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**FRANK MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.**

[Begun in No. 19 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, March 9.]

## **ACROSS THE OCEAN; OR, A BOY'S FIRST VOYAGE.**

**A True Story.**

**By J. O. DAVIDSON.**

**Chapter II.**

### **THE FURNACE-ROOM.**

Had Frank lain awake he would have seen a curious sight; for there are few more picturesque scenes than the "forecastle interior" of an ocean steamer at night, lit by the fitful gleam of its swinging lamp. This grim-looking man, fumbling in his breast as if for the ever-ready knife or pistol, must be dreaming of some desperate struggle by his set teeth and hard breathing. That huge scar on the face of the gaunt, sallow figure beside him, whose soiled red shirt and matted beard would just suit the foreground of a Nevada gully, might tell a strange tale. That handsome, statuesque countenance yonder, again, faultless but for the sinister gleam of its restless eyes—what can it be doing among these coarse, uncultivated men, not one of whom can tell why they should all shrink from it as they do? What a study for a pirate any artist might make out of this shaggy, black-haired giant, whose lion-like head is hanging over the side of his bunk! His weather-beaten face looks hard as a pine knot; but a child would run to him at once, recognizing, with its own unerring instinct, the tender heart hidden beneath that rough outside. Next to him lies a trim, slender lad, who looks as if he knew more of Latin and Greek than of reefing and splicing, and whose curly brown head some fond mother has doubtless caressed many a time; yet here he is, an unknown sailor before the mast, with all his gifts wasted, and doomed perhaps to sink lower still.

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But these are the exceptions; the majority are sailors of the ordinary type, careless, light-hearted, improvident, never looking beyond the present moment—content to accept the first job that "turns up," and quite satisfied with a day's food and a shirt to their backs. Some are coiled up on lockers and spare sails, others sleeping off their last night's "spree" on the bare planks, and rolling over and over with every plunge of the vessel.

Whew! what a stream of cold air comes rushing down the hatchway, as it opens to let in the deck watch, glad enough to get below again out of the cold and wet! Their shouts, as they dash the brine from their beards and jackets, and chaff the comrades who are unwillingly turning out to relieve them, arouse Frank, who for a moment can hardly make out where he is. Then it all flashes upon him, and he "tumbles up," and goes on deck.

Certainly, if any one ever could feel dismal at sea, it would be during the hour before dawn, the most cheerless and uncomfortable of the whole twenty-four. After spending the night in a lively game of cup and ball, with yourself for the ball, and an amazingly hard wooden bunk for the cup, you crawl on deck, bruised and aching from top to toe. While gazing upon the inspiring landscape of gray fog and slaty blue sea, you suddenly feel a stream of cold water splashing into your boots, while an unfeeling sailor gruffly asks "why in thunder you can't git out o' the way?" Springing hastily aside, you break your shins over a spar which

seems to have been put there on purpose, and get up only to be instantly thrown down again by a lee lurch of the ship, amid the derisive laughter of the deck watch. Meanwhile a shower of half-melted snow insinuates itself into your eyes, and up your sleeves, and down the back of your neck; and all this, joined to the agonizing thought that it will be at least two hours before you can get any breakfast, speedily fills you with a rooted hatred of everything and everybody on board the ship.

Well might poor Frank, contrasting his dismal surroundings with the comfortable rooms and piping-hot breakfasts of his forsaken home, begin to think that he had made a fool of himself. But he choked down the feeling as unworthy of a *man*, and tried to turn his thoughts by watching the two quartermasters at the wheel, who were straining every muscle to keep the ship's head to the mountain waves that burst over the bow every moment with the shock of a battering-ram.

Breakfast came at last, but was not very satisfactory when it did. The old saying of "salt-horse and hard-tack" exactly described the food; and Frank, eating with one hand while clinging desperately to the long narrow table with the other, had quite enough to do in keeping his knife from running into his eye, and himself from going head over heels on the floor. At every plunge below the water-line the mess-room, already dim enough, became almost dark, while the faces of the men looked as green and ghastly as a band of demons in a pantomime. And, to crown all, one of Frank's neighbors suddenly sent a tremendous splash of grease right over him, coolly remarking,

"Now, Greeny, you won't get hurt if you fall overboard—ile calms the water, you know."

At which all the rest laughed, and Frank felt worse than a murderer.

Breakfast over, our hero was "told off" to go below with the firemen. Down he went, through one narrow hole after another, past deck after deck of iron grating—down, down, down—till at last, as he emerged from a dark passageway, a very startling scene burst upon him.

Along either side of a long narrow passage (the iron walls of which sloped inward overhead) gaped a row of huge furnace mouths, sending out a quivering glare of intense heat, increased by the mounds of red-hot coals that heaped the iron floor. Amid this chaos, several huge black figures, stripped to the waist, and with wet cloths around their sooty faces, were flinging coal into the furnaces, or stirring the fires with long iron rakes—now standing out gaunt and grim in the red blaze, now vanishing into the eddies of hissing steam tossed about by the stream of cold air from the funnel-like "wind-sail" serving as a ventilator.

A shovel was thrust into Frank Austin's hand, and he was set to keep the doorway clear of the coal that came tumbling into it from the bunkers where the coal-heavers were at work. In this way he labored till noon, and then, with blistered hands and aching back, crawled up the iron ladder, worn out, grimy, and half dazed, to his dinner.

But *what* a dinner for Christmas-day! No appetizing turkey and plum-pudding, eaten in the midst of loving faces and merry talk and laughter; nothing but coarse salt-junk and hard ship-biscuit, hastily snatched among rough, unsympathetic men, who neither knew nor cared anything about him. And as soon as the meal was over, back again to his weary toil in the coal bunker, which was fated, however, to be cut short in a way that he little expected.

For a time he worked away manfully; but the heat of the room and the monotony of his occupation combined to make him careless. Little by little his thoughts wandered away to his pleasant home beside the Hudson, and the little garden patch where he used to work, and the cozy fire, in the ashes of which he and his brothers roasted their chestnuts, and—

"Look out there!"

The warning cry came too late. There was a sudden shock—a deafening crash—and poor Frank was seen lying on his back senseless and half buried beneath the huge heap of coal that blocked the doorway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## WHAT THE BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYED TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY HATTIE B. CRAFTS.

Do you ever think about the little boys and girls who lived so long ago? Well, in the celebrated country of Greece they were as fond of sports as children of the present day, only they had not so many wonderful toys made for them as are manufactured now. But could we look back upon them at some of their sports, we should find them very happy children, and it might surprise you to know how many games have been played century after century, and are still played and enjoyed to-day.

The babies had their rattles and bright-colored balls, the children their hoops and balls, and what we call "Blindman's-buff" was a favorite game among them. Perhaps you know about the old giant Polyphemus, who was master of a race of one-eyed giants, and who devoured the Greeks that were round his cave, until they succeeded in putting out his eye, and how he still groped around and endeavored to find them, but in vain. Well, the boys and girls of Greece used to represent this story by this very game of "Blindman's-buff." The one blindfolded was called Polyphemus, and the others would hide and pretend they were the Greeks whom he was to find. Another way of playing this game was for the children to run round about the blindfolded person, and one of them touch him. If he could tell correctly who it was, the two exchanged places.

In Athens, and in other cities and towns as well, you might almost any day see a whole group of children hopping along on one foot, as though the other was hurt; but, no, it was only for the fun, as every child of every nation knows, of seeing who could hop the farthest. Sometimes one boy would be allowed the use of both his feet, and the others would try to overtake him by hopping on only one foot, and for those who

could do this it was accounted a great victory.

In one of their games they set up a stone, called the Diorœ, and each of the players was to stand at a certain distance from it, and in turn throw stones at it. But the one who missed had rather a difficult task to perform, for the rule of the game was that he must be blindfolded and carry the successful player round on his back until he could go directly from the standing-point to the Diorœ. A sport not requiring quite so much skill, and one which many of you have perhaps practiced, consisted in setting a stick upright in the soil wherever it was loose and moist, and trying to dislodge it by throwing other sticks at it, keeping, of course, at a certain distance.

Who will attempt to enumerate the many games played by a ring of children running about one in the centre? There must be a wonderful charm about them, so much are they played by both boys and girls in every country. Whether little Sallie Waters had her origin in Greece I will not pretend to say, but we do know that games were played in a similar manner. Here are some, enjoyed especially by the boys. One boy sat on the ground, and the others, forming themselves into a ring, ran round him, one of them hitting him as they went; if the boy in the centre could seize upon the one who struck him, the captive took his place. This did very well for the smaller boys, but the older ones had an arrangement a little in advance of it. The one in the centre was to move about with a pot on his head, holding it with his left hand, and the others, running around, would strike him and cry, "Who has the pot?" To which he replied, "I, Midas," trying all the time to reach one of them with his foot, and the first one touched was obliged to carry the pot in his turn.

One of their most interesting games, and one which you would all enjoy, was the twirling of the ostrakon. A line was drawn on the ground, and the group of boys separated into two parties. A small earthenware disk, having one side black and the other white, was brought forward, and each party chose a side, black or white. It was then twirled along the line, the one throwing it crying, "Night, or day," the black side representing night, and the white day. The party whose side came up was called victorious, and ran after the others, who fled in all directions. The one first caught was styled "ass," and was obliged to sit down, the game proceeding without him. And so it was continued until the whole number were caught. This was excellent exercise, and often played by the hour together.

A favorite game among the girls was played with five little balls or pebbles. They would toss them into the air, and endeavor to catch many on the back of the hand or between the fingers. Of course some of them would often fall to the ground; but these they were allowed to pick up, provided they did so with the fingers of the same hand on which the others rested, which required considerable skill. The French girls have a very pretty game of this, which is played with five little glass balls.

We must not omit the ancestors of Punch and Judy, who lived in these early times, though probably under different names. But however they were called, they were just as queer-looking a family; and their arms would move, their shoulders shrug, their eyes roll, and their feet cut as strange capers as those of their descendants; and I have no doubt afforded the little ones, and perhaps some older persons, as much pleasure then as now.

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## GARDEN-LORE.

Every child who has gardening tools  
Should learn by heart these gardening rules:  
He who owns a gardening spade  
Should be able to dig the depth of its blade;  
He who owns a gardening rake  
Should know what to leave and what to take;  
He who owns a gardening hoe  
Must be sure how he means his strokes to go;  
But he who owns a gardening fork  
May make it do all the other tools' work;  
Though to shift, or to pot, or annex what you can,  
A trowel's the tool for child, woman, or man.

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## THE ROBBER BLUEBIRD.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

Once upon a time there lived in a beautiful house two little brothers, called John and Harry, and they were almost always very good boys.

But one day they got angry at each other, and they looked just like two turkey-gobblers, their faces were so red, and they blustered about so. John declared that he would thrash Harry; and Harry made faces at John, and dared him to fight.

What do you think all the quarrel was about? Why, nothing but a little piece of cake that the cook had given to Harry. Now just as they were going to strike one another, they saw a beautiful bluebird, with a lovely crest upon its head, fly down into the yard and pick up a large worm.

He was just going to fly off with it, when another bird, just like himself, dived down and tried to take the worm from the one that had first found it.

Before the two brothers could say a word, the birds were flying at each other, and tearing off their beautiful crests and coats.

Harry and John stood watching them, and quite forgot that they had a fight on hand of their own.

Just as the naughty bird that was trying to rob his brother bluebird had seized the worm, and was about to fly away with it, there was a sudden rush and flash, and Pussy Cat ran under the house with the wicked little robber tight between her teeth.

Then the other bird, trembling with fear, flew up into a tree to rest.

"Oh, John!" cried Harry, "just think if that had been you and me, and a lion had come and carried one of us off, and ate us up!"

"Only—only it would not have been you, Harry. He would have carried me off, because it was I began the quarrel. Cook gave you the cake, and I wanted to take it from you, just like the robber bluebird did. Let us kiss and be friends, Harry."

"Yes, and you can have half of my cake, John."

"And I hope my little boys will never do so again," said mamma, who had been watching, and heard all.

And years afterward, when John and Harry were away from their mamma and home, they often reminded each other of the lesson they had learned from the fate of the robber bluebird.

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## DREAMING.

"He is dreaming. Guess of what, now."

"Well, I guess that in his hand  
Is a marble—such a beauty!  
And he dreams of wonder-land.

"Dreams a dream of giants rolling  
Giant marbles—oh, such fun!  
See, he smiles, for he has seen one  
Bigger, brighter, than the sun."

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## CHAMPION.

BY MRS. L. G. MORSE.

Hetty had five brothers and sisters, and Champion, the dog, felt that he had too much to do. There were plenty of people in the cottage at Lenox, where they lived in summer, to take care of the children, but there is a certain sort of responsibility which dogs of good, sound character are not willing to intrust to anybody. The baby was always with his mother or nurse, and Champion found it easy to take care of the other little ones, for they were not allowed to venture outside of the garden gate, and if that were carelessly left open, he had only to station himself in front of it, and to gently tumble them over on the grass if they attempted to pass through it. He had never hurt them, and their mother thought that they could not be under any better protection than that of good old faithful "Cham."

But Hetty, who was seven years old, and Rudolph, who was nine, worried the dog terribly, and caused him to wear almost a perpetual scowl of anxiety upon his face. He evidently looked upon them as not old enough to be trusted by themselves, and it was a serious annoyance to him that they were too big to be rolled over on the grass, and so kept within the limits of the garden.

One lovely summer morning Hetty was missing. She had run away with a beautiful ripe plum, which her cousin Francis had picked in order to show her that the bloom upon it was exactly the color of old "Greylock" in the distance. So she climbed the nearest hill, to compare the colors of the mountain and the plum. Looking away over the valley, the child saw too much beauty all at once. Claspings her hands behind her, she took in a long sweet breath of morning air, and did not know what it was that filled her whole soul with joy. She laughed aloud up at the clear sky, and spreading her arms as if they were the wings of a bird, she ran down the hill-side. Oh, there were so many robins! And butterflies flew around her in little clouds. The fields were like fairy-land, they were so full of flowers. She picked baby daisies, and put them inside of the wild-carrot heads, not in blossom yet, which grew in the shape of nests. When she climbed over a stone wall to the road, a squirrel ran across her path, into the woods on the opposite side. "There!" she whispered, softly, "maybe I can find his hole." And she ran after him.

It was a great pity that Champion had so much to do that morning. When dinner was ready, and no Hetty

appeared, Rudy called the dog, and asked, "Cham, where's Hetty?"

Champion whined piteously, and looked first down the road, then up at Rudy, and then down the road again.

"Come and eat some dinner, Rudy," said his mother, shading her eyes, and looking anxiously toward the woods. "Hetty will feel hungry, and come home soon now." But she looked proudly after Rudy when he clapped his hat on with a thump, and said, "Never you mind about me, mother; I'll eat more if I find Het first," and went racing after Champion, who bounded over the ground as if he meant to run all the way to the mountain.

At the edge of the woods Rudy waited, and whistled to Cham. "Hold on!" he said; "maybe she's hiding." And for a while he looked about the laurel bushes in the places where they were accustomed to play, and sang, lustily,

"A-roving, a-roving,  
I'll go no more a-roving  
With thee, fair maid."

But after a while he ceased his singing, and answered one of Champion's whines by ramming his hands in his pockets, and saying, "Look a-here, Cham! If anything has happened to Het, I'll—" The thought brought such a film over his honest brown eyes that he had to rub his cuff over them a good many times before he could see well enough to go on with his search. Fortunately, dogs don't cry tears, and Champion's eyes seemed to grow brighter as Rudy's grew dim. He seemed to say to himself: "If Rudy is going to give up, and cry about it, I've got to take matters into my own hands. Hetty's got to be found, and I can't waste my time waiting for a boy to get the better of his feelings. He oughtn't to *have* any feelings until after our business is settled!" And Champion gave Rudy's boot a good-by lick, and raced away alone.

Rudy dried his eyes, and had no more idea than the dog had of giving up the search. Dogs are just as apt to misunderstand boys as boys are to misunderstand dogs.

Rudy ran over woods and fields, up and down the neighboring hills, calling Hetty and Champion, whistling and shouting, until he was hoarse. He could not find Hetty, and Champion did not return.

After a while he got angry at the dog, and said, between his teeth, "I'll give it to Cham for running away from me, just when I want him to help me find Het!" But his anger melted into grief when the terrible thought came that perhaps some dreadful thing had happened to his sister. Once he lay down flat upon his face, and cried aloud at the sudden memory of how he had teased her that very morning by running away with one of her doll's shoes, which he had only just that moment switched out of his pocket. In a few moments, however, he jumped up again, looked at the little shoe tenderly, and tied it carefully in a corner of his handkerchief, saying, "There! I'll give it back the minute I find her, and I'll fix her something for the baby-house, to make up."

He started off once more, this time without stopping to think where Hetty would be likely to go, only rushing about in a sort of desperate way, calling her by name, and shouting for Cham.



**ON GUARD.**

He stopped on top of a high hill called the Ledge, and looked down the steep side of it a moment. Hark! He certainly heard the whine of a dog. He clambered down a little way, and called his loudest. The dog's whine answered him again. With a new hope in his heart, he called, and listened until the whine grew louder and louder, and he recognized Cham's bark. Catching at branches, stumbling, sliding, and blundering, he made his way down the hill-side, until suddenly the dog's bark was almost at his ears. And at last, there, farther round the side, on a ledge, just where a light motion would send her rolling down a steep declivity, lay Hetty; and Champion—stanch old Champion—sat upright before her, like a brave, resolute soldier on guard, pricking up his ears, barking loud in answer to Rudy's calls, his body quivering all over, and his feet restless on the ground. But Rudy knew that Hetty could roll no farther, and that Champion would sit there until help came. He did not wait to waken Hetty, but climbing to her, he patted Cham on the head, and bade him watch her till he returned. Then he planted a rough, glad, boyish kiss on her unconscious cheek, and hurried home as he had never hurried in his life before.

The mother's pride in her boy that night made her face shine, as she sat by Hetty, who lay on the sofa, waited upon by everybody, because of her ankle, which was slightly sprained. And she said nothing about the chips Rudy was making, against all regulations, on the floor, as he was whittling into shape a bench for Hetty's doll's kitchen.

"I'll tell you what, though, Het," said Rudy, "when you want to go off again to see whether mountains are plum-colored or not, you'd better take somebody along who knows that a carrot-weed's a flower, and that stumps and stones *are* stumps and stones. You'd better take a person—like me, you know," he said, winking comically at Hetty—"who won't mistake a frightened squirrel for the king of the brown elves off on a hunting spree, or for anything else that never was born, except inside of your topsy-turvy head."

Hetty laughed, and blushed rosy red. "I guess I won't," she said; "but if you had found yourself, Rudy,

sliding and tumbling and running like lightning down that hill, I guess *your* head would have been topsyturvy for once. And I don't know which is the funniest, to faint away, or to wake up and find Cham licking me. Dear, good, darling Cham! I never *will* go away again without Cham."

Champion licked Rudy's face as he and the boy rolled over on the rug together, and blinked at both the children as if he understood and quite approved of Hetty's good resolution.

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## THE LITTLE SHIPS OF THE WATER STREETS.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

If the jolly uncle of certain Venetian girls and boys comes home from China, and says, "Hurra, children! let's go take a ride, and have a good time," they don't imagine it will be in an open carriage behind swift-footed horses.

They would think of a beautiful little ship, about thirty feet long, four or five wide, and as light as cork, called a gondola, which means "little ship." It would be painted black, like every other gondola, and the prow would be ornamented with a high halberd-shaped steel piece, burnished to a dazzling glitter. This steel prow would act as a counter-balance to their rower, who would stand on the after-end, and row with his face in the direction they wished to be taken. The rowlock would be simply a notched stick, and he would row with one long oar, pushing swiftly along.

He would row so gracefully and easily that you might think you could quickly become a good gondolier if you tried. You would change your mind, however, after the laughable experience of rowing yourself overboard several times, and admit that rowing a gondola requires no small skill.

It was the people called the Veneti who, more than a thousand years ago, settled Venice, and invented these little ships. The fifteen thousand houses of Venice are built on a cluster of islands, over one hundred in number, and divided by nearly one hundred and fifty canals, or water streets. However, one may visit any part of the city without the aid of a gondola, as the islands are joined together by three hundred and seventy-eight bridges, and between the houses lead narrow crooked passages, many not wider than the width of one's outspread arms.

The canals are salt, and offer at high tide fine salt-water bathing.

As most of the houses rise immediately from the water, it is not an uncommon sight, at certain hours, to see a gentleman or his children walk down his front-door steps arrayed for bathing, and take a "header" from the lower step. That sounds very funny, but to the Venetians such proceedings are quite a matter of course.

In the lagoon around the city are numerous exasperating sand islands, exposed to view at low tide. The amateur gondolier seeks this lagoon, to be safe from scoffers at his clumsy rowing, and often, right in the midst of his "getting the knack of it," the tide leaves him stuck fast on a sand island, to wait for its return.

Excepting the Grand Canal, the canals are narrow, and make innumerable sharp turns; so that it requires more skill to steer a gondola than it does to row, if such a thing is possible. The gondoliers display great skill in both rowing and steering, and they cut around corners and wind through openings seemingly impassable, always warning each other of their intentions by certain peculiar cries.

During Venice's prosperity, gondola regattas were held, and were events of great pomp and display. They took place on the Grand Canal, when the whole city gathered on its banks, or in many gondolas on its surface, and what with the music, the display of flags and banners, and the bright-colored clothing of the color-loving people, the spectacle certainly must have presented a scene of great brilliancy. The prizes were money and champion flags, and with the lowest was also given a live pig—a little pleasantry corresponding to the leather medal in American contests.

Once a year the Doge, or chief ruler of Venice, and his officers went in a vessel of royal magnificence, called the *Bucintora*, out upon the Adriatic Sea, followed by a grand procession of gondolas, and there he dropped overboard a gold ring, after certain impressive ceremonies, thus signifying Venice's espousal with the sea, and her dominion over it.

This *Bucintora* was a two-decked vessel propelled by one hundred and sixty of the strongest rowers of the Venetian fleet. Its sides were carved and gilded, some parts gold-plated, and the whole surmounted by a gold-embroidered crimson velvet canopy. The mast is still preserved in the arsenal at Venice, but the vessel was purposely destroyed to secure its gold ornaments.

It is only in the severest winters—of rare occurrence—that gondolas can not be used; but then the young Venetians may perform the—to them—wonderful feat of walking on the water, and tell of it years after. Some two hundred years ago the ice lasted the unheard-of time of eighteen days, and such an impression did the event make upon the Venetians that the year in which it happened is known to the present day as the *anno del ghiaccio*—"year of the ice."



A GONDOLA ON THE GRAND CANAL.

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Forty-three years ago last New-Year's Day a native boat was gliding along through one of the small rivers of British Guiana, when it came to a spot where the stream widened into a little lake. A celebrated botanist was a voyager in the little canoe, and all at once his attention was fixed on a wonderful plant he found growing along the margin of the lake. All his weariness and the many discomforts of his situation were forgotten in the enthusiasm of that moment. Never before had he seen such a flower. One might fancy a giant had been raising lilies to present to some fair giantess.

Imagine the rippling water covered with thick leaves of pale green, lined with vivid crimson, each one almost large enough to cover your bed, while all about were floating massive lilies, whose single petals of white and rosy pink were more than a foot across, and numbered over a hundred to a blossom.

The flower was sent home to England, and awakened great enthusiasm among the lovers of science, but no one surmised that the fair stranger was destined to effect a great revolution in the architecture of the world. Yet all great enterprises have generally taken a very roundabout way before they came to perfection. You could hardly forecast them when you looked at their beginnings.

Such a royal lily well deserved a royal name. So it was christened the *Victoria Regia*. Had it been a beautiful princess they were anxious to make contented in her adopted land, they could not have taken more pains to humor her tastes and whims. Mr. Paxton, the great gardener who had it in charge, determined that the baby lily should never know that it was not in its native waters, growing in its native soil, under its own torrid skies. So he made up a bed for its roots out of burned loam and peat; the great lazy leaves were allowed to float at their ease in a tank of water, to which a gentle ripple was imparted by means of a water-wheel, and then a house of glass, of a beautiful device, was built over it all, and the right temperature kept up to still further deceive the young South American.

With all this pampering it grew so fast that in a month it had outgrown its house. A new one must be had forthwith, or the baby lily would be hopelessly dwarfed. Mr. Paxton was not disconcerted by this precociousness of his wayward pet, but at once put his talents to work to provide it with suitable accommodations. The greenhouse he next built was a more novel and elegant conservatory, and might rightly be styled the first Crystal Palace.

It was just at this time that the word had gone out over all the earth that its nations were invited to a great World's Fair at London. And now a very serious question came up about the building in which to house them. The committee, of course, decided on a structure of orthodox brick and mortar, and then began a fierce war in the papers with regard to the project. How would their beautiful Hyde Park be spoiled by letting loose in it such an army of shovellers, bricklayers, hewers, and all manner of craftsmen! What a spoiling of its ornamental trees, and what a cutting up of its smooth drives by the heavy carts loaded with brick and mortar enough to build a pyramid!

Mr. Paxton read in the *Times* these many objections, and the thought flashed through his mind that they could all be removed by building on the plan of his lily-house. A succession of such structures enlarged and securely joined together would produce just such a building as was wanted. All could be prepared in the great workshops of the kingdom, and brought together with almost as little noise and confusion as was Solomon's great Temple.

The building committee were hard to convince. They were joined to their idols of brick and mortar. But good Prince Albert, and Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, were all on the side of iron and glass, and at last they won.

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Such a beautiful fairy-like structure as went up, almost like Aladdin's palace, by New-Year's Day, 1851, the world had never seen. The great lily had, all unconsciously, accomplished a wonderful work. Over and over again has its crystal house been copied, and not the least beautiful of such structures is our own grand Centennial Main Building.

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## THE MISHAPS OF AN ARAB GENTLEMAN.

The Orientals differ in many respects from the Europeans and Americans in their customs and manners, their dress, and the furniture of their houses. The dress of the men consists of a red cap, wide baggy cloth trousers, silken girdle, and a jacket. The houses in Syria are invariably built of stone, and in the south of Palestine entirely so. The floors of the rooms are paved with marble or granite. At the entrance of every room is a space of several feet square, paved with figured marble, and never carpeted, generally used as a receptacle for shoes and slippers, which the Orientals remove from their feet on entering a room. The rest of the floor is raised about half a foot higher. The Orientals sleep on the ground, *i. e.*, on mattresses laid on carpets, or mats spread on the floor.

In an Arab family one of the members became ambitious of transforming himself into a European. This young gentleman had received an excellent education, being familiar not only with the Arab literature, but master of the ancient and modern Greek.

His first step toward the desired end was to study English and French. When he had gained a fair knowledge of these languages, he applied for the position of interpreter to the American consulate, to which he succeeded in being appointed.

His so-far satisfied ambition would no longer allow him to wear the Oriental dress, and he soon showed himself to an admiring world of natives in European costume. One day he was asked how he liked his new costume.

"Not at all," he replied. "I feel as if tied hand and foot in a tight-fitting prison."

A few weeks later he one day startled some of his European friends by asking them, with a thoughtful seriousness, whether they often tumbled out of bed.



"Tumble out of bed!" they exclaimed. "Why, of course not. How could one?"

"I would much rather find out how a person could not," was his reply.

He was asked what put such an idea into his head.

The rest is best told in his own words.

"I furnished my rooms with European furniture. Bad luck to the day I was foolish enough to do so! A few nights ago, after having locked my door and put out my light—things I never did before—I got up into the bedstead. My sensations were those of being put away on a high shelf in a dark prison. I wondered whether Europeans experienced such feelings every night. Finally I fell asleep, comforting myself that I might get used to it. How long I slept in that bed I shall never know, for when I awoke, it was to find myself in the grave. I was cramped in every limb; I felt the cold pavement under me, and icy walls round me. For clothing or covering I found nothing within reach but what at the time seemed a shroud. Where was I? What had happened? Suddenly the idea came to me that I must have fainted, been mistaken for dead, buried, and now recovered consciousness in my grave. So convinced was I, that I shouted at the top of my voice that I was not dead, and begged to be taken out of the tomb. The noise I made soon awoke the whole house, and as I had locked my door, no one could get in. I heard my mother and brothers uttering pious ejaculations to exorcise the evil spirit which they believed had got hold of me, while I trebled my frantic yells for deliverance. By vigorously shaking the door, they finally burst it open, and then I was surprised to see that I was not in my grave, but that I had tumbled out of bed, and rolled along the floor till I landed in the space by the door."

"But did you not wake with the fall?"

"No; I felt nothing till I awoke, as I believed, in my tomb, but really in the shoe receptacle; and since you all assure me that Europeans never tumble out of their beds, I resign all hopes of ever being transformed into one. I shall in the future, as I have done in the past, sleep on the ground, from which there is no danger of tumbling."

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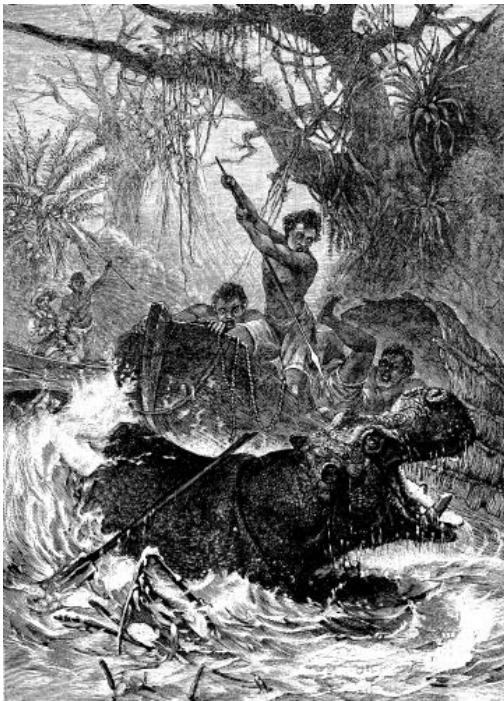
## THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The hippopotamus, or river-horse, is found exclusively in the great rivers, lakes, and swamps of Africa. Fossil remains of extinct species have been discovered in both Europe and Asia, but ages have passed since they existed. This animal is amphibious, and can remain under water five minutes or more without breathing. When it comes to the surface it snorts in a terrible manner, and can be heard at a great distance. It is never found far away from its native element, to which it beats a retreat at the least alarm. Travellers along the White Nile and in Central Africa often encounter enormous herds of these ungainly creatures sometimes lying in the water, their huge heads projecting like the summit of a rock, sometimes basking on the shore in the muddy ooze, or grazing on the river-bank; for this animal is a strict vegetarian, and the broad fields of grain and rice along the Upper Nile suffer constantly from its depredations.

The hippopotamus is a hideous-looking beast. It has an enormous mouth, armed with four great tusks that appear viciously prominent beneath its great leathern lips. These tusks are so powerful that a hippopotamus has been known to cut holes through the iron plates of a Nile steamer with one blow. Its eyes are very small, but protruding, and placed on the top of its head. Its body resembles a huge hogshead perched on four short, stumpy legs. A full-grown animal will sometimes measure twelve feet in length and as much in circumference. The hide of this beast is very thick and strong, and is used to make whips. Ordinary bullets, unless they strike near the ear, rattle off the sides of this King of the Nile like small shot. Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveller, relates an encounter with a large bull hippopotamus which was taking an evening stroll on the bank of the river, quietly munching grass. Baker and his attendant were armed only with rifles. They aimed and fired, hitting as near the ear as possible, but the great beast only shook its head and trotted off. At the sound of firing the remainder of the party hurried up, and poured a volley of musketry at the retreating beast, but the hippopotamus walked coolly to the edge of a steep cliff, about eighteen feet high, and with a clumsy jump and a tremendous splash vanished in the water. As the flesh of the hippopotamus, which is said to resemble pork in flavor, was much desired as food by the soldiers under Baker's charge, he had a small explosive shell constructed, which, fired into the creature's brain, seldom failed to leave its huge body floating dead on the surface of the river.

The natives are very fond of hippopotamus flesh, and resort to many expedients to secure the desired delicacy. Hunting this beast is dangerous sport, for in the water it is master of the situation, and will throw a canoe in the air, or crunch it to pieces with its terrible jaws. In Southern Africa, Dr. Livingstone encountered a tribe of natives called Makombwé who were hereditary hippopotamus-hunters, and followed no other occupation, as, when their game grew scarce at one spot, they removed to another. They built temporary huts on the lonely grassy islands in the rivers and great lakes, where the hippopotami were sure to come to enjoy the luxurious pasturage, and while the women cultivated garden patches, the men, with extraordinary courage and daring, followed the dangerous sport which passes down among them from father to son. When they hunt, each canoe is manned by two men. The canoes are very light, scarcely half an inch in thickness, and shaped somewhat like a racing boat. Each man uses a broad, short paddle, and as the canoe is noiselessly propelled toward a sleeping hippopotamus not a ripple is raised on the water. Not a word passes between the two hunters, but as they silently approach the prey the harpooner rises cautiously, and with sure aim plunges the weapon toward the monster's heart. Both hunters now seize their paddles and push away for their lives, for the infuriated beast springs toward them, its enormous jaws extended, and often succeeds in crushing the frail canoe to splinters. The hunters, if thrown in the water, immediately dive—as the beast looks for them on the surface—and make for the shore. Their prey is soon secured, for the well-aimed harpoon has done its work, and the hippopotamus is soon forced to succumb. Should it be under water, its whereabouts is indicated by a float on the end of the long harpoon rope, and it is easily dragged ashore.

Travellers on the Nile are often placed in great peril by the attacks of these beasts, which although said to be inoffensive when not molested, are so easily enraged that the noise of a passing boat excites them to terrible fury. Baker relates being roused one clear moonlight



**FIGHT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.**

night by a hoarse wild snorting, which he at once recognized as the voice of a furious hippopotamus. He rushed on deck, and discovered a large specimen of this beast charging on the boat with indescribable rage. The small boats towed astern were crunched to pieces in a moment, and so rapid were the movements of this animal, as it roared and plunged in a cloud of foam and wave, that it was next to impossible to take aim at the small vulnerable spot on its head. At length, however, it appeared to be wounded, and retired to the high reeds along the shore. But it soon returned, snorting and blowing more furiously than ever, and continued its attack until its head was fairly riddled with bullets, and it rolled over and over, dead at last.

Young hippopotami have been captured and placed in zoological gardens, but as they become old they grow savage, and are very hard to manage. Some fine specimens were formerly in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. They ate all kinds of vegetables and grass, and slept nearly all day, generally lying half in and half out of the big water tank provided for them.

The hippopotamus is supposed by many to be identical with the behemoth of Scripture, which is described as a beast "that lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and fens." It is also spoken of as one that "eateth grass as an ox," and that "drinketh up a river," and the "willows of the brook compass him about."

## THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN.



**PREPARING CAT'S MEAT  
IN FULTON MARKET.**

In one corner of Fulton Market in New York city is the snug little stall of the cat's-meat man. He is a jolly, merry-looking fellow, as you may see by his picture; and he sings and whistles as he works. In the morning he goes about the streets feeding his cats; but his afternoons are devoted to preparing their food for the next day.

Most of this food is raw meat, which, with a sharp knife, he cuts up into very small pieces, until several hundred pounds are thus prepared. Sometimes a small portion of the meat is boiled; but this cooked meat is only intended for cats who are not very well, and who need something more delicate than raw meat. Once a week—on Thursdays—the cat's-meat man cuts up fish instead of meat; for on Fridays all his cats have a meal of fish, of which they are very fond, and which is very good for them.

After the meat or fish has been nicely cut into bits, it is all done up in small brown-paper parcels, each of which weighs a pound; and these parcels are packed into great strong baskets. Each basket holds forty or fifty of these pound packages, and is



**STARTING OUT**

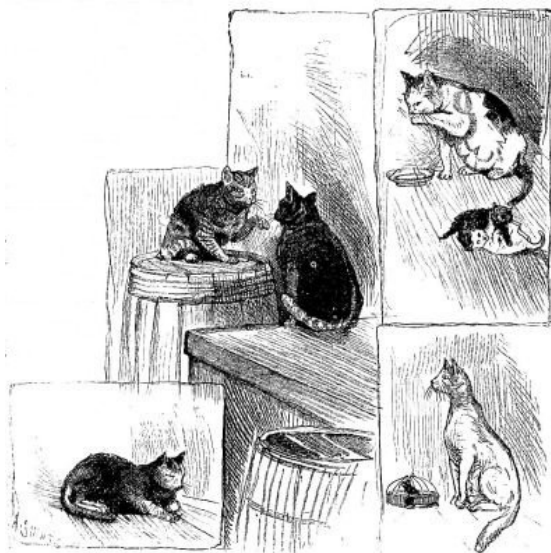
pretty heavy for the cat's-meat man to carry.

Bright and early in the morning, soon after sunrise, the cat's-meat man begins to feed his cats, starting out from the market with a big basket of meat on his shoulder, and threading his way through the crooked streets and lanes of the lower part of the city to the homes of his little customers.

Everywhere the cats and kittens are anxiously waiting and watching for him, and sometimes they run out and meet him at the corners half a block or more away from their homes. Often when he is feeding the cats on one side of the street, those living on the other side run across, and rubbing against his legs, mewing and purring, seem to beg him to hurry and get over to their side. Of course these cats do not belong to the cat's-meat man, though he takes just as much interest in them, and is just as fond of them, as though they were his own. They are the cats that live in the stores and warehouses of the lower portion of the city, where they are kept as a protection against the armies of fierce rats that come up from the wharves, and do terrible damage wherever the cats are not too strong for them. For this reason the cats are highly prized and well cared for in this part of the city, and the cat's-meat man finds plenty of work to do in feeding them. He is paid for this by the owners of the cats, and as he has about four hundred customers his business is quite a thriving one.

The cats all know and love him, and are generally expecting him; but if he opens the door of a store where one of his cats lives, and she is not to be seen, he calls "Pss-pss-pss," and the kitty comes racing down stairs, or from some distant corner, so fast that she nearly tumbles head over heels in her hurry to get at her breakfast.

Some of the cats are only fed every other day, and they know just as well as anybody when it is "off day," as the



**SOME DOWN-TOWN CATS.**

cat's-  
meat  
man  
calls  
it. On  
these  
off  
days  
they  
lie



**THE MORNING CALL.**

perfectly still as he passes, paying no attention to him; but on the days they are to be fed, these "every-other-day cats" are the most eager of all, and travel the greatest distances to meet their friend.



**CARLO.**

Besides the cats, several dogs are fed daily by the cat's-meat man, and of these the most interesting is Carlo. Carlo used to be a sailor dog, but now he lives quietly in a store on Old Slip. His first master was a sea-captain, with whom Carlo made voyages to many different parts of the world. At last his kind master, who was as fond of Carlo as though he had been an only child, became very sick with a terrible fever, and when his ship reached New York, he was taken to a hospital to die. Carlo went to the hospital with him, and just before the dying sailor breathed his last, he begged a kind gentleman who stood beside his bed to take care of Carlo. The gentleman promised to do so, and has ever since kept his promise by giving Carlo a good home in his store, and paying the cat's-meat man to feed him every

day. Carlo repays this kindness by keeping the store free from rats, and his reputation as a famous ratter has spread far and wide through the neighborhood.

Many stray cats watch for the coming of the cat's-meat man, for they know that he will befriend them, and many a tidbit does he give to some lean hungry creature as he merrily trudges along through the winter snow-drifts.

At certain corners the cat's-meat man is met by one of his assistants, with whom he exchanges his empty basket for a full one. These halting-places are well known to all the forlorn and homeless cats and dogs, and at them a number of these always await his approach. He most always throws them a few bits from his well-filled basket, for which they seem very grateful, though they look as if they would be very glad of more.

Besides feeding cats and dogs, the cat's-meat man cares for them when they are sick, preparing special food for his patients, and sometimes giving them small doses of medicine. So, you see, the cat's-meat man is a real benefactor, and it is no wonder that all the cats and dogs in the lower part of the city watch for his coming, and are glad when they see him.



**A CHARITY CAT.**

## **MY TARTAR.**

**BY DAVID KER.**

Most of us have read descriptions and seen pictures of those sallow, flat-faced, narrow-eyed, round-headed hobgoblins who, under the name of Tartars (a wrong one, too, for it should be Tatâré), used to amuse themselves by conquering Eastern Europe every now and then some hundreds of years ago. But it is not every one who has had the pleasure of travelling alone with one of these fellows over nearly a thousand miles of Asiatic desert in time of war—a pleasure which I enjoyed to the full in 1873.

And a very queer journey it was. First came a range of steep rocky hills (marked on the map as the Ural Mountains), where we had to get out and walk whenever we went up hill, and to hold tight to the sides of our wagon, for fear of being thrown out and smashed, whenever we went down hill. Then we got out on the great plains, where we came upon a post-house of dried mud (the only house there was) once in three or four hours; and here we used to change horses by sending out a Cossack with his lasso to see if he could catch any running loose on the prairie; for there are no stables in that country.

Next came a sand desert, where we harnessed three camels to our wagon instead of horses. Here the people lived in tents instead of mud houses, while a hot wind blew all day, and a cold wind all night. One fine evening we had a sand-storm, which almost buried us, wagon and all; and the sand stuck so to my Tartar's yellow face that he looked just like a peppered omelet.

After this came a "rolling prairie," where the people lived in holes under the ground, popping up like rabbits every now and then as we passed. Beyond it was a large fresh-water lake (called by the Russians "Aralskoë Moré," or Sea of Aral), where the mosquitoes fell upon us in good earnest. Here we were both boxed up in a mud fort for seven weeks by a Cossack captain, on suspicion of being spies, like Joseph's brethren. When we got out again, we had to go up a great river (called the Syr-Daria, or *Clear Stream*, though it was the dirtiest I ever saw), fringed with thickets, and huge reeds taller than a man, where the mosquitoes were doubled, and we had the chance of meeting a tiger or two as well. Then came some more deserts, and then some more mountains; and so at last we got to the capital of the country—a big mud-walled town called Tashkent, or Stone Village—I suppose because there is not a single stone within twenty miles of it.

All this while, Murad (for so my Tartar was named) had been like a man of stone. He never complained; he never smiled; he never got angry. When our food and water ran out; when the sand-flies and mosquitoes bit us all over; when we lost our way on the prairie at midnight in a pouring rain; when the jolting of our wagon bumped us about till we were all bruises from head to foot; when we had to sit for hours upon a sand-heap waiting for horses, with the sun toasting us black all the time; when our wheels came off, or our camels ran away—honest Murad's heavy, mustard-colored face never changed a whit. At every fresh mishap he only shrugged his shoulders, saying, "It is my *kismet*" (fate); and when he had said that, he seemed quite satisfied. I never even saw him laugh but *once*. That once, however, I had good reason to remember; and this was how it happened.

On getting to Tashkent we took up our quarters at a native hotel (*caravanserai* they call it there), where we were kindly allowed a stone floor to sleep on, provided we brought our own beds and our own food along with us. However, we were pretty well used to that sort of thing by this time; so I got out my camp-kettle, and proceeded to make tea, while Murad, like Mother Hubbard in the song,

"Went to the baker's to buy him some bread."

By this time our daily mess of food had become a *mess* in every sense. Bumped and jolted about as we had been, it was no uncommon thing for me to find my bottle of cold tea standing on its head with the cork out, my soda powders fraternizing with the salt and pepper, and my brown loaf taking a bath in the contents of a broken ink-bottle, the splinters of which would be acting as seasoning to the mashed remains of a Bologna sausage. I was not surprised, therefore, to discover a piece of chocolate half buried in my last packet of tea, and by way of experiment I decided to boil the two together, and try how they agreed.

But apparently they didn't agree at all, for I had hardly taken a sip of my first tumbler<sup>[1]</sup> when I became aware of the most horrible and astounding taste imaginable, as if a whole apothecary's shop had been boiled down into that one glass. The second tumbler was, if possible, even worse than the first; but this time I noticed a white froth on the top, such as I had never seen upon any tea before. A frightful suspicion suddenly occurred to me. I emptied out my camp-kettle, and discovered—with what emotion I need not say—that the supposed chocolate was nothing less than a piece of brown *soap*!

Just at that eventful moment in came my Tartar. One glance at the soap, my distorted visage, and the froth in the glass, told him the whole story; and the effect was magical. To throw himself on the floor, to kick up his heels in a kind of convulsive ecstasy, to burst into a succession of shrill, crowing screams, like a pleased baby, was the work of a moment; and he kept on kicking and crowing, till, provoked as I was, I could not help laughing along with him. Then he suddenly sprang up and stood before me with his usual solemn face, as if it were somebody else who had been doing all this, and *he* were utterly shocked at him. But he never afterward alluded to the occurrence, nor did I ever again see him laugh, or even smile.

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[**Begun in No. 17 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, February 24.**]

## **BIDDY O'DOLAN.**

**BY MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON.**

### **CHAPTER IV.**

Little Katy Kegan had the blackest hair and eyes you ever saw, and she was very pretty, with color like the cream and red of the lady-apples packed in tempting pyramids in the fruit stalls. She was the kind of girl who keeps you always expecting, without your knowing what it is you expect. Katy was very bright, quick as a dart in her motions, but as rough and sharp as a prickly-brier if things didn't go to suit her. She had all the bad habits which friendless little children learn from living on the streets, with no one to care what they do or how they feel. She was saucy and bold, and used very bad words, and thought it smart to steal fruit and pea-nuts when she could; and she would tell a lie about her thefts, or indeed about anything else, as glibly as a toad swallows a fly. If you ever saw that done, you know that it is pretty swiftly done; and just as a toad, when it has swallowed a fly, looks as if it had never so much as heard of such an insect, so Katy, when she told a lie, would look straight at you, and smile with an air of such innocence that you would find it hard to not believe her. These sad faults were Katy's misfortunes. She did not know how wrong they were.

But you can see, if you think a moment, that such habits would be a great trouble in the way of her finding a home, because good people would not like to take a little child with such naughty ways into their homes, to be with their own dear children. Still, Katy's pretty face and bright mind, and the love she was so quick to give to any one who was kind to her, made people feel like trying to see what they could do for her.

Three times Mr. Kennedy placed Katy in good homes, in the care of noble people, who wished to help him

in such work. In each instance Katy had been loved, because she was so bright and sweet and lovable when she felt like being so; but her sudden fits of anger, and the strange and naughty things she would say and do, made her new friends feel anxious and troubled. Yet Katy had never been sent away from these homes. Perhaps she might have been, but she never waited for that; she ran away of her own accord each time, without saying a word about it, and nothing that Biddy or Mr. Kennedy could say could make Katy agree to go back when once she had run away.

One day Miss Kennedy, who had thought a great deal about this willful child, said to her brother, "Don't be discouraged about Katy; you and Biddy will save the dear little thing yet."

"But I do feel a little discouraged," said Mr. Kennedy. "You see, she is so uncertain; she's tricky as a kitten, and you can never tell what she'll be at next. If the trouble only all came to us, you know, we would be glad to bear it, for there is something very dear about little Katy that pays for care and bother. But how can I go on asking our friends to put up with such a little harum-scarum? And she *will* take things that don't belong to her, and she will deny it. I really don't know what to do."

Biddy sat sewing, but she listened, and looked very earnest. Miss Kennedy smiled.

"I've thought of something, Phil," said she. "I think we have been making a mistake all along in fixing things too easy and pleasant for Katy. I think she needs to have a weight put on her."

"A weight? How do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. Katy is very loving, and she is more full of active, bounding life than any one I ever saw. I don't think she wants to have things done for her; I think she wants to do things herself. I think she needs to feel that some one, in some real plain way, depends on her, needs her, so that she can not do without her. I have seen feelings in Katy that make me think a weight of this kind would hold her."

Mr. Kennedy looked pleased, and sat some moments thinking. Then he asked: "Well, sister, how will you find such a weight for Katy? I wouldn't like to have her bright wings too closely clipped."

"I've thought of that, Phil, and I've thought it would be well to let Biddy—Katy loves Biddy with all her warm little heart—to let Biddy coax her to go to Mrs. Raynor."

"Mrs. Raynor!" cried Phil.

"I know you are thinking of such a madcap as Katy in Jenny Baynor's sick-room. But that is just my reason. I've talked with Mrs. Raynor, and she is quite willing to try Katy, if we can only get her there to be tried. If there's any one in this world who can tame Katy's wild humors and turn them to good uses, it is Mrs. Raynor. And Jenny needs some one to care for her all the time. Katy can not help loving them, and between them I think they will find a way to hold Katy till she grows to see what a little girl's life means."

The very next day Biddy went out to look for wayward Katy, for it was Katy's having run away again from her third home which had led to this talk between Mr. Kennedy and his sister. Biddy found Katy sitting on some steps on Fulton Street, eating pea-nuts, and tossing up the shells. She looked so happy that Biddy felt a new wonder about her. She remembered how she had longed for a home, and here was Katy liking nothing so well as to run about the streets, and seeming to think home was a great bother. Suddenly a thought came to Biddy, and made her say, quickly, as she reached Katy, "Oh, Katy, did you ever have a doll?"

"Hallo! that you?" said Katy. "Want some pea-nuts? No, I never had no dawl—don't want no dawl—seen lots of 'em—think they're silly. Dawls is only pretendin'—Hallo! catch 'em;" and she tossed a handful of pea-nuts to Biddy.

Biddy sat down on the steps by Katy, and told her as kindly as she could that she wanted her to try once more to like a good home. She held a bit of Katy's skirt in her hand, for fear Katy would run; but she did not think Katy knew she had hold of her dress, till Katy said, "No need to hold on to me—ain't goin' to run."

"Oh, Katy, what have you done with your pretty shoes?" exclaimed Biddy.

"Guv 'em to gal 'at wanted 'em—likes to go barefoot," said Katy, promptly; then she turned her black eyes on Biddy with a queer, sharp look, and said, "Needn't ask no more queshshuns—sha'n't answer."

After a little more talk, in which Katy insisted that she didn't think she could stay in a home, though she was willin' to try, 'cause she liked to see insides of houses, they started off together.

The Raynors lived in a larger and more beautiful house than the Kennedys, and a well-behaved maid showed the children into a room which was so dark that Biddy and Katy could hardly see anything at first. Biddy felt Katy twitch at her hand as if she would dart off and rush out into the merry sunlight again. All the way up stairs Katy had been making droll faces at the maid, who went on before them, and mimicking her walk in the funniest manner. Biddy had not seemed to notice, though she had found it hard not to laugh right out at Katy's mischief. Now Biddy held fast to the little hand that wriggled in hers, and as their eyes grew used to the dimness, they saw a large bed with folds of lace hanging around, but drawn away at the sides, and in this bed lay the whitest little girl they had ever seen, with soft eyes looking at them kindly, and close to them was a tall, handsome lady. But what ailed Biddy?



**"BIDDY SAT DOWN ON THE STEPS BY KATY."**

She looked at the white-faced child in the bed, and she looked at the lady. A flush came in Biddy's cheek, and her eyes opened so wide they were almost as round as marbles. It was the most puzzled little face Mrs.

Raynor had ever seen.

"I expected you, and I'm very glad to see you," said she.

In an instant Biddy turned and threw her arms around Katy, who stared, and looked as if she would "cut," as she called it when she ran away.

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" said Biddy, with a queer little quick shake in her voice, "it's the hospital lady, and the hospital little girl that gave me the flowers!" Jenny Raynor's eyes were getting to be as round as Biddy's had been. "Oh, don't you remember the little bit of a girl that was run over, and lay in the hospital on Christmas-day, ever and ever so long ago?" cried Biddy.

Biddy stopped, as had always been her way when feeling became very strong. Mrs. Raynor made her sit down by the bed, and then put out her hand to Katy, who stood so still in the centre of the room. All the bright color had gone out of Katy's cheeks, so that her black eyes looked darker than ever. She staid just where she was, she put her hands down in her apron pockets, raising her small shoulders in doing so. She was the picture of a little elf that might vanish if any one stirred. She looked at Biddy, and said, "Is that gal in the bed the hospital gal what guv ye the flowers?"

Biddy said, "Yes."

"What's matter of 'er?"

"She has been sick a long time," said Mrs. Raynor.

"Stay in bed all time?" asked Katy, still looking at Biddy.

"Oh yes; I shall never get up any more," said Jenny Raynor. "Will you come up here, close to me, little girl?" Katy came forward a little. "Miss Kennedy says you like to run about a great deal," said Jenny; "I used to like that very much."

Katy came close to the bed. She took her hands out of her pockets; they were full of pea-nuts. She laid them on the bed, and nodded to Biddy. "I'll stay here," said she.

And Katy Kegan kept her word. She didn't get over her faults right off. She had a hard fight with them; but for the first time in her life she tried hard to get rid of them, and soon showed she had great strength to do what she had made up her mind to do.

But Miss Kennedy was right. All Katy had needed was to *be needed*. This was her "weight."

She was the very best thing that could have been brought into Jenny Raynor's sad and shut-up life. Jenny was a good little girl, but no little child can be easily content and cheerful who can not go out into the sunlight, and enjoy the sweet full life of the birds and flowers, and the merry games with other little girls and boys. It is very hard for a child to lie always in bed, and be shut out from all other children's lives. Now Katy Kegan was so wild, so merry, so constantly full and running over with bright ideas of how to get fun out of everything and anything, that she was a whole play-ground in her one little self; and she brought all this life into the room where Jenny lay, and made a new world for Jenny there. Katy was as good as a theatre, for she imitated people, and did it quite wonderfully, so that Jenny could tell just whom she meant; that is, if she had ever seen the person Katy was taking off. And Katy would show her all that she had seen or noticed on the street, in just this way by imitating, so that Jenny seemed almost to make new acquaintances with people whom she had never really seen, by means of Katy's droll mimicry. When Katy saw how all her pranks and fun made Jenny laugh and look so pleased, she took good care to find out some fresh thing to amuse her with whenever she went out.

When Jenny Raynor gave the flowers to poor Biddy in the hospital so long ago, she could not know that the little kindness would come back to her a thousandfold through another little girl whom she had then never seen at all.

Least of all would you imagine that an old broken-armed doll fished out of an ash-can could be the means of doing so much good, and leading to so much happiness in so many lives. For the good that began in these little things goes on, and may reach into countless lives in time to come. Nothing stops, and nothing stands quite apart by itself from other things. You will find this out, and think of it more and more, as you grow older. As for Biddy O'Dolan, she is quite a young woman now. Of course she does not play with her doll any more. But she keeps it. No money could buy it, with that little wooden arm on it which Charley made. She calls it her first friend, and I think it was a very good friend, don't you?

THE END.





## ALICE'S QUESTION.

Softly, gently upward  
A strain from the organ floats,  
And the children at play in the nursery  
Listen awhile to the notes,

Stop, and are silent a moment—  
They are almost tired of play,  
And the shadows of evening are falling,  
Making twilight out of the day.

Then down the broad old staircase  
Comes the patter of little feet,  
And in through the open doorway,  
Drawn by the sounds so sweet.

Then close to the organ stealing,  
With awe-struck eyes they gaze  
At the player, and listen mutely  
To the deep clear notes of praise.

Then drawing nearer and nearer,  
Made bold by the twilight gray,  
Little Alice looks up, and whispers,  
"Did God teach you how to play?"

---

## THE CARE OF PARROTS.

Parrots are among the most intelligent of household pets, and much attention should be bestowed upon them. So large a bird suffers if kept constantly confined in a cage, but a parrot is so destructive that it is impossible to allow it the liberty of a house, as chairs, carpets, in short, every article of furniture, will soon show the marks of its strong beak. If there is a garden, the parrot should be given a daily promenade during warm weather. It is a necessity to this bird to exercise its beak, and if kept in a cage, it should often be given a chip of wood to tear to pieces. A parrot will amuse itself for hours biting a chip into small fragments. The cage and feed dishes should be thoroughly cleaned every day, and fresh gravel kept in the bottom of the cage.

Parrots are fond of canary and hemp seed, and should always have fresh water, in which a little cracker may be soaked. A little sweetened weak coffee and milk, with bread crumbed in it, may be given about once a week. Apples, pears, and oranges are healthy food, and should always have the seeds left in, as a parrot will eat those first, carefully peeling them, and devour the meat afterward. A slice of lemon and a small red pepper should be given occasionally, also English walnuts.

Cleanliness is essential to the health of a parrot, and as it will not bathe itself like most other birds, it should occasionally be stood in a pan containing an inch or two of tepid water, and its back sprinkled gently. The bird will scream and rebel, but will feel better after it. It should be left in its bath for a few moments only (as it easily gets chilled), and then placed on its perch, where it can not feel any wind, to dry and plume itself. During a warm summer shower it is well to stand the cage out-of-doors for a short time. The parrot will usually spread its wings to receive the drops, and scream with delight, as that is its natural way of bathing. Parrots have very tender feet, and they often suffer if their claws are not kept perfectly clean. The perch should on this account be wiped dry every day. Meat, or anything greasy, is harmful to a

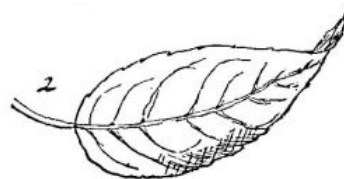


parrot, and parsley will kill it, although lettuce, and especially green peas in the pod, are healthy diet.

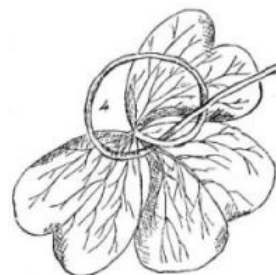
Parrots are almost always savage to strangers, but so affectionate to the person who tends them that they fully repay for the care bestowed upon them.

## PENCIL DRAWING, No. 2.

Simple as it may seem to draw *leaves*, there must be care, and patience, and faithful effort. After a while, the young student who *succeeds* will go on to *flower* drawing, which is more difficult, but very delightful, and will be illustrated by-and-by.



At present we must try *easy leaves*. I make a few illustrations, enough to begin with. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are fuchsia leaves; No. 4, oxalis. These may be drawn again and again. A whole page of fuchsia leaves of different sizes is very pretty, and so of any leaf. By a skillful hand they may be arranged with artistic grace.



Attention to a few points will give a precision and interest to the drawing. Let the drawing be *lightly* rather than heavily done. Learn to draw the *double lines* of *stems* and *veins* with great correctness. Make a darker line on the under edge of leaves, and on one side of the stems. By turning the leaf on the wrong side the veins can be distinctly seen, and easily drawn. Do not be discouraged, but *persevere*. Begin to-morrow, or to-day: these beginnings may help you to become a skillful sketcher, and will

give to you a delightful

occupation that will grow dearer to your heart every day of your life.

[Pg 262]



This number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE completes the thirteen issues promised to subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY for 1880, and is therefore the last number to be sent out with that paper. Any one of our little friends who may thus be deprived of a weekly visit from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and who wishes to continue acquaintance with us, may receive the remaining thirty-two numbers of our first volume, which will conclude with the number dated October 26, 1880, by sending One Dollar to the publishers, who will, on receipt of that amount, forward these numbers weekly, postage free, to any address in the United States or Canada. Those who wish the back numbers, as well as the remainder of the volume, should send One Dollar and Fifty Cents, the price of a year's subscription. The publishers renew their assurance that they will make every effort to please their young patrons by providing weekly an attractive and instructive variety of illustrated reading.

LOCKPORT, ILLINOIS.

I saw in YOUNG PEOPLE a letter from Edwin A. H., telling about his cabinet. Although I have been collecting only three years I have quite a cabinet. It contains a sea-cow, which measures fourteen inches from the tip of its tail to the nose. It is larger than any I have ever seen either in Chicago, New York, or Canada. That and a sea-horse came from Cuba. I have also some fine specimens of different corals and sponges; a box of agates and other stones from Africa; some beautiful specimens of quartz from the Rocky Mountains; a specimen from the Matanzas Cave in Cuba; a collection of Indian arrow-heads; a variety of petrifications, among them a very large, perfect trilobite; a few very old coins, four of which, I think, are from Pompeii; a collection of foreign stamps; shells from California, Cuba, and other places; and other things I have no room to mention. Can any one tell me how I can obtain some really good specimens of minerals? And is the whale that arrived at the New York Aquarium last summer alive yet?

L. H. N.

Are any correspondents informed about the health and present condition of the whale?

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

I write to tell you about my collection of minerals. I am now ten years old. I commenced to collect when I was nine. My minerals are very fine, and I took the three-dollar premium for them at the fair.

WILLIAM L. BETTON.

---

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a little girl thirteen years old. I live in Ann Arbor, Michigan, but I am spending the winter in Cincinnati. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like it very much. I am collecting curiosities, but I have no Proteus.

GRACE D. HALL.

---

MACON, GEORGIA.

I will write and tell you what a warm winter we have had. There were strawberries and peach blossoms in January, and now we have many kinds of flowers blooming in the gardens. I am writing St. Valentine's Day, and I and my two sisters, Bessie and Kate, have had several pretty valentines.

LAURA C. PARMELEE (9 years).

---

"BAY CLIFF," LONG ISLAND.

I am a little boy ten years old, and live by the water. I have a nice little row-boat named *Broadbill*, with patent oars. I have a Shetland pony named Fanny. She is about three feet high, and is very kind and gentle, and I can ride or drive her. My guinea-pig is also a pet. I feed it cabbage leaves, carrots, boiled potatoes, and lettuce.

E. T. I.

---

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

My most cunning pet is a guinea-pig named Tip, who creeps under my arm and goes to sleep. I put cabbage and celery in a train of cars and run across the floor; Tip gallops after and steals the leaves, stops to munch them, and then races for more.

ARTHUR A. CRANDELL.

---

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

I have had experience with guinea-pigs, and I thought I would tell Mark Francis what mine eat. They like all kinds of green vegetables, such as lettuce and cabbage, but they like grass better than anything else; I can not give them enough. The only cooked food they like is Graham bread and oatmeal mush. Sometimes they eat oats and apples. My auntie has kept them for fifteen years, and she never gave them any water. She says if they want water, they are sick. They are always very sensitive to the cold.

GRACE B. PETERSON.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I have been reading all the letters from little girls and boys about their pets, and I must tell them about mine. I have a little kitten named "Buttercup," and she is just as sweet and pretty as any buttercup that ever grew, and so good and so cunning. She will jump upon the bureau and watch the canary, and he will peck at her with his little bill, and she does not even look cross at him, and we know she would not ruffle a feather for all the world. I wonder if any other little girl can leave her kitten with her birds, and know she will not hurt them? And you should see her go to the mirror and look at herself—just like any lady—and she seems to think herself so pretty, I am really afraid she is vain. There are so many other things I could tell about her, but mamma says you will not print my letter if I write any more.

ELLA SELWYN.

---

BRADLEY, MICHIGAN, *February 18.*

I found a willow bush covered with "pussies" yesterday. The rabbits never run up to me

when I whistle, like the one Laura B. wrote about. They stop and turn around and look at me, and then they just snap their eyes and scoot.

FRANK C. NOURSE.

---

I am only seven years old, and I live way out in Fort Klamath, Oregon, and I can't write a very good letter, but I like the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and the letters in the Post-office from little children so much. It is nice to be out here where there is so much snow to have fun with. I have a pair of snow-shoes, a little brother, and a pet dog to play with, besides lots of other things. I don't go to school, because there is no school here, but I say my lessons to mamma every day.

SOPHIE L. W.

---

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

I am going to write this all myself. I have a pony. His name is Dick. We all love him dearly. He shakes hands. We say, "Shake hands, Dick," and he puts up his right foot. He is just as sweet as honey. He is white. We used to live on a farm, and my sister and I used to go after the cows on Dick. We carried a long whip. Some cows would lag behind, and we would say, "Bite the cow, Dick," and the dear little fellow would lay back his white ears and just bite her awful hard. We are going to have a cabinet picture taken of him.

GRACE H. (9 years).

---

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

I am five years old. I have a blue terrier—Wax. He plays hide-and-seeek. Mamma covers his eyes with her hand, and I hide. When I say, "Coop," mamma lets him go. Then he rushes all round, standing on his hind-legs to look on tables, and peeping under the couch, and looking upon chairs. When he finds me, he begins to bark loud, and tries to bite my toes, but he has very few teeth. He is old.

ROGER GRISWOLD PERKINS.

---

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I am a boy who have recently come to the city from the country. I have a young Skye-terrier, and he gives me much trouble by running away every time the hall door is opened. Then I have to run after him. As he can run the fastest, it is hard work for me, but fun for him. People must think I have two dogs, for when he goes out he is a blue dog, and when he comes back he is mud-color. When we give him a good washing, he is blue again. He likes to play, and I would be lonesome without him.

DWIGHT RUGGLES.

---

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I saw in the Post-office letters one from a little boy who had two Maltese cats, and one of them was very fond of pea-nuts. I had a beautiful black and white kitty, in Centennial year, that would follow me round whenever I came from the Exhibition, begging for the sugared balls of pop-corn I always brought home with me. I had another kitty afterward that was just as fond of candy. They are both dead now, and I have no pets. I am nine years old.

FLORENCE OZIAS.

---

C. H. WILLIAMSON.—All of Jacob Abbott's books for the young are in print. Valuable works on Long Island history have been published by the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn. Hitchcock's *Geology* and Gray's *Lessons in Botany* will be of service to you.

---

C. F. ALLEN.—Danger Island is in the Chagos Archipelago, on the west end of the great Chagos Bank, Indian Ocean.

---

Here is a very pretty experiment, sent by F. V. G., Madison, Wisconsin: "Take an ordinary water-pail. Lay across the top two pieces of stout wire, about two inches apart. Then lay a lump of ice on the wires. In about half an hour go and look at it, and you will find that the wires pass through the middle of the lump of

ice, but you can not see how they came there."

---

The following tribute to the egg tombola is from Ella W.:

From an egg, shot, and tallow, with care,  
A merry tombola I soon did prepare;  
I brushed up his locks in a very fine way,  
And dressed him in garments of nice sober gray;  
And when he was ready all came to admire,  
So portly was he that I called him the Squire.

I then laid him down to measure, and see  
Whether standing or lying the tallest he'd be;  
When he lifted himself with a nod and a bound,  
Rocked backward and forward and balanced around.  
The giddy tombola! he will not lie down;  
It's useless to urge such a funny old clown.

---

MADISON COOPER.—The direction given to Charley D. M., in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 18, will probably apply to your fish.

---

ELLA FULLER and HELEN THOMPSON.—We fear there is no remedy for your unfortunate animals.

---

HENRY B. H.—Excellent directions for the construction of a cheap telescope are given in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 1.

---

CHARLES CONNER.—We can not undertake any such commissions.

---

J. R. FOSTER.—Pages of advertisements are almost always given in weekly papers. You will find them in every bound volume of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, and similar publications.

---

"NORTH STAR."—You understand the art of making puzzles, but you must be more careful with your spelling. There is only one "e" in cathedral.

---

ALBERT MULLEN.—Box-wood only is used by engravers on wood, as it has a fine grain and the requisite hardness. It can be got out in small pieces only, and these are either glued or screwed together to form large blocks. When a picture is to be engraved in haste, the block is taken apart and the pieces are given to several engravers, in order to save time. Sometimes thirty or more engravers are employed at once on a single block.

---

LEONARD S. E.—If you send four cents in postage stamps to the publishers the number you require will be forwarded to you.

---

A. H. ELLARD.—Your handwriting is very neat and distinct for a boy of your age. In a Numerical Charade each figure represents a letter of the solution. Supposing the answer to be "America," you could make "car" from the sixth, seventh, and fourth letters, and proceed in this way until you had used every letter of the solution.

---

JAMES W. C., H. W. G., and OTHERS.—Thanks for your kind letters, but we have decided to use no more puzzles referring in any way to ourselves. We also wish to remind some of you that enigmas must be in rhyme, otherwise they can not be printed. Do not take your own name nor the names of any of your friends to form a puzzle, because children to whom you are entire strangers could never guess it. Be careful to use new solutions in making puzzles; and when you see that we have already published one on Washington, Bonaparte, or the name of any other celebrated man, do not send us a repetition. We pay no attention to puzzles not accompanied by full answers.

---

Willow "pussies" are to be found now in almost all localities, judging from the many reports sent us by our youthful correspondents. Crocuses have pushed upward to the spring sunshine, and rose bushes are beginning to send out tender green shoots. "Pussies" have been reported by C. H. W., Mary M. R., Joe Ward, and many others; and Louis C. Vogt sends a twig of these pretty downy tokens of spring, which he accompanies with a very neatly printed letter. It is now time to begin to watch for violets and anemones, and other early flowers.

---

Answers to question by S. R. W. in Post-office Box, No. 17, are received from "North Star," W. F. Bruns, Harry V. G., Florence B., E. L. M., Freddie H., Kittie A. R., "Mystic," and others. Eight words have been sent. They are Scion, Suspicion, Coercion, Pernicion, Epinicion, Internecion, Ostracion, Cestracion; these are all to be found in Worcester's Dictionary. There is also Cion, which is synonymous with Scion. There are, besides, several obsolete words with the same ending not to be found in modern English dictionaries.

---

Favors are acknowledged from Charlie Markward, Willie H. McVean, Amy L. Orr, Harry C. Peck, Edward L. Haines, Percy and George, Alma Hoffmann, Rebecca Hedges, Willie C. S., Alice E. Stephenson, Lottie C. Underhill, Bessie L. Stewart, Jennie Clark, Charlie A. Mather, H. H. Pitcairn, Nellie G. Vaughn, J. D., Willie R. H., Frank Coniston, Mina L. C., Lyman C., Willie B. A., Leonie Young, Mamie Brooke, James Walker, Katie Black, Henry Koehler, G. Walter Burnham, Effie E. P., Geraldine Watson, Ray Bennett, Anabel Turner, Freddie C., Arthur B., R. L. R.

---

Numerous correspondents have sent new answers to our Puzzle Picture in No. 14; and although many have given nine names, but two, Florence Ozias and Mark Robbins, have found D-rill, the mischievous monkey concealed by our artist.

---

Correct answers to puzzles received from E. T. Smith, George H. Churchill, Mamie E. F., Herbert N. Twing, Fannie T., and Belle M., Leonard S. E., Effie K. Talboys, E. P. Walker, J. F. Sullivan, H. S. T., Gracie Flint, W. Robertson, Katie Wentz, Millie Benson, Ella W., Nellie Bartlett, Goldie Williams, W. H. Kurtz, Henry Cullyford, J. H. Crosman, Jun., Stella, Jay H. M., L. L. Lee, Marie Doyle, Gracie K. Richards.

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Answer to Charade in No. 17, on page 216—Fishball.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 1, 3, 4 is a measure.  
My 6, 2, 9, 12 is a girl's name.  
My 11, 10, 4, 8, 3, 6, 5 is a young reptile.  
My 1, 7, 11 is a small animal.  
My whole is a South American river.

CHESLY B. H.

---

### No. 2.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A small rope. A scent. A question often asked. Variegated. To clasp. Water. Answer—two English poets.

M. L.

---

### No. 3.

#### ENIGMA.

My first is in loss, but not in gain.  
My second is in France, but not in Spain.  
My third is in sling, but not in stung.  
My fourth is in old, and also in young.

My fifth is in Venus, but not in Mars.  
My whole is composed of beautiful stars.

ALFRED W. S.

---

**No. 4.**

**RHOMBOID.**

Across—A descent; a bench; to clip; to hold. Down—In flap; a preposition; to allow; a bird; a knot; a pronoun; in flap.

N. L. COLLAMER.

---

**No. 5.**

**WORD SQUARE.**

First, manner of walking. Second, a movement of the ocean. Third, to manage a publication. Fourth, tame animals.

NELLIE B.

---

**No. 6.**

**DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

A vowel. An animal. A well-known fruit. A man's name. A vowel.

H. N. T.

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---

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---

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---

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---

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[Pg 264]



### THE TRAMP PUZZLE.

With one straight cut of the scissors get out of this tramp a handsome Persian and a sea-cow.

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### A PERSONATION: WHO AM I?

My enemies declare I was alike faithless to friend or foe; my partisans, that I was a martyr. In either case, I expiated my follies and weaknesses with my life, as had my grandmother before me. I was born at Dunfermline, November 19, 1600, and died January 30, 1649—not an old man, as you see. I was heir to great possessions, and held a high position, but I lost land, fortune, and honor. When young, my great friend, also a favorite with my father, obtained a hold on me, and induced me, as soon as I succeeded my father in my inheritance, to begin my career by paying no heed to my people's wishes. I was very obstinate, and as determined as my people to carry my point, and we soon fell out. What I could not gain fairly, I tried

to obtain by treachery, and the result can be readily guessed. I introduced many measures; none of them were liked, and the struggle as to who would conquer—the one or the many—began. My habits were extravagant, but then I had fine tastes; collected many beautiful pictures, which, alas! at my death, were scattered, never again to be a collection. The painter Vandyck was a favorite of mine, and when he lay dying I sent my own doctor to attend him, but in vain. He painted several likenesses of me and my family. I had very warm friends, who stood by me in all my troubles, but nothing could save me; and at last, January 15, 1649, I was put on trial for my life. My judges were prejudiced against me, and I was not allowed to plead my own cause, so was adjudged worthy of death. All agree, friends and foes, that I met my fate bravely, and when you find out who I am, "remember" the last word I spoke. My family were scattered and poor. Afterward my eldest son avenged my "murder," as he considered it, but three of my judges escaped, and found shelter in America. There was, however, a taint of falsehood in all of us, and my children's children were at last dispossessed of what had been my inheritance.

What most grieved me was not my losses, but remembering how many friends suffered with me; and, spite of all my faults, few have been more loved.



**WILL IT BITE?**



CHARLES. "What did you have for Dessert to-day, Lil? We had Omelet Sho-Fly!"  
LILLIE. "What is that?"  
CHARLES. "Oh, papa says it's French for blowed."

**FOOTNOTES:**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MARCH 16, 1880 \*\*\*

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