I have your book, and will send you two letters. I am sorry there is not room for them in the Post-office Box.—S. Portis S.: Write again some time.—Veneta E. D.: I would like to see that gentle calf with the dainty name Star.—William H. D.: You must get another turtle.—Birdie F.: Send your toys for Sadie to Sister Catherine, St. Mary's Free Hospital, 407 and 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. I hope your pets do not quarrel. Is puss friendly with the bird? You are spending the summer in a charming neighborhood. You will have a very busy day at a loss for pleasant occupation if you are really fond of reading.—Marion Mitchell D.: You were very kind to gather the pretty grasses and daisies for me. Thank you very much.—Frank V. S., Edith J. S. W., and Tarie N. S.: Thanks to you.—Lulu P.: What fun you have in your play room!—Annie M. P., Ora W., Edith S., and Arthur: Write again.—Warren B.: Too bad about your beautiful goats. I am glad you are a gardener.—M. A. P. sends word to Grace May

H. to pick her pansies if she wants to have plenty more.—Maggie D. must send her full name if she wishes any one to exchange with her.—Young gentlemen can not offer fire-arms for exchange.

RECEIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Two cups of milk, six table-spoonfuls of flour, two eggs, four tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder, and a pinch of salt; beat the eggs, then pour in one cup of milk; then add the flour, then the other cup of milk; sift the baking-powder with the flour; bake in a hot, greased pan fifteen minutes.

COOKIES.—Half a cup of butter, half a cup of lard, two cups of sugar, two eggs, a cup of milk, three tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder, and eight cups of flour. Roll them out.

ALICE.

TARTY.—Two table-spoonfuls of molasses, eight table-spoonfuls of sugar, eight table-spoonfuls of water, and three table-spoonfuls of butter; cook until it is crisp when dropped in cold water.

MARGARET WILLIS B.

HOME-MADE CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, and tea-spoonful of vanilla; boil fifteen minutes, and put in buttered pans in a very cool place.

BIRDIE F.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BEHEADINGS AND TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.—I am a card; behead me, and I am a piece of beef; curtail me, and I am that which all the wise avoid.

2. I am a dairy product; behead me, and I am a quantity; behead me again, and I am a Latin pronoun.

3. I am a small portion; behead me, and I am a piece of Territory; behead me again, and I am something which once sheltered the race.

4. I am a natural elevation of the earth; behead me again, and I am a misfortune.

5. I am the blabtest thing in the world; transpose me, and I am the west.

6. I am a part of the year; transpose me, and I am a girl's name; transpose me again, and I am an article of food which grows in India.

7. I am a vessel; transpose me, and I am a child's toy.

8. I am a Chinese plant; transpose me, and I am a verb, without which life would soon cease to be.

CHARLES E. AND ARTHUR H. TIMMERMAN.

2.—I am found in every room; behead me, and I become what bald men sigh for; behead me again, and I become what every room should have; curtail me now, and I become a town mentioned in the Bible.

WILLIAM G. THORACR.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In carrot, not in beet.

In shower, not in sheet.

In apple, not in pear.

In tumble, not in tear.

In making, not in spend.

In borrow, not in lend.

In humble, not in low.

In sailing, not in row.

My whole was once a mariner bold, Unjustly scorned when he grew old.

M. N. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 193.

No. 1. P A S T L O R D
A N T E O V E R
S T I R R E N A
T E R W A

No. 2. Ernest. Do step.

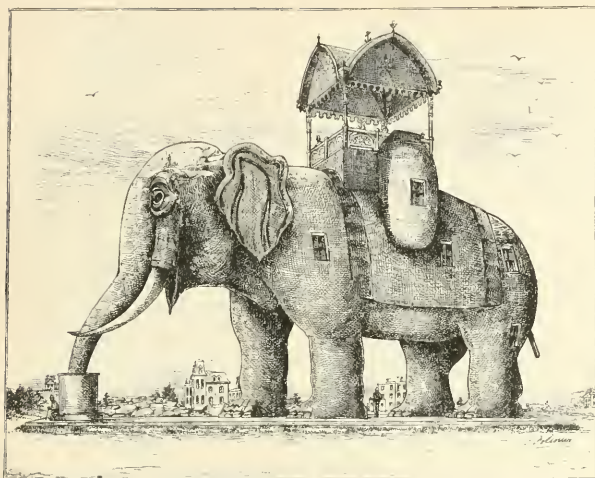
No. 3. P A S H Y
P I A N O W H E A T
A N T H Y A M
O T

No. 4. C I D
C H I S
D I A M O N D
D O O L Y
S N Y

No. 5. Preposition.
No. 6.—1. Peach, pear. 2. Plum. 3. Date. 4. Fig. 5. Lemon. 6. Olive.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Arabi Rey, Ida Emma Heckenbourg, Kate H. L. F. May, S., Margaret Willis Baldwin, Ella G. Desbury, Hoy Starr, Kate C. Grove Heryman, Charles H. Weigel, Jane M., Maudie B., Percy Fish, Rose M. B., Bessie Dixon, S. Portis Stabler, Raymond Dodd, Leonard C. H. Friday, Fannie S., Otis Foster, Arthur E., Alice Dewey, Gazette, V. L., Raddie, Samuel Branson, Veneta E. Donovan, and Ned Larkin.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



AN ELEPHANT BAZAR.

BY GEORGE FOLSON.

ALTHOUGH many of our young readers, no doubt, have seen or heard of this peculiar structure, to the majority it will be a novelty. The Elephant Building is situated at South Atlantic City, in New Jersey, and is visited daily by large numbers of excursionists and those who live on the sea-shore. As you look from the window of the car, when within three hundred yards of the mammoth, it is hard to believe that the object is not a real live animal. When you get closer, however, the mechanism becomes apparent, and certain sharp corners in the limbs and toes reveal the deception.

The body of the Elephant is 38 feet long and 88 feet in circumference; the head is 26 feet long; the legs are 22 feet long; the ears are 17 feet long, 10 feet wide, and each weighs 2000 pounds; the tail is 26 feet long; the trunk is 36 feet long; the tusks are 22 feet long; and the eyes are 18 inches in diameter, and are made of glass.

The entrance to this curious house is in the hind-leg, and may be seen in our illustration. After climbing a very narrow and steep staircase we come to the only room of any importance in the Elephant. Here we find photographs and souvenirs of the monster on sale, and by mounting a platform in the front part of the room, and passing through a small door to a little space

hardly worth calling a room, we find by climbing on a convenient beam that we can look out to sea through the eye of the animal.

In going to the small rooms which were made by the space left over after the main room had been laid out we are enabled to see what an immense number of pieces of wood make the body of this funny house. The plan for this building is said to have been made in Europe; and the scheme for building it there having failed, the plan was secured by the persons who now own the building. How any one could have carried the plan in his head, or have written definite directions for the construction, will puzzle most persons who have seen the criss-cross manner in which the wood-work has been put in. However, the plan has been carried out, and the result is certainly very pleasing. The whole animal is sheeted with tin outside, and the howdah which surmounts the body is a very pretty observatory, as you can see in the picture. The trunk runs down into a circular box or stand. This was done presumably to give steadiness to the front end of the animal. The mouth has a red wooden "clapper," fixed on a hinge, I believe, to represent the tongue.

The mammoth looks straight out to sea, and some of the eyeglass venders in the vicinity say that it is wondering if it will ever get back to Africa. There is a story told to the effect that when this structure was being finished a large whale came up near shore, looked at the Elephant for a moment, and then, with a snort of defiance, sank again into the depths.

THE FIVE-DOT GAME.

IT is capital fun, we assure you. Any number can play, but each player must be provided with a sheet of white paper and a pencil. All must then mark five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and pass it to his next neighbor at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a posture as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand.

But no one must take longer than a certain time, say five or ten minutes, in making his picture. The results sometimes are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.

We do not see why a number of these rude drawings should not be collected into an album, with the author's name to each. It would be as sensible and amusing as a pigograph album, or an album for mental photographs. What do you say, little people?



SPORTS IN SHANTY TOWN.



BILLY MAKES A HOME RUN.

HARPER'S

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THE FLOWER MISSION.

BY AUNT MARIORIE PRECEPT.

ALL children, rich and poor, love flowers. A wee girlie of my acquaintance was told by her grand-mamma that she must not pick the flowers in the garden without permission. She looked very thoughtful, and by-and-by said, "When you come to my house you may pick the fowers wivout asking me."

I have never yet walked through a certain narrow city street crowded with ragged children without being touched by the eager way in which they look at a rose or a pink if I happen to have such a thing. "Oh, please give me one?" is a request I have heard many a time. See how wisful and delighted are the faces in the picture, as the child within the gate hands the pretty bouquet to the child on the other side. It was from just such scenes as this that a sweet girl in Boston, so long ago as 1869, got the idea of the first Flower Mission.

She observed that whenever she went into the city with flowers in her hands she could easily distribute them, one by one, among the poor children she passed on the street. She consulted with friends, and presently a notice was read in one of the churches, stating that a mission-room would be open at a given hour on a day which was



A VERY SMALL BRANCH OF THE FLOWER MISSION.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

named, and that ladies would be there to receive all the flowers which might be sent. They would then see that they were taken to the homes of the poor and the sick, to the hospitals, and even to the prisons.

Everybody was charmed with the thought of this lovely charity. The next year it was begun in New York, and it is of the New York Flower Mission, which I visited the other day, that I will tell you. The plan of the mission is so simple that a few young people, in any place, who wish to make others happy, may adopt it if they choose. Very little money is required. A great deal more depends upon willing hands and ready feet to gather the bright blossom from garden and field. After this you will need a convenient room, with two or three tables and chairs, and then the same willing hands must be ready to scatter the cheery messengers where they will give the most comfort and do the most good.

Strangers in New York are not likely, once having seen it, to forget the handsome red and white striped church on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Nineteenth Street. Next door to this, at No. 239 on the avenue, tucked away in the rear, are the rooms of the Flower Mission, to which you are directed by a modest little sign over an alley. Here, every Monday and Thursday from the middle of May until the first of November, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., ladies may be found caring for and dispensing the flowers which are sent from far and near.

One hundred and fifty-seven towns of New York, New Jersey, and New England contributed their offerings to this mission last year, and in several instances the fragrant gifts came all the way from Florida and Texas. The express companies carry and deliver this precious freight free of charge.

During the summer as many as one hundred and fifty thousand bouquets were given away in the various homes, asylums, and hospitals of the city, and besides these a great many are taken by city missionaries, Bible-readers, and charitable ladies, to the tenement-houses where air and sunshine do not penetrate the gloom, and where the poor mothers and babies suffer so terribly.

A sweet-faced woman who devotes her time wholly to the poor said to me, as I asked her about her work, "I have one blind girl, who watches for my footsteps every Monday, and her smile is something wonderful when I slip a fragrant posy into her thin hand."

Flowers sent to this mission, or to the one nearest the little reader, in any other city, should be carefully packed. A pasteboard box or a flat basket will carry them nicely. Cover the bottom of this with a damp newspaper or a few leaves and ferns. Tie the flowers in bunches, each kind by itself, and pack them in layers, with damp paper over each. Sprinkle the upper layer, and cover it tightly to exclude the air.

At Christmas the Flower Mission opens its doors for one week; you will be glad to hear that last winter it was able to decorate the walls of the hospitals with wreaths of evergreen, that it sent beautiful hot-house flowers to the beds of the sick and the dying, and that it gave four thousand "splendid little Christmas eards" to the city missionaries, who bestowed them on the children at Randall's Island, and in other charitable institutions, as well as in the tenements.

I almost forgot to speak of the children's meetings which all the year round are held once a week, in the down-town mission schools. At the close of each of these, during the summer, a sweet bouquet is given to each child as he or she leaves the room, and you may be sure it is lovingly cared for until its last bit of bloom is faded.

Just think of it, Pansy, Maudie, and Reggie, the flowers which you gather and send, not knowing to whom they will go, are little missionaries of joy and good-will. Be sure the Lord, who makes the flowers grow, sees this service done to His little ones, and is pleased with it.

WHO IS TO DIE?

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY DAVID KER.

"STAND by to lower the boat!" shouted the Captain; and then he muttered, gloomily, to himself, "It's our only chance now."

It was, indeed. For three days the French brig *St. Pierre*, homeward bound from the Isle de Bourbon, had fought against as fierce a gale as ever swept around the stormy Cape of Good Hope. Captain and crew had done all that men could do to save the ship, but in vain. Their only chance now was in taking to the one boat that the storm had left them.

As Captain Picard turned round from giving his orders he found himself suddenly face to face with a pale, delicate-looking lady in deep mourning, who had just come up the after-hatchway with a little boy in her arms.

Poor Madame Laehaux! she might well look wrod and sad. Her husband had gone home, an invalid; her only daughter had died a few weeks before; and now, just as there seemed a chance of her seeing home and friends once more, Death in his worst form was hovering over herself.

Captain Picard broke to her as gently as possible the fatal news that the ship was sinking, and that their only hope was to take to the sea in a small boat. At this announcement the poor mother's sickly face grew paler still, and she pressed her child convulsively in her arms.

"Ma'amselle no fear," said a huge Senegal negro, emerging from the hatchway at that moment; "old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Monsieur Henri too.—Monsieur Henri, come to Achille!"

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the Captain in lowering Madame Laehaux into the boat, which was so fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach it.

At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship head-foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one danger for another. The huge waves that broke over her every moment, drenching them all to the skin, filled the boat faster than they could bale her out; and, crowded together as they were, they had no room either to row or to make sail. The sailors whispered together and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:

"Better get rid of them that can't work than of them that can, anyhow."

"Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them," growled another. "If the boat's got to be lightened, *they're* the ones to go."

The Captain, who had heard and understood, felt for his pistol, but it was gone. Several sailors were already on their feet to fling the helpless mother and child overboard, when the two gigantic negroes stepped between.

"Look, see, you men," cried Achille; "you want lighten boat. Blaek man heavier than white lady. Suppose you swear let madame and Monsieur Henri live, I and Pierrot jump overboard!"

It was all over in a moment. Scarcely had the savage crew, moved in spite of themselves, given the required pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing their mistress's hand and embracing little Henri with a quiet "Good-by, little master," plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat, thus lightened, could be more easily managed, while the gale began at length to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw Madame Laehaux safe in her husband's house at Lyons.

Three months later madame and her sick husband were on a visit to Saint-Malo, the fresh sea air of which was thought better for little Henri at that season than hot, dusty Lyons. The child and his mother (this time accompanied by Monsieur Lachaux himself) were sitting on a bench under the trees of the boulevard facing the harbor, when the lady's attention was attracted by a few words that fell from a rough-looking man in a well-worn pilot coat, who was talking to a friend a few yards off.

"And now that they *are* here," said he, as if finishing a story, "I don't know what to do with them, for they don't even know where their mistresses live."

"Where did you say you picked them up?" asked his companion.

"A bit to the south-west of the Cape, hanging on to some broken spars that must have floated off from their vessel when she foundered. When I found out that they were Senegal negroes I offered to put 'em ashore there on the way to France; but no, they must come home to find their mistresses, and I can tell you they worked their passage like men. But how they're to find her, I can't think, for they know nothing except that her name's Madame Lachaux."

"And here she is," broke in the lady herself, stepping up to him.

A few minutes later the faithful negroes (thus rescued as if by miracle from the death to which they had devoted themselves) were embracing their "little Monsieur Henri" with uproarious cries of joy; and from that day until their death, thirty years later, they were the happiest as well as the best-cared-for servants in the whole south of France.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.*

BY MRS. W. J. HAY'S,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDEWAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LEO was awakened by being rudely jostled about and tumbled upon the floor. When he opened his eyes the cause was apparent. The elves had found their beds in disorder, and not being able to see him, had, in their efforts to restore order, pitched him out. Hardly had Leo reached the floor when came Paz to the rescue.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for being so long absent," he said, "but the hunters had not come in with any game, and the cooks had use for all the skillets, so that I was obliged to go to the laboratory for a vessel large enough to hold your turnip. Soup is made in great quantities for our work-people, and by adding a few sauces I hope I have made it so that it will please you. If you come with me now I think you may relish your meal."

Leo followed Paz to a small cavern hung with a velvety gray moss, on which were clusters of red berries. A small electric light burned in a globe of crystal set in hands of turquoise, and shone upon a table which, like the bed he had used, was composed of several small ones, covered with a cloth of crimson plush, over which was again spread a white fabric of the thinnest texture and edged with lace. On this was laid a dinner service so small that it was evidently more for ornament than use. Plates of crystal were bordered with gems, and jars and cups of embossed metal glittered with precious stones. He was obliged, however, to eat his soup from the tureen, and the turnip, now cooked in a sort of *pâté*, was presented on a silver platter. Slices of smoked rabbit, with salted steaks of prairie-dog, were offered in place of the quail, which had not come; but Leo, having a fondness for sweets, saw with wonder one tart made from about a

quarter of an apple. This proved to be such a sweet morsel that he kept Paz running for more until he had eaten a dozen. No wine was offered, but ices which looked like heaps of snow with the sun shining on them were dissolving in glass vases, and water as pure as the dew filled his goblet. Rising refreshed from his meal Leo met Knops coming toward him. He had exchanged his dress for what looked like a bathing suit of India rubber.

"Are you rested?" he inquired, kindly.

"Oh yes, very much, and I must thank you and Paz for so good a dinner," responded Leo.

"Don't mention it. If I had not acted on the spur of the moment, when the impulse to amuse you seized me, I would have been better prepared. We use many things for food which you would disdain, but I might have secured antelope meat or Rocky Mountain mutton, and by way of rarity something from Russia or China. Have you ever tasted birds' nests?"

"Never."

"But I suppose you know why they are thought so great a delicacy?"

"No."

"It is merely the gluten with which they are fastened together, so to speak, by the birds, which renders them agreeable. The Chinese like rats, and in this we agree with them. Well dressed, stuffed with chestnuts or olives, and roasted, they are delicious."

Leo made a wry face.

"Ah! you are not cosmopolitan."

"What is that?"

"A citizen of the world, a person free from national prejudices. Ah, these words are long for you; I will try to be simple: you have not learned to eat everything that is good."

"But rats are not good; they are vermin."

"Bah! yes, because you let them feed like your hogs on anything. We do better; we pen them, and give them grain until they are fat and sweet, and make them eatable."

Leo could not disguise his dislike, so Knops, shrugging his shoulders, did not attempt any longer to convince him, but said,

"Are you interested in what I have shown you?"

"Certainly I am," said Leo, with more spirit than he had ever put into words.

"And you care to go on?"

"Very much."

"Prepare then for great exertion. As you are so large it will be necessary for you to creep through many passages. I am going to take you to see our water-works. The visit may be tiresome, but I think you will be repaid. It is generally supposed that giants have more power than we. It may be that it is true, but I think it is doubtful. But you may wonder why I speak now of giants. It is because they have originated the opinion among men that the great water-falls and cataracts, such as those of the Nile and Niagara, are entirely of their producing, but we all know the familiar adage, 'Great oaks from little acorns grow.' I am going to show you where the little springs and rivulets have their rise."

Leo's attention had flagged during this long speech—he was so unaccustomed to many words—but now his interest revived.

"Do you remember a certain shady spot about half a mile from the monastery, beneath a group of birch-trees, and overhung with alders?" asked Knops.

"Do I not, indeed?" responded Leo, eagerly. "It is the sweetest, coolest water on the estate. The moss around that spring is just like green velvet. Many a time I have plunged my whole head in it. The birds know it too, and always come there to drink. I sometimes find four or five of them dipping in at once; it is a pretty sight to see them bathe; they throw the water up under

* Begun in No. 195 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



their wings until they drip, and then they are hardly satisfied."

"Well," said Knops, "we have the supplying of that spring."

All the time they had been talking Knops had been leading the way through long passages and down steep steps, of which Leo's long legs had to compass several at a stride.

Now they came to a low tunnel through which Leo had to creep for what seemed to him miles. Strange to say, the weariness which so often compelled him to rest or doze seemed to be leaving him. He felt an altogether new impulse, a desire to explore these recesses, and a great respect for Knops's learning also made him desirous of conversation, which was something he had always avoided by answering questions in the shortest possible way.

The tunnel was not only long and low, but it was dripping with moisture, and the air oppressive with what seemed to be steam. Leo heard wheezing and groaning sounds, which, though not frightful, were very peculiar, and then the thump-thump, as of engines.

Very glad was he when the tunnel opened into another large cavern, at the bottom of which was a lake. He could not have seen this had it not been for the electric fluid which blazed like daylight from a great globe overhead. On the margin of the lake were all kinds of hydraulic machines, small as toys, but of every conceivable form; derricks and wheels and screws and pumps, and all under the management of busy little elves, who panted and puffed and tugged at ropes and wheels and pipes as they worked, and kept up a constant chant not unlike the song of the wind on a stormy night.

Leo watched them intently. Once in a while one restless little sprite would turn a hose upon his companions, when the chant would stop long enough for the rest to dip him head and heels into the lake, which had a very quieting effect. Leo noticed great numbers of pipes running up the sides of the cavern in all directions, but Knops soon opened the door of what he called "the model-room," and here were new wonders displayed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE model-room of the elves' water-work department was a grotto of salt-glittering, dazzling, sparkling, and flashing—divided into two equal parts, or as if a huge shelf had been placed across it.

On the top of the shelf was a tiny park or forest, with all the natural differences of the ground exactly rep-

resented by grasses, plants, flowers, rocks, and trees, living and growing, but on a scale so small that Leo was forced to use a microscope to properly enjoy its beauty. Even the herbage was minute, and the trees no larger than small ferns, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the glass he was amazed to find the hills and dales of his home here reproduced in the most familiar manner.

It was truly an exquisite scene. Field upon field dotted with daisies, woodland as dense and wild as untrained nature leaves it, and hill upon hill clambering over one another, all so minute and yet so real, and dashing down from the tiny mountains was a stream of foaming water, winding about and gathering in from all sides other tribu-

tary brooks so small that they would hardly have floated a good-sized leaf.

And now Leo understood the meaning of it all, as he looked underneath the shelf where tiny pumps and rams were forcing up the water for this stream.

Knops touched a spring and set a new series of wheels in motion, when, instantly, a gushing fountain flowed up in a small stone basin beneath a rustic cross; then a little lake appeared, on which were sailing small swans; and finally, a rushing, roaring flood started some mill-wheels and almost threatened destruction to the tiny buildings upon its banks.

"This," said Knops, "shows you how we use the power of our reservoirs, but it can give you no idea of the immense trouble we have in laying pipes for great distances. Some of our elves find it so difficult that they beg for other work, and many run off altogether and live above-ground, inhabiting the regions of springs and brooks, and so muddying them and filling them up with weeds that men let them alone, which is just what they desire."

"Do fish ever clog your pipes?" asked Leo.

"Never. We have none in our lakes; the water is too pure and free from vegetable matter for fish. It is doubly distilled. Taste it."

Leo took the glass which Knops offered, and confessed he had never tasted anything more delicious.

"We sometimes force carbonic gas into mineral springs, but that, as well as the salts considered so beneficial, is left to our chemists to regulate. Puz, do you know anything about this?"

"Not much, Master Knops. I have seen iron in various forms introduced, but think that is usually controlled by the earth's formation."

Leo sighed at his own ignorance, and vowed to study up these matters; but Knops, seeing his look of dejection, asked, "How would you like a bath?"

"Delightful. Where? Surely not in the lake; it looks so cold and glassy I should not dare."

"Oh, no, no," laughed Knops. "Do you think I'd let you bathe in a reservoir? Never! We are too cleanly for that, begging your pardon. Here is our general bath. It's quite a tub, isn't it?"

"I should think so," said Leo, surveying quite a spacious apartment, about which were pipes and faucets, clothes-lines and screens.

Here his friend left him, and he was glad to doff his garments for a plunge. He found that he could make

the water hot or cold at will, and so luxurious was it that he would have staid in any length of time had not a crowd of elves come chattering in, and with whoop and scream surrounded him. Though they could not see him, they were conscious of some disturbing force in the water, and in an instant a lot of them had scrambled on his back, and were making a boat of him. They pulled his hair and his ears unmercifully, and because he swam slowly with their weight upon him, they whacked and thumped him like little pirates. But he had his revenge, for with one turn he tumbled them all off, and sprang from the bath, leaving them to squirm and squabble by themselves.

Laughing heartily at their antics, he rejoined Knops and Paz, whom he found poring over some maps spread out before them.

"We have been discussing the length of a journey to the Geysers of Iceland, also to the hot springs of the Yellowstone, but I am afraid either would require too much time. Was your bath agreeable?"

"Very," said Leo, describing how he had been pummelled.

"Those were the fellows from the steam-rooms—stokers probably. Rough enough they are. Do you care to have a glance at them at work?"

"Don't care if I do," said Leo, in his old drawing manner; then, correcting himself, he added: "If it suits your convenience, I shall be very happy to take a look."

"That is all it will be, I promise you," said Paz; "the heat is awful."

Leo thought as much when Knops, having tied a respirator over his mouth, opened another door. Such a cloud of vapor puffed out that he could but dimly discern what seemed to be a tank of boiling, bubbling water resting on a bed of soft coal, about which stark little forms were dancing and poking with long steel bars until flames leaped out like tongues of fire.

"Oh," said Leo, as he quickly turned from this place, "how do they endure it? It is dreadful!"

"They are used to it; they all came from Terra del Fuego," replied Knops, calmly. "And now, as a contrast to them, look in here."

A hut of solid ice presented itself. Long pendants of ice hung from the ceiling, snow in masses was being formed into shapes of statue-like grace by a company of little furry objects whose noses were not even visible, and others were tracing out on a broad screen of lace-like texture patterns of every star and leaf and flower imaginable.

Leo was so delighted that, although shivering, he could not bear to leave them, but begged Knops to lend him a wrap.

Taking from a pile of furs in a corner several small garments, Paz pinned them together and threw them over Leo's shoulders, and as he continued to watch the beautiful work Knops explained its character.

"This is our place for working out designs for those who are unskilled in frost-work. Frost-work is something too delicate for human hands, but in it we excel. Have you never seen on your window-pane of a cold winter morning the picture of a forest of pines, or sheets of sparkling stars and crystals? I am sure you have. Well, we do all that work on your windows, not with artificial snow and ice such as you see here, but by dexterous management we catch the falling flakes and mould them to our will, sometimes doing nothing more than spangling a sheet of glass, and again working out the most elaborate and fantastic marvels of embroidery. But in art our productions are almost endless. We color the tiniest blades of grass and beds of strawberry leaves until the moss upon which they rest looks like velvet with floss needle-work. We polish the chestnuts till they appear as if carved of rose-wood. We strip thistles of their prickly coat, and use the down for pillows. The milk-

weed, as it ripens its silken-winged seeds, serves us for many beautiful purposes. We tint the pebbles of a brook till they compare with Florentine mosaics. We wreath and festoon every bare old boulder and every niche made barren by the winds. Indeed, the list of our works would fill a volume."

Leo listened and looked, though his feet were getting numb and his fingers nearly frozen. Many a time he had seen just such cappings to gate posts and projections as were here being moulded, and just such rows of pearly drops on a gable's edge; but when, as if to specially please him, the busy workers carved a little snow maid winding a scarf about her curly locks, he clapped his hands in admiration, making such a noise that each little Esquimau dropped his tool in alarm.

"Gently! gently!" said Paz and Knops; "they are easily frightened. Though they do not see you, their instinct is so fine that they can nearly guess your presence."

"I am sorry if I have frightened them," said Leo. "Can't you say something to soothe them? Tell them how lovely their things are. I long to try and imitate them."

Knops said a few words in a language Leo did not comprehend, and the little people gathered up their trowels again. But it was time to go, and Leo had to follow his guides and leave the snow people with more reluctance than anything he had yet seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HOW THE BIRDS LEARN TO SING.

BY ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE.

DO you know why the birdies, my darling,
Sing so sweetly the whole summer long,
Chirp so smoothly their trills and their twitters,
Make so rarely "false notes" in a song?

'Tis because they are up in the mornings
And out by the first peep of day;
They meet in the woods and they practice,
And Love is their leader, they say.

HOW TO SKIN, STUFF, AND MOUNT A BIRD IN FIVE MINUTES.

BY DOCTOR STRADLING.

THE process which I am about to describe briefly is a rough-and-ready one, to preserve and display to advantage the full plumage of the bird, and may be practiced by those who have not the time or the materials—or, shall we suggest, the patience?—necessary for the more artistic operation.

I have found it very useful in tropical countries to retain a souvenir of brilliant-hued pets that came to an untimely end, in a climate where the bodies went too rapidly to decay to permit of skinning properly with a view to subsequent setting up. Many birds, also, which are considered too commonplace for regular mounting well repay the small amount of trouble necessary to display them in this manner. You need not go and shoot or trap them for the purpose. Let your subject be some pet or other bird that has died a natural death. Again, you will find that, unfortunately, the dealers in live birds have always a number of their poor little bodies to sell for next to nothing or to throw away.

The apparatus required is simple in the extreme. A pair of lady's sharp-pointed scissors, a little cotton-wool, which may be just flavored with a drop of spirits of camphor, turpentine, carbolic acid, or a light sprinkling of pepper to discourage any possible insects, and a few ordinary pins; nothing more. And the whole operation may be performed, with a little practice, on a small bird, in the short space of time mentioned in the heading of this article.

Trace the tail feathers down to their root, under the short feathers of the back. You will find that the tail works on a hinge or joint, and can be detached clean and entire by a snip of the scissors severing this joint. A small bit of bone comes away with it. Lay the tail aside.

Carefully dividing the body feathers, cut the skin around, commencing *in front* of the legs below, but sloping a little backward above, and proceed skinning forward, turning it inside out as you go. Very little cutting is necessary. The skin separates readily, only requiring a fibre to be clipped here and there. When you arrive at the wings, peel the skin off down to the first joint (still turning the whole inside out), and there nip it through with the scissors, thus leaving the first bone of the wing, covered with thick flesh, attached to the body. At the neck a little more caution and delicacy of treatment will be called for, as the skin is thin here, and may be torn by rough handling or dragging. The windpipe, gullet, and slender bone do not give firm ground to work upon either, but shift about and require to be "rubbed loose" from their covering with the finger and thumb.

Peel away until you have exposed the back of the white glistening skull as far as the top of the head, or the broadest part, where cut it through. The scissors will divide it like thin card-board. Scoop out the brains, break through the little plates of bone which partition off the eye-balls, and withdraw them from the inside, and cleanse and dry the cavity of the skull with a small piece of wool. Remove the tongue from the mouth in front, and cram in some cotton-wool in its place, but not enough to prevent the beak from closing.

Now stuff the inside of the head and the neck firmly, bringing back the skin to its proper position by degrees as you fill it, and fastening it with the pins. Use small pinches of wool, and take care that the neck is evenly but not unduly distended. The pouches at the wings will be filled in the same way. When it is completely full, lay it in position on a board and run a pin through at the back of the neck, which will cause the head to stand up and display the breast in a very elegant manner. The wings must now be distended, the two or four pins re-

quired for that purpose not piercing them, but so inserted into the board as to prevent their shutting up again. The feathers are plumed out and straightened, another pin or two put in, if need be, at any part which seems imperfectly fixed, and the job is done.

It will be dry in a few days. I have found it the least trouble and safest to pin the birds against a wall or inside a cupboard door, twisting a cone of paper over each to keep off the dust. When it is dry and set, the pins are withdrawn, and the edge of the skin is fastened with a little gum to whatever the bird is destined to adorn, the tail being placed in position behind, with its bony knob concealed under the feathers of the body. Thus it gives by no means a bad idea of a bird in full flight.

The different ways in which the birds may be disposed of are of course innumerable. I have seen one sewn on as a crowning decoration to a highly ornamental pen-wiper, another placed in a lady's hat, others very prettily arranged in the centre of plates to hang against the wall, with scenery painted around them, so that they appeared to be flying amidst palm-trees or over rivers. A young friend of mine, being of a mechanical turn, has fixed one to the middle of a wooden disk, which he has got his sister to paint for him. A strong wire is inserted securely into the wood, passing through the body and coming out at the beak. When he has set up another in like manner he is going to present them to his uncle, to hang one on each side of the chimney-piece, supporting a pair of light wire letter racks.

If you think of making a similar contrivance I should advise you to pass the wire through as soon as the bird is skinned, and stuff around it, as the compressed wool is very hard to pierce. It would look better, too, to mask the wire issuing from the beak with a berry or twig, and it might be arranged so as to carry a paper-balance, taper-stand, pen-rest, or even a candle.

THE WIND'S REBUKE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"I SHALL go this morning," the young Prince said,
 "With a haughty toss of his regal head—
 "I shall go this morning across the sea
 To yonder island that seems to be
 (I have watched it long from my palace tower)
 All the year round like an evergreen bower.
 "Ere the bells cease ringing the hour of ten
 My ship must be ready; so hasten, my men."
 They low bowed the courtiers, and meek answer made,
 "Your Highness but speaks to be quickly obeyed."
 "See to it I am. And if any be late,
 On shore he will tarry. We Princes *ne'er* wait."
 "Ah! there you're mistaken," the rude Wind cried,
 And the trees began treubling on every side,
 "I have just this moment come in from sea
 To wander awhile over mountain and lea,
 And until I return, great Prince though you be,
 Your ship and your Highness must wait for me."

THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"VIDA! VIDA!" shouted Roger Lynn, thrusting his head out of the window in the second story of the barn, and calling to his sister, who was sitting on the porch, "I am going to take two pigeons over to Tom's. Run, put on your hat and things; mamma says you may go with me."

"Good!" cried little Vida, clapping her hands, and disappearing instantly through the hall door. Before Roger had caught the birds and climbed down the ladder she was waiting, ready and dressed for her walk, at the garden gate.

"Last time Tom was here," said Roger, as he came slowly down the path, carefully carrying a small covered basket in his hand, "I promised him two pigeons as

soon as he had built a house for them. So I am going to give him Goldneck and Cushat."

"He will have to cut their wings," said Vida, pityingly, "or else they will fly right home again."

"Tom knows that, and it don't hurt them either," answered Roger, as he closed the garden gate after him.

The road the children took led down by an inlet of the bay, where two or three boats lay fastened by long ropes to posts driven in the ground. They were swashing backward and forward noisily, for the water was rough and the wind high.

"What's that in papa's boat?" exclaimed Vida, pointing to one that had a great bag lying in the stern.

"Well, I declare, if it's not the bag of corn father sent Jerry for this morning!" answered Roger, as he stopped to peep in. "Jerry must have gone home for his dinner and forgotten all about it. I'll just lift it out and put it in a dry place, for see how the water is splattering all over the side of the boat. Hold the basket, Vida, please, and don't let the cover slip off."

"You will never be able to lift that great bag, Roger; it's most as big as yourself," said Vida, as she took the basket from him.

And she was right, as Roger soon found; for although he tugged manfully at the heavy bag of corn, he could only move it a few inches. Presently, however, he managed to do something that he had not intended. As he was hauling first one way and then the other, the cord that fastened the mouth of the bag came undone, and all the bright yellow kernels poured out into a great heap at the bottom of the boat.

"Oh dear!" said Roger, "now you must come and help me, Vida, or we will be too late for our walk."

"Yes, Roger, I'll come, but what shall I do with the pigeons?" answered Vida, looking anxiously at the basket.

"Give them to me and I'll put them under the seat. Now take hold of my hand and jump in. I wish I had never touched the bag!" grumbled Roger, as they both stooped down and began throwing back the corn. The four hands worked as hard and as fast as they could; but it took a long time to gather up the kernels, and, besides, after a while the boat began rocking so hard that it shook the corn all over.

"There!" said Roger, with a sigh of relief, as he put in the last handful and tied up the bag again, "that's done. Now come, Vida." He turned to pick up the basket and climb out of the boat, when he was startled to see that there was a great stretch of little white-capped waves between him and the land. While the children had been busily engaged, with their backs to the bow, the boat had become unfastened and drifted slowly away, and was now many yards from the shore.

"Well, if that's not too bad!" cried Roger, as he looked wistfully at the receding land.

"Can not we push it back somehow?" inquired Vida, as she climbed over the seat and stood by Roger's side.

"I don't know of any way," answered Roger, looking anxiously around. "The oars are not here."

As the boat drifted farther and farther from the shore, the wind increased, and the frail vessel rocked so violently that the two children crouched down in the bottom and held fast to the seat. Every now and then Vida or Roger would peep over the side to see which way they were going.

Almost at the mouth of the inlet was a long narrow strip of land covered with weeds and rushes. It was called Heron Island, from the number of great blue herons that frequented it, tiptoeing over the mud near the water, or rising, when disturbed, with a whirl and shriek, from the tangled weeds and shrubs in the centre. This islet was so surrounded by soft black mud that it was nearly impossible to land at any point. So the herons had almost undisputed possession of the place. It was to this strip

of land that the boat was now drifting, and as they drew nearer, the children watched with curiosity the great birds spread their wide wings and sail away to the opposite shore. The boat moved slowly past tall clumps of coarse grass and rushes, then suddenly stopped in the thickest and blackest of the mud and stood perfectly still.

"Now," said Roger, in a troubled voice, "there's no knowing how long we shall have to stay here. That tall grass hides us completely from the shore."

The children sat and watched the reeds over their heads bend and sway in the wind for some moments in silence. Presently the pigeons in the basket began to coo loudly and rustle about, as though tired of their willow prison.

"Poor little things," said Vida, "why don't you let them fly? They can find their way home, and it's too late to go to Tom's now."

"I will," answered Roger, "if some one don't come for us soon. How I wish I had a long stick!"

"What would you do with it?" asked Vida.

"Oh, I'd tie a handkerchief to the end and wave it backward and forward until somebody noticed it."

Vida looked up at the cloudy sky and then down at the black mud. After a while she said, "It's dreadfully ugly here; I wish I could get out."

"But you can't, Vida. That mud is so soft and deep it would swallow you up in no time. Don't you remember last spring how Will Banks tried to wade ashore, and sank down, down, down until there was nothing but his head above the mud, and if some men fishing had not heard him scream he would have gone altogether underneath and never been seen again?"

"Yes, I remember," answered Vida, "but that was a year ago, and the mud may have grown hard by this time." Vida was silent after this for a few minutes, but presently her eye fell upon a long slim pole, and she cried, "Roger, I see a splendid long stick over there, only a little way off."

"Well, I wish it was here," answered Roger, as he picked up the basket, and peeped in at the pigeons.

"Are you going to let them fly?" asked Vida.

"Yes, I think so," replied Roger. "They seem so miserable, and we may have to stay here all night."

"Oh dear! I shall be dreadfully frightened when it grows dark," said Vida, mournfully. "What a pity pigeons can't talk! If they could, I would ask Goldneck to carry a message to papa or Jerry."

"That puts me in mind of something," cried Roger, looking up quickly. "Suppose we turn them into carrier-pigeons?"

"Why, how could we do that?" inquired Vida, wonderingly.

"Just write a note and tie it to one of their necks. Then let them fly. Some one will be sure to see it, for you know the pigeons always stand by the kitchen door to be fed before sunset."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Vida, laughing merrily.

Roger thrust his hand first in one pocket and then in the other; presently his face grew very grave, and he said, "No use; I've lost my pencil."

"That don't matter," said Vida. "Write it with a pin—little dots, you know. There's a piece of paper in the basket."

"Just the thing!" cried Roger, as he tore off a long strip of paper. Then he formed each letter by pricking its shape in the paper with a pin. When it was finished the message read thus:

WE ARE ON HERON ISLAND
IN THE MUD COME PLEASE
AND TAKE US OFF

B. L. YNN.

Vida held one of the pigeons gently while Roger fastened the note about its neck by a ribbon from his hat.

"Now let him fly," said Roger, as soon as this was accomplished.

Vida opened her hands. The bird plumed its wing, and plucked unceasingly at the ribbon around its neck; then it flew high into the air, circled around two or three times, and came back. Finally it perched upon the farther end of the boat, turning its glossy neck from side to side.

"Now what is the matter," exclaimed Roger, wonderingly.

"I suppose he is waiting for Cushtat," said Vida. "Shall I let her go?"

"Oh yes, I forgot. Open the basket quick," replied Roger.

But when the other pigeon was free they both kept flying around and above in the most tantalizing manner, always coming back to stand just out of reach, as though they did not quite like to go home alone.

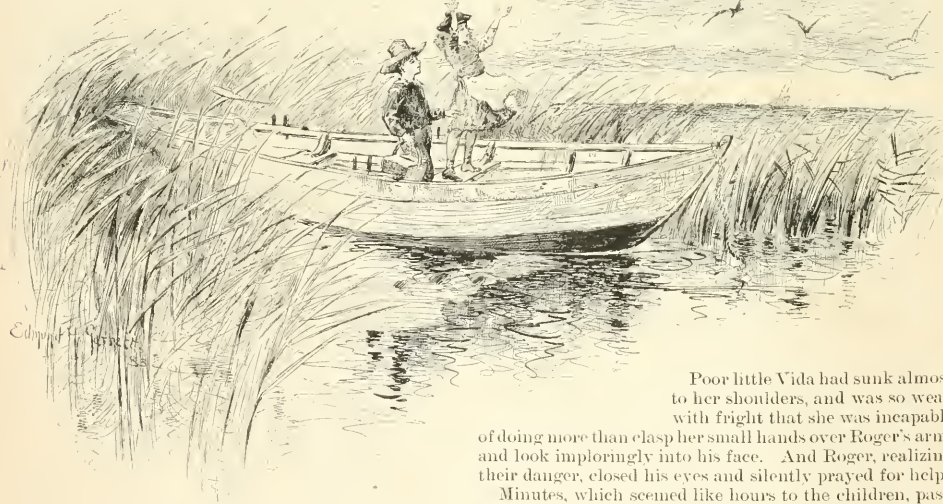
"I wish I had that long pole now," said Roger, as he sat, with his back turned to Vida, watching the pigeons; "I would soon make them fly home."

Vida heard what he said. She sat still for a moment, looking thoughtfully at the smooth long rod half hidden in the rushes about twenty feet away.

"Roger does not know how light I am," said she to herself, "or he would never think the mud could swallow

Vida hesitated only one moment, then walked boldly out. At the first movement her foot sank into the mud up to the ankle, at the next she went down, down, down, just as Will Banks had done. She gave one loud scream of horror.

"Vida! Vida! where are you?" cried Roger, in alarm, as he turned quickly around. In a moment he saw what had happened, and with a shout of encouragement sprang from the boat. Leaping lightly from clump to clump, he reached the bare spot, and grasping the nearest rushes in one hand, swung himself into the black slimy mud to his sister's side. Fortunately his foot struck against a long slender root, which offered him a slight support. With his disengaged hand he seized Vida's cloak, and drew her toward him. Then he endeavored to raise her in his arms, but at each movement the root under him bent more and more.



me. I know I can run over there and back again before he turns around, and I mean to try."

Then, without another thought, Vida slipped over the side of the boat, and cautiously placed her two small feet upon a hummock of earth, out of which grew a great bunch of long green rushes. It was quite firm, so she nodded her head triumphantly, and took a step forward.

"I knew it," said Vida, as she hopped to the next bunch of roots. She progressed very safely as long as she had the reeds and rushes to support her. But presently Vida came to a bare place that must be crossed before she could reach the rod. She looked back at the boat. Roger was still engaged with the pigeons, and had not missed her.

Poor little Vida had sunk almost to her shoulders, and was so weak with fright that she was incapable of doing more than clasp her small hands over Roger's arm, and look imploringly into his face. And Roger, realizing their danger, closed his eyes and silently prayed for help.

Minutes, which seemed like hours to the children, passed by. The gray clouds turned to pink, and far off in the west the great golden sun sank nearer and nearer to the water, but still no sound of voice or splashing air broke the silence to give them hope.

At last Vida raised her head and said, with a sob, while the tears rolled down her pale cheeks:

"Don't stay here, Roger. I know you could climb back by yourself if you would."

"Do you think I would be mean enough to leave you all alone, little Vida?" answered Roger, stoutly; for although the hand that grasped the rushes was torn and bleeding, and the slender root under his feet was bent almost to breaking, the thought of saving himself without his sister never entered his mind.

"I have been dreadfully naughty," said Vida, after a pause. "Poor papa and mamma will have no children

now." She gave another little sob, leaned her cheek against Roger's arm, and cried silently.

"Don't cry, dear," said Roger, coaxingly. "Perhaps some one may find the note we sent by Goldneck and come for us soon."

"It's too late," said Vida; "the pigeons went to bed long ago."

"Hush!" cried Roger, earnestly; "I hear a sound."

"That was only the big herons coming back," answered Vida, hopelessly.

"Listen, Vida! listen! I hear it again. It is our papa's voice. Papa! oh, papa! come quick!" shouted Roger. "Here we are, away behind the rushes."

"Coming," answered their father; and in a moment more the rushes were parted and a boat appeared, pushed laboriously through the mud by Mr. Lynn and Jerry. They both uttered exclamations of astonishment and horror when they saw the plight the children were in, and quickening their efforts, they reached them not one moment too soon. For as Mr. Lynn bent forward to seize Vida, the root under Roger's foot snapped, and he would have been engulfed in the mud but for Jerry's strong hand.

The pigeon had indeed proved a good messenger, and carried Roger's note safely home. It was discovered just in time to save the children from a dreadful death.

Goldneck was returned to the dovecote and another bird substituted in its place as a present for Tom. Because, Roger declared, he would not part with that one for a fortune; and, besides, he says that he intends to turn it into a carrier-pigeon in earnest some day.

PIPPY'S FIRST TOILETTE. DRAWN BY F. S. COURTEL.



PAT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"YES, they're sending the poor things from the city all over the country for a mouthful of fresh air and a bite of something wholesome to eat. We ought to do our share, Aunt Nancy."

"Maybe so, Ruth, but it's risky, to my mind."

"Risk of what, Aunt Nancy? A couple of children can't do much mischief on an old farm in two weeks, if they do any."

"They'll do enough, you may be sure; but that ain't all. They do say there's no tellin' what you may catch from that sort, and that these people that goes among 'em just takes their lives in their hands. They lives in dreadful holes—all dirt and disease."

"Well," said Mrs. Pritchard, rather indignantly, "I think they must be about the same kind of poor the Lord went about among, only not so bad, perhaps, as those He used to see. Seems to me He never told His disciples to keep away for fear of catching things."

"And then how do you know what evil they may teach them two boys of yours?"

Mrs. Pritchard looked sober. "Well, I had thought of that, Aunt Nancy, but I don't believe any children we were befriending would do them harm, and in such a little time as two weeks."

"Well, well, Ruth, you're mistress here, so it ain't for me to dictate; but it's risky—that's all I have to say."

Two boys came, perhaps twelve years old as to form, but older as to face, with gaunt limbs, and eyes astare with the wonders of the journey and of the strange things all around them. In the eyes of one familiar with their class they would be recognized as having graduated in all that goes to make up the poor little street Arab. News-boy, boot-black, wharf-rat, or vagrant, they were fair specimens of the outgrowth of the great city's slums. Mrs. Pritchard's heart warmed toward the neglected boys with an earnest desire that a stay under her roof might be fruitful of lasting good to them.

Their ignorance of everything belonging to country life was wonderful. Jack and Harry Pritchard followed their guests about, doing the honors of the place, now listening with awe to Pat's talk about the shipping in New York Harbor, as he skipped like a monkey to the top of the tallest elm-tree to show how the sailors went up the masts, now shouting with laughter at their questions and remarks concerning things on the farm.

"Do look at him!" said Aunt Nancy, pointing out of the window as Pat dropped from the elm. "One would think he was brought up in a circus. This mornin' I heard a noise on the roof above my room, and the first thing I see that boy went a-past my window hand over hand till he come to the water-pipe, and then a-moost without touchin' it he slid down like a cat. He'll be teachin' our boys all sorts of tricks. Look there—now!"

Harry and Jack were being hoisted upon a shed overlooking the poultry-yard and stable. On the edge of this, with four pairs of legs dangling in what to the ladies appeared a most uncomfortable position, such an animated conversation went on that Aunt Nancy stole near enough to hear, feeling sure some mischief was brewing.

"Now, thin," says Pat, "it's meself can't kape in mind the names at all at all. It's the elegant little white beauty 'd be the calf?"

"Pshaw, Pat!" said Jim, with a wise air. "That's a pig."

"Niver!" said Pat. "It's the purty darlin' wid the wool, I'm manin'."

"Oh!" said Jim. "Yes, that's a calf."

"No," said Harry, laughing till he nearly lost his balance, "that's a calf over there—the calf's colored—see?"

"Dark it is. Thin it's another calf 'll be over in the corner there?"

"No, that's a black sheep—the pretty one's a white sheep."

"Arrah, thin," Pat shook his head comically, "it's a brave little head ye'll be havin' to kape 'em all shlthraight. But see—" he settled himself so as to get an outlook in another direction, "d'ye mind the purty little hins down there, now!"

"Oh, Pat, those are ducklings: see 'em swim in the little pond." Pat jumped down and ran toward them, forgetting the small boys, one of whom jumped after him and had a very solid fall, while the other scrambled down the rough end of the shed, reaching the ground with torn clothes. Aunt Nancy went into the house with a grave protest against such "goin' on," but mamma, who had observed that in order to appear manly before the others neither of her boys cried, as was their usual habit in small misfortunes, wisely made up her mind that a little roughing with strangers would not hurt them.

"Ducks, is it?" went on Pat, "an' sh'wimm' like any boat! Here's more of 'em—shoo, now! Go 'long in the wather wid yez!"

"Oh, stop!" cried Harry. "Those are chickens. They can't swim."

"Asy, thin!" Pat rescued from drowning a chick he had driven in, and then began checking off on his fingers.

"Ducks, hins, chucks—an' would that be a hin, too, the jewel?" pointing admiringly to a pigeon whose soft plumage of white and purple caught his eye as it came tamely among the boys.

"No, that's one of my pigeons," said Harry, catching and caressing the gentle little creature.

"Pigeon. An' the fat ladies by the fence?"

"Geese."

"Geese it is. The top of the mornin' to yez, ladies," said Pat, making a low bow as the geese waddled toward the pond. "It's a plinty of your kin I've seen in the markets, but they'd taken off their foine clothes and was hangin' heads down, so I didn't quite recognize yez at first. Ducks, hins, pigeons—be the howly poker!—will ye mind the burrd wid the big thrair to 'er gown!"

Both strangers stared in open-mouthed wonder at the beautiful thing which suddenly flew down near them. And then Jim gave a shout of delight, but Pat fairly held his breath as it spread out before them its glory of blue and gold many-eyed plumage.

"Och! an' it's a bit of the country shky she's been gettin' to dress herself in!"

"Didn't you ever see a peacock before?"

"A paycock, is it?" Pat solemnly counted off another finger. "A paycock!" He climbed upon the granary, and seating himself upon the ridge-pole, remained in close watch of the proud bird, as she turned this way and that, as if aware of his admiration, until dinner-time.

The bright days passed without giving Mrs. Pritchard reason to regret that her hand had been one among the many holding out a gift of sweet country sights and sounds to those into whose lives so little of sweetness enters. Harry had a sprained wrist as the result of a fall from some height to which he had followed Pat, and neither boy had a whole garment left. Miss Nancy shook her head disapprovingly, but Mrs. Pritchard observed with pleasure the instinct of manliness and of kindly consideration for guests developing in her boys, and smiled as she mended for the four. Jim went among the animals with a voice and touch which the dumb creatures always recognized as belonging to a lover of their kind, and before many days they came and went at his slightest call. Quiet hints and suggestions from the mistress of the place had been generally faithfully attended to, and nothing in the way of wilful mischief had been done. No bird's nest had been robbed, nor tree nor flower injured.

"I don't quite like the look of the weather," said Mrs. Pritchard one night, just after the noisy quartette had trooped off to bed.

"It's comin' up a reg'lar old-fashioned thunder-storm, to my mind," said Aunt Nancy. "I'm glad them boys is in, and not down to the fur end of the pastur' lot, or atop of the barn, or some other such place."

Mrs. Pritchard watched the gathering of the clouds long after the sleep which comes to blessed boyhood had gathered the four into its soft embrace. As the dead lull which often comes before a storm gave place to puffs of wind, and the lightning grew more vivid, and the noise of the thunder rose in an almost continuous roar, she went from room to room closing windows and blinds. This finished, she went into the back yard to unloose a dog which whined and fretted against his chain.

"Poor Watch! Lonely out here in the storm?"

He gratefully licked her hand, just as a blinding flash seemed to wrap her in its fearful whiteness. Whether it was this or the deafening report in the same moment which struck her to the earth she never could tell, but for a few seconds she lay stunned and bewildered, then staggered to her feet with a cry of dismay.

The porch lay a splintered ruin at her feet. Had the dark-winged angel been borne under her roof in the grasp of the lightning? Her own two were on the same floor with her. Ascertaining that both were whimpering with fright, she called to Aunt Nancy, Jim, Pat, and the maid, and hearing an answer from each one, thankfully sat down to quiet the boys.

But a sound in the next room alarmed her, and springing up, she opened a door. A red angry demon glared at her—one who had come to dispute with her the possession of this her old home, who would wring it from her, and lay it in a heap of ruins before her eyes.

Shrieking "Fire! fire!" she rushed upstairs to find that all were astir; then down again, hurrying her boys to a place of safety, and striving with trembling hands to secure some valuable papers and old silver. The maid came and helped her, and soon the farm hands, who lived at a little distance, and other neighbors, gathered. But the old house was doomed. The flames spread rapidly over and through the back part of it, shedding a brilliant light on the surrounding gloom, before only broken by the lightning flashes.

"Are we all safe?" cried Mrs. Pritchard. She could see Jim among the men unloosing the animals and leading them to places of safety. She was sure she had heard a shout from Pat; Susan, the maid, was wringing her hands and making exclamations of woe close beside her.

"But where's Aunt Nancy, Susan?"

"She's about here somewheres, ma'am; she was a-comin' right down after me."

But Miss Nancy was *not* about anywhere, and Mrs. Pritchard's rapidly growing fear was brought suddenly to dreadful certainty by the sight of the poor old lady at the window of her room, looking dazed and helpless with fright. A cry of horror went up as men ran for ladders, for the stairs were a sheet of flame.

But the ladders were always hung under the roof of the long back porch, and were now burning with it. And as swift-flying feet went to others, many a fear was felt that their help might come too late.

Through Mrs. Pritchard's terror had just broken the thought, "I haven't seen Pat yet—where can the boy be?" when a light figure flew around the corner of the house, and shot up the old elm-tree with almost the quickness of the flickering shadows cast by the flames. Next he was seen at the end of a rope, swinging back and forth between the tree and the window. And those who looked on scarcely drew breath as he presently sprang to the window-sill and disappeared within the room. Miss

Nancy had sunk upon the bed, a slight touch of the lightning having partially stupefied her.

"Arrah, ma'am," said Pat, taking in her condition and the danger of the situation with one glance of his keen eye, "it's sorry I am to come into a lady's room without shtoppin' to knock and say, 'The top o' the mornin' to ye,' but there's a gentleman beyant there," pointing to the closed door, on the other side of which could be heard the snapping of the burning wood, "as wants to take possession inimmajety, and won't take no denial, ma'am—aisy, thin, just a shtep now." With a coolness far beyond his years, born of his training among city excitements, he was half coaxing, half supporting her through the fast-thickening smoke to the window, around which those below were eagerly watching.

"Jump, Miss Nancy—jump! We'll catch you," cried a dozen voices.

"See them all waitin' for ye—an ilegant jump 'twill be. What if ye was in a five-shtory timent-house and the cruel bricks below? Now, thin!"

But poor Miss Nancy could not jump, and Pat tore the sheets from the bed and knotted them together as he hurriedly resolved on making a desperate attempt to lower her to the ground. The slight doorway behind them had fallen in glowing embers, and the fire flew half-way across the room, when the welcome sound of a ladder outside scraping against the weather-boarding was heard. Pat, exerting all his boyish strength, and disregarding Miss Nancy's nervous screams, managed to place her in the arms stretched to receive her. Then, with a bound, he reached the ground first, and stood ready to help as she was brought down, while a tongue of flame darted after them as if in wrath at their escape.

A crash of thunder drowned the cry of triumph which greeted them, and then the welcome rain poured down, saving the barn and other buildings from the fire.

Jim took his departure for the city at the time set, but he went without Pat. A boy was wanted on the place to assist in cleaning up the wreck left by the fire; then to wait on the masons who laid the foundations for a new house; then to fetch and carry for the carpenters as the walls rapidly arose under their lively hammering; then to help remove rubbish and get things settled in the new home. And then Aunt Nancy said:

"If a big storm should come, and this house should get struck by lightnin', and get a-fire and burn down some night, there isn't a livin' soul but Pat could get me out of it alive. Ruth, I think Pat had better stay."

And Pat staid.

ALL ABOUT GOLD-FISH.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

I.

THE gold-fish, or golden carp, is a native of China, where for hundreds of years it has been under domestication. It was first imported from China to England by Philip Worth in the year 1728, where it was successfully bred, and became distributed throughout Europe. In 1831 some six or eight dozen were brought from France, and successfully established in numerous ponds in New York State, particularly on Long Island.

Gold-fish spawn from two to three times during the summer months, according to the temperature of the water. The females begin to leave the deep water in April, and by May are all on their spawning grounds. The favorite places for spawning are those parts of the shore where the water is shallow, and is constantly exposed to the warming rays of the sun, and where the water plants grow abundantly. In such places the gold-fish assemble in large schools, keeping the edges of the pond in a foam with their constant gambols. You would think they were

having a game of tag on a grand scale, so earnestly do they chase one another. On such occasions they become very tame, and can be taken in the hand.

Each spawning season lasts about ten days. The eggs are fastened by the females to the stems of plants. They are of a clear salmon-color when first deposited; in course of time they become somewhat darker, and two very small black spots appear in each egg; these are the eyes of the young gold-fish imprisoned in the egg. In a day or two more he begins to wiggle his tail pretty actively, and is about ready to break out of his confinement, and enter a new life of freedom and danger, for you must remember that fish of so intense and brilliant colors as are gold-fish must always present a shining mark for hungry fish, turtles, frogs, storks, and bitterns, not to mention small boys and big men.

All the fish hatched from the egg are not gold-fish at first, and some never become gold-fish; no matter how long they live or how large they grow, they always remain silver-fish. During the first and second years nearly all the gold-fish that were born silver-fish gradually become of a golden color. The first change of color is to a deep copper or bronze; they are then called "turners." Those that do not change are always destroyed by breeders of gold-fish.

The gold-fish having been under domestication so many hundred years, the order of nature seems to have become somewhat turned aside, so that many curious freaks of color, forms of body, and variations in the number and shape of fin, have appeared, as, for instance, fish with double and treble tails (Fig. 1), and examples having malformed bodies and minus the proper number of fins (Fig. 2).

In color, there are two varieties of all gold—one



FIG. 1.

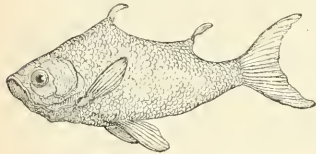


Fig. 2.—A MALFORMED GOLD-FISH.

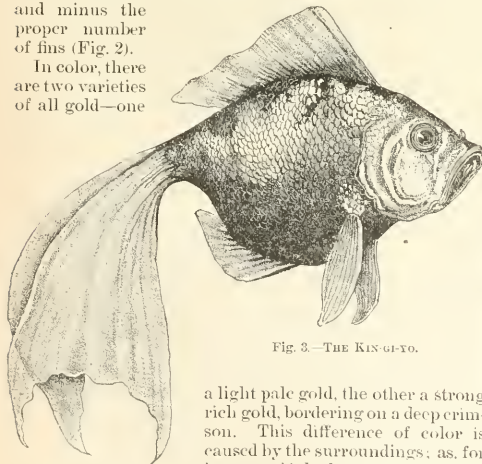


FIG. 3.—THE KIN-GI-YO.

a light pale gold, the other a strong rich gold, bordering on a deep crimson. This difference of color is caused by the surroundings; as, for instance, if the bottom of the pond consists of a light-colored clay, and

is exposed in all parts to the direct action of the sun, the gold-fish will be of a very pale gold and of a weak constitution. A pond having a bottom of rich black vegetable earth (peat), plenty of water plants, and a moderate

amount of sunlight will contain fish of a strong reddish gold-color.

As a rule, nearly all fishes take the color of their immediate surroundings, be they dark or light. I have kept striped bass in a tank of light-colored rock-work, and a white gravel bottom, with strong sunlight, until they became of a uniform soiled white color. There are also gold-fish mottled with black, copper, gold, and white. Then come the "pearl" fish, which are pure white, with blue or pink eyes, and are albinos.

Those ingenious people the Japanese have taken advantage of the tendency of the gold-fish to develop odd and strange forms, and have produced some truly wonderful and beautiful types. Among them is the double-tailed

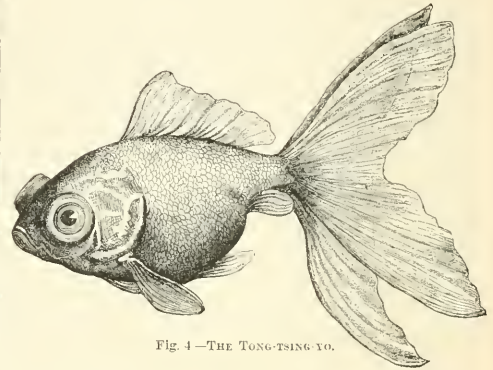


Fig. 4.—THE TONG-TSING-YO.

gold-fish called the Kin-gi-yo (Fig. 3). Too much can hardly be said in praise of the singular beauty of this fish, the united tail fins being nearly the length of the entire body, and resembling the most delicate tissue as they float slowly and gracefully through the water.

Of the first lot of Kin-gi-yos, some eighty in number, that started from Japan for this country, only fifteen reached San Francisco, in a very weak condition, and out of the fifteen only seven reached Baltimore, their place of destination. One of the most exquisite specimens of the seven was purchased by the New York Aquarium for five hundred dollars, and it was acknowledged that this single gold-fish had yielded a profit of three thousand dollars (Fig. 3).

Another wonderful variety of gold-fish exhibited at the Aquarium was the Chinese Tong-tsing-yo, or quadruple-tailed and telescopic-eyed gold-fish (Fig. 4). On examining the illustration it will be seen that the eyes are very large, and instead of occupying a cavity are placed



Fig. 5.—CARP SLEEPING (BERLIN AQUARIUM).

at the extremity of two eye-stalks, the same as are the eyes of all crabs and some kinds of insects. The quadruple tail of this fish is also wonderfully developed. Instead of drooping, it projects in fan-like form. When it is remembered how many thousands of miles these fish travelled before reaching New York, and how many hundreds of people admired their beautiful colors and strange forms, I think you will agree with me that they were the most wonderful gold-fish ever known.

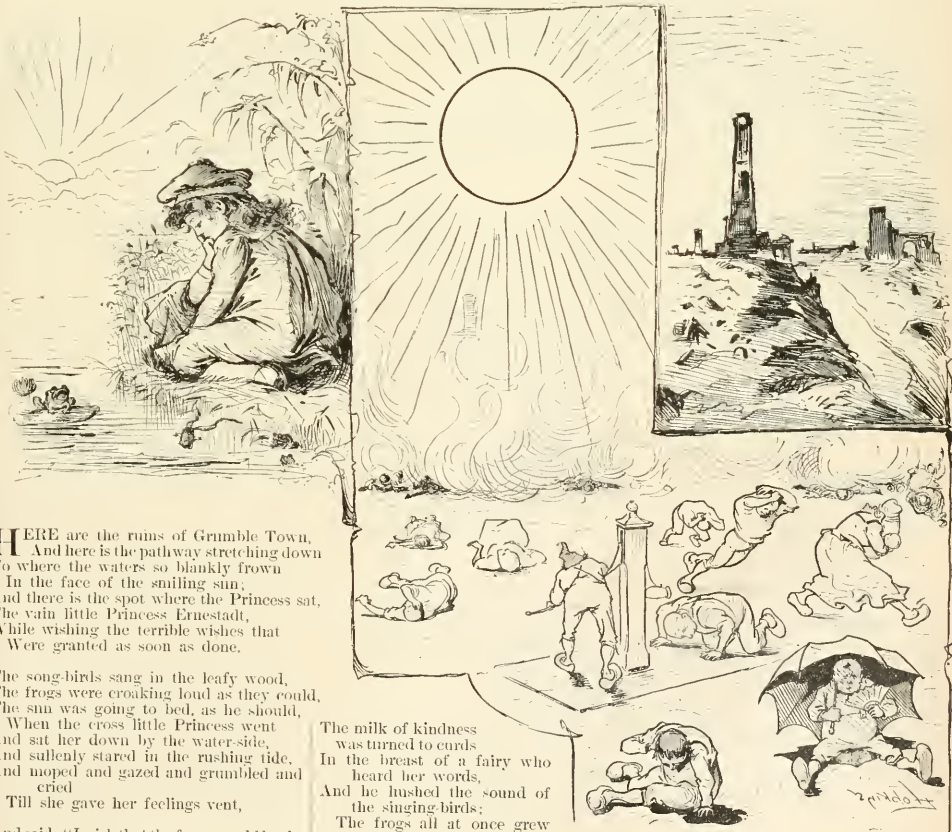
In one of the tanks at the Berlin Aquarium in which carp were kept it was noticed that they began to act very strangely, and were thought to be sick (Fig. 5). Some would curve their bodies so that their heads and tails rested on the bottom of the tank, thus describing an arch; others rested their heads on projecting rocks, with their bodies extending outwardly, and again others balanced themselves on their heads, or lay down on their sides. In these curious positions they remained stationary and rigid, but when food was placed near them, or they

were disturbed by splashing the water, they would resume their natural positions, swim about the tank, and take their food. When all was quiet they would carefully examine their old resting-places with their noses, and when satisfied would resume exactly the same strange positions.

As all fish have eyes which are without lids, and are always open, it has been very hard to distinguish their sleeping from their frequent long periods of rest when not in search of food. The question so often asked, "Do fish sleep?" the possibility of which has been denied by most naturalists, is now definitely established, for the curious actions of the carp described are acknowledged to be absolute proof that long and sound periods of sleep were being indulged in. I have often had gold-fish become bent and rigid, and had supposed the cause to be paralysis, which I generally cured by placing the fish in warm water, but I am now of the opinion that they were sleeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FATE OF GRUMBLE TOWN.—BY CARRIE V. SHAW.



HERE are the ruins of Grumble Town,
 And here is the pathway stretching down
 To where the waters so blankly frown
 In the face of the smiling sun,
 And there is the spot where the Princess sat,
 The vain little Princess Ernestadt,
 While wishing the terrible wishes that
 Were granted as soon as done.

The song-birds sang in the leafy wood,
 The frogs were croaking loud as they could,
 The sun was going to bed, as he should,

When the cross little Princess went
 And sat her down by the water-side,
 And suddenly stared in the rushing tide,
 And noped and gazed and grumbled and
 Cried

Till she gave her feelings vent,

And said: "I wish that the frogs would hush;
 I wish the waters would cease to rush;
 I wish that the west would never flush

With a sunset glow any more,
 But ever the sun keep blazing down,
 And burn the world to a coffee brown,
 And all of the people in Grumble Town,
 From the Palace down to the shore."

The milk of kindness
 Was turned to curds
 In the breast of a fairy who
 Heard her words,
 And he hushed the sound of
 The singing-birds;
 The frogs all at once grew
 Still,

The sun flew up to the zenith high,
 And blazed and gazed with a brassy eye,
 Till it burned the people brown and dry,
 Thus working the Princess' will.

Seeing the woe she had brought about,
 The little Princess began to pout;

She tried to complain—her tongue fell out,
 So she tore at her golden hair,
 And in the face of the heavens' frown
 The tongueless race to die lay down,
 And that was the end of Grumble Town,
 And of all the people there.



OUR BABY.

O baby, dear baby,
Whatever you do,
You are King of the home,
and we all bend to you;
We run on your errands,
We haste at your call,
For baby, dear baby,
You're King of us all.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE Postmistress is glad to see that the children do not grow tired of writing to each other, even when the thermometer climbs up among the nineties. Every mail which comes to Franklin Square brings great bundles of the nicest little letters you ever saw, and the puzzle is to choose which may be published for everybody to read, and which the Postmistress must keep and enjoy by herself.

One thing is certain, and that is, that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has won an honored place in thousands of homes. "The children who read its bright pages with eager interest from week to week are not the only ones who speak in its praise. All the way from far-off Queensland, for instance, comes this cordial indorsement from a mother, sent with the letter from her boy. We are sure that her feeling is shared by very many others to whom this paper is a constant assistant in the nursery, the school-room, and the parlor:

"Allow a stranger to thank you for the good work you are doing among the young. Living in a new country, where the conditions of life are much the same as in country districts in America, I find your paper an invaluable aid. My children depend entirely on my teaching at present, and with a large household, many callers, and one servant, I often find lessons a heavy task. You may imagine how I welcome anything which makes learning a pleasure, as your charming paper does.

My second boy, whose letter I inclose, is ten, and has developed a great taste for letter-writing, which I attribute to the Post office box.

BERTIE'S MAMMA.

ROCKHAMPTON, QUEENSLAND.

I have been sick for some days, and am so tired of doing nothing that I have asked mamma to let me write to you. We always look forward so much to seeing YOUR PEOPLE, but it comes as us only once a month. I don't get the time to wait. We like the letters and the pictures the best of all. Tell Mr. Otis we are very glad he is writing another story. Mamma often lets us do our reading lesson from the Post office Box. This month (May) is the beginning of our winter, and the oranges are nearly ripe, so you may guess it's not very cold.

We are covered all over with pictures. We thought it fine fun at first, but now we are very tired of it, and mamma is afraid we will never finish it. My favorite books are *The Gull's Island*, *The Adventure*, and *Mr. Brassey's Voyage in the Submarine*. Wouldn't I like to have with her! My grandmamma has gone to England on a visit, and we want her back again awfully. She offered to take my other brother for a trip, but he said he didn't want to go without me. Some day we all mean to go and see the places we read about, and to see some old ruins and castles. We have only two Brassey's houses here. My pony is having a holiday now, and I expect he'll be very flush when I am able to ride him again. I am quite tired now, so good night.

About that screen, Bertie, I would certainly finish it if I were you. I know how weary one sometimes gets of a large piece of work, and how strong is the temptation to neglect it after the first interest is over, but remember, dear, that there is such a thing as just pegging away until the very last bit that you can do has been done. A little time spent every day by each child in the family, and the pretty screen will be covered.

"Then how delightful to surprise mamma! It would be a good rule for all boys and girls always to finish whatever they begin.

CANTON, ARIZONA.

I am not a little boy eight years old, but I know one who is, and it is about him I am going to write. He has a pretty name, Orman Allen, but when he was a tiny baby his papa called him Hard Times, and Hard Times he is called still. But this name has not hardened his disposition, for he is the happiest boy I know. When his grandmamma sits in a chair and she can hear his voice, on his return, long before he gets in sight, rising and falling in a peculiar way, which she thinks says very plainly, "All's well," but any one else would hear, repented over and over, the words, "Who ah! he ah! who ah! he!"

Last spring his mamma went to Nashville, and left him a few weeks with his grandmamma. He grew tired making "frog-houses" in the sand, he played being a blacksmith, and gathered all the old iron he could find, and placed it under a large hickory tree. With the help of his grandmamma he could make merry music to his heart's delight (and his grandmamma's too). He would strike away for hours so industriously that his grandmamma was reminded of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," and made a parody on it. For the amusement of the young people I will send a few lines:

Under the spreading hick'ry tree

With the wood he smiteth stands;

The smith, a little man,

With small and grimy hands.

Hard Times has a little sister, called Rat by her papa, and I think if some of the little folks could see her they would think she was the sweetest Rat they ever saw. Her mamma only knows how many nice things there are in the world waiting for him to take possession, for you know, almost everybody lays by occasionally something nice for hard times. I would tell you what he loves best in the world, but some of the little girls might laugh.

ONE WHO KNOWS HARD TIMES.

"It is too bad." I hear some of the little people saying, "that this nice lady stopped without telling us that funny secret." 'Tis it possibly be kisses that Hard Times loves so well!

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

This is our first letter to the Post-office Box, but having read YOUR PEOPLE ever since the first number was issued in subscription, as a Christmas gift my papa has sent me every year by a friend of papa and mamma, we thought we should like to write a few lines to the kind Postmistress, who takes such an interest in us. We two brothers are not remarkable in any way, except that we were the first young children to make the ascent of Mount Mary, the highest peak of the Adirondacks, in 1877, when we were four years of age. We were walking every step of the way. We went into camp, accompanied by a maid and a good trusty guide, and were gone four days and three nights, and we four days from the way we had to go to the summit, where we rested and had luncheon, and from the summit down to Beede's Hotel, past the Abbe lakes, a distance of seven or eight miles. The way we came to our tented home at half past six, having walked, with a brief interval for rest at the top, since seven in the morning. People could hardly believe two such small boys were able to accomplish such a feat, and we felt ourselves the heroes of the hour. I should like to write more, but will not use too much of your precious space.

FREDERIC W. and WILLIAM M. B.

Such a performance was something to be proud of.

SARASOTA, MISSISSIPPI.

My paper comes on in Saturday's mail, and I enjoy reading it on Sunday, as my parents do not let me read it any more. I am now a boy ten years old, and have vacation now, but will begin school again on the 1st of September. We have a private school, with one of the nicest young ladies in the world for a teacher, and am now without a pet, as my last one (a redbird) died not long ago. I fed it too much, which caused its death. A bluebird built and hatched a nestful of little ones on top of one of the posts in our front gallery. My two little brothers and I have had a great deal of fun fishing since vacation. We have a beautiful spring branch near our house, where there are quite many small fish. This is my first letter to any paper, and if you give it a place in the Post-office Box, I will try to write a better one next time. E. O. H.

This little correspondent sounds a warning note: "Begin school again in September! Vacation is flying, isn't it, boys? Now let the girls speak.

Here is a little lady who has something to say:

FORT BROWN, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

I have thought lots of times I would write you a letter, and have always put it off for some rea-

son or other, but when I read that letter about the little Indian girl at Hampton, Virginia, I made up my mind to do it at once. I lived several years at the Institute there. My papa used to be the military instructor, and an number of the Indian girls there then. I was just delighted to see the letter from Hampton, and all about it.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for years, and don't think that we could quite keep house without it. We feel that we are a long distance from you, for they don't even use American money here; we change all our money into Mexican before we spend it in the stores or anywhere, and the people generally speak Spanish.

From our front porch we look into Brownsville, but Matamoros is full in sight, and is a very interesting city in Mexico, just across the river. They all speak Spanish, and we have a hard time when we go there because we can't talk in that language.

We have a number of pets—five mocking-birds, one beautiful Mexican canary with a red breast, bright blue head, and green wings, and a finch. We keep them in cages, and I have a cage for a snake in a cage the other day sold for seventy-five cents.

I am ten years old, and I have a brother eight years old; his name is Charlie. I have had a pony, but he died, and after I was named Tommy Tucker, after the boy in "Raising the Pearl." My pony behaved badly, and threw me off, and broke my legs, and stepped on my foot and arm, bruising the latter dreadfully. It has been bandaged nearly two weeks, and isn't nearly well yet. It is my right arm, and I had to get mamma to copy his letter because it is so lame, and I can not practice my music lessons either.

It is very hot here, and we went and camped out on Brazos Island, five miles out in the Gulf. Mamma and papa and I went, and my brother and she was a little girl. We had a number of tents, and took everything to make us comfortable. We had one tent as large as a good-sized room; then we had two tents for beds, one for the dining-room and kitchen. It was fun at first, but we were all glad to get home. We went in bathing, but were afraid to swim in deep water. We had a very good time, and my brother and Charlie and I learned to swim at Hampton. We gathered lots of shells, pink and white ones, and all kinds; but I would rather live in a house, wouldn't you? We had a very good time, and to Young People's (ot if I thought the sick children would like them to play with. Do you think they would?

I have written you a long letter, but, as I want to join the Little House-keepers I send you two receipts—one of Grandmama L.'s, who lives in New Mexico, and one we made up. I wish somebody would tell me how to make them. They never were known to fail if made right.

GRANDMAMA'S CARE.—Six eggs beaten separately, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of milk, two heaping tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, four cups of flour (previously sifted), and two tea-spoonfuls of vanilla or one of almond, favoring according to taste; beat the sugar and butter together well; then add the four cups of milk, and mix thoroughly. Sift the eggs, and then the flour with the baking powder; while this is in the oven take half a cake of Baker's chocolate, and let it melt on the stove with two tea-spoonfuls of water; then beat it up with a cup of sugar and the white of an egg beaten to a froth, and spread this on the cake well as soon as it comes out of the oven, and you will have one large of two small cakes fit for a queen. Mamma and I made one yesterday.

CANDY.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of water, and one lemon; don't stir at all; don't put in the lemon until it is nearly done. All the Little House-keepers should know how to make it when candy is done, which is when it hardens in water. Your loving friend, NINA I.

As I remember perfectly how Coney Island used to look, I readily imagined you on Brazos Island. I prefer a house to a tent, decidedly. I am sorry your pony was so naughty, and I hope he will behave better when next you ride him. The children at St. Mary's Hospital would be delighted with a box of shells; most of them can play only with things which are paper, but not play things. Thanks, Nina, for the receipts. I intend to have grandmama's cake for tea some day soon.

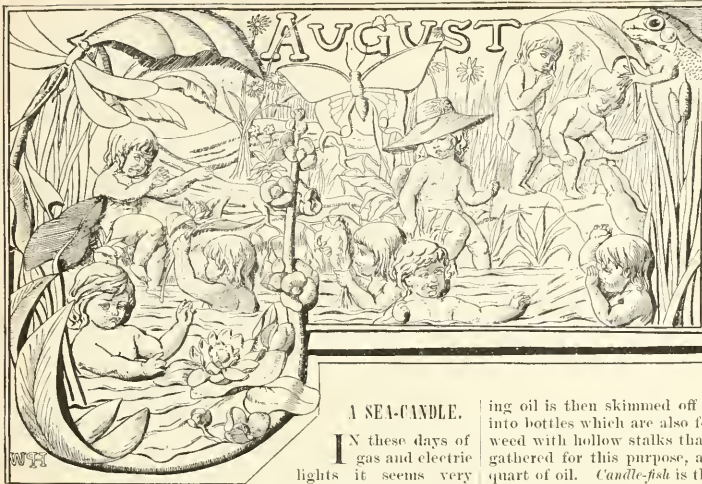
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have a little dog, and he is very funny. I spend the Sunday with my papa and he goes to the sea-shore, and go in bathing every day. I look forward with great pleasure to every Tuesday when YOUR PEOPLE arrives. I liked "Nan" ever so much, and was pleased to see "Honor Bound."

KATIE McI. T.

ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in a beautiful country place, and at the foot of Mount Greylock; it is a large manufacturing village. I have no brothers and sisters like most of the children who write to you; I had a little brother who loved very much, but he died when I was winter. I have for pets a canary-bird, which I



A SEA-CANDLE.

In these days of gas and electric lights it seems very strange to hear of burning whale-oil in lamps, or even to use petroleum, but an actual candle that grows in the sea, and is *alive*, too, is still more strange.

This candle is the fattest of fat little fish, and it is found in the Northern seas, the very region where it is most needed. It is quite ornamental by moonlight, and glitters like pearls in the water because of its shiny armor. The Indians of Russian America and Vancouver Island catch the little fish—which are about as large as snails—with immense rakes, having teeth made of bone or sharp-pointed nails, and every time the rake is swept in one fish at least, and sometimes three or four, will be found fast on each tooth.

To make them into candles the women take a long wooden needle, and thread it with a piece of rush pith, which is drawn through the fish from head to tail. When this wick is lighted the fish burns steadily in its rough candlestick—only a bit of wood split at one end to hold the candle—and gives a light bright enough to read by. It is not very probable, though, that the natives use many of them for this purpose.

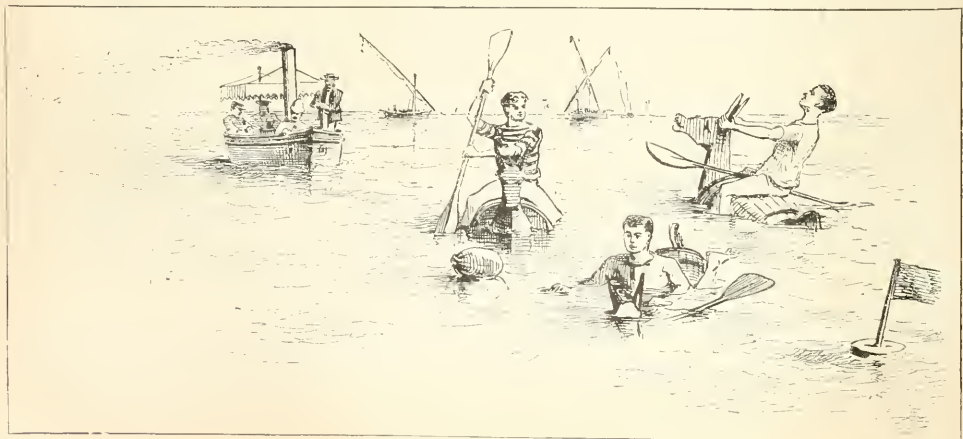
Large quantities of these useful little fish are turned into oil—but not to be burned in lamps. It is the favorite supply of winter food, and helps to keep out the terrible cold of those long Northern winters. When Mrs. Indian has oil-making on hand the children probably find it worse than washing-day or

cleaning house, and are glad enough to take their little bows and arrows or spears and go off until things are quiet again around the lodge.

First the squaw makes five or six large fires, and throws a number of large round pebbles into each to be heated very hot. Four large square boxes of pine-wood are ready by each fire, and in every box she piles a layer of fish, which she covers with cold water, and then puts in five or six of the heated stones. When the smoke has cleared away small pieces of wood are laid on the stones, then more fish, water, stones, and wood, until the box is filled. The liquid from this box is used for the next one in place of water, and the floating oil is then skimmed off from the surface. This oil is put into bottles which are also found in the sea. An immense seaweed with hollow stalks that widen like a flask at the root is gathered for this purpose, and each bottle will hold nearly a quart of oil. *Candle-fish* is the every-day name of the oil-giver, but on great occasions it is *Salmo pacificus*.

WATER POLO.

In the sketch below we have a picture of an amusing game that took place at the Alexandria Regatta, in the harbor off Ras-el-Teen Palace, over which his Highness the Khedive of Egypt and a number of English officers presided. The competitors, attired in bathing-dresses, dived into the sea, and mounted floating wooden horses, upon which they paddled after a foot-ball which floated on the surface. Owing to the horses not being properly balanced, the contest was not a success except as a first trial. The foot-ball disappeared mysteriously, and no prize was awarded. Profiting by experience, the defects in the wooden horses can be remedied, and a water polo race will perhaps form an attractive feature in the future sports on the water.



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"I WANT THIS VINE," HE ANSWERED.—SEE STORY, PAGE 642.

"ALL THE SAME."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I KNOW a darling baby girl—
Miss Clytie is her name;
She has the cutest little way
Of ending anything she'll say
With three words—"All the same."

We tell her she's an angel child,
That straight from heaven she came;
She'll listen, wondering the while,
And then she'll answer, with a smile,
"I'm Clytie, all the same."

Again she's naughty, and we scold;
She necks from our blame—
Pouts just a little, hides her face,
And then asserts, with matchless grace,
"You love me, all the same."

Sometimes we laugh when we should frown—
I own it, to our shame,
I tell her to put down my pen;
She minds, but says, "Thome day again
I'll take it, all the same."

All sweetness and all mischief both
Dwell in her fairy frame,
And anything the elf may do—
Alas! I think she knows it, too—
She's charming, "all the same."

MORNING-GLORIES AND SHOES.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

SUCH a chattering! One might think a flock of birds had been disturbed, only it was very human chattering, every bit issuing from the mouths of some half-dozen school-girls, who with baskets and books had just tripped down the steps of the venerable stone school-house, and were loitering along to their homes.

"It must be the very best exhibition we've ever had," said the tallest girl, decidedly.

"I'm so glad I've got that new mnsic! You'll have to help me select, girls," cried out a little midget in blue ribbons.

"And oh, Mabel, what *will* you wear?" shouted another girl, as if this were the question.

"It's an easy thing for you, Mabel," suggested a quiet voice, as its owner glanced from her own plain calico to the dainty muslin of the other girl.

"I'm going to have a dress *straight* from New York," she answered, dwelling with emphasis on the "straight."

"Mother said I should if I took part in the Ex."

"Lucky child!" groaned little Blue-Ribbons. "Mine'll be that everlasting muslin *straight* from the closet, where it's been my bestest for two years," ending up with a comic sigh and a laugh, in which they all joined.

"Rachel, you may have all the scarlet geraniums you want."

"Oh, splendid! By-by," and Rachel turned in before a humble little house, and bounded up the steps.

"Oh, mother, I'm going to recite at the Ex!" she called before she was fairly in.

"Ain't it jolly?" puffed Johnnie, breathless in his attempts to be the news-bearer.

"Why don't you say something, mother?" demanded the girl.

"What do you want me to say? Minnie is glad enough for both," answered the mother, smiling a very faint smile over her sewing-machine, and glancing toward the invalid-chair, where a pair of very thin hands were being elapped vigorously.

"Of course Minnie is pleased," advancing to bestow a rapturous hug.

"What will you wear, Rachel?" asked the mother, a trifle anxiously.

"The same old thing," answered Rachel, trying to say it cheerfully. "A new dress is out of the question. But I'll have my cambric laundered. Don't you think it looks *real* nice, Min, when it's starched? And some new shoes, eh?"

"Won't your old shoes answer?" asked the mother, hesitatingly.

"Why, mamma, look!" and Rachel raised up a decidedly shabby shoe. "Oh, don't sigh so."

"We've had so many expenses lately. I know, dear, you're very cheerful to get along without a dress. But where shoes are coming from I don't know."

"What will you recite?" asked Minnie, giving her sister's hand a little pat of sympathy.

"I haven't quite decided," began Rachel, shaking off her sad air. "Miss Moore spoke of Alice Cary's 'Order for a Picture.' But I like 'Kentucky Belle' best."

"Oh yes, you know that so well, Rachie."

"Do I?" and Rachel stepped out on the floor, with a stage bow, and began in a very sweet voice:

"Summer of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away,
Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of hay."

"Oh, I think this is so pretty!" and she lowered her voice and waded her hands gracefully:

"From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out all forlorn;
Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the corn."

"It's beautiful. I know you'll get some flowers. Won't she, mamma?" asked Minnie, clapping her hands again.

"Hush, child, don't get excited. It's tea-kettle time, Rachel."

Such busy times as those were among the girls and boys, plump up to the time of the dress rehearsal! Such trials of skill before home critics and mirrors, such a thumping of pianos by the musical part! You will perhaps understand when I tell you that the annual exhibition was the event of that little village.

And then the dress rehearsal! On the authority of the blue-ribboned girl they had "such a good time."

This dress rehearsal was where the trouble began for my heroine— But, there! I'm getting ahead of my story. Well, Rachel practiced, you may be sure, and ironed out her pretty cambric, and hoped against hope that something would turn up. Sometimes she felt like rushing into the shop and demanding some shoes of those provoking shop-men who would set up the daintiest ones in the window right before her eyes.

But the dress rehearsal came, and absolutely nothing had turned up. And so Rachel (doesn't she deserve to be called a heroine?) covered up the ache in her heart, and declared that the patches (mother's painstaking work) didn't show a bit. She had "never thought they could look so nice." And then she practiced slipping the worst one a little out of sight in a manner pronounced by all quite easy and graceful.

But the boys and girls were every one severe critics. Poor Rachel! She had not thought it would be so difficult to wear only a cambric. And then all the butterfly girls right on the front seat, where they must stare straight at her feet! She stammered and hesitated, and with the last word left the stage chagrined and disheartened.

Perhaps Miss Moore saw something of the need of encouragement. At any rate, she detained Rachel with a few kindly suggestions and some whispered words of praise, while the others rambled on ahead.

"Isn't it too bad about Rachel's shoes?" asked the tallest girl.

"Yes. When we had set out to make this exhibition

so perfect, to have one of our best speakers wear such shoes!"

"It just spoils her speaking," added another, just the least bit spitefully, because she had hoped to be on the programme.

"It's had enough to have a cambrie dress, but this is too much," groaned Mabel, in a grieved tone.

"Just too much," groaned the chorus, even Blue-Ribbons going with the majority.

How much of this Rachel heard nobody knows. Enough, however, to keep her outside the house winking and blinking against the tears which would come; enough to make her utter a tragic vow that she would never disgrace herself and the school again—never.

Every well-behaved story must have a hero, you know. I wonder if it is too late to introduce mine? Tom Taylor, Mabel's brother, if you please, who with his cronies had formed the rear-guard for the group of girls. Perhaps I might say that in the Taylor family Tom was a little at discount. His mother had to acknowledge that he never yet had reflected credit on his bringing up. Robert, who had actually carried off a prize at a Boston school, declared that Tom was everlastingly backward. He liked outdoors ever so much better than books. I really think he never was known to get through a recitation, and as for stage performances, he invariably broke down in dire confusion.

"Say," he began, when they were safely within their own yard, "I think you're awful mean to Rachel."

"Now, Tom, you don't know anything about our plans."

"Both your plans!" shouted Tom, recklessly. "I say if *plans* make you act so mean to a jolly girl like Rachel, they ain't much;" and he frowned more fiercely than ever.

"You don't know anything about it, Tom Taylor; so there! We're always good to Rachie. Haven't I told her dozens of times to get all her flowers here? And we like her; but we can't help making a fuss over those shoes."

"What good does it do to clatter 'bout it? Ten to one she'll hear it. Get her some shoes."

"The perfect idea! You'd better start about shooing poor people, Tommy," laughed Mabel, twisting her lips.

"If I do, won't get you to help me," answered Tom, gruffly, as he shuffled off to bed.

Between you and me, Tom meant just what he said, and he never puzzled over any problem in his algebra half so hard as over this.

The next morning Tom, armed with a trowel, and a basket on his arm, tapped at Rachel's door.

"Good-morning," he began, as Rachel presented a surprised face. "I came to see if I could get some of your morning-glories. I want some awfully bad to grow up my pole."

"Of course; take all you want," answered Rachel, more surprised than ever, as she thought of his conservatory and flower beds at home. Perhaps he saw something of the surprise, and so explained, knocking his trowel bashfully against his basket:

"I always did like morning-glories, and I've got to have 'em for my pole."

"I'll come with you," said Rachel, running down the steps toward the trellis where the vine hung its clusters of purple and pink. "And please take all you want. I suppose they may be nice for a pole, but other flowers are prettier," observed Rachel, as he began digging.

"They're just the thing for a pole," agreed Tom, eagerly. "There isn't another vine I like so well, especially for a pole."

And then, when the vine was safely in the basket, Tom drew some silver from his pocket, dumped it into the hole the vine had made, and before Rachel's astonished eyes began covering it up.

"Tom Taylor, you shall not do it. You'll lose it. I won't have it;" and as he seized his basket and started she unearthed the money, and started after him, shouting wildly.

Tom was forced to stop. "I want this vine," he answered, turning square around; "but if you won't let me pay for it like business I won't have it—nary a bit;" and he put down his basket, and looked very stern and business-like.

"But," began Rachel, quite awed by this dignity.

"No buts about it. I must plant this 'fore school. Good-by;" and off he ran, leaving Rachel quite bewildered.

At first, of course, she protested that she wouldn't keep the money—for anything she wouldn't. But after a family council on the matter, it ended in a very joyful journey to a certain store just around the corner.

If Tom could have guessed the happiness which had suddenly bloomed from the vine he was that minute training over his pole, I wonder if he would have called it a bad bargain. Mother smiled off the anxious look, and Johnnie, after examining the leather critically, worked off his ecstasy by standing on his head a full minute.

If I had time I might tell you about the "Ex." They were all there. Minnie with her pillows, and Johnnie with a shining face and painfully slick hair, occupying a front seat.

No matter now that the neat cambrie was a trifle short, for when "Kentucky Belle" was announced Rachel forgot everything but the beautiful story.

Perhaps you remember it—about the young wife from Tennessee going with her husband to the prairies of Ohio, how she longs "for the sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill," and about her husband who goes to the country town to sell the first load of hay. Morgan and his terrible band of raiders pass that way. She hides her Kentucky Belle in the bushes, the dear old horse brought from the blue-grass country of Tennessee. One of the men frightens her by stopping and demanding a drink. But he is only a blue-eyed laddie, worn and sick with the terrible marches. He tries to be brave, but when she tells him she too is from Tennessee, he faints and falls. Before he is conscious Morgan's men are galloping on, and the Michigan cavalry in wild pursuit. She keeps the boy until evening, and then—can you believe it?—brings out her pretty Kentucky Belle, clothes the boy in a suit of Conrad's, and guides him to the southward. When he is gone, and nothing is left but the ragged suit of gray and the drooping horse, she falls to crying, and Conrad finds her so. How could he blame her when she says it is all for Tennessee? But she hears from the boy she has saved, and Kentucky Belle, who is thriving down in the old blue-grass.

As the story was told in Rachel's sweet sympathetic voice, the audience grew more and more quiet until, with the last words,

"Ah, we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!"

they burst forth with the most uproarious clapping you ever heard. As for Johnnie, he came very near one of his prize somersaults, and Tom—Tom clapped as if he had an undisputed right to.

This was what Rachel said when she had survived the congratulations and was safely home:

"How little Tom Taylor knew what he did for me!"

"I had to laugh to think how surprised he would have been to know about your shoes coming from his vine," added Minnie, smiling.

When Tom had demurely listened to Rachel's praises at home that night he just pranced off to his room, where he could chuckle it out by himself, and declare in the face of the mirror, "Thomas, that's a joke worth havin'—eh, my boy?"



A SWALLOW flitting through the trees
 Carols this song upon the breeze:
 Here on the leafy apple bough
 Two little maidens swing all day.
 The face of one is clouded now;
 A moment since it laughed in play.
 The other smiles; I wonder why
 She does not also grieve and cry?

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.*

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDEWAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

KNOPS now led Leo through so many places full of machines and contrivances which the water-power kept active that he was glad when they went up a long inclined plane, and came out into a wide gallery lined with mother-of-pearl, and paved with exquisite sea-shells.

Here was a luxurious couch of beautiful feathers, the plumage of birds he had never beheld, and he was not sorry to see Paz bringing out another dozen of tarts for his refreshment. As he ate them he asked of Knops, who was peeling a lime, "Have you no women and children among your elves?"

"Oh yes," said Knops, smiling; "but they are not to be found near our workshops."

"Where, then, do they live?"

Knops put on an air of mystery as he replied: "I am not permitted to reveal everything concerning us, dear Leo—Our private life is of no public interest; but I may tell you that our children are bred entirely in the open air. Many an empty bird's nest is used as an elf cradle, for so highly do we esteem pure air, sunshine, and exposure as a means of making our children hardy that we even accustom them to danger, and let them, like the birds, face the fury of the weather."

"And do they all work as you do?"

"They do, not at the same employments, nor is all our labor done by hand, as you might suppose. The songs which you hear are not all sung by birds or insects, the crying child has often a pretty tale whispered in his ear to soothe his grief or passion, and your garden roses are witness to many a worm in the bud choked by the hand of an elf. But we have many tribes, and the habits of each are

different. I do not conceal that much trouble is made by some of them. But look at the Indians of North America and the Afghanistans of Asia."

Leo was yawning again fearfully, when a little "tum, tum, tum," came to his ears, and as Knops ceased speaking a band of elves, habited as troubadours in blue and silver, with long white plumes in their velvet caps, climbed over the balustrade and began to play on zithers.

The music was a gentle tinkle, not unlike a rippling brook, and appeared to be in honor of Master Knops, who listened with pleased attention, and dismissed them politely.

Then came a message for Knops. A council was waiting his presence; so, leaving Leo to Paz, with promise of a speedy return, he departed.

"How do you get about so fast?" asked Leo. Paz took from his pocket a tiny pipe curiously carved from a nut; then he opened a small ivory box, showing Leo a wad of something which looked like raw cotton sprinkled with black seeds.

"One whiff of this, as it burns in my pipe, and I can wish myself where I please."

"Let me have a try," said Leo, taking up the pipe.

Paz smiled. "It would have no more effect upon you than so much tobacco—not as much, probably, for tobacco makes you deathly sick, does it not?"

"Yes," said Leo, listlessly, disappointed that he could not go to the ends of the earth by magic.

Paz noticed the disappointment, and said, by way of diversion, "Where do you like best to be?"

"At home I like the kitchen," said Leo, with a little shrug.

"Good! Come, then, to one of ours; we can be back by the time Master Knops returns." So saying, he started off, and Leo followed.

Paz trotted down a winding staircase that made Leo feel as if he were a corkscrew, and in a little while ushered him into a place where jets of gas gave a garden-like effect, sprouting as they did from solid rock in the form of tulips and tiger-lilies, but over each was a wire netting, and from the netting were suspended shining little copper kettles and pans of all sorts and shapes.

Busily bending over these was a regiment of cooks, but instead of paper caps on their heads, each wore a white bonnet of ludicrous form, which they could tip over so as to shield their faces from the heat. It gave them a top-heavy appearance which was extremely funny.

In the centre of the kitchen was a long table, before which were seated a number of elves tasting each compound to see if it were properly prepared, and examining the cooked dishes as they were brought in that all should be served rightly.

"I had an idea," said Leo, "that elves and fairies lived on rose leaves and honey, and that you never had to have things cooked."

"The truth is," answered Paz, "we do both; it all depends on what are our employments, whether we are living in the wild wood or down in these caverns. I would ask nothing better than to dine off honeysuckle and a bird's egg, or fill my pockets with gooseberries; but I must adapt myself to circumstances, and while toiling here have to share the more solid food provided for us." As he said this he handed Leo a pudding of about three inches in the round, iced on the top.

Leo swallowed it down with such zest that Paz asked him to dispense with ceremony, and help himself to anything he saw. The tasting-table was full of puffs and tarts, and in a twinkling Leo had eaten two or three dozen of them. They were really so light and frothy that they were hardly equal to an ounce of lollypops such as an ordinary child could devour, but Paz cautioned him, telling him that the sweet was so concentrated he might have a headache.

* Begun in No. 195 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

While he was doing this Leo watched with interest the bringing in of some squirrels and rabbits skinned and ready to be roasted. It took six elves to bear the weight of an ordinary meat dish on which these were; then they trussed and skewered them, and put them in small ovens.

"How do you kill your game?" asked Leo.

"We trap everything, and then have a mode of killing the creatures which is entirely painless."

By this time Knops would have returned, so Paz hurried Leo off, not, however, without first filling his pockets with goodies. Up they clambered until it seemed as if they might reach the stars by going a little farther, and now Leo was really so tired that when he sank down on the feathery couch in the sea-shell corridor he was asleep before he could explain to Knops the cause of his absence.

He must have slept a very long while—a time quite equal to an ordinary night, if not longer—for when he awoke he was thoroughly rested and refreshed, and ready for any exertion he might be called upon to make; but he found himself entirely alone.

At first this did not affect him, for he supposed his elfin friends had taken the opportunity to rest themselves, but after minutes lengthened into hours he began to be uneasy. What should he do if they never came back? How would he ever find his way out of these caverns? The thought was frightful, and to relieve his fears he began to call. His calls became shouts, yells, and yet no answer came; nothing but echoes responded.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER a long and impatient listening the echoes of Leo's calls seemed to prolong themselves into musical strains, which, faint and far away at first, gradually came nearer and nearer.

Soft as the sighing of the wind was this elfin music, but swelling into mimic bursts of harmony and clashing of small cymbals.

Leo leaned over the balustrade of the corridor, and gazed down into the depths of a cavernous abyss. Instantly the space seemed filled with sprites in every conceivable attire. Some were dressed in the party-colored habits of court pages, some in royal robes of ermine, others as shepherds with crooks, and again others as cherubs with gauzy wings; but all were whirling like snow-flakes to the strains of the music.

Leo looked in vain for Paz or Knops. Indeed, so many were the fantastic forms, and so rapidly did they move, that it was like watching a snow-storm, and this effect was heightened by misty wreaths, upon which were borne aloft the more radiant members, who danced and flashed as heat lightning on the clouds of a summer's night. The light, instead of being a bright glare, was soft and mellow, and fell from crescent-shaped lanterns on the staffs of pages, who moved in a measured way among the throng, producing a kaleidoscopic effect.

Leo watched them with eager eyes. Beautiful as the sight was, he yet was oppressed with fear, for he knew not how to reveal himself to these sportive beings, and he could not imagine how he should ever be released from his imprisonment.

Suddenly the dancers fled as if pursued, the music became martial, and the steady tramp of a host of elves was heard. They were clad in mail, with helmets and shields of flashing steel, and armed with glittering lances; half of them had blue plumes and half had crimson. And now began their mimic warfare. Ranged line upon line, facing each other, with shouts and drum beats and bugle blasts, they fell upon each other in the fury of combat. Swords clashed, javelins were hurled, and the slain fell in heaps; but still the leaders charged, and still the martial blasts were heard; and over and over were repeated the manoeuvres of the advance, the retreat, the parrying of blows, the redoubled ardor of assault, until Leo's breath came short and hard with the excitement of the scene. It seemed a veritable battle-field, and to add to the glamour shone rays as of moonbeams, now and again eluded by the shadows of an approaching storm.

Gradually the rage of the combatants subsided. Those who were able withdrew with those of their companions who were disabled, leaving the prostrate forms of the dead and dying.

And now the music portrayed the rising of the wind, the falling of rain, the roar of thunder. This was succeeded by low plaintive strains, as of people weeping, and a party of elves in the garb of monks headed a procession bearing lighted tapers and carrying biers, upon which they placed the inanimate forms of the warriors. Slowly they



"THE MUSIC WAS A GENTLE TINKLE."

paced about, chanting in low tones, and constantly accompanied by the funeral dirge of the musicians.

And now to Leo's almost overtaxed vision came a picture of a lonely grave-yard in the mountains, where the procession stopped. Even as he looked it faded away; the

sun streamed forth, shining upon a field of grain where merry-reapers swung their scythes and sang with glee. Trees sprouted from fissures in the rock, birds flew about and perched undismayed, and little hay-carts, piled high with their loads, came creaking along, led by peasant elves, who were also seated on top of their fragrant heaps of hay. Then the sun beamed upon a party of drovers—elves in smock-frocks or blouses, driving flocks of sheep and horned cattle, while the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle were well imitated by the music. All this was succeeded by vineyards, grape trellises, and arbors, with busy elves gathering the fruit which hung in purple clusters, and beneath the arbors other elves rattling castanets, beating tambourines, and dancing.

Again the scene changed. Snow fell; the birds disappeared; the tree boughs were glittering with ice, and were bending over a wide field of the same glassy substance. On it were elves in bright costumes, merrily skating. They glided about, cutting curious figures, pausing to bend and bow to each other, or to warm themselves at bonfires blazing on the banks.

Then night came again, and the darkness was only broken by twinkling stars. The music became softer and more plaintive; it sounded like little flutes.

A church tower loomed up, and then a blaze of light issued from its arched doors. Two by two, in white array, came forth the elves, and from the floating veils Leo saw that it was meant to represent a bridal procession. Garlands were on their arms, and ribbons fluttered from their caps. Roses were strewn in their path.

Again these were followed by a company of elves in the habit of nuns and Sisters of Charity. The music became a hymn. The church grew dark and vanished. The space filled again with shadowy forms, as if all the little actors had poured in. The sound of their coming was like that of a bevy of birds with wings fluttering. Suddenly a starry cross appeared; it flashed and flamed with a light which was as if it were composed of myriads of gems, and then a clear radiance streamed from it, revealing the whole multitude of elves kneeling in devotion. This lasted but a few moments, and again all was still and dark, and Leo was alone.

But he was no longer afraid. His mind was filled with the beautiful scenes he had witnessed, his imagination stirred to activity. Why might he not behold these things again as a reality, instead of only a semblance of it? How grand it would be to travel and see novel and beautiful sights, to learn also wonderful things! And as he quietly thought, he heard the click, click of little boots, and Knops was beside him, followed by Paz. Leo greeted them warmly.

"Did you suppose that we had deserted you?" asked Knops, sitting down on the couch by his side as if exhausted.

"Yes, I was a little alarmed; it was so strange to find myself alone in such a place, for of course I had no idea which way to turn or what to do."

"You were so soundly asleep that I had not the cruelty to disturb you, and it was necessary for Paz to go with me. From what you have witnessed you may guess how we have been employed and how much we have had to detain us; but you may rest assured that nothing would keep me from finishing what I have undertaken. You have now had a Vision of Life and a Vision of Labor, for such I call our two pantomimes. Am I wrong in supposing that they have pleased you?"

"No, indeed," said Leo, quickly, his usual drawl giving place to a tone of bright animation. "I thank you a thousand times for your entertainment and instruction. I have been so pleased and delighted that I can hardly express myself as I ought to do. I am afraid I seem a very good-for-nothing fellow to you."

"Indeed you do not. Don't suppose I would waste time

on a good-for-naught. Paz can tell you what attracted me to you—can't you, Paz?"

"Yes, sir; the Prince Leo's kindness of heart is the secret of his power with us."

Leo blushed as he looked up and asked, "How did you know I was soft-hearted?"

"By your kindness to animals and all living things. Ah! we are close observers, are we not, Paz?"

"Necessarily, Master Professor."

"Our powers of observation have revealed to us many of the mysteries which man longs to solve. There's the Gulf Stream, for instance. But you are not up in science yet. No matter. You have time enough before you if you will only apply yourself. Has anything you have seen made you anxious to know more?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" exclaimed Leo. "I am so awfully ashamed of my ignorance that I would do anything to get rid of it. I want to know all about those curious things."

"Good! the seed is sown, Paz," said Knops, complacently, with the nearest approach to a wink Leo had seen on his grave little countenance. "Now you must rest again before we start for home."

Leo would have been very willing to do without more rest, remembering his alarm, but he could not be so selfish as to deprive his companion of it; so he at once assented, tempted to ask only that he might not be left quite so long again alone. But fearing this would imply distrust, and being really no coward, he said nothing. He was relieved, however, to hear Knops command Paz to remain with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEA-SHELL.

BY PALMER COX.

COME, old conch shell, tell me
All you know about the sea.

Is the bottom bright with gold?
Does the whale his baby scold?
Where do mermaids ever go
For their combs, I'd like to know?
Do the little fish agree?
Can they say their A B C?
Are they never tired out,
Swimming, swimming all about?
Don't they often try their best
On the land to come and rest?
Seems to me the little elves
Have no chance to dry themselves.
Do the sailors really see
Serpents larger than a tree?

I will listen while you tell
All about it, conchily shell.

ONE YEAR OF PIANO STUDY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

ONE day a group of girls in a foreign conservatory sat down to discuss what music they liked best; and as, with one exception, all were Americans recently entered at B—, the preference was for operatic music—with, of course, some Beethoven, and a little Mendelssohn.

Evidently their musical education had been of the ordinary sort. They had studied compositions selected with no view to progress, and with no systematic idea of the right sort of cultivation; and yet all were tolerably good performers; that is, their facility had justified them in coming abroad to study in a regular musical school.

A year later any one of the group would have been surprised had she been reminded of the opinions expressed by her that day. System had stepped in, with the slow but sure culture of hearing only the very best music. If you were studying astronomy or chemistry would it occur

to you that you could by any chance profit by mixing up all the chapters of your text-books, taking up any part at any time, and giving the cud the first place in your mind? I am sure it would not, yet so few young people studying music stop to consider the necessity of avoiding just such a jumble, that in this little paper I want to talk about certain arrangements for musical practice which I have seen work very well.

To begin with, remember that every half-hour, every ten minutes, you can give to your piano is valuable, if used in the right way. Five minutes at a time is profitable; and, on the other hand, every moment wasted in stupid, careless playing is a direct injury. Of course, even in our severest studies, we like to be amused, and one always can be amused at the piano except when one is playing finger exercises, over which you can at least be interested.

Supposing you have learned enough to read simple music: you are practicing finger exercises and a little of Czerny, we will say an hour daily. Then Schumann's *Kinderseiten* would come in admirably, and some of the first Sonatas of Mozart. Suppose that for two months you devoted yourself absolutely to these two composers in their simplest works; the result would be a certain comprehension of their respective styles which would carry you on wonderfully when you came to study their larger works.

Every composer has his peculiarities, a knowledge of which one ought, as it were, to absorb by long study of some one or two works. Two months later Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," carefully chosen, and some fugues and gavottes of Bach's, would follow very well, while a short time might be given to practicing what had gone before. Three months of such work would open the way to Beethoven. Perhaps the "Sonata Pathétique," although really one of the most difficult, is the most interesting to young people; but unless a decided improvement has taken place I would suggest only trying some portions of the simpler sonatas, and the shorter pieces, like the waltzes. This would afford musical study enough for the year, and if taken slowly and carefully, the result would be, I am sure, intensely satisfactory.

A very interesting thing to have is a musical diary, in which one records each day what was practiced or learned, with comments on the composer's style, any peculiar formation of chords or arrangement of notes, and any portions thought most difficult. You have no idea how such a book marks one's progress, and how interesting it becomes to look back upon. Glancing at such a one the other day, I was greatly amused and interested in noting how difficulties which in January seemed insurmountable had vanished by May. At the end of each month it is well to sum up the results, and note what has been accomplished. Perhaps a quotation from such a diary may serve best to illustrate the idea:

"*February 1.*—Practiced an hour to-day on Czerny, and half an hour's *Plaidy*. Then tried Mozart's *Minuet*, hoping to make the *staccato* parts less heavy. Hunted out some bits of my exercises just for this purpose, and after ten minutes found I could go back to the *Minuet* much better. Read some Haydn.

"*February 2.*—Usual exercise practice and the *Minuet*, with Schumann's 'Slumber Song.' Noticed the peculiarities in the bars, and how very necessary it is to make the left hand play smoothly. Worked ten minutes extra on left-hand finger exercises. Found it all hard work. Went to one of Von Bülow's concerts in the evening, and returned wondering if I could ever accomplish anything. Was delighted to hear that he practices finger exercises an hour a day. He played Beethoven's 'Sonata *Appassionata*,' and fairly *rushed* it. I heard that Beethoven composed that during a terrible thunder-storm, and Miss — says no one can play it like Liszt, and that when Rubinstein plays it he alters little bits here and there, differently each time, just to suit his mood. I heard Madame Essipoff

play it, and she takes a great deal of it very tenderly. Von Bülow is more tremendous over it.

"*February 3.*—Tried to read the 'Appassionata' with Miss —. Too much for me, but it gave me an idea of the majesty of the whole thing. In practicing Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song' I suddenly caught at the *arpeggio* in the bars, and found out how to do it. I believe he wrote the 'Spring Song' for one of his sister's festive occasions. When Moscheles went for the first time after Mendelssohn's death to see his wife, Cécile, he played the 'Spring Song' for her, and it brought back to them both all their tenderest memories, so that it must have been most dear to him.

"*February 6.*—Miss H— spent two hours here to-day, and played all sorts of things. She has just come home from four years' musical study abroad, chiefly in Dresden and Berlin. She showed me how Deppe teaches his pupils to hold their fingers, to curve the hand always slightly outward, and sink the knuckle part a little. She did some exercises very well, but her manner was very much too languid. I hear that she really has no musical instinct. It is all study, and so it seems waste of time. She described Liszt's manner very entertainingly. He is never twice quite alike, sometimes satirical, sometimes playful; but she says his playing can never be described. It is simply perfect, especially in all *legato* passages. She used to see Tausig very often, and said, that except Liszt, he was the most wonderful player she ever heard; but such an eccentric creature—like some half-tamed thing, quite elish! He died very young, and was a great loss to the musical world."

These quotations from a young girl's diary, which, as you see, was concerned only with musical matters, will perhaps show you what might be done in this way, and I am very sure such a diary adds greatly to the interest of musical study. From one of the monthly "summings up" I will quote a passage:

"*May 31.*—This month I feel I have accomplished nothing in the way of expression, but a great deal in overcoming certain difficulties. I play the E minor scale really to my satisfaction, and the close of the *andante* in Mendelssohn's 'Rondo *Capriccioso*' I can at least execute tolerably. I have made a study of musical terms, writing them all down with definitions."

At the end of the year the diarist put down a list of what she had learned, and what concerts she had attended, and in a companion book the programmes of the concerts, with photographs of the performers. There was no literary merit in that little book, but I can safely say it carried her over dull places, and now suggests many an hour of work made fascinating instead of prosaic. The romantic element in musical study can be carried to a very ridiculous extreme, yet it may safely be allowed to tinge one's labors, for no art possesses such a field for poetic, romantic aspirations.

I would not for worlds suggest to my young readers to follow the example of a young person of twelve whom I once knew, and who went through a whole year of very commonplace musical study, pretending to herself she was in Vienna studying at a conservatory, and a protégée of a famous master, giving concerts, and being treated as a prodigy. Little Miss K—, who, as you see, had a most vivid imagination, used to take her lessons with her little head full of these fancied scenes, and on leaving her teacher's house would walk home with a servant, still assuming to herself she was in Vienna, the observed of all observers. No profit came of all this to her playing, as you may easily believe, for in her ease the ardor all went to the imaginary side, and the necessity of real work did not occur to her. It is well for young students to feel the poetry and loftiness of the art they are pursuing, but they should at the same time avoid eccentric vagaries.



HAVING HIS HAIR CUT.

IN THE OLD ORCHARD.

BY ADA C. STODDARD.

LAST summer Hal and I went out to Grandfather Cotton's farm for a good long vacation. You see, the scarlet fever got around our town, and mother was afraid we would catch it.

"She said we'd be sure to," Hal told Grandfather Cotton, who was waiting for us at the station. "We're all the time catching things we've no business to."

Grandfather Cotton laughed, and tumbled us into his big express wagon without any ceremony. He's a jolly old gentleman, with a round face and gray whiskers. I wish you could see him and hear him laugh. Hal says he looks just like the pictures of Santa Claus.

"Ever catch any whippings 'long with everything else?" he asked, twinkling his eyes at us. "Well, you can try your hand at catching fish up at the farm. The farm's a good place for boys—a pretty good place."

It was all of that, and no mistake. I don't believe there is another such place for having all sorts of jolly good times in the world as that old side-hill farm. The house itself seemed made just for playing hide-and-seek

in. It was a very small house when Great-grandfather Cotton built it, but it's been added to, piece by piece, a bit here and a bit there, until it wouldn't know itself—that's what Grandfather Cotton says. Anyhow, now it's a great rambling old ark, with all sorts of odd corners in it, and turns and twists when you aren't looking for 'em. It's a high old place for rainy days. There isn't any upstairs to it hardly. Hal said he felt just like Christopher Columbus, when he was going to discover America, that first afternoon we went over it.

"It's just like a Jill-run-over-the-ground," said he. "But isn't it gloriferous?"

You may believe I wouldn't dispute that. It was pretty as a picture, too, to look at—that old red farm-house resting like a sleepy giant half way up the hill, which trailed long skirts of grass and grain quite to the edge of the tumbling sparkling little river in the hollow below.

Then there were the two great barns, and the orchards. And you never ate such doughnuts and turn-overs and pound-cakes as Aunt Hannah Cotton made. She wasn't scripping with 'em, either; that was the best of it. There was always something new turning up for us to do, too. One day it was a ride to the village to do trading with Uncle Zadok; and the next, maybe, grandfather would take us sailing down the river to see Deacon Seavey's new-fangled pig-pens. We didn't have time to think of such a thing as getting homesick.

One morning there were warm biscuits and honey for breakfast. You never saw such honey! I know I never tasted anything half so good before. Grandfather Cotton laughed a little when I passed my plate for the third helping.

"Like it?" said he, cutting off a big slice. "Well, now, I'll give you boys a chance. I've got thirty swarms o' bees in the old orchard. You watch 'em, and the first one that sees a new swarm shall have it."

Hal dropped his knife and fork and slapped his hands together. "Oh, good!" said he.

"To carry home?" said I.

Grandfather's eyes twinkled. "I'm afraid they'd turn out to be a white elephant if you did that," said he; "but I'll keep 'em for you, and you shall have all the honey they make. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said we. And wouldn't you say so?

Well, every day after that Hal and I kept good watch of those bees. We were up in the old orchard twenty times a day.

"You'll wear your shoes all out," said Aunt Hannah, laughing at us.

"Then we'll go barefooted," said I. And after a while we did.

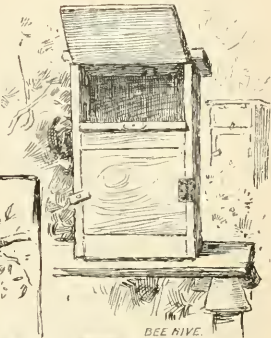
One day—it was a day in June, and the sky was clear and the sun was hot—we'd just got in from the orchard. In another minute in came grandfather too. He took a drink of water from the long-handled dipper, and wiped his forehead with his yellow bandana, and then he winked at Aunt Hannah.

"The bees are swarming," said he. "There's a master lot of 'em, too. Where's Zadok?"

"Hoing corn in the garden," said Aunt Hannah. But Hal and I we sat and stared.



CUTTING DOWN THE SWARM.



BEE HIVE



HIVING THE SWARM



WATCHING THE SWARM.



WASHING THE HIVES.



ANGRY BEES.

HIVING THE BEES.

"Bees swarming! And we had just that minute come in, and we didn't see them! Grandfather looked at us and laughed.

"I was right behind ye coming down across," said he, "and they were getting pretty well out then. They're out in a minute. It always makes me think of a freshet when they start, there's such a flood of 'em, and they make such a roar. Too bad you didn't see 'em first; but there's a lot more to follow, and it's better luck next time, sure."

"Well, sir," said we; but we did feel streaked.

Well, Uncle Zadok got a hive down from the shed chamber, and washed it out with sweetened water.

"We always do that," said Grandfather Cotton; "the bees are likelier to stay in it. I suppose it makes 'em feel at home. Some folks use salt 'n' water."

Then out came Aunt Hannah, with her sun-bonnet on, and her arms loaded with a saw, and a sheet, and a square piece of board, and a little brush-broom. It was great fun. Everybody was in a hurry. Uncle Zadok's face was red, and grandfather's was all over smiles. It wasn't half so long as I've been telling about it before we were all out in the orchard.

"Why, they haven't lit yet," said grandfather. "See there, boys!"

"O-oh!" said Hal and I together; for there the bees hung high in the air, a little black wavering cloud. Uncle Zadok stopped a little ways behind, and scowled up at them with the sun in his eyes.

"I guess they're thinking of leaving," said he.

"I do believe they be," cried grandfather, fairly jumping around. "Run t' the house, Hannah Jane, and fetch the big dinner bell. Holler, boys, holler! Make all the noise ye can. Now!"

Well, then, I can't begin to tell you how funny it was. You ought to have been there and heard us. Hal stopped once to catch his breath and listen, and he said he got to laughing so he couldn't begin again. It sounded like a whole menagerie turnd loose, he said. Uncle Zadok barked like a dozen dogs, and Hal hooted like an owl, and I cawed like a crow, and grandfather—I can't tell you what he didn't do, only that he wasn't quiet; and in a minute, in the midst of it all, Aunt Hannah was ringing that dinner bell like the world was afire.

"All right," said grandfather; then, mopping his face as calm as a clock, "they're going to stay a spell. I never knew such a racket to fail of stopping 'em before they got well under way. Better get the ladder and a rope, Zadok. They're lighting high."

So they were; that little cloud was settling thick and black around one of the topmost boughs of a knotty old apple-tree.

"There's no end to 'em!" said Hal, walking up nearer.

Grandfather Cotton laughed. "I've found different from that a good many times," said he, winking at Aunt Hannah. "And you'll be lucky if those bare feet of—Why, Harrison, what's the matter?"

For, if you'll believe me, Hal was jumping up and down like a Jack-in-the-box gone wild.

"There's a red-hot needle in my foot!" he screamed; and then he plumped down on the grass and began looking for it. He found a tiny black point.

"That little thing!" said he, puckering up his face—poor old Hal. But I had to laugh all the same; and grandfather's eyes laughed too, though his face was as sober as a judge's. He mixed up a little dirt plaster and put it on Hal's foot.

"It'll feel better in a minute," said he; "but I wouldn't step on any more of 'em than I could help."

By this time Uncle Zadok came back with the ladder and rope and a pail of water. Grandfather set the ladder against the tree.

"I'll go up and saw 'em off," said he, rolling his eyes at

us in a funny way. "I always want to let Zadok hive 'em. He's young and spry, and he enjoys it."

"Humph!" said Uncle Zadok. "Boys, you'd best climb that big apple-tree yonder. You can see there, it be out o' the way besides."

It didn't take us long to get up among those branches. We watched grandfather go up the ladder and tie the rope to the bough, and pass it up over another bough, and let the end drop down to Uncle Zadok. Then he sawed off the limb, and Uncle Zadok let it down, down, until he got hold of it. Aunt Hannah had been getting the hive ready. She spread the sheet on the grass, and laid the board on it, and set the hive on that, raised a little at one side. Uncle Zadok gave the bough one great shake.

"There, now!" said he, and he began to sprinkle 'em with the broom, so they'd think 'twas raining, and hurry in.

Just then I heard an awful roar. I couldn't think what it was. But just at that minute Hal laughed.

"Look!" cried he.

And then I laughed too; I couldn't help it; for there was grandfather going one way and Uncle Zadok another, and Aunt Hannah another still, and every one of them bent up as if they had the colic.

"But what makes 'em look so funny?" said Hal.

I knew then what the roar meant. There was another black cloud around a bough right below us *on our apple-tree*.

"Bees!" I roared. And then we both roared together, Hal and I:

"Grandfather! Uncle Zadok! Aunt Hannah! here's another—swarm—of bees!"

We sat right there in that tree until they were hived too. You never saw such fun!

Grandfather laughed when we slid down.

"Pretty good," said he. "That swarm o' bees meant for ye to see 'em, didn't it, boys?"

TOSSED IN A BLANKET.

BY PAUL BLAKE.

TOSSING was an institution when I was at school. I fancy the boys had started it in imitation of the practice as described in *Tom Brown's School-Days*. At any rate, when I was sent to school at Halehurst, in England, it was a recognized institution; that is, recognized by every one except the authorities. They did not recognize it: how could they, when they had never seen it?

But, alas! all our old institutions are dying out, and before I left Halehurst tossing was as dead as Cicero. This is how it happened, and the story is as true as Hume's History.

Dormitory No. 8 was well known as a noisy room. Charlie Briggs led the sports there, and Charlie was a boy of considerable invention and perseverance. It was he who introduced "camping out" in the dormitories. This was managed as follows: Two beds were pushed close to each other, sheets were pinned or tied together, a cricket bat fixed between the beds, and the enlarged sheet spread over and tucked in. In this way a tent was formed which accommodated, more or less comfortably, four boys, who indulged in a forbidden supper under the covering. A candle was lighted to see by, and it was through an accident happening to a sheet that the camping out was discovered and stopped. No one was able to give a satisfactory explanation of a burned hole in the tent.

But "tossing" apparently involved no risk of danger; at any rate, it flourished much longer than tent-making. Charlie was very great at tossing; every new boy had to undergo the ordeal. It was difficult to perform the operation properly in the dark, so on tossing nights every one

prepared for bed as rapidly as possible, and the affair was all over by the time the master came round to put the lights out. On the night of which I am writing there was a new boy named Dick Playfair, of just the right size and shape for tossing—not too heavy, but yet compactly built. Unfortunately he was a timid lad, and greatly objected to being experimented on.

"Come along, youngster," urged Charlie; "'twon't hurt you a bit, and you shall have no end of taffy when it's over."

"You leave me alone!" was the reply; but the request was in vain. The boys did not think there was any cruelty in the operation, and they were not much given to considering the feelings of new youngsters; their own had not received much consideration when they were small. So in spite of his protests Dick was rapidly put into the blanket, held by six or eight boys eager to begin.

Dormitory No. 8 was at the top of the house. The ceiling was about ten feet high, and plastered. On a former occasion, well remembered by many, a small boy had been shot up with rather too much force, and a considerable fall of plaster was the result. It would not do to risk damaging the ceiling a second time, so recently it had been the practice to do the tossing in the centre of the room, underneath the "lantern."

This lantern consisted of a large hole in the ceiling for purposes of ventilation. It was like a large square box, with no bottom, but with movable glass sides. These were generally open to let fresh air in. Its depth was at least four feet, so that there was no danger of a boy's being shot to the top.

"Now, then, hurry up," cried Charlie; "we haven't too much time. Take a good breath, Dick, and you'll go up like a cork. It's better than being in a balloon any day. Now—one! two! three!"

At "three" the blanket grew suddenly taut, and up went Playfair splendidly, into the lantern for a moment, and then back with a thud into the blanket, which needed some holding.

"Let me out!" cried the victim.

"Wait a moment; there's no hurry, youngster. You have the whole of your life before you. Up she goes!"

The "she" was of course "he," and he went up. But on this occasion a hitch occurred. Charlie's side of the blanket was more strongly manned than the other; the consequence was the living shuttlecock did not fly quite straight. For a moment they feared he was going to strike the ceiling, but no; he flew up into the lantern.

But he didn't come down. It was such a near shave that he was nearly shot through the open side of the lantern. He wildly grasped at it, and just at the top of his flight, when there was no more force, he caught hold of the frame-work, and clung to it with all his might. His body was half in and half out; his legs were dangling helplessly in the air.

The boys burst into a shout of laughter; he looked so comical up there. But they stopped laughing when Charlie cried, "Come down, you little rogue; you'll get caught in a minute."

"I can't come down," was the reply, in a frightened voice.

"Nonsense! drop into the blanket. We'll catch you right enough."

"I sha'n't; I won't; you'll hurt me."

"Charlie," cried Tom Wilkinson, "here's Mr. Morgan coming."

Mr. Morgan was the master who made the rounds every night. Things were looking serious.

"Push a bed under him," said Charlie. "Look sharp!"

A bed was quickly placed in position, and Charlie mounted it; but it was in vain that he tried to seize little Dick

and drag him from his strange retreat. The youngster curled his legs up under him, and still held on. Mr. Morgan's footstep was heard in the next room; it was too late to try anything else. The bed was pushed back into its place, and everybody leaped beneath his counterpane. When Mr. Morgan entered there was perfect order—apparently. It is true, Charlie's blanket was under his bed instead of upon it, but that detail did not attract the master's notice.

What did attract it was the strange spectacle of a boy's legs hanging down from the ceiling.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted Mr. Morgan, angrily.

The boys looked up innocently, as if Dick's adventure was brought to their notice for the first time, and as if it were quite a usual thing for a boy to go to bed *à la* the ceiling.

"Who is that up there?" thundered the master.

"I think it is Dick, sir," replied Tom, seeing that a discovery of the identity of the owner of the legs must come sooner or later.

"How did he get up there? You, Charlie?"

Thus appealed to, Charlie confessed—not sparing himself, to do him justice. Mr. Morgan did not waste much time in getting Dick down; he stepped on a stool and soon "collared his leg," as Charlie put it. Dick's grasp was loose by this time, and a gentle pull brought him into the master's arms.

Next day—but I won't enter into details about that inevitable "next day" which follows wild pranks at school. Suffice it to say that tossing was stopped that night once and for all.

ALL ABOUT GOLD-FISH,

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

II.

I HAVE found that there is a constant inquiry about how to keep gold-fish, particularly what to feed them on. The best food for gold-fish is a grain suitably prepared. In proof of this I have known gold-fish at the New York Aquarium when fed on animal food to become so fat and bloated that their scales stood out from their bodies, and in course of time they died in convulsions; this was the case with the Kin-gi-yo, which was fed on grated hog's liver. Boiled rice (not boiled too soft) I have found to be a very excellent and convenient food, and when fed to the fish a few grains at a time there is no fear of injuring the purity of the water. Next to rice is flour (not "prepared flour") and milk worked into a *very* tough dough; a few pellets at a time are dropped in the water, never faster than the fish take them.

There is a preparation sold under the name of "gold-fish food" that I have found to be a very good and safe food to introduce in the water. It is composed of albumen (the white of eggs) and the finest and whitest of wheat flour made into a dough, which is run through highly polished and hot steel rollers which both polish and cook the material. It is sold by wholesale druggists under the name of "wafer."

The disease most common with gold-fish is "fungus." This never occurs unless a fish is scratched, bruised, or has had some of its scales torn off; then the "fungus" will attack the wounded part. It can readily be known by its white and fluffy appearance. The best remedy for fungus is to pass the diseased fish as rapidly as possible, but once only, through a strong solution of salt and water.

In an aquarium where gold-fish or other kinds of fish are kept, a small portion of the bottom of the tank ought to be covered with fine and clean washed sand. Many fish eat sand, just the same as chickens eat gravel, for the purpose of assisting in the grinding up or digestion of their food; again, all fish are covered with a thin coating of slime,

which at times becomes too abundant, and to get rid of it they strike and rub their bodies against any rough surface, such as sand or rocks. All gold-fish ought to have at least two hours of *morning* sunlight every day.

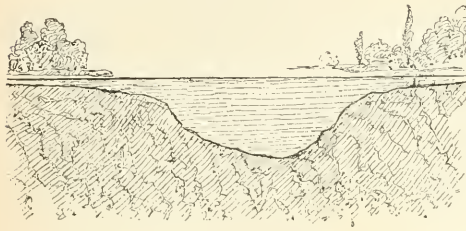


Fig. 1.—A GOLD-FISH POND.

The construction of a gold-fish pond, as shown in the diagram (Fig. 1), is a very simple matter. The centre of the pond should be not less than four feet in depth. This part of the pond is known as the "basin," and constitutes the winter-quarters for the gold-fish. As the cold weather approaches, the fish assemble from all parts of the pond and huddle close together, burying their bodies almost out of sight in the soft mud. When the frost comes and the ice forms, they pass into a half-sleeping condition, which lasts during the winter months, and live entirely without food. While in this condition and under the thick ice one would think them safe from all enemies; but the musk-rat and the mink dive swift and deep, and can swim long distances under the ice, and they both love fat gold-fish dearly. The only defense against these enemies is poison and steel-traps.

The grade of the bottom of the pond should fall gradually from two inches at the margin to two and one-half feet where it joins the "basin." In case an old pond is used, it should be run dry and allowed to bake all summer, or a quicker way is to "burn" it out with lime so as to destroy all kinds of fish, particularly eels, water animals, and insects. The shores of the pond must be planted with water-plants for the fish to deposit their eggs on (Fig. 2).

In the selection of plants a splendid opportunity is offered for studying the habits of some of the wonderful and beautiful water-plants so common in our lakes, rivers, and ponds, and also for a display of ornamental water gardening. What more beautiful than the white pond-lily, Audu-

bon's pond-lily, *Lobelia cardinalis*, or more interesting than the carnivorous pitcher-plant and the bladderworts? Then comes *Valisneria*, the water-net, and the water-violet.

The proper-sized gold-fish for stocking ponds are called by dealers "fountain" fish, on account of their being the largest gold-fish, and the custom of using them for the ornamentation of the waters of fountains. This kind of fish can be bought for from five to eight dollars per hundred. Fifty fountain gold-fish are sufficient for stocking a medium-sized pond. You must remember that the gold fish is wonderfully prolific under favorable conditions, and increases very rapidly. When



Fig. 2.

purchasing them see that each is perfectly formed (Fig. 3) and apparently healthy.

The demand this year for gold-fish has been far greater than the supply, good colored and medium-sized fish being eagerly bought up at eight dollars per hundred. There is one color in gold-fish that ought to be carefully avoided when purchasing fish for stocking ponds. I refer to the pale or light colored gold-fish now so plenty in the market. Fish of this color when kept in aquaria or globes seldom live for more than two weeks before they begin to show signs of sickness. Stock fish ought to be of the highest colors, perfectly shaped, and with all the fins fully developed. Now that so many of the young folks are in the country, why not construct a gold-fish pond and stock it with a few fish, which by this time next year will have so increased in numbers that they can be disposed of to dealers in any of the large cities at a very great profit.

One day when sauntering down Eighth Avenue, New York, I was attracted to a druggist's window by a curious display of some five gold-fish contained in an aquarium, on which was the sign "Performing Gold-fishes." On each of these fish was seated a small painted figure of a boy, made out of elder pith. This was fastened to the body

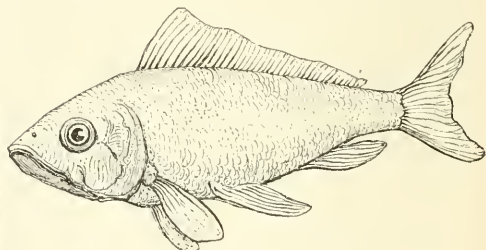


Fig. 3.—A PERFECTLY FORMED GOLD-FISH.

of the fish by means of a narrow elastic band, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 4). In the hands of each of the figures was a fine thread of silk, the ends of which passed through the thin tissues that connect the upper jaw of the gold-fish with the head part. Entering the store, I found the proprietor to be a good-natured German. Said I,

"My friend, how long have you had those fish harnessed up?"

"Oh, about two weeks."

"Have you had any die?"

"No, they can't die. They don't perform after nine



Fig. 4.

o'clock in the evening, when they are unharnessed and fed; they don't have to 'go on' till nine o'clock next morning."

Having a strong personal prejudice against humped and malformed gold-fish, and not admiring this German's attempt at "fish-culture," I determined to effect a

very radical change of performance for the next few weeks.

"Don't you think the public are tired of this play, and it's time to change the bill? Now I'll tell you what I'll do for you: you take those gold-fish out of the tank, and I'll bring you in an hour's time a handsome pair of nest-building sticklebacks, and some plants and material for them to construct their nests out of, and will promise you

that in two days you will have in your aquarium as handsome a pair of sticklebacks, with their nest and young, as ever was seen."

It was a bargain, so back I went to the Aquarium, and in less than an hour's time the sticklebacks were in the druggist's aquarium, and the humped gold fish were inside of—my oldest, handsomest pet pickerel at the great New York Aquarium.

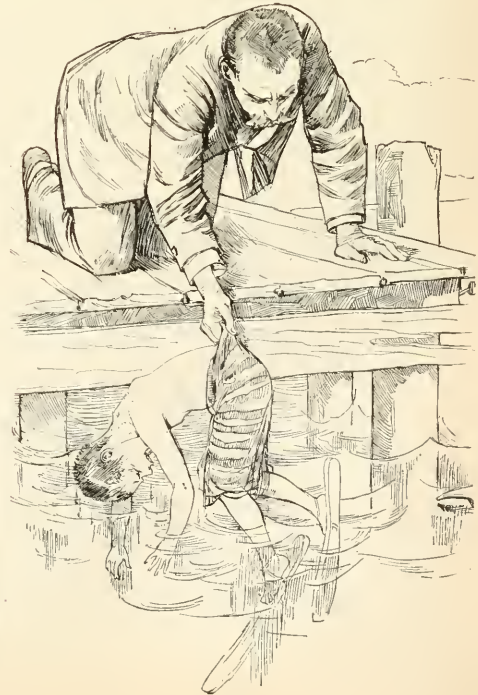
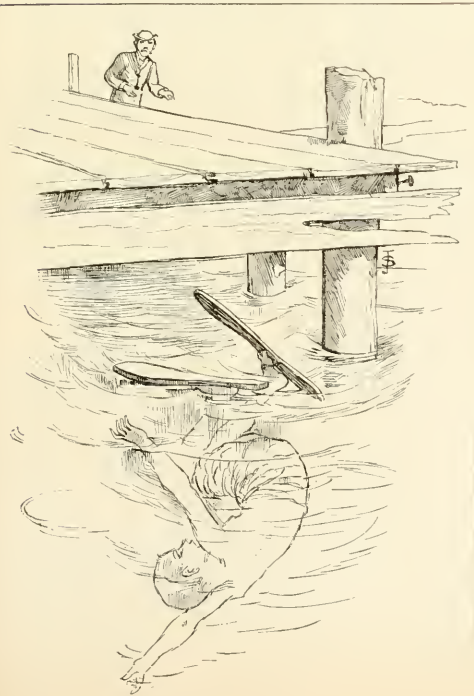
A BOY WITH BRIGHT IDEAS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

He had an idea
That with shoes of cork
On top of the water
He could walk.

But his feet went up
And his head went down,
And he greatly feared
That he should drown,

Until his father,
Who happened about,
Reached into the water
And fished him out.



P L A Y .

Cheerfully.

1. Haste a - way from books and lore, We will con - our tasks no more! He a - way to mirth - ful play, Where
2. Off to climb the bree - zy hills! O'er the mea - ows bound - ing light, Leap - ing o'er the laugh - ing rills, To

na - ture smiles so gay; The birds are war - bling on the spray, And let us sing as well as they, As we ram - ble
gain the pros - pect bright! We'll trace with joy the mos - sy way In wood - lands decked with wild flowers gay, When the birds have

Chorus.

hand in hand, A joy - ous, mer - ry, hap - py band! Tra la la la la, tra la la! Let our songs loud - ly ring!
ceased to roam We'll chant our lay and seek our home! Tra la la la la, etc.

Tra la la la la, tra la la la! Let us gay - ly sing! *Symph.*

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I HAVE another brave girl to tell you of to-day. She is a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked lassie of fourteen, and her home is in Jersey City. Since her mother's death, eighteen months ago, she has been her father's housekeeper, and he says she is a very good one. But it was not for her housekeeping that I wanted to tell you about Mary Anne Atkinson. She is a favorite with some young ladies who live near her, and they have taught her to row. She is a fearless swimmer, and manages a boat with ease and skill.

One afternoon lately she heard the cries of four small boys who were adrift in a boat in Communipaw Basin. Suddenly one of them—Thomas Koslow, twelve years old, the only one who could handle the oars—fell overboard. He had sunk twice when Mary Anne, who had seen the accident from the bank, and had put forth to the rescue, reached him, grasped and drew him into her boat. He was unconscious when she brought him to land, but soon revived under the measures which were at once taken. Meanwhile the brave girl rowed out again, and towed in the boat in which were the little frightened boys.

Remember this new name on our Roll of Honor, Mary Anne Atkinson, a strong, prompt, and courageous girl.

The Postmistress is glad to insert the following letter, which will make your eyes sparkle with pleasure. She hopes before long to receive another letter, telling more about the children, and acknowledging contributions from readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* which have reached the hospital since this was written. Gifts for the child in Young People's Cot, or for the Sisters to use for the other little invalids, should be sent to Sister Catherine at the address here given. You must also send your votes directly to her if you do as she suggests in the last sentence of her letter.

ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,
407 and 409 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH ST., NEW YORK.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—You will all be glad to hear that our Sea-side Hospital is now open, and that little Sadie is among the thirty of our children who are out of the hot, dusty city enjoying the cool breezes, the shells, the sand, and all other delights that only the sea can give. I wonder any of you can at all imagine what a busy family we were on that twenty-eighth day of June—so many baths to be given, so many surgical dressings, splints and bandages that must be on,

long before the usual time, and so many last things to go into the already full trunks. As soon as the early dinner was over the carriers arrived, and in them were placed all who could not walk, while those who could use their limbs were taken in the horse-cars to the ferry at Thirty-fourth Street. The two parties met at Long Island City, and here we were much disappointed in not being able to get on board the train as early as we hoped. The little ones were restless and fretful but some petting and scolding judiciously applied, and above all, a small package of candy given to each one by a kind man, helped to keep them comparatively quiet before the crowd of strangers.

As soon as the train was ready we were allowed to pass out first, and so secure for the children all the cushioned seats in one of the large cars that carry hundreds of happy, healthy people daily to Rockaway Beach. Just as the train was starting, Pete, the turtle, was taken from George's pocket, and, much to the children's delight, was allowed to have a crawl on the floor. This was our first intimation of the fact that he was being taken back to his native air for the summer months.

When the train reached our station we found the stages waiting for us, and we were driven over the hard beach, where the water touched the horses' hoofs, and made some of the wee ones fancy that they would certainly be drowned. We soon reached St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, and great were the exclamations of delight over the fence, the plant walks, and other conveniences that some young readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* had enabled us to build this spring. Supper was ready for the little ones, and soon the tired limbs were laid in the white beds that look out on the sea, and most of the occupants were quickly in dream-land. Most, but not all, for some of them can not at once get accustomed to what "the wild waves are saying," and last summer a small boy was found alone on the balcony calling to them to "hush up!"

It is just two weeks since the children went down and shipwreck they have improved most wonderfully. Little Sadie is able to be up all day, George can wheel himself down the broad plink walk to the water, and the appetites are so great that we tell their owners the Fresh-air Fund will soon be eaten up. Since our last letter we have received from readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* the following contributions: Jennie M. D. Shipley, \$5; Chit, Patty, and Joe P., Lewistown, Penn., \$3; Maggie Kydie, \$2.

Each week has brought Sadie a box of fresh flowers from a young friend in South Greenfield, and flowers have been sent from Montclair, N. J., Staten Island, Hackensack, N. J., Liverdale, and other places, paper dolls from Jennie Shippey, and some paper furniture from a little girl in Washington. Yesterday some charming paper dolls, all the way from Neuchâtel, arrived, and were sent down to Sadie. She was delighted with the letter from Libbie, and will

be no less pleased with the one in rhyme which came from Kansas City. If Sadie continues to improve, perhaps she may not be put back in Young People's Cot, and I wonder if any of you care whether the next child to be a girl or a boy? Perhaps those who are interested might send their votes here between now and next September, and we will decide in favor of the sex receiving the largest number. Your grateful friend,
S.

COMMISSARY, INDIANA.

I want to tell you what happened to one of our chickens yesterday. My little sister was at play, and she heard the chicken chirping, and went to see what was the matter with it. It was fluttering, and she thought it was dying, and what do you think was the trouble? It had been trying to eat a Boss bug, and the bug had caught the chicken with its pinners right above the nostrils, and I guess the poor thing thought it was going to be killed. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. Will you please put my name down? My little sister's name is Lucy; she likes to hear the stories read to her. Thanks to you for the explanation of Wigzles, but I forgot to ask what kind of paper to draw them out. Will you please tell me? Good-by.

Use whatever paper you choose. Note-paper is as good as any for the purpose.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Having never written before, and as we like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, we thought we would write now. We are getting a collection of butterflies, but have not many. Will some one please tell us a nice way to kill them? We are enjoying our vacation very much, and dread to have the time come when we shall have to go to school again. We belong to a society. The name of it is the T. C. C. We would like to tell you about it, but it is a great secret. Fond and Frances.

A drop of camphor or a little ammonia will kill your butterflies painlessly, and will not hurt you as other might.

LENSCHER, TEXAS.

I saw in the Post-office Box a letter from Georgia M. S. saying she had a little sister seven weeks old not named. I would like to name her, so that I never lose the child I may know it is the baby I named. If Georgia likes the names I have selected, will she please let me know through the Post-office Box? Call the little darling Lillie Olivia, or Pearl Bonella, after myself.

I live near the San Jacinto battle-ground, where the bodies of the dead Mexicans once covered the ground, and where the Texan soldiers are buried. There is now a monument erected to the memory of the latter by the citizens of Galveston and Houston. The ground is a beautiful hill situated on the banks of Buffalo Bayou.

We have our picnics and camp-meetings there frequently. In fact there were eighteen hundred people there on the 21st of April, celebrating the day. The most noted men of the State were there to make speeches. There was at the celebration a brave old man who fought a powder horn that saved his life at the battle. The ball struck the horn, and it flattened it. The horn was an old-fashioned cow's horn. He had both ball and horn with him. The poor old man is dead now.

PEARLIE II.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Having read the description of the pleasant evening game *Crans* we thought we could attempt it. It is a very funny and interesting game, and affords us a good deal of amusement. At first we found it difficult to make rhymes, but a little practice soon settled that. I send some specimens of our efforts:

Word—"Fly." Query—"Do you like to travel?"

I'd like to travel the whole world round,
And visit every clime.
The fly a pesky insect is—
And now away with rhyme!

"Shin." "What color has the air?"

The air is blue,
The grass is green.
The skin is white,
He has a spleen.

"Ball." "Do you like to read?"

Some will spend their leisure moments
Lying idly in the chair,
Others while away the hours
Building castles in the air.

Some will sweep the grass-green meadow,
There to romp and skip and fall,
Others with excited interest
Watch a party playing ball.

Each does that which gives him pleasure
And which he likes best to do;
I, for my part, take to reading,
And I hope you do so too. RICHARD C.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have a burro, and his name is William the Conqueror, but I call him Billy. I ride him every morning. I have a little pug-dog, and his name is Squib. I have five pigeons. I have a cat, and its name is Frisky.

MARIE N. B.

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have twenty-one dolls, and they all have pretty names. I also have three birds, doves and chickens, and a good cat named Marc Anthony. I am sick, and I am sick I can not write this story. My Nanna writes it for me. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a year and a half, besides other papers. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* especially. My Nanna has been reading the letters for me this morning. I hope you will put this letter, because I want to surprise my mamma. Good-by. I love you.

MAUD GERARD P.

Dear little Mand has been sick a whole year. I hope she will soon be well again.

LA CROIXE, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl eight years old, and will be nine this week, Thursday. I have a little brother; his name is Roy; he is a year and five months over. I go to school, and when I come home Roy comes to meet me. It is vacation now. I have many little friends here. I expect to go to Iustford this week. It has rained steadily for four days here. Please may I join the cooking club. Do please put in this letter. Allie P.

Yes, dear, you may join. Your receipt appears in another column.

CANE ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We live on an island five miles from Beaufort. Across the river, nearly opposite the house, is a beautiful grove of live-oaks and magnolias, called "Old Fort," where there are the remains of an old Spanish fort; some of its walls are still standing. Directly opposite to us is the town of Fort Royal, with its cotton pines, its main square, and very large wharves for shipping. A mile down the river, lying at anchor, is the United States coal ship *Janette*, and last year we had the United States steaming ship *Albatross* anchored nearly in front of the house. We have no neighbors here, so I have no little girls to play with; but my two brothers and myself go in bathing every day, and very often we swim, sailing, and on eleven years' old, and I have chickens and guinea-bens and ducks to take care of, and lessons to say to mamma in the morning, so that I am busy all of the time. I have tried the paper over, and they were very nice. I have never seen any letters in the Post-office Box from this part of the State.

MARY M. E.

CLETON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a boy nine years old. I have a dog named Rob Roy, who will stand on his hind-legs and wave his front paws in the air if you hold a piece of gingerbread in your fingers above his head. I am staying at the sea-shore, and I like

it very much, only I don't like the cold water. I like Baseball, and I like to swim. I wish Mr. Alden would write another story, because he has written such interesting stories before.

L. M. B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My father and mother are visiting in Denver, Colorado, and I am keeping house. I would like to join your Little Housekeepers, as I am very fond of cooking. I tried a rook-pie, rice pudding and one for jumbles, and found them both very nice. My brother has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since the second year, and we are all delighted with it. I must close now, or I am afraid this will not be printed, and I would like to surprise my mother and father.

RABENA M. B.

Your mother must be proud of a girlie who can take her place in her absence.

I am a boy nearly twelve years old. I have no pets, but my sisters have cats apiece. Louie S. B., whose letter was printed in the *YOUNG PEOPLE* a short time ago, is our cousin, and my eldest sister's best friend. Louie's brother is a friend of mine, and we play together all the time. Although I am a boy, I can cook for myself, and have not tried any of the receipts in the Post-office Box, but I mean to try them by-and-by. I can sew and knit a little, and instead of being ashamed of these things, as I am, I am proud to belong to a club called the C. C. Club; we meet twice a week, and each one must make up a story and tell it at the meetings. The whole club are going to write to the Post-office Box in a little while.

JACK R. O.

BOVINE BEND, TEXAS.

I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and would tell you how I got it. My grandpa took it for me and my two cousins, Arthur M. and Walter H. We think it the best paper we ever read. My sister Bettie has taken it for grandpa took it for her three years. She would like to have her numbers bound. I could you let her know the cost of three bindings, and where she could get them?

I have a pony and saddle, one little rat-dog, and two cat-noses with ten plaids. I dress up the cows every evening, and help papa milk. I can help mamma a good deal in the kitchen. I have four sisters, three younger than myself. I am nine years old. Mamma has a paper with General Washington's obituary in it, and a piece of poetry on "The Death of Washington," by a young lady. *Isabel Young Janette* is the name of the paper I dated January 1st, and I had some of the receipts for our parties, and they were nice.

NATHAN P. W.

If Miss Bettie will write to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, enclosing \$1.05, they will send her the bindings for her three volumes. The price of each binding, postage paid, is 35 cents.

WINDSOR, VERMONT.

This is the second year I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like Mrs. Lillie's stories best of all. I hope she will not "let another little girl steal into our hearts," but that Nan will come back. I like Jimmy Brown sets a bad example. I had a brother who acted as he does I would be ashamed of him. I have read Ellie E.'s letter, and think if she has studied well in every-day lessons she need not dread examination. I think girls can have a motto as well as boys; mine is "Choose the good." I am twelve years old.

MIRNIE A. S.

A good motto.

FORT PLAIN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I used to take *The Nursery*. I like to read the stories in it; I liked the story of "The very much." I had a little Mamma, but it died. Do your little girls and boys know what a Manx kitten is?

MARCIA M. V.

Speak, my dears, and tell Marcia.

I think are one for charming letters to Sulah M. Hugh G. G., Winnie G. G. wishes a good housekeeper to tell her how to make a very nice pie-crust. Helen R., Anna B. H., Mary B. H., Ethel R. N., Lanny L., Mary E. W., Anna Jean H., Anna M. D., Wallace E. T., Nelly V. C. (I am glad you enjoy Mrs. Hays's stories; so do I), M. V. K., Edith H. W. W. T., Myrtle E. C., Sylvester S., Jennie N., Winnie V., Alice H., Alma C. C., Jesse B. E., F. N., Amy and Jess, E. Winnie M., Bessie M., Grant C. B. (I can not recommend any one for the business of which you inquire), Alice W., and Fauchette.

RECIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

CULLENS.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one small nutmeg, three tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder, and flour enough to roll out; fry in boiling lard.

TUMBLER CAKE.—Two tumblers of flour, one and a quarter of sugar, three-quarters of butter,

one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar and half a tea-spoonful of soda sprinkled on the flour and sifted through it, two eggs, the grated rind of half a lemon, and half a tumbler of milk.

LILLA G. P.

BUTTERSCOTCH (for Marie C. and Hilda W.). No. 1.—Half a cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar; boil until it snaps; try it in cold water.

AMY and JESS.

BUTTERSCOTCH.—No. 2.—Three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, four of sugar, two of molasses, and one of butter.

JULIA HOLMES P.

BUTTERSCOTCH.—No. 3.—Two cups of brown sugar with vinegar enough to moisten it, a lump of butter half the size of an egg; boil until it will harden in ice-water without stirring; pour into buttered tins until it cools.

JENNY M.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

With messages upon my back
I fly alone or in a pack,
Perhaps you say, when I am sent,
I was not worth that amount.
Yet I was sold for that amount.
And oft I am of great account
Now I am neither coin nor ball.
In fact, I am a round at all.
I pray who and what am I, good boys?
And tell me without too much noise.

J. K. SELLM.

No. 2.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. Sent. 2. Venture. 3. Spoken. 4. Depend on. LILY II. WOOD.

No. 3.

ACROSTIC.

1. To cleanse. 2. Dexterity. 3. An article of dress. 4. To suggest. 5. A mortal. 6. To count. 7. An end. 8. Harmony. 9. One of the months. 10. Nautical. Initials form the name of one of our country's greatest sons. LILY II. WOOD.

No. 4.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To fasten. 3. To moisten gently. 4. Original. 5. To return. 6. The opposite of peace. 7. A letter. PRINCE LAZYBONES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 195.

No. 1. Dologies. Jeannette.
No. 2. W O L F
O L O
L O N T
F O N T
No. 3. G angles.
E ba.
O lio.
G eneva.
R ome.
A mizon.
B yveson.
D illand.
Y ang-tse-Kiang.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Herbert H. Morrison, Arthur Bancroft, Julian Hopgood, Rose, Fred and Francis, M. and L. Bruckman, Milly Brett, James Pearl, Rosa Consoer, Forrest T., Amy, Silver Hill, Jennie A., G. B. Swyer, Archer Hayes, Anna Roberts, Lily H. Wood, M. K., Grace R. F., Susana Nip, New York, W. C. Fowles, Jun., Chester Ames, Richard Fox, Alice Barclay, John Embrace, Theodore Warren, T. B. Dewey, and Amy Brown.

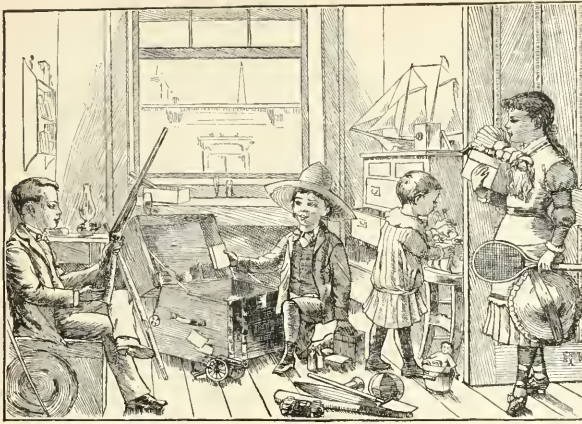
[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

A NEW SERIAL.

"DICK AND D."
BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
Author of "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," etc.

The little people who, ever since the conclusion of "Nan," have been writing us such pressing letters about another story by Mrs. Lillie, will be glad to learn that next week we shall publish the first chapters of a new serial story by this popular author. Dick and D. are two splendid fellows, one doing his part among pleasant scenes and rich surroundings, while the other shows his heroism amid the gloom of tenement-house life, where he provides for and watches over the little blind brother left to his charge by a dying mother.

The beginning of a new serial is always a good time to subscribe.



OFF FOR A VISIT.

INDIAN GAMES.

I.—AMAIYOTTAM; OR, THE TORTOISE RACE.

TWO or more boys sit down in a line, with their knees touching their chins, and crossing their hands, hold their feet, the right with the left hand, and the left with the right hand. Thus contracted, they move toward a fixed goal. Should any let go his hold with either hand, he "dies," and remains motionless on the spot where he fails. He that reaches the goal successfully returns in the same manner to the person who had lagged behind, and says, "Dead tortoise, what are you doing?" He replies, "I am waiting for some one that would give me life."

Instantly the victor goes round him in the same posture, when the other is said to "revive." The two move back, as before, and reach the point from which they had started, and the game is concluded. The essence of the game consists in holding hard, often under very trying circumstances.

II.—KOOCHARAI ATTAM; OR, THE HORSE-LEAP GAME.

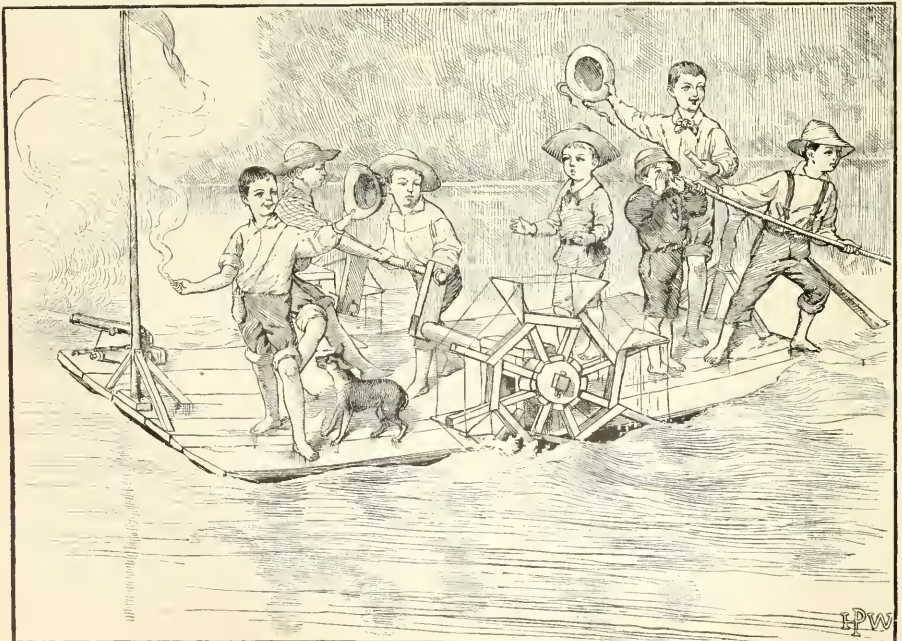
In this the sport consists in one boy jumping over another, who puts himself successively in various postures, in which the height increases in gentle gradation, as described below:

1. Sitting down, with his legs stretched out before him side by side.
2. With one foot over the other vertically, in the same posture.
3. A span over the second foot, the palm being stretched out, and the tip of the thumb resting over the tip of the toe.
4. Another span over it similarly.
5. Standing up and bending down, touching his toes with his thumbs.
6. Increasing the height by holding the calves of his legs, in the same posture.
7. Then the knees.
8. Then the thighs, bending his head, to keep it out of the way, like a horse under curb and rein.

He who jumps over has to increase his distance and speed in proportion; and should he touch the other in any attempt, he has to sit down and let others jump over him in the same manner.

III.—NALCÚLAI THATCHI; OR, THE FOUR-CORNER GAME.

Three boys stand at three corners of a large square, while one keeps within, moving round among them. Availing themselves of the vacant corner, the three constantly change places, taking special care not to be touched by the fourth while in actual motion from one corner to another. Should any be so touched, he has to give up his place to the victor, and go round like him.



A TRIAL TRIP.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.—NO. 199.

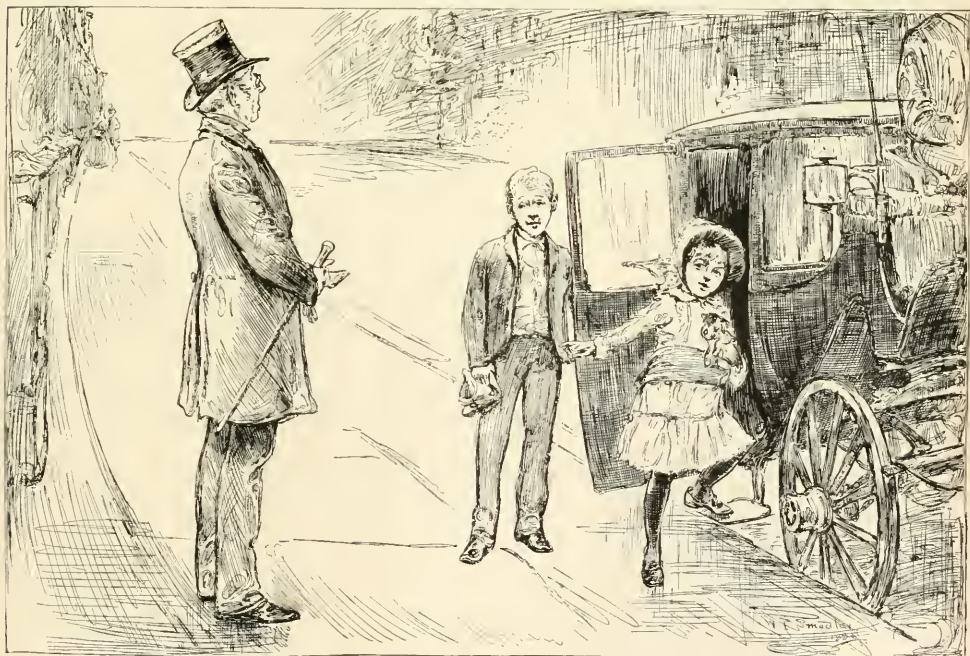
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“THAT’S THE BOY THAT DOES ERRANDS FOR COOK.”

“DICK AND D.”

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of “Mildred’s Bargain,” “Nan,” etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

“AND there’s glory curtains to the windows.” Dick selected a good place, and took another bite of apple very carefully after saying this.

“Glory curtains,” a very thin little voice repeated. “What’s those, Dick?”

“Well, sort of all covered over with flowers—yellow flowers. Don’t you ’member wot yellow looks like, Norry?”

Norry thought half a minute, and then said, very quietly, “Kinder.”

“And when you look inter the winders you can see the big fire on the hearth, and it dances up sorter, and makes you wish so you was warm. And there’s pictures on the wall—here, take a bite of apple—and beautiful carpets and chairs and—oh my! all sorts o’ things.”

"Ain't that fine?" said Norry, with half a laugh. "And tell about him and her, Dicky."

"Oh, she's like—like a angel, I should think, and the old gentleman he takes her out a-ridin' in a carriage all lined in with satin—smooth, shiny satin—and yesterday I just went up and held the door open for 'em as they got in, and says she, 'Oh, that's the boy that does errands for cook.'"

Norry laughed, and Dick laughed with him; and then they ate their apple a moment in silence.

Presently Norry said, "Ain't it gettin' dark?"

Dick jumped up exclaiming: "So it is! Well, good-by, Norry, for a while. I'll be back for yer supper. You ain't *very* hungry, are you?"

Norry hesitated a short time.

"N—no, not so *very*," he said, in his little weak voice. He could not see how the tone affected Dick. The elder boy's face drew together with a strained, hard look.

"Well, I'll hurry—quicker'n ever to-night, I guess," he said, shortly, and then, as if with an effort, forced himself away.

The room upon which Dick closed the door was the poorest part of an attic in one of New York's poorest streets. It was bare and cold, and great cracks in the walls and floor let in the wind and let out whatever warmth came from the fire built from the few poor sticks the two boys had managed to get together. A broken table in the middle of the room and an old chair were the only pieces of furniture, and on a poor straw mattress at one side, facing the dormer-window, lay the boy Dick had left. Outside, a furious snow-storm was sending whirling flakes down upon the old roof of the house and against the broken window-panes. A little pile of snow, indeed, had drifted in across the window-ledge, and made the room even colder than before. Norry, lying on his hard little bed, wondered how this happened. He *felt* the added chill, but he could not see its cause, for Norry's eyes were closed to all sights. He was blind.

How the boys came to be living in so desolate a fashion is a story quickly told. Just one year previous to the day of which I am writing they had come from the country for the first time to a large town. Their mother was a widow who had supported herself and her boys comfortably, if very plainly, by needle-work, but ill health finally compelled her to give up every such effort, and seek the advice of some good physician in New York. There the first suggestion made to her was that she should place her boys in some institution, and herself enter a hospital. At this poor Mrs. Devine was panic-stricken. Accustomed to regard all large cities as places of iniquity, where her boys might at any time be spirited from her, and with all an invalid's nervousness, she determined so far as possible to keep them away from dangers of the kind, and so, with fast-failing strength, she shut herself up in their one room, and, refusing medical assistance, went on with her work.

We all know how poorly paid and how hard to procure is needle-work in any large town. Mrs. Devine shrank from the very name of a charitable institution, and with her peculiar kind of obstinacy shut her eyes to the fact that any such place could mean comfort or well-being for her children and herself. The origin of this was the mismanagement of the only place of the kind she had ever seen. The horrors of starving and whipping had been brought to light, and she had determined that as long as she could hold up her head the "authorities" should do nothing for her boys or herself.

As the months went by, and the poor woman's strength grew less and less, she endeavored to impress her feelings strongly on Dick's mind. Come what might, he was made to understand that he was to keep Norry with him until he, Dick, was legally old enough to have the child in charge. He was never to place himself where any one

could question him too closely about his little blind brother, never to make friends with boys who would lead him astray, or talk to policemen or other grown people who would insist upon their being given to the "authorities" to look after—a strange prejudice, which poor Mrs. Devine's nervous state increased hourly!

Six months after they came to New York the widow died. It was a day Dick never could forget—a burning August morning. And so entirely secluded had she kept herself that Mrs. Devine had no friend to stand beside her except a poor old Irish woman whose heart had melted many a time as the three—Dick and Norry clinging to the mother's hand—had passed up and down the stairs of the house. Dick, in his first agony of terror, had called to Mrs. Macvoxy, but, on her reaching the widow's bedside, it was to find the poor woman almost speechless, her one effort being to murmur a prayer and commend her children to God's keeping.

"Trust—trust," she said, and Dick knew well what that word meant, for in all their trials he had never known his mother's faith to fail.

And so the elder boy found himself a few days later sitting alone in the dusk of the room, holding Norry's hand tightly in his, and wondering what to do next.

Mrs. Macvoxy had attended to the widow's simple burial. Money was found under her pillow for that purpose, and all the rest of her hard-earned savings—ten dollars—sealed in a paper and addressed to Dick.

As the two orphans sat clinging to each other in the hot, still dusk a step sounded on the stair, and the door was opened on their one most dreaded enemy—a man named Gurdle, who occupied one of the rooms in the house, and who had for some time tried to entice Dick and Norry out with him.

We have all seen dozens of such men, yet it is hard to describe just the look of mean cunning and brutality which darkened Gurdle's face. He was a thickset, powerful man, with bloated cheeks, a low forehead, and small, sharp eyes very near his nose, altogether about as repulsive-looking a creature as could be imagined.

Dick shuddered, and drew Norry closer to him. Happily, and yet perhaps unfortunately, little Norry's eyes, closed to all sights, could not quite take in what Dick saw to detest in their neighbor. Yet even he, not seeing the coarse face, heard the voice, and instinctively dreaded the man.

"Well, boys," Mr. Gurdle began, "so yer ma's been took. Well, I s'pose you've got to look around for a living, a honest living, ain't ye?"

Dick tried to say, bravely, "Yes, I am going to see to my little brother."

"Oh, you are, are you?" laughed Mr. Gurdle. "Well, I'll put you both in the way of earning your bread and butter as long as you leaves yourself entirely to me, Jem," he called out, and at this moment a second figure appeared in the door—a young man with a slouching gait, and a bandage over one eye—"Jem, don't you think this little chap" laying his dirty hand on Norry's head—"would just about suit the business?"

"Very well, if he won't be up to no tricks,"

"We don't want any help," cried Dick, in trembling tones. "Thank you very much, but—we—we don't want help."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Gurdle, sarcastically. "Well, I guess I've made my mind up on that question, so you needn't trouble yourself, my lad. Now you can stay where you are, and we'll be back with your supper very soon—nice sausages, you know, hot and steaming, and then we'll just talk this matter over."

They were gone. Dick, standing still a moment in the fast-darkening room, felt all the horror his mother had ever had as to what might befall them. What could they do? There was, it seemed, no course for them to pursue

but to run away, seek a new lodging, and stay a few days in hiding.

Dick was only twelve years old, and a country boy who had led a lonely life, but he was manly and resolute, and poverty had taught him the sort of independence and self-reliance that boys in a different station might not have acquired. He had no hesitation about starting out to face the world with Norry; his one dread was to be "taken in hand" by any one, Mr. Gurdle of all other human beings in the world.

"Norry," he half whispered, "did you hear those awful men? We must go away—quickly—at once. The rent's paid up to to-morrow, and there's the ten dollars, you know."

"Go where, Dick?" the little blind boy said, eagerly.

"I'll tell ye. Do you remember the old apple woman I helped up in Grand Street?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know she has two rooms, and I think she'll give us a place to stay in until I look around; only we must be quick."

Norry was very patient while Dick hastily put their possessions together. He dared not light a candle nor make an unnecessary sound, and indeed his preparations were too few to take him long.

With the ten dollars pined inside his coat, and a bundle in one hand and Norry's little palm in the other, Dick started forth, down the rickety stairs, swiftly and silently, scarcely stopping to breathe until they were well into Broadway and on their way to Grand Street. His one idea was to leave Gurdle and the other man behind them.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW HOME.

MRS. JAMES, the old apple woman, was sitting sleepily by her stall as the boys approached. She was a stout, kind-hearted, rather cross-mannered old woman, but Dick had once rendered her a service which she had promised never to forget, and as he explained that he had money to pay for a lodging, she was all the readier to take them in, and after some deliberation she gave Dick her key, with instructions where to find her rooms. One of them had been until very lately occupied by her own sons, and until their return at least she was willing to give the Devine boys a shelter.

No time was lost by Dick once the arrangement was made. He was thankful it was an attic and in an obscure street. There, while he sought for work, he might feel that he left Norry safe from the clutches of Gurdle.

But then arose the question as to what to do. Dick feared he ought not to seek for regular employment. He would be "found out"; they would question him, and so all his mother's fears might be realized. Untrained as he was, Dick had been taught well what his mother's "trust" meant, and his heart as well as his lips prayed earnestly.

A chance occurrence the next day opened a way for him. While standing near an old-fashioned corner house on Fifth Avenue an old gentleman in a doctor's chaise drove up. The horse took fright, and an accident might have happened but that Dick rushed forward and saved the wheel from turning against the curb-stone. The old gentleman as he got out thanked the boy, and bade him go down into the kitchen, where the servants would be having dinner. The master of the house must have given some instructions to the cook, for she received Dick graciously, and he enjoyed a capital meal, after which he was asked to go on some errand for Brooks, the butler. The reward of a quarter for this made Dick wonder if he might not get the chance of odd jobs here and there, at least until he dared find regular employment.

So it came about that two or three times in the week he presented himself at the house with the "glory curtains,"

where his willing, prompt manner rendered his services well worth having. Once or twice Dr. Field had sent him down-town on an errand; sometimes the cook asked permission to have him go out for her, or the butler procured his assistance with the silver or the fires. But with it all Dick never dared talk of himself, or of Norry, or of anything that might lead to questioning.

It was an easy-going household, The Doctor was a widower, and had but his one little grandchild with him. She it was whom Dick was wont to describe to Norry as "a angel." Often there would be company, when Dick's services were sure to be needed below-stairs, and one such occasion had arrived on the night when my story begins.

Mr. Brooks, the butler, had warned Dick to "look sharp" and be there by half past six, and Mr. Brooks could make himself very unpleasant when he chose. Dick could not help regarding him with something of the same fear that Mr. Gurdle had inspired. But he tried to dismiss any such idea from his mind on this evening as he made his way hurriedly up to the large, quiet-looking house, with its many windows, its "glory" curtains, and so much comfort and good cheer within.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STONE LILIES, OR CRINOIDS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

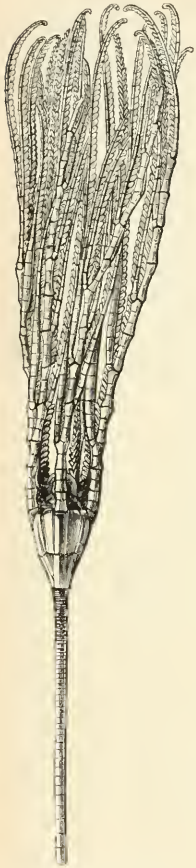
I REMEMBER seeing in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some time ago a letter in which the writer speaks of the museum at Ann Arbor, and of the interesting things to be seen there. The next time he visits the museum if he will ask the janitor to show him the crinoids and other fossils he may find new objects of interest.

I hope all of you who live near a good museum will make frequent visits to it, and examine for yourselves the wondrously beautiful things which we have been studying; they are so much more real when we see them for ourselves. The boys and girls near Cambridge, Massachusetts, should prize the privilege of having access to the Agassiz Museum. Here they will find a choice collection of specimens, distinctly marked, and grouped in such a way that the first glance will show to what class of animals each specimen belongs. We shall have to content ourselves with this way of studying crinoids, as the living ones grow on rocky beds in the deep ocean. They are obtained only by dredging, and few of us will ever have a chance to see them.

Crinoids are attached during the whole or a part of their lives to the sea bottom by means of a jointed stalk which is so flexible as to bend freely in any direction. At the upper end of the stalk is the cup-shaped body, with its waving arms, which may be folded together like a flower bud, or spread open like the petals of a full-blown water-lily. Swaying to and fro in the bright water, this curious animal closely resembles a flower tossed by a gentle breeze, and as it really has a hard skeleton throughout, "stone lily" is not a bad name for it.

The specimen which I have chosen to illustrate this article was obtained during the famous voyage of the *Challenger*, and was named by Sir Wyville Thomson *Hyocrinus Bethellianus*, after one of the members of the expedition. This is a very unusual and beautiful member of the crinoidal group. The length of the stem was between six and seven inches, but the lower part was wanting, so that there was no means of ascertaining what its whole length may have been. The head, including the cup and arms, was about two and one-third inches in length. The arms are five in number, like those of the star-fish.

Let us imagine a star-fish supported in this way upon the end of a long stalk, and we shall have a pretty good



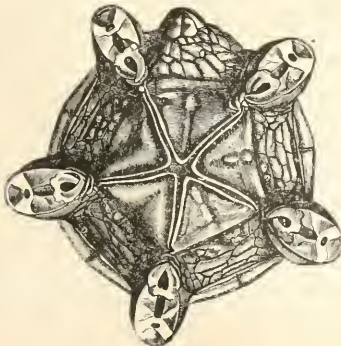
HYOCRINUS BETHELLIANUS.
(About twice the natural size.)

idea of a crinoid. In comparing the two we must invert the star-fish, however, as the mouth of a crinoid is on the upper surface, whereas in the other echinoderms the mouth is underneath. The crinoids differ from the star-fishes we have been studying in having no tube-feet. They creep about by using the rays like legs. There are slender little pedicels in the path-like grooves, which might easily be mistaken for tube-feet; and the membrane lining the grooves, not the pedicels themselves, appears to be covered with cilia, which create currents of water toward the mouth, and carry to it the minute plants and animals upon which the crinoid feeds.

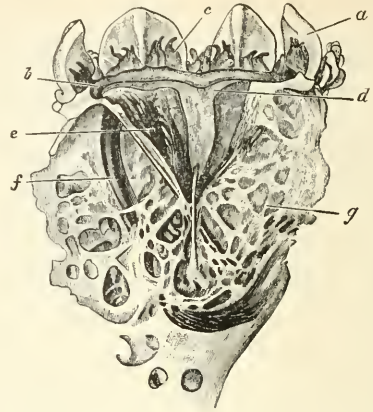
Like the star-fish and sea-urchins, these cousins of theirs secrete lime to form a solid frame-work for their bodies. The lime is deposited in circular plates, which are surrounded and held together by living flesh, so that they bend with great ease. Indeed, crinoids may be known by the little rings of which they are composed.

In some crinoids, as the *Comatula*, or feather-star, the animal is fastened to the ground only when young. Later in life it drops from the stalk, and is free after this to travel about. It can swim freely through the water; still it prefers to remain quietly settled on some stone or sea weed, waving its feathery, bright red arms while it feeds upon the little animals floating around. It now resembles a star-fish more than ever, though it moves only by means of its flexible arms.

The family of crinoids is very ancient, and was perhaps at one time the most numerous family which inhabited



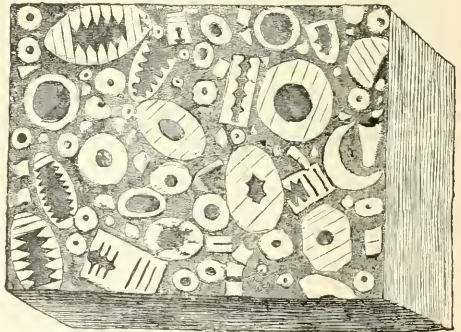
DISK OF HYOCRINUS BETHELLIANUS.
(Eight times the natural size.)



ARRANGEMENT OF THE SOFT PARTS IN HYOCRINUS BETHELLIANUS.
a, Mouth valves; b, Vessels surrounding the mouth; c, Tentacles; d, e, Inner view of the gullet and stomach; f, Intestine; g, Loose tissue.
(Eight times the natural size.)

the sea. Like some other old families it has almost died out. There are but few species now living, and two or three of these have been recently discovered by scientific explorers while dredging the deep parts of the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

Fossil remains of crinoids are abundant in rocks, showing that in past ages they must have lived in great quantities on the bottom of the ocean. In France large beds of rock are formed of their remains, and the same is true of many other parts of Europe and North America. The circular plates of the crinoids were so loosely held together by flesh, that when the animal died they fell apart, and the little disks now found in the rocks look like



SECTION OF CRINOIDAL LIMESTONE, SHOWING THE STEMS, ETC., OF THE CRINOIDS AS THEY LIE IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS IN THE STONE.

button-moulds ornamented with beautiful patterns and markings.

See how the crinoid stems are piled upon each other in the limestone rock, and notice the little hole in the middle of each. No wonder that such fine old crinoids as this should have been mistaken for petrified flowers.

Perhaps you will wonder how animals could be imbedded in hard rocks. To understand this we must remember that most of our rocks are formed of sand or mud which has become hard from the constant pressure of other layers of sand and mud that have accumulated above

them. The rocks must have been in this soft condition when the animals died and were buried in them. As the rocks hardened, the solid parts of the animals were preserved in a stony bed, the hard rock fitting closely into every crack and cranny. When these rocks are split open we sometimes find the animal on one side of the crack, and a perfect impression on the other. These petrified remains are called fossils, and they tell us a fascinating story of the curious animals and plants that lived a long time ago.

The true nature of fossils, and the causes which placed them in solid rocks, interested the poets and philosophers long before the Christian era. It is only within the last century, however, that they have been accepted as records of the history of our earth. There are many animals now entirely extinct of whose existence we should know nothing but for their fossil remains. These relics of the past tell also of great changes from heat to cold in certain parts of the earth. For instance, the bones and teeth of elephants, rhinoceroses, and other animals that require warm climates are found in Siberia and in other cold countries, which shows that the polar regions were once much warmer than they are now. Again, remains of reindeer are found in Southern Europe, showing the existence of extreme cold at another period in the earth's history.

So you see these fossils have wonderful secrets to tell. Strange, old-fashioned secrets, for the formation of the rocks has been very slow, and the animals buried in them must have died thousands of years ago. Crinoids and corals and shells which live only in the ocean are found in the interior of the dry land, which proves beyond a doubt that these parts of our earth must at one time have been beneath the sea.

Is it not a lovely thought that these delicate crinoids which beautified the ocean long before we were here to admire them are not utterly destroyed, but that some of their skeletons have been preserved and are waiting for us in the gray old rocks if only our tastes are simple and cultivated enough to find them out?

The more our thoughts dwell upon things which are true and beautiful, the more true and beautiful our lives will become, and from mere admiration of these virtues we may find ourselves growing into what Charles Kingsley calls a "self-forgetful worship."

SUE'S WEDDING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

SUE ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell about my printing-press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it and sold it to me real cheap. He was going to write to the YOUNG PEOPLE'S Post-office Box and offer to exchange it for a bicycle, a St. Ber-

nard dog, and twelve good books, but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more-aminch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and things till you couldn't rest. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hun-



"SHE GAVE AN AWFUL SHRIEK AND FAINTED AWAY."

dred invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing-press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are pasted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry
Mr. James Travers
at the Church next Thursday at half past seven, sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
With the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Come early and bring
Lots of Flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that? It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't quite sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding. Any other girl but Sue would have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me ever come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would perfectly die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding-school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed.

TWO GIRLS.

BY WILLIS B. ALLEN.

"I WONDER if they are so different!"

Edith Moreton's pretty young forehead had a puzzled little wrinkle as she stopped rowing for a moment and leaned forward, with the oar-blades rippling through the water, and the muslin sleeves falling back from her brown wrists.

"Are they so different, Cousin John?"

Her companion gave an impatient twitch to his straw hat.

"Why, of course! They are not like you, Edith. They are ignorant and poor and—and not clean, you know. They were born to it, and they like it."

"But it doesn't seem right. I heard a lady on the piazza this morning say something about 'those creatures' in such a way that I thought she was speaking of rats or snakes. It turned out she meant the convicts who attacked their keepers at the prison last July."

Edith spoke warmly, as she was apt to do when she once took up a subject. She was one of those earnest girls

with whom young men at summer hotels are rather shy of entering into conversation. She was only fifteen, and one by one the terribly real problems of the day were marshalling themselves before her. She would not pass them by with a gay laugh, after the prevailing mode of her merry companions. She felt somehow that it belonged to her to help the world and make it better, as well as to the missionaries and other good people upon whose shoulders we so willingly pack responsibilities.

"It must be the way these people live and are brought up that makes them so rough and bad. Isn't there any way to help them?"

"None that amounts to much. Besides, that isn't our business. There are men enough who do nothing else—are paid for it—missionaries and the like. And you can't make everybody rich, you know. The Bible itself says, 'Ye have the poor always with you.'"

"Perhaps that doesn't mean that we ought to have them," replied Edith, slowly.

"Well, they're here, and we may as well make the best of it."

"But what is the best? That's just it."

"What is the use of your thinking about it? You can't do anything, and you don't even know the kind of people we're talking of; the North-Enders, for instance. You have never seen and touched them; and if you should meet them face to face, I don't believe you would care for any further acquaintance. They're simply disgusting."

Edith said no more on the subject, and just as the sun dropped into the arms of the waiting pines on the hill they reached the little wharf on the river-bank, moored the boat, and walked up to the hotel where she was spending the summer. She went straight to her mother's room, and, after her fashion, as straight to the point.

"Mother, I want to go into the city right away, and spend a day with Aunt Augusta."

"But my child, it's tea-time already, and there's a hop to-night. Besides, you can not go alone at this hour. You had better wait till morning."

"Mother, I so much want to go now. The train leaves in fifteen minutes. Alice can go with me. I don't care for the hop, anyway; it's too warm to dance. Please, mother?"

Of course energetic little Edith had her way, and with Alice, her mother's maid, seated by her side, was soon whirling along toward the city, with a strong resolve in her mind.

"I'll walk up to aunty's from the depot, and to-morrow I'll go down to North Street with Cousin Will."

The train stopped at all the small stations, and was delayed by various causes, so that it was quite dark when she started on her walk. She was glad, after all, to find the streets well-lighted, and filled with respectable-looking people.

While Edith and her attendant were making their way along Washington Street in the dark, another girl about thirteen years of age, named Bridget Flanagan, was standing on the third gallery of the Crystal Palace, in the good city of Boston, looking down into Lincoln Street. Bridget was a delicate and sickly child, her pale cheeks and slender limbs showing an intimate acquaintance with want and misery. Like Edith, she was wondering whether anything could be done to aid the poor. Not that any such words passed through her mind. Dear me, no! I doubt if she would have even known what "aid" meant, that word being in her mind associated solely with lemons of a shrivelled and speckled character. If she had spoken her thoughts, which she sometimes had a queer way of doing, she might have said something like this: "Don't I wish I could git out o' this! An' the rich folks w'd all the money they wants, an' nothin' to do but buy fans an' use 'em up. My! ain't it hot?"

It was hot. There was a man playing on a hand-organ in the street below, and not only had a crowd of children and idlers surrounded him as he stood before a brilliantly lighted liquor store, but the long rickety galleries which run in front of each floor in the "Palace" were full of half-dressed, red-faced women and children, who leaned on the dirty railing and listened to the music, just as the guests at the "Pines" at the same time were listening to their orchestra of a dozen pieces.

In the gallery overhead Bridget heard two women dancing and shouting noisily. Somewhere in the building a child was crying loudly in a different key from the hand-organ. Bridget didn't notice these things particularly; she was used to them. Only there came over the young human girl-heart which was beating beneath the rags and in the midst of this wretchedness a sick longing for—what? Bridget did not know.

"It's the hot weather it is," she said to herself; "it is usin' me up intirely. I'll jist go an' have a bit av a walk."

Accordingly she issued forth, and walked slowly down Lincoln Street toward the Albany Station. The air was stifling, and as Bridget reached the corner she saw the groups of belated people hurrying out to the Newtons and Wellesley, where they might cool themselves in the pure air, with whatever means of comfort money could purchase.

Edith Moreton and Bridget Flanagan both reflected upon this as they unconsciously drew nearer and nearer together. Edith was tired, and was beginning to look for a horse-car to take her to her aunt's house. The little Irish girl had turned and left her "Palace" until she was now near the head of Summer Street.

Ten steps further, and they met upon the corner, with the great gilded eagle's wings outstretched above their heads. Both paused for a moment. Edith was dressed as she had been in the boat—all in white, with a pretty fluffy ostrich feather curving around her broad straw hat, and a fleecy shawl thrown over her shoulders. Bridget's shawl was not fleecy, and her dress was not white. Nor did she wear lawn shoes.

What either would have said I do not know. Perhaps nothing. But at that moment something happened.

"Look o' that!" cried Bridget.

"See!" cried Edith at the same moment; and they both pointed to the third story of a high granite block across the street. One of the windows was slightly open, and through this narrow space a delicate curl of blue smoke floated softly out, laughed noiselessly to itself, and disappeared. Another puff of smoke, and another; then a steady stream, growing blacker and larger every moment.

It was in vain that the maid urged her to come along. Edith only stood still, wringing her hands and crying out, "What shall we do? it's all on fire, and nobody knows." Instinctively she looked at Bridget for an answer. Somehow the difference between herself and the ragged little Irish girl did not seem so great just then.

The fire had broken out near the place where the great fire of 1872 started. Each of the girls could remember dimly that awful night of red skies and glittering steeples. The massive blocks had been rebuilt, business had rolled through the streets once more, property of value untold lay piled away in those great warehouses on every side, and only these two slender, wide-eyed girls knew of that ugly black smoke, with its gleaming tongues of flame, gliding about over counter and shelf.

"Sure we must give the alarm," said Bridget, hurriedly, gathering the faded shawl about her neck.

"But I don't know how. Do you?"

"Don't I? You jist come along wid me—run, now!"

They almost flew down the street, dainty shoes and bare brown feet side by side.

"Here's the box," panted Bridget, pausing suddenly before an iron box attached to a telegraph pole. "Can yer read where it says the key is?"

Edith read: "Key at Faxon's Building, corner of Bedford and Summer streets."

To reach the corner, rouse the watchman, snatch the key from his sleepy hands, rush back again, and whisk open the iron box was the work of two minutes. Perfect silence everywhere.

"Look a-here, now," said Bridget, breathlessly, standing on tiptoe. "I've seen 'em do it."

She pulled the handle once, twice. Then they waited, their hearts beating fiercely. They were off the travelled ways, and no one passed by them. All this time the smoke was creeping up the stairways of the lofty building, and the red fire was quietly devouring yard after yard of wood-work.

Bridget raised her hand to pull the lever for the third and last time. After this there was nothing more to do but wait. Alice again urged Edith to come away, but only in vain. She drew closer to Bridget, and grasped her hand. Even Bridget seemed dismayed at first, but quickly recovering herself, she half pushed, half drew Edith up a flight of high stone steps near by.

"Yer'll git yer dress all kivered wid mud, if yer don't kape out o' the strate," she said, as she turned away. "I'm a-goin' ter stay down an' tell 'em where the fire is. It says so on them little cards."

"But the crowd! When they come you will get hurt."

"Hm! I'm used to worse crowds nor ever you saw. There! I hear 'em now!"

As Edith listened there rose a faint, far-off rattle of wheels upon the pavement, mingled with a jangling sound of gongs and horns.

"It's the engine!" cried Bridget, in great excitement. "It's comin'!"

But other things were coming too. Bridget had taken her stand directly in front of the alarm-box, and a stream of men and boys who poured around the corner jostled her roughly and pushed her to and fro.

"Come!—come quick!" called Edith, just able to make herself heard above the noise of the crowd. But Bridget shook her head, and pointed down the street.

It was a grand sight: the engine, with its scarlet wheels, and its polished stack sending out a long trail of brilliant sparks like shooting-stars, the two powerful black horses tearing furiously over the pavements, yet subject to the slightest word or touch of their driver, who sat behind them firmly braced against the foot-board, the reins taut as steel, and the gong sounding beneath without pause.

"Get out of the way here!" shouted a brisk fireman, forcing his way through the crowd.

The men surged back, and nobody noticed the little barefooted figure who was hurled violently against the building. She uttered a faint cry, and held up one foot, as a lame spaniel might do. A young man with delicate clothes and a light cane, who had stopped on his way to the station to "see the fun," had placed his heavy boot on the little, shrinking foot. She might have got out of the way more quickly, but she *must* keep to the front to tell the firemen.

The engine thundered up to the box and stopped, hissing and smoking furiously. The black horses quivered and pawed the pavement, shaking white flecks of foam over their sleek bodies.

"Where's the fire?" called the driver, sharply.

"Blest if I know—" began one of the men addressed, but he was interrupted.

"Sure it's on Summer Street, sir, 'most up to Washington, on the other side."

It was a surprisingly small, shrill voice for such an important piece of information, but it sounded reliable. The

driver knew that every moment now might mean the loss of thousands of dollars, and, giving his horses the rein, was galloping off up the street again, almost before Bridget's words were out of her mouth. A few moments after, the panting engine and the distant shouts of the firemen told of the work they were doing.

Well, the block was saved. A few thousand dollars' damage on goods fully insured was all. Next morning the papers, being somewhat hard pressed for news, gave "full particulars" of the fire. "Five minutes later, and the loss must have been almost incalculable."

"Full particulars?" Perhaps not quite full. No re-

ostrich feather, and Edith's eyes. And once more Edith forgot the difference.

A policeman found them there a few minutes later. Edith had her arms around the faded shawl, and Bridget's tously little head was lying wearily against her shoulder. The poor trampled foot was bound up in somebody's embroidered handkerchief.

Edith did not give the officer time to speak. She was on her own ground now.

"Will you call a hack or a Herdic, please? This girl is sick."

The tone was quiet, but plainly said that it was accustomed to giving directions, and having them obeyed, too.

The policeman had approached with a rough joke on his tongue's end, but it turned into a respectful "Yes'm, certainly."

Of course they went straight to Aunt Augusta, who was still sitting by the window, and who was so used to emergencies that she took the whole affair quite as a matter of course.

Bridget was promptly put to bed in one of the servant's rooms, and Aunt Augusta's own maid installed as nurse. In the course of a few days the injured foot was all right, and Aunt Augusta had learned her whole history. She found out that Bridget had no father or mother, but lived with an uncle, who took turns with her brother in the Criminal Court. Even Bridget might have taken her turn before long if she had been left to herself. Aunt Augusta had a good long talk with Bridget; and knowing of a place in New Hampshire where the air is sweet and pure, and where the great hills hold a little village in their everlasting arms, she sent Bridget there to find a home.

Edith returned to the hotel, and was pronounced more singular



"'WHERE'S THE FIRE?' CALLED THE DRIVER, SHARPLY."

porter had heard of Bridget's prompt action or secured her name.

When the engine rattled away, with the crowd after it, Edith had come timidly down the steps. Alice had been borne away by the crowd, and was not to be found.

"Where are you?" she called. "I do not know your name—oh-h!" She stopped with a pitiful little cry.

Bridget was crouched in a miserable heap just around the corner. She was stroking her bruised foot with trembling hands, and crying softly to herself. The pain was so bad, and her head felt so dizzy!

Then she looked up, and saw the white shawl and the

than ever. She found friends enough that were interested in her adventure, but very few who cared to hear much about Bridget or the part she took in it. Bridget was not "interesting"; it required Edith, with her white dress, and sunny hair half hidden by the long white feather, to figure as a "heroine."

But neither Edith nor Aunt Augusta forgot Bridget. She writes to them frequently from her new home; and when Edith hears people like Cousin John talk about the "difference" between these people and themselves, she thinks of one girl whose ragged shawl and tattered dress hid as true and noble and self-sacrificing a heart as ever beat beneath velvet and lace.



A GARDEN PARTY.

HOW TO FORM A BASE-BALL OR TENNIS CLUB. BY A CLUB SECRETARY.

AMONG the many pleasures of the summer season not the least are the delightful out-door games such as base-ball and lawn tennis, archery and croquet, golf and bowls, bicycling and tricycling, and a dozen others that we have not space to mention. It is probable, therefore, that a few suggestions for the formation of a base-ball or lawn tennis club, and a few hints for its after-management, will be of general interest, more especially when it is borne in mind that most of the suggestions and directions here given apply equally well in the case of any other club—archery, bicycle, or what not.

Should there be a desire for a base-ball club in any village or district, it must be started by one or two energetic boys, who will not hesitate to devote considerable time and trouble to the business. These promoters should collect the names of all those who are likely to be active playing members; they should make all inquiries as to suitable playing grounds, and they should be prepared with all necessary information as to probable income and expenses.

Thus prepared, a preliminary meeting of those who are likely to be strong supporters of the club should be called; and at this meeting a code of rules should be drawn up; two or three names for the club should be selected; the question of ground should be fully considered, and the amount of entrance fee and annual subscription decided upon. Then all is ready for the first general meeting, to which all who are likely to take an interest in the club should be invited.

At the general meeting the first business, after the election of a chairman for the evening, should be to call upon one of the promoters to state the objects for which those present have been called together, and this speaker should conclude by introducing the question of the most suitable ground.

This is a very important matter, as upon its cost will depend largely the amount of the annual subscription for each individual member, and the prospects of the successful launching of the club. It may sometimes happen that a piece of waste or common land is available for the purpose, or that a land-owner in the district is willing to lend a portion of a field free of charge. Under such circumstances the only expenses in connection with the ground will be those of levelling, rolling, and cutting the grass, and a very moderate subscription will be sufficient. But if it be necessary to hire a field, an entrance fee of five dollars and a yearly subscription of the same amount will certainly be required, even if the number of members be large.

In order to settle the amount of the entrance fee, it should be remembered that members' subscriptions should be retained to meet current expenses only, and that all first expenses—the preparation of the ground, the purchase of tents, nets, bats, etc.—should be paid out of the entrance fees and any special donations received for the purpose.

Having fixed upon a suitable ground, and having settled the financial business, the next step should be to determine upon the name of the club, and with regard to this one hint only can be given. If another club of the name be not already in the field, it is wisest to select the name of the village or town in which the majority of the members reside; thus, if the meeting be called at Plainfield, let the club be known as "The Plainfield Base-ball Club." But if for any reason a local name is not available, then choose some very simple distinguishing word, avoiding anything of a comic or eccentric character; and at the same time be careful to discover whether your name has been previously appropriated or not.

The question of name suggests that of colors, which

should next be determined upon. Some clubs prefer that their members wear *white* flannels, and never any colors; still, it is as well that something distinctive should be worn, whether it be a cap or sash or coat. Moreover, the flags should bear the club colors. In making the choice, however, it is well to err on the side of simplicity, and to avoid colors which have already been selected by neighboring or well-known clubs.

And now some very important business should follow—the election of officers. First of all, it will be well to elect a president and vice-president; these should be boys of some position, who are likely to take a deep interest in the welfare of the club and to introduce new members. These two officers will, of course, be, by virtue of their office, members of the committee, but their duties will consist merely in presiding at meetings, dinners, etc.

The captain should stand first on the list of the working officers, and he should be chosen mainly on account of his skill at and thorough knowledge of the game. But beyond this he should possess a large amount of tact and self-control; he should know something of his fellow-members and of their capabilities, and he should be respected by those whom he is called upon to lead.

Next should come the secretary, upon whom it will chiefly depend whether the club shall be a success or failure. It does not matter about his being a good player, but he must be an enthusiast at the game, and must love his work, for assuredly he will have plenty to do. Upon him will devolve all the little details of the club management, the arrangement of matches, the selection of the players (in concert with the captain), the care of the ground, the calling of meetings, etc. Of all the officers, then, it is most important that the secretary should be the right man in the right place.

The treasurer should next be elected; but his duties are light, and it should not be difficult to find a trustworthy member for this post. To him it will fall to collect donations, entrance fees, and subscriptions, and to pay all accounts, which should first be passed by the secretary or the committee.

The committee should be from five to ten in number, and in them, together with the officers, should vest the election of new members, and the settlement of all important business. When once the committee and the officers are elected, the general body of members should cease to have any voice in the management.

If the club be a large one, and can afford it, a ground man should be engaged for the season, both to look after the ground, the rolling, etc., and to act as professional pitcher at practice, and as umpire in matches. Too many liabilities, however, should not be incurred at first, as nothing is so damaging to a club as to be in debt.

It is frequently the case that two clubs can be formed in connection with each other, as, for instance, a tennis and a base-ball club, part of the base-ball field being marked out for tennis courts. In this case there should be two classes of subscribers—members of the base-ball club, and non-members; and the subscription of this last class should be double that of the former; or one subscription might cover both base-ball and lawn tennis, and the sisters and friends of members might be admitted to play tennis free of charge.

The only officials needed in a tennis club are a secretary and a treasurer, and in the case of a small club the two offices might well be combined. In either event the duties can only be light.

Should the club possess two courts, one of these should be reserved on certain days of the week for ladies only, and on other days for gentlemen only. This arrangement allows some of the best players among the boys the opportunity of a fast game on certain occasions, while it also provides a court on fixed days for girls who are new to the game.

The rules of the club should contain one relative to single-handed sets, should members require a court for the purpose, and one fixing the number of sets any quartette may play when other members are waiting for a game.

The nets and marking apparatus alone should be furnished by the club; the rackets and—if it can be so arranged—the balls should be supplied by the members themselves. Of course when four members play together a difficulty may at times arise as to who shall bring the balls; but this is after all only a matter of arrangement, and when the club declines to provide balls it gains one great advantage—it *can not lose any*. Any one who knows how easy it is to lose a dozen balls in one afternoon at tennis will recognize the desirability of, at any rate, making each set of players responsible for the balls they use.

From the fact that the game may be played by only two, three, or four players, a lawn tennis club is one of the easiest to start, and may comprise a very limited number of players. Moreover, when once the ground is obtained the expenses are very small, and the pleasure derived is far in excess of the outlay. Seeing, then, what a very healthful exercise lawn tennis is for young people of both sexes, it is to be hoped that hundreds and thousands of lawn tennis clubs may spring up and prosper all over the country.

The tennis court might be made of asphalt, with a view to erecting a light wooden structure over the court for play during the winter months.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.*

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

LEO tried to go to sleep; but after doing everything he could think of, such as imagining a flock of sheep jumping a fence, and counting a hundred backward and forward, he gave it up as useless. All the strange things he had seen would come back, and his eyelids were like little spring doors that bobbed open in spite of his attempts to close them. As they lifted for the hundredth time he saw Paz doubled up in a heap, with his knees drawn up to his chin, his elbows resting on them, and his face in his hands. He was intently watching Leo.

"Hallo!" said Leo, "can't you go to sleep either?"

"No need at present."

"Why not?"

"I was going through a formula in D."

"What under the sun is that?"

"Something relating to my pursuits. Don't trouble yourself to try and find out everything. In my opinion Master Knops has crammed you too hard. What do you say to my telling you a story or two?"

"Splendid! I'm ready when you are."

"No, you are not; you're hungry. You must have a bite first; what shall it be? Oh, no matter; I'll get you something if you promise not to ask any questions."

"All right," said Leo, inwardly cringing at the thought of stuffed rats.

Paz was gone but a little while. When he came back he was carrying a basket, from which he produced a small flask of a very sweet fruity syrup, a dish of something that looked like little fish swimming in golden jelly—salt and savory Leo found them—and a sort of salad garnished with tiny eggs. These were followed by nuts of a peculiar flavor, and small fruits as exquisite to look at as they were delicious to taste.

When Leo had done ample justice to all these things Paz looked relieved, as if he had feared they might not suit.

"Never ate anything better in my life," said Leo.

"I am glad to hear it; tastes differ so. Now these things come from all parts of the world—the fish from Spain, the eggs from Africa, the nuts from Italy, the fruits from France, and the syrup from Portugal."

"Oh dear!" said Leo, wondering how their freshness was preserved.

"Yes, I suppose you have no idea of our canning business."

"None in the world."

"I presumed as much," said Paz, wisely, "nor am I going to bore you with any more information."

Leo looked quite shocked.

"Oh, well," said Paz, profoundly, "there's a limit to all things, and I'm not a Knops."

"But have you been to all parts of the world?" asked Leo.

"Oh yes," answered Paz, carelessly. "I have wandered far and wide in my time. Until I caught the diamond fever I was used as an envoy."

"Indeed!" said Leo, having but a faint idea of what an envoy was. "What did you do?"

"I went on errands of importance."

"Who for, and where did you go?"

"I was sent generally to carry messages from our King to the Queen of the Wind Fairies, or the Herb Elves, or the Sylphs, sometimes to warn them of trouble or danger, sometimes to tell them that imps were rampaging or giants were about to make war, but oftener to inform them of some plan for assisting man, or some good to be done for a child: in these things we delight."

"How kind!" said Leo.

"Kindness has so much power, if people only knew it. But you are waiting; I must not detain you." So, without further preface, thus began

PAZ'S STORY.

It was a time of trouble to mankind—a year of strange events, and yet so stupid are ordinary mortals—begging your pardon—that none were making preparations either to meet or to avoid disaster. The King of the Kobolds had been negotiating with our King for the purchase of some immense tracts of iron ore, and in the course of conversation said he had received news from Italy that there would soon be a volcanic outbreak, that the giants there were quarrelling fiercely, and had not hesitated to declare that unless matters were arranged to suit them they would bid Vesuvius pour forth its death-dealing fires.

Now on the side of that well-known mountain were living some friends of our King—two children, a girl and a boy, Tessa and Tasso, daughter and son of an Italian peasant.

In their little vineyard one day our King's son, an infant, was swinging in his leafy cradle; it looked like a bird's nest, and so I suppose they thought it, but a rude playmate of theirs tried to tear it down from its airy height, and would have succeeded had not both Tessa and Tasso resolutely opposed him.

First they sought to make him stop by appealing to his feelings, asking him how he would like to have his cottage ruined, his home desolated; but at this he only mocked and jeered. Then they urged that birds had the same right to live and rear their young as had human beings, which having no more effect, they openly forbade his attempt, saying that the ground was theirs, the birds were their friends, and they should defend them. Blows followed, Tessa and Tasso bearing their part bravely, and compelling the young ruffian to take himself off. Little did they know whom they were defending.

Our King heard of the occurrence, and vowed unending friendship, so when the King of the Kobolds told him of the danger impending at Vesuvius I was at once sent for to convey the information, and do what I could to save

* Begun in No. 195 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"VESUVIUS WAS POURING FORTH LAVA."

the lives of Tessa and Tasso. It took but a whiff of my pipe to bring me to the desired place, but so calm and bright and peaceful was the scene that I found it hard to believe in the threatening evil. Never had I seen a bluer sky reflected in a more silvery mirror than were the clouds and bay of Naples that day. The people were merry and careless, tending their cattle, gathering their fruit, singing their songs, and as indifferent to their old enemy as if he had never harmed them.

How should I approach the object of my mission? how put fear into the hearts of joyous innocence? Their father had bidden them go to the city with a load of oranges. These were to be conveyed in large baskets, or panniers, on the back of a faithful donkey. If I could keep them away from home, delay them by some pretext from returning for at least a day, I might aid them. So with this determination I proceeded to act.

At every place or with every person to whom they offered their fruit I whispered objections, asked if their prices were not very high, or if the fruit were not picked too early. So well did I succeed that I had nearly upset my own plans, for poor Tessa, becoming discouraged, wanted to return home at once, but Tasso stoutly declared he would sell every orange before going back—that his fruit was good and ripe, and it should be appreciated. I was pained to see Tessa's tears, but what could I do? Already thick smoke was pouring down the mountain's side, and so many were the rumbling sounds that although these children were accustomed to such disturbances, fears began to assail them.

They were now well away from home, and had paused at the road-side to eat their bread and cheese. People

were becoming unusually numerous. Excitement was prevailing, and Tessa saw with alarm women and children hurrying past. At that moment a travelling carriage appeared. One could see at a glance from its neat compactness that it was English. I put my head in the window, and whispered something. At once a gray-haired lady leaned out, and beckoned to Tessa, who tremblingly obeyed.

"My child," said the lady, kindly, "I want some oranges. Can you give them to me quickly? You know we have no time to spare."

"Yes, madame," said Tessa. "But what is the matter? You and every one look so anxious."

Instantly, as she spoke, there was a terrible quivering of the earth, which made every one shudder. The driver could scarcely hold his horses; they plunged and reared and trembled.

"Ah! we can not wait," said the lady; but seeing the terrified looks of the children, she paused to ask, "Are you children alone?"

"Entirely so, signorina."

"And where are you going?"

"Home, to the mountain."

"You can not go there; it is too late." Then with a sudden resolution she turned to the maid beside her. "We will take them with us; their load is too heavy for them to get on fast enough. Quick, quick. Leave your donkey; he is tired; every one is so frightened he will not be stolen if he escapes. Come in here," pushing open the carriage door.

Tessa turned irresolutely to Tasso, who was also uncertain what to do; but the tone was imperative; they were accustomed to obey. Crowds were now jostling them; women were crying; children were pushed hither and thither, their little toys trodden under foot, more a grievance to them than the quaking earth. With a regretful glance at the donkey Tessa and Tasso jumped into the carriage, which drove away as fast as the frightened horses could get through the throng. Miles and miles away they went until the horses could go no farther. Then they stopped for the night at a little inn overflowing with strangers, where they heard that Vesuvius was pouring forth lava, and where they could see the lurid glare of its flames reddening the evening sky. They were saved. My mission was fulfilled.

Paz stopped; but Leo was unsatisfied.

"And what became of them? Did they ever go home again? Were their father and mother killed?"

"No; their parents escaped, but their home was buried in ashes. The children were cared for by the English lady until it was safe to return. All that was left them was the one poor donkey which, unharmed, strayed back to the place of its past abode, and with it they began a trade in lava which proved very remunerative."

"Trade in lava?" repeated Leo, inquisitively.

"Yes; the people pour the melted lava in moulds before it cools, and so fashion ornaments out of it—perhaps they also carve it. I know they color it beautifully, for I have had to carry bracelets made of it to various people with whom we are on friendly terms, and they were blue as a bird's egg or turquoise."

"How curious!"

"No; they were not remarkable, not half as singular as coral formations."

"What are they?"

"Don't tell me you know nothing of coral?"

"I believe I have seen it, but that is all."

"Coral is made by wonderful little animals who live and die in its cells until their structures are big enough for islands; but I will leave that to Knops; my plan is not to cram."

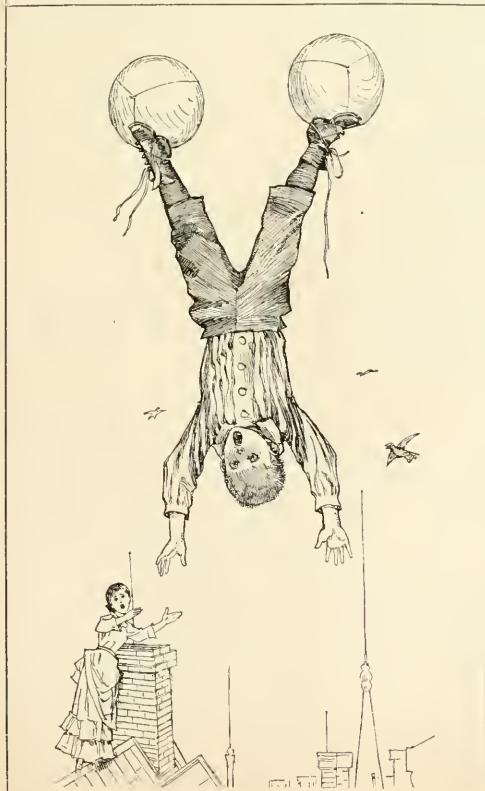
A BOY WITH BRIGHT IDEAS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

HIS next idea was
To tie a balloon
On each of his feet,
And walk to the moon.

But again his feet went up
And his head went down,
And thus he hung
High over the town,

Until papa sent a bullet
Through each balloon plump,
And brought his dear boy
To the ground with a thump.





FISHING IN THE BROOK.

The brook runs through the farm, my boys—

A merry brook, they say—
Beside it haunts the children still,
And there for hours they play,
And in that brook Eugene and Ed
Went fishing one whole day.

Eugene he stood upon one side,
And Ed upon the other;
Eugene he had a brand-new line,
And Ed he had another.
Eugene was quite a fisherman,
And so was Ed his brother.

How many fish they caught that day
I do not dare to tell,
But in that little brook were found

Not trout nor pickerel:
They here a cat-fish now and then,
Which answered just as well.

When home Eugene and Edwin came
They here a string of fish,
The cook she fried them crisp and brown,
And laid them in a dish,
And both the boys had appetites
As good as heart could wish.

So now this story I relate

About one summer's day
When by the brook two laddies brave
For hours were said to stay;
Is fishing *work*? the question is,
Or would you call it *play*?

have again been ill, and though I began a letter several times, I was never able to finish it.

I am in the country now, where the mountains remind me of the Vorarlberg in Austria, though I miss the lake, one winter we had a great deal of fun there. Lake Constance froze over for the first time in fifty years. The people were wild with delight. They had a printing-press which printed a daily paper on the ice all the time it remained. They had bonfires, dancing, and a carnival. When the ice broke up two foolish men tried to cross over to Lindau, three miles off, on the pieces, jumping from one to another. They succeeded, but nearly lost their lives. Though the ice gave pleasure to the people, it gave some trouble to the government, because people from Bavaria were constantly smuggling goods across the border on the ice, and though the police often gave them chase, it was very hard to catch them, and they used to return breathless and panting after the sailing miller, after a smuggler who was too expert to be caught.

The smugglers had been so troublesome that a reward was offered by the government for their capture, and armed police were stationed in the woods and mountains day and night to catch them. One day we boys—Gerald, Arthur, Cecil, and I—were playing in the woods on the mountain, and armed police were stationed near, and soon saw three policemen in full chase after us. They could not see us; they only heard us, and thought we were smugglers. We gave them a fine run up and down the mountain, until we came near our house, and then we stood still and let them come up to us. How provoked they were to find they had wasted their time, and worse yet, had tried themselves out, chasing four little boys who were simply enjoying a game of tag! The story got about among the other policemen, and they were well joked and teased about their courage in chasing such "dangerous enemies to the government," as they called us.

I wish I could hear some more about that little fellow the gentleman wrote about in *Yocco's Progress*. I would like to know one who can bear his pain so well. Good-by, dear Postmistress. Your attached friend,
JOHN J. M.

Perhaps the friend who wrote that letter which so gratified you will answer this personally. The Postmistress has promised not to reveal the secret, so she can not even tell you whether you have guessed right or not. She is very, very sorry you have been ill again, and she expects that one of these days you will be well.

BATHURST, MARY ANN.

I wrote a letter once before, but I did not see it in the Post-office Box, so I thought I would write you a line. My two pets except my little brother, five weeks old. We have a cat and one little kitten. We have a horse named Billy, and we had a squirrel which we tamed, and he grew to be such a mischievous little animal. I shall be twelve years old in November. I want to see how this letter looks when printed.

PAULINE L.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

One day we went crabbing, and left the basket of crabs in the bath-tub. Afterward we heard a knock at the door, and on opening it we saw two policemen with clubs in their hands. They said that we had left the front door open, and there might be thieves in the house. Presently we

heard a scrambling noise in the bath-room. The policemen looked around, but found nothing. All the while we sat up there on the floor, and what had they seen but the crabs getting out of the basket and crawling along on the tub? My favorite authors are James Otis, Jimmy Brown, and Oliver Optic. JAMES ESQLE T.

YORKVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have taken *YOUR PEOPLE* ever since it has been printed. Papa could not see up to a friend on the *Yonkers County Record*. We have a horse and buggy, and I go after papa and bring him home from the office. I have a sister older and a brother younger than myself. We have a dog named Andy and a dog. There is a river back of our house, and we go rowing on it.

FRANKIE E. M.

THE WONDERFUL APPLE-TREE.

There was once a little girl named May. She was of a quiet disposition, perhaps because she was left much alone, being an only child, and having few playmates living near her. One evening her father told her a story about a horse that lived only at night, and he could fly over the earth, and every tree was a nice little home for a fairy. The strange thing about this horse was that he had wings. Wherever anybody wanted him he could fly to them, and he would come in and give the beautiful creature would spread his wings, and come and take him wherever he wished to go. But it was not everybody who could have him, and only to those who had pure and lofty thoughts would he come. In her little room May often thought about this wonderful horse.

"Oh, if only I could have seen him!" she would think, as she lay in bed one evening. "I wish a horse would be too big for me. I want a dear little pony. It must be perfectly white, with two ganzy wings, so fine that when folded on his back no one can tell them, but when spread out, and with all the colors of the rainbow. His eyes will be so bright that he can see things far, far away. I shall call him Pegasus, because he is a little horse, and people call a little brook a brooklet, and a little river a rivulet."

May thought so often about this pony that at last she began to fancy the kind of journeys he would take, and she could see his wings he would fly way up in the blue sky until the earth would look dark and brown beneath. Her father laughed when she told him about her little pony.

"You have been up in the clouds, have you?" he said. "Pegasus often took his riders there."

One day May went out into the orchard, and sat down under an apple-tree when the sun was setting, and cast a ray of light all about her, and especially, it seemed to May, on the apples, making them look almost golden.

"I wonder," thought she, "if there ever were real golden apples."

Hardly had the fancy passed through her mind when she heard the flapping of wings, and beheld her dear little Pegasus close beside her.

"I want to see the place where all the apples come from," he said.

So away they flew, over the fields and the cities and the rivers. Pegasus did not fly forward, but he flew in a circle, and the apples came. He answered, "I am taking you into the region of Long-ago, and so, of course, late to go far, far back."

At last they came to an island. In the centre stood an apple-tree. As May came nearer she could see it was loaded with apples—golden apples, rosy apples, and green apples.

"I want to see the place where all the different kinds of apples that have ever existed have come."

May naturally picked a golden one first. On it was printed in black letters, "Miss V." She cut it open, and a cloud surrounded her. When it had cleared away she found herself on a green hill with three little girls and a boy. A city could be seen in the distance. The children did not notice her, but seemed to be quarrelling among themselves about a golden apple the boy held in his hand.

"The one with the dark hair," said Pegasus, "is Miss Joan Raven-tress of the Peacock plume. See how her dress is embroidered with peacock feathers; she is a haughty, proud girl. Now that light-haired one is her friend, and her true name is Miss Venus Rose-tilt of the Golden belt. The third is somewhat of a tomboy, as you see she dresses in a full suit of mail; but, like all girls, she is fond of pets, and she has a cat without that owl. Her name is Miss Minerva; and though not so pretty as her companions, she knows more than all the rest. That boy is Paris, the shepherd who once loved her. He is to give the apple to the one he thinks the prettiest."

The boy at that moment handed the apple to Miss Venus. Miss Joan looked very angry, and so did Miss Minerva. Then words ran high, and blows fell fast, until at last the apple rolled down the hill, and the whole scene vanished.

May could not keep her eyes off the golden apples, and hastened to pick a large red one. She let it drop very quickly, however, when a snake dashed at her, fierce head out of the branches.

"That apple has cost a world of trouble," said

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

BRANDYVILLE, MISSOURI, NEW JERSEY.

I am nine years old to-day. I got a pencil, a book, a check, a game of *rescent*, and a bottle of perfume. I have got a little baby brother seven months old, and a big brother ten years old. My big brother is the one that is picked up coming from school, this as a rail when he first got her, but now she is fat. She is two years old, and a great big cat, too. We fed her on milk at first, but now we feed her on meat. When my brother first found her she did not have any teeth—that's the reason we fed her on milk; but now she has teeth, and that's the reason we feed her on meat and milk. Good-by, Papa.

W. H. S.

I don't know whether or not my small correspondent took very great pains, but there was not one word misspelled in this nice little letter, which is very good indeed from a person who had just reached the age of nine. It is a very good idea, by-the-way, to celebrate your birthday by writing to the Post-office Box.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

I am ten years old, and will soon be eleven. I have two sisters—one nine, and the other eighteen. I have no pets. I had a bird and a cat, and they both are dead now. Papa has taken *YOUR PEOPLE* for us since Thanksgiving. "Raising the Pearl" and "In Honor Bound" are very good stories, but I think Jimmy Brown's are the funniest. I go to school, but it is vacation now. I take music lessons. We are going camping out next week. Your little friend,
JENNIE P.

"My bird is dead," said Nancy Ray—

"My bird is dead; I can not play."

He sang so sweetly every day

His sings no more; I can not play."

Did you ever hear that, Jennie? Did you feel so when your birdie died?

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

A little over a week ago I was in Austin on a visit to my aunt. I like Austin very much, and I visited very much to go across the river, but the bridge was broken, and the ferry was being repaired. I wish George R. Jim, had been there with his *Peacock* to row me across. The Bench Hotel here is finished, and there are a great many people in it. Yesterday we went to see a lady who boarded there, and I found out that it was not only pretty, but it was out in the inside too. The barbing here is delightful. I could write a much longer letter with pleasure, but I don't think it would be published, and I am afraid it is too long now, but I hope it is not.

ETHEL T. S.

DETROIT HOUSE, FAWCETT, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I WAS GLAD TO SEE my letter published, and I was all more pleased to see the letter in the Post-office Box of May 8. It was very kind of the writer to remember me so long. I remember a gentleman on the *Behemoth* who spoke to me sometimes. I think he was Mr. McCormick. I should like very much to know if I am right. I was very much interested in the story he told in the letter. Is he the gentleman who writes such interesting stories for *YOUR PEOPLE*? I wanted to write you before, but I

Pegasette, "and is best left alone, though the rarest one here, for it is the first apple, and the one from which all the others have come."

"Now," turned her attention to an insignificant green apple.

"Now that," said Pegasette, "is really about the most wonderful apple here. A man once saw it fall from a tree. 'Why does it fall?' he said to himself: 'why don't things go up instead of down?' So he thought and thought, and learned so much that he was able to tell people ever so much about the earth, even the stars, and that came from the fall of that apple; so, you see, his name 'Newton,' printed on it."

Pegasette then told her she could take a little basket to her father. Then she took her basket back under her own apple-tree. The supper-bell rang as they reached it so during the meal she told her father about the trip, and gave him the apple. He opened it, and what do you suppose was inside—why, a picture of little May herself! He laughed when he saw it, and said, "So your fancy tells you you are the apple of my eye."

Then May knew that he knew what Pegasette was.

ANNE F. BALDWIN.

We have rarely printed a story from a young writer with which we have been so charmed as this.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—Here are some verses by a little girl in her sixth year:

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

A little girl that was so fair,
With blue eyes and golden hair,
With her pet sheep she stood there,
And sang a pretty song
All the day long.

Oh, mother dear, oh, do come here!
Your little "Blue-eyes" is in fear;
For she was walking in the wood,
All alone in the moonlight,
All through the long night,
Longing for the daylight.

She saw the fairies dancing so gay,
And wished she could dance with them all day,
But when the morn began to break,
And the birds began to wake,
Then the fairies were all gone,
And she was left all alone and cry.

And wiped the tear out of her eye,
And said, "O fairies, come and dance some other night."

With little golden hair in the moonlight!"
Then she went home to her mother,
And told all about it to her little brother.

GRANDPA'S PET.

A little girl with curly hair,
Sitting in her grandfather's chair—
Oh, it is a pretty sight
To see that cunning little mite
Sitting in that great big chair!

When he wanted it she ran with glee
To fetch the old man's cup of tea,
And sipped with him out of his cup,
Until she had sipped it nearly all up.

J. W. K.

WASHINGTON, GEORGIA.

I have two pet partridges. They are very tame, and will exit out of your hand. They were hatched in an incubator, and were brought up without any mother. We also have chickens and turkeys, brought up the same way. I send some balloon fancies in my letter.

JENNIE A.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have written before, but my letter was not printed, so I thought I would write again. As my mamma and little brother are in the country, I have a long letter. My sister takes *Fanny's Companion*, and I take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like "Raising the Pearl" and "Jimmy Brown's" stories. I went to Coney Island, and saw two very large snakes, and had a lovely time, and came home on the iron steamboat.

I have a stamp album, but it is not full of stamps yet, as I have had it but a short time. I am going to try again. The highest class before vacation, and will have to study very hard next fall when I return. Will the Postmistress please give me some information about the Wiggles, as I do not understand what they mean.

ESTELLA H.

In the Post-office Box No. 185, May 15, you will find a full explanation of the Wiggles.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I HAVE WRITTEN TWO LETTERS TO THIS PAPER, BUT NEITHER WAS PRINTED, SO I AM GOING TO TRY AGAIN. WE WENT DOWN TO LONG BEACH AND PAPA, MAMMA, AND MYSELF WENT IN BATHING, AND IT WAS GREAT FUN. I EXPECT TO HAVE A CAUARY-BIRD. I LIKE THE STORIES IN *YOUNG PEOPLE*, ESPECIALLY "THE BEAR," "TOBY TYLER," AND "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER." I HAVE FOUR DOLLS, I SENT FOR THE NAUTILUS PATTERN FOR MY DOLL, AND THINK IT IS VERY PRETTY. I MADE IT UP FOR WINNIE OF GRAY TRIMMED WITH BLUE. MAMMA AND I THINK

that the pet Davy T. spoke of was a woodchuck. Now I must stop, for we are going down to Brighton Beach.

ROSE M. B.

Winnie no doubt looks perfectly lovely in her new dress.

LANSING, MICHIGAN.

I wrote a letter to you once before, but it was not published. Fanny has a bird that we caught, and I have one that was a birthday present. I will tell you how we caught it. Fanny's bird, one night papa's chair was out on the step, when a bird came and lighted on it. Mamma was opening the window to let it in, when it hopped away. My bird's cage was hanging out-doors, and the bird got in it and tried to get in; so mamma took the cage in the house, and let the bird in. My bird does not sing yet. Fanny is making a quilt, and so am I. We have a kitty named Blackie, because she is so black, and a dog named Rover. I am ten years old.

EDITH A. V. C.

SHARON SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, and enjoy it very much. I am a little boy ten years of age. I am spending the summer at my grandpa's in Sharon Springs. I live in Brooklyn. I like the stories very much. I think the story of "Pearl" is very nice, and Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. All the other little girls and boys write about their pets; I have none except a goat, which I am training to drive.

LOTTIE N. M.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

I want to report my success with preserves. I put up some jam, and washed them nicely, then weighed three pounds of granulated sugar, added a little water, and put it on in the preserve kettle, let it melt, and then put in the jam, and let them boil for about ten minutes; then took them off and put them in the self-sealing preserve jars. I made two jars of preserves and a nice bowl of jelly. The jelly is so thick and nice, and I like it very much. It is so good, and it tasted good, she says. I wish some other boys would report their success with cooking.

F. C. S.

I am glad that I have one boy who is in earnest about learning to cook, and I hope there will be others to imitate him before long.

Question in your letter will be answered by mail as soon as I can obtain the information you ask for.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I have no pets, as I live in the city and have no place to keep them. I can draw a little. I am going to learn descriptive art. Like the stories "Raising the Pearl" and "In Honor Bound." I am eleven years old; my birthday is the 22d of September. I will close now, as my little sister wishes to write a few lines in my letter.

W. M.

This is my first letter to any paper. I enjoy your paper very much, and we all wait anxiously for the postman to bring it to us. With my best regards,

F. M.

ADIRONDACKS, NEW YORK.

I live in Montclair, New Jersey, but when summer comes I go to the Adirondack Mountains. The Hudson River runs but a short distance from the house. There is no one here but our family and the people who keep the house. I have a little sister that is just a little over two months old, and two brothers, whose names are Augus and Langdon. Langdon calls Austin "Ans," and Austin calls Langdon "Lang." I hope my letter will be printed.

HELENE E.

JONES'S PASS, FLORIDA.

I see there is one Florida boy who writes to the Post-office Box, and as he lives inland, I thought perhaps you would like to hear from one who lives on the coast. I wish some Northern boys would write to me through your paper, and tell me about things up his way, and in return I will tell him something about this far-away country in which our mountains are made of marble, and run down here which I would like to tell you about. There is an eagle that builds its nest every year in an old pine tree near our house. Our waters are full of alligators, sharks, and all kinds of strange fish. I would like to send you a saw-fish and some alligators' teeth.

SAMUDY A.

What is the name of the Northern boy who will send the first reply to Sammy's letter?

MACONESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I thought I would tell you how to make a hammock. First, bring an old four barrel from your cellar or store-room, knock it to pieces, and chop them up, and put them in a pile. Then chop four times the length, each place, where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes-line. Now halve the rope, double each end in the middle, and, by counting two ends, cut so from the end, weave it over and under each stay about three inches from the end of each one, which will bring the rope crossed between each; do both sides the same, and your ham-

mock is complete. At first this may not seem firm, but when there is a heavy weight on it the rope becomes "taut," as the sailors say, and there will be no openings.

MRS. T. P.

NEWBERA, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, and geography. I have no pets. I had a little kitten, but a boy hit it, and made it bite fits, and we gave it away to a colored man. Please publish this letter, for it is the first one I have written to any paper. I wrote it, and our mamma to copy it for me, as I did not think my writing good enough.

GOOD-BYE.
D. D. W.

Here is a pretty game for you to try:

THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE WOLF.

Arrange yourselves in a long line, each holding the dress of the neighbor in front. The person at the head of the line is the Shepherdess. Her little followers are the Lambs. One player stands apart, and is called the Wolf. She prowls stealthily around the flock, and the Shepherdess calls out, "Who goes round the flock this dark night?"

The other replies, "I am a Wolf."

The Shepherdess says, "Please, oh, please do not hurt my lambs."

The Wolf says, "I wish only one, and I mean to have this little lamb."

The Wolf then jumps at the last player in the line. The Shepherdess springs round to save her, followed by all the lambs, and tries to jump on one side, but really tries to catch a lamb. If she does catch one, the Shepherdess pays a forfeit. If the lamb can slip from her hold, she must run and put herself before the Shepherdess, when she, in her turn, becomes Shepherdess.

The Wolf then pays a forfeit, and loses her place, giving it up to the last lamb in the line, and taking its place at the end of the file.

PAUL A. K.: I am very sorry your exchange turned out such a disappointment, but I fear you did not attend to the notice always printed at the head of the Exchange column. You are doing well as a business boy. I fancy—Grace A. V. wishes to tell little Evelyn H. that she will be on the 28th of August.—Robin D. suggests a dormouse as Davy's pet. We are waiting for a letter from Master Davy.—Earl V. G. informs Iralie M. G. that the author of the lines quoted in No. 195, "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty," etc., were by Ellen Sturgis Hooper, who was born in 1816, and died in 1841.—Thank you, Earl.—Eira J. R.: Accept my love—Belle A. S.: The fern was very pretty. Harry G.: Write again.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
S. Q. R. U. T. V. W. X. Y. Z.

1. A mensural. 2. To lessen. 3. A roof. 4. Thrust forward. 5. Compositions.

PRINCE LAZYBONES.

No. 2.

AN EASY DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Something men dig for. 3. A small wood. 4. A girl's name. 5. A letter.

FRANKLYN.

No. 3.

6 GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A river in Asia. 2. A river in South America. 3. A Territory in the United States. 4. A country in Europe. 5. A State in the Union. 6. A capital in Australia. 7. A volcano in Southern Europe. 8. A city in Japan. 9. A country in Asia. 10. A city in Hindostan. 11. A country in South America. Initials spell the name of something we all enjoy.

FRANKLYN.

No. 4.

A DROP-LET PUZZLE.

A proverb of 54 letters and 12 words:
A—O—T—N—W—R—I—N—T—A—A—W—A—
H—C—G—I—V—U—C—W—R—S—T—R—P—N—E—
—CLARA AND MAY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 196.

No. 1. Trump, rump, rum, Cream, ream, eam, Spark, park, ark, Chilli, lili, ili, Cork, rock, May, Amy, jam, Pot, top, Tea, eat.
No. 2. Chair, hair, air, Ai.
No. 3. Columbus.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Daisy D., Margaret Spence, John Holland, Arthur Leighton, Nellie Hoyt, Carter Hicks, Samuel Olmudge, Dolly and Totty, Gen, Rose T., Elsie Fay, James MacCracken, and Theo. Hunting.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A SHORT CRUISE.

A NEW KIND OF BEAN-SHOOTER.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

A WELL-MADE bean-shooter will send a bean or a pea a great distance, and with practice precise accuracy of aim may be attained. The latest and most approved style of bean-shooter now in use among the boys of New York is the one shown in the illustration.

The first thing necessary is to secure a forked stick of the right size (A). The length of the stick from the end of the prongs to the handle is five inches. To the prongs are fastened with black thread the elastics, B B; these may be made of the halves of an elastic band half an inch wide and five inches in length. Sew the ends of these elastics to the ends of the bean-holder, C. This consists of a strip of thin and soft leather, or a piece of felting cut from a discarded soft felt hat.

In using the shooter the bean is placed in the centre of the bean-holder, C (which is so shaped that it is widest at this point), and is held in position between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. The handle, A, is firmly grasped in the right hand, and the elastics are distended between the tines of the fork outwardly from the left hand to their fullest extent. On releasing the holder the bean is shot forth with great force and rapidity.

There is, of course, danger in the careless use of the bean-shooter, as in the case of bows and arrows and guns. There are cases on record of boys whose eyes have been put out by the careless use of the bean-shooter. But boys are not always the thoughtless creatures some peo-

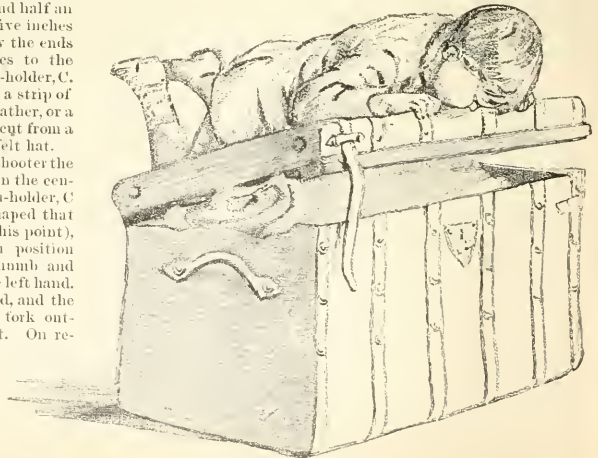
ple imagine them to be. If so, how would they ever learn the use of fire-arms and of the many other things that are handled by them at times which are perilous when improperly used? Sooner or later they must learn to be careful with dangerous weapons. If they begin by using a bean-shooter with care, the habit will help them when the time comes to learn the use of fire-arms, etc. The bean-shooter is an amusing plaything if properly used, and we do not think that any readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be so wanting in this quality as to use it recklessly, thereby making it unsafe or harmful to others.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIONESS.

A PORTION of the crew of a ship which was anchored off the coast of India once went ashore for the purpose of cutting some wood, and one of the sailors, having through some cause become separated from his companions, was considerably frightened by the appearance of a huge lioness which he saw approaching him. Much to his surprise, however, she did not on coming up appear to have any evil designs on him, but instead crouched at his feet, and looked steadfastly first at his face and then at a tree some little distance away.

For a time the man could not understand this conduct; but presently, on the lioness rising and walking toward the tree, looking back at him as she went, he found out what it meant. Up in the branches of a tree was a large baboon with two little lion cubs in its arms, and it was because of this that the lioness was in such trouble. The difficulty now presented itself of how to save the cubs, for the sailor was afraid to climb the tree. So, having his axe with him, he resolved to cut down the tree; and this he did, the lioness watching him most anxiously during the whole time.

When the tree fell, and the three animals with it, the lioness, it is said, dashed with fury upon the baboon and destroyed it; then, having gently caressed her cubs for some time, she returned to the sailor, showed her gratitude by fawning upon him and rubbing her head fondly against him, and at length carried away her offspring, one by one.



"IT WON'T SHUT!"

HARPER'S
 YOUNG PEOPLE
 AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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“DICK AND D.”

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Author of “Mildred’s Bargain,” “Nan,” etc.

CHAPTER III.
 “MASTER DICK.”

DICK DEVINE arrived at Dr. Field’s house in very good time. There was to be a large dinner party,

and on such occasions the mind of Brooks was apt to be what Jenima, the cook, called “lifted.” He was very pompous at all times, but when any fine company was expected he needed to relieve himself by ordering everybody about, and leaving all trifles for others to attend to: so Dick’s quick services came in very well.

As he went down the kitchen hall he could hear Mr. Brooks’s voice in unusually important tones, the cook’s in evident remonstrance, and in the midst of it a boy’s gay tones and laughter.

"Well, indeed, then, Master Dick, you *must* go upstairs. This is no place just now for a young gentleman to be."

These words from Jemima caught Dick's ear, and stopped him in the doorway.

The usual bustle of preparation was going on, Brooks was declaring that "he *never* saw anything like the way his things disappeared in that kitchen," while Jemima had turned a heated face from the fire as she spoke.

Sitting on the kitchen table, dangling his legs, and eating a huge piece of cake, was a boy of about Dick's own age. But there all resemblance ended, for whereas my little hero was a slim, dark-eyed lad, with something indicative of not overstrong health in his face, the other was a broad-shouldered, rosy fellow, with tight rings of yellow hair, laughing blue eyes, and a handsome if freckled countenance. He was dressed in the uniform of a military school, and decorated with some society badge.

"Now *will* you, Master Dick?" Jemima said again, imploringly.

"*Will* I?" said the boy, in her tone. "No, I won't; I mean to stay and see what there's going to be for dinner, so I can tell Brooks what Barbara and I want to have upstairs. And we want it hot, do you hear, Brooks, my boy?"

Mr. Brooks gave a sigh at this, and Master Dick, wheeling around, caught sight of his namesake, who was standing in the doorway, struck with a sudden admiration for the gay young gentleman on the table.

"Halloa!" said Master Dick, staring at him. "Who's this?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Brooks, with an air of relief. "Here!—it's young Devine. Now sharp, my boy—you make your way quick around to Bell's, and get me a bottle of salad oil. Do you hear? Good and fresh."

Dick—our Dick—was accustomed to Brooks's sharp, quick orders, and lost no time in hastening toward the door, although he would have liked very well to stay and listen to Master Dick's jolly voice and way of talking to the servants. But he was not prepared for what happened. He was hardly around the corner before a voice called out behind him,

"I say!—stop!—I'm coming," and looking around he saw the other Dick hurrying after him.

Boys, I am sure, have an instinctive drawing toward each other which makes it hard for them to realize or even think of class distinctions. Dr. Field's grandson, Richard Dearing, had not the slightest hesitation in seeking Dick Devine's acquaintance, and when the first sense of shyness had passed away, Dick Devine himself felt quite at home with the other. As they walked along, young Dearing, with his hands in his pockets, did most of the talking.

"Are you a new servant?" he began. "You see, I'm just home for a few days from school. Ha! ha! it was a good thing. You see, Packer—he's a new boy—got the mumps, and for a while he didn't let on, so that he could give it to the other boys, and have the fun of seeing a whole lot of 'em with their faces swelled up. But the first thing he knew he'd given it to Filiper—he's one of the teachers—and I wish you could have seen him! Then Packer had to get the measles, and there was a precious row, and we broke up for a few days. Packer's mumps ain't gone, and he says he's going to spread it all he can."

Dick Devine laughed, and the other said, after a minute, "It's rather hard, though, I must say, and poor old Filiper does look such a guy. So you come to help—odd jobs—do you? Where do you live?"

Dick gave the address.

"All alone? My! but that must be fun!"

"There's Norry, my little brother," said Dick, quickly. "Only he's blind."

"Blind! But can't he be cured?"

"Oh, please," exclaimed the other boy—"please don't tell of it. I've a particular reason."

"All right," Dick Dearing said, after a moment's shrewd study of his companion's face. "But I say, if I went blind I tell you I'd make a jolly time of it if they didn't cure me. Blind! that must be awful."

And there was something so genuine in the boy's voice and manner that Dick Devine, under the influence of it, ventured to tell his companion something more of his own story—just enough to be a relief to his own mind, although not enough to make Dearing too inquisitive.

"I'll tell you what," the latter said, finally—"I'll come down and see you. I ain't afraid, and we'll have some fun out of the old apple woman. We'll buy up her whole stall just to see her stare. Would you mind if I brought another fellow?"

"Oh, but, Master Dick," Devine said, earnestly, though he looked as if he would have gladly welcomed the bright-faced boy beside him to his attic, "I don't think Dr. Field would like it. I should, and—my stars!—how glad Norry would be! But I'm afraid—"

"Oh, hold up," interrupted the other boy. "You let me alone. Grandfather never cares as long as I don't do wrong."

It was certainly a pleasant prospect, though Dick felt all the objections to it, which so occupied his mind that he with difficulty attended to Mr. Brooks's orders, and very narrowly escaped a sharp box on the ear two or three times.

When the boys had returned to the house Dick Dearing disappeared upstairs, and the other went to the pantry, where Mr. Brooks was preparing the salad, while in the dining-room beyond Dick beheld what seemed like a scene from fairy-land. The long table, with its crystal and flowers on a rich lace and damask cloth, looked to Dick's eyes prepared for a banquet for a king, and he sighed as he wondered how rich people *could* live through the joys and luxuries of existence.

The party was given for Dr. Field's widowed daughter, Mrs. Thomason, who had just returned from a short trip in Europe, and when the company were all assembled in the dining-room he caught a glimpse of her at the head of the table—a tall, prim-looking lady in a rich dark silk, with jewels and soft lace; but how unlike what Dick would have supposed a rich, happy lady would look.

Not far away a young girl was seated, who looked very different. She was not exactly pretty, and yet something in her face warmed Dick's heart as he looked at it. The dark eyes were so bright and kind, the lips parted with such an honest sweet smile as she spoke to her neighbors. She was very simply dressed—a white silk, with some roses in her belt, and a little band of pearls about her throat. Ah! thought Dick, that's one of the rich and happy ones; and he would have liked to watch her longer, but at this moment he heard his name called, in a sort of whisper, and looking into the hall, beheld the other Dick in peril of breaking his neck over the balusters.

"I say," he whispered down, "tell old Brooks we want our dinner. What does he mean by keeping us? It's to be sent up to the school-room at once."

And in a few moments Dick, under the weight of a heavy tray, was going upstairs to the school-room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM PARTY.

DICK DEVINE had never seen any young person at Dr. Field's house except little Barbara, his granddaughter, and so, on being admitted to the school-room, he was rather surprised to find three children sitting about the table—Master Dick, Barbara, and a tall boy who looked so like Mrs. Thomason that he was not surprised to hear he was her son.

"Here, Devine—that's your name, isn't it?" said the other Dick—"do bring that dinner in; we're famished."

Dick contrived to put his tray down carefully, even while he answered Barbara Dearing's gentle greeting.

The boy had described the child's looks very naturally in saying she was like an angel, for her type was of that exquisite fairness which in a slim, fair-haired little girl is so spiritually lovely. Her hair fell unbound in rippling waves of pale gold to her waist, her gray eyes were soft and very gentle, and her face had a look always of half-wistful earnestness in it, as though she would like to say something very kind and gentle.

"Devine," as young Dearing called him, saw at once that the eyes of young Master Thomason were cast rather contemptuously upon him, and he felt himself turn very red as he set out the dishes on the school table. Indeed, the young gentleman was engaged in thumping his cousin Dick rather heavily under the table, trying at the same time to catch his eye and wink at one of Dick Devine's awkward movements. Dick Dearing understood it perfectly, and, after saying, "I say, Tom, leave off, will you? Do you think a fellow's shins are made of cast iron, or that your feet are made of paper?" he rose suddenly, adding, "Here, Devine, I want to show you a book of mine," and made a dash over to a cupboard, to which he beckoned Dick, while Thomason began to look very sulky.

Dearing fumbled over his book-shelf, finally producing a well-worn volume of *Robinson Crusoe*, which he pressed upon Dick, whispering, "For Norry."

Dick could only look his gratitude; but, untutored boy that he was, his instincts told him just why Dearing had done this, and he said to himself, "He is what I should call a gentleman," and the boy would like to have added, "and a friend."

Marie, Barbara's French nurse, was busy waiting on the other two children when Dick came back to his place. Before he left the cupboard he had whispered to Devine, "I shall be down to see you to-morrow, sure pop, about three o'clock."

And our Dick by this time felt the other boy to be such a superior person that it did not occur to him to question whether he would even need permission from Dr. Field.

Little Barbara seemed highly entertained by the school-boy wit of the two boys, and laughed at all their jokes, so that it led Will Thomason on to rather too brilliant a display of his powers. He instructed her in the fine art of putting a lump of bread on the back of her hand and then by striking her fingers "flying" it into her mouth. He ate like the Chinese, pretending he had chopsticks, and produced hideous sounds with a wet finger around the rim of his glass. Barbara laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and Dick Devine, who was sent back and forth for various viands, was on a broad grin such as his face had not known in months, while Dearing wound up the performances by making a face in an orange, and balancing it above a napkin in a tumbler.

How long this kind of fun might have continued it is hard to say, but suddenly the door opened, and the young lady in the white silk gown and roses came quickly into the room. Although the laughter ceased, Dick Devine saw that she was very welcome. Barbara sprang up, clapping her hands.

"Oh, Cousin Maud, how lovely! Are we to go down to the parlor?"

"Yes, dear," Miss Field said, in a bright, sweet voice. Then her eyes fell on Dick Devine, who was standing over near the wall, taking in with eyes and ears all this bright family picture.

"Is that—" she was beginning, when Dearing said quickly:

"Oh, Cousin Maud, that's Dick Devine, who comes in sometimes to help Brooks or to do errands; he's gone for grandpa even."

The young lady smiled kindly. "That is very nice," she said with a pretty nod of her head as she stood smoothing down Barbara's frock and the blue sash at her waist.

In a few moments they had all gone gayly down-stairs.

Dick began piling up the dishes, and something very heavy seemed to have come upon his heart. It was not that he had any memories to be stirred by the happy, luxurious scene he had witnessed, but in all young hearts there must be an instinct for home ties, home faces and voices, the something which we feel makes a warm circle if we but stretch out a hand on either side, and will poor Dick be blamed if he thought of his cold attic at home with poor blind Norry, half sick and hungry, waiting for his return?

"There's only us two," he thought, with a lump in his throat, "and none of this ever for us!" And then something brighter came to his mind. This was the first time he had ever done more than help Brooks in the pantry or go of errands. Might it not be the beginning of something like a warm life, with plenty to eat and wear? But no, thought the boy, as he went down the back stairs with his tray. They might take Norry and put him into an institution.

"And there's only him and me," he went on, mournfully. But was it not something that there were the two? and would not "mother" be glad, even up in heaven, to know that they were together, and that Dick had kept the little boy all to himself?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY H. C. VAN GIESEN, M.D.

ON TAKING EXERCISE.

BOYS who take a great interest and an active part in out-door sports often bring needless illness upon themselves by overexertion and want of proper care after violent exercise. Attacks of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs frequently occur from getting very warm and then cooling off too suddenly.

When about to engage in a game of ball or any sport that requires continued activity, it is best to lay aside the outer garment, and put it on again when the game is finished; and instead of sitting down to "cool off," it is safer to walk around for a while. It is also dangerous to drink large quantities of cold water when very warm, as the system receives a shock which may lead to sickness.

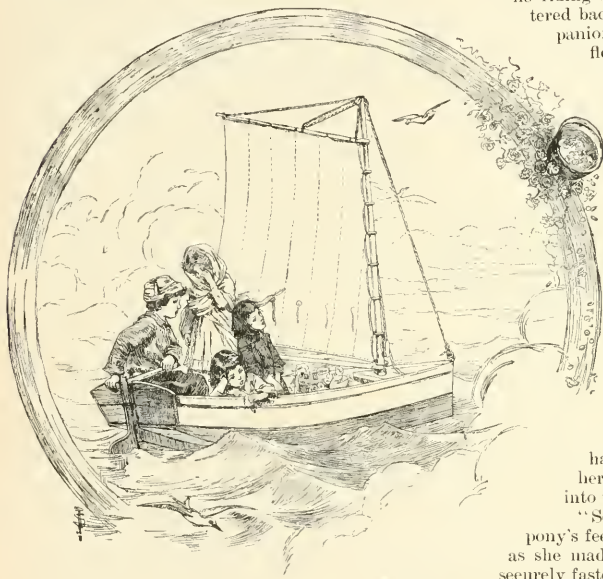
To go in swimming after a long walk through the hot sun is also injurious, as the blood is driven to the internal organs from the surface of the body, and produces congestion, and cramps are also liable to occur, which in many cases have been the cause of death by drowning. It is always safer to wait until the body has cooled before plunging into the water, which is generally of a lower temperature than the body.

Violent exercise taken occasionally will not develop the strength as well as a regular amount continued every day. If a boy wishes to develop his muscles, let him play ball or row a certain time every favorable day. Let him cease at the moment a sense of weariness or disinclination seizes him. The next day he will be able to stand a little more exertion, and so by degrees he will attain to a certain standard, and have a reserve force of strength that will be the foundation of continued good health in the future. It is necessary that the growing body should have exercise. Air and sunlight are necessary to growth, and active out-door sports are the means by which their benefits can be obtained.

Soon the summer vacation will give place to the restraints of school. Let boys have all the out-door exercise they can. Ball-playing, rowing, horseback-riding, swimming, all are prime factors in muscular develop-

ment, and with care and judgment in their proper use will tend to stronger and healthier growth.

The world needs strong men as well as wise ones, and indeed the mind will develop more rapidly in a sound body than in a sickly one. It is a grand thing to be able to stand hardship and privation in the search for truth and knowledge, and any man with good physical strength is equal to the task of combating the world if with it he has the stimulus of a strong will. Let boys then seek to build up in their growing days a sound constitution, and life will be more than doubled in value to them.



THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

A Song for Boys and Girls who are always discontented.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And little boys never are called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told, "It is time for bed,"
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?
Then oh! hey! you must lie away,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pie?
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's Land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.
And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

THIMBLE'S LAST HUNT.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

"PERMIT me."
"Allow me."

The voices that spoke held laughter in their tones. The first speaker took off her Derby with a flourish, and stood with bare head beside Elsie Chapin, who had led her white pony from the stable near the Academy where she came every morning, being a day pupil of that somewhat celebrated school. She lived four miles away, and cantered back and forth, taking care of her steed herself. She had no riding skirt, and her little plain brown dress fluttered back in the wind as she looked at her companions, both of whom were gayly dressed, with flounces flying and ribbon ends streaming, their mannish collars tied by square bows.

Bright girls all of them; and is there anything brighter than girls of fifteen and sixteen are nowadays?

Elsie's wide red mouth and big eyes put on a look of scorn.

"As if either of *you* could put me on Thimble!" she said.

"Try us," cried Marion. "I can at least do as well as Bob Morris, who fell on his knees in the dust."

Then the three laughed ringingly, just from sheer youthful spirits.

Marion stepped forward and bent down with her two hands clasped tightly together.

"Give me happiness by making me your slave, O fairest of the fair!" she cried, with a solemn air.

Kate went to the pony's head and laid her hand on the weather-stained bridle. Elsie put her foot lightly on the clasped hands and sprang into the saddle.

"Somebody spread down a cloak, so that my pony's feet may not be soiled by that mud," she said, as she made sure that the hemp satchel of books was securely fastened to the pommel.

"Now you ask too much," replied Marion. "My hopes, my heart, my life, you may have, but not this lovely new plaid wrap," hugging the article closely about her.

"Adieu, then, until to-morrow," responded Elsie, gathering the reins more securely in her hand.

Thimble danced a little, which was his way of saying he was more than ready. His mistress shook the lines and he started, his "banged" fore-top flying backward, his snowy hogged mane standing up very thick and straight.

The two girls watching could not help envying Elsie the fleet Texas pony which she had ridden constantly for more than a year.

"You know we can't afford to have him," Elsie had said in confidence to Marion; "but father consented to buy him if I would really wear my old dresses and hats, so that Thimble could have the money for his food. I promised, and now if I get so shabby that you are ashamed of me, why, I shall have to bear it, that's all. But I wouldn't give up Thimble; he knows more than all of us put together."

"I believe it," Marion had said, standing with her arm over the pony's neck. "His eyes are not as bright as that for nothing. And as for being shabby, why, I'd rather wear blue gingham all the rest of my life and have such a love of a beastie!" and she kissed him on the end of his soft nose—a caress which he bore with calmness, evidently having his own opinion about the usefulness of girls in purveying him goodies.

Now as Elsie rode out of the yard the northeast wind came sweeping full in her face, bearing with it a fine

storm. But what cared she? Her blue jacket was buttoned tightly across her chest, and her hat pulled firmly down over her forehead.

"You'll have it full upon you," called Kate.

And Marion put her hands to her mouth, and shouted, "Elsie, 'ware the marshes of Saugus."

The rider turned and waved her hand, and then the pony settled down into his quick lope, and in a moment Elsie and Thimble were out of sight, shut in on the long, straight road by the thick storm, which came on with that sudden sweep which characterizes one phase of a north-east storm on the New England coast. It did not rain; it was a thick mist, and smelled as salt as though the ocean were tossing up its spray just the other side of the road. It had been a sort of "dry storm" all day, and the ocean had been moaning loudly.

The two girls turned and strolled toward the large boarding-house which stood at the farther end of the academy yard. It was now almost dark, but there was going to be a moon.

A side door opened suddenly, and Miss Monroe, the principal, appeared.

"Elsie Chapin has not gone?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, a few moments ago."

"I am sorry. I intended to ask her to stay here overnight. The storm is coming on furiously. It was only yesterday I spoke to her mother, telling her not to be anxious when it was very bad weather, for I should keep Elsie. It is too late in the fall for her to go so far when it is not pleasant."

The kind face looked so worried that Marion said, with the earnestness of conviction, "Miss Monroe, the pony will take her home safely; he will get there in less than half an hour; you've no idea how fast he can go."

Out in the increasing storm Elsie was sitting her pony with her head bent down, and her left hand holding the bridle loosely. Thimble's small feet clattered swiftly over the stony road, and every time he felt the bridle shaken on his neck he dashed forward still faster, the darkness thickening all the time.

Their way lay along a wide stretch of salt marsh, and the road was only a few feet above the level of the low field which stretched out for hundreds of acres. In such a storm one might wander here for days even and not find his way, nor see a sight save the fog, nor hear a sound save the swash of the sea far down at the shore, and the cry of wild birds who were hurrying to their Southern homes.

Far ahead—or it looked far in the dark mist—Elsie suddenly saw the gleam of a light; it shone palely in the watery atmosphere. It seemed to be on the road, and the girl rapidly approached it, pulling up her pony a few minutes later as she saw it was a market wagon which went by her home twice a week. The man was walking by his horse, and swinging a lantern as he went.

"Hullo!" he cried, spying the white animal, "Be you 'Liab Chapin's darter?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was about sure of it from the pony. I never calculated to see you, but there's a mighty row down to your house."

"What?" said Elsie, sharply, her mind going instantly to her mother, whom she loved with all the faith and affection of a loyal, upright nature, and who had been an invalid so much of the time that Elsie always felt a kind of care for her.

"Yes," went on the man, with that curious satisfaction in telling unpleasant news that is so marked in some people. "You see, Miss Chapin she was sent for 'bout nine o'clock this mornin' to go to Bill Karter's on the marsh end 'cause his child was sick. The child died, so they tell me, and Miss Chapin— Yer own mother, ain't it?"

"Yes! yes!" said Elsie, breathlessly.

"Wa'al, she started about two o'clock to come home, and she ain't got there yit. Yer father he happened to see some one that knew she started, and now there's a parcel of men gone out to find her. They think she's got bewildered in the fog, ye see."

Elsie's voice was high and strange as she asked:

"How long ago?—did they start, I mean?"

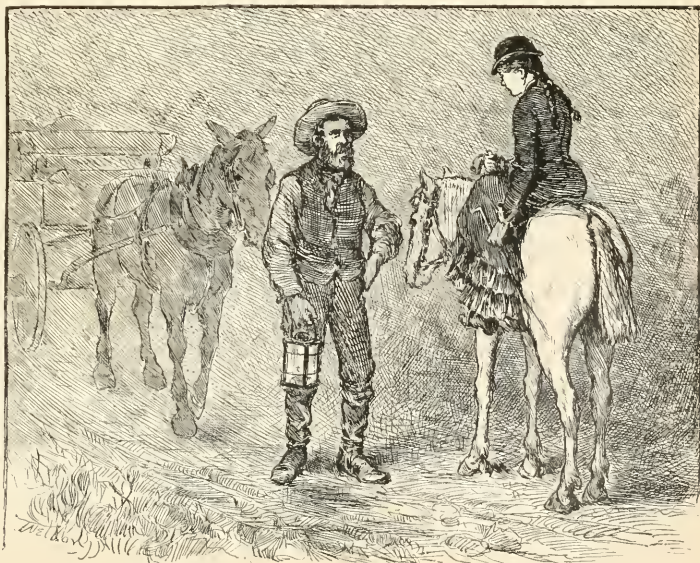
"Goin' on two hours."

"Did they take the dog with them?"

"Don't know; guess not; I didn't see no dog."

Elsie's mind ran riot for a moment without her having the least control of it. She turned Thimble so that the cart passed on; but instead of allowing the pony to go on, she checked him, and he stood impatiently shaking his handsome head, switching his square-cut tail, and putting back one ear, as if to ask what was the meaning of this.

The light the market-man carried was soon swallowed up in the darkness; and now Elsie, looking before her, knew that if her pony had not been white she could not have seen its head, so dense was the atmosphere that encircled her.



"BE YOU 'LIAB CHAPIN'S DARTER?"

Not for many seconds of time did the girl hesitate.

"There's small chance of finding her unless they went after the dog," she said. "I can find her with Max." She knew that Max had gone home with a cousin of hers who lived a mile beyond her own home; he frequently staid there for several days at a time.

"I can find her; I *will* find her!" she cried. "Go, Thimble—go as you never went before!"

The pony jumped forward, neighed shrilly, and then settled down. Elsie knew he could do his mile in four minutes well enough, and she had no uneasiness concerning the way, for Thimble could have gone blind-folded, and in fact he was utterly blinded by the darkness and the storm. But he did not flinch; he leaped through the darkness, the thud of his swift-hitting hoofs being the only sound in the noise of the wind. That motion had in its rapidity something inspiring and triumphant.

In a few minutes she saw, close by her, a light shine from what she believed to be her cousin's house. Almost at the same instant the gravel of the road was scattered by scratching feet, and then she heard the deep bay of welcome from Max's throat. Her pulses gave a bound, "Thank Heaven!" came unconsciously from her lips.

Here was her ally, and without her having to lose a moment in finding him.

"Come, Max," she called, and wheeled her horse.

She could not see him, but she heard him cantering along abreast of her as she rode, and the sound gave her courage. She must trust all to her pony and her dog, for no human instinct could guide her in such a time as this.

Leaning over from her saddle, she spoke to Max, who was nosing around among the stubble. Then she drew out the silk handkerchief from her pocket; it was her mother's; she had only taken it from her that morning.

The dog smelled of it.

"Find her," cried Elsie, and there was a pathetic entreaty in the command. Max sniffed again, then gave a quick bark, as if asking a question.

"She is lost—here on the marshes. Oh, Max, I shall die if we do not find her!"

The dog's instincts had been sharpened by training, and he would show now of what he was made. He started off. Elsie heard him rustling in the brown grass. She felt the pony quivering under her; he too was getting excited. Far away on his native Texan plains he had hunted many a day, and the baying of dogs and the crack of rifles were inspirations to him.

"Go!" said Elsie, not thinking of her own safety, remembering nothing but that her mother, who was so far from being strong, was on this desert, buffeted by this merciless storm, vainly trying to get on, as one in a nightmare struggles to find the right way.

Thimble leaped across the narrow ditch that separated the marsh from the road, and the next moment Elsie felt as if she were flying through unlighted space, the salt air cutting her face and thrashing her wet, unfastened hair about her.

She dared not think of her mother: she must banish from her mind every memory of that tenderness which made her mother so dear to her. Was it yesterday that she had sung with such a care-free heart,

"The blinding mist came down and hid the land?"

The words went like a knife. "Oh, mother! mother!" she moaned aloud.

Farther off Max barked, and Thimble made longer leaps, splashing in pools of salt-water, the sharp, stiff grass cutting his legs, his chest wet with his own foam and with the chilly water. But he did not slacken nor pant, bardy, long-breathed fellow that he was.

Was that the report of a gun, dulled, deadened by the

daupness? The sound gave a new terror to Elsie; she did not think that it might be a signal. She knew that, earlier in the season, men prowled about for coots and geese, but why should they shoot at such a time as this? Such a shot might hit her mother; the girl never thought that it might hit herself as well.

Far off she now heard Max barking frantically.

"Thimble, go on!" she shouted, and the brave little animal needed not to be told a second time. He dashed on like a wild thing, straight over sedge and pool, and Elsie's breath came heavily, for in the wind that rushed by her face she still heard confusedly the sound of the dog's furious bark.

An exultant throb was now in Elsie's pulses. Already, in her mind, she had slipped from her seat and was holding her mother fast and close; a sob rose in her throat. Not yet must she give way to such imaginings; yet longer she needed her strength. Wild and high came the roar of the sea.

Was Thimble moving? Would he never get to where Max barked in such a victorious note?

Elsie rose in her stirrup, her fingers clinging round the pommel.

"Mother! mother!" she called, "are you there?"

"Is it you, Elsie?" responded a faint voice from out the mist, and there came the sound of some heart-felt thanks.

Trembling, and now at last panting, the pony made the little remaining distance between the daughter and mother.

Just as Elsie slipped from the saddle another shot sounded, and this time close to them—not the shot of a gun. A prick, as of a needle going through her flesh, Elsie felt in her side, but forgot it instantly. She did not notice that the pony swerved oddly to one side as she withdrew her foot from the stirrup. She was groping in the fog for the owner of the soft voice that now called her again.

"Dear Elsie! It is *you* who have found me!"

Now her mother's arms held her, and Elsie could bear the choking in her breath, knowing that the work she had set out to do was done.

In a moment she said, "I will put you on Thimble, and I will go by his head; the dog knows the way home even if the pony does not. If you are only not ill after this! if you do not have pneumonia again! Here is Thimble, noblest fellow in the world! He shall have sugar and apples all his life. You don't know what a darling he has been.—Oh!"

The last word was uttered with such horrified shrillness that Mrs. Chapin started and grasped her daughter's hand more closely.

But before she could speak Elsie had flung away from her, and was down in the mud by the side of a white shape that lay on the ground. She gathered the lovely head into her arms; she felt again the soft dark nose she had so often kissed. The pony's breath came distressfully; he was lying on his side. At that moment the fog was pierced by the rays of a lantern, and footsteps were heard among the sedge.

"Hullo, here! I say, I guess I've got you!" cried a man's voice. "Don't shoot any more or I'll use my own pistol!"

Elsie heard, but she did not care to look up from the head she held, and which she could now see by the light of the lantern.

Mrs. Chapin, without moving her eyes from her daughter, asked, "For whom are you looking?"

"That fellow accused of murder over there in Norley. Of course you've heard about him. We've tracked him all the afternoon, and got him to this horrid place. It was he that fired. I declare! Has he killed that little horse? Lucky he didn't hit anything else!"

The barking of Max had by this time given notice to others on the marsh who were looking with Mr. Chapin for his wife. In another moment two more men with lanterns had come, but Elsie neither saw nor heard them. She was sitting in a pool of water, the pony's head held fast, but gently, tenderly in her arms, while her gaze was watching the light go out in the brilliant eyes that looked up at her.

In the heaving, muddy side was an ugly bullet-hole which dripped blood.

It seemed to her that plainly the pony asked her to help him. Did he reproach her for the pain he was suffering? Did he tell her that he had done all, given all for her, and why did she not help him?

Elsie felt her heart bound tightly with steel bands. She could not breathe. She saw the spirited eyes glaze, but their blinding gaze was still on her face. A shudder went over the shapely white form. Then Elsie knew there was no sight any more in the eyes.

With a broken cry the girl bent her head down on the pony's neck. She did not know her mother's arm was over her shoulders. Presently stronger arms were put around her; her father had come, and he took her up.

Not until they had reached Bill Karter's—which was thought to be the nearest house—did they find there was blood on Elsie's dress—her own blood mingled with Thimble's—and then, on being asked, Elsie became conscious that her side was sore. She had been stooping over in such a way that the same bullet that had killed Thimble had given a flesh-wound to his mistress.

"Let it comfort you to know that you saved your mother's life," the doctor said to the girl, after he had dressed her wound, and she was lying on her own bed. "She could not possibly have borne a long exposure. You did well to take the dog with you."

"Your father says," said Marion to her, a few days later, as she sat by the big chair where Elsie was reclining—"your father says he is going to sell that Jersey cow, and get you another Texas pony from Mr. Nolan when he comes North with another lot in the spring."

"No! no!" cried Elsie, with energy. "I never want another pony. There was but one Thimble."

Her voice broke, her eyes filled. Marion bent over and touched her cheek gently, not saying anything.

DICK'S DEER PARK.

BY IRVING L. BEMAN.

ABOUT a mile from Dick Smith's home, at a lovely bend in the river, was a wide cove where the water was shallow and thickly grown with lilies for several rods from the shore. Along the bank was a belt of thicket, sprinkled here and there with larger trees. Through the thicket were numerous paths by which the deer came down to the water to eat the lily pads—a diet of which they are particularly fond.

Here Dick and his father sometimes went in the evening, in a boat with a torch blazing at the prow, to shoot a deer for their family meat. To make the spot still more attractive they had deposited a quantity of salt at one point, making what is called a "lick," a place to which deer often go, as they, like most animals of their kind, delight in licking anything salty. Sometimes the deer came here in the daytime, and more than once had Dick watched them as he floated in the canoe far over near the opposite shore of the river, and wished he had one of them where he could tame it and teach it to take salt and other things right from his hand. When children see any beautiful wild creature, be it bird or beast, they always wish to possess it, and keep it a prisoner in some cage or yard.

One warm September day Dick was watching a doe and her fawn at the salt-lick, when it seemed to him that per-

haps if he should cover the bow of the canoe with green bushes, he might sit in the stern behind them and paddle right up to them. Paddling around the bend out of sight, he took the hatchet from the boat and quietly clipping off some leafy boughs, heaped them, as he had planned, for a screen. Then he paddled back, and turned the bow straight toward the lick. By peering intently through the not very dense pile of brush, he could see the deer still busy licking salt. Closer and closer he came, until, when within a few rods, he stopped paddling, and creeping forward to the bushes, took a long look at the game.

Talk about the cat or the fox! what is more sly and less noisy than a barefooted boy, when he tries? And what sight is more enchanting than a dapple-skinned fawn? Barefooted Dick looked his full at the beautiful little thing, until he began to think to himself: "Why can't I catch it? It's young and foolish, and if I paddle very softly, maybe I can get close up, and then jump out and grab it."

Fortunately there were no lily pads just at that place to give the boy trouble, and pretty soon the canoe touched shore, and Dick found himself within a dozen feet of his game. Gently he thrust the paddle down into the soft soil against the stern of the boat, and crept forward to the brush. He calculated that at two short bounds he could clear the boat and seize the fawn. Gathering his feet under him, he gave one spring over the brush, and then another, quick as a cat, and, sure enough, the delicate spotted baby deer was his captive. It struggled a little, gave one faint cry, more like a human child than the bleat of an animal, and then yielded as if its strength were all gone.

One swift, triumphant thought flashed through Dick's mind—"I've got it! I've got it!" The next instant he was knocked heels over head and half stunned, his hands let go their hold, and lo! he was a badly beaten boy.

This change in Dick's fortunes was due to the mother deer. Timid as are the wild deer of the woods, they are not altogether wanting in some of the bolder traits; a doe is a dangerous enemy sometimes in defense of her offspring.

As soon as she heard the outcry of her child she sprang to its rescue, and with her fore-feet taught Dick a lesson he has never forgotten. But he rallied in time to see the two run off together, and to note how the fawn was half entangled in a wild vine that crossed its pathway.

When the adventure was ended he rubbed his shoulder, which felt not a little bruised by the blow from the deer, and muttering to himself, "Well! well!" clambered into his canoe, tossed off the brush, and paddled slowly homeward. That night he lay awake a long time thinking over his adventure, how beautiful was the fawn, how near he came to success, and how suddenly he failed, and wishing more than ever that he had a tame deer. Before he slept a novel plan, suggested by the fawn's tripping over the vine, flashed on his mind, by which possibly he might accomplish his desire.

The next morning he obtained of his father two or three strong thongs of leather, and, going into the woods near by, gathered enough bark of the moose-wood, or leather-wood (*Direa palustris*), to make several more similar ropes. At one end of each of these he made a large slip-noose, so arranged that it could not draw quite tight. In the afternoon he paddled down to the cove again, and selecting the paths that seemed most frequented by the deer, he suspended in each a slip-noose, attaching the other end of the thong tightly to some strong branch or tree. The noose he distended on small twigs in such a manner that a deer in passing would be likely to walk right into it, and draw it up so as to become ensnared.

Dick hardly expected to succeed immediately, for deer have exceedingly sharp senses, and would probably smell his foot prints, and avoid for a while the passages where he had spread his snares; but he trusted that time would dispel the odor, and then his device might work.

However, the very next morning he could not refrain from returning to the place, though of course he found nothing. Day after day he paddled down to the cove, and passed along near enough to inspect the snares; but they remained as he had left them.

A week or more thus went by, when one morning he had an excitement. The first snare to which he came had been entered, but whatever the animal may have been, it had escaped. The second snare was undisturbed, and the next, and so on to the last one.

But here, lo! our little hero found a deer, a real deer, caught and alive. Ah, how the boy's heart leaped! He

came more familiar with its happy master. Dick named it Lightfoot.

Within a few weeks two does were captured and added to what Dick began to call his "park of deer." Before the winter closed they became as tame as cosset lambs, eating out of Dick's hand, and thrusting their noses into his "round-about" pockets to discover any choice bits he might have brought them. When spring came they showed intense eagerness for the first greens from the woods. And later, when he plucked lily pads, and brought them fresh and wet to his pets, they almost seemed to thank him with their great lustrous eyes.



LIGHTFOOT AND HIS COMPANIONS

did not wait a minute to examine it, but made all haste to bring his father to secure the captive. Soon they returned in the canoe with whatever they might need to take the animal home alive, and after much struggle Dick had the long-wished-for gratification of a deer safely shut into the great log barn. His father showed him by the horns that the creature was two years old, and assured him that by careful management it would become tame during the winter.

The nearest neighbor was hired to assist him, and in a few days they had constructed a high stockade back of the barn, inclosing nearly an acre of ground, in the farther corner of which was a never-failing spring surrounded by a dense little grove. The stockade was built by digging a narrow ditch some two feet deep, and setting up endwise in it and close together straight poles about twelve feet long, and then filling in the earth at the bottom and tramping it down hard. The barn formed one side of the stockade, and when the yard was ready the back door was left open, and in an hour or two Dick had the satisfaction of seeing the deer walking about its new quarters. For many days it would not eat when anybody was in sight, but it contrived to live and grow, and steadily be-

The following June two fawns were added to the flock; and these never learned to be wild as their mothers had been, thus atoning to Dick for his overthrow at the cove.

This occurred many, many years ago; but "Dick's Deer Park" is still in existence, in Crawford County, near Meadville, Pennsylvania, and is now an inclosure of several acres, with an iron fence, a handsome hay barn, three or four fanciful open sheds, and a herd of forty or fifty deer. Their tameness shows the remarkable influence of long-continued domestication, it being as difficult to frighten them as if they were a drove of cows.

It is probable that quite a number of my boy readers live in a part of the country where young deer can be caught and tamed. Those that do, might, with a little trouble, follow Dick Smith's example, and build for themselves a deer park with these beautiful, gentle animals for friends and pets. How much better this would be than hunting and destroying them, as is done by so many boys who fancy themselves great huntsmen when they have only succeeded in killing some soft-eyed, timid fawn, which might have been trapped with little difficulty and converted into an interesting and affectionate playmate and pet.



PLAYING IN THE BROOK.

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

ARCTIC TRAVEL.

I.

IN modern days it is thought to be no very great undertaking to spend a winter in the arctic regions; but in

earlier times this was not so; every one shrank from the dreadful climate even in summer, and feared the terrors of the sunless land. It is true that in old times we did not possess all the advantages afforded by modern science to those who undertake arctic travel, but still it seems strange that the prospect of such an undertaking should have been regarded with such terror.

Certain Muscovy merchants, we read, actually obtained a pardon for some malefactors condemned to death, on condition that they should remain a year in Greenland, where "all necessaries of clothes and provisions were to be provided, and ample payment made for accomplishing the task." The terms were accepted, and the convicts embarked; "but on viewing the place of their banishment they rejected the offer; they preferred death to living there."

In 1630, however, the feat was accomplished, against the will of him who did it, under far less favorable conditions. Captain Goodler, of the *Salutation*, one of the vessels engaged in the whale-fishery, left the Foreland of Green Harbor, in order to take in twenty men who had been transferred to one of the other vessels. Finding himself near a part of the coast famous for the abundance of its venison, he sent eight men ashore in a boat to hunt. This was on the 15th of August. They carried with them a couple of dogs, a matchlock, two lances, and a tinder-box, and were so fortunate as to kill no less than fourteen deer that very day.

As they were extremely tired, they resolved to rest on shore that night, and return to their ship the next day. But the weather being hazy, and much ice arising between the sea and the land, the vessel was forced to stand out to sea, and they lost sight of her. "Under these circumstances they decided to hunt along the shore to Green Harbor, where she was to pick up the twenty men. They killed eight deer more, and, with their boat well laden with provisions, arrived at the place to find that the twenty men had been picked up already, and that their ship had departed."

The time for leaving Greenland being the 20th of August, they lost not a moment in pushing into Bell Sound, the place of general rendezvous, some fifty miles away. But though they threw their venison overboard, they made but slow progress, and "being without a compass, and uncertain of the navigation, they reached the place too late. The fleet, having a fair wind, had sailed away."

Their disappointment was very great, and the misery of being entirely deserted was increased by the conviction that they must winter in a cold, inhospitable, and desolate region, without anything wherewith to make themselves comfortable.

If they had been mere sailors taken at random, instead of picked men accustomed to hunting, all would have been over with them. As Dr. Rae, the arctic explorer, once pointed out to me, this is the real secret of life or death in these regions. In his own marvellous expedition he had the Hudson Bay Company's men with him, who do not waste powder.

These eight poor fellows, however, were not sensible of the advantage they possessed in this respect, or, at all events, it comforted them but little. They only remembered stories of desertion, and how nine of their fellow-countrymen had been abandoned at that very place and had come to a miserable end, their bodies having been found the next spring, "miserably disfigured by beasts of prey."

They took counsel, and resolved to winter at Bell Sound, where a hut had been built by the Dutch for the whalers. It was, however, eighty feet long and fifty broad, so that it was necessary to build a much smaller compartment within it for themselves. They were thus, it will be observed, well provided with fire-wood—an immense advantage in those regions.

Even provisions were not wanting, though at first fresh meat was so scarce that they confined themselves to one meal a day. On Wednesdays and Fridays they had only whale fritters—scraps of fat thrown away after the oil had been extracted. They mended their clothes, which were worn out, as well as they could with threads of rope-yarn and needles of whalebone.

On the 14th of October the sun sank to rise no more for months, and their spirits sank with it. Nevertheless "the moon was in view all this time both night and day, shining for the most part as it does during bright weather in England. When it was obscured they used an oil lamp with wicks made from rope-yarn."

As the new year commenced the cold grew more intense; "blisters would rise on the poor fellows' flesh as though they had been burned with fire, and iron stuck to their fingers like bird-lime." At first they procured fresh-water from a spring beneath a cliff and under thick ice; but from the 10th of January until the 20th of May they had to melt the snow for it with hot irons.

During February no less than forty bears visited the hut, of which seven were killed, and they trapped fifty foxes. On the 24th of May the first deer was seen, but their only remaining dog had grown so fat and lazy that it refused to hunt. On the next day, "being all but one, Thomas Ayers, collected together for prayers in the smaller hut, they suddenly heard voices calling 'Hey!' to which, not without surprise (as one can well imagine), Ayers answered, after the custom of seamen, 'Ho!'"

Their visitors were from two Hull steamers just arrived at Bell Sound, and much astonished they were at the sight of the eight men "in rags and blackened with smoke." On the other hand, they were "well entertained with venison, roasted four months ago, and a cup of water, which on account of the novelty they accepted." The Greenland fleet arrived two days afterward, with Captain Goodler himself, who spared nothing to promote the comfort of the castaways.

What strikes us here is the good fortune these men enjoyed in losing none of their number; but it must be remembered that they had a roof over their heads, and fire-wood, and above all could provide themselves with provisions. The general experience of those who have been in like condition has been very different.

II.

Only four years afterward the Dutch government offered inducements to any party of Greenland whale-fishers who would winter on the island of St. Maurice, commonly called Mayer's Island, from John Mayer, its discoverer. It lies between seventy-one and seventy-two degrees of north latitude (whereas that of the little English settlement above described was sixty-seven degrees), but is barren, mountainous, and inhospitable enough.

Seven Dutch sailors volunteered for this adventure, and were left behind by the fleet, accordingly, on the 26th of August. At that time "the heat of the sun was so powerful that they pulled off their shirts, and sported on a hill near their abode." There was an abundance of sea-gulls, and a few vegetables—or at least something that served for salad—grew in the vicinity.

They did not resort to fires until the 9th of October. As winter advanced, however, their privations set in with unaccustomed severity. At the end of the old year they "went to prayers, wishing each other a happy new year and good success in their enterprise." This is the last glimpse of cheerfulness we get among them.

January was dark and stormy; bears were scarce, and the poor fellows had little skill in killing them. In March many of them were attacked by that arctic scourge, scurvy, caused by the absence of fresh provisions. On the 3d of April only two were in health, and the rest extremely ill. On that day the last two of the pullets that had been left them were killed. The "clerk" (*i.e.*, I suppose, the purser) died on the 16th, whereupon the rest implored Heaven to have mercy upon his soul and on themselves.

They were, indeed, in sad straits by that time. On the 23d one writes in his journal—and the journal is all the record we have of their doings, for they all perished:

"We are by this time reduced to a deplorable state, none of my comrades being able to help himself, much less another; the whole burden, therefore, lies on my shoulders, and I shall perform my duty as well as I am able so long as it pleases God to give me strength. I am just now about to assist our commander out of his cabin; he thinks it will relieve his pain, for he is struggling with death. The night is dark, and the wind blowing from the south."

What a miserable utterance of human misery is this! How difficult it is, as one reads it, to reflect that all this happened two centuries and a half ago! One seems to hear the moans of those solitary, sick men even now. On the 27th of April, we read, they killed their dog. As there is no further note of what took place, it is supposed they must have all died in the beginning of May.

On the 4th of June the Dutch landed to seek for their comrades, and "presaged ill from their not having come down to the shore to welcome them." They found them all dead men. "Near one of the bodies stood some bread and cheese; a box of ointment, with which he was wont to rub his teeth and joints, beside another, whose arm was extended toward his mouth; a prayer-book was near a third. Each of the men was found in his own cabin." The commander of the fleet caused the bodies to be put in coffins, "and interred, on St. John's Day, under a general discharge of cannon."

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.*

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"WELL," said Leo, "you are not going to stop, I hope."

"Oh no," said Paz, cheerfully. "I can spin yarns with any sailor. What will you have now?"

"Something funny."

"I wish I could oblige you, but fun is not my strong point. I went from Greenland to the South Seas one day in search of a laugh, but I failed to find it; indeed, I came near doing worse, for in getting into the hoop of a native's nose-ring for a swing—just by way of a new sensation—I forgot to make myself invisible, and he caught me, thought I was a spider, and would have crushed me, had not a baby put out its little hands in glee to play with me. I can assure you I was for a time averse to trying new sensations."

"How did you get out of your scrape?"

"I travelled down that baby's back in a hurry, and hid in an ant-hill; he poked about with his little black fingers for a quarter of an hour, but he did not find me. Ah, those were the days of my youth!"

"Do you ever have anything to do with witches?"

"Mark my words, ghosts and witches live only in the imagination of silly human beings. We useful people scorn them. Now imps might be said to belong to the same family were it not for the proofs we have of their existence. They are everlastingly getting children into trouble by suggesting things to them they never would have thought of—"

"Such as what?"

"Do you suppose I am going to tell you? No, indeed; they can do it fast enough for themselves. Persons who take too much wine are their most constant companions; they pounce upon them and twitch and tease and torment them until the poor wine-bibber trembles from head to foot. They won't let him sleep or eat or think, and fairly

drive him crazy. Oh, imps are really to be dreaded! But I must now begin my second story."

PAZ'S SECOND STORY.

"There was to be a grand birthday festival among the Fays, who inhabit the tropics. The wind fairies had brought us news of it as well as urgent invitations for our royal family to be present; but so deeply engrossed was our King at that moment in supplying the oil wells of Pennsylvania with petroleum that he could not absent himself. The Queen never goes from home without her liege lord.

"The princes and princesses were all too young, and could not be allowed to leave their lessons; so the regrets were inscribed on lotus leaves, and sent by special messenger—a bird of the Cypselina family. He was a great sooty-black fellow, with a tinge of green in his feathers, strong, well able to fly far, as his family generally do from America to Asia. But the gift could not be intrusted to him. I was chosen as bearer of that.

"Much discussion had taken place as to what this gift should be. It was desirable that nothing ordinary should be offered, for the Fays are, as a rule, fastidious. Gems they possess in abundance. Flowers are so common that their beds are made of them. Their books are 'the running brooks,' and their art treasures hang on every bough. The Queen had woven a veil of lace with her own fingers; it was filmy and exquisite, but my heart sank within me when she declared that nothing less than a wreath of snow-flakes must accompany it. To obtain this wreath and carry it to the Fays as a birthday gift was to be my duty.

"How should I accomplish it? I dared not suggest the difficulties, for at once I should have been displaced, and another elf chosen for the performance of this arduous task. Besides, if it could be accomplished by any one, I must be that person, having always been unwilling ever to allow difficulties to deter me from any duty. Pride of the right sort is a great help. I went to the frost-workers and told them what I wanted. They said they could imitate any flower; but the Queen had expressly said that the wreath must be of snow-flakes. Now the fantastic impulse of a snow-storm is well known, but it is not so generally known that there is a scientific accuracy even in the formation of snow-flakes."

Here Paz stopped, shook his head, smiled, and said: "I do believe I am as bad as Knops."

"Please go on," said Leo.

"Well, you must forgive me, for I shall have to tell you that the frost-workers said there were no less than a thousand different forms among the crystals of which snow-flakes are made.

"Now how could I tell what pattern to choose? It was impossible; so I told them I should have nothing to do with the pattern. 'Make the wreath,' said I, 'box it, and I will carry it, or die in the attempt.'

"They did so. The crystals were more beautiful than diamond stars. They put it in a solid square of ice, which was packed in charcoal and straw, and then cased in coeca matting. To this I attached cords, and slung it about my neck. The veil, in a satin case half an inch square, was in my wallet.

"I started in the track of the marten that carried the dispatches, but changed my course many times, striving to keep in cold currents. Finding, however, that as I neared the Equator this was impossible, I took to the sea, and went down to its highway. Of course I had on garments impervious to water—that is to say, water-proof—and my wallet was as dry as a bone; but not being in the habit of travelling under ocean, my eyes were a little affected by the salt, and I became conscious that I was being followed.

"Fishes, you know, are not down on the hard rocky bed of the sea, and I had passed the homes of mer-men, so I was

* Begun in No. 195 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

puzzled to know who could be my enemy. I would not so much as betray my fears by looking behind, and I had enough to do in looking forward, for at every other step there were fissures which had to be leaped, deep abysses to be avoided, chasms to be crossed, and sands which might engulf me.

"Still, as I struggled on, I could hear the sound of other feet following mine, now nearing me, now farther away, as my speed asserted itself. It made me shiver to think what might be my fate, and I can honestly say that the thought of failing to fulfill my errand bore as heavily upon me as the sense of personal dangers; for it is a great thing to be trusted, to be looked upon as honest and true,

"So was I at that time, and I resolved to get into the first empty shell I could find where I might hide. There was soon an opportunity. A heap of cast-off shells presented itself, and I popped into an enormous crab cover where I waited for my unknown companion to overtake me.

"As the steps came near I peeped carefully out, and what should I see but an ugly South American river-wolf, about three and a half feet long, with a short close fur of a bright ruddy yellow. I could not imagine what had brought him after me, but the ways of the wicked are often difficult to explain. There he was, and if once he could get me within reach I was lost. On he came, snuffing and barking like a dog, making my very hair stand on end. I waited for him to pass, but I think his instinct must have told him I had paused, for he began to turn over the shells with his ugly nose as if searching for something. My single weapon was a small dirk, as we kill only in self-defense.

"Bracing myself against the wall of my slight shelter, I stood in expectation of an assault, and I had not long to wait. With an angry cry he rushed upon me. His size seemed to me enormous, but my little knife was a trusty blade, and with a great effort I drew it across his dreadful throat.

"I will not dwell on these particulars. I had overcome my enemy. I resumed my journey, and soon came to a region of the most beautiful water-plants growing in greatest profusion. I knew by these that I was not far from the home of the Fays.

"I neglected to tell you that before starting out the chief frost-worker had given me a small vial of a clear liquid, which, in case of any danger from heat, I was to use for the preservation of the snow wreath. In my tussle with the wolf this vial must have become partly uncorked, for I became aware of a strong odor diffusing itself about me, and an overpowering sleepiness getting the better of me. I had drawn the bottle out, reworked it, and put it away again; but this was no sooner done than I fell in a sleepy swoon on the road-side.

"I have no idea how long I slept: there is neither day nor night down there, only a dim sort of twilight, which at times becomes illuminated by the phosphorescent rays of fishes, or the fitful gleam of ocean glow-worms. I was startled from my swoon by a rattling, dragging noise, and came very near being scooped up by an uncouth-looking iron thing which was attached to a cable. It flashed upon me, stupid as I was, that this must be a deep-sea dredge; and as I was not at all inclined to be hauled up on shipboard in a lot of mud and shells as a rare specimen of the sea, I got as quickly out of the way as possible.

"But it was now time for me to get on *terra firma*, as Knops would say, or dry land, as I prefer to put it. Among the beautiful vermilion leaves or tentacles of the curious half animals and half flowers I observed a vine not unlike the honeysuckle, only of tougher fibre. On this I elambered up to take a look about me, and discovered that I was much nearer shore than I supposed. Hardly had I done this when, to my horror, I saw the arms of an octopus stretching out toward me, its horrid beak projecting from between its ugly eyes. More alarmed than at any previous danger, I strove to retain my self-command, but the fearful creature was already touching me. Remembering, with wits sharpened by distress, the effect of the drug in my little bottle, I drew out the cork, and making a sudden lunge, dashed the ether in its face—if you can so call any part of its disgusting head.

"Instantly it lost all power over its members, curled up in a writhing, griggling mass, and I with a bound reached the sandy shore."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



and deemed capable of transacting affairs even of small moment.

"But this was not a trifling matter. The neglect to deliver this gift could bring about serious trouble. The Fays were our friends, and friendship is never to be slighted. It is not kind to allow selfish matters to stand in the way when we are bidden to a joyous celebration, and had not our King felt that the claims of man were more urgent than those of the Fays he would have attended this feast in person. As he could not, the gift was to represent him, I trust I have made it clear to you."

"Quite so," said Leo. "But I am crazy to know who was following you."

Ye Romantic Adventures of Three Tailors.

Three little men went a jogging along
 Along in the sunny weather,
 And they laughed and they sang an occasional song
 Which they all of them caroled together.
 And the great white clouds floated over the sky,
 And the day it was warm and the sun it was high.

By
 Howard Pyle.

As three jolly tailor men all were they,
 As you'd find in a dozen of years,
 One carried the yardstick another the goose,
 And the bravest of all bore the shears.

So they merrily trudged until after
 awhile
 They came where three milk-
 maids sat all on a stile.

The grass it was green and the
 flowers were gay,
 And it was the pleasantest
 weather,
 And the milkmaids were
 pretty as blossoms in May,
 As they sat on the stile
 all together.

Then they stopped on the high-
 way those three gallant men
 For they never had seen as fair
 ladies as then.

Then up spake the first of the
 tailor men three,
 And the one with the goodliest
 parts

"We are all of us good men gallant
 and free.

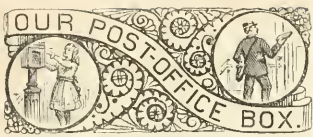
And have never yet plighted our hearts,
 So pri thee fair maids will you marry us all
 For our hearts they be great tho' our bodies be small."

Then up spake the first of the three pretty dears,
 "Pray tell what your fortunes may be, sir."
 "Oh three loving hearts and a yard goose and shears.

"Then you've not enough fortune for me, sir,
 So get you along while your boots are still green,
 For richer young men we shall marry I ween."

Three little tailor men jogging along
 Along in the sunny weather,
 No longer they laugh with a jest and a song
 But they walk very sadly together,
 For when maidens are proud like the milkmaids cold,
 The lads they grow sad like the tailors so bold.





STANDING UP FOR OUR RIGHTS.

"WHAT do you think?" said Lewis, addressing me. Lewis and his brother Dick had been having a discussion. It had almost grown into a quarrel, for both the boys were very much in earnest. You will laugh when I tell you that the question was simply which young gentleman should lie in the hammock and read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and which should go with sister Blanche to the church and blow the organ for her daily practice.

"It's my turn to have the paper first," said Lewis, "and I'm only standing up for my rights, besides, I hate to blow that old organ."

"It's my turn," replied Dick, "to stay at home and enjoy myself, for I went with Blanche twice last week when you were ill."

"A fellow can't help having a headache."

"No," Dick answered, scornfully, "not if he eats too much plum-cake, as you did."

"Boys" (this was mother's voice), "I should think either of you would like to go with your sister. How can you be so selfish? I shall be obliged to look *YOUNG PEOPLE* up until to-morrow if this goes on."

It was at this moment that my little friend appeared to me. You may imagine how I felt at the bare mention of so dreadful a thing as the turning of a key on my beloved *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I was really quite troubled that two manly boys, of whom I had, upon the whole, a high opinion, should waste their time and become angry about such a trifle. But I have lived long enough to know that most of the disputes in the world begin about nothing. A very little selfishness on somebody's part would prevent most of them; the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," would make the rest impossible.

"Boys," I said, dropping my fancy-work, and looking into the two flushed faces, "there is a better thing than standing up for our rights; it is nobler and makes everybody happier to yield our rights that we may add to the comfort of our neighbors. But only the great souls do this. Small minds never think of others' first."

"Just then Blanche called, 'Come, dear; I'm ready to go.'"

I was delighted when both brothers hastened down the garden. Lewis carried my trunk, Dick held the gate open, and the three went along the shady street in company. I learned afterward that they took turns in blowing the organ, and toward evening I saw Miss Blanche in the hammock, while Dick was swinging her gently, and Lewis was reading aloud to her.

ELIZABETHTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

I have read so much in *YOUNG PEOPLE* about silk quilts and cushions, I thought I would tell you and the readers how to make a cushion like mine. First procure a piece of muslin the size you desire your cushion to be, then lay out by stitching a piece of velvet or plush in the very centre of it. Then stitch a piece of light silk down on one of the sides, then add another piece of the same color, being sure to lay out around, then a piece of dark, then another of dark, and then the light again, and so on until you have pieced down to the edge. Edge with cream-tinted lace. This will make a pretty top to the cushion. Be very careful to have all your pieces of silk of the same length and width. Of course you will use as wide as you near the bottom. I will be pleased if the Postmistress tries to make one. T. E. H.

FREMONT, NEBRASKA.

I have not written in so long a time, I thought I would write. My sister has a cat, my brother and I own a cat too. My brother is going to have a white rabbit with pink eyes, so is my sister, and so am I. Papa is going to Omaha next week; afterward my brother is going, and then I.

BURNELL, C.

NORTHPORT, NEW YORK.

I am spending the summer by the Sound, and enjoy bathing very much. We have thirty-one pigeons; they are very tame, and eat out of my hand, and hop on my head. We have a large dog named Rex, and a cat named Tom Blacknose. We have also a squirrel named Fritz, and two horses whose names are Bessie and Jennie.

I had a beautiful canary, which would perch on my finger and kiss me, but the cat caught it, and it died from fright. Its grave is in the garden. EDITH V. D.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write to-day and send you a piece of poetry my aunt wrote about our dog Dart. It is all true. I hope you will think it good enough to print in the Post-office Box. My Aunt says she is afraid it is too long. I was ten Goo-goo when Dart ran away, but now I am ten years old, and Dart is an old dog, and has the rheumatism. With kind regards to you, I am,

GUYVERNEUE E. S.

The children will be very much obliged to you for sharing this pretty bit of rhyme with them.

DART'S ESCAPE.

We have the prettiest doggie
That ever you did see,
His hair so soft and silky,
His eye so dark and clear;
So quick in all his motions
That we have called him Dart,
For scarce a door is opened
But through you see him start.

He came across the ocean
From the far-off isle of Skye,
And for his home we wonder
If he ever leaves a side;
For we live within the city,
And only have a yard;
For little Dart to play in:
No doubt he thinks it hard.

One morning after breakfast,
When papa he had left,
And Dart sat in the yard,
Was barking at the cats
That promenade the fences
Instead of catching rats,
The cook to get the fishes
Opened wide the kitchen door,
Dart peeped right through the doorway,

And saw the front door too
Was standing with the area
Right open to the view;
He took one right quick look,
Then slipped beside the cook,
And out into the street
He ran with flying feet.

Ah, then the great commotion,
The children up in arms!
Jack jumped from the piano
All full of wild alarms;
Charlie he was silent,
Too manly for to cry;
The dog belonged to him,
And he valued him so high.

Dear little Goo-goo he
First stood in mute surprise,
Then seemed to take his fun
He raised his bright blue eyes,
And to my face looked up
Half-angrily to say,
"I'll tell papa to-night
That Dart has run'd away."

The cook forgot her ashes,
The maids start up in fright,
But Dart, like lightning flashes,
Is quickly out of sight;
But to the nearest corner
Maggie ran without her hat,
And Mary tried the other
In hopes he was at that.

But so long both staid away
That we feared our darling doggie
We had had seen that day,
"I'll tell papa to-night,"
And sorrowfully we stood
Wishing, dreading Maggie's coming,
For we thought that say she would,
"Little Dart is gone for good."

At last in joy we saw her,
And from underneath her arm
Flew she to us with the same grace
That had caused all our alarm;
His tail in glee was wagging,
His eye was bright and clear;
He'd had a right good time,
And he cared not for our fear.

We welcomed him right warmly,
But thought it wouldn't do
Not to punish him a little,
Or he'd run again we knew;
So to the table tied
He passed the whole sad day;
He whimpered and he cried,
But still he had to stay.

Since then the best of doggies
Our little Dart has been,
And when he goes an airing
He's fastened to a string,
He may wag his tail and frisk,
But still we hold him tight,
For we will not run the risk
Of another such a flight. E. D. S.

NORWALK, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have thirteen dolls and two cats, one of which is six-cats. I like to climb trees and romp very much. Do you like the story of "Laising the Pearl"? I do, because I like boys so much. I have written twice before, but neither of my letters was printed; so I thought I would write again. ESTIE R. R.

Please send the Postmistress your full name, date. It is best, let me say, for the children to sign their names in full, although the initials only are printed.

OPELIKA, ALABAMA.

I live in a small railroad town, and mamma, my little friend Kate, and I went out to a brandy ferns. We plant them in pots, and they grow beautifully. I send you a pressed leaf. Kate and I waded up and down the branch, and just as we were going into the deep water, mamma cried, "There's a snake!" But she was mistaken; it was only a frog jumping into the water, though we scrambled up the bank much frightened. When you were a little girl did you love to wade in branches?

I want to join the Little Housekeepers. I wish to thank Clement L. for the sponge-cake receipt. Mamma will make one by it for the party, and it was a success. T. L. K.

Of course I was perfectly charmed to wade in a brook when I was a little girl, and I liked going after ferns as well as you do, though I could never coax them to grow. I still like to pick the ferns and press them, and I thank you very much for the pretty leaf.

CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND.

I wrote a letter not long ago, but it was not printed, so I thought I would write again. Some of the readers wrote that they have made crazy quilts; my sister and I made a crazy tidy for papa, and there are more than thirty different stitches in it. Two or three years ago my sister and I went to Cot was endowed my sister and myself were visiting a friend in New York, and we went to St. Mary's Hospital, near Sadie. As I was walking through the wards I saw several numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* there. I think my letter is rather long, so I will say good-by. I send you a receipt for bread-and-butter pudding. MARION L. Q.

The receipt appears in another column. I am glad you went to see our little Sadie.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write a letter to the Post-office Box. I have so many things to tell you. I wrote once a long time ago, but my letter was not published. I think I have been so many lovely pictures in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and the letters almost always speak about the stories only. I think "A Beautiful Dreamer," "Rich and Poor," "In a Thousand Terrors," and "Ducked in the Cradle of the Deep" were splendid. I have had *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since the first number. We think it such a nice paper. I get all the little girls I can to take it, and I have been so many times to take it, and papa gets it for one little girl besides me, and he also takes eleven for the Sunday-school. He is a clergyman, and the name of his mission is St. Mark's.

I have five sisters and two brothers older than myself. We have a dog named Dow. When the whistle blows for noon or for six o'clock he sticks his nose in the air and begins to howl; sometimes he gets just the tone of the whistle. We live near the bank of the Genesee River, and it is lovely here in summer. Last summer we got boats and rowed clear down to the lake, and when we got there it was moonlight.

I would like to belong to the Little Housekeepers. MARGARET W.

You are very welcome as a member of the Sociable, and I am particularly pleased that you like the beautiful pictures which make *YOUNG PEOPLE* a feast to the eyes.

You show that you sincerely like the paper by your efforts to get others to subscribe for it. Many of the children are doing this, and the lists of new subscribers are growing. The more people who take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, the better and more interesting and more beautiful the publishers will be able to make it.

PLATTE CITY, MISSOURI.

I am twelve years old, and have a brother who is nineteen. I live near Fort Leavenworth, and often go there; also near Kansas City, which I often visit. We have a splendid school in Platte City, which I attend, and I have been taking music lessons for three years. My brother plays on the guitar, and he often accompanies mamma or me on the piano. I have had a very nice time, very much, and was sorry that "In Honor Bore" was so short. I have been in the country a part of the vacation at grandma's. Enjoy being there, for then I can take a splendid walk, and have very delightful times. While there I made and mended a set of toilet mats. I have a collection of dolls, seventy-eight in number. I have them on the

mantel, and they are quite a curiosity. Mamma has a collection of Mexican pottery, made by the Aztecs, sent her by my aunt from Albuquerque. I am learning to cook, and would like to be one of the Little Housekeepers. I send a very nice receipt for cocoa to you. GRACIE M. M.

Thanks. Can you find the receipt? Look for it. Thirty-eight dollars are enough to keep you busy. They must crowd the mantel-piece.

MOSTKILLER, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have only one sister, and she will be thirteen in September. I have not taken Young People very long, so I could not read much of the story of "Nan." I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much, and wonder if he will try any more experiments. There is a French family living next door to us. They have two little girls about my age; they are twins, and their names are Adele and Emily. We have fine times, although we have no pets. Mostkille is quite a nice place for city visitors. Papa keeps a book-store, so I have plenty of books to read, but I think I enjoy Young People as much as any book. MAMIE A. S.

COPENHAGEN, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old. I live on a farm, and am learning to be a farmer. I take your nice paper. Mamma lets me raise sows and sell it. I like to keep the pigs for my own. I like raising the "Pearl" and Jimmy Brown's stories best of all.

Next time Johnnie M. is poisoned with Ivy, if he will apply sweet cream it will cure him. BERTIE C.

St. Joseph, MISSOURI.

I have never written a letter to you, so I thought I would write you one. I had a big bird that fell down, and it flew away. Papa got me a kitten in place of it. I have one little sister, who is five years old, and two brothers, one twelve and the other nine, and I was eight on the Fourth of July. We have seven chickens, five of them Plymouth Rocks; their names are Tom, Pet, Biddy, Topknot, Browlie, Speckle, and Snowball. I go to school, and am in the sixth grade. I have a very sick bird, but am well now. My bird was named Dick. Will you please tell me a name for my kitten? On my birthday mamma gave me a doll carriage. My grandpa was here on the Fourth of July.

I did not mean my cage flew away, but my bird. I wrote this all myself. MAGGIE G. D.

I understood you, dear, about the bird; and the pronoun is all right. Would Frisk suit the kitten?

REIGNON, MICHIGAN.

I am twelve years old, and I think I have a good name, Daisy, and nineteen chickens. Nine of them are tame, and they eat my bread, and I will feed the old hen. I have some eyes. Will you tell me what is good for them? I am trying salt-water now. My papa is a doctor. I don't like doctors' pills, but I must stop. I fear I have written too much now. Wednesday is a very happy day to me; you know it brings Young People. GERTIE McH.

If papa is a physician, he can probably prescribe for the poor eyes. I think you must run about in the fresh air, drink plenty of milk, get a good long sleep every night by going to bed when the chickens and birds do, and become very strong and healthy, and then the eyes will not trouble you much. Never read anything, dear, not even the Post-office Box, between daylight and dark. It is a very bad time for eyes of any kind to pore over print.

LEON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am living in this country for two years only. I was born in Germany, in the town of Oeynhausen. It is a watering-place, and every summer there come numbers of rich people to use the baths for their health. There are two kinds of salt water—one kind is as yellow as a dandelion, and the other is as pure as crystal, only when you go into it you are all covered with millions of little things which look like pearls, and when you reach them they go up to the surface. We have a large park, which is called the Kurgarten. Twice a day there is a lovely concert in the little music-house. Besides this there are a reading-saloon, a play-ground, a ball-room, a theatre, beautiful flower beds, fountains, and a long row of booths nicely built, where you may buy all kinds of things. I like the booth where they sell dolls the best.

This little city is a dear little place—the best I ever saw. From mamma's garret window we can see the Porta Westfalica. That is the place where the Westphalians had their camp on the mountain, but since then it has been widened, and the railway and many roads go through it, and there is a suspension-bridge between the two mountains, so that you can walk to the pictures, and climbed the mountains. There is still

the little chapel where Wiltkind, or Wittekind, was baptized, and I saw also the place where his horse had kicked the ground, and a spring came out of the earth. I tasted the water, which is very cool and clear.

I want very much to know whether it is proper to say something is *that* long. Must you not say something is *so* long? Please tell me. I want to make something for a little baby fourteen months old, and I do not know what. Could you please tell me some things I could make? I like the letters and the stories about musicians the most. I think everybody ought to like music. DON'T YOU, A. S.

Your letter is charming. It is right to say *so* long, not *that* long. You might knit a little sack for the baby, or a soft worsted ball for him to play with, or a bright band to which you might fasten bells for him to jingle. Perhaps he would like a doll, dressed in a crocheted suit, cap, trousers, and jacket, though to manage the costume nicely one must be quite handy with the little steel hook.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are seven little consins visiting grandpa's. Something terrible has happened here this summer. The house is built on a hill, and during a heavy rain a terrific thunder-shower the land on one side of the house was washed out by the rain to the depth of seven feet. Next day another fearful shower came, and washed out much more. The next morning, that in the night, when we all were asleep, the foundations caved in, and the house sunk down about six feet on one side, and waked us all up, besides frightening us dreadfully. Several fire-trusses were blown down and fell over into the hole, and one fell on the house and broke lots of windows and one chimney. Grandpa is going to have the hole filled up, and the house raised into position by jack-screws.

HELEN W., FRED H., ELIZA L., DAVID VAN D., WILSON VAN D., and JAMES W. WELLS.

You have passed through a thrilling experience, and it is a mercy you all lived to tell about it. The thunder-storms, cyclones, and showers of hail this summer have been marvellous.

HERNON, OHIO.

I have taken both *St. Nicholas* and *The Scholar's Companion*, but I like *Harper's Young People* better than either of the others. My mamma gave it to me for a Christmas present. I think "Raising the Pearl" is the best story in it. I am sorry it is finished, and hope Mr. Otis will write another story. I live with my grandpa in the country, and have a nice patch of potatoes, which I planted myself. My grandpa has two large mules, and we call one Jack and the other Tom. The men like to work the mules better than the horses, because they are so strong.

I had a present of two books this winter, *The Tiger Prince* and *Little Me*. I have had quite a good many books given to me, some histories and some story-books. I hope to have a library some time. I have been going to school in the country, but am going to town next year. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box. JAMES R. E.

The way to secure a library is to begin just as you are doing, taking care of all the good books you receive as gifts, and sometimes buying one with your own money.

CORRECTION.—In answer to an inquiry from Nathan P. W. in the Post-office Box of our issue for August 14, 1888, we inadvertently quoted the prices for the volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at 35 cents, postage prepaid. The price should have been 50 cents—35 cents being the price for the covers, and 15 cents the cost of mailing.

Thanks are due for favors received from John B., Jerome Henry F., Nettie Henrietta M. (who made the pretty sailor suit for her doll with her auntie's help, and is pleased with it), Mary O. J. (whose dog died, and whose bird was stolen, but who has a ring-dove for a pet at present), Daisy H., Jennie Burton S., Josie D. F., Hattie H., Joseph C. (try again, dear; an old song says, "there is luck in odd numbers," and so you may find it), Laurence G. B., and Pearl F.—Emily Lee T. must not forget her promise to send the bean-pole story.—George B. I am very sorry to hear of the death of your dear little brother Nattie B. H., a bright boy, and a correspondent of the Post-office Box.

RECEIPTS FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER TUNING.—Take a much bread, and fill an earthenware pudding dish of the size you prefer; cut it in thin slices, and but-

ter them; then put a layer of bread, and sprinkle it with raisins, another layer of bread, and so on, until you reach the top; make a custard of a quart of milk, three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, and a little cinnamon; pour this over the bread, and let it stand half an hour; grate a little nutmeg over it, and bake it a nice brown. M. L. Q.

A hard sauce of butter and sugar beaten smoothly, and flavored with vanilla, will be nice to serve with this, and at this season, when fresh fruit is abundant, you may substitute sliced apples or cut a peach or apple, and the pudding will then make what some people call Apple or Peach Charlotte, but what the Postmistress's children welcome on the table as Brown Betty.

ALMOND CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two and a half cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of cold water, five eggs, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, and half a tea-spoonful of soda; beat the sugar and yolks together; sift the cream of tartar and the flour together, and stir them in with the water; add the beaten whites and the soda, and bake in a very hot oven fifteen minutes. KATE E. M.

COCA-NUT DROPS.—One pound of graded coconut, half a pound of pulverized sugar, and the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth; drop on buttered pans, and bake. GRACIE M. M.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1. THREE WOOD-SQUARES. 1.—A duty. 2. Something bitter. 3. Fomd on the dinner table. 4. What Susie did with her school prize. 2.—A wee bit. 2. An opinion. 3. A bright drop. 4. What Johnnie found in the corn field. 3.—I. Sound. 2. The right way to leave the room door at present. 3. Want. 4. Termination. MIZPAH.

No. 2. ENIGMA.

My first is in grass, but not in vine. My second is in cow, but not in kine. My third is in blue, but not in gray. My fourth is in stand, but not in lay. My fifth is in one, but not in two. My sixth is in sail, but not in air-screw. My seventh is in fast, but not in slow. My eighth is in high, but not in low. My ninth is in Fred, but not in Roy. My whole was a time of peace and joy. EUREKA.

No. 3. FIVE CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Which is the most ancient of the trees? 2. What is a boat like a heap of snow? 3. What comes after chess? 4. What is that word of five letters from which if you take away two, only one remains? 5. What time makes everybody glad?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 197.

- No. 1. S E V E R T E N R No. 2. B o o B a m A S H L E E No. 3. Flatypus. No. 4. C O L D N O T F E Y E R C D A Y N E T N No. 5. C a r P I H a g g a I C C R o o K L a W E I T C h e e s e D a r k I m P C a l l A P e r E N e a r S o a r S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Edna Bosworth, Mary Jones, Eureka, Johnnie Sleight, Lucie W., Bradley, M. and L. Bruckman, Charles H., Weigle, Jun., A. B. C., Edgar Lovey, Willie W., Ford, Charles E. and Arthur H., Timmerman, Willie Anderson, Robert L. Allee, Alice Edsworth, Charles Hauck, Emily Florence Day, Jerome Hicks, Anna Seelen, Charibel, Daisy and Mel, Anthony B., Elise Claiborne, Carrie L., and Howard and Maud Beecher.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH THE CRUET-STAND?"
 "OH, WE'RE ONLY OILING THE JOINTS OF THE TORTOISE. IT MOVES
 ALONG SO SLOWLY, POOR THING!"

THE SPARROW AND THE MONKEYS.

OF all the hanging nests the most curious is made by the lit-
 tle baya sparrow of India. I dare say you wonder why
 any birds build hanging nests: you may be quite sure that they
 have a reason, and this reason is, I believe, that they think
 them the safest.

In the country where the baya sparrow lives there are snakes
 and opossums and troops of monkeys, all of whom delight to re-

gale themselves on birds' eggs. Now the monkeys are more to be
 feared than all the other egg-eaters, because they can climb so
 well.

From an ordinary nest, open at the top, a monkey can easily
 take the eggs with his long slender fingers. The baya sparrow
 knows this, so she takes care to hang her nest on the very tips
 of light branches that will not bear a monkey's weight, and to
 inclose it on all sides, and to enter it from underneath through
 a long neck—longer than the monkey's fingers.

When the monkeys found that she had thus outwitted them
 they laid their heads together. Eggs they liked, and eggs
 they must have, and those of the baya sparrow were especially
 tempting. At last they thought of a novel plan how to get
 them.

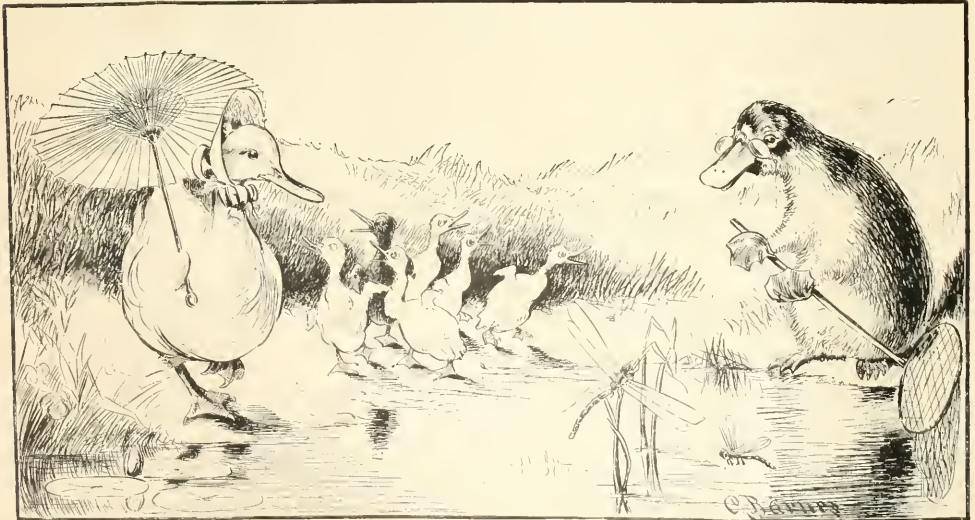
One monkey climbed to a high strong branch above that
 from which the nest was hung, and let himself down from it,
 holding on with both hands, then another monkey crawled
 down, holding on by the heels of the first, and another below
 him, and so on until they could reach the nest of the poor lit-
 tle sparrow, which they plundered.

This was too bad. Nevertheless, the sparrow did not sit down
 and cry because the monkeys were so clever, and all her eggs
 were gone. She knew there is nothing a monkey hates so much
 as to get his sleek coat wet; he would rather go without eggs
 than do this. So she hung her nest on the extremity of a
 branch stretching over the water, and so low that the entrance
 of the nest was close to the surface. The monkey thieves did
 not dare to make a chain of themselves long enough to touch
 that nest, for fear the bough should bend and let the lowest
 monkey go souse into the water. Clever little sparrow!

ENIGMA.

A BRIDGE there is most wonderful,
 Yet o'er it never man did go;
 And strangely, too, the waters are

Above its span, and yet below.
 The people may go up and down
 Beneath it, yet they do not drown;
 Tall ships sail through it, masted high;
 Beneath it bold the song-birds fly;
 In wildest tempest it will stand;
 Nor doth its keeper toll demand.



JUCKLINGS. "OH, MA, THERE'S PAPA!" A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.
 MRS. DUCK. "NO, CHILDREN; HE LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE MR. DRAKE, BUT IS MR. DUCK WILLIAM, A GREAT LOVER OF INSECTS."

* *Ornithorhynchus*, commonly called Duck-Bill.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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THE FIRST LESSON.

MOST bright little fellows like this one mean, when they grow up, to do what father does. Jaek is taking his first lesson in mending the fish net. His fingers are rather clumsy, but he is paying close attention to every direction, so it will not be long before he finds out the secret of the net.

In a few years he will be old enough to make one of the crew that man the fishing-boat. Then as his muscles become tough and strong he will tug manfully at the net when the time comes to land the glittering prizes, which will be sold in the market to bring comforts to the fisherman's home.

There are several kinds of nets, and Jaek will no doubt learn the uses of them all. The landing-net is a round bag-net mounted on a wire hoop, and fastened to the end of a staff. It is made of stout twine, hardened with caoutchouc, or India rubber, and the meshes are small.

The casting-net is a large affair, thirteen yards round, and is weighted with lead to permit far casts. It takes skill to throw it well. It must first be laid on the grass, then gathered up on the left arm and hand, and with a side swing thrown gently on the water, while the fisherman keeps hold of the end of the line. The net must be thrown very gently, so as to sweep in the fish without making a violent splash and frightening them away.

A hoop-net is in the shape of a barrel, and has channels at each end, down which the fish swim into the net. It is used for eels and small fish.

A bunch of flowers hung in the middle of a hoop-net is sure to attract the fish, which wish to see the pretty thing



with the gay colors, and go toward it without fearing any danger.

Nets are very ancient. They were used by the Egyptians, and by the Phœnicians, who were daring mariners in the far distant past.

DOLLIE IN THE OCEAN.

BY A. C.

A DEAR little girlie went down one bright day
To the shore of the sea to have a good play;
She sat with her dollie awhile on the beach;
Till each of her cheeks was as fresh as a peach;
And then, having taken a nice little run,
She tried to look out for some new kind of fun.

'Twas bathing-time now, and all rosy and brown
The bathers were coming from out of the town
In suits of bright red or else suits of dark blue,
Some funny and old and some pretty and new,
To play in the waves and to play in the sand,
To splash in the sea and then run on the land.
Thought girlie: "Now why can't my doll have some fun?
I'm sure she's tired sitting here in the sun;
Her blue flannel dress is a good suit to wear;
It won't take a minute to fix her, the dear;
I'd like to know what are these little waves for
If not for the dollies who come to the shore?
So in you may go, darling dollie, you may,
And splash like the others, and have a good play."

So the dear little girl ran down through the sand,
And, holding her dollie quite fast by the hand,
She gave her a splash in the first little wave."
"Why, dollie, you like it; you're ever so brave!"
Then splash number two, and then splash number three,
Till dollie was soaked through and through—oh, dear me!
"There, that is enough, dear; the docters all say
To take a few breakers is much the best way.
I know it is dreadful to come out so soon.
I'll let you go in again this afternoon.
Now run up, like a good girl, and try not to cry.
Now run up the beach, and make haste to get dry."

To get dry! Oh, that is the thing to do now;
The poor little mother, she doesn't know how.
'Tis easier said than it is to be done.
Poor dollie! she'll have to hang out in the sun.
Her blue bathing garments about her they cling,
Her sawdust is dusty no longer, poor thing!
The eyes that were dark they are now but pale blue,
The color is washed from her little cheeks, too;
And as for her hair, it is ruined to-day;
"It comes out in cart-loads," as all the girls say.

Alas for the dollie! alas for her fun!
It would have been better to sit in the sun;
For dollies the little waves never were made:
Of this I am certain. Their beauties will fade
If ever they venture to enter the surf.
'Tis safer for dollies to stay on the turf.
So bright little mothers of bright little dolls,
Who happen to be where the sea water rolls,
Take warning, take warning, and never, I know,
Will you foolishly play with your dear babies so.

ABOARD THE "SEA SPRAY."

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"SHE'S just a beauty, Ned. Come on down and take a look at her;" and Charlie Park linked arms with his friend Ned Niles, and together the two walked across the lawn and down the many wooden steps to the river, where at a neat little wharf lay a handsome steam-launch, with polished engine and newly painted hull.

"Why, where's Joe, the engineer, I wonder?" exclaimed Charlie, as he hurried out on the dock. "I suppose, though, he's gone up to call on his friend the coachman. Come, hop aboard, Ned, and see how handsomely Uncle Frank has had her fitted up;" and the enthusiastic lad

proceeded to display the yacht's charms with the ardor of a circus showman.

It was just before sunset on a lovely summer evening, and the broad river lay placid as a mirror in its winding bed between the hills. This was the *Sea Spray's* first trip since Charlie's uncle had bought her and had her fitted up. On this occasion he had steamed up in her from the city to take tea with his invalid friend, Mr. Niles, who resided in a handsome house on the banks of the stream. Charlie, to his great delight, had been invited to accompany his uncle, not only for the enjoyment the trip would afford him, but also for the opportunity it offered of renewing his acquaintance with Ned, whom he had met at school the previous winter.

Now Ned was an exceedingly quiet fellow of fourteen, fond of reading, and not much given to boyish sports. Charlie, on the other hand, was of a much more lively disposition, and was on the move all the time. After a separation of a month or so the two found plenty to talk about, as they reclined on the *Sea Spray's* soft cushions.

"Isn't it queer, Charlie," Ned remarked, a light puff of vapor suddenly calling his attention to the yacht, "how such light stuff as steam can do so much heavy work? I've read a good deal about it, but somehow I don't understand the thing yet."

"I'll show you in half a minute," returned the impulsive Charlie, springing to his feet and casting off the stern line. "Joe explained to me lots of points about the engine on the way up: how to start and stop, and—watch, now, Ned; I'll turn on the steam, and just let you see how the *Spray* can scoot."

"But I don't think you ought to do it, Charlie," protested the other. "Your uncle wouldn't like it a bit, and, besides, it's dangerous if you never ran an engine before."

"Pshaw! didn't I keep an eye on Joe all the time, and as for Uncle Frank, I don't believe he'd care, as long as I only make a circle out into the middle of the river and back again. So here goes;" and as he spoke, Charlie pushed the launch away from the dock with the boat-hook, and then ran back to start the engine, Ned watching his every movement in a dazed state of helplessness.

"Ah—h, here we go!" cried Charlie, gayly, as he opened wide the throttle-valve, and the *Sea Spray* shot quickly ahead. "My! isn't this fine? I wish I dared blow the whistle, but I'm afraid Uncle Frank might hear—not that I don't think he'll be mighty pleased to know that I can run the launch all by myself; but I'd rather tell him about it afterward, when I've brought her snugly back to the dock, with everything left ship-shape."

"I wish we were back there now," said Ned, holding on with a tight grip to the tiller, as if that would save him in the event of any accident.

"Oh, come, Ned, don't be girlish! Haven't I told you that Joe taught me lots about the management of an engine this afternoon? Just see how beautifully we're running; it seems a pity to go back so soon."

And, truth to tell, the *Spray* was going along at very fair speed. But it was of short duration, for even as Charlie boasted of the fact, the engine's workings became perceptibly slower, and before the boat could be headed back to the wharf the machinery came to a full stop.

"Hello! what's up now, I wonder!" exclaimed Charlie, and he went peeping in and out among the cranks and pistons with an important air of knowledge.

"Something must have got caught in the screw," he suddenly cried out, hardly able to conceal from nervous Ned the rush of fears which now began to overwhelm him. Then, crawling out upon the narrow space of deck at the stern, he took off his hat, and bent his head down to look behind the rudder.

"I can't see anything," he reported, as he drew him-

self back, very red in the face, and with a decidedly puzzled, not to say anxious, expression in his eyes.

"Oh, Charlie, what shall we do?" exclaimed poor Ned, faintly. "See, the boat won't steer a bit without head-way, and there's not even a puff of wind blowing in any direction. Couldn't we row some way?"

"No, for there are no oars on board. I believe they used to keep one under the deck last summer, but when the yacht was overhauled they must have taken it out, and forgot to put it back. But there must be something wrong with that engine, because I'm positive I've done exactly as Joe said."

"Then what *is* the matter? Oh, Charlie, it isn't probable that you could have learned all about the machinery in one lesson, so you ought not to have attempted to run the *Spray* by yourself, and I shouldn't have let you try, and— Oh, see how dark it is growing! What if some big boat should run into us! Can't we anchor somewhere?"

"No, for we've no matches with which to light the lamps; so we're as safe drifting as we would be anchored, if not safer. I'm no end sorry, Ned, to have got you into such a fix, and I see now I had no business to meddle with such a complicated thing as an engine. However, this 'll take some of the conceit out of me, I guess. Now don't worry, old fellow, for I don't think we're as badly off as we might be, and I'll do my best to set you safely ashore, after which I'll be ready to take the consequences."

This was rather a hard speech to make, and Ned admired greatly the manly way in which his friend acknowledged himself to be in the wrong; but before he could reply a grating sound was heard, and the *Sea Spray* came to a stand-still.

"We've run aground," cried both boys in a breath, and each experienced a momentary feeling of relief at the thought that they were no longer in deep water.

But as the darkness closed rapidly in about them, and a breeze sprang up to set them shivering in their overcoatless condition, they decided that they had better shout for help, which they proceeded to do with the full strength of their young lungs.

"There isn't much use in this, though, Charlie," panted Ned, as they paused to listen for a reply, "as most of the houses near the river belong to city people, who haven't come up yet."

"But the tide must be falling now, so we'll have to stay here all night unless we get help. I suppose we're safe enough, in one sense, but think of the state of mind your father and Uncle Frank will be in when they miss us and find the *Spray* gone. All my fault, too. I'm bound to do something; it's simply awful to sit still and *think*." Then, after an instant, and in solemn tones: "Ned, do you know much about this part of the river? I mean, whether we are on a flat in the middle of it, or on the gradually shelving bank running out from the shore?"

Ned peered intently into the darkness for a minute, held his head in his hands in an attitude of deep thought, and then replied: "Charlie, I can't tell you for certain. You know I haven't taken much to the river, but I *think* this shoal forms part of the beach. But what difference does it make?"

"Just this," answered the other, quickly: "I mean to let your father know where you are within half an hour, if I possibly can;" and, as he spoke, Charlie began taking off his shoes and stockings, while Ned stared at him wonderingly.

"Why, what—what are you going to do, Charlie?" he stammered.

"Walk ashore, and then run along the beach to your house, which can't be more than a mile below us."

"Walk ashore from here!" exclaimed Ned, drawing in a long breath. "And what am I to do?"

"Sit quietly in the launch till I send some one to take you off. You won't have to wait more than an hour at the farthest."

"But what if this is only a flat in the middle of the river?"

"Well, I'll soon find that out, and then I'll have to come back here, that's all."

"But you may step off into deep water before you know it."

"I can swim," returned Charlie, firmly, as he took off his hat and placed it on the seat; then catching up the boat-hook he plunged it into the river, and after withdrawing it, measured the wet portion against his body, ascertaining that it reached nearly above his waist.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "how much the *Spray* must draw! But here goes;" and, with a wave of the hand to his friend, he sprang overboard, uttering a shivering "Ugh!" as the cold water struck him. "All right, Ned!" he called out as he waded carefully away from the launch. "You're not afraid to stay alone, are you? The tide's running out fast, so there's no danger of your drifting off, and the water's too shallow for any bigger boat to run into you."

Fainter and fainter sounded his voice, although Ned could hear him long after his form had been swallowed up in the darkness. How terribly lonely it was out there in the stranded *Sea Spray*, with no one to talk to! and—hark! was not that a sudden splash?

"Charlie, oh, Charlie! are you all right?"

"Prime," was the characteristic answer from over the waters.

Then the dreadful silence fell again, and Ned sat there listening until he could bear it no longer.

"Charlie, oh, Charlie!" he called again.

No answer, and Ned's heart beat with quickened throbs as he thought of the deep channel and the treacherous tide.

How slowly the minutes dragged! Usually quiet, Ned was seized with a spirit of restlessness that kept him pacing ceaselessly up and down in the confined quarters of the yacht, casting anxious glances now and then at the sky, where the gorgeous tints of sunset had been succeeded by heavy banks of clouds threatening rain.

At last, after what seemed hours of weary waiting, he had almost determined to follow Charlie's example, and seek to make his way to the shore. Perhaps the chill of the water might serve as an antidote to the sensation of nameless dread which had now fastened on him.

"Ned, oh, Ned!"

Surely that was Mr. Park's voice.

Springing up as if from an electric shock, the lad threw his whole heart into the answering shout, "Here! here!" And within five minutes the Niles's large row-boat ran up alongside.

"And Charlie?" were Ned's first words as Mr. Park seized him by the hand.

"Safe at home in your bed, between double layers of blankets. He did a brave thing simply to relieve us of our anxiety, and both your father and I are well assured that he is thoroughly repentant as well as punished for his thoughtlessness in starting out in the *Spray*."

Meantime Joe, after fussing over the boiler, to which Charlie had not given a thought, with the help of Mr. Niles's coachman and gardener, pushed the launch off the flat, and in a little while she was steaming back to the dock.

"Why, she goes all right now," exclaimed Ned.

"In course she does," answered Joe. "Yer see, when I left her to git my supper I jist 'banked' the fire, which, as Mr. Charlie had gone up to the house, I couldn't explain to him, and, not knowin' this, he turns on the full head o' steam 'thout haulin' for'ard the fire, and phst! he lost it all in a jiffy."



"ALL RIGHT, NED" HE CALLED OUT."

Having landed Ned and the two men at their wharf, Mr. Park kept on in the *Spray* back to town, leaving Charlie to spend the night at the Nites's while his clothes were dried.

He returned home the next morning by train, but did not offer to run the locomotive.

"DICK AND D."*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Nan," etc.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

IT seemed to Norry as if Dick never would come back. He had no need of a candle, for day and night were alike to him. But even Mrs. James, the apple woman, had failed in her usual evening visit, and two big tears had formed themselves under his eyelids and were slowly trickling down his thin little cheeks when Dick's footsteps sounded on the stairs. There was a whiff of cold air as he came in, but Norry sat up in bed and could have screamed for joy.

Oh! how cheery Dick's voice sounded!

"Just you wait till you see what I have," he said (it was always an understood thing to speak of Norry's *seeing*). "I must light up a bit of fire," he went on; and producing from their meagre store a few bits of wood, he soon had a blaze on the little hearth. "Why, you can't think all that they gave me. Oysters"—and Dick produced from a tin box some fried oysters, and prepared to heat them. "Then lobster salad—oh! ain't it lovely!—and broiled chicken!" As each article was called out, Norry kept looking more intent, and when the climax was reached with "Ice-cream, all packed in tight in a little tin box," he could not sufficiently express his emotions.

"Don't you think," he said, in accents of delight, "that we might give Mrs. James some?"

"That's so," said Dick; "I'll go and find her."

And as soon as he had filled a wonderful plateful for Norry he prepared a second, and went down to the floor below, where Mrs. James's own little room was situated. A knock was answered by rather a wail of "Come in"; and entering, Dick found the old woman weeping, rocking

herself back and forth, and mopping her eyes alternately on the end of her shawl and her apron.

"Oh, wirra! wirra! Come in, my darling, till you hear," she began; and then related her adventure of the afternoon. Nearly all her nuts and apples had been stolen by mischievous boys, and not a bit of redress could she get.

"And the rint due to-morrow! Ah, wirra! wirra!"

"I wish I'd been around," Dick exclaimed. "I think I'd like to have my fist against their heads."

This pugnacious sentiment seemed to comfort the poor woman, and the sight of the tempting plateful was even more substantial consolation, so that Dick left her quite

ready to feel that something lucky might "turn up" before the next night. "Well, she's worse off even than we are," the lad thought, as he mounted the stairs; "but I suppose somebody always is worse off than somebody else," and a dim feeling came across his mind that all—all, even the very "worst off," had One to go to, to ask, to trust in.

The two boys had very little chance of any religion just then, I fear, for young people must have guidance, and since the mother's death Dick's one thought had been to hide from "institution people," and earn enough to keep himself and Norry even a little warm and tolerably fed. No one must suppose Dick a model boy, for he was often rough, fighting his way among other boys, and rude in his ways and speech; but the lessons of good, the standard for right and wrong, which the mother had implanted in her children, could not but bear good fruit.

Dick found Norry lying back with a most superior expression of content after finishing his plateful, and when Dick said, "There you are, sir—one ice-cream!" he laughed almost hysterically. Dick told him all about the young people at Dr. Field's, and saved for a final *bonne bouche* the news of Master Dick's intended visit, and the fact that he had bestowed upon him twenty-five cents. Altogether both the boys as they fell asleep declared this had been a wonderful day.

Early the next morning Dick began some of his preparations for the important visitor. He had rather strange ideas, I am afraid, on the subject of housekeeping, and it is hard to make an attic with a broken window and no carpet, and only a straw mattress for a bed, and an old chair and still older table as furniture, look very like a drawing-room on reception-day. But Dick, as he said, "cleaned up," and their one ornament, a large picture from an illustrated paper, was repinned on a more conspicuous part of the wall.

After some debate between the boys it was decided to spend about ten cents upon a plant, their country bringing up suggesting flowers as the best things to brighten any dull place. So a geranium was found for the money, and when Dick had placed it on the table, he felt that the appearance of the room really did them credit.

They decided to save their fire until about an hour in advance of Master Dick's arrival, and the better to strengthen the blaze, Dick went to a neighboring street where building was going on, and obtained a pile of shavings.

The last performance was dressing Norry, who felt very stately, sitting up in bed ready to receive the guests.

Then the fire was allowed to blaze up, which it did, just as though it knew how much was required of it, and when

* Begun in No. 159, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

a neighboring clock struck three the two boys found themselves full of suppressed excitement.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WELCOME VISIT.

A low rat-tat-tat sounded on the attic door.

"There!" cried Dick, jumping up and opening the door. Behold! there was young Dearing, his hands full of parcels, and a beaming expression on his good-humored face.

Whatever the young fellow may have thought of his host's apartment, he did not show any surprise. He put down his parcels and went straight up to Norry.

"Well, how do you do?" he said, and took the blind boy's thin hand kindly in his own warm, boyish grasp.

"I'm so glad you came, sir," said Dick Devine. "It isn't much of a place to bring you to, but—"

"Oh, cut that!" said Dearing, in his off-hand way: "I like nothing better. How clean you've got it! I wish you could see my work-room out at The Cedars—that's grandfather's country place, you know. But here, let's open the parcels."

As the boys began, making strings and papers fly in their eagerness, Dearing whispered to Dick, "I got him some noisy things, 'cause he can't see, you know."

And then was disclosed a very good accordion. Dick exclaimed, with delight:

"Oh, how glad I am! He had one once, and could play a tune on it." And as soon as it was placed in Norry's hands, and he had expressed his thanks, he began fumbling with the keys, at last bringing forth "Home, sweet Home."

"It was a man who lived near us in the country who taught him," Dick explained; "and mother always wished he could learn music, he loves it so."

"Why, yes, and then he might have a hand-organ," said Dearing. But even Dick's imagination refused to take in a picture of little Norry with a hand-organ strapped to his back, and he added, "But I don't suppose they teach hand-organs; you just sort of turn 'em."

The other parcels contained one or two games, a lot of marbles, a top, and a big ball. When Dick Dearing's imagination had gone thus far in his purchases it had failed him; but he announced at once his desire to purchase for Norry "something alive."

"I thought of a dog," he said—"a real smart little dog, and you could train him to lead Norry around."

After this it was almost impossible to express surprise, gratitude, or any emotion, for apparently wonders would never cease while Dick Dearing was around.

The two older boys decided to go out to "a man Dear-



"BEHOLD! THERE WAS YOUNG DEARING."

ing knew" for the purchase of the dog, leaving Norry happy with his accordion. If Master Dick had wanted any reward for the expenditure of his pocket-money he had it when he returned with a little dog warranted to be quick and good-tempered, and "just the thing for a blind boy."

With the keen instincts of the blind, Norry seemed at once to understand the little animal and to win it to him. When the question of naming it came up he declared it ought to be called something that would mean how glad he was to get it. So Dearing said that his sister Barbara was "awfully quick" about such things, and he would get her to choose a name.

An hour was delightfully whiled away by the boys. Dearing told them all about his grandfather's country place at Marplains, in New Jersey—how glad he always was to go there. He had a pony and a dog of his own, and Barbara had a goat carriage.

Norry thought he could listen forever. "Where is Marplains?" he asked.

"Oh, about twenty miles from New York, on the Field and Dearing Railroad. Sometimes we drive there."

Then Dick Devine told how they had been brought up in the country until last year, how he had always gone to school, and how he wished he could again. Upon this Master Dick made a wry face.

"It's a jolly good thing you *don't* have to," he exclaimed. "I wish I didn't have to grind away at it. I think a lot of the things they do at our school is just on purpose to torment boys and make 'em hurry and grow up; and grandfather's always telling me I must get prizes."

All of this was very entertaining, for I am inclined to think Master Dick liked to talk quite as well as the other two to listen; but five o'clock struck, and the visit had to come to an end.

As Devine was escorting his new friend down the stairs he told him by chance about the loss poor Mrs. James had endured. It was only a dollar, but to the old apple woman it seemed a small fortune. Then nothing would suit Master Dick's generous mood but to go to the stall and surprise Mrs. James with the money. Nothing, I am sure, could have surprised her more. She poured forth so many thanks and blessings that Dick Dearing had to fairly run away, but not before he had promised his new friend to come again soon.

Perhaps on his way home Dick had just a little pang as he remembered the last twenty-five cents of his savings was gone. Still, there had been a good deal of fun as well as comfort in the day. But even when satisfied by recalling the delight of those he had helped he little knew what a store he had laid up for the future, just how the bread he had this day cast upon the waters was to come back to him—a thing no one of us in any good or kindly action can tell, for even though there be no reward that is *visible*, it is written somewhere, and, like all good seed, must bear an eternal fruit. If Dick's tree blossomed forth in a way that he could see and feel, it would not make less necessary those kindly deeds whose reward comes not in things earthly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO DR. JOHN HUNTER WAS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THIS knowledge of dumb animals and his amusing stories about his pets have made Frank Buckland's name familiar to most readers, and especially to those boys who are interested in natural history. He has done more than any one else to make the animal world known to man, and his writings about the creatures he studied seem like stories of private life.

A few weeks before his death I sat with him in the

study of his house in Albany Street, London, chatting with him about his favorite pursuit. Upon his shoulder sat Margate Jack, a very small monkey. A still smaller monkey had crawled into my lap, where it took advantage of the situation by gnawing apart my silk watch guard.

The chair which Mr. Buckland filled was singularly massive, and he called my attention to a medallion inserted in the back, which announced that this heavy and ancient-looking piece of furniture had been made out of the bedstead of John Hunter. I soon learned that John Hunter was a man for whom Mr. Buckland had the greatest reverence.

"A canvasser called on me in behalf of some hospital the other day," he said, brusquely, "and I asked him if he knew who John Hunter was. It was enough for me when he said, 'No.' He didn't get any money out of me. None of my money goes to a hospital whose canvassers do not know John Hunter."

It was very evident that not to know John Hunter was a very great offense in Mr. Buckland's eyes, and I did not feel quite at ease, as I too shared the canvasser's ignorance. We both ought to have known, for he was one of the most useful men the world has ever had. He was one of the greatest of surgeons, and his researches and experiments have been of the greatest value to his profession. At the time of his death Dr. Hunter had anatomized over five hundred different species of animals, some of them repeatedly, and had made numerous dissections of plants. His manuscripts are stated by one of his biographers to have been "literally a cart-load." It is worth our while to find out something about him, because he was not only a learned man, but one whose methods of work were full of interest and suggestiveness.

Dr. John Hunter was born at Long Calderwood, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1728, and he died in London in 1793. In his boyhood he undertook to learn cabinet-making, but at the age of seventeen he gave up this trade in order to study surgery with his elder brother William. While he was yet a young man his name became widely known as that of a most successful surgeon. He constantly wrote books explaining the results of his researches, and began to be referred to as the best authority on subjects connected with anatomy.

Mr. Buckland used to say that personal experiment was the best way to study the natural sciences—that a boy with a trowel and a pair of scissors in the field, a hammer among the rocks, and the smallest chemical laboratory in the house, could learn more of botany, geology, and chemistry in a week than by a month's reading, unless the reading was followed by experiments. The secret of John Hunter's success was that he was always experimenting in every direction, always trying to learn more about things than books could tell him.

For the purpose of his experiments he made his house and grounds a museum and menagerie, and the small boys of his time anxiously peeped through the chinks at some of the wonders the walls inclosed. He had strange creatures from all parts of the globe—the queerest of birds, the oddest of beasts, the rarest of fish, and sometimes a few giants and dwarfs. All round the house was a covered cloister, dug about six feet into the earth, and in this he kept a stock of bats, dormice, snakes, and snails. He was very fond of experimenting with hedgehogs, and in letters to his friend Dr. Jenner, the great discoverer of vaccination, he wrote at various times as follows:

"I received yours, with hedgehog, but want more. I want you to get a hedgehog in the middle of winter, and weigh him. Put him into your garden, and let him have some leaves, hay, or straw to cover himself, which he will do; then weigh him in the spring, and see what he has lost. Secondly, I want you to kill one in the beginning of winter, to see how fat he is, and another in the spring, to see what he has lost of his fat. . . . If you can send me

a colony of hedgehogs I shall be glad, as I have expended all I had but two; one an eagle ate, and a ferret caught the other. . . . Can you send me more hedgehogs this spring? All those you sent me died, so that I am hedgehogless."

Nothing was too small or too large for him. At another time he had a whale brought up to his house, and dissected it in his laboratory.

There was a conservatory which was wholly given up to bees, of which he was very fond, and a pond in which he kept a stock of fish, frogs, and leeches, and in which also he tried to make pearls by putting strange substances into oysters for them to form on. Elsewhere in the grounds there were dens, sties, stables, and bear-pits.

Though the little boys of the neighborhood peeped in, they scarcely had courage enough to trespass. The front of the house was awful to look at. Four stone lions guarded the double flight of steps leading to the vestibule, two standing at the top and two lying down at the bottom. Over the front door was the tremendously wide mouth of a crocodile, and on each side of the area was an immense pyramid of curious shells. The cries of the queer birds and animals sounded ghostly in the twilight; savage dogs, half jackal, roamed about the grounds, and occasionally a young leopard could be seen winding with stealthy grace in and out of the shrubbery. The simple villagers of Kensington looked on the doctor with some suspicion, and called him "the cunning man."

The disorder made by his pets was not liked by Mrs. Hunter, and she took possession herself of the upper floors of the house, which in contrast with the lower ones were daintily furnished and decorated.

"I'll be bound to say," said Mr. Buckland, laughingly, "she used occasionally to lead him a life, and scold him well if he did not confine his subjects to his own part of the house."

No doubt she did, and no wonder.

The house is at Earls Court, between London and Kensington, and it is still standing, though Dr. John has been dead ninety years.

Dr. John was a very busy man, not wholly occupied with experiments. He was Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Deputy Surgeon-General to the British army. Much of his time was spent with private patients, some in the medical colleges with his students, and some in the great hospitals, where he did much to cure the pains of the suffering poor. His work at home was a relaxation to him, and we have a picture of him driving to Earls Court in a carriage drawn by tame buffaloes.

He made playfellows of some of his pets, which were not always as good-natured as he was. He had a young bull given to him by the Queen, with which he used to wrestle and play, amusing himself with its exertions in its own defense. In one of those contests the bull got him down, and was angrily attacking him, when one of the servants came by and frightened it away.

Another of his adventures was still more exciting. While he was working in the house he and the other members of the family were alarmed by loud and savage noises in the garden. Two untamed leopards which he kept chained in an out-house had broken from their confinement, and got into the yard with the dogs, and a fierce encounter was going on. Instantly, though he was quite unarmed, the doctor rushed out. He seized one of the leopards, which was engaged with the dogs, by the collar, and while holding this one, grasped the other, which was escaping over the garden wall, by the tail, and then triumphantly led both of them back to their quarters.

I have only pointed out a few characteristics of this great man; but a great surgeon has said of him that, with the exception of Sir Isaac Newton, no one in recent times has done so much for the science of medicine, and therefore to relieve the sufferings of mankind.

LAWN POOL.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

SINCE its younger rival, lawn tennis, entered the field, croquet has "had its nose put out of joint," and it is now so rarely seen that it is quite a curiosity. But there still remain people who cherish a spark of tender feeling for poor croquet, and one of these has lately invented a game that is at once very like it and very unlike.

The new game is called Imperial Croquet, or Lawn Pool. Doubtless it will soon be known only by its second title. It is more scientific than croquet as ordinarily played, and it is more easily mastered than lawn tennis. At the same time it does not call for so much active exertion as the latter game.

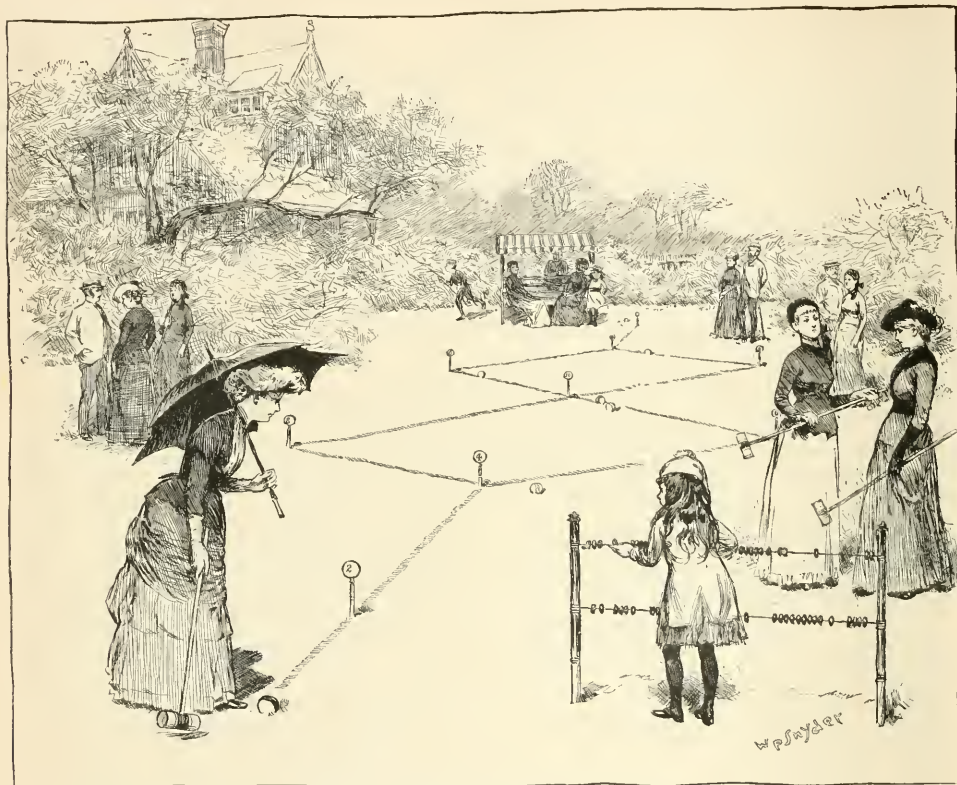
Briefly the game is this: Nine balls are placed on nine stakes set in the ground in much the same relative positions as croquet wickets, and the object of the players is to hit the stakes in regular order, so as to knock the balls off them. The balls on the stakes are numbered, and every ball that is dislodged from its stake counts to the score of the player who dislodged it as many points as the number on the ball.

And first, to describe the stakes and balls: As the stakes—or pedestals, as they are called—are very prettily painted, they would soon be disfigured by being hammered into the ground. Accordingly, wooden sockets, the shape of a cornucopia such as candies are put up in, but narrower in proportion to length, are driven into the ground, and the stakes fit into them. Thus, when the sockets are once driven, the whole apparatus may be removed or replaced in a few minutes. Moreover, the lawn-mower may be run over the sockets without injury either to itself or to them.

The balls are of two sorts, but both sorts are exactly like croquet balls. First, there are nine balls painted in solid colors, and numbered, there being two each marked 2, 4, 6, 8, and one marked 10. These nine balls are placed on the pedestals. Then there are four players' balls with a red stripe for the one side and four with a blue stripe for the other. Besides these there are mallets exactly like those used in croquet, and a counting-string composed of a row of little wooden balls or buttons running on a string, such as is used to mark the game in billiards. All these things—sockets, stakes, mallets, balls, and counters—are sold in a box at very moderate prices; in fact, one great advantage that lawn pool enjoys is that it is so inexpensive an amusement.

The plan of setting out the stakes is shown in the diagram. The sides having been chosen, the first player—with a blue-striped ball—aims at the first stake and dislodges the ball; he then plays for the next stake, and perhaps he misses it. His turn is over, and one of his opponents plays with a red-striped ball. Now, supposing that this player makes his first stake (counting two to his side), and finds that his opponent's ball is easier to hit, he may play at either a ball or a stake. If he hits a stake in its proper order he adds to his score the number of that stake, but if he hits a ball he may do one of several things. If the ball is an enemy's ball, first he adds its number to his score, then he may use the ball in exactly the same manner as in croquet—he may "tight croquet" it or "loose croquet" it. The act of hitting a ball, whether it be that of friend or foe, entitles a player to two strokes, which are played in exactly the same manner as in croquet; but if the ball struck is a friend, the two strokes are all the player gets. He is not allowed to add the friendly ball's number to his score.

It will be seen that lawn pool is in many respects very much like croquet, the principal points of difference being that stakes are the objects of the aim instead of hoops, and that the winning side is that which has scored the largest number in the game, and not the side that has gone all the way around the course soonest.



A GAME OF LAWN POOL.

When a ball has gone all the way around, striking all the stakes in proper order except the finishing stake, it becomes a "king ball," and enjoys all the privileges that a "rover" has in croquet. At the same time, there are certain penalties attaching to this otherwise independent ball. A king ball plays in his regular turn; he may help his friends or harass his enemies, but he must not strike a stake, otherwise he loses the number of the ball on that stake. To make up for this, however, he is allowed to add to his score the number of any ball that he may hit, whether friend or foe. Thus the king ball can make himself very useful to his friends and very annoying to his opponents. When all the balls on both sides are king balls, or have hit the final stake, the side having the largest score is declared the winner.

The proper number of players is four on each side, but as few as one on each side may play: in this case each player should use two balls. A game in which there should be only one ball on each side would probably be voted "slow," and certainly there would be little scope for good tactics. If three persons wish to play, the best and the worst player (with one ball each) should play as partners against the other player with two balls.

When two good players are engaged, the game will be found more interesting if they play a double round; that is, go over the course twice instead of once. Thus the lucky accident of a very good start does not count for so much as in a short game, since the other player has more time to make up the distance between them. A very good

player—especially when he plays last, so that he has several balls to use to help himself along—will sometimes make his ball a king ball in one turn, if they are playing a single round.

Although among good players skillful tactics generally win the game, yet the best of generals can not win unless his men are fairly well equipped, and in lawn pool a practiced shot will often be able by his superior shooting skill to offset the advantage which his opponent may have in a "long head." First, therefore, acquire a straight aim at reasonably long distances; but do not allow yourself to be careless in what appear to be easy shots, and do not attempt a long shot when an easier one presents itself.

In the old days of croquet there was a general disposition among players, both old and young, to cheat. Why it should have been considered almost excusable to cheat at croquet, when it would have been thought disgraceful to take an unfair advantage in other games, it is difficult to say. Perhaps people thought that as it was open cheating there was no harm; and if one cheats so that others can see it, certainly it is not so much wrong as foolish.

It is as though each player should make his own rules. Rules are necessary to every game; in fact, the rules are the game, and unless you play according to them you play neither lawn pool nor croquet, nor any other game. When once the few simple rules of lawn pool are mastered, it will be found a fascinating amusement for summer days when it is too warm for games requiring more violent exercise.



A RIDE ON OLD HOVER.

THE PICNIC AT PINE CENTRE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

HALF a dozen houses had subsided into quiet after an unusual amount of stir and flurry, one lovely summer morning, among the green hills of Vermont.

Baskets, pails, bundles, and children were all mingled in confusion at Deacon Bates's gate, from which the load was to start.

"Now, Polly Anne," said Mrs. Bates to her red-checked daughter, "be sure you look out for Miss Rosalie. She's not so strong as the rest of you. Don't neglect her, dear."

"I'll do my best," said Polly Anne, slipping from the detaining hand, and climbing to her place.

"Miss Rosalie!" she whispered, in an aside to Araminta Guest, a shade of contempt in her tone. "How can I take care of her? She's *gold*."

Araminta returned a glance of sympathy. Little Rosalie, already lifted up over the wheel by brother Jed, saw and heard nothing.

"All aboard!" cried Uncle John, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. And with a snap of the whip, the horses were off at a rollicking pace for the "Centre."

A month ago if anybody had told Rosalie's mother that she could be without her darling for a whole summer, that summer to be spent by the child with comparative strangers, she would have declared the thing impossible.

But Dr. Haswell, worn out by overwork, broke down suddenly, and his physicians said nothing would save life and reason but a season of complete rest at the German baths. They discouraged the mother's desire that Rosalie should go too. Mrs. Haswell would have enough to do, they fancied, in taking care of the doctor.

"Besides, madam," said bluff Professor Harkinson, "Rosie needs a summer up-country, with children of her own age to play with. Send her to some plain farmhouse, and let her nurse go along, and you'll find her worthy of her name when you come back."

Naturally, in this emergency, the mother's thoughts turned to Deacon Bates and his wife, whom she had known from childhood, and it was all arranged so promptly that within a week Rosalie was established there with the faithful Bettine, and her parents were out on the Atlantic. Things followed each other so quickly that mother and child had scarcely time to realize their parting till the sea was between them.

Uncle John, on the front seat, had eyes perhaps in the back of his head, as the picnickers went bowling over the road. At any rate he noticed that the little city girl was rather lonesome, so he asked her to come and sit by himself, while Ames Darbee changed places with her.

It was splendid to ride beside the kind man, who glanced keenly from under his shaggy gray eyebrows, and saw the longing look in the wistful little face.

"Wants her folks, I reckon," he said, and then set himself to cheer her up.

Meanwhile an animated conversation went on behind them in very low voices, alas!

"Proud!" said Polly Anne. "My! you never saw such dresses and hats—a red parasol, and shoes enough to set up a store!"

"She don't know one single thing!" was Jerusha Dean's exclamation. "Afraid of the gobbler and of the geese, and runs away from old Brindle—the peacefulest cow! My mother says she don't believe in bringing girls up to do nothing but play the piano and dance."

"She's brought her nurse with her. Thirteen, and has a nurse tagging after her!"

"That big girl!" said Lidie Stelle, with profound surprise. "Polly, what does the nurse do for her?"

"Everything," said Polly—"combs her hair, mends her kid gloves, brushes her dresses, goes with her wherever she goes. When she's home Bettine takes her to school,

and goes after her when it's out, and always escorts her to the Park, unless the sweet pet's mamma goes instead."

"Stuck-up thing!" said Mattie Keyes.

"Why didn't the nurse come to the picnic?" asked little Sue Parsons, who privately thought this talk rather mean, and who liked Rosalie's looks.

"Sick headache," said Polly, briefly. "Wanted Miss Rosie to stay at home, only ma said it would be too bad, and put the dear child under my care."

As they drove on, the day grew hotter. "The breeze came in puffs, and died away. The sun sent his fierce rays down on the fields and the highway, and Uncle John wiped his brow with his silk bandana, and felt relieved as he drew rein in the grove.

"We're going to have a steamer to-day," he remarked. "You youngsters had better not exercise too much."

"Oh, it's cool under the trees, and we're too far up the mountain to feel the heat much," said Ames Darbee, with confidence.

Polly Anne, who was not, after all, without some good traits, did not neglect Rosalie. The little maiden was allowed to help set the table, squeeze the lemons, and prepare the dinner, though the girls let her see that they thought her clumsy in doing for the first time what they did every day.

One and another began to tell of the bread they had made, of the jelly and the cakes which were the products of their own skill.

"I have been to cooking school," said Rosalie, shyly.

Just then, unfortunately, the coffee-pot, set for Uncle John's benefit on a fire of brush-wood lighted in a hollow between two blackened stones, boiled over.

Lidie Stelle flew to the rescue. "If I'd been at a cooking school," she said, "I'd have watched the coffee-pot if I'd been the nearest one to it."

Rosie's lip quivered, but she held her little head high.

"It was not her place to attend to the coffee, Lidie Stelle," said Polly Anne. "Come away, Rosie, and have a swing."

Ames Darbee and Frank Parsons were on the alert, and swung the girls as high as they wished to go. Most of them enjoyed the swift steady flight through the air, but it alarmed Rosalie, and she pleaded to stop before she had had half a good swing. The old cat died at last, and Polly assisted out a child with a pale face, who was indeed very nearly seasick.

"Pouf!" thought Polly Anne, "what a baby! Why, I wouldn't mind going to the top of the tallest tree here."

But Rosalie was not the coward they fancied her, as some of them were to find out before the day was ended; nor yet was she a dunce.

When dinner was over somebody proposed an expedition to a pond where the boys were sure there were lots of fish aching to be caught.

Uncle John was a famous fisherman. He declared that the fish knew too much to be wiled out of the water in the middle of such a hot day. "Remember, children," he said, "that long meadow on Sim's Hill is an awful stretch through the sun."

"Oh, it won't hurt us!" declared the boys and girls.

So, leaving Uncle John to sit on a cool rock with little Sue Parsons on his knee, and Rosalie beside him, the rest tramped bravely toward the pond, with their fishing-tackle and baskets.

Some time had passed—Rosalie never knew how long, for she had fallen asleep in the midst of one of the old man's stories, and was with her mamma in a charming dream—when there was a sudden outcry.

She awakened to see the children dragging themselves into the clearing, pale and exhausted, and as she looked a dreadful thing happened. Polly Anne, the color faded out of the ruddy cheeks, a vacant stare in the black eyes, sunk in a heap on the ground at Uncle John's feet.

"She's overcome by the sun!" exclaimed he, dazed. "And I don't know what to do for her first. What will the Deacon say?"

"Somebody should go for the doctor, if there's one anywhere round," suggested Ames.

"Put some water on her head," said Uncle John, "and maybe she'll come round. I'll go for Dr. Anselm. He's on the turnpike, a mile below."

But Rosalie Haswell was not a doctor's daughter for nothing. She had happened, a year or two before, to have been in her father's office one day when a sun-struck patient had been hastily carried in from the street. Hidden behind the curtains, her presence had been unobserved, and when Dr. Haswell discovered later that she had been a witness to his treatment, he had said, jestingly,

"Well, little woman, you'll know what to do if you're ever called upon in a hurry."

Into the midst of the weeping and wailing a clear and imperative voice broke with the ring of command:

"We must not wait for the Doctor. There was a good lump of ice left from the lemonade, and Lidie wrapped it in the blanket; Frank, will you crush it into small pieces and bring it here, please. Miuta, isn't there some dry mustard in a box in our basket?"

Without haste, but with no delay, the capable girl, who knew what she was about, had put crushed ice on Polly Anne's head, and mustard draughts, spread on strips of her own fine handkerchief, at her wrists and feet.

By the time Uncle John with the Doctor came up the steep road as fast as Dr. Anselm's mare could trot, Polly Anne had revived, had said she felt better, and had been sternly forbidden by the little Doctor to say another word.

As for Dr. Anselm, he almost hugged Rosalie on the spot, and praised her presence of mind till the wild-flower face was dyed with blushes as deep as the hue of a Jacqueminot.

It was a quiet party which wended its way homeward in the cool of the evening. Polly Anne's head ached, and she was very still indeed, and down in her heart there was another pain, which did not go away till she had confessed to Rosalie that she had behaved unkindly, and had received her full forgiveness. From the day of the picnic the children were all very fond of Rosalie, and for her sake accepted Bettine as their companion on many a pleasant excursion. But I have not told you the crowning joy of the day to Rosalie. When she went to her white-draped chamber, ready to go to bed, her nurse handed her a thick letter with a foreign stamp. It was from Carlsbad, and mamma wrote that dear papa was better.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES.*

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDELWAYS," "PHIL'S FAIRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

PAZ, taking a long breath, and looking at Leo to see the effect of his narrative, went on:

"It was quite time for me to be on land, for in the moonlight, which bathed everything in silver, were to be seen troops of fays hurrying to the festival. Some sailed along the shore in mussel shells, others were on the backs of black swans whose bills looked like coral, and others were skimming along with their own gauzy wings, or lolling luxuriously on the feathers of flamingoes.

"I joined the ones on foot, and with them reached the plantation, which presented a scene of great brilliancy.

Gold and silver ferns hedged the rose-leaf path which led to the bower of beauty; on every leaf were myriads of fire-flies, and glowing from higher plants bearing many-hued flowers were Brazilian beetles. Plunging into the thicket, I made a hasty toilet at a brook-side, and then rejoined the advancing guests. The bell-bird could be heard clearly summoning our approach, while sweetest warblers poured out their melody. The throne was formed of the Santo-Spirito flowers, and beneath the wings of its dove-like calyx was the lovely fay in whose honor was all this gayety, surrounded by her young companions.

"Approaching quickly, I unstrapped my package, took the satin case from my pocket, and fell upon my knees in the customary manner; perceiving which, the beautiful being motioned for me to rise, and with the most unassuming grace received my burden. As she unfolded the lace from its silken cover a cry of delight escaped her, and shaking out its gossamer folds, she threw it over her head. With all the care I could use I had laid bare the block of ice, which shone like silver in the moonbeams, and now with a sudden blow of my dagger I cleft the ice, and lifted out the wreath, placing it as I did so on the head of the fay.

"There was no time for ceremony. Had I waited to pass it from hand to hand of the attendants it would have been gone. There was a hush over all as I crowned the fay. Each snowy star stood out in perfect beauty. She alone could not see its peerless charm. But I had provided for this. Chipping off a thin layer of the ice block, I laid a silver-lined leaf from a neighboring bough behind it, and held this mirror before the fay's wondering eyes. Never have I seen anything so beautiful or so fleeting. Even as I held the reflected image before its reality, drops as of dew began falling over the lace, and in a moment the wreath was gone.

"Like a little child robbed of a treasure, the look of wonder and delight gave place to one of bewildered disappointment. She turned a questioning gaze upon me.

"Alas!" said I, "most sovereign lady, 'tis not in elfin power to reproduce this wreath; it was the emblem of human life, as brief, as fleeting. My Queen desired me to bring it. I have met with great difficulties in so doing, but none has saddened me like your disappointment."

"With eager sweetness she bade her cavaliers respond. They assured me of her gratitude and delight, and bade me welcome. The warbling birds again started their liquid strains, and a mazy dance began which resembled a fluttering band of snowy butterflies tangled in a silvery web. Slipping off, I came to the side of a lake on which were boats and Indian canoes of the moccasin flower. Here I rested, watching the measures of the dance, and taking little refreshing sips of cocoa-nut milk. A swift-winged night-hawk having been placed at my disposal, I had a safe and speedy journey home."

"And is that all?" inquired Leo.

"Yes," said Paz, "for here comes Master Knops."

Leo thanked Paz warmly, and turned toward Knops, who, with hat in hand, stood gravely waiting to speak.

"Is it the wish of Prince Leo to make further explorations, or will he now return to his father and his home?"

With some self-reproach at having quite forgotten that he had a father and a home, Leo said he was ready to return.

"And may his humble servants, the distinguished servant Paz and the Master Professor Knops, have the pleasant assurance of Prince Leo's satisfaction at this visit?" asked Knops, still in the most formal manner.

"I can not thank you half as I should like to do," replied Leo, "but I hope to be able to show you that your entertainment and instruction have not been wasted."

"Come, then, we will go."

"Adieu," said Paz. "Look out for me some fine frosty

* Begun in No. 193 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

night when you are skating. You may think you see some of your furry friends started out of their winter sleep, but just give a whistle, and say 'Paz,' and I will be with you."

"Good-by," said Leo. "I hope it will be soon that I shall see you."

But Knops was off and he had to follow. Away they went, climbing and clambering, slipping and sliding, crawling and jumping, through forests of coal, over mines of iron, and beside walls glittering with silver. Presently, however, Leo found himself where they had started from, viz., his own cellar door, and Knops preparing to leave him. Dropping his ceremonious manner, he said:

"I am sorry to bid you farewell, my dear boy; I have become heartily interested in you and your welfare. The only souvenir I have to offer is this little compass; it is a



"GOOD-EVENING, MY DEAR PRINCE."

mere trifle, but the needle has the power of finding precious metals. Learn how to make it useful. Good-by."

Leo found himself alone. He pushed open the cellar door, and mounted the steps to the kitchen. It was early morning, and the cocks were crowing lustily. The one old deaf woman was striving to make a fire burn, but the wood was wet and she found it difficult.

"Where are all the people?" shouted Leo in her ear, for he well knew her infirmity.

"Gone—all gone," she answered.

"And my father, where is he?"

"In bed yet, and he had better stay there, for I've no breakfast for him."

Leo suspected what was the matter. Taking a basket from a peg and a bowl from the dresser, he went out into the fields. Everything was sodden with the rain, but the

birds were singing with all their might; those that were not were repairing the ravages of the storm.

"Even the birds are busy at their nests," thought Leo; "everything, every creature, has its work to do. Shall I alone be idle? Never."

Putting aside the wet boughs which sprinkled him well, he sought an old tree trunk for its store of honey. Filling his bowl with this, and his basket with fresh eggs, he returned to the monastery. Here he helped the old woman with the fire, and between them they soon had the kettle steaming. The tray with his father's breakfast was made ready, and with his own hands he took it to him.

"Leo, my long-lost son," exclaimed Morpheus at sight of him, "where have you spent the night?"

"In Dream-land," was Leo's reply; and then, without preface, he asked of his parent the privilege of looking over his accounts, and doing what he could to assist him in his difficulties. Morpheus smiled indifferently, but gave Leo his keys, with permission to do as he pleased.

All the morning Leo puzzled his brain examining books and papers, with little result. Then he saddled his horse, rode into the nearest town, and sought a lawyer whom his father knew. To him he related their grievances, telling him that he was sure their property, well managed, could be made to yield handsome returns, and informing him of his wonderful compass, which could indicate the presence of minerals. The lawyer was not very sanguine, but he put a young clerk in charge of the matter, who, becoming much interested, took up his residence at the monastery, and went to work with diligence. Under his guidance Leo studied and strove to regain their former prosperity. Laborers were eager to resume their duties as soon as they saw the prospect of payment. Crops became abundant. By the aid of Leo's compass—which was only a scientific novelty yet to be discovered—mines were opened and vast wealth displayed.

And Leo had become a different lad. No longer idle and careless, with slow and lingering tread, he was now alert, vigorous, and manly. The servants were glad to return and obey his wishes. The monastery was rebuilt and repaired. Lawns and gardens were in trim array. Warm tapestries and curtains lined the bare halls and windows, while ivy and rose vines clambered without.

Even Morpheus, roused from his invalidism, rewrote his poems, sent them to a publisher, and favored all his friends with copies bound in blue velvet, with his monogram in silver on the covers. His pride in his son became so great that at Leo's request he undertook to renew the library, and the time that he had spent in bed was devoted to the step-ladder. It was in this way he discovered that their name had been incorrectly written. For his own part he did not care to make any change, but he insisted that Leo should use the portion omitted, which an old copy of the Doomsday-book had revealed to him, and sign himself in full, "Leo Sans Lazybones."

Christmas was approaching, not a green Christmas, but an icy, snowy, frozen one, with holly wreaths on his shoulders and a plum-pudding in his hands.

The monastery was full of guests, relatives of Morpheus. These guests were all poor—in one way—but they had a wealth of their own which made them delightful to Leo. They were poets and painters and scribblers, and as merry as larks; and as they all admired each other's productions, there was no end of cheerful nonsense. The children, however, were the brightest of all. Each child was as merry as it was lovely, and the painters were almost frantic in their efforts to make Christmas cards of them, while the poets edged their brains for rhymes.

To prevent too much industry in that way Leo had induced them all to put on their skates on Christmas-eve, and glide over the frozen ponds, while he made ready the tree which stood in the great hall.

It was an immense spruce, all powdered with silvery fringe, and Leo had only to tie on the little gilt tags numbered to correspond with the packages of gifts, which were heaped on surrounding tables, and fasten on the candles of red and blue wax. When this was done he put on his own skates, for it was yet too early to light the tree, and away he went skimming after the shouting, laughing crowd of friends and relatives.

Suddenly a squirrel darted from its hole and went scudding across the river. Leo started in pursuit, giving a low whistle. Instantly it stopped, sat upon its haunches, threw off its skin, and out stepped Paz.

"Good - evening, my dear Prince, good - evening; we are well met; just in time to exchange Christmas greetings. I have been looking for you lately, but you seemed always so occupied that there was no chance for me. You have no idea how pleased Knops is to hear of your prosperity. He has sent for me a dozen times lately merely to express his satisfaction; and he wants me to ask a favor of you, which I know already you will grant."

"Anything in my power, dear Paz," replied Leo, eagerly.

"Of course; and we know how good a use you make of your power. Times are greatly changed. You are benefiting every one about you; I hear it on all sides. We are proud to be your friends. All that Knops asks is that in clearing up your property, and cutting down all the rank growth of weeds, you will spare a patch of wild flowers here and there, and all the empty birds' nests. Leave these for the use of our children, and we will be greatly obliged."

"But that is a mere nothing; can I in any other way serve you?" asked Leo.

"No," said Paz, "not that I know of. I am on my way now to see some new minerals supposed to be similar to those of the moon. I haven't much faith in them."

"How about the diamonds?"

"Don't mention them. I shall never try my hand at those again; and you, if you are wise, will be contented to let nature remain her own chemist. Adieu. A very merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you," echoed Leo, but Paz was already muffled in his furs and running rapidly away.

THE END.



HAYDEN AND HIS EDUCATED FIG.



LITTLE POLLY.

Little Polly is thirsty, as plainly you see, And I think, children dear, that you all will agree, When people are thirsty there's nothing so nice As a glass of clear water that sparkle like ice. It was drawn from the well where the shadows are deep, And far from the sunshine the crystal drops sleep; So now little Polly may skip off to play, She won't need a drink for at least half a day.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have read the story of Freddie Schultz in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of July 31, and think he was a very cool-headed boy. I think you would like to hear of another boy, who is spending the vacation at the Dutchess House, Pawling, New York, and who did a very brave thing last year. One day last summer he and his brother Eddie were down by a brook in Patterson, New York. He suddenly saw smoke and fire coming out from under a bridge over which the cars had to pass. He knew that the eastern passenger train would be due in a few minutes, and if the engineer was not warned a terrible accident would happen. He left his brother, and ran as fast as he could, waving his hands and shouting loud. A quarter of a mile on the train came along at full speed. Little Stuart at last succeeded in attracting the engineer's attention, and he shut off steam; the train was stopped, and no harm done. If Stuart had not given the alarm, many lives would have been lost, for the flames rose twenty feet in the air by the time the train had stopped. The boy's name is Stuart Patterson, and he is now twelve years old. He never got a medal for this act, or had any particular thanks, as far as I know. I believe that the passengers do not even know of their narrow escape.

GERALD G. M.

Although this little hero did not receive a reward, he merited one, which was better. There are a great many unknown heroes, and I like to think that God keeps a record of them, and that though they miss the praise of men, their heavenly Father is pleased with them. I have no doubt that somebody somewhere every day does heroic, prompt, resolute things which help others, and save the world from a great deal of trouble and pain. Whenever we hear of a boy or girl who thinks quickly, acts wisely, and makes no fuss, not trying to be thanked, we are glad to tell the rest of the young people about the deed, and to publish the name of the doer. It is a grand thing to be remembered for what one has done, and it is grand to have done a thing worth remembering, even if it seems to be forgotten. So I thank you for telling us the story of how Stuart saved the train.

GERMANIA, FLORIDA.

I would like to tell you about a drive and a party we have had. My cousin Eddie came to

stay with us, and he was just crazy to drive, so we hitched up the mule and wagon, and got down the hill, and Eddie did not know which way to turn, and he went around by the spring, and it is a very short turn, and he upset the wagon, and the man fixed the wagon, and we went on, and got a little farther, when the mule began to run. Eddie was so frightened he jumped. The mule and out of the wagon, but I turned the mule so that he faced home, then I got out, and the mule started pell-mell for home, with neither of us in the wagon. But we ran after, and caught him at the foot of the hill, and we got my little brot to drive him home. Eddie has never taken any one out again.

But oh! we had such fun at the party the other night. All the young ladies and gentlemen came over from Jacksonville, two miles away, to see mamma. It was a beautiful bright moonlight night. Our cottage is on a hill in a grove of oaks, and though the moon was so bright, the large oak-trees threw such deep shadows we thought we would rival the moon, and illuminate with a flambeau. So Mack made a small platform covered with pine knots, which he placed on the top of the earth, and when we heard the sound of carriage-wheels he lit the old yellow moon looked a little astonished at first, and hid herself under a cloud, but pretty soon she came out to see what we were doing. Everything was so pretty. The front and back porches were lighted with Japanese lanterns. The old fiddler was on the back porch (which is very large, and was brilliant from the moonlight, tuning up his old fiddle, telling them to come out and dance, which they did.

"And hand in hand, by the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon—
The moon—
They danced by the light of the moon."

And now all was laughter, dancing, and singing until twelve o'clock, when they one and all came to mamma to bid her good-night, saying how glad they had had. Then they rode home, happy as happy could be, in the brightest moonlight you ever saw. How I did hate to have them go, for then we children had to go to bed. Postmistress, how I wish you had been at our party!
JULIE V. G.

And indeed it was bedtime for children, and I wonder very much whether you did not feel a little bit crisp-cross the day after so much pleasure. The flambeau was a fine idea, and I've no doubt the party was a great success. The mule must have been surprised at the behavior of his drivers. I fancy, and perhaps that was why he ran away.

COLDWATER, MICHIGAN.

I am eleven years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, intellectual and higher arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography. My name is Dick. I would like to join the Housekeepers' Sociable.
TINA M. D.

The pattern you ordered in this letter was duly sent, Tina. Did you succeed in cutting and making the Nautilus?
PANS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a boy ten years old. I received a year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a birthday present, and I enjoy reading it very much. For a long time it was my pleasure to borrow the paper from a friend. We have a pretty home at this watering place, with a large oak in front, near the beach. The tree measures four yards in height, and is the trunk of a great big oak, and our hens lay all over the house, in the funniest places, even on our beds.
SIMEY H.

What enterprising hens!

ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I am staying at the house of a lady in the country for a little while. She has a little baby girl whose name is Cora. I like *Young People* very much, and I think "Nan" and the Jimmy Brown stories are very nice. I have a kitten named Tabble; she hurt her eye, but it is getting well now. I have fifteen dolls. My largest is named Zilla; she is very pretty.
IDA B.

Fifteen dolls are a throng, I think, With golden hair and cheeks of pink;
Blue eyes, brown eyes, gray eyes too—
The little mother finds work to do.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

I wrote to you once before, but as my letter was not published, I concluded I would write again. I hope this one will be published. I have never taken any other paper except *Young People*, and I enjoy that exceedingly. In fact, I do not know what I would do without it. Will you please tell me exactly how to direct my letters? I am glad to say that Memphis is more healthy

this summer than it has been for some time, and as it is now August we do not think that the yellow fever will come this year, at least we hope it will not. There are a great many buildings going up in Memphis; just now two on the street we live in—the Jewish Synagogue and the First Presbyterian Church. The latter was burned last spring. At Memphis we make and sell our favorite place to sew and make doll clothes in a tree. I am just beginning to make my dolls' winter clothes, as they have summer clothes. I fear my letter will tire you, and so I will close with my love to you.
ELISE.

Are you making the Nautilus for one of your dolls? I would like to peep at you in the tree; a cozy little work-room. Address your letters to

Messrs. Harper & Brothers,
Franklin Square,
New York.

and they will come safely.

WOODLUFF, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would send you a letter in rhyme; it may do for the first time.

I'm a little boy aged ten;
I work in the field with the men;
I plough and harrow and work all day,
And sometimes at night, when I'm tired for play,
Run after the colts with a halter,
Help feed and water the pigs too,
And many other chores I have to do.
I have thirty turkeys, counting in six that are lame,
Chickens one hundred, fifty of Plymouth Rock faun.

A cow and a calf all my own,
Which will give me quite a start when I'm grown.

I have a fine black dog named Trip;
When he hunt squirrels he makes them just skip.
In this sport I'm helped by my brother Will;
Pa gives us a nickel for every one we kill.
I have twenty-five kinds of grasses and grains,
But I do not know all their names.
Whenever I can I go to school,
And there I am careful to mind the rule.

LUTHER O.

Very well done for a young person of ten. I am sorry you hunt the squirrels, but I suppose they are so numerous that they are looked upon as vermin on the farm. One sat on a tree and looked at me the other day with, oh! such bright eyes! I am sure he wanted to know what I was doing, and he came close enough to peep over my shoulder. But nobody is allowed to frighten or molest a squirrel on that estate, so the little fellows are very tame.

I would like to see your chicks and the young turkeys, the cow, the calf, and the colt. Now let me try if I can rhyme a wee bit for you:

I hope 'tis not often that Luther at night
Is too tired for play; that would hardly be right.
I am glad that a lad who is husky and clever
Is going to school, for I'm sure he will never—
No, never—receive a demerit, but stay
Near the head of the class every hour of the day.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

I live in the northeastern part of Kansas, on the Kansas River. The river is pretty to look at, but it drowns too many people. The other day a little boy was drowned. I am thirteen years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *Wide Awake*, and *St. Nicholas*. I have a younger brother, who is four years old. I have two sisters here in Lawrence, and one in Carthage, Missouri. I liked "Nan" very much.
FLORENCE.

Rivers will drown people who venture into their deep waters without having learned to swim. Every child who drowns is near a river or lake should be taught this accomplishment. As you liked "Nan," you will like "Dick and D.," of course.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and like it very much. We all read the stories—"Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," and wish there would be more of the same kind. We also enjoy Jimmy Brown's stories, and "The Bird." We have a goose, we do not keep a bird. We had a rabbit, but it ran away. I am a little boy ten years old. I have two brothers, one twelve and the other seven years old, and we all enjoy reading your letters. I send you love to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but it was not published. I hope to see this one in print. Good-by.
MINOT T. P.

DEBRAW, CALIFORNIA.

I am a girl twelve years old. I live in the country. I have three sisters and one brother. I like Jimmy Brown's stories and "Nan" best of all. I will tell you about my pets. I have a goat

named Lily Dale. I have three cats and three kittens. My oldest cat's name is Tommy; he is eight years old, and he will shake hands with you. My other cats' names are Charley and Polly; my kittens' names are Pussy Pinktoes, Peppergie, and Spidertrack. I have three birds, and a sister has a canary bird. My bird's name is Pip, and her bird's name is Dick. I had a wild oriole, but he died. I have seven dolls—two wax, and the rest are dish. My wax dolls' names are Nancy and Clara; my other dolls' names are Cris-tina, Tilly, Cecellian, Casian, and Paranie. Have been very busy taking music lessons for the last month.

NOEL S.

Your kittens have very funny names. I suppose the dish dolls are made of china.

CHEERY VALLEY.

I am a big boy six years old. I have a little baby brother; his name is Alfred. I have a dog; his name is Tig; and I have a cow; her name is Nancy; its name is Spitfire. I have a cherry-tree; it did not have very many cherries on. This is my first letter.

BERTIE S. D.

Very well done for a big boy of six.

A FAIRY STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Most children do not like to hear their hair combed, and I do not like it, either. Here it is. Because Mr. Smart comes and bothers us, Mr. Smart is a bad fairy. As soon as we go to have our hair fixed he comes too. He does not like the brush; it is too sooty for him. He comes and as soon as mamma takes it he begins and snarls and tangles our hair. Then the good fairy comes and drives him away. The good fairy likes the brush, and makes our hair all nice and smooth. I like the good fairy best; don't you?

C. M. (8 YEARS OLD).

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
What is the good fairy's name? Miss Patience, I suppose.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old, and I have taken your paper since the beginning of "Toby Tyler." I know K. T. S., and I go to Chautauque Lake nearly every summer. I have three cats—Katy, Lucy, and Lucia. We also have four pets—two dogs, Tramp and Trouble, and two cats, Peleg and Phoebe Jane. When I go to the lake I am going to make that toy boat I saw you talk about. This is the first letter I have written to you, and I want to surprise papa by his seeing it in YOUNG PEOPLE.

HARRY STONEMAN W.

Let us know whether you succeeded in making the little boat.

I am a little girl seven years old, and live in Burlington, New Jersey, and now we are in the Catskill Mountains for the summer. I have a sister thirteen years old, and a brother eleven years old. My brother has a setter dog named Spot. I had a very cunning little pet dog that we bought in Dresden, and when we crossed the ocean he was not a bit seasick, but we were; but after that he was sick, and died; then we had a real funeral, and we all cried, and he was buried in the garden, and now there are violets on his grave, and I was very sorry.

MARGUERITE H.

It was a comfort to have the funeral, was it not, dear?

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

We have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE only a short time, but we think it is the nicest paper we ever read. We have lived in Texas ten months, and I don't think there is any nicer place than Tennessee. Mamma has seven children, two boys and five girls; so you see we have no need of any pets. We did have three canaries this summer, but they died, and the other one died. We attend the public schools, and our favorite study is arithmetic. Our teacher is one of the best ladies we ever knew. Heading is our chief amusement, and Miss Alice is our old home, we prefer. We would like to join the Little House-keepers, and send a receipt.

FLORENCE and ASHLEY A.

Your receipt is in another column. Thanks.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the Fourth-grade Grammar School. I like Tuesday to come, so that I can get my paper, YOUNG PEOPLE, and Miss Alice subscribed for it for me as a Christmas present. I love my Aunt Maggie. I have a little brother; his name is Gussy; he will soon be seven. He loves to go to school, and he says when he becomes a man he is going to be a doctor.

ALICE C.

DENTON, TEXAS.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and like it ever so much. I was sorry "Raising the Pearl" stopped so soon; I enjoyed reading it very much. I have a little white pup; Ponto is his name. Papa and me will go to school and learn to read; we would take YOUNG PEOPLE for this

year; and I learned in just a little while, and now I read it all. I am very anxious every week for it to come, and I want to see the letters; I read them first. I would like to see the Post-mistress. I think she ought to head the Post-office Box with her picture; can't you head the Post-mistress? This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and sister wrote it for me, but I told her what to write.

Your little Texas friend,

JIMMIE B. B.

Very much obliged, Jimmie, but the Post-mistress would not like to have her picture flying around the world at such a rate. Look at your mamma, dear boy; perhaps you may fancy me something like her.

PHENIXIA, NEW YORK.

I will write a letter for the Post-office Box to sisters nor brothers. My papa is a blacksmith. I am most of my time in the shop. I make rail-roads, and cars that run on a track. I am conductor. My name is Herbert T., the baggage-man; Newton D. P., and the brakeman is Theodore G. I have an engine that goes by steam. I think when I grow up I will be an engineer. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and I like the stories very much, especially "Raising the Pearl."

HERBERT T.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

I have often thought I would write to you, but did not know what to say. I do not know now, but will think of something as I go along. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since No. 63. I went with my cousin Carrie B. F. when she went after hers one day, and it looked so interesting, and the pretiness were so pretty, that I thought I would take it too. I am very glad I do take it. I enjoy the Post-office Box as well as anything else in it. I also take *St. Nicholas*. My sister and I have spent part of our vacation in riding on trolley-cars. We had a social one, so that we both go together. We have had real nice rides on it. I presume you have seen some like it. It was made in England. Only about three more weeks of vacation. How fast it will go. At least it seems so to me. But I love to go to school, so I am not very sorry.

GERTRUDE F. G.

We invite all the readers of this paper between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, who are interested in natural history, to become members of a natural history society, the name of which is the "League of the Young Naturalists," and the object of which is the collection, study, and preservation of natural objects and facts. For further particulars address the President, L. Searing, 338 West One-hundred-and-thirtieth Street, New York City.

J. Friend L.: One of these days I will write a little sketch for the Post-office Box, telling the story you ask for.—**Kosa L.:** Please write a little letter all in your own words; don't copy it of any other child. I am sure you can do it if you try.—**M. S.:** Address a letter to the Art Students' League, 38 West Fourteenth Street, New York City, enclosing a stamp for a circular, and you will receive the information you desire.—Thanks for favors are sent to Emily Gratton, F. Lillian J., John T., Arthur F., Elise and Amy R., Matilda J., Tommy T., and Mary Jane W.

RECIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

A SIMPLE LEMON TAET.—Six butter crackers, one cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of oil, and three lemons cut in half and grated fine; soak the crackers in cold water until soft; stir in sugar, molasses, and butter, and add the lemons; bake three-quarters of an hour in small or large dishes.

This may do for boys who are going on a fishing expedition.

LEMON PIES.—Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; four crackers, broken up, and boiled a cup of sweet milk; when cool add the beaten yolks of the eggs, half a cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of butter, the juice of four lemons, and the grated rind of two; bake in pie-pans, with a stiff crust of flour; when done add three cups of white sugar with the whites of the eggs, and spread on the tops of the pies, and brown.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

AN EASY GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Two princely youths, who knew how —, Across one more to Chippewa, —, 'Twas in the blossoming month of May, And ever hid on verdant spray, Greeting the sun's forthcoming —, Spurred to meet us on merry routes, Though early dawn, the sky was

"Haste, oh! haste, my brother dear, Lest something suddenly appear, Bringing the floating clouds together, To spoil for us this bright —."

"I'd ride," said — to the —, "Not just for the joy one spot to send," And I, "The other said," "Am able To hunt the otter and the —; But to the desert some will lie, Though somewhat —, just to try Their luck where green oases lie. It will be better noble —, To excel in every manly game, Fearless, though pent in busy town, To roam the meads and moorlands brown, Nor snare the wiles of mounth path, Nor snare the wild beast's fierce —."

This was a speech for boys quite spicy. They knelt to quaff the water —; The elder gazed upon the —, Cut short the horses' grassy feed, "—," cried he, "we'll fasten forth, And turn us to the breezy —, For there the deer was seen at morn, We'll wade the echoes with our —, With noble quarry hunters cope, To bring him down they have —; Up and away with view halloo, The dogs have rushed the thicket through; Up and away o'er hills and dell, And till we meet we'll say —" (Fill the blanks with the names of capes.)

DAME PLAYFAIR.

NO. 2.

AN EAST HALF-SQUARE.

1. To ensure. 2. A city in the United States. 3. Relating to rotary motion. 4. An attendant on Cleopatra in Shakespeare's tragedy. 5. Nothing. 6. A Gothic prefix. 7. A vowel.

NO. 3.

A SQUARE.

1. A city of Italy. 2. An emphy. 3. A stone. 4. To pasture. 5. Beds prepared by birds.

C. E. and A. H. TIMBERMAN.

NO. 4.

FOUR DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. Pleasure. 3. Is sweet. 4. A horse. 5. A consonant.
2.—1. A letter. 2. A drinking vessel. 3. A girl's name. 4. A cooking utensil. 5. A letter.
3.—1. A vowel. 2. A monkey. 3. A fruit. 4. A fairy. 5. A vowel.
4.—1. A consonant. 2. A cage. 3. A fruit. 4. A negative. 5. A consonant.

HERBERT HUNT MORRISON.

NO. 5.

ENIGMA.

He is very, very tall,
And very, very slim,
And his head is rather small
For such a length of him.
To bend his neck for daily fare
Is quite beneath him; so, instead,
He eats his meals up in the air;
He is a curious quadruped.
His form is most unshapely.
Though his eye is large and dark,
And his movements are so stately;
He lives at Central Park. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 198.

No. 1. Postal card.
No. 2. O B R R
R A D E
O R A L
R E L Y
No. 3. Wash.
A rt.
S. Bee.
H. Int.
I. ron.
G. ool.
T. une.
O. ctober.
N. val.
No. 4. B R
R R
B E D E W
R A D I C A L
R R L
W A R
L

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Charles Waugh Reynolds, C. E. and A. H. Timmerman, C. E. Goodwin, Herbert Hunt Morrison, Eureka, D. D. H. Keusett, Samuel Bronson, Fannie S. Helen W. Wardner, Milly F., Hope Denn, Rosa and Freda, John Post, Emily Scipion, Maria Farmer, Jack and Gill, Fern Haggood, Daisy Miller, and Lucie W. Bradley.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A COW HIDING.

THE WAY IT' STRUCK HER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A LITTLE ragged orphan girl, who ne'er
 Had had a home nor known a parent's care,
 And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
 Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,
 Was taken from the city far away,
 With others of her kind, one summer day,
 To look upon the ocean. At the sight
 Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight;
 And some one said, "I wonder what can be
 Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea."
 She heard the words, and quickly turned her head,
 And in low tones, "I's thinkin', ma'am," she said,
 "I's glad I comed, because I never sor
 Enough of anything at wunst before."

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born one hundred years ago, the date of his birth being April 3, 1783, and the place the city of New York. He was the youngest of eleven children.

He was four years old when General Washington was inaugurated President in New York. He was then attending a school in Ann Street, kept by Mrs. Kilmaster. Later he went to a school taught by Benjamin Romani. He was fond of reading, and had quite a reputation in school for his composition. He disliked arithmetic, and would often write compositions for the boys if they would work out his examples.

He devoted his spare time to reading books of travel, and had a great desire to go over the sea.

He left school when he was sixteen, and spent the two following years studying law.

When he was nineteen he wrote a number of articles for a paper printed by his brother, which attracted considerable attention.

In 1804 his health failed, and he made a trip to Europe. While in Rome he met an American painter, and for a short time thought of becoming an artist and studying with him.

After an absence of two years he returned home, with his health restored. He again began his literary work. He and eight of his friends called themselves "The Nine Worthies," or "The Lads of Kilkenny," and formed an informal club.

He was admitted to the bar in 1806. When Aaron Burr was tried for treason he was engaged as counsel against him.

In 1815 he again went to Europe, where he remained seven-teen years. During that time he was appointed Secretary of

Legation to the court of St. James. While in Europe he became acquainted with persons of note, and continued his literary work.

After his return to the United States he travelled extensively. He went West as far as Arkansas, where he hunted buffalo, and enjoyed the wild scenery of what was then the extreme West.

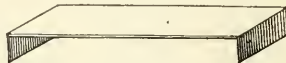
He declined various invitations to engage in political life. He was nominated Mayor of New York city in 1838, and to be Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. He accepted the post of Minister to Spain in 1842, and returned to the United States four years later. He still continued his literary work.

He took a great interest in all improvements of schools and churches, and was always ready to give to any one who needed help. He was fond of children, and took an interest in whatever they did.

He died on the 28th of November, 1859.

THE IRREVERSIBLE CARD.

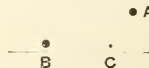
CUT a playing-card in half lengthwise, and turn down the ends about a third of an inch, as in diagram.



A whole playing-card is too heavy. A lady's visiting-card is sometimes used, but it is not so good as half a playing-card.

Place the card on a table as in diagram, and ask any one to blow it over. This seems easy enough, but unless attempted in the proper way it is almost impossible.

To blow the card over, blow down on the table, and not at the card. Suppose the mouth is about a foot above the table, say at the spot marked A below (the straight line representing the top of the table, and B the card), about a foot and a half from



the edge of the table. Blow on the table about at C, and the card will turn over readily. Somewhat different distances suit different people, according to the way in which they blow.



"GOOD BY!"

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.—NO. 202.

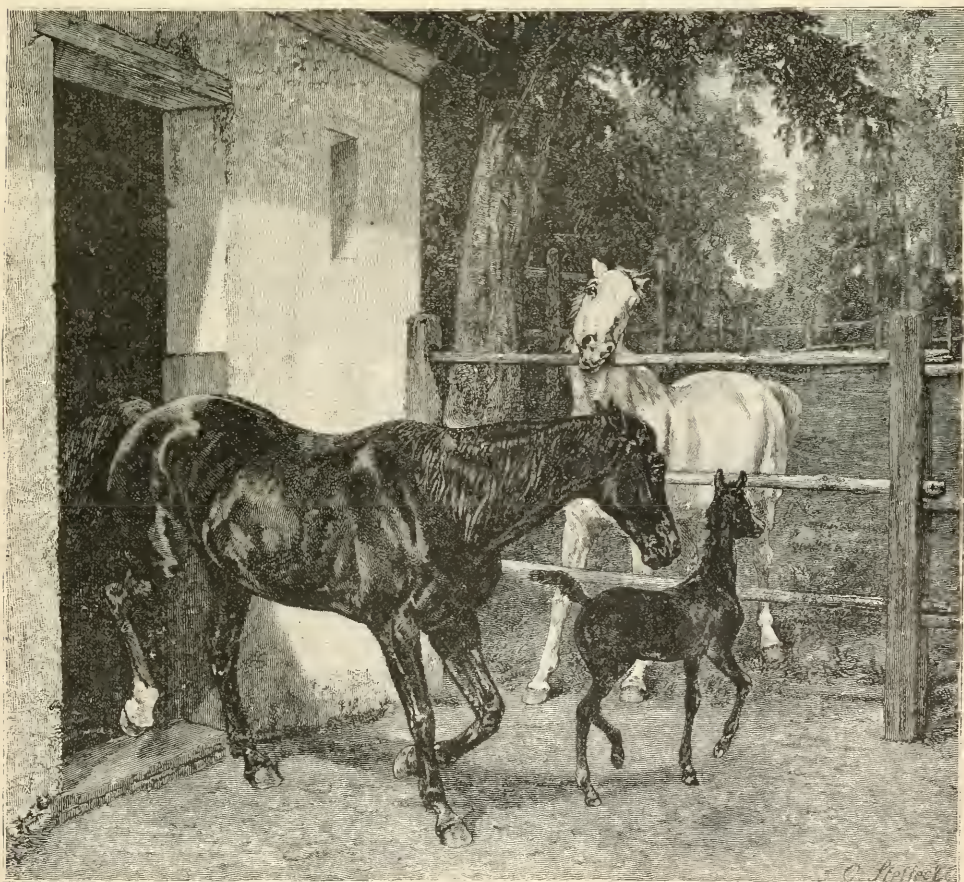
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OUR FOAL'S FIRST RECEPTION.

PEARL.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"LISTEN, Pearl, and mind all I say."

"Yes, papa."

"Can you take care of mother all day?"

"Of course I can, papa. Are you going away?"

"Yes; Sam and I have to go after those yearlings. And like as not auntie won't be home till to-morrow."

"What a cozy time mamma and I will have!"

"And, Pearl, if I should not be home till late, can you call old Snow into the stable, and push down a little fodder for her?"

"Yes, papa, and I'll get the chickens in too."

"But let everything else go for mother, dear. Always remember that."

"You know I will, papa."

Her words were as earnest as his own as she ran after him for another kiss; and he added, as he laid a braid of her pretty hair against his lips:

"If she's the least bit nervous toward night, don't leave her a moment, my bird, but let the animals take care of themselves."

Pearl lived on the shore of the great Mississippi, far down, where Jack Frost never gets a very tight grip on things, and lets go very early, as Madam Spring comes smiling about. Her father was getting poorer and poorer year by year, as his worn-out land grew less productive with every season of slack tillage, until he found it hard to wring from it a living for his small family.

The stock dwindled down to a few poor ill-kept creatures, which looked as if forlornly wondering within themselves whether it were really worth while to live or not. Pearl's father had something of the same look himself, which increased as his wife grew weakly, and gradually sank into the condition of a gentle invalid, content to be waited upon, without, perhaps, ever pausing to ask whether she really stood in need of it.

You may think Pearl must have had a very sad childhood. But she had never known any other place nor any other children, and was so happy in her own bright, unselfish little nature as never to have suspected anything depressing in her surroundings. Pearl threw as nothing else on the place threw, even under the burden of care which came to her too young—showering back upon her mother so many caresses and such loving care that it would be hard to say which looked most upon the other as a child.

"I'll get your breakfast, pet. Wait till you see what I've got for you."

Pearl skipped about in great glee at being left in charge for all day, and, after the usual amount of small fussing, carried in the tray with a face full of anticipation of her mother's delight.

"The first branch of crape myrtle. I found it peeping out in the sunny corner of the old pasture. You poor dear little mamma!—a dozen kisses on her thin hands—'if you only could go with me to see all the beautiful things! But I'll bring you every one. Papa thought he had found the first magnolia bud the other day, but I had seen it the day before, and never said a word. No, I won't take a single taste of egg. There isn't enough for you.'"

"Just a taste, little one."

"Not one bit. See what a great strong thing I am! You must have the good things to make you well."

The lassie set her foot down, and mamma never dreamed that there was something almost heroic in the refusal of the tempting morsel, the little girl having just turned away from her own uninviting breakfast of bacon and corn-bread.

"The river looks curious, mamma dear," she said, chatting over the wild flowers she was arranging on the table as she spread their feast. "I went into the boat to

play, and when I wanted to get out, the water was between it and the shore, so I had to jump."

"Why, Pearl, are you sure?"

"Yes, mamma; and I was afraid I couldn't get in it again, so I untied it and held the rope till it floated to the little bayou, and then I pulled it in and tied it. It was hard work, too."

"Can the river be rising? I wish they were not all away, daughter."

The helpless woman looked out of the window with a troubled face. The floods of the year before had done but little injury in their neighborhood, the land lying much above the river level. But she knew that this was due to the strength of the levees many miles above, and remembered having heard people say that they never would stand another pressure of high water. The river was not yet as high as she had seen it, but she observed with some uneasiness that it had advanced upon them perceptibly during the last few hours.

"I don't believe the levee will break, though," she said, trying to encourage herself and Pearl.

Their dinner was eaten rather more soberly than quite suited the little girl; but after everything was cleared away, and she had taken another look outside, both felt better at perceiving that the waters seemed at a stand-still.

"Bring me the brush for your pretty hair, Pearl."

It was one of the few things she still had energy to do, this brushing and fondling of the child's hair. No one, seeing its beautiful luxuriance, could wonder at her loving admiration. Pearl took innocent pleasure in it as one of the things which made her sweet to father and mother, and laughed as mamma loosened the soft braids and held up the wavy mass to catch the sunshine.

"Papa says it's my golden flag," she said. "When I was out hunting old Snow last week he knew it was me when I was a mile away."

"Then you must hang out your flag whenever you want him to find you. I wish auntie were here to help you to-day, my pet."

But the hand which held the long golden braid suddenly dropped.

"Look there, Pearl!"

Pearl sprang up, and saw trees not far from their door standing in water, where water had never been before. In one moment's glance she marked how the river was broadening and swelling. There was no sudden rush or roar, as would have been the case with a narrower stream, or one with high banks; but there was still something mysterious and terrible in the low sound, half-hissing, half-murmuring, with which the pitiless flood was fast creeping upon them.

She turned with one thought in her brave little heart—of caring for her mother as she had promised.

"Mamma darling, don't be frightened. You must get to the boat—you can, I know, when I most carry you."

But the poor woman cried and trembled.

"Oh, why did they leave us! The levee has broken. We shall be drowned, Pearl, all alone here."

Pearl had rushed out to the boat. Most fortunately the bank to which she had towed and secured it was high. Drawing it now much nearer the house, she came and hurriedly prepared her mother, cooing to her all the while endearing words of encouragement, never letting her guess how her own face grew pale and her heart stood still at sight of the danger which gathered faster and faster so near them. Again she ran to the boat, and this time, with dripping feet, moored it to the door.

"Now, mamma—quick!" Pearl never could tell how she got her in. When it was accomplished, she brought a few of the more valuable articles in the house and placed them beside her.

Before all this was done she perceived with increased alarm the violence with which the long-imprisoned wa-

ters bore down upon them. They beat angrily against the house, and redoubled her anxiety to get away from it. But at the last moment she observed how the boat rocked and tossed, and the idea suddenly flashed upon her that her mother would be safer if she herself remained behind.

"Mamma, I'm going to stay here while you go in the boat. When you get below the bend they will see you and get you. Tell papa to come for me. Tell him I took care of you; and don't be frightened, you dear, dear mamma!" She gave her one long embrace, untied and threw in the rope, and carefully stepped back to the upper step of the door. Her mother had not guessed her intention till the current was carrying them far apart. She half rose with a scream of dismay.

"Oh, Pearl! my Pearl! come to me! I shall die without you! And what will become of you?" She caught one glimpse of the brave little white face smiling at her, as the child called cheerily after her:

"Don't be frightened, darling. I'll come to you just as soon as I can. God will take care of you." And then the rushing waters shut out every other sound.

In her alarm and despair the mother could have flung herself from the boat. How tender the little face was, and how small the childish figure, as it stood there for a last word of encouragement to her!

Pearl's face grew paler as the timbers of the old house groaned and creaked. Her little white kitten came mewling pitiously to her feet, and she took it in her arms, while she hastily took a bundle of papers from her father's desk. Then she walked through water ankle-deep to reach the stairs to the half-story above, and she climbed them wondering if the water would come to her there before papa came. He had gone some distance inland, but she knew he would come for her as soon as he could.

What a wild waste of water she looked out upon! She saw barns, sheds, sometimes a house, sweeping down the river. She saw their own barn swing out into the current and float away. She could hear the water rushing through the doors and windows below, and wondered how soon the house would break away, and follow those she had seen going down the stream.

"I must hang out my golden flag, so papa will see me." Pearl unbraided her bright hair, and looked wistfully out.

But the weary afternoon wore away, and night came with its gloom and its chill. Poor little Pearl's courage almost failed in the darkness. She sobbed pitifully for papa—everything seemed so much more terrible than when it was light—then knelt down and said her prayers, asking first that mamma might be cared for, then herself, and, feeling comforted in the full faith that God would remember them both, resolutely set herself to keep awake until papa should come.

But her head dropped on the window-sill, and she soon slept quietly. The winged messengers who wait on the prayers of a child surely guarded her rest with gentlest care, for when at last the strained timbers gave way, and the old house bade adieu to the foundations on which it had stood for many a long year, she never knew it, but slept on.

"I saw your shining flag, Pearl, my blessing."

Pearl opened her sleepy eyes to see the early morning sun beaming upon her. All the trees on the bank were running past her in a most confusing manner. Papa was lifting her from the window into a boat held by two other men close to the house, which still rocked and heaved as it settled deeper and deeper into the water.

"Papa, where is mamma?"

"Safe, dear. Some steambot men brought her inshore, and I found her late last night."

"Oh-h-h! Well, then, papa, get my kitty and poor old Biddy. Oh dear! my neck and my shoulders hurt."

As the boat neared the shore she opened her eyes in amazement, almost in fright.

"That's mamma," she cried. "Standing up! Oh, mamma, you'll hurt yourself!"

But mamma met Pearl at the very edge of the water, and led her to the house whose friendly doors had been opened to them. Doctors have talked learnedly of such cases—about will power, nerve force, and other things hard to understand. All I can tell about it is that the great excitement and some very serious thinking had worked a wonderful change in Pearl's mother.

She now looked out at the house, and saw the water pouring in at the window from which the idol of her heart had just been rescued. With arms tight about her, she said:

"He has taken care of us, Pearl, better than we could have dreamed."

CANADIAN DAYS.

BY EDWARD L. STEVENSON.



PRINCE'S SETTLEMENT, where Cal Calvert lived, was as rough a Canadian village as one often sees. Seven or eight log houses straggled along the lake shore. Behind these rose the forest, largely a pine one, dark green and dense.

There were few boys of Cal's own age (seventeen) in the place. Instead of going to school, since school there was none, they had to trap and hunt. In place of

playing marbles or ball they dressed skins or made snowshoes and leggins. Occasionally they spent the whole morning together, fishing from the rude wharf, where once a fortnight only a small steamer touched, bringing supplies and the mail.

Calvert endured more or less chaffing from Job Waller, Gabriel De Zouche, and some others of his cronies as being the worst shot and the unluckiest trapper of them all. He had some excuse. The Calvert family had arrived in Prince's Settlement only eight months before, and Cal could hardly have been expected to become a very skilled woodman within so short a period. But in due time there came to Cal his first real adventure. It was directly in this line, and it won him great glory in the settlement, not merely with the boys, but with every one in it.

It happened thus: Wednesday was usually Cal's day for visiting his scattered traps, stripping them (if there was anything in them to strip), and fixing up matters generally. Accordingly, out into the road Cal strode one Wednesday morning in October, his new gun over his shoulder, in case anything should "turn up," and hung to his back his bag full of odds and ends for trap mending and baiting.

"Coming along, Job?" he called out, as he passed Waller, who sat in the sun before his father's door, whistling, and busy over something.

"Can't," returned Job, looking up; "father wants me all this mornin'. Where you goin'?"

"Trapping," answered Cal; "and then to fetch back the net my father left up at Namoak Cove last night. They had so much else to carry that they put it behind



NOW FOR WORK.

the Pulpit, and I'm to come around that way to get it. Good-by."

Cal walked up the road, whistling. The woods were about him in a few minutes. Off upon his left hand the lake shimmered like silver between the trees. Where a "blaze" on a trunk or some similar landmark warned the boy of one of his traps waiting to be looked after, he turned aside and halted. There was little in them, all told, this morning—one inexperienced young mink and a solitary rabbit. Calvert inspected the whole set, and by the time he had finished was well along the north shore of the lake. The last trap being considerably off the line of the rest, and therefore well within the edge of the woods, it occurred to Cal that it would be better for him to look up the net now, and then, after examining the trap, take the sledge track back to Prince's Settlement.

Accordingly he turned down directly to the beach. He found the object of his errand where he had been directed to seek it, behind the pile of boulders known to the settlement as the Pulpit. Cal folded the net into as small a compass as he could, and slung it loosely across his back. Carrying the gun well out of its way, he struck into the woods again. The net was tough and bulky, but not too heavy to hinder him from making his way along lightly and rapidly.

As he turned to look for his gun, which he had laid on one side while folding the net, he suddenly heard a crackling in the underbrush on the other side of the clearing. A crashing of twigs and a hoarse bellow held him motionless with fright. Opposite him, and looking at him with eyes which, if small, were at least very red, startled, and angry ones, had halted a large dark animal. The great mule-like head, crowned with immense branching horns, the shaggy throat and powerful ash-colored body, propped up on four awkward, shuffling legs that stamped the fallen leaves—all these things told Cal in an instant that the creature to which they belonged was no other than the great Canadian moose, an animal already become rare around Prince's Settlement.

The moment that Cal recognized it he did the most natural and foolish thing he could have done. He ran, without thinking of gun or anything else, to the nearest tree that looked large enough to climb. The moose bellowed again, and shambled, head down, after the flying boy.

Only at one time of the year, October, is the Canadian

moose an offensive animal. The rest of the year, unless brought to bay, he will rarely show fight, much less attack. But there are occasionally found "rogue" mooses, just as there are "rogue" elephants. The lonely one which tramps the forest angrily at that season is a thoroughly dangerous foe on four feet, and many a veteran hunter has fled from such a one for his life. He is even bold enough to pick a quarrel with what excites his distaste.

Cal remembered these things in a flash of thought; hence our hero's unheroic action. Discretion is sometimes better than valor. So seemed it to him, as, panting and badly scared, he found himself perched out of harm's way in the ash-tree. He had had just presence of mind enough to jerk the cumbersome net over his head before his upward scramble. The moose smelled of this as it lay in a heap at the foot of the tree, and struck his big forehoofs upon it with the peculiar roaring bellow that his kind make.

Cal got his breath. The moose looked about the clearing. Then a movement of the boy drew his attention upward. He uttered again his angry defiance of all the men and boys in Prince's Settlement, or anywhere else in the world. He shambled a few yards away, stood still, and began licking himself. He kept on licking, occasionally lifting up his voice and bellowing for variety. Poor Cal saw that his enemy was a gentleman of leisure, and designed holding the fort until some new notion should get into his formidable head.

Cal thought of his gun. His buckshot was up the ash-tree with him, but not the gun. There it lay, only a dozen yards from the ash trunk, below. Cal recollected the boys. "Treed by a moose" did not sound exceedingly pleasant. He also remembered the approach of afternoon, the coming on of sunset, his being missed, the probable alarm of the settlement, the raising of this siege in one way or another, but possibly not until after the cold and misery of a night in the forest. Perhaps it was thinking of all these unpleasant things so seriously that made the boy move his head. His hat fell off.

At the sight of the falling object, the moose lowered his horns and rushed. He sent them crashing against the bole of the tree for his folly. More than that, he entangled his antlers in a loose fold of the seine. He tossed up his great muzzle. The net fell like a coarse bridal veil

over his mooseship's nose. He roared and shook his head and neck in a rage; the whole length and breadth of the tough, stout mesh-work unfolded and cascaded over both. The exasperated animal started to run. He progressed several hundred feet within the trees, shaking and tossing his lowered head. Then Cal saw the creature halt and throw itself down upon the ground in the thickest, crashing the twigs and leaves beneath its weight. Unfortunately for the moose, the net was a comparatively new and strong one, and by this time it was hopelessly twisted and wrapped about the broad horns and head.

Cal's mind was made up. Our hero was no coward, though he had been badly frightened. He did not wait one instant longer to give the somewhat exhausted but powerful animal time to get rid of the source of his bewilderment and anger. Down he slid from his niche. The moose was still stumbling about blindly in the brush. He was safe for more minutes than Cal needed.

The boy darted, shaking with excitement, to his gun. He seized it, and reloaded it with musteady fingers. Breathless, he glided toward the scene of his foe's confusion. The moose was actually upon his side now, rolling his enmeshed head, and with one leg seemingly caught fast also for a moment. Cal tried to keep the quick beats of his heart from spoiling his aim. He fired. The moose belowed and plunged over. Cal fired again. The second barrel did the business. The animal ceased his mad struggles, rolled once more, and was dead.

Two hours later Job Waller and several other of the Settlement folks were startled at the sight of a boy rushing up the sledge track where they stood, and calling out, triumphantly, "Hurrah! I've killed a moose." It is to

be feared that many of his hearers had doubts as to the truth of Cal's odd story as they set out at once for the scene of it. But with twilight "the biggest moose seen in Prince's Settlement for two years" was brought back in procession.

It is hardly necessary to record that after such an event Cal never was twitted by his hunting chums for empty traps or stray shots. He had made his reputation. It was only Long John Capiteau who dared to make a little good-natured fun at his expense by asking Cal now and then "whether it still took his gun, a twenty-foot net, an' a ash-tree to land one horn-pouter." Such was the first of our hero's chances in the North. But one far more serious, and involving others besides himself in its course, was to come soon enough after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"DICK AND D."*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Nan," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK TEACHES GYMNASTICS.

IT may readily be imagined that Dick Devine and Norry awaited with impatience another visit from their new friend. It was not that the delights of the first visit had ceased to give them both occupation for thinking and talk-

* Begun in No. 199, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"IT WAS A MOST DISGRACEFUL SIGHT, MA'AM-SIR."

ing, or that they needed new material; but with Master Dick's appearance something seemed to have come into the hearts of the lonely boys which made life seem altogether a happier, more hopeful thing, and Dick felt as if his hardest searches for work could be undertaken in a newer and brighter spirit.

He had no occasion to go that week to Dr. Field's, although he longed to do so, and once he had to indulge himself in a walk around the house, hoping for a glimpse of Dick Dearing or Barbara, but no one appeared at the windows, and he went home a trifle down-hearted. The work he found during those days was chiefly carrying parcels for travellers at railway stations, or going errands for people who went in or out of the large hotels. Often his earnings were not more than fifteen cents, and as it was his habit, learned from his mother, always to lay aside a certain portion for the weekly rent, very little remained for food or fire. But Norry, with his accorcion, seemed perfectly content on bread and milk, and as Dick would return from his long rambles he heard the strains of "Home, sweet Home" long before he reached the attic door.

Hurrying in one windy day, he found a joyful surprise. Master Dick was seated by Norry, regaling him with nuts and cakes, and talking in his gayest voice, while Norry's shrill laughter greeted Dick's entrance.

"Oh, I am glad!" Dick exclaimed; and his first idea was to help along the little fire, at which Dearing assisted very good-humoredly.

"Why haven't you been up at the house?" he asked Dick. "I told Brooks to ask you."

"Well, he said he wouldn't need me this week," Dick answered. "And I didn't like to go else; but I walked around the house once, hoping to see you."

"I meant to take you to the circus," said Master Dick, a little loftily. "Can you do any gymnastics?"

Dick announced that he could turn a somersault.

"All right; let's see you do it," said Dearing. "Perhaps you could teach me. We fellows at Barnabas always like to bring back some new dodge, you know, and I don't believe any of them know that."

So with true boy's love for such performances Dick Devine turned his somersault, to the great delight of his young patron, who immediately tried to imitate him. But somersaulting isn't to be learned in a moment, and so it came about that there was a great deal of knocking around, and rubbing of shins, and a general air of rioting, to which Norry listened appreciatively.

Both boys were purple with their efforts and with their laughter. Dick Devine was in the act of a most daring turn, when the door was suddenly opened. A chill horror struck them. There stood the awful Mr. Brooks, with an expression on his majestic countenance which I dare not venture to describe.

Dick Devine came to his feet, panting and subdued. The other Dick's face had assumed rather an angry glare.

"Is *this* where you run away to, Master Dick?" said Brooks, in a terrible tone. "And lured along by this low, ungrateful varmint, as ought to be had up for deceiving us all, and taking you into bad company."

"Oh, you hold up, Brooks," said Master Dick, as boldly as he could, although, truth to tell, he was a little frightened. "He isn't bad company, and he didn't lure me here, as you call it, and I won't be bullied by you, either; and I'd like to know how you knew I was here."

Brooks waved his hand contemptuously.

"Miss Barbara knew it, and your aunt and your grandfather are in a most awful way about it."

"Did Barbara send you?" Dick flashed out. "It isn't a bit like her. She knew I was coming, but she's no sneak, if she is a girl."

"You're to come home at once," pronounced Brooks, "and you'll see for yourself what 'll he said and

done. And as for you, you miserable rascally boy, you are to come up to-night and see the old gentleman himself."

Dick Devine had found it impossible to speak. He stood still with a terrible sense of guilt in this matter, even though he knew he had never done Master Dick any harm. Yet he might have known this attic in a low street was not the place for a boy like his new friend to come to. Yet it had been such a happiness—and for Norry too!

"I ought to have known better," he stammered, looking very wretched indeed. "And I *hope*—oh, I do hope—I haven't got Master Dick into trouble!"

"You may well say you'd oughter have known better," Brooks said, with withering emphasis. "But *you'll* see! Come along now, Master Dick; you're wanted immediate."

There was nothing for it but to go. Dick Dearing departed, however, with a great show of sympathy for both Norry and Dick Devine, and refused to do more than walk along by Brooks, who, with a policeman's air, was for holding him by the shoulder.

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Dick Devine, feeling more wretched than ever since his mother's death, crept close to Norry and explained it all. I hope no boy will scorn my young hero when I confess that the two brothers, holding each other very closely, cried as they had not cried since that August morning long ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST FAVOR.

THE gas was already lighted in Dr. Field's library when Brooks and his captive reached the Fifth Avenue. On the way home Dearing had not condescended to discuss the matter with his companion, and if he dreaded to encounter Mrs. Thomason and the Doctor, he betrayed no such fears to Brooks himself.

On reaching the hall door the boy sprang upstairs without a word to the man, and burst into the library, ready to tell his story, and if possible to clear Dick Devine of all blame.

Mrs. Thomason was seated at one side of the fire, looking as only she could look when she was going to pronounce sentence of doom. The Doctor was by his study table, apparently reading, although he had not turned a page in half an hour.

Just before Dick appeared, Mrs. Thomason had been saying in her iciest tones: "Something must be done with that boy, father. He is perfectly incorrigible. I can not tell you half the mischief he has done since he has been in the house, and now picking up with this low boy! I don't doubt he's taught him pocket-picking."

Poor Dr. Field rubbed his forehead with his hand, and looked very unhappy. He knew well enough that he was overpartial to Dick, and for that reason felt it right to yield more decidedly to his daughter's government and ideas concerning the boy, and he did above all things dread for him evil associations. Naturally enough Dick Devine, living in an attic in a down-town street, was, to the Doctor's mind, like any other common vagrant boy. He had never asked about Devine or his family, and we know the lad himself had tried to keep his history and Norry out of every one's knowledge. Therefore Dr. Field could not be supposed to know how carefully the poor dead mother had reared her children; and in fact I think it was wrong for Dick Dearing to have made his visits in the way he did. Perhaps he felt instinctively that Dick Devine was not like other common boys; yet he had no right to form any acquaintance without consulting his elders.

"When we remember his father's recklessness," Mrs. Thomason went on, "we have all the more to fear."

Dr. Field winced.

"You know how often and often you said that poor Richard's troubles all came from his getting into low company. His tastes were always so extraordinary. Do you remember that wretched German violinist he picked up?"

Mrs. Thomason was going on in a higher key, but her father suddenly held up his hand and silenced her.

"There, Julia," he said, looking pained; "don't go over the past. Whatever poor Rick's faults were, he is gone."

"But he has left us a son who may inherit his worst faults. Surely we owe it to our poor Mary to bring him up so that he shall not disgrace her memory."

At this moment the door was burst open by the culprit himself.

Cast iron could scarcely have been harder than Aunt Julia's face as Master Dick appeared. He well knew what it meant when she folded her hands over each other with the knuckle joints so prominently in view.

"Well?" she ejaculated.

"Dick," said the Doctor, in the sternest tone he could assume, "I am ashamed of your conduct, sir." Aunt Julia's steely eye was upon her father, and he dared not falter.

"You know that you are expressly forbidden to make any acquaintances in town without my permission—or—your aunt's; and yet I am told that you have picked up a low boy who lives in an attic in a low street, and actually made a friend of him, and run away to go and see him. Is not this true?"

Brooks was standing within the door by this time, looking so anxious to speak that Aunt Julia said, "What is it, Brooks?"

"It was a most disgraceful sight, ma'am—sir!" he said, with his angust nose very much in the air. "When I got there I found 'em fighting and going on like wild Injuns; and such a low, dirty place! and Master Dick's heels in the air, sir, and that low boy a-turning himself into a sort of jumping-jack, if I might so call it, ma'am; a most disgraceful rioting sight it was, sir!"

"It's not so!" cried Dick, flashing around upon Brooks, who smiled scornfully upon the heated boyish face. "Grandfather, it is true that I've made a friend of Dick Devine, and he's a poor boy in an attic, but he's honest, and not a bit rougher than any of the fellows at Barnabas; and we weren't fighting. He was teaching me somersaults."

Here Aunt Julia interrupted, with a horrified scream:

"Father, do you hear? do you hear? He owns to this himself. He'll be running off with a circus next. Oh, father, do not be weak and blind!"

Brooks regarded Mrs. Thomason with an air of most admiring compassion. Poor Dr. Field found it hard to know what to say. He felt, and no one more keenly, that Dick must be taught to make no friends unknown to him, and particularly among a low class, yet something in the honest fearlessness of the boy's tone touched him. Perhaps if Aunt Julia had not called up a vision of the reckless father who had broken his daughter's tender heart he might have relented so far as to investigate the character of the Devines, but he knew what he had to dread if Richard Dearing's son were to revive any of his father's folly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISIT TO THE QUEEN OF BURMAH.

MRS. ROWETT, an English lady who was travelling with her husband in Burmah, received from the Queen of that country an invitation to pay her Majesty a morning visit. Invitations from royal personages are very much like commands, and the lady, though she felt a little timid about venturing within the palace walls, at once decided to go. Her husband could accompany her

only to the gate, as no men were allowed to enter the presence of the Queen.

She was not obliged to go entirely by herself, however, as Sister Teresa, the Superior of a convent in Mandalay, who had been the Queen's teacher in her childhood, kindly offered to present her.

According to custom, the lady provided herself with a gift for the Queen, filling a tray with the most beautiful articles in glass and china and delicate perfumes which she could obtain in the shops of Mandalay.

At 7 A.M. Mrs. Rowett, luxuriously seated in a rattan chair carried by coolies, set out on her way to the palace, accompanied by Sister Teresa and one of her nuns in a bullock carriage, and by her husband on his pony. The hilly roads were shaded by many trees, and the procession wound along through masses of flowers in brilliant bloom.

A half-hour's ride brought them to a high wall of red brick inclosing an area a mile and a half square. This wall surrounded the city of Mandalay. Passing through a great gateway, they found themselves in a crowded town, and a few more steps brought them to another thick and lofty wall, within which was the palace. Here the gentleman took his leave, and the ladies went in.

Though the sun was very hot, etiquette compelled them to close their umbrellas when inside the palace inclosure, but as the lady had on a thick hat made of pith, she did not suffer from the heat.

The royal guards were a droll-looking set, some clothed and some half naked, but adorned with shiny red helmets, and armed with harmless old muskets, and brandishing cruel-looking spears of great length.

It was not enough to close umbrellas, but shoes also were forbidden in the Queen's presence; so when the house itself was reached, the ladies had to stop and take them off. Mrs. Rowett had prudently put on several pairs of stockings, so she walked over the passages very comfortably.

What was her surprise and delight to be greeted in this strange place, by a cheerful English voice, with a pleasant "Good-morning!" The owner of the voice turned out to be an English nurse who was in regular attendance on the Queen. This lady took Mrs. Rowett to rest awhile in her chamber, where she showed her quantities of silks and velvets which her mistress had given her. She was bare-footed, of course, but was richly dressed, and blazing with diamonds. Costly ear-rings, pins, and bracelets are worn by Oriental women, and this nurse had adopted the fashion. She was in high favor, and the Queen loaded her with jewels.

By-and-by there came a summons to the throne-room, where the foreigner was met by a number of princesses and maids of honor, who chatted with her freely, the Sister acting as interpreter. These ladies were dressed in the Burmese costume. First there was the tamine, or skirt, very tight around the hips, but flowing freely at the feet and trailing slightly. These skirts were of the richest silk, in gorgeous colors and rich designs. A loose jacket of fine white cambrie, open in front to display a bright silk band which reached from the waist to the armpits like a sash, and the simple dress was complete. The effect was that of a square bodice, and the necks of these ladies were almost covered with chains of pearls, rubies, and diamonds. The jackets had close sleeves, heavily embroidered, and so tight that they had to be worked over the hand like kid gloves.

The princesses wore their hair in thick coils, low at the back of the neck, and their heads were ornamented with flowers.

The room in which Mrs. Rowett awaited the Queen was a wonder of beauty. It was very large, and the lofty ceiling was supported by massive pillars overlaid with the purest gold. All the walls and doors were covered with

gilded lattice-work. Mirrors were placed everywhere, and the floor was carpeted with the thickest and softest of velvety rugs.

Two hours passed slowly by, and then a slight stir or hubbub proclaimed that her golden-footed Majesty was coming.

Instantly the ladies of the court put themselves into a position of reverence, prostrating themselves and folding their hands far in front of them, as if in prayer.

The young and pretty Queen, only twenty-one years old, was as shy as a school-girl. She seated herself on a cushion of purple velvet at the foot of the throne, puffed away at a large cheroot, and asked after her guest's health, and how old she was. A maid of honor then handed the visitor a golden cup and a splendid piece of silk, presents from the Queen.

Then Mrs. Rowett inquired if she might see the baby, but the little princess was asleep, and her mamma did not wish her to be disturbed.

Soon after this the Queen, who noticed that the Euro-

pean lady was growing very tired of sitting with her feet tucked up under her petticoats, brought the interview to an end by herself rising and leaving the room.

The audience being over, Sister Teresa escorted Mrs. Rowett into several of the finer apartments of the palace, where she saw many of the royal treasures, among them some wonderful specimens of carving in wood, and some elegant silks woven by hand.

At the outer gate the husband was waiting with his coolies and the lady's chair, and she was carried back through the streets of Mandalay, which were all brilliant with roses and gilding.

A religious festival was in progress, and there were processions, in which golden umbrellas swayed aloft, grantees were perched on the backs of elephants, and people were arrayed in the brightest-hued silks.

All the women wore wreaths of flowers; and as the English party embarked on their steamer for Rangoon, the last thing they saw was the flashing to and fro of golden boats over the deep blue water.



THE LITTLE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

BY LOUIE BRINE.

IT WAS a little sermon preached to me

By a sweet, unconscious child—

A baby girl scarce four years old,

With blue eyes soft and mild.

It happened on a rainy day;

I, seated in a car,

Was thinking, as I neared my home,

Of the continual jar

And discord that pervade the air

Of busy city life,

Each caring but for "number one,"

Self gain provoking strife.

The gloomy weather seemed to cast

On every face a shade,

But on one countenance were lines

By sorrow deeply laid.

With low-bowed head and hands clasped close,

She sat, so poor and old,

Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance

From eyes unkind and cold.

I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed

The sight that met my eyes!

Sitting upon her mother's lap,

With baby face so wise,

Was a wee child with sunny curls,

Blue eyes, and dimpled chin,

And a young, pure, and loving heart

Unstained as yet by sin.

Upon the woman poor and sad

Her eyes in wonder fell,

Till wonder changed to plying love.

Her thoughts, oh, who could tell?

Her tiny hands four roses held;

She looked them o'er and o'er,

Then choosing out the largest one,

She struggled to the floor.

Across the swaying car she went

Straight to the woman's side,

And putting in the wrinkled hand

The rose, she ran to hide

Her little face in mother's lap,

Fearing she had done wrong.

Not knowing, baby as she was,

That she had helped along

The up-hill road of life a soul

Cast down, discouraged quite,

As on the woman's face there broke

A flood of joyous light.

Dear little child! she was indeed

A messenger of love

Sent to that woman's lonely heart

From the great Heart above.

This world would be a different place

Were each to give to those

Whose hearts are sad as those of love

As went with baby's rose.



"DON'T SCOLD, HENNY-PENNY; YOUR CHICKIES ARE DUCKLINGS, AND LIKE WATER."

SOAP-BUBBLE SECRETS.

BY THE REV. C. G. CHILD.

PROBABLY there is not a reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* who has not at some time amused himself with a pipe and a bowl of soap-suds. Few, however, know all that a bubble can afford in the way of amusement at a slight outlay. Does my reader know how to make a giant bubble? has he learned how to employ soap-bubbles as magic-lantern slides? did he ever see them used as parlor ornaments? or is a soap-bubble in harness an every-day thing with him? If not, he will find these uses of the bubble described in the present article, and I would add that the experiments will prove interesting and beautiful to old as well as young.

We must first learn how to make the giant bubble. This is the king of bubbles, the largest, the longest-lived, and the most beautiful. If you can imagine a bubble two or even three feet in diameter, with an existence measured by hours instead of seconds, glowing with colors five times as gorgeous as those of the ordinary bubble, you have just such a one in your mind's eye as you can make for yourself by carefully following directions.

Procure two ounces of palm-oil or Castile soap; the former is preferable. Cut it in pieces the size of a pea, and place them in a bottle of clear glass with a pint of rain-water. Shake violently until the water has taken up as much soap as it will hold. You have now what is called a saturated solution of soap. Place it aside, and leave it from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, until it has settled, either perfectly clear or of a very light pearl-color. If, after thirty-six hours, the solution still remains clouded, pour off a little of the water and add more. This time it will scarcely fail to settle as desired. Carefully pour off, straining through flannel, add half a pint of pure glycerine, and when the two have had time to mingle thoroughly, you are ready to blow a giant bubble.

To blow the very largest bubbles it is necessary to have a larger pipe than the clay pipe commonly used, though such a pipe will produce large bubbles. A glass funnel two or three inches in diameter, fitted with a piece of rubber tubing, produces enormous bubbles. There is a very ingenious apparatus used, which admits of putting the finger within the pipe itself. By this means fresh soap solution may be smeared within the pipe, affording renewed nourishment to the bubble, and enabling the experimenter to blow it to an incredible size.

These bubbles are distinguished not only for their size, but for their beauty and durability. I have known bubbles made by this method to last two or three hours in the open air, and from twenty-four to thirty-six under glass, precaution being taken that the air of the room be pure, and that no rough touch destroy their fragile lives. But now let us find out how we may examine the bubble with the greatest ease and to the best advantage.

Procure a piece of pine board about three inches square. In the middle of this fix a piece of iron wire, free from rust, twenty inches in length. At about six inches' distance from the board bend the wire into a circle, the plane of which is parallel with that of the board, and with a diameter of five inches. Blow a bubble of six or seven inches diameter, and gently place it in the ring; it will not break, and by tilting the pipe you may free it from the bubble. Thus placed the bubble shows off the colors to great advantage; for, as has been said, the glycerine bubble will last for hours, unlike the ordinary one, as fragile as it is lovely. Three or four bubbles of various sizes, placed under glass on such standards, form a beautiful object for a drawing-room, especially if their colors are seen against a background of some black material.

Next as to employing soap-bubbles, or, more correctly,

soap films, as magic-lantern slides. Those who do not possess a magic lantern may try the experiment, though to less advantage, in the following way: Dip the mouth of a tumbler lightly in the soap solution, raise it gently, and a soap film will remain stretched across the mouth. Hold the tumbler horizontally, and the same beautiful effects of color may be seen on the film as are thrown on the wall when the magic lantern is used. For a magic lantern, go to work as follows:

Take a slip of card-board, the same size as one of your slides, and in it cut a circular hole, proportional in diameter to the width of the slide. Pour some of the solution into a shallow dish, and dip the slide into it. Raise it gently, and a film will be left in the hole. Slip the slide with care into the lantern, and await results. For a moment the circle of light on the wall remains clear, but soon at the bottom a faint tinge of color appears, growing stronger and stronger, and moving upward. It settles into a band of color at last, still moving steadily upward, and succeeded by another band of another tint, which follows it, and so on, until the great circle on the wall is gorgeous with the same beautiful hues as appear on the bubble, but not stirring uneasily together as these seem, but in regular bands ever moving upward. Now jar the slide gently, and, presto!—the bands break and whirl together in an astonishing maze of color, wonderful in beauty. This is really one of the most beautiful experiments imaginable, and will never fail to call forth hearty admiration.

Now for an exceedingly amusing experiment—the harness soap-bubble. Take a piece of the thinnest writing-paper you can find, and from it cut a circular piece a little less than a dime in size. To one end of this attach a thread by the aid of a tiny drop of sealing-wax—the less the better. Blow the bubble to an ordinary size, and then touch the round piece to it gently. The bubble will adhere to it, and by gently tipping the pipe you may leave the bubble suspended by the string.

A bubble blown from the mouth sinks, but if the pipe is attached by a piece of rubber tubing to a gas fixture, the bubble then blown being filled with a gas lighter than air will be carried upward as far as the string will allow. Thus you have a veritable balloon, and it just sufficient string is allowed to keep it balanced midway between floor and ceiling, it will perform very curious antics. Those currents of air which exist in every room, unfelt by the inmates, are strong draughts to the fragile and delicate bubble. It will follow these currents, now visiting the ceiling, now running along the floor, and escaping as if by a miracle the obstacles in its path. If there is a lamp or gas jet in the room it will be gradually attracted toward it, and, carried by the upward current of hot air, will dash toward the ceiling, as if bent on committing suicide. But bounding on the cushion of dead air, which always lies on the surface of every solid object, it bends at right angles, and darts off, escaping as if by some inward power the fate into which it was apparently plunging headlong, and again circles round the room, till drawn a second time into the current of hot air.

The ingenious reader will be able to work up the hints above given into a variety of amusing and beautiful experiments. The last described will perhaps afford most amusement in various ways, which will readily occur to his mind while using the novel toy. The true secret of success in these experiments, as in everything, is carefulness. If the soap solution is prepared with care, there is no reason why the reader should not be entirely successful in the experiments that follow.

Bubbles are most curious and lovely things. There is neither time nor space to go into their connection with science, and the deep natural truths which they are used to prove. The reader can at least admire their gorgeous coloring and airy grace, and find a moral in their short but lovely lives.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

BERTIE, the mischief, Kitty, and Fan,
Two little maids and one little man,

In gingham aprons from toe to chin
Snugly and cozily buttoned in,

Sit by the table all in a row,
With pipes and bowls as white as the snow.

Six pink cheeks that are rounder growing
Look like cherubs a trumpet blowing.

Warm and as soft as velvet each is,
And as sweet as a harvest peach is.

Bubbly-bubble, blow and blow;
That is the way the soap-bubbles grow.

Larger and larger. Toss it away—
A little round world with colors gay.

Lightly it floats through the air o'erhead
In rainbow purple, orange, and red,

Then vanishes; for, you see, the worst
Of soap-bubbles is the way they burst—

Burst in the air, on the walls, the floor,
But never mind, darlings; make some more.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S MONEY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST," ETC.

ALONG the coast of New England, or that part of it east of Boston, there were formerly many traditions about treasure buried by Captain Kidd and other freebooters of his time. The spots where the treasures were buried were usually revealed in dreams; the happy dreamer confided the secret to a friend or two, and they arranged to secure it whenever the time should be favorable. But it always happened that something went wrong, and the treasure vanished from sight or touch generally at the moment when it was just within grasp.

One of my neighbors was a firm believer in the existence of the hidden wealth of the pirates. He often dreamed where it was to be found, and on several occasions he devoted an entire night to digging. Once he took me into his confidence, and told how I could become the possessor of "Kidd's money," provided I would follow certain rules, in which he believed thoroughly.

"First off," said he, "you must dream where the money is, and be able to find the spot you dream about. Then, if you've got the nerve to go alone, you have a better chance of getting the money, as there won't be so much likelihood that anybody'll break the spell."

I asked what he meant by the suggestion, and he explained as follows:

"All this money of Kidd and the other pirates is guarded by spirits, and if you break the spell you can't get it. In the first place, you must dig on a night when there isn't any moon; the moonlight is part of the spell, and no money can be got when it is shining. Then when you've begun to dig you mustn't speak; if you do, the treasure sinks down, and you are thrown out of the place with your eyes full of dirt. The spirits watch the money, and if you don't open your mouth you'll get it—if it's there."

I was somewhat doubtful about the matter, and he proceeded to convince me of the correctness of what he had told me.

"About two years ago," he continued, "I dreamed three or four nights running where there was a chest full of Kidd's money, about half a mile back of Foster's Cove. The spot was shown so clear that I went and picked it out, and then I told Sam Fowler about it, and he agreed to go and dig with me, and share the money. I marked the place with a stake so as to find it in the night, and one night when there wasn't any moon, and the clouds made it almost pitch-dark, we went there and dug. We hadn't

thrown up a dozen shovelfuls when the air was full of hissing noises, and there were voices calling us all sorts of names. We kept on without saying a word, and soon we hit the top of a chest, or, anyway, something that sounded hollow. When we struck it there was more noise than ever, and the spirits not only made a tremendous racket, but kept knocking us from side to side. We'd got the top of the chest almost uncovered, as well as we could make out in the dark, and I was just laying down my shovel, and reaching for the pickaxe to bust it in, when I was knocked clean from one side of the hole to the other. I forgot myself, and hollered out, and in less than a second we were sprawling on the ground outside, the hole was all filled up, and the chest gone, and when I felt round for the stake I couldn't find it. We went home feeling mean enough. Next day I went back and looked at the place, and there wasn't a sign of the stake nor of our digging, and the whole spot was so changed that it wasn't like what I saw in my dream."

This story and others like it had such an effect on my mind that I too dreamed of Kidd's treasures. The dream was repeated, and I had no difficulty in discovering the spot. It was certainly a good one for the purpose—about ten yards to the north of a large stump on the edge of a bit of woodland, and just such a place as an intelligent pirate ought to select.

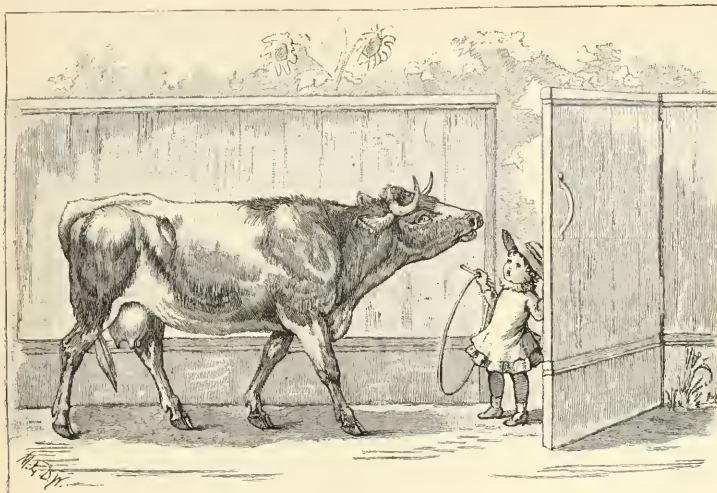
"I hadn't the nerve" to go there alone on a moonless night to recover the treasure; besides, I wasn't greedy, and had a decided willingness under the circumstances to share my future wealth with others. Under a pledge of secrecy, I confided the story to two of my school-mates; one consented to join in the enterprise, but the other declared a decided dislike for it, and refused to go. As I had secured one companion, I was indifferent to his objections, and continued with my plans.

I marked the spot with two stakes about four feet apart, and it was arranged that we should dig between the stakes. We selected a night when there was no moon, and settled upon a place where we were to meet. During the day preceding the great occasion we conveyed two shovels and a pickaxe to the meeting-place, and also an empty meal sack in which to bring away the money.

We went to bed at the usual hour, and then escaped by the back windows to proceed on our search for wealth. My companion, Charley, slept on the ground-floor of his father's house, and therefore had less difficulty than I in getting out, as my bed was on the second story. But with the aid of a short rope, and two or three nails in the side of the house, I was quickly and noiselessly on the ground, and able to get back again by the same means.

Charley had been waiting a few minutes when I reached our rendezvous. We hastily secured our tools, not forgetting the bag, and proceeded, with some insteadness of step, to the treasure ground. The truth is that just then I did not altogether like the affair, and no more did Charley; but neither was willing to back out, and so we went on. The night was cloudy, but without rain, and we could see only a short distance around us. We knew well enough how to find the old stump, and once at it, there was no trouble in finding my stakes. It was agreed that we were not to speak after reaching the stump, and so the commencement of our trench-work was made in silence.

The spirits did not disturb us for the first quarter of an hour. Just as I was congratulating myself with the thought that perhaps we had taken them unawares, and might get the money and be off before they found us, there was a loud hiss close to my ear. It startled me a good deal, and had the same effect on Charley, as we dropped our shovels, and struck our heads against each other in stooping to pick them up. Then there were more hisses, followed by mutterings and threats, of which I could not make out any intelligible words. We worked like bea-



AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

vers, and kept perfect silence in spite of the temptation to speak; as a matter of precaution we had each fastened a handkerchief tightly across the other's mouth when we reached the stump, as we thought it would be a discouragement to conversation. It was lucky we did so, as both admitted afterward that we should have been certain to say something when the first hiss sounded in our ears if the handkerchief had not stopped our utterance.

The noises went on for perhaps another quarter of an hour. By this time we had made a hole more than a yard square and about two feet deep, and I began to feel we ought to be near the treasure. I had previously concluded that no good and honest pirate would bury money more than three feet below the surface; he would naturally think of the difficulty of digging it up when he came to get it, and would probably be in a hurry, owing to the fear of discovery by the king's men. I thought I heard a hollow sound beneath me. I had been told that when the lid of the chest was broken the power of the guardian spirits was gone, and there was no further danger of their interference. Determined to secure the treasure, I extended my hand to the spot where we placed the pickaxe when we began working with the shovels.

It was gone, and so was the meal sack which was to contain the money!

I turned to see if Charley had taken it; he was working with his shovel, and paid no attention to my movements. As I turned I was violently pushed across the hole, and fell upon Charley. The bandage slipped from my mouth, and gave me the opportunity to ask, "Where's the pickaxe?"

Hardly had I spoken when we were both dragged from the hole, and found ourselves sprawling on the ground. As we struggled to regain our feet we were again thrown down, and dragged for several yards. We were held in a noose at the end of a rope which was controlled by invisible hands. As we struggled to release ourselves from the entanglement, the air was filled with laughter, and it was evident that my fatal question about the pickaxe had broken the spell, and caused the chest and its contents to vanish from our reach.

We escaped from the noose, and were just starting to run home as fast as our legs would carry us, when we were seized and thrown to the ground again.

Then there was more laughter and more noise, but to our great relief we found ourselves in the hands of our school-mates. The boy who declined to join us in the enterprise had induced half a dozen others to help him play a joke on us. They were concealed near the stump when we reached it, and by lying close to the ground had been able to see our preparations through our outlines against the sky. Of course when we began to dig we were too intent on our work to notice that they removed the pickaxe and meal sack, and as we had expected supernatural noises we were easily deceived. They placed the noose around us unperceived, and it was arranged that the first word uttered by ei-

ther of us was to be the signal to "haul away." And they did haul away with a vengeance.

It was long before we heard the last of our adventure, and neither Charley nor myself ever went again in search of Kidd's treasures.

THE CRÈCHE.

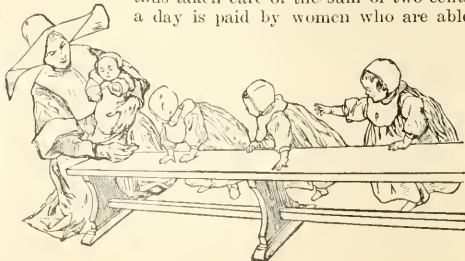
BY M. E. SANGSTER.

THE word crèche means cradle. In the beautiful city of Paris there are a number of crèches, or day nurseries, to which babies are brought every morning, and where kind Sisters of Charity take the very best care of them while their mothers are away at work.

These crèches are open at six o'clock, and the little ones are left for the day. They have a sunny room and plenty of company, and they do not hear a loud tone or a cross word from morning until night.

As soon as their mothers are out of sight the infants are washed, dressed in clean clothing, and either laid in a little bed to go to sleep, or, if old enough, are allowed to roll about and creep as they like on the soft matted floor. The mothers come at noon to visit the little creatures, and then what a lovely sight! One who visited the crèche says, "The infants, lying in their nests, hear the steps and voices of their mothers approaching, and raise their little heads like so many young birds."

For the privilege of having their babies thus taken care of the sum of two cents a day is paid by women who are able





SO HUNGRY!

to spare it. Of course this does not nearly meet the expenses that are necessary, and so the rich and kind people of Paris pay a great deal of money to help the Sisters who do the work. Many little children on their birth days or at Christmas send their gifts to the cradle, which they like to think is theirs. Often, when a dear child has been taken to heaven, its parents and friends send presents to the crèche in its name.

There is a sadder side to the picture, however. In Paris there is a great Foundling Hospital, which is intended for little ones whose parents have deserted them. The children who are shown you in these pictures belong to the crèche of this institution. They are all dressed alike in a uniform of flannel, with a checked apron, and a little white muslin or else a black woollen cap. Of course where there are so many babies, though the Sisters are as kind as they can be, yet each child can not have the care which it would receive in the poorest home. It is washed and fed, and kept warm and clean and comfortable, but it is not kissed, petted, and played with as the baby is at your house.

So these babies learn to be very patient. When they are hungry they whimper and fret, but do not cry very loudly; they sit still in their little chairs, and wait until the nurses bring them their cups of milk or broth. They do not laugh and play merrily as other little ones do. The prettiest toys, the nicest tarts, are dropped from the listless hands. The fact is that children can not thrive and grow rosy, plump, and pretty without ever so much love.

Many of these babies die while still very young; but others pull through the first feeble year, and are taught to walk and to wait on themselves. You see in the first picture the Sister who is encouraging them to walk to her; she smiles and says cheering words, when the timid steps become brave.

As for the sturdy-looking rogues who have survived babyhood, and are old enough to march to the dining-room, we think their happy faces show that they have learned to laugh. After a while they will go to school, or be taught some useful art or trade, and perhaps when they are men and women they will forget that they were once such forlorn little babies.

Many of the foundlings are sent to the country to become the foster-children of strong, good-hearted peasant women, who nurse them as they do their own little ones, and are well paid for their trouble and care. These are the fortunate babies. They are treated as one of the family where they live; they have brothers and sisters to play with; and they have the dogs, cats, and chickens for pets. When large enough, the boys help in the fields and the girls in the house.

Sometimes, too, the little ones who have grown up in the asylum to the age of three or four years are selected by kind farmers and market-women, and taken home as their own. Of course they want the prettiest children, but the Sister in charge chooses for them, and generally uses so much tact that the new parents go home quite proud and pleased with the boy or girl they have adopted.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE DINING-ROOM.



SKETCHES AT DIEPPE.

No doubt some of our little readers have visited Dieppe, and enjoyed the pleasure of sitting on the sands, where the waves come rolling in. If they have not, they have, perhaps, spent long summer days on the beach somewhere in their native land, and they know how delightful it is

to lie in the shelter of a bluff, or sit on the shingle, talking and telling stories. Well, well, now that summer is over, and the autumn sun is shining, Reggie and Max here, and the rest of the children, must begin to think about school. I wonder if that is what makes these laddies wear so pensiv' a look.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Tell Marcia M. V. I have a Manx cat. It is just like other cats, only there is a little bunch of hair instead of a tail. The breed of cats is called Manx because it was found in the Isle of Man. It is also called the rabbit, on account of the length of the hind legs, which gives the cat a gait like a rabbit. My cat has been a great traveler, for she came from Northern Vermont to Washington in a basket, stopping at Lowell and Boston, a week in each place. She is very affectionate, and will put her paws on my face, and try to pull it down so she can kiss me. I have three sisters, and at night she will hunt in the beds where we sleep until she finds me, and then she will get down under the clothes and go to sleep.

There is a little dog that has been greatly petted. It is very funny, when he barks for his food, to see her go up to him and give him a good box on the ear, as if to say, "If no one else will make you mind, I will"; and she does. I am very fond of all animals, but especially of cats, and I was delighted when the Humane Society presented a man from experimenting with cats and parachutes from the dome of the Capitol. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the very first number, and enjoy it very much. I am real glad Mrs. Little is going to write another story.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have two brothers and one sister, all older than myself. I have only taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since Christmas, when it was given to me by a friend, and I think it is lovely.

FLORENCE A. W.

OLD WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND.

I am a little New Jersey girl, and am visiting here for the summer. The people with whom I am staying live on a farm, so there are plenty of things for me to amuse myself with. Among the pets are two black-and-tan dogs, Topsy and Gypsy, and four cats, one of which has four kittens. One of the kittens has had eyes, one brown, the other blue; another is still more curious; it has three extra toes on one of its fore-feet, two on the other, and one on each of its hind-feet. Dick, my canary, died two weeks ago. I feel very badly about it.

I read Nina R.'s letter to *YOUNG PEOPLE* this morning, and it reminded me of a large box of scallop shells which I have, and would be glad to give if they will be acceptable.

I think "Nan" is the best story I have seen in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but my little brother Willie likes "Bing" and the "Pearl" best. EFFIE E. H.

Nina will let you know about the shells through the Post-office Box if she would like them.

MY WONDERFUL RIDE.

When I was a very small boy—that was a long time ago, for I'm seven now—I took a ride on our old horse Topsy. I wanted her to take me any way of going, but she didn't seem to want to try my way, for my way was to have her gallop back-wind. I tried my best to persuade her, but I could not change her mind, and when I tried to make her stop kicked, and the next thing that I knew there were four doctors standing over me, and all the family trying to make the wife town think I was killed. But I wasn't, only I couldn't

move one leg, nor open one eye, and I was all blue in patches where they said I was hit by a lot of bricks that were just at that moment falling from our chimney. In a few days the bricks were in their place, and I was in mine. So good-night to all.

BEAVER DAM, WISCONSIN.

E. H. S.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

YOUNG PEOPLE comes to me every Wednesday morning. I think the best stories were "Nan" and "In Honor Bound," only the latter was a short story. I think it is fun to play "Nan." I have three dolls, whose names are PANSY, FRUITY, and DOTTY Dimple. I expect to go to St. John in October to stay a month.

ALICE S.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

Have you room for another boy? If you have I will write on a short letter. I have never written to *YOUNG PEOPLE* before, but I hope this will be printed, for I want to surprise my father and mother. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever so much, and so do we all. I am working in the Little Rock Furniture Factory at present, but will go to school soon, so good-by until the next.

OSCAR G. McC.

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl just nine years old. I have a brother seven, and a little sister four years old. We have taken this paper since the first number, and have three volumes bound in them. We have always lived in Brooklyn, New York, until last March, when we moved here. Our house is on a high hill, and we have a very fine view of Chautauque Lake. There are some beautiful places on the lake. The 20th of August was my birthday, and mamma took us all up to Lakewood on a little picnic. Oh, how we enjoyed it! There were two or three tents with Indians in them, making fancy baskets to sell. Mamma bought me one to remember our trip by. There are two or three very large hotels and a great many very pretty cottages all filled with boarders.

My brother's birthday was the 23d of June. We went to Long Point then. We liked that better than Lakewood, because we could dig in the sand, and it reminded us of our dear Brighton Beach. Mamma made us each a handsome large birthday cake. Some day we are going to Fair Point, where they have the Sunday-school Assembly every August. We have three pets—a bird called Beauty, who sings all day long, a large Newfoundland dog, Jet, and a tiny Maltese kitten, Muff. She has had two or three kits. Does any one know what will cure them? We all love *YOUNG PEOPLE* dearly, and watch anxiously for it. I do hope you will think this worth printing, for I want to surprise papa and brother Leo Roy.

ANNE M. S.

I think that Kitty will outgrow her tendency to fits if you do not pet and cress her too much, and at the same time see that she is not overfed.

SANPENEVILLE, GEORGIA.

I enclose five cents for the Nautlius; please send sixteen inches. I never have written before, so I enjoy I would write and tell you how much I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am a little Southern girl, and see cotton growing near by, and hear the mocking-birds singing in our yard every day. We do not want a caged bird for a pet; they sing so much better free. We have

three cats and a dog. The dog is very intelligent; he will shake hands with his right paw.

Two weeks ago an Italian with his family passed here; they were loaded with plenty of clothing and plenty of work to do, rather than go through the country begging from the people, both white and black, and teaching their little children to do nothing but beg.

I want to join the Little Housekeepers. I have made blackberry pies to-day. I am tired now, and I guess you are too. I am nine years old, and have a cousin who lives in the Post-office Box, will find space for me in your Post-office Box.

MATTIE BELLE T.

I agree with you about the Italian family. From Mattie's mother comes this gratifying letter:

DEAR POSTMASTER,—Allow us to express our admiration for your management of the Post-office Box, as well as our satisfaction with the whole of the paper, throughout the year, without hesitation that the paper is faultless, and are lending out our numbers in order to induce others to subscribe. We should not omit to say that great pleasure and joy are derived as much as the children do.

MES. M. E. T.

MISSOURI, CAMPERDOWN, AUSTRALIA.

I am nearly ten years old. I have a younger sister Margie nearly two years old. We live in Camperdown, one of the suburbs of Sydney, and every morning drive in with father to go to school, coming home by the tram. I learn reading, geography, history, dictation, grammar, arithmetic, and music composition. This quarter I got 274 marks more than I did the last. We have our midwinter holidays now. Father is an American citizen, and has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me ever since it was begun. It is very nice reading, and I have often thought I would like to write a letter to you from this far-off Australian land, but hardly knew what to tell you, yet I would so like some little American girl to write to me and tell me all about little girls over there, and then I could write to her, and tell her what we do here, and perhaps in a few years, when father says he will take me over to America, I could go and see her, and be great friends.

I am going to tell you how we kept Independence day this year. We woke up Wednesday morning (July 4) was greeted with anxious eyes by the Americans of Sydney. There had been a little rain the night before, and the day broke with light misty showers, but brighter as the day wore on; so we took our way to the American Studio, George Street, where the company was to meet. Then we stepped into the carriages, and drove round and round the square; there were about forty carriages, all decorated with small flags, and many of them had large banners. When all were ready we drove, headed by the Mayor, down the main street, which was crowded with people to see the procession pass by, out to Botany Bay, about five miles from town. Some people hung out flags and green and white streamers. We were there when we got to the pavilion, Botany, we had a nice lunch of oysters and sandwiches. Then dancing was arranged, and kept up until dinner-time—two hours of free dancing, and then every one was so kind and obliging. After dinner the chairman, General Bennett, called upon Mr. Sheridan to read the Declaration of Independence. Then we drank the toast of "The day we celebrate," the band played, and the gentlemen cheered and sang "The Star-spangled Banner." Then the chairman proposed "The Queen, and the King, and all the games." Then the American and Australian, sang "God save the Queen." Then there were more toasts, and after that more dancing. Some of the gentlemen played cricket, and baseball, and all the games. At four o'clock there were tea and coffee, and plenty of nice cake. Only that it was winter we had had ice-cream. At sunset we took the carriage again, for the night was a clear starlight night, and as we drove along our company sang "Marching through Georgia," "Red, White, and Blue," "Our Jacks' come Home to-day," and "The Stars and Stripes." It was a fine time of it. There was a large ball at night of over three hundred. Father says that the ladies were splendidly dressed, and that it was a great success.

OSCAR G. McC.

AND THAT WAS THE WAY WE KEPT THE DAY—

The great, the grand, the glorious day. That gave us—hurry! hurry! hurry!—With a cheer, and a hurrah, and a shout, Our national Independence.

LIZZIE N. P.

That's all that was the way we kept the day—

The great, the grand, the glorious day. That gave us—hurry! hurry! hurry!—With a cheer, and a hurrah, and a shout, Our national Independence.

LIZZIE N. P.

That's all that was the way we kept the day—

The great, the grand, the glorious day. That gave us—hurry! hurry! hurry!—With a cheer, and a hurrah, and a shout, Our national Independence.

LIZZIE N. P.

Thanks for this pretty description of a Fourth of July on the other side of the world.

LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for ever since the first number, and I like it very much. I tried the receipt in No. 196 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for fifty, by Margaret Willis B., and I think it is splendid. I am having a lovely time

this summer at Lawrence. I go in bathing quite a good deal, and enjoy it very much indeed. I always read the Yellow-Pepper, and try to find out the answers to the puzzles. I think that Mrs. Lillie's and Jimmy Brown's stories are the best of all. I like especially Mrs. Lillie's stories about music, as I am very fond of it. FANNIE S.

THE WOODHINE.

Shall I tell the reason why I love
The scarlet woodhine best
Of all the gentle swaying vines
That summer winds dress in bloom
This because it climbs and blossoms
On a far-distant shore,
Over the grave of one I loved
In the happy days of youth
He was my cherished brother,
Whose tender heart was true;
Orphans in this wide world alone,
Our pleasures told were few,
But in our little garden home
Were hessius pure and meek,
And hand in hand we gathered
Those way-side blossoms sweet;
And when the shades of evening fell
Round our dear cottage home,
Where fragrant lilies mingled
With odorous perfume,
When through the open windows
Came breath of summer hours,
To me the scarlet woodhine
Seemed fairer for vines or flowers,
Climbing the olden lattice,
Hanging its berries red
Over the low south windows.
By dew and sunlight fed
In after-years a spig of green
I sent across the wave
To him who searched for golden sand
By rocky gleam and cove;
'Twas planted by his cabin door,
Where, when his work was done,
The lamp-light shining on his leaves
Would whisper him of home,
It curtained with a veil of green
The toiling miner's cot;
Their blossoms stole to his homesick soul
From the blue of foreign clime,
He sent me many a treasure
Of fragrance pure and rare,
With gold his willing hands had found,
That I his gains might share,
Then ceased his kindly letters:
Was he coming home to me?
The very thought made my glad heart
Beat fast and joyous;
But the summer bloom had faded,
And autumn's chilling rain
Beat with a dreary, lonesome sound
On the cottage window-pane,
I was thinking of the absent one,
When, lo! as in a dream,
There rose a silent cabin home
Gregarious with smiling green,
No cheerful lamp-light shed its rays
From window-sill or door,
I heard the Sacramento moun
Sounding the rocky shore,
While mournful voices seemed to say,
"We sadly miss his merry song
Since his comrades laid him down to sleep
Among the woodhine leaves of June."
Then the vision slowly faded:
I woke as from a dream;
The rain had ceased, the sun shone bright
The glistering leaves between;
But with evening came a letter,
With some leaves and berries red;
Too well I knew they mark the spot
Where sleeps my cherished one.
MARION HELEN BASSETTE.

MY COMPOSITION CLASS.

My class, forty in number, has just entered the room. I call the roll. Fat Dickson is absent. He came to me yesterday at recess, turned his fast-swelling cheek to me, giving it two or three excruciating scratches, and said, "Miss Florence!" "He is now at home, enjoying both holidays and mumps." Inquiring faces are waiting for the subject to be announced. "What do you think it is?" "Afflict of the Great, or Decline and Fall of Rome?" "No, no, not this time; it is simply, "What I saw at the Picnic." "I am greeted with a low murmur of pleasure and joyous bright smiles." "They are now writing busily, and I, dear little teacher, will write to you. What I say may be helpful to you in the hardest task of school life, namely, writing a composition." Presently Blanche calls to me, saying, "I can't write about 'What I saw at the Picnic.' I didn't see anything, except some old rocks, and the ones that've been working on for a year or two, and it is not finished yet." Bustling Andrew looks up, and says, "That is just what I'm writing about; for when I got to the picnic, I saw the same thing when public works are once begun, money enough shall be given to finish them, and not waste what has been given by buying new tools, paying men to work and repair the first work." "There is romantic Mac; she is describing the grand bluffs reaching almost to the sky. Bright,

elvery Maggie is writing of the sunbeams on the water; they are still lingering on her golden head. Bessie, the geographer, is actually drawing a map of the river. Sympathetic but rather rosy Bob is telling of the poor little Irish boy who was killed three weeks ago—how the huge robber saw him receive his wages—only five dollars—followed him up the tow-path, took his money, and threw him over the side into the river; how he clung to the willows and called for help, but none came, the bluff being so high that no one could reach him in time to save him. Let us hope the story is made up by John Turner, the mathematician, is describing the fine, exact work of the engineers.

You see, Blanche was surrounded by the same things and scenes as her companions, but saw nothing. Kathie, a bright girl who had been a little depressed, listened to the flow of the river and took courage; the rest saw and wrote.

This is what will help you, listen to your compositions; look around you; listen to people talk; watch what makes them laugh or cry. Every flower and sunbeam has a voice; look and listen, then write.
The bell rings; the class is exuded. Thomas, the philosopher, hands me his composition. I glance down its lines. He has described the engine in use on the canal, and tried to moralize on the three tests to find the height of water in the boiler. I will apply his thoughts to you, dear young people, and when the tests of temptation are brought to bear on you, may you be found with strength and power to move on, overcoming all with honor and glory!

SISTER FLORENCE.

I had a little bird; it was a canary, and a good singer, but it died. I have a sister; she is a head taller than I am, and one year older. I am just half past seven. We have one big cat and two little kittens; they are very cunning, and they play most all day long. We have an Alderney cow. The cream that we skim off her milk is so thick we can nearly cut it with a knife. Mamma has made three-quarters of a pound of butter for this morning's milk. I spend most of my time playing croquet. I wrote a letter before, but you did not print it. I hope you will print this one. I think I can make my letter quite long, so I will close right here with a period. Your little friend and steady reader,
ETHEL V.

HOOSICK FALLS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nearly twelve years old, and as I read about little girls telling about their pets, I thought I would write something about mine. I have a cat, and its name is Colonel, and it will let me dress it up like a doll, and wander around in my little sister's doll carriage, and not try to get out. Don't you think she is a good little kitty? My next pet is a young dove, and as I have not had it very long, it does not know me very well yet, but I sometimes take it out and let it fly around the room, and when I want to put it back again I open the cage door and it goes in. The next and last one is my dog, Jack, a funny pet. I suppose you will think, for a girl to have, but I like him as well as any of my others, for he is so full of play, and I have lots of fun with him. My father has been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me a long time, and I always like to hear the stories read, especially the letters in the Post-office Box, and I hope you will print this letter.
E. H.

INDIAN HEAD, NORTHWEST TERRITORY.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I am a boy nine years old. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE ever since "Toby Tyler" was commenced in it. My uncle gave it to me for a Christmas present for two years, and my aunt this year. I like the Post-office Box very much, and I thought I would write a letter and tell how I like this country, which is my new home for me. There is a school at the principal buildings of the Bell Farm, the great farm of the Northwest. Before I came here I lived on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the town of Pressville, at the foot of the Thousand Islands. I came through the chain of lakes to the head of Lake Superior; from there here on the trains. We are 312 miles from Winnipeg. We kill lots of Indians here. There is a kind of a little animal called a gopher that lives on the prairie. We have fine sport catching them. We get a string and make a slip-knot on one end; then we pass one into its hole, and it is the slip-knot over the hole, and when it goes to come up we jerk the string, and we have it. The string is around its neck. You may think it cruel to kill the gophers, but they destroy the grain and gardens.
NORBERT H.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

I live down South in Florida, and see lots of alligators, small and large. We have a pet dog, Java, that is very nice, and very good, and in his hind-foot, and we give him a piece of cake. Sometimes my aunt's girl will make him walk across the room that way. My mother tried to train him to walk on his hind feet, and it is the receipt from YOUNG PEOPLE. My sister and brother and myself have taken the paper for three years, and I like Jimmy Brown's stories

and the Post-office Box. We have a nice river called the St. John's River; it is, I think, 85 miles long, and some places five miles wide. This is the first time I have written to YOUNG PEOPLE. I am a little boy ten years old. LEVERETT D.

ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, 407 AND 409 WEST THIRTIETH-FOURTH STS., NEW YORK.

Sister Catherine Doherty, with thanks, for these contributions received from friends, and used for the Fresh-air Fund of the Hospital; Two of Harper's Young People, Columbus, Ohio, 53; Willie and George C., Niagara Falls, 29; Beniah M. D., 31; Total (August 15, 1888), \$6.

FAYORS are acknowledged from Daisy L., Emily V., Jack T., Hosalee and Roy B., Walter H., Lottie B. N., Tim, Helen S., Charles T., and Townsend D. —Charles S. N. T. The grape-like object you sent for inspection is a fresh-water alga of very low organization. —B. D. W.: The eggs of the common toad are deposited in ditches and along the shores of ponds. They resemble strings of fine black beads, and each string of eggs is covered with a transparent covering not unlike gelatine. When the tadpoles leave the egg they are very small and very black, and feed entirely on minute vegetable matter for many weeks before they pass through the changes which fit them to eating animal food. Sometimes the toads' eggs are seen festooning a branch of some aquatic plant, and the plant then looks as if it had come into bloom. —Nattie Hall, a dear little subscriber in Bedford, Pennsylvania, died on July 29. Boys who may have sent exchanges to him will address his brother, G. L. D. Hall.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
CONUNDRUMS.
1. Which is happiness to be found?
2. Which two are the hottest letters in the alphabet?
CHARLES E. AND ARTHUR M. TIMMERMAN.
No. 2.
CHARADES.
1. 'Tis in the first you take a ride,
The second's to cross;
The model housewife smiles with pride
The whole 'I see possess.

2. My first in every city seen,
Encreles many a garden green;
My last a trifle is, be sure;
My whole a name in Scotia's lore.
J. K. SELIM.
No. 3.
ENIGMA.
My first is in pony, not in steed,
My second's in horse, not in speed,
My third's in iron, not in jump,
My fourth is in heart, not in hump,
My fifth's in faith, not in hope,
My sixth's in cord, not in rope,
My seventh's in win, though not in won,
My eighth's in pleasure, not in tun,
My ninth's in lovely, not in sweet,
My tenth's to be found not in swift, but in fleet,
My whole a part of speech will prove
Which even scholars seldom love. LULL II. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 199.

- No. 1. C A R A T
A B A T E
D I S
A T I L T
T E X T S
No. 2. G
O R E
G R O V E
E A
E
No. 3. Y enese, P erth,
O rimoco, E trna,
U tah, O zalsa,
N orway, P ersia,
C oorga, M ucklyn,
E cuador.
No. 4. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but
grievous words stir up anger."

The answer to the Enigma on page 688 of No. 20 is—A Rainbow.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Robert L., Alice, Harry Fleming, Charles E., and Arthur M. Timmerman, Agnes Dare, Mary Sheridan, Dick Van Zandt, Elmore F., Thomas and Reggie Archer, T. C. D., and Maud Dickerson.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



WIGGLE No 34
STILL OPEN
FOR ANSWERS.



HARPER'S
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 AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"THE 'WHITE SQUALL' SLOWLY GLIDED OUT BEYOND THE REACH OF THE PURSUING FLAMES."

CANADIAN DAYS.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

II.

THE FOREST FIRE.

IT was not hard to see why the name "Arrowhead Point" had been given by Cal and his friends to the sharp tongue of wood land (it was only half a mile wide

at its greatest breadth, and perhaps a third more in length) which, about eighteen miles from Prince's Settlement, projected from the Canada shore into the blue waters of Lake Superior.

But the little cape had more than its name to mark it in their minds. Calvert and Gabriel de Zouche had found out that upon Arrowhead Point a colony of otter was enjoying life greatly; and also that from a sandstone ledge

along its west shore the white-fishing was a thing out of the common.

"Suppose we camp out there?" Cal had said, in September, to Gabriel de Zouche, Job Waller, and two others. "There's nothing mean about me, when I happen to be perfectly certain of enough trapping and fishing at Arrowhead for twenty fellows, let alone five."

"A good scheme, Cal," spoke Job, approvingly. "We can rig a shanty. Once a week one of the crowd can walk back to the settlement for anything we may want. When we get tired of camping we can all walk back—for good."

None of the fathers or mothers saw much objection to this enticing plan. The shanty was promptly knocked together. Pots and pans, blankets and traps, were transported to it by wholesale. For a freak a large raft was built, and launched in Arrowhead Cove, and even christened—the *White Squall*. By the middle of September the camping party were comfortably settled, and the other colony in a distressing panic. Job was cook; Calvert acted as a kind of captain-general to the others. The days were busy, the nights jolly. Friends and relatives tramped or rowed over from Prince's Settlement to admire the trophies of the Arrowheads (as the campers took to calling themselves), laughed at their odd housekeeping, and asked when they expected to have killed or caught everything finny or furry in the neighborhood. Altogether the camp quickly proved a thorough success.

It was during the second week that Calvert and his friends first heard of the great forest fires burning in the North. The atmosphere grew heavy and dense. Long John Capiteau met Gabriel in the woods one day and told the boy that unless the wind changed, trouble might be in store for Prince's Settlement. Three days after this small animals suddenly became curiously plentiful. A deer was shot, and a dozen others and a bear seen. The air did not clear. At night a dull glare lit the northwest skies. The pine-needles dropped two inches thick, and the rivulet running through Arrowhead all at once disappeared. The whole world of sky and forest about the boys' camp seemed to have turned to a dull green or a murky gray.

Sunday night came. In the middle of it Gabriel was aroused from a sound sleep by a strong breeze, which had certainly not been blowing at bed-time, and a stifling smell of smoke. The boy raised his head. Was the world outside the cabin door on fire? or what was that scarlet glare, those clouds of smoke whirling past, those strange cries echoing through the night? Gabriel leaped to his feet. "Boys! boys!" he cried, darting out to the little space before the shanty. "Up, up, all of you! The woods are afire." The rest followed him scarcely an instant later.

What wandering spark, blown on the veered wind, had stealthily kindled the mischief? The Arrowhead woods were blazing. Suffocating rifts of smoke swept directly down the point, and flame-colored light alternated with pitiful darkness. The boys could neither tell how long nor how mighty a belt of fire was marching upon the cabin, nor how rapid would be its approach. A danger is always the more terrible when one can not measure it.

For a moment no one spoke. "Do you think the—the settlement is safe?" said Job, in a trembling voice.

"Yes—no; I can't tell precisely," replied Calvert. "I fancy, however, that the fire started far nearer to us than to it. The wind, too, doesn't blow just right for the place to be in danger."

As Cal ceased a dense gust of smoke rolled over the group, and the faint crashing of trunks and lapping of flames reached each ear with startling distinctness.

"It's coming down the Arrowhead," Calvert cried. "We haven't ten minutes to lose. Strip the shanty, all hands! Let nobody take one thing that isn't necessary

or valuable—let that be understood. Then for the *White Squall*!"

"And the rest of the stuff?" exclaimed Gabriel.

"The rest of the stuff must stay behind us, burn or not burn," answered Cal, sharply. "Thank Heaven, fellows, for the *Squall*! The fire has cut off any retreat to the mainland. Without the raft we should have to stay here and smother, I'm afraid."

Cal's tone was almost merry as he spoke—purposely so; for the boy saw difficulties before him and his four friends that in their excitement escaped the rest.

A very few moments only were lost in hurriedly getting together the guns, the nets and rods, the most precious furs, and some of the other valuables in the hut. At the last instant Calvert, exclaiming, "What was I thinking of?" dashed to one corner, and swept with his arm into a canvas bag the remnants of the week's provisions—to wit, a very few great cakes of corn-bread, some cold broiled meat, and three roasted birds.

Loaded down, the five boys began picking their way toward the beach. Hardly a word was spoken as they did so; but often afterward Cal and Gabriel thought of the curious picture that their excited and silent little caravan must have made, and what queer incidents chanced before the *White Squall*, lying half in sand and half in water, was fairly reached. That towering curtain of smoke behind their backs, which now reddened like daylight, and now became part of the gloom and darkness of night; the screams of startled wild fowl winging their way to safety far overhead in the sky; the shadows of small unknown animals darting to the right or left of the boys—all these things came back to them in later days. Calvert, too, remembered how once that night, in rounding a tall bowlder, three foxes sped past; and how, a little farther on, he saw a large lynx standing as if puzzled whither next to turn. At the time it actually did not seem to Calvert worth while to speak of it.

The *White Squall* was reached. "Now, all together—shove her along!" exclaimed Gabriel. With what rude levers lay at hand the raft was floated. Wading in the shallow, the boys laid down their light loads. Denser and more stifling each moment grew the smoke.

"All aboard!" cried Cal. The next moment the rudely shaped oars struck the reddening ripples, and the *White Squall* slowly glided out beyond the reach of the pursuing flames. For about a hundred feet on every side the surface of the lake could be seen. Beyond that, smoke and mist shut in the water, the raft, and the little party aboard it.

What anxious hours, till daylight, followed! Within what seemed a couple of miles from the coast of Arrowhead, and with the air about them become gradually purer and cooler, Cal and Gabriel ceased pulling at their oars, and sat almost silently, like the others. Each wondered where the light would find them; each thought of the friends at the settlement, friends of whose safety they were not, after all, secure, and who would undoubtedly be only too anxious for tidings from the party now floating on the *White Squall*. The dawn broke at length, but there was little real light until long after it, so thick was the air.

"Do you know where we are—where we have drifted to?" whispered Gabriel to Cal, later on in the morning, as the eyes of all looked over the gray circle of water and mark of which the raft was the centre.

"No, I don't," responded Calvert, in a low voice, "nor where in the world we are likely to bring up."

Then Gabriel realized that a new and very serious difficulty had arisen. In such an atmosphere, one which might remain unchanged for a week, there was positively no means of telling upon what side lay the coast which they had quitted; and, worst of all, no way of telling in which direction to steer the *White Squall*.

"Don't say anything much about it to frighten the rest," said Cal to Gabriel, a while later; "but one thing must be put in shape right away."

Presently he added, aloud, in his usual clear, pleasant tone: "See here, fellows. Seeing as we may not get home for supper to-night or breakfast to-morrow, hadn't we better serve out our provisions here in rations, eh?"

The assent was general. The two younger boys, Stephen and Felix Beaubien, even laughed a little over their all having "to play" shipwrecked sailors for a time. Job said nothing, but watched Calvert and Gabriel understandingly as they took account of their little stock of provisions, and while seeming to join in the joking of the two Beaubiens, settled upon the just allowance for each.

"We have quite enough to eat for two or maybe three days," Cal remarked upon finishing the task, "and as to water, there is no danger but that we will have only too much of *that*. It seems, though, that there wasn't so much meat on the shelf as I thought—and I took such pains to bring it, too."

In spite of the caution exercised by Cal and Gabriel, long before night every one on board of the *White Squall* came to understand that the situation was a very grave one. Here were five boys adrift on the mightiest freshwater sea in the world, on an open, unmanageable raft, with scant food, and no way of reckoning compass points or course! The sun was utterly hid.

"You might cut the air with a jackknife!" Job said.

As night came on there seemed to be a slight lightening yet straight overhead; but total darkness so quickly followed that nothing came from that. Cal served out the slender supper, and making themselves as comfortable as the length and breadth of the *White Squall* permitted, the boys drifted along in the darkness. Cal and Gabriel tried to keep up their own and the others' spirits by some lively chat about the chances of finding out their bearings the next day.

Alas! that next day broke in fog and drizzle, and with full as much smoke overhead as ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ALL IS FOR THE BEST;"

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF RABBI AKIBA.

BY DAVID KER.

"AS contented as Rabbi Akiba" was a proverb among the Jews of his time throughout the whole length and breadth of Syria, and certainly not without reason. What thing it was that could ruffle the wise old teacher's calm good nature no one could ever find out.

Once upon a time it happened that a merry youth, with a good deal more fun than politeness about him, pledged himself to make the Rabbi lose his temper. This he tried to do by rushing into his study three or four times in succession, just when the old man was busied, and asking him such questions as, "Why are there mosquitoes on the Nile?" "How come the African negroes to have round heads?" and so on.

But do what he would, he could not provoke the Rabbi, who answered all his annoying questions so quietly and kindly that at last the young fellow was fairly ashamed of himself, and begged to be forgiven. The old man laid his hand upon the youth's head and blessed him.

And as he was in this case, so he seemed to be in every other. If a passing horseman splashed him with dirt, or a spiteful camel bit a piece out of his new robe, or a rude fellow ran against him and almost knocked him down, or a mischievous puff of wind whisked away his parchment just as he was in the midst of his writing, the dear old man would stroke his long white beard, and say with a quiet smile,

"All is for the best; what God wills can not be wrong."

And this seemed to be an all-sufficient medicine for him against any trouble whatever.

Now it happened one day that Rabbi Akiba had to take a journey across one of the Syrian deserts, and he went about it in a very different way from the excursionists who go over the same ground nowadays. His entire baggage consisted of a small lamp and a roll of parchment manuscript (for there was no printing in those days) containing the five books of Moses in Hebrew. As for company, all he had was the donkey on which he rode, and a small rooster, which he carried about with him everywhere to make sure of being aroused punctually at day-break, for our Rabbi was a very early riser.

The first day's ride was a long and a hard one, and the poor old Rabbi was very glad to come in sight, toward sunset, of one of those little Arab villages which lay dotted here and there upon the few fruitful spots in the desert. But the people of the village were a rough set, and when he rode in among them on his donkey to ask for a night's lodging he soon found that he had come to the wrong place for that.

"Do you think, then," cried one, "that we've nothing to do with our houses but to open them to every old vagabond that passes?"

"A pretty idle fellow he must have been," said another, "to have lived till his beard's white without having earned enough to keep himself!"

"Why don't you get down off your brother's back, and let *him* have a ride upon *you*?" sneered a third; "every donkey should have his turn!"

"Look here, Uncle White-beard," shouted a fourth, "there are some nice damp caves among the rocks yonder that'll make a famous lodging for a grave old hermit like you."

And then some mischievous boys began to throw dirt over him, and a spiteful dog tore the skirt of his robe, and another dog sprang up and gave him a pinch in the leg that made him jump, till at last the poor old teacher was glad to make off as fast as he could, very sad at heart to think that there were any men in the world who could be mean enough to treat an old man so shabbily.

"Well," said he to himself, "it's all for the best, no doubt; and since there's nothing else to be done, I may as well take shelter among the rocks, as that mischievous fellow advised me."

It was not long before he found a cave dry enough to suit him, and in he went, leaving his donkey to graze outside. Having eaten the few wheat cakes left in his wallet, taken a drink from a tiny spring that bubbled from the rock, and wrapped himself snugly in his mantle, the old man began to feel more comfortable, and thought he would amuse himself by reading a little before he went to sleep.

He lighted his lamp, and set it upon a ledge just over his head. But scarcely had he pulled out his book, when lo! a violent gust of wind blew the lamp out, and, worse still, tumbled it down off the ledge on to the ground, spilling all the oil, so that it could not be lighted again.

"Ha!" said the Rabbi, "not much reading for me to-night, I see. Well, no matter; doubtless it is all for the best."

But it seemed to be all for the *worst* just then, for at that very moment a terrific outcry and flapping of wings was heard from the nook in which the rooster had perched itself, and Akiba rushed to the mouth of the cavern just in time to see a huge gray wolf seudding off with poor Chanticleer in his mouth.

"Poor fellow!" said the old man, pityingly; "I shall miss him sorely, though I am not likely to sleep too long on such a couch as this. Well, well, I dare say it is all for the best; and, thank Heaven, my faithful donkey is still left me."

Scarcely were the words uttered when a shrill cry of

terror, blended with a deafening roar, came from without, and by the dim light our Rabbi could just see his donkey, which had strayed to a little distance, struggling in the jaws of a monstrous lion.

"All gone!" said the poor old man, in a faltering voice, for this last blow almost overcame him—"all gone, and I am left alone. But it must all be for the best, for what God wills can not be wrong."

So saying, Akiba tried to forget his troubles in sleep, and having now no rooster to arouse him, did not wake until the sun was high in the sky.

"Now," said he, after finishing his prayers, "I will try these villagers once more; even they can not be so hard-hearted as to refuse me help in my present distress."

But as he approached the village a very startling sight presented itself. Not a living thing was to be seen, but men were lying dead on every side, while empty chests,

broken boxes, doors torn down or beaten in, hoof-prints deeply stamped in the clay, told plainly of a night attack by robbers.

"I see it all," cried Akiba, "and all *was* for the best, indeed. Had I found shelter here I should have perished with the rest; and had my lamp remained burning, or my rooster happened to crow, or my donkey to bray, I should have been discovered and killed in the cave. Thanks be to God who has saved me from destruction! but I wish these poor souls could have been saved too, ill though they treated me."

Then, taking possession of an old mule which the robbers had not cared to steal, and filling his wallet with such provisions as he could find, the old man started again toward the town whither he was bound, and reached it safely, more than ever convinced that "all is for the best."



*Every season hath its pleasures:
Spring may boast her flowery prime,*

*But the orchard's golden treasures
Brighten Autumn's sober time.*

"DICK AND D."*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Nan," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

DICK DEARING RETURNS TO SCHOOL.

I AM sure my young readers will believe that Master Dick had not a particularly pleasant time at home during the remainder of his holiday. Dr. Field, it is true, considered he had been sufficiently punished, but Mrs. Thomason chose to treat him as though he had entirely disgraced himself, and had it not been for Barbara, time would have hung heavily on his hands.

Barbara had satisfied him that she had not been a "sneak." She had been asked if she knew where Dick had gone to, and of course had answered truthfully. That was all, and in consideration of this explanation Dick restored her to his favor, even allowing her to play marbles and military games with him. Young Field, Cousin Maud's brother, a Barnabas boy like Dick, was very little comfort at this time, since he chose to be sarcastic on the subject of Dick Devine, and continually joked Dearing about the result of his friendship with him.

Will Field lived not far from the Doctor's, but was not a particular favorite with the old gentleman, so that the school-room did not often have to endure his presence, and but that it would have been "mean" to do it, Dick

would have resolved to take it out of his cousin when they returned to school. At Barnabas Dick was a universal favorite, every one knowing his spirit to be one of truthful manliness. That he was so remorseful for his thoughtless disobedience of his grandfather's rules showed that he might be trusted in the future. He resented nothing in Dr. Field's rebuke, and would even have accepted a good deal of scolding from Aunt Julia; but a protracted period of dark looks and icy tones was an infliction hard for him to bear.

So he was rather glad when his holiday ended. He received a kind though firmly spoken word of advice from the Doctor as he was leaving, and he resolved never again to be anything but frank with him. It was a relief to be among the boys at Barnabas again; to hear Packer's lively account of how gayly the mumps had spread at home, and how the various victims looked. Packer had cultivated a wonderful facial power during his absence, and could on a moment's notice imitate the different sufferers, and when on one occasion during study hour he assumed this look, and was called up to see if the disease had recommenced, the joy of the class knew no bounds.

Dearing had not forgotten Dick. He thought of him and of Norry, and of the little dog which they had named Trusty, a great many times, and wondered when, if ever, they should meet again. He well knew that Dick Devine was not a gentleman's son, nor in a social way his equal; yet among all the boys he had known he had never found the *something* which Devine possessed—a marked natural honesty and firmness. It was something that made it seem impossible that he (Dearing) could ever feel himself above Dick Devine, and yet he must obey his grandfather.

* Begin in No. 199, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Even though they met, they were not to speak; but at least he could remain loyal to his poorer friend in his heart.

An opportunity of expressing this loyalty occurred one day about a week after Dick's return to school.

It had been raining violently, and about dusk most of the boys in the fourth room had crowded about the fire, waiting for the welcome summons to tea. Dick had been up in the master's room for some reason, and returned just in time to witness an exhibition on the part of Will Field which made him turn pale with indignation.

This accomplished young gentleman was sitting up on one of the desks, and giving a most ludicrous and highly embellished account of Dick Devine, relating the circumstances of Dearing's friendship with him, and, having heard it from Brooks, describing the scene upon which that worthy had suddenly appeared.

"There they were," he was saying, with his mean little chuckle, "dancing around like bears on a pole, and the little chap tooting away on his accordion, and Dick just imitating everything this beggar-boy did. Brooks says it was about the queerest sight he'd ever seen. My! didn't he catch it when he got home!"

"What did his governor do?" inquired Packer, who always relished tragedy.

"Flogged him till he couldn't stand," said Field, promptly. What more he might have said we can not imagine, since at that moment a pair of strong young hands were on the nape of his neck, and Master Field found himself suddenly flung into the middle of the room, with his cousin standing over him white and stern.

"You'll lie about me again, Will, I think," he said, in a voice all the boys knew.

Field set up a loud howl, for he was really a little hurt, and in a few moments the commotion was such that it brought Dr. Filliper upon the scene. Field was sitting on one of the forms, holding his head in his hands, Dearing was in the midst of an eager group, and Packer was dancing about quietly, with a grin not altogether malicious, but not quite kind.

"What does this mean?" Dr. Filliper said, sternly; and Field gave another low howl. Then Dearing stepped forward and told his story.

"And the fellows may as well know the truth of it," he said, in a quiet, courageous voice. "That boy Devine is as good as — as any gentleman's son I ever knew, and my grandfather never raised his hand once to me. I *did* do wrong—I know I did—in disobeying him, for he doesn't allow me to pick up strange friends; but it was not Devine's fault.

Field here says he was a pickpocket, and if you please, Doctor, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life if I catch him or any one else saying a word against Devine again."

He strode up to Field, who was still wailing, and put out his hand.

"I'm sorry if you're much hurt," he said, gravely; "but you'll remember to stick to the truth when you talk about me the next time, I hope."

Dr. Filliper felt it his duty to administer a reprimand all around, but later he called Dearing to his own room, and there, in a calmer fashion, heard the whole story. The Doctor was a kind-hearted man, and he knew enough of the world and the lower classes to feel sure something might be done for the Devines. After Dick left him he sat down and wrote a note to a very charitable cousin of his in New York, asking her to hunt up the boys and find out the actual state of things. Dick knew that this had been done, and one morning he went to the Doctor's room looking a little troubled.

"Don't you think, sir," he asked, "that it would be well to write this to my grandfather? You see, he said I was to have no more to do with Dick Devine, and this might seem a roundabout way of hearing from him."

The Doctor fully approved of this idea, and acted upon it at once, promising Dr. Field that he would let him know the result of his cousin's inquiries.

A few days later Dick was again summoned to the mas-



"YOU THOUGHT TO GET AWAY FROM ME, DID YOU?"

ter's room. The Doctor held an open letter in his hand, and looked very grave.

"I am sorry to tell you, Dear," he said, "that the result of our search has not been very satisfactory. My cousin searched out the house and number, and found that the Devine boys had left some days before in company with a very rough-looking man. I am afraid, my boy, that it would be better for you to forget them."

It seemed to Dick as if a mist came before his eyes. Devine, after all, to be proven a vagrant—a low boy! Yet something within him made him refuse to credit this. He looked anxiously at the Doctor, saying, in as firm a voice as he could command,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I *don't* believe Devine's that sort. I feel sure he'll turn up all right."

Meanwhile, in the house on Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Thomson was triumphing over a letter from Barnabas.

"There, father!" she exclaimed; "didn't I tell you that that boy was no good. And to think that Richard was actually twice in his very *claws*—his very *claws*!"

CHAPTER X.

WHERE IS NORRY?

"Dick, are you awake?"

It was Norry's voice, in a thin whisper.

"Yes—keep still, Norry—speak low." But sharply as Dick spoke, he put out a very tender hand to touch Norry's. There was a little movement on Norry's part of the straw bed, and then he whispered again,

"What'll you do if he comes back to take us out?"

"I don't know—I must think. But don't you be afraid, Norry. I won't leave you."

Silence fell between the two boys after this for a little while, Dick, as he said he would, devoting the time to thinking—not alone of what might happen, but of all that had happened since the night he had found himself turned out of Dr. Field's employment.

It seemed to the boy as if a lifetime had gone by since then, yet it was only six weeks in point of time. But the six weeks had included so much misery that time seemed as nothing in the balance.

For the first few days after his disgrace Dick had contrived to pick up work in the old fashion; just enough to give Norry and himself bread to eat—perhaps not always himself, but enough for Norry and the dog always, for Trusty was now part and parcel of the boys' lives. He was never to be neglected, even though Dick went hungry; and the faithful little creature seemed to know and understand just how true his new friends were to him. While he was waiting for work near a down-town hotel one rainy afternoon, Dick was startled by a voice just at his elbow, and, turning around, found himself suddenly face to face with Gurdle. If that dreaded creature had looked villainous before, his countenance was certainly more cruel than ever as he leered at Dick, saying, with a hoarse laugh:

"So, my fine fellow, you thought to get away from me, did you? Well, you won't do it this time," and whatever the terrified boy could do or say, Gurdle kept close to his side, although Dick almost ran home, with a half fear that the other man might have seized Norry. And, truth to tell, on reaching the attic not a sign was to be seen of the blind boy or the dog.

Although Gurdle had followed him into the room, poor Dick lost all thought of him in his anguish over Norry's disappearance. He stood still in the middle of the lonely attic, wringing his hands and crying out, "What shall I do? Where is Norry? Oh! *what* has happened to him?"

Mr. Gurdle took it very coolly. He sat down on the old chair, and waited for Dick's wild lamentations to grow less before he spoke.

"Yer'd give a good deal to see him now, wouldn't yer?"

he said, with a grin. "'S'posin' I could take you right to him, what would you do by way of gratitude? Come, now, let's hear!"

"Oh, Mr. Gurdle," cried Dick, turning his streaming eyes upon him, "I'd do anything, *anything*, I would!"

Mr. Gurdle seemed to think it necessary to reflect a little while before he answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAX RANDER AND THE PROFESSORS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

NOT long after the tiger trouble that I told you about some time ago, Thad and I were wandering down the main street of a dismal French village, when we saw the sign, "English spoken," in a store window.

"Here's somebody to talk to!" I cried, joyfully, and rushed right in, without stopping to think that I didn't want to buy anything.

There was an old man and a boy about sixteen behind the counter, and as I didn't know which was the Englishman, I looked at both of them, and said, "English spoken?"

The boy at once replied, "Yes," and then added, "What want you?"

Now, as I hadn't come to buy a sou's worth, this question rather confused me, and all I wanted was to get out in the street again as quickly as possible; so I muttered something about hoping to find an American, and started for the door.

Before I could reach it, however, the French boy, who must have jumped over the counter, caught me by the arm, and cried out, in the most excited manner:

"Oh, you an American, then? How I have long to see one! My father say one come in store last month, but I out for my breakfast-at-the-fork. Will you not speak little American for me?"

I stared at the fellow stupidly, while Thad beckoned to me from the doorway, and the old Frenelman leaned back against the shelves grinning with delight to hear his son talking in a language he couldn't understand. Then the French boy drew his finger across his forehead close to his hair, and I understood him at once.

"Come on, Thad," I whispered; "he thinks all Americans are Indians; so just you screech out some gibberish and dance about, while I make believe scalp you."

So Thad, who was always ready for anything with noise in it, threw his cap on the floor, and gave a war-whoop that actually frightened me, it was so loud; but the French boy clapped his hands, and nodded smilingly to his father, so I knew I had guessed right. Then I made a dash for Thad, saying over backward all the big words I could think of, and every once in a while giving a yell that soon caused quite a crowd to collect about the door. The French fellow explained to them who we were and what we were doing, and then they all joined in the applause.

I stood on my head, walked on my hands, and chased Thad around the store until we were both breathless, when I tucked his head under my arm, and made a bow as a sign that the performance was over.

The French boy came forward and said, "Thanks much"; but as we went out I noticed that the people gave us plenty of room on the sidewalk.

Well, I laughed all the way home, the whole thing was so ridiculous, and had just asked Thad if I looked so very much like a wild red man when I saw a carriage stop at our gate and two strange gentlemen get out.

"Oh, they must be the French professors father said were coming to talk to him about American schools!" I exclaimed.

"And don't you remember papa told us he wanted us to speak our dialogue for them?" added Thad.

I did remember that, but I had forgotten a good deal of

the dialogue, which I found was just the case with my brother.

"Let's do the Indian scene for them," he suggested, as we were brushing our hair for lunch, or "breakfast-at-the-fork," as our French boy called it.

Before I could reply father called upstairs, "Boys, I want you to come down and entertain these gentlemen with an example of American eloquence, while I step across the street for your mother."

"Yes, sir," I replied; and then, turning to Thad, told him that we must do the best we could with our speeches.

So we went down and were introduced to the professors, neither of whom, it seemed to me, could talk English much better than the boy in the store. Father explained about our dialogue, and then left us.

Thad and I took our places at one end of the room, and, having made our bows, started off in grand style, both the gentlemen watching us with the closest attention. Suddenly I got a sentence ahead somehow, which so mixed up Thad that he began to repeat the same words over and over. I frowned at him as hard as I could, at the same time brushing back a lock of hair that had tumbled over my eyes; but he thought that this was a sign for him to turn Indian, and at once began to whoop and yell in the most awful manner. I couldn't help rushing for him to make him stop; but as this was exactly what I had done down at the store, he only capered about more wildly than ever, and we had a regular tussle of it.

But even while we were both rolling on the floor I noticed that the professors sat watching us as gravely as ever, and then it suddenly struck me that they must think this was part of the dialogue. So, as I had now subdued Thad, I told him to stand up and look serious while we made our bow, on which the French gentlemen clapped loudly, and assured father afterward that we not only spoke with fire and spirit, but really acted out the sentiment of the piece.

THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

ONE clear cold day in February I left New York, bound for Kingston, which is on the south side of the island of Jamaica. By the time that we had been at sea four days the cold had passed away; the northeast trade-winds were blowing delightfully, and it was perfect luxury simply to sit on deck and watch the sea, always the same, yet always changing. Two days later when I rose in the morning I found that we had passed Morant Point, the eastern end of Jamaica, and by ten o'clock I could see on the beach ahead of us a clump of trees, which I knew from their position must be on Port Royal Point, at the entrance to the harbor of Kingston.

We rounded the Point, and whereas we had all the morning been running westward in the open sea, we now turned back, almost east, in the smooth water inside the long sandy point, and ran seven miles up the harbor to the wharf at Kingston. Of course my eyes were open to take in all that was new and strange. Not only the objects on the land attracted me, but those also in the air, for every one of the birds which were hovering or darting about was to me like an old friend seen for the first time. I knew them all well from books and from specimens, and had hoped for years to see them living, and here they were, all about me, in great numbers.

And one of the birds which charmed me most, coarse and ugly as he was, and savage and disagreeable in his manners, was the frigate-pelican, or, as I prefer to call him, the man-of-war bird. You can see for yourself by looking at the engraving on the next page what an inelegant, ungraceful object he is. Notice the set of his head and neck, as well as the manner in which his wings seem to be pushed up against his side, as though

they might be some other bird's wings fastened there by mistake. Just look at that fellow in the background, with his wings stretched out; you would think perhaps he was about to launch himself off for flight. No such thing. I am sure I don't know what he does it for; perhaps because he thinks it displays his natural loveliness to better advantage. I have seen these birds sit in this position for a long time without moving, and then quietly fold them, and settle down like the ones on the lower branch.

It is when the man-of-war bird is in motion that he shows himself in his own true character. At rest he is ungraceful, but the instant he is on the wing all that has disappeared as if by magic. You can see that there he is at home. Those enormous wings spread out until they reach nearly seven feet from tip to tip, and every one of their movements is full not only of smooth and elegant sweeping, but also of a power that comes like the rushing of the wind. Without exception, I think the frigate-pelican is the swiftest bird in flight that I have ever seen; I know not one which can equal him. Perhaps I can give you some idea of this wonderful power on the wing in no other way so readily as by telling you what I saw that day in Kingston Harbor.

As we came up the long stretch from Port Royal the frigate-pelicans were all about us in great numbers, and most numerous of all as we came near the city. We were approaching the wharf; the engine had stopped its working, and of course the ship was moving very slowly, and I had a perfectly fair opportunity to observe their actions. Many other birds were also careering about, some of them screaming loudly, though the man-of-war bird scarcely ever utters a sound—now and then a hoarse croak, nothing more. Near the steamer I saw a Cayenne tern dive, and come up with a fish in his bill. This tern is a bird of extremely rapid flight. One of our common barn swallows, I know, would be passed by it with ease, and I feel confident that the famous gyrfalcon, so noted by all writers because of his speed, would have been compelled to chase this particular tern with his fish half a mile before he could have overtaken him. But, alas for the poor tern! he had to deal with an enemy to whom the gyrfalcon would have been but a plaything.

A man-of-war bird saw him as he rose with his prey, and in his usual style—for they live by constant robbery—determined that that fish should be his own at once. The tern recognized his danger on the instant, and started with his utmost speed to escape. The pelican followed on his track, seeming to make no effort in flying, and yet the superiority of his speed was such that, though the tern seemed only like a white flash as he went by me, the man-of-war bird gained upon him as if he had been standing still. When the pursuer passed the stern of the steamer, where I was sitting, he was not more than thirty feet from me, and I well recollect the almost fearful sound of his dash through the air. I can compare it to nothing but the rush of a heavy cannon-shot. He overtook the tern within less than fifty yards, when the latter, to save himself, dropped his fish, and went off to catch another. The man-of-war bird, with a curve as graceful as could be made or drawn, swept down and up again, bringing the fish in his bill, having caught it before it could reach the water.

This bill is an instrument not to be despised. Its snap is like that of a steel-trap, and when it is seized by the whole weight of the bird it carries off what it drives almost as a small steam-engine would do it. And now commenced a struggle in which I rejoiced, for it was fair justice. The robber was not to have his ill-gotten booty simply because he had frightened a miserable Cayenne tern into dropping it. Not at all; there were other claimants. Not less than half a dozen frigate-pelicans, each as fierce and savage and strong as himself, had witnessed the transaction, and each one individually resolved that that fish belonged to himself, or, at least, that if it did not he would



MAN-OF-WAR BIRDS AT REST.

have it at any rate, and with one consent they dashed at pelican No. 1. No child's play now; no trusting to speed, for all were equal at that game. It was a savage fight. They struck, and he struck back, and I thought, from the sound of the blows, that a single one of them might knock its victim into the water; but I could see no injury done by them.

In the midst of the tumult I saw one of them seize the fish with his beak and actually force it away. The only result was that now the whole interest centred in pelican No. 2, and the blows fell thick and fast on him, and served him right, I thought. Three separate times I saw the fish torn away in the fight, and at last in some way it was dropped, and as the struggling and angry birds were all too busy in abusing one another to seize it, it reached the water, and went to the bottom to feed the crabs. I had been sorry that the unfortunate tern should lose his fish, which he had fairly caught, but I felt no sympathy for any of this fierce band that had been fighting over it. But I think my sympathy was not needed, for the event was one so common with them that doubtless in another minute it was forgotten. I presently saw the same birds pursuing their flight around the steamer as quietly as though no disturbance had occurred.

Let me tell you another little story to illustrate their wonderful power on the wing. A thunder-squall was coming up from the southwest, and the appalling black-

ness of the clouds showed plainly that it would be one of terrible force. Port Royal and Fort Augusta had disappeared, completely hidden by the squall as it advanced. Even the birds had taken the alarm and fled to escape its fury. I noticed that every one had disappeared except two or three frigate-pelicans. One of them in particular I watched, because he was close to me. The roar of the wind as it approached was frightful, but, notwithstanding the feeling of awe, I did not take my eyes from the bird, for I wished to see what he would do. I was myself sheltered behind a heavy brick wall, which I knew would protect me.

When the full fury of the tornado struck him he yielded to it for a moment, as though taken by surprise, and then, mustering his strength, he faced the blast, and darted against it with a speed and force that carried him onward in triumph. He did not fly along the water, but went obliquely upward, until he was lost to my sight, and I have no doubt that he went onward until he had risen above the region of the clouds and the squall into the calm atmosphere above, where he floated quietly until the tumult had passed away.

The man-of-war bird seldom comes along our own coast further north than South Carolina, though stragglers may occasionally reach the Chesapeake. But as we go to the south they become more abundant, and on the Florida Keys are very common.



A LITTLE SELFISH

JOHN'S PRESENT.

BY MARY DENSEL.

IT was in vain that John tried to gain his sister's notice. There she stood, rapt in delight, before a pile of mousseline de laine, which had just come from Aunt Maria, who lived in the city. Jo'm thrust his head in at the

"sink-room" door, and gave a loud "ahem!" But Katinka's eyes never moved from the mousseline de laine, which, I regret to say, was of a lively green with "polka dots" of yellow. Katinka thought it beautiful.

"And so much of it, grandma! I can have an overskirt, can't I?"

Katinka clasped her hands and breathed hard as she

put this question. It had long been her great desire to wear an over-skirt, with points on the bottom and something in the back breadth to make it stand out quite "stiff and genteel."

"So," explained Katinka, giving her flimsy gown a flirt, and glancing rapturously over her shoulder.

Just then there was a knock at the front door, and, as grandma went to answer it, there came a sharp "Hi, Katinka!" from the "silk-room."

Katinka became suddenly aware of John's face with one eye screwed into a knowing wink, and of John's somewhat grimy hand beckoning mysteriously.

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered John. "Come here, Katinka-tink-tink."

Katinka tiptoed across the kitchen. There was evidently a great secret on hand. John would hardly speak above his breath, even when they had reached the "seed-room," and he pointed to an empty flour barrel.

"I'm going to make an arm-chair for grandma, to give her on her birthday next Saturday. It's to be made out of this barrel," announced John.

"You don't say so! How perfectly splendid!"

"Yes," said John, pleased with this tribute of sympathy. "I'm going to make an easy-chair. You can help if you like. Only it's to be *my* present, mind."

"Of course," assented Katinka.

"The first thing is to get this barrel sawed, so as to leave part of it for a back, and to make a place for the seat. I guess the saw's on the bench in the barn chamber."

Crafty John well knew whose were the "feet that ran on willing errands." The saw was soon at hand. But John had changed his mind.

"I can no more cut these cross-grained staves than I can fly over the moon. See, Katink, they split if you touch 'em. I know my man. Jotham Bixby 'll do it for me, and fit a seat into the bargain. Only"—John ruffled his hair and meditated—"only he might ask a trifle for his trouble, and I'm saving up my money for Thanksgiving—what I don't need to support myself with."

"So am I," said Katinka, promptly. "I'm going to buy pop-corn balls."

"They're cheap," interrupted John, hastily. "Besides, I don't believe Jotham would charge more than ten cents."

"Perhaps I might spare that," said Katinka, with still a little hesitation in her voice.

"Really, Katinka-tink-tink, you're almost as nice and satisfactory as a boy," said he. "You'll never regret using that ten cents when you see grandmother sitting so lively and comfortable in my present."

Now John's approval was the breath of life to his sister, and with a happy heart she brought a dime from the small hoard which she kept in a box under her bed, safe from burglars and ghosts.

The two hoisted the barrel into a wheelbarrow, when "John! John!" came from the house.

"There's grandma calling," said John.

"O me! O me!" cried Katinka, all in a flutter. "Run and meet her before she sees us, John. I can push this wheelbarrow. Run! run quick!"

Off went John. Away rattled the wheelbarrow with its burden. Long before John arrived on the scene of action Katinka had explained matters to Jotham Bixby, who was ready to saw the barrel into a most inviting shape, and even to fit a board seat to the chair. What was better, fat, good-natured, chuckling Jotham would not take a cent for his pains.

"You're welcome, bless you," said he.

"Now you need a cushion and a coverin'," added Jotham. "Stuff 'em with wool. 'Bijah Crawley's been shearing; he'll let you have some wool."

John's face lengthened. 'Bijah Crawley was not good-natured, nor did he chuckle. Besides, he and John were

not on good terms since the day when John had nicknamed 'Bijah's uncouth son and heir "Caterpillar—a *cravely* creeter."

'Bijah had threatened to "take it out" on John. But surely no one could have the heart to take anything out on dear little Katinka.

"Ahem! Katinka-tink-tink, what do you think, quicker 'n a wink. Suppose you should go—where?—don't you know?—and say to that fool, "Give me some wool." Not that I would call any fellow a fool, except in poetry," added John, apologetically.

"But I'm afraid of 'Bijah Crawley," remonstrated Katinka. "He's dreadful cross."

"Oh, very well. I suppose grandma needn't have any birthday present. She can sit in a hard chair. Of course I sha'n't tell her how disobliging you are, Katinka."

John's face was flushed. His tone was exceeding bitter. Katinka began to move slowly in the direction of the Crawley cottage.

"Seeing Jotham didn't charge," John called after her, "you can have that dime you gave me to pay 'Bijah with."

Whether it were Katinka's blushes, or her timid, trembling tones, which softened 'Bijah Crawley's heart, I can not say, but the gruff old man consented to let her fill her apron with wool.

"And how much shall I pay?" asked Katinka, fingering her ten-cent piece.

"Wa'al," said 'Bijah, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, "I cal'late about fifty cents."

Katinka's eyes and mouth opened in dismay.

"Those isn't common sheep," said 'Bijah. "But seem' it's you, I'll cheat myself, and call it *forty* cents."

Forty cents! That meant every penny in Katinka's box—every single penny. Katinka had counted on having such a grand Thanksgiving, and had even dreamed that by economy she might eke out enough money to buy a yellow and green ribbon to wear with her beautiful new dress.

But what would John say if she returned without the wool?

"I've only ten cents here, Mr. 'Bijah Crawley," said she, wistfully, "but I'll bring the rest to-morrow, honestly. Please let me have the wool."

'Bijah did so, and Katinka carried it home in her apron.

"You're a regular beauty, Katinka-tink-tink!"

That was praise indeed from John, and when he added, "I'm glad you happened to be my sister," Katinka's cup was full, and she was more than ready to hold a big nail, which was to fasten two of the staves, that John might have a better "go" at it with his hammer.

"I really feel quite *manifest*," said she, gleefully.

"Quite what?" asked John, pausing with the hammer in mid-air.

"Manifest—like a man, you know," explained Katinka.

John gave a roar of laughter, and brought the hammer down with a bang.

Oh, John! John! how could you be so reckless? Oh, the dear little soft fingers! Oh, the cruel hammer!

"Ah!" cried Katinka; and then clapped both hands over her mouth. She would not scream, lest grandma should hear and so learn John's secret. But the pain was terrible. Katinka's face grew very white, and she could hardly stand for dizziness. John was frightened enough. He ran for water. He put his arm around his sister, and begged her to lean her head on his shoulder.

"Jiminy cracky!" he kept muttering.

"Never mind," whispered the pale lips. "I'd most *rather* be hurt, when you're so kind to me, John."

At that John's feelings were fairly too much for him. He gave a tremendous sniff, and even had to demean himself by borrowing Katinka's handkerchief.

"Seems to be something in my eyes," said he.

There was "something" in his eyes. But not dust, nor yet a splinter.

"How jolly it would be if I had some casters on that chair!" remarked he, by way of changing the conversation. "It won't move easily without them. I declare that chair *must* have casters."

Katinka's mind gave a jump this way and that way

"There are the casters on my bed," said she.

"I declare! so there are," cried John. "Now I never thought of them when I spoke, but really I don't see what good they do the bed."

"They only make it roll easily when I sweep under it. That's no matter, though. I can get down on my knees and creep under the bed with a dust-pan."

Katinka smiled at John's pleasure; so while she still nursed her wounded hand, John was screwing the casters on his chair. The effect was charming. The chair could be trundled hither and thither with scarcely any effort.

And now arose a most momentous question. Where should a covering for the seat and back be found? All that day and the next Katinka and John pondered over the problem, but in vain. None of the bits of cloth in grandma's piece-bag began to be large enough. As for buying new material, that was out of the question. All Katinka's money was gone. As for John's—well, he was saving his for Thanksgiving-day. It almost seemed as if, at its last stage, the present must be given up.

After she went to bed at night Katinka's puzzled brain worked on. She hardly knew when she fell asleep, but suddenly, about the middle of the night, she sat bolt-upright in bed, wide awake. What had she dreamed?

"Why, I wouldn't give him *that* for the world!" she said out loud.

Whether the same idea had visited John in dreams is a question, but he nodded at Katinka during breakfast, and "Come out here" whispered he.

They stood in front of that unfinished chair.

"It's a shame to give it up now," said John.

"It is," said Katinka.

Then John paused, and for the first and only time in his life was actually embarrassed.

Katinka's chin quivered.

"John," said she, softly, "I thought—"

"Katinka," breathed John, "I thought—"

Both faltered, and gazed at one another. At last John opened his lips and spake: "If I was a girl I'd never wear one of those silly over-skirts," said he.

Katinka sighed.

"Fancy me with a flounce on the bottom of my coat, and a puffy concern on behind!" continued John, soaring into the realms of imagination.

"It would be funny," admitted Katinka.

"Sally Peters tore her over-skirt the very last time we played 'I spy,'" continued John. "Oh, I declare I'm thankful I wasn't born a girl, to care for nothing but frills and fixings, and looking like a stiff-jointed doll that's afraid to move for fear of spoiling her fine clothes. Why, I'd rather be a peacock, and done with it."

Now this speech was terribly unjust. Katinka's gowns were always plain as plain could be. But John's "winged words" bore a sting, as that young rascal knew well.

Katinka turned away, and before long returned, looking very grave, but bearing in her hands the green and yellow mousseline de laine.

"Take what you need," said she, patiently.

But soon her interest in sewing together the breadths for the back, in hemming the ruffle which draped the lower part of the chair, swallowed up all other feelings, and when at last the work was fully done, and John, with both hands thrust into his trousers pockets, beamed upon her with approbation, Katinka's face was fairly aglow.

How inviting was that soft cushioned seat! How supporting were the padded arm-rests! How easily the cast-

ers rolled! And as for the covering, it was really enough to drive away melancholy just to look at its gleaming "polka" dots.

"John, how could you ever have thought of such a beautiful present!" cried Katinka, lost in admiration of the superior intellect which had planned this work of art.

She could hardly wait for Saturday, so eager was she to behold grandma's surprise and pleasure. And indeed grandma had never suspected such a treat. She could hardly express her thanks to her thoughtful grandson.

"John, who ever made the frame for you?" asked she.

"Joham Bixby sawed the staves. Katinka wheeled the barrel down to him," said John.

"Katinka wheeled it down?"

"I was busy at the moment," explained John.

"Oh!" said grandma. "And where did you get the wool to stuff it?"

"I bought it of 'Bijah Crawley. There, Katinka, did you remember to pay him?"

Katinka nodded.

"Oh!" said grandma, a gleam of intelligence shooting from behind her spectacles. "Katinka, why have you kept your thumb done up so many days?"

"I didn't mean to hit her," exclaimed John. "You see she was holding a nail for me to drive it in better."

"Oh!" said grandma again. "And here are casters, I declare! Where did you get the casters, my son?"

"Katinka was sure she didn't need them on her bed."

"Oh! And the covering?" Grandma peered hard at the green and yellow mousseline de laine. "Where did the covering come from? It seems to me—"

"I and Katinka like a plain gown best," interrupted John. "There, grandma, Katinka has helped me all along. She's as good as a boy; better, maybe, in some respects. But you must remember, grandma," he ended, stoutly—"you must remember it's *my* present."

"Yes, it's John's present," declared Katinka, earnestly. Grandma nodded, and all she said was "Oh!"

HOW TO MAKE A BOAT WITH A SCREW-PROPELLER.

BY F. CHASEMORE.

TO make a model steamboat which will go is the ambition of many boys, but the high price of engine and boiler prevents them from doing so. The instructions here given will enable any boy to make for himself, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, at a very trifling cost, the machinery for a model screw steamboat which may be fitted into any craft, the rigging of which may have been wrecked off the dangerous coast of the duck pond.

First you must procure your boat; but if you should wish to make it yourself, remember that it must be very light, and hollowed out as thin as possible. Let it be twenty-four inches long, four inches wide at midships, and three and a half inches deep. The stern-post should be about an inch and a half within the stern, raking, and two and a half inches high, as marked in Fig. 1. Fasten a strip of lead one-eighth of an inch thick along the bottom of the keel. The bows should be sharp, and the boat should have a clean run aft. When it is finished paint it, and when dry put it into water, and mark on the stern-post the height that the water comes. Now you must bore a hole in the stern-post right through into the boat in the direction of the top of the stem. This must be done with a red-hot wire; the hole is to be three-eighths of an inch across.

The next thing to do is to get a brass tube from the gas-fitter's, or get a tinman to make you one of tin, three-eighths of an inch inside measurement. This tube must be long enough to reach from the stern-post to three and a half inches beyond the top of the stem. Four inches

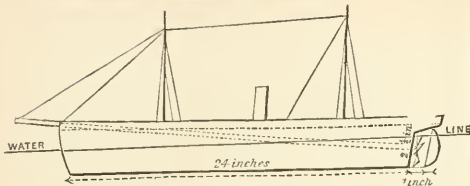


FIG. 1.

from one end of this tube solder a strip half an inch wide and one and three-quarter inches long, bending the middle of it half round the tube, and bending the ends outward; punch a hole in each end of this strip; in this end of the tube cut four teeth like saw-teeth one-eighth of an inch deep, like Fig. 2.

Put this tube in the boat thus: push the end without the tin strip through the hole in the stern-post from the inside of the boat, so that the tube is flush with the wood, and fasten the other end by driving tacks through the holes in the tin strip into the boat. Put some putty round the tube, where it goes through the wood, to keep the water out. Now make the deck of board one-eighth of an inch thick, plane it, and fix it in its place by pins, leaving a gunwale of half an inch all round. Stop up with putty, and mark with a pencil the boards on the deck.



FIG. 2.

Bore a hole near the stern of the boat thus: push the end without the tin strip through the hole in the stern-post from the inside of the boat, so that the tube is flush with the wood, and fasten the other end by driving tacks through the holes in the tin strip into the boat. Put some putty round the tube, where it goes through the wood, to keep the water out. Now make the deck of board one-eighth of an inch thick, plane it, and fix it in its place by pins, leaving a gunwale of half an inch all round. Stop up with putty, and mark with a pencil the boards on the deck.

Two inches abaft the middle of the deck cut a hole three-quarters of an inch in diameter for the chimney, which is a tube of tin three-quarters of an inch in diameter and four inches long. Bore two more holes in the deck, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, one half-way between the stem and chimney, the other half-way between the rudder and chimney; these are for the masts, which are made of wood, and should stand about nine inches above deck; put a pin into the lower end of each mast, and cut the head off, leaving about half an inch of the pin projecting; put the masts in their places, and the pins will keep them firm by being pushed into the bottom of the boat.

Make the propeller out of a circular piece of stout tin two inches in diameter, cut as in Fig. 3. The dark parts are to be cut away. The projections are to be three-quarters of an inch long. Punch a hole one-sixteenth of an inch in the centre, and fix a piece of brass wire one-sixteenth of an inch, two inches long, in the hole, to form an axle for the propeller. Twist each of the fans of the screw out of the plane of the circle about a quarter of an inch, in

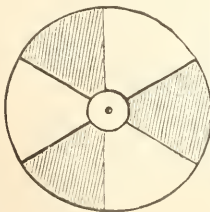


FIG. 3.

the manner of the sails of a windmill, as in Fig. 4. Now make two little wooden plugs three-quarters of an inch long, and half an inch wide at one end, tapering to a quarter of an inch at the other. Bore a hole through each from end to end one-sixteenth of an inch wide. Take the propeller, and put a glass head that will fit easily on the wire, and push the wire through one of the wooden plugs from the large end; bend the wire into a loop at the small end.

Now take another piece of wire two and a half inches long, and make a similar loop at one end, and put the other end through the other little plug from the small end, and bend the wire into a handle (Fig. 5). Now the only thing we want is the power. This is a strip of strong elastic about three and a half feet long and a quarter of an inch wide; tie the ends together to make a band—a large stout elastic ring will do, or two smaller rings looped together. Fasten a string to the elastic, and pass the string through the tube in the boat from the stern end; hook the loop on the propeller wire into the elastic, and push the wooden plug into the tube so that the screw is clear of the rudder; draw the elastic by the string through the other end of the tube, and hook the wire in the other plug into it; take off the string, and push the plug into its place. You must cut the plug away so that the handle can catch in the teeth cut in the tube. Now the boat is ready for use.

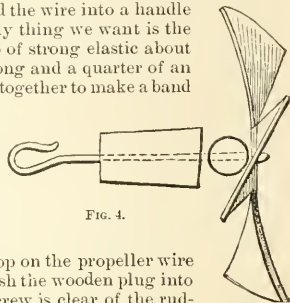


FIG. 4.

To use it wind up the elastic by the handle at the end of the tube, holding the screw firmly with the other hand. As soon as wound up enough set the rudder, and put the boat into the water; release the screw, and the boat

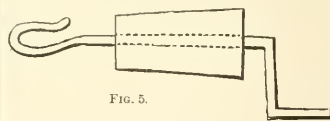


FIG. 5.

will go until the elastic is quite unwound. The distance it will travel will be regulated by the extent to which the elastic is wound up.

THE HUNTER-MAN.

THREE little bears went out one day,
Before the sun got high,
To gather berries in the woods
To make a berry pie.

But there they saw a hunter-man,
Who had a monstrous gun;
He scared them out of all their wits,
And my! how they did run!

They never stopped till they got home
And screamed it to their ma,
Who said 'twas very dreadful news,
And their must call their pa.

Old papa bear was very brave;
He took his gun straightway,
And hastened with them to the woods
That hunter-man to slay.

But when they reached the berry patch
He laughed aloud to see
That what had caused them such a fright
Was nothing but a tree.

And very much ashamed were they
To know that they had run
Because they thought an old tree trunk
A hunter with a gun.



THE BEARS AND THE HUNTERMAN.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 732.]

Friday we started on our return. On our way we visited Tories' Den, which is said to have been inhabited by Tories during the Revolution. Friday night we camped eighteen miles from Salem. We reached home Saturday evening.

A. H. P.

Such an expedition is very pleasant, and I think boys learn to be manly when they share the fatigues of camping out, and, of course, give the easiest and best places to the ladies and the little ones. It is a nice way, too, to freshen up geography and history.

NEW BRUNSWICK, STATE ISLAND.

I am very glad that Mrs. Lillie is telling another story, as I liked "Nan" very much. We had a great deal of fun getting up tableaux. One of them was Mand Muller, and we arranged the scenery very prettily. I will tell you how we did it. The boys went into the woods and cut off some branches, and then we got a cloth horse and fixed them on it; we got some hay from the stable for the floor; then we took a wooden tub and almost covered it with rocks. We obtained a piece of pipe and put it through the branches, and while the tableau was going on some one stood behind and poured water through it into the tub, and Mand Muller was kneeling beside it, getting the water for the Judge, rake in hand. It was the prettiest of all the tableaux. For the horse scenery we got another cloth horse, and draped it with curtains, and pulled it before the other. The tableaux were a great success. We had ten of them. I am afraid that if I write any more my letter will be longer than "Mildred's Bargain" in a volume by itself! EDITOR.

You must have taken a great deal of trouble with your arrangements, but it was worth while, since your entertainment was so successful. Who took the part of the pretty maiden? Was it our Edith? And did the picture prompt any of the children to read Whittier's beautiful ballad—one of the daintiest and tenderest of all the dear poet's songs?

"Maud Miller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay,
Beneath her hot hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health...."

"The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

"And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

"She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup."

I would like to have you read it all, but I have not room to quote any more. "Mildred's Bargain," and other stories by Mrs. Lillie, are published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in a bijou of a volume, and the price is one dollar. There are no brighter nor better books for girls than those which this favorite author has written.

BARNESBORO, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am nine years old, and through the kindness of my aunt May, who lives in Hartford, Connecticut, I have had YOUNG PEOPLE to read for three years. When I commenced taking it I had to have it sent to me, but now, so far advanced in my studies that I can read most of them without help. I am just through with a three months' school term without a single absence, and I was the only girl in my spelling-class, my teacher gave me a bright silver quarter the last day for having the most head marks. I feel a little proud of this, and it is so wonderful that I can't help telling you. I want to tell it to hundreds of little boys and girls, some of them thousands of miles away. Papa says that children have more privileges now than grown persons when he was a boy. At 14 I think it about time we did have a chance; and, dear YOUNG PEOPLE, I am glad that you have championed the rights of us little boys and girls. Give little boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that they must do,
Little lips will sing their song
When these words are duly sung.
So, you big folks, if we're small,
On our toes you need not dance;
There is room enough for all—
Give little boys and girls a chance!

MYRON L. D.

This is a happy world for the children, and so it was for me when I was a child. Though I do not have this exquisite HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I had its grandfather, *Merry's Museum*, which perhaps your papa may remember. And though I did not, like you, my boy, receive a prize for head marks, I often wore the silver medal home at night for having been good, and once I know, when quite a wee thing, I went "up head" for

spelling a very bad word. It was m-e-a-s-u-r-e-s, and oh! how proud I felt, for there were boys in our class, Myron, as well as girls. Have you both girls and boys in yours?

TIMOTHY, VERMONT.

Would you like a letter from a little boy in Vermont? I have no pets except one cat, whose name is Polar Bear. I liked "Raising the Pearl" very much. I think Jimmy Brown's were very good stories. We are building a nice new school-house, and I expect to go to school in it in September. I go to Sabbath-school. I have two brothers; my oldest brother is going to college, and my youngest brother to the seminary. I am seven years old. My mother is writing for me.

LAURIE R. H.

Is Polar Bear a white cat? I hope the new school-house is very pleasant, and that Laurie has a teacher whom he loves.

REIFTSBACH, GERMANY.

I did not write you from Italy. In San Remo, on the coast of the Mediterranean, we had a lovely little villa that faced the sea, and at sunset and sunrise we could see the island of Corsica. After a stormy day we went to the harbor and watched the great waves that would break on the stones at the foot of the wall. Although we went from Dresden in February to San Remo, we found strange flowers, such as lemons, oranges, and tangerines, and the tall palm-trees seemed to smile down upon the lovely country and the gay Italians.

We hated to leave Italy, but we had to part and go to Germany. From San Remo we went to Genoa, and staid there a few days; it is an interesting city, with many queer little narrow streets. From there we went to Milan, in that splendid Cathedral we saw the festival of the "Nail and the Cross." It was crowded with laughing and joking people, who made places for us to see the procession, and talked to us all the time.

From Milan we went to Lucerne. We saw the "Lion of Lucerne," which is cut in the solid rock in memory of the Swiss Guards who defended Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The city shops have many little copies for sale. We rowed on the lake, and saw William Tell's chapel, and then went up the light in a tilted car, with such a funny little engine to block it up. There were clouds all around us at first, and it was such a funny sensation. We could see high-snow-topped mountains and glaciers around us when the clouds were gone. Then I asked a man to make sketches of every queer thing we saw.

Then we went to Baden-Baden. We bathed in the lovely Friedrich's Bath, which is the best in the world. Then we went to Heildelberg, and saw that old castle which is so fine. Tom made a good sketch of it. At last we came to Kreuznach.

I had another Wiggle. My last, I suppose, was not good enough to put in; perhaps this is not too. I like the Wiggles so much! We have had last year's YOUNG PEOPLE bound, and it is very interesting to read them again. I think it was wonderful how Americans could have such very fine pictures and have the MAGAZINE so cheap; that America must have made a great advance in it. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to bed with me, and read it early in the morning. Tom takes one volume, and I the other.

KATIE R.

You must not be discouraged because your Wiggles do not appear. So many of our clever boys and girls are trying their skill with the pencil that a selection has to be very carefully made from the great number of Wiggles submitted. Our artists endeavor to be just to everybody. You may be sure that I shall always print your letters when you send such delightful descriptions of what you see on your journeys here and there in Europe.

ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We are three girls who want to make exchanges. Do you have a paper for inserting them? If so, could you please tell us how much? We have only begun to take in your paper lately. "In Honor Bound" is a very nice story. We live in Scotland, by the way, we all like sea-bathing. I think you will answer our letter soon, please, and tell us to whom we ought to address the exchanges?

THREE OF YOUR READERS.

There is no charge for exchanges. Please address your letter simply to Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

WELDON, IOWA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. In the spring we had a pretty bad time. We had begun to tear up our house to come out here (for we lived in New Jersey then), when mamma and my sister and I were taken sick with diphtheria. Papa had a place here, and so he had to come when we got over the worst of it. He brought my two big sisters and my brother along with



HER PARASOL.

"I haven't any parasol."
"The little lady said."
"But I will take an autumn leaf,
To hold above my head.

"And no one gave me a bonquet;
But little do I care;
When golden-rod and asters bright
Are blooming everywhere."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ORAN, ALBERTA, AFRICA.

I am a little American boy ten years old. I am out here with my two aunts, one uncle, and my grandmother. Papa sent me here because he thought it would be good for my health, and I could learn the French. There are very curious things to be seen here. I can't describe them to you, for I am afraid my letter will be too long. Papa sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and *M. Verhulst*, and I like them both very much. If I know much when I come back, I am going to have a pony. Good-by. Your faithful reader,
PERCY H. M.

Well, dear, I hope you may speak and write French well enough to earn the pony by the time you go home. A word here to some of my readers who, like Percy, are afraid to describe what they see around them because they think it will make their letters too long. A letter is never too long if it tells us about scenes and people which we want to hear of, about queer customs, strange animals, or anything different from our everyday lives. A bright boy in Algeria ought to see a great many things about which it would please American children to read. So Percy may write another letter if he chooses.

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell the readers of the Post-office Box about a trip I took among the Sauratown Mountains, in the western part of this State. We camped out at night, and from the time I left Salem to the time I came home again I did not see a house of any kind. We staid nearly a week. The first night we camped out on a large grass-plot by the side of the road. There were nine boys in the party. The larger boys, including myself, slept in the hack and baggage-wagon, or on the ground. The ladies, with the girls and smaller boys, slept in the tent.

The next day we passed through Danbury, and after a while passed by Piedmont Springs. We were going to a place called the Cascades, where we were to spend the night. The Cascades is a beautiful place. The water falls about the height of fifty feet, and the rocks on either side rise one hundred feet or more in the air. At the bottom of the fall is a clear pool perhaps fifty feet in diameter. We did not camp right at the Cascades, but up on a hill. I wish I could send you a picture of the place, but I can't. We made this point our head-quarters, and from here would make trips to the various points of interest around us, and always come back to the camp to spend the night.

One day we went up on More's Knob. The view is beautiful. We could see the Dan River winding around in the valley far below us. There once was a government observatory on the Knob, but it was blown off I believe. We were going to Hanging Rock, but were so tired from our trip to More's Knob that we gave it up. We spent three nights at the Cascades, and did not want to leave the place. However, before dinner on

him. When we got well enough my uncle came small compared with the one we used to live in. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and we think it is a splendid paper. I do not go to school now; it is vacation. I take music lessons, and I will have to close now and go and practice. Good-by. — SUSIE H. V. L.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

How beautiful is the lake? How gently its waters shake! As they move, and I will sing this song, "How beautiful is the lake?" The daisies grow along the shores. The men dip gently with their oars. And as they slowly move along They seem to sing this little song, "How beautiful is the lake?"

The thinking cow-bells now are heard, As it seems to sing this old song, "How beautiful is the lake?" The farmer home is going now, And leaves at rest his spade and plough; The mountains all the shores along Echo back this same old song, "How beautiful is the lake?"

HELENE HAWES (aged 10).

Helene's uama tells me that these pretty lines were written by her daughter, without the slightest help, while passing the lake in the cars on a summer jaunt. I think they are very good indeed for so young a writer.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I am eight years old. My younger brother, who is five—his name is Cecil—tried one of Mary E. C.'s receipts for sponge ginger cake, and although he is a boy he had success. I have no pets to tell you about except my little baby brother, who, I think, is the sweetest in the world. He is very lively, so I composed a piece of poetry to him:

With his little legs free As they can be, He soon will be ready To climb up a tree.

Our largest and finest hotel, the Kimball House, burned down this morning. — HARRY A. A.

PERVILLE, MISSOURI.

We live on a farm on the edge of the town. I have three brothers and two sisters, and we have three pet kittens. My oldest brother is married. My two younger brothers and I have five ducks and a rooster and hen apiece. Last spring while I was dragging a log it rolled on my leg and broke it; I had to be in bed for two months before I could walk on again. This is well now. Vacation will soon be over. I hope that this letter will be printed, for I want to surprise my sister and my cousins. — ANNA H. C.

You had a good opportunity to practice patience while lying in bed so long. I hope YOUNG PEOPLE helped to pass away some of the hours.

HARLEM, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy twelve years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and like it very much. I have two sisters. One of them is at Newport, and she writes home that she is having a splendid time. I have a little gray kitten, and a very tame canary, which will hop on my finger and peck it. Sometimes the kitten tries to jump at my face. This is a good letter, and I hope it will be printed, as I would like very much to see it in the Post-office Box. I must close now, so good-by. — C. F. W.

Keep a sharp eye on that kitty.

LOVE HURON, NEW JERSEY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for over two years, and I like it very much. I am a little girl ten years of age, and am spending the summer here; I live in New York. I had two goldfishes, but they were killed. I have a bird named Dick. I like the new story by Mrs. Lillie very much. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I have tried some of the receipts for cake among the receipts for Little Housekeepers, and found them very nice indeed. — FLORENCE N. R.

I have almost broken my heart over the sad fate of my goldfishes at least a half-dozen times. Mine have never been killed, but always sooner or later—generally sooner—the poor things die, no matter how gently they are cared for. We have a bird at our house named Dick, and he has just come out in a beautiful coat of new feathers, in which he holds up his head bravely, as if he wanted to say, "Look at my fall suit!"

TWIN BRIDGES, MOUNTAIN TERRITORY.

I am not a subscriber, but my sister, who is younger than I, takes YOUNG PEOPLE. I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother has gone to the Geysers, or National Park. We have

a good many pets—four kittens, a lamb, and eight chickens. We are among the Rocky Mountain ans. People here often go up to some of the canons and camp out. My brother has a pony by the name of Jimmy, which we ride often. He is very gentle. I will have to close now. Good-by. — KATIE C.

Was the pony named after our friend Jimmy Brown?

BEYROUT, SYRIA.

My father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I like the stories in it very much, especially "Raising the Pearl." I am just nine years old. I used to live in New York, but my home is now in Beyrout. I notice a great difference between America and Syria. There are no roads, but no sidewalks, no railways, staves, or street cars, but there are some carriages, and many donkeys, mules, and camels, which carry heavy loads and stones. The native women wear head veils over their faces in the streets, and look as if they were playing ghosts, with white sheets all over them; while the men wear turbans, and long tunics, and the women wear long baggy trousers, slippers of red or yellow nocco turned down at the heel. Their songs would draw a great crowd, and the singers would be thought crazy in the United States. Long after my arrival here my experiences were as new as if I were in another world. I hardly knew whether to be pleased or sorry, but the people here, though so far away from America. I have an Aleppo cat, which differs from the American cats in having long, fine, silky fur; it is affectionate, and usually goes out and strays about in the cold last winter, but it died, so I do not care to have any more birds till I know how to keep them well and strong. — FIELDING T. K.

This is a model letter. Fielding has contrived to make it as vivid as a picture. I hope he will write again soon.

BLATKEVILLE, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl eight years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like to read it very much. I have a little sister seven years old, and we have very nice times playing together. We have six cats, four cats and two birds. We had a nice little dog, but he died, and I am very sorry. There are a great many trees around here, and in the spring many birds build their nests. One day I saw a spring bird make its nest in an evergreen in front of our house. One evening we were watching it, and it was going toward its nest with a worm in its mouth. It did not know where its nest was, so it kept flying from tree to tree, and it was about twenty minutes before it gave the worm to its young. I send five cents for the doll pattern.

George received her pattern for ZAZO. It was very cunning of the bird to try to guard her nest, and she did so through a desire to protect her little ones. She did not know how friendly your little birds were.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We are three sisters, having no brother. Helen's coming out has been very splendid, except for a Christmas gift. We like Mrs. Hay's stories as well as we do the grand pictures Mr. Hays used to paint, some of which hang in our parlor; we also like Mrs. Lillie's, Mr. White's, and Mr. Otis's stories. We visit New York every September, and we are hoping to see Harper's building, as well as St. Mary's and the little Cot patient. Please cast our love to the boys for next time. I also have two watch dolls, which were brought us from Paris by a friend, dressed in the French peasant costumes; we never saw any others in this country, and they are so odd. Helen would like to be a Little Housekeeper. — HELEN W., GERTRUDE, and SARAH ALMY G.

LEMON-NOG.—Beat one egg very light, sweeten, add juice of one lemon, then fill a tumbler with ice and water, and toss back and forth until quite light. — HILDEGARD W.

The Postmistress thinks it would be fair to have a tie in the next. Sister Catherine will let us know the decision when it has been made. Here is a reader who votes on the other side:

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I SAW your special in the Post-office Box from St. Mary's Free Hospital, saying that they wished the children to take a vote to see whether the next child in Young People's Cot should be a boy or a girl. I am in favor of its being a girl. — ALBERT R. K.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My aunt says it is a great help to her these summer holidays, and she has three of us. My brother is older than I am, and my sister younger; I am nine years old. I began a patchwork quilt the day I was five; it is not quite done yet, but I have given it to my music every birthday and every Christmas since it was begun. We have a cana-

ry-bird named Caro. Often other birds have come in the window to see him. You ought to hear how he scolds when they are too social, and eat his seed. We have, too, a beautiful big white cat named Tom; he is more afraid of a rat than anything else in this world. — NOLIE D. T.

Your cat ought to have been the one to wear the bell. You know the plan the rats once made to fasten a bell on the neck of the cat. It failed because none were bold enough thus to ornament Piss.

SEBASTIEN, TEXAS.

I am a little girl five years old. I have never been to any school except Sunday-school; I can not write myself, but my cousin is writing for me. I telling her what to say. My sister Mary and I take YOUNG PEOPLE. I like to hear her read the letters in the Post-office Box and some of the tales, but some of them are so long that I get tired before she finishes. I wish you would print this; it is the first I have written. — AGNES M.

You little darling! If you were here, I would like to give you a kiss. Your first letter is a very sweet one.

I. D. T. wants somebody who knows how the game of Lotto is played to kindly send him directions to our Post-office Box.—LUBY V. R.; We will try to gratify you, if we can.—R. E.; Your idea of a literary club is excellent, but you must not let it interfere with your studies, or the professors will frown.—JOSEPH S.; I would like to see those horses, and I hope you will write and tell me whether Fan, Bill, or Nancy is your favorite. —EMMA L. B.; I am sorry to disappoint you again, but you must write after school has begun, and tell me how you like it this term. —HANNA WOOD; I prefer a bay in Young People's Cot.—MILIE F. and JULIE Z.; Your pencil-writing was so faint that I could not read it. Use black ink, please, another time.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1. TWO EASY WORD SQUARES. 1.—1, To separate. 2.—A river in Asia. 3.—To turn. 4.—Sound of a bell. 2.—1, To dislike. 2.—A sea in Europe. 3.—A sound. 4.—Always. — K. FERGUSON.

- No. 2. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. The whole is a noted island composed of 10 letters.

- My 1, 2, 3, 4, 1 is a form of address. My 5, 4, 3 is a spur. My 7, 8, 9, 10 is a mark. My 3, 6, 7 is an American elastic fluid. My 3, 2, 1 is a bank to confine water. — LILLIE ZIMMERMAN.

- No. 3. HIDDEN WORDS. 1. Is Rob in the house? 2. Eric ran eastward. 3. See how Renwick can swim. 4. The college boys have had the eighth rush for the enig. 5. Now let us see you ride. — EUREKA.

- No. 4. ACROSTIC CITIES. 1. A city in Illinois. 2. A city in Maryland. 3. A city in Rhode Island. 4. A city in Massachusetts. 5. A city in North Carolina. 6. A city in Maine. 7. A city in Tennessee. 8. A city in Ohio. 9. A city in New York. 10. A city in Pennsylvania. 11. A city in New Hampshire. 12. A city in Nebraska. Initials compose the name of a prominent city on the Pacific. — EUREKA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 300

No. 1. T A S K M I T E N O P E N S O U P H D E T E A R S K E P T E A R S

No. 2. Golden Age.

No. 3. Elder-tree, Adrift, Mouse, Stone, Furniture.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Katie Ferguson, Harry Kensett, Eureka, Clara K., Robert L. Allee, Amy Berdan, Eleanor T. D., Margaret Carlock, H. A. Young, Elizabeth Stetson, Max Vane, Mary L. E., and Richie Price.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



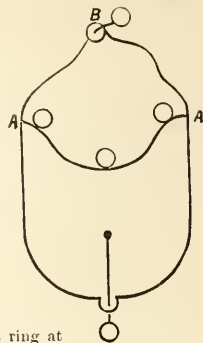
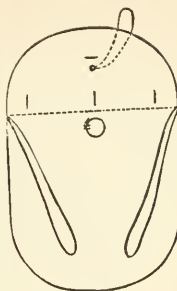
THE FIRST BATTLE-FIELD OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE PURSE AND RINGS PUZZLE.

CUT two pieces of leather as shown in the diagrams, only about twice the size.

In the first piece cut four slits (shown by the four short lines in the diagram). To the edges of the leather at the extremities of the straight dotted line attach securely pieces of round elastic, forming loops, as shown. Each piece of elastic, when doubled, should be slightly shorter than the length of the dotted line. At the back of the same piece of leather attach another loop of elastic. In the diagram the part of the loop at the back of the leather is shown by dotted lines, the end of the loop appearing above the leather. Where the circle is, sew a small metal ring, as shown. The ring must be of such size that it can be pushed through the slit just above it when the flap is folded down along the dotted line.

To the upper corners of the other piece of leather (A A) fast-



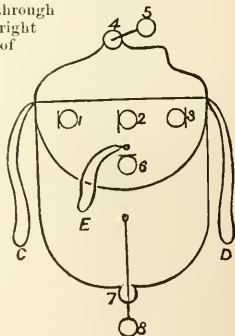
en pieces of round elastic, with a ring at the end of each, as shown at B, the elastic on the left to be first threaded through the ring on the elastic to the right (see diagram). To the edges of the leather sew four rings, as shown. All the rings are to be of the same size as the one previously used. And to the centre of this piece of leather fix another elastic, threaded through the ring at the bottom, as shown, and having a ring tied to the end of the elastic.

Then stitch the edges of the two pieces of leather together, and turn over the flap of the first piece so as to form a purse.

Push the rings through the slits 1, 2, 3, as shown in the diagram, and thread the elastic through the rings in the following manner: Pass the loop C through rings 1, 2, and 3, through ring 4, and over ring 5, then pull the loop back through ring 4, and pass it over rings 4 and 5. Pass loop D through rings 3, 2, and 1, through ring 4, and over ring 5, and then pull the loop back through ring 4. Pass loop E through rings 6 and 7, and over ring 8: loop E should be short enough to lie flat when drawn back through ring 7.

The purse is now closed, and is ready for presentation to any one who is desirous of opening it.

To open the purse, reverse the operations above described.



THE LITTLE COOPER.

HARPER'S
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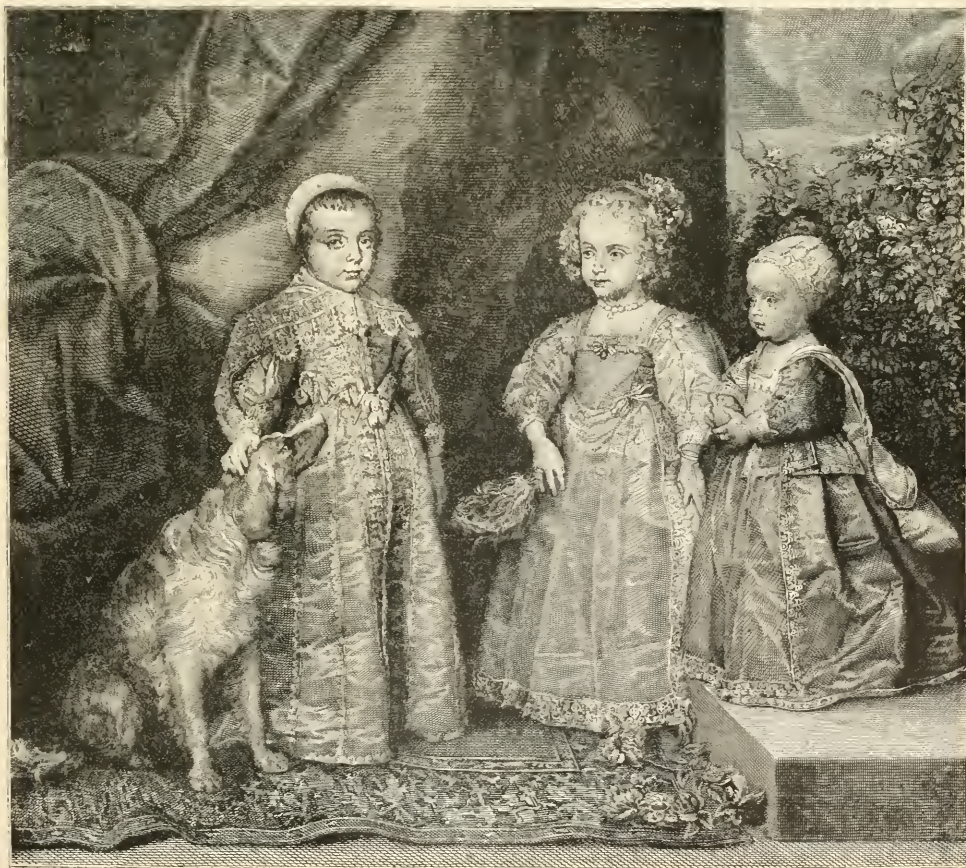
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THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.—SEE PAGE 738.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

ONE who goes to Turin and visits the gallery there will be likely to linger some time before the picture of three odd, old-fashioned children and their dog. This famous painting, a reproduction of which will be found on the preceding page, the guide-book will tell him—if he does not know it already—is the work of the great artist Vandyck, and represents the family of King Charles I. He will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the quaint figure at the left, looking like a little old woman, with a lace cap on its head, and a long scarlet froek, is Charles, the Prince of Wales, while the even funnier little object on the right, whose froek is blue silk embroidered with silver lace, is James, the Duke of York. Hardly any one would suppose them to be boys. The Princess Mary, however, who stands in the middle, beautifully dressed in white satin, is not to be mistaken.

Vandyck painted two more portraits of the same children, and with them their other little sisters and a baby brother, but this one is the earliest, as it is also the quaintest, of the three. The dog which Charles caresses, and the ball in the hand of "Baby Stuart," tell the story of their happy childhood. No children, indeed, could have been happier than those of King Charles at their home in Hampton Court. A great oak-tree in the park is pointed out now as the place where they used to play; we read of their merry games of hide-and-seek; and the visitor at Oxford is shown a silver staff on which the King used to measure, as fathers do now, their height from year to year.

But this did not last long. When Charles was eleven, Mary ten, and James between seven and eight, the civil war broke out, and the children were separated one from another. Charles and James remained with their father in England, while Mary, who had already been married to the little Prince of Orange, was taken by her mother to Holland. Here she was placed with the Prince's mother until she and the Prince, who was only a year older than herself, should have grown up. The marriage fortunately turned out a happy one, though the Prince died when he was only twenty-four years old, leaving Mary with a little baby boy, whose rights she had to guard against its ambitious grandmother and a crowd of scheming politicians. The boy, though he was feeble and sickly at his birth, and though his mother did not live to see his glory, grew up to be the great William III. of England.

While Mary was being educated in Holland both Charles and James—though the latter was but nine years old—were fighting by their father's side. Whatever hardships the King went through they shared, until finally, after four years, the King's cause became hopeless, and Charles was hurried away to the coast, and thence escaped to France. James at the same time was captured by the Parliamentary army and forwarded to London, where he remained for a year in captivity, with his younger sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and the little Henry, Duke of Gloucester, at St. James's Palace.

Finally an opportunity offered for him to escape. He was in the habit of playing hide-and-seek with his brother and sister every night after supper in the garden. One evening, when it was his turn to hide, he ran to his room, hurriedly changed his clothes, locked in his sister's favorite spaniel lest it should follow and so betray him, and stole through the garden door, of which he had secreted the key, to the lane outside, where a coach was in waiting. He was quickly driven to a friendly house, where a suit of girl's clothes was provided. Having dressed himself in these, he went on board a ship that was bound for Rotterdam.

The boat set sail, and, passing through a squadron of Parliamentary vessels at the mouth of the Thames, reached Holland in safety. Here his sister Mary received him with joy, and the three children were once more united.

They never saw their father or their little sister Elizabeth again. The King was shortly afterward beheaded at Whitehall, while Elizabeth died in captivity at Carisbrooke Castle. Charles, as every one knows, became King at the restoration in 1660. He was succeeded by James; and, by an odd coincidence, it was the son of Mary that took the English throne, and reigned jointly with his wife, who was James's daughter, when James himself ran away.

GOLDEN-ROD.

BY AGNES CARR.

"SEPTEMBER'S a King,"
 Dame Nature once said,
 As she gazed o'er the fruit-scented land.
 "His crown is the harvest,
 The orchard his realm,
 And he gives with a right royal hand."
 "Then grant me a sceptre,"
 September implored,
 "To be my insignia of rank—
 A rod of pure gold
 To wave o'er the land,
 And knight every hill-side and bank."
 "I will," quoth kind Nature;
 And drew forth a spray
 That was kess by the Midas sun-god,
 And his magical touch
 Burst in rich yellow bloom
 A graceful and fair golden-rod.

So September brings ever
 His feather-tipped wands
 To border each road-side with gold,
 And tell the glad world
 That the Harvest King reigns,
 And scatters his bounties untold.

A DEED OF DARKNESS,

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"DESDY! Desdy! What's dat chile gone, I wonder!" were the words which two bright-eyed little girls heard as they passed the low kitchen window of Mrs. Tatnall's pretty cottage, where roses and honeysuckles climbed in such profusion.

The girls were on their way to the church picnic, and were as pretty and gay as white muslins and pink ribbons could make them. They stopped for a moment and looked longingly at the beautiful flowers of the Tatnall garden.

"I wish we had some," said Mabel Morgan. "Our roses are all eaten up by bugs."

"An' why don' yer jist walk in an' ask Miss Tatnall for some?" said the same soft voice which just now had been calling "Desdy."

The girls looked up with a startled expression. There stood Aunt Chloe, her broad face beaming, her bright turban shaking, and her black hands white with flour she was kneading into bread.

"Jist cum along, honey. If Miss Tatnall's not aroun' I'll let yer take all de roses yer kin carry; an' if yer see Desdy, jist sen' her here to me. Don' know what's de matter wid dat chile; she's kantankeous to-day."

The girls looked at each other in a confused way, and shook their heads, declining the proffered favor; but Aunt Chloe insisted, repeating that "dere was such a lot of roses dey ought to be picked, an' Miss Tatnall nebber be-grudged flowers to nobody."

Thus urged, Mabel Morgan seized the scissors which Aunt Chloe showed them hanging on a peg, and soon had her hands full of the coveted blossoms; but Madge Taylor could not be prevailed on to take any. Her bright face was clouded, and she looked about impatiently as Mabel lingered in the garden, exclaiming at the beauty of each particular flower.

"Oh, come, Mabel!" she said; "we shall be late. One would think you had never seen a rose before."

"Nor have I ever seen or smelled any more delicious," said Mabel, hanging up the scissors, and giving Aunt Chloe a pleasant smile and "Thank you." As she did so she paused in a listening attitude, and asked:

"What is that sound?"

"I don't hear nuthin', honey," responded Aunt Chloe, giving a parting pat to her nice round loaves as she placed them in the pan to rise.

"But I do," said Mabel. "It is some one crying."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Madge. "What a goose you are, Mabel! You are always hearing something nobody else does. Do come along; we shall be late, and have no fun at all. Come; I'm going." So saying, she tripped off in a quick fashion, which Mabel thought a little rude.

"Don't yer stan' there now an' lose your fun, honey," said Aunt Chloe.

But Mabel did not move; she was quite sure now that she heard some one sobbing, and she begged Aunt Chloe to see what was the matter.

Muttering and grumbling in a queer way to herself, she came out of the kitchen, and followed the gravel-path to an arbor near, Mabel following her. The sounds grew louder as they approached, but in another moment ceased altogether.

"What's all dis goin' on out yere?" said the old woman, entering the arbor, and lifting from the bench a limp and dejected little object, down whose dark cheeks streamed a flood of tears. There was no answer, only a smothered sob and a convulsive heaving of a pair of small shoulders.

"Desdemona," said the old woman, with severity, "tell me what's de matter. 'Clare to goodness you's gib me a fright about nuthin'."

"Oh, I can't go to de picnic!" burst out in a tone of woe from the despairing Desdemona.

"An' why not, I'd like ter know?" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly.

"They won't have me—they said so. They said it warn't a picnic for enlld pussants—twas for white folks."

"White trash!" muttered Aunt Chloe. "I'd like to know of we ain't Tatualls, one of de fust families of Georgy, an' hain't you larned your catechism sence you was knee-high to a grasshopper? What 'ud Miss Tatuall say to see you lookin' like dis? Why, I nubber heard de like—but I nubber did think much of de abolitionists."

Here Mabel, seeing Aunt Chloe's rising wrath, took Desdy by the hand, and said, very kindly, "Don't you mind what anybody has said, Desdy. Just get ready as quick as you can, and I'll wait for you."

To tell the truth, Mabel felt not a little guilty. She knew that Madge Taylor had openly discussed the indignity of Desdy's sharing the pleasure of the picnic, and she, Mabel herself, had felt that it would be a great condescension if any of the girls asked Desdy; but now, seeing the child's sorrow, and knowing what a good girl she really was, and, above all, having accepted the roses, she was really ashamed of her foolish prejudice.

"Come, you must hurry; I can see the wagons filling up, and it is quite a long ride to the woods," she repeated.

Thus encouraged, and urged by Aunt Chloe, whose family pride was wounded at the thought of her granddaughter being slighted, Desdy dried her eyes, and ran in the house.

While Desdy braided her woolly locks and donned her best cambie gown, Mabel had to listen to Aunt Chloe's indignation. She knew she deserved the reproaches as well as the rest of her companions, so she submitted in silence.

"I tallus tote Miss Tatuall dat Yankee-land wuz no place fur her nor fur us; but when Marse Tatuall died she had to come Norf, so we comed wid her; but dis yer towu's

used to only de sassy sort o' niggers—not our disrespectable sort at all. Fur my part, I wonder Miss Tatuall puts up wid all de airs I see—it's de mos' ridiculous, risticratic, bombastical village ever wuz. But here comes Desdy in her best frock. She looks scrumptious, don't she, Miss Mabel? I reckon her cambrie's as good as anybody's, ef ole Aunt Chloe did make it."

"Of course it is," said Mabel, who was glad to be off, and seizing Desdy by the hand, away she scampered.

They were indeed late. The wagons were nearly full, and many were the words of surprise and disdain which Mabel heard as she and Desdy crowded into the vacant space. But Mabel was a brave girl. She was not astonished to see the contemptuous glances bestowed on her for having brought Desdy, and she felt she deserved some punishment; so she bore the glances, and even the nudges and knocks which some were rude enough to give, with calmness. As for Desdy, the contrast between her position now and a short time before was quite enough to make her indifferent to either nudges or knocks. It was sufficient happiness to be sitting in an open wagon full of gayly attired children with bright banners and flags and flowers, the sun shining, the birds singing, the bushes full of blossoms, and the joy of having on her best clothes.

The wagons stopped at a farm-house, where all were given a drink of milk, and then they were allowed to scatter as it pleased them. The house was surrounded by a thick grove and wide fields, in one of which a tent had been put up, a flag hoisted, and a band stationed.

In the excitement of the moment Mabel wandered off with her favorite friends, and forgot all about Desdemona, who happily was pleased with everything she saw, and did not notice that little by little all had gone and left her entirely alone.

The day was indeed beautiful, but the heat was intense, and as a light breeze sprang up and a few clouds appeared, every one was so glad of the relief that they were slow to see the signs of a coming shower.

Madge Taylor and Mabel Morgan, with several of their most intimate friends, were sitting under a branching oak (which offered delightful shelter from the glare of the sun) making wreaths for their hats, when one of the girls started up, declaring she felt a drop of rain. They all raced off at this, leaving Madge and Mabel alone.

"I would rather get wet than run in all this heat," said Madge; "besides, now we can have our lunch by ourselves instead of with the others, which I confess I prefer," and she drew out a dainty basket from beneath its leafy covering.

"I have mine too," said Mabel; "but it seems sort of selfish to be eating here all alone. Oh, I wonder if poor little Desdy will get any lunch? I know she forgot to bring anything, she came in such a hurry."

Madge nibbled a sandwich, and said, languidly, "How ridiculous in you to think of that girl, Mabel! You know well enough nobody wanted her to come."

"Yes, I know it; and I am sorry I was so unkind. I'm going to hunt her up, and give her something to eat this very minute."

In another moment she was gone. Madge flattered herself how superior she was to silly Mabel, and how cool and refreshing it was to sit quietly under this big tree and enjoy her luncheon, when a sharp vivid flash of lightning made her spring upon her feet and clap her hands over her ears to keep out the deafening peal of thunder. Cool, complacent, and superior, Madge was a coward in a thunder-storm. In an instant she had dropped her sandwich, and burst into tears, crying, "Oh, what shall I do?—oh, what shall I do? How cruel in everybody to leave me here all alone!"

Flash after flash, peal after peal followed in quick succession. Too frightened to run, or even to think, she stood

with clasped hands, the very statue of terror, her eyes closed, her face pallid, and her breath coming in quick short gasps.

Suddenly she felt herself grasped, by what or whom she knew not. Perhaps this was the way people felt who were killed by lightning; perhaps her hour had come. The grasp tightened, and somebody dragged her from under the tree out into the pelting rain—none too soon—for in another moment there came such a blinding glare and resounding crash that she was thrown upon her face in the long wet grass.

How long she lay there she knew not. It seemed hours. She dared not move; her garments clung to her, heavy with rain; her limbs seemed to be made of iron, and yet



DES DY.

she was conscious that voices were calling, and that the sun was again shining.

At last somebody raised her. A friendly voice addressed her: "Are you hurt, Madge?"

She sat up and looked about her. "No—I—don't think so," she replied; and then she saw a little limp figure lying quietly beside her, not moving, still with the stillness of death.

A little while later Madge suddenly opened her eyes, and seeing her mother beside her with an anxious look on her face, she inquired,

"What is the matter?"

"You fainted, dear; that is all."

"Did I? And where am I now?"

"At Mrs. Tatnall's. We brought you here because it was nearer than our home."

The voice was Mrs. Taylor's, and Madge was lying on a lounge in Mrs. Tatnall's best bedroom. She was confused by the strangeness of all around her, but gradually memory brought back the frightful storm and the strange incidents which followed.

"Mother," she whispered, "who was killed?"

"No one, my child."

"Oh yes, mother; some one was lying dead in the field there beside me."

"No, Madge. When you can bear it, I will tell you all. Swallow these drops now."

Madge obeyed, but, taking her mother's hand, begged to be told what had happened. After a little persuasion the mother consented.

"The storm came with so much suddenness that no one was prepared for it. Mabel Morgan was some distance off, looking for Mrs. Tatnall's Desdy, when she saw her rush under the tree where she had left you and drag you out from it. The next moment the tree was struck, and poor little Desdy was found insensible beside you. She has rallied, however, and the doctor thinks she will recover."

"Oh, mother, did she do that?" exclaimed Madge. "I felt some one grasp me, but I was too frightened to open my eyes."

"She saw your danger none too soon, my child. Humanly speaking, you owe your life to her."

"Oh, mother! mother! and I was one who would have kept her away from the picnic—because—because her skin was not as white as mine. Oh, mother, will I ever be forgiven?"

The mother whispered words of solace to her unhappy daughter, who, however, could not receive them, and it was long before her self-reproach could be calmed.

A few weeks after this Mrs. Tatnall was sitting on the piazza under her roses and honeysuckles; beside her, propped by pillows, was a little invalid. Her face was not white, but it had the wan, weak look of illness. The afternoon sun was sinking behind the trees, and making long shadows on the grass, when they heard the latch of the garden gate, and saw two girls advancing slowly. One carried some neat parcels and a basket of fruit, the other had some brightly bound books in her hand, and as Aunt Chloe leaned out of her window they beckoned her to approach.

"Why, how d'ye do, Mabel and Madge?" said Mrs. Tatnall. "You look as if you had come from the express office. Desdy's ever so much better this afternoon."

"We are glad to hear it. And how's Aunt Chloe?"

"Well, tank de Lord, now dat Desdy's goin' on all right. Why, 'tain't Christmas, chillens; dere's no snow on de groun'. What's de meanin' ob all dis?" said the old woman, eying the bundles which the girls were piling up before the astonished and delighted Desdy.

"Oh, we couldn't wait for Christmas, Aunt Chloe; it is so far off that we thought we'd have two of them, and so Desdy must open the parcels, and see if she likes what's inside."

"Like! why, de chile 'll be clar spoilt; sickness is bad enough for spilen chillen, but sich doin's as dis is 'nuff to turn any kin' of a head c'ar roun'. Can't hab no sich goin's on, nebber nohow."

Nevertheless Aunt Chloe was pleased, for besides books, and a paint-box, and a work-basket with a real silver tumbler, there was a pretty cashmere dress and white muslin for aprons, and besides all, an invitation for Mrs. Tatnall to bring Desdy to the sea-shore, where Madge and her mother were going.

A NAMELESS HERO.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

THIS is the song of a nameless man.
 Listen awhile till the deed is told
 Of one who ventured his life to save
 Another's, but not for fame or gold.

Winter had been both hard and long;
 Spring set in, and the brooklets ran,
 Swamping the meadows and breaking the ice
 Into mighty blocks. Then the floods began.

Red and roaring, the rushing stream
 On its heaving bosom the ice blocks bore;
 Stemmed at length by a bridge of night,
 It foamed and crashed with a sullen roar.

Crashed and dashed on the piers of stone,
 They yield at last to the fearful strain;
 The centre arch, with the keeper's house
 And helpless inmates alone remain.

Fiercer and fiercer roars the flood,
 Wilder the wind in the stormy sky.
 The keeper springs to the rocking roof:
 "Mercy, have mercy, great God on high!
 "Help for my helpless wife and child!"
 They heard him loud o'er the torrent's roar;
 Help, alas! there is none to bring;
 No boat could live if it left the shore.

Whose steed comes galloping hot with haste,
 And stops by the river raging wild?
 Count Alfen, who offers red gold to him
 Who'll save the keeper with wife and child.

Ears, a thousand, the offer heard.
 Hearts, a thousand, with grief are sore;
 They look at the ice, the flood, and the sky,
 But never a boatman leaves the shore.

"Boatmen, then, are ye cowards all?
 And must they perish within our sight?"
 "Try it yourself, Lord Count," they cried.
 "Alas!" said he, "for my strength is slight."

Out from the crowd a wagoner steps.
 A boat is launched with the speed of thought;
 'Twill save but one with his mighty weight,
 But his arm is strong, and he cares for naught.

Thrice he guides her with giant strength,
 Thrice hath he brought her safe to shore;
 Scarce had the last foot touched its planks
 When with awful crash the arch fell o'er.

Who was this valiant man of men?
 A simple laborer, brave and bold;
 "Grand was the deed," I hear you say,
 "But still he did it for goods and gold."

Listen, then. "Gallant the deed you've done,
 And well," said the Count, "have you earned the prize."
 Frankly and modestly answered then
 The valiant man with the fearless eyes.

"My life, Lord Count, is not for gold,
 Your money all to the keeper give;
 Lost in the flood is his little all,
 Yet he and his wife and child must live."

With a careless smile he turned and went,
 This man with the frank and the fearless eye;
 We sing of his fame, but what was his name
 Is known alone to the Lord on high.



FUN THAT MAY KILL.

WE want all the boys who are in the habit of smoking cigarettes, or who are beginning to learn how to smoke them, to pay attention while we tell them of a sad event that recently took place in one of our Eastern cities.

Among the number of bright boys who had set out to become business men was a lad fifteen years of age, employed in a lawyer's office. During his leisure hours and on Sundays he was in the habit of smoking cigarettes, the smoke of which he inhaled. From this he passed to chewing tobacco, and it is said that when he was not smoking a cigarette he always had tobacco in his mouth, and occasionally combined the two. His parents endeavored to break him of the habit, but all they could say and do had no effect. His health soon began to fail rapidly, and his family, who were not aware that tobacco would have such injurious effects, fancied that his weakness was caused by the close confinement which he had to undergo at his place of business.

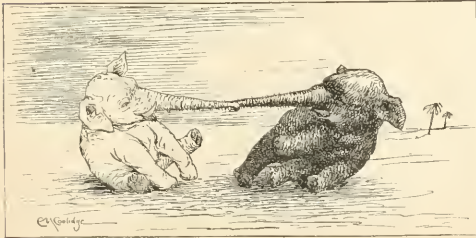
He soon became so ill that he could not sleep at night, and his appetite began to fail. His countenance was very sallow, and he had severe headaches. Finally his mother took him to see a physician, who, on examining him, thought that he was suffering from the want of the right kind of food, and prescribed tonics and things that are nourishing and strengthening.

But instead of improving in health the poor lad constantly grew worse, and was soon confined to his bed. The doctor then learned that the boy had been addicted to the excessive use of tobacco in every form, and he came to the conclusion that his patient was suffering from nicotine poisoning. Nothing that could be done had any effect in restoring the suffering boy. He lingered for about a week, when congestion of the lungs set in, and the heart began to fail in its functions. This was the beginning of the end. Within twenty-four hours he was dead, killed by the foolish habit he had formed of smoking cigarettes and chewing tobacco.

It would seem as if such a story as this would be all the warning a boy could ever want against cigarette smoking. But while we are on the subject we want to tell our boy readers something more about this foolish habit, and what makes it so dangerous and destructive to those who practice it.

A gentleman who writes a good deal for **YOUNG PEOPLE**, on making inquiries of one of the largest manufacturers of cigarettes in this city, was informed that the annual average of cigarettes consumed in this country amounts to not less than a thousand millions.

Now perhaps this statement in itself is not so very won-



PULLING FINGERS.

derful, when we think of the number of people in this country of ours; but take it in connection with the fact that the consumption of tobacco and cigars has not decreased in that time, and one naturally asks how it is that such an increase can be had in one form of smokers' articles without a falling off in the other forms of the material.

A gentleman who has two large retail tobacco stores, on being asked the reason of this increased demand, said that so far as his experience could be relied upon it was due mainly to the fact that they were consumed largely by boys who took their lessons in smoking by the use of these miniature cigars.

Now let us see if we can not find out a few facts about the materials that go to make up these cigarettes which are so universally used:

Of course the cigarette is made of tobacco rolled in what is called rice-paper; that every one thinks he knows. Each manufacturer of cigarettes says that his particular house uses none but the best Turkish, Virginia, or Havana tobacco; but that other manufacturers are perhaps dishonest enough to use cheap Maryland or Western leaves, while they also put in all kinds of material, such as old cigar stubs, and odds and ends of all kinds.

It is quite impossible to say that such material is used; but there is a very odd kind of a fact to be taken into consideration, which may have some connection with the charges some people make against cigarette manufacturers.

Five years ago there were but few cigarettes made in this country, and at that time the ends of cigars which were thrown into the street were considered worthless, unless it was to some of the newsboys and boot-blacks who were willing to put a great deal of dirt in their mouths for the sake of a smoke. Three years ago the demand for American-made cigarettes began to increase, and then the ends of cigars that had been thrown away had such a value that the Italian immigrants in this city began to gather them from the street, and to-day there are on Crosby and Mott streets alone, as has been found from personal inquiry, over a hundred men who make a living by gathering this refuse tobacco. That number may be found on two streets, and it is certainly safe to say there are others in the same business.

Is it not just a trifle odd that as the demand for cigarettes increased, so did that for cigar stubs? A member of a large cigarette-manufacturing company said to the writer: "You have heard of the new alkaloid from tobacco which a French chemist has just discovered? Well, our chemist was on the point of making that discovery just as it was announced to the world, and I assure you it is one of the most powerful of poisons, being very similar to sulphuric acid."

Every boy knows that rice-paper wouldn't hurt a fly in case he should smoke it; therefore when he buys cigarettes he is always careful to get those which are wrapped in that kind of paper, or at least those which it is said have rice-paper around them. Now let any boy go to a paper manufacturer and ask him the simple question as to whether he or any one else could make paper from rice, and the answer will be that rice has no fibre, consequently paper could not be made from it. The so-called rice-paper is made from rice straw, and it is easy to imagine just how much rice there is in it. The cigarette papers are neither more nor less than a kind of tissue-paper of different degrees of fineness; and that statement came from the same manufacturer who told about the poison.

It is well known that tobacco acts to a certain extent upon the brain as liquor does. Not long ago a gentleman who was anxious to know how this stimulant or narcotic—since it acts on different natures in both ways—might affect the brain of a growing boy, asked one of the leading physicians in this city what his opinion was in regard to the matter. This is what the physician replied:

"I can tell you what you want to know, or I can tell you how to find out, without any of the big words you are afraid of. Smoke one cigarette, then put a clean cambric handkerchief to your mouth, and breathe through it two or three minutes. You will find a yellow deposit, which went into your lungs, and if you have any common-sense you can tell yourself whether it is likely to be injurious." Had this physician known of the story with which this article begins, he could have said to what extent it might be injurious.

"Tobacco does not often kill people, for we know lots of old men who have always used it, and they are as lively as crickets," some bright boy may urge. But if he will study into the matter a little further he will probably find out that these men either did not use tobacco when they were growing boys, but only when they became men, with their minds and bodies developed and hardened to endurance, or that they had strong constitutions, such as we seldom find among our city lads of to-day.

And now, boys, for a last argument, even though it seems a trivial one after the terribly sad story which has been told you. This smoking of cigarettes makes you ridiculous. Grown people think you silly, and laugh at you when they see you trying to be men by this silly caricaturing of what all grown-up smokers themselves pronounce a foolish and senseless habit. See what fun our artist has made of boy smokers, with an absurd apparatus for consuming half a bunch at a time, which he thinks may yet be adopted by boys if this injurious fashion is not checked. He knows what silly fellows you are, and has taken this way of laughing at you and showing you how ridiculous you can make yourselves.

"DICK AND D."*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Nan," etc.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

WHERE IS NORRY?

"WELL," said Mr. Gurdle, speaking slowly, and with his head on one side and one eye closed, "if you'll swear you won't go again what I have to say to you once you're there; if you'll work, say, all the week for me; well—I'll think of it."

Dick wrung his hands again. His lively imagination began to picture all kinds of misery and ill treatment that Norry might be suffering. He knew that the fact of his being separated from himself was enough to cause the blind boy any amount of pain, and to be among strangers who were not kind to him would be a terrible experience to the poor lad. Dick exclaimed, eagerly:

"Oh, I'll work; yes, yes, indeed, Mr. Gurdle! Oh, couldn't you take me now? Oh, Norry will be so frightened without me! Oh, he's blind, he's blind!" cried poor Dick, in a fresh burst of sorrow.

"Well, now, remember. I'm—I'm a sort of keeper of the blind," said Gurdle, grandly; "that is to say, it's sorter my duty to pick up poor blind children an' have 'em taught to earn their living, an' if I'm kind enough to take you to your little brother you'll have to pay me for it in work. Do you hear that?"

"Oh, yes, sir, Mr. Gurdle, anything," repeated Dick. This, then, he thought, was just what his mother had feared. No wonder she had dreaded the "authorities."

Poor Dick, as almost any boy of his age will see, was very unlearned in the ways of the world, good or bad. Poverty, hunger, cold, and terror, were almost all he

* Begun in No. 190, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

knew of life, but beyond and over all was that strangely solemn trust in God. Surely the widow had not left her boys wholly unprovided for.

Mr. Gurdle rose up with great dignity, and told Dick to put up his few possessions and follow him. The boy lingered no longer than was absolutely needful, we may be sure. The bundle was quickly made up, though with trembling fingers, and so Dick passed out of the attic in Gurdle's keeping.

It seemed to the boy that their journey would never end. Mr. Gurdle conducted him across the Jersey City Ferry, and out in the horse-cars to a suburb, of which Dick could see nothing but occasional lights gleaming in the dark and the rain. Whither they were bound he cared not, so long as it led to Norry, and he was too well accustomed to the lower streets of the city to find the neighborhood strange or startling. At last Mr. Gurdle turned down a sort of alley with houses each side, and opening a door, led Dick up two flights of a rickety staircase. It was dark, but as they were nearly at the top Dick distinguished a tall figure on the landing, and could have been certain that he heard the voice of Mr. Brooks.

"Is that you, Gurdle?" the voice said, and then he seemed to see Gurdle catch hold of the figure, and knew that he whispered something, and that the other stood still while they passed.

This would have added to Dick's terror but for his being so bent upon reaching Norry. When they paused before a door in the top of the house his heart fairly stood still from excitement and dread.

Gurdle put a key into the lock, turned it, pushed Dick in, and then, closing the door upon him, locked it on the outside.

Dick at first thought he was alone, and in a trembling voice said, "Norry, Norry."

To his joy a well-known little voice answered, "Oh, Dicky, Dicky, come, come."

And Dick would have had to be blind and dull indeed had he not been able to grope his way to the place where Norry was sitting on the floor.

For a moment the two brothers could only hold each other tightly for joy, and then in hurried whispers Norry poured forth his story. How that afternoon Gurdle had come and taken him away, saying Dick would come soon, but warning him to make no resistance. "But he beat me, Dick," Norry whispered; "and I know he struck Trusty, he whined so much."

Dick set his teeth together with rage, but what could he do? He felt they were in Gurdle's power, and if he wanted to keep near to Norry he must do this man's bidding.

Norry's next communication frightened him still more.

"Do you know, Dick," Norry whispered, "I am sure I heard that Mr. Brooks's voice. I feel sure I did. They were talking on the ferry-boat, I think. I suppose they didn't think I heard, but I heard him tell Gurdle that the old gent, as he called him, would go to Marplains on the seventeenth, and they said something about whether he'd be sure to have the money up there with him. I tried to hear more, but I couldn't."

"Oh, Norry," Dick said, in an awe-struck whisper, "what could it mean? Could there be any plot against Dr. Field?" But if so, why should they want him and Norry? What could they do? Dick felt almost as if a stupor of terror was coming over him as he sat in the dark, holding Norry's hand in his, and dreading Gurdle's return, yet longing for it, that he might know just what was to become of them. And then he thought of the other Dick, of his cheery laugh, his ready generosity. Oh, if he were but here now! Dick felt as if he could work forever, could he hope to be once more in the comfortable house on Fifth Avenue, and within sight of Master Dick.

Gurdle's heavy step sounded and put all such thoughts

to flight. Within five minutes of his return Dick began to understand what was in store for them. As soon as the man had struck a light he came over to where the boys and Trusty were crouching, and administering a violent kick to the poor dog, ordered Dick to get up and make a fire. While the boy was doing so Gurdle told him he meant to stand no nonsense. Dick should do as he was told, or—Norry should suffer for it; and so saying, he took out of his pocket a whip, which he cracked ominously near the poor blind boy.

This was enough for Dick. As his trembling fingers moved he resolved to suffer anything to save Norry, and so he watched his new master with an almost painful eagerness, doing his bidding at the slightest word, and always seeking to keep his cruel thoughts away from the younger boy.

A wretched week of imprisonment, half starvation, and ill usage followed. The boys were kept in the dismal room, locked in when Gurdle was absent, and ill treated when he was with them. When the day came on which he informed them they were to "move on," Dick tried to feel his courage rising. Any change must be for the best.

They started late one chilly afternoon, and apparently Gurdle intended to walk to their destination, for they tramped along the desolate road two miles, the man occasionally urging them on by a push or a blow from his stick. Dick held Norry's hand closely in his. Both boys were weak from hunger and the ill usage of the week, but at least they were together.

At night-fall Gurdle stopped at a low-looking public-house, where the boys were given a piece of bread for supper, and a straw bed in one end of the attic.

What was to be done further neither of them could imagine. Holding Norry's hand in his, Dick tried to "think."

CHAPTER XI

THE ESCAPE.

THE room where Dick and Norry had been given a bed was long and low, with three dormer-windows, full of broken panes of glass; the roof was cross-benched and very much out of repair, and the floor creviced with time and bad usage.

As Dick lay thinking out what to do his eyes fell upon these cracks in the flooring, and once or twice he fancied he heard the murmur of voices from some place below. Norry, holding his hand tightly, had fallen asleep, and softly withdrawing his fingers Dick stole out of bed and over to the part of the floor where he heard the sounds.

Midway in the room a large crack enabled him, by putting his face close to it, to look down into the room below, and there he felt, rather than saw, it seemed to him, the figure of Mr. Brooks.

Brooks was in close conversation with Mr. Gurdle. For a moment Dick could hear nothing, so overpowering was this one fact. Brooks there! and if so, for what purpose? Then some words spoken by the two men seemed to float up to the boy, who listened as though more than his safety depended upon it. He knew that no good could be intended, and he now felt certain that a plot against Dr. Field was in progress.

"Are you sure you've got the boys well under?" Brooks was saying. And Mr. Gurdle answered: "Oh, yes. They won't dare to do anything again, me. You say the fifteenth is the best time? Wot if the old gentleman happens to go to New York?"

Mr. Brooks's voice answered: "I'll see to that. I'll make out how Master Dick is ill, and he has to come home, or—" Here Dick lost all the words of the speaker. Perhaps it was because such a cold terror had seized him that he could not hear, perhaps because the two men plotting a crime had lowered their voices. At all events, he heard no more for a few moments. The next words audible to

his strained hearing were, "You see, the boy ain't thought well of as it is."

Dick could not understand just what this meant, yet he felt it had to do with his relations to Dr. Field's family. I can not tell why the boy felt so sure harm was meant toward the people who had been his friends. As he listened there, lying on the floor, for a few moments fairly paralyzed by fear, there came into his mind one strong resolve. Somehow or in some fashion he must reach Marplains before these wicked men got there.

He turned himself over as noiselessly as possible and looked at Norry. The boy lay asleep, with Trusty curled up beside him. He could not leave them; he dared not alarm Norry; yet he could not let Gurdle or Mr. Brooks have any idea of what he intended to do. And where was Marplains? Dick recalled Master Dearing's talk about it. "On the Field and Dearing road," he had said, "twenty miles from New York." Well, the best way would be to escape if they could and walk along the road, asking their way and trusting to reach Marplains in time—in time for

and saw that there was a shed under the window, and this encouraged him. They could at least try what would be the result of escaping by this means.

"Norry," he said, touching the boy softly, "wake up; don't make a row."

The blind boy moved uneasily, then sat up and stretched his little hand out to meet his brother's touch. "Listen, Norry. We've got to run away again. Now don't you make any fuss; let me do it all, only mind you don't make any noise."

Norry had grown so used to Dick's managing things that he simply sat up without a word, while Dick moved softly about, gathering up one or two things. Carefully lifting Trusty in his arms, he covered him with an old comforter. Then he took Norry by the hand and went over to the window.

Once out upon the shingle roof, Dick had to explain to Norry that he would place him firmly on one of the pillars of the porch. He must then slide down, after which Dick and Trusty would follow.



"THEY TRAMPED ALONG THE DESOLATE ROAD."

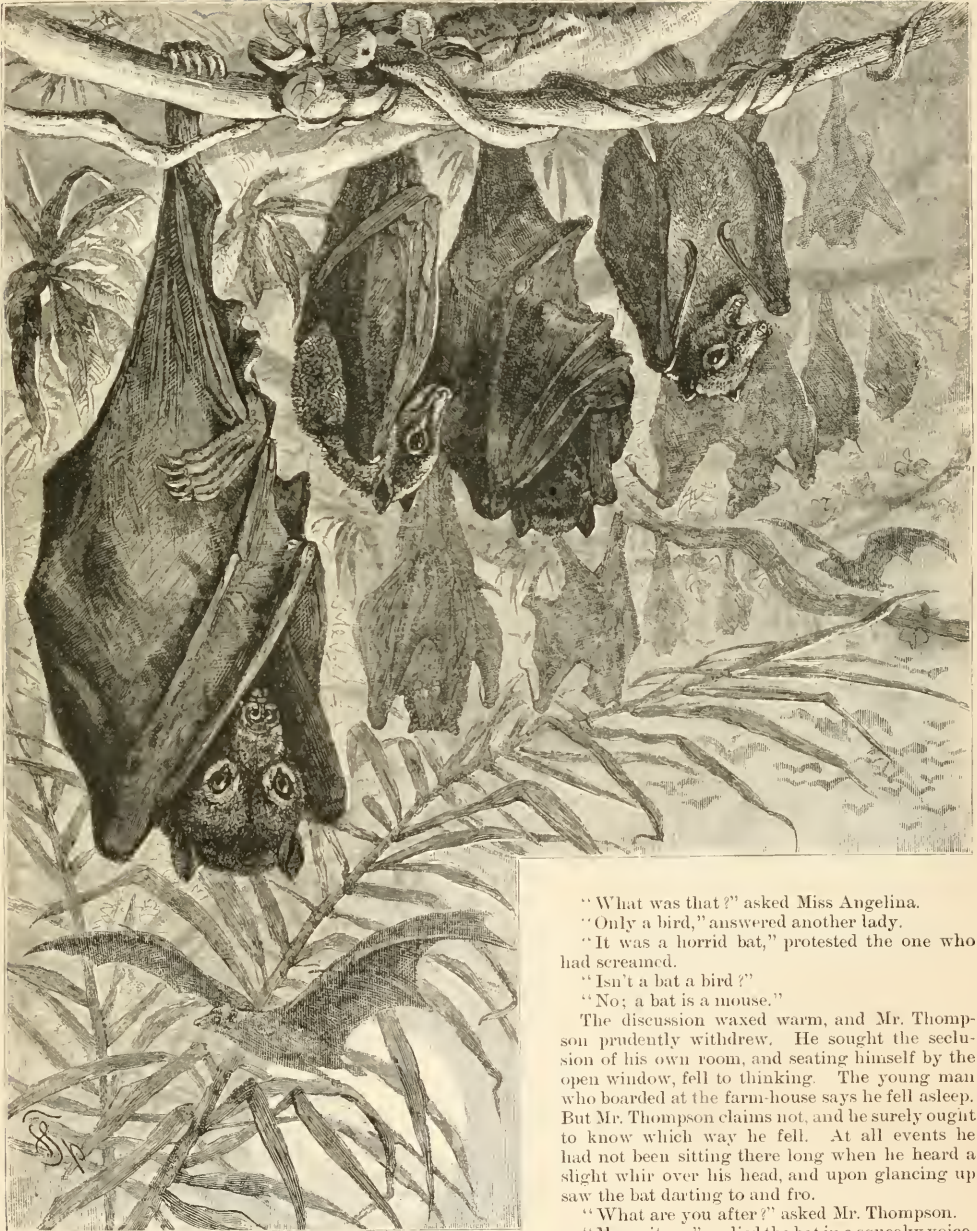
what? He only felt sure that it would be in time to avert something dreadful.

So thinking, Dick stole carefully to the window and looked out. There was the railroad track, two black lines in the snow; trees stood out around them; there seemed to be very few houses and very few lights, but Dick knew if they followed the track they would be safe. But *how* to get out to it? A little fall of snow from some point startled him. It was from a ledge of the roof, and struck something. Dick peered closer against the pane,

It may have been because the blind child trusted so entirely to Dick that he obeyed all these instructions without a word; at all events, Dick had never found Norry more easily managed. He whispered directions to him, told him what to do, and saw him glide down the pillar. A moment later, and with Trusty in his arms, Dick had easily accomplished the same feat.

The two boys with the dog were once again homeless and alone in the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MR. THOMPSON'S ADVENTURE WITH THE BAT.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON and the rest of the summer boarders were sitting on the piazza of the farm-house one evening early in September, when one of the ladies screamed. With a whirl and a "tweet" a dark object flitted over the heads of the company.

"What was that?" asked Miss Angelina.
 "Only a bird," answered another lady.
 "It was a horrid bat," protested the one who had screamed.

"Isn't a bat a bird?"
 "No; a bat is a mouse."

The discussion waxed warm, and Mr. Thompson prudently withdrew. He sought the seclusion of his own room, and seating himself by the open window, fell to thinking. The young man who boarded at the farm-house says he fell asleep. But Mr. Thompson claims not, and he surely ought to know which way he fell. At all events he had not been sitting there long when he heard a slight whir over his head, and upon glancing up saw the bat darting to and fro.

"What are you after?" asked Mr. Thompson.
 "Mosquitoes," replied the bat in a squeaky voice, not unlike the cry of a mouse.

"You can have them," said Mr. Thompson, generously.
 "Thank you," replied the bat, in a sarcastic tone.
 "Why don't you try to drive me out with your towel, as you did the last time I called?"

Mr. Thompson muttered something under his breath, and then added aloud, "I really did not know what you wanted."

The bat consented to forgive him, and, after a few more

wild dashes across the room, it came and settled itself on the window-sill near Mr. Thompson.

"So you live upon mosquitoes?"

"Not entirely. We eat gnats, moths, flies, and in fact almost any small insect which comes in our way."

"Then you don't bite people and suck their blood while they are asleep?" asked Mr. Thompson, with a vague recollection of having once heard something of the kind.

The bat laughed. "I guess you refer to the vampire-bats of Brazil," it said. "They sometimes bleed a horse or cow to death, but they rarely attack human beings."

Mr. Thompson shuddered.

"What about that story of your getting fast in ladies' hair?"

"That is all nonsense too," answered the bat. "We never do anything of the kind: on the contrary, we can tell by the feeling of the air when we are near any obstacle, and we always avoid it. That has been proved by the great naturalist Cuvier, who put out the eyes of some bats he caught, and let them loose in a room with a great many strings stretched across it. The bats flew up and down, and over the strings, and never touched one."

"After their eyes were put out?"

"Yes. You know that the atmosphere is in constant motion, like the sea, and the sense of feeling or touch is so delicate in us that we can tell when the air waves are broken by any solid object without touching it."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson.

"How would you like to come and see how we live?"

Mr. Thompson says that he don't know how it happened, but he thinks that it must have gone on while he was talking to his strange visitor. At all events, he found himself floating out of the window a full-fledged, or perhaps one should say a full-furred, bat. The spirit of mischief prompted him to dash wildly across the piazza, and he twittered in glee at the alarm of the ladies.

"Look out!" screamed one; "it will get in your hair!"

"Now is my chance," thought Mr. Thompson. "I will get a lock of Miss Angelina's hair without her knowing it is I." Accordingly he dashed over her head, and in passing caught a little piece of her bang in his claws.

"Oh, the horrid thing has hold of my hair!" screamed Miss Angelina, in terror.

"Kill it!" said one. "Pick it off!" cried another. "Hit it!" screamed a third. The whole party were in wild alarm. Finally one of the gentlemen solved the difficulty by cutting off the lock with a pair of scissors, and Mr. Thompson fluttered away, bearing his prize in triumph.

At last they reached an old stone barn. A part of the roof had fallen in, and through this break they dashed. Hanging, head down, by one claw, with a small bat folded in her wings, was a mother bat; beside her, hanging to the wall, was another young one.

"Had your supper?" asked Mr. Thompson's friend, as he hung himself by his heels from a beam not far away.

"No," answered Mrs. Bat.

"Better go and get it. I'll look after the children."

Mrs. Bat twisted herself around, and stuck the young one's heels into a soft place in the mortar. There it hung, head down, a little bunch of hair and India-rubber-like wings. The mother, disengaging herself, fluttered out through the break in the roof.

"How nice it would be," thought Mr. Thompson, "if people could only hang their babies up on the wall when they wanted to go out!"

Presently the mother came back and assumed her place beside her young ones. They bade her "good-by," and left the barn.

"Are the vampires the only large species of your family?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"Oh, my, no!" responded Mr. Bat. "We vary in size from the smallest bat of Europe, which is hardly larger than a young mouse, to the kalorg, or flying fox, of Java and

Ceylon, which has a stretch of wings of over six feet. We will take a run over and see them if you like."

"But it is a long fly," objected Mr. Thompson.

"Nonsense," replied the bat; "it is nothing. All you have to do is to wish yourself there, and there you are."

Mr. Thompson kept tight hold of his lock of hair and murmured, "I wish I was in Java." To his surprise, the earth began to revolve rapidly, while he remained stationary in the air.

"You see," explained his companion, "we take advantage of the fact that the earth moves. We'll just keep still, and drop down on Java when it rolls up. The earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, as you know. All we have to do is to keep still and we can go round the world in a day."

The explanation looked reasonable, and Mr. Thompson was just making up his mind to always adopt this method of travelling in future, and thus avoid the perils and unpleasantness of a sea-voyage, when he began to feel the air grow warmer and to perceive that it was laden with the odor of spices.

"Here we are!" exclaimed his guide, alighting.

They were in a dense forest or jungle of tropical trees. All was quiet and still save the occasional sharp bark of the jackal or the deep roar of a lion in the distance. Suddenly there was a great fluttering, and a crowd of dark bodies appeared through the branches.

"They are coming back from the sugar fields or the fruit orchards," whispered Mr. Thompson's companion. "They go out every night to feed on bananas and sugarcane, or in fact, any kind of fruit, and one flock can do an immense amount of damage in a few hours. They always travel in flocks, sometimes so many together as to obscure the moon."

Mr. Bat paused. All was quiet again, but hanging from every branch was one or more of the kalorgs, looking like a bag hung up by a corner, with a fox's head sticking out of the bottom. They wrapped their leathery wings about themselves like great cloaks, and gazed about with their sharp black eyes in a most comical fashion. One nearest to Mr. Thompson stared at the poor man so fixedly that he thought surely he was discovered, and in his alarm he dropped the precious lock of hair.

His companion saw how frightened he had become, and mercifully whispered that it was time to return. Mr. Thompson was only too delighted with the suggestion, and they fluttered up above the trees, and waited in mid-air while the earth turned under them. But this time the rapid movement of the planet seemed to make Mr. Thompson dizzy. He began to fall just as the ocean was rolling under him. The spray dashed into his face, and the water lapped his feet. He made one despairing leap, and found himself standing beside the window in his own room. The sash was up, and a heavy shower had commenced; his feet, which had been resting on the window sill, were soaked with the cold rain.

Mr. Thompson closed his window, and went to bed. He determined not to say anything about his adventure; but at the breakfast table one of the ladies remarked,

"I am so afraid of bats, and particularly of their getting fast in my hair."

"A bat never gets fast in your hair," said Mr. Thompson, with an air of great wisdom.

"But one did last night," said Miss Angelina. "They had to cut off a piece of my bang."

Mr. Thompson felt anxiously in his pocket.

"I left it in Java," he murmured.

"Left what?" inquired all, in chorus.

Mr. Thompson was at first disinclined to speak on the subject, but finally, by dint of judicious questioning, the whole story came out. He retired in high dudgeon when the young man who boarded at the house suggested that it was nothing but a nightmare.

CANADIAN DAYS
BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.
III
DELIVERANCE.



FROM the looks of the sky, we are certainly going to have a change of weather," said Cal. "I am afraid there will be a storm, Gabriel."

Gabriel made no reply, and Cal saw that he was sitting a little apart from the rest, and with his back turned to them.

"What are you doing, Gabriel?" Calvert inquired.

His friend seemed to be writing.

"You say that you think a storm threatens us?" asked Gabriel, looking up.

"It looks so," replied Cal.

"And you know as well as I that the *White Squall* never came—"

"Yes," answered Cal, interrupting him.

"Well, what else? Read that, then," Gabriel returned, holding out a piece of coarse paper torn from something, on which, with a leaden "sinker," were scrawled these words:

"Somewhere on Lake Superior, September —, 187—. We, Clarence Calvert, Job Waller, Felix and Stephen Beaubien, and Gabriel de Zouche, of Prince's Settlement, Ontario, Canada, are to-day Drifting on our Raft *White Squall*. We Don't Know Where we Are. Can not See in Smoke. Were Burned out of Our Camp two Days ago. We Expect a Storm —"

"Well, what else? And what are you going to do with that thing, at any rate?" said Calvert, quickly, glancing from the scrawled scap of paper to Gabriel's still face. His friend made no answer, but presently took the billet from Calvert's hand, and added to its message.

"Good By All. G. d. Z."

The finished sentence came home to Cal like an arrow. He said no more, but silently watched Gabriel as he took a mink-skin from beside him and rolled the letter within it. Then with a leather shoe-string he drew all the corners of the skin so tightly together, and thonged them so evenly and closely, that water could not easily penetrate to the contents. Gabriel then secured the skin with a stout cord to the butt of a light fishing-rod, and slyly looking around, to be sure that his action would not be noticed by Job and the two others, he hurled rod and skin far out on to the waters. Then his eyes met Calvert's.

The other boy had just put out his hand to clasp his friend's in token of sympathy, when their attention was suddenly attracted by one of the party, who cried out:

"Look there! What can that thing be? It's coming toward us!"

A curious dark object was floating at a considerable distance, and seemed to be advancing through the mists. It loomed up clearly now—a huge, charred tree trunk, on which moved restlessly up and down a dark animal. The boys forgot their anxieties as they recognized a very young black bear balancing himself upon his ark of safety.

"Poor fellow!" said Job: "he has been forced to run from the fire just as we did. Only he has had to swim for it, I dare say, until he paddled up to that pine there."

"It seems cruel to fire at him," spoke Cal's quiet voice from behind the four, "but I must do it." He had remembered that theirarder was fast becoming empty.

The *White Squall* was fairly abreast of the great floating pine trunk by this time. Its shaggy young passenger was staring mournfully across at the raft. Perhaps he learned his first and last lesson in human kindness as, with Cal's and Gabriel's bullets, he dropped into the water with one cry of pain.

The contents of the bag were beginning to run threateningly low. Calvert, lying awake in the night, thought gloomily of this and the general prospects before him and his companions. He thought on, until, all at once, a light wind began to come in pulls.

"The water is roughening," spoke Job's voice in the darkness. "Do you think the storm is up, Cal?"

"I don't know what to think," responded Calvert, raising himself on his elbow, and gently drawing his hand away from Gabriel's clasp. "There is something curious about this wind."

Strange to say, it continued, that newly risen breeze, but did not swell to angrier strength. It kept on steady, fresh and warm. Soon it seemed to have shifted its quarter entirely, and a thrill of hope trembled within Calvert's heart as he felt it full and gentle, making the wavelets leap before it, and direct from the south—the blessed south.

Before such a breeze must the mist and smoke, the fog and drizzle, fly apace.

The boy could contain himself no longer now. "Fellows! fellows!" he cried out, joyously, "I say! Do you feel this breeze? Well, if it keeps on from where it does now—"

"What of it? What will happen?" exclaimed five voices, eagerly.

"Why, we shall see the sun or the coast line to-morrow!" Cal concluded his sentence with something like a choke in his voice.

Would what he had said come about?

It did. All night long came from the sunny south that blessed wind of hope and rescue to the weary crew of the *White Squall*. Before it, far overhead, and round about, went rushing back to the north those vast columns of smoke and vapor. With straining eyes the light was watched for, wherein lay either rescue or the cruellest of disappointments. And, and when slowly a struggling white mounted the east (for the first time in three days known as the east); when a pale rosey flush followed it, and deepened into red and purple; when the sun, the old glorious yellow sun, leaped into sight and brought out in plain view on the right of the *White Squall* a low line of dark coast—ah! do you wonder that all these beautiful things were greeted with ringing cheers from Cal, Gabriel, Job, and the two Beaubiens, until a silence followed in which nobody thought of looking to see if there were tears in his neighbor's eyes—for very good reasons?

This story is done; for with the landing that same afternoon of the crew of the *White Squall* hadn't it better be?

How Cal and Gabriel piloted the rest of the party safely back to an unburned Canada village called Prince's Settlement, within a two days' tramp of their landing-place; how they were received by the friends and relatives there; how the stories of the escape of the boys and the equally narrow one of the Settlement were compared—why, any one in the village can tell the reader these things if he will go up there next summer.

A few days after their return Cal and Gabriel walked over to Arrowhead Point to find their late camp ashes, and the brush about it burned to the beach. But strangest of all was their finding, late in October, some three or four miles up the coast, a broken fishing-rod lying on the sands. To it was tied securely a draggled mink-skin, containing a damp paper wherein were scrawled a few faint lines, beginning, "Somewhere on Lake Superior, September —, 187—," and ending, "Good By All. G. d. Z."

THE END.

FANCY EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.



AMONG a collection of articles that had been brought from China I once saw a beautiful scarlet cape. It was stiff with embroidery, which seemed at first sight to be very elaborate and difficult; but on examining it I saw that the intricate pattern which went waving and curving all over the garment was

all wrought in the simplest of stitches—so simple, in fact, that a mere child might have done it.

First a line was worked in stem stitch, as at the line 1, 2, in Fig. 19, and then stitches were taken each side of the line, giving a feathery effect, as seen in Fig. 20. These stitches should be taken first on the right side of the line, making a long stitch on the upper side of the cloth and a short one below, working from you, and then the stitches should come down on the left side of the line, working toward you, as shown at C and D (Fig. 20). I know of no stitch so easy as this, and none more effective for the amount of work. The petals of the little flowers are made by a single stitch, like a chain stitch (see E, Fig. 20), then the needle is pushed through the cloth and brought out on the under side, thus making a little point to each petal. This is the easiest and prettiest way to work daisy petals.

This design (Fig. 20) would be pretty for a border to a linen apron, worked in two shades of silk, the lines darker than the little feathery rays or flowers. It would also do well as a border for any kind of tea cloth or bureau cover, and could be worked very rapidly.

Girls who say they do not like these "washed-out" colors often ask me for some pretty design to work on maroon

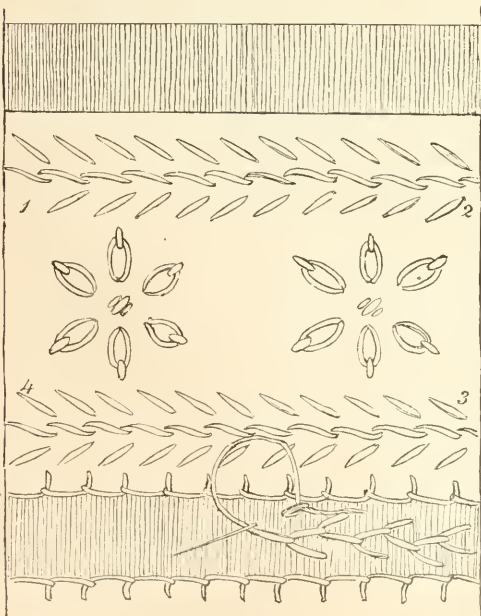


FIG. 19

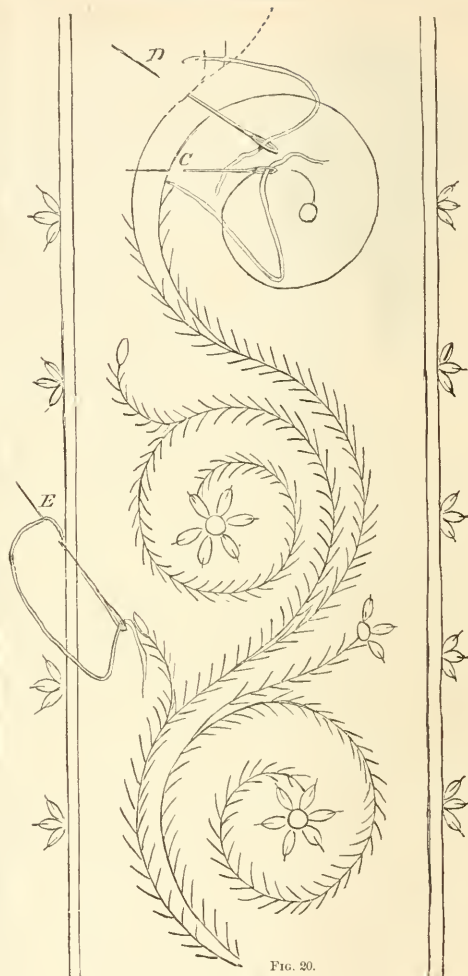


FIG. 20.

felt or cloth. One of the best maroon stripes I have ever made is represented in Fig. 19. It is set with other stripes and colors in an olive portière, but it can very well stand alone. The stripe is a rich maroon. The Chinese feather stitch, 1, 2 and 3, 4, is worked in a lighter shade of maroon or cardinal, and the flowers in a shade so much lighter as to be quite scarlet. The stripe is held in place by black worsted braid, button-holed down in yellow, and ornamented with a line of herring-bone of the same color.

This curtain stripe, of just the width here given, was worked before the days of crewels, in ordinary worsteds, but it can be made finer and smaller, and worked in either crewels or silks. I give the full width, as many of you will be likely to have shades of scarlet and cardinal worsteds on hand. The space from F to G, leaving out the braid, would do well for a border around a maroon felt table cover or across the ends of a table scarf of the same color. It should be worked an inch and a half or two inches from the edge, and it can be done by a girl ten years old as easily as by one of twenty if the lines are only ruled, which can be done with a colored pencil (yellow), or with a piece of chalk.

then add the pounded almonds and the flavoring, and let them simmer very gently over a slow fire for ten minutes, stirring occasionally; at the end of ten minutes add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, and stir over a quicker fire till the mass becomes firm; take from the fire, and when cool beat in seven yolks of eggs, consisting of six slightly first with oil of sweet almonds; make into small cakes, and spread on sheets of paper; bake in a hot oven.

KNOWTON, QUEBEC.

I am a little girl eight years old. My sister Emily and I have very good times playing together. We invent funny games, and sometimes we draw pictures in the mud with sticks, and sometimes we make rhymes. This is one I made about myself yesterday:

There is a little country girl,
Her name is Bessie C.;
She is a lover of the nightingale
That sings in woods so free.

She's not a pretty little girl,
Though her hair is long and brown,
And her eyes are blue and hazel,
As she runs about and round.

Her nose is short and stubby,
Her lips are thin and white;
She never likes to go to bed
If it's a stormy night.

I believe it is the greatest trial I have, to go to bed when the wind blows. This is one of my sister Emily's rhymes about water. She wants to go to the sea-side very much, and I think that is the reason she likes to write about the water:

Water flowing peacefully
In the little brooks,
Water flowing softly,
How beautiful it looks!

Water roaring noisily
In the great wide sea,
Water roaring loudly,
How lovely it must be!

One day my little sister Sarah was playing with her doll, and she wanted a pin to pin its dress with, so she said, "Pin, pin, where you been?" and I said that, "I have passed one." And all thought it was funny, for she was only two years old.

Papa took us for a ride out to Lake Memphremontag the day we took a walk. We had a little picnic on the lake shore. It is fourteen miles from here, and on the road we passed a very pretty place. It is in the woods, and there was a big high rock, with a little brook tumbling over it, and a clump of trees above it, and lots of moss and ferns around. We met a man leading a tame fox. We thought it was very pretty, but the man said it liked chickens when it had a chance. There was a little brook that ran along the road in one place, and whenever the road turned the brook turned too; it seemed just as if one was made to follow the other. We passed one mountain that had a square rock upon it, and some others that were covered with woods. We came home another way, so as to go to Bolton Spring. The water comes out of a little hollow in the solid rock, and has a very strong taste, and does not like it. Emily took her doll Rosie, and I took Maud; we have thirteen dolls altogether.

I have never been to school, but I like reading very much. The last book I read was the *Idle, Wild, World*, and I like the part where Ellen was at her aunt Fortune's the best. Now I am reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and have got to where Matthew and Mercy were married. My little brother laughs every time we call him pretty boy. He is only two months old, and we all love him dearly. Mamma is writing this for me, as I can't write, and I hope it will be printed, so I can surprise papa. I send love to the Postmistress.

BESSIE C.

So did I like best that part of Ellen Montgomery's story in which she lived at Aunt Fortune's, and bad that sweet Miss Alice for a friend. Yet I've always felt as if it would do me good to shake Aunt Fortune herself. Do you know that the one of the most provoking things she did was to color Ellen's pretty white stockings, and now the fashion has changed so that if Ellen were living to-day we might not persuade her to wear a white stocking? I like to be told what books my children are reading.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

As I have never seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write, so you might know there was a little girl in Ottawa who had named through *Young People* to love you. I have two pets—a little brother three years old, named Eskine, and a young bird just commencing to sing, which will be a fine bird. I have been to school very little, as I am not very strong. Ottawa is a large lumbering place, and the capital of Canada. We have lived here six years. Our home here was in a large hall, with wide corridors, and would like the pattern of the Nautilus, size twelve inches. My little brother sees me writing, and says, "Ask the lady to come and 'tay for tea some

day." I have taken *Young People* for two years. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers, and I would send a receipt for a pudding that I know is nice.

BESSIE M.

Thank the sweet little boy who wants the lady to come to tea, and tell him she loves him ever so much for his invitation. We have had letters from Ottawa, dear child, but are very much pleased to receive yours. I hope you liked the Nautilus.

St. HELENA, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I had *Young People* for a present on my last birthday. I caught a young rabbit and a young bird, but they both died. I have a new dog four months old that is quite playful. I have a little brother six years old, named Eddie, and a little sister two years old, named Cora.

GRACEY C. B.

Mrs. G. R. B. Chaney's mother, in a line accompanying his letter, commends *Young People* as the best paper for boys she has ever seen. She says it is a happy idea to let them exchange various articles of interest, containing information with pleasure, and declares that, as a whole, *Young People* is "just the thing" to enter a home.

BROOKFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

Although my brother Kenneth and I have taken *Young People* for the first number, this is my first question to the Post-office Box. I saw in *Young People* No. 39 that Earl V. G. had answered a question of Halle M. G.'s with regard to a quotation. For nearly four months I have searched for the name of the author of the lines,

"Little things on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."

So far, however, my search has been unsuccessful, and I thought perhaps Earl V. G. or some other one of the readers of this paper could help me. I have a little friend in New Jersey who sends it to me, and I like it very much. My little sister, nine years old, and my brother, just older than myself, enjoy it equally as well as I do, and the sweet baby Berta looks at the pictures by the hour. I noticed a letter from one of my little school-mates in your paper, and I hope this is not too long to print, as it is the first I have written to you.

ELOISE S.

Another question for the bright eyes which hunt up quotations. The Postmistress hopes somebody may be able to tell Grace from what poem the couplet comes, although she does not very much like the thought expressed. The Little Housekeepers will notice the other request.

CARTERSVILLE, GEORGIA.

I am an unknown friend of yours, but I thought I would write and tell you how I got *Young People*. I have a little friend in New Jersey who sends it to me, and I like it very much. My little sister, nine years old, and my brother, just older than myself, enjoy it equally as well as I do, and the sweet baby Berta looks at the pictures by the hour. I noticed a letter from one of my little school-mates in your paper, and I hope this is not too long to print, as it is the first I have written to you.

ELOISE S.

We are two of the many readers of *Young People*, and we love to read the letters in the Post-office Box, and to get and to give letters to our pets, so we want to tell about ours. We have a large white rabbit named Bunny, an iron gray pony named Nellie, and a Maltese cat named Toot, with four dear little kittens. We would like to have this letter put in your nice paper, if the Postmistress thinks it worthy of publication. Hoping it is not too long, we close by sending love and best wishes from

ROSE AND DANNY.

NEW YORK CITY.

We thought we would write to you. We enjoy *Young People* very much. We call Tuesday "Harper's day," and have the front hall door to see which one of us can get our paper first. Yesterday was our birthday. One of our presents was a bound volume of *Young People* for 1887; and I was delighted with it. We are glad of Mrs. Little's stories to be printed, for we like them. We are twin sisters, ten years old, and we send this letter from both of us. We have three nephews in England, but we have never seen the youngest one.

AMY B. and ANGIE H.

You forgot to tell me whether, being twins, you are so much alike that people can not tell Amy from Angie. I wonder if I could. I was greatly puzzled by a pair of twin sisters last summer, and when they found it out they thought it very funny.

Dorothy Gray, Lizzie W. R., and Jennie G.: Your stories, which are very well written, shall appear as soon as the Postmistress can make room for them.—Sammy A. will please send his full address to De Eloise L., Box 774, Portsmouth, N. H., and to A. K. Rhodes, Stroudsville, Penn., as these young gentlemen wish to correspond with him. De Bloise was the first boy in the North to write

to this boy in the far South. Rachel L.: I am sorry you have so often been disappointed about your letters. I am very glad you passed the examination for the High School successfully, and you may write and tell some of the little sister's cute sayings.—Laura M. B. has written this little song for school-girls:

Ding dong, ding dong,
Rings out the school-hell merrily,
Come on, come on—
You can come now cheerily.

Go along, go along,
The mothers all cry,
Don't you hear the school-hell's song?
Be quick, be spry.

Very cleverly rhymed, my dear. Thanks for favors are due to Fred U. C., Jessie C. D., Edward M., St. Elmo S., Ida E. K., I would like to see your birds, Lewis F. (covers are fifty cents each; you cannot obtain all the numbers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, as some of the early numbers are entirely out of stock, and will not be reprinted), Pauline and Henrietta M. (you will be welcome among the Small Housekeepers, Mmie H., Willie K. C., Kate F. J., M. A., Gerlie and Sadie G., all the way from England the pressed flowers came safely), Mary L. M., Rosa W., Edgar B. P., Arthur G. B., Ralph H. F., Addie G. S., F. B. D., Jessie H., H. B. B., Madeline A., and Lonie S. H. Inquirer: In sending for the Nautilus inclose a 5-cent stamp.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
1.—1. A letter. 2. A girl's name. 3. A Territory. 4. An exclamation. 5. A letter.
2.—1. In clam. 2. A vessel. 3. Melody. 4. Something to eat. 5. In clam.
3.—1. In oyster. 2. A door. 3. An alphabet. 4. Part of the head. 5. A letter.
4.—1. A letter. 2. A meadow. 3. A fish. 4. A particle. 5. In Harlem.
5.—1. A letter. 2. To succeed. 3. Not heavy. 4. A letter. 5. A letter.
6.—1. A letter. 2. Consumed. 3. A communitarian. 4. To destroy. 5. A letter.
7.—1. A letter. 2. To essay. 3. To twist. 4. A pronoun. 5. A letter.

No. 2.
GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A large river in Europe. 2. A country of Europe. 3. The largest city in the Union. 4. A river in Asia. 5. One of the great lakes. 6. A city in France. 7. A province of Germany. 8. A city in Indiana. 9. A province of Austria. 10. A city in Chili. 11. An island southeast of Australia. 12. A river in Asiatic Turkey. 13. A city in Virginia. The initials read downward from the name of a great American statesman. CLARA K.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 201.

No. 1.—1. Fear. 2. Ray. 3. Clear. 4. Fairweather. 5. Charles. 6. Land's End. 7. Sable. 8. Sandy. 9. Race. 10. Worth. 11. Boy. 12. Part. 13. Race. 14. North. 15. Horn. 16. Good Hope. 17. Farewell.

No. 2. S P R I N G E
P E R O R I A
R O T A S
N I L
G
A

No. 3. M I L A N
I M A G E
L E A P S
N E A T S

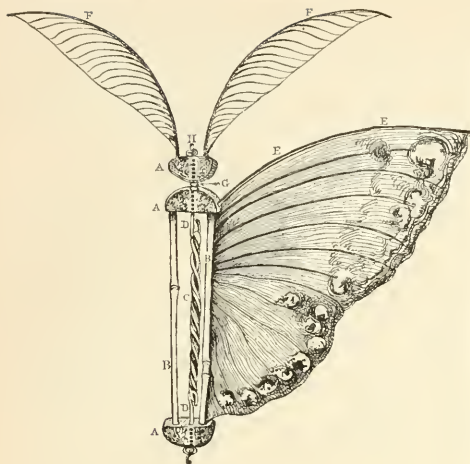
No. 4. F N
S I G A L L E R
N A G A
R N
A M
A P E M
A P P L E M
E L F N
E N P

No. 5. A giraffe.

The answer to "Who Was He?" on page 704 of No. 201 is Washington Irving.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from C. W. Gatty, Franklin J. C. W. Reynolds, May and Laura, Eureka, S. J., Maude Andrus, Ida E. Hequemberg, Clara G. Moore, Carrie L. Howart, sporting Bob, Fannie, Bryden, Maggie and Ted Bremer, Lewis D. Jenkins, Emily Wiseman, H. H., Joe K., and Mattie Plover.

[For Exchange, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A FLYING PAPER BUTTERFLY.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

THE success of this toy depends entirely upon the lightness of the materials used in its construction.

The breadth of the wings from the tip to the body is four inches, the breadth of the body a little over one inch, the other parts being in proportion.

The antennæ, or "horns," F F, consist of the very thinnest of tissue-paper (I have found the manifold paper used by reporters to be the best), stretched on arching splints of bamboo or broom-corn whisks, as shown at F F. These horns are inserted in a piece of cork shaped as shown at A. A second and third piece of cork, A and A, similarly shaped, form the upper and lower parts of the body, into which are fastened two straws, B B.



These straws must contain a joint to insure greater strength. The frame-work of the body is now complete.

The large wings, E E, are composed of the same materials as the horns, one splint being used for each wing, as shown at E E. The sides of the wings are glued to the straws B B, after which the paper wings are painted to resemble the markings and colors of a butterfly. Through the two upper corks, A A, passes a wire, which is in the form of a hook, as shown at D. A similar wire hook also passes through the lower cork, to which it is made fast, as shown at D. These hooks are for the purpose of holding the two elastic rubber bands, C, that can be twisted or wound up by means of the movable head, H, which works or revolves on two washers, consisting of two small glass beads, G.

When the rubber bands are twisted up to their fullest capacity the butterfly is thrown up into the air, and the unwinding of the rubber bands acting on the upper hook causes the head cork, H, and the horns, F F, to revolve rapidly, thereby sustaining the butterfly in the air, and causing it to move about with a circular jerking motion.

The cork-work and the frame of the butterfly are covered with tissue-paper, and colored. It is very amusing to watch the flight of this novel insect. When seen a little distance off it is not so very unlike a real butterfly. It is much easier to catch, however, and when once it has reached the ground it must be wound up before it can continue its flight.

ENIGMA.

WITHIN a cavern arched and dark,
Where never yet did daylight gleam,
Concealed from every eye but One,
There bubbles forth a living stream.

Through pipes and conduits manifold
Still on and on the current goes,
But to the self-same source returns,
As endlessly it ebbs and flows.

Life-giving power it brings to all
The structure that it passes through;
No part has either less or more
Than is its own proportion due.

And each remotest corner feels
The wondrous vivifying force;
The lily white and blushing rose
Bloom on the meadow o'er its source.

A wondrous clock-work drives the stream,
Whose pendulum goes on and on,
And ceaseless measures out the time
Till minutes, hours, and days are gone.

When weeks and months have passed to years,
Will come at length its latest day;
The clock will stop, the spring dry up,
And all the structure fall away.

THE KINDNESS OF DOGS.

ALADY has a pug-dog, also a cat, of which the dog was always very jealous, chasing it about whenever it saw it. Not many weeks since the pug astonished its mistress by coming up to her, sitting up and begging, then barking, and running a little distance from her, till it became evident that it wished to persuade her to come with it. It continued to beg and to run on in the same manner till it led her out into the garden, to the foot of an apple-tree, against which the dog raised itself on his hind-legs and barked loudly. On looking up the lady saw the cat with a trap on its foot, evidently in great pain. She got it down and relieved it of the trap. The dog showed the greatest joy, and on the cat being placed on the ground, the dog, which before had never done anything but hunt and worry it, licked it all over and over, and ever since they have been the best of friends.

A dog had a kennel in the yard of a house which was overlooked from one of the windows. A lady saw this dog hiding some of his dinner in a corner behind the kennel, and this performance, she noticed, was repeated for a day or two. On the third day the dog was missing some little time from the yard, but before long it was seen to return, followed by a small half-starved friend, which it took up to the store of hidden food, and stood by, wagging its tail with evident pleasure, while the strange dog consumed it.



HOW THE LITTLE RUNAWAY LOST HIS HOUSE.

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"MR. RAMSDELL WAS GIVING THE BABY SOME MILK."

NINA'S BABY.

THERE were Nina and Joe, the children, and Jep and Judy and Bones, the performing dogs, and Mr. Ramsdell, the clown, and Mrs. Ramsdell, the tight-rope walker,

all of whom, with the assistance of Jerry, the man-of-all-work, gave entertainments under a canvas tent at any place where they thought they could get an audience of sufficient size to pay expenses.

Of course their real names were not printed on the

posters that were hung in every available place in the town where the tent was set up; but each one, even including Jerry, had some high-sounding name that could not by any possibility have been mistaken for Ramsdell.

In addition to being the clown, Mr. Ramsdell lifted heavy weights, tossed cannon-balls, and was juggler and acrobat. In certain acts little Joe and Nina appeared with him. He would hold them on his hands or feet, roll Joe up in a little ball, and spin him around like a top, or carry both of them on his head, one above the other, walking around the ring meanwhile as if he was doing some very simple thing.

Nina exhibited Jep, Judy, and Bones, all of whom would do her bidding, and many were the comical tricks they performed. Mrs. Ramsdell cooked the food, washed the clothes, cared for the children, Mr. Ramsdell, Jerry, and the dogs, and also walked on the tight-rope, looking more like a fairy than a hard-working woman.

Jerry could not perform, but during the entertainment he was dressed in a gorgeous costume, and announced the performers, set the vaulting stand, handed Mrs. Ramsdell her balance-pole, and did such things as were generally necessary, without being particularly entertaining.

The company travelled in a large covered wagon, with the tent and all their belongings snugly packed in, while Mrs. Ramsdell and the children had cozy little holes among the folds of the canvas, where they could sleep as they rode. Mr. Ramsdell and Jerry sat on the front seat, where they urged on the two discouraged-looking horses, which had at times very hard work to draw the heavily laden wagon.

There were days when this sort of travelling was pleasant to all, but during wet or cold weather Nina and Joe would spend a good share of the time wishing that they had a comfortable home, and could go to school like other children.

During the summer the children could play in the woods when the halt on the road was made for dinner, and while the weather was warm the thin and scanty costumes they wore in the ring were not uncomfortable, but when autumn came to paint the green leaves such a variety of brilliant colors everything was changed. The children were obliged to remain inside the wagon all the time they were travelling, and on exhibition days the moment they were through with their duties they were only too glad to crowd around the little stove that was set up in the dressing tent. Even the dogs felt uncomfortable when the weather grew cold, for Mr. Ramsdell kept their shaggy coats trimmed rather too close for comfort.

The season which was nearly ended, and during which Nina and Joe met with such a wonderful adventure that this story is written about it, had been a hard one for the travelling showmen. There had been many more cold, stormy days than there had been warm ones, and the little tin box in which Mr. Ramsdell kept his money had been nearly empty many times, with no prospect that it would be very full that year.

Finally things grew so bad that at one town in which they gave an exhibition Mr. Ramsdell did not receive much more than money enough to pay for the food he was obliged to buy, and it was necessary for the party to travel thirty long miles before they could reach Howden, where they were to give the next performance.

On the morning that they started the roads were so bad that it was decided to travel only during the daytime, rather than attempt to go over the distance in the night, even though a whole day should be lost. Even in broad daylight it was difficult to make much progress, and when noon came, after they had ridden about twelve miles in such deep mud that the horses could not get on much faster than a walk, every one except Mrs. Ramsdell was glad to get out for a while.

The horses, still harnessed to the wagon, were standing

by the side of the road, looking much as if they would willingly remain there until the next week, when suddenly a loud noise was heard in the woods close beside them, and out rushed a drove of cattle, evidently very much frightened.

This startled the horses, and in an instant they rushed off up the muddy road as if they were fresh and with no load behind them. The cattle, seeing Mr. Ramsdell and Jerry standing near the edge of the road, as if to bar their passage, turned and ran in the same direction as that taken by the horses, which served to increase their terror.

Without thinking of the children, or, if they did think of them, believing that they could overtake the wagon after a short race, Mr. Ramsdell and Jerry started in pursuit of the runaways, while Mrs. Ramsdell's terrified screams could be heard even after the wagon had disappeared around a bend in the road.

When they were first left alone Nina and Joe did not seem to think that there was any reason for them to be alarmed except for their mother's safety, and Nina said, as she took Joe by the hand:

"The horses won't run very far, Josey; so let's walk right along fast, so that father won't have so far to come back for us."

The two children started along, and Joe insisted on turning their forced walk into a romp by stopping now and then to gather particularly large checkerberry plums or bunchberries.

But when they had walked on for a quarter of an hour, without seeing anything either of their parents or the wagon, Nina grew alarmed, and she insisted that Joe should not stop by the road-side any more, but should walk as fast as possible.

Ten minutes more passed, and both the children were thoroughly frightened, when Joe shouted, "There they are now, or else it's something they have dropped!"

That which he saw was a bundle of some bright-colored material directly in the middle of the road; and while it was so small that there was no chance of either his father or his mother being contained in it, it afforded proof that the frightened horses had kept in the main road instead of dashing into the woods, as Nina had begun to fear.

In a few moments they were standing beside the bundle, and then both saw that it had not fallen from their wagon. It was a reasonably good-sized bundle, covered with a red shawl which they knew had never belonged to their party, and before they had had time to touch it, they heard a strange noise coming apparently from beneath the covering.

"It's something alive!" cried Joe, in alarm. "Let's run!" and before his sister could stop him he was off at full speed.

"Don't be a coward, Josey," cried Nina. "It can't hurt you. Come back."

Joe was finally persuaded to return by seeing that the mysterious bundle had done Nina no harm; and when he got back to her she was just opening the shawl.

"Why, Joe Ramsdell," she cried, excitedly, "it's a real live baby! an' how ever did it get out here alone?"

Joe could not answer the question, but he could and did stand staring at the little thing which his sister had taken in her arms much as if he suspected the baby of some murderous design.

Nina was too much excited by finding the wonderful baby in such a wonderful place to feel any more alarm about her parents; but she followed Joe as he started up the road, singing and talking to the baby to try to persuade it not to wake quite so much noise.

In ten minutes more, during which Nina had coaxed the baby until it had quietly gone to sleep, Joe uttered another loud cry of joy, which was caused this time by seeing the wagon standing by the side of the road, the horses looking quiet and repentant, while Mr. Ramsdell and

Jerry were busily engaged mending the harness that had been broken during the mad flight.

"Nina's went an' gone an' found a baby!" cried Joe, as he ran on ahead, eager to be the first to tell the wonderful news; and Nina held her precious bundle high in the air that all might see it.

"That must have been the very thing I saw in the road when we was rummin' so fast after the team," said Mr. Ramsdell, when he and his wife had inspected the prize Nina had found. "I thought it was something we'd lost outer the wagon, an' I'd made up my mind to go back an' look for it after we got the harness mended."

"But where could the dear little thing have come from?" asked Mrs. Ramsdell, as she kissed Nina's baby.

"That's a question I can't answer," replied Mr. Ramsdell, as he looked helplessly at the shawl and its contents. "The only thing that puzzles me is, what are we goin' to do with it now that we have got it?"

"Do with it!" echoed his wife. "Now, Jacob, what can we do with it? You wouldn't be the man to say that we shouldn't take it with us, would you?"

"Of course we've got to take care of it until we can find its parents; but yet I don't see how we're goin' to get along when we're all in the ring."

Mrs. Ramsdell was certain that they could manage to take care of it between them; but Jerry muttered something about the foolishness of taking another to feed when they had hardly sufficient for themselves.

"You oughter be ashamed of sayin' that, Jerry," said Mr. Ramsdell, almost sternly; and perhaps Jerry did feel ashamed, for he worked at the harness with so much energy, that in a few moments everything was ready for another start.

Nina insisted on caring for "her baby," as she called it, and when she was once more in her nest in the wagon her mother gave the tiny little fellow to her with many injunctions as to how she should care for him.

The roads were so bad, and the hour so late when this second start was effected, that Mr. Ramsdell decided not to attempt to reach Howden that night, but to stop at the first good camping-place he should find, hoping that by giving his tired horses a rest they would be able to travel the remaining distance during the next forenoon.

It was not more than five minutes after the party started before Jerry pointed out a small road or lane that led to a thick grove of pine-trees, apparently just such a place as would suit people who were obliged to live in their tent in order to save expense.

"We'll camp right there," said Mr. Ramsdell, as he turned the horses from the main road, "and we must start for Howden early enough in the morning to make sure of being there in time for an afternoon performance."

Nina thought she had never been so happy as when she sat with the baby in her arms, while her mother prepared the dinner, and many were the plans she laid for its future welfare. At night she cuddled the little fellow in her arms to still his crying, for he had drunk all the milk, and with the first light of day Jerry started out in search of some, while Mr. Ramsdell packed the tent into the wagon and otherwise prepared for the journey.

Jerry could not see a house in any direction, but he found a cow, which was probably one of the same herd that had caused the runaway, and he milked her, thinking it no crime to take the milk in view of the baby's necessities.

The tent was set up in Howden sufficiently early for an afternoon's performance, and then came Nina's trouble, for she could not understand how they could all be in the ring at one time, owing to her precious baby's imperative and oft-repeated demands for attention.

But that difficulty was soon settled, for Mrs. Ramsdell decided that the little fellow should be left in charge of whoever was in the dressing-tent, and that when all were

in the ring, as would be the case in the last act, Jerry should be intrusted with the care of Nina's baby. Jerry was not very well pleased with this arrangement, but he consented to it, probably because he thought he had but half atoned for his selfish words by getting the milk.

The day was bright, even if it was cold, and the little tent was filled with spectators very shortly after the canvas doors were opened, much to the delight of Mr. Ramsdell, who said, just before the performance began, that he really believed Nina's baby was bringing them good luck.

Mrs. Ramsdell was walking on the tight rope, and Mr. Ramsdell was giving the baby some milk, while Nina and Joe were warning themselves at the little stove preparatory to going out again to join their mother, when Jerry, putting his head into the dressing-tent, exclaimed,

"There's some trouble at the door, for two or three people are there talkin', an' some have come in without payin'."

Before Mr. Ramsdell could reply, or even give the baby to Nina, a gentleman and a lady rushed past Jerry into the dressing-tent, greatly to the surprise of the audience as well as the proprietor of the show; and almost before Nina knew that they were fairly inside, the lady had the baby in her arms, kissing it until there seemed to be every danger that the little thing would be smothered.

Of course Mrs. Ramsdell was astonished, if not alarmed, at the entrance of these strangers, and, after excusing herself to the audience, she hurried into the dressing-tent to learn the cause of the intrusion.

It did not require much time or many words to explain everything, for the baby was Nina's no longer, but was claimed by its mother, Mrs. Dickson, who acted very much for some time after she found it as if she were afraid it might get away from her again.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dickson and the baby remained in the dressing-tent until the performance was ended, and then the mystery of finding the baby in the road was a mystery no longer.

Mr. Dickson was a farmer who lived about half-way between where the baby was found and Howden. He, with his wife, child, and nurse, were returning home from a visit in a light carriage drawn by a pair of young spirited horses. They were but a short distance in advance of Mr. Ramsdell's wagon when his horses ran away, and the clatter of the heavy team, as well as the cattle that followed, frightened Mr. Dickson's horses so that they too ran away.

The nurse, who was holding the baby, was thrown from her seat at the first shock, and, in order to save herself from being thrown from the carriage, dropped the baby, which was so snugly wrapped in clothing and shawls that it did not receive any injury.

It was not until his horses had run nearly five miles that Mr. Dickson succeeded in stopping them, and he at once drove back, his wife almost frantic with grief and apprehension, to find the child. In the mean time Mr. Ramsdell had pitched his tent in the grove, and when Mr. Dickson returned he could neither find his baby nor any trace of the wagon that had caused the disaster.

All the remainder of that day and until they came into the tent had Mr. and Mrs. Dickson been searching for the showman's wagon, and their joy may be imagined when they found it.

Poor Nina lost her baby, but it brought them good fortune, as her father had suggested, for Mr. Dickson insisted that the showman should come at once to his house; and when they were there arrangements were made for Mr. Ramsdell to close the season, and occupy a little house owned by Mr. Dickson for the winter.

Nina and Joe, for that time at least, had a real house to live in, with an opportunity to go to school, which they had never had before, and all that good fortune came to them through "Nina's baby."



SEESAW.

“DICK AND D.”*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Author of “Mildred’s Bargain,” “Nan,” etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUNAWAYS FIND SHELTER.

AS soon as Dick dared he told Norry what had prompted this movement, and the child was quite willing to trust to his brother’s superior judgment. Ahead of them was a snowy road, shadowed by trees, and yet looking as though it must lead somewhere, since the railroad tracks were there, stretching far ahead of them.

Dick knew that Gurdle would miss them before morning. Perhaps he would only glance in during the night, and not be sure that they had gone; but they could not feel safe for a day or two, and, indeed, not until they were within reach of Dr. Field’s country home, where Dick now took for granted the Doctor must be staying. He had heard from Dearing that the family from time to time passed a few days in Marplains, and he concluded that some such visit was now in progress.

“Hold my hand tight, Norry,” Dick whispered, “’cause there’s a bank near by, and it’s dark, and I’m afraid you’ll slip. Are you cold?”

Norry, although with a little chatter of the teeth, said, “Not so very.” And then he added, “You see, *dark* don’t matter to me, Dick, does it?”

“No,” the other answered. “I do sometimes think your eyes are better than mine, after all.”

It seemed an endless road. Dick’s chief anxiety was to reach a railway station where he might ask his way, and perhaps get a ride as far as Marplains station; but for two hours the boys trudged on, with no such reward, and then, to Dick’s dismay, Norry declared he could go no further.

The road just at this point was very desolate; the snow lay white on every side; the branches of the trees looked very black and gaunt; only the sky seemed friendly, for there a million stars were shining down upon the two poor boys with their faithful dog.

“You mustn’t sit down, Norry,” Dick said. “Can you get along a little way? I think I see a light somewhere ahead; perhaps we can get there and ask for a place, in a barn or somewhere, to lie down.”

Norry very faintly answered that he would try, and so with lagging steps they went forward again.

The light grew clearer. Dick soon saw that it came from a small cottage on the road-side, and that to the left of it was a sort of half-open, probably disused shed. He encouraged Norry by telling him of this, and in a few moments they were at the entrance of the shed. Just as he had supposed, it was a vacant tumble-down place, but at least it was a shelter, and so open that he thought Gurdle would never think of their concealing themselves within it. He

led Norry over to the most comfortable corner, and then took from his bundle an old coat, which made a covering for the child when he lay down with his head on Dick’s knee. For himself and Trusty there must be no sleep. They must watch.

As he sat there Dick saw the light in the cottage window move about; he thought some one must be ill, for he knew it was long after midnight. It gave him a less lonely feeling to see a shadow on the blind, to know that some one was up and awake so near. Oh, if only he dared to go to the house and ask for a better shelter! But this he could not do without explanations which might lead to his recapture, and prevent his being able to warn Dr. Field of his danger.

So he sat still while the morning broke. The sun rose in a glorious fashion over the snowy country, and slowly everything seemed to awake to a new sense of life and brightness. But poor Dick felt none of the day’s sweetness. He was stiff and cold, and with daylight seemed to come only a new sense of terror.

Presently he saw the door of the cottage open, and a young woman with a red shawl over her head came and put down a milk-can. She stood a minute looking up and down the quiet country road, and Dick saw that her face, though plain and weather-beaten, was very kindly in its expression.

In a moment he had decided to speak to her.

He woke Norry, told him to sit still where he was, and with Trusty at his heels he crossed the bit of roadway, and stood timidly in front of the woman.

“Well! why, I never!” she exclaimed. “What d’you want, boy?”

“If you please,” Dick said, “my little brother and I have walked a long way, and we’ve further yet to go—we *must* go—and I took the liberty of staying in your shed, and I thought perhaps you’d let us have a little breakfast.”

The young woman stared at him a moment, and then said:

“Well, upon my word! You staid over in the shed! Well, I must say you’d oughter feel cold. I don’t know as I can’t give you something or other t’ eat. Where’s your brother?”

Dick ran back to the shed. He returned very quickly holding Norry by the hand.

* Begun in No. 199, HARPER’S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"He's blind," he said, softly.

The woman peered down into the little thin peaceful face. "Why, so he be!" she said, in a much gentler voice, and then she added, "I guess you can come right in."

They were at the back door, and she turned and led the way into a square clean kitchen, where a fire was blazing cheerily, and the kettle was already on. At one side there was a long wooden settle, and she told Dick that Norry had better sit there and get warm.

"And you say you've walked a good way?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes, ma'am," Dick answered. "And we've further to go; we've got an errand in Marplains."

"Marplains!" she echoed. "Why, that's a matter of ten miles."

"Is it, ma'am? Well, we've got to get there—soon as we can."

"Why, he can't walk it," she said, contemptuously, pointing at Norry. "You'll never drag him along."

Dick looked curiously at Norry's drooping figure.

"I'm afraid I'll have to try," he said, in a sad tone.

The young woman made no answer to this, but began bustling about, getting some breakfast for the wanderers. She had some milk boiling in a few minutes, into which she broke up some pieces

of stale bread, and never had anything tasted better to the two boys than this simple meal. Norry's face looked decidedly better after he had finished his bowl, and Trusty, who had shared the breakfast, wagged his tail in a most contented fashion.

While they were eating, a voice from upstairs called out, "Nancy!"

And the young woman answered back, "All right, father—one minute. That is my father; he's sick," she explained. "Now I suppose," she added, "I can trust you here while I run up to him?"

Dick assured her that she might do so, and she disappeared for a few moments.

During her absence Dick looked around the comfortable little kitchen, wishing it might be their good luck to spend the day there. He described it to Norry.

There was a nice rag-carpet on the floor, and one or two comfortable wicker-seated arm-chairs. The dresser showed a bright array of tins and china, and the tall clock in one corner seemed to tick with a very home-like sound. Altogether Dick thought Nancy and her father, whoever they were, ought to be very happy; and he wondered why it was that to himself and Norry only glimpses of such peace and quiet could be granted.

Presently Nancy's step was heard, and she came in, looking brighter.

"I've been talking to father about your little brother," she said to Dick, "and he says, if you like, you might leave him here for the day. Father doesn't mind children, and he had a blind brother himself."

Nancy stood looking down very pityingly on the tired little traveller.

"Oh, you are so good!" Dick exclaimed. "But—I would leave him if I thought that, no matter who came and wanted to take him away, you wouldn't let them—just until night. If I wasn't back to-night— But I will be. Oh, can you promise that?"

"Of course I will," Nancy said, in her brisk way. "I can't be made to give him up to any one before night. Now where are you going in Marplains?"

Dick said he wanted to find the house of a Dr. Field.

"I know where he lives," she said. "But I s'pose any one'll show you."

Dick felt that he ought to be off at once, but he waited to see Norry and Trusty very comfortably established on a long chintz sofa, and to re-assure Norry that he would come back without fail. Then he started off, following the railroad track as before.



"HE'S BLIND," HE SAID, SOFTLY."

He walked along a full mile before he reached a railroad station, and there he went in, asking the ticket-master when the trains went on to Marplains.

"Nothing before two o'clock," said the man, rather gruffly.

Dick hesitated. He did not feel quite so sure now as he had done that he could ask for a free ride to Marplains. After a moment he turned away, resolving to walk on. That, at least, he could do, and he was not very tired.

The station was known as Burchell, and was one of the lonely places at which one always wonders that any train ever stops; but, as Dick had seen, it was where Nancy and her father lived, and the remembrance of the warm cozy kitchen he had left took away something of the desolate feeling with which the rough, forlorn place inspired him. He turned his steps resolutely onward, walking at first very briskly; but then there crossed his mind a dreadful fear lest harm should come to Norry in his absence.

Dick stood still. What ought he to do—leave Norry to some possible danger, or go on and give Dr. Field his warning? It was a moment of agonized doubt. Suppose they should even refuse to believe him—should accuse him of being mixed up with Brooks and Gurdle? And, in the end, suppose the result were to be the loss of poor blind Norry? Dick looked around him, up and down the lonely road, wondering wherein lay his real duty; and then it came to him strongly that, commending his brother to God's keeping, he must go on. He must do what he could to save Dr. Field, or any of those dear to him, from danger. So thinking, the boy pressed forward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRY AGAIN.

BY THOMAS OAKES CONANT.

MARGY with the flaxen hair
Sat the picture of despair.
"Five times six and eight times seven,
Add results, and by eleven
Multiply—oh no, divide—
And I don't know what beside.
Oh, this horrid, horrid sum!
Right I can not make it come."
So said Margy, with a sigh,
Crying, "'Tis no use to try."

Gray-haired grandma, sitting near,
Heard the sigh and saw the tear.
"Margy darling, hither come;
Let me see thy 'horrid sum.'"
Scanning all the work, she saw
Here a slip and there a flaw.
"Ah, my Margy, plain to see
Why the figures don't agree.
Little maid, thy sore distress
Is the fruit of heedlessness."

"Oh, but, grandma, I have tried
Just as hard!" poor Margy cried;
"But the naughty figures go
Somehow always wrong, you know."
Then, to her supreme dismay,
Grandma sponged the work away,
And, for Margy's eyes to read,
Wrote, in letters large and plain,
"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,
TRY, AND TRY, AND TRY AGAIN."

When the wise old saw she read,
"Thank you, grandma dear," she said.
Then with bright and cheerful air
Worked the sum with double care,
And the answer—happy sight!—
Came at last exactly right.
"Now," the little maiden cried,
Laughing, in her girlish pride,
"When my naughty sums go wrong,
'TRY AGAIN' shall be my song."

THE GREEN-COATED SOLDIER.

BY DAVID KER.

MANY a long year ago three or four regiments of Russian soldiers were encamped on a flat sandy plain upon the shore of the Gulf of Finland, not far from a new town which had just been built at the mouth of the river Neva, and called St. Petersburg. The sun was beginning to set, and the men, having finished their marching and exercising, were having a rest after the day's work, or beginning to get ready their supper.

Most of them were strong and sturdy fellows who looked as if they could stand a good deal of hard work, and hard fighting too, before giving in. But they certainly did not wear a very soldier-like appearance, for all that; they moved heavily and clumsily, and handled their muskets as if they had been more used to ploughs and spades than weapons of war.

Awkward though they seemed, however, these very men were to be able, only a few years later, to give King Charles of Sweden (who was then thought to be the best soldier alive) such a beating that neither he nor his army ever meddled with Russia again. But as they were now, they made a poor figure enough; and so, no doubt, thought a big red-haired man in Russian uniform, who, with his arms folded on his broad chest, and a scornful smile on his face, was watching half a dozen of them light a fire.

"Pretty fellows *you* are to call yourselves soldiers!" cried he, in broken Russian, "when you can hardly tell the butt of a gun from its muzzle, and don't even know how to kindle a fire yet. We manage things better in Silesia, where *I* was born and bred."

"Well, if your country is so much better than ours, why didn't you stay there?" asked one of the Russian recruits, sulkily.

"Because I was wanted here to make you Russian lubbers into soldiers," answered the Silesian, fiercely; "and a mighty hard job it is."

The recruit muttered something between his teeth, but did not venture to make any direct reply; for this Silesian, Michael Kratsch, was a noted bully, and the strongest man in the regiment, and any one who tried to argue with him generally ended by getting a broken lead for his pains.

While Kratsch was still fuming at finding no one to vent his anger upon, a little drummer-boy, coming past with a can of water much too heavy for his thin arms, stumbled against him by accident. Like lightning Big Michael faced round and dealt the poor little fellow a kick which sent him to the ground, screaming with pain, and caused him to spill every drop of the precious water that had cost so much trouble to bring.

An angry murmur ran through the group of Russians, and the Silesian turned savagely upon them.

"What are you growling at, you dogs? If you have anything to say to me, say it out. You ought to know by this time, I should think, that one honest Silesian is a match for half a dozen such as *you*."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked a deep voice behind him.

Every one looked round with a start, for nobody had noticed a soldier staiding near the group, and listening to the Silesian's boastful talk with a smile of quiet amusement.

The new-comer picked up the little drummer-boy very tenderly, refilled his can from a bucket that stood near, and sent him away rejoicing. Then he came slowly up to the tall Silesian and looked him full in the face.

Kratsch eyed the stranger from head to foot, and did not altogether like the look of him. His dress was nothing very grand, to be sure, being simply the plain green coat of a Russian private, so soiled and threadbare that an

old-clothes man would scarcely have taken it as a gift. But he was as tall as Big Michael himself, while his huge limbs and branny chest made such a show of strength that most people would have thought it much better to shake hands with him than to fight him.

"So!" said the green-coated man, quietly, "one Silesian is a match for half a dozen Russians, eh? Well, I can see that he's their match at *bragging*, anyhow!"

The Russians chuckled at this unexpected hit, and one of them laughed outright. Kratsch's face flushed purple with rage, and for a moment he seemed just about to fly at the speaker's throat. But there was something in the stranger's bearing, and in the calm, steadfast glance of his keen black eye, which cowed even the fierce soldier, who drew back with a sullen growl.

"Well," said Greencoat, quietly, "we Russians have a saying that corn doesn't grow by talking. If you are a match, as you say, for any half dozen of us, let us see what you can do."

"Could you throw that stone farther than I can?" asked the Silesian, pointing to a heavy stone at his feet.

"I can better answer that when I have seen you throw it," replied Greencoat, as coolly as ever.

Michael Kratsch threw off his coat, and baring an arm as thick as an ordinary man's knee, hurled the stone seven good yards away.

The Unknown threw, in his turn, so carelessly that he seemed hardly to exert himself at all, yet the stone fell more than a foot beyond Kratsch's mark.

The Russians raised a shout of triumph, and Michael's face grew black as midnight.

"Are you as nimble with your feet as with your hands?" growled he, through his set teeth.

"Try," answered Greencoat, simply.

Kratsch pointed to a broad ditch a little behind them, and taking a short run, shot through the air like an arrow. The ditch was fully fifteen feet wide from bank to bank, yet he alighted several inches beyond it.

"Pretty fair," said the Unknown, smiling; "but I think I can match it."

And so he did, for his leap overpassed Kratsch's by six inches at least. At the sight of the heavy Russian faces grinning from ear to ear over his discomfiture the Silesian's eyes flashed fire.

"You haven't done with me yet," he roared, "smart though you think yourself. Dare you wrestle a fall with me?"

Without a word the stranger threw off his coat and stepped forward.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the two giants strain their mighty limbs and seize each other with their iron arms, both faces growing suddenly hard and stern as they grappled. Every man among the lookers-on held his breath as that great struggle began.

Thrice did the Silesian make a tremendous effort to throw his enemy with a strength that seemed able to tear up an oak by the roots. But the Russian, though shaken, stubbornly kept his feet, until Kratsch paused, breathless and utterly spent.

Then the watching eyes all round saw the stranger's arms tighten suddenly, and Big Michael's huge broad back bend slowly in. Furiously he struggled against the overmastering clutch, but he had no more chance than an ox in the coils of a boa. At last the Unknown lifted him fairly off his feet, and hurled him backward with such force that he fell with a dull crash against a large stone behind him, and lay stunned and motionless.

Just then was heard a cry of "There he is! there he is!" and several richly dressed men, running up to the spot, bowed reverently to the green-coated soldier.

"We have been looking for your Majesty," said one of them, "to give you these dispatches which a courier has just brought from Moscow."

At the word "Majesty" the Russian recruits all fell on their knees, considerably startled to find that this shabby-coated private was no other than the Czar himself, Peter the Great of Russia.

"Up with you, lads!" cried Peter; "kneel to no one but God. You are Russian soldiers, and I'm your General; that's all."

Then he turned to Kratsch, who lay groaning on the ground, with his left arm broken.

"I'll forgive thee this time, fellow," said the Czar; "but if ever I catch thee ill-treating a child again, look out! As for these soldiers of mine at whom you laugh, within five years they shall be the wonder of all Europe."

And so they were.

WORK FOR GIRLS.

A VERY SIMPLE WAY OF DECORATING CHINA.

NOWADAYS no one likes to see plain white china on breakfast or dinner table. Here is a method by which cups and saucers and plates may be daintily decorated by industrious fingers without the knowledge and practice necessary in china-painting. The process is very simple, and can be easily managed at home with the exception of the firing. We will call it "scratch-work."

Procure a few dishes such as are usually sold for enamel-painting, overglaze colors being used. We will begin by decorating a cup and saucer. Lest the mixing of the colors be too difficult an operation, it is better to purchase them in tubes. Rich tints are the most effective, such as deep pink, blue, orange, or a warm chocolate brown. A preparation of gold will also be needed.

Give the cup and saucer both a good coating of the paint, covering the entire outside, with the exception of the handle. Should the paint prove very slow in drying, it may be placed for a short time in a slightly warm oven. A second coating will often be found necessary. Until fired the surface will present a very rough appearance. When perfectly dry, sketch with a very soft lead-pencil lightly any pattern fancy may dictate.

The saucer will need only a wreath of vine leaves just within the rim. The cup may be made more elaborate by having in addition to the wreath a monogram containing the letters of the one who is to use it. If any difficulty be experienced in sketching the pattern evenly, it can easily be drawn on tissue or tracing paper, and fastened on the china over a piece of transfer-paper. The latter can be quickly made by well rubbing one side of some unglazed note-paper with a cake of ordinary black-lead.

Great care must be taken in handling the articles after the paint has been put on, for warm fingers will often leave an ugly mark; it is best to use a soft cloth of some kind as a protection. With a penknife or other sharp-pointed instrument scrape away the paint from within the lines of the design, thus transforming it into a wreath of white leaves on the rich background. Manage the monogram in the same way.

Now take a small brush, and with a very thin paint of the same color as the background add a slight shading to the leaves and flowers. Then put in the veins in gold. The monogram should have the same mingling of gold and color. Here, of course, everything depends upon the taste and skill of the worker. Any one possessing a slight knowledge of drawing may produce very pretty etchings, using for the purpose a coarse darning-needle. Etchings on medallions of color may even be considered prettier than when the whole article is colored.

When your design is complete the best plan is to consult some dealer in china. He will always be able to direct you as to the best method of dispatching your work to the nearest pottery, where it will be put through the process of firing, and returned to you ready for use.



LITTLE CURLY-HEAD.

THE ONYX-ANTELOPE.

A HARD HEADED, sharp-horned native of Southern Africa is the onyx-antelope. He is also known to students of natural history by the name of onyx-capensis, gemsbok, and South African onyx. Some writers at one time believed him to be none other than the fabled unicorn. He is much larger than the common antelope, measuring nearly four feet at the shoulders, with horns three feet long, very slightly bent, sharp, black, and shining, that serve him as admirable means of defense.

His hair is of a buff-color, with the breast and belly white; black stripes cover his head exactly in the shape of a horse's bridle, giving him the appearance of having a harness on, while his ears are white, tipped with black.

The horns are so tough and hard that the natives of Southern Africa sometimes tip their spears with them, and the Hollanders of the Cape have them polished and headed with silver for walking-sticks; but owing to their extreme length few of them can be used for that purpose. The gemsbok is strong, active, and vigorous, and defends itself boldly when pressed by the hunter by striking violently right and left with its horns.

It is said that even the lion dreads an encounter with it, and never ventures to attack it unless compelled by hunger, while the leopard usually meets with death if it is so daring as to measure strength with the onyx-antelope.

Captain Harris, one of the few hunters who has pursued this animal with any degree of success, relates the following story of his chase after an onyx-antelope.

His party had arrived on the hunting ground about daybreak, and had stopped to admire the long slender horns of a bleaching skull on the ground, when one of the Hottentots pointed to a group of hartebeests some distance away, among which was the long-looked-for game.

"There stood the gemsbok, clad half in mourning, looming up as large as a donkey, and scanning our party most attentively. His long, taper, toasting-fork horns, like a pair of walking-sticks, standing out in bold relief against the blue horizon. . . . I was mounted on my favorite horse, and the Hottentots being unanimously of the opinion with myself that 'Breslar could catch de bok,' my companion made a circuit to intercept him from the jungles, whilst I cantered slowly toward him, looking of course in the opposite direction, affecting most profound ignorance of his princely presence, but treating myself as I drew nearer to an occasional peep from under my cap."

When the Captain had succeeded in getting within from eighty to a hundred yards of the herd, the antelope uttered a shrill cry as of rage, and lowering his head, wheeled about, running with almost incredible swiftness, and not paying the slightest heed to his companions. He started for the thickest jungle, going at a speed which would have made it impossible to overtake him had not the Captain's friend made his appearance from out the jungle just in time to turn the animal in his course. The gemsbok was then obliged to cross between these two lines of enemies.

Disappointed in his plan of taking refuge in the jungle, he dashed aside into a kind of valley, leading his would-be captor over uneven, stony ground, from which the vegetation had lately been burned.

"Without gaining or losing a single inch upon each other, on we clattered, the straight antennae-looking horns of the fugitive laid back along his flanks, his belly almost touching the ground at every stride, and his ample tail sweeping behind him. Now the dust raised by a retreating herd of zebras and ostriches, whose feet rattled over the hard soil, caused a momentary diversion in his favor; and now, regaining my lost ground, we passed together under the sneering noses of three rhinoceroses, that had literally not time to make up their minds what was to be done, before, meteor-like, both pursuer and pursued were far beyond their reach."

Five miles at least of this mad chase had been ridden, and the anxious hunter could see that his game faltered, while the fast-darkening coat of the animal told of the perspiration forced out by the great effort it was making. But the Captain's horse was in nearly as exhausted a condition as the gemsbok, and his rider could hope to force him ahead but a short time longer.

"We continued to leave the ground behind us, clearing stones, ravines, and bushes, without swerving one inch from our arrow-like course. At length the tongue of the quarry was lolling out, and his tail drooping between his tired legs; but although his black list stripe was almost under my bows, he was far fresher than my blowing horse, and I perceived, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that another hundred yards would see me planted. Taking a



AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN ONYX-ANTELOPE AND A LEOPARD.

strong pull upon the bridle, therefore, and cramming in the reeve. I gained a few strides upon the quarry, and, throwing myself from the saddle, let fly both barrels of my rifle."

The first ball went so wide of its mark that the only damage done was to knock up the dust several feet behind the gembok; but the second hit him in the hind-leg, thoroughly crippling him.

Captain Harris immediately remounted his horse to continue the pursuit, but the gembok rendered such action unnecessary. Uttering his shrill note of rage, raising his bushy tail, and shaking his head furiously, he prepared for an attack. Lowering his head between his fore-legs until his horns were pointed directly toward the hunter's horse, he darted forward with even more swiftness than he had shown during the flight.

It was a moment when both calmness and steady nerves were necessary, or the hunter's life would have been sacrificed; but Captain Harris was fortunately well supplied with these qualities, and a ball from his repeating rifle pierced the heart of the onyx-antelope.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY CLEMENT STRONG.

A FEW years ago I chanced to spend my summer holidays at a small fishing village on the Bristol Channel. Those holidays I shall always remember as among the pleasantest I ever passed in my life.

I had been at the village about a fortnight, and had enjoyed myself to the top of my bent: every day and all day I was as happy as I could possibly wish to be. I made friends with an old fisherman, who used to take me out to the fishing, and allowed me to have that pleasure for nothing, in consideration of my making myself useful to him. In other words, I tugged at the oars when the wind was against us, and hauled on the sheets and halyards when we could work the clumsy old tub under sail. I bailed her out if we shipped water, baited and watched the lines, and often lent a hand to swab her out when the day's work was finished. This might seem hard work to some people, but I considered that I was more than paid by the lappy hours I spent dancing over the blue waters of the Channel, and breathing the fresh sea-air.

One day we had been out as usual, and were slowly beating back to the harbor, when I chanced to make some remark to old Bill, the boatman, about the vast white chalk cliff which rises abruptly on the eastern side of the little town, and is popularly known in the neighborhood as "King George's Cliff." Why it is so called I never quite made out, but probably one of the monarchs of that name either ascended or admired it at some time, or at all events was supposed to have done so.

Imagine a huge, white, and apparently perpendicular cliff, towering straight up from the sea to an enormous height, and dwarfing by comparison the other cliffs which stretch far on either side along the coast. At its base the sea pours foaming over the rocks at high water, and leaves but a narrow strip of shingle when the tide is out. The face of the cliff is of the whitest chalk imaginable, making the shadows thrown by the irregularities of its surface seem all the darker by the contrast.

As I gazed, not without a feeling of awe, at the scene presented by the rays of the setting sun striking the broad face of the cliff, and throwing a rosy hue over its frowning surface, I remarked to my friend Bill, "Did any one ever climb up it, I wonder?"

"Ay," answered Bill; "more than one has managed it, and a pretty tough job they found it. But for one who has got to the top, twenty have never got more than half-way, and have been glad to get down again without broken bones."

"Have there been any accidents, then?" I inquired, as

the awful possibility of a fall from such a height occurred to me.

"Oh yes; there have been some ugly falls there before now, and more than one life lost. If you will just jump forward and handle that jib when she goes about, I'll spin you a bit of a yarn about that cliff."

I jumped into the bows as directed, loosed the jib-sheet, shifted it as soon as Bill had yawed her head round, and, having made all fast again, came aft to hear the story. Leaving out the many nautical and other odd terms used by the old man, it ran thus:

About fifteen years ago, when I was much more active than I am now, I happened to be out in my small pleasure-boat with two ladies, who wanted to have a row, as it was a fine day, and the sea as smooth as glass. We had been out about an hour, I should say, and were just pulling in toward the landing-stairs, when one of the ladies, who I judged to be the daughter of the other, suddenly said, "Why, there is somebody right up on the cliff. How ever did he get there?"

I turned round and took a look; and sure enough I could see a black figure more than half-way up to the top, and moving very slowly upward from time to time. Then he seemed to come to a full stop, and remained quite still. The younger lady got out an opera-glass she had brought with her, and directed it toward the figure. In another minute she turned as white as death, and gasped out:

"Oh! what will become of him! It is Fred, my brother!"

"Lend me your glass, miss," said I, "for it strikes me that he is in difficulties, whoever he is."

She handed me the glass at once, saying, "Can you see if he is a young man with a white straw hat?"

A glance convinced me that he had got a straw hat, with one of those India muslin veils tied round it, and also that he was in a position of great danger.

There was not a moment to be lost in giving an alarm, and endeavoring to procure aid, for the young man appeared to be somehow fixed on the face of the cliff, as though he could neither move upward nor downward, and I knew well that the soft and treacherous nature of the chalk rendered it highly dangerous to stay long in any one spot.

Cautioning the ladies to sit still, I seized the sculls, and pulled at racing pace for the shore, and soon ran the boat on to the shingle beach. As luck would have it, there happened to be two of the coast-guard on the beach, who, seeing me pulling so hard, and jumping ashore in such a hurry, ran down to know what the matter was. In few words I told them that a gentleman was up the cliff and in danger, and we at once decided that the only way in which aid could be given would be by lowering a rope from the top, and hauling him up. One of the coast-guard ran to one of the beach huts close by, in which the men store the spare tackle belonging to the big fishing-boats, and he soon returned with the news that there was a set of main-halyards belonging to the *Foam*, the biggest boat out of the harbor, lying in the hut. In a very short time we had got the rope out, and were carrying it up the steep foot-path that leads from the beach to the top of the cliff.

My word, but that was a hard bit to do! Before we were half-way up my heart was going like a sledge-hammer, and the veins in my forehead felt as if they would burst with every step I took. It is pretty much of a breather at any time, is that path from the beach; but when a man goes up at a run, and helps carry a heavy coil of rope into the bargain, it is about as stiff a job as ever I came across.

Well, when we were about three parts of the way up, one of the coast-guard sings out:

"Hold on a minute, mates. Let us get a breath before we go on."

With that we all pulled up, and stood gasping for breath, when a lady's voice close behind us cried:

"Go on! go on! There is not a moment to be lost!"

Sure enough it was the young lady who had been in my boat, and who had run up after us all the way. She was only a slim, slight little thing, and how ever she managed to keep up with us I can't think; but there she stood, wringing her hands, and begging us to go on, in a way that went to my heart.

So off we started again, and toiled upward; not quite so quick as before, maybe, but still upward and onward.

It was a dreadful climb, but at last we reached the top. Then we seemed to get new energy and life, and we ran toward the point which projects furthest to seaward, and under which we knew the lad was, or had been.

This extreme end reached, we all flung ourselves full length on the turf, and craned our necks over to try and see if he was still there.

At first I thought he was gone, and a sickening feeling came over me as I realized the truly fearful nature of a slip down such a precipice.

But in another moment I was reassured by a voice proceeding from immediately below me.

"Hello! Is any one up there?"

"Ay, ay, sir," I sang out. "It is all right if you can hold on for a few minutes."

"Well, look sharp, and lower a rope, will you?" cried the voice. "I can't budge hand or foot, and the chalk is beginning to give way."

As I directed my eyes to the spot whence the sound proceeded, I saw the flutter of something white, and which turned out to be the loose end of the veil he had twisted round his hat, twenty or thirty feet below us. The young lady saw it too, and cried out:

"Fifty pounds to the man who goes down and brings him up!"

Well, it might have been the money, or it might not, but I did not take long to offer to have a try. So we made a big bight in the end of the rope, and put a knot or two above that, and over I went; and if my heart had beat fast coming up that hill, I can swear it went pretty near standing still when I found myself hanging on to that rope, and darning on nothing, so to speak.

It was the most awful sensation I ever experienced.

For one moment a sick, giddy feeling came over me, and I felt an almost irresistible impulse to let go my hold and fall headlong to the rocks below. But that passed off pretty soon, and as the two men above let me gently down, I began to wonder how ever they would manage to haul up the double weight when I had got hold of the lad.

This had not occurred to us in the hurry of the moment, and I had gone over without thinking much about how I was to get back.

Just then the lad below called out,

"Look sharp, or I shall be gone!" and there seemed almost a wail of despair in the words.

In another moment I was beside him, and had sung out to the men above to cease lowering. His position was indeed a perilous one. He had succeeded in getting up so far as that by scooping out footsteps in the chalk with a big clasp-knife which was secured to his wrist by a cord. But when he got to where I found him he had managed to place himself in such a position that he could not leave go with either hand, and consequently could not cut another step. Having cut the last hole too far from the one preceding it, he was stretched out on the face of the cliff with his hands in the holes he had made, and his toes resting on a projecting stone. If that stone had given way he would have been left hanging on by his hands only, and you may imagine how long he could stay like that.

As I looked round for something to hold on to while he was being pulled up, my eye fell on a good-sized bit of

stone that projected some two feet outward. This was big enough for me to claw on to for five minutes, but the question remained as to whether it would bear my weight. I swung myself toward it, and was soon satisfied that it would hold me safely. Having managed with some difficulty to get astride the stone with my back to the cliff, I lowered the rope until the lad below me could get his foot into the bight at the end. As soon as he felt his foot secure he let go the cliff and grasped the rope, and was soon swinging where I had been a moment before.

Then I shouted up to the men to haul on the rope, and the rescued lad was dragged slowly up past me, and I was alone.

I suppose I could not have spent five minutes on that stone, but it seemed a lifetime. Every faculty was sharpened, and every feeling intensified by the situation I was in. The ticking of my old silver watch sounded as loud as a church clock, and the cry of the sea-birds far below came up as shrilly as though they were close to my ear. Then a small stone, detached by the friction of the rope above, fell past me and bounded out of sight, and I seemed to see myself going headlong after it until I was smashed to atoms on the cruel rocks on the beach.

Just then, luckily for me, something touched me on the shoulder. Turning my head, I saw that it was the empty bight of the rope which was being let down for me. I soon had my foot in it, and in two minutes more I was scrambling over the top of the cliff, safe once more.

The first thing that struck me as I clambered over on to the grass was that the young lady was in a dead faint, her head supported by the lad we had just rescued. She had held up bravely while the danger lasted, but now that it was over she had naturally given way a bit.

But my attention was soon diverted from her by one of the men who had hauled us up, and who now advanced with the rope in his hand, saying:

"Look here, Bill. One strand gone, and another going. Another minute, mate, and you would have never handled an oar again."

At first I scarcely understood his meaning; then, as I looked at the portion of the rope he was pointing to, I began to realize the peril I had been in. The rope had cut on some sharp stone, and was more than half through. Thus when I was being finally hauled up I was really in far greater danger than at any time before. However, as it did hold on until I was landed, it did not much matter; but I never look at that cliff without thinking about the time I was so near coming down it with a run, and when there was only a half-broken rope between me and a fall on those sharp rocks. The family came down very handsomely when it was all over. In fact, I bought this boat with the fifty pounds I earned over the job. But I wouldn't do it again for fifty pounds—no, nor fifty thousand, for that matter.

A TALK ABOUT COLLECTING COINS.

BY WILLIAM C. PRIME.

IT is a good thing for a young person to give time and thought to making a collection of interesting objects. But if you collect merely for the sake of owning the objects, or because you like to have things which other people would be glad to have, or if you take pride and pleasure in your collection only because it contains specimens which are very rare and difficult to find, you are making a mistake, and losing the good of it.

Bear in mind always that each object in your collection is like the page of a book, that it can tell a story, can relate facts which are worth your knowing. Get from each specimen in your collection all the story it can tell you. Talk to it, and ask it questions, and get all the help you

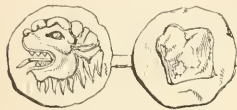


FIG. 1.

can from books to understand what it would say to you if it could speak and tell its story. In this way you will find that your cabinet or your little box of objects is a source of great interest, and every

separate object will seem to you as precious as every other.

If you have not thought of coins as books, let me show you what I mean, and how you should treat your collection of coins, if you are making one.

We will suppose you have just begun to gather coins, and have not yet any very definite idea of what kind of a collection you will make, but you have a few coins of your own country to begin with. Take an American quarter-dollar in your hand, and see how much you can tell your friends about it. Among the very first questions you must answer are these: What is a coin? why were coins first made? when were they first made? why are they made of certain metals? why do they always or so often have on them devices, heads of men, eagles, images of Liberty, and other figures?

Now this American quarter-dollar should answer all these questions, so that when you look at it you will read at a glance the history of the art of coinage. In the very oldest ages of which we know anything men were in the habit of using seals with which to stamp devices in soft clay or wax. It has always been the custom among civilized people to use a seal in making important contracts. A man's seal represented the man. If the seal was affixed to a promise, it was evidence of the personal promise of the owner of the seal.

The seal was usually made of stone or metal, on which the engraver cut whatever the owner selected as his peculiar device, which was to be known always as his. Kings used seals to certify that decrees and grants were indeed their acts. You will readily imagine how it came about that certain devices were adopted by kings, and by cities and governments, to be engraved on their seals.

Now it is only about twenty-seven hundred years since coin was first known. Before that date men traded one thing for another. But when the things were not of equal value, the balance must be made up of something which all men would be willing to take. Gold and silver have in all ages been metals which men were thus willing to take, and if a man does not want to keep gold and silver he can always find plenty of men who want it, and will give him for it something which he wants. You may do well to remember that when you buy a pair of mittens for a quarter-dollar the merchant buys the quarter-dollar from you. He sells you mittens because he wants to buy just so much silver for them.

Men are always ready to buy gold and silver, and the price of gold and silver, like the price of grain and cotton, varies according to whether they are scarce or plenty. They are much more plenty in our days than they were

in ancient times. In those days an ounce of gold would be easily exchanged for a vastly larger quantity of grain or wool, food or clothing, than now.

Men then weighed out the gold or silver when they traded. It was sometimes beaten or melted, and cast into rings, as a convenient form of carrying, but in a trade between men they always used the scales and weighed the metal.

About eight hundred years before Christ, when commerce had become established on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea, some people began to realize that it would be very convenient to have gold and silver in lumps of certain weight, which men could use in trade without the bother of weighing them. We do not know certainly when or where this idea was first put into actual use, but the oldest coins we have found are either those of Miletus, a city of Asia Minor, or those of Sardis, another city in Asia Minor.

It is probable that the wide-awake merchants of Miletus invented coinage. What they wanted was precious metal in pieces of uniform weight, with a certificate on each piece that could be accepted. Naturally the government certificate would be most generally accepted, and the certificate could be put on like the stamp of a seal on wax or clay. So a seal-engraver was employed to engrave a seal in iron or bronze or some hard substance (Fig. 1), and it was probably in iron that he did it.

The device engraved was a lion's head. It was cut in the iron so that a lump of metal could be dropped in it, and then with a punch hammered in until it took the impression of the lion's head. This was a very rude process. The metal then used was a mixture of gold and silver, which we call electrum. The coin was not round nor regular in shape. It looked like a rude lump of metal, with the lion's head on one side, and the rough dent made by the punch on the other side.

But it served its purpose, and soon all around the Eastern Mediterranean people knew these pieces of electrum,



FIG. 4.

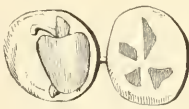


FIG. 2.



FIG. 5.

and accepted them as so much precious metal, because they bore the seal stamp of Miletus. This city and many others were then what we call autonomous; that is, they were self-governing, independent cities. Others soon copied the new custom or invention, and made coins with their seal stamps. Ægina stamped the coins with her emblem, the tortoise. Here is a drachma (Fig. 2), a silver coin of Ægina, probably the first silver coin ever made. Agrigentum stamped coins with the crab; Metapontum with a sheaf of wheat; Athens with an owl; Bœotia with a shield; and just so, and for the same reason, the United States stamped your quarter-dollar with an eagle. The stamp is the certificate of the government that this is silver of the weight and fineness which the law says shall constitute a quarter-dollar.

The value of the coin always and everywhere consists in the quantity and quality of the metal. A dollar is



FIG. 3.

only a name; the government says by statute that it shall consist of so many grains and pennyweights of gold or of silver of a specified degree of fineness. The government may and sometimes does change the statute, and increases or lessens the weight or the standard fineness of metal making its coins. But the weight and quality of the metal always make the value, and in large transactions in gold it is still and always will be customary to weigh the coin.

In Eastern countries the natives commonly weigh even single gold coins before taking them in trade. Your quarter dollar has perhaps a milled edge. That is to prevent dishonest persons from cutting or filing silver off from it and reducing its weight.

The art, which was at first rude, improved rapidly, and very beautiful coins were made, especially in Greek cities. In old days, however, men did not carry coins around in their pockets as much as we do, and they were not so apt to be rubbed and worn. This, of course, decreases the weight and value. In our time coins are made with designs in low relief, and engraved so that heavy parts of a design stand up and protect the lighter lines from rubbing. But in old coins we find the designs standing out in high relief.

Here is a silver coin of Mithridates, King of Pontus (Fig. 3), about B.C. 89, which will show you the style of many fine ancient coins; and another of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt (Fig. 4), which will give you as good an idea of that celebrated lady's face as you can possibly have.

No ancient coins were struck with a metal collar around them to make them perfectly round. That is a modern invention, as well as the milled edge. We often find ancient counterfeit coins. There have been bad men in all times.

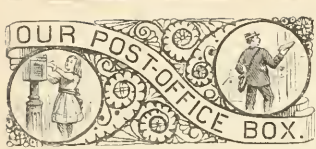
These are a few of the facts in the history of coin-making which every coin of every nation and place should

suggest to your mind when you look at it. And you can now easily see how much more a coin may tell you. Every distinct coin has a different story to tell you. A cent of 1881 tells something quite different from a cent of 1871 or 1861. I advise you therefore to form a very intimate acquaintance with each separate coin in your collection, and consult it till you know all it can tell you.

It seems to me that you ought to feel ashamed to show any one a coin in your collection about which you have not at least fairly tried to learn all that can be told. If some one has given you a denarius of the Emperor Tiberius, you ought at least to learn who and what he was, when and where he was Emperor, and connect the coin in your mind with some of the important events in the history of the world which occurred in his time. There would perhaps be on one side of the coin a head of the Emperor, and on the other a figure of some deity of the Romans. You should try to learn what the deity was, and be able to describe the coin and explain it to your friends.

There is ample scope for the young numismatist in collecting coins of his own country and attaching to them events and persons in history. Here is a copper coin (Fig. 5) which perhaps you have in your collection. It was the first issue of the Mint of the United States, by resolution of Congress, July 6, 1787. I do not know of any evidence that Franklin had anything to do with its design, but from the motto, which sounds like some of his sayings, it has gotten with some persons the name Franklin copper. It is a first-rate coin for you to study, because it tells of the prosperity of your country, of the condition of the people, and their arts, and their character. Nor will the words that are on it, and the pictures or designs, fail to repay your study. In fact, I don't know any coin which offers a better beginning for the young American numismatist.





I wish my little correspondents to try their skill in writing a letter of two hundred words, or about twenty lines, which shall contain the following words: sunae, cheerful, chestnut, ivy, willow, reckless, drooping, you will succeed best in weaving the words prettily into an Indian summer letter to the Post-office Box. Please write with black ink on one side only of the paper. Do you know that I was quite dismayed the other day when one of my girl friends showed me a letter she had written with white ink on chocolate-colored paper? It was very dazzling, but very hard to read, and as the great object, after all, in writing, is to write so that your letter may be easily and quickly understood by the person to whom you send it, I advised her to copy it in another style. She laughed merrily, and said she would never—no, never—write to the Post-office Box on fanciful paper with fanciful ink, or even with a pencil, but always just as I beg you to do, my girls and boys, plainly and carefully, with

Ink as black as the wing of a crow.
On paper like cream or white as snow.

The following letter tells its own beautiful story of a sweet thought gracefully carried into action:

BANGOR, MAINE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I send you this afternoon the donation of my Sunday-school class in St. John's church for my People's Day. The card and banner are given by Harry French; the bowl and plate by the following: Frank Gould, Joe Smith, Howell Leavitt, Maria Leavitt, Edith Smith, Bertha Mason, and my little cousins. They all wish to express their sympathy for the little helpless occupant of the Cot, and now that a beginning is once made, think they will like to subscribe to cheer the little one. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE often in class, so you will please acknowledge the receipt of this in print, each donor will feel delighted, and fully repaid for any self-denial that he or she may have practiced. With kindest regards, F. E. F.

BANGOR, MAINE.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like to read it very much. I thought I would write you a letter to-day, as school will begin next week, and then I shall not have so much time. We have had a long vacation, and I have had a jolly time with my sister and cousins. Now my sister Alice has gone with one of my aunts to Southern California to be with my papa, who is staying there because he can't travel. They got to San Diego a week ago to-night, and that is the place where papa is. My sister kept a journal as she rode along in the cars. I hope she will send it to me to read. My little dog, who is a jolly little yip-yip baby. I wish I could remember her. I have got lots of dollsies. The prettiest is Pansy; she is a large dolly, with beautiful hair and pretty blue eyes. My little name is Edith Campbell. We have a little birdie visiting us now, and his name is Ned; he sings very sweetly. This is a beautiful day here at Bangor, and now I must close and go out to play with my friends. EDITH.

GRACE.

FARMINGTON, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eight years old. My grandpa had a Manx kitten once. Manx cats come from the Isle of Man, without any tails, and never have any. We come in to the country in the summer. There are a great many birds here. Among them is the butcher-bird, which lives on the ground. It killed three of grandpa's birds. They were in a cage hanging outside the house, and it pulled their heads right off with its bill. It has a long bill, and a long tail. Its color is French gray, with black stripes on its head, and black wings. A few moments ago we found a nest of four little downy birds, all the same color. I like my YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have a baby sister, and a brother six years old, and a pet kitten named Dot. JENNY G. W.

St. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Although YOUNG PEOPLE is taken in the name of my younger sister, I enjoy the stories and lovely pictures quite as much as she does. I think the Post-office Box is especially interesting, and we have tried several of the receipts. I am very fond of cooking, and to-day I made a bread-and-butter pudding, substituting sliced peaches for

the raisins, and as "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," it must have been good, for every one was helped twice.

I read lately in a paper a way to preserve flowers by dipping them into a weak solution of gum-arabic, which forms a coating over them, and so excludes the air. Perhaps some of your readers may like to try it. I am afraid my letter is too long, but I would like to send a receipt for dried roses, which we like very much:

DROP BISCUIT.—one quart of flour, two teaspoonsful of baking-powder, and a pinch of salt; milk enough to make a batter as thick as can be stirred with a spoon; drop from the spoon on a pan, and bake quickly. MISLIE C. W.

LULU AND THE RABBIT.

A dear little rabbit once lived in the clover. So happy and careless he roamed the field over. Till the farm boys came there, and poor Bunny they spoiled.

"See there, boys! a rabbit! let's catch him!" they cried.

Oh! the horror and fear in that poor little breast. As panting he speeds toward his sheltering nest. But so closely they follow, they follow so fast. Too weary to struggle, he's captured at last.

Now little maid Lulu was passing that way, And, pleading, she said, "Let me have him, I pray."

In her apron they laid him, and said, "Take him home." And would make you a cage when our day's work is done."

But the shy, frightened eyes and the fast-beating heart Moved Lulu to pity and to take Bunny's part: "No, no, I won't keep you a prisoner," she said; "Go back to your home, and be happy instead."

So, kissing him softly and stroking him over, She set him down free in the tangle of clover. The daisy's white nodded her pretty crowned head, The daisy's white blossom suited up from its bed,

While the posies and grasses, all tangled and sweet, Were clasping and kissing the little bare feet. And the breezes that lifted each bonny brown curl Whispered sweetly and softly, "Well done, little girl!"

TOLSON, MICHIGAN.

This true story, so daintily told in rhyme, is about a little letter of the Post-office Box. We are glad that Lulu was so kind to the poor frightened rabbit. So you would have seen, Jessie, Mary, Daisy, and Susie, would you not?

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A very pretty little incident came to my notice to-day, which occurred in a country place of our State. There lives the notable fox of two flocks of pets, and, as a consequence, they became much attached to him. Some time since his father sold his farm and stock, preparatory to changing his place of residence. A flock of sheep was bought by a neighbor, and driven to its new owner's field. By some mischance a fence was broken down, and some sheep belonging to another neighbor, whom we will call Mr. Smith, became mixed with those that had belonged to Ralph's father. Mr. Smith, not a very scrupulous man, in separating the flocks claimed a number that did not belong to him. There seemed no way of proving his wrong-doing, and a lawsuit followed. When little Ralph was subpoenaed to give evidence he went into court in the morning, and the names he had given them when his father's property, every sheep came to him, while Mr. Smith's, frightened by his voice, ran as far away as they could, and a pretty symbol of the good shepherd, whose sheep know him. E. W.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

The Post-office Box affords me a great deal of pleasure, and I think it is very interesting and instructing to read how boys and girls live and enjoy themselves in the different parts of the country. Some time ago I went to Hesse-cassel in Germany, and staid there four years. Cassel is my mother's birth-place, and all her relations live there. It is a beautiful little city, with the Wilhelmshausen in the west, and the little river Fulda flowing through it. In the Wilhelmshausen Mountains is a beautiful chateau, in which the Elector of Hesse had resided, one of the noblest and most interesting of the soldiers to England. And in that same chateau Napoleon III. was kept a prisoner during the late Franco-Prussian war. While we were in Cassel, we had a grand dinner given to the Emperor and all the princes as they were driving from the railroad station to the chateau after the first day's exercises. Crowds lined both sides of the

street, and the cheering as the Emperor drove past was tremendous. A great many American and English boys and girls are at school in Hesse. I would like to tell you more about the Wilhelmshausen Mountains, and about the long walks we took in them and in the country about Cassel, but will defer it until a future time. A. C.

"LA GRANGE," PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but have always deferred it, thinking you have enough correspondents already. I love to write letters and to get them, and surely you must too, or you wouldn't be Postmistress. Isn't it lots of fun to get so many letters from strange boys and girls who never heard of them before? I have only one pet, a darling big cat. We are all fond of cats, and always have one or two in the family. Mine was named Jack, but I got him when I was ten years old the 21st of last May. Isn't that old for a cat? My aunt has a lovely yellow one, Daffy, that shakes hands, and sits up, and then jumps right over her shoulder. When he was a kitten he had lovely blue eyes, but they are brown now.

I have been staying at my grandmother's for the last month with my sisters. There is a lovely dog named Tarry, who is a special favorite. Indeed, he is so fond of us he won't go to his real home. I had a kitten too, named Maher-shah-shah-bah, but I guess the name was too much for him, for he ran away.

I want to tell you, dear Postmistress, about a song my sisters and I composed a little while ago. We had been sitting at the piano singing, and A., my eldest sister, played the tune of "Marching through Georgia." None of us knew the words, so we thought we would make some up to suit ourselves. So we did it, singing it as we went along, and though nothing like some one could write a song of it. Just try it, humming it to "Marching through Georgia." Of course it is rather silly, after the style of "Over the Garden Wall," but I hope you don't despise some of silly things we do. We are so much pleased with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, having taken from the beginning, and intending to keep on taking it as long as possible. We are so glad to see that you are so well. I obtained a lovely book, *Red Folks*, by publishing an exchange in its columns. So we all wish it long life and prosperity. With love I will close. BESSIE H. S.

This is the song:

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

I stepped inside the garden gate one glorious morn in May;

Nature had outdone herself in making such a day.

Lilacs, roses, hyacinths, gave forth their fragrance gay;

Besides, I smelled apple-dumplings.

(Chorus.)

Dumplings, dumplings—sugar, dough, and spice—
Dumplings, dumplings, everything is nice.

Lilacs, roses, hyacinths, gave forth their fragrance gay;

Besides, I smelled apple-dumplings.

Coming up the garden path, I neared the kitchen door,
Caught a glimpse of golden curls I oft had seen

Cook had gone to take a walk, and Mabel had the floor.

And she was making apple-dumplings.

(Chorus—Dumplings, etc., repeating last two lines of second stanza instead of first.)

Round her daintily waist an apron large and brown
Apples tart and rosy-cheeked in basket by her side.

I longed to kiss the rolling-pin that by her hand
For she was making apple-dumplings.

(Chorus—Dumplings, etc., last line of third stanza.)

The verses for which I have made room are very creditable to Miss Bessie, particularly as apple-dumplings are not so poetical as apple blossoms. The last two stanzas were not exactly adapted to the Post-office Box, although a little nonsense now and then makes life very pleasant.

JACKSONVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

It is going to be two years that we have taken YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. I have one brother and two sisters, and we all like "Raising the Pearl," "Nan," and "Toby Tyler." I guess I will not try to name the stories, for they are all good, and I could not say much, but I never saw one from here. I read Sammy A.'s letter, and thought I lived far enough North to answer him. We have had some heavy storms here. I have only a few birds, but they are so dark we could not see the time without going up close to the clock, and in the winter it snows until you can only see a few rods before you.

I live on the shore of the beautiful Lake Elysian. It is seven miles in length, and one and a half in width in the widest place. There is an island of

seven acres in it, and people come and stay and fish there are some quite large ones—nothing like yours, Saunmy—but buffalo, black, and rock bass, pickerel, and some salmon put in by the government, and several other kinds not eatable. We have a nice thing called a muskrat, and skating in winter. My brother shot eight wild-ducks last Saturday at three shots; he is fourteen, and I am nine. I was chopping some large brush for my papa and mamma, and cut my foot with an axe—the left one, on the inside. The cut is two and a half inches long, but it is doing well. I can not step on it yet. I started to write cable-grams for my papa and mamma, but I could not. Then my sister said she would write it for me. My grandpa and grandma live with us; they are very old. Grandpa is eighty-five, and has been blind for nearly six years, and cut my foot with a bit. Grandma is eighty, but quite smart. Please answer this, Saunmy. WILLIE W. NAVAGE.

MORNING'S MINES, PENNSYLVANIA.

SAMMY A.—I saw your letter, and thought I would answer it by telling you something about the coal mines in this region. A mine is started in the side of a hill, and goes in horizontally, instead of perpendicularly, and by means of the rails. The men heading goes in generally about 100 feet before turning a heading; those turning to the right are called rights, and those to the left lefts. There are usually about twenty headings, which turn off the same as the headings. In each of these rooms there are generally two men, or a man and his family, or boys in a room, and driven by an engine or by mules from the shafts to the mines, and then another team of mules takes them to the side track inside, and from there they are hauled by sledges to the surface. At each heading there is a trap-door kept by a boy called a trapper, whose business it is to open and shut the door for the drivers, and to keep the drivers from running into each other heading to the top.

In these mines we have a good deal of pretty peacock coal and slate with impressions of ferns on them. If you will send me your full address, I will send you some.

There is also a great deal of fanning done here with lumber for 100 houses, which are to be built in the new town of Peale (named after Senator Peale). A new railroad crosses this county, and the tunnel, which is not finished yet, goes through the Allegheny Mountains, and is about three-quarters of a mile long, in near Peale, which is fifteen miles from here. WILLIAM B. CRITCHAN.

One thing impressed me when I read this letter, and that was how important the duty of the trapper boys. These little fellows to their work out of sight. Very likely their faces and hands are grimy, and they often get very tired, but upon their faithfulness depend the lives of many others. Both these Willies have written the right kind of letters in reply to our friend Saunmy.

HELSINKI, FINLAND.

I have five sisters and one brother older than myself. My brother is in Dakota; he has taken up a claim. We have three horses; one of them is a trotter, and has won several races. We have a dog, the name of Tom and Dick; they are hounds. I have one cat; his name is Tom too. My papa is postmaster. I am twelve years old, and I like to stay out of doors most all of the time. I will send a receipt for.

MOLASSES CANDY.—A cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of vinegar; the candy will have to be stirred all the time, or it will burn; when cool enough to handle, pull it; then cut into disks, and leave to harden. EDITH VAN V.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am a little boy who takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it the best of anything. I have always been sick ever since I can remember, and have had to take medicine. I have no pets except a kitty; I call it Trot. I have a great many carpenter's tools. I made a bean-shooter. I have been at school a very little. I study at home when I am able. I liked "Raising the Pearl." I hope you will print this. CLYDE B.

How glad I shall be one of these boys to hear that Clyde is well and strong!

LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, NEW MEXICO.

I live in Lawrence, Kansas, but am here during the summer. We camp a mile and a half from the Hot Springs. I have been down there seven times. We camp on a high bank, with the stream below us. There are many trees and flowers. One day I climbed to the top of a mountain twelve hundred feet high. When we first came there there were no flowers, because there had been no rain, but now there are plenty. We had a party of rocks, ferns, and moss here that are very pretty. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and like it very much. I have been to Colorado and New Mexico many times before this. We were here last summer. My father is Professor of the Natural History Department in

the University of Kansas. He comes here to collect insects, and brings us with him. I have fifty-nine of the receipts in YOUNG PEOPLE copied down. I am going to try some of them when I get home. I can't try them out here, because our little sheet-iron stove won't bake well. I am eleven years old. We have venison every day; we have so much sometimes that we have to give lots of it away. Sometimes we have had carp horned toads in a box, but now we have only three. We have great camp fires every evening. I have ridden down to the Hot Springs twice in a barrow. I can walk much faster than a burro can carry me, but I like to ride them very much. I have a lovely little baby brother, and is eight months old, and can sit up alone and creep on all fours and make noise. He has curly, brown, wavy hair. He has very curly hair. I have two sisters and a brother besides the baby. MARY M. S.

MALDEN, WISCONSIN.

I am a boy eleven years old. We have very cold winters and pleasant summers. I have lots of fun in the winter, skating, coasting, and snow-balling. I go bathing in summer. Last week I destroyed three wasps' nests, and didn't get stung once. I read Sammy's letter, and thought I would answer it. I hope my letter will be printed. BERT B.

A PUZZLE FOR LITTLE ARTISTS. Take a half-sheet of paper, and draw a perfect circle. Then try with how few lines within this you can represent all the letters of the alphabet.

P. T.: I am sorry you dislike little girls. I fear, if they discover it, you will have trouble in finding partners for dancing school. Perhaps you will get them better when you are older. Meanwhile a taste for so pure a writer as Irving is the very best thing you can form. P. T. would like a boy to occupy Young People's Cot.—Thanks to Mary W., Clara E. T., Arthur T., Emma T., J. M. L., Hattie F., Orlis L. H., Cely de G. McC., Birdie R. J., Marion L. Q., Azzie A. J., George C. R., Charley S., and Hattie G. C.—J. Friend L.: Your new home will be charming. I am sure. Sarah P.: Thanks for the lovely paper dolls, dear; as I have no little girl young enough to enjoy them, I have sent them to our child in St. Mary's Free Hospital, with your pretty message.—Lizzie N. P. will please send her address to Jennie O. B., Post-Office Box 26, New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pennsylvania, as Jennie would like to correspond with a girl whose home is in far-off Australia. E. P. S.: You will find directions "How to Make a Toy Steamboat" in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 184, published May 8, 1883, and also in No. 204, issued September 25.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1. TWO WORD SQUARES.
 1.—I. Hunts. 2. A contest. 3. A space. 4. Necessity.
 2.—1. An animal. 2. Leisure. 3. A continent. 4. A mineral.

CHARLES E. AND ARTHUR H. TIMMERMAN.

- No. 2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
 1. A winning card. 2. Exaggeration. 3. Before the English. 4. A German town. 5. A vessel. 6. An English town. 7. Destruction. Latin but again in English. 8. A relative.
 Read downward give the name of a celebrated author and of one of his books.

CHARLES E. AND ARTHUR H. TIMMERMAN.

- No. 3. R. ENIGMA.
 My first is in comb, but not in brush.
 My second is in walk, but not in rush.
 My third is in lane, but not in road.
 My fourth is in hand, but not in tool.
 My whole is an exquisite's chief delight,
 And a weapon defensive for use at night.

FORREST F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 202.

- No. 1. In the dictionary.
 K. N. (Cayenne).
 No. 2. Carpet. Wallace.
 No. 3. Participle.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Fannie Strickland, Laura Edwards, James Pat from Fannie Strickland, Laura Brunner, Del Baldwin, F. T. Chamberlain, Livingston, Charles E. and Arthur H. Timmerman, Dolly Haves, Mabel Fletcher, B. L. Parker, Gazettea, Amy Dudley, E. S. T., and Emily King.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best weekly for children in America.—*southwestern Christian Advocate*.

The grand success of this beautiful and instructive illustrated weekly for young readers is the best proof that it fills a needed place. No magazine of its kind has ever come into such boundless popularity in so short a time.—*Chicago Lake Ocean*.

The illustrations form a whole art gallery in themselves, and a gallery that contains some gems worthy of preservation by the people of the most cultivated taste in pictures.—*Brooklyn Times*.

In its weekly instalments it has been the delight of innumerable boys and girls in this New World of ours, for YOUNG PEOPLE is read from Hudson Bay to the Isthmus of Panama. In a literary sense, the material found in it is excellent, and the information given on innumerable subjects is always conveyed in a sensible and intelligible manner.—*N. Times*.

We know of no book better calculated to interest and instruct the young than the fifty-two numbers of this popular illustrated weekly. It contains a vast amount of good reading of the most varied character. * * * All that the artist's skill can accomplish in the way of illustration has been done, and the best talent of the country has contributed to its text.—*New England Journal of Education*, Boston.

In its special field there is nothing that can be compared with it.—*Hartford Evening Post*.

There is entertainment enough in its eight hundred and odd pages of stories, sketches, poems, puzzles and pictures to fill up the evenings of a whole winter. It is good, wholesome entertainment, too, and will both amuse and interest the juveniles.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Its wealth of stories, sketches, poetry, pictures, puzzles, and correspondence form a collection of intellectual treasures the possession of which will make any boy or girl in the land "as happy as a king," and which, by reason of its moderate price, is within the reach of all who wish to have it at their command.—*Baltimore Gazette*.

If we had a dozen children and could only buy one Christmas gift to be divided among them, our choice would certainly fall on this book that has so many beautiful pictures and quaint stories pressed between its handsome covers, for it will give delight to the boy or girl in the land "as happy as a king," and which, by reason of its moderate price, is within the reach of all who wish to have it at their command.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

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Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



THE FAIRIES' PALETTE.

BY MEL R. COLQUITT.

SEE the fairies' palette,
With as many brilliant dyes
As ever were seen in the rainbow
Flushing fair summer skies!

When fairy artists need a tint
Of any gorgeous hue,
They dip their tiny brushes
In flowers wet with dew.

In the stainless daisy,
With its royal crown of light,
They find a golden yellow
And a lovely creamy white.

In the sweet wood-violet,
With its purple and its blue,
They find rich kingly colors
Of many a splendid hue.

They borrow from the restless bee,
That busy thieving rover,
Pale pink and crimson, lilac too,
Stolen from the meadow clover.

They mix their paints of blooms and dew
As they chat and paint together;
The daintiest brush they have is made
Of the saucy jay-bird's feather.

And when at last comes "hanging-day,"
Wee critics stand around,
And give their sage opinions
In learned words profound.

The tiny pictures all are hung
In the gallery of dreams,
Where happy children view them
By the light of soft moonbeams.

WHO CAN FIND THEM?

A LETTER CONTAINING TWENTY-FOUR HIDDEN BIRDS.

DEAR MOTHER.—On returning from walking, Fisher and I came into the yard with rush and hurry, and only lacked a small number of inches of knocking Rob into a deep gully which is being prepared for a drain. He fell, but escaped unhurt, with a few rents in his clothes. Mr. Crowell called us to his desk, and said we must crave not only Rob's pardon, but his, for such awkward carelessness. Then he called the boys for the social hour. He said, "What is wanted to-night?"

And the boys said, "A story."

He told of a trip he once took for a fur company. It was in a very cold climate, and they felt Jack Frost's nip every time they went out. Once, in a severe storm of snow, late at night, in gales of wind sufficient to blind them, they were nearly lost. Richard Parr, otter-hunter, and guide to the party, had with him his wife, who was an Indian. Mrs. Parr owned afterward it was the hardest time to find her way she ever saw. They finally found the paths, wallowing in snow near to their waists. In camp they found a supper ready, first a soup made from a vegetable called oca, new milk brought from a distant farm in a large can. A rye pudding smoking hot completed the meal. He added a short sketch of his tour amongst the Scotch islands, first the Hebrides, next Shetland, and last Orkney Isles.

Thank you for sending the horse-ship. Poor Willie Gay has not been well, and he rides my pony often. Don't worry about my clothes; these will do very well. When you sent my fork you forgot my spoon. Bill White has a jolly one.

Your loving son,

FRED.



FALL SPORTS—SHINNY.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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Tuesday, October 9, 1883.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



AN ADOPTED FAMILY.

THIS is a portrait group of a family that lived and flourished under the shelter of an old barn in far-off bonnie Scotland.

During one of the warm summer months the mother hen laid a dozen or more of round white eggs in a cozy nest in one corner of the barn. Then she went to work and sat upon them day and night, after the manner of hens, expecting that in the course of three or four weeks she would have a brood of downy chickens to run about with and scratch up food for.

But the weeks went by, and day followed day without any chickens appearing. There was not even a peep within the shell, and no tiny active little bill undertook to peck its way out into the great world. The poor mother hen was heart-broken, and grew thinner and thinner, until the good farmer began to think she would die of her disappointment.

One day she was roaming about the barn, very lonely and miserable, when she discovered an old peck measure, and inside it eight little kittens not more than a few days old. In a moment she concluded to adopt them in place of the chickens she had longed for, and spreading out her wings she crouched down over the kittens, warming them deliciously with her soft feathers. Never was there a happier hen. "Cluck-cluck-cluck—cluck-cluck—cluck-cluck-cluck!" she sang, and nestled closer and closer to her strange little brood.

But her happiness lasted only a short time. Puss, the real mother of the kittens, who had been off on a hunting expedition, came back with a mouse in her mouth, and saw the new state of affairs. Oh, but she was angry! With a growl and a hiss she flew at the poor hen, and drove her clear away to the other end of the barn. Then she took each little kitten by the back of the neck and carried it carefully up into the loft. Presently she found a warm corner for her children. She arranged a bed of

soft straw, and soon they were almost as comfortable as they had been in their peck measure.

But the poor hen! She was more sorrowful now than ever, and soon she found her way up into the loft, and looked jealously at Puss and her family. What happened between them we never shall know, but it seems as if there must have been a long conversation. The hen told her troubles to Puss, and Puss must have felt sorry for her, and, like all good little mothers, she must have wanted to do what she could to help her friend's trouble. At all events, they came to an arrangement. The little kittens were to have two mothers.

The hen could not feed the kittens. That Puss must do. But as soon as their own mother gave them a warm meal of milk, then the hen would take them in charge, and cuddle them up under her wings for a nap, while Puss went off to hunt up a living for herself. In this way the two took turns in caring for the little ones, and never were there any kittens who had more attention, or a better time. Indeed, it would sometimes seem as if they preferred their hen to their own mother, so attentive were they to her. Even when they grew up to be quite large cats they would go about with her when she was scratching up a dinner, and so contented was she with her foster-children that she never again undertook to set upon a nestful of stupid eggs that wouldn't hatch into chickens.

MISS TREADWELL'S GUEST.

BY MARY DENSEL.

MISS HANNAH TREADWELL'S house was a lonely-looking dwelling. The front blinds were always closed. The front door had never been opened since old Dr. Treadwell's funeral, three years ago.

Very few people called on Miss Hannah. No one ever "ran in" to spend an afternoon. No one was ever invited to bring her knitting and stay to tea.

So no wonder that all the village was excited when one morning in August there was evidently a stir in the Treadwell mansion. Not only were the parlor blinds thrown open, but Mehitable, the rheumatic servant, was seen wrestling with the parlor windows, which refused to move an inch until they were pried open with a screw-driver. Then Miss Hannah herself appeared, walking down to the gate, and shading her eyes as she gazed up the street in the direction from which the Otisville stage would come, bringing its passengers from the railway, five miles distant.

And, sure enough, here was the stage, and perched on the top a girl about fifteen years old.

Rumble! rumble! rumble! The coach drew up at Miss Treadwell's gate. The girl climbed nimbly down.

"Here I am, Cousin Hannah. Mamma says I may stay three whole months. She and papa have started for the West. You were so good to offer to take me in!"

Miss Treadwell bent down to kiss her visitor. "I am sure it was kind in you to come to an old woman like me, my dear," she said.

"Kind! Why, I was crazy to get here. I shall have a perfectly beautiful time. Who lives in the next house, Cousin Hannah? A girl, I hope; for mamma said I might go to school, and the girl in the next house will introduce me to everybody, I'm sure."

Chattering, laughing, the new-comer went up the walk, followed by the stage-driver, who was carrying her trunk.

"Come from New York, she did," explained the same stage-driver, as he flung down the mail-bag at the post-office door.

"She came from New York," repeated Rose Moore; "and they say she's going to school at the Classical Institute."

"With the rest of us?" asked Lily Meadows, to whom Rose spoke.

"With the rest of us!" answered Rose, and there was a sharp ring to her voice.

Lily noticed it at once. Lily always noticed Rose's tones, and brought her own into harmony. So, "It won't be very pleasant having a stranger at school," said she.

"Of course it won't. We've all been so intimate. And think of the airs this New-Yorker will give herself! Why, the driver said her trunk almost broke his back. 'Twas as big as a small cottage."

"What heaps of clothes she must have!" exclaimed Lily, quite awe-stricken.

"I've no idea her clothes are any better than ours," cried Rose, giving a twitch to her orange-plumed hat.

The truth is, that hat was at the bottom of it all. It was new, and Rose had been counting on the sensation it would cause at the "Classical Institute." Moreover, Rose had always been chief among the Otisville girls. And now here was this small person from the great metropolis, with unknown glories in the way of clothes, and probably a multitude of charms to match. Was Rose to be put one side by foreign dresses and manners? Perish the thought!

So it came to pass that when Alice Dill, all ready to clasp hands with new friends, presented herself at the "Classical Institute," Rose scanned her with a critical eye.

"I'll put on my very best dress, Cousin Hannah," Alice had said that morning. "I do so want the girls to like me, and perhaps if I look pretty they'll be more apt to."

"I do so want the girls to like me!"

So it was that she made her own unhappiness.

Was it not a pity that the little gray gown was so very stylish? Far better had the fashionable New York milliner given her the plainest hat rather than that jaunty gray turban, with its lovely crimson-tipped wing.

"I do so want the girls to like me!"

There the little stranger stood, casting wistful glances, almost on tip-toe in her eagerness to make friends. And Rose saw her. Oh yes, Rose took in the whole situation, together with the graceful gown and the coquettish hat.

"She's from New York. It's not likely she'll have much in common with us," she whispered here and there.

Lily took her cue.

"From New York," she echoed. "Of course she'll look down on us country girls."

Such a tiny flame of envy and spite, but how it spread through the "Classical Institute!"

It reached Miss Treadwell's next-door neighbor, the girl on whom Alice Dill had especially set her hopes, Katinka Starns.

Katinka had on a new dress, green with yellow polka dots, and how very queer it did look when compared with that gray gown from New York. So Katinka joined Rose and Lily.

Alice walked home alone at noon, and it was a very downcast face that looked over to Miss Treadwell's at the dinner table.

"Nobody spoke to me," said a voice half choked with tears.

"Maybe they were bashful, and waited for you to speak first," suggested Cousin Hannah.

Alice brightened. "Why, perhaps they did."

So off she started afresh, full of cheer.

Rose was at the school room door.

"How do you do," said Alice.

"How do you do," answered Rose, and then she turned away.

The group of girls standing by began to giggle. The blood surged up into Alice's face. She crept away to her seat.

At recess she followed the rest into the yard, and stood in a corner, heavy at heart. Still hoping for a word from some one, a quick smile welcomed any eye which might glance that way, but it faded again when no one respond-

ed. So Alice tried to content herself by watching a game of "Hop Scotch." She gazed in open-eyed wonder, for she had never seen anything so droll in her life as the performance of one very lean and lank young woman, who went hopping hither and thither like a distracted stork. When at last she gave a sudden plunge, and fell flat with a crash, Alice forgot herself, and laughed outright. Rose heard her.

"You see, Katinka," said she, "I told you she would make fun of our games."

So Alice was left even more severely alone, excepting for two or three of the very youngest children, who smiled back at her when she offered to teach them "jack-stones."

"Don't you want to learn too?" she shyly asked Katinka.

But Katinka caught Rose's eye, and answered, "No, thank you."

"I know how to do gymnastics too," pleaded Alice. "They're great fun. We had some bars and a trapeze at home. My brother Will said I was a regular monkey at swinging. He used to make me jump and catch the trapeze when it was in full motion."

"We don't do such things here," said Rose, coldly. Not knowing what on earth a trapeze might be, Rose was the more convinced that the city girl was "putting on airs."

So Alice was thrown on the mercy of the younger scholars, and, little by little, it was taken for granted that she preferred the society of "the infants."

She was lonely at school, lonely also in the big, gloomy house, where Miss Hannah, in spite of her good-will, did not at all understand the needs of a young girl. Too shy to court the friendships which had been refused her, the sunny face grew sad. And this was the life which Alice had thought would be so delightful!

By degrees any real hostility died out. Who could be actively unkind to so harmless an enemy? She was merely left alone.

"For, though I don't object to her," said Rose, "I see no reason that we should bother ourselves over her. She doesn't belong to us. She likes the 'babes'; let her stay with them."

So it came to pass that Alice was not invited to join a select picnic to "The Pines" one warm Saturday in September. Sitting solitary on Miss Hannah's door-steps, she saw Rose, Lily, and Katinka go by with their baskets. She guessed only too well what a merry time they would have, but she did not know that, finding the mosquitoes had also chosen "The Pines" for their revels, they had sauntered back as far as the Otisville Inn, and taken possession of the big stage-coach which stood under the shed.

Here they ate their lunch, and when the driver appeared they begged him to take them with him to the train and back.

"We've lost half our fun," they pleaded. "Come, now, Mr. Larkin, do give us a ride."

The good-natured driver agreed, and quickly harnessing his horses, stepped into the inn to get a last bundle.

"Here's a jolly good time," exclaimed Rose, holding up a tin pail, and drumming briskly on the bottom.

The forward horse pricked up his ears.

"Tum-ti-tum! tum-ti-tum!" rattled the pail inside.

Toby's head went an inch higher.

A shrill voice set up a song. The clatter on the pail grew louder.

"Ah!" quoth Toby. "Let's off and away."

Down the yard started the horses. The driver, at the window, saw them passing the gate.

"Whoa!" he shouted, rushing wildly after them.

It was too late. The horses turned a sharp corner, and took the road at a smart trot.

Rose, stretching her head out of the coach, screamed loudly. A small boy by the road-side threw up his hat.

The horses swerved to the right—to the left. They toss-

ed their manes. The trot became a canter, the canter a gallop, the gallop a run.

Inside the stage cowered the girls, too terrified to think of jumping. Only Rose kept her head out the window, shrieking, "Whoa! whoa! Save us! save us! Whoa! whoa!"

They were nearing Miss Treadwell's house. There on the door-step sat Alice Dill. Rose saw her. It flashed into her mind how she had seen her on the same spot two hours ago, and had said,

"We don't want her."

It seemed like a dream, but she saw Alice spring from her seat, and dash into the road.

"Save us! save us!" screamed Rose. Then she fell back into Katinka's arms.

How she did it Alice could never tell. She only knew that her two hands grasped the trunk-rest of the coach, and with a tremendous jump she was on the shelf.

A strap was swinging from the top of the stage. Alice clutched it, and clambered to the roof.

The horses were running, but running steadily. The country road was smooth.

Alice crept along. She reached the driver's box. She was repeating a little prayer with all her might.

"The reins! the reins! Give me the reins. Amen!"

She balanced herself with one arm. She reached forward. It was one chance in a hundred. Ah! there were the reins twisted around the whip-socket. Alice's fingers closed upon them. She planted her feet. She tightened her hold. Her eyes almost started out of her head. Her teeth were locked. Her breath came in quick gasps.

But just before her was Beadley's Mount, the steepest hill in all the country round. The horses tried to veer into a side road, but a sharp jerk on the reins drew them back.

Up the mount they plunged. Twenty yards, and the run had become a gallop; forty yards, the gallop was a canter; sixty yards, the canter was a trot; eighty yards, the trot was but a walk. The leader's head drooped. Slower and slower grew the pace.

The top was gained, and the horses stood still, panting, trembling, their sides heaving, the foam on their bits and on their quivering haunches. Oh, blessed earthquake which, in ages past, upheaved Beadley's Mount!

On the box, white and stiff, her hands glued to the reins, sat the New York girl as motionless as a stone.

Rose, Lily, and Katinka crept out of the coach. They stretched out their arms to Alice; they called her name, but she did not answer. Then they saw her droop and sink down.

The next three weeks were terrible to Rose, to Lily, to Katinka. They haunted Miss Treadwell's yard, but they might not see the fever-stricken Alice.

"And, oh, Rose," cried Katinka, with a burst of tears, "they say she is out of her head, and she keeps repeating, 'Push the trapeze, Will. I can catch like a monkey.' And then she cries out, 'The reins!—give me the reins! Amen!' Rose, Rose, she'll die, and we have killed her."

But no. Alice did not die. She even went back in time to the "Classical Institute."

And did she stand in a corner now? Did she vainly ask for love and friendship?

Ah! what happiness the blessed October brought! It was Rose who called each morning to walk to school with Alice. It was Lily who gladly taught her games. It was Katinka who could never do enough for her.

Indeed, had it not been for Katinka, I should not have heard a word concerning the misery of September.

"To think how mean we were!" cried Katinka, with blushes of shame—"to think of it! Only to think of it!"

But Alice forgot it all in her joy.

"Those dear Otisville girls!" she always said. "They were so very kind to me."



DREAM-BAGS.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

OVER the ocean far and wide
 The good ship sails—a thing of pride
 To the sailor boy, who trends her deck
 As happy and careless as though no wreck
 Had ever been known on the ocean wide,
 Nor ships been lost in the swelling tide.
 A low and aloft he's busy all day,
 Till the sun has finished his golden way;
 And at four bells, struck with a hearty will,
 The boatswain's call, with its whistle shrill,
 Is, "Tumble up for dream-bags."

Then he to the hammock netting springs,
 And down below his dream-bag swings
 'Mid shining rows of cannon grim,
 Which are but well-tried friends to him.
 Then comes an hour of well-earned rest,
 Of song and story and merry jest,
 And the sailor boy watches his guiding star,
 That shines like a beacon light steady and far.
 Till two bells strike in the evening still;
 And the boatswain's call, with its whistle shrill,
 Is, "Tumble into dream-bags."

Then all night long, in peaceful sleep,
 Rocked by billows whose steady sweep
 Marks time to the tune the sea-bee sings,
 The sailor boy safe in his dream-bag swings.
 He has visions of many a daring deed,
 Of home, and the mother whose gentle creed
 Is still his steadiest, surest guide
 Through tempest and wreck and all beside—
 Till four bells strike in the morning chill,
 And the boatswain's call, with its whistle shrill,
 Is, "Tumble out of dream-bags."

A VILLAIN THAT LURKS IN THE WOODS.

BY H. H. KANE, M.D.

THOSE of our readers who are so fortunate as to be in the country during the months of September and October will find them the pleasantest months in the year. There is just enough of the frost of winter in the cool air to redden the cheeks, set the blood tingling through the veins, cause the eyes to sparkle, and make life seem even better worth living than ever before.

What pleasure it is to wander in the woods and meadows, gather the late flowers, poke and pry into the trees with hollow trunks, watch wild-eyed rabbits, startled by your voice or step, dart rapidly from brush or thicket, and to gather the leaves that nature has so quickly and beautifully painted in such brilliant colors!

But there is a danger that lurks in these pleasant meadows and fragrant woods. Not wild animals such as dash out from the jungles of India or jump upon you from the trees, but a villain that is apt to lull every suspicion you might otherwise have of his evil intentions, for, like many other dangerous villains, he is handsomely dressed, and

not only does not look as if he would do you any harm, but, on the contrary, resembles things that you know to be good, and of which you feel no fear.

Nearly every boy or girl who has wandered in the cool shady wood paths, or by the side of brooks and ponds, has seen him every summer and autumn, either standing alone or leaning up against a stone wall or broken fence. Children who meet him should pass him by at once, not stopping for a moment to take any of the handsome flowers or eat any of the tempting fruit he offers. Many children that have done so have been made very sick by it, and some poor little unfortunates have been killed.

For this dangerous villain is a plant, and this handsome and dangerous plant is known by the hard Latin name *Atropa belladonna*, or, more commonly, *deadly nightshade*. Our illustration is a very good picture of it. It stands about three feet high, has a thick fleshy stem with branches, and is usually found in damp or cool places, such as woods, ravines, the edges of swamps, or against stone walls or ruins.

It is very handsome when in full bloom, and is very apt to attract the attention of children, who, from the beauty of its flowers or the tempting look of its fruit, often pluck the former and eat the latter, always a dangerous and sometimes a fatal proceeding. The flowers, which usually appear in June and July, are large, bell-like in shape, and of a dull reddish color. They usually hang downward by a narrow and seemingly frail stem. The leaves of the plant are oval, pointed, of a dusky green color on top and a paler green underneath. They hang in pairs, and are nearly of the same size.

The berries, which are the most dangerous, owing to the likelihood that the little ones may gather and eat them, are, when ripe, often mistaken for "wild cherries" both from their shape and color. At first green, they grow red, and when fully ripe are of a deep purplish-red color. At first somewhat ovate (egg-shaped), and having a shallow furrow on either side, they grow round as they grow ripe, which ripening usually takes place in September.

As no cherries, wild or domesticated (grown at home and cared for), are ever to be found as late as September, or on such a bush, the child who bears this in mind is not likely to make the serious mistake that so many have already made. Then, too, the taste, though sweetish, is not like that of a cherry, and the seeds are very different.

In the belladonna berry the capsule (stone) is found comparatively soft, and to consist of two compartments, or sacs, filled with small seeds.

Children who have eaten these poisonous berries become very sick and vomit. The pupils of their eyes enlarge very much, their throats and stomachs burn, their faces flush, and their bodies get as red as those of boiled lobsters. Indeed, they look just as if they had an attack of scarlet fever. They grow very weak, and soon begin to be delirious; that is to say, they talk, laugh, sing, cry, scream, tear the bed-clothes, toss and roll, and grow perfectly wild, while a hot fever rages. Sometimes convulsions (fits) follow, until at last, worn



ATROPA BELLADONNA.

* The name given by sailor boys to their hammocks.

out with pain and suffering, they find rest and peace in death.

This is why it is so very important that every boy and girl who wanders in the fields and woods should learn to know this handsome and terribly dangerous villain who lurks in the cool and shady places, and that so temptingly offers them his gaudy flowers and purple, death-dealing fruit. And from him, too, they may at the same time learn the much-worn, but very useful adage, that appearances are but too often deceptive, and that some of the most wicked and dangerous men and things in this life are often the most pleasant to look upon, the most entertaining in their speech, and the most tempting in the promised pleasures they hold forth.

TOM FAIRWEATHER IN ZANZIBAR

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY.

WHEN, at home, Tom Fairweather had sung of how

"The spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"

there had always been a jumble in his mind of Aladdin's wonderful lamp and roc's eggs and these same spicy breezes aforesaid as all included in the one series of marvellous tales. But when the good ship *Neptune* steamed into Zanzibar Harbor, Tom became aware that there existed in fact breezes spice-laden and fragrant.

A soft wind was blowing over the groves of spice trees lining the shores, robbing them of their perfume, which it wafted abroad, the strong essence of cloves being especially distinct.

Tom, from the deck of the *Neptune* (I have never told you before, young people, that his father's ship was the *Neptune*, but I now make the name formally known to you), gazed with pleased eyes on the brilliant coloring of the shores between which the ship's course lay. Rows of spice trees were broken here and there by groups of stately palms, and by the rich dark green foliage of the mango, these trees crowning the higher land, against which they grew in gradual ascent. Lower down large plains were planted with sugar-cane, mixed with patches of grain and with wonderful groves of cocoa nut. Where the water-line met the sand of the shore it shone like a silver girdle in the sunlight, dividing the kingdoms of land and water.



A ZANZIBAR BOY

Perhaps he would not have noticed all these points, or, at all events, would not have been aware that he was doing so, had it not been that he was standing at the back of Mr. Jollytarre's chair, who, as they approached Zanzibar, was making a rapid sketch of the scene in water-colors. Observation is a good habit, which does not always come naturally to young people, but it is often quickened by trying to make a sketch yourself, or watching some friend sketch a charming landscape or a striking building.



THE CITY OF ZANZIBAR.

"How do you think I've hit it off, Tom?" asked the Lieutenant, holding his sketch off at arm's-length. "It's hard to do justice to the coloring, you see. There's all that varied foliage on the highlands, then that square of yellow grain, and that bit of sugar-cane. That water is too blue. I'll wash in more white. Is that better?"

"It's splendid!" cried Tom, enthusiastically. "It couldn't be more like it you had photographed it."

"I'm glad you like it," said Mr. Jollytarre, putting back his picture in his portfolio. Then he waved his hand ahead. "But there's a scene that defies me, Tom. Did you ever see anything like that?"

Tom looked ahead too, and beheld a fairy city rising above the horizon, apparently miles away. Near by were large white houses with flat roofs and plenty of windows—an every-day affair enough; but there was an extraordinary unreality about the city in the distance. Tom rubbed his eyes. "Am I dreaming?" he asked. "That place we are coming to doesn't look like anything I ever saw before."

"It's the mirage."

"Mirage?"

"Yes; the most uncanny atmospheric effects are produced by mirage. Fairy-land could not be stranger than this one, could it?"

"Look at those tremendously tall ships lying in the harbor."

"And those 'airy fairy' palaces built without foundations."

"And those banners, Mr. Jollytarre, how they come and go, change and disappear! But how real those arches look! And do you see those terraces? It is impossible that they are a delusion."

"Nevertheless, that is what they are, 'the unsubstantial fabric of a dream,' and so are those gardens. You need never say that you have not seen castles in the air. I don't believe any boy ever had a better sight of them."

The *Neptune* went on her course, and the wonderful vision gradually dissolved upon a nearer approach. The tall phantom ships shrunk into something not a third so tall and stately. The trailing gigantic banners resolved themselves into the consular flags of America, England, France, and Germany. The lovely arches and graceful terraces became, on nearer approach, groups of houses, which looked like palaces at a distance, but were more like pig-sties on a close acquaintance.

"We are not more than thirty miles from the mainland of Africa, are we?" asked Tom, having gradually realized the scene.

"About that. The sovereignty of Zanzibar comprises these islands, of which the three largest are Pemba, Zanzibar, and Momfa. Besides, there is a territory on the mainland extending from about ten degrees south latitude to about two degrees south latitude, not to speak of a chain of trading stations, more or less obedient to the Sultan, extending inland almost a thousand miles. It was from Zanzibar that Stanley started when he made his journey across Africa."

"Of what race are the inhabitants?" asked Tom.

"Arabs for the most part, whose language is not Arabic but Swahili. There are natives of India, who, as a rule, are Mohammedans, although some profess Hindooism. However, the bulk of the population of Zanzibar are negroes; some imported, some native, some slaves, some free. England takes very decided measures to break up the traffic in slaves. They have had many men-of-war stationed in these waters to capture the dows in which the Arabs carry their slaves from one port to another. The dows sail very fast, and it is not always easy to catch them."

The next day when Tom went on shore he had an opportunity of seeing the slave-market, but the two hundred and fifty slaves he saw huddled together only served to

disgust him, and when he was told by his father that on the day after the officers were to dine with the Sultan, he was not quite sure whether he would like to go or not.

His father said: "You had better go along, Tom, for the Sultan has travelled, and picked up a great many European customs. He is fond of entertaining, and will no doubt give us a very good dinner."

"Yes," added Mr. Jollytarre; "you will have no end of fun, as the English say, and this will go far ahead of anything you have seen in the lands of Sultans."

So the next evening, before leaving the ship, Tom was in quite an expectant state, especially as, looking toward the shore, he could see the plaza in front of the Sultan's palace brilliantly lighted by many party-colored lanterns.

On reaching the shore the party was met by officers of the palace, accompanied by a troop of slaves, the latter carrying lanterns slung on poles, which they held aloft to light the way.

It was a curious and very pretty sight. The officers of the ship and the palace walked together, and ahead and on either side slaves were bearing their huge paper lanterns. As they wound their way through the narrow streets it reminded Tom of the torch-light processions he had seen at home.

Arriving near the palace, they found crowds of natives assembled to see the Americans. At the foot of the stairway the Sultan himself received his guests with that Eastern hospitality which carries with it a gentle dignity not to be misunderstood. Going up one flight, they found themselves on a balcony surrounding an inner court, and at the moment of their appearance a fine band struck up the "Star-spangled Banner."

Curiously enough, neither the Sultan nor any of his suite could speak English, and it is needless to say that the Americans could not speak Swahili, but they all wandered through the various rooms, looking at the novel arrangements of furniture, and expressing themselves in a pantomimic way, until they were given to understand that dinner awaited them.

On one side of the balcony the table was laid, and a beautiful effect was given by colored lights and shining crystal. The first thing that attracted our young friend's attention was the *menu*, printed on tinted paper with letters of blue and gold.

Tom glanced it over, and turning to Mr. Jollytarre, by whose side he had managed to sit, he said:

"Goodness! what a lot of courses! There are twenty-five of them. And do just notice the names of the ices. Here is ice-cream *à la* General Grant, water-ice *à la* John Sherman, and ice pudding *à la* Ben Butler. What a funny idea! What does it mean?"

"I fancy," replied his friend, "that the Sultan wishes to tickle our palates with patriotic allusions. But, Tom, be careful not to show your feelings too plainly in your face. As our hosts do not speak English, you can talk freely, but do so in a quiet way."

At each plate were two decanters, one filled with sherry, and the other with lemonade. Huge dishes of cracked ice were placed at intervals. Noticing the absence of any wine, Tom asked the reason.

"The Koran, which is their Bible, forbids the use of wine," he was told.

"Then do they never drink wine?"

"Never in public," said Jollytarre. "I can't answer for their private practices."

Dinner in the mean time was going on. It needed but the soup to show that the cooking was in the hands of French artists, and but a few courses to convince Tom and his friends that they were in for a long sitting, for, beginning with the soup, every dish named on the *menu* was served separately. Tom, whose naturally healthy appetite was quickened by the good things placed before him, turned at last with a sigh, and said:

"It is of no use: I'll have to only pretend to eat, if I am to taste of the Ben Butler ice pudding."

He ate sparingly then, and listened to the fine music from the court-yard below. Finally, after two hours of dining, and he had tried the wonderful ice pudding, all rose from the table, and walked to a front room, or suite of rooms, facing the plaza.

The Sultan and Captain Fairweather stepped to a little balcony, which was a signal evidently to some one below, for immediately there was a blaze of fire-works.

The plaza was the scene of a most brilliant display, and the crowds of natives gave forth a shout that was deafening. Rockets flew in every direction, Roman candles shot out blazing stars, and beautiful views in fire appeared from the darkness. It was beautiful and unexpected. The older ones were as pleased as Tom, while the Sultan was evidently gratified with the success of his entertainment.

But the time came to thank the Sultan with expressive gestures and depart.

As they passed through the door leading from the reception-room, an officer stood with a huge bottle of attar of roses, and taking the handkerchief from each guest, fairly saturated it with that most valuable perfume. Tom said afterward that he thought his room on board would smell of attar of roses until he reached home. They returned to their boats with the same ceremony as they had walked to the palace, slaves, and lanterns, and all. Tom, lying back in the boat, remarked, sleepily:

"He is the best Sultan yet."

"DICK AND D."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Sam," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

NORRY GROWS CONFIDENTIAL.

WHILE Dick was plodding along the country road, Norry and the dog were having a very cozy time of it.

Nancy Barlow, for that was her name, made the little boy very comfortable, and as she did her morning work chatted pleasantly with him. She took up her father's breakfast, and then sat down to eat her own, and Norry liked to hear the sort of cheerful clatter she made. Before noon he felt on very friendly terms with his hostess, and had already given her the outlines of his history.

"And who does your brother feel afraid will get hold of you?" Nancy asked, with a kind, pitying look, which would have comforted Norry could he have seen it.

Norry told her in his childish way about Gurdle, and of Dick's idea that an attempt was to be made upon Dr. Field's house.

"Well, I never!" said Nancy. "I'd like to catch him coming round here. Now, Norry," she added, "s'pose you come up and sit with father for a little, while I just run next door. I want to see some one."

Norry, in his usual obedient way, allowed himself to be conducted upstairs to the large airy room where the sick man lay in bed, propped up by many pillows. Nancy put the little boy and Trusty on the foot of the bed, and then went down-stairs again. In a few moments, with her shawl over her head, she had run out and down the road to the next house. There was a carpenter's shop attached to it, and inside a young man was busily at work, whistling "Nancy Lee."

"Here I be," said Nancy Barlow, looking in with a laugh. "I want to talk to you a bit, Joel. Can you stop work?"

"Of course I can, seeing who asks me to," the young man answered, heartily. "Come in and sit down, Nancy."

He cleared a bench of some shavings, and Nancy, doing as she was bid, told the young man Dick and Norry's story. "I'd like to know!" was his comment. "Well, now, I wonder where we could get track of the old 'coon."

"This child, you see, is blind," Nancy said, with great energy. "But he knows that his brother overheard the men plotting for the seventeenth, that's to-morrow night, and he knows it's a Dr. Field, of Marplains."

"Dr. Field!" exclaimed Joel. "Why, I know him very well. At least I know his grandson, Dick Dearing, over to Barnabas. I minded his boat last summer. Well, I wonder if I hadn't best go up to Marplains myself."

"Oh, Joel!" said Nancy, "how good you always are!"

Joel's plain kind face turned very red, but he looked well pleased, and then he and Nancy hastened to plan the next move.

"The boy's gone on," she said; "like's not, as he's walking, he hasn't got there. But it'll be a good thing for you to go too. Can you spare the time, sure, Joel?"

Joel cast a look of regret at his work. "Oh yes," he said, brightly. "I don't see as it would be right *not* to go, Nancy; we can't turn our back on duty the Lord sends."

Nancy stood a minute watching Joel put up his tools, and then she went back to her own house, thinking what a comfort it would be if she had just such a brother. In a few minutes Joel, on his way to Marplains, looked in at the kitchen door, nodding good-by to Nancy, and casting a glance full of pity upon Norry's little figure.

Could Dick have seen him just then he would have felt very well satisfied. The warmth and good cheer of Nancy's kitchen had already comforted the blind boy, filling him with a grateful sense of unusual happiness in his surroundings. Norry did not know when he had been so happy, and the climax of the day's comfort seemed reached when, about two o'clock, a fine plateful of stew and roast potatoes was put before him, and Nancy, stooping down to give the boy a quick kiss on his forehead, told him that Trusty was having a "splendid bone" on the hearth. Oh, if only Dick and "Master Dick" could have been there!

CHAPTER XIV.

JOEL TELLS HIS STORY.

"BARBARA, what *are* you doing?"

"Only looking out of the window, aunt—watching for Cousin Maud."

"Well, watching won't bring her any quicker. Why don't you take your book?"

"I'm tired reading, and I like to look out of the window."

"Well, you are the oddest child!"

Mrs. Thomason seemed more contented after she had said this. At all events, she made no further attempts to bring Barbara from the window.

The room was the library at the Cedars, Dr. Field's country house, and for an hour while Mrs. Thomason dozed over the fire, little Barbara had sat perched in the window, looking out across the leafless gardens to the strip of country road along which she expected momentarily to see Cousin Maud appearing in the pony-carriage.

The family had spent a fortnight at the Cedars, and were to return to New York the following day, the seventeenth, with the exception of the Doctor, who was to spend that night alone at Marplains. Barbara was not sorry to go back to town, for the Cedars, without Dick, was rather lonely for the little girl.

It was a large, old-fashioned gray stone mansion, with a wide hall in the centre, and a beautiful staircase with a window on the first landing. Everything in it was the perfection of comfort and warmth and brightness, but to Barbara on this day it seemed very lonely. If

only Cousin Maud would come! Just as the little girl had said this to herself for the twentieth time, she saw the ponies' heads, then the carriage with Cousin Maud in it, come briskly up the road. But Maud was not alone. A tall young man was sitting beside her whom Barbara had never seen.

Maud let herself in by the side entrance, and Barbara, who had run out into the hall, saw at once that she was looking very anxious and excited. The strange man followed her closely.

"Oh, Cousin Maud!" the little girl had just time to exclaim, when her cousin said, quickly, but in a low tone:

"Barbara, don't say anything about this gentleman's being here. He has come to see grandpapa on business."

Barbara stared a moment. Then she heard Maud say, "Come this way, if you please, sir," to the man, as she led him down the hall toward Dr. Field's study.

The Doctor's quiet voice said, "Come in," and leaving

ly obliged to you, sir. Dear! dear! what had better be done?" He looked appealingly at Maud, who, as usual, had thought of prompt measures.

"Why, I think we ought to try and find the boy, grandpapa—don't you? That awful man Gurdle may have got him again. And Brooks; he is in town, isn't he, and you were expecting him here to-morrow?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, who was by this time fully roused to the importance of the occasion. "I can hardly believe it of him. Still, we must act on it."

They discussed the question a few minutes longer, all deciding that great caution would be necessary. It now seemed plain that Brooks had supplied Gurdle with the information that on the following night the Doctor would be the only member of the family at Marplains, and that he would have a large sum of money in his room. Brooks, of course, could admit the robbers, but it remained a mystery what use the Devine boys were to be put to. And where

was Dick all these hours? The Doctor's tender heart began to assert itself in pity for the poor orphan of whom he had been so ready to believe evil, and Maud would have rushed off herself in pursuit of him had not Joel suggested a better plan. He offered to go at once, following the road carefully, and making inquiries on every side. Then he suggested that perhaps he might have the loan of a horse and wagon to aid him in his search.

The Doctor readily consented to this, and Maud hastened to see about some refreshment for their unexpected guest. A long time afterward Joel Potter used to describe the beautiful dining room at the Cedars, where Miss Field herself waited on him, giving him such a delicious lunch, such a fragrant cup of tea, and all off such beautiful dishes.

While he ate, Maud heard all about Nancy and her father, and how good he was sure she was to her little blind guest.

"She's allays been the best girl anywheres around

our way," Joel said, with enthusiasm, "and she keeps things goin' for the old man out of 'most nothing."

Miss Maud was greatly interested, and declared that, when this strange affair was settled, Joel should bring Nancy to the Cedars to spend a long day.

"Well, ma'am," Joel said, standing up, "it's getting pretty dark, and I guess I'd better be starting."

It was indeed quite dark by this time—so much so that, as Joel was about to get into the wagon the Doctor had ordered, he did not at first see that a horse and buggy had dashed up the drive, and that a boyish figure had sprung out, and now stood on the door-step. Maud had not as yet closed the door, and as she stood peering out into the gloomy evening she suddenly saw the round rosy face of Dick Dearing, and heard him exclaim,

"Oh, Cousin Maud! Such a jolly row as there's been! Where's grandpa? I've such a lot to tell him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THIS IS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY STORY."

Barbara still silent with amazement, Cousin Maud and the stranger disappeared behind the door.

Dr. Field was busy over his books, as usual, but he saw at once that Maud had something important to say, as she came swiftly toward him.

"Grandpapa," she said at once, "I met this gentleman on the road coming here. His name is Mr. Joel Potter, and he has come to tell you something very important."

And then Nancy's messenger—for it was he—stepped forward and told his story.

Dr. Field listened in profound amazement, looking from Joel's honest, blushing face to Maud's sweet, earnest countenance, evidently not at once taking in just what it all meant. Finally Maud asked,

"But the boy, grandpapa, poor little Dick—he has not been here?"

He answered quickly: "No, no; the boy has never appeared. This is a most extraordinary story. I am great-



NOTES FOR THE YOUNG HUNTER.

BY WILL WOODMAN

I.—THE GUN.

A GUN! Where is there a boy who can not conjure up more delightful fancies at the thought of a gun than ever magician, though it were Merlin himself, could do with his wand? There is something, it must be confessed, in the noise it can make, more yet in its destroying power, but the main thing is the masterful feeling a boy has when he holds in his hands a weapon which seems to overcome both time and space.

And no doubt it has always been so since the first gun was invented, crude and unfaithful as that machine must have been. To go no further back than when I was a boy, I know I was fairly beside myself with joy when, after what seemed to me ages of longing and wistful eying on my part, my grandfather, with great deliberation and respect, took down his old



flint-lock rifle from over the great fire-place, and called me to him. My heart beat a tattoo on my ribs when he said:

"My boy, do you think you can take aim with that?"

"Could I? Well, it was pretty heavy, but there was no such thing as failing when I knew possession depended upon accomplishing it."

"Very well done, indeed!" exclaimed he, as I raised the old gun to my shoulder and squinted with delight along the barrel.

And why should I not have done it well? Had I not passed many an hour practicing the same manoeuvre with a crowbar, in the expectation of some day being put to this very test? Then he taught me how to load, and how to prime, and how to do a great many more things besides, which boys nowadays have no need to know, for happily flint-locks and muzzle-loaders have seen their day.

After a while I was promoted from a flint-lock rifle to a musket that used caps, and then for the first time I used shot instead of a bullet. Goodness! how the shot did scatter! I verily believe I could have stood only ten paces away, and yet have scattered over the whole of the barn door. Next came my beloved double-barrelled shotgun. I bought it with money earned by selling muskrat skins, captured after many a chilly night's watching by the mill-dam.

I thought then that no gun could ever be made to equal it, and I am sure now that no other gun can possibly give me the same pleasure that this one did. However, I gave up using it some time ago, though I take as good care of it as ever I did, and it occupies the place of honor on my rack. Now I have a modern breech-loader; and as I write I find myself keeping one eye on it most of the time, for word has come, just as it used to when I was a boy, that the shooting season is here.

Do I need to tell you how the word came? I think not. You and I have glanced out of the window and seen the shocks of corn, looking for all the world like an Indian village sprung into sudden life. We have seen the lazy summer glide away, and the timid autumn, blushing to the very tips of her leaves, steal rustling forward. The stars have begun to sparkle with a crisper light, and merry Jack Frost has used his brown paint on the seed clover and the wheat-grass.

Oh! we know the signs—you and I. Did I not see you this very morning tap on the old hickory-tree, and then look up at the well-known hole to see Master Squirrel's bright eyes peer out? And did you not deceive even wily old Father Partridge with your well-whistled call of "Bob White! Bob, Bob White"? I know the delight with which you listened to his cautious, half-broken answer.

You and I may call ourselves sportsmen, I fancy; for, since you know the signs and rejoice in them, it is because you respect them. I am sure you would not kill a bird or any kind of game out of season, because you know that to do so would be to obtain for yourself an animal unfit for food, and that the act would be one of heartless cruelty, for the reason that it would be depriving a family of little ones of needed support. In season the little ones can provide for themselves, because, as Paddy would say, they are not little at all any more, but big.

Have you a gun? If you have, do you respect it? If you do respect it, it will be a faithful servant; but if you do not, you may expect to have it miss fire or fire too soon, you may look for distressing accidents from it, and you will never love it as every true sportsman does love his gun.

A gun is a perfectly safe weapon in the hands of a careful boy who will follow a few simple rules. It should always be remembered that the only safe end of a gun, loaded or unloaded, is the butt, and that the muzzle end should never be pointed at anything which it is not intended to shoot. Sometimes even the butt end is not quite

pleasant to be at, as the Irishman found who shot a heavily loaded musket at a squirrel.

"Bedad, me foine frind," said he, as he saw the little fellow clamber spryly up a tree, while he measured his length on the ground; "yez wouldn't beshkippin' so lively if o'd had yez at this ind o' me gun!"

The gun should always be carried with the muzzle pointing downward, at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the body. It should never be used as a cane or to aid in climbing a fence. It will be much safer, in fact, not to have the gun in the hands at all when climbing. Never help a companion up a steep place, or any other place, by letting him take one end of your gun while you hold the other end. In short, always bear in mind that the *only use* for a gun is to shoot with, and that to put it to any other use is to invite accident.

While the gun is in use it should be wiped night and morning, inside and out, with porpoise-oil, sperm-oil, or vaseline, and then should be rubbed dry with a piece of cotton flannel. If by the sea-shore, where the air is laden with moisture, this precaution is particularly necessary. When the gun is put away for the season, it should be still more carefully cleaned and rubbed with oil, and then wiped dry before putting in the case. Never leave the gun smeared with oil, and by no means follow a common but bad practice of plugging the barrels with cotton saturated with oil.

The best oil for use on a gun is sperm-oil which has been treated in the following simple manner: fill a cup with the oil, and drop about a spoonful of melted lead into it. This will remove all acid from the oil.

It may be well to say here that there is such a thing as a good, cheap gun. Good single-barrelled breech-loading guns, varying from \$12 to \$20 apiece, are known as Forehand & Wadsworth, Henry Richards, Stevens, Phoenix, and American Semi-Hammerless. Double-barrelled guns—Le Fauchaux, Bonebill, Northcote, Colt, Remington, and Parker. These guns can be bought for from \$15 to \$50 each.

THE CAPTAIN'S LESSON.

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY DAVID KER.

"LAND on the weather bow!" shouted the lookout at the foremast-head of the *Vrouw Katerina*.

"That must be St. Helena at last," chuckled the Captain to himself. "Good! Now we'll land *two* passengers at once!"

When Captain Matthias Evertsen chuckled in that way, it always meant mischief to somebody; and you would have said, looking at his short thickset figure, and hard, coarse, low-browed face, that he could be a very ugly customer if he liked.

Like all the Dutch captains of that time, he was a first-rate seaman, and as brave as a lion; but, like far too many of them, he could be terribly cruel to any one who offended him, which was only too easily done.

Two hundred years ago, when a voyage to the East Indies and back often took twenty months or more, the captain of a merchantman in the Eastern seas could do pretty much what he liked. To drag a man under the keel of a ship, or keep him in irons for three days or so without food, was the commonest thing possible. It was a common saying in those days that there was no law beyond the Line; and when a captain murdered two or three of his crew, or when a crew mutinied and murdered their captain, no one at home troubled himself much about it.

When Evertsen spoke of landing *two* passengers, any one who had heard him would have wondered what he

* This story is perfectly true, and gives a pretty correct picture of sea-life in the seventeenth century.—D. K.

meant. The only passenger aboard, an old Dutch merchant from Java, had just died, and it was natural enough to wish to bury him on land; but who could the other passenger be? We shall see presently.

Larger and larger, darker and darker, loomed out against the bright evening sky the huge black cliffs of the lonely islet, one day to be world-famous as the last prison of Napoleon. But at that time it was still uninhabited, and a drearier or a more desolate spot could scarcely have been found upon the face of the earth.

At length, just as the sea was all ablaze with the glory of the sunset, the ship anchored close inshore, and Captain Evertsen, ordering his boat to be got ready, went below, and putting his head into a dark, narrow hatch between-decks, called out, with one of his ugly chuckles:

"Now, Van Doorp, my boy, rouse up, and get ready to go ashore."

A big, sullen-looking man, whose swollen and blood-stained forehead showed that he must have "offended" the Captain in some way, rose sulkily at the call.

Meanwhile the boat had been lowered, and the Dutch merchant's coffin put into it. Van Doorp was then ordered in likewise, and the boat pulled for the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried the Captain, "quick, and put Mr. Van Doorp and his friend ashore. He'll have a whole island to himself, and the other gentleman will be nice quiet company."

Even the rough seamen stood aghast at this refinement of cruelty, which doomed a living man to perish by inches, with a corpse for his only companion. The unfortunate sailor knew his commander too well to plead for mercy; but as the boat began to recede from the shore he sprang upon a rock, and shouted:

"You won't get rid of me so easily, Captain. Mark my words: I'll come back and haunt you for this."

Evertsen answered only with a scornful laugh. A few moments later he was on his own deck once more, and the fatal island was soon lost in the fast-falling shadows of night, while the *Vrouw Katerina* sped on her course.

But although the Captain laughed at poor Van Doorp's threat, it troubled him nevertheless. Like most cruel and ignorant men, he was very superstitious, and believed in ghosts, witches, spectre ships, mermaids, lucky and unlucky days, and other such absurdities, as firmly as he did in the ship's compass. It was long before he could get to sleep that night, and when he did it was only to dream that he was being chased through the water by a shark with a coffin-shaped body and a head like Van Doorp's. Then the dream changed, and it seemed as if the ship itself had turned into a coffin, on the other end of which Van Doorp was standing with a loaded pistol, bidding him jump overboard or be shot. About daybreak he awoke to find the vessel becalmed, the cliffs of St. Helena still visible, and his crew shaking their heads and muttering:

"It's a bad lookout to be becalmed here—eh, Hans?"

"True, Peter; we're in a bad way now."

"You're right, mates: no luck can come to the old craft, with a dead man's curse following her."

This sudden calm, following so close upon his own evil deed, seemed to the troubled Captain a direct judgment from Heaven. All day he wandered about the deck, restless and miserable, watching for some sign of a breeze, but not a ripple was to be seen on the smooth surface.

As night fell, a pale phosphoric light began to spread over the sea, till far as eye could reach it was all like one sheet of fire. Every spar of the ship stood out clearly, and the faces of the crew looked quite ghostly in the unearthly glare. The Captain, too ill at ease to go to bed, was moodily pacing the deck, when a cry of horror from his men made him turn round, and he beheld a strange and terrible sight.

Right in the centre of this spectral light the strangest kind of a small craft was floating toward the vessel. It

was rowed with two broken pieces of wood by a figure which, as it came nearer, was recognized by every one as that of Van Doorp. The crew screamed and ran back like children, while the cruel Captain fell on his knees. His strange dream came back to him. Nearer and nearer came the ghostly voyager, till he was heard to shout:

"Ship ahoy! Heave us a rope, will you?"

Now among the crew was a reckless Zealander, a special-crony of Van Doorp, to whom this voice sounded so life-like that he began to hope his old chum might not be dead, after all. He threw out a rope, and the next moment the coffin passenger had scrambled up and leaped down on deck.

The thump of his feet upon the planking was so heavy and unghostly that even the terrified Captain felt at once that no spirit could ever have made a sound like *that*. He started up, and seizing hold of Van Doorp with both hands (as if to make sure that he was really there), gasped out,

"Tell me this moment—are you alive or dead?"

"Alive, to be sure," answered the sailor, laughing.

"No thanks to *you*, though. When I found the old craft still in sight this morning, I thought I might as well give myself one more chance; so I turned Myneer Kloots out of his coffin, made paddles out of the two halves of the lid, and here I am."

"Here's a dollar for you, my lad," said the Captain, drawing a long breath. "Go forward and take your old berth again, and after this I'll never punish any man without good reason, and then only in a proper way."

And Captain Evertsen kept his word.

TURTLES.

A COMPOSITION BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

THE turtle is one of the most ingenious of compound animals. In order to make a turtle you take a snake, a tobacco box, and four claws like those of a crab, only you must slit up the ends with the scissors, so that they will look something like the teeth of a comb. Now cut a hole through each end of the tobacco box and draw the snake through it, so that his head will appear at one end of it and his tail at the other. Then stick the four claws on the sides of the box, two on each side, and you will have a very nice-looking turtle. Of course it won't run, or eat, or do anything, because it won't have the regular turtle's works inside of it, but it will look like a turtle.

This is not the way that real turtles are made, for they are hatched out all complete, and with their works in perfect order, from eggs. Turtles' eggs are made with soft shells like India rubber, and they are never sat upon. Long ago the turtle found out that eggs could be hatched by burying them in the sand. Since that time all turtles leave their eggs in the sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and thus save themselves a great deal of trouble, and give themselves time to improve their minds.

The turtle has a great deal of mind, though he may not look as if he had. There is a very old story about a turtle that ran a race with a hare, and beat him. The hare could run so much faster than the turtle that he stopped on the way to rest, feeling perfectly sure that he could not be beaten. Meanwhile the turtle kept on, and so reached the winning-post before his rival. It is only fair to say that there are those who doubt this story, and say that the turtle climbed up behind a farmer's wagon, and so won the race unfairly; and when you remember that the turtle is about one-half snake, it is impossible to feel much confidence in his honesty.

Turtles are frequently found with their initials and the date of their birth on their backs. These initials and dates are not put on by the turtles themselves, and they are not very trustworthy. Any one who has a sharp knife and who catches a turtle can cut letters and figures on his back



THE TURTLE PARTY.

without hurting him. This is very often done, and the result is that a vast number of turtles ornamented in this way are now wandering about the country. Probably some thousands have "G. W. 1775" cut on their backs, and people who find them imagine that the turtles are more than a hundred years old, and were once ornamented by George Washington. But George Washington was too busy in 1775 to meddle with the backs of turtles. He was more interested in seeing the backs of British soldiers.

Boys sometimes make turtles run races. Turtles can run over smooth ground very nicely, but they can not jump fences very well. It is of no use to encourage turtles to run with a whip, for the moment you frighten a turtle he draws in his head, tail, and claws, shuts up his box, and locks it on the inside. Then he goes to sleep, and is often very much surprised when he wakes up and finds himself put away in a table drawer or in some one else's box.

Turtles have for a long time been kept as pets by ladies in France. The turtle is a very inoffensive pet. He seldom keeps the neighbors awake by barking at night, or by singing on the back fence like ill-bred cats. He never tears the curtains, and never gets on the dining table, or steals milk and meat out of the kitchen. All he requires in order to be comfortable is a few flies, and as there are a great many spare flies in all dwelling-houses, he catches as many as he cares to eat.

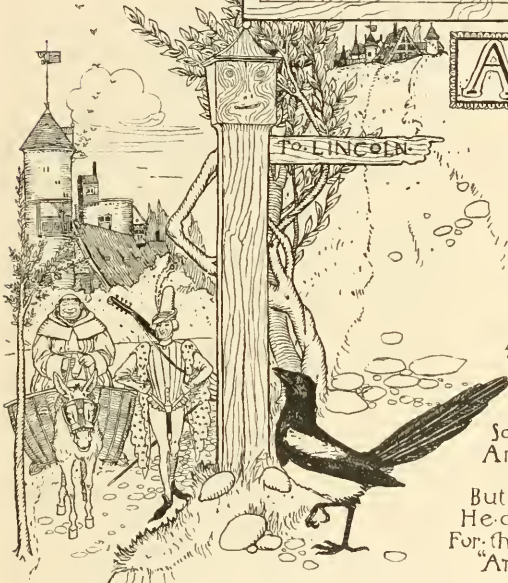
In this country the turtle has lately become quite a fashionable pet, and is often dressed in gay clothes and introduced into the very best society. Not long ago some young ladies in Bordentown, New Jersey, who have pet turtles, got up a "turtle party." It was quite a brilliant affair. Considerable time and expense had been lavished

upon the turtles to make them appear well and attractive for the occasion. One aristocratic Miss Turtle, called Venus, was not able to attend, although her party dress was made and in readiness for the occasion. Two of the turtles were dressed in the most elaborate style, one having on a magnificent white silk dress, with train profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. Another belle wore a dress of white plush, trimmed with blue satin and lace, the train being looped with white daisies. Some of these turtles have "Jerseys," but none were worn on this occasion.

It is doubtful whether a turtle takes much pleasure in fine clothes and rich suppers. An animal that has been accustomed ever since he was born to wear nothing but a warm, durable, water-proof tobacco box, and has always seen the most eminent turtles of his acquaintance dressed in the same style, may very likely think that silk and satin clothes are inconvenient and ugly. The turtle probably thinks that it is all very well for men to wear clothes, since they are unfortunate enough to be born without serviceable coats of tortoise-shell; but he can not see why he should trouble himself to wear clothes. As for dinners, every sensible turtle prefers plain flies, since the latter are cheap and wholesome, to any of the dishes which his human friends set before him.

Treated rationally, the turtle is a quiet and pleasant pet. He seldom shows any affection for his owner, but on the other hand he never bites like a vicious dog, or uses bad language like a depraved cat. Turtles live an immense length of time, and one turtle will last a person for a lifetime, especially if his shell is polished occasionally, and he is not allowed to eat wasps under the impression that they are a new and delicious style of fly.

TWO OPINIONS.



(Ye first opinion.)

A noisy chattering Magpie once.
 A talking gabbling hairbrained dunce.
 Came by where a sign-post stood.
 He nodded his head with a modish air.
 And said "good day" for he was n't aware.
 That the sign-post pointing its finger there.
 Was only a block of wood.

Quoth he "An exceedingly sultry day.
 'Tis more like June than the first of May."
 The post said never a word.
 "I've just dropped over from Lincolnshire.
 My home is in the Cathedral Spire -
 The air is cooler and purer the higher.
 You get as you v'e doubtless heard"

So on he chattered with never a stop.
 And on and on till you'd think he would drop.
 (The post was dumb as your hat.)
 But so as the pie could say his say.
 He did n't care whether it spoke all day.
 For thus he observed as he walked away -
 "An intelligent creature that."

(Ye second opinion.)

Now once when the sky was pouring rain.
 The Magpie chanced to come by again.
 And there stood the post in the wet.
 "Helloa," said the Magpie, "What you here.
 Pray tell me I beg is there sheltering near -
 A terrible day for this time of the year.
 'T would make a Saint Anthony fret."

"I beg your pardon - I did n't quite hear."
 (Then louder) "I say is there sheltering near"
 But the post was as dumb as Death.
 "What can't you answer a question pray.
 You will not - No - Then I'll say good day."
 And flirting his tail he walked away.
 "You'r a fool." (his under his breath.)

L' ENVOY.

The moral that this story traces.
 Is - Circumstances alter cases.



Howard Pyle.

H.P.



FEEDING PUSSEY.

I like to feed my pussy,
I like to see her eat;
If she would only use a spoon,
Oh, wouldn't it be sweet?

She is so very cunning,
And thinks so much of me;
She always wants her breakfast
When I am there to see.

Now, pussy, little pussy,
You must behave yourself,
Or else I'll set the bread and milk
Upon the closet shelf.

She purrs so low and softly,
She is so dear and sweet,
I'll let her have her basin now,
And all she wants to eat.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MADISON, FLORIDA.

Peek and I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time. We exchange it with a friend on another periodical, so that we have the benefit of two papers. We commenced school last week, and we find it hard work to get back to study after such a pleasant vacation. We had cousins (both boys and girls) from Georgia visiting us this summer, and we enjoyed ourselves much in going from house to house of our many relatives. We enjoyed best of all to attend the skating rink and the library. We have nice skates, and can skim along the floor easily and gracefully. One of our aunts has a large house with wide verandas all around, where we can skate splendidly.

The weather will soon be pleasant, for October generally has blue skies, with hazy clouds passing in and fro, as if trying to lessen the glare of Old Sol. The nights are lovely, with so many stars, each one endeavoring to outshine its neighbor. I have heard that the moonlight nights of Florida surpassed those of Italy. Beauty is the name of our spitz dog. Peek has a cat, and sister has the sweetest singing canary.

There will not be many oranges this season in our part of the state, but in Southern Florida there is a full crop. The caterpillar has injured the cotton crop, but there are plenty of corn and potatoes. Truck farming is all the go now. There were quantities of all kinds of vegetables, fruits and melons shipped from here this year; but such perishable fruit as figs can not be shipped profitably, and we have so many of them. I sent a box to Jacksonville, and sold them to a firm which makes them up in marmalade. We sent the money to a florist, and got mamma some geraniums, fuchsias, and begonias, and we assisted her to plant them in pots, and put them in the front piazza, where they will bloom all the winter, and where we can obtain both no-hole bouquets when we go out. With ever so many good wishes for the success of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, I will conclude.

THEODORE C. S.

FISCALES, VIRGINIA.

I promised you a long time ago that if I saw my first letter in print I would write and tell you how we camped out in the mountains. We started early one Tuesday morning in September, and went ten miles over a mountain ridge to a broad and lovely stream, which affords the best of bass fishing, bathing, and other amusements. We staid three days, and every night we built an im-

mense fire out of the logs which had drifted down the creek during floods, and we all stretched up on rugs and lay round the fire to sleep. It was beautiful to see the water rippling in the starlight, and the bright blaze of our fire in the quiet night. Our party consisted of six—my father, my sisters Helen and Florence, an English friend, a little school-fellow of mine named Mac, and myself. Our little dog Fritz, which I told you about before, accompanied us. Our whole party together caught the new trout which we thought very good sport. We children spent half our time washing, bathing, and sailing on old rafts down the creek. We cooked Mac's, and made coffee, and ate our supper sitting round the fire.

We are a family of doctors. My father and two brothers are doctors, and I am going to be one when I grow up. I like you so. I love you very much, and my mother takes your *BAZAR* and *MONTHLY*. Mamma. We have forty-eight turkeys, but we can not raise chickens because a Hattie, the negroes steal them all; and we have our turkey-houses. I will send her full name and address to 3521 Flammilton street, this city. I will write to her.

A very kind uncle and aunt took me to the Isles of Shoals for nearly a week this summer. They are several islands off the coast of New Hampshire, just rocky islands, with not a tree on them. We were on Star Island, at the top (which is the largest), and the island was so small that I could walk all around it. We had such a nice time climbing over the rocks, finding the sea-weed, and watching the ocean. One day we went to Londerm's Island to gather shells (there were none on Star Island), and another day we took a lovely sail. One afternoon it rained, and the next day the waves were just gray, and we were on the rocks to see them, and the spray dashed up ever so high! I wish you could have seen it, but perhaps you have. All of the rocks were bleached very white by the salt water. I was sorry to leave there, although we were going to my uncle's lovely house in Massachusetts.

Some of the receipts are so nice that I will try a few. I think I have no pet except my little sisters, but I want to get a kitten. I am a little more than eleven years old. My cousin lives in Kentucky, and I hope she will write me like the paper, and write too. With lots of love,

HELEN C.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Twice I have begun a letter to you, but I never finished either. I think that *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is the nicest paper I have ever seen, the stories are all so good, but I like Lucy C. Lillie's best. I think that "Dick and D" is very interesting, and "Sam" is very good. I have just read Lizzie N. P.'s letter, and if she will send her full name and address to 3521 Flammilton street, this city, I will write to her.

A very kind uncle and aunt took me to the Isles of Shoals for nearly a week this summer. They are several islands off the coast of New Hampshire, just rocky islands, with not a tree on them. We were on Star Island, at the top (which is the largest), and the island was so small that I could walk all around it. We had such a nice time climbing over the rocks, finding the sea-weed, and watching the ocean. One day we went to Londerm's Island to gather shells (there were none on Star Island), and another day we took a lovely sail. One afternoon it rained, and the next day the waves were just gray, and we were on the rocks to see them, and the spray dashed up ever so high! I wish you could have seen it, but perhaps you have. All of the rocks were bleached very white by the salt water. I was sorry to leave there, although we were going to my uncle's lovely house in Massachusetts.

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HELEN C.

DE MOINES, IOWA.

I have a little friend whom I love dearly, and who lives quite near me in this lovely city. She is one of dear *YOUNG PEOPLE'S* subscribers, and a long time ago she wrote a letter, which you published. Ever since I read her letter, I have thought that I would like to write one. I am only a little girl ten years old, but I don't see why little girls may not write letters just as well as young ladies, if they don't do it all the time. I am sure I could find enough to say for I could tell about my school, my pet bird, my dolls, and the nice times I have with my playmates,

and oh! just lots of things that I know big folks would never think of. I guess I will tell you about my bird; its name is Willie, and it is a little brown singer. A lady gave it to me two years ago. Sometimes we get it out of the cage, and it is so much fun to see it hop around. Sometimes it will fly on our heads, and peck at our hair. School has begun again, and I am in Room No. 5. I will be so glad when I can go into No. 10. I have written quite a long letter now. I will tell you my name: it is

ROOFTON, NEW JERSEY.

I thought I would write to you, and see my letter published, but I thought it would be better if my round like a shadow. My cousin Clare is staying here, and we have a paper named "The Rover." Yesterday we went to the kitchen to make cake, but it was all burned to a cinder. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are splendid. I wish *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* came every day. I like "Dick and D." I am seven years old, almost eight. I have a little sister named Burnie—her real name is Bertha. I have a microscope, and I killed a black and white bee, and pulled out its sting; it looked dreadful. I should not have done that. I have written quite a long letter now. I will tell you my name: it is

MARGIE R. A.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

Having never written to you before, I have decided to do so to-day. To-day is my birthday, and I am having a very nice time. I have made two your receipts for sponge-cake, and made two very nice ones, which we all enjoyed after dinner, and I wish that I could send you some. I see that all the others were almost alike. I have one will write about nine, though I have but one, and that one is a baby sister three weeks old, but quite large for her age, and strong also. I have three sisters besides the one I have just written to you, one is ill, but will be well very soon, I hope, and then we can all play with her. We all look forward with much pleasure to the day when your paper will come, but the whole paper is just as nice a paper as can be had.

MARY B.

DAYTON, OHIO.

I would like to tell the young people of one of my pets which I am very fond of. It is a little robin parrot, and her name is Darling. She is a beauty, and will salute any child who calls with, "How do you do, darling? you are a pretty darling, my pet." She also will call you "darling, my love." I like her very much, and when I am out of the room or in the yard, she will call, "Oh, Miss Love! oh, Miss Love! come here!" She also says, "Good-by," and there are many other things which she says very often, as he usually gives her a nut or a raisin, of which she is very fond. If he enters the room and says no attention to her, she will immediately salute him in a sweet voice, as "Why, Charley, how do you do?" and laugh in such a glad way, until he gives her a nut; then she will hold it in her claw and begin to chink, cluck, as she usually were at that time. She will also sing like a chick like a hen, and sings in the peculiar way that a hen does when she is hunting a nest. She moves like a cat, cries like a baby, and, best of all, she will sing like a bird. She will sit on the side in such a sweet way and hum a tune until she goes to sleep. It is the tune that is used to quiet our other little darling to rest at night. He is a little more than three years old and will next month, and he lives at our house with his mamma. My bird has learned many of her cute ways from him, especially the call of "Miss Love, my love." I have a very nice cat, and she will sit with me. She knows nothing of the old worn-out sentences of "Pretty Polly" and "Polly wants a cracker," instead she says, "Pretty Darling, my love." Darling will sit on my lap, and when quite a task to keep her from learning those sentences, but I have succeeded so far.

And now, hoping that I have not wearied you, I will close this letter. I have many plans for the Post-office Box. I should like to join the Housekeepers' Club. When I received No. 16, it was on Saturday, and as I had not tried to make cake for more than a year, I immediately went to the kitchen to try Nina R.'s grandma's cake. I followed the receipt carefully, and it made two delicious cakes, and I carried one of them to my grandma for her birthday. She pronounced it very nice. Please thank Nina R. for it. Much love to you, dear Postmistress. Good-by.

SADIE E. L.

SULLY'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

My two little sisters and myself have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, and we enjoy reading it ever so much. We are all spending the summer on this island, which is off the coast, and we are having a very nice time. We go on the beach every afternoon; it is a splendid beach, and some people say one of the best they have ever seen. I enjoy sitting on the beach and looking at the water and at the sunset, which is always beautiful; but we shall all be glad enough when the time comes to go back to Charleston, which is our home. I am writing

this with my left hand, because my right is paralyzed. I must close now; so good-by.

ELLA C. M. S.

Many girls write less plainly with their right hand than you have written with your left.

BOOKVILLE, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I sit down to write you a letter. I am nine years old. I live out in the country, but belong to St. John. I have a beautiful doll, which my papa brought from France. I have been across the Atlantic to England and Scotland. I think the story of "Prince Lazybones" was very nice; also I like "Dick and D"; I hope it will not be so short as "Prince Lazybones" was.

ETHEL M.

CLERMONT, NEW YORK.

We are two cousins who have taken HARPER'S Young People for a long time, and we both think it is very interesting. We have wanted to write for some time, but were afraid it would not be printed. The seven little cousins who wrote you a letter from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, are our cousins. Don't you think they had a terrible experience? They told us all about it when they came to our house to visit after the accident. We are staying in a lovely country place this summer. We have a dear shepherd dog here, and he is a beautiful fellow; we call him Shep. We have just been reading the story of "Captain Kidd's Money," and will you please tell us if there really was any money buried. Please print this, as it is a surprise to our unmasms. With love to the Postmistress, we are

MOLLY T. L. and ELsie D.

Captain Kidd buried silver, gold, jewels, and other treasures, to the value of \$40,000 sterling. A large part of it was in 1699. The rest of the treasure was a pirate these articles were discovered. There are no grounds for the belief that he ever hid away any other money than this.

EL DORADO, KANSAS.

This is my first letter, but I have wanted to write you sooner, only I was afraid I could not write well enough. I will tell you how I came to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. One evening I was reading about a papa and mamma, and when I got through papa said that I read so nicely that he would get me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I was so glad! I have taken the paper for a year. I like it very much.

I like El Dorado. We have lived in Kansas very long. We have a nice large yard, and two hamocks. I have two pets—a canary-bird and an antelope. The antelope's name is "Icy" lover, because it likes clover so well; the bird's name is Dickie. I am eight years old. If you should ever come to Kansas, I would like to see you. Please send me the largest-size dolls' pattern. My mamma's skirt and I are going to make our dolls a dress alike. The five cents is for the pattern. Your friend,

HATTIE K. T.

If I ever go to Kansas, you may look for me, little Hattie, for I would like to see you. I hope you found the pattern easy, and that the dolls are delighted with it.

Bertie R., who writes the next letter, has been quite a traveller, and the Postmistress keeps among her treasures a little bit of edelweiss which he once sent her from the Alps. Now, however, he is at home, and very busy with slates, pencils, books, and exercises:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am ten years old, and am going to school now, and studying German, but I don't like school; I like travelling in Europe best. I have crossed the ocean eight times. The last time was last November, and it was awfully stormy, and so rough mamma was afraid, but I wasn't. The steamship got on one head and kept on rolling out, and we just couldn't eat soup it spilled so; even the big folks let it spill, only the captain didn't spill his. Mamma said that was because he knew just what direction the ship was going to tumble next, and could balance his plate in his hands. I am going to be a doctor, like my papa, only I won't go out nights, as papa did. I hope you will print this; won't you, please? Good-by.

BERTIE R.

ANAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

I am a constant reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is delightful reading. I will be nine on the 11th of December, and my mamma is only boy. I have plenty of toys, and good books to read. Mamma tells me that Santa Claus will bring me a watch for a Christmas present. Now I wish you would please tell me how to make a Santa Claus. The boys tell me there is none, and papa and mamma give me evasive answers when I question them about him. I write you now more for fear my letter may be too long.

BERTIE C. II.

Let me tell you, Bertie, that I am still so much of a child that I believe in good old Santa Claus, and I advise you not to listen to the boys, nor

even to ask your parents too many questions, but just look forward hopefully to the day when you are to have a watch. I hope you will treat it better than I do mine, for I often forget to wind it up, and so neglect astonishes it so that it comes to a full stop. Have you ever climbed to the top of the state-house in your beautiful old town, and looked down from there on the gardens, with their thick hedges of box so nicely clipped, and the green fields, and the moss-grown walls? As I remember that view, it is one well worth gazing at.

GHERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and people say I am very large for my age. I have a canary-bird; its name is Dick. When I go away for the summer one of our girls takes care of it. I have four sisters and two brothers. My little brother is very sweet, and he is three years old; her birthday comes on the 29th of February. I wish Sydney Dayre would write again. I liked the story of "Pearl" very much.

EVA S. C.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old. My sister Bessie wrote to you and told you we were going to have a goat. We have him now, a tall one with long horns; he looks like a deer. We have a nice little carriage, something like a village cart; two of us can get in together. We have splendid games with him, but try not to drive him too long nor too fast. I have a lovely little bird, and when I put my finger in the cage he hops on it and pecks at it; he does not hurt much, though.

BARTIE D.

FURSA, ILLINOIS.

I am a girl twelve years old, and have taken HARPER'S Young People ever since it was published. I am thankful to say that I live in a fine city in the country. I do pity city girls who have no fields to play in and no woods to stroll in on pleasant afternoons. I go to school every day, and I like it very much. I have seven big brothers, Dick, Dandy, Sally, Billie, Queen, Mary, and Jimmie. Two dogs, named Jack and Nick, and six cats. I have five brothers and sisters, named Fred, Elsie, Bertie, Johnnie, and Jessamine. The latter are twins, six years old; they were born on Washington's Birthday.

ORIE M. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

My sister Addie and I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and like it very much. We think that "Nan" was a lovely story, and hope Mrs. Lillie will write a sequel to it. My sister has a letter in the Post office box from Dr. Mary's Free Hospital saying they wished the children to take a vote to see whether the next child was to be a girl or a boy. We are both in favor of its being a boy.

ADDIE and CLARA E.

NEWBURY, VERMONT.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a brother nine years old, and a sister seven. I write you in a double, but as I can't write very well she has a great many clothes. I wash and iron all her dresses and under-clothes. I am making a crazy cushion for grandpapa's sister, and am very fond of playing with paper dolls; we cut them out of fashion papers, and make dresses for them.

EFFIE II.

Maud S. B.: I will try to have some very easy puzzles for you soon.—L. B.: Play out doors, run, climb, and get all the fresh air you can. You will not get a cold, but as I can't write very well I used to like those things myself.—Lucy S. A.: I am putting together some receipts for candy.—Lizzie N. P.: is invited to write to Blanche P. S., 55 Oak Street, Baltimore, Maryland. And now I think Lizzie will have as many correspondents as she can attend to without neglecting other duties.—Lester J. P.: It was a great pleasure to meet the President, I am sure.—Susie T.: Sadie, or whoever receives your gift, will be pleased. Write to her care, at Newbury, Vermont.—Bessie W. H., Bessie A. S., Mary P. N., Mary E. H., Ulysses S. N., and May H. will please accept thanks for their letters, which have been read with interest.

PZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

A CURIOUS TABLE.

A former pupil of Dame Payfair, returning from abroad, has brought the old lady an inland table, oblong, mostly with mosaic inlaid woods, but of such a funny kind! There are 15 on the right and left, and 30 top and bottom. Write out a card, or a photograph of the table, and send it to the legend (51) "The one we love." Each mosaic is a different colored square, and they are in the following order:—1. A carpenter's stool. 2. The queen of flowers. 3. A striped horse. 4. An iron

spike. 5. A loaf. 6. An Eastern shoe. 7. A red jewel. 8. Material of a lady's dress. 9. Will Shakespeare very sad. 10. A merry old bachelor. 11. A mother. 12. A Presbyterian officer. 13. A portrait of Andrew Jackson. 14. A sea-kraken saucer. 15. A ball of whitewash. 16. A broken rudder. 17. What Katie did when brother John went to sea. 18. A tailor's goose. 19. A spear. 20. An arch with "50" on it. 21. An insect black and green. 22. An ironing table. 23. A lady's hand. 24. A game bird. 25. A couple of squabs. 26. A Dutch prince. 27. A czar. 28. Paul Pry. 29. Part of a cloak. 30. A wooden mallet. 31. A Portuguese wine measure. 32. An eye with a large pupil. 33. Part of a city official. 34. The upper part of the chimney. 35. The last of a cigar. 36. A long iron lever. 37. The Chesapeake. 38. Coney Island. 39. A large chest. 40. A girl with her sweetheart. 41. A cannon ball. 42. A man-of-war with his rank up. 43. Kite. 44. A box and part of a screw. 45. A double company. 46. A spotted beast. 47. Beautiful eyes. 48. After-dinner drink. 49. A shell-fish. 50. A cage bird. 51. The one we love.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND IN POETRY.

- 1. This is a letter found in fear.
2. Now children, hush, there's danger near.
3. Pertains to base. The next is clear.
4. A fair tale of a king and sea.
5. A volley that makes tomen flee.
6. A French maiden that staggers me.
7. Something like a village cart.
8. A pretty mineral's name declares me.
9. This means to join in this our sphere.
10. And last a letter found in bare.

B. RIGHTON.

ANSWERS TO PZZLES IN No. 203

No. 1. P A R T II A T E
A M O G A Z O V
L I T E R A T U R E
T O L L E V E N

No. 2. Madrugascar.
Madam. Gad. Scar. Gas. Dam.
No. 3. Robin. Crane. Wren. Thrush. Owl.

No. 4. 8 pringfield.
A napah.
A astrivle.
C olumbus.
1 thca.
8 cranon.
A r.
O naha.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Athena de M., Mrs. Suppi & Co., Frisky Field, Jesse S. Godine, Bertie L. Pruyn, Sporting Club, Eunice R. Drayden, Violet and Daisy, Mary L. E., Jessie Adele Post, Lucy Nordenholt, Robert L. Alice, May Burkle, A. Cecil Perry, Jun., Alma Rahmer, Lettie Dow, John Foster, Clara See, Denham and H. Will and Jocelyn, Dick Foxworth, Amy Grey, Bettie Trotwood, E. F. G., Arthur Homans, John J. Mack, and Lincoln Pettit.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

A NEW SERIAL.

In our next number we shall publish the first chapter of a new serial story, entitled

THE LOST CITY:

OR,

The Boy Explorers in Central Asia.

By DAVID KER.

Mr. Ker's name has long been familiar to our readers, who have enjoyed his thrilling tales of adventure in all parts of the world. They will welcome a long story from his pen. He is a great traveller, the distant lands of Asia, the forests of Africa, and the lonely islands of the Pacific being as familiar to him as are the streets of their own city or village to the boys and girls who read his stories. In "The Lost City" he carries his readers into the strange and exciting districts of Afghanistan. His boy heroes are there during the terrible days that preceded the late war between Afghanistan and England at the time of the massacre of Major Cavagnar and his faithful band of associates.

The author describes with care the novel and interesting characteristics of this far-distant and almost unknown country. The story abounds in adventure, and the scenes and incidents are as varied and thrilling as the land is strange and the people singular.



NUTTING.

A VERY SELF-WILLED HORSE.

TH**E**RE is an old nursery rhyme which teaches that kindness and patience are the best methods to pursue in the case of a "donkey that wouldn't go." An English gentleman relates that he had a horse that "wouldn't go," but when he came to try the patience remedy, he found that the horse had a larger supply of that virtue than he himself possessed, which, as will presently be seen, was considerable.

The English gentleman's horse was a confirmed "balker." One Saturday afternoon, when he was returning home in his dog-cart, the horse balked, as it had often done before, and its master thought that this time he would try what calmness and patience would do. Accordingly he sat still in the dog-cart, and addressed the animal in soothing tones and kindly words; but to no purpose. It was exactly ten minutes past four on Saturday afternoon when the horse stopped in the middle of the road.

The afternoon wore away, the sun sank below the horizon, darkness settled down over the landscape, and yet the man and horse remained to fight out the battle between obstinacy and patience. Through the long night they staid there, the whip remaining quietly in the socket, and when the sun arose after his voyage around the world he found the coastest still going on.

At six o'clock in the morning the owner bade his groom fetch a cart-rope and tie it to the horse's fore-leg; but when the groom did so, and pulled with all his might, the only result was that the horse stood with his fore-leg stuck out as if he were a bronze statue. At seven o'clock the horse became perfectly furious, seizing the shaft with his teeth, and shaking it, kicking and stamping with rage the while. At half past seven the groom tried to tempt him with a measure of oats, but the angry beast would have none of it, notwithstanding that it was twenty hours since he had had a mouthful of food or a drop of water.

Then his master had to confess himself beaten in the trial of patience, and having procured some tough shoots of ground-ash, he applied them to Mr. Horse's back so vigorously that that self-willed quadruped was obliged to confess himself beaten so far as his hide was concerned. It was then twenty minutes before eight on Sunday morning, the coastest having lasted *fifteen hours and a half*, during which the horse did not budge an inch, nor his owner stir from his seat in the carriage.

This is probably the most remarkable exhibition of obstinacy on the one side and of patience on the other that was ever known, and the story as told here is exactly true.

ENIGMA.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

STRANGERS twenty-one, they tell,
On a time came here to dwell.
Like each other there was none;
Whole and perfect every one.
Yet, though fairly formed were they,
Was not one a word could say
So, to tell us what they thought,
Five interpreters they brought—
These were learned folks, in sooth
Spoke the first with open mouth;
Second like a baby cried:
Long-drawn sounds the third one tried;
Like a wagoner I knew
Called the fourth; the fifth like you,
And with their wondrous arts and skill,
The noise they made is lasting still.

HOW I TAMED MY CANARY.

BY EDITH JANE EVANS.

HE was brought to me from Malta, and when he came I put him in a nice clean cage, with pure water and seed. I did everything for him myself, and fed him on canary-seed. The hemp-seed, of which he is very fond, I gave him from my finger and thumb or my lips. After he got to know me I put my hand in his cage, with a nice fresh bit of groundsel or a few hemp-seeds on it.

The first two or three days he would not come on it, but by degrees he became tamer, and then he came. Then I took to letting him out in the room when there was no fire, and putting a nice bit of groundsel on my shoulder. I waited to see if he would come to it, but he would not. I tried again the next day, and after doing it every day for some time he came on. He is very tame now, and I let him out in the room every day, and he will fly from his cage across the room to my shoulder.



REBUS.

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 AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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THE LOST CITY;

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

CHAPTER I

ACROSS THE TARTAR STEPPES.

LOOK out, boys! over we go again!"
 Crash! went the left wheel as he spoke, the wagon

"OVER WE GO AGAIN!"

topped over, and out into the ankle-deep dust flew two men and two boys, amid a kind of water-fall of bags, boxes, water-melons, revolvers, biscuits, flasks, and wisps of hay, all mingled together.

The spot where this "spill" occurred looked like what it was—one of the most desolate and barbaric regions on the face of the earth. The rising sun had already thrown a broad gleam of light upon the huge rounded slopes that rose on every side like the domes of a mosque, from which the morning mists were rolling off slowly and sullenly, as the smoke rising from a battle-field. But a floating depth of purple shadow still hovered over the endless level of the great plain below, clothed with the short yellowish grass of the Central Asian steppes, and a silence deep and solemn as the stillness of a newly created world brooded on earth and sky.

The only sound that broke this universal hush was the muffled roar of a water-fall in the shadowy depths of the gorge which the travellers had been skirting, following as best they might the windings of one of those break-neck bridle-paths which pass for roads in Central Asia. On the brow of an overhanging cliff, just above the scene of the disaster, rose the low round tower and massive boundary wall of a genuine Eastern hill fortress, in the shadow of whose pointed archway a dozen gaunt, swarthy Cossacks, in white frocks and red goat-skin pants, lay sleeping side by side.

The first of the overturned travellers to regain his feet was a small, wiry, black-haired lad of sixteen, in a white forage cap, linen jacket, and knee-high boots embroidered with green thread. His dark face wore the keen, self-reliant look of one used to find himself in difficult situations, and to get out of them by his own unaided courage and shrewdness. He chuckled as he helped up his comrade, a tall, good-looking young fellow with light curly hair, who was looking ruefully at the handful of broken glass that he had just drawn from his watch pocket.

"Never mind, Ernest my boy; you're lucky to get through any journey in this country without breaking your neck as well as your watch glass. Ain't that so, Bill?"

A grunt prefaced the reply of Bill—a big, square-built, powerful man, whose scarred cheek and slight limp would have shown that he had "smelled powder," even if his hard, brick-red face, short thick mustache, and stiff military brightness of bearing, had not stamped him unmistakably as an English soldier.

"That's just the way with you Yankees, Mr. Tom; you'll talk again a place fast enough yourselves, but let anybody else say a word, and you're down on 'em directly. Now I'll be bound we shall have you praisin' up this here country to-morrow again, just as if it wasn't the most good-for-nothing hole that a man ever clapped eyes on. When it ain't roastin' you black, it's a-blowin' dust fit to put your eyes out; and when it ain't doin' that, it's rainin'." The very thunder, 'stead of an honest round-mouthed peal like our own, makes a nasty jabbering row, as if it was a-bryin' to talk French; and the whole place is so precious flat that if you was to put your hat down and stand on it, you could see twenty miles round."

"Bravo, Bill!" cried Ernest; "you remind me of Colonel Campbell's story of the soldier who fell asleep on the march in India, and tumbling over a fallen tree as he was tramping on with his eyes shut, sang out, 'I say, boys, ain't this a precious country, where a man can't have a quiet nap for half an hour without breaking his head!'"

While they were speaking, the Tartar driver (who, having luckily fallen on his head, had naturally escaped unhurt) had rummaged out of the chaos a hatchet, a rope, and a strong piece of wood, indispensable articles upon any wagon journey either in Asiatic or European Russia. The fourth inside passenger, a tall, handsome, white-robed Afghan, who was looking as dignified and solemn as if he

had not been sprawling head over heels a moment before, now stepped forward to assist in righting the wagon. The wheel was soon in its place again, and away they went.*

"Cheer up, Bill!" laughed Ernest Clairmont; "your troubles will soon be over now. Tashkent'st just over the hill, isn't it, Tom?"

Sure enough, a few minutes later they crowned the highest ridge, and rattled down curve after curve of rough gravelly road into the great plain of Tashkent. The city itself was still hidden by a mass of dark glossy leaves, but the increasing number of laden carts and donkeys, sun-burned horsemen, striding camels strung out in single file, and white-turbaned, blue-robed natives trudging bare-foot through the dust, with their little wallets at their backs, showed that it could not be far off.

Suddenly a huge tunnel-like archway yawned before them, in the cool shadow of which several bearded, swarthy fellows were munching *lepeskki* (wheaten cakes) and slices of water-melon, while high overhead towered a massive rampart of sun-dried clay, standing out white and bare in the blistering sunshine.

"Tashkent!" shouted Tom Hilton, imitating the voice of a railway conductor; "all tickets ready, please!"

They rattled up and down three or four narrow, straggling, dirty streets, all exactly alike, scurried past General Kauffman's beautiful little park, with its toy water-falls, trim shrubberies, and steep central ridge, crowned with the pavilion set apart for the military band, and pulled up at length before a small door in a high mud wall. It opened at their first knock, and a long, lean, sallow Cossack greeted Tom with a military salute and a joyful grin.

"Gday otetz moi, Vaska?" (where's my father, Basil?) asked Tom, shaking hands with him heartily.

"Vot on prikhitod, Phoma Yakovitch" (here he comes, Thomas son of James), answered the Cossack, pointing to a fine-looking man in the uniform of a Russian Colonel of Engineers, but with America clearly written in every line of his firm, intelligent face and tall sinewy figure, who came striding across the smooth greensward to meet them.

"Welcome home, lads!" cried Colonel Hilton (for he it was), holding out a hand to each; "I've got all ready for you inside. Ernest, my dear boy, I'm very glad to have you back again; you know your father was my oldest friend."

"And as brave an officer and as kind a gentleman as you'd find in the whole British army," broke in Bill Barlow. "I was beside him, you know, colonel, when them Afghan blackguards knocked him over; and he says to you, says he, 'Jim, be a father to my boy,' and you says to him, says you, 'I will, Harry, so help me God!' And so you have, colonel; and I'd like to see the man as dare deny it."

"Now, boys," said the Colonel, when our heroes had done full justice to the good breakfast spread for them in a tent in the garden, "I'm sorry I can't go around with you to-day, for I've got about a dozen Russian officers coming to see me on business, one after the other; so, Tom, you'll have to pilot Ernest about the town yourself. I dare say you'll be able to show him something worth seeing."

The prophecy was soon fulfilled. To the untraveller English boy, fresh from his Rugby school life, and the joggert civilization of England, everything that he saw in this outlandish region seemed wonderful beyond belief; camels walking about the streets just like horses at home; Afghan chiefs swaggering about with a whole arsenal of pistols and daggers in their red silken sashes; bravery Sarts,

* The Tartars are very handy in repairing accidents of this kind. I once lost a wheel in a night journey through the Khanate of Khokand, and within ten minutes we were going as fast as ever.

† The capital of Russian Turkestan. Its name signifies "Stone Village."—D. K.

with bulging skins of water poised on their bare brown shoulders; full-sized melons going at three cents each, and magnificent grapes at one cent a pound; *sheets* of wheaten bread, large enough for a man to lie down upon, being rolled up and carried off; women wrapped in gauze bed-curtains so closely as to leave nothing visible but their eyes; gaunt, wild-eyed Turkomans in sheep-skin caps, looking covetously at the embroidered uniforms of the Russian officers; and swartly Jews, in long dark robes, high, black, funnel-shaped hats, and broad yellow girdles.

Even the wagon that carried them was a sufficient curiosity in itself, consisting merely of one huge beam on which they sat astride. They had quite enough to do to hold on while this queer conveyance bumped and jolted along the uneven streets, now plunging into a rut almost as deep as a ditch, now rattling down a steep incline, now flying around a sharp corner with such a jerk that they seemed to be shooting bodily off into space, while their Tartar hackman, with a glow of excitement on his greenish, narrow-eyed, beardless face, flourished his whip and screamed like a madman.

But Ernest's delight rose higher still when, quitting their conveyance, they tramped across the bridge spanning the deep narrow gully which separates the old town from the new. To him the neat stores and smart public buildings, the spacious squares and leafy boulevards of the "Russian quarter," seemed quite commonplace compared with the straggling, ditch-like, rubbish-choked streets, the flat-roofed, mud-walled hovels, the swarm of gay-colored robes and monkey-like faces that filled the "Tartar town." And when they at length came upon a real mosque with real domes and minarets, and a wide-paved court-yard before it (enclosing a small tank, beside which a dozen gayly dressed Mohammedans were smoking, or drinking "brick-tea," with mutton fat in it instead of milk), his exultation knew no bounds.

But his attention was suddenly attracted by mingled outcries close at hand, and the rising of a thick cloud of smoke, reddened with flame, above the roofs of the surrounding houses.

"I say!" cried he, starting, "that must be a fire!"
 "To be sure it is," answered Tom, coolly; "we have one here almost every day. Come along and look at it."

A few steps round the corner brought them to the spot. A pile of grass spread to dry on the flat roof of a house, according to Central Asian custom, had caught fire, and was sending up a blaze which but for the perfect stillness of the air would speedily have run along the whole street, every roof being covered with heaps of grass as dry as tinder.

Even as it was, a single spark might at any moment kindle a general conflagration, and Tom's quick eye saw at once that there was not an instant to lose.

"Come along, Ernest," cried he; "let's pull down that next heap before it catches. Here goes!"

So saying, he vaulted like an acrobat upon the shoulders of a big native who stood close to the wall, and before the astounded man had time to open his mouth, scrambled off him on to the projecting corner of the roof, where he was seen the next moment flinging down huge armfuls of grass on the heads of the crowd.

But before Ernest could follow, a heave of the throng pushed him close to a tall man in a rich robe of crimson silk, with a dark, high-boned Persian face, who was forcing his way through the press as if he were some great man, letting fall his heavy whip, just as Ernest reached him, on the bare shoulders of a poor old Tartar cripple, who screamed with pain.

"Leave the poor fellow alone!" shouted Clairmont, springing forward; "don't you see he's a cripple?"

For all answer the Persian struck at Clairmont him-

self; but this was an unlucky move. Ernest seized the uplifted arm with one hand, while he planted the other (little dreaming what that blow was one day to cost him) so full in his enemy's lean, wolfish face as to send the latter reeling against the wall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.

HOW many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE ever think of the great results that may flow from one little act of kindness?

More than fifty years ago the famous singer Madame Malibran was sitting in her room in one of the great hotels of London. She was very tired, for she had just been holding a large reception, during which some of the greatest people in England had visited her. Word was brought her that a little lad wished to speak with her. In spite of her fatigue she gave orders that he should be admitted.

A little flaxen-haired fellow of some ten years timidly entered the room, and taking a roll of paper from his pocket, said: "Madame, everybody tells me that you are so good, so very good, to the poor. I do not come to beg, madame, though we are so poor that my dear mamma, who is very ill, has to do without both food and medicine. I thought if you would sing my little song at one of your concerts perhaps somebody would buy it, and I could get the wine and medicine the doctor has ordered."

Tears stood in his eyes as he made his request, and as Madame Malibran took the manuscript and rapidly hummed the lines over, they rolled slowly down his cheeks.

"Did you write this music, a little child like you?"

"Yes, madame."

The lady took from her purse a coin and a card and pressed them into the boy's hand.

"Run home as quickly as you can," she said, "and get for your mother all she needs, and this evening come to my concert, to which the ticket will admit you."

Pierre did as he was told, and when evening came he went to the theatre, presented his ticket, and was taken to a seat away down near the stage. The lights, the warmth, and the bright colors, to say nothing of the crowd of handsomely dressed gentlemen and ladies, bewildered and dazzled him, and he could only think, "Oh, if mamma were but here, I should be so happy!"

Presently he glanced at the platform, and there stood his lovely lady. She began to sing, and little Pierre's heart throbbed as if it would burst as the familiar notes of his own little song fell upon his ear. Its simple melody touched the audience too, and it was sung again, and at its close the house rang with applause.

How the rest of the concert passed Pierre never knew. He staid until it was all over, and then hurried home and told his wonderful news.

Several days after, Madame Malibran called upon Pierre's mother and told her that a London publisher had offered three hundred pounds for the song, which offer she had accepted, and pouring into the astonished woman's lap a pile of notes and gold, said,

"Madame, your son will one day be a great composer. Thank God for the gift He has given him."

Pierre and his sick mother mingled their tears and thanks to one who seemed to them like an angel sent from heaven. With the money thus obtained Pierre was enabled to pursue his musical studies, and in after-years verified the great singer's prediction, and became one of the most talented composers of his day.

What might little Pierre's fate have been if a cruel servant had sent him away from the great singer's door, or if Madame Malibran had refused to listen to his timid little appeal?



PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

PYGMALION, in the story-book,
Desired no greater bliss
Than waking up his statue fair
By giving it a kiss.
I wonder could it happen now
If I should give her—this.

Oh dear! I've been and done it now—
She's tumbled on the floor.
I wonder if she hurt herself;
I guess she hurt me more.
Girls always do make such a fuss,
That kissing is a bore.

HOW PHOEBE KEPT THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



THE Plum-Pudding was a rocky island two miles out of Podunquit Harbor; in fact, it was nothing but a rock, although some scanty

herbage and a few stunted pine-trees clung to its sides. It was shaped exactly like a plump, round Christmas pudding that has risen well in its pan, and the rock was curiously mottled, so that it did look, if one had a lively imagination, like a pudding besprinkled with plums.

All around the Plum-Pudding, concealed by the water, were ledges of rock, as if the pudding had spilled over from its pan, and these were very dangerous to mariners, so a light-house had been built on the tip-top of the Plum-Pudding, where its light could be seen for miles and miles around.

Saul Rundlett and his little daughter Phoebe kept the Plum-Pudding light-house. Saul had been a sailor for

half his life, but two or three narrow escapes from ship-wreck had convinced him that it was desirable to have something solid beneath one's feet, and he had with considerable difficulty—for there had been suspicions that Saul was not quite "steady" enough for a light-house keeper—obtained the position on Plum-Pudding rock.

Phoebe was born there, and, her mother dying when she was very small, had grown up there almost as wild and untrained as the sea-gulls that built their nests in the crevices of the rocks. Quite as untrained she might have been if it had not been for Aunt Huldah Maria, who lived on Mouse Island. Mouse Island was only half a mile from the Plum-Pudding. Like the Plum-Pudding, it was named for its shape, but it required a greater effort of the imagination to see the mouse than the plum-pudding; it looked more like a mouse made of a handkerchief than like the genuine animal. But it had a veritable mouse's tail, a long narrow strip of land extending out into the water, and on this strip most of the inhabitants lived, the other part of the island being rocky and barren. Aunt Huldah Maria lived on the very tip of the mouse's tail, in a queer little house that was made of the hull of an old ship—the very ship of which her husband had been mate when he sailed on his last voyage.

There was a school on Mouse Island for six months in the year, and Phoebe went to it—sometimes; she could not go regularly, because—well, although it is very sad it must be told—because it was not always safe to leave her father in charge of the light-house. He had been "steady" ever since he assumed the position of light-house keeper, fifteen years before, until the last year. Even after that long period of successful resistance his old enemy, the love of drink, had fallen upon him and conquered him. And nobody knew it but Phoebe.

Captain Saul, as everybody called him, had always been in the habit of going to Jim Bowling's shop, at Podunquit Harbor, which was a sort of sailors' "saug-harbor," to smoke his pipe and spin yarns with his old cronies, but he never drank anything there. And it was only within the last year that he had brought anything home from the Harbor to drink. Now he did it often; indeed, it was seldom that he came home without it, and all by himself he would have a drinking bout, growing merry at first and singing old sea-songs and cracking jokes, and poor little Phoebe, who did not know the cause, would think his mood was delightful, and wish he would always seem as happy; but soon he began to drink more heavily, and would pass from the merry stage into the cross and irritable one, and then become stupid, sleepy, utterly helpless. And besides her grief and humiliation Phoebe was constantly anxious lest her father should lose his situation. They had no money, and where in the wide world could they find another home if they had to leave the Plum-Pudding!

This was the sorrow and care that had changed Phoebe's face from a round and rosy and dimpled little one so that it was now pinched and wan, and had a care-worn look that was sad to see.

There were several men who wanted Captain Saul's position at the light-house, and would be glad to report anything that they could discover to injure him. Every day Phoebe expected that the blow would fall, and they would be obliged to leave their home.

Aunt Huldah Maria knew that something was the matter at the light-house, but what it was she could not discover. Phoebe's dead mother was her only sister, and she had never approved of her marrying Captain Saul. She did not like Captain Saul, and Phoebe knew it very well. Aunt Huldah Maria was too busy with her household cares to go often to the light-house, but she watched and questioned Phoebe very narrowly whenever she had an opportunity.

"That child has an old head on her shoulders, and she

would go to the stake to save her father!" Aunt Huldah Maria declared. "But there's something wrong over to the Plum-Pudding, and it's my belief that before the year is out Leander Judkins will get the place. He's watching Saul as a cat watches a mouse, and if Saul has taken to his old ways, la, sakes! what can that child do to save the place for him?"

There was to be a great merry-making on Mouse Island. Phœbe's oldest cousin, Maria Cordilly, was to marry Jed Collins, who was soon to sail as mate of the *Flying Scud*, the finest ship that ever hailed from Podunquit Harbor. All the relatives from far and near were to be there, to say nothing of everybody on Mouse Island, and half Podunquit Harbor. Aunt Huldah Maria's oven was full of goodies day and night for two weeks beforehand, and the fiddler from Podunquit Harbor was engaged. Mouse Island had never known such festivity before.

But when Phœbe said she "didn't think she should come; she would rather stay at home and let her father come," there was a terrible outcry. All the children under twelve began to scream as loud as their lungs would allow, and Maria Cordilly said she "didn't care to have any wedding at all if Phœbe wasn't coming to it." Aunt Huldah Maria said "Phœbe *should* come, or she would know the reason why." And that was just what Phœbe didn't want—that Aunt Huldah Maria should "know the reason why." So she said, if she possibly could, she would come.

She tried to persuade her father not to go to Podunquit Harbor for two or three days before the wedding, but on the very day he had an errand that could not be delayed, he said. He came back only just in time for Phœbe to get off to be at Aunt Huldah Maria's as early as she had promised; but he seemed very kind and affectionate, and told her "not to worry," he would "take good care of the light." Phœbe had looked in the sail-boat in which her father went to Podunquit Harbor, and found no bottle or jug rolled up in the sail, as she sometimes did. And her father had come down to push her boat off, and kissed her, which had become quite unusual, and said "it was a great pity if the mate couldn't go off on a little lark when the captain was left behind to take care of the ship." He always called the light-house a ship, and Phœbe had been the mate ever since she was five years old.

Aunt Huldah Maria rejoiced, even in the midst of her labors as hostess, at Phœbe's bright face. Perhaps the child had only been overworked or a little ailing, and there was not so much trouble at the Plum-Pudding as she had fancied.

But even while the fiddler was playing his most entrancing strains and the wedding cake was being passed in most generous slices, Phœbe heard a whisper that made her heart stand still.

David Judkins, the son of the man who wanted her father's place, was talking to another young man.

"It isn't such a very thick fog, and I never saw a fog so thick that you couldn't see some sign of the Plum-Pudding light from Mouse Island. And if it can't be seen to-night it isn't on account of the fog, but because the light isn't there."

"And the *Advance* is up in the harbor," said the other. "Captain Saul is at the end of his light-house-keeping if you are right."

"We might skirmish round a little and see," said

David Judkins. "It would be a pity for the officers not to find it out, you know."

The two young men went out. Phœbe knew well where they were going. The *Advance* was the government steamer, whose office was to supply the light houses and see that they were kept in proper condition. David Judkins was going to give warning that there was no light on the Plum-Pudding.

Phœbe slipped out of the house unobserved. The fog had come so suddenly that it seemed like magic. A dense gray mist seemed to have swallowed up the world. Only very brilliant rays of light could penetrate that fog, but the Plum-Pudding light was the finest on the coast. Phœbe's practical eye searched anxiously in the direction of the Plum-Pudding. But she looked in vain; there was thick darkness everywhere. The lamp on the Plum-Pudding was *not* lighted.

Phœbe listened, and heard the steady plash of retreating oars. David Judkins and his friend were rowing vigorously to Podunquit Harbor.

She ran down to the shore to the place where her row-boat was fastened. The tide had gone out, and left it so far from the water that it was almost impossible for her to get it off. But by dint of pushing and tugging she pushed it into the water at last. She got in, and rowed swiftly out into the thick darkness. She had not her compass,



"SHE PUSHED IT INTO THE WATER AT LAST."

which she usually carried in her pocket, and if she had, it was too dark to see it without a match. Could she find her way to the island?

Phœbe rowed swiftly in the direction where the Plum-Pudding ought to be. Presently she felt that she had gone far enough. But where was the island? Why did she not get there? Surely it was time. She was becoming confused. The bow of her boat seemed to be pointed toward the open sea. Had she been rowing out to sea instead of toward the Plum-Pudding? And then suddenly it seemed to her that she was going back toward Mouse Island.

Stout-hearted as she was, Phœbe felt her courage failing. She let the oars slip from her hands into the bottom of the

boat, and uttered a faint cry of distress. It was so faint a cry that only the sea-gulls could have heard it, but an answer seemed to come; the sharp, shrill sound of a horn. It could be nothing but the great horn of the light-house, although it seemed to come from the direction of Podunquit Harbor. The sound was repeated; it *was* the light-house horn! Phœbe rowed with might and main, and very soon a dark shape loomed before her through the darkness, and her boat grazed the rocks of the Plum-Pudding. It was at the very steepest part of the rocks, but Phœbe could not delay to row to the landing. Up she scrambled, never heeding that her clothes were torn, and her hands scratched and bleeding.

It was difficult to find her way to the light-house in the thick darkness, and now there came no sound to guide her. Never before in Phœbe's lifetime had night found that light-house with darkened windows. And what had that horn meant? A terrible fear lest something worse than she had thought of had happened to her father made Phœbe's steps falter upon the very threshold. She pushed the door open, but only to find that the living-room, where her father always sat, was empty. Phœbe seized a light which was burning on the table and ran up the light-house stairs. At the top she almost stumbled over her father, lying in a heap, the great horn fallen from his hands, his red face and heavy breathing showing his sad condition.

Phœbe sprang to the lamp. The great dazzling light flashed out. There was a few moments of perfect silence, and then there came a shout from the water below. Phœbe seized the great horn and blew a blast, in answer.

"Light ahoy!" shouted a voice again.

Phœbe seized her father's arm and shook him with all her strength. He opened his eyes, and tried with her help to stand upon his feet.

"Put your head out of the window, and shout 'ahoy'! Oh, try your best to do it, father!" begged Phœbe.

He did try, but it was only a stammering whisper that came. Phœbe lowered her voice to the gruffest bass notes of which it was capable, and shouted "ahoy!" herself.

"All right!" shouted the voices below. "We thought there was no light! The fog is so thick that we could not see it ten rods away! Never saw such a fog even in this place! *Advance* will be here to-morrow with supplies."

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted Phœbe, still in gruffest tones.

And then, to her great relief, she heard the sound of re-treating oars.

Then she helped her father down-stairs to his bed.

She did not go to bed herself, because she knew that her aunt would discover her absence, and send somebody in search of her, and it was not long before her cousin Augustus Algernon appeared.

"Tell Aunt Huldah Maria that I wanted to come home," was all that Phœbe would say.

"I don't see how you found your way," said Augustus Algernon. "The fog is so thick that I couldn't see a glimpse of the light till I got half-way over. Folks over on the island thought it wasn't lighted. But they may be sure you never could have got here without any compass if it hadn't been."

The next morning Captain Saul came to Phœbe and laid his hand upon her head.

"I tried to light the lamp, Phœbe; I didn't think I'd got so far that I couldn't, and I blew the horn twice; that was all I could do," he said.

"I might never have got here but for that, father," said Phœbe, taking his other hand in hers. She did not reproach him; she never thought of doing that.

"It was the mate that saved the ship last night," continued Captain Saul, in a voice that trembled, "but with God's help the captain will never be off duty again! He'll never dowse his peak and let that black pirate aboard again!" pointing to a bottle which Phœbe had seen many

times before; "if not for his own sake, for the sake of his little gal he swears that before the Lord."

If you should see how plump and rosy Phœbe has grown you would know that Captain Saul had kept his word.

Aunt Huldah Maria had her suspicions about the doings of that night, but she never expressed them. And there are no signs that Leander Judkins will ever keep the light-house. The fog that was "so thick you couldn't see the Plum-Pudding light ten rods away" is still famous.



GOLDFINCHES, AND HOW TO TRAIN THEM.

THE goldfinch is one of the most interesting of bird pets. It is a native of Europe, but large numbers are brought to this country, and may be purchased from any bird-fancier. It is constantly in motion, and its song, though not powerful, is remarkably sweet. Besides this, it is a hardy little creature, is easily tamed, and soon becomes accustomed to the hand that feeds it.

The favorite food of the goldfinch when wild is thistle seed, but he may be fed on the ordinary seeds used for birds, and, as a special treat, the seed-pods of the common groundsel may be given to him. As a cage-bird the goldfinch stands in the first rank. He should have a roomy habitation wherein he can disport himself, and, if properly managed, be allowed to fly out now and then to stretch his wings. In a very little while he will display no alarm, but will hop about the table in search of any food which may take his fancy.

A goldfinch may be trained to a variety of tricks. Among others, he will pull up a little bucket of water from a tiny well, or draw up a slope to within his reach a small cart containing seed.

These interesting performances may be taught as follows: The little cart which runs upon the inclined strip of wood has a string attached to it, and the little water-bucket is in like manner suspended from the perch, and rests in the miniature well below. To teach the tricks quickly there should be another and a longer string fastened to the cart, and held by a person some distance off and out of sight. When the bird is disposed to eat, the cart should be steadily drawn up toward him, and when he has taken a few seeds it should be lowered away a little, whereupon he will try with his feet to hold the string, and to pull up the cart a little higher, until at last he will use his beak and feet together, and become master of the trick. With the water-bucket a similar course is taken, but where one does not wish to devote so much time to the teaching, the little cart can be fastened at first within reach, containing but a few seeds. Then it can be moved a little farther off, a few more grains being put in, and so on. The task is thus left mainly to the bird, who moves the cart nearer and nearer, until he has accustomed himself to draw it up.

Some persons keep goldfinches on perches chained to one of the supports by the leg. This is cruelty, and can not be approved of. It is not unusual to see this bird upon a perch fixed to a board to which the little seed cart

is drawn from an incline near by; but we consider this a bad arrangement, because the little fellow has what is commonly called a brace around his body, which is so fixed that he is able only to hop down from the perch to the board to come to the string by which he pulls up his tiny cart; and in addition to this, the brace must produce considerable irritation. The same object can be accomplished, as already described, within a cage where the bird has freedom of action.

The goldfinch, in a natural state, builds one of the most graceful and beautiful nests known. It is generally constructed on the fork of some high branch, and is swayed hither and thither by the wind, or the bird's motions, so that the young birds are accustomed to the rocking and swinging. It matters not to our little friend whether he is on his head or his heels. When in search of food he clings to the thistle stems, pecking away at the downy seeds till disturbed or satisfied, and then darts off with a merry twitter. To imitate the natural motion of the branches there should be a swing in every cage which the weight of the bird will move, so as to produce the swaying motion.

THE GRIZZLY CUBS OF EEL RIVER.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.



It was just about the middle of November. Three of us, John Wilson, Harry Edwards, and myself, were camped on a beautiful clear and rapid stream which forms one of the upper sources of Sweetwater Creek. We had been hunting for the previous two months through that wild Northwest region, and finding here grass and water in abundance, with an amount of game equal to anything that could be asked, we remained day after day without breaking camp, wandering off in the morning wherever our fancy led us, and returning to our pleasant camp-

ing-ground at night. We made use of this resting-time, as it might be called, for the purpose of more fully preparing and drying the many skins of animals and birds which we had been continually collecting. We left, therefore, much material at our camp each morning when we went out, well secured, it is true, from the inroads of wolves or coyotes, but without a thought of any human being coming near it.

We were surprised, therefore, though not unpleasantly so, to find, one evening on our return, a visitor at the camp ground, cooking his supper as quietly as though he had built that camp-fire for his own special service. The outspoken heartiness of the plains soon made us acquainted with each other. Our new-comer introduced himself as an old trapper by the name of Jake, and it was not till several days later that we learned by accident that his full name was Jacob L. Sanford. He had been hunting and trapping in the mountains more than twenty years, and was just the man we were rejoiced to see, for his experience went back to the days before the mining excitement reached that region and brought in such crowds as to render game comparatively scarce. His stories were, of course, to us full of interest. We were, for instance, wide awake on the subject of bears, for up to the present time no bear had fallen to our lot, neither had we even seen the traces of one. It was in answer to a question from Harry that our new friend exclaimed:

"Bears! well, I should say I had seen 'em. Why, Cap, when I fust come into these here mountains you had

to keep your eye peeled for bears, I can tell you, and it wasn't black bears nor cinnamonos neither; them's playthings. But old Ephraim himself was around, might turn up in 'most any thicket, and it was no part of his business to get out of the way. He left that for you to do. A grizzly as big as an old butler bull is a sight more apt to hunt than to be hunted. And if he will only let you alone, it is a good plan for you to let him alone."

I took from my portfolio a drawing of an old bear and cubs such as you see in the picture, and asked him what he thought of it. It took his attention at once.

"Well, now, that is poopy. I reckon the fellow that drew them two cubs must have seen the little critters playing; else he'd have never got 'em in the shape he has. That picture 'minds me of a pair of cubs I had once, and the way they used to play with one another. These fellows here might be about four months old or so. Mine wasn't hardly four days when I got 'em, and a skeery time I had of it, sure enough. Maybe I had better tell you the story."

"Yes, yes, Jake, the story, the story. Roll out your yarn."

"Well, you see, I was hunting away over in California then. I was all through the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range for four year and better, and this time that I am going to tell you I had my camp away to the head waters of Eel River, on the back of the Iron Mountain, about thirty miles north of Clear Lake. Elk was plenty through all that range, and elk meat paid so well in Frisco market that I made quite a business of shooting them. One morning I struck the trail of a little band, and started off to follow it out, being pretty sure to get one shot, and probably two, whenever I could come up with them. They had been moving along lively, and by the time it was noon I could not see that the trail was any fresher than when I first struck it. That was nothing, though; I knew they must stop to feed, and I could follow the trail if it took me a month. But a little after noon, in crossing an arroyo, I saw in the soft ground a *sign* that drew me off quick from following the elk any further just then. It was the tracks of a grizzly, and a bigger grizzly at that than I had ever set my eyes on. Some of the tracks was where there was mud, and showed so plain that I could measure them, and that hind foot covered fourteen inches every time it went down. The tracks were not very fresh, but I knew I could follow them, and I was off on the trail right sharp."

"But stop, Jake; look here. You told us a few minutes ago that it was always a good plan to let grizzlies alone. Seems to me preaching and practice ought to go together."

"Well, there, boys—there you have got me, sure. I did say so, and what I said was true, every word of it, and I should not have done right not to say it. Meddling with grizzlies is dangerous business. Let 'em alone every time. That is my advice to you, but somehow I never do it myself, and like as not I will get caught for it one of these days. I am such a fool that I should start right off after one to-morrow if I knew where he was. And so I put out on that trail as I told you. It led up toward the mountain, and then off around and into a big cañon that comes down alongside of the northwest spur. There is a heavy growth of spruce all through the lower part of the cañon, and I lost the trail and found it again, and lost it and found it again a dozen times, until, with about an hour of sun up it was gone completely, and I was beginning to think what a fool I was to be hanging round a thick cañon like that, so near night, and so many grizzly signs about. All at once I came out of the spruce thicket into an opening by the side of the high rocks, and there in a snug corner lay two little cubs, no bigger than small puppies, fast asleep."

"I did not stop even to think. I snatched them both up, put them into my bag, jammed them down tight to prevent their making any noise, and started just as fast as I could run to get to the lower edge of the thicket and the cañon. I knew that their mother would be after me as soon as she came back, and I knew that it was certain death for her to get hold of me. But I knew too that them cubs was worth a lot of money, and I was bound to have it though I had to fight. The fight I cared nothing about if I could only get into a good place for it, and that I was sure of as soon as I was beyond the spruce.

in toward the ledge, and when I was within twenty yards of it I dropped the two cubs out of my bag, leaped behind the nearest rock, and there I stood with my rifle cocked, waiting for her. I had not long, of course, to wait; but it was long enough for me to get my breath and be ready.

"When she broke cover, and I could fairly see her, I thought that she looked larger and heavier than any buffalo bull on all the plains, and I am not sure but that I was right. She was running only by scent, but she was going at her full speed. She did not see her cubs till she was within a few yards of them. She gave a kind of yell,

bounded to them, smelled at them for not more than a second, and then looked up for me. That was the chance I was waiting for, and of course I took it. As her head came up to a level, my ball went plum centre through her right eye, and her brain, and on down her neck, as I found it afterward. There was one less grizzly left in the world to hurt people.

"The first thing I did was to pick up my cubs, and put them back in the bag, and tie them tight. Then I had time to look at the old one, and of all grizzlies I have never seen the like of that big brute. I had no way to tell, but I have always thought she must have weighed nigh upon eighteen hundred pounds. Perhaps not, but that was the way she looked to me.

"It was too late to do anything about skinning her that night, so I camped where I was. It took me all the next day and the day after that to skin her and get her skin and meat and cubs down to my camp on the river. But I did get 'em down, and I made a better thing of it than I should have done to follow up the elk. I sent the meat down to the Bay, and it brought me \$36. I kept the cubs till they were about six months old, and then I took them down myself, and each one brought me a Waas-Molitor slug. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Brought you a what? Waas—something?"

"Oh, I forgot that you never saw any of such things. In the old times in Frisco they had fifty-dollar coins, and those with the stamp of Waas & Molitor were just as good as United States money. Six sided they were, not round."

"Two slugs; that made \$196 for that one afternoon's work! Pretty fair doing, Jake; though I do not know about standing the rush of that old bear for it. I am quite inclined to think your advice is better than your example. I shall let grizzlies alone."



"WELL, NOW, THAT IS POOTY!"

"When I came out into the open ground the sun was just under, and I looked around in a hurry. Along the middle of the valley all was clear, but toward the side were loose rocks and ledges. I turned in so as to be within about fifty yards of the rocks, and then kept on. I had not gone two hundred yards when I heard the old bear coming. And she was a-coming now, you may guess; she was just tearing through the brush, with a sort of snort or howl that was enough to make your hair stand on end.

"Before she was out where she could see me I sprang



THE BABY KNIGHT.—SEE PAGE 794.

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF A BABY PRINCE.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

CENTURIES ago, when countries were at war all the time, and nearly every man was a soldier, the bravest and most distinguished officers were called knights. These would go into battle, forming the body-guard of the King, or attended by their followers and servants, while in time of peace they would meet one another in tournaments, or mock fights, or travel around the country in search of adventures.

In those days adventures were not hard to find. The country swarmed with robber bands, who fell upon villages and unprotected castles, and took noble ladies and helpless children captive; so that, even when there was no war, the knight's sword had no chance of becoming rusty. It was a rude and lawless life, and in some things the knight was rude and lawless himself, but his vow of knighthood bound him to respect the innocent and helpless, to defend the Christian faith, and to do all in his power to bring wrong-doers to justice.

One of the most celebrated knights was known as the Chevalier Bayard, and the charge which his mother gave him when he received his sword will show what the true knight was expected to be: "Serve God," she said, "and He will aid thee: be sweet and courteous to every gentleman in divesting thyself of all pride. Be not a flatterer or talebearer, for this kind of people come not to great perfection; be loyal in word and in deed; keep thy word, be helpful to the poor and orphan, and God will reward it to thee." One may be a knight nowadays if he will only follow this good advice.

Generally the knights were associated together in brotherhoods or orders, some of which have lasted to this day, though they do not any longer serve the purpose for which they were intended. Thus the Order of the Garter in England has survived for over five hundred years, while that of the Golden Fleece in Spain and Austria is very nearly as old. It was to the latter that Charles the Fifth, the Emperor of Germany, belonged, and the picture on the preceding page shows him receiving the sword-stroke, or accolade, as the ceremony of making a knight was called, when he was only three months old. In the picture, it is true, he looks older than that; one would hardly think that so young a baby could sit up so straight and look so dignified and wise; nevertheless, he was born on the 24th of February, 1500, and it was the 11th of June in the same year when he was knighted.

Over his shoulders one sees the collar of the order, and hanging from it the fleece or sheep-skin of gold which was chosen by the knights as their symbol, because Bruges, where the order was founded, was the centre of the wool trade in Flanders. Below him, in the foreground, appear the knights of the order. At one side stand his mother, the poor crazy Joanna of Castile, and Margaret of York, the sister of Edward IV. of England, while on the other Baldwin of Lonnoy gives the little baby prince his accolade. It has always been thought remarkable that the little Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. of England, should have been knighted when he was four years old, but Charles V. began his knightly career even before he had left his nurse's arms.

As it turned out, the career was a long and eventful one. No royal child was ever born to a richer inheritance than the little Charles. His father was Philip, Archduke of Austria, who was the son of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, and Maria, daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; while his mother, Joanna, was the daughter of the great Spanish King and Queen, Ferdinand and Isabella. The latter you will remember as the patron of Columbus, through whose generosity he was able to make the great voyage that resulted in the discovery of America.

At the death of his grandfather, Ferdinand, when he was

only sixteen, he became King of Spain; and three years later, when his other grandfather, Maximilian, also died, he was elected Emperor of Germany. This was the highest distinction in the world at that time. Before he was twenty years old Charles's dominions spread over the Spanish Peninsula, the Netherlands, Germany, the West Indies, and so much of the American continent as had yet been discovered. The sun never set, it is said, upon his realms. No man on earth was so powerful as he; few, indeed, so powerful have ever lived.

Nearly all his lifetime was spent in war. The countries which he governed were so widely separated, and included so many different people, that in one part or another revolution was going on most of the time; while, if things were quiet at home, his constant enemy, Francis I. of France, might always be depended on to keep him fighting. Between his own people, whether in Spain, Flanders, or Germany, the French, and the Turks, Charles was kept all the time busy, though he found opportunity, meanwhile, to govern his empire in a wise and vigorous way, and to oppose with as much vigor, but with less wisdom, the new German reformer, Martin Luther.

It is interesting to remember at this time, when people are celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, that between him and the Emperor Charles there was a perpetual conflict. Charles could not be anything else but a Catholic; and when he heard how boldly Luther had nailed his confession of faith to the church door at Wittenberg, and what a stir the brave act was making throughout Germany, he began to be alarmed for the safety of the Romish Church.

He was barely twenty-one years old at that time, but he felt himself the defender of the faith, and accordingly summoned Luther to appear before the Diet or Congress of German states, which was to meet at Worms. Fortunately for Luther, Charles was young, and milder in temper than he was in later life. Years afterward he reproached himself with having neglected his duty, for the sake of his word, in allowing Luther to get away free.

One of the bravest and best things that Charles ever did was the capture of the fortress of Goletta, in Tunis. This was held by the Moorish pirate Barbarossa, who had submitted to the Sultan Solyman, and had received command of the Ottoman fleet. In the fort were three hundred Christian prisoners, suffering all the terrible hardships which the Moors were accustomed to inflict on their captives, and probably never expecting again to be free. Charles, however, by a bold rush captured the fort, knocked off their chains, and allowed them to turn the guns of the fortress upon their former masters, which we may believe they willingly did.

Toward the end of his life his wars were less successful, and although Luther had died, Protestantism still lived and thrived. All his efforts had not succeeded in killing it, and at length he had found himself unwillingly obliged to recognize it as the religion of a great part of his subjects. Age and sickness, too, came upon him, and when he was fifty-six years old, and had reigned forty years, he concluded to resign his crown to his son, Philip II., and retire himself to a monastery.

In the same room where the little baby, so many years before, had received the stroke of knighthood, the great monarch now laid down his power. Perhaps there were some there who remembered the earlier scene, and recalled all the important events that had happened between, and thought mournfully how little royalty and wealth and power add to the enjoyment of life, and how soon, at any rate, all these things must pass away. Charles lived two years after that, and died in the monastery, having taken an odd fancy, three weeks before his death, to celebrate his own funeral rites.

"DICK AND D."*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Nans," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

AND meanwhile where *was* our friend Dick Devine?

As soon as he had decided that at all risks his duty lay in going on to the Doctor's house, a new courage seemed to inspire him, and for half an hour he walked briskly, determined not to lose hope.

But a strange, weary feeling seemed to creep over the boy's limbs. As he walked a dull pain in his head half blinded him from time to time; sometimes the level landscape looked blurred; there was a ringing in his ears; and at last the poor boy was compelled to sit down on the road-side and rest. Dick never knew how long he sat there, holding his throbbing head in his hands, and trying in a dull fashion to rouse himself and go on. Over and again he repented to himself, "I *must* go on—I must go on, for Master Dick's sake;" and at last, when the afternoon shadows were lengthening, the poor lad staggered to his feet and pressed onward again.

But this time to walk fast was beyond his power; to walk at all was well-nigh impossible, but his strong will and resolution kept him up. Slowly and very wearily he crept along the road, with just enough instinctive sense to keep to the railroad track, which, as he knew, must lead him to Marplains station.

The day closed in early, for it was one of those chill springs when the snow has lasted beyond its time, and the bleakness of the country looks unnatural. Had Dick felt like himself he would have noticed how lonely the country was, how few houses there were, and how dark and cold the night was going to be; but though a shiver ran through his tired frame from time to time, he took no heed of all these things; a fever seemed to be in his brain, and his eyes, fixed always on the road before him, refused to look right or left.

Another halt he had to make. This time he sat down near to a tall iron gateway above which a lamp was swinging.

In a very feeble, absent way the boy turned and looked in through the gate. The action was not curious, but just in the mechanical way sick people move and think. He saw that within the gate there was a lawn, and a short carriage drive, beyond which there twinkled the lights of a long, irregularly built brick house.

The poor wanderer watched the lighted windows for a few moments vaguely, wondering who lived there, and whether it might be well to go to the door and ask them for a glass of water, and to show him the way to Marplains. He was conscious of a burning thirst, and surely no one could refuse him a drink from the well. After a moment's further thought the boy crept to his feet and slowly staggered up the dark avenue toward the house.

As he neared it he became conscious that the blinds in the lower windows had not been drawn, and that some of them were so near the ground that he could look in upon the rooms quite easily. From a longing to be near some one, to see some human being, the boy approached one of the windows, and pressed his white, haggard face against the pane.

What he saw was a long room with desks and forms, and about the stove a group of boys, who seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly, for smiles were on every face.

The weary little watcher outside feasted his eyes on this sight for a moment, and then, suddenly putting up

his hands, he clutched wildly at the window, and uttered a cry that was half joy, half despair. Out of the group one boy had suddenly turned toward him, and, feeling that the ground was slipping from beneath his feet, Devine recognized his own "Master Dick." Unconsciously his weary footsteps had brought him to the gateway of Dearing's school, Barnabas Academy.

"What's that noise?" Dearing said, suddenly.

"I saw a face looking in here," Packer exclaimed. "It was a great big red face with whiskers." Packer's imaginative faculty rarely deserted him.

"It's gone now," Dick Dearing said, going over to the window. Then, as he leaned out, he suddenly exclaimed, "I say, fellows, here's a go! There's somebody fallen down out there."

"In a fit?" suggested Packer.

"I don't know. Some one had better call Mr. Mason." Dick had no sooner said the words than he darted off to the teacher's room, there hurriedly explaining what he had seen.

Mr. Mason was a very energetic young man. Giving Dearing permission to follow him, he had made his way around the house to the place where, having taken one long agonized look at Master Dick, poor Devine had fallen to the ground unconscious.

Mr. Mason had brought a lantern with him. As they approached the prostrate figure he turned its rays full upon the poor lad's face, and then another cry burst upon the air. Dearing was down on his knees in a moment, crying out: "It's Dick Devine! Oh, it's my Dick Devine! Oh, call Dr. Filliper! I *knew* he'd come back."

In a few minutes a very general confusion prevailed. Dr. Filliper appeared, and with him his kind-hearted wife, to whom Dearing poured forth the story, mingled with reproaches and fears that poor Devine had been found too late.

No sound reached the lad's ears. He seemed entirely unconscious, and all voices were hushed. Dearing and one of the servants carried the boy into the Doctor's part of the house, where he was laid on a lounge in one of the quietest rooms. The poor lad's ragged, travel-worn garments, his worn face, with its look of want and fever, smote the boys around him with a pity touched with awe, for might it not well be that he had been led there just to die?

The boys gathered outside the door, hushed into unusual stillness, while Dr. Filliper and his wife got the wanderer into bed. Then Dick Dearing appeared, and in a low voice said he was to be allowed to drive with Mr. Mason over to the Cedars, three miles beyond, and fetch his grandfather to see Dick Devine.

"He has begun to talk," Dearing said, in an awe-struck whisper; "and it's all about my grandfather, and how he *must* get to him to-night."

The boys were deeply impressed. Even Packer forbore to jest or indulge in any antic, and Will Thomason had the grace to say in Dearing's ear:

"I'm sorry I made fun of him. If he gets well I'll give him my old suit—if mother 'll let me."

And it was for this reason that Dick Dearing made his sudden appearance at the Cedars.

CHAPTER XVI.

DICK DEVINE IS VERY ILL.

DICK opened his eyes wearily, and looked about him. Where was he? What did all this mean? Could it be that this was heaven?

The thoughts floated past his mind, scarcely disturbing him. In a few moments he closed his eyes, and then, wearily as before, opened them again.

He was lying on a bed that seemed softer than any-

* Begun in No. 159, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"HE WAS LAID ON A LOUNGE IN ONE OF THE QUIETEST ROOMS"

thing he had ever dreamed of touching. Dainty linen, soft blankets, and a white counterpane were over him. He was in a large old-fashioned room, furnished in chintz, and with pictures on the wall, and a big wood fire blazing on the hearth. Near his bed was a table, and on it were ranged some medicine bottles and a clean tumbler. Before the fire, in an easy chair, a young lady was sitting, with some wool-work in her hands. Dick looked at her intently, thinking, perhaps, that she could solve the mystery. Her face was turned so that he could see its profile—the pleasant lines of the brow and mouth and chin that he seemed to remember somewhere, long ago; but, where? Then suddenly, in a weak voice, he said,

"It's Cousin Maud."

The young lady, who was Miss Field, turned quickly a very pleasant face, and came up to the boy's side, putting a cool hand on his brow.

"Are you better, Dick?" she inquired, gently.

"Have I been sick?" the boy said, wearily. How hard it seemed to talk!

"Yes, indeed!" Miss Field said; "you've been in this bed a whole week. Don't you remember coming here?"

"No, ma'am," the boy said, looking at her with earnest eyes. "Where is it?"

"It's Barnabas Academy. You fainted outside the house one night when you were going to Dr. Field's, and then we brought you in here. Now you're going to get well, but you mustn't talk any more for a while."

Maud put a spoonful of something very nice to his lips, and how delightful it seemed just to lie still on the soft bed

in that dreamy quiet fashion! Slowly his thoughts shaped themselves into memories of what had happened. He recalled the dreadful weeks with Gurdle—his flight and its purpose—then he said:

"Where's Norry, ma'am, please?"

"He's very well," said Maud, cheerily. "He is staying just now at Nancy Barlow's. She begged to keep him. He was so happy there."

"Oh yes," said Dick, contentedly; "I remember." In a few moments he said, "Didn't I see Master Dick here, ma'am—in a window?"

"Yes; and as soon as you are a little better you shall see him again. Now try to sleep, Dick."

And Dick did fall into a very peaceful slumber, from which he awoke much better, and it seemed to the lad as though days and nights of delicious quiet and contentment passed dreamily by. Sometimes he knew Dr. Field came to see him; sometimes a kind elderly lady, whom Miss Maud called Mrs. Filliper. He had delicious cooling drinks, and white grapes, and occasionally Miss Maud read aloud to him in her sweet, happy voice.

The book which Maud read to him somehow made the boy understand how and why all this goodness had come into his life. He could not say *how* it was he felt it, but the old, old story of our Saviour's coming down to earth fell upon his ears as part of the message of peace and sweet contentment that seemed to have been brought him from some other world. As Maud read Dick would look wistfully at her, thinking he knew why her face with its plain features was so sweet and comforting;

why he liked to have her morning and night kneel down helping him to say his simple prayers. They had a great many quiet talks, sometimes about the stories in the New Testament, sometimes about what Dick would do when he got well. It was during this time that Miss Maud fell to

calling her little patient "D."—just to distinguish him from Dick Dearing, and always afterward the boy was known by that initial, which I think people now suppose was a regularly given name.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WEE MAGGIE'S SHOPPING.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

WEE Maggie came into the room,
She came in skipping, hopping;
"See all the lovely things I got
While I was out a-shopping."

"Come here and let me see them, dear,"
Said pretty Jenny Linnet;
"I'll make a picture of them all,
And surely put you in it."

"This basketful of cat and dog
We'll place upon the top there;
To guard the nest and eggs so blue
We will say is doggie's care."

"And here's a boy that cried for cake,
And laughed because he got it;
And here's a lady called Miss Kate,
Right on this lovely pocket."

"And here's a crab that goes sideways,
With claws so fierce and strong;
Who knows but that this fine guitar
Will tame him with a song?"

"This basket with the scarlet how
Upon the purple palette,
We'll put it just yourself below,
To please dear Dolly Smallet."

"Behold this turtle with sweet face
Upon his brown hack painted;
We'll put him in this corner here,
And play that he has fainted,

"Because this wicked Polly bird
Here on this lovely bracket
Has called him 'Soup, green turtle Soup,'
And vowed his shell to crack it."

"Here is Fanny Flora Francis
Georgiana Ella Brown;
She's as black as her umbrella,
And the pet of Blackville town."

"How very grand that kitty is!
Now is she plotting treason,
Or is she mad as mad can be,
Without a rhyme or reason?"

"Ah, see these two poor Princes here,
Child captives in the Tower!
I wonder why they were not saved
From wicked Richard's power."

"Right in the middle goes this plaque;
That's you and dolly on it—
The sweetest girl in all the world,
From hoots to feathered bonnet."



WHEN nuts in the hollow
And nuts on for gathering,
Are ready for gathering,
Off with a will,
Follow your leader with whoop and halloo,
For the breezes are crisp and the sky is blue.

CHARLES CITY COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

I am a clergyman's daughter, and one of seven children. We came from Maryland to this State some two and a half years ago. I have three sisters and three brothers. All of us are Marylanders except mother and baby brother, who are Virginians. In this county were born two of the Presidents of the United States, viz. Harrison and Tyler. The name of the birth-place of the former is Berkeley, that of the latter is Greenway. President Tyler lived a number of years at Sherwood Forest, which is quite near us. His widow has but recently left there to reside in Richmond. One of his sons still lives there. My little brother Lloyd has a big white cat, which was a kitten. My dear friend Tyler when they was a little kitten. Lloyd named him "Tippecanoe and-Tyler too," but calls him Tippy. Our present home is near James River, on one bank of which I have seen the ruins of the little church in which Pocahontas was baptized.

This is a rather lonely place. Last spring a deer pursued by dogs ran through our yard. Not long after that a flock of wild turkeys came to our gate, and had a battle with our tame ones, in which the latter were the victors. The time allowed by law for killing wild turkeys is just expired, and is in the month of October. Some are kind of reed-bird in the marshes. Sometimes they are shot, but they are generally knocked down with paddles on wet marshes. This is a very interesting sight, and suddenly appearing in great numbers early in September, and then as suddenly disappearing about the first heavy frost. No one ever sees them come or go, and no young are ever seen. Colors are people here believe that "they turn to frogs." They are so fat that they require no butter or lard in cooking, and are delicious.

Among us we have a good many pets, Baby Reznald being the dearest of all; but my letter is so long that I can tell you of only one. When we left Maryland a friend gave me a pretty young child, which I named "Samie T." for the kind donor. This hen is now a great-great-grandmother, and looks young and well.

A kind friend in Philadelphia has been sending us "Young People" for nearly two years, thus giving us much pleasure week by week.

ETHEL E.

Thank you for this charming letter.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

I have written two letters before this, but as they have not been printed, I am going to write again. I guess you get tired of letters, don't you? The last time I wrote to you I was living in the country, but now I live in Oakland, I will be here until after Christmas. I like Oakland very much, but I shall be glad to get back to my home once more and see all my friends. I go to school ever in California, Mrs. Postmistress? I think if you ever came a woman would never want to go back, and maybe I would see you some time. Wouldn't it be nice?

I have two cousins living here, a little boy and girl. The little girl's name is Doty. She is two years old, and I think she is very sweet. My little sister Julia wants to know if she may write to you. She is seven years old, and she loves to read in your paper. I like "Prince Lazeboues" and "Dick and D." very much, only I don't like to know who D. is; it must be the other D. I am going to the circus next Thursday. Would you please print my letter, Mrs. Postmistress? I hope it is not too long, for I want so much to see how it looks in the Post Office Box.

DAYTON W.

FAIRBURY, IOWA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have written you one letter, but think it must have been addressed wrong, so I thought I would try again. I like Young People very much, and can hardly wait for the next issue to come. I like to go to a little school, and am learning to read pretty well, so that by-and-by I shall read for myself. I am seven years old, and have a list of thirty names of children with my papa to Cleveland (which is only an hour's ride from Fairsville) the other day, and he bought me a bicycle. It has a seat on behind for sister, and we strap her in. It can be taken where she does not ride. I ride to school on it.

I am going to my grandpa's by-and-by. There

is a creek behind the house where I can fish, and I have some consins there, and we do have such good times! Grandpa has some white rabbits for baby and me, and grandma says they are good to eat. We have some blue-bantam chickens, a cunning little black dog named Gyp, a cat, and two funny little kitties. I thought "Raising the Pearl" was splendid. Wasn't Tommie Tucker naughty, though? Mamma had written this for me. I can write some, but not very well yet. Good-by. PERCY S.

Do you know, Percy dear, that this little letter has had to wait for its turn so very long that I fear you have thought me a very unkind Postmistress? Sometimes I fancy the little letters look up reproachfully when they have been kept here in the box a long while, waiting for fresh air and light, and the wings to fly; which they get when they types print them nicely in our paper. Now, dear, you must write again, and tell me whether you and sister still enjoy riding on the bicycle. I am always pleased when I hear of plays and toys which the brother and sister may share together.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a girl thirteen years old, who likes to read the Post-Office Box very much. I live in a white frame house, surrounded by a large yard consisting of two or three acres. We have a great many apple, pear, and cherry trees besides maple trees. In the lane which is in front of our house there is a large tree which I call my cotton tree; it has an arm-chair and bed, horses, and a great deal of my summer vacation, with a friend who lives near me. H. N.

Quite a remarkable tree. I think you will have to explain about the horses, the bed, and the chair, for I do not understand how they can all exist in a tree.

The brown leaves are flying;

The red and the gold

Make lovely October

A joy to behold.

We trip with gay footsteps

To school and to play,

And merrily live through

Each beautiful day.

OSK BORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am a boy twelve years old, and am going to school at Oak Ridge Institute, North Carolina. I think it is an excellent school. There are in attendance this term about one hundred and fifty students. I do not live at Oak Ridge, but live at home. My father manufactures wagons. This is the first time I have written for the Post-Office Box. I have been taking Young People one month, and think it is the best paper I have read at the school. When I get home next summer I intend to make a boat like the one I saw in your paper. We have two literary societies and a military department connected with it. I belong to one of the societies. Will you be so kind as to send me a subject for debate? ROBBIE S. N.

"Which, upon the whole, was the swifter, the hare or the tortoise?" Tell me which side in the discussion tortoise takes. Most of our boys consider Young People the best paper in the world.

NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I think I can out weigh any girl who takes Young People; I weigh 135 pounds. Do you think that is very much? I am a farm girl, there are 300 acres in my father's farm. I never lived in the city, I have quite a good many pets. I had a dog that was over twelve years old, but he is dead now. I had a white rabbit, a white pig, and a white pig. My sister and I have a pony named Prince. Sister and I ride him to school. We have one mile to go. My sister is four years older than myself. She has a large white rabbit; and we also have four cats and one kitten. I think Young People is the nicest paper I ever saw; I wish it would come twice a week instead of once. I am taking my lessons. Mamma has over one hundred little chickens and thirty turkeys. JENNIE E.

What a pretty sight it must be to see so many chicks crowding together to be fed! I suppose you help mamma in the care of them.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

My little brother takes Young People, and I read the stories to him. We both like the paper very, very much. I enjoy reading our Post-office Box, and hope I may see this letter among the others to come.

I spent my vacation at a place near the Catskill Mountains. The house stood on a high hill from which we had an excellent view of the Hudson. We went on top of the mountain one day. We started at 5.30 A.M., and reached home at 7 o'clock in the evening. I stood on the rock on which

Rip Van Winkle is said to have slept so many years, and passed his house. They self confessed door is a jutting of Rip, which looks as though it had often been washed by the rain and wind. In this picture he is just awaking from his long sleep, and under his hat he is holding a rummer, "that corky fagon!" What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle? I admired the beautiful scenery on the mountains, and should like very much to go there again. EMIE.

Let me whisper a secret to Harry,

Who can't find his hat to-day;

You will never lose things, little Harry,

If you're careful to put them away.

FERRISBURGH, VIRGINIA.

I thought I would write you a letter for the first time. I live up on a mountain, and we can see the Blue-Ridge Mountains very plainly. Most of the boys and girls tell about their pets, but I have none here. We used to live in Cincinnati, Ohio, and I had a cat and a dog then. My cat had no name, but my dog had enough for both; its name was Tippecanoe and Tyler too. I have taken Young People since the first time I came here, and like it better than any other paper I have seen. Mamma and papa like it too. I haven't any brothers or sisters, like some children; and I think it must be very nice to have a lot of children in the house. I wish Little N. P. would write to me, and I would answer her gladly. I think "Dick and D." is ever so nice. MAMIE S.

RUMBERVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have two little kittens, and they are just lovely! My sister is going to teach school in our school-house this fall, and my two cousins, about my age, are staying at our house, going to school, and we thought it would be nice to have correspondents about thirteen or fourteen years old from a different place. I think "Nan" was a splendid story, and I think we will like the new serial quite as well by the way it starts off. We have two canary-birds, and they are both singers. Dear Postmistress, it is my bed-time, and I must get up bright and early to-morrow morning to get in the house. I wish Little N. P. would write to me, and I would use it, please say "Care of George Landon." J. P. L., L. S. T., and L. L. F.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am a little girl seven years old, I have five brothers and one sister. My grandpa sends Young People to my brother. I like the Jimmy Brown stories best of all. I want very much to go to school this fall, and my little N. P. will let me. I like to read very much, and usually I don't get enough books. My sister is writing this for me. Now good-by. RAY C. S.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Some children have pets. I have one, a large kitten named Tibbit, and my sister has one named Muff. I expect to go to St. John in October if mamma will let me. I have many books, and many dolls of all kinds, and most of them can stand up. I am going to send a verse called

A PRETTY STORY.

Now all of you give heed unto
A tale I shall relate
Of Fanny, Madge, and little Tom,
A cat, and a green gate.

Fanny had a basketful
Of what I can not say;
But she had the prettiest story
While pussy meowed at play.

Madge and Tom came on behind,
With doll and whip so gay.
The gate was green, the cat was black,
And bright the lovely day.

But when they reached the garden gate—
Now what I say is true—
The story's gone from the poor head,
And so good-by to you. ETHEL II.

MOUNT CLEMENS, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have not many pets—only two lambs and a dear little brother. I like all the stories of Young People, but Jimmy Brown's stories are the funniest. This is my first letter. JULIA W.

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live in San Francisco, and go to school. I like Young People very much. I am sick now, and am stopping with my grandpa and grandpa in Alameda. My grandpa is a member of the Young People, and my little sister six years old, several pretty little songs. My sister sings alto, and I sing soprano. Grandpa calls us Kellogg and Cary. If we ever come out here we will send you our good-by. MAMIE A.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl seven years old. My brother takes Young People, and I like it very much. I love very much to try to be a good girl. Last term I got a certificate, and I stood No. 1. My

any took it, and she had it framed. Mamma was
wondering when she saw it, and like me to be
good. I have a little kitten which I call Tiny; it
is a poor little kitty; it is not a bit pretty, but it
is a good kitty. When I grow up I am going to
be a teacher, and I want to tell you how I can
make us learn to draw, or to make us laugh?
Can any one try? ANNIE L.

Any one may try to draw a Wizzle. They are
meant to amuse you, and also to help you in
learning to draw. Look carefully over the last
published page of Wizzles, and you will under-
stand how the children try to find out the art-
ist's idea. We will be glad to have you send
some of your efforts.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

My name is Caroline Frances, but they call me
Jim. I wrote for a boy in the Cot, because Bubber
is a boy, and I am a tomboy. I want to tell you
something I pulled out of two of my little teeth
my own self, and two new ones are coming;
they were like little grains of white rice, and I
swear to you, if you want to see them, I will
show you. They would not hurt me, so I put it under
my pillow, and a fairy came and put a piece of
money in its place.

I am only six, and can't write anything but my
name, which I will sign at the end. Bubber is
writing this for me. Bubber and Nonie had par-
ties once on their birthdays, but I haven't had
one yet. When I was six, it was the mumps. But
I had a cake with six candles; when I was five,
it was the whooping-cough, and when I was four,
I was in the country, and berries had made me
sick. I hope I shall be well when I am seven;
then I will have a party, and invite you. We feel
very sociable with you.

Your little friend, CARRIE T.

I add a postscript to ask you to beg Mrs. Lillie
not to let anything happen to Norry. We were
so sad when Dick came home and Norry wasn't
there.

Is Sadie well now? How did she come to be
put in the Cot? Please tell me in what paper it
told about her. I wrote for a boy.

Can you look beautiful in their sailor suits?
I think you are right kind to worry with us
children so. NONIE T.

I have already voted for a boy.
We told Carrie that if all the children who read
YOUNG PEOPLE sent you their pictures and their
letters, you would have to find a hall for the
pictures, and call it the Rogues' Gallery, and you
could give a street with the teeth.

This is the last you will hear from the three
little T's until next summer. Next week we will
be as busy as bees, for school begins on Monday.
But we will still read YOUNG PEOPLE, and think
of the Postmistress. FREDIE T.

The three little T's

May write when they please,

And Carrie her picture may send;

And I hope, when she's seven,

The party 'll be given.

And believe me, dear children, your friend,
Sadie was getting well when last I heard.
Young People's Cot was described in No. 186.

BREIGSVILLE, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a
brother eight years old named Willie. We got
YOUNG PEOPLE last Christmas. I liked "Raising
the Pearl" very much. We have got two cats
named Whitey and Maltie. Whitey is pure white,
and Maltie is Maltese. I feed the chickens, and
hunt the eggs. I am very much interested in
Lillie has begun another story. ROBEY E. E.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little Brooklyn girl. My uncle keeps a
bookstore, and he wishes every child to read
in the city would read YOUNG PEOPLE. My
brother and I dearly love the paper to come.
We have a little kitten, and her name is Minnie.
The paper is full of play. We have two chickens
too; they jump up in grandma's grape-vine, and
have eaten all the grapes. I am nine years old,
and my brother is six. LOUISE M.

FORESTVILLE, LOUISIANA.

I am a little girl eleven years of age. I have a
pet hen and two cats; their names are Tom,
Lulu, and Gray. I have a little sister, and she
ins is cat named Tortoise—because it looks like
the shell of a tortoise—and two chickens. I have
three brothers and two sisters. My youngest sis-
ter and myself feed the poultry; mamma some-
times helps us feed them, and we enjoy having
her do so very much. Saturday night is a happy
night with me, because it brings YOUNG PEOPLE
for me to read. B. M. T.

SARAS, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am ten and a half years old. I have a little
dog and white chicks, and I like to read. My
she is very playful. I have a little baby brother
Philip who is five weeks old. I think the Nauti-
lus is a very pretty suit for a dolly, and I inclose
five cents for a pattern. "Raising the

"Pearl" is a splendid story, and I like Jimmy
Brown's and Mr. Thompson's stories very much.
Not long ago I went to Cambridge. We went
to Harvard colleges. As it was vacation, most of
the buildings were then closed; but we went into
the Library, and the Library and Memorial Hall in
the Library there is a piece of the old Washington
elm carved to represent a book, with the elm on
the front. In Memorial Hall there are many old
portraits, and some very beautiful modern win-
dows. There are many fine buildings, some of
them having a very pretty clinging vine growing
upon them. Will some one tell me the name of
the vine? I think it is a species of ivy.
LOTTIE C. P.

Will some little correspondent who lives in
Cambridge satisfy Lottie about the vine?

FOKES BARRICKS, CAPE BRETON.

I have never seen a letter from Baldeck, so I
thought I would write one. A kind gentleman
has been sending me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE
for over a year. I like the reading very much.
I am seven years old. I am reading in the Fourth
Book Reader. I never want to stop reading it
for three months. Last winter the school-house
was burned down. My brother woke me up to
see it burning, and when I saw it I almost cried.
I can not write very well, so my sister is writing
for me. I have only one pet—a big black dog.
His name is Bud. I ride him round the fields like
a pony. Last summer I cut down a little tree
and tied it to his tail, and ploughed a small piece;
and then I got a little horse, and he was five,
and I harrowed it. I have no little sister or
brother to play with. Will you please print this?
I want to surprise ma and pa. GEORGE W.

WYOMING, INDIA.

We are five little girls who talk YOUNG PEOPLE
YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We think
Mrs. Lillie's stories are the best, especially "In
Honor Bound." We have ponies, and have lots
of fun riding them. We all go to the same school,
and are in the same classes. After school we go
to some little girl's house, and play with our
dolls. We are writing to you, and to the Post-
mistress, at the noon recess, and as it is getting
late, and we are afraid the bell will ring, we
must close. For it would displease our teacher for
us to be late. RYONA M.,
FANNIE VAN D.,
LIRA C.,
AND MABEL D.

BARBARO.

I am a little girl eleven and a half years old. I
live on a farm, and have a great many pets. I
have two dogs. One is a water-spaniel, and his
name is Brnce. He is a very intelligent dog, but
he surprised me the other day. He was chasing
a weasel that had climbed a tree; he was so ex-
cited that he followed it about ten feet into the
tree, and sat down on a branch to bark at it. He
did not get the weasel. Please print this, as I
want my auntie in Idaho to read it, for she knows
Bruce. LIZZIE J. F.

LA PORTE, INDIANA.

I am a boy twelve years old, and I have no pets
except two rabbits named Billy and Fanny. I
got them last summer when they were only two
weeks old. The first pair I had I bought a week
before I thought this. The way I came by the
ones I have now was this: I was going to get a
boy to build them a coop—I can not do it myself,
being lame, and liked his rabbits so well that I
traded mine off to him for them, and gave him
ten cents to hoot, although mine were a month
the oldest. FRED ST. V. A.

Well, that was a fair exchange, and I hope both
boys were pleased with it.

NEW YORK CITY.

I wrote a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE before, but
not finding it in my paper, I thought I would
again. I am employed by a firm on Broadway,
and like my place so well that I thought it best
not to go back to school, but I am going to even-
ing school if I can go any. My letter was
Dentey, Colorado, and he sent me a collection of
ores. PHILIP C.

Be prompt, punctual, and respectful, and you
will continue to please your employers. Go to
evening school by all means.

SPRING VALLEY, MISSOURI.

I wrote to you once before, but my letter was
not published, so I thought I would write again.
We have eighteen little chicks. It is pretty cold
for chicks, but we keep them in the hen-house,
so I hope they won't freeze, their mother is
two days. One is a little one; her name is Ni-
nie. My other one is a big one; her name is Eva.
I like to read the Post-office Box very much. I
think "Raising the Pearl" was the best of all.
GRACE T.

LOTTO.

Lotto is played with a set of cards with num-
bers on them from 1 to 100, and counters to cor-
respond to them. A dealer is chosen, who
deals the cards to all the players except himself.

The counters are placed in a box or something
like that. The dealer then takes one out, and
calls out the number. The player who has the
number on his card immediately places his fingers
on the number, and calls out, "Here." Whoever
calls out first takes the counter, and places it on
the number. Then the game continues, and who-
ever has five counters in a row wins the game.
CHAMFON.

I am delighted with, but can not make room
for, letters from the children whose names fol-
low: Rosa J., Jennie M. A., Bettie F. Y., Willie
H., Blanche E. P., Ida Floresta G., Annie E., Harry
A. H., Henrietta C., Elsie V., Lizzie B., Pear H.,
Arthur E., Dick C., and Ronald M. Do not be dis-
couraged, little ones, but write again when you
have time. AMANDA P.

RECIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

WHITE POUND-CAKE.—The whites of sixteen
eggs, one pound of white sugar, three quarters
of a pound of butter, and one pound of flour.

For the little girlie who wished to make
CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup of grated
chocolate, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses,
one cup of sugar, and a piece of butter about the
size of an egg; boil until it drops hard; put it in
battered pans, and mark it off into square blocks
before it cools. MAMMA.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

1. My first is in hip, but not in bear.
My second is in rod, but not in tear.
My third is in lip, but not in king.
My fourth is in cry, but not in sing.
My whole is the name of a beautiful flower
Which gardeners prize in the summer hour.
M. APPLETON.

2. I'm a singular creature—pray tell me my
name;
I partake of your countrymen's glory and
shame;
I daily am old, and I daily am new;
I am praised, I am blamed, I am false, I am true.
I'm the talk of the nation while still in my
prime;
Forgotten when once I've outlasted my time.
MAXIMILIAN GRANT.

NO. 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A city in Maine. 2. A city in New York. 3.
A city in Massachusetts. 4. A city in Alabama.
5. A city in Pennsylvania. 6. A city in Maryland.
7. A city in Kentucky. 8. A city in Indiana. 9.
A city in Kansas. The whole may be found in
the Pacific. RALPH S. PARKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 304

No. 1. I A M C M P
I D A H O O M U S I C
O A B E T E R P I E C
C

R P L
O E A E H I I T
R O M A N P E R C H L I G H T
E R A A E T E T
N H T

S T R Y
A T E C
S T O N E C R O K
E N D Y O U
K

No. 2. D austria
A usria
N ew York.
1 ndus.
E rie.
L yons.

W urtemberg.
S witzerland.
B ohenia.
S antiago.
T asmania.
E uphrates.
R ichmond.

The answer to the enigma on page 752 of No.
304 is—The Moor.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received
from J. C. Moore, New York; Wm. N. Talfer,
Taliaferro, Champion, Ralph S. Parker, George
Wardell, William Nederman, A. Cecil Perry, Jun.,
Maggie Rutherford, Kitty Cox, Edgar Cram, Ed-
ward Wells, Dolly Gray, Emily Brown, John Sam-
uel Herbert Blauvelt, D. C. T., and Virginia Johnson.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A PICTURE WANTED.

BY M. E.

PLEASE, sir, Mr. Picture Man,
Here's some chilluns—one, two, three—
Wants their pictures all togever,
Kitty, Dolly Rags, and me.
Make *me* drestle lady-like;
Dolly she can have a smile,
'Cause she's little; an' let Kitty
Be a-singin' all the while.

PRIZE STORIES.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

THE number of players is limited only by the size of the room. The host must prepare in advance five simple gifts, such as boxes of paper, books, inkstands, paper-weights, etc., each one of which must be neatly tied up in a separate package, and then marked No. 1 to No. 5, inclusive, by one of the players who is ignorant of their contents.

Each player is then furnished with a pencil and three sheets of large paper, and all write the name of some one of the persons present on a small slip of paper. These ballots are collected in a hat and counted by the host, who announces the vote by saying, "You have made a choice of Miss — as editor." The player thus chosen takes her seat at the head of the table, and selects three pictures from any book or magazine, of as varied subjects as possible, and places them in full sight of all the contestants.

The editor then takes out her watch, with the remark, "We will now devote an hour to preparing a story suggested by the scenes and persons in these illustrations, each one of which must be alluded to in the narrative, although any one of the three may be chosen as the chief subject. Any one who has not completed the task at the expiration of the time will not be considered as a competitor for the prizes which you see before you."

All then write as rapidly as they can without making mistakes; for no one is allowed to reject his first idea and to begin again. It will be best for each to carefully study up his subjects and to see what combinations suggest themselves before committing them to paper, as time will thus be gained. Each one will, of course, follow out his own idea, and write either a humorous or serious sketch, in prose or verse, as his fancy may dictate.

When all have worked steadily for three-quarters of an hour, the editor must give notice that all contributions must be handed in within fifteen minutes. Ten minutes later, notice is again given that now five minutes only remain; and the fun and excitement increase until the hour is spent, and the papers are all folded up and laid before each player on the table. Each

marks a number in pencil on the outside of her paper, the editor being No. 1, and the next player on the right No. 2, and so on. The papers are then all collected in a basket, shaken together, and passed around, each player drawing out one, which he looks over, in order that he may read it fluently when his turn comes. The editor reads first, and afterward each player in turn reads the one which was drawn by him.

At the conclusion of the reading of each piece any comment or good-natured criticism is permitted, as, of course, only one of the players knows the author of the article. If two or more persons call out, "Fragment!" all players vote upon the question by holding up their right hands, and the majority thus decides whether it shall be so considered, and thrown out.

Finally all proceed to decide upon the merits of the completed articles. This is done by ballot, and any player is permitted to vote for his own article if he considers it better than any of the others. To designate his favorite piece each one writes the name of the person who chanced to read it, and who still has it in his possession.

These ballots are collected by the editor, who only votes in case of a tie, when she decides the question in accordance with her judgment. She also counts the votes, and then announces the result. The article which has the most votes is entitled to prize No. 1, and so on in regular succession. But in case a less number of articles than five fail to secure any votes, the second ballot is thrown for the prizes which are left.



"HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"THE BABY CROWED AS HE LIFTED HER OUT."—SEE STORY, "BOB'S BABY," PAGE 802.

BOB'S BABY.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

FOR the first time in his life little Bob Bland found himself living on an island, and yet he always had lived precisely where he was still living. He had been born there, and had spent every day of his ten years in that home on the bank of the Ohio River. But now the river was "on the rampage." A great flood had come, and the water was far above the banks. The river—which is usually about three-quarters of a mile wide—had now spread out over all the lowlands, and stretched from the hills on one side to those on the other, a distance in some places of five miles or more. All the towns were flooded, and all the farms under water. Where the ground was low, nothing could be seen of the farm-houses except the tops of their chimneys; where it was higher, only the lower stories were filled with water, and the people were still living on the second floors, at the risk of being swept away.

Bob's home stood on the bank of the river, but the ground at that point was a long narrow ridge, above the level of the water; and so the house was still high and dry, though the water covered half of the front yard. Back of the house the land was lower, and while the house was out of water, the fields back of it were flooded. The ridge on which the house stood was now a long, narrow island, with two or three miles of river in front and a mile of river behind it. That is how it came about that little Bob Bland found himself living on an island for the first time in his life, though he had never changed his home.

The river was a grand sight, though a terrible one. The great mass of water swirled along at a speed of five miles an hour, carrying with it all kinds of floating things. Great trees uprooted in the woodlands, hay-stacks from the farms, rafts of logs from the saw-mills, millions of fence rails, hundreds of gates, barn doors, house roofs, and now and then whole houses, were swept along in a confused mass of rubbish on the breast of the swollen stream.

It was a grand thing just to watch the never-ending tide of floating things as they passed by, and little Bob could not keep his eyes off the river. He had passed the whole morning on the upper end of the island, watching the farm hands as they worked, with skiffs, catching and bringing ashore everything of value that they saw floating past. They had brought ashore several flat-boat oars, many fine pieces of timber, two skiffs, and other things of value; but it was noon now, and the men had gone to dinner.

Bob did not want any dinner. He wanted to watch the river, and so he staid where he was, nearly half a mile from the house. He perched himself on the top rail of a fence, so that he might see further out over the stream, and many times he saw things floating by which he would have liked to bring ashore.

There was a steamboat's yawl, for one thing, and it tempted him greatly, for such a boat is worth about a hundred dollars, and it passed so near the shore that Bob was sure he might have caught it if he had dared go out alone in a skiff. But that was against his orders and his promise. He was only a little ten-year-old boy, and although he knew how to row a little, it would never do for him to go out alone upon such a flood, and all that mass of drift. Even the men had to be very cautious when they went out, or their skiffs would have been crushed like so many egg-shells between the heavy trees and saw-logs. So Bob had been strictly ordered to stay on shore, and had promised to do so. He watched the yawl as it floated past him, wishing and wishing that he might get it; but wishing did not bring it ashore, and so it was swept along, and passed out of sight.

When Bob could see it no longer he turned to look up the river again. Presently he saw something coming

which puzzled him. It looked at first like a dark block of wood with spots of red and white on top. He stood up on top of the fence to get a better look as the thing came nearer. It now began to look like an open box about eighteen inches wide and three feet long, with some red and white spotted thing lying inside. It came nearer and nearer, while Bob strained his eyes to make it out.

As the thing came just in front of the place where he stood he spoke.

"I declare," he said, "I do believe— No it can't be—but it looks like—"

Just then, if you had been watching him, you would have thought that Master Bob Bland had gone crazy. He leaped to the ground as suddenly as if he had been shot. His cap fell off, but he did not stop to pick it up. He ran to the nearest skiff, cast it loose, jumped in, and in another moment was out in the stream rowing "like mad" through the drift.

Never in his life before had Bob Bland disobeyed his mother or broken a promise, but now he was doing both at the risk of his life, for he had seen something in that box which made him forget all about orders and promises and danger to himself.

The box was a cradle, and Bob had seen that there was a live baby in it!

Quick as he had been, the rapid-current had carried the cradle past the head of the island before Bob had made the first stroke with his oars. It was fifty yards ahead of him, and Bob knew that it would not be easy to overtake it. It would have been easy enough, of course, if there had been no other drift, but in such a mass of rubbish the cradle was a mere speck, easily lost sight of. Besides, Bob had to sit with his back toward it in rowing, and so he had to stop every few minutes to stand up and look for the cradle. He had to row slowly, too, and make his way carefully in a zigzag course, to avoid the heavy timbers; but little by little he gained on the cradle.

At last he came within a few yards of it, and saw the pretty little sunny-haired baby lying there wide awake, and looking at him with its big blue eyes. But there was a great uprooted tree floating between the skiff and the cradle. Bob saw that he must row around this tree before he could get to the baby. He would not have minded this much if the tree had been floating quietly, but it was not. The swirling currents were turning it over and twisting it about, so that its long branches were threshing the water in a very wild fashion, and, as Bob could see, some of them struck very near the cradle. What if one should strike it! Bob shuddered as he thought of losing the baby in that way after coming so near it, for it had a strong hold upon his heart, now that he had seen it close at hand. Bob's own little baby sister, with golden hair and large blue eyes, had been very dear to him until God had taken her away. That was only a few months before this time, and the boy's heart was still aching for the little loved one whom he had lost. He longed for her every day, and was very lonely without her. Sometimes he dreamed that she had come back again, and when he woke to find that it was only a dream he found it very hard to keep back his tears, though he was as sturdy and manly a little fellow as anybody ever saw.

Bob had a very tender love for all babies for the sake of the one baby whom he had loved and lost, and that was why he forgot all about his promise, and rowed out alone upon the river when he saw that a baby was in danger there. He wanted to save it at any risk, merely because it was a baby, but now that he saw it near at hand, and saw how closely like his baby sister it was, he forgot that it was a little stranger. To him those big blue eyes, those round rosy cheeks, and that fair hair were the eyes and cheeks and hair of his own little lost baby. From that moment Bob was wild with eagerness to get to the cradle before any harm should come to it. To him it was not a

strange baby at all, but his baby that was in danger, and Bob would have risked anything to save it.

The drift was very thick around the skiff now, but little by little Bob made his way around the tree, and at last reached the cradle. The baby cowered as he lifted her out, and Bob shouted, "Hurrah!"

Then he looked eagerly at the little one's face, and felt her hair, saying:

"I don't know how it can be, but anyway this is my baby, sure enough. They'll all say it can't be, and I suppose it can't, as a matter of fact, but it's so, for all that. Just look at her eyes and hair and nose! Don't I know my own baby sister when I see her? Well, let 'em say this is some other baby if they like, but I know better. It's *my* baby, and I'll stick to it."

And Bob believed it was his own baby come back to him again. He couldn't understand it, but, for that matter, he couldn't understand a great many other things that were true; so he just made up his mind that this was true, and didn't try to understand it.

He took the bed and quilts out of the cradle and placed them in the skiff. Then he laid the baby down and took the oars again.

As he looked up he saw that the swift current had carried the skiff far past the island on which the house stood, and now the nearest shore was nearly two miles away.

He was frightened when he saw this, of course. He knew that it would take him a long time to row to the shore, and that there was great danger of getting the skiff upset or crushed on the way. If that should happen, his baby would be drowned, after all, and Bob could not bear to think of that. He didn't think about himself at all, but his baby *must* be saved!

He set out for the shore, rowing carefully, and keeping clear of every dangerous piece of drift. It was very slow work. Sometimes he had to back for a good distance, in order to get around heavy timbers which blocked his way; sometimes such timbers would surround him on every side, penning the skiff in. When that happened he had to wait as patiently as he could until the timbers drifted apart again, leaving an opening for him to row through.

The current was carrying him further and further down the river all this time, and when at last he reached the shore, Bob knew that he was several miles from home. He was tired out, and so he tied the boat and sat down to think.

Now that the baby was saved, Bob had time to remember that his father and mother must believe that he was lost. It was nearly night, and the last that anybody had seen of him was at noon. Bob knew that he must have been missed when the men came back from dinner, and it troubled him dreadfully to think how much his mother and father were suffering in their anxiety about him. Thinking of this, Bob saw that he must hurry homeward as fast as he could. His first plan was to take the baby in his arms and walk up the shore; but he remembered that the house was on an island now, a long way from the shore, and that when he should get opposite the place he would need a boat in order to reach it. It was clear that he must take the skiff with him, and he knew he could row along near shore, as the current was not very strong there, and there was not much drift inshore.

He was very tired, of course, and hungry, for he had eaten nothing since breakfast; but when he thought of his mother's anxiety he would not wait to rest.

It was hard work rowing, and the poor baby was fretting with hunger, which worried little Bob a great deal. In his eagerness to get home he thought the skiff moved like a snail, and began to fear that he never would get there at all. But there were a good many eddies near shore, and as the water in an eddy runs up-stream, these helped him along.

Night came on, and Bob was sure that it must be mid-

night at least when he found himself at the gate of the hill pasture. This gate was at the upper end of the island, and so at that point he left the shore and rowed toward the house.

He saw lights at the house, and thought that everybody must be spending the night looking for him. He rowed on, therefore, with all his might, though his legs and arms and back ached as if they had been beaten black and blue. There was not much drift and very little current on this side of the island, and Bob got on pretty rapidly, though it seemed to him that he was whole hours in making the crossing from the hill pasture to the home island.

At last he landed, and taking the baby in his arms, ran to the house. There was a light in the sitting-room, and to his surprise, when he entered, he found his mother quietly sewing.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, "just see! our baby has come back, just as I dreamed, you know, that time I cried when I waked up. At least it didn't just come back, but I caught it and brought it back, you know, out there where I was sitting on the fence. I forgot about my promise, and I'll take any punishment—"

But Bob was out of breath by the time he had got this far in his effort to tell a long story all at once, and his mother could not make head or tail of his jumble of words. But she saw the baby, and saw that the poor little thing was hungry and cold. Without waiting to hear Bob's story, she took it in her arms, and spent the next half-hour in warming and feeding it and soothing it to sleep.

She too saw the strange likeness it bore to her lost little one as she sat holding it in her arms, and tears of gentle gladness trickled down her cheeks. Her faith was not so child-like as Bob's, and she knew that this was not her own baby; but in her heart she felt as if her dead had come back to her, and the feeling comforted her as nothing else in the world could have done.

When Bob found that his mother was too much taken up with the baby to listen to him, and saw that for some reason she had not been uneasy about his absence, he wondered why she had sat up sewing all night—for he was sure it must be nearly morning now. He looked at the clock, and to his surprise found that it was not yet ten o'clock.

"Well," said he to himself, "I don't understand it, unless it's all a dream again. Oh, I *hope* it isn't! for then I shall wake up and find the baby gone again."

He was very hungry, whether awake or dreaming, and so, while his mother attended to the baby, he went to the kitchen, where the tired girl gave him some supper. In talking with her he began to understand things a little better. It seemed that when his father left the dinner table that day he said he was going to row over to a neighbor's in a skiff to help save some cattle and other things that were in danger there, and in starting from the house he said to his wife:

"If I find Bob up at the landing, I'll take him along. We may be away all night if I find much to do over at Donald's, but Bob will enjoy the adventure."

Not finding Bob at once, and being in some haste, Mr. Bland went without him; but Bob's mother had thought all the time that her boy was with his father, and so there had been no alarm about him at all.

"But where did you get the baby, Bob?" the mother asked, when Bob went back into the sitting-room after eating his supper.

Then he told the story of his adventure, saying at the end: "I'll take any punishment you think right, mamma, but please don't make me say I'm sorry, for I ain't, and never shall be. I didn't mean to disobey you or to break my promise, but I ain't a bit sorry I did, 'cause if I hadn't our baby would have died again."

The fond mother was glad enough to forgive the disobedience, saying:

"You obeyed a higher command than mine, Bob, and did your duty like a man. If you had lost your life in trying to save the baby, I should have been very sorry, but I shouldn't have blamed you, my child. But what makes you say the baby would have 'died again'? You know this isn't really our own baby, though she looks so much like her."

"Now, mamma," said Bob, "please don't say that. Don't try to explain it, for I know that's our baby, and no mistake. Just you look and see. I thought it all out when I first took her out of the cradle. I don't understand how it is, but it's so. Maybe it's a miracle. Anyhow, that's *my* baby, and I never will believe any other way."

And so it came about that everybody called the child "Bob's Baby." Bob always called her so, and she, when she grew a little older and began to talk, refused to speak of herself as "I" or "me," but called herself "Bob's Baby" always.

Nobody ever came to claim her, and the careful inquiries that were made along the river failed to find anybody who had lost a baby. But as many whole families had been drowned, it was not hard to guess what had become of the little one's people. She remained Bob's baby, therefore, and is "Bob's Baby" still. Bob loves her even more than he did "before she died," as he says, for he is still firm in the belief that this is his own little sister, and says, in answer to all doubts,

"Maybe it's a miracle, but, anyhow, it's so."

IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

A Journal.

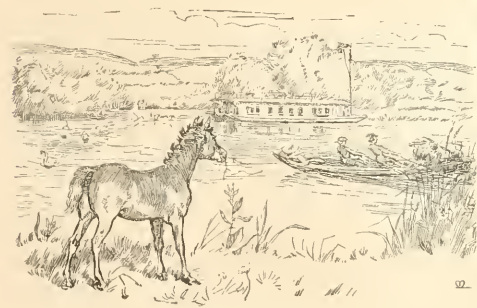
BY DINAH MULOCK CRAIK,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

HAD long heard of the house-boat, and had once seen it (as you see it now, my readers, in a sketch done by a girl little older than many of you, but already a notable English artist). It lies, summer after summer, moored in a tiny bay on our river Thames, and twice it had been offered to me for a week's occupation by its kindly owner, but I never was able to go. When at last I found I could go I was as

ready to "jump for joy"—had that feat been possible at my age—as any of you young people.

To live in a house-boat on the broad river, with a safe barricade of water between you and the outside world, to fish out of your parlor door, and if you wanted to wash your hands, to let down your jug from your bedroom window;



THE HOUSE BOAT.



THE LAZY MOWER.

moreover, to have unlimited sunrises and sunsets, to sleep with the "lap-lap" of a flowing stream in your ears, to waken with the songs of birds from the trees of the shore—what could be more delightful? Nothing—except perhaps "camping out" under the stars, which might be a trifle damp and uncomfortable.

No dampness here. More than comfort—actual beauty. When I went down to look at it in early spring, and the kind owner showed it with pride—pardonable pride—I found the house-boat adorned with Walter Crane's drawings and William Morris's furniture, perfectly "aesthetic" in its decorations, and as convenient as a well-appointed yacht. Also there was "a feeling" about it as if the possessor loved it, and loved to make people happy in it. There were mottoes from Shakspeare, Shelley, Keats, Milton, in every room, and pictures on every wall, besides the perpetual pictures outside—a gallery of ever-changing loveliness.

I came home enthusiastic, and immediately set about choosing "a lot of girls," as many as the boat would hold, to share it.

Only girls. Any elderly person—except the inevitable one, myself—would, we agreed, have spoiled all. I did not choose my girls for outside things, though some of them were pretty enough, too; but for good temper, good sense, and a cheerful spirit, determined to make the best of everything, and face the worst if necessary. These were the qualities I looked for, and found.

I shall not paint their portraits, except to mention that three out of the six were *Katherines*. We had therefore to distinguish them as Kitty, Kath, and Katie, the latter being our little maid-of-all-work, our coachman's daughter. The other three girls were: the artist—whose name, Margery May, is public property—and two girls, specially mine, whom I shall designate as "Meum and Tuum." All were between fifteen and twenty-five—happy age!—and all still walked "in maiden meditation, fancy-free." So we had not a man among us, except our sole male protector, Katie's father, and our long faithful servant. Him I shall call "Adam," after Shakspeare's Adam in *As You Like It*, whom he resembles in everything but age.

Six girls afloat! And very much afloat they were, swimming like ducks—no, let us say swans—on a sea of sunshiny happiness. As we drove from our last railway station, through the little town—the last town, too—our open omnibus, filled with bright-faced girls, seemed quite to interest the inhabitants. And when we reached the actual country, that lovely Thames Valley, which all English artists know, the ringing laughter at every small joke startled the still July afternoon, and made the birds dart fluttering out of the hedge-rows. Such hedge-rows!—full of wild brier-roses, pink and deep red honeysuckle, traveller's-joy, and dozens of other flowers useless to name, as they may not grow in America. But our English girls

love them, our English fields would be nothing without them.

"There it is! There is the house-boat!" cried Kitty, who had seen it before, having been with me when we explored it domestically.

"Hurrah! we have nearly reached it—our 'appy 'ome!" exclaimed Mumm and Tumm, standing up in the carriage together. Two of the Katherines followed their example; indeed, we should have been considered a most ill-behaved party, only fortunately there was no one to see us except one laborer, lazily sitting on a mowing-machine which was slowly cutting down all the pride of the flowery meadow through which we drove to the river-side.

There she lay, the *Pinafore*, and beside her the *Bib*, a little boat, which was to be our sole link with the outside world. In it sat the owner, who had patiently awaited us there these two hours, and whose portrait I should like to paint if only to show you a bachelor—an old bachelor you young girls would call him—who has neither grown selfish nor cynical, who knows how to use his money without abusing it, and who does use a good part of it in making other people happy.

The *Pinafore* is his hobby. He had it built on the top of a barge, under his own direction, and from his own design. It consists of a saloon at one end, a combination kitchen and dining room at the other, and four cabins between, with two berths in each. A real little house, and well might we call it our happy home—for a week.

Our host showed us all out there it once more, pointed out every possible arrangement for our comfort, partook of a hasty cup of tea, and then drove back in our empty omnibus Londonward, deeply pitied by us whom he left behind in his little paradise.

The first meal!—its liveliness was only equalled by the quickness with which it disappeared. And then came several important questions.

"Business before pleasure," said the stern mother. "Choose your room-mates, girls, and then arrange your rooms. It is the fashion on board the *Pinafore* to do everything for yourselves. When all is ready we will take a row and watch the sunset, then come back to bed."

This last would have been a pleasant business if some of them had had to "turn in" to beds of their own making.

"Ma'am," said Katie, who was beside me when I peeped into one cabin, "hadn't I better do the rooms? the young ladies do not quite understand about it. I will have all ready by the time you come back."

Katie, the best of little house-maids, was heartily

thanked, and her offer accepted. "But, girls, remember, it is to be the first and last time. After-to-night you must learn to do your own rooms yourselves."

So we threw overboard the practical for the poetical, and, like Hiawatha, went sailing "toward the sunset" in dreamy, lazy delight.

What a sunset it was! Everything seemed full of rich summer life, from the stately pair of swans sailing about with their six gray cygnets after them, to the water-hen sitting among the reeds, the willow-wren singing in among the bushes, and the water-rat darting into his hole as we passed. All was beauty, all was peace, and

"The cares that infest the day
Do fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW DOG.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I'VE had another dog. That makes three dogs that I've had, and I haven't been allowed to keep any of them. Grown-up folks don't seem to care how much a boy wants society. Perhaps if they were better acquainted with dogs they'd understand boys better than they do.

About a month ago there were lots of burglars in our



"HOW THAT DOG DID PULL!"

town, and father said he believed he'd have to get a dog. Mr. Withers told father he'd get a dog for him, and the next day he brought the most beautiful Siberian blood-hound you ever saw.

The first night we had him we chained him up in the yard, and the neighbors threw things at him all night. Nobody in our house got a wink of sleep, for the dog never stopped barking except just long enough to yell when something hit him. There was morn'a scuffleful of big lumps of coal in the yard in the morning, besides seven old boots, two chunks of wood, and a bushel of broken crockery.

Father said that the house was the proper place for the dog at night; so the next night we left him in the front hall. He didn't bark any all night, but he got tired of staying in the front hall, and wandered all over the house. I suppose he felt lonesome, for he came into my room, and got on to the bed, and nearly suffocated me. I woke up dreaming that I was in a melon patch, and had to eat three hundred green water-melons or be sent to jail, and it was a great comfort when I woke up and found it was only the dog. He knocked the water picher over with his tail in the morning, and then thought he saw a cat under my bed, and made such an awful noise that father came up, and told me I ought to be ashamed to disturb the whole family so early in the morning. After that the dog was locked up in the kitchen at night, and father had to come down early and let him out, because the cook didn't dare to go into the kitchen.

We let him run loose in the yard in the daytime, until he had an accident with Mr. Martin. We'd all been out to take tea and spend the evening with the Wilkinsons, and when we got home about nine o'clock, there was Mr. Martin standing on the piazza, with the dog holding on to his cork leg. Mr. Martin had come to the house to make a call at about seven o'clock, and as soon as he stepped on the piazza the dog caught him by the leg without saying a word. Every once in a while the dog would let go just long enough to spit out a few pieces of cork and take a fresh hold, but Mr. Martin didn't dare to stir for fear he would take hold of the other leg, which of course would have hurt more than the cork one. Mr. Martin was a good deal tired and discouraged, and couldn't be made to understand that the dog thought he was a burglar, and tried to do his duty, as we should all try to do.

The way I came to lose the dog was this: Aunt Eliza came to see us last week, and brought her little boy Harry with her. Harry is six years old, and he isn't so bad as he might be, considering his age. The second day after they came Harry and I were in Tom McGinnis's yard, when Tom said he knew where there was a woodchuck down in the pasture, and suppose we go and hunt him. So I told Harry to go home and get the dog, and bring him down to the pasture where Tom said the woodchuck lived. I told him to untie the dog—for we had kept him tied up since his accident with Mr. Martin—and to keep tight hold of the rope, so that the dog couldn't get away from him. Harry said he'd tie the rope around his waist, and then the dog couldn't possibly pull it away from him, and Tom and I both said it was a good plan.

Well, we waited for that boy and the dog till six o'clock, and they never came. When I got home everybody wanted to know what had become of Harry. He was gone and the dog was gone, and nobody knew where they were, and Aunt Eliza was crying, and said she knew that horrid dog had eaten her boy up. Father and I and Mr. Travers had to go and hunt for Harry. We hunted all over the town, and at last a man told us that he had seen a boy and a dog going on a run across Deacon Smith's corn field. So we went through the corn field and found their track, for they had broken down the corn just as if a wagon had driven through it. When we came to the fence on the other side of the field we found Harry on one

side of the fence and the dog on the other. Harry had tied the dog's rope round his waist, and couldn't untie it again, and the dog had run away with him. When they came to the fence the dog had squeezed through a hole that was too small for Harry, and wouldn't come back again. So they were both caught in a trap. How that dog did pull! Harry was almost cut in two, for the dog kept pulling at the rope all the time with all his might.

When we got home Aunt Eliza said that either she or that brute must leave, and father gave the dog away to the butcher. He was the most elegant dog I ever had, and I don't suppose I shall ever have another.

"HE'S WEEPING FOR ME."

(What little Hilda Traquair, aged four, said to her mother.)

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

MOTHER dear, open the window high:
Let me look out at the bright blue sky:
Floating across it the cloudlets white
Are hiding the sunbeams out of sight.

There is the home of God, you say,
Who made the night and the fair sweet day,
And looks at us all with a Father's love,
Although His house is so high above.

Now there comes rain, and I want to know
Why drops from heaven should fall below,
You say God sends them down from the skies:
Rain-drops are tears, then, from God's own eyes.

Why is He crying, sweet mother dear?
'Tis only the naughty need shed a tear:
And God is so good! Oh, then it must be
Because I was naughty He's weeping for me.

THE LOST CITY.*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

CHAPTER II.

WHERE IS IT?

REGAINING his feet with a howl of fury, the Persian drew his long *khaujar* (dagger). But just then the two combatants were driven apart by a sudden movement of the crowd, as it opened to make way for a dozen sallow, hard-faced, white-frocked Russian soldiers, who came tramping steadily on, headed by a tall officer in uniform, in whom Ernest recognized Colonel Hilton himself.

"Come down out of that!" shouted the Colonel, as one of the bunches of grass flung from the roof by his energetic son hit him full in the face. "Come down, you young monkey, and don't go burying your own father before he's dead!"

"Is that *you*, father?" cried Tom. "Stand clear below, boys; I'm coming."

He leaped from the roof as he spoke, but the Russian grenadiers, with whom he seemed to be a prime favorite, caught him in their arms with a loud cheer, just as Ernest elbowed his way through the crowd to join them. The Persian had vanished; but Ernest afterward remembered, with good reason, that his enemy's last glance rested not on *him*, but on Colonel Hilton, with a glare of mingled rage, fear, and hatred worthy of a wounded tiger.

The Colonel's party were not long in making their presence felt. While one of the soldiers clambered on to the flaming roof, and tore down the blazing grass with his bare hands as unconcerned as if he were only tossing hay, the rest formed a chain to the tank at the en-

* BEGINN IN NO. 267, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

trance of the street, and passing buckets nimbly from hand to hand, soon put an end to the fire. In less than a quarter of an hour all was over, and the Colonel, having dismissed his men, had leisure to hear Ernest's story, over which he looked very grave indeed.

"You couldn't well have done anything but what you did, my boy; but I'm sorry you have quarrelled with that fellow, Kara Georg, for he's the most spiteful rascal I know. He owes me a grudge for a lesson I gave him some years ago, and he's one that'll stick at nothing to get square with anybody that he's got a spite against. Unluckily, he's very useful to the Russian government as a spy, and is always being sent on secret missions into Afghanistan; so, as he can't be got rid of, you'd better take care and not get in his way again, for he'd drink no more of cutting your throat than of slicing a melon."

"So I shall, most certainly," said Ernest, rather startled at this specimen of the ways of his new home.

"And now, boys," resumed the Colonel, "before I go on to the citadel, which was what I was doing when I met you, we'd better have something to eat. The Great Bazar's close by, and there we can get a real Tartar lunch."

A few minutes later, after fighting their way through a jumble of dust, dirt, camels, donkeys, prowling dogs, horrible smells, black-browed Bokhariots, long-nosed Persians, pudding-faced Tartars, baboon-like Sarts, and fet, yellow-bearded Russian merchants, they found themselves in a long, narrow, dirty passage, roofed with tattered matting, and flanked on either side by queer little narrow-mouthed stores, very much like overgrown rat-traps, and crammed with goods of every kind, from Russian tar-nuts to Persian carpets and Chinese slippers.

Through this chaos the Colonel clef his way without a halt, turning a deaf ear to the screaming salutations of the native tradesmen, till he reached a large empty booth, in one corner of which a queer little half-clad Tartar, brown and shrivelled as an over-fried sausage, was stooping over a round black opening in the ground, very much like a tiny coal-hole.

"*Sotnya pilmenn!*" (a measure of dumplings), cried the Colonel, stepping in.

The Tartar replied by fishing up from his "coal-hole" (which was really a native oven) a copper pan filled with tiny balls of greasy dough, not much bigger than a good-sized marble. These he emptied into a wooden bowl, poured over them a brimming ladleful of melted fat, and then, handing to each of his three customers, who had squatted themselves upon a sheet of gray felt at the back of the booth, a sharp-pointed chip of wood like a monster tooth-pick, signed to them to begin eating.

Ernest, rather puzzled how to do so, watched his two companions, and seeing that they were spearing the dumplings with their chips, and swallowing them after first dipping them in the hot grease, he followed their example.

"Chopped meat and onions, seemingly," remarked he, after his first mouthful, "and not bad stuff either. I wonder what meat it is?"

"Better not be too curious about that, Ernie," said Tom Hilton, with a grin; "it don't do to ask what things are made of in this country. You remember what the Highland gamekeeper said of his master's shooting: 'The more said, the less the better.'"

The novelty of making a real Tartar meal out of the same dish with two other people made Ernest eat pretty heartily, but he was somewhat startled to hear that he and his companions had eaten thirty-six dumplings among them, and still more so to see that the total cost of the entertainment was only thirty kopecks (twenty cents).

"Living's cheap here, it seems," laughed he. "If I ever lose all my money, which isn't very likely while you have the charge of it, father, I shall come and settle in Tashkent."

"You might do worse," answered his adopted father; "but I dare say you'll have queerer fare than this when you go soldiering in India, as I suppose you will some day, since your own father wished it. Well, boys, I must be off now; but I'll be home about five o'clock, and we'll have a snug evening all to ourselves."

But that evening was destined to be more eventful than he imagined. They were still sitting over their after-dinner coffee in the Colonel's cozy little parlor, and Ernest was wondering to see, in the heart of this region of mosques, turbans, and camels, photographic albums, copies of the *Graphic* and the *New York Herald*, prints from the *Illustrated London News*, and engravings from the pictures of Frith and Landseer, when suddenly a shrill, chirping voice was heard outside the door, at the first sound of which Colonel Hilton sprang up and hurried out.

"Ha, Pavel Petrovitch!" (Paul son of Peter) "is this really you? Why, your last letter was dated from Moscow, and I never thought of seeing you again this year. Come in, come in; I'm very glad to see you."

The next moment the Colonel re-entered with a little man in a brown coat, whom he introduced as Professor Makaroff.

Ernest started as if he had been shot. Having seen this famous explorer's name celebrated in every leading English journal for exploits as daring as those of Stanley or Colonel Gordon, he had pictured to himself a grim, bearded, sun-browned giant, with a revolver at every button-hole. The man he now saw was a thin, pale-faced, quiet little fellow, with a voice like the piping of a canary, and no sign of a weapon anywhere about him.

"I see you're wondering why I've come," said the Professor, when the first greetings were over. "The fact is, our Imperial Geographical Society has offered a reward for the discovery of the lost city of Margilian, over the existence of which you and I used to fight so last year, and I'm now hoping to settle our dispute once for all by finding the place myself."

"Have you any fresh information on the subject, then?" asked the Colonel, beginning to feel interested.

"I have indeed. A few weeks ago Hadji Murad (that Bokhariot trader, you remember, with whom I travelled along the border of Thibet in '75) sent me word that one of his Tartars had just come in from the Tien Shan,* telling of a very strange story. He had got lost among the mountains, and wandered about for two days, until his food was spent, and his strength almost gone, when all at once he espied a passage among the rocks, cut as smooth and even as a railway. He followed it for more than a *verst* (two thirds of a mile), and suddenly found himself in a vast open space, right in front of a great stone temple with a row of tall pillars, around which lay the ruins of many other buildings. But just then a huge shadowy figure rose from the brow of the cliff overhead, and waved one hand as if warning him back, while with the other hand he pushed over a great rock that almost crushed the poor Tartar, who fled in terror, and was picked up half fainting by a party of Khokandese merchants at the foot of a precipice."

"And you really believe all that?" asked Hilton, with a sly smile.

"I believe it so much that I telegraphed Murad to offer the man a thousand rubles" (8750) "to guide me to the spot, but it seems he's so frightened that no money can tempt him to venture again."

"Or, in other words, he don't care to hunt for a place which never existed except in his own romancing stories."

"Gently, gently, friend. With the exception of the shadowy giant (who was probably a dust-cloud raised by

* Celestial Mountains—the range between Western China and Asiatic Russia.

a falling stone), his tale exactly fits my theory. It is well known that the turning-point of Alexander the Great's march upon China was the present site of Khodjent, and that he left there a colony of his soldiers. What is more natural than that, finding themselves within too easy range

of the natives on that smooth plain, they should have retreated into the mountains, and built another city there? That they must have done so is proved by the existence of the modern town of Marghilan, which stands on the border of the very district where I suppose the lost city to be.

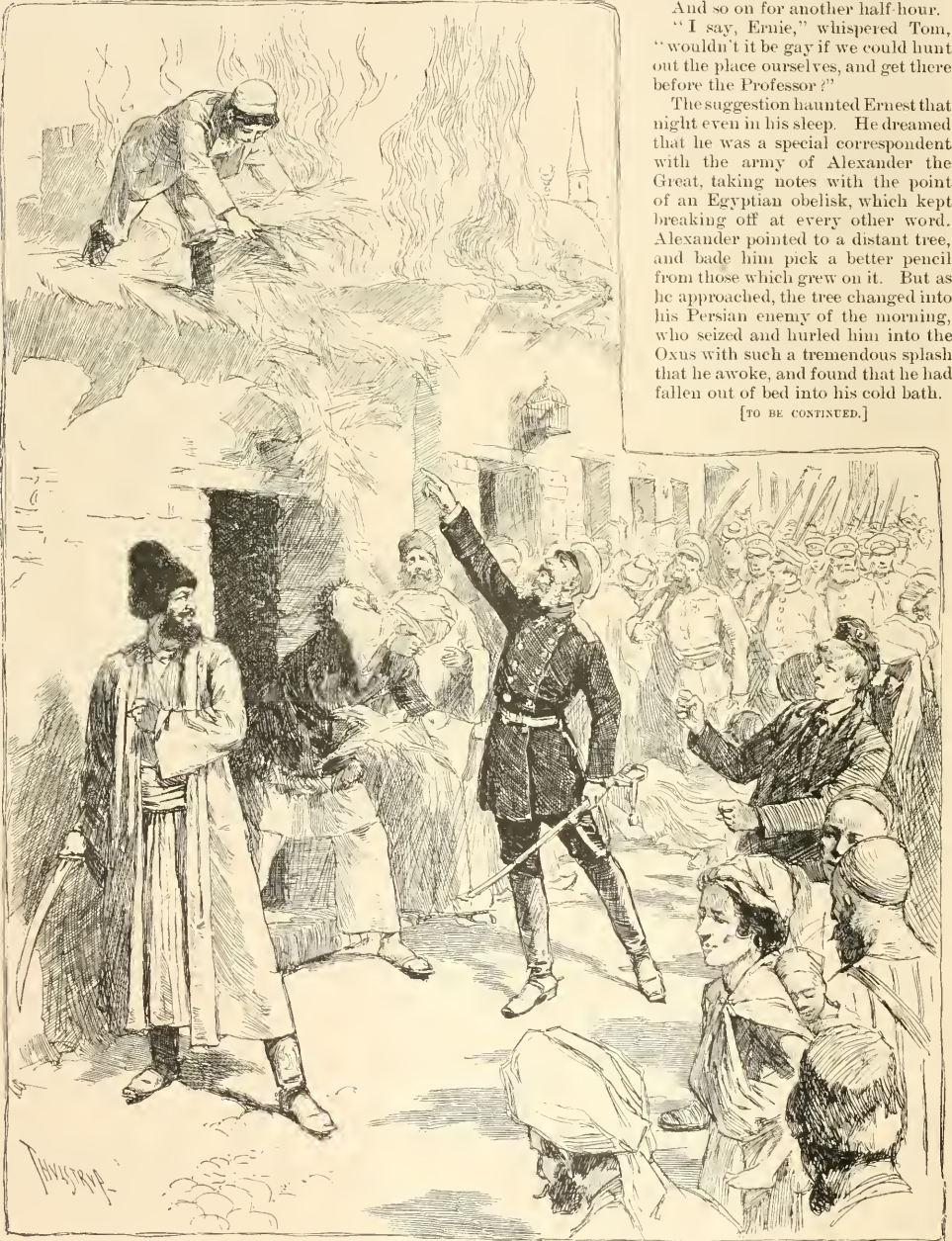
Marghilan is obviously a corruption of Margilian, and thus it follows—"

And so on for another half hour.

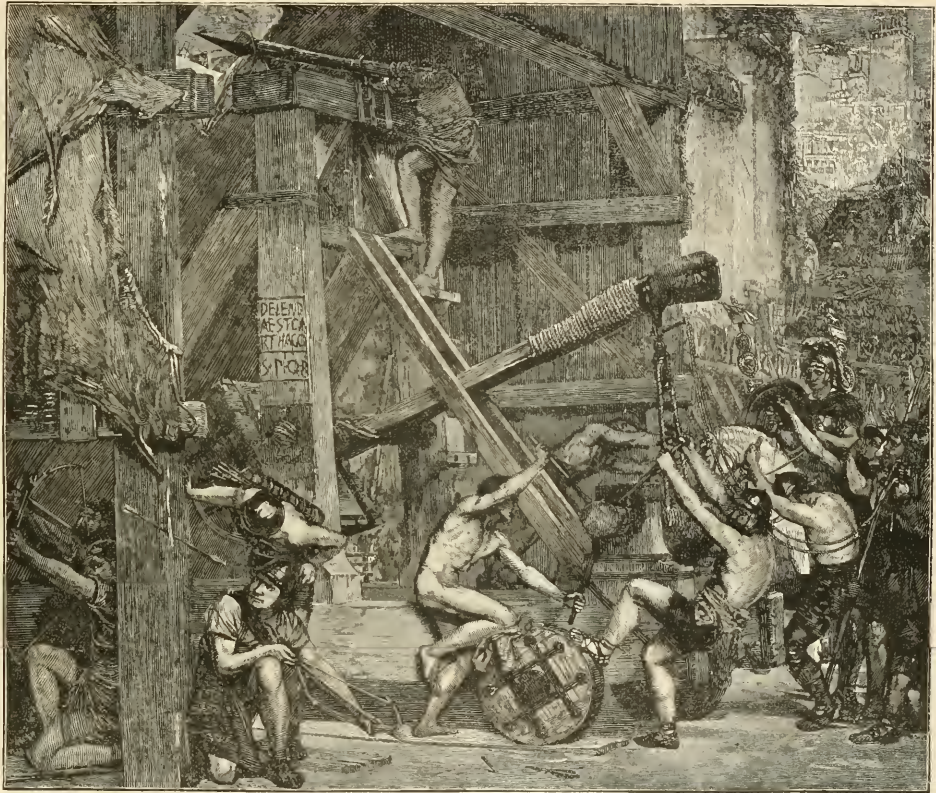
"I say, Ernie," whispered Tom, "wouldn't it be gay if we could hunt out the place ourselves, and get there before the Professor?"

The suggestion haunted Ernest that night even in his sleep. He dreamed that he was a special correspondent with the army of Alexander the Great, taking notes with the point of an Egyptian obelisk, which kept breaking off at every other word. Alexander pointed to a distant tree, and bade him pick a better pencil from those which grew on it. But as he approached, the tree changed into his Persian enemy of the morning, who seized and hurled him into the Oxus with such a tremendous splash that he awoke, and found that he had fallen out of bed into his cold bath.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"COME DOWN, YOU YOUNG MONKEY!"



THE CATAPULT.

THE CATAPULT AND THE RIFLE.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

“WHAT are these men doing, Uncle George? They seem as though they were pulling at something with all their might.”

“Yes, that is exactly what Mr. Poynter designed to have you understand from his picture. They are pulling in earnest, trying to draw down that great beam which you see above their heads. It is held at the other end by a very powerful spring, which makes it so difficult for them to draw it. Their object is to bring it down quite to the ground and fasten it there for a moment with a bolt or bar, until the ropes can be taken away. Then the bar will be pulled away suddenly, and the spring will throw the beam up with terrible force, so as to strike the beam or dart which you see balanced, and pointed out through the opening in the wall. It is a *catapult*.”

“But what is a catapult, Uncle George? What is it for? What good does it do? I am sure I never saw anything like it.”

“No; you never saw anything like it, Frank; neither can I tell you what a catapult is, for there is no catapult. It is many, many hundred years since one has been used. By-the-way, can you tell what that picture is intended to represent, how long ago it was that those people lived, and worked their catapult, and bent their bows as you see them?”

“No, sir; I see nothing by which I can even guess.”

“I will show you one thing which may guide us, and I think enable us to come at the date correctly. Look at the upright beam forming the frame of the catapult. There are letters cut in the wood. Can you make them out?”

“Yes, Uncle George, very easily. D-E-L-E-N-D-A E-S-T-C-A-R-T-H-A-G-O. That is curious; it makes no sense that I can see.”

“Probably, Frank, the man who cut the inscription was not much of a scholar. He made his letters just as his space on the beam gave him room, without dividing them into words. What he meant was, *Delenda est Carthago*. Does that help you out of the difficulty?”

“Why, no, sir; I can not say that it does. I know that those words mean, ‘Carthage must be destroyed,’ and so I suppose it must have something to do with ancient Carthage, but I can not tell anything more than that.”

“Then you do not know who originated that expression?”

“No, sir; I have often seen it, but I never thought of asking from what it came. I suppose I ought to have done so.”

“I will explain it to you then, Frank, and you can remember it for all time to come. That drawing shows a party of Roman soldiers engaged in an attack on Carthage during the third Punic war, and the date is therefore between the years 149 and 146 B.C. The letters cut on the

post tell us this very plainly, for they owe their origin simply to Cato, the famous Roman censor, senator, and statesman, and he never used the expression until the year 150 B.C., so far as the records inform us. He had before that time felt great fear and hatred of Carthage as a rival power, but having in that year crossed the Mediterranean and seen the city for himself, his fear was so much increased that from that time onward he used every exertion within his power to promote war between the two cities, and destroy Carthage. It would seem that his age (for he was then eighty-three years old) might have given him more moderation and less narrowness of view, but it did not, for it is stated that every speech which he made in the senate during the succeeding year he closed with the sentence: "Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam!"—"However, I vote that Carthage be destroyed."

"And did he destroy it, Uncle George?"

"His influence was so great that the third Punic war was undertaken without any sort of even reasonable pretext for it—as unjust a war as was ever waged. It ended in three years with the total destruction of Carthage; but the iron-hearted old man did not live to see it, for he died in the first year of the war, 149 B.C. He is often called Cato the Wise, but he scarcely seems to me to merit any praise for the spirit he showed in this matter. The expression which he used so often became one of common quotation in Rome, and has come down to us in the form *delenda est Carthago*, being used with reference to any object which it was deemed necessary to destroy or put out of the way."

"I see now, Uncle George, Cato originated the expression in 150; the war began in 149 and ended in 146, and this picture must represent a battle of that date, as you said. The S.P.Q.R., meaning *Senatus Populusque Romanus* (Senate and People of Rome), which is inscribed just below the other words, was put almost everywhere by the Romans. And I can see that these men look like Roman soldiers."

"Yes, all that is true, Frank. At the time of the last Punic war catapults had been in use about two hundred and fifty years, without much change, doubtless, in their construction. They were planned and built first during the siege of Syracuse, in the reign of the tyrant King Dionysius the elder. There was nothing absolutely new in the principle of their construction; it was only their great size that gave them peculiar character. They were, in fact, similar to huge cross-bows. Men were in the habit of using bows for the purpose of throwing arrows to kill their enemies or the beasts of prey which they hunted. In the same way the Romans employed their catapults to throw great stones for the purpose of battering walls and buildings. The name *ballista* was frequently given to them. Josephus says that at the siege of Jerusalem large numbers of them were in use, and did great execution."

"How large were they, Uncle George? What could they really do?"

"They were made of such size as to throw in some instances a beam of wood, armed with iron, six feet long, and weighing sixty pounds, to a distance of four hundred yards—that is, nearly a quarter of a mile—and, of course, a mass of rock in proportion. But now when you ask me what they could do, I can best illustrate it to you by showing you what modern weapons can do in comparison. This catapult in the picture, I have no doubt, is correctly drawn, and it appears to be one of great size and strength. It is evidently quite near to the wall, or whatever it may be designed to attack. It consists, in the first place, of a huge building.

"Look at those immense timbers, which are necessary to afford sufficient strength for the engine and its terrible blows, and at the same time to give shelter to the men who worked it, as well as to the others whom you see using their bows, and endeavoring to kill the enemy above

them by shooting through loop-holes provided for that purpose. And, by-the-way, it is through one of these loop-holes that the arrow has entered which you see; men were often killed in that way. You can readily see how clumsy all this was, what a great amount of labor and of weight it involved, how many men were needed to move it and to do the work.

"And when it is all accomplished, with so much difficulty and so much delay, what will be the result? It will throw that one huge dart, and that dart may kill *one* of the enemy if it should chance to hit him, of which there is very great doubt, because it goes almost entirely at random. That little slender arrow that comes whizzing in there through the loop-hole will kill the man whom it strikes as surely as the heavy dart of the catapult. It is true, the great dart, if it should plunge into a crowd of men, might by its weight do more, and destroy several, but that would seldom occur."

"And I should think it would take a long time to get it ready to throw one of its darts."

"Yes, a long time. In fact, but few could be thrown in the course of a day. A rifle-ball does all that the catapult dart could do in single cases; it kills its man with terrible certainty. Now let us think what one of our modern cannon can do with shot or shell, both in distance and in weight."

"Yes, Uncle George, I have just been reading an account of General Gillmore's Swamp Angel in his attack on Charleston. It threw its shells four miles, and they destroyed houses when they burst at that distance."

"That is a fair illustration, Frank. The smallest field-piece ever used now throws a shot having more power than the missile from a Roman *ballista*; but when one of the most improved of our present styles of cannon drives its shot weighing a ton through an iron plate sixteen inches in thickness, with such force as to break and shatter the heavy beams used to support it, its power becomes almost too terrible to think of. And all this fearful power is held in the elastic vapor contained in a small quantity of black gunpowder. It is very true, Frank, that in respect to war we have learned much more than the Romans knew."

PICKEREL-FISHING.

FISHING for pickerel is a pleasant amusement, and boys are usually fond of it, one reason being that it does not demand as much skill or as delicate tackle as trout. The articles necessary for the sport are comparatively inexpensive, and some of them may be easily made.

It is not necessary that a special rod should be used for pickerel-fishing, as a good stiff bottom rod with upright rings will answer every purpose. Of course it should be twelve feet in length at least, of not less than four joints, be fitted with "counters" to prevent the joints sticking fast in case they get damp, and have a short, stout top joint fitted with a pretty large ring at the end for live-bait fishing.

Long rods are best made of East India cane, as they are light, strong, and pretty supple. A good, cheap rod is one of stout, straight-grained, well-seasoned ash, with a strong lance-wood top. Hickory and greenheart combined make a splendid pickerel rod. It is scarcely necessary to say that they should always be provided with winch fittings. A spear is often handy.

Don't throw your money away on "fancy" lines, but obtain from a score to sixty yards of medium brown hemp water-cord, and rub it well with white wax. Plaited line is, of course, preferable to twisted.

The trace for spinning should be of medium strong gimp, from two to three feet in length, and fitted with three or four swivels, one of the buckle pattern at the end, so that the loop of the spinning tackle may be easily at-

tached. A trace of hardly more than one foot in length, with two or three swivels, one buckle, and a barrel lead very near to the loop, will answer very well for live-baiting. It is well to have a detachable lead for spinning traces. One is easily made by running a piece of soft wire through an ordinary penny barrel lead, and twisting it (the wire) into the form of a little spiral at each end, through which you can slip your line or trace.

Artificial baits are often very useful, but there are so many varieties of them, and they are so different, that it would be almost impossible for a young fisherman to select the best. Don't be persuaded into purchasing a big, frightful, glaring contrivance—or a little one either—with hooks ten times too large, but get an old-fashioned spoon bait, copper on the convex side and silver on the concave, price about forty cents. Take off the top triangle, leaving only the one at the bottom of the spoon. The spoon spins much better without the top hook, and a fish is hooked quite as well as with it. See that your bait spins well, and that it is kept clear of all obstructions in the shape of weeds, grass, and leaves.

Be guided by your own judgment with regard to what distance you should fish from the bank. Keep your bait in mid-water if possible, spin it in front of and between weed beds, and avoid shallows where you can see the bottom very plainly. A fairly cloudy day, with a rolling breeze ruffling the surface of the water into miniature wavelets, is the best for pickerel-fishing. From the middle of May to December, and from December to the middle of February, pickerel are usually in season.

Live-baiting, or sinking and roving, is a very good method of capturing pickerel, and can not be beaten for ponds, lakes, and broad expanses of water. Two or three floats should be used—one of cork, about the size of a hen's egg, painted white and green, and one or two much smaller ones, fixed about two feet above the principal float. If two small ones are used, they should be twenty-four inches apart. The best hook is a combination of three hooks, two large ones and a small one fastened about half-way up the shanks of the other two, but pointing in a contrary direction, like the lower part of the capital letter Y, which altogether shows the direction in which each hook points.

In putting the tackle together the following directions may be serviceable: After having fixed your rod together and drawn a portion of the reel line through the rings, fix your floats upon the ends of the latter, the uppermost one last; then attach your trace to the loop at the end of the line, afterward your hook to the buckle swivel, and next your bait to the small hook. Of course, before doing this, you should select a good stretch of water opposite some weed or rush bed, or trees overhanging or growing out of the water.

Having got ready and adjusted your floats to the depth of the water—your bait should be kept in mid-water if less than eight feet in depth, but not more than four feet below the surface on any account—cast your bait—not far, if possible, from the weeds or other growth, but mind you don't cast too near, or you may get fast in something stronger than a pickerel.

If you don't get a run in half an hour, examine your bait to see whether it is all right. If your floats drift near to the bank, draw in your line, and make a fresh cast. As soon as you get a run—which is usually notified by the big float beginning to bob up, down, and about very violently, and finally disappearing—do not strike, but allow the pickerel time to get the bait well down its throat—say about thirty seconds—and then, if necessary, strike him gently, for it may have hooked itself, and a good jerk might tear the hook out. When the fish is fast, draw him in carefully. A gudgeon or a small sucker are the best baits. Hook your live bait just in front of the first fin on the top of the back.

“DICK AND D.”

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Author of “Mildred's Bargain,” “Nan,” etc.

CHAPTER XVII. THE CONCLUSION.

TIME drifted on, bringing Dick Devine to a day when he was pronounced well enough to be dressed, and allowed to sit up in the big arm-chair and receive visitors.

Maud had arranged to have Dick Dearing and Norry and Nancy Barlow all come together, thinking a general talk less likely to excite him, and punctually at eleven o'clock a tap sounded on his door, and there they were!

But could this very clean, well-dressed boy be Norry? Dick felt his heart thump with delight and gratitude and joyfulness, and when Norry clasped him round the neck, and Master Dick said, “How do, old fellow?” and Nancy said, “Well, I never!” Dick had to let two or three tears of joy trickle down his cheeks.

Then Miss Maud placed chairs for the visitors, and took Nancy's bonnet and shawl, and Norry's new cap, which had a gilt band to it that he liked to feel, and a happier party you could not have wished to see.

Before long Dearing asked Maud if he might not tell Dick all that had happened—the sequel to his flight and Joel Potter's errand. Permission being granted, Dick told the story.

As soon as they knew that Dick Devine was safely cared for at Barnabas, Dr. Field, Joel, and Miss Maud had taken counsel as to what had better be done.

Joel thought he knew the tavern where Gurdle and his poor captives had remained that memorable night, and he suggested taking a constable and going there himself. This was agreed to, and then Dr. Field telegraphed to New York to have Brooks watched.

Joel's visit to the tavern did not prove very successful, for Gurdle had disappeared, and the landlord either would not or could not give any account of him; but a detective was commissioned to find him, and then Dr. Field decided to carry out his original plan of sending the family back to town, and to put Brooks off his guard by awaiting him as agreed upon. To further this plan, none of the servants were told of Dick Devine's escape and his present whereabouts, so that Mr. Brooks, unconscious of the trap set for him, appeared at the Cedars on the afternoon of the seventeenth, dignified and pompous as usual.

Dr. Field had provided himself with help in case of need. Four policemen were within call, and with no appearance of caution the Doctor retired at his usual hour.

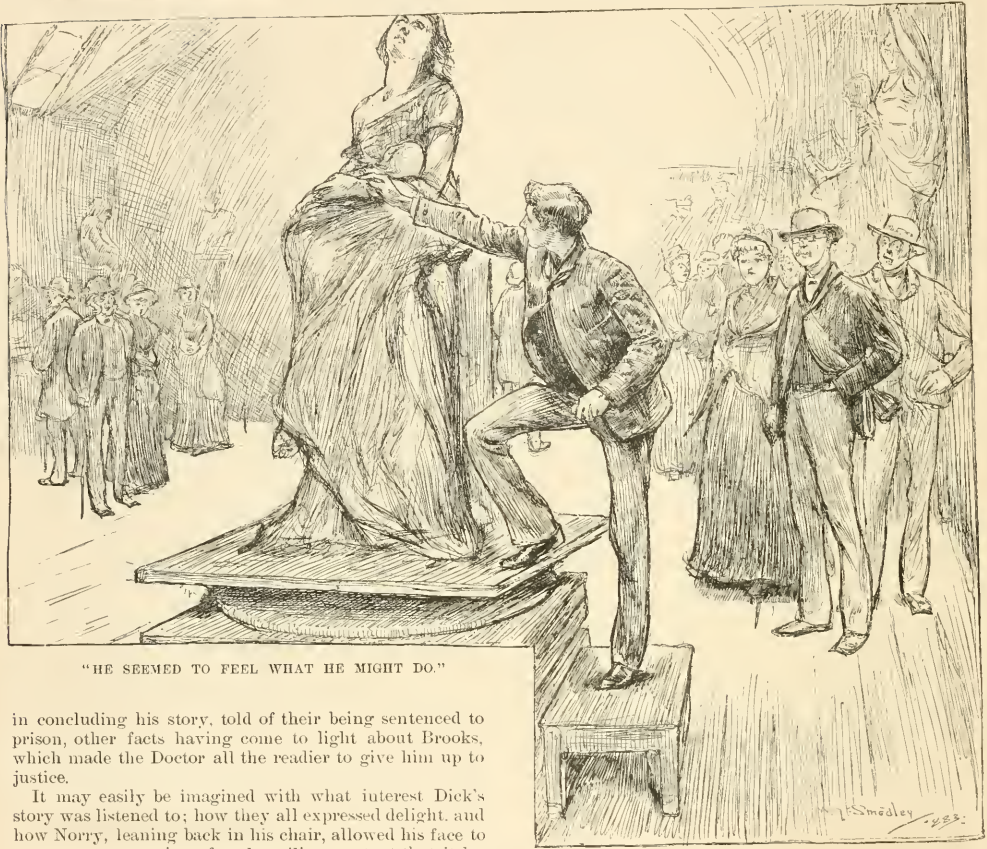
Now, as it turned out later, Brooks had heard nothing of Dick's flight from Gurdle, and so he imagined everything would go on as smoothly as possible.

About one o'clock the Doctor, keenly on the watch, heard a stealthy step down the hall. As the sound died away he opened the door of his room, and crept downstairs. There in the dining-room he saw Brooks carefully removing the fastenings of one of the windows.

It took but a moment for the Doctor to give his signal, and his men rushed in. Brooks was taken before he knew what had happened; and as burglars' tools were found on his person, his excuses proved of no avail.

As soon as he saw there were no means of escape he tried to obtain mercy by giving all the information he could about Gurdle, and admitted that their plan had been to make use of the Devine boys in getting into the house, and, if necessary, let any blame rest upon them.

The only good result of Brooks's confession was that by this means Gurdle was tracked and arrested, and Dearing,



"HE SEEMED TO FEEL WHAT HE MIGHT DO."

in concluding his story, told of their being sentenced to prison, other facts having come to light about Brooks, which made the Doctor all the readier to give him up to justice.

It may easily be imagined with what interest Dick's story was listened to; how they all expressed delight, and how Norry, leaning back in his chair, allowed his face to assume an expression of such smiling content that it became quite wonderful to see.

Dick Dearing did not on that occasion mention the various plans he had formed for "D.'s" future good, and indeed Dr. Field, while very anxious to see to the future of the two boys, would not allow himself to form any plan without great care and reflection, and he thought it would be better to test Devine in certain ways before allowing his own Dick to have his wish, and bring up Devine like his brother.

But all that week Devine's life seemed so beautiful and happy and prosperous that he could hardly believe it was really all for him. To begin with, the boys of the school were allowed to give him a treat, and he sat out in the garden one sunny morning and was made a hero of, all of which homage, I must say to his credit, was received with much simplicity. The lad's heart was deep, his principles high, and his character well worth leading to noble uses, but he knew himself to be ignorant and unused to the ways of the boys about him. He was thrilled with happiness and gratitude, but he was very quiet over it all.

Packer seemed to have an idea that he would be able to afford the Barnabas boys something very striking and tragic in the way of recitals. He looked upon him as one of the boys he had read of in cheap literature who did improbable, daring, thrilling things; but after a few days, seeing Devine's entire freedom from a sense of the heroic, he confided to his special audience that "he knew what was up—Devine was going to die"; he "was one of your saints"; and for some days he watched eagerly, hoping

Devine would utter some "last sayings" which he, Packer, could repeat as one who knew him, and had listened.

But alas for Packer, and happily for Devine, his spirits revived as strength came back, and with the other Dick he grew merry and jovial—a fact which I think will puzzle Packer to his dying day. He still has the story of Dick Devine's appearance at the window to relate, but somehow a feeling of contempt had grown among the Barnabas boys for Packer's horrors, and I have heard that he did not long remain a pupil.

One very happy day Maud came down in a carriage and took Dick Devine up to the Cedars, and there were waiting Nancy and Joel and Norry, and they all dined together in the kitchen, and afterward Devine was sent for to the Doctor's study.

How kind his face looked! Devine, as he went in timidly, felt a sense of awe for the dear old gentleman sitting at his desk, but Miss Maud was there, and smiled upon him when the Doctor said,

"Dick, I want to talk a little with you about what you'd like to do."

Dick sat down as he was bidden, and his face grew rosy, but very happy.

"I've been thinking it all over," said the Doctor, "and my idea is this: Suppose you come to our house, and I give you two or three hours a day for schooling, and after that you can work—do anything that is needed. You shall have wages, and if you show any special

aptitude for a trade, we can see that you have time to learn it."

At first Dick was about to give expression to wild delight; then he said, in a low tone:

"But, sir, Norry—"

"I know," the Doctor answered, quickly; "I have thought of that. I know your dread of institutions, but I think I can take you to one you will like for him just for a few hours every day. Nancy is very willing and glad to board him, and at this school they only teach the blind. They find out whether they can be cured, and if not, they teach them to be happy and useful. I think he might go there to-day."

Need I say how Dick Devine felt? It was decided not to take Norry with them. Dick went with the Doctor in his own chaise, and I am sure much of his dread of giving Norry over to the authorities faded when he saw the school of which Dr. Field had spoken.

It was just like a home—a rather small comfortable house—presided over by a blind gentleman and his bright, cheerful young wife. She explained that only in certain things did she need to be "eyes" for her husband. He best knew how to teach the blind, and above all how to teach them music. So Norry's dearest delight might be accomplished!

It seemed that evening as if every one had so much to say there was no time for anything. And what happy chatter it was! If Nancy said "Well, I never!" once, she said it fifty times, and Norry listened to all that was said of his future with smiles that seemed to wrinkle all his face.

I wish I could tell you of all the events of the next few weeks. Mrs. Thomason melted so far toward the poor boys as to say *perhaps* something might be done with them, and you may be sure Dick Dearing contrived to crush any symptoms of ridicule on the part of Thomason and Packer.

Dick Devine, or "D.," as they continue to call him, looks back to that time now with a strange and wondering sense of how much was done to help him.

He entered Dr. Field's service, and there worked well, studying and receiving a good education, though he will never be a brilliant scholar.

But there came one summer when the rosy, bright-eyed Dick Dearing fell ill, and the Doctor sent him abroad with little Barbara and Miss Maud, and who fitter to go with them as a nurse for Dearing—a general factotum—than Dick Devine? And while they were on that journey the lad seemed to discover wherein lay his one talent. Perhaps it was all the wonders in art which he saw so suddenly, perhaps it was that he had come to think of life in wider ways, but one day in a sculptor's studio he seemed to feel what he might do.

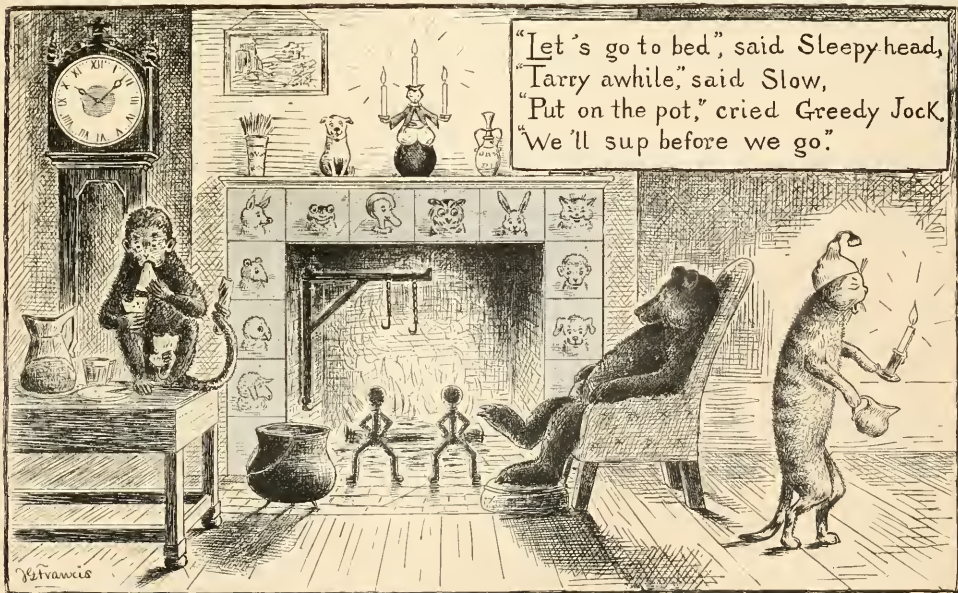
Dearing was so anxious for his namesake "to have a chance" that it was easily arranged to send him back to Rome. He had no fears about Norry. Nancy was now Joel's wife, and the boy lived between their home and the school, and though he will never see, he has been taught to lead a useful life. His music will always be his mainstay and dependence, for among the blind this art is not uncommonly developed.

Somebody told me not long ago that, going into a sculptor's room in Rome, he was struck by the power and earnestness of one pupil, and on asking his name was told it was Richard Devine. "But we always call him 'D.,'" and at that moment a tall young fellow sauntered into the room, and going up to this "D.," watched his work with one hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"You must come to the hotel as soon as you can," this last comer remarked, in a low tone. "Grandfather and my cousin Maud and Barbara are there, and we're going to talk about your work."

My friend told me that as the two went out of the studio he remarked how curious their bond seemed; for Dick Dearing in some way, to Devine's mind, must always seem "Master Dick," the gayly laughing, mischievous boy he first saw sitting on the kitchen table, and as for Devine, his new name of "D." was so lovingly given that it seems almost like a title of his own.

THE END.





THE JACK HORNER.

Here is a pretty costume for a boy. Old the jacket and kilt might be of olive green, and the waistcoat of bright scarlet cloth. Any two colors that combine well might be used. There should be a row of very bright buttons down the front of the vest and on the pockets, should there not, little manna?

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DEPTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

Last night we saw a great glow in the sky, and were told it was the Upper Lehigh Breaker on fire. No. 1 Breaker was utterly destroyed by fire, and my uncle Alick saw it burn down. It was set on fire by an engine on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This is the second time this has occurred. They had just stopped work at half past five because the breaker was full of coal. They had a force of men termed the Fire Brigade, and they passed buckets of water one to another. A coal breaker is a huge building, and very valuable. I wrote you this summer about one of ours being blown down by a tornado.

E. B. C., JEN.

HONG-KONG, CHINA.

I am a little girl six years old. I have a little brother two years old. We live in Hong-Kong. I am learning to play on the piano, and I can paint flowers from nature in water colors. I have a doll, Daisy, with joints. My doll Lily was two inches taller than my brother when Santa Claus brought her to me. The last piece I learned to play was "The Joyful Bells." I have no pets, but we have an Australian cow which gives ten bottles of milk a day. I want to tell Youse People that I had a big party, and I played the piano for music. I ought to have said, in the other place that I have two brothers, but one is in heaven, and I never saw him. PATTY.

This dear child printed her letter in beautiful capitals. How much taller is the little brother than the doll by this time, PATTY?

ANNAPOLIS, MICHIGAN.

I am six and a half years old. This is the second year I have taken Youse People. My papa gave it to me for a Christmas present a year ago last Christmas. I like it so well I get very anxious for it to come. I have a shepherd dog that is very mischievous. He will take care of my little baby sister when she walks in the yard. Sister is almost two years old, and is just as cunning as she can be. She has four dolls. She wants me to play with her, and dress her dolls, and take them to ride in the doll car. Baby's name is Florence. Mamma is writing this for me. Good-by.

MARY D. H.

RANDOLPH, WISCONSIN.

To-day is my birthday. I am a little girl seven years old. I am so happy with my presents. I

got a nice set ring from papa, a one dollar bill from mamma, and a nice red scrap-book from my sister Eva. She is the only sister I have. She is a big girl, but she plays with me, and reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to me. I've only just commenced to take it. I like it very much. I have one brother, he plays croquet with me. I amuse myself with my pets. I have a large black dog; his name is Dick. He is really papa's limiting dog, but I claim him. He has been to Iowa with papa hunting prairie chickens. I also have a cat, and her name is Katsy. I had a brood of Plymouth Rock chickens this summer. They were so tame that they would come and eat out of my hands. Papa and mamma have gone fishing too.

CORA BLANCKE R.

I am glad you had so very happy a birthday. I think you have a kind older sister.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have taken Youse People a long time, and think it is the most interesting paper published. I have had a great many pets, but I have not got any now. I live in a beautiful park called Arnold Park. My cousin Frank reads my paper every day. I enjoy it very much. I think the story "Raising the Pearl" was just splendid. I wrote once before, but my letter was not published. I do hope this one will be, as I want mamma to see it in my paper. I have been away this summer, and had a lovely time. I intend to have some kind of pet very soon. Will the Postmistress tell me what she thinks will be nice for a little boy my age? School opens on Monday, and then I will have to give my time to my books.

WOODWORTH C.

Your mamma will advise you very much better than I can as to the selection of a pet. Very much depends upon the place where you live, how much room you can spare for the pet's accommodation, and how much time your parents are willing to let you spend with it. Most little fellows of your age are very happy indeed if they have a pair of their own, and I presume you would be the same.

A VISIT AT UNCLE STEPHEN'S.

My name is Robbie Burns. Mamma says I was named after a great poet. I was eight years old the second day of last April. You see I missed only one day of being an April-frog. I have no brothers to play with, and one uncle, Little Bluebeard, calls her because she looks just like a pretty flower. How I do wish she had been a boy instead of a girl! Girls are pretty to look at, but not much account to play games with. When I get so restless that I mamma don't know what to do with me, she packs up my clothes, and sends me to my uncle Stephen. I wonder if there is another Robbie in the whole world who has got an uncle as I have. When I was a very little fellow my sabbath-school teacher asked me who the first man was. Never stopping to think I sang out as loud as I could, My Bluebeard called her, but my teacher cried because she laughed. But I can laugh at it myself now that I am such a big boy.

My uncle Stephen lives on a fruit farm twelve miles out of town, and has more peaches, pears, and grapes than a half-dozen boys could eat in as many years, it seems to me. Mamma sends all my old clothes when I go to the farm, and it just keeps my uncle busy. I can tell you, putting on patches. But I can't help it. I can no more help climbing trees than the squirrels, and everybody knows these rough country fences are rather crooked on top.

How I wish all the poor little children who live in the great cities could have a romp on the lawn in front of uncle's house. It is so green and cool. I like to put my ear down to the ground, and think I hear the fairies, but I know it is only the grasshoppers. I am altogether too old to believe much in fairies; they will do very well for girls.

When I get tired of play it is so nice to get into the hammock, and swing under the tall beech-trees. It seems to me if I could only climb to the top of one of them I would be quite as near from heaven. A brown thrush has built her nest in the topmost branches of the very tallest of these trees, and every night I can hear the young bird singing to himself to sleep. Sometimes when it is very warm, the birds are naughty, and quarrel, and the old mother-bird gives them a good scolding. I suppose there are so many in that nest, I would eat the others so very, and those that have to sleep in the middle don't like it very well. I know I don't, for I tried it once in my own bed, and was almost smothered.

The first thing I do in the morning is to feed the chickens, and at night I give Bessie a pair of new milk. I suppose you would like to know who Bessie is. She is the prettiest cow in the whole little calf in the country, and Old Whiteface is her brother. Bess seems to understand every word I say, and she has a lot of fun of turning her head on one side and looking so funny out of her soft brown eyes. She is full of fun, too, and often runs off with the pail on her nose. Pretty Bess I would not sell you for the world!

There is an old speckled hen that my auntie gave me. She has twelve red chickens, and they look so much alike that I have hard work to tell them apart. One has more black on his head than the rest, so I named him John, because he is so headstrong that I don't get on with him. I made up my mind whether I shall sell my chickens when they are grown or not. I think if I do I will make quite a fortune. Auntie says she is sure I can get forty cents a pair, and my chickens are good and fat. Only think how many marbles and fire-crackers I could buy with that amount of money!

On the next farm live two splendid boys, and we have fun together. We caught a mud-turtle one day, and put him in a tub of water, but when we went to look for him at night Mr. Mud-turtle had given us a slip, and gone off to the creek, a half-mile away.

The old turkey gobbler picked out my squirrel's eyes. He was so tame and cunning I called him Pet. I got Pet tied up that night. I don't know whether it was because he suffered so much with his eyes, or because I gave him too much candy. I felt just like having a good cry, but I didn't, but I was so mad that I would do anything beautiful anyway. The boys and myself found a good-sized cigar-box, and auntie lined it for us with soft white Canton flannel. We gathered our hats full of wild roses, and made a lovely wreath, and twined it all around the box. After I made an address we all sang a hymn, and then marched in a procession to a fine cedar-tree down under the hill where we buried all that was left of my little play-doll.

If you like what I have written, some time I will tell you more, but I can not stop without first telling the boys who take Little Youse People if they want to have a grand good time they must visit my uncle Stephen. ROBBIE B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I hope your house-keepers will forgive me for saying that, judging from the letter which you sent me, they don't cook and eat. But I remember the letter which started the idea, and one or two letters since, in which certain little people said they "hated" washing and dish-washing things. I want to help these dish-washers a little by telling them what a wise teacher of mine told me. She taught drawing. One day she was washing dishes, and thinking about drawing and artists. Soon she thought, "What is an art? How could I make sweeping or washing dishes an art? Then I thought of those beautiful old lines:

"Who sweeps a room as for God's laws
Makes that and the action fine."

So I began to see that an art was simply the doing of any work in the best way in the shortest possible time. I tried it in sweeping, sweeping carefully, thoroughly, cobwebs and all things, while glancing at the clock. Then I tried it in dish-washing; I tried to wash and polish the dishes perfectly, but as fast as I could, and I soon liked to do it. "Try it, Little Housekeepers, and see how bright and pleasant your work will soon be. If we sweep a room as though we were doing it for God, we will not neglect the corners, nor shall we waste time. Yours heartily,
JEAN.

We are always very glad when the older young ladies write to us, and Jean's advice is so good and so well expressed that I think some busy mothers will thank her for it, as well as some helpful little housekeeping children.

A correspondent kindly answers the inquiry of Grace II. D., in No. 294, as follows:

"The quotation, 'Little Youse People,' is from a poem of Dr. Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. It occurs in this connection:

"Hearts good and true have wishes few,
In narrow circles bounded,
And hope that lives on what God gives
Is Christian hope well founded."

"Small things are best; grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given;
But little things in little things
Bear little souls to heaven."

CANTON, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and I like it very much, and I enjoy reading the letters so well I thought I would have my mamma write me one, and will you please put it in the paper. I have a little dog, and his name is Willard. We have got two pets. One is a little dog; he is black and white. But on my other pet we think the most of; she is a poor blind horse, and her name is Broom. We are very kind to her, because she can not see. Good-by. ELWIN P.

COVINGDALE FARM, TORONTO COUNTY, CANADA.

I want to write and tell how much I liked the story "Thimble's Last Hunt." Mamma read it to Don and I, and we liked it so very much. I thought sure I was going to cry when Thimble died. I think that is the sweetest story I have ever heard, and have asked mamma to put the

paper with it in away for me. I take good care of them all, but this one I want put right away in the trunk. We will have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a few months, but we are so pleased with it that we are to have it all the time now—so says mamma.

LITTLE ANN AND PETS, only my sweet little pet sister. Don't you think that is nicer than cats, chickens, dogs, and rabbits? Well, mamma says I must not write too much, or you will not print it, and then I will feel taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a kiss too. He is just six years old, and I am nearly eight. VIRGIE B.

Yes, dear, I think a little sister is the very, very sweetest of pets.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

As I have never seen any letters from Clinton, I thought I would write one. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I send a receipt for my postage stamps. I am twelve years old, and I am the oldest girl of the family. I have two sisters and three brothers, one of whom is older than me. I go to school at Stillman Institute, and am in the Scholastic Class. I have French, Latin, and music, besides my other studies. I have read *Paul and Virginia* in French, and also one book of *Cesar*. I live on a farm five miles from Clinton, and we are going to have a gold badge for it. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, but I like the letters best, because I know they are true. I wish LIZZIE and P. could come and see me when she visits America. We live one mile from Comet Creek, and we have a boat in it. I fell out of it once, and got very wet. We have a top sail boat, and we sail breezes every night, although we are 450 miles from the bay. The young men of Clinton gave a Calico Ball on the 4th of September, and it was quite a success. I am afraid my letter will tire you, so I will close by saying my address is AMANDA PIPES, East Feliciana Parish.

And I would like to hear from LIZZIE, if she chooses to write.

HOMER, MICHIGAN.

We are three brothers, nine, eleven, and thirteen years old, and have taken *Young People* ever since the first number, and think it is splendid. Papa has taken the "big HARPER'S," as we call it, for nine years. We have no pets except our horses Fan and Nell, a lot of bantams, and a cat named Topsy, and she is George's, and he calls it Topsy Tyler. We liked that story very much.

Carl wants a goat awfully. We expect our uncle here next week to take Harry to Kentucky for a visit. We shall go to school every day, and I think he will be a telegraph operator. We are having our third railroad built through this place, and we watched it from the very first. The iron was laid just here in our town. We had a celebration, and gave the railroad men a dinner the day they got here, and everybody had a good time. When they reached Pulaski we took the iron train did not come back, but the Hooker boys are expected, so George and Carl walked there a distance of nine miles. We were four hours going, and as soon as we ate our dinner we got on the train and came home very tired, indeed, but so glad we had celebrated.

HARRY, GEORGE, and CARL B.

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have no pets, but my brother has a dog named Sam, and my other named Carlo; he is very cunning; he has a little cart that he drags all around. I like "Dick and D." very much. MABEL V.

BROOKS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I can hardly wait for it to come. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. Mamma says I may try some of the receipts this winter, and I will let you know how I get along. Please, dear Postmistress, print this letter, as it is the very first one I have written. MARY D. M.

LA CUYNE, KANSAS.

I thought I would write you a little letter. I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school; and my second name is Emma. I have written you a little three-year-old brother Willie, a bird named Brownie, a dog named Shepherd, a white hen, and thirteen chickens. MAUDE S.

These three little girls of nine May call themselves pets of mine.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

We are two little cousins. We live on the same square, and are always together. We take *Young People*, and like it very much. We think "Nan" is splendid, and wish there was a sequel to it. We each have a little cooking-stove, and are very fond of cooking on it. We have a very nice receipt for making ginger-snaps; we make them very often. We would like to join the cooking club, and will send you some receipts if you would like to have them. We study arithmetic,

geography, spelling, history, grammar, elocution, and French; we also take music and drawing lessons. We would like to have NANCY B.'s receipt for buns; please tell her to send it soon.

KITTY H. and LUDY S.

We have given several receipts for ginger-snaps, but you may send yours.

BERRYVALE, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken *Young People* ever since it was published, and I like it very much. I live in Siskiyou County, at the foot of Mount Shasta, which is 14,000 feet high. The head of the Sacramento River rises in our pasture, and flows into the sea there; a great lot of water comes rushing out of a hill. I go to school, but we don't have very many scholars. My father takes all of Harper's periodicals, and of course, a good many new books; my sister takes *St. Nicholas*. I liked "Nan" better than any of the continued stories which have appeared in *Young People*. I like Jimmy Brown's stories too. P. IVY S.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a little girl fourteen years old, and as I never saw a letter from Newport, I will tell you about it. I have a house with a garden, and it has two rooms and a hall in it. The rooms are very pretty, and we—my sister and I—are furnishing it very nicely. We have no pets, so we had the house written to you before, but the letter was not published, so please print this one. I take *Young People*, and like it very much. My sister takes *St. Nicholas*. She has written me a letter, and she says she is in No. 2, and she saw the little children sitting on the steps and singing. She also saw the infants that their mothers had left for the day in cradles under the stars in the Park, and she says she had written too long a letter, so good by, dear Post-office Box. FLORENCE E. P.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I am a little Southern girl, and live away down here in the sunny South. I am glad to see that the author of that beautiful story "Nan" has written another one for your charming paper, which, judging from so much of us I have read, promises to be very nice indeed.

I like the illustrations in your paper very much, especially "Old Thor and his Chargers," "The Jewish Mahlon," and "A Little Seagull's Owl." Little "Desdy" is just like hundreds of little darlings in New Orleans.

My uncle, Mr. George Cable, is on his way to New York, and will, I suppose, be there by the time this letter reaches you. I hope that he will come to see you.

We have a night-blooming cress, a fine species of the genus *Androsace*. I have seen nothing more lovely than the flower of this plant, which is something like a water-lily, and is snowy white. It is suspended from a large waxy leaf by a red stem, and is inches long, and then turns up so that one may look straight into the flower, which opens to the size of a large saucer. It blooms only one night; the outside of the flower is pink. It seems very strange in the South, where there is not rare flower, which every one admires and is so anxious to see, should bloom in wild profusion in the impenetrable forests of South America, where no one can see, and which no one writes of.

You said you liked to be told what books your children are reading. I am reading Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, and find it very interesting indeed. My little brother and I send Wiggles.

HELEN C.

Well do I remember the first time I made the acquaintance of the book you are reading. It carried me into an enchanted realm. Did you ever read a beautiful poem by Mary Howitt, beginning,

"God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
And ne'er a flower at all."

I think flowers are lovely proofs of the Maker's goodness, and since He plants them where no human eyes see their splendor, we may be sure that He cares for them Himself.

Blauche E. P.: I hope the humming-bird still thrives on his dainty diet—P. W., Maud S. H., and T. S.: You must have felt sorry for the gophers, although they were such pests—J. B. B., Cora M. M., Ida L., John V., Belmont H., Jennie P., Johnnie B., Milton S. P., Wattie M. H., May B., Maggie M., Chatty D., Zua, and Ruby have all written very pleasant letters.—Will somebody tell Hattie V. a pretty way to use and preserve her collection of advertising cards. She does not wish to make either a screen or a scrap-book. Write for postage stamps in the Post-office box, not to Hattie, if you please—Katie Warner, Laird, Frontier County, Nebraska, would like to hear from the person who sent her a copy of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, bound in yellowish-brown and black. The name and address were

not sent with the book, and Katie is therefore unable to return a proper exchange.—P. Albert B.: Bajazet is a striking name for your beautiful colt. I suppose he steps out bravely.—Timothy C.: I think you are the owner of a lumpy family, with your cat, little dog, three quails, and a chipmunk.—Evelyn N.: I am glad you like "Dick and D." So do I.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

WORD-SUBRETRY.

- 1.—I. We are robbers. Behold and curtail us, and we become mad; beheld and curtail us again, and we are a pest; beheld and curtail us again, and we are a word.—E. A. C. PARSONS.
2.—I. I am very warm. Behold me, and I am of use on a farm; curtail me now, and I am a favorite beverage.
2.—I am a wild beast. Curtail me, and I will strangle you; beheld me, and I am useful on the water.—LEVI N. S.
3.—I am a spectre. Behold me, and I am a thimble; curtail me, and I am a vessel.
2.—I am a boy's name. Beheld me, and I am a mark; beheld me again, and I am a vehicle.—GYRUS.

No. 2.

HOT-GLASS.

ACROSS.—A boat. 2. Refuse. 3. A tatter. 4. A letter. 5. A fish. 6. Royal. 7. A town in Great Britain. Left down.—An African animal. Right down.—A city in Africa.—MRS. STRIP & Co.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole is a river in the Eastern hemisphere. My 4, 3, 2, 5, 6 is to injure. My 7, 6, 11, 10 is to separate. My 10, 11, 8 is to sell. My 1, 8, 9, 10 is part of a coach. LILLIE ZIMMERMAN.

No. 4.

EAST ENIGMAS.

- 1. My first is in goat, but not in kid. My second is in cover, but not in lid. My third is in cow, but not in calf. My fourth is in quarter, but not in half. My fifth is in grass, but not in lawn. My sixth is in keep, but not in spoil. My whole is a name you often hear on the playground when the boys appear.
2. My first is in calf, but not in cow. My second is in feather, but not in blow. My third is in money, but not in pay. My fourth is in honey, but not in bay. My fifth is in wine, but not in toddy. My sixth is in warm, but not in torrid. My seventh is in window, but not in floor. My eighth is in mantle, but not in door. My 10, 11, 8 is to sell. Sometimes white, and sometimes pink. LUCY N. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 205

Table with 3 columns of letters and numbers corresponding to puzzle solutions.

The answer to the puzzle "Hidden Birds" on page 789 of No. 205 is: Hawk, Kingfisher, Thrush, Finch, Robin, Gull, Vulture, Crow, Raven, Hawk, Swan, Snake, Owl, Nightingale, Ostrich, Parrot, Sparrow, Swallow, Crane, Canary, Stork, Whippoorwill, Dove, Spooahbird.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sue B. Stribling, J. C. Ketchum, Oscar Hopwood, Arthur Bancroft, Gazetta, Louis B. U. N., Belle Wood, Belle Washor, Marion Bunch, Felicia Farley, Jennie A., Amy Housheld, Fanny Eddy Raymond, Fannie Meyer, Emma W. Gleason, Fanny Raymond, Lillie Meyer, Elsie De Forest, Lilly Danile, Emma Scott, Edna C. Hartley, Stiles, Alice Belin, Louise Graves, Timothy Trumbull, Cricket, Letta, Gussie Hieronimus, Carrie E. Dyer, A. Cecyl Perry, Jun. M. P. D., Sporting Bob, Fannie W., Dora M. H. Hart, Fannie C. C. G. P., Charlotte and Arthur, Raldie, and Harry Kensett.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE KITTEN'S PARTY.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

I GAVE my pussy a party,
And asked all the kittens I knew:
Rose and Minnie and Sweetheart
(Their mistresses all came too),

Lily and Snow-white and Daisy
(I can't name them all, I'm sure),
And Irish Ben's little Vixen—
For we must "remember the poor."

But Rose, that "lady-like" kitten,
Drank up all the milk on the sly;
And Vixen scratched Pet on her little
Pink nose till she made her cry.

Well, that I might have expected
From such a neglected child.
But they all fell to squalling and fighting,
Till I thought I should just go wild.

Bridget she stormed and scolded
Till she nearly lost her breath,
Then drove them all out with a broomstick:
I'm mortified 'most to death.

But never mind, Pet, my darling;
Jump up on your mistress's knee,
And we'll have a party together—
Yes, just little you and me.

THINK OF A NUMBER.

TELL your neighbor to think of any number he likes, but not to tell you what it is. Tell him then to double it. When he has done that let him add an even number to it, which you yourself must give him. After doing this he must halve the whole, then from what is left take away the number he first thought of. When he shall arrive so far, if his calculations have all been made correctly, you will be able to give him the exact remainder, which will simply be the half of the even number you told him to add to his own.

THE GLOW-WORM AND THE FLY.

AN artist, while painting in a forest one sunny afternoon, was attracted by an unusually sharp huzzing amongst the dry leaves at his feet. On inquiring into its cause he discovered a glow-worm dragging to its den an unfortunate blue-bottle, which was securely gripped in its captor's jaws.

The fly managed to wriggle about for a time, and during the struggles the flashings from the glow-worm's "lamp" were frequent, and ceased only when the fly was slain. The glow-worm conveyed its prey to the den, and then returning, hid behind a leaf, in wait for another victim. Meanwhile a black ant, availing itself of the glow-worm's absence from home, took the liberty of carrying off the dead fly.

When the glow-worm perceived the ant making off with the dinner which at some trouble it had provided for itself, it became quite excited, and though it had not the courage to attack the ant, its light flashed unceasingly. The artist put an end to its distress by "flicking" the ant away, whereupon the glow-worm once more carried off the fly in triumphant fashion.



A FALL SPORT—FOOTBALL.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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THE LOST CITY.

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER

CHAPTER III.

A TURCOMAN DINNER PARTY IN THE DESERT.

ERNEST CLAIRMONT, Afghanistan, to Robert Hawkins, Rugby, sendeth greeting, this twenty-sixth day of August, 1879.

"DEAR BOB,—We're in Afghanistan at last, and a funny place it is. By this time you'll have got my last letter, telling how Tom Hilton met me at Orenburg (the border town of Russia, you know), and how we went together across the desert past the Aral Lake, and up the Jaxartes to Tashkent. It's not the Jaxartes now, though, for the natives call it 'Syr-Daria,' or Clean River, I suppose because it's the dirtiest river I ever set eyes on.

"Little enough did I ever think, old fellow, when you and I used to grind over Alexander's crossing of the Jaxartes and the Oxus, that I should cross them myself some day; but I've seen queerer things than that since I started. What do you think of our coming to a bit of desert where all the people were living in holes under the earth? To see their heads popping up out of the ground like rabbits to look at us was the most comical sight you can imagine.

"We ought to be in Cabool the day after to-mor-



row, and then I'll have a chance of seeing what an Afghan capital is like. It's great fun going about in these out-of-the-way places, and seeing for one's self all the queer people that one used to read about and see pictures of at home. You remember how we thought (Gibbon was stretching it, rather, when he said that the Tartars had no beards. Well, it's as true as can be; I was in among a whole camp of them the other day, and there wasn't a single beard among the lot!)

"At first I felt just as if I'd been making friends with a herd of monkeys; for really, with their long arms and low foreheads, and small narrow eyes, and heads as round as skittle-balls, and flat noses and big mouths (to say nothing of their greasy cloaks of camel's-hair or sheep-skin), they might have gone right into a menagerie just as they were. But they received us very civilly, and gave me some *kumys* (fermented mare's milk), which tasted something like ginger-beer. Tom says it's sold in New York now, and that the people there take it as medicine. And then the old khan—who must have been made chief of the tribe on the strength of his being the ugliest man in it—kindly invited me to sit down upon a newly flayed sheep-skin with the bloody side uppermost. Out of respect for my white cotton trousers, I declined with thanks," as the editor of the *Rugby Messenger* did with my first poem.

"But all this while I am forgetting to tell you what brings us here. The Russians are sending an envoy to persuade the new Ameer of Afghanistan, Yakooob Khan, into doing something they want, and Colonel Hilton's going with him to back him up and see fair play. We've got another passenger, too, who's the best fun of all—that jolly old Russian Professor, who is hunting for the Lost City, and who thinks Cabool a likely point for his start in search of it, especially as he expects to get a guide there who knows the whole country by heart.

"Talking of Afghans, they must be a queer lot if they're all like those we've seen. Every man you meet looks as if he were pining for a chance of cutting your throat; and when I asked the Colonel what was the meaning of a lot of small round towers of dried mud, with one little hole in the side, which were dotted all over the plains, he told me they were for the people of the country to creep into whenever they saw robbers coming."

"However, our Afghan groom, Sikander (Alexander), is as good a fellow as ever stepped; and it's great fun to hear him and old Bill Barlow arguing about the Afghan war. Bill, being an English soldier, is all for drill and precision, and thinks it too bad that the Afghans didn't come fairly out and fight in regular orders of battle, like men.' Then Sikander laughs, and asks what's the sense of coming out and getting shot, when you can hit your man from behind a rock or a tree without showing yourself at all. Then old Bill grunts that that's work for weasels, not for men; and so they go on by the hour. The other night I found Bill trying to explain to Sikander what a railway was like, and setting up a row of stones to represent the train. The Afghan listened very attentively till it came to the laying of the rails, and then he said the English magicians must be very foolish to trouble about laying down a road for their enchanted cars, when they could just as easily make them fly through the air; after which Bill gave him up as a bad job. However, they're always capital friends, for all that.

"And now for the best part of my story. While we were crossing the steppes before we got down to the Oxus we had an extra long march one day to reach a little stream beside which we meant to camp for the night, for in Central Asia, I can tell you, the first thing you think of is to keep within reach of water. It was late in the evening before we got to it, but as we came over a low

swell of land that overlooked it, what should we see below but a dozen fires twinkling through the dusk. We also heard a sound of men talking, and horses neighing, and camels snorting and screeching, as if there were a regular camp there.

"We were rather taken aback, as you may suppose, but we hadn't long to think over it. The moment we were seen on the brow of the slope there was a great bustle and shouting in the camp, and up jumped from beside the nearest fire some twenty wild-looking fellows with long guns in their hands, whose dark faces, and gleaming eyes, and sharp white teeth, with the red glare of the fire upon them, made as grim a show as any 'brave of the Delawares' in Fenimore Cooper.

"Another moment, and we would all have been firing and hacking away at each other without knowing why, for every stranger is an enemy in the desert. But in the very nick of time the Colonel snatched a lance from one of our Cossacks, tied a white scarf to it, and rode forward single-handed to meet them.

"'Aman us?' (is it peace?) he called out, as soon as he was near enough to be heard.

"'Insh' Allah, aman us!' (please God, it is peace), answered the foremost fellow, and the Colonel went up and shook hands with him. They talked together for a minute or two, and then back came the Colonel, bringing the whole crowd along with him. There was another little talk, and then they bade us welcome, and told us (as it's the correct thing to do here) that all they had was ours, though I don't much think they'd have approved of it if we'd taken 'em at their word.

"It seems they were a band of Turcomans on the lookout for fresh pasture for their beasts, and they had camped here only a few hours before we came up; so when they saw us they thought we were another party coming to drive them away. But everything was soon explained, and in half an hour we had our tents pitched and our horses picketed right in the middle of their camp; and the last thing I heard before I fell asleep was a Turcoman sentinel howling out an endless native song, while his voice sounded just like a dog shut out on a cold night.

"The next morning I wanted to go out and look about me, but the Colonel stopped me, saying that we must stay in the tent till they came to invite us out, or they wouldn't think anything of us at all. And so it proved; for suddenly the tent flap was lifted, and there stood two tall, fine-looking Turcomans in high caps of black sheep-skin, one with a wheaten cake in his hands, and the other with an earthen jar of milk.

"'Peace be with you, my lords,' said the foremost. 'Thus saith Hadji Yussuf (Pilgrim Joseph), Chief of the Black Turcomans: Let the messenger of the great Czar, and the other Oorooso (Russian) princes, be pleased to light up with their presence the tent of a Turcoman warrior.'

"The messenger of the great Czar may not cross any threshold save that of the Ameer himself," answered the Colonel, quite majestically, "but the ears of the Russian princes are open to the fair words of Hadji Yussuf. Let the chief of many warriors send us camels, that our feet may not soil his threshold with the desert sand."

"So saying he dipped a piece of the cake in the milk and swallowed it, after which the worthy savages retired, looking very much impressed. In about half an hour they came back with two camels, and the Colonel and Professor Makaroff mounted one, while Tom and I got upon the other, lying at opposite ends of a big wooden tray girthed on the beast's back. When it first started I felt as if I were being rolled about in my berth by a squall in the Bay of Biscay; but I very soon got used to it.

"We found the chief a grand old fellow with a long white beard sitting cross-legged on a carpet in a big tent of gray felt. We all kicked off our shoes on going in, and the Colonel laid his sabre at the chief's feet to show

* This is true also of Southern Afghanistan, where I passed more than a dozen of these towers within a few miles.—D. K.

that he meant no harm. The old gentleman received us very politely, and ordered in several huge wooden bowls of tea. One sip was enough for me, for what with salt instead of sugar, and rancid mutton fat instead of milk, it was the nastiest stuff I ever tasted.

"Then the old fellow drew up the tent flap, and told us to seat ourselves in the doorway. We had hardly sat down when there came a yell that made us all jump, and a dozen horsemen came tearing out from among the tents as if flying for their lives, with twenty more in full cry after them, firing their rifles and yelling like mad. Suddenly the hunted men wheeled round and came back upon their pursuers like a thunder-bolt; and in a moment they were all mixed up together in a whirl of dust and smoke, stabbing, hacking, slashing, and pounding with the butt-ends of their pieces, the spear-heads glittering, the swords flashing, and the very horses kicking and biting most ferociously. I began to feel for my revolver, thinking the camp was attacked; but Tom whispered to me that it was only a sham fight, got up to entertain us.

"But the show of the day was the concluding dinner—twelve courses at least, and everybody expected to eat heartily of each. You remember Billy Guttleton eating seventeen jam tarts at a sitting? well, any of these Turcoman fellows would do that just to get up an appetite before the real dinner came on at all. I had to keep my eye on a fellow opposite me, to make sure that he wasn't stuffing it all into a leathern bag inside his clothes, like Jack the Giant-killer.

"First came a kind of soup of milk and bitter herbs, not at all the sort of stuff for a rough day at sea. Then followed little square blocks of roast meat served on wooden skewers, succeeded by a mess of rice and mutton fat thick and heavy enough to choke an elephant, which the old chief scooped out of the bowl with his fingers, and crammed into my mouth. Nine or ten other dishes followed, among which Tom declared that he recognized camel; but I hope he was mistaken, for in this country they only eat such as have died of old age or disease. When I got up to go I felt as if I weighed a thousand pounds; and that night I dreamed I was a balloon, just going to burst from being overfilled with gas.

"But I must break off, for it's getting dark, and here comes Sikander to announce supper. If you ever get this, which I doubt, for the Tartar who carries it may very likely be shot on the way, reply soon, and believe me, yours truly,
E. CLAIREMONT."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

A Journal.

BY DINAH MULOCK CRAIK,
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

VERY one of my five girls could handle an oar, some better, some worse; and how they did enjoy their row! The two youngest took turns, and succeeded at least in "catching crabs" with much fun and ease.

On and on, till we were stopped by a lock. The three evils of the Thames are locks, weirs, and lashers. So we turned and let ourselves drift back

with the current, now running very fast. Now and then we "hugged" the bank, and gathered thence a huge handful of purple loose-

stuff, blue and white bugloss, meadow-sweet, forget-me-not—the Thames is rich in water-flowers. On we floated, over great beds of water-lilies, yellow or white, which grew in a quiet little "back-water," where we nearly got stranded on a shoal and pierced with a snag. But "a miss is as good as a mile," said we, and were more careful another time.

"Look—a private gallows!" exclaimed Tuum, who had a droll, bright way of putting things. "We mustn't go there on any account." But it was only an odd arrangement for catching eels; so we examined it, laughed, and passed on.

The sun had long set, and the moon was setting—the little young moon, like a silver boat—when we re-entered our "happy home" for supper and bed, the second speedily following the first, for various excellent reasons, one being that the supper table was required for Adam's couch. He had his choice whether to sleep on it or under it, and preferred the latter, as being "more like a four-poster." Adam is by nature almost as silent as his horses, but his few remarks, terse, dry, and shrewd, often pass into family proverbs.

So all the *Pinafore's* crew sank into repose, except one, who has an occasional bad habit of lying awake "till the day break and the shadows flee away." How gloriously it did break, that dawn on the Thames! and how strange were the river sounds, the chirping of birds and the lowing of cattle mingling with other strange noises, afterward discovered to be the tapping of swans' beaks against the barge, and the water-rats carcering about underneath.

These swans, of which our artist has taken some portraits, are the pride and ornament of the Thames. They belong to the Thames Conservancy Corporation, and no one is allowed to molest and destroy them. They sail about like kings and queens, followed by their families, and are petted and fed and admired until they become quite tame. They used to gather round our boat and eat out of the girls' hands; and their motions, always full of grace, were a delight to behold.

Dawn came, and with it the power to face and enjoy another new day.

A holiday is never the worse when there runs through it a stratum—a very thin stratum—of work. So the two working bees, author and artist, decided to be put ashore after breakfast and left under two trees with their several tasks, while the others enjoyed themselves till dinnertime, when we expected friends, who were to row about ten miles to spend the day with us.

Dinner reminds me of our domestic affairs, which, considering that food for eight or ten hungry people does not grow on every bush, were important. Groceries and other stores we brought with us, but bread, milk, butter, fruit, and vegetables we had to get from the inn opposite, which also sent us our meat, ready cooked, it being impossible to roast a joint on board the *Pinafore*. Fresh-water, too, we had to get from the inn pump, river water not being wholesome for drinking.

Great fun were those endless rows with jugs and cans, for we were all thirsty souls, and all, even Adam, teetotalers. The amount of milk we got through was such that some one suggested it would save trouble to fetch the cow on board. The kindly landlady bade us "gather our fruit for ourselves," so we often brought home a boat-load of well-earned food—potatoes, pease, crisp lettuces pulled up by the roots, and eaten as rabbis eat them, with raspberries and cherries and currants to our hearts' content. It was almost as good as shooting or fishing one's dinner. And, by-the-by, the sight of the fish jumping up round the boat brought the saddest look to Adam's amiable countenance.

"If I had but a rod and line, ma'am, I'd eathe them for dinner." And very nasty they might have been, I thought—river fish generally are; yet politeness would



running very fast. Now and then we "hugged" the bank, and gathered thence a huge handful of purple loose-



FEEDING THE SWANS.

have obliged us to eat them, so perhaps all was for the best.

After a mirthful day our guests departed, fearing a thunder-storm, which never came, and, to rest their arms, my five girls decided to stretch their legs and take a walk on shore. The said walk became a run finally. "Let's have a run," said the biggest of them and the most beautiful. As she tucked up her skirts she looked a real Atalanta. The second in height, and only a trifle less in grace and activity, did the same; and off they started up what seemed a solitary road, when lo! suddenly appeared two young Oxford men, book in hand! What they thought of the apparition of these two young athletes, and the three other girls behind, all of whom collapsed suddenly into decorum, will never be known; but I doubt if they read much for the next ten minutes.

The run thus stopped, we thought we would go soberly into the village church-yard, where two old men were solemnly making hay of the grass out over the graves. Thence we passed into a quiet wood, and finally came home, hungry as usual, to supper, and so concluded our second day.

No, not concluded. About eleven P.M. happened a most dramatic incident. A sudden and violent bump caused the *Pinafore* to shake from stem to stern, and woke us all up. Some declared that they heard a voice exclaim, "Hullo, Bill: where are you going to?" and others vowed they heard a great rattling at what we called our "front door." Adam was loudly called, and he and his mistress, in rather hasty toilettes, carefully examined every corner, but all was safe. Then we looked out, in case there had been an accident; but nothing could be seen. The river flowed on, lonely, dark, and still. I entered the cabin, where five maidens all in white stood together in a group not unlike the daughters of Niobe, and took their evidence. However, as the mystery, whatever it was, could not be solved, we all went to bed; and Adam having, with his usual faithfulness, poked into every place that a thief or even a fly could enter, made the brief remark, "Pirates!" and retired again to his table.

The only result of this remarkable occurrence was that about eight next morning, finding a solemn silence instead of the usual tremendous clatter, I went in to look at my girls, and found them all five lying fast asleep, "like tops." As it was a pelting wet morning, with the wind blowing after a fashion which required all one's

imagination to make believe that our dwelling was "quite steady," this breaking of my Mede and Persian rule of an eight-o'clock breakfast was less important; but I said, remorselessly, "This must never happen again." Nor did it.

Their laziness lost my girls the great excitement of the day. A sudden outcry from Adam of "The boat! the boat!" revealed the alarming sight of our little *Bib*, which had got unmoored, drifting away calmly at her own sweet will down-stream. There we were! For a moment Adam looked as if he meant to swim after her; then he changed his mind and halloed with all his strength. Female voices joined the chorus. At first we were in despair, for at that hour and on such a wet morning there was not a soul to be seen at the hotel garden or ferry, whither the pretty *Bib* was floating, just as if she had gone of her own accord to fetch the letters. A last agonized shout we made, and then we saw a man push out, evidently thinking somebody was drowning. He caught the position, and the boat, which in another minute or two would have drifted past, and brought her back to us in triumph.

After this we settled down, thankful that things were no worse, in spite of a dreary down-pour and a wind that rattled every door and window of our frail dwelling. The girls' countenances fell. "What in the world shall we do?"

Now, though the happiest days of my life are spent among young people, I have always found that a certain amount of law and order is as good for them as for myself, else we get "demoralized." So, instead of hanging about and moaning, wondering when it would clear up, and if it didn't clear up what would become of us, I set everybody to doing something.

Two of the girls cleaned the bedrooms, and exulted over the "dust" they swept away, another wrote home letters, and a fourth gave us delightful music on the harmonium. The artist had, of course, her own proper work, sitting in the shelter of the kitchen doorway, the result of which you see in the picture. And when about eleven the sky cleared and grew into a lovely July day, breezy and bright, with white clouds careering about, we felt we had well earned our happiness.

Still, it was too stormy to row much; so we explored the shore on either side—first the abbey, beside which was the hotel and its garden, and also a farm-yard, with haystacks almost touching the ancient ruins which date from the time of King John.

Then, after the important interval of tea, came a long walk on the opposite bank. There, protected from the wind by three umbrellas, the party sat admiring the view, and themselves making a picture, in which our artist has here immortalized them. And lastly, as if to reward our



"ADMIRING THE VIEW."

cheerful patience, the wind sank, and in the clear west, in the midst of a brilliant after-sunset light, sat the crescent moon.

"We must go out again and have another row!"—and so we had, until twilight melted into dark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOBBY.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was during one of the vacations at our school that my aunt Maria invited me to come and spend a few days with her in New York.

She hadn't seen me since they had stopped calling me "Frankie," and I felt quite proud of her recollecting that I must now be big enough to go about by myself.

And my! but wasn't the house a grand one! There were actually so many pictures that some of them had to be left standing on the floor, besides marble busts and statues staring at you out of corners like ghosts, and any quantity of old china scattered around that Uncle Robert seemed awfully afraid I'd break, just as if each piece was a plate-glass window.

But I tell you I was careful; never sat down in the parlor without first turning my head slowly around to look on all sides of me, as though I was trying to cast a spell over the furniture. Then at the table I always held my cup with both hands, which I know was not a bit elegant, but which made me feel more easy in my mind.

Bobby, who was not quite three years old, was the only child, and it was a wonder to me that the boy hadn't died months before from overpetting. Kittens will, you know, if you maul them too much. But Bobby had managed to grow fat on it somehow, and such a chunky, noisy, fingers-in-everything youngster I never saw.

When I was taken up to the nursery to be introduced to him the first night, I thought it was awfully cute the way he put his arms around my neck to hug me, but when I found that he had pulled out at the same time the first cravat pin I had ever owned, and was sucking on the coral owl as if it had been a lump of taffy, I changed my opinion. After that I never dared wear my watch until after Bobby's bed-time, and as for my hair—well, as I couldn't take that off too and keep it in the bureau drawer till evening, I had to grow used to having my head look like a field of battle all day long.

If I'd been at home I might have been mean enough to have "struck back" at a fellow under my size, but as Aunt Maria and Uncle Robert both kept talking about the great fancy Bobby 'd taken to me, and saying how nice I was with children, I hated to spoil the seemingly peaceful state of affairs.

Now I don't mean to say that Bobby Waterman was a dreadfully wicked child, and likely to come to some bad end; only he was just bubbling over with mischief, and I suppose I acted as a sort of lightning rod to carry it off.

But if Uncle Robert was easy with his small son in everything else, there was one point on which he was very strict, and that was about allowing Bobby in the parlor among his china. Nora, the nurse, had her orders on the subject, and Bobby himself was told nearly every day that he was never to go in the room unless his papa or mamma were with him. The little fellow replied, "Ees, ees," but whether he understood what he was promising or not, it is certain that I regarded the parlor as a kind of oasis in the desert of romps. Whenever every hair in my head ached, and my arms hung limp from overwork as pump-handles, a happy thought would send me bounding off down-stairs to the region of art and rugs, where I was sure of a breathing-spell.

Well, my visit was nearly over, when one evening Uncle Robert came home from his office and announced that at last he had succeeded in arranging for "a day off," and that therefore, if it was clear on the morrow, he would like to take Aunt Maria and "run up" to see his mother. Now, as old Mrs. Waterman lived in a small town about

two hours' ride from New York, the "run up" and back again, with time for dinner at the "old home," would require almost a full day.

"So we'd better not take Bobby," decided his mother. "He'll get so tired, and I know Frank here will consider it a great honor to be left in charge."

On hearing this, "Frank here" wished himself anywhere else, but being a guest and a boy, I could not very well announce my own wishes in the matter. It was therefore arranged that the next day should be a grand holiday for the "big folks," for it was the cook's afternoon out, and as a special favor Bridget, the house-maid, was also given leave of absence.

"It's so seldom the two have a chance to go out togeth-



"BUT IF YOU ONLY KNEW," I BEGAN.

er," said Aunt Maria, in explanation of her relaxed discipline. "And as your mother, you know, Robert, always has dinner in the middle of the day, I've given orders to have a dish or two added to the children's lunch, so there'll only be a light tea to get for us at seven."

The carrying out of this plan would of course result in my losing a dinner, but as nobody seemed to think of that, I resolved not to appear greedy by offering any hints on the subject.

The next day *was* clear, and my uncle and aunt set out on their trip about nine, leaving me completely at the mercy of my small cousin, while the servants sat half the morning over their breakfast.

And didn't Bobby have a good time, though! I hated to refuse him anything for fear he might set up a howl for "Mam—ma!" and keep on until we had telegraphed for her; so I became in quick succession a dancing bear with

the buffalo-robe over my shoulders, a chattering monkey with Aunt Maria's riding-whip trailing out of my pocket for a tail, a braying donkey with Bobby for a rider, and a half-smothered "elephant" with an enormous quilt on top of me to make me "look big."

This series of transformations, with several tussles, rumps, and feats of hair-pulling thrown in, brought us to lunch-time, at which meal I was only able to snatch a mouthful now and then, on account of the wateh I had to keep over Bobby, who insisted on making a "choo-choo car" of his tray, by sliding it half off the table, every chance he got.

"I know what I'll do this afternoon," I reflected, as I hastily swallowed some fancy cakes while "that child" was having his face and hands washed; "I'll take him for a long walk, for I'd rather tramp twenty blocks on two legs than go the length of the room on four."

Indeed, from constant rampaging as a wild beast, the knees of my second-best trousers were now worn nearly through.

When I proposed the Park and the monkey-house to Bobby he of course became at once so eager to start that he nearly dragged me out into the street bare-headed. However, we got off in a state of decency at last. We spent about two hours in the Park, and then, after we had faithfully stared at every cage in the menagerie, turned our faces homeward about half-past three.

"And now, young man," I thought, "I guess you'll be tired enough, when we get back, to take a nap, and give me a chance to finish *Jack Hazard* before I go away."

Indeed, on the last few blocks Bobby had dragged his feet along in such a shuffling fashion that I felt sure he was thoroughly tired out and sleepy. So when Nora, who had been watching for us with her bonnet on, came rushing down the steps to beg that she might be allowed to run over to Eleventh Avenue and see her brother, who had just been taken with another of his "terrible turns," I said yes at once, confident that my cousin was too sleepy to bother me for at least an hour to come. Besides, was not this to be a "big folks' holiday"?

While listening to Nora I had let go of Bobby's hand, as he seemed to be in a hurry to get in the house, and was slowly going up the steps behind him. When I saw that he had safely reached the top, I stood for about a second watching the nurse sending off toward Eleventh Avenue, like a ship under full sail in a high wind. Then I turned to hurry in after Bobby, when bang came the front door in my face, with that baby on the other side of it!

Before I had time to decide whether the child was tall enough to reach up to the spring-lock to open it again, I heard somebody rapping on a window, and stepping back, I had the horror of beholding Bobby in the parlor laughing out at me in the most tantalizing manner. In vain I shook my fist, shouted promises of "goodies," threats of telling "papa," and orders to try and reach the spring knob by standing on a stool.

Either he could not hear me, did not understand, or was simply obstinate—which latter I think is the most likely. There he stood in that sacred drawing-room, trampling the lace curtains under his feet, soiling the plate-glass with his sticky fingers, and threatening with every movement to topple one of Uncle Robert's favorite busts on his head.

In my desperation I had pulled the door-bell wily, until I recollected that both the girls were out. Nora was already half a block away; but even if I could have called her back, how could she have mended matters?

What should I do? Cold chills ran all over me as I thought of the matches Bobby might strike, with not a soul to blow them out again; of the four pairs of stairs he might tumble down, with nobody to pick him up and rub him with amica at the bottom of them; and there was his father's cherished china!

"Oh, Bobby! Bobby!" I cried, despairingly, "do try

and open the door for me." Then, overcome with terror at what might happen to him out of my sight, I shouted, in contradiction of myself, "Oh, no! no! Stay right there where I can see you."

By this time, as might have been expected, quite a crowd had collected around me.

"Why don't you shinny up the basement bars, an' git in by the winder?" suggested a boy with a red oyster-box under his arm.

"But the parlor windows have patent burglar-proof locks on them," I returned, dejectedly.

"Smash in the glass, then," went on the boy, laying down his tray, as if eager to do the smashing himself.

But fear of Uncle Robert's displeasure would not permit me to think of such desperate measures.

Then a policeman came up and wanted to know what all the fuss was about.

"Oh, pshaw!" he muttered, when I tried to explain; "the boy's safe in-doors, so where's the harm? Can't you go off somewheres and make a call till your uncle comes back with his key?"

"But if you only knew," I began, and then stopped, for how could I tell a strange policeman what an awful child my own cousin was? Besides, as I wasn't willing to have anything broken to get at him, what good would it do?

All this while Bobby stood leaning against the broad pane, watching the crowd on the sidewalk with the greatest delight. But now the officer ordered the people to "move on," and in five minutes I was left alone again, my eyes fixed on that small boy in the window.

As there was nobody just then to look at except his half-distracted cousin, Bobby presently, to my horror, turned away and disappeared. Where had he gone? What was he doing? I stood there with my back against a lamp-post, almost fainting from fear, when suddenly there came a changing of bells down the street. The next minute a hose-cart and a hook-and-ladder truck drew up in front of the house, while the engine could be heard puffing away by the fire-plug at the corner.

Then as I saw the firemen rushing up the stoop, and at the same moment caught a glimpse of Bobby smiling down at the "fun" from the sitting-room window, the meaning of it all flashed over me.

He had climbed up on a chair and rung the electric alarm over the mantel-piece!

"Oh, it's all a mistake!" I cried, dashing up the stoop, in terror lest the windows should be smashed in after all. "There isn't any fire," I was going to add, when a bright idea came to me, and reflecting that there might be a blaze very soon if Bobby got hold of the match box, I pointed to his head in the window and called for a ladder.

Whether the men thought the house was really burning up inside or not I don't know, but a ladder was quickly snatched from the truck and placed in position.

"Here, we can't let you climb up," cried somebody, as I sprang forward to plant my foot on the lower round.

And just then there went up a piercing scream of "Oh, Bobby, my child!" and I turned to see Aunt Maria and Uncle Robert fighting their way through the crowd.

Of course I had to talk pretty fast to explain things, and get my uncle to open the door as soon as possible, with Aunt Maria looking straight at me as white as one of the marble busts in the parlor.

But we soon calmed down after we had got the firemen and their traps out of the street, and found Bobby without a scratch on him, and not a piece of china so much as cracked.

"And now tell me how you happened to come back by such an early train?" I asked; to which Aunt Maria replied by saying that she had felt so worried, and finally she had become sure that Bobby had bitten through one of the thin glass tumblers at lunch and swallowed the pieces.

I went home the next morning, and I don't want to visit the Watermans again until Bobby's grown into long pants.

PEEK-A-BOO!

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE clumsiest thing that a baby can do is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands,
Then crow, and show that it understands

What Nurse and Mamma, and Papa too,
Mean when they hide and cry, "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,
When they find that baby can play like this!

And they every one listen, and think it true
That the baby's gurgle means Peek-a-boo!

I wonder if any one ever knew
A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?

'Tis old as the world is, I believe
Cain was taught it by Mother Eve.

For Cain was an innocent babe once, too,
And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo.

And the whole world full of the children of men
Have all of them played that game since then.

And while the sun shines and the skies are blue,
Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.

THE SEALS IN THEIR HOME.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

"IMPUDENCE personified." That is a capital title for the picture on the next page, and yet we shall then be naming it from the two youngest and least important members of the group. But just look at that pup seal and the young gull that is talking to him in earnest! Did you ever see the like of them? I have, and only a few minutes ago, too. I must tell you how it was.

Right outside my window here, on the grass, was a fine young Newfoundland dog. Susm had brought out his dinner to him, and it took him but a little while to very nearly clear the plate. But there was more than he really wanted, and when at last he had finished there still remained a piece of bread and about half a potato.

While he had been so busy, a great long-legged chicken had been a deeply interested looker-on. He had come gradually nearer and nearer, hoping evidently that something might be left for him. Pedro, while he was eating so busily, had paid no attention to the chicken. Finally he stepped around a little to the side, and came still closer. But just as he was about to reach out his long neck toward the plate, Pedro stood up with a wag of his tail and a laugh in his eye that showed he was ready for fun. The chicken stood a moment, and then thought he would see what impudence would do. He tried to push past the puppy. This was too much for Pedro's dignity, and with a short, sharp bark he bounced at him, and fairly knocked him over. Then, delighted with the joke and his own success, he rolled on the grass, I verily believe to laugh.

But, alas! his laughing was short, for the chicken was up on the instant, made a dash at the plate, seized the piece of potato, and started on the run with his ill-gotten goods, and Pedro after him, hot foot. The Shanghai's legs were long, but the puppy was too quick for him.

In a second or two they were up, and there they stood, just as you see the seal and the gull—mouths wide open, eyes snapping. The dignity and the impudence were comical beyond description. Neither said a word for at least a minute. Then Pedro stooped down and secured the potato, which he swallowed on the instant. The discomfited chicken smoothed his feathers and walked gravely away, eating the piece of bread he had not cared to touch before, while Pedro speedily polished the plate.

But what do you suppose the seal and the gull are quarrelling about? I am sure I can not tell. I imagine it is only because they have happened to meet, and neither

one will give way for the other; each one thinks the right of way is his. I have seen them do it time and time again. There they would stand, and scold away at a great rate, until finally one grew tired of it and moved off.

Funny fellows these pup seals are; queer little mortals. I have sat and watched them hours at a time, interested beyond measure in their curious ways. Clumsy and heavy while on the land they are without question, for they do not belong properly to the land; the water is the place for them to enjoy freedom of motion. And yet they are born on the land, and when they enter the water for the first time they move just as clumsily there.

I will remember seeing the thing done. I was on a ledge of rock about ten feet above the level of the sea. Eight or ten of the baby seals were lying scattered about, but their mothers had scuttled off into the water on my approach. I stooped down at once to examine the one nearest me. He was only an hour or two old, and evidently had not yet been into the water.

He did not appear to be afraid of me, but allowed me to take up his flippers and examine them at my leisure, and when I smoothed his back down as I would that of a cat he seemed quite to enjoy the operation, and was inclined to go to sleep under it. But after a time I undertook to open his mouth that I might see his teeth. This he evidently thought was a piece of impertinence on my part; he did not like it, and began to scramble away from me. I tried to quiet him, but he continued to flounder along until he reached the edge of the rock.

But the sea did not strike the foot of the cliff there. There was a fall of nearly ten feet from the spot where the pup lay, with a solid granite ledge to strike at the bottom. I saw that he was about to throw himself off, and feeling sure that the shock must injure him dreadfully, if it did not kill him at once, I shouted out to him: "Hold on there, old fellow! What are you about? That jump will kill you, sure as you are alive."

But either he did not understand English, or he was too self-willed to take advice—both, maybe—for off he went, and I heard him strike the rock below with a thud that was fearful. I ran up to the brink and looked over, fully expecting to see him either stunned or dead. But not a bit of it: there he lay as easy and comfortable as though he had barely turned over in bed. He waited a minute or two, and then he flopped off into the sea.

But when he attempted to swim it was amusing to see his clumsy and ungainly movements. He first gave two or three bounds forward, like his floundering jumps on the rock, and then he stopped, not seeming to know what next to do. But he had no need to wait, for, like a flash, an instructor was at his side. The crowd of old seals was grouped about twenty yards away, and one of them had shot out toward him at the moment that he struck the water. It was no doubt his mother, and the grand, mighty swing with which she swept her way carried her over the twenty yards while his jumps took him along three feet.

What she said to him I do not know, but he kept close at her side, apparently imitating her movements. Every sweep grew less clumsy, and he had not been in the water three minutes before he was ready to quit his mother's side and start off on a dash of his own right out to sea. She watched him as he glided so swiftly along, and then I heard her call out something to him. It sounded like a simple bleating cry, but it probably meant, "All right, my boy; go ahead; I will trust you now;" for she seemed to think no more about him. She joined the crowd of dancing mothers, and left him to himself.

His leaping off and striking the rock below without injury astonished me when I saw it, but I presently found that it was only a common thing with them. They climb up from the water, even where the face of the rocks is almost perpendicular. Their soft flippers, or paws, cling



"IMPUDENCE PERSONIFIED."

to the rock like suckers. They double up their body and make the hind-flippers fast as far forward as possible, and then, straightening out, they hook on with the fore-flippers away above, and on they go. I have often seen them lying on ledges 150 to 200 feet above the sea, which they had reached in that manner.

But when they wish to descend they do it in a different way. They creep down in part by means of their flippers, but whenever there is opportunity they leap off and strike many feet below, often with really frightful violence. These spotted seals shown in the picture are little fellows, seldom exceeding five feet in length, but the great sea-lions of the Pacific grow to be from thirteen to fifteen feet long, and weigh sometimes 1600 pounds. A lofty leap by one of these great heavy animals is a grand sight. The first time that I ever saw it was on the South Farallon, the main one of the group of rock-islands west of the bay of San Francisco.

The sea-lions were all about me as thick as cattle in a farm-yard, and not a bit more timid. Presently an old bull crept slowly down the face of the rocks near me. At length he reached a spot where there was a perpendicular cliff under him, just thirteen feet high, for I measured it a few minutes later. He looked about a second or two, and then sprang boldly out into the air, and struck the rock on which I stood, bounding up from the blow precisely as a ball bounds. The concussion of three-quarters of a ton, falling from a height of thirteen feet, was frightful, but he was not in the slightest disturbed by it. His next leap was out into the sea, and he at once slid away with a swinging wave and a majestic power that seemed to prove him the father and prince of all propellers.

On all the rocks frequented by the various species of seals birds are also abundant, gulls, murrens, cormorants, puffins, etc., and as the young birds are hatched about the

time that the young seals are born, you may constantly see them together, and may witness the comical scene of our two friends here in the foreground of the picture over and over again. The seal never injures the bird, though he is so much the larger and stronger. He often bites at him, and gets bitten on the nose himself for his pains, but he only scolds the harder for a while, and then they both get tired of it and move away.

MOLLY.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

IT was noon in Oakridge, and only Molly Grant, with Jane Young, Nellie Phillips, and Willie Clarke, occupied the old red school-house. The teacher and all the other children had gone off to their homes, just across the railroad, to dinner; but Molly and her companions, who were younger than herself, lived at Willowvale, a mile away, and found it more convenient to bring the meal with them and eat it under the shadow of the great trees by which the school was surrounded.

Directly behind the school-house rose the mountain. In front of it, occupying a shelf along the mountain-side, ran the turnpike; while down in the valley below wound the railroad leading from the oil region to New York. About a thousand feet away from the school, on each side, the railroad curved toward the mountain and crossed the turnpike, so that no one could get to the school from either direction without going over the track. Everybody said that it was a bad place for a school-house, but no one proposed moving it. It had been there, indeed, before the railroad was built; and Mr. John Graves, who was chairman of the School Committee, argued that, being there first, it had the best right to the place, and if anything



"YES," SHE SAID, "LET US RUN FOR IT."

was moved, it ought to be the railroad. So it stood, year after year, while the Oakridge children ran a daily risk of being crushed by the passing trains. Between the school-house and the track stretched a piece of woods, while behind and above the house a dense growth of birch, hickory, and oak covered the mountain to its top. Half-way up, a little clearing disclosed the entrance to a deserted iron mine, from which a rough cart track wound down the hill to the turnpike a little way from the school.

"It's awfully hot," Jane had just exclaimed, taking a bite of sandwich, and fanning herself with a mullein leaf at the same time.

"So it is," Nellie assented. "I'm glad we don't have to walk home to dinner."

Molly did not speak. Her quick ear had caught the sound of three warning whistles from up the railroad, and she was wondering what it might mean. Presently they sounded again, though the last one was drowned by the noise of an explosion, as though a cannon had gone off. What had happened? The girls checked their talk, and looked curiously at one another.

"What is it, Molly?" Jane asked.

Molly shook her head and listened. In a moment there was another deafening report, while the noise of the approaching cars was all the time becoming more distinct. Very soon, looking down through the undergrowth, Molly could see the locomotive turning the curve. Behind it rushed what seemed to be a train of fire, pouring out volumes of smoke, and spilling liquid flames at every turn of the wheels.

"Oh, Molly!" the girl cried again, this time in alarm, "do you know what it is?"

Molly drew a quick breath. "It's an oil train," she exclaimed, "on fire."

It was a terrible object. By this time two of the great oil tanks at the rear of the train had caught, and were sending up great tongues of flame toward the sky. In their wake they were leaving a river of burning oil, setting fire to the ties and sleepers, and carrying the flame also to the telegraph poles and fences on either side the track. As the train passed the school-house there was another mighty roar: the top of a third tank blew off, and, crashing through the trees with the force of an enormous cannon-ball, landed directly behind the school-house. At the same moment a volume of fire poured up and lit the very tops of the overhanging trees. Before the children could collect their terrified thoughts the woods skirting the track below them were on fire. Molly had already sprung to her feet.

"We must run away!" she cried. "Don't cry, Willie dear. Jane, take Nellie's hand."

They dropped their lunch and books, and ran out upon the road. A single glance showed Molly that it was no use going toward the upper crossing: the smoke was rolling up more and more densely from that direction; the woods were certainly on fire, and it was not unlikely that one of the oil cars had become detached from the train, and was burning on the track around the curve. This had already happened a little below the school-house. The train had gone on, but the rear car was dropped, and now stood still on the blazing track, puffing clouds of smoke up toward the road, and destroying itself with an angry roar.

"Hurry up!" cried Molly, anxiously, dragging little Willie by the hand as she pushed through the thickening haze. Another report down the track in the direction they were taking made them pause for an instant, but Molly urged them on.

"We mustn't stop," she cried: "in another minute it may be too late!"

The frightened children quickened their steps, and soon came to a spot where they could see the track beyond the turnpike crossing. Here too a glance was enough. The

train had stopped on the mountain ledge, about a quarter of a mile ahead, having dropped two more burning cars, one of which stood just where the road crossed, barring travel from either side. It was the noise of this explosion that they had just heard, and now the liberated gases were flaring up in the air higher than the tallest trees, warning them not to approach any nearer.

"Oh, Molly," the little boy cried, while the girls looked up with pale and frightened faces, "we'll all be burned up! What shall we do? How can we get away?"

Molly herself was almost as much frightened, though, for the children's sake, she did not dare to show it. "Wait a minute, dear," she said, softly, "and let me think."

Down the hill toward the railroad, not so far away now as it was at the school-house, she could see the fire creeping up through the dry underbrush. The trees were burning from the top, where they had been lighted by the gas, and from the bottom, where the brush had set fire to the roots or lower branches. Escape in this direction was already cut off, and it would not be long before the advancing flames had reached the place where they now stood. This was the beginning of a mountain fire. Before the next morning there would not be a tree left in Oakridge. What would have become of them? Willie's voice interrupted her anxious thoughts:

"Molly!" the little boy screamed, as a sense of their peril seemed to dawn upon him, "you mustn't let us burn up."

She drew him closer to her side, and looked helplessly from the approaching flames to the mountain behind her. Was there any escape there? They could hardly hope to climb its steep and rugged height faster than the fire could follow them; and even if they should reach the top, how much better would it be?

"I don't know, dear," she faltered, her voice breaking, and the tears coming in her eyes, "what to do."

The other girls began to cry.

"Oh, Molly!" Nellie sobbed, "won't you do something? What will mamma say if we never come home again? Oh!" she screamed, as a burning cinder fell at their feet. "We must go somewhere, Molly! I can't die! I can't be burned up!"

She started to run down the road, when Molly caught hold of her arm.

"You'll surely be burned up, Nellie," she cried, "if you go that way. Don't you see the flames are already across the road?"

"But we can't stand here," cried the child. "Tell us where we can go, Molly."

Molly looked around in despair. As she glanced again up the mountain she caught sight of a projecting shelf of rock and a black hole gaping in its side. "Ah!" she cried, as a sudden thought leaped into her head, "the mine, Nellie! the mine!"

The little girls were quick to catch her idea, and, following her as she pulled Willie over the fence, they made their way as best they could up the hill. At the start it was rough and steep, but a few steps brought them to the cart track, which, though it was overgrown, made the ascent less tiresome, and kept them from losing their way. How long would it be, though, before the fire followed them, or before they met it coming from the opposite direction? Already puffs of smoke blew up through the trees, and falling cinders, which they made haste to stamp out, threatened to set fire to the underbrush in the path. The speed, too, at which they were going would in a little while tire them out. Already Willie was quite exhausted.

"Oh, Molly!" he panted, "I can't walk any further."

She stopped for a moment and looked round. The roar of the flames, fanned by the freshening wind, was every moment growing louder and coming nearer. "You must walk, Willie," she cried. "See! the mine is just up there. It won't be far to go."

But the little fellow, worn out by fatigue and fright, had sunk to the ground. "I'm too tired," he moaned; "I can't walk a bit more."

Molly leaned over and energetically swung him up on her shoulder. She was not a powerful girl, but courage gave her strength. "Molly will carry you," she said; "only don't be frightened, dear. You're not afraid, are you, Nellie?" looking down at the little girl who, with her hand in Jane's, trudged along by her side.

Nellie's face paled as through the forest below them flashed a gleam of fire. "I'm not as afraid as I was," she faltered; "but, oh, Molly, isn't it catching up with us? Hadn't we better run?"

There were tongues of flame creeping along the ground not very far behind them, and the embers fell around faster than they could stamp them out. Molly peered up the road as it wound through the trees ahead. The mine could not be very far off, but the fire was perilously near.

"Yes," she said, "let us run for it. Hold me tight around the neck, Willie dear. Jane, you and Nellie go as fast as you can. Don't wait for me."

In Oakridge that afternoon there was the deepest distress. Before it was really known that any children were left in the school-house the burning cars had blocked up the track, and it was impossible to go to their relief. The smoke from the oil, and from the trees as they began to burn, veiled not only the school-house, but the road, and by-and-by shut out the mountain itself from view. When the fathers of the children came up from Willowvale it was with difficulty that they could be kept from entering the fire themselves.

"It won't do any good," urged the committee-man John Graves, as he grasped Mr. Grant; "you'd never come out of that fire alive if you went in—no more'n you'd come out of a blast-furnace. I never see a fire burn up so sudden. There goes the school-house now!" he cried, as a sudden puff of wind cleared away the smoke and showed them the little red building in flames. "Guess we won't build it there again."

Mr. Grant shuddered. "Where could they have gone?" he cried. "What could they have done?"

The men looked at one another, but no one spoke.

"Well," said John Graves, at length, "there's just one chance for them; if they've taken that they may be all right."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Grant, breathlessly.

Graves looked up the mountain as though he would penetrate the cloud that hung between. "It's the old mine," he said. "If your girl knew about that, and they got up there in time, and they don't suffocate, and the fire burns out before they starve, we may save them yet."

Mr. Grant put his hands to his face. "Ah!" he groaned, "you don't give me much hope."

For a moment Graves did not reply. A bank of clouds coming up from the northwest had caught his attention as it had that of most of the men. "There's going to be a shower!" he exclaimed. "Most likely the explosion fetched it. That makes your chance so much the better, Mr. Grant. The fire'll be put out before sundown, and if they hold out till then you'll find them sure."

In an agony of suspense Mr. Grant waited through that afternoon, watching the fire creep up the mountain until the topmost tree had caught. Then the shower began to fall, and every one gazed with delight while the torrents of rain fought with the flames, and at length put them out. With the storm came a gale of wind that blew the smoke out of every crevice in the mountain. Long before it stopped raining, the search party started out, taking with them ropes, clothes, and restoratives, in case they should find the children injured and needing immediate help. As they toiled up the mountain the rain continued

to pour down. In a short time they had reached the clearing, and the mine was in view. What would the next minute disclose?

Mr. Grant rushed ahead, and bending down, entered the narrow opening to the mine. It was dark and smoky, and for the moment he could see nothing. Lighting a match, he peered down the gallery, where he fancied he discovered a figure lying on the ground. With a beating heart he pushed on, followed by the other men, who had by this time lighted a torch. Its glare illuminated the passage, and showed Mr. Grant not merely one but four motionless forms. Were they sleeping—or dead? The foremost, on whose arm rested the little boy, was his Molly. He leaned over, and placed his hand on her forehead. It was warm, and at the touch her blue eyes opened and met his own.

"Papa!" she cried, and in another instant was in his arms.

"My brave little girl!" he exclaimed, hardly able to say anything at all, "are you hurt?"

The others, by this time waked out of their sleep, had scrambled to their feet, and were gazing in bewilderment at their own fathers.

Molly smiled. "Ah," she said, softly, "I thought I was hurt, but now I am all well again."

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT BEING THE CAPTAIN.

I HEARD a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play base-ball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club every boy wanted to be Captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks, and as all could not command, the poor little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be the Captain, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be Captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A Captain who flies into a rage or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing, and when a boy is Rex or King on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.

NOTES FOR THE YOUNG HUNTER.

BY WILL WOODMAN.

II—DECOYS AND BLINDS

AS the young hunter will soon learn, there are all kinds of ways of shooting game, and, moreover, all kinds of

game to shoot; but it is not only how to shoot, when to shoot, and what to shoot that is needed to be known. One must know how to obtain something to shoot.

One of the most common means employed for drawing game is what is called a "decoy." The principle of the decoy is very simple, and will be understood at once by any boy who has ever watched chickens hunting for food. Should some lucky chick wander from the rest and discover a choice grub, the others are quick to notice it, and will immediately rush to share it.

So with snipe, or plovers, or ducks. If in flying over the country they see any of their fellows engaged in feeding anywhere, they naturally want to share, and at once alight.

It is a knowledge of the habits of animals that always makes a good hunter, and enables him to secure game where another will seek in vain.

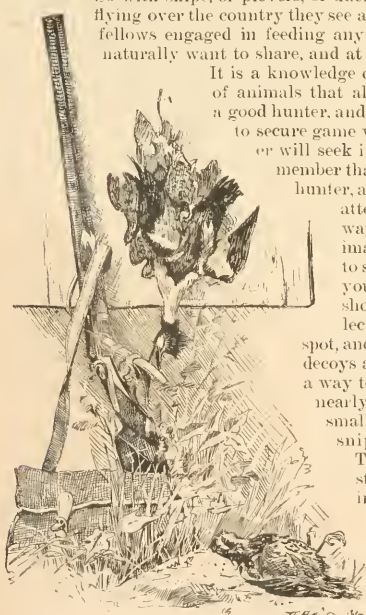
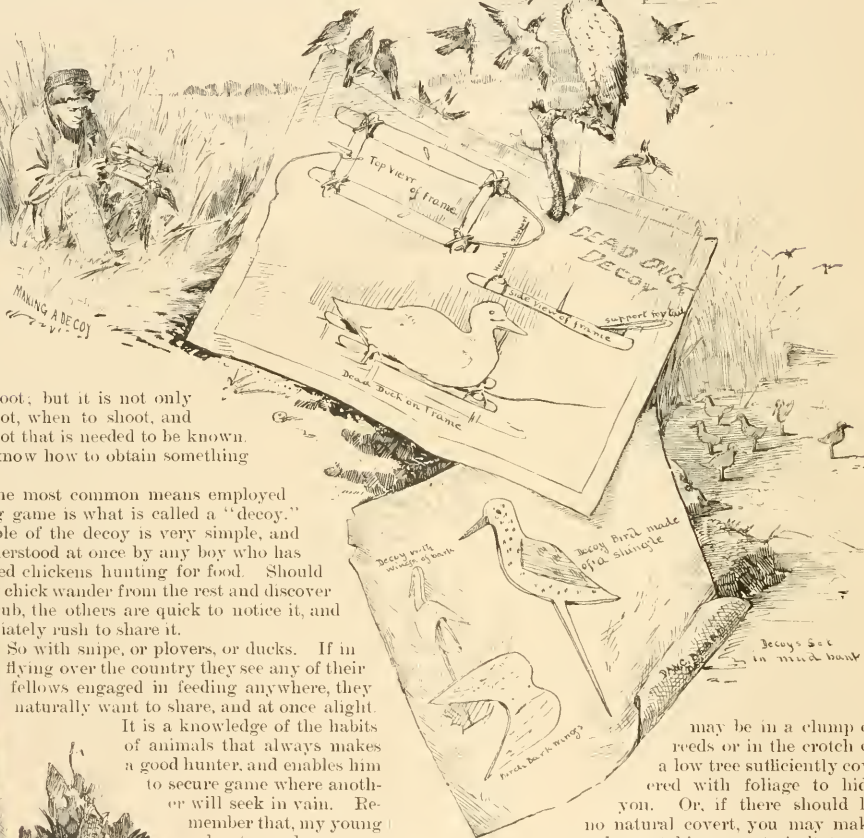
Remember that, my young hunter, and pay every attention to the ways of the animals you wish to shoot. When you wish to shoot snipe, select a marshy spot, and scatter your decoys about on it in a way to resemble as nearly as possible a small flock of real snipe feeding.

Then take your station in a hiding-place, and wait for your game to come.

Your hiding-place or "blind" may be in a clump of reeds or in the crotch of a low tree sufficiently covered with foliage to hide you. Or, if there should be no natural covert, you may make one, always taking care to imitate nature, which should not be difficult if there are any bushes or reeds anywhere near. You have only to cut these and put them in the ground, or mud, as it may be, in the spot selected for your covert.

As for the decoys, you may buy them if you choose, but I would not give much for a sportsman who could not make them for himself. I have always made my own decoys, and this is how I do it. For snipe I cut a shingle as nearly as possible into the shape of that bird, getting perhaps four or five snipe out of one shingle. I paint the birds the proper color, and provide them with wings, made sometimes of bark and sometimes of old pieces of leather. The feet and legs are represented by a long, thin piece running from the under part of the bird, and will serve the purpose of fixing the decoys in position. A plover decoy is made in the same way.

For a duck decoy I contrive first to shoot a duck. This I skin and stuff—not a difficult task, though it may seem so. For a temporary decoy a dead duck, arranged as shown in the picture, makes the best kind of a decoy. I place it on a wooden float, just buoyant enough to let the decoy rest on the water in the manner of a live duck,



and if necessary prop up its head with a light Y-shaped twig.

An anchor line should be fastened at the front end of the float, in order to keep the head of the decoy to the wind, which is the position a live duck always takes. Another important matter in this connection is that you must always take up your position with the wind at your back, as that will bring the duck's face to you either in alighting on the water or in rising from it; for a duck can not or will not do either unless it has the wind in its face. The importance of obtaining a front shot at a duck will be very apparent after you have wasted your ammunition on its back a few times. A true sportsman will never attempt to shoot a duck, or any other bird, for that matter, except on the wing.

One of my most amusing decoys when a boy was a tame hawk, which I would secure in the middle of a field. It was a good study in bird life to see how quickly the smaller birds comprehended that their old enemy was a helpless prisoner. It seemed as if word was passed through the woods, fields, and clouds, for in a short time the little chaps would gather and commence swooping and pecking at the defenseless hawk. Sometimes game birds would come, and then I would reap a harvest; but sometimes only birds not usually eaten would put in an appearance, and then I would have to rescue my pet.

These are only a few of the ways of decoying birds. There are other ways, such, for example, as imitating call notes, which many boys are expert at, and which are quickly learned when the young hunter has his heart in his sport. You all of you know "Bob White," of course. He has given himself the name, and after a little practice you can learn to call him by it, so that he will come quite close to you. The same is true of many other birds which have peculiar calls of their own that may be imitated.

A last word is, never kill merely for the sake of killing. No true sportsman, boys, ever does this. There can be no fun in the wanton destruction of life for any right-minded lad. Shoot only such birds as are fit for the table, or those that have rare plumage, and which it will afford you pleasure to stuff and keep. Let the rest go, and, above all, never aim your gun at a harmless little song-bird.

TOO SELFISH.

"Oh, Jocko, please, Jocko, just only one bite!"
Cries Rover, the beauty, who longs for a mite;
And Pussy so sleek with her soft coat of fur,
Why, haven't you even a morsel for her?

Oh, Jocko's a rogue, or he never would take
And keep for himself such a very large cake.
He's so full of mischief, or else he would know
No well-behaved monkey would ever act so.

Oh, many a time, in both parlor and hall,
Their mistress has taught the sweet lesson to all—
To be happy ourselves we should make others too.
And never be selfish, whatever we do.



TOO SELFISH.



NAUGHTY JIM.

There was one little Jim.

'Tis reported of him,

And must be to his lasting disgrace,

That he never was seen

With hands at all clean.

'Not yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt

To see so much dirt,

And often they made him quite clean;

But all was in vain.

He got dirty again,

And not at all fit to be seen.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WITH this number, dear readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Volume IV, reaches its conclusion. What a treasury of beautiful stories, sketches, poems, and pictures it is! As we turn the pages it seems that the artists have never produced more exquisite illustrations, and the favorite authors have never written more brilliant serials and short stories. Then, too, the little paper has been from week to week a perfect magazine of instruction, telling you many wonderful things about nature in a simple and easy style, and giving you a great deal of fascinating historical reading. Very many articles have been written by careful pens about games, pastimes, the care of pets, and the best methods of using tools and making mechanical toys. The little women had their special corners filled with suggestions about needle-work, and adorned with attractive designs, accompanied by plain and easy explanations.

With No. 310, which will be published November 6, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will enter upon its fifth year. It is the intention of the publishers to make the new volume, if possible, richer, brighter, and better than any of its predecessors. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has steadily advanced in the popular regard from the issue of its first number, simply because neither pains nor expense have been spared to make it the best paper in the whole world for English-speaking children.

The publishers are doing all they can. There is just one thing our little friends and their parents can do to assist the conductors of the paper: tell others how much you like it, and what a pleasant visitor it is in your homes. Its circulation is increasing rapidly, and the larger its subscription list shall be the wider will be the circle of young people who derive pleasure and profit from its pages, and the more effective its healthful influence upon the youth of the country.

Now a word for the Post-office Box. It has now its place in the love of the children, and not only its young correspondents, but their parents and teachers, often hear testimony to the happiness it causes and the good it does. From the far-off slopes of the Pacific, from lonely islands, from busy towns, from the farm-house on the prairie, and the nursery on the avenue, the dear little letters arrive by every mail. The Postmistress reads and considers every one, and feels a personal interest in the writers. The freedom with which they confide in her is an evidence of their affectionate appreciation of her work.

Since a part of a polite education consists in the elegant and straightforward use of the pen, it is not remarkable that teachers in particular look upon the Post-office Box as an invaluable help to them in their efforts to train their pupils in the art of composition.

The Exchange Department is edited with minute and conscientious fidelity. It affords boys and girls an opportunity to add, by exchange with each other, to their cabinets and collections, and also promotes an enthusiastic zeal in the study

of Natural Science. The stamps, specimens, and relics which the little possessors send to each other stimulate them to fresh discoveries in the departments of geography and history. If it did nothing else, the Exchange Department would be a boon to boys in giving them one more resource and one more delight at home.

The puzzles and wiggles will continue to be as sprightly as of old, and as entertaining in the future as they have been in the past. Everything will be done to make the paper a welcome guest wherever it shall go.

BETHLA, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am not a little girl, but, instead, a teacher of little girls, and of boys too. I wonder how many little girls and boys have a warmer affection for this charming magazine than I have. I love to think of my seeing each week not only to children all over our own dear land, but to little ones in countries across the ocean, and to the far-away islands of the seas. Have some very dear children in my country school, and after my little brother Lewis, for whom I take the paper, has read it, I give it to one of my school-children.

Let me tell the boys and girls of a dear little girl whom I met at the sea-shore in the summer. Her name is Daguy K., and she was born in Stockholm not quite five years ago. One day when her mother had finished her shopping and up and said, "Thank you, dear mamma; it has really done me good." Another time she said, "I can't say my prayer to-night—I can't say, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,' because I'm mad at Minnie."

I have many little ones for pets, but dearest of them all to me are my little nephews Roswell and Edith, my little niece Maud, and my dear little girl in Plymouth, Michigan, named Myrtle.

A LOVER OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ALTHOUGH YOUNG PEOPLE has been taken in our family ever since its first number in the name of our youngest boy, yet we under cover open its leaves with pleasure, and eagerly read its pages, admiring its beautiful engravings, and often, as now, sharpening our wits over some of its puzzles. We prize it highly, from oldest to youngest, and are glad to tell how we have secured our subscribers we can send you for 1884. I saw a little anecdote in our Keene *High-School Index*, which, if not told to you, may amuse some of your readers.

In one of the Boston schools the teacher was always particular that the scholars in spelling should say double e, and not e, e, double e, and not e. Recently a scholar in a school up at Read the beautiful poem beginning, "Up, up, Lucy! the sun is shining." The teacher was horrified to hear it rendered, "Double up, Lucy! the sun is shining."

I send you a list of the names of the birds we found in Fred's letter to his mother in No. 205. Thanking you all for the interesting and instructive matter in your dear little paper, I remain your admirer.

M. L. P.

Your story makes me think of a tiny girl I used to know, who could not be taken for a long time to say *me* in the alphabet. She always said double *me*.

KEACHEE, LOUISIANA.

WE are two little sisters living away down in Louisiana, and we thought we would write and tell you how we like to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Our uncle, who lives at our home, has taken it to us. We like Jimmy Brown's and Lucy C. Lillie's stories the best. We are so much interested in them that we can't get enough of them for us, as we can not write any more. We are six and seven years old, and have a little brother three years old.

WARTLEY and BEATRICE M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken the paper since it started, and enjoy the splendid stories very much. I wanted to tell you about my trip to Europe summer before last. I am eleven years old, and have been to Europe twice. The first time (I was too young to have a passport) Jack and I, my father and two years old) my family visited England, Ireland, and Scotland, spent three months in Paris, a month in Switzerland, and seven months in the beautiful city of Dresden, Germany, where my sister was born. The second time, we went to England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Austria, Russia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, and Austria. We have been to the cities of Europe Russia is best visited by Americans. There are many objects of great interest in the cities of Europe. St. Petersburg and Moscow. Any traveler who goes to the former city will find a magnificent structure I have ever seen, but inside smaller ones, all very splendid. The foundations alone cost over a million dollars, so that the cost

of the whole can be imagined. Inside there is a row of malachite pillars forty feet high and four in diameter, one of which is solid! One of the attractions of Moscow is the Church of St. Basil, which was erected by John Ivan the Terrible. When it was finished John had the eyes of the Italian architect put out, so that he might not design anything so beautiful again. It is very oddly decorated with dragons, imps, and other hideous objects in all the colors of the rainbow. I saw the famous bell of Moscow, which was broken in the great fire. Twenty-four men were required to hold it by the weight. But I fear you will think my tongue has swung long enough, so I remain ever yours lovingly,

ELIOT W.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am eight years old, and go to school. I have begun to take lessons on the piano. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like to read it very much. We had a reception for our pastor last night, and had some beautiful roses and carnations. The whole house was full of them. I hope this letter will be printed, because it is my first letter. Now I would tell you about my dear friends, my dear Annie J. and Ethel E. They are nice girls. One lives next door, and has a baby brother; the other lives two doors away, and has a big brother. Good-bye.

EDITH T.

HORNBEVILLE, NEW YORK.

I wrote to you once before, but did not see my letter printed, and was much disappointed, but I thought I would write again. My brother, who is in Iowa, gave the paper to me for a Christmas present, and I have read it ever since. I am in School, and am in Room No. 5. When I grow larger I intend to be a school-teacher. I think Burtie E. ought to be the most delighted boy on earth; it has always been very dear to him to cross the ocean and travel in strange countries. Some other time I will write to you and describe the "Burning Spring," which is at Niagara. I have also read a very nice book, written by C. that *Wide, Wide World* is a splendid book. I am thirteen years old. I send love to the Postmistress from

GLACE E.

END HARBOR CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I can not tell you how much I love and admire the charming little paper. Among all the publications that we take YOUNG PEOPLE is my favorite. Its pictures are so true and beautiful, its stories so real and interesting, that I think it must elevate and refine the taste of every child with whom it comes in contact. It is doing a good work all over the world. It was given to my mother and I for Christmas, and now we could not do without it.

Rina, aged thirteen, and Harry, aged nine, like me to make up fairy tales for them. I enclose one.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

Many years ago in a far-away country lived a poor but honest man. He had a little child, the midst of a dark and stormy night he had to go to the old blind grandmother, whom he loved dearly. He earned a scanty living by his beautiful wood-carvings, which he sold in a distant city.

The King of the country lived in this city. He had a daughter who was as beautiful as she was good, and was much loved by the people. Her name was Rosina. Jack was once run over in the street, and his right arm broken, by the carriage of the Princess. The lovely Rosina burst into tears, and had him taken to the palace, where he had the best of everything until perfectly well. Meanwhile a woman saw so many plenty of provisions, to care for the old grandmother. All this great kindness Jack had never forgotten.

Some time after he heard that the Princess was ill, and that she would die, and that the king's physician could save her but the wine of life, and that could be found nowhere. When Jack told his grandmother this she sat for some time wrapped in thought, and at last she said to him, "where it is, and because she was so very good to us I will tell you where to find it."

After she told him Jack rose, and taking with him a pair of scissars, all of which the old woman gave him, he started. After a weary walk of many miles he reached a high mountain, to the top of which he had to climb. He had a pair of scissars, thimble, and needle on the ground, and pronounced over them certain words which his grandmother had taught him. Immediately a trap-door opened, and he was asked to tell him what he would give him to let him in. "This," said Jack, holding the thimble over his head, and when the dwarf held up his hands for it Jack dropped it on the ground. It grew larger at once, and covered him up.

Taking with him the needle and scissars, he sprang down into the dark cavern, and followed the wine of life. He had a pair of scissars, a thimble, and a needle on the ground, and when the dragon sprang on him, and the light became dark, the two was most dreadful, until Jack pricked the dragon's tail with his needle, and the dragon will be dead. Jack was very tired, and he had a long journey, and at last was rewarded by seeing before him the end of the cavern.

Before he could reach it, however, a goblin with a bead of flames sprang from the ground,

One dextrous out of Jack's scissors severed his head from his body. There before him, at the end of the cavern, stood a crystal goblet containing the wine of life. He could now take it, as he had killed the bees that guarded it. With it in his hand he retraced his steps, and went at once to the city. Having obtained admission to the palace, he presented it with his own hand to the Princess. As soon as she tasted it she sprang up from her couch, and threw her arms round Jack's neck, declaring that he should be her husband. Soon all was feasting and merry-making, and when Jack and his friends were married, his old grandmother was brought to the palace to live with them. The high mountain, however, had disappeared, and was never seen again.

HELEN J. K.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eleven years old. Here in Cambridge it is quite cold. I am fond of playing, as you may see; Here is a piece composed by me:

Master Gander had a party,
And invited all his friends,
Even roosters, turkeys, chickens,
And one or two old hens.

Most were in their places
Promptly at nine o'clock,
And at half past nine precisely
The old gander turned the lock.

Master Gander gave a solo,
In a ten piece band of music,
The chickens sang just splendidly,
And the turkeys fairly pranced.

They had for refreshments
Worms, bugs, and slugs;
The company ate heartily,
And especially of bugs.

When the time for going came,
The little ones did cry,
But their mother told them
Dry their tears and bid the rest good-by.

They say they're going to have another one,
And I don't doubt it, for I have
If I go and see the fun,
I'll write you all about it.

Please excuse writing,
If you can.
From your constant reader,

LESLIE J. MAXX.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I am eight years old. I have three brothers, but no sisters. I live on the prairie, and have two *Yonge's* *Cubs*, *Little Men*, and *Little Women* lately. We tried the custom of dropping on my brother Arthur's birthday, and they were very nice. We found a mouse down in the well, and made a cage for him, and tamed him; we have opened the door to let him out, but he does not want to go, his pen is so comfortable. The flowers here are very pretty, and sometimes the prairie is almost covered with them.

FRANK L. C.

CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. My grandma takes *Yonge's People* for us, and I like it very much. I do not go to school, but I say my lessons to mother. I have two pet kittens and a doll. I have a sister and a brother in Texas, and I get letters from them very often. My sister writes me once that she would like to go across the prairie she could stop and listen to the wolves barking. She has a splendid horse.

BETTY CLYDE P.

I hope she may never have to try the speed of her horse against a pack of wolves. It is a comfort, though, that unless famished they are very great cowards.

BANGOR, MAINE.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and have been sick with diphtheria. I am now sitting up in bed, writing, I am getting along nicely now, and feel well enough to be dressed to-day, but the doctor said not until to-morrow, for fear I might take cold, as it is a cold, windy day. My mamma brought in the *Yonge's People* that came to-day, and read it to me. She read two letters from Bangor, the first I have ever seen printed from here. I wrote one last Christmas week, but I have a sister Nellie, six years old, and she is again writing. Papa's cousin Will, from Brooklyn, New York, has sent me *Yonge's People* ever since it was published, and we are all delighted with it. He also has sent *Harper's Weekly* to papa for a great many years, but he has not.

I have a brother Frank, nineteen years old, who is in a lumber office down-town; he walks down every morning, and we live two miles from the city. I have a sister Nellie, six years old, and she is as sweet as can be. I have a little black kitty named Tippy, Frank has a dog named Rudolph, and a collie has a pet chicken, very tame, named Jessie. I am very sorry to be obliged to leave my school for a while, for I wanted to learn so much this term. I like my teacher very much;

she is also my music-teacher. I take two lessons a week on the piano, and like it very much. I live near Mount Hope, our beautiful cemetery. I would like to write more about other things, but I am tired. My mamma says you must be a docile, patient lady to do so much for little folks. I do hope you will please print this. I had to get mamma to copy it for me. I began to, but my hand trembled so, I could not write, and I got tired. A kiss for the Postmistress.

GRACE L. P.

I am very glad, dear, that you have recovered from that perilous and painful disease, diphtheria. I hope it may never attack you again. This was a long letter for a little conversative to write, and I trust it will make you quite happy to see how it looks in print.

MORRISTOWN, VERMONT.

I am a boy eleven years old, and live among the Green Mountains, not far from Mount Mansfield. All other boys and girls tell me about their pets, and so will I. I have a pair of little steers, a canary-bird and cage, a kitty named Tommy, and a dear little brother named Harry. I go to school almost every day, and study geography, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, reading, and writing. I like my teacher very much. I had a good time sliding down-hill the other day when it snowed so hard, I could fly if any other children girls slid down-hill that day. C. S. S.

We have had no such intently snow in this region yet, but Jack Frost visits you and the other mountaineers earlier.

ASTORIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I like so much to read the letters from other little girls and boys that I thought I would like to write one myself and see it in print. I was eleven years old day before yesterday, and I had to teach a little friend of mine who has been with me every birthday since my first. I am going to school now, and have been at school ever since I was five years old, and never was tardy; and I have just finished my second quarter in my music-book, my new large copy-book with my drawing cards in it. I have a little sister Bessie, six years old, and a little brother Richard, four years old. I hope the negroes won't get all Monty M.'s turkeys. I hope I may always have *Yonge's People*. I like it so much.

BEATA L. W.

Well, done, my dear! An excellent record; this; Berta has attended school six years, and has not once been late. I should like to shake hands with so honorable a girl. Too few of us remember that the person who is tardy gives others great annoyance, and wastes time that is not his own.

BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY.

I am staying at my grandpa's. I live in Philadelphia. A canary-bird which is tame and a land-turtle that goes about the garden are the pets I like to have. I like to make things to do, some afternoon, it is fun to make paper boats, and to dance. You first get two books; then put a piece of glass—the glass should not be too small—in the books so that it will rise about an inch and a quarter from the table. Then cut a strip out of tissue-paper about half an inch high, rub the glass quickly with a piece of silk for a minute, and then stop; they will all jump up on the glass and dance. After they all fall on the table, rub the glass again.

Alice S. M.

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have no brothers or sisters like many others that have written to *Harper's Young People*. My father's name is Sam; he is a setter. My papa likes to go out hunting, and takes Sam along. Papa shoots ducks and prairie-chickens, and Sam brings them and brings them to him. I have some little chickens. My papa is an editor. I like to go down to the office and fold papers on publication day. I go to school. I like my teacher. I was in New York last summer, and was going to call on the Postmistress of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, but did not have time, because I went to so many places, but was sorry I could not. I visited most of the summer in the mountains on the coast, and went in bathing. We went to Central Park. We came home by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I like nice things. I think *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is a very nice paper, and think "Raising the Pearl" is a good story, and I would like to have been with those boys.

BERTIE H. L.

LANDAU, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I live away out in the country, among the New Hampshire hills. I have thought a great many things that I would like to write to you, but I did not know where to direct a letter. I have taken *Yonge's People* two years, and like it very much. My playmate, Carrie II., takes the *Youth's Companion*, and we exchange; but I like my paper best, because we were to read it together, and know where to go. For pets I have two cats, a cow, sixteen chickens, and a horse that I can drive. I

have a three-year-old brother named Charlie. I have never written before. I should like one of those doll's patterns. Please tell me how to send. Shall I send the price in money or stamps?

JENNIE L. C.

Send a five-cent stamp in a letter, asking for the Nautlius. Give your name and Post-office address in full.

MOUNT PLEASANT, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am ten years old, and I like *Yonge's People* very much. I like *Jimmy Brown's* stories, and "Raising the Pearl" best of all. I have no pets except a pig named Harney. This is the first letter I have ever written, and as I have never seen one from this place, I thought I would write one, which I hope the kind Postmistress will insert. I have two brothers and one sister, JONAS B. F.

A pig is a droll pet, but doubtless a well-behaved one. I wonder if, like the celebrated learned pig, yours could be taught his A B C's.

Thanks for kind letters to E. G. and Miss Fannie A. P., who have each inclosed a budget of missives from their pupils. A selection from these will appear hereafter.—The Indian-sunnet letters are coming rapidly, and some of them are very good.—A. H. G.'s Year letter and receipt are tucked safely into a cozy corner, and they will soon be published.—I wish exchangers would be careful to give their names and addresses fully and plainly. Some actually arrive without any signature.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY DIADYMONS.

1.—I. In fun. 2. A shelter. 3. The last of the Mohicans. 4. The heroine of a favorite story. 5. In lisp.

2.—I. In river. 2. A Hidalgo, 3. A wanderer. 4. A snare. 5. In river.

ERKKA.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In stove, not in grate.

In weave, not in fate.

In shark, not in fish.

In white, not in fish.

In pig, not in tin.

In fig, not in plant.

In bowl, not in cup.

In sphinx, not in man.

My whole is the name of an animal, and was once the nickname of a brave officer.

A. ORCH. FEARY, JR.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals spell the name of an eminent botanist. Finals that of his native State.

1. A boy's name. 2. An herb. 3. A jewel. 4. Merrily. 5. Comparison. 6. A flower. 7. A fetter.

No. 4.

ANAGRAM.

I lost a cat, LOU. ANNA DAVISON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 206

No. 1.—1. Plane. 2. Rose. 3. Zebra. 4. Spindle. 5. Bread. 6. Sandal. 7. Lull. 8. Satin. 9. Willow. 10. Spruce. 11. Dog. 12. Elder. 13. Hickory. 14. Fir. 15. Lime. 16. Elm. 17. Pine. 18. Iron. 19. Lance. 20. Larch. 21. Locust. 22. Mandar. 23. Palm. 24. Fir. 25. Tridax. 26. Pear. 27. Orange. 28. Plum. 29. Medlar. 30. Cloak. 30. Beetle. 31. Almond. 32. Apple. 33. Alder. 34. Ash. 35. Ash. 36. Bar. 37. Dry. 38. Beech. 39. Box. 40. Bee. 41. Ballet. 42. Button. 43. Cabbage. 44. Chestnut. 45. Co-co. 46. Leopard. 47. Hazel. 48. Coffee. 49. Crab. 50. Canary. 51. Yew.

No. 2.

F

M A S I C M

F M A N I L L A

M I L L A R D E

C L A R E

A D D

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Nettie Holland, Gretchen J. H. P., Robin Dyke, M. L. Parmenter, Louie Howell, W. Seibert, Alice Mims, Nellie L. Van Winkle, Alex. and Ida Hequebourg, Justus E. Holme, Jun., Herbert E. Foster, G. C. Hardin, Leonard C. Wason, Jennie Fisher, Flossie and Kittie, C. Marie E. Fletcher, Emily Atkinson, H. E. C., Grace R. Miller, Maria and Laura Powers, Gustave Anderson, Robert Hopkins, Andrew Wainwright, Joseph Whitehead, Maggie Mayne, and Ella Dart.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE ORPHAN.

My father and mother are dead,
Nor friend nor relation I know;
And now the cold earth is his bed,
And daisies will over them grow.

I cast my eyes up to the sky;
I wept, though I said not a word;
Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
The Friend of the Fatherless heard.



WASHING AND DRESSING.

Ah! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss;
I can't even kiss her without.

I'll finish so soon if you only won't cry,
But pay me for all with a kiss;
That's right—take the towel and wipe your
bright eye;
I know you'll be good after this.



GREEDY RICHARD.

"I think I want some pies this morning,"
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And sauntered to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.



THE NEW CLOTHES.

He strutted proudly through the street,
With looks both vain and pert;
A sweep-boy passed, whom not to meet,
He slipped—into the dirt.

The sooty lad, whose heart was kind,
To help him quickly ran,
And grasped his arm, with, "Never mind,
You're up, my little man."



THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little children,
Named Mary and Ann,
Both happily live,
As good girls always can;
And though they are not
Either sullen or mute,
They seldom or never
Are heard to dispute.



THE PARTY.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing,
In every sport each one partakes;
And now the servants sweetmeats bring,
With nuts and jellies, fruit and cakes.

"Miss Fanny's maid for her is come."
"Oh dear, how soon!" the children cry.
They press, but Fanny will go home,
And bids her little friends good-by.



THE DAISIES.

We'll take the daisies, white and red,
Because mamma has often said
That we may gather them instead.

And much I hope we always may
Our very dear mamma obey,
And mind whatever she may say.



FOR A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and
mild;

She must not be fretful, and cry,
Oh, why is she naughty? Remember, my pet,
That all will be well by-and-by.



THE VILLAGE GREEN.

Ox the cheerful village green,
Skirted round with houses small,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with hoop and ball.

Rich array and mansions proud,
Gilded toys and costly fare,
Would not make this little crowd
Half so happy as they are.

OCTOBER 30, 1883.

FAVORITE BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

HOW many of the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE have begun to think and plan about Christmas?

Christmas! it is ever so long before Christmas! shout thousands of merry voices. Only two months, dear boys and girls, and that is a very short time in which to prepare for the sweet holiday season.

It does not seem much like Christmas now, to be sure, for that is the season of skating and coasting to happy little folks, and of bleak snow-storms and sharp biting winds to thousands of poor children who have no home and no shelter, while to-day the grass is still green, and the beautiful Indian summer infolds meadows and fields and woods in its warm purple mantle of soft sunshine.

It is always a bad plan to put off attending to things until the last moment, for if you work in a hurry you can not work well, and something is sure to be left undone.

That is why, now in these pleasant autumn days, I ask all the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE to sit down and have a long chat about Christmas.

There are a great many things you wish to do to make Christmas a day of real happiness for yourselves and others. Boys and girls always wonder what Santa Claus will bring, and every one is hoping that some specially desired gift will drop from the hands of the jolly old saint as he gallops over the chimney-top. Some of you who are very little print tiny letters, and hide them where this lover of good children is sure to find them; but among the older ones it comes to be understood that for some mysterious reason mamma knows more about the contents of the reindeer sledge than any one else, and it is to her they confide their wishes and hopes; and somehow things placed in mamma's hands always come out right. But it is time now for you to think about the little requests which will guide mamma in her interview with Santa Claus.

Then, besides yourselves, there are many others you must think about—brothers, sisters, and a whole army of poor children who probably will never know the good saint of Christmas if you do not bring him to them.

There is no happiness more beautiful than that reflected upon us from the bright faces of others, and it is especially sweet when we ourselves have been the means of making those faces bright. If you do not know this by experience, try it, and you will find you never had so much pleasure in your life before. Christmas is a nice time to begin to work for happiness in this way.

You will all hope for a great many toys and other trinkets. This is perfectly right, for boys and girls, especially the little ones, must have dolls and playthings of all kinds. But stop a moment and think which of your last Christmas gifts you now prize the most. The dolls are headless and cast aside, the playthings are broken or you are tired playing with them; but I do not believe one of you is tired of reading and re-reading your books, and therefore I am going to tell you about some of the beautiful books which Messrs. Harper & Brothers have prepared for their youthful readers, that you may think them over and make your choice before Christmas.

Here is the bound volume of YOUNG PEOPLE for 1883. What a wealth of amusement lies between its pretty green covers! There are hundreds of beautiful pictures of child life which the best artists and engravers have prepared with special care; there are poems—pretty childish jingles, which you can teach to the sweet baby sister or brother, and spirited verses just such as boys and girls need for speaking in school; delightful stories; descriptions of games and mechanical contrivances for boys; thrilling tales of

adventures by land and sea, by James Payn and other authors; and instructive articles, accounts of events in history, descriptions of birds and beasts, and creatures that live under water; short biographies of celebrated artists and musicians—so many things to interest and instruct little readers that it is impossible to describe them all.

This volume contains Mrs. Lillie's delightful story of "Nan." And the same author, who must love children very much to write so beautifully about them, tells in "Dick and D." of the bitter trials of two poor orphan boys, and how they at last found friends and a comfortable home. Then, too, in this volume is the "Raising the Pearl," a fascinating story of adventure, by James Otis, about three boys who raised a sunken yacht, and, with their friend Captain Sammy and the "pirate" Tommy Tucker, took a voyage in her through the Florida lakes and rivers.

Little piano students will find here pretty simple melodies written especially for tiny fingers. And then there is the charming Post-office Box, which gives weekly news from the little folks all over the world, telling of their studies, their pets, their sports, and their troubles in their own sweet childish words.

This beautiful volume of YOUNG PEOPLE is as attractive a present as could be selected for a whole family of youthful readers, as each one, from the little household pet to the boys and girls already too old for dolls and playthings, is sure to find in it amusement and instruction.

It would be a suitable and appropriate gift for the children's ward in a hospital. You who have loving parents to care for you, and to bring fruit and flowers and pretty things to your bedside when you are sick, should remember those homeless little ones who are dependent upon charity—your charity, because I trust you are not among those who leave kind deeds for others to do. The tender hands and hearts that care for sick children in our great hospitals can not always find time to amuse each little one who is convalescent; and think what a nice thing it would be if a volume of YOUNG PEOPLE was ready to place in the hands of a feeble child, who must have weary days of waiting before health returns.

If your Christmas allowance will not permit you to send the volume, then take a subscription for the new year, and every week you will send a bright bit of sunshine where it is needed.

A year's subscription to YOUNG PEOPLE is a beautiful present to any child. If you do not have the pretty little paper, tell mamma that it would be a very nice thing for Santa Claus to bring you; and if it is already your weekly visitor, show it to your little friends, and tell them it is the prettiest Christmas present they can choose. The new volume will be prettier and more interesting, if possible, than the one now closing, for the very best writers and the very best artists are hard at work hunting up beautiful things to make little boys and girls happy. Now, when they are working so hard for you, you must show your appreciation, and please them by getting as many new subscribers for the paper as you can.

You all know Margaret Eytling, for she has written ever so many pretty stories and poems which have been printed in YOUNG PEOPLE. You can not imagine until you see it what a lovely book she has prepared for your Christmas stocking. It is called *The Ball of the Vegetables, and Other Stories, in Prose and Verse*, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published it. It is printed on cream-colored paper, and in large type that will not hurt

your eyes. There are a large number of beautiful illustrations, and seventy delightful stories and poems. The handsome cover will make your eyes dance, especially when you look at it closely, and see King Pumpkin and Queen Squash seated on their throne, watching the merry revels of their guests at the ball. It is one of the prettiest new story-books, and besides overflowing with amusement, contains a good many things that will set you to thinking.

Here is another new book, with a beautifully illuminated cover, upon which a rampant elephant defiantly waves his trunk at a band of native hunters who are pelting him with spears. It is *The Boy Travellers in Central Africa*, by Thomas W. Knox. The boys, Frank and Fred, and their companion and mentor, Dr. Bronson, are old friends of many readers, who have journeyed with them through the wonderful countries of the far East. In this volume, which ends their wanderings and brings them home in safety, they traverse the wild countries of Africa with camels and a caravan of their own. They follow the routes of Livingstone, Baker, and other eminent travellers, they study the habits of the elephant, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and other beasts in the swamps and rivers where these creatures make their home, and see and learn many strange things about the inhabitants of this remote region. This magnificent book is profusely illustrated, and contains two maps which give the most recent discoveries in the vast continent of Africa.

Colonel Knox has a delightful way of giving information, and the descriptions of strange countries, given in the series of which African adventure forms the fifth volume, are drawn mostly from the personal observation of the author. A more fascinating account of boyish travel has never been written. In the first volume the boys, together with their kind friend, leave home, *via* San Francisco and the Pacific Ocean, for Japan and China, where they ascend the volcano of Fusi-yama, visit the Great Wall of China, and study the habits and customs of those two wonderful countries. In Part Second they continue their travels through Siam and Java, and visit some curious islands of the Malay Archipelago. Part Third takes our young travellers through Ceylon, India, Burma, where they visit the scenes where Dr. Judson and other missionaries lived and labored among the heathen, and the Philippine Islands. And in Part Fourth the boys make an extensive tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. They pass through the wonderful Suez Canal, and explore the sacred localities about Jerusalem and in other portions of Palestine. Each volume of this splendid library of travel for youthful readers is beautifully bound, and has a vast number of fascinating pictures. The volumes are sold separately, and should be found in the library of every boy and girl.

There are two more delightful books which Colonel Knox has prepared expressly for the boys of America. They are called *The Young Nimrods*; or, *Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea*. One volume is devoted to the sports of North America, and the other tells about adventures around the world. No boy could choose a present which would give him more real pleasure than one or both of these pretty books. They contain accurate descriptions of wild beasts and the manner of hunting them, and are overflowing with sparkling anecdotes of wild-woods adventures. They are both beautifully bound, and have pictures on nearly every page.

Perhaps there is not an intelligent American boy who does not know about the great traveller Mr. Du Chaillu, and his wonderful adventures in Africa, of which country he was one of the earliest explorers, but all may not know that he has prepared five small illustrated volumes of thrilling African adventure especially for boys and girls. Each volume is sold separately, or they may be bought all five together in a pretty, neat case. You can find the titles of these books on another page of the Christmas Supplement of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but you can never imagine, until you

read the books, the wonderful stories they contain of adventures in great African jungles, of encounters with savages and wild beasts, of strange birds and insects, and other curious things found in the wilderness of Africa.

Another beautiful book for boys and girls is *What Mr. Darwin Saw*. Mr. Darwin was a distinguished naturalist. About fifty years ago he sailed round the world in the ship *Beagle*, and on his return he wrote about the geography, the inhabitants, and the natural history of all the strange countries he visited. This volume, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers publish expressly for children, contains extracts from Mr. Darwin's large work, about all kinds of things interesting to little readers. There are maps and charts on which you can trace the route followed by Mr. Darwin in his travels round the world, and pictures of many curious things which he saw.

Wolf's Wild Animals is a large and very handsome book, containing twenty beautiful full-page engravings from drawings made by Mr. Wolf, an artist who loved all wild creatures. There is an interesting description of each picture, with anecdotes of the birds and beasts represented.

The study of history, especially of our own country, is of the greatest importance, but how often boys and girls find the subject wearisome because they do not have books written in an interesting style, such as young folks enjoy! There are four beautiful books of history written by Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, and if you begin to read any one of them you will never stop until you reach the end of the last page, for no story-book was ever more fascinating. Grown-up people like to read them too. And it is no wonder, for they tell about things of the greatest interest, are full of sparkling anecdotes, and contain a large number of nice pictures. One of these books is called *The Story of Liberty*. Just stop a moment, American boys and girls, and think what that means. Do you know all the sacrifice and all the suffering which the blessed liberty you enjoy has cost the world? If you read this book, you will learn about some of it. It tells how one of the first great struggles for liberty took place in England more than six hundred and fifty years ago, when the people forced King John to sign the Magna Charta, which was the foundation of free government; and it gives the history of Luther and other great men who have fought for truth and right in different countries. The three other books by Mr. Coffin tell the story of our own United States of America. One is *Old Times in the Colonies*. It describes the landing of the Pilgrims, the dreadful Indian wars, and the struggles of our brave forefathers before the time of the Revolution. Another volume is *The Boys of '76*, and is a most fascinating history of the battles of the great Revolutionary war. The last of Mr. Coffin's books is called *Building the Nation*, and tells how the people went to work after the Revolution to make a Constitution and organize a republican government. It brings United States history down through the war of 1812 and the Mexican war to the time when the troubles between the North and the South began.

A pretty book, which must not escape your notice, is *Games and Songs of American Children*, collected by Mr. Newell. It tells about a great many games, and gives the music of "Water, Water, Wild Flower," and other little tunes which children like to sing. *New Games for Parlor and Lawn* is also a very nice book, which gives many directions for winter evening sports.

For young readers who love poetry there is a lovely book called *Our Children's Songs*, in which may be found poems by the best authors for very little folks, and for older ones too. *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes*, by Will Carleton, is also a pretty book of poetry, with some spirited ballads on Revolutionary incidents—just the thing for speaking in school.

There are many pretty story-books, all handsomely bound and illustrated. A very beautiful one, with

charming pictures by Alfred Fredericks, is *The Catskill Fairies*, by Miss Johnson, which tells about all the wonderful things that happened to Job while he was asleep all alone at grandpa's during a terrible snow-storm.

Some lovely fairy stories are *The Little Lame Prince* and *The Adventures of a Brownie*, by Miss Mulock; and *The Princess Idleways*, by Mrs. Hays, a delightful story of a little girl who learned the secret of finding her own happiness in that of others.

A fascinating story for boys is *The Four Macnicals*, by the celebrated author William Black, in which four Scotch boys fight their way from poverty to comfort by perseverance and honesty.

If you like a very funny story which will make you laugh, get *Diddle, Dumps, and Tot*, and read about some children who lived on a Southern plantation, with queer little darkeys for playmates, and had all kinds of childish fun and trouble.

Then there are all the stories many of you have enjoyed in YOUNG PEOPLE, "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," "The Moral Pirates," and many others, all bound in pretty volumes, just the size for your little hands to hold easily.

Now think carefully about all these pretty books you have read about, and consult with mamma before you make a selection. And while you are thinking about yourselves, do not forget your little friends, and always be sure to remember poor children, who are also Christ's dear little ones, and consider that they too need books and pretty things as well as food and warm clothing. Keep all this in mind, and do not neglect to act as well as think. Then you will be ready for what YOUNG PEOPLE wishes you all most heartily, a very Merry Christmas.

JACOB ABBOTT AS A STORY-TELLER.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MY first impression of Jacob Abbott's charm as a storyteller takes me back to a winter's day in my childhood. My mother and I were visiting at a house where there were few books to interest a small woman of ten.

On this particular day there lay invitingly on the centre table a new book in a bright red binding. Of course I picked it up, read a page, and then another and another, never pausing, except when called to meals, until I had finished the volume. The book was the life of King Charles the First, told in the vivid fashion which made it a succession of pictures. After that I read all the historical biographies of Mr. Abbott with eager delight, and there were few of the two hundred volumes which came from the author's busy pen into which sooner or later I did not dip. I believe the last one I read was *Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young*, which naughty children should buy and bestow on their parents.

Many of Mr. Abbott's books have had an almost fabulous circulation. Some of them have been translated into several languages besides our own. His stories are pleasing because they are so natural. The boys and girls in the Rollo and Lucy books are just such boys and girls as we see every day. The pleasures and temptations and troubles they meet come to every child at home or in school. The author's aim is always to combine amusement with instruction, and while entertaining his readers, he contrives to give them a great deal of practical advice full of common-sense.

In the series known as "Harper's Story-Books," he shows young people how to conduct themselves when on a journey, how to read to advantage, how to manage little brothers and sisters, how to play together without quarrelling, how to use tools, and how to draw pictures of what they wish to remember. His directions descend to all sorts of little details. For instance, Stanley, a boy of ten, is reading a beautiful new book, of which he is very choice. Dorie, his little sister, insists on looking at the book, but

her brother is not willing to trust it to her, even for a few moments. He holds it high above his head, and refuses either to let her hold it in her own hands or to allow her the privilege of seeing it in his. By-and-by, when he is not on guard, the naughty Miss Dorie comes behind him and snatches it away. In the struggle to regain it, Stanley tumbles the leaves, and finally marches off to his father to complain of Dorie's rudeness. The father listens patiently, tells Dorie that she was wrong to take what belonged to another without the other's consent, and explains to Stanley that by yielding a little, and being gentle and persuasive, he could have avoided much of the fuss. Then he takes the tumbled book, and says, "I will dampen the leaves over steam, put it under the press, and make it as good as new again."

In a story entitled *The Three Gold Dollars* Mr. Abbott follows the fortunes of an orphan boy who leaves his home in the country to look for work in New York. Poor Robin has about seventy-eight cents in silver, and with this money, which he has been a long time saving, he proposes to go to the great city. A kind-hearted boy who knows him lends him three gold dollars, which for safety the two lads sew into a little band of muslin, and fasten securely around Robin's arm.

Robin was a boy who could think and act quickly. On the way to New York he lent a helping hand to a teamster in difficulty, and was repaid by a ride and a dinner. He rescued a boy who had broken through the ice while skating by bringing a board from a fence and placing it so that the boy could catch it and be drawn out of the pond. The boy's mother gave him a night's lodging and a good supper and breakfast. In the city he met with some strange and exciting adventures, and finally made for himself a friend in the person of a lady whose house he saved from two fierce robbers.

The plan of the robbers was to unfasten the sky-light, let a small boy down into the garret, and then wait for him to unlash the scuttle. Robin, a harmless little fellow from the country, without money or work, seemed just the boy they needed. However, he was not so stupid as they thought. So soon as he was safe in the garret he alarmed the family, and the men were arrested. From this time the little fellow's course was smooth, and his new friends helped him until he had received a good education. These examples give you an idea of Mr. Abbott's method.

He makes a great point of obedience to authority, showing children that they never can be fit to govern others until they learn to obey their parents and teachers promptly.

There is one story about a boy named Jasper, whose mother had spoiled him by foolish indulgence. This child is sent on a visit to his grandfather, who teaches him that manly boys obey orders as a matter of course, just as soldiers mind the commanding officer on the instant.

One of the best books Mr. Abbott ever wrote was *The Young Christian*. It is not, as some of you may imagine, a grave and dry book of sermons. If your pastor or some dear friend should gather a number of young people about him, and talk to them of life and duty, of this world and the next, of faults and how to overcome them, and these talks should be printed in a volume, the result would be not unlike this series of charming conversations.

Mr. Abbott's works are on various topics. They tell about different countries and ways of living, about battles by land and sea, about scientific pursuits and experiments, and about great discoverers and inventors. In fact, they form a complete library, in which you may read of great men and beautiful women, may stroll through galleries of art, visit historic spots, or wander at your ease around the old farm. A set of them will entertain the children of a household through a series of years, for they can not be exhausted at one reading, as merely amusing books often are. They are delightful volumes for reading aloud to a listening group.



Painted by Annibale Carracci.



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