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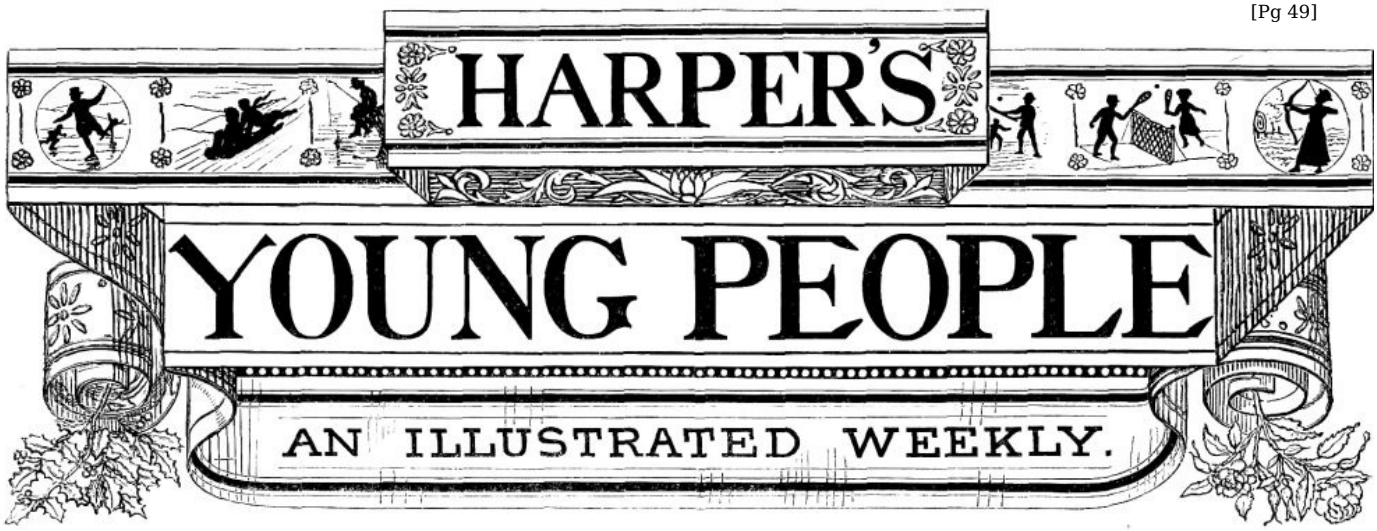

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"AIN'T THEY LOVELY? AND ARE THEY ALL REALLY YOURS?"

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "The Princess Idleways."

Mrs. Douglas was looking over her shopping list, and Lily Douglas was looking over her mother's shoulder. The Christmas Charity Fair was so soon to be held that Mrs. Douglas had a world of business to attend to, for of course her table must be full of pretty things suitable for the season. She was going out this morning to finish all her purchases, and Lily had been promised a corner of the carriage if she would be as quiet as she knew how to be, and not take cold. This was joyfully acceded to, for with all the glories of the shops to look at, could she not be still? and with her new velvet cloak and warm furs, how could she take cold?

So she bounced into the brougham after her mother, and curled herself into the smallest possible space, that there might be room for all the packages. Such smiling brown eyes under sweeping lashes looked up at the sky as she wished for snow, and so warm a little heart beat under the velvet and furs as the brougham rolled down the street, that more than one passer-by gave her smiles in return. They had not long been out when the snow came indeed, as if just to oblige the little maiden; first in a sulky, slow way, then taking a start as if it were in earnest, down came the feathery flakes.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "aren't you glad? Just look at the lovely, lovely snow!"

"Yes," said mamma, abstractedly, reading off her list; "one dozen decorated candles; three screens, gilt; six lace tidies; fifteen yards blue ribbon; dolls—oh, Lily, I have forgotten the dolls, and I must have them in time to dress them. Knock on the window, and tell Patrick to turn down town again; but I am afraid the snow will be deep before we can get home."

"So much the better, mamma," exclaimed Lily. "Oh, I *am* so glad it has come!"

Mamma smiled back at her little girl's radiant look, as she said, "What will all the little poor children do?"

"Do?" answered Lily; "why, they will sweep the walks—look! there they are now. What fun! I wish I had a broom, and a tin cup for pennies."

Mamma could have preached a little, but she refrained. She did not even venture to call to Lily's notice the pinched and blue noses and the chapped hands of the little army of sweepers which had so suddenly appeared.

The brougham stopped at her signal, and Mrs. Douglas went into an immense toy-shop, while Lily watched the movements of a little girl who had attracted her. The child was thin and pale; an old ragged sacque was her only outer garment, and the sleeves were so short that half her arms were exposed; on her head was an old untrimmed straw hat; on her feet shoes large enough for a woman; a faded bit of cotton cloth was twisted about her neck; in her hand was a broom, made of a bundle of sticks, such as street-sweepers use. She would make a hasty dash at the snow, and then, as if struggling between duty and pleasure, would rush from her sweeping to the shop window, and gaze with an eager and fascinated intentness at the toys within. Lily looked at her until she became tired; then, impatient of restraint, she jumped out of the [Pg 50] carriage, and went into the shop after her mother; but Mrs. Douglas was down at the end of the counter, surrounded by people, and in front of Lily, near the door, was a basket of dolls gazing up at her with bewitchingly inviting glances. She began to name them—Jessie, Matilda, Clarissa, Marguerite, Cleopatra—

no, she concluded, she wouldn't have Cleopatra. What should this other darling be named?—Rosamond.

"Do you think Rosamond a pretty name?" said a timid little voice near her. It came from the girl she had watched from the carriage window.

"Well, not very," answered Lily; "but you see I have such a large family that I don't know what to call them all. What name do you like best?"

"Oh, I like almost anything—something short and sweet for such beauties. Ain't they lovely? and are they all really yours?"

"I'm playing they are mine, and that I keep an orphan asylum. Don't you want to be a nurse?"

"Oh, if you'd let me!—but I'm too dirty."

"No matter for that. See how the darlings smile at you. I mean to ask mamma to buy them all. See, I can get one in my muff: she goes in beautifully."

"So she does; but I like the one that's asleep best. She's awful cunning. Have they any teeth, and real hair?"

"They are just cutting their teeth, and that's the reason I want a good nurse; they are so troublesome. They haven't much hair, just a little bang under their caps."

"A little what?"

"Their hair is banged like mine—don't you see?—out short right across their foreheads, so it don't come in their eyes: that is Charles the First style—so my aunt Tilly says."

"Oh, how I wish I had just one doll!"

"Haven't you one?"

"No; she's worn out. She was only rags to begin with, and now she's nothing, since Pete Smith tossed her in the mud-puddle."

"That was just as hateful as it could be."

"Yes. I cried all night—more than I did when father died, because, you see, he never did nothing but tell me to get out of the way, and go and earn money for him to spend in drink. But my dolly used to love me, and I loved her, and I always had her with me at night, and I told her stories, and played she was a queen."

"A queen! how funny!"

"I don't think so. Every ribbon I could get I dressed her in it, and once I found some beads which looked just like the things you see at the jewellers', and I put them on her, and she was grand; but Pete Smith took them off when he chucked her into the mud, and now she's good for nothing."

"Little girl, what are you doing here?" suddenly said a stern voice, and Lily's acquaintance shot like an arrow from a bow, and began plying vigorously her broom. Mrs. Douglas, too, came up at that moment, and pricing the dolls, ordered them to be sent to her.

"Mamma," said Lily, softly, "may I have just this one?"—showing her muff, into which she had stuffed the coveted article.

"Lily dear, you don't want any more dolls, surely."

"Yes, mamma, just this one."

"Well, take it, child, though I really think it is foolish, when you have so many."

Mrs. Douglas got into her carriage again, and Lily jumped in too. The little sweeper looked wistfully after them; but the snow was becoming more and more in the way of pedestrians, and she had to work hard to clear the crossing.

A few days after this the Fair was opened, and Mrs. Douglas, at Lily's request, placed the basket of dolls, which now were glittering in pink and blue gauze, in the very centre of her table. Every day Lily went with her mother to the Fair, but never without the one doll, her mother's latest gift, in her arms. Out of all her stock of clothing she had dressed it in the very prettiest little frock she could find, and wrapped it in a merino cloak. It was noticed that whenever she was in the street she seemed to be looking for some one, and every time the carriage went down town Lily insisted upon going too.

One morning, to her aunt Tilly's surprise, as they rolled through the still snow-covered streets, Lily shrieked out, "Oh, there she is! there she is! Please, Aunt Tilly, let me get out."

Her aunt being good-natured, and supposing that the child saw one of her companions, stopped the brougham, and away Lily ran. To the aunt's horror, she saw Lily rush up to a dirty poor little creature sweeping the crossing. Taking the doll she so faithfully carried every day out of her arms, she put it in the little street-sweeper's ready embrace with a most affectionate manner.

"There," she said, "I have been watching for you every day, and I have dressed this dear thing all for you; and don't you let Pete Smith throw *her* in the mud-puddle."

The little sweeper gazed at her as if she were an angel of light, hardly daring to touch the infant beauty committed to her care.

"And now," said Lily, dragging the girl up to the carriage door, for the child was abashed and reluctant, "you shall come to the Fair, and see our other beauties: come. *Please* let her, Aunt Tilly; she never has seen anything so lovely before."

How could Aunt Tilly refuse? Side by side with the velvet and furs were the poor tattered garments of the little sweeper. Side by side were the two child faces, one so rosy and radiant, the other so pale and care-worn; and the brougham rolled them both to the Fair.

Exultingly Lily took the child up to her mother's table, proudly pointing out all its wonderful wealth; but

when they both bent over the basket of dolls that they had played with at the shop door that wintry morning, and both little pairs of eyes sparkled to behold the increased beauty of their charms, they forgot everything else, and touchingly discussed the merits of each dear doll as if they had been two little mothers in a nursery.

A passer-by said to Mrs. Douglas, as he noticed the contrast in the children's appearance, "'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'"

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Douglas, in reply; and she resolved that Lily's little acquaintance should have not only a doll, but plenty of good warm clothing, and herself for a friend.

THE POCKET BLOW-PIPE.

BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE,

Author of "How to Get Strong, and How to Stay so."

Stand erect, with the chin turned a little up. Draw through the nose all the air you can, till your chest is brimful. Now place in the mouth a piece of clay pipe stem, say an inch long, and blow through it as long and hard as you can, as if you were trying to blow out a flame.

Well, what does this do? Try a few whiffs, and see. If not used to it, at first it may make you feel dull, perhaps dizzy. But this soon wears off, and you find that a few minutes of this lung-filling now and then through the day is working wonders. The chest seems to be actually growing larger; and it really is, for you are stretching out every corner of it. But the heart and stomach—indeed, about all the vital organs—feel the new pressure, and better digestion, brisker circulation, and a warmer and very comfortable feeling over the whole body are among the results. M——, an oil-broker in New York, says that at thirty-six he had a weak voice, stood slouched over and inerect, was troubled with catarrh, and knew too well what it was to have the stomach and bowels work imperfectly. Most people can not inflate the chest so as to increase its girth over two inches. By steady practice at his little pipe, he in about a year got so that he could inflate five whole inches. But now his chest is noticeably round and full, and he is as straight a man as any in a dozen. His weak voice has gone; indeed, he says he has the strongest voice of any in a choir in which he now sings. The catarrh has left, while his stomach is simply doing nobly. The fuller veins in his hands and the swifter reaction when he bathes tell that his circulation is also stronger and quicker than formerly, while he has a general health and buoyancy to which he had long been a stranger. These are surely wonderful changes in a man of his age, and in that brief time, and each change is plainly for the better. Not only do his friends remark it, but he delights in telling all who will listen. A lady friend, following his example, found her angular shoulders and indifferent chest fast improving in a way most gratifying. A friend, at our suggestion —one of the fastest half-mile runners in America, by-the-way—tried the pipe. In five weeks of faithful practice he so enlarged his chest that when his lungs were full he could scarcely button his vest. He says that in severe running he finds his throat and bronchial tubes do not tire as easily as before, but are tough and equal to their work, and so help him to more sustained effort.

Though all the results of this deep breathing are not known, it can hardly fail to bring great good to many of us in-door people, who most of the day never half fill our lungs, and at all events it is very easy to try. Any ivory-worker will for a dime turn you a pipe of bone or ivory an inch long, three-eighths thick, and with a hole through it a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, with the sides fluted so that your teeth may hold it, and prevent you from swallowing it. This, too, can be readily carried in the pocket. Try it.

[Begun in No. 1 of Harper's Young People, Nov. 4.]

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

VI.—ON THE TRACK.

The night passed slowly away. Just as Sol was pouring his earliest morning rays into the little room where Walter had lain unconsciously for so many hours, the sleeper awoke, rubbed his eyes, and called aloud for his companion, but, to his surprise, received no answer. He was astonished to find that he had gone to bed without taking off his clothes, but he suspected nothing until he saw that Seppi was not in the room, and at the same moment missed the belt from his waist and the papers from his pockets. When the whole extent of the calamity flashed upon him, he felt completely overwhelmed. A cold perspiration started to his face; he trembled in every limb, and but for the support of the bed, would have fallen on the floor. "Merciful powers!" he exclaimed, when he recovered his speech, "can it be possible that Seppi has robbed me and gone?"

He rushed to the door, which he found was locked. After kicking at it with great violence for some time, he aroused the attention of André, who came up, and, after opening the door, demanded the reason of such behavior.

"Where is Seppi?" exclaimed Walter, paying no heed to his inquiries. "Tell me instantly what has become of him."

"How should I know?" was the rough reply. "He left the inn before daybreak."

Walter's fears were fully confirmed. He sank into a chair, and gave way to an outburst of indignation.

"Don't trouble yourself about being left alone," said André; "your friend told me last night that he would be sure to return to-morrow, and has given me orders to let you have everything you ask for."

"You've seen the last of him," returned the youth. "He has robbed me, and has got safe away by this time. But I won't rest till I have hunted him down; and woe to him then!"

He rushed to the door to carry out his purpose; but André stopped him. "Oho, my fine fellow, that's what you're up to," said he. "I see now that your friend was right when he told me that you were not quite right in the upper story. You will please stay quietly here till to-morrow morning, and then you can make it all right with him yourself. You sha'n't stir out of this room till he comes back, so make up your mind for it."

With these words the fellow quietly turned on his heel and left the room, and having locked the door, went down stairs again without paying further regard to Walter's indignant remonstrances.

There being no possibility of escape by the door, Walter ran to the window, and looking out, saw that the window-sill was scarcely twenty feet from the ground, and that no one was visible outside. His plans were quickly formed. Tying the sheets together, he fastened one end to the window-frame, and lowered himself to the ground. But a new difficulty presented itself. Which direction should he take? While he thus stood for an instant in doubt, he heard a shout from the window overhead, and looking up, beheld André, who by this time had brought his breakfast. [Pg 51]

"What game is this you're up to?" exclaimed the unwelcome custodian. "Stir a foot from there till I come, and it will be the worse for you."

Paying no heed to this threat, Walter ran at the top of his speed toward the main road, and would perhaps have made good his escape had not a broad ditch barred his way, which he was in the act of crossing, when he slipped, and was overtaken by André, who, after a struggle, managed to secure his charge.

"I've got you again, my boy!" said his captor, triumphantly. "You might as well have paid attention to what I told you, for now you must march back again, and take up your quarters in the cellar, instead of having a comfortable room. I'll warrant you'll not get away again in a hurry."

The unfortunate youth, half stunned with the events of the morning, and considerably bruised with the fall, was overpowered by the superior strength of his pursuer, and had to resign himself quietly to his fate. They had just got back to the inn, and were in the act of entering, when the sound of wheels was heard; and on looking back, a post-chaise with four horses was seen rapidly approaching the inn.

The carriage was open, and two young men reclined upon the soft cushions, while a handsome dog lay upon the front seat, and looked up with an intelligent glance at one of the gentlemen, who seemed to be its master.

"Let us have some refreshment," said the gentleman to André, who was somewhat taken aback by the unexpected arrival of travellers at that early hour. "Look sharp, my man! We must be in Paris in an hour, and have no time to lose."

Forgetting his prisoner, André hurried in to make the necessary preparations, while Walter, pale and breathless, leaned against the side of the door.

"Mr. Seymour!" he suddenly exclaimed, on beholding one of the travellers. "Mr. Seymour! Pray assist me."

The stranger leaped from the carriage and hastened toward the unhappy youth.

"Can I believe my eyes?—Watty!" he exclaimed—"Watty, from the Bernese Oberland! Look here, Lafond; this is the boy that got me the young vultures from the Engelhorn, the narrative of whose courage you admired so much. But what are you doing here, my boy? And what is the meaning of all this distress?"

"I have been robbed of a large sum of money here, and the thief has escaped with it. I was going in pursuit of him—"

"Don't believe a word of what he says, Sir," interrupted André, who at that moment issued from the inn. "The poor fellow is not right in his mind. His companion told me so, and I am going to take care of him till he comes back. He'll be here to-morrow."

"Fool!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, angrily, "this young man is an old acquaintance of mine. Don't you dare to lay hands on him, or you shall suffer for it! And now, Walter, tell me the whole story as quickly as you can."

The young man related all that had happened since his arrival in Paris.

"It's a bad affair, my good fellow," said Mr. Seymour, shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders thoughtfully. "Your companion has most likely travelled all night, and it will be hard work to find out which way he has gone. But never mind; we must try what can be done. Come with us to Paris, and I will get the police to make instant search for the thief. But in the first place," he continued, turning to André, who looked on in sullen astonishment, "let us have something to eat; and then we'll be off to Paris, where the scoundrel is most likely hiding himself."

Mr. Seymour's companion, a pale and delicate-looking man, had listened in silence to all that had passed, but while they were partaking of the refreshment that had been hastily prepared, he joined in the conversation.

"My dear Seymour," said he, "I think I know a better plan to get on the track of this swindler than if we had the help of all the policemen of Paris."

"Name it," returned his friend.

"Well, you know the St. Bernard dogs are the best in the world for following up a scent; and as Hector is a capital specimen of the breed, I think we can not do better than set him on the track."

"But the dog doesn't know him, so how can he trace him?"

"The fellow has perhaps left something behind him in his hurry; if so, then let Hector get his nose to it, and I'll wager anything that he'll follow him up even if he is fifty miles off."

"That's a capital idea," assented Mr. Seymour, delighted at the prospect of serving his young friend. "Hector knows that we're speaking about him. See how knowing he looks! Run, Walter, and see if your precious companion has left anything behind him."

Accompanied by André, who began to perceive that Seppi had cheated him, Walter sped up stairs to the room in which he had slept, and soon returned in triumph.

"He has left some of his clothes," exclaimed the now excited youth. "They are worthless things; and certainly no loss to him, after getting possession of all that money."

"Not so worthless after all," signified Mr. Seymour. "Who knows but we may find this bundle worth fifty thousand francs to you, Walter, or rather to Mr. Frieshardt? Lay it down here. Now then, Hector, take a good sniff."

The hound jumped from the carriage, smelled the bundle all round, then looked up at his master in an intelligent way, and gave a short deep bark.

"Hector will be on the track immediately," was the assurance given by Mr. Lafond. "Find—lost—find, my fine fellow!" he exclaimed.

The animal thoroughly understood its master's wish, and ran round the inn with its nose close to the ground. Suddenly it came to a stand, looked back, and gave another short bark, as if to say, "Here!"

"Bravo, Hector!" exclaimed both the gentlemen, in delight. "Come and smell again. Good dog!"

The dog sniffed the bundle once more, and after making another detour of the inn, stood still at the old spot.

"He has got the scent now, without a doubt," said the stranger. "Keep up your heart, young man, and we'll get the money out of this scoundrel's clutches just as certain as you got the birds from the Engelhorn for my friend. Jump into the carriage. Follow the dog, postilion. Off with you!"

The pursuit continued rapidly. The sharp-scented hound never showed the least doubt or wandering. On a few occasions it turned off into by-paths to the right or left, but always returned in a few seconds to the main road that led to Havre.

The horses were changed two or three times, but the dog seemed as fresh as when the pursuit commenced. It was growing late in the afternoon; but although Hector continued to hold on as before, Mr. Lafond shook his head, and began to doubt whether they were on the right track after all.

The two friends made a careful calculation of the time and distance, and Mr. Seymour also began to feel rather anxious. He stopped the carriage, called the dog back, and made him smell Seppi's bundle again, which they had taken care to bring with them. The dog gave the same short sharp bark as before, then turned round again, and continued the journey in the old direction.

"I haven't the least doubt now," said Mr. Seymour, cheerfully. "We must be on the right track. Go on, postilion!"

After the lapse of half an hour the dog stopped suddenly, threw its head up in the air, and sniffed all around in evident confusion; then, after making a slight detour with anxious speed, leaped across the ditch by the road-side. With a loud bark that seemed to express satisfaction, the intelligent creature made for a small clump of bushes at a little distance from the road, into which it disappeared. In the course of a minute or two the barking was renewed, but this time in a threatening tone. [Pg 52]

"We've got him!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour. "There's no doubt the fellow found he could get no farther, and has taken up his quarters in the cover yonder, to make up for the sleep he lost last night."

"Let us go over there, then," said his companion, leaping from the carriage and across the ditch. "Hector is calling us, and is sure to be right."

Mr. Seymour leaped the ditch, followed by Walter and one of the two postilions. Guided by the barking of the dog, they soon reached the thicket, and there found the man they were in quest of, pinned to the earth by the sagacious animal.

"PINNED TO THE EARTH BY THE SAGACIOUS ANIMAL."

"Oh, Seppi! Seppi!" exclaimed Walter, in astonishment and sorrow, "how could you be guilty of such an act as this!"

The conscience-stricken man paled before the indignant youth.

"I will give you back everything, and beg your pardon for all I've done," whined the wretched drover, "if you will only release me from this savage brute that has nearly been the death of me."

At the call of his master the dog quitted his hold, and Seppi handed Walter the money-belt.

Walter counted the notes and gold, and was glad to find the contents untouched. Seppi rose to his feet meanwhile, but stood looking to the ground in shame and fear.

Walter, feeling compassion for him, begged that he might be let off; and Mr. Seymour consented.

Seppi was overjoyed at being let off so easily. He had not dared to expect that Walter would have taken his part, and felt really thankful that his first great crime had not met with a severe and terrible punishment. With earnestness in his tone, he thanked his former companion, and with unaffected emotion assured him solemnly that he would never again stretch out his hand to that which did not belong to him.

He kissed Walter's hand and moistened it with his tears, and was gone.

"Now," said Mr. Seymour, "I think we must set off toward Paris, if we are to get there to-night."

After a long journey, the travellers reached the French metropolis; and Walter repaired with Mr. Seymour to one of the best hotels, where, in a soft and luxurious bed, he soon forgot the toil and anxiety of the day, and slept sounder than he had ever done in his life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WEASEL AND THE FROGS.

"I think the weasel is a mean, wicked murderer," said Harry, as he came rushing into his mother's room, his face flushed and his little fists clinched tight together: "My white rabbit lies all in a little dead heap in his house, and Mike, the gardener, says the weasel has killed him. He saw it prowling round the barn last night, and why he didn't set a trap and catch it I don't see."

Mamma put aside her sewing, and went to comfort Harry, who began to cry bitterly for the loss of his pet.

"Poor Bunny!" said mamma; "he should not have been left out when Mr. Weasel was around. But we will buy another Bunny, two Bunnies, a white one and a black one, and they shall have a nice little house in the wood-shed, where no weasel can find them."

WEASEL AND FROGS—THE INTERRUPTED CONCERT.

Harry brightened up at once at the prospect of having two Bunnies, while mamma said: "Now let us talk a little about the weasel. It is not so much to be blamed, after all, for killing Bunny, for it was born with the instinct to catch rabbits and squirrels, rats, mice, and many other small animals, as well as chickens and birds of all kinds. Weasels are very sly little beasts, although if captured when very young they can be tamed, and taught to eat out of their master's hand. If you will listen, and not cry any more, I will tell you what I saw and heard one summer afternoon over by the pond in the meadow. You know it is a very small pond, and that afternoon the water was so still that it looked like a glass eye in the midst of the great green meadow. I sat down on the bank to rest, and to watch the reflection of the bushes and tall water-grasses which overhung the pond. Suddenly the surface of the water was disturbed by a hundred circling ripples, in the centre of which appeared a small dark spot. As I watched, these dark spots became visible all over the pond. The sun was setting, and the beautiful summer twilight coming on, and it was so still it seemed as if Nature and all her pretty minstrels were fast asleep. All at once I heard a hoarse voice, which seemed at my very feet. 'Chu-lunk, chu-lunk, chu-lunk,' it said. It must have been the chorister calling his frog chorus together for their evening song, for in a moment a multitude of voices were answering from the long grasses, the bushes, the water—indeed, the whole neighborhood, a moment before so quiet, was alive with little frog people. They evidently had some cause of complaint against a very wicked person, as my little Harry has just now, for I distinctly heard one say, 'Stole a rabbit, stole a rabbit;' while another answered, 'I saw him do it, I saw him do it.' Then the whole chorus burst out,'We'll pull him in, we'll pull him in.' 'Plump, plump, plump,' added one voice more revengeful than all the rest. I sat very still, waiting to see what was to be pulled plump into the water. I did not have long to wait, but I fancy things took a turn contrary to the one desired by the frog people. There was a sudden rustling in the bushes, a sharp, quick sound like the springing of a cat. The chorus was still in an instant, but the entire shore of the little pond was covered with rushing, springing, jumping frogs. Pell-mell they tumbled over each other in headlong race for the water, to escape their cruel enemy, which now appeared, and showed himself to be a slender little weasel. He darted here and there among the helpless frogs, which made no attempts to 'pull him in,' but bent their whole efforts toward self-preservation. At length, seizing a fat frog in his mouth, the weasel turned and disappeared noiselessly among the bushes. Peace reigned once more, but the little frog people had all jumped into the water, and not a voice was heard protesting or uttering farther threats."

"And did the weasel get more than one poor little frog, mamma?" asked Harry.

"No, he carried off only one frog," replied mamma; "but he killed several more, which he left lying dead in the grass. I dug a hole in the mud with a sharp stick and buried them, so that their companions should not find them when they ventured on shore again."

"Well," said Harry, after thinking a few moments, "now I guess I'll go and bury my poor dead rabbit."

[Begun in No. 5 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Dec. 2.]

THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGEN AND NYCTERIS.

A Day and Night Mährchen.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

XI.—THE SUNSET.

Knowing nothing of darkness, or stars, or moon, Photogen spent his days in hunting. On a great white horse he swept over the grassy plains, glorying in the sun, fighting the wind, and killing the buffaloes. One morning, when he happened to be on the ground a little earlier than usual, and before his attendants, he caught sight of an animal unknown to him, stealing from a hollow into which the sun rays had not yet reached. Like a swift shadow it sped over the grass, slinking southward to the forest. He gave chase, noted the body of a buffalo it had half eaten, and pursued it the harder. But with great leaps and bounds the creature shot farther and farther ahead of him, and vanished. Turning, therefore, defeated, he met Fargu, who had been following him as fast as his horse could carry him.

"LIKE A SWIFT SHADOW IT SPED OVER THE GRASS."

"What animal was that, Fargu?" he asked. "How he did run!"

Fargu answered he might be a leopard, but he rather thought, from his pace and look, that he was a young lion.

"What a coward he must be!" said Photogen.

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined Fargu. "He is one of the creatures the sun makes uncomfortable. As soon as the sun is down he will be brave enough."

He had scarcely said it when he repented; nor did he regret it the less when he found that Photogen made no reply. But, alas! said was said.

"Then," said Photogen to himself, "that contemptible beast is one of the terrors of sundown, of which Madam Watho spoke."

He hunted all day, but not with his usual spirit. He did not ride so hard, and did not kill one buffalo. Fargu, to his dismay, observed also that he took every pretext for moving farther south, nearer to the forest. But all at once, the sun now sinking in the west, he seemed to change his mind, for he turned his horse's head, and rode home so fast that the rest could not keep him in sight. When they arrived, they found his horse in the stable, and concluded that he had gone into the castle. But he had, in truth, set out again by the back of it. Crossing the river a good way up the valley, he reascended to the ground they had left, and just before sunset reached the skirts of the forest.

The level orb shone straight in between the bare stems, and saying to himself he could not fail to find the beast, he rushed into the wood. But even as he entered, he turned and looked to the west. The rim of the red sun was touching the horizon, all jagged with broken hills. "Now," said Photogen, "we shall see;" but he said it in the face of a darkness he had not proved. The moment the sun began to sink among the spikes and saw-edges, with a kind of sudden flap at his heart, a fear inexplicable laid hold of the youth; and as he had never felt anything of the kind before, the very fear itself terrified him. As the sun sank, it rose like the shadow of the world, and grew deeper and darker. He could not even think what it might be, so utterly did it enfeeble him. When the last flaming cimeter-edge of the sun went out like a lamp, his horror seemed to blossom into very madness. Like the closing lids of an eye—for there was no twilight, and this night no moon—the terror and the darkness rushed together, and he knew them for one. He was no longer the man he had known, or rather thought himself. The courage he had had was in no sense his own; he had only had courage, not been courageous; it had left him, and he could scarcely stand—certainly not stand straight, for not one of his joints could he make stiff or keep from trembling. He was but a spark of the sun, in himself nothing.

The beast was behind him—stealing upon him! He turned. All was dark in the wood, but to his fancy the darkness here and there broke into pairs of green eyes, and he had not the power even to raise his bow-hand from his side. In the strength of despair he strove to rouse courage enough, not to fight—that he did not even desire—but to run. Courage to flee home was all he could even imagine, and it would not come. But what he had not was ignominiously given him. A cry in the wood, half a screech, half a growl, sent him running like a boar-wounded cur. It was not even himself that ran, it was the fear that had come alive in his legs: he did not know that they moved. But as he ran he grew able to run—gained courage at least to be a coward. The stars gave a little light. Over the grass he sped, and nothing followed him. "How fallen, how changed," from the youth who had climbed the hill as the sun went down! A mere contempt of himself, the self that contemned was a coward with the self it contemned! There lay the shapeless black of a buffalo, humped upon the grass: he made a wide circuit, and swept on like a shadow driven in the wind. For the wind had arisen, and added to his terror: it blew from behind him. He reached the brow of the valley, and shot down the steep descent like a falling star. Instantly the whole upper country behind him arose and pursued him! The wind came howling after him, filled with screams, shrieks, yells, roars, laughter, and chattering, as if all the animals of the forest were careering with it. In his ears was a trampling rush, the thunder of the hoofs of the cattle, in career from every quarter of the wide plains to the brow of the hill above him! He fled straight for the castle, scarcely with breath enough to pant.

As he reached the bottom of the valley, the moon peered up over its edge. He had never seen the moon before—except in the daytime, when he had taken her for a thin bright cloud. She was a fresh terror to him—so ghostly! so ghastly! so grewsome!—so knowing as she looked over the top of her garden wall upon the world outside! That was the night itself! the darkness alive—and after him! the horror of horrors coming down the sky to curdle his blood, and turn his brain to a cinder! He gave a sob, and made straight for the river, where it ran between the two walls, at the bottom of the garden. He plunged in, struggled through, clambered up the bank, and fell senseless on the grass.

XII.—THE GARDEN.

Although Nycteris took care not to stay out long at a time, and used every precaution, she could hardly have escaped discovery so long, had it not been that the strange attacks to which Watho was subject had been more frequent of late, and had at last settled into an illness which kept her to her bed. But whether

from an access of caution, or from suspicion, Falca, having now to be much with her mistress both day and night, took it at length into her head to fasten the door as often as she went out by her usual place of exit; so that one night, when Nycteris pushed, she found, to her surprise and dismay, that the wall pushed her again, and would not let her through; nor with all her searching could she discover wherein lay the cause of the change. Then first she felt the pressure of her prison walls, and turning, half in despair, groped her way to the picture where she had once seen Falca disappear. There she soon found the spot by pressing upon which the wall yielded. It let her through into a sort of cellar, where was a glimmer of light from a sky whose blue was paled by the moon. From the cellar she got into a long passage, into which the moon was shining, and came to a door. She managed to open it, and, to her great joy, found herself in *the other place*, not on the top of the wall, however, but in the garden she had longed to enter. Noiseless as a fluffy moth she flitted away into the covert of the trees and shrubs, her bare feet welcomed by the softest of carpets, which, by the very touch, her feet knew to be alive, whence it came that it was so sweet and friendly to them. A soft little wind was out among the trees, running now here, now there, like a child that had got its will. She went dancing over the grass, looking behind her at her shadow as she went. At first she had taken it for a little black creature that made game of her, but when she perceived that it was only where she kept the moon away, and that every tree, however great and grand a creature, had also one of these strange attendants, she soon learned not to mind it, and by-and-by it became the source of as much amusement to her as to any kitten its tail. It was long before she was quite at home with the trees, however. At one time they seemed to disapprove of her; at another, not even to know she was there, and to be altogether taken up with their own business. Suddenly, as she went from one to another of them, looking up with awe at the murmuring mystery of their branches and leaves, she spied one a little way off which was very different from all the rest. It was white, and dark, and sparkling, and spread like a palm—a small slender palm, without much head; and it grew very fast, and sang as it grew. But it never grew any bigger, for just as fast as she could see it growing, it kept falling to pieces. When she got close to it, she discovered it was a water tree—made of just such water as she washed with, only it was alive, of course, like the river—a different sort of water from that, doubtless, seeing the one crept swiftly along the floor, and the other shot straight up, and fell, and swallowed itself, and rose again. She put her feet into the marble basin, which was the flower-pot in which it grew. It was full of real water, living and cool—so nice, for the night was hot.

But the flowers! ah, the flowers! she was friends with them from the very first. What wonderful creatures they were!—and so kind and beautiful—always sending out such colors and such scents—red scent, and white scent, and yellow scent—for the other creatures! The one that was invisible and everywhere took such a quantity of their scents, and carried it away! yet they did not seem to mind. It was their talk, to show they were alive, and not painted like those on the walls of her rooms, and on the carpets. [Pg 54]

She wandered along down the garden until she reached the river. Unable then to get any further—for she was a little afraid, and justly, of the swift watery serpent—she dropped on the grassy bank, dipped her feet in the water, and felt it running and pushing against them. For a long time she sat thus, and her bliss seemed complete, as she gazed at the river, and watched the broken picture of the great lamp overhead, moving up one side of the roof to go down the other.

XIII.—SOMETHING QUITE NEW.

A beautiful moth brushed across the great blue eyes of Nycteris. She sprang to her feet to follow it, not in the spirit of the hunter, but of the lover. Her heart—like every heart, if only its fallen sides were cleared away—was an inexhaustible fountain of love: she loved everything she saw. But as she followed the moth, she caught sight of something lying on the bank of the river, and not yet having learned to be afraid of anything, ran straight to see what it was. Reaching it, she stood amazed. Another girl like herself! But what a strange-looking girl!—so curiously dressed, too!—and not able to move! Was she dead? Filled suddenly with pity, she sat down, lifted Photogen's head, laid it on her lap, and began stroking his face. Her warm hands brought him to himself. He opened his black eyes, out of which had gone all the fire, and looked up with a strange sound of fear—half moan, half gasp. But when he saw her face he drew a deep breath, and lay motionless—gazing at her: those blue marvels above him, like a better sky, seemed to side with courage and assuage his terror. At length, in a trembling, awed voice, and a half-whisper, he said, "Who are you?"

"I am Nycteris," she answered.

"You are a creature of the darkness, and love the night," he said, his fear beginning to move again.

"I may be a creature of the darkness," she replied. "I hardly know what you mean. But I do not love the night. I love the day—with all my heart; and I sleep all the night long."

"How can that be?" said Photogen, rising on his elbow, but dropping his head on her lap again the moment he saw the moon—"how can it be," he repeated, "when I see your eyes there wide-awake?"

She only smiled and stroked him, for she did not understand him, and thought he did not know what he was saying.

"Was it a dream, then?" resumed Photogen, rubbing his eyes. But with that his memory came clear, and he shuddered, and cried, "Oh, horrible! horrible! to be turned all at once into a coward!—a shameful, contemptible, disgraceful coward! I am ashamed—ashamed—and *so* frightened! It is all so frightful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN LUCK.

BY MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON.

Lily De Koven was in luck. Luck, you know, is a word which stands for that which comes to you without your having done anything to get it for yourself; and as she had never done anything to bring about such results, I call it the good luck of little Lily De Koven that she had been born in a lovely home, to kind parents, and was growing up with all the most pleasant things of life around her. She had a little maid to

braid her pretty yellow hair, lace her dainty boots, go up stairs and down stairs, or stay in her little lady's chamber dressing and making over the dresses of Lily's family of dolls.

One day, when Lily was not very well, and was lying in bed propped up by the pillows, her maid came in with a new doll, larger and handsomer than all the others.

Lily received the new doll calmly, for if it did not suit her she knew she could have another, so she had no cause for excitement. She looked it over carefully, touched the spring which made its eyes roll, drew off one of its tiny silk shoes and stockings, passed her hand over the lace train.

"I'll keep it," said Lily; "and now you bring me the whole family."

When all her dolls, little and big—all of them had been handsome in their day, but some of them were a little the worse for wear—were laid on the bed, she put the new one, with curling yellow hair almost exactly like her own, on the pillow beside her, and took up the others one by one.

"You can throw this one away," she said at last, holding out one which had a broken arm, and was leaking sawdust at the elbow; "I don't want but twelve children, anyway."

When her maid went out, Lily looked at her new doll, touched its hair and rich costume, but there was not any wonder in it for her; there had never been a time when she had not had as pretty dolls as money could buy; so Lily sighed and fell asleep almost immediately. Now Lily's maid left the disgraced doll on a chair in the kitchen, and there Mary the cook found it. It had on a pretty muslin dress and sash, and nice embroidered underwear, just like any fashionable young lady. It was Christmas week, and Mary had bought a doll to give to her little niece on Christmas-day, and seeing at once what a treasure this costume would be, she took it off, did it up as fresh as new, and made the doll she had bought look quite like a princess in it. So the old broken-armed doll had not a rag left of its former glory. But luck sometimes comes even to dolls.

Three days later, early in the cold morning, a little girl stood ankle-deep in the new-fallen snow in front of the grand house where Lily De Koven with her twelve waxen children lived.

This little girl was Biddy O'Dolan, and Biddy O'Dolan was in luck on this cold morning.

She had on nothing that you would call clothes; she had on *duds*. She had no parents and no home. She had some straw in a cellar, where other children who wore duds slept at night on other bunches of straw. She was a rag-picker and an ash girl, and sometimes was very hungry, and sometimes was beaten by other poor hungry wretches, who, because they were miserable, wanted to hurt somebody—not knowing any better—and so beat Biddy O'Dolan because there was no one to interfere. In spite of all these things, Biddy was sometimes merry, which I think is wonderful.

"BIDDY HELD IT OUT IN A KIND OF STUPEFIED DELIGHT."

On this cold morning, in front of the wide stone steps of Lily De Koven's home, Biddy had found an ash can, and, poking over the ashes, had found and pulled out the very broken-armed doll which Lily had ordered to be thrown away, which Mary the cook had stripped of its fine robes, and which had last of all been swept up and put in the ash barrel, and so had come to the lowest possible condition of a once rich doll. Biddy held it out, and looked straight before her for a moment, at nothing in particular, in a kind of stupefied delight; for a doll, even such a doll as this, had never been in her little cramped, purple hands before. Then suddenly she tucked it in her breast, drew her dingy sacque around it tight, caught up her rag bag, and with a scared glance at the windows of Lily's fine home, she ran down the street. [Pg 55]

Her heart beat so that it was like a little hammer striking quick blows against the breast of the doll. Biddy had never had anything to love, and from the moment she had got this doll hidden in her bosom she loved it, and I think she was in good luck to have found something which could bring her this dear feeling. And as for the doll, in its proudest days it had never been loved, and now, when forlorn and cast out, it had found a warm heart, and had come, if it could only have known it, into the best luck of its whole life.

I should like to tell you the whole story of Biddy O'Dolan—of what she did for the doll, and what the doll did for her; but to-day I want to call your attention to something else, and if you will heed my wish, I will heed yours, and soon tell you the rest of Biddy's story.

The good things that come to us have a way—which you will notice if you are observant—of seeming to connect themselves together in a circle of sweet thoughts and hopes, just as our friends might join hands and make a ring around us.

It was so with Biddy that day. As she ran on with her doll she was constantly thinking of something which she had hardly thought of since it had happened two years before. It was this: Biddy had been run over by a horse and cart, and carried, much hurt, to one of the New York hospitals for children. There she had been tenderly cared for, which was a great mystery to Biddy, and on Christmas morning she had waked up to find beautiful fresh Christmas greens on the wall at the foot of her little cot and around the window, and a lady standing in this window, while a little girl held out to Biddy a bunch of flowers that smelled as sweet as a whole summer garden.

Biddy had not understood the meaning of these things; she had only wearily noticed that the little girl was pretty, and not at all like her, and that the flowers and greens were "jolly." That day, when she fled with her doll, she thought of the hospital; and though she did not understand any better than before why there should be such great difference in the lives of little children, she for the first time felt that the lady and her little girl had been kind, had been sorry for her. So you *see* that even after so long a time as a whole year, a little seed of kindness may sprout in the heart; and don't you think, dear children of New York, you who have every day the good luck of health, happy homes, and pleasant things, that it would be delightful to

bring just one taste of such luck to the little ones in the New York hospitals? Would you not like to blessedly surprise them on next Christmas morning? You know the best hospital in the world can not be like home with father and mother in it. But if you want to make the hospitals seem almost like home to the little children for a whole happy day, you can not begin too soon to look over all your little treasures, and choose all you can part with. You all have cast-off toys, story-books that have been read through, and boxes full of odds and ends, and it takes very little to brighten the face of a poor sick child lying alone in a hospital cot. A single pretty picture-card will do it. Then, too, you can save your pennies and dimes, so that before Christmas comes you can go into the stores and buy some of the books and playthings that children like best; and all of you who can must tie on your warm hoods and scamper away into the woods after the lovely prince's-pine and scarlet berries. All the pretty things you can gather to make bright the place where these other children stay will make your own Christmas one of the merriest you ever knew, for when you are pulling out the "goodies" from your plump bunchy stockings at home, you will like to think of so many other little eyes and hands and hearts brimful of the Christmas happiness which you have made.

Our young correspondents ask us for so many things that it would be impossible to gratify them all at once. Their requests are carefully filed, however, and will not be forgotten.

Hattie V., Cincinnati, writes:

> I have a little brother eight years old, who has a great wish to learn to play the violin. The other night he said to papa, "I wish I was a king." "Why?" asked papa. "Because a king has so much money, I would choose a man who had plenty of sense to rule, while I played the fiddle." Papa gets *Harper's Young People* for him, and is going to have it bound.

Minnie B., of Wisconsin, says:

> I am a constant reader of *Young People*, especially the "Post-Office." I think that game called "Wiggles" is splendid fun, for I like to draw.

The following is from Lilian, of Louisville:

> My papa gets *Harper's Young People* for us, and we like it very much. My mamma longed for something nice for us to read, and she thinks this is the very thing. She says it is healthful reading for her three little girls, and she is as glad to welcome it for us as the *Bazar* for herself.

Answers to "Inquisitive Jim" are received from Charles W. L., and F. B. Hesse (both aged eleven years), who give correct information concerning the establishment of the Bank of England, and from C. W. Gibbons, who writes a full description of this celebrated institution, which we are compelled to condense: The Bank of England was first suggested by William Paterson, a London merchant, and was incorporated under its present name in 1694, during the reign of William and Mary. The business of the bank was conducted at Grocers' Hall until 1732, when the house and garden of Sir John Houblon, its first governor, were purchased as a site for the present building, which, although not imposing as a whole, contains some handsome architecture based on ancient models. The principal entrance of the bank is on Threadneedle Street, but why it is irreverently called "the Old Lady" I do not know. Can any one tell me?

Edwin K.—"General" is the highest rank in the United States army. It was created in July, 1866, and bestowed upon General Grant, who had for two years previous held the position of Lieutenant-General. When General Grant resigned his position on being elected President of the United States, Sherman became General, and Sheridan Lieutenant-General.

"School-Boy."—Cape Trafalgar derives its name from *Taral-al-ghar*—signifying "promontory of the cave"—

the appellation given it by the ancient Moors.

Robert N.—You will find the information you desire in the "Post-Office" of our sixth number.

Harry L. G.—"American Club Skates" are the most popular at present among boys, as they require neither straps nor heel plate, and fit very firmly to the foot.

Dorsey Coate.—The directions for keeping gold-fish, given in *Harper's Young People*, No. 6, will apply to your "common fish."

Ralph.—General George Washington was born in a modest mansion near the Potomac, half way between Pope's and Bridge's creeks, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Of this mansion nothing now remains but a few scattered ruins. It was destroyed by fire while Washington was still very young, and his father removed to a country residence in Stafford County, near Fredericksburg.

Frankie H.—We would very gladly help you and your sister "to be industrious," but have not room enough in the "Post-Office" to describe many things. We refer your sister to directions for pretty needle-work in *Young People*, Nos. 2 and 5, also to suggestions for Lulu W., in this column. You will say those are all for girls. Now boys can make many pretty things with a scroll saw, such as frames, brackets, and boxes, all suitable for Christmas.

Lulu W. can arrange her cards of pressed seaweed prettily by taking two good-sized scallop shells, and fastening the shells and cards together with a bow of ribbon at the back. By using blank cards a pretty autograph album may be also made. It is easy to drill holes in the shells through which to pass the ribbon, and they may be ornamented with paintings or pictures pasted on.

A. P.

Postage-stamp Case for Lulu W. Take a piece of perforated card-board about two inches and a half square, work an initial or any little figure on one side, on the other side "Stamps" in small letters. Line the pieces with bright-colored silk, and bind three sides together with ribbon. It can be made more ornamental by putting tiny bows at the corners.

L. B.

H. W. and Amelia F.—Your suggestions to Susie H. C. are good, but not new enough to print. Thanks for your pleasant letters.

We acknowledge the receipt of a prettily written letter from Robert S., St. Johns, Michigan, and answers to puzzles from Gussie L., Robert N., Grace A. McG., William C. R., Heywood C., F. B. Hesse, Addie A. B., C. M. J., Edwin Van R., Joseph S. G., Martha W. D., Bertie McJ., Charles E. L., and C. F. D.

THE SNOW-FLOWER.

In California, the land of wonders, is found a wonderful plant. The traveller who is exploring the Yosemite region in June will find lingering patches of snow and ice amongst the cliffs, and there he may be fortunate enough to see this astonishing production rising fresh and superb beside its icy bed. It springs from the edges of the snow-banks, growing ten or fifteen inches high, and is called in common phrase the "snow-flower," from its location, not its coloring, for it is blood-red, of the richest crimson carmine, buds, flowers, stems, leaves, and sheathing bulb all of the same ensanguined hue. The flowers are thickish, something like the pyrola, and its manner of growth resembles the hyacinth, with bell-shaped flowers clustering along the upper part of the stem, and erect, pointed leaves. This plant is mentioned by Mr. Brace in his book on California, and specimens have been sent to the North, but they are generally in very poor condition when they arrive.

As the years slip by, no doubt many of the now quite youthful readers of this paper will find themselves sauntering among the snow-crowned cliffs of the Yosemite, and to them, perhaps, the crimson banner of the snow-flower will be unfurled. They may then like to remember that its botanical name is

SPOON-FACES.

When they're bright and shining
Like the summer moons,
Two queer faces look at you
From the silver spoons.
One is very long, and one
Broad as it can be,
And both of them are grewsome things,
As ever you did see.

Then careful be, young people,
And do not whine or frown,
Lest some day you discover
Your chin's a-growing down.
Nor must you giggle all the time
As though you were but loons;
We want no *children's* faces
Like those in silver spoons.

The Largest Tree in the World.—In San Francisco, encircled by a circus tent of ample dimensions, is a section of the largest tree in the world—exceeding the diameter of the famous tree of Calaveras by five feet. This monster of the vegetable kingdom was discovered in 1874, on Tule River, Tulare County, about seventy-five miles from Visalia. At some remote period its top had been broken off by the elements or some unknown forces, yet when it was discovered it had an elevation of 240 feet. The trunk of the tree was 111 feet in circumference, with a diameter of 35 feet 4 inches. The section on exhibition is hollowed out, leaving about a foot of bark and several inches of the wood. The interior is 100 feet in circumference and 30 feet in diameter, and it has a seating capacity of about 200. It was cut off from the tree about 12 feet above the base, and required the labor of four men for nine days to chop it down. In the centre of the tree, and extending through its whole length, was a rotten core about two feet in diameter, partially filled with a soggy, decayed vegetation that had fallen into it from the top. In the centre of this cavity was found the trunk of a little tree of the same species, having perfect bark on it, and showing regular growth. It was of uniform diameter, an inch and a half all the way; and when the tree fell and split open, this curious stem was traced for nearly 100 feet. The rings in this monarch of the forest show its age to have been 4840 years.

Sweet Scents.—Perfumes were used in the early times of the Chinese Empire, when ladies had a habit of rubbing in their hands a round ball made of a mixture of amber, musk, and sweet-scented flowers. The Jews, who were also devoted to sweet scents, used them in their sacrifices, and also to anoint themselves before their repasts. The Scythian ladies went a step farther, and after pounding on a stone cedar, cypress, and incense, made up the ingredients thus obtained into a thick paste, with which they smeared their faces and limbs. The composition emitted for a long time a pleasing odor, and on the following day gave to the skin a soft and shining appearance. The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes and incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers. The Athenians anointed pigeons with liquid perfume, and let them fly loose about a room, scattering the drops over the guests.

THE MOTHER SINGS SOFTLY TO HERSELF:

Play, baby, in thy cradle play—
Tick goes the clock, tick-tick, tick-tick;
And quick goes time, quick, quick!
Grow, baby, grow, with every day—
Tick goes the clock, tick-tick, tick-tick;
And babyhood will pass away,
For quick goes time, quick, quick!

Not long can mother watch thee so—
Tick goes the clock, tick-tick, tick-tick;
And quick goes time, quick, quick!
To pretty girlhood thou wilt grow—
Tick goes the clock, tick-tick, tick-tick;
To womanhood, before we know,
For quick goes time, quick, quick!

Play, baby, in thy cradle play—
Tick goes the clock, tick-tick, tick-tick;
And quick goes time, quick, quick!
And some brave lad will come some day—
Tick goes the clock, tick-tick, tick-tick;
And steal my baby's heart away:
Ah, quick goes time, quick, quick!

Charley Bangs is a nice boy, but it was not right of him to take his big dog Towser to school when he heard the teacher was going to give him a flogging— And then to say he was afraid to send the dog home because it was so vicious, and might turn on him, and bite him!

TO THE READERS OF HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

The publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE congratulate their readers on the approach of the merry holiday season, and take pleasure in announcing the enlargement of this journal to sixteen pages, beginning with the Christmas number, which will be published December 23.

This change will enable the publishers to give their young readers every week an increased variety of stories, poems, sketches, and other attractive reading, from the best writers that can be secured. The publishers will also avail themselves of this occasion to present HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to their subscribers in new and enlarged type, which will greatly add to the beauty and attractiveness of its appearance.

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