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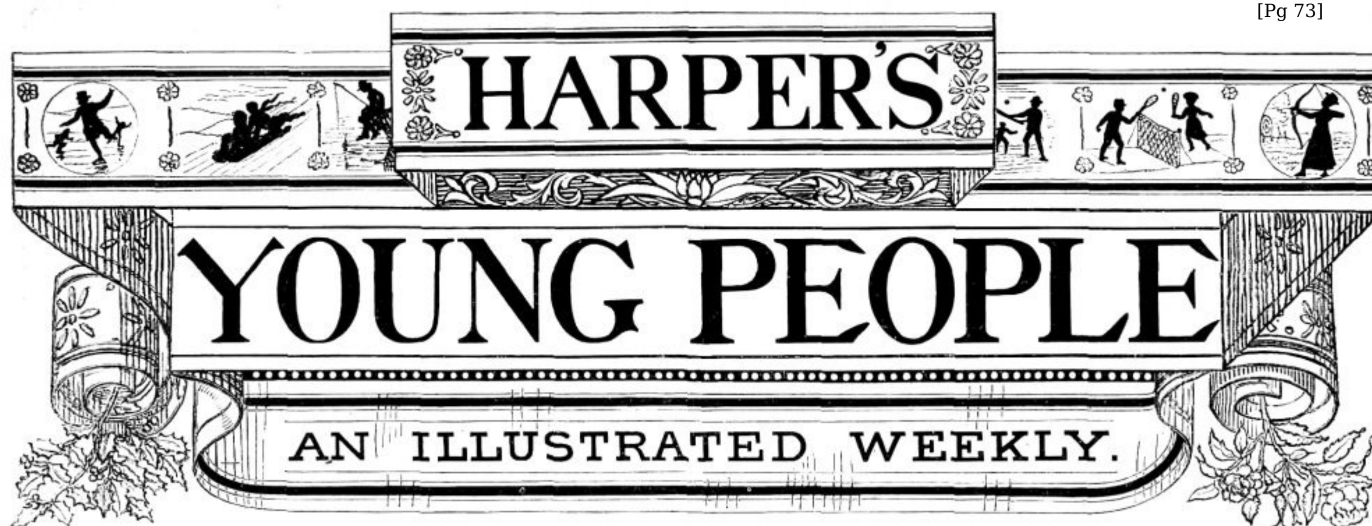
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, DECEMBER 30, 1879 ***

A COASTING SONG.
THE FAIRY'S TOKEN.
THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.
AROUND THE WORLD IN A STEAM-YACHT.
THE NEW YEAR'S ERRAND.
LAFAYETTE'S FIRST WOUND.
SANTA CLAUS VISITS THE VAN JOHNSONS.
PET AND HER CAT.
HOW SUNKEN SHIPS ARE RAISED.
THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGEN AND NYCTERIS.
WIGGLES.
OUR POST-OFFICE BOX



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A COASTING SONG.

From the quaint old farm-house, nestling warmly
'Neath its overhanging thatch of snow,
Out into the moonlight troop the children,
Filling all the air with music as they go,
Gliding, sliding,
Down the hill,
Never minding
Cold nor chill,
O'er the silvered
Moon-lit snow,
Swift as arrow
From the bow,

With a rush
Of mad delight
Through the crisp air
Of the night,
Speeding far out
O'er the plain,
Trudging gayly
Up again
To where the firelight's
Ruddy glow
Turns to gold
The silver snow.
Finer sport who can conceive
Than that of coasting New-Year's Eve?
Half the fun lies in the fire
That seems to brighter blaze and higher
Than any other of the year,
As though his dying hour to cheer,
And at the same time greeting give
To him who has a year to live.
'Tis built of logs of oak and pine,
Filled in with branches broken fine;
It roars and crackles merrily;
The children round it dance with glee;
They sing and shout and welcome in
The new year with a joyous din
That rings far out o'er hill and dale,
And warns the watchers in the vale
'Tis time the church bells to employ
To spread the universal joy.

COASTING NEW-YEAR'S EVE.
Drawn by C. Graham.

Then the hill is left in silence
As the coasters homeward go,
And the crimson of the fire-light
Fades from off the trodden snow.

So the years glide by as swiftly
As the sleds rush down the hill,
And each new one as it cometh
Bringeth more of good than ill.

THE FAIRY'S TOKEN.

Ethelreda, the Fairy of Northland,
Was singing a song to herself,
As she swung from a wreath of soft snow-flakes,
And smiled to another bright elf.

What token shall we send to our darling,
Our name-child, fair Ethel, below
In the house which is down in the valley
All covered and calm in the snow?

Shall we gather our glorious jewels,
And wind them about her lithe form?
They would glitter and glance in the sunshine,
And merrily gleam in the storm.

Shall we clothe her in whitest of ermine,
And robe her as grand as a queen;

Weave her laces of ice and of frost-work,
   A mantle of glistening sheen?

She would shudder and cry at the clasping,
   She would moan aloud in her woe,
And think the gay robes had been fashioned
   By cruelest, bitterest foe.

I will none of these gifts for my darling,
   Neither jewels nor laces rare,
Neither diamonds nor pearls of cold anguish—
   My gift shall be tender and fair.

Early Ethel awoke Christmas morning,
   And found on her pillow that day
A bunch of bright little snow-drops,
   From kind Ethelreda, the Fay!

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

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

VIII.—THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

Walter met with a friendly reception from General De Bougy—a brave old warrior who had served under Napoleon, and fought at Waterloo, where he had been severely wounded, and had lost his right foot by a cannon-ball. His hair was gray, and his countenance weather-beaten; but in spite of his age and infirmities he enjoyed tolerably good health, and was always in good humor. Having from long experience become a keen observer of those around him, it was not long before he recognized the merits of his new servant, to whom he soon became as much attached as his nephew had been.

Walter had been about three months in the general's service, and it seemed to all appearance as if he was likely to become a permanency there, when a letter arrived from Paris, the reading of which suddenly changed the customary gayety of the old man into the deepest gloom.

"This is a sad affair," said he to Walter, who happened to be in the room at the time. "My poor nephew!"

"Mr. Lafond? What is the matter with him?" inquired Walter, earnestly.

"He is ill, dangerously ill, poor fellow, so the doctor informs me," replied the general. "You can read the letter yourself. He seems to complain of being surrounded by strangers, with no one in the house that he can rely on. If I were not such an old cripple, I would go and help him to the best of my ability; for although he has led a thoughtless, reckless life, a more thorough-hearted gentleman does not live. Poor Adolphe!"

"I must go to him, sir," said Walter, suddenly, after hastily reading the letter, the perusal of which had driven all the color from his cheeks.

"You! Why, it is not long since you left him; and what do you want to go back for?" inquired the general, in surprise.

"Can you not guess, sir? I must go and nurse him. He must at least have one person near him to pay him some attention."

"If you care for him so," exclaimed the general, "why did you leave his service?"

This led Walter to explain to the old gentleman the reasons which had compelled him to give up his situation, and again to beg permission to act the part of nurse to his former master. A tear sparkled in the old man's eye as the youth declared the attachment he had always cherished for Mr. Lafond. "Go to him, then," said he. "I can not trust him to a more faithful attendant; and as soon as I can I will follow you, and take my place with you by his bedside. Poor Adolphe! Had he only possessed firmness of character, and avoided bad company, he might have been well and strong to-day. But his unhappy weakness has brought him to the grave before his time, in spite of all my warnings, and entreaties. As he has sowed, so must he reap. Ah, Walter, his fate is a terrible proof of the consequences of evil habits. But all regrets are useless now. Let us lose no time in giving what little help we can."

Making all the necessary preparations for the journey without a moment's delay, Walter soon reached Paris. When he entered the chamber of Mr. Lafond he was shocked at the change which a few short months had made in his appearance. It was evident that the doctor had rather disguised than exaggerated the danger he was in. The sunken eyes and withered face showed only too plainly that the space of time allotted to him on earth was but short. Walter sank on his knees by the bedside and taking the pale and wasted hand in his, breathed a prayer that God might see fit to deal mercifully with a life yet so young; while the invalid smiled faintly, and stroked the cheek of his faithful attendant.

"Dear Walter, how good of you to come back!" murmured the invalid. "I thought you would not leave me to die alone. I feared that your prediction would prove true, and therefore I did not wish you to go home. I wanted to have a true friend with me at the last moment which I feel can not be far off now."

The faithful Switzer saw that Mr. Lafond too well knew the critical condition he was in to be deceived by any false hopes, and he therefore did everything in his power to make the last days of the dying man as free from pain and discomfort as possible. Who could tell what might be the effect, even at so late a period, of careful nursing and devoted attention? But all his thoughtful and loving care seemed in vain.

"The end is coming," said the invalid one evening, as the glowing rays of the evening sun streamed into his apartment. "I shall never more look upon yonder glorious sun, or hear the gay singing of the birds. I have

something to say to you, Walter, before I go. Do you see that black cabinet in the corner? I bequeath it to you, with everything it contains, and hope with all my heart that it will help you on in the world as you deserve. Here is the key of my desk, in which you will find my will, which confirms you in the possession of the cabinet and all its contents. And now give me your hand, dear boy. Let me look once more upon your honest face. May Heaven bless you for all your kindness and devotion! Farewell!"

Walter bent over the face of the dying man, and looked at him with deep emotion. He smiled and closed his eyes; but after lying in a quiet slumber for about an hour, he awoke with a spasm; his head fell back, and the hapless victim died in the arms of his faithful servant.

The long hours of the night were passed by Walter in weeping and prayer beside the corpse of the master to whose kindness he had owed so much; but when morning dawned he roused himself from his grief, and gave the directions that were necessary under the melancholy circumstances. It was a great relief to him that General De Bougy arrived toward evening to pay the last honors to his deceased nephew. Two days afterward the funeral took place; and as the mortal remains were deposited in the family grave, Walter's tears flowed afresh as he thought of the many proofs of friendship he had received from his departed master.

A day or two afterward he was awakened from his sorrow by news from home. The letter was from Neighbor Frieshardt, who again thanked him for the money he had received for the sale of the cattle, praised him for the faithfulness and ability with which he had managed the business, and then went on to speak of Walter's father. "The old man," he wrote, "is in good health, but he feels lonely, and longs for you to come back. 'If Watty only were here, I should feel quite young again,' he has said to me a hundred times. He sends you his love; and Seppi, who is still with me, and is now a faithful servant, does the same. So good-by, Walter. I think you now know what you had better do."

Without any delay Walter hastened to the general, showed him the letter, and told him he had decided to leave Paris and return home.

The general used all his powers of persuasion, promised to regard the young mountaineer as his own son; but it was all of no use. Walter spoke so earnestly of his father's solitary home, and the desire he felt to see his native mountains once more, that the old gentleman had to reconcile himself to parting with him. "Go home, then," said he. "When the voice of Duty calls, it is sinful to resist. But before you go, we must open my nephew's will. It will surprise me very much if there is nothing in it of importance to you." Unlocking the desk, the will was found sealed up as it had been left by Mr. Lafond. After opening it, the general read the document carefully through, and laid it down on the table with an expression of disappointment. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed. "Death must have surprised him too suddenly, Walter, or he would certainly have left you a larger legacy. This is all he says about you: 'To Walter Hirzel, my faithful and devoted servant, I bequeath the black cabinet in my bedroom, with all its contents, and thank him sincerely for all his attention to me.' That is the whole of it. But never mind, my young friend; the old general is still alive, and he will make good all that his nephew has forgotten."

Walter shook his head. "Thanks, a thousand times, dear sir, but indeed I wish for nothing. My feet will carry me to my native valley; and once I am there, I can easily earn my living. I dare say there will be some little keepsake in the cabinet that I can take in memory of my poor master, and I want nothing more."

"Then search the cabinet at once. Where is the key?"

"Here," said Walter, taking it from his pocket. "Mr. Lafond gave me the cabinet shortly before his death, and handed me the key at the same time."

"And have you never thought of opening it to see what it contained?"

"No," replied Walter. "It did not occur to me to do so. But I will go and see now." With these words he left the room, and went up to the apartment where the piece of furniture stood. In the various drawers were found the watch, rings, and jewelry his master had been accustomed to wear. As he viewed these tokens of regard, his eyes were bedewed with melancholy gratitude. Carefully placing the jewelry in a little box, he was about to close the cabinet again, when his eye fell upon a drawer which he had omitted to open. Here, to his infinite surprise, he found a packet with the inscription, in his late master's handwriting, "The Reward of Fidelity," which, on opening, he found to contain bank-notes for one hundred thousand francs.

"Well, what have you found?" inquired the general, eagerly, when the half-bewildered youth returned.

"This watch and jewelry, and a packet of bank-notes," replied Walter, laying them on the table.

"One hundred thousand francs!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "That is something worth having. Why, that will be a fortune to you; and I am now sorry that I did my nephew the injustice to think he had forgotten you. I wish you joy with all my heart!"

"For what do you wish me joy, sir?"

"For what? For the money," said the general, in surprise.

"But that is not for me," said the Switzer, shaking his head. "This watch and the jewelry I will keep as long as I live, in memory of my good master; but the money must have been left there by mistake, and I should feel like a thief if I were to take any of it."

The old general opened his eyes as wide as he could, and stared in astonishment at the simplicity of the youth. "I'm afraid you are out of your mind," said he. "The will says, 'The black cabinet, with all its contents.' The bank-notes were in it, and of course they are yours."

"And yet it must be a mistake."

"But I tell you it is no mistake," exclaimed the general, impatiently. "Look at the inscription, 'The Reward of Fidelity!' To whom should that apply but to you? Put the money in your pocket, Walter, and let us have no more absurd doubts about it."

But the young man persisted in his refusal, and pushed the packet away from him. "It is too much," said he; "I can not think of robbing you of such a large sum."

"Well, then," said the general, greatly touched by such singular unselfishness, "*I* must settle the business. If you won't take the money, I will take *you*. From this day, Walter, you are my son. Come to my heart. Old as it is, it beats warmly for fidelity and honesty. Thanks to God that He has given me such a son in my lonely old age!"

Walter stood as if rooted to the spot. But the old man drew him to his breast and embraced him warmly, till both found relief for their feelings in tears.

"But my father," stammered the young man at last. "My father is all alone at home."

"Oh, we will start off to him at once, bag and baggage," exclaimed the general. "I know your fatherland well, and shall very soon feel myself more at home there than I am in France, where there is not a creature left to care for me. Yes, Walter, we will go to the glorious Bernese Oberland, and buy ground, and build a house, within view of your noble mountains, and live there with your father. He shall have cattle and goats to cheer his heart in his old age, and we will lead a happy life together as long as God spares us."

"HE WRAPPED HIMSELF IN HIS DRESSING-GOWN, AND WALKED HASTILY TO AND FRO."

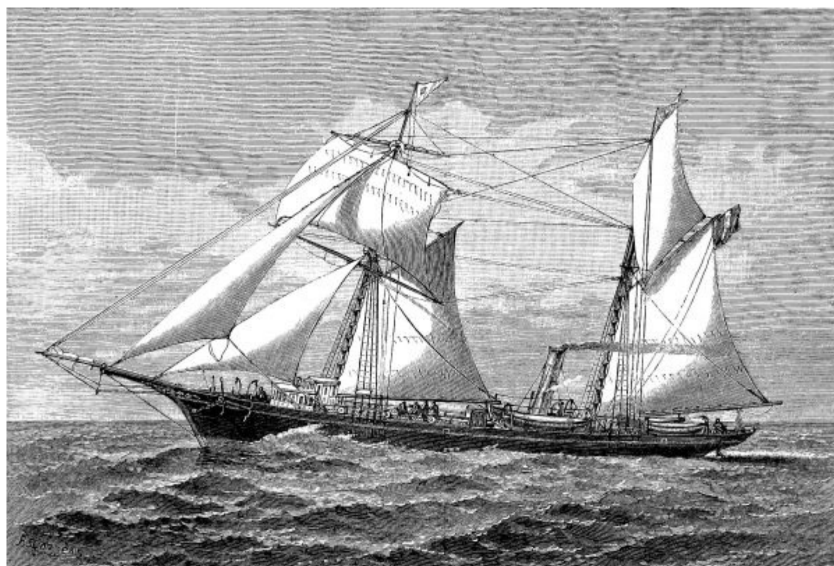
Walter in his happiness could scarcely believe his ears, and thought the whole a splendid dream. But he soon found the reality. The general sold his property in France, and departed with his adopted son to Switzerland, where he carried out the intention he had so suddenly formed. Old Toni Hirzel renewed his youth when he had his son once more beside him, and he and the general soon became fast friends. A year had scarcely passed ere a beautiful house was built near Meyringen, and furnished with every comfort; while an ample garden, surrounded by meadows, in which cows and oxen fed, added to the beauty of the scene. Walter's dream had become a reality; and everything around him was so much better than he had ever dared to hope, that his heart overflowed with gratitude to God, and to the benefactor who had done so much for him.

Nor was this prosperity undeserved. Walter had not spent his time in idleness and sloth. He knew that the diligent hand maketh its owner rich, and he managed the land with so much energy and skill that he soon became renowned as one of the best farmers in the Oberland. The general and Toni assisted him with their counsel and help as far as they were able; and the old soldier soon experienced the beneficial influence of an active out-door life and the change of air and scene. His pale cheeks grew once more ruddy with health, and he soon grew so active that he even forgot that his right foot lay buried on the field of Waterloo.

Thus the little family lived in happiness, enjoying the good wishes of all their neighbors, and the gratitude of all who were in want; for they were always ready to relieve out of their abundance any who needed it. Mr. Seymour increased their happiness by visiting his friend Walter nearly every year, and rejoiced in the prosperity which God had bestowed upon him as a reward for his honesty and uprightness.

THE END.

AROUND THE WORLD IN A STEAM-YACHT.



STEAM-YACHT "HENRIETTE."—DRAWN BY F. S. COZZENS.

The beautiful steam-yacht *Henriette*, of which a picture is given on this page, has just left New York, bound on a pleasure voyage around the world. Her passengers are her owner, M. Henri Say, and his wife and child, and they will doubtless have a most pleasant voyage, and see many strange sights and countries before it is ended.

The general outline of the route to be pursued is from New York down the coast, touching at Baltimore and Washington, and possibly at some of the Southern ports, then to the West Indies, where several weeks will be spent in cruising among the beautiful islands. Some of the principal South American cities will be visited before stormy Cape Horn is doubled, and the *Henriette* enters the quieter waters of the Pacific. Then the plan of the voyage includes the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, Japan, China, Australia, the East Indian islands, India, Arabia, the Red Sea, Egypt, the Suez Canal, Turkey, the many interesting countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and at last France, where M. Say's home is, and where the long voyage will end in the harbor of Nantes.

The *Henriette* was built at Newburgh, on the Hudson, last summer, at a cost of $50,000, and was originally named the *Shaughraun*; but she was sold, and her name changed, before she went on her first cruise. She is rigged as a top-sail schooner, and under steam can make seventeen knots an hour, which is very fast travelling. She is 205 feet long over all, and is the largest steam-yacht but one ever built in this country. She is to be accompanied in her trip around the world by a smaller steam-yacht, or tender, named the *Follet*, in which will be carried quantities of choice provisions and extra supplies of all kinds. The crew of the *Henriette* numbers thirty men, all of whom are French, excepting her engineers, who are Americans, and the discipline maintained on board is that of a French man-of-war.

THE NEW YEAR'S ERRAND.

"What are those children doing?" asked the clergyman of his wife a few days after Christmas.

"I really can not tell you, James," was the reply, as his wife peered anxiously over his shoulder, and out of the window. "All that I know about it is this: I was busy in the pantry, when Rob put his head in, and asked if he could have the Christmas tree, as nearly everything had been taken off of it; so I said 'Yes,' and there he goes with it, sure enough. I do hope the wax from the candles has not spotted the parlor carpet."

WHAT BECAME OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

"Don't be anxious, wife; 'Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes should bring good cheer.'"

"Yes," said the careful housewife, "I suppose I do worry. But there! it is snowing again, and Bertha perched up on that tree on Rob's sled, and she so subject to croup!"

"The more she is out in the pure air, the less likely she is to take cold; but where are they going?"

"I really do not know, James. Did you ever see a dog more devoted to any one than Jip is to Rob? There he goes, dancing beside him now; and I see Rob has tied on the scarf Bertha knit for him; that is done to please her. She did work so hard to get it finished in time before he came home for the holidays."

"She is very like her own dear little mother in kindness and care for others," was the reply.

The mother gave a bright smile and a kiss for the compliment, but a little wail from the nursery hurried her out of the room.

Christmas at the parsonage had been delightful, for, first of all, Rob's return from boarding-school was a pleasurable event; he always came home in such good spirits, was so full of his jokes and nonsense, and had so many funny things to tell about the boys. Then there was the dressing of the church with evergreens, and the decoration of the parlor with wreaths of holly or running pine, and the spicy smell of all the delicacies which were in course of preparation, for Sally was a famous cook, and would brook no interference when mince-pies and plum-pudding were to be concocted.

But the children thought the arrival of a certain box, which was always dispatched from town, the very best of all the Christmas delights. This box came from their rich aunts and uncles, who seemed to think that the little parsonage must be a dreary place in winter, and so, to make up to its inmates for losing all the brightness of a city winter, they sent everything they could think of in the way of beautiful pictures, gorgeous books, games, sugar-plums, and enough little glittering things for two or three trees. Of course the clergyman always laid aside some of these things for other occasions, lest the children should be surfeited.

And so Christmas had passed happily, as usual. The school-children had sung their carols and enjoyed their feast, the poor had been carefully looked after and made comfortable, and there had come the usual lull after a season of excitement. It was now the day before the first of the new year, and the parson was writing a sermon. He was telling people what a good time it was to try and turn over a new leaf; to be nobler, truer, braver, than they had ever been before; to let the old year carry away with it all selfishness, all anger, envy, and unloving thoughts; and as he wrote, he looked out of the window at the falling snow, and wondered where Bob and Bertha could have gone.

Dinner-time came. Aunt Ellen, mamma, and the parson sat down alone. "Where *are* those children?" repeated mamma.

"I do not think you need be worried, Kate," said Aunt Ellen. "Rob is so thoughtful, he will take good care of Bertha. They have perhaps stopped in at a neighbor's, and been coaxed to stay."

"Very likely," said the parson. And then the baby came in, crowing and chuckling, and claiming his privileges, such as sitting in a high chair and feeding the cat, and mamma had enough to do to keep the merry fellow in order, or his fat little hands would have grasped all the silver, and pulled over the glasses.

After dinner, while the parson let the baby twist his whiskers or creep about his knees, mamma played some lovely German music, and Aunt Ellen crocheted. The short afternoon grew dusky. Baby went off to the nursery; the parson had lighted his cigar, and was going out for a walk, but mamma looked so anxious that he said,

"I will go look for the children, Kate."

"Really, I think you will have to give Rob a little scolding, my dear. He should have told us where he was going."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the parson; when just then there was a gleeful cry—a merry chorus made up of Rob's, Bertha's, and Jip's voices, and there they were, Bertha on the sled, and Rob was her horse.

"Where have you been, my son?" said the parson, trying to be severe. "You should not have gone off in this manner for the whole day without asking permission."

Rob's bright smile faded a little; but Bertha said, quickly, "Please, papa, don't scold Rob. If you only knew—"

"Hush, Bertha!" said Rob; and red as his cheeks were, they grew redder.

"I am sorry you are offended, sir. I did not mean to be so long. We were detained."

"What detained you?"

"And where did you get your dinner?" asked mamma.

"Oh, we had plenty to eat."

"But you don't intend us to know where you got it?"

"No, sir," said Rob, frankly.

"Now, papa, you *shall* not scold Rob," said Bertha, putting her hand in his. "Come into your study. Go away, Rob; go give Jip his supper. Come, mamma;" and Bertha dragged them both in to the fire, where, with sparkling eyes and cheeks like carnation, she began to talk: "Mamma, you remember that scrimmage Rob got into with the village boys last Fourth of July, and how hatefully they knocked him down, and how bruised his eye was for a long time?"

"Yes, I remember, and I always blamed Rob. He should never have had anything to do with those rowdies."

"I didn't blame him; I never blame Rob for anything, except when he won't do what I want him to do. Well, the worst one of all those horrid boys is Sim Jenkins—at least he was; I don't think he's quite so bad now. But he has been punished for all his badness, for he hurt his leg awfully, and has been laid up for months—so his mother says; and she is quite nice. She gave us our dinner to-day. Somehow or other, Rob heard that Sim was in bed, and had not had any Christmas things, and that his mother was poor; and she says all her money has gone for doctor's bills and medicine. And so it just came into his head that perhaps it would do Sim good to have a Christmas-tree on New-Year's Day; and he asked Mrs. Jenkins, and she was afraid it would make a muss, but Rob said he would be careful. And so he carried our tree over, and fixed it in a box, and covered the box with moss, and we have been as busy as bees trying to make it look pretty. And that is what has kept us so long, for Rob had to run down to the store and get things—nails and ribbons, and I don't know what all. And Sim is not to know anything about the tree until to-morrow. And please give us some of the pretty things which were in our box, for we could not get quite enough to fill all the branches. Rob spent so much of his pocket-money on a knife for Sim that he had none left for candy; for he said the tree would not give Sim so much pleasure unless there was something on it which he could always keep."

Here little Bertha stopped for want of breath, and looked into the faces of her listeners.

The parson put his arm around her as he said, "I hardly think we can scold Rob now, after special pleading so eloquent as this; what do you say, mamma?"

"I say that Rob is just like his father in doing this kindly deed, and I am glad to be the mother of a boy who can return good for evil."

The parson made a bow. "Now we are even, madam, in the matter of gracious speeches."

So Sim Jenkins woke up on New-Year's Day to see from his weary bed a vision of brightness—a little tree laden with its fruit of kindness, its flowers of a forgiving spirit; and as the parson preached his New-Year's sermon, and saw Rob's dark eyes looking up at him, he thought of the verse,

"In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise Thee
Wheresoe'er they go."

LAFAYETTE'S FIRST WOUND.

The Marquis of Lafayette came to this country to give his aid in the struggle for liberty in 1777, and his first

battle was that of the Brandywine. Washington was trying to stop the march of the British toward Philadelphia. There was some mistake in regard to the roads, and the American troops were badly beaten. Lafayette plunged into the heart of the fight, and just as the Americans gave way, he received a musket-ball in the thigh. This was the 11th of September. Writing to his wife the next day, he said:

"Our Americans held their ground firmly for quite a time, but were finally put to rout. In trying to rally them, Messieurs the English paid me the compliment of a gunshot, which wounded me slightly in the leg; but that's nothing, my dear heart; the bullet touched neither bone nor nerve, and it will cost nothing more than lying on my back some time, which puts me in bad humor."

But the wound of which the marquis wrote so lightly, in order to re-assure his beloved wife, kept him confined for more than six weeks. He was carried on a boat up to Bristol, and when the fugitive Congress left there, he was taken to the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, where he was kindly cared for. On the 1st of October he wrote again to his wife:

"As General Howe, when he gives his royal master a high-flown account of his American exploits, must report me wounded, he may report me killed; it would cost nothing; but I hope you won't put any faith in such reports. As to the wound, the surgeons are astonished at the promptness of its healing. They fall into ecstasies whenever they dress it, and protest that it's the most beautiful thing in the world. As for me, I find it a very disgusting thing, wearisome and quite painful. That depends on tastes. But, after all, if a man wanted to wound himself for fun, he ought to come and see how much I enjoy it."

He was very grateful for the attention he received. "All the doctors in America," he writes, "are in motion for me. I have a friend who has spoken in such a way that I am well nursed—General Washington. This worthy man, whose talents and virtues I admire, whom I venerate more the more I know him, has kindly become my intimate friend.... I am established in his family; we live like two brothers closely united, in reciprocal intimacy and confidence. When he sent me his chief surgeon, he told him to care for me as if I were his son, for he loved me as such." This friendship between the great commander, in the prime of life, and the French boy of twenty, is one of the most touching incidents of our history.

The Rock of Gibraltar.—This great natural fortification, which among military men is regarded as the key to the Mediterranean Sea, abounds in caverns, many of which are natural, while others have been made by the explosion of gunpowder in the centre of the mountain, forming great vaults of such height and extent that in case of a siege they would contain the whole garrison. The caverns (the most considerable is the hall of St. George) communicate with the batteries established all along the mountain by a winding road, passable throughout on horseback.

The extreme singularity of the place has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only amongst the ancients, but even those of our own times. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising to a great distance (on one occasion by an American, who descended by ropes to a depth of 500 feet), a wild story is current that the cave communicates by a submarine passage with Africa. The sailors who had visited the rock, and seen the monkeys, which are seen in no other part of Europe, and are only there occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure by means of the cave to their native land. The truth seems to be that they usually live in the inaccessible precipices of the eastern side of the rock, where there is a scanty store of monkey grass for their subsistence; but when an east wind sets in it drives them from their caves, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most extraordinary antics. If disturbed, they scamper off with great rapidity, the young ones jumping on the backs and putting their arms round the necks of the old, and as they are very harmless, strict orders have been received from the garrison for their especial protection.

Gibraltar derives its chief importance from its bay, which is about ten miles in length and eight in breadth, and being protected from the more dangerous winds, is a valuable naval station.

SANTA CLAUS VISITS THE VAN JOHNSONS.

Swing low, sweet chariot—
  Goin' fur to car' me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot—
  Goin' fur to car' me home.
Debbil tought he would spite me—
  Goin' fur to car' me home,
By cuttin' down my apple-tree—
  Goin' fur to car' me home;
But he didn't spite ah-me at all—
  Goin' fur to car' me home;
Fur I had apples all de fall—
  Goin'—

"Oh, jess shut up wiff yo' ole apples, Chrissfer C'lumbus Van Johnson, an' lissen at dat ar wat Miss Bowles done bin a-tellin' me," said Queen Victoria, suddenly making her appearance at the gate which opened out of Mrs. Bowles's back garden into the small yard where her brother sat with Primrose Ann in his arms.

The Van Johnsons were a colored family who lived in a Southern city in a small three-roomed wooden house on the lot in the rear of Mrs. Bowles's garden, and Mrs. Bowles was their landlady and very good friend. Indeed, I don't know what they would have done without her, for when she came from the North, and rented the big house, they were in the depths of poverty. The kind lady found them work, gave them bright smiles, words of encouragement, fruit, vegetables, and spelling lessons, and so won their simple, grateful hearts that they looked upon her as a miracle of patience, goodness, and wisdom. And as for Baby Bowles—the rosy-cheeked, sweet-voiced, sunshiny little thing—the whole family, from Primrose Ann up to Mr. Van

Johnson, adored her, and Queen Victoria was "happy as a queen" when allowed to take care of and amuse her.

"Wat's dat ar yo's speakin'?" asked Christopher Columbus (so named, his father said, "'cause he war da fustest chile, de discoberer ob de family, as it war") as Queen Victoria hopped into the yard on one leg, and he stopped rocking—if you can call throwing yourself back on the hind-legs of a common wooden chair, and then coming down on the fore-legs with a bounce and a bang, rocking—the youngest Van Johnson with such a jerk that her eyes and mouth flew open, and out of the latter came a tremendous yell. "Dar now," said Christopher Columbus, "yo's done gone an' woked dis yere Primrose Ann, an' I's bin hours an' hours an' hours an' hours gittin her asleep. Girls am de wustest bodders I ebber see. I allus dishated girls."

"Ain't yo' 'shamed yo'seff, Chrissfer C'lumbus," said Queen Victoria, indignantly, "wen bofe yo' sisters am girls? But spect yo' don't want to lissen at wat Miss Bowles done bin a-tellin' me. Hi! Washington Webster's a-comin', an' I'll jess tell him dat ar secrek all by hisseff."

"No yo' won't; yo' goin' to tell me too," said her big brother. "An' yo' better stop a-rollin' yo' eyes—yo' got de sassiest eyes I ebber see since de day dat I war bohn—an' go on wiff yo' story."

"Story?" repeated Washington Webster, sauntering up to them, leading a big cat—dragging, perhaps, would be the better word, as poor puss was trying hard to get away—by a string.

"'Bout Mahser Zanty Claws," said Queen, opening her eyes so wide that they seemed to spread over half her face. "Miss Bowles says to-morrer's Chrissmus, an' to-day's day befo' Chrissmus, an' to-night Mahser Zanty Claws go 'bout"—lowering her voice almost to a whisper—"an' put tings in chillun's stockin's dat 'haved deirselbs."

"Am Mahser Zanty Claws any lashun to dat ar ole man wiff de allspice hoof?" asked Washington Webster, with a scared look.

"Allspice hoof! Lissen at dat ar foolish young crow. *Clove* hoof, yo' means," said Queen Victoria. "Dat's anodder gemman 'tirely. Mahser Zanty Claws am *good*. He gits yo' dolls, an' candies, an' apples, an' nuts, an' books, an' drums, an' wissels, an' new cloze."

"Golly! wish he'd frow some trowsus an' jackits an' sich like fruit 'roun' here," said Christopher Columbus.

"Trowsus wiff red 'spenders an' a pistil pockit," said Washington Webster, "an' a gole watch, an' a sled all yaller, wiff green stars on it, an'—"

"Yo' bofe talk 's if yo'd bin awful good," interrupted Queen Victoria. "Maybe Mahser Zanty Claws disagree wiff yo'."

"Who dat ar done gone git her head cracked wiff de wooden spoon fur gobblin' all de hom'ny befo' de breakfuss war ready?" said Washington Webster, slyly.

"I 'most wish dar war no Washington Websters in de hull worle—I certainly do. Dey's too sassy to lib," said Queen Victoria. "An' *sich* busybodies—dey certainly is."

"But how am we to know wedder we's Mahser Zanty Claws's kine o' good chillun?" said Christopher Columbus. "We's might be good nuff fur ourseffs, an' not good nuff fur him. If I knowed he come yere certain sure, I git some green ornamuntses from ole Pete Campout—he done gone got hunderds an' hunderds an' piles an' piles—to stick up on de walls, an' make de house look more despectable like."

"Let's go an' ax Miss Bowles," said Queen Victoria. "Baby Bowles am fass asleep, an' she's in de kitchen makin' pies, an' she know ebberyting—she certainly do."

And off they all trooped, Primrose Ann, cat, and all.

"Come in," called the pleasant voice of their landlady, when they rapped on her door; and in they tumbled, asking the same question all together in one breath: "Mahser Zanty Claws comin' to our house, Miss Bowles?" Christopher Columbus adding, "'Pears dough we muss ornamentem some if he do."

Mrs. Bowles crimped the edge of her last pie, and then sat down, the children standing in a row before her.

"Have you all been very good?" she said. "Suppose you tell me what good thing you have done since yesterday afternoon. Then I can guess about Santa Claus."

"Primrose Ann cried fur dat ar orange yo' gib me," said Queen Victoria, after a moment's thought, "an' I eat it up quick 's I could, an' didn't gib her none, 'cause I's 'fraid she git de stummick-ache."

"I car'd home de washin' fur mommy fur two cakes an' some candy," said Washington Webster.

"And you?" asked Mrs. Bowles, turning to Christopher Columbus.

"I ran 'way from 'Dolphus Snow, an' wouldn't fight him, 'cause I 'fraid I hurt him," said Christopher, gravely.

Mrs. Bowles laughed merrily. "Go home and ornament," she said. "I am sure Santa Claus will pay you a visit."

And he did; for on Christmas morning, when the young Van Johnsons rushed pell-mell, helter-skelter, into the room prepared for his call, a new jacket hung on one chair, a new pair of trousers on the other; a doll's head peeped out of Queen Victoria's stocking; a new sled, gayly painted, announced itself in big letters "The Go Ahead"; lots of toys were waiting for Primrose Ann; and four papers of goodies reposed on the lowest shelf of the cupboard.

"'Pears dat ar Mahser Zanty Claws don't take zact measure fur boys' cloze," said Christopher Columbus, as he tried to struggle into the jacket. "Dis yere jackit's twicet too small."

"An' dis yere trowsusloons am twicet too big," said Washington Webster, as he drew them up to his armpits.

"Lor' bress you, honey-bugs!" called their mommy from the doorway, "yo' *has* got tings mixed. Dat ar jackit's fur de odder boy, an'

dem trowsus too." And they all burst out laughing as Christopher Columbus and Washington Webster exchanged Christmas gifts, and laughed so loud that Mrs. Bowles came, over to see what was the matter, bringing Baby Bowles, who, seeing how jolly everybody was, began clapping her tiny hands, and shouting, "Melly Kissme! melly Kissme!"

"LOR BRESS YOU, HONEY-BUGS! YO' HAS GOT TINGS MIXED."—Drawn by J. E. Kelly.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Drawn by Kate Greenaway.

PET AND HER CAT.

Now, Pussy, I've something to tell you:
   You know it is New-Year's Day;
The big folks are down in the parlor,
   And mamma is just gone away.

We are all alone in the nursery,
   And I want to talk to you, dear;
So you must come and sit by me,
   And make believe you hear.

You see, there's a new year coming—
   It only begins to-day.
Do you know I was often naughty
   In the year that is gone away?

You know I have some bad habits,
   I'll mention just one or two;
But there really is quite a number
   Of naughty things that I do.

You see, I don't learn my lessons,
   And oh! I do hate them so;
I doubt if I know any more to-day
   Than I did a year ago.

Perhaps I am awfully stupid;
   They say I'm a dreadful dunce.
How would you like to learn spelling?
   I wish you could try it once.

And don't you remember Christmas—
   'Twas naughty, I must confess—
But while I was eating my dinner
   I got two spots on my dress.

And they caught me stealing the sugar;
   But I only got two little bits,
When they found me there in the closet,
   And frightened me out of my wits.

And, Pussy, when people scold me,
   I'm always so sulky then;
If they only would tell me gently,
   I never would do it again.

Oh, Pussy! I know I am naughty,
   And often it makes me cry:
I think it would count for something,
   If they knew how hard I try.

But I'll try again in the new year,
   And oh! I shall be so glad
If I only can be a good little girl,
   And never do anything bad!

HOW SUNKEN SHIPS ARE RAISED.

When a ship sinks some distance from the shore in several fathoms of water, and the waves conceal her, it may seem impossible to some of our readers that she can ever be floated again; but if she rests upon a firm sandy bottom, without rocks, and the weather is fair enough for a time to give the wreckers an opportunity, it is even probable that she can be brought into port.

In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and New Orleans, large firms are established whose special business it is to send assistance to distressed vessels, and to save the cargo if the vessels themselves can not be prevented from becoming total wrecks; and these firms are known as wreckers—a name which in the olden time was given to a class of heartless men dwelling on the coast who lured ships ashore by false lights for the sake of the spoils which the disaster brought them.

When a vessel is announced to be ashore or sunk, the owners usually apply to the wreckers, and make a bargain with them that they shall receive a certain proportion of her value if they save her, and the wreckers then proceed to the scene of the accident, taking with them powerful tug-boats, large pontoons, immense iron cables, and a massive derrick.

Perhaps only the topmasts of the wreck are visible when they reach it; but even though she is quite out of sight, she is not given up, if the sea is calm and the wind favorable. One of the men puts a diving dress over his suit of heavy flannels. The trousers and jacket are made of India rubber cloth, fitting close to the ankles, wrists, and across the chest, which is further protected by a breastplate. A copper helmet with a glass face is used for covering the head, and is screwed on to the breastplate. One end of a coil of strong rubber tubing is attached to the back of the helmet, to the outside of which a running cord is also attached, and continued down the side of the dress to the diver's right hand, where he can use it for signaling his assistants when he is beneath the surface. His boots have leaden soles weighing about twenty-eight pounds; and as this, with the helmet, is insufficient to allow his descent, four blocks of lead, weighing fifty pounds, are slung over his shoulders; and a water-proof bag containing a hammer, a chisel, and a dirk-knife is fastened over his breast.

He is transferred from the steamer that has brought him from the city to a small boat, which is rowed to a spot over the wreck, and a short iron ladder is put over the side, down which he steps; and when the last rung is reached, he lets go, and the water bubbles and sparkles over his head as he sinks deeper and deeper.

The immersion of the diver is more thrilling to a spectator than it is to him. The rubber coil attached to his helmet at one end is attached at the other to an air-pump, which sends him all the breath he needs, and if the supply is irregular, a pull at the cord by his right hand secures its adjustment. He is not timid, and he knows that the only thing he has to guard against is nervousness, by which he might lose his presence of mind. The fish dart away from him at a motion of his hand, and even a shark is terrified by the apparition of his strange globular helmet. He is careful not to approach the wreck too suddenly, as the tangled rigging and splinters might twist or break the air-pipe and signal line; when his feet touch the bottom, he looks behind, before, and above him before he advances an inch.

Looming up before him like a phantom in the foggy light is the ship; and now, perhaps, if any of the crew have gone down with her, the diver feels a momentary horror; but if no one has been lost, he sets about his work, and hums a cheerful tune.

It may be that the vessel has settled low in the sand, that she is broken in two, or that the hole in her bottom can not be repaired. But we will suppose that the circumstances are favorable, that the sand is firm, and the hull in an easy position.

The diver signals to be hauled up, makes his report, and in his next descent he is accompanied by several others, who help him to drag massive chains of iron underneath the ship, at the bow, at the stern, and in the middle. This is a tedious and exhausting operation, which sometimes takes many days; and when it is completed, the pontoons are towed into position at each side of the ship.

The pontoons, simply described, are hollow floats. They are oblong, built of wood, and possess great buoyancy. Some of them are over a hundred feet long, eighteen feet wide, and fourteen feet deep; but their size, and the number of them used, depend on the length of the vessel that is to be raised. Circular tubes, or wells, extend through them; and when the chains are secured underneath the ship, the ends are inserted in these wells by the divers, and drawn up through them by hydraulic power. The chains thus form a series of loops like the common swing of the playground, in which the ship rests; and as they are shortened in being drawn up through the wells, the ship lifts. The ship lifts if all be well—if the chains do not part, or some other accident occur; but the wreckers need great patience, and sometimes they see the labor of weeks undone in a minute.

We are presupposing success, however, and instead of sinking or capsizing, the ship appears above the bubbling water, and between the pontoons, which groan and tremble with her weight.

As soon as her decks are above water, so much of the cargo is removed as is necessary to enable the divers to reach the broken part of the hull, which they patch with boards and canvas if she is built of wood, or with iron plates if she is of iron. This is the most perilous part of the diver's work, as there are so many projections upon which his air-tube may catch; but he finds it almost as easy to ply his hammer and drill in making repairs under water as on shore.

The ship is next pumped out, and borne between the pontoons by powerful tugs to the nearest dry-dock, where all the damages are finally repaired, and in a month or two she is once more afloat, with nothing to indicate her narrow escape.

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THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGEN AND NYCTERIS.

A Day and Night Mährchen.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

XVI.—AN EVIL NURSE.

Watho was herself ill, as I have said, and was the worse tempered; and, besides, it is a peculiarity of witches that what works in others to sympathy, works in them to repulsion. Also, Watho had a poor, helpless, rudimentary spleen of a conscience left, just enough to make her uncomfortable, and therefore more wicked. So when she heard that Photogen was ill she was angry. Ill, indeed! after all she had done to saturate him with the life of the system, with the solar might itself! He was a wretched failure, the boy! And because he was *her* failure, she was annoyed with him, began to dislike him, grew to hate him. She looked on him as a painter might upon a picture, or a poet upon a poem, which he had only succeeded in getting into an irrecoverable mess. In the hearts of witches love and hate lie close together, and often tumble over each other. And whether it was that her failure with Photogen foiled also her plans in regard to Nycteris, or that her illness made her yet more of a devil's wife, certainly Watho now got sick of the girl too, and hated to have her about the castle.

She was not too ill, however, to go to poor Photogen's room and torment him. She told him she hated him like a serpent, and hissed like one as she said it, looking very sharp in the nose and chin, and flat in the forehead. Photogen thought she meant to kill him, and hardly ventured to take anything brought him. She ordered every ray of light to be shut out of his room; but by means of this he got a little used to the darkness. She would take one of his arrows, and now tickle him with the feather end of it, now prick him with the point till the blood ran down. What she meant finally I can not tell, but she brought Photogen speedily to the determination of making his escape from the castle: what he should do then he would think afterward. Who could tell but he might find his mother somewhere beyond the forest! If it were not for the broad patches of darkness that divided day from day, he would fear nothing!

But now, as he lay helpless in the dark, ever and anon would come dawning through it the face of the lovely creature who on that first awful night nursed him so sweetly: was he never to see her again? If she was, as he had concluded, the nymph of the river, why had she not re-appeared? She might have taught him not to fear the night, for plainly she had no fear of it herself! But then, when the day came, she did seem frightened: why was that, seeing there was nothing to be afraid of then? Perhaps one so much at home in the darkness was correspondingly afraid of the light! Then his selfish joy at the rising of the sun, blinding him to her condition, had made him behave to her, in ill return for her kindness, as cruelly as Watho behaved to him! How sweet and dear and lovely she was! If there were wild beasts that came out only at night, and were afraid of the light, why should there not be girls too, made the same way—who could not endure the light, as he could not bear the darkness? If only he could find her again! Ah, how differently he would behave to her! But alas! perhaps the sun had killed her—melted her—burned her up!—dried her up: that was it, if she was the nymph of the river.

XVII.—WATHO'S WOLF.

From that dreadful morning Nycteris had never got to be herself again. The sudden light had been almost death to her; and now she lay in the dark with the memory of a terrific sharpness—a something she dared scarcely recall, lest the very thought of it should sting her beyond endurance. But this was as nothing to the pain which the recollection of the rudeness of the shining creature whom she had nursed through his fear caused her; for the moment his suffering passed over to her, and he was free, the first use he made of his returning strength had been to scorn her! She wondered and wondered; it was all beyond her comprehension.

Before long, Watho was plotting evil against her. The witch was like a sick child weary of his toy: she would pull her to pieces, and see how she liked it. She would set her in the sun, and see her die, like a jelly-fish from the salt ocean cast out on a hot rock. It would be a sight to soothe her wolf-pain. One day, therefore, a little before noon, while Nycteris was in her deepest sleep, she had a darkened litter brought to the door, and in that she made two of her men carry her to the plain above. There they took her out, laid her on the grass, and left her.

Watho watched it all from the top of her high tower, through her telescope; and scarcely was Nycteris left, when she saw her sit up, and the same moment cast herself down again with her face to the ground.

"She'll have a sun-stroke," said Watho, "and that'll be the end of her."

Presently, tormented by a fly, a huge-humped buffalo, with great shaggy mane, came galloping along, straight for where she lay. At sight of the thing on the grass he started, swerved yards aside, stopped dead, and then came slowly up, looking malicious. Nycteris lay quite still, and never even saw the animal. [Pg 84]

"Now she'll be trodden to death!" said Watho.

When the buffalo reached her, he sniffed at her all over, and went away; then came back and sniffed again; then all at once went off as if a demon had him by the tail.

Next came a gnu, then a gaunt wild boar. But no creature hurt her, and Watho was angry with the whole creation.

At length, in the shade of her hair, the blue eyes of Nycteris began to come to themselves a little, and the first thing they saw was a comfort. I have told already how she knew the night daisies, each a sharp-pointed little cone with a red tip; and once she had parted the rays of one of them, with trembling fingers, for she was afraid she was dreadfully rude, and perhaps was hurting it; but she did want, she said to herself, to see what secret it carried so carefully hidden; and she found its golden heart. But now, right under her eyes, inside the veil of her hair, in the sweet twilight of whose blackness she could see it perfectly, stood a daisy with its red tip opened wide into a carmine ring, displaying its heart of gold on a platter of silver. She did not at first recognize it as one of those cones come awake, but a moment's notice revealed what it was. Who, then, could have been so cruel to the lovely little creature as to force it open like that, and spread it heart-bare to the terrible death-lamp? Whoever it was, it must be the same that had thrown her out there to

be burned to death in its fire! But she had her hair, and could hang her head, and make a small sweet night of her own about her! She tried to bend the daisy down and away from the sun, and to make its petals hang about it like her hair, but she could not. Alas! it was burned and dead already! She did not know that it could not yield to her gentle force because it was drinking life, with all the eagerness of life, from what she called the death-lamp. Oh, how the lamp burned her!

But she went on thinking—she did not know how; and by-and-by began to reflect that, as there was no roof to the room except that in which the great fire went rolling about, the little Red-tip must have seen the lamp a thousand times, and must know it quite well! and it had not killed it! Nay, thinking about it farther, she began to ask the question whether this, in which she now saw it, might not be its more perfect condition. For now not only did the whole seem perfect, as indeed it did before, but every part showed its own individual perfection as well, which perfection made it capable of combining with the rest into the higher perfection of a whole. The flower was a lamp itself! The golden heart was the light, and the silver border was the alabaster globe skillfully broken and spread wide to let out the glory. Yes; the radiant shape was plainly its perfection! If, then, it was the lamp which had opened it into that shape, the lamp could not be unfriendly to it, but must be of its own kind, seeing it made it perfect! And again, when she thought of it, there was clearly no little resemblance between them. What if the flower, then, was the little great-grandchild of the lamp, and he was loving it all the time? And what if the lamp did not mean to hurt her, only could not help it? The red tips looked as if the flower had some time or other been hurt: what if the lamp was making the best it could of her—opening her out somehow like the flower? She would bear it patiently, and see. But how coarse the color of the grass was! Perhaps, however, her eyes not being made for the bright lamp, she did not see them as they were! Then she remembered how different were the eyes of the creature that was not a girl, and was afraid of the darkness! Ah, if the darkness would only come again, all arms, friendly and soft everywhere about her!

She lay so still that Watho thought she had fainted. She was pretty sure she would be dead before the night came to revive her.

XVIII.—REFUGE.

Fixing her telescope on the motionless form, that she might see it at once when the morning came, Watho went down from the tower to Photogen's room. He was much better by this time, and before she left him he had resolved to leave the castle that very night.

The darkness was terrible indeed, but Watho was worse than even the darkness, and he could not escape in the day. As soon, therefore, as the house seemed still, he tightened his belt, hung to it his hunting knife, put a flask of wine and some bread in his pocket, and took his bow and arrows. He got from the house, and made his way at once up to the plain. But what with his illness, the terrors of the night, and his dread of the wild beasts, when he got to the level he could not walk a step farther, and sat down, thinking it better to die than to live. In spite of his fears, however, sleep contrived to overcome him, and he fell at full length on the soft grass.

He had not slept long when he woke with such a strange sense of comfort and security that he thought the dawn at least must have arrived. But it was dark night about him. And the sky—no, it was not the sky, but the blue eyes of his naiad looking down upon him! Once more he lay with his head in her lap, and all was well, for plainly the girl feared the darkness as little as he the day.

"Thank you," he said. "You are like live armor to my heart; you keep the fear off me. I have been very ill since then. Did you come up out of the river when you saw me cross?"

"I don't live in the water," she answered. "I live under the pale lamp, and I die under the bright one."

"Ah, yes! I understand now," he returned. "I would not have behaved as I did last time if I had understood; but I thought you were mocking me; and I am so made that I can not help being frightened at the darkness. I beg your pardon for leaving you as I did, for, as I say, I did not understand. Now I believe you were really frightened. Were you not?"

"WHAT IS THIS? IT MUST BE DEATH!"

"I was, indeed," answered Nycteris, "and shall be again. But why you should be, I can not in the least understand. You must know how gentle and sweet the darkness is, how kind and friendly, how soft and velvety! It holds you to its bosom and loves you. A little while ago I lay faint and dying under your hot lamp. What is it you call it?"

"The sun," murmured Photogen: "how I wish he would make haste!"

"Ah! do not wish that. Do not, for my sake, hurry him. I can take care of you from the darkness, but I have no one to take care of me from the light.—As I was telling you, I lay dying in the sun. All at once I drew a deep breath. A cool wind came and ran over my face. I looked up. The torture was gone, for the death-lamp itself was gone. I hope he does not die and grow brighter yet. My terrible headache was all gone, and my sight was come back. I felt as if I were new made. But I did not get up at once, for I was tired still. The grass grew cool about me, and turned soft in color. Something wet came upon it, and it was now so pleasant to my feet that I rose and ran about. And when I had been running about a long time, all at once I found you lying, just as I had been lying a little while before. So I sat down beside you to take care of you, till your life—and my death—should come again."

"How good you are, you beautiful creature! Why, you forgave me before ever I asked you!" cried Photogen.

Thus they fell a-talking, and he told her what he knew of his history, and she told him what she knew of hers, and they agreed they must get away from Watho as far as ever they could.

"And we must set out at once," said Nycteris.

"The moment the morning comes," returned Photogen.

"We must not wait for the morning," said Nycteris, "for then I shall not be able to move, and what would you do the next night? Besides, Watho sees best in the daytime. Indeed, you must come now, Photogen. You must."

"I can not; I dare not," said Photogen. "I can not move. If I but lift my head from your lap, the very sickness of terror seizes me."

"I shall be with you," said Nycteris, soothingly. "I will take care of you till your dreadful sun comes, and then you may leave me, and go away as fast as you can. Only please put me in a dark place first, if there is one to be found."

"I will never leave you again, Nycteris," cried Photogen. "Only wait till the sun comes and brings me back my strength, and we will go away together, and never, never part any more."

"No, no," persisted Nycteris; "we must go now. And you must learn to be strong in the dark as well as in the day, else you will always be only half brave. I have begun already, not to fight your sun, but to try to get at peace with him, and understand what he really is, and what he means with me—whether to hurt me or to make the best of me. You must do the same with my darkness."

"But you don't know what mad animals there are away there toward the south," said Photogen. "They have huge green eyes, and they would eat you up like a bit of celery, you beautiful creature!"

"Come! come! you must," said Nycteris, "or I shall have to pretend to leave you, to make you come. I have seen the green eyes you speak of, and I will take care of you from them."

"You! How can you do that? If it were day now, I could take care of you from the worst of them. But as it is, I can't even see them for this abominable darkness. I could not see your lovely eyes but for the light that is in them; that lets me see straight into heaven through them. They are windows into the very heaven beyond the sky. I believe they are the very place where the stars are made."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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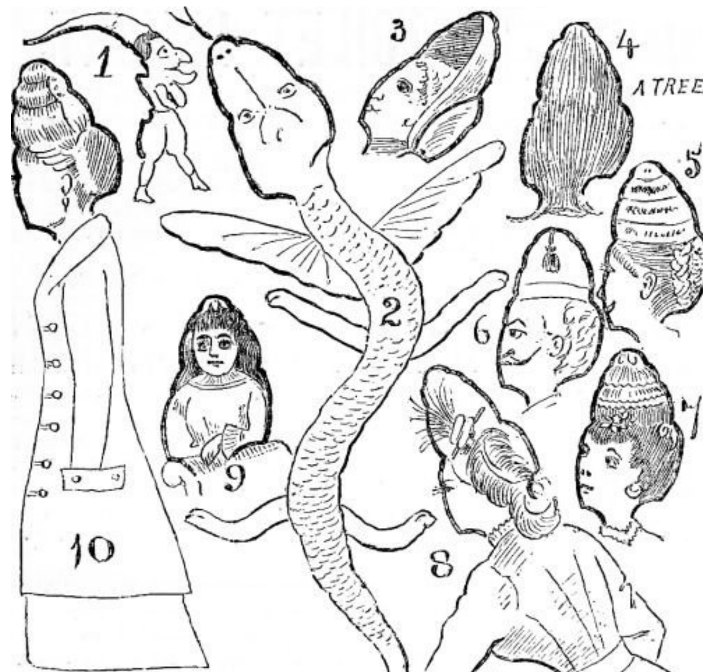

WIGGLES.

These are filled-in wiggles that several of our young correspondents have drawn from the outlines given in Nos. 3 and 4 of *Young People*. They are the contributions of H. W. K., Jessie Beal, J. A. Wells, H. W. P., J. M. W., Lil, A. D. Crane, S. R. W., Fred Houston, and H. E. M. Wiggles similar in design were also received from Cyrus O., Virgie Cumings, W. G. Page, J. H. Grensel, Sadie Vairin, and others. Next week we shall show you what we make from wiggle No. 4, and at the same time give a new one.

We wish all our young readers and correspondents a very happy New-Year, success in their studies, and pleasant hours with teachers and school-mates. We hope our friendly intercourse will continue, with increasing interest to them and to us. At the beginning of a new year it is well to remember that the surest way to gain happiness for ourselves is by trying to make others happy.

Shawangunk, New York.

I thought I would write and tell you that I love *Harper's Young People* very much. I am eight years old. I have a little brother who is 'most two years old, and I have a cat four years old. I have an aquarium with six fish in it, and a turtle. The turtle's name is Snap.

Florence E. B.

Schuylersville, New York.

I want to write a note to tell you how I came to take *Young People*. One evening papa brought me the first two numbers, and I enjoyed the "Swiss Boy" and the other stories so much that I thought I would like to take it. So my papa, my mamma, my two brothers, and I myself gave something toward it, and I shall expect it with pleasure every week.

Keble D.

Galena, Illinois.

I like *Harper's Young People* very much. The illustrations are beautiful, and the Post-office Box and all the other reading very interesting. I read all the letters in the Post-office, and contribute this, my first newspaper correspondence, to that department. The picture "The Day Before Thanksgiving," on the first page of No. 4, is very comical, and reminds me of things I have seen myself. I am twelve years old.

Morna P.

South Evanston, Illinois.

I am so glad you have published this little paper. I think it is the best thing I have ever seen. Papa reads it too, and thinks it is real nice for little folks. I like the story of the "Brave Swiss Boy" very much.

Effie T.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Dear "Young People,"—I like you very much, especially the story of the "Brave Swiss Boy." The way I came to take you was this: father saw an advertisement in a paper, so he let me go up to a newsroom and get you.

Robie D. C.

Henry F. B.—Electric ornaments are not easily obtained in this country, as but very few have been imported for sale.

Montague L.—It would occupy too much space to describe the game you require.

A. H. A.—There is no such class of people as you refer to. Exceptional cases may exist.

Kate S. (nine years).—Your puzzles are very neat for such a little girl to compose.

Martha W. D.—Your puzzle is good, but we are afraid our young readers would never make it out, as it requires an extraordinary amount of geographical knowledge.

"Enquirer," Madison.—A phonograph must be obtained of Thomas A. Edison, Menlo Park, New Jersey, from whom you can also obtain a price-list. You will find interesting information in a book entitled *The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph*, by Count Du Moncel, recently published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Pleasant and welcome letters are acknowledged from Abraham L. M., Alie M. B., and Julien S. U.

F. B. H.—Thanks for your pretty operation in figures.

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