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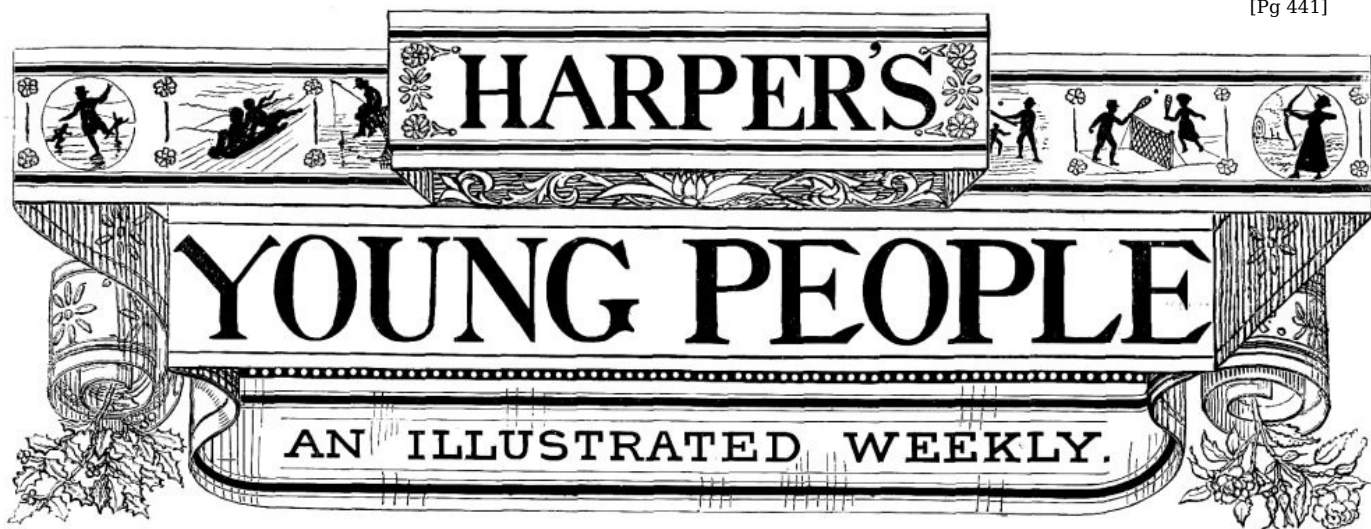
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"THE TIDE WAS AGAINST THEM."

[Begun in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 31, June 1.]

THE MORAL PIRATES.

BY WM. L. ALDEN.

CHAPTER II.

When Uncle John announced that the Department was satisfied with the ability of the captain and crew to manage the *Whitewing*, the day for sailing was fixed, and the boys laid in their stores. Each one had a fishing-line and hooks, and Harry and Tom each took a fishing-pole—two poles being as many as were needed, since most of the fishing would probably be done with drop-lines. Uncle John lent Harry his double-barrelled gun, and a supply of ammunition. Each boy took a tin plate, a tin cup, knife, fork, and spoon. For cooking purposes, the boat carried a coffee-pot, two tin cake-pans, which could be used as frying-pans as well as for other purposes, and two small tin pails. Harry's mother lent him several large round tin boxes, in which were stored four pounds of coffee, two pounds of sugar, a pound of Indian meal, a large quantity of crackers, some salt, and a little pepper. The rest of the provisions consisted of two cans of soup, two cans of corned beef, a can of roast beef, two small cans of devilled chicken, four cans of fresh peaches, a little package of condensed beef for making beef tea, and a cold boiled ham. The boat was furnished with an A tent, four rubber blankets and four woollen blankets, a hatchet, a quantity of spare cordage, a little bull's-eye lantern, which burnt olive-oil, and a few copper nails, a pair of pliers, a small piece of zinc, a little white lead, for mending a leak. Of course there was a bottle of oil for the lantern; and Mrs. Schuyler added a box of pills and a bottle of "Hamlin's Mixture" as medical stores. The boys wore blue flannel trousers and shirts, and each one carried an extra pair of trousers, and an extra shirt instead of a coat. These, with a few pairs of stockings and two or three handkerchiefs, were all the clothing that they needed, so Uncle John said; though the boys had imagined that they must take at least two complete suits. He showed them that two flannel shirts worn at the same time, one over the other, would be as warm as one shirt and a coat, and that if their clothing became wet, it could be easily dried. "Flannel and the compass are the two things that are indispensable to navigation," said Uncle John. "If flannel shirts had not been invented, Columbus would never have crossed the Atlantic." Perhaps there was a little exaggeration in this; but when we remember that flannel is the only material that is warm in cold weather and cool in hot weather, and that dries almost as soon as it is wrung out and hung in the wind, it is difficult to see how sailors could do without it.

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The boys agreed very readily to take with them only what Uncle John advised. Tom Schuyler, however, was very anxious to take a heavy iron vise, which, he said, could be screwed on the gunwale of the boat, and might prove to be very useful, although he could not say precisely what he expected to use it for. Joe Sharpe also wanted to take a base-ball and bat, but neither the vise nor the ball and bat were taken.

The *Whitewing* started from the foot of East One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh Street on a Monday morning in the middle of July, at about nine o'clock. Quite a small crowd of friends were present to see the boys off, and the neat appearance of the boat and her crew attracted the attention of all the idlers along the shore. When all the cargo was stowed, and everything was ready, Uncle John called the boys aside, and said, "Now, boys, you must sign the articles."

"What are articles?" asked all the boys at once.

"They are certain regulations which every respectable pirate, or any other sailor, for that matter, must agree to keep when he joins a ship. I'll read the articles, and if any of you don't like any one of them, say so frankly, for you must not begin a cruise in a dissatisfied state of mind. Here are the articles:

"I. *We, the captain and crew of the Whitewing, promise to decide all disputed questions by the vote of the majority, except questions concerning the management of the boat. The orders of the captain, in all matters connected with the management of the boat, shall be promptly obeyed by the crew.*"

"Now if anybody thinks that the captain should not have the full control of the boat, let him say so at once. Very likely the captain will make mistakes; but the boat will be safer, even if the crew obeys a wrong order, than it would be if every order should be debated by the crew. You can't hold town-meetings when you are afloat. Harry, I think, understands pretty well how to sail the boat. Will you agree to obey his orders?"

All the boys said they would; and Joe Sharpe added that he thought the captain ought to have the right to put mutineers in irons.

"That, let us hope, will not be necessary," said Uncle John. "Now listen to the second article:

"II. *We promise not to take corn, apples, or other property without permission of the owner.*"

"You will very likely camp near some field where corn, or potatoes, or something eatable, is growing. Many people think there is no harm in taking a few ears of corn or half a dozen apples. I want you to remember that to take anything that is not your own, unless you have permission to do so, is stealing. It's an ugly word, but it can't be smoothed over in any way. Do you object to this article?"

Nobody objected to it. "We're moral pirates, Uncle John," said Tom Schuyler, "and we won't disgrace the Department by stealing."

"I knew you would not except through thoughtlessness. Now these are all the articles. I did think of asking you not to quarrel, or to use bad language; but I don't believe it is necessary to ask you to make such a promise, and if it were, you probably would not keep it. So sign the articles, give them to the captain, and take your stations."

The articles were signed. The captain seated himself in the stern-sheets, and took the yoke lines. The rest took their proper places, and Joe Sharpe held the boat to the dock by the boat-hook. "Are you all ready?" cried Uncle John.

"All ready, sir!" answered Harry.

"Then give way with your oars! Good-by, boys, and don't forget to send reports to the Department."

The boat glided away from the shore with Tom and Jim each pulling a single oar. The group on the wharf gave the boys a farewell cheer, and in a few moments they were hid from sight by the Third Avenue Bridge. The tide was against them, but the day was a cool one for the season, and the boys rowed steadily on in the very best of spirits. There was a light south wind, but as there were several bridges to pass, Harry thought it best not to set the sail before reaching the Hudson River. It required careful steering to avoid the steamboats, bridge piles, and small boats; but the *Whitewing* was guided safely, and her signal—a red flag with a white cross—floated gayly at the bow.

Uncle John had made one serious mistake: he had forgotten all about the tide, and never thought of the difficulty the boys would find in passing Farmers-bridge with the tide against them. They had passed High Bridge, and had entered a part of the river with which the boys were not familiar, when Joe Sharpe suddenly called out, "There's a low bridge right ahead that we can't pass." A few more strokes of the oars enabled Harry to see a long low bridge, which completely blocked up the river except at one place, that seemed not much wider than the boat. Through this narrow channel the tide was rushing fiercely, the water heaping itself up in waves that looked unpleasantly high and rough. The boat was rowed as close as possible to the opening under the bridge; but the current was so strong that the boys could not row against it, and even if they had been able to stem it, the channel was too narrow to permit them to use the oars.

Harry ordered the boat to be rowed up to the bridge at a place where there was a quiet eddy, and all the crew went ashore to contrive some way of overcoming the difficulty. Presently Harry thought of a plan. "If we could get the painter under the bridge, we could pull the boat through easy enough if there was nobody in her."

"That's all very well," said Joe, "but how are you going to get the painter through?"

"I know," cried Jim. "Let's take a long piece of rope and drop it in the water the other side of the bridge. The current will float it through, and we can catch it and tie it to the painter."

The plan seemed a good one; and so the boys took a piece of spare rope from the boat, tied a bit of board to one end of it for a float, dropped the float into the water, and held on to the other end of the rope. When the float came in sight below the bridge they caught it with the boat-hook, and throwing away the piece of board, tied the rope to the painter. "Now let Joe Sharpe get in the bow of the boat, to keep her from running against anything, and we'll haul her right through," exclaimed Harry.

Joe took his place in the bow, and pushing the boat off, let her float into the current. Then the three other boys pulled on the rope, and were delighted to see the boat glide under the bridge. Suddenly Joe gave a wild yell. "She's sinking, boys!" he cried: "let go the rope, or I'll be drowned!" The boys, terribly frightened, dropped the rope, and in another minute the boat floated back on the current, half full of water, and without Joe. Almost as soon as it came in sight, Harry had thrown off his shoes and jumped into the river.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY JIMMY BROWN.

What if he is a great deal older than I am! that doesn't give him any right to rumple my hair, does it? I'm willing to respect old age, of course, but I want my hair respected too.

But rumpling hair isn't enough for Mr. Martin; he must call me "Bub," and "Sonny." I might stand "Sonny," but I won't stand being called "Bub" by any living man—not if I can help it. I've told him three or four times, "My name isn't 'Bub,' Mr. Martin. My name's Jim, or Jimmy," but he would just grin in an exasperating kind of way, and keep on calling me "Bub."

My sister Sue doesn't like him any better than I do. He comes to see her about twice a week, and I've heard her say, "Goodness me, there's that tiresome old bachelor again." But she treats him just as polite as she does anybody; and when he brings her candy, she says, "Oh, Mr. Martin, you are *too* good." There's a great deal of make-believe about girls, I think.

Now that I've mentioned candy, I will say that he might pass it around, but he never thinks of such a thing. Mr. Travers, who is the best of all Sue's beaux, always brings candy with him, and gives me a lot. Then he generally gives me a quarter to go to the post-office for him, because he forgot to go, and expects something very important. It takes an hour to go to the post-office and back, but I'd do anything for such a nice man.

One night—it was Mr. Travers's regular night—Mr. Martin came, and wasn't Sue mad! She knew Mr. Travers would come in about half an hour, and she always made it a rule to keep her young men separate.

She sent down word that she was busy, and would be down stairs after a while. Would Mr. Martin please sit down and wait. So he sat down on the front piazza and waited.

I was sitting on the grass, practicing mumble-te-peg a little, and by-and-by Mr. Martin says, "Well, Bub, what are you doing?"

"Playing a game," says I. "Want to learn it?"

"Well, I don't care if I do," says he. So he came out, and sat in the grass, and I showed him how to play.

Just then Mr. Travers arrived, and Sue came down, and was awfully glad to see both her friends. "But what in the world are you doing," she says to Mr. Martin. When she heard that he was learning the game, she said, "How interesting, do play one game."

Mr. Martin finally said he would. So we played a game, and I let him beat me very easy. He laughed fit to kill himself when I drew the peg, and said it was the best game he ever played.

"Is there any game you play any better than this, Sonny?" said he, in his most irritating style.

"Let's have another game," said I. "Only you must promise to draw the peg fair, if I beat you."

"All right," said he. "I'll draw the peg if you beat me, Bub."

Oh, he felt so sure he was a first-class player! I don't like a conceited man, no matter if he is only a boy.

You can just imagine how quick I beat him. Why, I went right through to "both ears" without stopping, and the first time I threw the knife over my head it stuck in the ground.

I cut a beautiful peg out of hard wood—one of those sharp, slender pegs that will go through anything but a stone. I drove it in clear out of sight, and Mr. Martin, says he, "Why, Sonny, nobody couldn't possibly draw that peg."

"I've drawn worse pegs than that," said I. "You've got to clear away the earth with your chin and front teeth, and then you can draw it."

"That is nonsense," says Mr. Martin, growing red in the face.

"This is a fair and square game," says I, "and you gave your word to draw the peg if I beat you."

"I do hope Mr. Martin will play fair," said Sue. "It would be too bad to cheat a little boy."

So Mr. Martin laid down and tried it, but he didn't like it one bit. "See here, Jimmy," said he, "I'll give you half a dollar, and we'll consider the peg drawn."

"That is bribery and corruption," said I. "Mr. Martin, I can't be bribed, and didn't think you'd try to hire me to let you break your promise."

When he saw I wouldn't let up on him, he laid down again and went to work.

It was the best fun I ever knew. I just rolled on the ground and laughed till I cried. Sue and Mr. Travers didn't roll, but they laughed till Sue got up and ran into the house, where I could hear her screaming on the front-parlor sofa, and mother crying out, "My darling child, where does it hurt you, won't you have the doctor, Jane do bring the camphor."

Mr. Martin gnawed away at the earth, and used swear-words to himself, and was perfectly raging. After a while he got the peg, and then he got up with his face about the color of a flower-pot, and put on his hat, and went out of the front gate rubbing his face with his handkerchief, and never so much as saying good-night. He didn't come near the house again for two weeks.

Mr. Travers gave me a half-dollar to go to the post-office to make up for the one I had refused, and told me that I had displayed roaming virtue, though I don't know exactly what he meant.

He looked over this story, and corrected the spelling for me, and told me to send it to the YOUNG PEOPLE. Only it is to be a secret that he helped me. I'd do almost anything for him, and I'm going to ask Sue to marry him just to please me.

A CHAT ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

Philately? What is that?

Many years ago, beyond the longest recollection of the oldest of the young people, a school-teacher in Paris (so one story goes) advised her pupils to get specimens of different postage stamps, in order the better to study their geography. There was a general searching among old letters to secure these little bits of bright-colored papers. Parents and friends were asked to save the stamps from their letters; strangers at the post-office were pounced upon, the moment they received their letters, for the stamps; and from this little beginning sprang stamp-collecting.

At first it was limited to boys and girls; but the older people, seeing the interest excited over these little pictures, and led on by their endeavors to please their young acquaintances, began themselves taking an interest in the things. From a pleasure it gradually became a study, and a most fascinating one; and soon there were no more enthusiastic collectors than the people advanced in years, wealth, position, and social, literary, and scientific attainments. And to-day many great people turn with pleasure from the cares of their life to the pages of their stamp albums, to look over the numerous evidences of the growth of the postal system, or to help some young friend in the filling up of a modest little blank-book.

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In spite of the ridicule which has been heaped upon the collector of stamps, the interest in stamp-collecting is as great to-day as it was a dozen years ago, and from Prince Edward Island to Australia will be found stamp "merchants," as they delight to call themselves, stamp papers, and stamp agencies, to supply the continually increasing demands of young and old collectors. Societies exist in several countries, at the meetings of which most learned papers are read to show the why and the wherefore of this or that stamp, and even the government at Montevideo has authorized a stamp society, lately established there, to use a private postal card.

This pursuit of stamp collecting is called Philately, from two Greek words, which have been translated "the love of stamps," and those who engage in the pleasure or the pursuit are pleased to call themselves Philatelists.

This little "chat" shall be closed by a reference to the illustrations of some curious or interesting stamps, and a notice of stamps that have been issued during the past few months.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 is one of the series of United States stamps for postage on large packages of newspapers and periodicals, and represents a value of forty-eight dollars. There is a higher value of sixty dollars. These stamps are perfect gems, and are among the most beautiful in the world.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 represents one of the stamps in use to-day in Japan. It is only necessary to compare a specimen of this issue with the first stamps used in Japan to see

how rapidly the Japanese acquire every modern improvement.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 3 is one of the current Guatemala stamps, printed in Paris, which found their way to collectors before they were delivered to the government. The thick black line on either side is a bird's tail—the quezal, or national bird, one of the most beautiful on this continent.

Figs. 4 and 5 represent stamps used in two of the native states of India. The native stamps of India, ugly as many of them are, are among the most interesting found in the collector's album, and quite difficult to obtain.

Fig. 6 is one from the South African Republic, or the Transvaal, lately seized by England.

Some of the newest issues are:

ANTIGUA.—A new value, 4*d.*, blue; and a postal card, 1½*d.*, red-brown on buff.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The 4*d.*, blue, surcharged in red above, "Three Pence."

DOMINICA.—New values of ½*d.*, yellow; 2½*d.*, brown; 4*d.*, blue; and a postal card of 1½*d.*, red-brown.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—A new value, 50*c.*, same type as current series, in mauve.

GOLD COAST.—Stamps of ½*d.*, golden yellow, and 2*d.*, green; and card of 1½*d.*, red-brown.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The 2½*d.* stamp is printed in blue, and the 2*s.* changes from blue to red-brown.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 4.

MONTSERRAT.—New stamps of 2½*d.*, red-brown, and 4*d.*, blue; and postal card of 1½*d.*, red-brown.

NEVIS.—New stamps of 2½*d.*, red-brown, and 4*d.*, blue; and postal card of

1½d., red-brown.

PERU.—A new series of stamps is in preparation, but for the present the authorities surcharge the current stamp with the words, "Union Postale Universelle" and "Plata," in an oval. The 1c. changes its color to green, the 2c. to carmine, and the 20c. is suppressed.

ROUMELIA.—This province of Turkey begins its stamp history with a postal card of the value of 10 paras, as expressed on the face, but in reality of 15 paras, at which it is sold.



Fig. 6.

BUTTERFLIES AND BEES.

Butterflies are merry things,
Gayly painted are their wings,
And they never carry stings.
Bees are grave and busy things,
Gold their jackets, brown their wings,
And *they always* carry stings.
Yet— isn't it extremely funny?—
Bees, not butterflies, make honey.



GATHERING THE WATER-CRESSES.

AN APRONFUL OF WATER-CRESSES.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Cissy Mount came down to the gurgling, sparkling little brook at the foot of the hill, where Frank Hillborn and his brother Dave were gathering water-cresses.

"I'm going to Fairview, Frank," she said, "and came to ask you if you would look in on mother by-and-by, and see if she needs anything."

"Of course I will," said Frank. "But you're not going to walk to Fairview, Cissy? That's a long tramp for a girl."

"Yes, I am," she replied. "There's no other way I can go. Nobody that I know ever drives down there. Mother wants me to try and get her some sewing to do. You know there are five or six big stores there, and mother can sew and knit beautifully. I wish I had time to pick some wild flowers to take with me. Town-people like wild flowers."

"A good many of them like something fresh and green to eat better than they do wild flowers," said Frank; "so you just take along some of these water-cresses. Aren't they beauties? They're the first we've gathered this spring, and I hope they'll bring you luck."

"But I have no basket," said Cissy.

"Carry them in your apron. They won't hurt;" and as she held it up, he heaped it full of moist green bunches.

"That's just like you, Frank Hillborn," said Dave, when the girl had gone. "What's the good of our owning the only water-cress brook for miles if you're going to give 'em away to everybody that comes along?"

"Everybody that comes along?" repeated Frank, with a cheery laugh. "I've only given a basketful to Ezra Lee—he lent us his fishing-line when we lost ours—and an apronful to Cissy Mount. Poor Cissy! Guess there's hard times at her house since her father was killed on the railroad and her mother got lame. And you know she's going to ask for work, and it most always puts folks in good-humor if you carry 'em something nice."

"All right," said Dave; "but don't you give away any more, for we want to make five dollars out of 'em this season, anyhow."

Cissy Mount walked bravely on mile after mile, until half of her journey had been accomplished. Then she stopped and looked around for a place where she might rest awhile. A pleasant little lane, on either side of which stood a row of tall cedar-trees, branched off from the main road. Into this lane she turned, and sat down on the grass near the side gate of a fine garden. And as she sat there peeping through a hole in the hedge at some lovely beds of hyacinths and tulips, radiant in the sunshine, a queer-looking little old gentleman, with no hat on, but having a wonderful quantity of brown hair, came scolding down the garden path, followed by a man carrying a camp-chair. The old gentleman as he talked grew more and more excited, and at last, to Cissy's great astonishment, grasped the abundant brown locks, lifted them completely off his head, waved them in the air an instant, and then gravely replaced them. As he came near, the child could hear what he was saying: "I sent word from Europe when this place was bought that if there were no water-cress stream upon it, one was to be made at once. That's a year ago."

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"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, humbly, "but I did my best, sir. It isn't my fault, sir. Sometimes you can't *make* water-cresses grow, all you can do, sir."

"And what's to be done with the puddle—for it's nothing but a puddle, though a big one—that you've disfigured my grounds with?" asked the old gentleman.

"Miss Grace says it will be a capital place for raising water-lilies, sir," said the man.

"Oh, indeed! Very fine. But I can't eat water-lilies. There's no pepper about them, and it's the pepper I want."

"Perhaps I can find some cresses for sale somewhere near, sir. Shall I go and look, sir?"

"No," snarled the master. "By the time you came back with them, if you got them, ten chances to one I shouldn't want them. When I want things, I want them at once. Yes, I'd give five dollars for some fresh water-cresses this very minute;" and he again seized his wig and flourished it in the air.

With trembling fingers Cissy opened the gate, and walked in. The servant-man placed the camp-chair on the ground. The old gentleman sat down in it, first hanging his hair on the back, leaving his head as smooth and shining as an ivory ball, looked at the intruder with keen black eyes, and asked, sharply, "Well, what do *you* want?"

"To give you these water-cresses," she said, with a smile, holding up her apron. "They were gathered only a short time ago, and my apron's quite clean, sir."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "what a wonderful coincidence! and"—taking a bunch and beginning to eat them—"what fine water-cresses! And I suppose you expect that five dollars, for of course you heard what I said."

"No, sir," said Cissy, shyly, "I never thought of the money. I know you only said that as people often say things. I'm glad to give them to you, sir, because you wanted them so much."

The old gentleman burst into a loud laugh, put on his wig, and asked her name. And then by degrees he got the whole story from her—the death of the father, the accident that lamed the mother, the gift of the cresses from Frank Hillborn, and the five miles yet to go in search of work. "And what was your mother's name before she was married?" was his last question.

"Prudence Kelly, sir."

"Prudence Kelly! I knew it!" he shouted, springing from his chair. And then, in a still louder voice, he called, "Grace! Grace!" and a pretty young lady came running toward him. "I've found your old nurse, my dear, your faithful old nurse that we have lost sight of for years. This is her daughter. And she is in want. Take the carriage and go to her at once. What a blessing that I got up in a scolding humor this morning, and wanted water-cresses! Go with Grace, Cecilia my child, and when you get home, give this five-dollar bill to your friend Frank, and tell him it isn't the first time a little act of kindness has brought luck."

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[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 24, April 13.]

THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY EDWARD CARY.

CHAPTER IX.

Very soon after General Washington was elected President a war broke out between France and England. It was natural that people in this country should wish to help the French, who had helped us. But General Washington saw that if we once got in the way of taking a part in wars between other countries, where our own rights were not in danger, we should always be at war. He saw, too, that we were a small nation then, compared to the nations of Europe, and that we might easily lose the freedom we had fought so long for. He dreaded to put our freedom in danger unless compelled to. So he issued an order to the people, as he had a right to do, not to take part with one nation or the other, but to mind their own business.

This was wise, because the British government was only too ready to pick a quarrel with us. General Washington also went further. He made a treaty of peace and commerce with Great Britain, which kept war

from our shores for twenty years, and gave the country a chance to grow. The people did not like this treaty much. There was a great deal of ill-feeling toward Great Britain, growing out of the long fight we had had with her. But General Washington, who was ready to fight for real rights, felt that it was wrong to get into a quarrel from mere angry feeling. He was very anxious to keep the two countries at peace until their people could get calm, and go to trading with each other, and learn to live together in friendship. Surely this was both sensible and good. It was fortunate for the country that a man was at the head of its government wise enough to see what was right, and firm enough to do it.

Just at the time Washington was elected President, the French people rose against their government, which had many faults, and drove away many of their rulers, and cut off their King's head. Among the leaders was Lafayette, who, however, was no party to the cruelties which were practiced. The other kings of Europe undertook to restore the King of France to power, and in the war which followed Lafayette was taken prisoner and closely confined. His wife wrote to Washington, asking him to try and get Lafayette released. Washington gladly did all that he could, but it was of no use. However, he sent money to Madame Lafayette, for her property had been taken away, and he brought over to this country one of Lafayette's sons, and took him into his family, and cared for him as if he were his own. The boy was named after Washington, and always remembered the President's kindness with thankfulness.

When the first term of four years for which Washington was elected came to an end, he was chosen again, without a single vote against him, though he was very anxious to go back to private life.

Finally, at the end of his second term, when he had been eight years President, he refused to serve any longer. Just as he had written a farewell address to his soldiers, after being eight years in command, he now wrote a farewell address to the American people. I hope all my young readers will read it as soon as they are old enough to understand it. It is written in a quaint and somewhat stiff style, for Washington always found it easier to act than to talk or write; but it is full of wisdom. Even now, eighty-four years after it was written, there is much in it which we ought to remember and try to carry out.

It was the spring of 1797 when Washington gave up the President's office, and returned to Mount Vernon. He had visited his beloved home frequently during his Presidency, and had kept a very careful watch over it in his absence. Again he took up with great delight the old round of peaceful duties. Every day he was up before the sun. Every day he was in the saddle, riding over his large farms, watching his laborers and his crops, planning changes and directing work. In the evening he saw much company—many, indeed, who had little claim on him, who came from idle curiosity, and wearied him with their presence. But he was always courteous. He enjoyed the society of his family and friends very keenly. He had no children of his own, but he had reared first the children, and afterward two of the grandchildren, of his wife in his home. He took great pleasure with them, and was as merry as he was loving. He hoped to live the remainder of his days in quiet in this circle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE FATIMA.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

It was a beautiful Oriental picture, and I paused in my walk along the banks of the Nile to sketch her, that dark-eyed Arab girl, as she half reclined in the sand, the western sunlight flickering through the green boughs of a clump of palms, and falling upon the upturned face and purplish braids with their glitter of gold coins. In the background were a few broken columns, relic of some past grandeur, and at a little distance a camel crouched in the sand, gazing as mournfully as the Sphinx across the desert. The flowing Eastern dress of the child was pushed back from one beautifully rounded arm, but the other was concealed, as if she had tried to hide it from even the sunlight. It was crippled and pitifully deformed.

Poor little Fatima! I knew her sensitive spirit, and I put my pencil out of sight as I came nearer, for I saw on her face the shadow of a restless discontent. She smiled as she bade me welcome, but it was a sad smile, and changed to tears as she spoke.

"I am of no use," she said in Arabic. "If I were a boy, they would care for me; but a girl! They scorn me and my disfigured arm. I can never do any good in the world; never, never. And, oh, lady, there is a soul within me that longs to do something for somebody! I want to accomplish something; not to sit here day after day making figures in the sand, only to see them drift back again into a dull level. But I shall live in vain. What can I do with this poor crippled arm?"

It was a difficult task to soothe her; but I think, after awhile, she felt that the great Allah had done all things well, and peace crept over her tired little heart.

"But, dear child," I said, as I left her, "it may be that you can do more good with your one arm than I ever can with my two. We do not know what may happen."

And so I went home to my little cottage, taking the field path instead of the railroad track, as I usually did. When I reached the house, and called for my little girl-baby, who often came toddling out to meet me, all was silent, and in answer to my inquiries the nurse said she had just gone down the track a little way to meet me.

"Down the track! Oh, the train! the train! It's time for the train! Why do you stand here idle? Call Hassan and Mahomet. Run, and save her!"

I rushed wildly along the embankment. How plain it all is to me now, even to the bits of pottery gleaming in the sand, and the distant echo of an Arab's song as it floated over the hills! I saw the white dress of my darling far ahead, and stumbled on—how, I hardly knew. The train was coming! I could hear it plunging on; I could see the fearful light. Oh, if I might reach her!

But who is that? Can it be Fatima? It is Fatima, waving her arms wildly as she speeds onward. She is on the

bank! She is there! She grasps the child! And the train plunges past me with a wild glare; and there, before me, is my baby, my golden-haired baby, safe and unharmed, but Fatima lay dying on the iron rail. I clasped her to my heart, and called her name amid my sobs. She lifted the long, dark eyelashes, and smiled. "Allah be praised!" she murmured. Then in her weak, broken English she said:

"Me do something wid dis poor arm; me die for you baby!" She fell back in my arms; and so we carried her to my home, white and insensible.

But she did not die. The deformed arm had to be severed from the shoulder, but her life was saved; and to-day, surrounded by all that grateful hearts can give, she is one of the happiest little creatures on the banks of the Nile.

A ST. ULRIC DOLL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATSKILL FAIRIES."

The steam-ship *Columbine* was crossing the ocean from Liverpool to New York. On the deck the passengers walked about, looking at the sea and sky. Occasionally they saw a flock of gulls circling about overhead, or a shoal of dolphins leaping up in the blue waves. Among these passengers was the shy gentleman. Now the shy gentleman was tall and large, with a full brown beard, which should have made him quite bold, but he was not. If a stranger spoke to him, he blushed, and if he tried to say something really wise, he merely stammered, so that his meaning was lost. As for tea-cups and wine-glasses, he always broke them with his elbow, or by allowing them to slip through his big fingers, while chairs and little tables seemed placed in his way for the sole purpose of his tumbling over them.

In his cabin was his portmanteau, filled with all sorts of treasures. A Paris doll and her wardrobe were given the place of honor. The beautiful blonde hair of this fashionable lady must not be disarranged, and the boxes containing her dresses and gloves, her boots, mantles, and parasols, required much space. She was a very important person. In a corner was wedged the case of one of those mechanical bears covered with black fur, and wound up by means of a key in his side. In the opposite corner were the Venetian lion of St. Mark, made of brass, trinkets of straw and glass, and a little Neapolitan boy in mosaic on the lid of a box. The St. Ulric doll, folded in a bit of tissue-paper, had been allowed to fall down anywhere. She was made of a single stick of wood, with a head carved on top, but without arms or legs, like the Italian babies, who are wound about with cloths until they resemble little mummies.

She remained quietly where she had been placed, between a flannel waistcoat and a pair of stockings, with her head resting on a meerschaum pipe. She thought of her home, and sighed. Yes, she was homesick, because she loved her own land as only the Tyrolese and the Swiss love their native mountains.

The shy gentleman had bought the St. Ulric doll at a booth under the stone archway of one of the streets of Botzen. He could not carry away with him the beautiful Austrian Tyrol, except as pictures in his own mind, and therefore he picked up the droll and ugly little St. Ulric doll.

"When I give the doll to Nelly, I will tell her about the mountain peaks where the hunters climb to shoot the chamois and the black-cock, and the valleys down toward Italy where the grapes ripen, and all about the castles perched like watch-towers along the Brenner route," thought the shy gentleman, wrapping the purchase in the bit of tissue-paper. "I must not forget to add that this Brenner Pass, where the traveller of to-day journeys on the railway from Munich to Verona, is one of the oldest highways in the world; the Etruscan merchants used to pass here, trading in iron with the Northern nations, long before the Romans."

One day a tremendous rattling was heard inside the case of the mechanical bear.

"What is the matter? Are you seasick?" inquired the lion of St. Mark.

"No," grumbled the mechanical bear. "I have been standing on my head too long, and if this voyage does not soon end, my machinery will be out of order. I shall growl at the wrong time."

"We must be gifts for children. I hope they will like us," said the St. Ulric doll.

"I hope we shall like *them*," said the French doll. "I come from a shop window on the Boulevard des Italiens. How can I live out of Paris!"

Just then the lid of the portmanteau was lifted, and a Custom-house officer looked in. The steamer had reached New York.

"Here he is, mamma!" cried a little girl, as a carriage paused before the door of a house on Gramercy Square.

She had been looking out of the window. Now she ran down stairs, and opened the front door. Two gentlemen got out of the carriage; one was her uncle Fred, and the other a traveller with a brown beard, whose arms were full of mysterious parcels and boxes. This was the shy gentleman, and Nelly had always found him a good friend. Soon the parcels were distributed. The mosaic box was for mother, the brass lion for Uncle Fred, and all the rest for Nelly. She was wild with delight. The Paris doll fascinated her. All her friends were invited to admire the lady from the Boulevards. Nelly could not eat, or sleep, or study her lessons. She tried on all the dresses, gloves, bonnets, and shoes.

The St. Ulric doll had been glanced at, laid on the table, and forgotten. At length Nelly wearied of so much splendor, and her mother found the Paris doll too fine for every-day play. Nelly noticed the St. Ulric doll then.

"You have no clothes, poor thing," she said.

She opened her own work-box, sought in a bag for a piece of blue flannel, and began to sew. Soon the St. Ulric doll was clothed. To be sure, her gown was like a bag tied about her neck.

Nelly's mother, a pretty widow, said, "I did not know he loved me."

Nelly whispered to the St. Ulric doll that her mother was to marry the shy gentleman.

"I thought there was a good reason for bringing us across the sea," said the St. Ulric doll to the mechanical bear and the Paris lady.

The latter was out of temper.

"Already the little girl loves you best, because she has made your gown herself," she said.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

The grizzly bear is the most terrible of all beasts. Its great strength, its enormous size, its ferocity, and its courage render it a more formidable enemy than the lion. It ranges the westward-lying slopes of the Rocky Mountains from Mexico to British America, and is a constant terror to the regions it inhabits.

The average length of the grizzly bear is about seven feet, and its weight nine hundred to a thousand pounds, although much larger specimens have been killed in Arizona and other Southern regions.

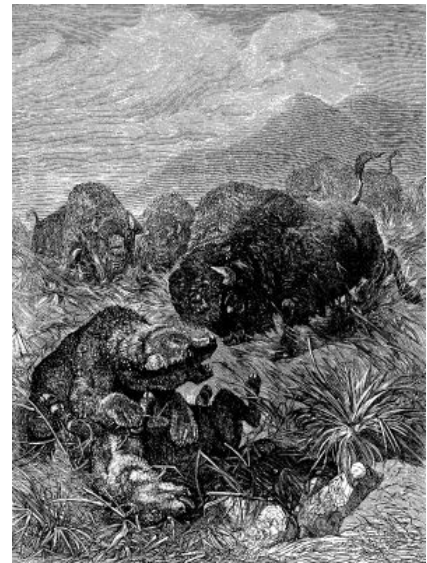
Grizzlies do not often attack men unless surprised or infuriated, or driven by desperate hunger to seize upon everything which crosses their path; but all animals, from a mouse to an enormous buffalo, fall an easy prey to this monarch of the far West.

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The immense daring of the grizzly bear, and its entire confidence in its strength, are evident from the fact that it will not hesitate to attack buffaloes even when a whole herd are together. It has been known to kill a buffalo with one blow of its terrible fore-paw, and afterward to drag it away and bury it. It can easily dig a hole with its cimeter-like claws, and it usually buries what it can not devour, as a store to fall back upon when provisions are scarce.

Hunters tell many stories of sharp contests between grizzlies and buffaloes. The bear will prowl by the side of a herd, keeping under cover of the bushes until some big fat fellow comes within easy reach, when it rushes on its victim, and with one blow fells it to the ground. The other buffaloes may rush to the rescue of their comrade, but the powerful grizzly is generally a match for them all, and instances are rare where the savage beast has been driven to crawl away defeated.

The claws of this beast are longer than a man's finger, and are very much prized as ornaments by the Indians. To wear a necklace of bear's claws, taken from an animal killed by himself, is one of the highest ambitions of an Indian brave; for if he is thus decorated, his courage and superior strength are acknowledged by his whole tribe. An Indian will sell his horses, his blankets, everything he possesses, but nothing can induce him to part with his bear-claw necklace, which marks him as an invincible warrior. To obtain this coveted prize Indians will run the most extreme risks. Are the enormous foot-prints of a grizzly discovered in the vicinity of the camp, the men all set out in hot pursuit, and many a poor Indian has lost his life in fierce encounter with this monarch of the mountains. If the bear can be traced to its den among the rocks, the Indians will lay trails of powder leading from the lair in different directions, which, as they burn, set fire to the dry grass and stubble. As the animal, startled by the smoke and flame, rushes from its hiding-place, the Indians, who lie concealed behind rocks and bushes, pelt it with blazing pine knots, and fire volley after volley from their rifles into its body, until some lucky shot enters the heart or brain, and the monster staggers and falls dead to the ground.



**GRIZZLY BEAR AND
BUFFALOES.**

This beast has a strong hold on life, and has often been known to run with great speed, and even to swim deep rivers, with twenty or more large rifle-balls in its body. It is so difficult to kill, and so furious when aroused, that a hunter will never attack the grizzly single-handed if the encounter can be avoided. The hunter may escape by climbing a tree; for although young grizzlies can climb like a cat, the old bears can do nothing more than stand on their hind-legs in vain endeavors to reach the branches where the man lies concealed, and growl spitefully. Their extreme heaviness, however, is thought by the Indians to be all that prevents them from climbing.

A hunter once took refuge in a tree from one of these savage beasts, and having vainly discharged all his ammunition at the monster, he endeavored to hit it in the eye with cones, thinking to drive it away. But the grizzly only became more infuriated, and began a brisk war-dance around the tree, howling all the while in a terrible manner. At length the branch upon which the hunter was sitting began to give way, and the unfortunate man felt himself doomed to certain death. Closing his eyes, he resigned himself to the worst, when, instead of falling, as he expected, into the open jaws of the huge beast, he, together with the heavy branch upon which he had been sitting, landed with a tremendous thump upon the grizzly's head. The animal was so astonished and frightened at this sudden and unexpected assault, that it took to its heels, and soon disappeared in the forest. Such miraculous escapes, however, are not frequent, and the number of Indians and hunters killed by grizzlies is very large.

Young grizzlies have often been captured, and when very small are as playful and affectionate as dogs. But they are not to be trusted, for as they grow older, their savage nature develops, and they are liable to become dangerous property. Unless they can be surprised away from the mother, their capture is attended by the utmost peril. Nothing can exceed the fury of the mother bear if her little ones are molested. Rising on her hind-legs for a moment to survey the object of her hatred, she will utter a hoarse "huff, huff, huff," and charge madly, and wary and courageous must be the hunter who can overcome this savage monster.

Hunting the grizzly is usually accomplished by parties of men well mounted, and with bands of trained dogs, but the huge beast will make a desperate fight for its life, and often severely wounds numbers of its



A MINIATURE YACHT REGATTA.—DRAWN BY F. S. COZZENS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MINIATURE YACHTS.

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On the preceding page is an illustration of a miniature yacht regatta on the Lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. In that beautiful Park there are few sights to be seen as beautiful as this. The dainty yachts, perfect in every detail, look like graceful white-winged birds skimming over the water, and the announcement of a regatta on the Lake often attracts more spectators than similar announcements of "grown-up" regattas down the bay. Many of these spectators are very critical, and attend these regattas in order to study fine points of sailing, and to learn what models will show the greatest speed.

The little yachts are so carefully planned and built that they often serve as models for those of many tons. Some of the finest yachts of the New York, Brooklyn, Atlantic, and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs are built from models furnished by winners of races and regattas on the lakes of Central and Prospect Parks.

Two regularly organized and officered clubs, the New York and Brooklyn Miniature Yacht Clubs, are the rivals of these lakes, and many exciting match races are sailed between the flyers of the two clubs. These races and all the regattas are governed by the regular rules of yachting, time allowances being made for differences of measurement, and the amount of canvas allowed each boat, as well as the course to be sailed, being accurately defined.

Of the miniature yachts, schooners of the first class are generally about sixty inches long, are heavily sparred—that is, they have very tall masts, long booms, and bow-sprit—and are ballasted with very deep and heavy lead keels. They are either "built" or "cut"—that is, ribbed and planked, or worked out from a single block of wood.

They carry rudders merely to make them look ship-shape, and are steered entirely by their sails. These are so arranged as to balance fore and aft, and the jib and main sheets are made of elastic rubber, so nicely adjusted that if the boat is inclined to sail too close to the wind, the main-sheet stretches, the mainsail is eased off, and she resumes her proper course, with the wind free. If she is inclined to "fall off" too much, and run before the wind, the jib-sheet stretches, the wind spills out of the jib, and the pressure upon her aftersails quickly brings her up on the wind again.

The fleet at Prospect Park this season numbers some fifty sail, from sixty-inch schooners down to ten-inch cat-boats, and contains schooners, sloops, cat-boats, catamarans, and one square-rigged steamer. An English cutter will probably be added to the fleet very soon, and interesting races between her and the boats of American model are expected.

EASY BOTANY.

JUNE.

June has many beautiful flowering trees, and many rare and remarkable plants. Some of the anemones bloom in April and May, but several wait for June. Among these the rare red anemone is found on rocky banks in Western Vermont, in Northern New York, and Pennsylvania.

Among the pines and maples of Cape Ann, at Manchester, Massachusetts, we find the laurel-magnolia, or sweet-bay, with silky leaves and buds, and deliciously fragrant cream-white flowers. This charming shrub seems to belong to the South, but has strangely strayed away, and made for itself a cozy home on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of New England. This magnolia also grows in Pennsylvania and Southern New York.

Belonging to the same fair family is the tulip-tree, with large tulip-shaped flowers tinged with yellow,

orange, and green. These trees are found in rich soil in the Middle, Southern, and Western States.

Another wonderful plant of June is the large water-lily the *Nelumbo luteum*, or water-chinquelin. This plant apparently belongs to the East Indies, and seems to be nearly related to the pink lotus, or sacred bean of India. The American species is rare, being found at but few places; but Connecticut professes to possess it in the Connecticut River, near Lyme; and it is found in the Delaware River, near Philadelphia, at Woodstown and Swedesborough, New Jersey, and in several Western lakes. The leaves are circular, from one to two feet in diameter, and raised high above the water; the fragrant flowers are pale yellow; the seeds, sunk deeply in a receptacle, are as large as acorns.

Our own beautiful white pond-lily is well known and well beloved; and few New-Englanders are unfamiliar with the serene ponds and still waters where the lily pods make a carpet on which rest the lovely heads of these delicious favorites.

At Sandwich and Barnstable, Massachusetts, and Kennebunk, Maine, are found lilies of a fine rose-color. The common cow-lily, as it is called, though not a beauty like its relatives, is a pleasing variety, being of a rich yellow color.

Next we come to the wonderful pitcher-plants, whose chosen homes are in the black mud of peat-bogs and swamps.

The one with which we are most familiar is favored not only with a botanical name of seven syllables, but has the common names of side-saddle-flower, pitcher-plant, and hunter's-cup—all referring more or less to the curious leaves, which are hollow, and shaped like little pitchers, and are always found partly filled with water. The flower, nodding on a tall stalk, is as singular as the leaves; it is of a deep reddish-purple color, the petals arching over a little green umbrella in the centre, which covers the stamens. This striking and interesting plant may be easily found by any enterprising young botanist who is not afraid of mud and water, as it grows from Maine to Illinois and southward.

Another queer little dweller in bogs and swamps and wet meadows is the sundew, one species of which may be found in June, and others later. The leaves of this peculiar plant are covered with fine reddish-brown hairs, or glands, which furnish small drops of fluid, glittering like dew-drops.

Three species of wild oxalis, or wood-sorrel, should not be overlooked. The *yellow*, which is found everywhere, is so common as to be unappreciated; but the *white*, with petals streaked with red lines, is very pretty: it is found in deep, cold woods in Massachusetts and the Middle States. The *violet* wood-sorrel is, however, the beauty of the family, and rare enough to require being searched for. It springs from a bulb in shady, rocky woods in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York; three or four soft purple blossoms nod on a slender stalk, and it is a lovely little plant. All the wood-sorrels are attractive and interesting from the graceful and pathetic habit which they have of folding up and drooping their delicate leaves at night-fall, opening them at the early light of morning.

The showy wild lupine comes out with long racemes of purple, pink, blue, and white blossoms, covering sandy fields with a flush of color.

The dear wild roses make the wood paths beautiful, and the indescribably delicious fragrance of the sweet-brier betrays its location on the dry banks and rocky road-sides.

The flowering raspberry, found in moist woods and shady dells, is as beautiful as the rose, and the buds, if possible, more beautiful than rose-buds. The flowers are large, of a vivid deep rose-red, and the leaves maple-shaped, and very graceful.

In June, also, come six or eight species of *Cornus*, or dogwood, each beautiful in its way. These shrubs, which are generally found in rich soil in rocky, open woods, are rare in New England, but abundant in the Middle States. The brilliant little bunchberry, however, which belongs to the *Cornus* family, delights in the deep cold woods of Maine, where it grows luxuriantly, its rich red berries charming the eye in the depths of the forest.

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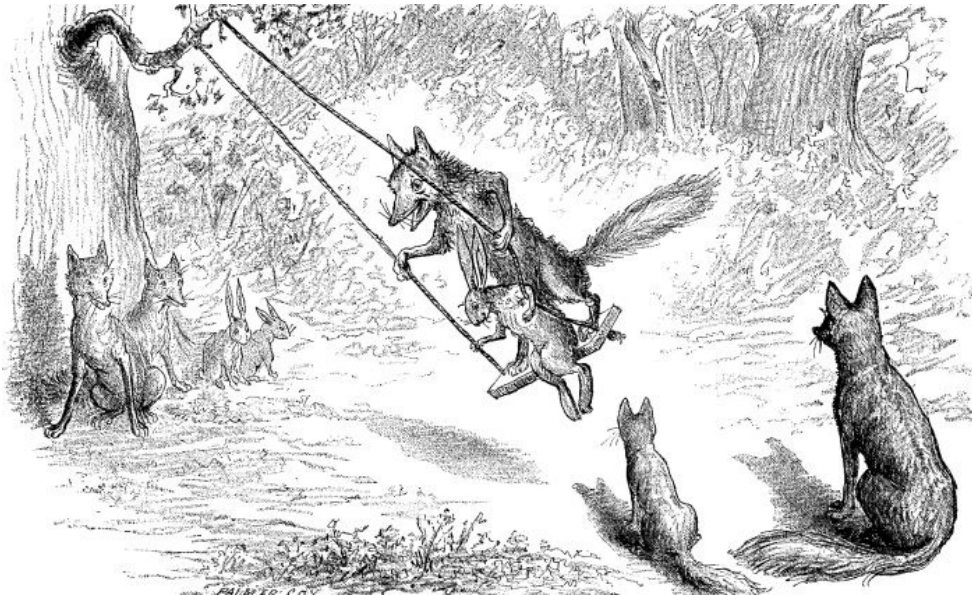
In the gloom of shady woods, at the roots of pine and oak trees, the young botanist may perhaps be startled to see an array of little *ghosts*, as it were, springing from dead leaves, and without one touch of the green of summer, but waxen-white in every part, leaves, stems, and all, sometimes having a faint shade of pink or tawny yellow. This is the Indian-pipe, with none of the healthful honesty of other plants, but stealing its existence from surrounding neighbors; and with this ghostly parasite we will close the list for June, not that it is exhausted, for hundreds stand waiting, but it would take a *book* to tell of them all.

FLOWERS OF JUNE.

COMMON NAME.	COLOR.	LOCALITY, ETC.
Alpine azalea	Wh., rose-color	White Mts., rocky hills; N. E.
Alum-root	Greenish-purple	Rocky woodlands; Conn. to Wis.
Alum-root, downy	Purplish-white	Rich woods; Lancaster, Pa.
American ipecac	Rose-color	Deep woods; N. Y., Pa., and West.
Arrow-wood	White, light blue berries	Wet places. Common North.
Bell-shaped sullivania	White	Limestone cliffs; Ohio, Wis.
Bird's-eye primrose	Pale lilac	Shores of Western lakes; Mt. Kineo, Me.
Black snakeroot	Greenish-yellow	Copses, open glades. Common.
Black huckleberry	Reddish, berries black	Woodlands. Common.
Blue-tangle	White, berries dark blue	Low copses; New England.
Bunchberry	White flowers, red berries	Damp, cold, deep woods; Me.
Burning-bush	Dark purple	Shaded woods; N. Y., Pa., South.
Bush honeysuckle	Honey yellow	Rocks and thickets; Northward.
Buttercups	Yellow	Banks and fields. Common.
Cassiope	Wh., rose-color	White Mts., Adirondacks, Me. Rare.
Chervil	White	Fields and copses; Lancaster, Pa., N. J.

Chinquapin, American lotus	Pale yellow	Conn., N. J., West. lakes. Rare.
Clustered bell-flower	Deeper blue	Road-sides; Danvers, Mass.
Coffee-tree	White racemes	River-banks, rich soil; N. Y., Pa., West.
Collinsia	Blue and white	Moist soil; N. Y., Pa., West.
Common elder	Flowers white, berries black	Banks, rich soil. Common.
Cornel, panicled	Flowers and berries white	Thickets and river-banks.
Cornel, red osier	Whitish, berries white	Damp New England pastures.
Cornel, silky	White, berries pale blue	Wet places. Common.
Cow-lily	Bright yellow	Still waters. Very common.
Cranberry-tree	Wh., red berries	Low, damp grounds; N. J.
Crowberry	White	Mountains; New England.
Cuckoo-flower	Rose-color, wh.	Bogs, swamps; Vt., N. J.
Dahoon holly	Yellow-white	Swamps of Virginia.
Dwarf raspberry	White	Hill-sides; N. E. to Pa. Common.
Dwarf wild rose	Deep pink	Dry rocky banks and fields; N. E.
Evening primrose	Pale yellow	Sandy fields; N. J. and South.
False indigo	Violet	River-banks; Pa., South, West.
Feverwort	B'wnish-purple	Rich woodlands. Common.
Flowering dogwood	Purplish-white, red berries	Rocky woods; Conn., N. J., South.
Flowering raspberry	Deep red purple	Copses, wooded banks; New Eng.
Fumitory, climbing	Purplish-white	Wet woods; West.
Great-spurred violet	Pale violet	Damp shady woods; Mass. Rare.
Great willow-herb	Pink-purple	Low grounds, burned pastures, and woods.
Green violet	Greenish-white	Open woods; N. Y., Pa. Rare.
Green-weed	Yellow	Dry hills; Mass., Middle States, W.
Hedysarum	Violet-purple	Mountains; New England, Me.
Herb-robert	Red-purple	Shady ravines, wet woods; N. E.
High blackberry	White	Woods, pastures, banks. Common.
Ilex holly	Greenish	Moist woodlands; sea-coast, N. J.
Indian-pipe	Waxy white	Dark shady woods; New England.
Inkberry	White flowers, berries black	Sandy grounds; Cape Ann.
Labrador tea	White	Cold bogs and mountain woods; New England.
Leather-flower	Purple	Rich woods; N. J., N. Y., West.
Low blackberry	White	Low woods, road-sides. Common.
Magnolia, sweet-bay	White	Cape Ann, Gloucester and Manchester woods.
Marsh five-finger	Purple	Cool bogs; New England to Pa.
Marsh violet	Pale lilac	White Mts., high lands N. Rare.
Meadow-sweet	White	Damp soil, banks; N. J., West.
Mountain laurel	Pink and white	Rocky hills, damp soil. Common.
Mountain sandwort	White	Mountains; New England.
Nine-bark	Wh., rose-color	Rocky river-banks; West.
One-flowered pyrola	White-pink	Deep cold New England woods.
Pale laurel	Light purple	Cold peat bogs and mountains.
Partridge-berry	Purple and white, red berries	Dry woods, creeping. Common.
Persimmon	Pale yellow	Woods and old fields; R. I., N. Y.
Pimpernel	Scarlet, blue, wh.	Waste sandy fields; Mass., N. J.
Pitcher-plant	Deep purple	Peat-bogs and swamps; New Eng.
Poison-ivy, climbing	Greenish	Rocky thickets, low grounds.
Poison sumac	Dull color, very poisonous	Swamps and wet pastures.
Pond-lily	White, pink	Ponds, pools, and still waters. Common.
Prince's-pine	Pale pink	Dry woods. Common.
Pyrola	Greenish-white	Rich woods; Conn., N. J., N. Y.
Queen of the prairie	Peach-color	Open meadows; Pa., prairies W.
Red anemone	Red	Rocky hills; Vt., N. Y. Rare.
Red elder	Flowers white, berries red	Rocky woods; New England.
Round-leaved cornus	White, berries blue	Rich soil, copses; Middle States.
Roxbury wax-work, climbing	Red berries	Thickets; N. E., Middle States.
Seneca snakeroot	White	Rocky soil; N. E., West, South.
Sheep-laurel	Crimson	Hill-sides, pastures. Common.
Shrubby cinque-foil	Yellow	Wet grounds; N. E. Common.
Silver-weed	Yellow	Brackish marshes and meadows; New England, West.
Small cranberry	Rose-color	Peat bogs; N. E., Middle States.
Spotted wintergreen	Pink and white	Open woods; Middle States.
Staghorn sumac	Greenish	Hill-sides, dry banks. Common.
Strawberry-bush	Greenish-purple	Wooded banks; N. Y., Ill., South.
Sundew	White	Bogs, wet pastures; New Eng.
Sundrops	Yellow	Open fields; N. J., N. Y., Pa.
Supple-jack, climb'g.	Greenish-white	Damp meadows; Va. and South.
Swamp-honeysuckle	White-pink	Swamps; New England sea-coast.

Swamp-rose	Pink	Swamps and pastures. Common.
Swamp-saxifrage	Greenish	Bogs, wet pastures. Common.
Sweet-brier	Pale pink	Rocky banks, road-sides; N. E.
Sweet-cicely	White	Rich moist Northern woods.
Tall bell-flower	Bright blue	Rich soil; N. Y., N. J., West.
Three-toothed cinque-foil	White	Brunswick, Me., White Mts., Cape Cod. Rare.
Twin-flower	Pale pink	Moist, mossy woods; Me., N. J., N. Y.
Valerian	Pale pink	Wooded banks; Lancaster, Pa., O.
Wild elder	Greenish-white	Rocky banks, thickets. Common.
Wild flax	Yellow	Wet, boggy grounds; New England, West. Rare.
Wild honeysuckle	Light yellow	Rocky banks; Catskill, Ohio, W.
Wild licorice	White	Sandy shores; Western N. Y.
Wild lupine	Purple, blue, pink, white	Sandy open fields; Mass., Conn.
Wild monk's-hood	Bright blue	Rich shady hills; N. Y, N. J., S.
Wild pea	Purple, white	Dry sandy soil; North and South.
Wild red raspberry	White	Thickets, road-sides; N. E., South, and West.
Wild sarsaparilla	White	Moist woods; North and West.
Wild touch-me-not	Orange, brown	Thickets, shades, beside streams. Common.
Wood-sorrel	Violet	Rocky, damp woods; Orange, N. J., South. Rare.
Wood-sorrel	White, red veins	Deep cold woods; Mass. to Pa.
Wood-sorrel	Yellow	Copses and open fields; everywhere.
Yellow-wood	Showy white flowers	Rich woods and hills; Middle States.



SWINGING "BRER RABBIT."—DRAWN BY PALMER COX.

THE ADVENTURES OF A RAT RACE.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

The carpenters came on a certain Monday morning to make some needed alterations about Mr. Wilson's stable at the rear of his house yard. And you know what a noise carpenters will make when working; far more than enough to disturb the most contented of rats.

Peggy O'Conner, who was moving to and from the kitchen hanging up linen to dry in the yard, said she saw no rat pass by her; but as a rat was found in the library, it must have come there by way of the side yard from the stable.

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It was a rather warm summer morning, but with enough of a breeze blowing to start Uncle Leonard sneezing if he should drop off to sleep while sitting in a draught. Now, merry Uncle Leonard was asleep in an easy-chair down in the library, where the two window-sashes were raised and both doors were open. He had gone there, as usual, to read the morning paper, but gradually it drooped nearer and nearer the end of his nose, as usual, until it finally spread itself adroitly over his closed eyes, to fend off the flies. Then he began to make that soft steam-enginery sound that most stout gentlemen make when asleep, about as loud as the purring of "Cattogat," Lou and Amy's cat.

Cattogat always followed Uncle Leonard to the library if possible, to escape Lou and Amy, who, during their vacation, were trying to teach him to hold a lump of sugar on the end of his nose while seated on his hind paws. Cattogat, who liked the sugar but not the trick, had been so named by a Danish gentleman who had presented him to Lou and Amy.

The rat as it entered the library thought, doubtless, that it was a pretty comfortable-looking place, or else it wouldn't have gone about the room smelling and sniffing until it found a piece of sponge-cake, knocked by the canary from the wires of its cage.

That little breeze went on blowing across Uncle Leonard's head, and directly he gave a rousing "ashoo!" of a sneeze. Such an "a-a-sh-sh-shoo," that he actually sneezed himself into a sitting position. The rat was more startled at such a noise than at all the carpenters had made, and dropping the cake, peeped from behind an ottoman where it took refuge.

Cattegat jumped up and looked at Uncle Leonard as if to ask him if he had made that noise, and then glanced about the room.

"What can ail the cat!" exclaimed Uncle Leonard, as Cattegat went across the floor in about three springs. Then quickly closing the yard door, he called, "A rat! a rat!" as the rat ran from behind the ottoman.

Cattegat and the rat raced headlong around the room once, and Uncle Leonard nearly kicked himself off his feet as the rat slipped unhurt by him. Then away went the rat out of the library through the other door, along the hall, and up the front stairs; away tore Cattegat not far behind it; and quickly in pursuit trotted Uncle Leonard, calling, "Catch him, Cattegat; catch him, Cattegat!"

At the moment, Lou, a very handy boy about the house, was in a second-story room near the head of the stairs, and had just finished gluing in the leg of Amy's rocking-chair. He had taken the chair there to mend, because the floor was not carpeted, but smoothly varnished, and any glue dropped could be easily removed. Amy stood watching him as she slowly untied a package of prepared chalk for the teeth, with which she had shortly before returned from the drug store.

"Gracious! what's coming up stairs?" said Lou, placing the glue brush on the chair beside the glue-pot, and stepping to the door.

"Look out for the rat!" shouted Uncle Leonard.

Amy instantly sprang on the first object at hand, her just-mended rocking-chair, which gave way, of course, and over she went. However, she broke her fall by catching at the chair holding the glue-pot and brush, though the glue rolled to the right and the brush to the left. The package of prepared chalk, that had received an upward pitch as Amy had toppled over, then came down in time to plentifully powder both her and Lou.

The latter had turned to clear the way for the rat and Cattegat, not more than an instant later than Amy had taken alarm, but the glue had been spilled more quickly. And though Lou jumped over the pool of glue safely, he landed right under the shower of chalk, and directly upon the slippery glue brush. Presto! down went Lou, and shooting over the smooth floor, vanished under the bed at the far end of the room, as though he had been a clown playing in a pantomime.

Amy, so filled with laughter, could scarce manage to climb on the sound chair before the rat and Cattegat came whizzing through the doorway; both leaped clear of the spilled glue, and scampered in a flash across the floor into the next room, and so on through several other rooms that communicated.

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"Oho! bravo, Cattegat!" said Uncle Leonard, as he came on, running at a wonderful rate for him. Right through the doorway he ran, but on seeing Amy, he was about to lessen his speed, and have her join in the chase, when he stepped in the pool of glue. Slip, slip, slide across the room, went Uncle Leonard, with his feet getting farther apart, as though the floor was the slipperiest of ice. He slid to and against a wash-stand, and then sank down slowly and gracefully at its foot in a way that would have done credit to a champion gymnast. But he shook the stand so violently that the water-pitcher was shaken over within its basin, and emptied half its contents upon his head.

Amy rushed to his aid, righted the pitcher, and inquired if he was hurt.

"Not a bit," said Uncle Leonard, getting again on his feet, smiling mirthfully at his own dripping coat, and giving one of those jolly laughs of his at Amy's chalk-powdered head. "Come along, my dear," continued he; "keep the chase up, or the rat will yet have the best of it. But where's Lou?"

"Here I am!" answered Lou, poking his laughing, powdered face from under the bed, and crawling out. And away they all followed the chase, Uncle Leonard kicking off his gluey slippers, and catching up a pair of Papa Wilson's.

Cattegat and the rat in the mean time had been racing up and down the front bedrooms, frightening Mamma Wilson and Aunt Laura into climbing up on one of the beds, and Cattegat had distinguished himself by knocking over a sewing basket and a screen. As the pursuers appeared upon the scene, rat and cat ran out into the hallway again, through a door that Aunt Laura had opened, hoping to get clear of them.

Then pat, pat, pat, again in chase went Lou and Amy's shoes; flap, flap, flap, followed Uncle Leonard's slippers; and Mamma Wilson and Aunt Laura brought up the rear with an irregular run and walk. Right through the length of the whole second story, through the hallway, and from room to room they rushed, with such a clatter and whoop as had never before been heard in that house, merry as were its people.

Cattegat will now surely catch that ferocious rat in the last room, thought every one. But no; straight down the back stairs plunged the rat, and jump, jump, followed Cattegat, still several feet behind it. And at the bottom of the stairway, closed by a door, the race would have been doubtlessly won by Cattegat, but Peggy O'Conner, hearing such an unusual commotion overhead, came to the door to inquire its cause. As Peggy opened the door she heard several voices call: "Don't open that door; Cattegat's after a rat."

Bang! went the door—closed quickly, I assure you; but something flew past Peggy, and she only shut the door in Cattegat's face.

As that something, very much like a rat, flew past Peggy, and vanished out of the kitchen, a piece of soap that Katie, the other girl, threw with a very bad aim, went flying after it. But frightened Peggy, in dismay, raised her hands, backed awkwardly against a tub of blue water on the floor, and before she could recover her balance, splashed down into the water, which flew about like the spray of a great fountain.

As the whole party filed down the back stairs, Katie was trying amidst her merriment to help wringing-wet Peggy out of her queer bath, and all but Cattegat had something to laugh at.

Cattegat seemed very much disappointed because the rat had escaped, and went out in the yard, and hid himself under a rose-bush.

As for the rat, Lou is pretty certain that he sees it occasionally capering about the stable, very much unlike a common rat that has never had an adventure.



THE MORNING MESSAGE.

BY K. M. M.

A beam was sent out by the morning sun
To carry the message that day had begun.

First the gay courier told his story
To the opening buds of the morning-glory.

The birds in their nest on the branch o'erhead
Heard every word that the sunbeam said,

And all at once in the trees was heard
The twittered "good-morning" of each little bird.

Then in at the window the messenger flew,
And all around him his gold he threw.

He scattered it here, and everywhere,
He gilded the braids of the mother's hair.

He glanced at the baby, who laughed with glee,
And danced for joy on his mother's knee.

And little Clara, the three-year-old,
Tried to catch at the shining gold;

And she said, "Mamma, if I'm good to-day,
Perhaps this beautiful sunbeam will stay."



BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

About a month ago my papa came home from Panama, and brought me two beautiful little birds for pets. I do not know any English name for them, but in Spanish they are called *Verdones del Pacifico*. They are about the size of a canary. Their bodies are beautiful dark blue, the wings and back are glossy black with a blue stripe, and the top of the head irised green. The under side of the wings is golden yellow. They have little bright black eyes, long bills like a humming-bird, and dainty little red legs and toes. They feed on bananas, and eat all day long. They are very queer little gymnasts, and hang head downward from their perch to reach their food. They do not sing, but the moment daylight begins they commence a sweet little peeping, which they keep up from morning till night.

We did not know they would eat insects; but one afternoon a big fly came buzzing round their cage, and they fluttered and peeped and pushed their bills through the wires in their efforts to catch it. My brother caught it and gave it to them in his fingers. They both dived for it, and had a fight to see which should get the biggest half. Since then we catch flies for them all the time, and whenever any one goes near their cage they begin to peep and watch, hoping for a fly.

Sometimes we shut the windows and let them fly around the room and hunt for themselves. They dart like lightning, and not a fly escapes them. They are growing very tame, and will come and perch upon my finger when they are tired flying.

I wonder if any other little boy or girl has any *Verdones*? Their home is in the forests along the tropical Pacific coast. They build a nest similar to that of the humming-bird, and are considered members of the same family, although they do not hover over their food like the humming-bird.

CARRIE R.

FORT ONTARIO, OSWEGO, NEW YORK.

My father is a lieutenant in the Second Artillery. We have been in Oswego seventeen months. The fort is on the lake, and a very old fort it is. The scarf wall facing Lake Ontario has never been finished. In the fort grave-yard are some very old graves. There is one of George Fykes, a Revolutionary soldier, who died in 1776.

This is a very pleasant post. In summer there is plenty of boating and fishing. I went fishing the other day, but did not have very good luck. There were a great many wrecks on the lake last fall.

I have one little brother four months old. When he gets old enough I will write a letter for him too. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am ten years old.

HOWARD M.

TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE ever so much. I have no pets except my little baby brother, but there are lots of birds' nests in our orchard. One day when we were in the orchard we saw a big nest with rags woven in it, and I spied a corner of an embroidered handkerchief that was given me a year ago last Christmas. Papa was up in the tree, and he pulled it out and threw it down to me. I think it was a blackbird's nest. The eggs were green, with dark brown spots on them.

GERTIE B.

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Here is a game that I invented. I have played it very often, and it is very good fun. Two boys stand opposite each other, about ten feet apart. Each boy has a ball—rubber ones are best, as they will bounce. The balls must be thrown from one boy to the other, both at the same time. When they hit in the air—which they do oftener than you would think—each boy tries to catch one on the first bounce or fly. Each ball so captured counts one. Whoever gets ten first beats.

I have some tracing paper and a lithogram which papa gave me, and I have a great deal of fun tracing pictures and copying them on the lithogram.

WILLY A.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

I have a pair of canaries. The singer I have named Sankey; the other is Jenny. When I put mamma's mirror in the cage, Sankey will look at himself and sing beautifully, and then he will peep behind the mirror to see if any other bird is there. I am ten years old.

JULIA B. H.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I thought you would like to hear about our kitty. At night when we go to bed he climbs over two sheds and a grape arbor up to mamma's window, and shakes the shutter until mamma gets up and lets him in. Then he goes down and waits at the front door till papa comes in. Then he follows papa down stairs, and papa gives him something to eat, and shuts him up in the kitchen. In the morning he runs out in the yard and plays around until breakfast-time, when he comes in and goes right to papa's place at the table. He puts his fore-paws upon the table, and claws papa's arm until he gets a piece of meat, or bread, which he likes best.

Here is a recipe for Puss Hunter and her club. I call it jaw-breaker candy. It is a little different from Nellie H.'s recipe. One cup of brown sugar; half a cup of vinegar; a piece of butter the size of a hickory-nut. When I think it is boiled enough, I drop a little into a glass of cold water, and if it hardens, it is done, and I pour it into a buttered dish to cool.

REBECCA H.

CAMDEN, ALABAMA.

I am a subscriber to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and this is the first letter I have written for "Our Post-office Box." I had a large doll given me last Christmas, and I have named her Fannie Sue. She has a pretty little red trunk full of clothes, and a black satin hat with red flowers on it. My papa got me a donkey a few weeks ago, and when I learn to ride nicely he is going to give me a horse.

KATE C.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.

I thought the boys and girls would like to hear about my auntie's pets. She has four big birds and four baby birds. One of the baby birds got out of its nest this morning, and hopped about the cage. Another bird is sitting on five eggs. Then we have four cats and four kittens, and a great big Newfoundland dog. I am eight years old. I live in Indianapolis, but I am visiting auntie now.

FRED D. S.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I write to tell you of my success with the tarantula in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 29. I had to work hard to get the body cut out nicely, but at last it was done. A little girl showed it to her father, and he thought it was a big live spider, and gave it a knock which sent three of its legs flying, but I soon mended it.

EDDIE W. H.

DEEP RIVER, CONNECTICUT, *May 19, 1880.*

My sister subscribed for *YOUNG PEOPLE* for my Christmas present. I learned the song "I am the Lad in the Blue and White," and now I am learning "I am the Lad in the Cadet Gray."

I caught two baby trout out of a brook with a cup, but papa told me to put them back in the water, so I did. There are lots of violets here now, and our rose-bushes are budded. For the last two weeks the air has been very sweet with apple blossoms. I was eleven years old yesterday.

EDITH P.

PINE RIVER, COLORADO.

I live in Southwest Colorado, close to the Ute Indian Reservation. My papa has a store, and the Indians often come to trade. These Utes are not bad, like the Utes who killed Mr. Meeker. We had six wild geese, but a bad dog killed one of them. Some time I will write more about the Indians here.

HATTIE J.

BONANZA, IDAHO.

I like to read all the letters from the children in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I thought I would tell about my puppies. They bark if any one comes in the room. One catches another by the tail and growls, and the other jumps around and barks. There are three of them. Their mother is sick, and coughs up blood. I wish some boy could tell me what to do for her.

The snow is eighteen inches deep here yet (May 8), but it has been over six feet deep here this winter.

F. M. G.

MILLS CITY, MONTANA.

I am always glad when *YOUNG PEOPLE* comes. I like all the stories very much. We have two buffaloes, ten cows, a little calf, two horses, and a little colt; and I have two cats, a dog named Rose, and some chickens of my own. We have beautiful house plants, and flowers growing in the garden in summer. I have two sisters and a brother. My oldest sister is at school in Bismarck. I am eleven years old.

LAURA B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have a pet guinea-pig, which came across the ocean with me. It is pure white. I have made a house for it to live in during the summer. I visited Paris, and saw the last Exposition. It was not as large as ours, but it was very fine. I have a very nice collection of stamps and coins. My oldest coin, a Moorish one, is dated 1270. I have another dated 1275. Both the coins were given to me by Captain Boyton. Is it true that he was killed? I would like to know.

CHARLES L. S.

Captain Boyton is not dead, but is in good health, and on the occasion of a recent boat-race at Washington was floating about in his famous life-saving costume.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have copied all the recipes, and we have a nice cook that lets me try them, and helps me, too. She makes the crust for me, and I make the inside for an awful good lemon pie. Here is the recipe, and I wish Puss Hunter and the girls would try it and say what they think of it. Take one tea-cup of white sugar; one table-spoonful of butter; one egg; one large lemon; one tea-cup of boiling water; one table-spoonful of corn starch. Mix the butter and sugar in a bowl; then put the boiling water over the fire, and stir the corn starch (which you must first wet in a little cold water) into it till it thickens. Now pour it over the butter and sugar, and set it away to cool. When it is cold, add the juice and grated peel of the lemon (carefully removing the seeds) and the beaten egg. Bake it without any top crust. Three times all this makes two nice pies for big people, our cook says.

YOUNG PEOPLE is—oh, too good for anything. When I grow older, I am going to take a dozen copies for poor little boys and girls whose papa and mamma can not take it for them, as mine do for me.

HELEN.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

This is a lovely place to live in. Every morning and afternoon the band plays in the Naval Academy grounds, and almost every afternoon we play croquet until the band stops. The music always begins with "The Star-spangled Banner," and ends with "Hail, Columbia."

LIZZIE C. F.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I thank you, dear contributors, for the recipes you have already sent me, and I would like some more, especially a good recipe for bread.

I would like to know the name of this little flower. It was given to me, and I think it was found growing in the water.

PUSS HUNTER.

Your flower is a cowslip, which grows in wet meadows, and is one of the earliest blossoms of spring.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and I am very fond of flowers, and take great delight in hunting for them. There is a flower which grows in the woods and open fields here, called the "Star of Bethlehem." The blossom is a little white five-pointed star, and it blooms in great quantities in the month of May. If "Genevieve," of California, sends her address, I shall like to exchange pressed flowers with her.

BERTHA S.

I would be pleased to exchange pressed leaves with Mary Wright, of Kansas, if she will wait until fall, as I always have a very nice collection of autumn leaves. I would also like to exchange pressed ferns with some little girl in the fall. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a splendid paper.

EMMA FOLTZ,
Chambersburg,

Pennsylvania.

QUITMAN, GEORGIA.

I am a little Southern girl, eight years old to-day. Grandpa gave me a gold ring, and papa gave me a beautiful doll. Oranges, bananas, and sugar-cane grow here, and we have flowers and mocking-birds all winter. Please tell me what willow "pussies" are.

INDIA T.

If you look in the Post-office Box of No. 25 you will find a description of willow "pussies," given in answer to questions from other young correspondents in the far South.

JULIAN G.—The first volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be finished with the fifty-second number, issued the last Tuesday in October, 1880.

S. G. SMITH.—"Tumble home" indicates curving in toward the top; "tumbling in aft," curving under.

H. T. M.—The characters you inquire about are not letters, but signs understood only by the members of a certain society.

NEW YORK CITY.

Could you tell me the origin of the name "Forget-me-not" as applied to flowers? I have heard there is some historical legend or story concerning it. I should be very glad if any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE could inform me where such a legend is to be found.

A CONSTANT READER.

There are many graceful, poetic stories told by poets and romancers, especially by German authors, concerning the origin of the name "Forget-me-not," but it is unlikely that any one of them has a historical foundation. We leave the subject open for our youthful correspondents to discuss.

"TOUT OU RIEN."—To send us your name and address once is sufficient.

CHARLES F. R.—If you send forty-eight cents in clean postage stamps, the papers you require will be forwarded to you.

NINA.—The wife of an Earl has the title of Countess. There is nothing to be said of the Countess of Rosebery beyond what you read of her in HARPER'S BAZAR. She is a very estimable and charitable lady, and universally respected.

[Pg 455]

RICHARD S. C.—The best thing for you to do is to visit some establishment where the article you require is for sale. There are so many kinds and so many sizes of bicycles that it is impossible for us to give you any idea of prices.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first in fortune, not in luck.
My second in canvas, not in duck.
My third in squadron, not in fleet.
My fourth in conquer, not in beat.
My fifth in battle, not in wreck.
My sixth in rigging, not in deck.
My seventh in union, not in flag.
My eighth in steadfast, not in brag.
All these letters will show to you
An officer gallant, tender, and true.

MARY D.

No. 2.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

A familiar proverb:

—e—t—r—a—e—h—n—e—e—.

C. K. S.

No. 3.

WORD CHANGES.

[Taking two words of an equal number of letters, the change must be made by altering one letter at a time, thus forming a new word, which must be an English proper name, or a word given in an English dictionary. In altering a letter, its position in the word must not be changed. Any answers making the change correctly will be credited, although the intermediate words may vary from the solution sent with the puzzle. Here is an example changing Tom to Sam: Tom, Tm, rim, rip, rap, rat, sat, Sam.]

1. Love to hate. 2. Vest to coat. 3. Cent to dime. 4. Head to foot. 5. Bear to stag. 6. Hard to soft. 7. Storm to quiet.

C. P. T.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in schooner, not in ship.
My second is in beat, but not in whip.
My third is in bran, but not in meal.
My fourth is in cure, but not in heal.
My fifth is in pie, but not in cake.
My sixth is in shovel, but not in rake.
My seventh is in sick, but not in well.
My eighth is in tongue, but not in bell.
My ninth is in castle, but not in tower.
My whole is a fragrant, beautiful flower.

BELLE H.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My whole is a strait composed of 11 letters.
My 11, 7, 1, 4, 5 is a celebrated tower.
My 3, 10, 9 is useful at night.
My 6, 2, 8 is a member of the human family.

ADA.

No. 6.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

In artist. A Spanish hero. A ferocious beast. A cavern. In artist.

M. V.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 29.

No. 1.

1. Troy, Galveston. 2. Ithaca, Trenton. 3. Mobile, Lima. 4. Utica, Macon. 5. Salem, Alton.

No. 2.

Macbeth.

No. 3.

ORGAN
ROLLA
GLOOM
ALONE
NAMES

No. 4.

The nineteenth century.

No. 5.

W
WAR
WALS
RED
S

No. 6.

N anki N
A labam A
P eki N
L ockpor T
E urop E
S amo S

Naples, Nantes.

"Aunt Flora's Answer," a broken rhyme, on page 408:

Start, tart, art.
Skill, kill, ill.
Blend, lend, end.
Smothers, mothers, others.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Grace N. Whiting, Dollie Murdoch, Clarence Howard, W. L. Naldrett, "Tout on rien," A. H. Ellard, "Fatinitza," Alice and Mamie Grady, H. Starr Kealhofer, John B. Whitlock, Robie D. Caldwell, Howard Rathbone, Harry E. Furber.

Favors are acknowledged from W. Holloway, Nelly, Willie H. D., J. F. K., Edith Bidwell, Lizzie B., J. W. Riley, Charles H. Bamford.

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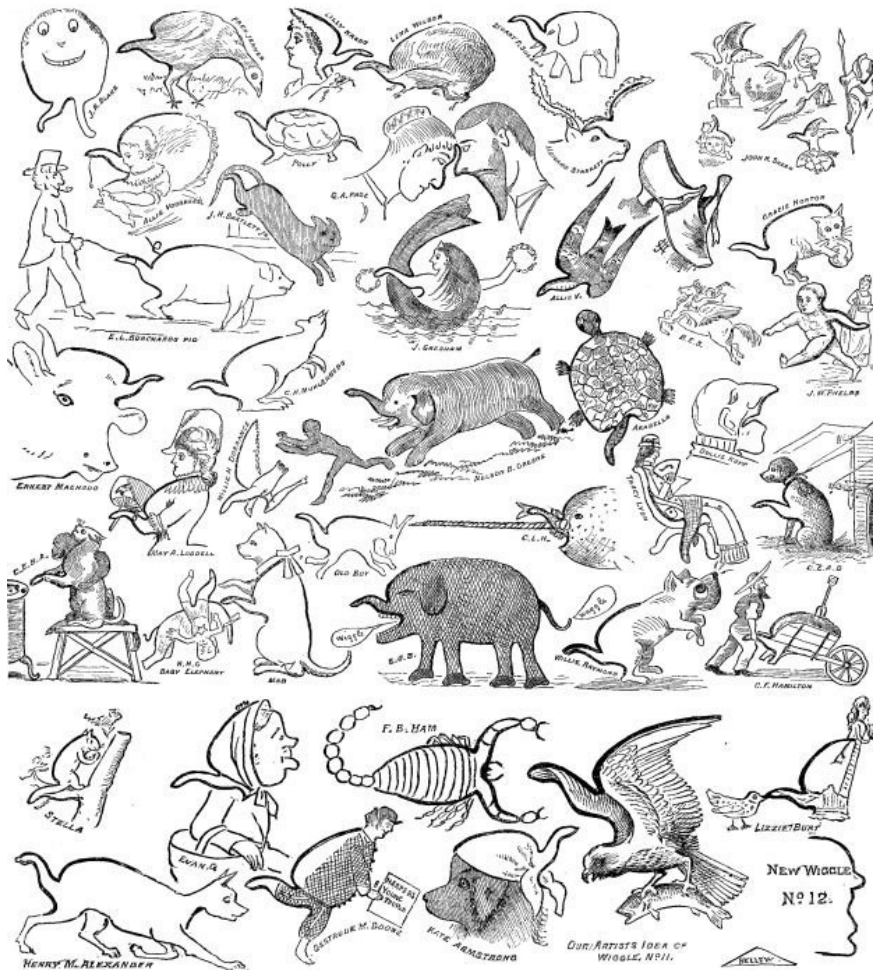
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