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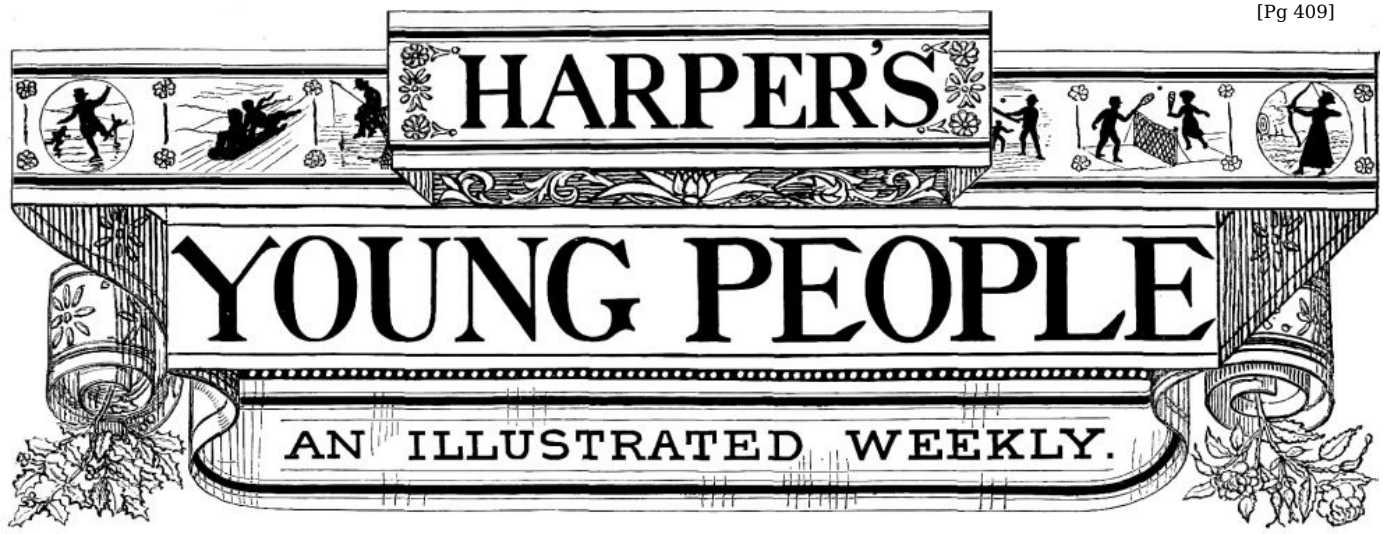

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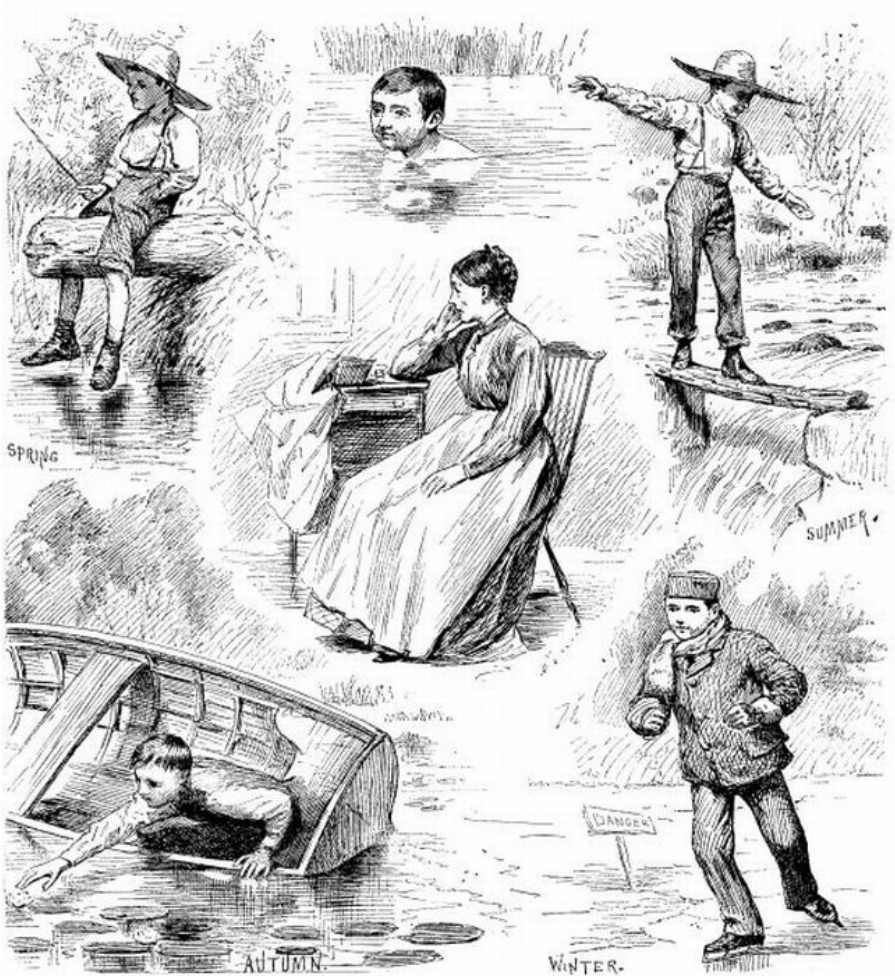


A MOTHER'S ANXIETIES—"WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE!"

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

BY M. M.

Blue violets open their saintly eyes,
  Red columbines bend and sway,
White star-flowers twinkle in beds of moss,
  And, blooming, they seem to say,
"We bring you the red and the white and the blue
  To welcome Memorial-day."

So gather them, children, at earliest dawn,
  While yet they are fresh with dew,
And we'll scatter them over the sacred mounds
  Where slumber our soldiers true;
For we'll give them only the colors they loved—
  The red and the white and the blue.

HOW JONATHAN BEWITCHED THE CHICKENS.

BY MARY HICKS.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Now for a long play-day; the school-master's a witch, and we are free;" and some twenty boys came flocking and tumbling out of the school-house door, and went swarming up the street. Not much

like the boys of to-day, except for the noise, were these twenty youngsters of nearly two centuries ago, who skipped and ran up the streets of Boston, dressed in their long square-skirted coats, small-clothes, long stockings, and low shoes with their cherished buckles of silver or brass. And very different from to-day were the streets through which they passed as they flocked homeward talking of the master.

"He'll have naught to do but learn of the Black Man now; they do say he rides his ferule and bunch of twigs high up in the air, like Mistress Hibbins used her broom-stick," cried William Bartholomew, the sneak of the school.

"He best have been switching thee with it, then," cried Jonathan Winthrop. "Thou never hast thy share of the whippings—does he, mates?" and frank-faced Jonathan turned to his companions.

"Truly thou and I, Jonathan, need not complain that we have not our share of the fun and the twigs," laughed Christopher Corwin, as he laid his arm on Jonathan's, and shrugged his shoulders at the thought of numerous beatings. For Jonathan Winthrop and Christopher Corwin, with their plots and pranks, were enough to make poor Master Halleck sell his soul to the Evil One, as report said he had done.

"His ferule was sharp as a knife," said overgrown Jo Tucker, the butt of the school.

"Truly," cried William Bartholomew, "sharper than thy wits, we doubt not; or thy knife either, for that was never known to cut aught."

"Keep thy tongue in thy head, Billy Mew; none ever said that was not sharp enough," put in Christopher Corwin.

"I do not believe he is a witch," said Samuel Shaddoe, a quiet boy, dressed in very plain drab clothes, and a wider brimmed hat than the others.

"Oh, doesn't thee?" cried several.

"Thou art but a Quaker thyself, and a Quaker's as bad as a witch any day," shouted Robert Pike.

"There, muddle thy stockings in yon mud puddle for that speech, thou water-loving Baptist," cried Christopher Corwin, as he jostled Baptist Bob in some water by the way.

"Hurrah for the witch, and a long play-day!" cried the boys.

"Peace! peace! ye noisy urchins!" said Magistrate Sewall, as he stepped suddenly from a doorway. "The master has imps of the earth as well as the air, I see. Get ye home less noisily, or we must needs put ye in yonder prison with the master."

The awe of the magistrate's presence had the desired effect, and the crowd broke up in groups of two or three, and each took his way homeward quietly.

"Jonathan, doest thou believe the master dotted his i's and crossed his t's when he signed his name in the Black Man's book in the forest yonder?" said Christopher, as the two boys walked home together.

"Nay, I know not," said Jonathan, absently.

"Verily, I hope the Black Man cracked him across his knuckles, if he did not," said Christopher; and he thought of his own often-aching fists.

"Chris, thou art too wise to believe the poor master's a witch," said Jonathan.

"Nay, how could I be, when the magistrates themselves, and all the wise men of the town, believe it?"

"Thou doest not believe the master stuck pins in Job Swinnerton's stomach?"

"Nay," laughed Chris; "the green apples from Deacon Gedney's orchard were the cause of his pain."

"But, Chris, I'm afraid it will go hard with the master, for all the boys but thou and I seem bent on making him a witch."

"Well, trouble not thyself about it. As Billy Mew says, if the master's a witch, we will have the longer play-day. To-morrow I go to my grandfather's, in Salem, and thou come over with thy father some day; it will be rare fun to see the witch children act."

"Peradventure I may. It will be dull without thee, Chris; and with the rest of the boys making the master out a witch, they'll have no time for play."

"Well, take care of thyself, good fellow, and beware thou doest not provoke Dame Betty too far; she has a rare relish for calling people witches."

"Ay, that she has. There's a pail of water now at her door, and she's talking with our Debby, I doubt not: let's turn the bottom up to dry;" and in a wink the two boys were off for this bit of mischief.

In a few days all were off to Salem—Jonathan's father as one of the judges, the master to be tried for a witch, with those of the children whom he had afflicted as accusers, and jolly Chris to see the fun.

It was very lonesome for Jonathan at home, for he had no brothers or sisters, his mother was always sick, and Debby spent all her spare time talking with a crony across the way of the witch-woman, Bridget Bishop, then on trial for witchcraft.

So Jonathan made playmates of and amused himself with the chickens of the Rev. Deodat Parker, who lived next door. Now these chickens were the source of much pleasure to Jonathan, for the Winthrops had none, neither Jonathan nor Debby being deemed fit to be trusted with them; and Jonathan envied the Rev. Deodat Parker his yard full of staid old fowls and lively young chicks. Early in the spring Jonathan had loved to caress and cuddle up the little rolls of yellow and black down; but now that they were great stalking, ragged fowls, putting on all sorts of airs, they excited his ridicule, and he longed to tease them, and the last year's brood of clucking hens and crowing roosters, that didn't quite know what to make of these new-comers.

Once he would have gone over in the yard to play with and tease the chickens to his heart's content; but

Dame Betty having traced the overturned pail and numerous other tricks to his door, he considered her an enemy in ambush, liable to fly out at any moment with a stout broom-stick or hot suds, and so wisely kept at a safe distance. [Pg 411]

But roosted on the fence, with a handful of corn, Jonathan's fears were at rest, and he fed the chickens, drove the old roosters nearly wild with long and loud crowing, and sometimes made a hasty jump into the yard to set two ruffled, ambitious roosters fighting.

Now Jonathan teased and bothered the poor fowls so continually that they began to grow afraid of him, and would not come when he called them, much to his indignation. But one day he thought of a plan, and went straightway to work at it.

First he went to his mother's work-basket and got a spool of thread, then to the meal chest for a handful of corn. Sitting down on the door-step, he tied long strings of thread to each grain of corn, then climbed the fence, and commenced what was fun for him, but misery for the poor chickens.

"Chick, chick," called Jonathan; and he threw his handful of corn to the ground. "Now I've got ye, ye disobliging things," said he to himself, as the stout old hens and pompous roosters pushed the young ones aside, and gobbled up the corn.

Then Jonathan gave a sudden jerk to his strings, that caused the poor chickens to feel more uncomfortable in their stomachs than they ever had before, and made the roosters dance, and the poor old hens tumble and bob around in all directions. Mischievous Jonathan sat and laughed until he tumbled off the fence, which broke the strings, and set the poor fowls free.

This mischief Jonathan carried on for a few days, until the wily chicks would not come to get the corn when they saw him, and he had to hide behind the fence until the poor things had swallowed their uncomfortable morsel, and then he would pop up to see the fun.

But Betty had her eyes on Master Jonathan, and one morning, while waiting on table, spoke her mind as follows:

"Master, I know not what's to be done with that brat Jonathan Winthrop; now that his father's away, he behaves more unseemly than wont. The master on trial yonder has made him a witch, and he has bewitched our chickens."

"Why for, my good Betty?"

"Why for? Why, they scream and fly away from him on first sight; and then he bewitches them nearer, and they are filled with pain seemingly, and flutter and fly about as if in great distress."

"Some of his pranks, I doubt not. I'll speak to him. Serve a fowl for dinner, Betty;" and the Rev. Deodat Parker rose from the table, evidently not crediting Betty's story.

Well, the fowl was served for dinner, and the minister and his good wife ate heartily, likewise Dame Betty. But that night the minister had an uncomfortable time of it, for the fowl was a tough old hen, and didn't sit as quietly on the minister's stomach as she would on a nest full of eggs.

"To my thinking, that boy's a witch of the Black Man's own brewing," said Betty, the next morning. "He hath bewitched our chickens, for certain."

"Nonsense, Betty," said the minister and his good wife together.

"Verily, no nonsense," snapped back Dame Betty. "That hen was bewitched I killed and cooked yesterday, as the eating of it has proved to the master. Never hen had such legs, or was so hard to kill; and, hark ye! I could not keep water in the pot," said Betty, mysteriously.

"Verily, this is a matter to be looked into. Thou thinkest the boy a witch?" And the Rev. Deodat Parker, uncomfortable from his disturbed night, was more willing to believe.

And so, I can hardly tell how, in a short time it was whispered around that little Jonathan Winthrop was a witch, and had bewitched the Rev. Deodat Parker's chickens.

One day Dame Betty walked into the minister's study, and said, "Master, come and see for thyself."

So the minister called his good wife, and the three took their station behind a closed blind. And there, sure enough, was Master Jonathan astride the fence, waving his hands in the air, in what seemed to them some dreadful incantation, while on the ground four old hens and one miserable rooster were bobbing and squawking like things bewitched.

Now, unfortunately, the minister and his good wife and old Betty could not see the strings in Jonathan's hands, and so immediately believed him a true witch.

"Deodat, it must be seen to," said Goodwife Parker.

"Yes, I will go at once for a magistrate." And the old gentleman hurried off with unseemly haste, and returned in a short time with two magistrates and a brother clergyman, all considerably out of breath as they took their station behind the blind to see the wonderful manifestations.

And Jonathan was at it yet. Owing to the chickens being so hard to catch, he prolonged the fun when he did catch them. As the solemn magistrates peeped out, Jonathan gave a jerk to his threads that made the poor fowls fly toward him, fluttering and squawking like mad; and as he let the thread out again they ran away with all their might, only to be twitched back by their tormentor, who laughed until he cried at their antics.

The two magistrates and brother clergyman were old, as nearly all men in office were in those days, and their eyes saw no strings either. So they had a long talk, and decided Jonathan had best be arrested and tried, lest he should bewitch people next.

But on that day little Deliverance Parker, the minister's granddaughter, who lived out beyond the town, came to make a visit at her grandfather's, and she was told by Dame Betty that she must not play with Jonathan Winthrop as she used to do, for he was a witch, and had bewitched their chickens. And then Dame Betty showed her, as she had many others, from behind the blinds, Jonathan as he was plaguing the poor

fowls.

Now little Deliverance had sharp eyes, saw the strings plainly, and took in the trouble at once; but Betty was so set and stupid she could not convince her, and they would not let her tell Jonathan of his danger.

Fortunately matters came to a crisis that afternoon. The magistrates had been waiting for Jonathan's father to come home; but as he was kept so long at Salem, they took matters in their own hands, and brought Jonathan before quite an assembly in the minister's study.

The poor boy was so frightened at all the stern faces before him that he didn't know what to say to the charge, and grew so confused and flustered, they believed him guilty at once.

But little Deliverance waited until the magistrates had finished talking, and then walked straight before them, and began to speak.

"Verily, he is no witch. He only ties strings to the corn that the poor fowls eat, and by the aid of the strings pulls them about."

"Thou art mistaken, little one; we saw no strings," said the magistrates.

"Yes, but there were;" and little Deliverance was so positive, and by that time Jonathan had found his tongue, and both children explained the affair so clearly, that the old magistrates looked rather foolish, and dismissed the case with a reprimand to Jonathan for wasting his time so foolishly. But some good came of the boy's prank after all. For his father, seeing how near Jonathan came being proved a witch, bestirred himself in favor of poor School-master Halleck, who was set free from prison in consequence. [Pg 412]

[Begun in No. 19 of Harper's Young People, March 9.]

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

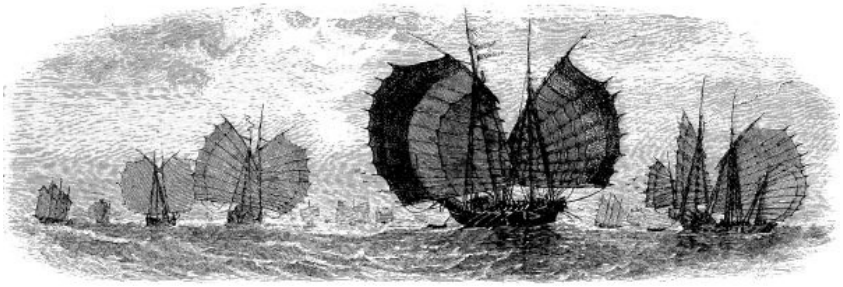
A True Story.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

Chapter XII.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" AT HOME.

The first sight of China—that region of marvel and mystery, where everything seems exactly opposite to what one sees at home, and the fashions of three thousand years ago are supreme as ever—is a great event in any one's life. So thought Frank Austin, who was on the watch for the Chinese coast long before it came in sight, although the run from Singapore was an unusually quick one; for the *Arizona* exerted all her speed to "get in for a cargo" before a rival steamer, which had kept close to her all the way, coming so near at times that the respective officers could exchange a little good-humored "chaff" through their speaking-trumpets.



A CHINESE TRADING FLEET SAILING WITH THE MONSOON.

But our hero got a glimpse of the "Celestials" sooner than he expected. For the last two or three days of the voyage the sea was literally covered with Chinese junks, large and small, many of them strongly manned, and armed with cannon, to guard against the countless pirates of the "China seas." At every moment it seemed as if the *Arizona* must run some of them down; but just as the crash was about to come, the junk would veer, and slide nimbly away. When several of them came by together, the barking of dogs, crowing of roosters, and shouts of children made Frank feel quite as if he were in a town instead of on the open sea. So steadily do the "trade-winds" (here called "monsoons") blow from one quarter, that these junks, starting at the same time every year, often make a whole voyage without shifting sail at all.

Frank was delighted with the picturesque sight, and overwhelmed Herrick with questions, that the old tar answered readily enough.

"That's right, lad," he would say; "keep your eyes open, and when you don't know a thing, never be ashamed to ask. That's the way to git on—you see if it ain't! Why, there's that feller Monkey, now: 'stead o' lookin' about him when we were at Singapore, I found him fast asleep in the shadder o' the quarter-boat, never knowin' whether he was in Malacca or Massachusetts! If you'd been one o' *that* sort, 'stead o' bein' supercargo, you'd ha' been shovellin' coal down thar yet?'"

For some time past Frank had noticed a curious change in one of the men, who, after showing himself, a brave and able seaman in the earlier part of the voyage, had suddenly, without any apparent reason, become so gloomy and miserable that his mates nicknamed him "Dick Calamity." The surgeon, though

finding no sign of actual illness about the man, had pronounced him quite unfit for duty, and thenceforth the poor fellow would sit for hours looking moodily over the side, with a weary, hopeless expression, which, as Herrick truly said, "made a man's heart ache to look at."

One evening there was some music on the after-deck (there being several good musicians among the lady passengers who had come aboard at Singapore), and Frank, with some of the officers, stood by to listen. As the last notes of "Home, Sweet Home" died away, Austin's quick ear caught a smothered sob behind him. Following the sound, he discovered poor Dick crouching under the lee of one of the boats, and crying like a child.

Frank spoke to him kindly, but for some time could get nothing from him but sobs and tears. At last, however, the whole story came out. The man was homesick.

"I want to be home agin!" he groaned, "and I don't care to live if I can't. If I could just git one glimpse o' my little farm yonder among the Vermont hills, it 'ud be worth every cent I've got."

"But you'll soon be home *now*, you know," said Frank, cheerily. "We're close to Hong-Kong, and you can get a passage home from there whenever you like."

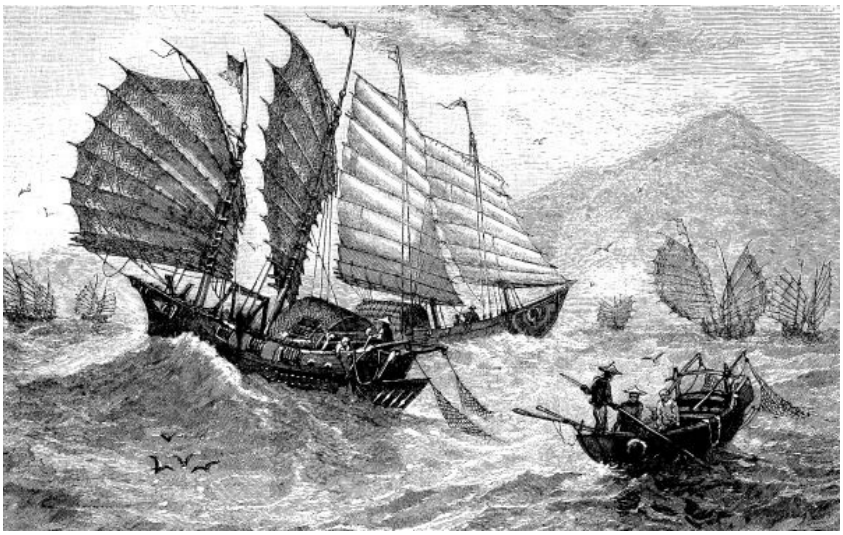
Dick only shook his head mournfully; but after a time he seemed to grow quieter, and went below. His mates—who had long since left off making fun of him, and now did all they could to cheer him up—helped him into his bunk, and recommended him to go to sleep.

The next morning an unusual bustle on the forecastle attracted Frank's attention, and he went forward to ask what was the matter.

"Poor Dick's gone and killed himself,"[1] answered one of the men, sadly. "I was al'ays afeard that 'ud be the end of it."

It was too true. An hour later the poor fellow's body, sewn up in a hammock, and weighted with a heavy shot, was plunged into the sea; and Herrick, drawing his rough hand across his eyes, muttered, "*That's* what comes o' goin' to sea when you ain't fit for it."

On the seventh day of the voyage the Chinese coast was seen stretching like a thin gray cloud along the horizon. Presently the mountains began to outline themselves against the sky, and as the vessel drew nearer, the huge dark precipices and smooth green slopes grew plainer and plainer, while in the background towered the great blue mass of Victoria Peak, at the foot of which lies Hong-Kong. [Pg 413]



CHINESE FISHING FLEET OFF CANTON.

Frank was not a little puzzled by a number of strange-looking brown objects that lay close inshore, tumbling and bobbing about like porpoises. But as the steamer approached, they turned out to be Chinese "sampans" and fishing-boats, hard at work. Some had white sails criss-crossed with strips of bamboo, others huge brown sails of woven matting, like bats' wings; and altogether—what with the brightly painted boats, the queer faces and gestures of the pigtailed fishermen, the barking of the big dogs which seemed to act as sentries, the glittering scales of the fish that came pouring out of the nets, and lay flapping on the deck, the general bustle and activity—it was a sight well worth seeing.

Over the after-part of each boat was an awning of straw or matting, under which the fisherman's family could be seen at work upon their morning meal of rice and fish, flipping it into their mouths with long knitting-needles, which Herrick said were the famous Chinese "chopsticks." They hardly took the trouble to look round at the steamer as she passed, seeming to care very little whether she happened to run them down or not.

And now larger junks began to appear, together with not a few foreign vessels, which seemed to start out of the solid mountain, for as yet no opening was to be seen. But all at once the *Arizona* made a sharp turn to port, around the elbow of a huge headland, and there, through a gap in the cliffs, appeared the beautiful harbor of Hong-Kong, right ahead.[2]

"Dutch Gap, by hoe-cake!" cried a tall Virginian, with a joyful grin.

"Ah! don't I jist wish it was!" muttered another, who was beginning to feel a touch of poor Dick Calamity's complaint.

Gliding past the pretty little islet that sentinels the entrance, the *Arizona* ran in and dropped anchor, while

the rival steamer, came slowly up behind her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF A WINGED TRAMP.

BY FLETCHER READE.

Tramps, you think, are a modern invention, and a very disagreeable one, too; but if you had chanced to live so long ago as when the earth was young, you would know that the institution is a very old and honorable one.

You would have heard, too, in that far-off golden age, of the winged tramp—a beautiful youth who spent his life in travelling from place to place, sometimes on the earth, sometimes in the air, walking or flying as the humor seized him: a merry fellow withal, and the very Prince of the wandering brotherhood.

He was, indeed, a true Prince, for his father, Zeus, was King of Olympia, and his mother, Maia, was descended from the Titans, an ancient and royal family.

Instead of living in the grand Olympian palace, however, Maia preferred to remain in her own home—a beautiful grotto on the hill Kyllene, and it was here that the young Prince Hermes was born.

Even then babies were wonderful beings, as they are now, and always must be; but of all astonishing and precocious infants Hermes was certainly the most remarkable.

Cuddled and wrapped in his cradle, and six hours old by the sun, he leaped to his feet, and ran swiftly across the hard, uneven floor of Maia's cave.

Just outside the door he spied a tortoise.

"Aha, my fine fellow!" said this wonderful baby, "you are just the person I wished to see."

The tortoise was so taken by surprise that he could not find a word to say, and by the time he had made up his mind that the best thing for him to do was to get out of the way, there was nothing left of him to get away with, for the baby Prince had thrust out his eyes, and had converted his shell into a lyre.

Hermes smiled as he held it between his hands, and then, seating himself by his mother's side, he began to sing, recounting to her all the most wonderful events of her life.

It was now that Maia discovered for the first time that her baby wore on his feet a curious pair of sandals, on each of which grew tiny wings. [Pg 414]

She turned quickly to clasp him in her hands, for she knew by the sign of the winged shoes that he would soon fly away from the little grotto of Kyllene.

But Hermes sprang out of her reach, and laughed gayly as she chased him about the cave, hardly stopping to turn his head as he bounded past her, and out into the open air, carrying his lyre in his hand, and wearing on his head a funny little hat, on which were two wings like those upon his shoes.

Faster and faster he flew, now floating on the wind like a swallow, now bounding over the earth, and now rising just above the tops of the highest trees.

This was the little tramp's first journey, and his errand, I am sorry to say, was a very wicked and mischievous one; for no sooner did he see the cows of Prince Apollo feeding in the pastures of Pieria than he decided to steal a couple of them for his breakfast, and to let the rest stray away. Having accomplished this piece of mischief, he went back to his cradle, gliding through the open door as swiftly and softly as the summer wind.

Phœbus Apollo soon discovered what had happened, and started off in pursuit of the robber; but Hermes was by this time fast asleep.

"What! I steal your cows!" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes, as Apollo stood at the door of Maia's cave. "I beg your pardon, but I do not even know what a cow is."

Then he laughed to himself, and hid his face under the clothes; but Apollo was not to be deceived, and Hermes was compelled to leave the pleasant grotto, and appear before Zeus to answer for his crime.

Still the little tramp denied the theft: "No, no," he said, "I never stole a cow in my life. I do not know a cow from a goat. I, indeed!" And the boy turned on his heel, laughing as he spoke.

"Hermes," said Zeus at length, from his royal throne, "it is useless for you to try longer to deceive us. Return the cows, make up the quarrel, and Apollo will forgive the theft."

Hermes saw that his secret was discovered, and confessed his fault as gayly as he had before denied it.

Prince Apollo was still somewhat out of humor, but as the boy led him back along the sandy shores of Pieria, he told such pleasant stories and sang such bewitching songs that the angry Prince began to smile, and at last declared that the music was worth the loss of a hundred cows.

Hermes, who was as generous as he was mischievous, immediately made Apollo a present of his lyre, and Apollo, not to be outdone, gave him in return a magic wand. This wand, which was so cunningly carved that it looked like two serpents twining around a slender rod, was called a caduceus, and Hermes carried it with him in all his wanderings.

After Apollo and Hermes had exchanged presents, they swore eternal friendship to each other; and then, having pointed out the place where the cows were hid, Hermes hurried back to Olympus.

Having once tasted the delights of travel, he could not endure the thought of a quiet humdrum life in the

little cave at Kyllene, and he besought the King to send him on some foreign mission.

Zeus, pleased with the boy's adventurous spirit, appointed him his special Ambassador.

Light of foot and light of heart was the bright-haired messenger of the gods, the very merriest tramp that ever walked, or flew, or ran.

Sometimes he showed to travellers the road they had lost, and sometimes he led them far out of the way, stealing their purses, and then laughing at their tears.

On one occasion, having found Zeus in great distress because the Queen had determined to kill Io, a lovely young girl of whom the King was very fond, he declared that he alone would save her.

Zeus at first changed Io into a heifer, but the Queen discovered the secret, and sent Argus, a monster with a hundred eyes, to watch her.

It seemed impossible that the lovely Io could escape, and the poor old King was in despair.

"Trust me," said the cheerful Hermes, "I will manage the matter."

Swifter than a cloud that flies before the wind, he glided through the air until he reached the spot where the monster lay in wait for Io.

With one touch of his wand Hermes put the beast to sleep, and before he had time to wink even one of his hundred eyes Argus was dead.

It would take too long to tell of all the wonderful deeds which Hermes, the "Argus slayer," the messenger of the gods, performed.

Wherever he went he was greeted with prayers and songs and gifts, for although he sometimes wrought more harm than good, the winged tramp was always a welcome visitor both to gods and men.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 24, April 13.]

THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY EDWARD CARY.

Chapter VII.

General Washington was now "President" Washington. The man was the same, but the work he had to do was very different. And then it was all new. My readers have not yet got so used to doing things that they do not know that it is a great deal harder to do anything the first time than it is the second or the third.

Washington was not only the first President, but the whole government, in which he had so great a part, was a strange thing. No one understood exactly how it was going to work, and a great many people in each State were afraid of it. They thought that the President would have too much power, and that he would get to be as bad as a King after a while, and the people hated Kings bitterly in those days.

Some very earnest but not very just writers went so far as to say that the country had only got rid of George the Third (who was King of England), to set up in his place "George the First" (meaning Washington), and they said the change was like the one the frogs made from "King Log" to "King Stork."

What this meant you may find in Æsop's Fables. And I must say that our first President was a good deal more like a King in his manners and his notions than our Presidents are nowadays. Perhaps he was more so than he would be if he were President now.

He was a proud man—not a vain one, but proud of his office; and he wanted people to show their respect for his office by the manner in which they treated him. He dressed very richly, and had his wife dress richly too. He rode to and from the Capitol in a coach with four horses, and sometimes even six, handsomely clad. He put his servants in a sort of uniform, like the "livery" which nobles' servants wear. He gave grand parties, where he and Mrs. Washington received their guests from a slightly raised platform, called a "dais."

On every occasion where he appeared as President of the United States he insisted that things should go on in a certain order, and with as much display as possible. But in his private life and conduct he was as simple and modest as any one could be.

In his public work Washington chose some of the best and ablest men in the country to help him. He called Alexander Hamilton from New York to take care of money matters, with the title of Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton was an officer on Washington's staff during the Revolution, and had led the Americans over the British redoubts in the last fight at Yorktown. Washington knew him to be as honest and skillful as he was brave, and relied on him greatly. Then he called Thomas Jefferson from Virginia—a very clear-headed man, with many bold ideas—to take charge of any business that might come up with other nations. His title was Secretary of State, and he had a great deal to do, for the governments of Europe had not yet learned to respect the rights of the United States, or to care much for this country in any way. [Pg 415]

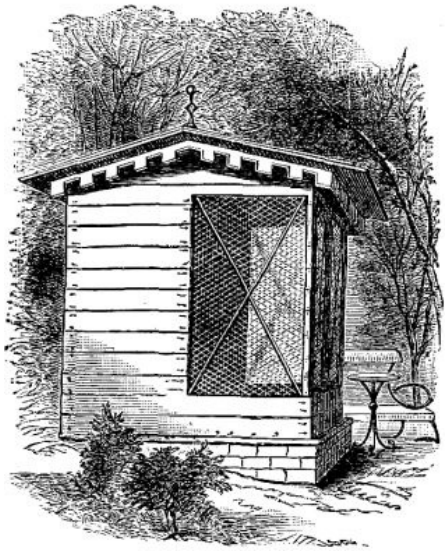
General Washington took up his residence in New York, where Congress was then meeting. The first thing he did was to lay out an order in which business should be done, in such a manner that nothing should be neglected, and things should not get confused. His plans were made after asking advice from the chief men about him, for, great man as he was, he was always ready to take the counsel of others.

Nothing is more striking in reading Washington's letters than this habit of asking advice. It certainly did not come from any lack of courage, for when he had once made up his mind, he was very firm in carrying out his plans. And when he had to do so, he could act very quickly and wisely without advice, and during the war he frequently did what he thought best against the advice of his generals.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO MAKE AN AVIARY.

BY A. H. M.



One of the charms of having a good garden is the opportunity it affords for keeping different pets, caged or at liberty; and those who are fond of birds can find no easier way of watching their habits than by keeping them in an out-door aviary, such as any bright boy with a love for carpentering, and a few good tools, can build for himself.

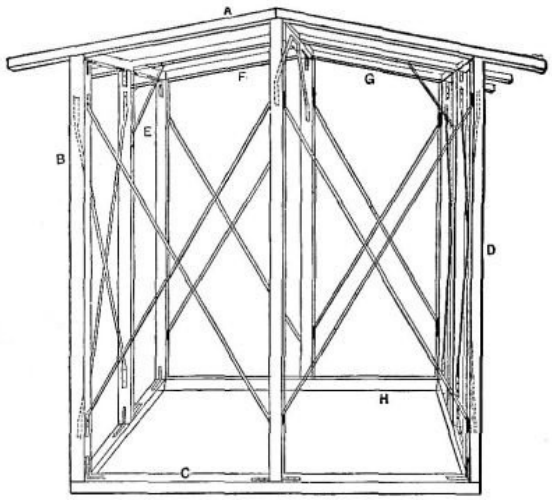


Fig. 1.

There are certain rules and facts connected with carpentry to be borne in mind and acted upon: Buy only the best tools, and keep them *sharp*; keep your tools, when not in use, well out of the reach of little children, who would be glad to use your chisels, if not to dig out refractory tin tacks, at least as screw-drivers.

In doing any out-door work, such as a fern frame, dove's house, or what not, never put together any part of it inside the shop until you have ascertained that such portion will somehow get through the doorway. This remark brings us back to the aviary, and its general size.

If it is to be about seven feet square, the frame of each side can be set up in-doors; if larger than that, each piece of wood, when prepared, will have to be taken out, and the various parts joined together near where the aviary is to stand.

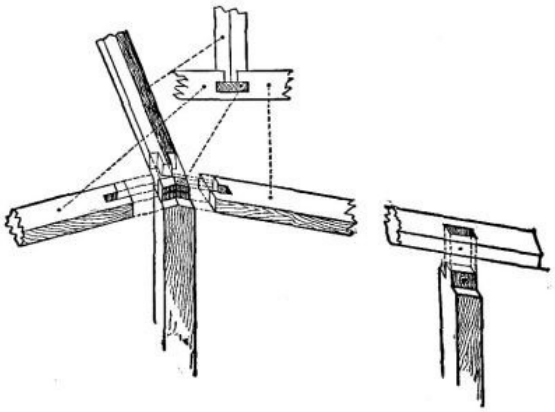


Fig. 2.

The materials we require consist merely of ordinary deal rafters, two inches square, and a good number of deal boards, five-eighths of an inch thick, planed on one side, with rebate and groove already cut—all of which may be obtained of any timber-merchant.

First, the frame of one side, as before stated, is put together, A B C D (Fig. 1), then that of the opposite side, E F G H, the various corners being mortised into one another (Fig. 2). Then the remaining parts of the frame having been got ready piece by piece, the whole may be set up. The two iron stays between each couple of upright rafters must on no account be omitted; nor yet the galvanized iron squares, similar to those used by shop-keepers to support their window-shelves, which will be found most useful to strengthen the angles.

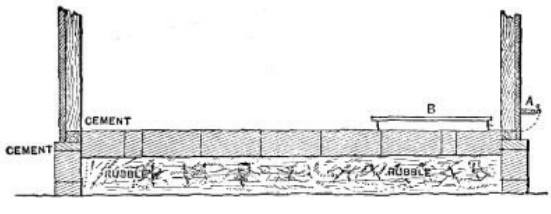


Fig. 3.

Now get the mason to come with his cement and some bricks, and build up on the selected site a level foundation for the house to rest on, spreading a layer of cement along the top of the upper course of bricks, to which the base of the frame-work (which must be lifted on to it while it is moist) will adhere. Then, to give additional stability, and lessen the risk of the house being lifted or shifted by a gale (for, being open in front and sides, it will offer, like the inside of an open umbrella, far greater resistance to the wind than would be the case if glazed as a greenhouse is), an inner line of bricks is next cemented against the side of the bottom rafters all round, and flush with their surface, as seen at Fig. 3. Lastly, when the floor has been paved with bricks, the mason's job is finished.

Now comes the roof. This is made to play out widely for two purposes: to give our aviary a somewhat ornamental appearance, and also to carry the drip well clear of the walls and wire netting. First of all, the boards, B (Fig. 4), must be nailed on, planed surface downward, to form a smooth ceiling; then the whole is covered with strips of stout canvas, A, overlapping one another. The ends of the canvas are fastened tightly under the eaves, and the exposed selvedge of one strip, with the selvedge of the next beneath, is properly tacked to the wood. Finally the top piece, C, and the narrow strips of wood, B (Fig. 5), being securely nailed on over the canvas, the roof is complete; and when painted with *light* lead-color, it will be perfectly water-proof, and have the appearance, without the weight, of a real leaden covering.

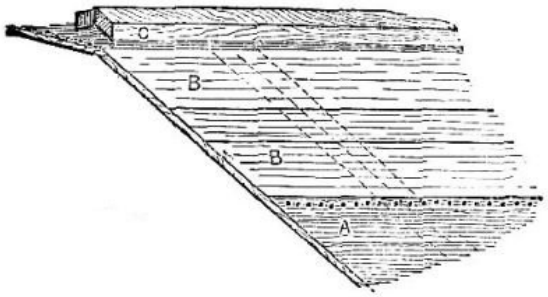


Fig. 4.

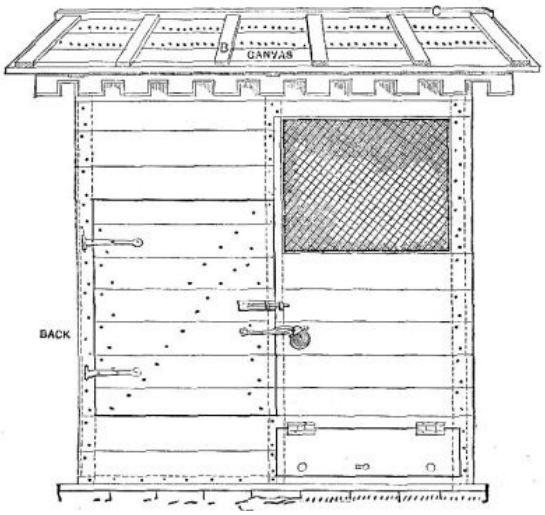


Fig. 5.

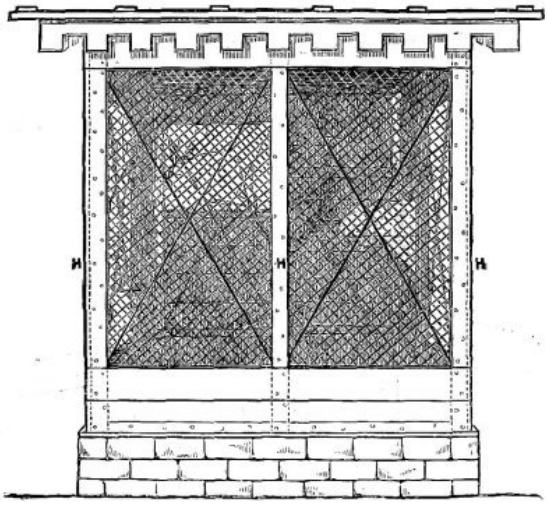


Fig. 6.

There remain the sides to be walled up. The boards for these can now be nailed on from the bottom upward, with the exception of the pieces H H (Fig. 6), which must be left over until the wire netting has been attached to the upright pillars. A window two feet square, of a single pane of strong glass, well bedded in putty, to give more light to the interior, without extra draught, and

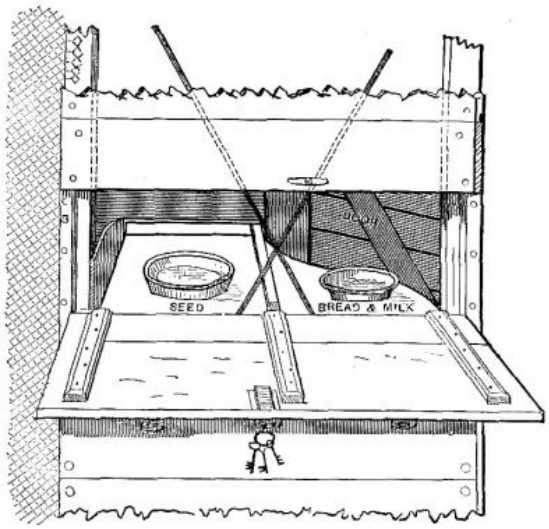


Fig. 7.

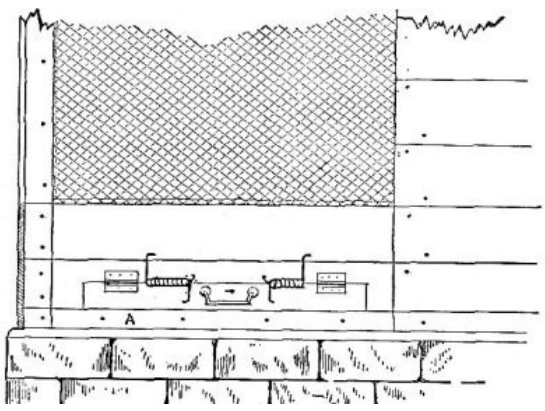


Fig. 8.

[Pg 416]

with wire netting over the glass on the inside, is placed at the back, where also is seen the door, capacious enough for a person to get in and clean out the aviary when required; for which purpose three feet by two feet will give sufficient room. But we do not want the bother of unfastening this big door, and stooping down to the floor, every time we put in the saucers of food, besides running the risk of allowing some of the birds to fly out during the operation; so we construct another one, much smaller, at the side (Fig. 7), at about the height of one's elbow when standing by it. Two brackets fixed to the door serve to keep it in a horizontal position when open, thus forming a table on which to place and fill the saucers with seed and bread and milk, before transferring them to the wooden tray at the same level inside. Another little door, fourteen inches by four inches, with the bottom of it flush with the brick floor, A (Fig. 8), and a spring like that of a mouse-trap attached to the hinges to make it shut, will be large enough to admit a zinc trough one foot square, two inches deep, which will contain abundance of water to give all the birds a good bath daily.

Two coats of lead-color painted over the whole outside wood-work, two coats of dark green over that and over the wire netting, three coats of light lead-color over the outside of the roof, with three coats of white paint over the walls and roof inside, will complete the work of the house itself.

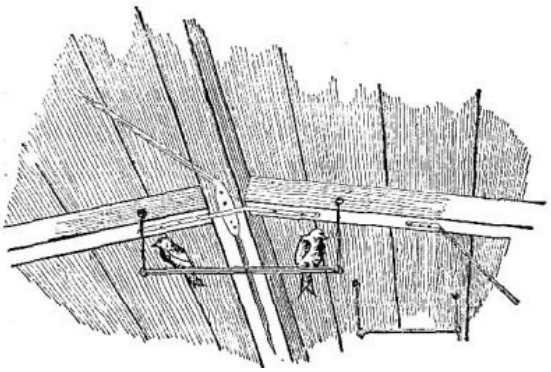


Fig. 9.

The arrangement of perches and nesting-places may be left to the reader's judgment. The goldfinches will want some slender twigs close to the roof, and a swinging perch, such as in Fig. 9, as they love to get up as high as possible, and look down contemptuously on everybody else. The canaries will like another swing (Fig. 10) suspended from a stout perch above by a small swivel and chain, and placed in the front near the wires, where they can be swung to and fro by the breeze. It is pretty to watch the canaries singing as they swing.

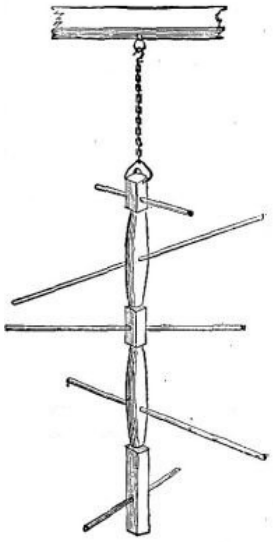


Fig. 10.

The site should be as sunny and sheltered as possible. If the front of the house can face south, and there be a hedge or spreading shrub on the eastern side, the birds will have nothing to complain of from spring to autumn. By the first of November place a covering of thick warm felt over the whole roof, tacking it to the narrow slips above the canvas, so that a space is left between the boards and the felt, the warmth of a *double* roof is imparted to the interior, and the birds are made all snug and comfortable. This covering, together with a wooden shutter fitting closely over the top half of the netting on the weather side, may be removed again in March. [Pg 417]

One word more. It may happen that at feeding or cleaning-out time a cock bullfinch, or some valued bird, will slip out and escape. Nothing whatever will be gained by exclaiming, "What a pity!" nor would it be wise to chase the fugitive from bush to bush, because to pursue would merely frighten it farther afield. But if left alone, it will probably be too much astonished at the novelty of its freedom to think of flying at first farther than the nearest thick shrub. So, having noticed where it has flown to, we must fetch the trap-cage without losing a moment, put in a hen from the aviary as call-bird, a few grains of hemp as bait, stand the cage on a box, or anything else, close to the bush, and watch from some point out of sight. In less than ten minutes we shall most likely have caught the truant safely once more.

THE ERMINE.

The silky white fur which forms the ornament of many a royal robe is the skin of the ermine—a graceful and saucy member of the weasel tribe. The ermine is found in all Northern countries. In the summer it is a reddish-brown creature, but no sooner does the reign of winter begin than it attires itself in purest white, with the exception of the tip of its tail, which is glossy jet black. It is thought by naturalists that the coat of the ermine changes color at the beginning of winter, but that the change in the spring is effected by shedding the white hairs, which are replaced by new ones of a brown tint.

The ermine (sometimes called stoat) is somewhat larger than the common weasel, but not unlike it in its habits. It lives in hollow trees and among rocks, wherever it can find a snug hiding-place. Although it often comes out to frolic in the sun, its hunting-time begins with the setting of the sun. Toward evening, when the shadows are rapidly lengthening across the clearings, the ermine may be seen issuing forth for its night campaign. Now it twists its lithe body like an eel in and out among the rocks and underbrush; now it stands for a moment motionless, peering about in search of a victim, its slender little body arched up in the middle like an enraged cat. It is always on the alert, whisking here and there, sniffing at every hole and corner where perchance some rat or rabbit may lie concealed.

Odd stories are told of the extreme boldness of the ermine, and some of them are no doubt true. A celebrated German hunter relates that, creeping through the forest in search of game, he came to the edge of a clearing, where he saw two ermine frolicking about on the ground. Seizing a stone, he threw it with such sure aim that one of the little creatures was knocked senseless, when, to his astonishment, the other, giving a loud cry, sprang at him, and running up his clothes with the rapidity of lightning, fastened its sharp teeth in the back of his neck. With the utmost difficulty he succeeded in freeing himself from the angry ermine, which bit his face and hands severely in the struggle.

The ermine is a cruel enemy of all small beasts, a despoiler of birds' nests, as it likes nothing better than a supper of fresh eggs, and a most heartless persecutor of the snug homes of rabbits and squirrels. Hares

appear conscious of their entire helplessness in the presence of this dangerous foe, and although they are swifter of foot, the bright, glittering eye of the ermine paralyzes them with terror; and should they attempt to fly, the ermine well understands the art of riding on the back of its victim, its sharp teeth fastened in its throat, until, exhausted and faint, the stricken hare is forced to succumb.

Even the powerful water-rat is no match for the ermine. It may spring into the pool by which it lives, and swim rapidly among the reeds; but the ermine, although its home is on land, is as good a swimmer as the rat, and fastening its teeth in its victim's throat, it drags it, helpless and dying, on shore.

FIGHT BETWEEN AN ERMINE AND A BROWN RAT.

In May or June the ermine seeks some soft, secluded corner, from whence it comes forth in a few days with five or six playful, tiny children. No pussy cat is a prouder, fonder mother than the ermine. It bestows the tenderest care and caresses on its little ones until they are three or four months old, and capable of shifting for themselves. Should danger threaten its children, the ermine will seize them all in its mouth, and fly to a place of safety; even if compelled to swim a deep river to escape capture, it will carry its babies safely over.

The fur of the ermine is very much valued. The species which inhabit Siberia and the most northern countries of Europe are the most sought after by traders, as the intense cold of those regions blanches the fur to silvery whiteness. These creatures are usually caught in traps, and specimens are sometimes kept by the trappers as pets. A Swedish gentleman relates his experience with one that was captured about Christmastime, when its beautiful silky coat was of the purest white, with the exception of the pretty black tip on its tail. [Pg 418]

It was first placed by its owner in a large room, where it soon made itself completely at home. It would run up the curtains like a mouse, twist itself into the smallest corners, and at length, one day, when it had been invisible for several hours, it was discovered snugly curled up in an unused stove funnel, its beautiful coat smeared with rust and soot.

When its cage was ready, the ermine, after being placed in it, developed an extraordinary temper. It would dash about, climbing on the wire, and uttering a loud hissing cry, as if protesting against confinement. When it went to sleep, it would curl up in a ring, twisting its little tail around its nose. It was fed with milk, which it drank eagerly, with hens' eggs, the contents of which it sucked, and with small birds, which it ate, leaving nothing but the feathers.

A large brown rat was one day put into the cage alive. At first the ermine curled in a corner, and allowed the rat to drink its milk, and range about the floor. But the daring rat approached too near the lord of the domain. With one quick spring the ermine was on the back of its antagonist, its long teeth buried in its throat. A terrible battle ensued, the rat several times freeing itself from the ermine, which returned again and again, until at length the rat was stretched lifeless and bleeding on the floor of the cage. The ermine then devoured it, leaving nothing but the head, skin, and tail, thus thoroughly disproving the assertion that the whole weasel family only suck the blood of their victims.

In our illustration the ermine is represented in deadly contest with a large brown rat (*Mus decumanus*), called the Norway rat in England, although the species is said to be unknown in the country after which it is named. This rat is supposed to have been brought into Europe from Asia early in the eighteenth century, and about one hundred years ago it made its way to America. The Germans call it the migratory rat, because, starting from its native place in the far East, it has made itself at home in nearly every country. It is one of the boldest and most destructive of its tribe, and a dreadful nuisance wherever it goes.

"FOR MAMMA'S SAKE."

A STORY OF NED AND HIS DOG.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

There was no mistake about it. Ned and his mother were very poor, and decidedly uncomfortable. Ned was so tired of living in one little room, where all day long mamma sat by the window and sewed till the day-light faded away; and sometimes, too, both he and mamma went to bed rather hungry, and when the little boy used to pat his mother's thin cheeks lovingly, after a sweet baby fashion he had, he could often feel the tears in her eyes, when it was too dark for *his* bright blue eyes to look upon her face. There was a cunning little dog, Fido, Ned's only playmate, which also lived with them in that small room, and his chief occupation was the constant wagging of a very bushy tail, and a readiness to accept the slightest invitation for a frolic from his small master.

As for Fido's meals, he had grown so used to circumstances that I don't believe he even remembered the taste of a good juicy bone such as he used to have in Ned's old home before the days of poverty came. Never mind *what* brought about a change of circumstances in the family, but the change had come sadly enough, and Ned and mamma had only the memory of the times gone by to comfort them. Fido had been a

puppy in those days—they were only two years back, after all—and if dogs can remember, no doubt this doggie longed for the green fields and sunny lanes in the pretty country town where he and Ned ran races together, and *never* were hungry. The little boy was only six years old then, and now, on the day before my story begins, mamma had celebrated his eighth birthday by buying him a tiny sugar angel with gauze wings, which filled Ned with awe and delight. Eat it? No, not he! it was far too lovely for that; so he suspended the angelic toy by a string, and it soared above Ned's bed day and night, keeping sweet watch over all things.

But to Fido, the shaggy-haired, pug-nosed companion of his days, and sharer of his discomforts, Ned's heart clung with a love unbounded. He laughed, and Fido laughed, or, that is to say, Fido *barked*, which meant a laugh, of course. Ned cried, and Fido also wept, if a drooping of ears and tail, and a decided downcast expression of countenance, meant anything in the way of silent sympathy.

They were always together, and of the greatest comfort to one another, so that the "alley boys" (as they were called who lived by the tenement-house in which Ned lived) used to cry, jeeringly, whenever the little boy appeared for a breath of air, "How are you, Ned, and how is your dog?" or, to vary it occasionally, "How are you, doggie, and how is your Ned?"

I am telling this, so that my little readers can understand how hard it was for the little boy to do what he did, after a time, for mamma's sake.

It came about in this way. One afternoon late, when Mrs. Clarke had gone to carry home some work, and Ned and Fido were having a regular frolic on the floor, there came knocking at the door a Mrs. Malone, who collected the rent due from the several lodgers in the miserable building. With a frown on her face, when informed that Mrs. Clarke was out, the woman had bidden the boy tell his mother that "she'd wait no longer for the rent due her, and Mrs. Clarke might look out for herself."

Ned had cowered before her threatening face, but Fido, far from feeling any fear, had boldly barked at the intruder until he had nearly shaken his bushy tail from his small body. That made Mrs. Malone angry; and meeting Mrs. Clarke on the stairs, she repeated her threat to the weary, tired woman, who presently entered the room in tears.

Ned soon learned that the man from whom his mother had obtained sewing had dismissed some of his work-women, and Mrs. Clarke amongst them; and now indeed there seemed distress before them. The boy was too young to fully comprehend all his dear mother's woes, but his loving heart grew sad and thoughtful, and he stood mournfully by the window looking up into the sky, where he knew papa was so safely living. Poor little Fido sat silently beside his master, wondering what had happened to break up the frolic so suddenly; and altogether, while mamma prepared the simple supper, things were very quiet and sad.

"Have you got much money, mamma?" asked Ned at last.

His mother could not help smiling at the question so plaintively asked. "Enough for the rent, dear," she replied, trying to speak cheerily. "And to-morrow maybe I'll find some new work. Don't look so sad, my little Ned; we'll manage to get along in some way if we trust in the dear Father above. You know we must have courage, Ned, and not despair."

"But I can't be glad when you cry, mamma," said the boy; and straightway his soft cheek was laid against mamma's, and he comforted her with his kisses till she smiled again, and the tears were all dried.

The next day mamma went out early, leaving Ned and Fido to take care of the room. She little knew what plans had developed themselves in Ned's small head during the night, when the little fellow had been unable to sleep, and had tormented himself with wishing he was "a big boy, and could earn money for his poor mamma." No, indeed, she knew nothing of any plans on his part. So she had kissed his sweet lips, sighed to herself over his pale cheeks, and telling him that she would not be home until afternoon, and he would find luncheon for himself and Fido all fixed on the closet shelf, had gone out into the streets to look for work from store to store. [Pg 419]

But Ned knew what he had to do before mamma's return, and no sooner had she gone than he brushed his curly head, made himself neat and clean, and lifted his Scotch cap from its peg behind the door. That was the signal for Fido to sit up on his hind-legs and beg, as Ned had long before taught him, when preparing for a race in the street; and now he not only begged, but thumped his bushy tail impatiently against the floor, saying, dog fashion, "Come, *do* hurry up." He didn't appear to notice that his little master's face was sober this morning, and that once two big tears gathered in the blue eyes which were usually such merry eyes, as a boy's should be.

And finally, after Ned had written, in a very scrawly hand, "Dear mamma, Fido and I are going to take a walk just a little while," and placed the queer little note where his mother would see it if she came home before him, the two friends went down the narrow stairs, and through the alley into the street which led toward the City Hall. Fido looked inquiringly into his master's face to see what could be the reason that he walked so quietly along this morning, instead of, as heretofore, racing and chasing his four-footed little comrade from block to block. But Ned was swallowing several lumps in his throat, and had no heart for a frolic.

It was not long before the City Hall Square was reached; and a little timidly, now that he was in so large and strange a place alone, Ned seated himself upon the broad stone lower step of the great building, and lifted Fido in his arms. Then he mustered courage, and cried, feebly, although he fancied his voice was very loud and brave: "Anybody want to buy a dog? Dog to sell. Want a dog?"

But nobody seemed to hear him, and the noise of the streets frightened our poor little fellow into silence for a while. So he buried his face in Fido's shaggy back, and tried not to cry.

"Oh, my doggie Fido!" he murmured, "you've truly got to be sold. Oh dear! it is awfully hard, and I'll 'most die without you. But you must be sold, 'cause mamma is so poor."

Fido wriggled about, and objected to being held in Ned's arms, when he wanted to frisk about on the broad pavement; and so he whined and snarled a little, and even ventured a growl—something very rare with gentle Fido. But Ned did not dare let him go, and so held the tighter, until doggie tried the persuasive

powers of his little tongue, and kissed his master's hand over and over again.

Then pretty soon a policeman came by, and eyed Ned severely. That was a terrible scare for the youngster, and he said, eagerly, "Please, sir, I ain't doing anything. I'm only waiting to sell my dog, 'cause my mother's so poor."

The burly guardian of the peace laughed and went his way, and Ned breathed freely again. But somebody had chanced to hear his words—a boy of ten or twelve years—and he came near to look at the dog in Ned's arms.

"Will you buy him, boy?" asked Ned, earnestly. "I'll sell him *real* cheap; and, you see, I must take mamma some money to-day."

The boy was ready enough to make the purchase, but though he turned his pockets inside out, he could not rake and scrape from them more than the sum of one dollar.

"Here's all I've got," he said. "My grandpa gives me lots of money; but it's all spent but this, and you won't sell him for a dollar, I suppose?"

Ned's eyes sparkled. "Oh yes, I will, too," he replied. "Oh yes, indeed. A dollar is a hundred cents, and I never had so many cents in my life, boy. You may take him now. Only let me kiss him good-by, please."

His voice faltered a little toward the last, as he hugged the dog tightly to his heart, and the tears streamed presently from his brave eyes, in spite of all the winking and blinking to keep them back.

"Oh, my Fido! my own little doggie!" was all he could say, while the dog wagged his tail, and wondered what the fuss was about.

"There, now you'll have to go," Ned said at last, smothering one more sob, and loosening his arms. "Take him, boy, please, quick as you can."

The boy promised to be very kind and good to Fido, and attempted to lift him from Ned's knee. But to this Fido would not agree, expressing his dislike of the new and extraordinary arrangement, which he couldn't comprehend, by a growl and short bark.

Ned apologized. "You see, I've had him an awful long time, ever since I was a *little* fellow, and I s'pose he don't want to leave me."

So the new master tied a string to Fido's collar, and Ned said, gravely, "Now, Fido, you smile and look pleasant, like a good dog;" and then the two old friends parted, Fido whining and tugging to break his string, and Ned wiping his eyes on his jacket sleeve as he hurried toward his lonely home.

He reached it just after mamma had come in, and his little note was in her hand. With a choking sob, he sprang into her arms, and thrust the dollar—small silver pieces—into her hand. "Take it, mamma—oh, take it quick!" he cried, and then came the explanation concerning his morning's work. It was told with many tears and sobs, in which mamma was not ashamed to join, as she folded her brave little son in her arms.

For her sake he had parted with his one loved treasure, and his reward was great when she kissed and called him her comfort and little helper. But she did not let him know how almost useless his sacrifice had been, since the dollar would go but a small way toward the relief of their necessities. Oh no, she let him feel happy in the thought that he "*had* helped dear mamma," and the thought went far toward softening the grief of parting with his pet.

So days went by, until one morning Mrs. Clarke decided to answer in person an advertisement that called for "A Housekeeper," and took her son with her, lest he should miss more than ever his old companion and playfellow.

The house to which they were directed was a large, handsome house, having beside the door a small gilt sign bearing the name of Dr. ——. A spruce black servant admitted them, and presently the doctor entered the room. Satisfactory arrangements were made, the gentleman not objecting to Ned, whose plaintive little face strangely attracted him. And with a heart full of joy and gratitude Mrs. Clarke rose to take her leave, until she could return and enter upon her duties. But a boy came whistling through the hall, and presently —oh, the joy of it!—what should rush, with a scamper and joyous bark, pell-mell upon little Ned, but his own Fido! Such a shout of gladness! and Ned sat fairly upon the floor, and hugged his dog again and again, while the boy—none other than the doctor's grandson—explained to the bewildered old gentleman that "this was the boy who had sold him the dog."

So now, you see, it all turned out happily, and henceforth Fido had *two* masters, both of whom he served, although I think the largest part of his canine heart was given to the old and first master.

And as for Ned, once in a while he asked mamma this question—not because it hadn't been answered over and over, but because it kept suggesting itself to his heart—"Oh, mamma, isn't it the funniest thing?"

And the reply was always, "Yes, Ned, it really is."

A TINY SEED.

One May morning two green leaves
  Peeping from the ground
Patty and her brother Will
  In their garden found.
They a seed had planted there
  Just ten days ago,
Only half believing that
  It would ever grow.

"Oh, it's growed! it's growed!" they cried,
  "And it soon will be,"
Will proclaimed, now full of faith,
  "Like a little tree:
Then will lady-slippers come,
  And they'll all be ours.
Oh, how good God is to turn
  Brown seeds into flowers!"

JAPANESE WINE-FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

On both sides of the great wide street leading to Asakusa, in old Yedo, were shops full of toys of all kinds. At certain seasons of the year booths were hastily put up, and stocked with the curiosities of the season. For a few days before New-Year's one could buy ferns, lobsters, oranges, evergreens, and rice-straw festoons. In the second month appeared seeds, roots, bulbs, and gardeners' tools. Dolls and girls' toys came on in the third month, ready for the Feast of Dolls. Images of heroes, banners, toy horses, and boys' playthings, for the Feast of Flags, were out in the fifth month. Bamboo and streamers, in the seventh month, celebrated the meeting of the star-lovers. Chrysanthemums in autumn, and camellias in winter, could be bought, all having their special use and meaning. Thus throughout the different months Asakusa was gay with new things of all colors, and bustling with ten thousand people of all ages. Besides the shops and booths, a constant street fair was held by people whose counter was the pavement, and whose stock in trade, spread out on the street, must run the risk of dust, rain, and the accidents from passers-by.

Among these jolly peddlers was one Umé, a little rosy-cheeked maid of twelve years, who sold wine-flowers.

"Wine-flowers; what are they?"

If we open the boxes or paper bags sold by Umé, we see a pack of what seem to be tiny colored jackstraws or fine shavings. They are made by cutting out very thin slices of pith in the shape of men, women, birds, flowers, fishes, bats, tortoises, tools, and many other things. These are gummed, folded up, and pinched tightly, until each one looks like nothing but a shred of linen or a tiny chip of frayed wood. If you drop one of them into a bowl of hot water, it will open and unfold like a flower. They blossom slowly in cold water, but hot water makes them jump up and open at once.

Umé's blind grandfather and her mother made these wine-flowers for a living, and she went out daily and sat on the Asakusa street to sell them.

Sometimes they made "shell-surprises."

Out of a hard paste made from moss they cut the shapes of roses, camellias, lilies, daisies, etc., of real size, which they painted to a natural color. Then folding them in a ball, and squeezing them into a cockle-shell, they were ready for sale. They looked just like common white shells; but when dropped into hot water they opened at once, and the ball of gum inside, rising to the surface, blossomed into a flower of true size and tint.

"But why are they called wine-flowers?"

The reason is this. The Japanese drink their "wine" (saké or rice-beer) hot, and in tiny cups about the size of a small half orange. When one friend is about to offer the cup to another, he drops one of these pith chips on the surface of the wine. It blossoms instantly before their eyes, and is the "flower of friendship." [Pg 421]

A GAME OF SURPRISES.

The artist Ozawa has sketched the inside of a home in Japan, where the children are merrily enjoying the game of surprises. A Japanese mother has bought a few boxes of the pith toys from Umé. They have a lacquered tub half full of warm water. Every few minutes the fat-cheeked servant-girl brings in a fresh steaming kettleful to keep it hot. They all kneel on the matting, and it being summer, they are in bare feet, which they like. The elder one of the two little girls, named O-Kin (Little Gold), has a box already half empty.

"Guess what this one is," says she to her little brother Kozo, who sits in the centre.

"It's a lily, or a pot of flowers—I know it is," cries Kozo: "I know it, because it's a long one."

O-Kin drops it. It flutters like a feather in the air, then it touches the water, squirms a moment, jumps about as if alive, unfolds, and instead of a long-stemmed flower, it is a young lady carrying a lantern, all dressed for an evening call. "Ha! ha! ha!" laugh they all.

"You didn't guess it.—You try," said O-Kin, to O-Haya (Little Wave), her sister; "it's a short one."

"I think it's either a drum or a *tai*," (red fish), said O-Haya, looking eagerly.

It opened slowly, and a bright red fish floated to the top and swam for a second. Its eye, mouth, and tail were perfect. "I guessed it," said O-Haya, clapping her hands.

"Look, mamma," cried Kozo, to his mother, "here are two heavenly rats [bats], but they can't fly; two of Fuji Mountain; two *musŭmé* [young ladies], a maple leaf, a plum blossom, a 'love-bird,' a cherry blossom, a paper swallow, and a kiku [chrysanthemum flower]. They have all opened beautifully."

Then mamma dropped in a few from her box. They were longer and finer than O-Kin's, and as they unfolded, the children screamed with delight. A man in a boat, with a pole and line, was catching a fish; a rice mortar floated alongside a wine-cup; the Mikado's crest bumped the Tycoon's; a tortoise swam; a stork unfolded its wings; a candle, a fan, a gourd, an axe, a frog, a rat, a sprig of bamboo, and pots full of many-colored flowers sprung open before their eyes. By this time the water was tinged with several colors, chiefly red.

After the fun was over, the children carefully picked out the spent tricks with a flat bit of bamboo, and spread them to dry on a sheet of white paper; but they never could be used again.

Sometimes only flower tricks are used, and then the blossoms open in all colors, until the water contains a real floating garden or "water bouquet."

DANDELION.

BY AMY ELLA BLANCHARD.

"Golden-head, Golden-head,
The sun must have kissed you."
"So he did," said Golden-head,
"Just before he went to bed."

"Golden-head, you're a white head;
The frost must have nipped you."
"No; he would not be so bold;
I am only growing old."

"Puffy-ball, Puffy-ball,
Where's the wind taking you?
I'm afraid another day
You will all be blown away."

[Pg 422]

INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

My generous uncle James takes YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and as you welcome messages from your little readers, I thought I would tell you that I enjoy it very much. Then, too, you might like to know that it is a favorite in the extreme South as well as in the far West and in the North. Little folks North and little folks South have pretty much the same tastes, I reckon; and as I have been interested in the accounts which little North men give of their pets, I would like to say something of mine—a pair of egrets.

My father brought them from a heronry not many miles from the great Okeechobee Lake. Then they were very young, and so fat that their long, awkward legs would not sustain their weight. Now they are three months old, and stand about two feet high. Their plumage is white as snow, and their legs and long beak a bright orange-color. Their eyes are

yellowish-gray, and very keen and beautiful.

I feed them mostly on fish or fresh meat, but in an extremity they will not disdain a piece of salt pork. They are creatures of approved valor, and have vanquished all our dogs, as well as the cocks in the poultry-yard. When attacking they rush forward with loud cries and flapping wings, well calculated to frighten their adversaries, and having long necks, they thrust their sharp beaks like javelins. When threatened by hawks, they squat closely to the earth, and present their beaks somewhat as the French soldiers did their bayonets when assailed by the terrible Mamelukes in Egypt. One night lately an opossum thought to make a meal of them, but they defended themselves with such vigor that the robber scampered off just as my father appeared to succor them.

They are not vicious toward persons, although they sometimes try to bully people into feeding them when begging does not avail. Young egrets are a long time learning how to fly, and are meanwhile carefully attended by their parents. The mother bird fishes industriously to feed the whole family, while her plumed mate stands guard at the nest, for their home is in wild regions, where enemies of many kinds abound. The famous chief Osceola used egret plumes to adorn his turban.

JOHN CALHOUN J.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I wish to tell you about two pet deer I had, Dolly and Pet. They were very tame, and if I was eating anything, they would come up to me and put their fore-feet on my knees, as if to beg for a piece. They had a very large cage, and I used to go in and play with them. I am eleven years old.

I. B.

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I read all the letters in the Post-office Box. I like to read about the pets. Papa gave me a calf for a pet. It is red and white, and is now two weeks old. I do not like to pet it much, because it always wants to put its nose on me, and I don't like that, for its nose is always wet. Papa says if it was dry, the calf would be sick. I have a water-spaniel—a liver-colored, curly fellow. Papa got him for me when I was three years old, and I have had him eight years, so you can tell how old I am. I have twenty-two chickens. Some are light Brahmas, and some golden Seabright Bantams.

WILLIE B. B.

LITCHFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE, and my papa buys it for me every week. I can not read well yet, so mamma reads the stories and little letters to me. I have a pet dog one year old. When I hold up a bit of cake—which he likes better than anything else—and say, "Do you want it?" he will bark and jump around lively. His name is Chub. I have Gyp (my cat), a canary, and six pet chickens. I had a turtle, but it went out on the porch one day, and fell off, and walked away. I felt so badly to lose it! I am seven years old.

LULU M. S.

HARPER, IOWA.

I am seven years old. I live in a town which was named for the Harper Brothers, and as I was the first child born here, I was named Harper. I thank you for YOUNG PEOPLE. My papa says the Harper Brothers have done a great deal of good for the American people, and I guess he knows, for he reads a great deal. I have two brothers and a sister older than I am, and we all have great fun with the Wiggles and Misfits.

HARPER R.

LYKENS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am ten years old, and I have two younger sisters—Bertha and Alice. Bertha is eight, and Alice will be five on the Fourth of July. Every week when papa brings home YOUNG PEOPLE Alice asks if there is any more of "Biddy O'Dolan" in it. We all liked that story very much. We live in the coal regions, within sight of the breaker, and the coal-dirt banks that look like mountains. I have never been down the slope—I am afraid—but I have stood at the top, and seen the empty cars go down and the full ones come up. I studied algebra this winter, and went as far as cube root. I have house plants for my pets, and they are in full bloom.

MAY B.

HAMILTON, OHIO.

I live in the Buckeye State, which is so called from the buckeye-tree, which grows native in its soil. This tree annually produces a prolific supply of hazel-colored nuts with smooth shells, about the size of a buck's eye. Buckeye boys use them for marbles, and are very proud of their namesake.

G. C. M.

EMINENCE, KENTUCKY.

When we lived in Texas last year papa gave my brother and me a little pony. He was so small we called him Nickel. We had to take the lambs to water every day, and herd them. When we came North, papa sent Nickel to Michigan, together with a hundred other ponies, and a gentleman there bought him for his little girl. We would like to hear from Nickel.

GEORGIE B. H.

COMPETINE, IOWA.

My brothers and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all help pay for it. We like to draw the Wiggles, and we had ever so much fun making Misfits. Grandma lives with us, and knits all of our stockings, although she is eighty-five years old. I went to school last winter, but there is no school to go to now, and mamma teaches me at home. I am nine years old.

CARRIE E. I.

COMPETINE, IOWA.

I am eleven years old. We have forty hives of bees. Last summer I hived several swarms myself. Papa says after this year he is going to let my brother and me take all the care of the bees, and we are going to sell honey enough to pay for YOUNG PEOPLE next year. We had one hundred and nine hogs, but papa sold forty-five last week. The story of "Puck and Blossom" is the best of all.

JOSEPH C. I.

SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Now that dandelions are in bloom, I would like to describe a very amusing little trick which may be performed with a long dandelion stem, a pin, and a small green currant. Stick the pin half its length through the centre of the currant; then place the currant on the end of the stem, letting the pin down part way into the tube; now hold the stem perpendicularly, and blow into it gently. If skillfully done, the currant will revolve, suspended in the air.

C. C.

MACOMB, ILLINOIS, *April 29, 1880*.

I wish to tell Wroton K. that I have heard whippoor-wills several times, and have seen young rabbits about half grown. Most of the trees are in blossom here, but it is growing cold now, and may injure the fruit crop, which is very abundant here. It snowed slightly on the 19th of April.

"ZENOBIA."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have the hip-disease, and have to lie down all the time, but I have so many things to amuse me that I don't mind it much. I have a lounge, and it is pushed up to the window, so I can look out. I have two canaries—Dick and Beauty. I have tried to tame them, but do not know how. I wish some little girl could tell me how to do it.

"DOT."

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am nine years old. I have a little sister Bessie. We do not go out to school, but have had a governess one year. I love to read the pet letters in YOUNG PEOPLE. I have three—a dog

named Trump, that is a hunting dog, and often goes out with my papa, who is very fond of shooting; some little white chickens; and a canary named "Little Brown Jug."

May A. V.

New York City.

It was my birthday yesterday, and my sister gave me Young People for a present. I like to read the letters from children, and to try to find out the puzzles. I have a brown squirrel, and have tried to tame it, but can not. I wish you would tell me how. I would like to write about my dolls, but must not make my letter too long. I am eight years old.

Tessie H.

The only rules for taming birds, squirrels, or any other little creatures, are those consisting of patience, perseverance, and kindness.

Maryville, East Tennessee.

I have two pets—a beautiful little white English rabbit with pink eyes, and a little Chester pig. I have no sister, but a little brother three years old. I am seven. Mamma always reads all the children's letters in Young People's Post-office to me.

Mason A. B.

Concordia Parish, Louisiana.

I don't know how to write very well, for I have never been to school, although I am eight years old. Papa and mamma teach me at home. I thought you might like to hear from a little boy in Louisiana, who likes Harper's Young People very much. I read it aloud to little Brother Josie, and then papa mails it to Brother Willie, who is at school in Vidalia, twenty-five miles away. You would be pleased to hear how sweetly Josie, who is four years old, can repeat many of the little poems in Young People. Dew-berries are ripe now, and I wish I could send you a large bouquet of our flowers. I live on a large cotton plantation. Our front gate is only a few yards from the bank of the Mississippi River, so we have a fine view of the steamboats as they pass. We have a real pretty yard to play in, and a nice swing. Our pets are three beautiful cats—Dick, Spot, and Wesley. I love Dick dearly, for he is just my age, and we grew up together. I am eight years old. Mamma calls me her little flower boy, but my "sure-enough" name is

David Austin C.

North Granville, New York.

We are not sisters, but we are together almost as much as if we were. We each have a pet. One is a little English pug named Pickles, and the other a cunning little Maltese and white kitten, and we call her Pinafore. It is very pretty in this little village where we live in the summer. There is a very fine military school here, and when it is warm enough for the cadets to drill on the parade-ground, it makes it very pleasant.

Mamie B. and Gussie P.

Monticello, Wisconsin.

I have read all the letters from boys and girls in Young People, and I would like to tell them about my pets. I have two pet cats. One is a Maltese, and I call her Nellie; the other is an old gray cat named Puss. She has five little kittens, and they are so cunning. I have a pet hen named Hannah. She had two little chicks, but they died. Uncle George lives with us, and he has a hound named Fanny. She is a brown beauty, and a great pet. I have two little sisters. Maud has golden curls, and Ethel has little brown curls. They are the dearest little pets I have.

G. Nathan E.

Brooklyn, New York.

Papa read me about Joseph E. G.'s goat Minnie, and I think mine is just as cunning. His name is Sam, and he has no horns. I know he loves me, for he follows me all around. I had two rabbits called Jennie and Baby. Sam and Jennie used to have good fun chasing each other around the yard playing tag. Sam and I are going to Aunt Louise's farm next week. Goats eat hay and oats in the winter, and they eat all the clothes on the wash-line they can reach, too.

Harry D.

Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

I am ten years old, and I have a bird named Dick, seven years old. If any one of the family goes near its cage, it spreads its wings and opens its mouth and scolds. I have a pet cat named Ned, and when I buy catnip for him he tears open the paper.

Laura E. M.

Pocahontas Centre, Iowa.

I used to live on a farm before I came here. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have two dogs, Lassie and Peto. Peto is a splendid retriever. I have a pet cat named Belle, and she has two cunning kittens. Yesterday my grandpa sent me a bow and arrows all the way from Michigan, where I used to live. I study natural history in school, and like it the best of all my lessons. I am almost nine years old.

Louie B. K.

Fort Plain, New York.

I would like to tell Willie L. B. that the mounds were made by people who lived in our land before the red man came. They are now known as the mound-builders. There were also people who made their houses in cliffs.

N. B. G.

There is really nothing known of the history of the mound-builders and cliff-dwellers, who were early inhabitants of our country. Their mounds and their dwellings remain, but they are silent monuments of an extinct people.

If Genevieve will give her address, I will exchange pressed flowers with her when ours blossom. I spoke "Fair Play," the poem in Young People No. 12, in school last Friday.

Addie Goodnow.
Albion, New York.

Della Smith, of Keyport, New Jersey, also wishes the address of Genevieve for the purpose of exchanging pressed flowers. This little California girl has not yet favored us with her address, but she has no doubt sent it to some among the many inquirers for her. Probably any little girl desiring to exchange pressed flowers with Genevieve would be equally well pleased to do so with any other little girl of California or other portions of the far West.

May S.—You will find directions for treatment of moulting birds in Post-office Box No. 19.

William A.—About ten years since a law was passed by the Spanish government that an entire new set of postage stamps should be issued every year. This law applies not alone to Spain, but also to all its colonies. A plausible reason for such action is the great prevalence of counterfeits intended to defraud the government. [Pg 423]

Frank A.—An answer to your question respecting barbers' poles is given in Post-office Box No. 29. The blue is often added to the red and white by barbers in the United States for a very obvious reason.—For answer to your other question, see Post-office Box No. 15.

"Bob."—If the chest you inquire about was to be opened four hundred years after the death of the famous sculptor, the time has not yet arrived, as he died about 1563, only a little more than three hundred years ago.

David R. M.—The specimen you send appears like common gravel mixed with fibres of last year's leaves. The white glistening bits are quartz. If there were any shells, they were broken past recognition before reaching us.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

Parts by which things are held. Combs for wool. A rug. In high. A morass. A pile of sheaves. Parts of a sledge. Centrals read downward spell a warlike horseman.

R. D.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in broom, but not in sweep.
My second is in rest, but not in sleep.
My third is in Ireland, not in Cork.
My fourth is in idleness, not in work.
My fifth is in low, but not in high.
My sixth is in near, but not in nigh.
My seventh is in you, but not in me.
My whole is a city in Germany.

W. S.

No. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A cape in Africa. A mountain in Asia. A river in Russia. A cape in Spain. Mountains in the United States. Answer—Primals spell the name of a city, and finals the country in which it is situated.

LAURA.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARE.

First, numerous. Second, a resinous plant. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, a period of time.

W. G. M.

No. 5.

ANAGRAMS.

[Each sentence spells one word.]

1. My Norah. 2. Go not, coal-miner. 3. No taste in corn. 4. Lima pea-nut. 5. A war body. 6. I mean that mica.

C. P. T.

No. 6.

ENIGMA.

My first is in bread, but not in bun.
My second is in cannon, but not in gun.
My third is in nut, but not in shell.
My fourth is in toll, but not in bell.
My fifth is in seed, but not in sow.
My whole was a poet long years ago.

JAMIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 27.

No. 1.

Landseer.

No. 2.

W H E N
H A V E
E V E R
N E R O

No. 3.

Burgoyne's surrender.

No. 4.

Jefferson.

No. 5.

E
O D E
E D G A R
E A R
R

No. 6.

M al L
A arga U
R epas T
T rut H
I llum E
N umbe R

Martin Luther.

Favors are acknowledged from Eddie E. Paddock, Nelson B. Greene, Nicholaus T. Nilsson, Frank Rogers, R. J. Marshall, J. A. W., Bessie Hyde, Alice Dudley, May A. Welchman, Rose W. Scott, Clarence Marsh, Fannie L. V., Harry Knapp, Alice Cowen, Dollie Okeson, Mary Tiddy, Harry T. Cavenaugh, Etta E. B., M. J. Laurie, Bess, N. L. U., F. G. Thatcher, S. G. Smith.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from C. B. Howard, George W. Raymond, Frank Hayward, "Zenobia," M. S. Brigham, May F. Willard, Mary L. MacVean, Charles Wieland, "North Star" and "Little Lizzie," Lillie F., Alice E. Doyle, R. C. D., Josie Frankenberg, John Larking, May L. Shepard, David R. Morford, Alfy Dale, Harry F. Phillips, Jack Gladwin, J. W. Thompson, Alice Hammond, A. C. Jaquith.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED SERIAL.

In the next Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be found the opening chapter of a new Serial Story, entitled

"THE MORAL PIRATES,"

written expressly for this paper by WILLIAM L. ALDEN, well known as the humorist of the New York *Times*. The story, which is full of amusing incidents and mishaps, describes the adventures of four boys during their summer vacation. Each Number will be illustrated from spirited original designs by A. B. FROST.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. M. Webb, } Culleoka Institute,
Culleoka, Tenn.

My pupils are very much pleased with the *Young People*, and I find it ably assists in supplying them with reading matter, so necessary outside of their usual school-books. Such reading I have hitherto found difficult to procure, but I think *Harper's Young People* will prove very suitable for our purpose.

Ellen McClements,
Sheboygan, Wis.

Please find enclosed a copy of the Resolution that the Board adopted this afternoon at my urgent request.

J. H. Lewis, Supt. of Schools,
Hastings, Minn.

Resolved: "That *Harper's Young People* be and is hereby adopted by this Board as the text-book to be used for reading exercises in the intermediate grades of the public schools."

Please send 9 copies of your *Young People* for nine weeks, to my address. I am a teacher in a country school, near this city, and fully appreciate the advantages to be obtained from putting fresh reading matter constantly before my pupils.

Chas. W. Moulton,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me 100 copies of *Harper's Young People*, divided into 20 copies, each of five different numbers. I want them for supplementary reading matter in the public schools.

Edward Burgess, Supt. of Schools,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Harper's Young People is quite popular here. Many of the schools read from it each week.

Joseph G. Edgerly, Supt. of Schools,
Fitchburg, Mass.

I am delighted with my experiment in using *Harper's Young People* in my school in place of reading books. I get closer attention, and better reading in the class-room, as well as an increased interest in good reading matter outside of the school.

Frank H. Greene,
Carmel, N. Y.

I am a teacher in one of the public schools of this city. I take *Harper's Young People* to school with me, and my pupils enjoy it very much.

I have the oldest children in the building, and they can understand all of the pieces. I read them the articles as a reward for good behavior and well-learned lessons, and let them copy and work out the puzzles.

It would please you to see how anxiously they wait for each new issue, and how happy they are when it comes. * * * Permit me to congratulate you on the success your paper has achieved both here and abroad.

A Teacher,
Buffalo, N. Y.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

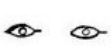
"Having a good time," are you?
  But, ah! what would mother say
If she knew of the two rogues rummaging
  In her bureau drawer to-day?
"Mamma's gone out," is that it?
  And nurse is "off duty" too?
And little mice, when the cat is away,
  Find mischief enough to do.

Well, little golden-haired burglars,
  What do you find for your pains?
Some garments folded so neatly away,
  And mamma's jewel-case are your gains.
You look at the jewels before you
  With innocent, joyous surprise;
But the jewels *I* like are your own precious selves,
  And like gems are your merry blue eyes.

But hark! I knew nurse would wonder
  What mischief you two were about;
"When those children are quiet," I once heard her say,
  "Some mischief I'm sure to find out."
Oh, dear little rogues, scamper quickly
  Away from temptation and fun;
Leave the jewels and drawer, ere your fingers
  Be guilty of harm yet undone.

THE PASHA PUZZLE.

Here are two British gun-boats sailing up the Bosporus to rescue British subjects from brigands.



Here are three sea-gulls sailing over the British gun-boats.

Here are two Turkish cimeters to help the British gun-boats against the brigands.

Here are two Turkish bayonets to support the cimeters.

Here is a British shell ready to burst.

Here is a grim fortress on the banks of the Bosporus.

Now how are you going to make Hobart Pasha out of all this?

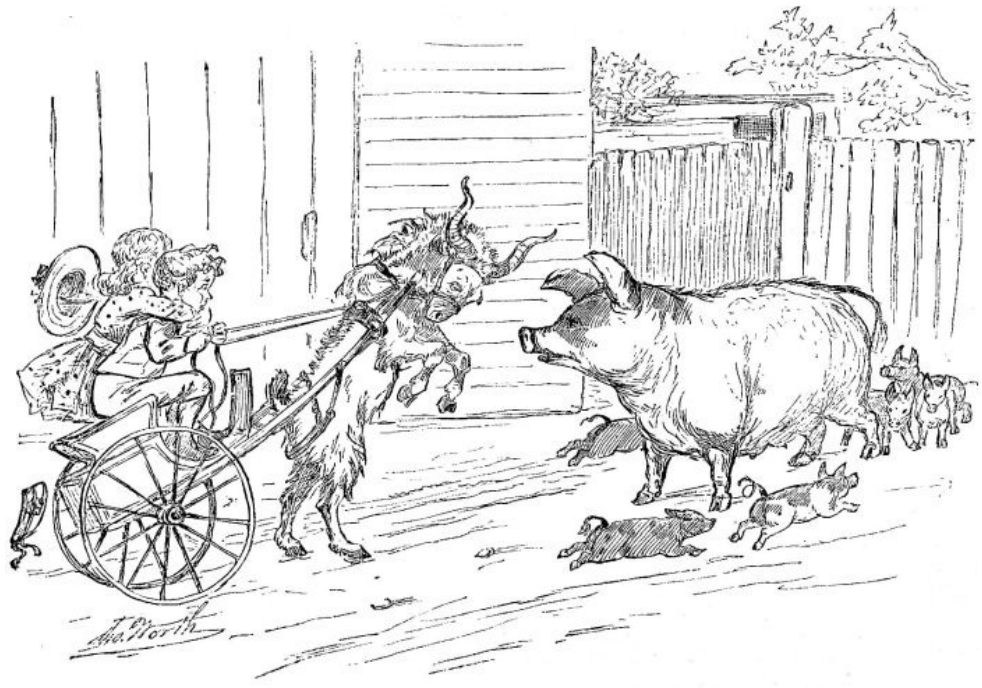
THE STREETS OF CANTON.

They are very narrow and dirty, in the first place, with an average width of from three to five feet. They are paved with long, narrow slabs of stone. Their names are often both devotional and poetical. We saw Peace Street, and the street of Benevolence and Love. Another, by some violent wrench of the imagination, was called the street of Refreshing Breezes. Some contented mind had given a name to the street of Early Bestowed Blessings. The paternal sentiment, so sacred to the Chinaman, found expression in the street of One Hundred Grandsons and street of One Thousand Grandsons. There was the street of a Thousand Beatitudes, which, let us pray, were enjoyed by its founder. There were streets consecrated to Everlasting Love, to a Thousandfold Peace, to Ninefold Brightness, to Accumulated Blessings; while a practical soul, who knew the value of advertising, named his avenue the Market of Golden Profits.

Other streets are named after trades and avocations. There is Betelnut Street, where you can buy the betel-nut, of which we saw so much in Siam, and the Cocoanut, and Drink Tea. There is where the Chinese hats are sold, and where you can buy the finery of a mandarin for a few shillings. There is Eyeglass Street, where the compass is sold; and if you choose to buy a compass, there is no harm in remembering that we owe the invention of that subtle instrument to China. Another street is given to the manufacture of bows and arrows; another to Prussian blue; a third to the preparation of furs.

The shops have signs in Chinese characters, gold letters on a red and black ground, which are hung in front, a foot or two from the wall, and droop before you as you pass under them.

One of the annoyances of the streets is the passage through them of mandarins in their palanquins, surrounded by guards, who strike the foot-passengers with their whips if they do not get out of the way quickly enough.



THE INTERRUPTED RIDE.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] A fact.

[2] The Russian port of Balaklava, in the Crimea, has an entrance of the same kind.

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