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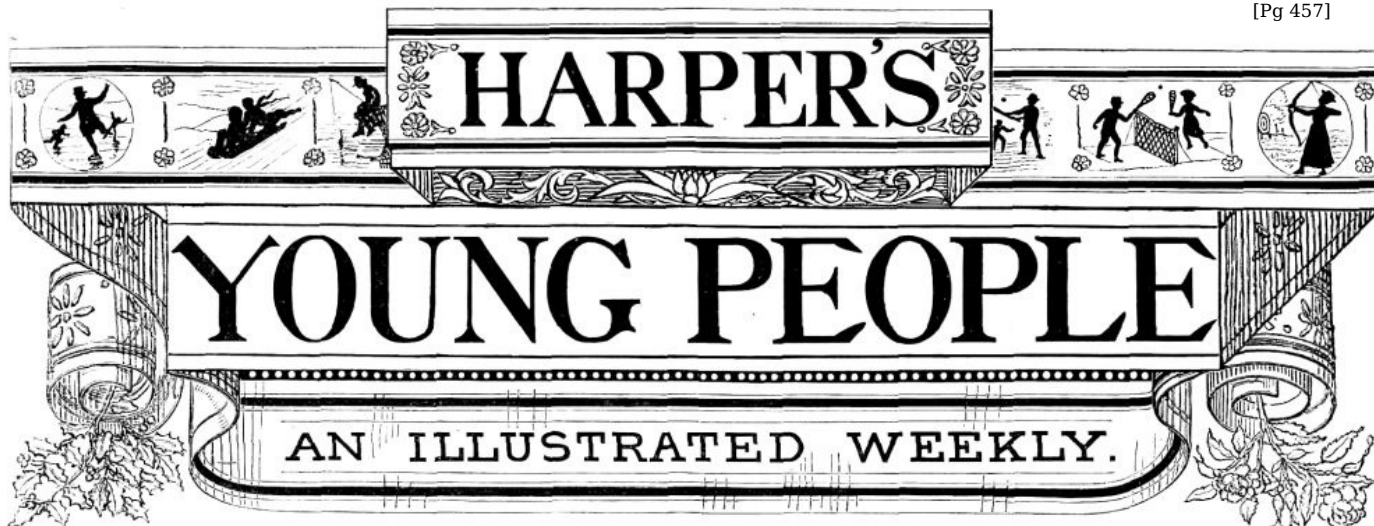
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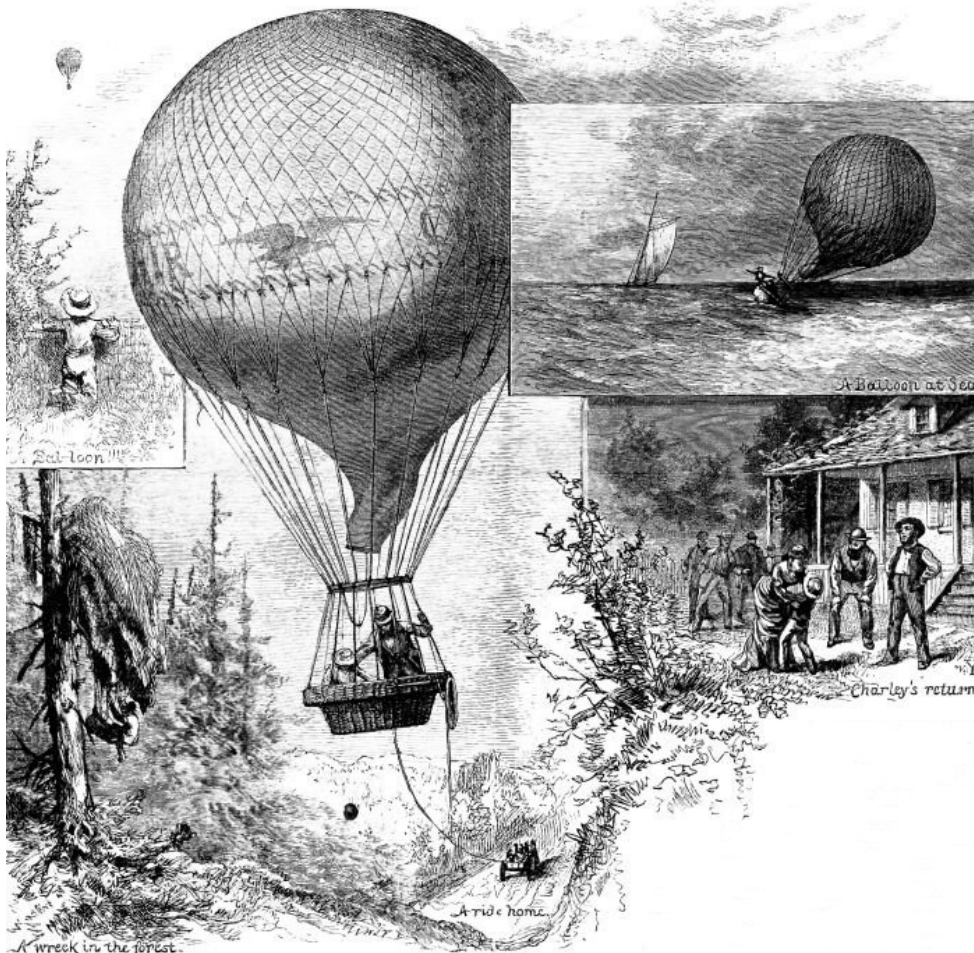
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## CHARLEY'S BALLOON VOYAGE.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

"Bal-loon! balloon! Oh, Charley! where are you, Charley? There's a balloon a-comin'!"

Charley's big brother Harry came running excitedly down the road, and vaulted the farm-yard fence in a state of great excitement. "Oh, Charley, come out quick and see the balloon."

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Charley was nowhere to be found. He had wandered off hours before to his favorite rock by the brook to have a "good cry." And this was the reason of it: One day, a short time before, he had been into the town of Wayneburg, not many miles distant, with Harry. Charley didn't often have a chance to go to town, and you may be sure he made the best use of his eyes. The one thing which he remembered above everything else was the big poster-board near the market, covered over every inch of it with bright-colored pictures of leaping horses, trick mules, flying riders jumping through hoops, comical clowns, and, above all, a big balloon just rising out of the crowd, everybody swinging their hats.

For two weeks Charley had talked of nothing, thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing but the coming show, and so, when his mother promised to take him to see it all, he was the happiest little boy in the county. But, alas! Charley's mother was taken sick just before the circus came, and there was no one else to go with him. Harry was too young and wild to be trusted, she said, and so poor Charley staid at home, and, sitting upon the big gate-post, watched the wagon-loads of people rattling merrily into town, bound for a day's fun. With swelling heart he wished he was a full-grown man. Then he strayed down by the creek, as I have said, to tell his grief to the fishes.

Harry, who had felt almost as badly as Charley, though he scorned to cry about it, kept on shouting until Charley peeped above the orchard wall to see what was wanted. Then he too spied the balloon. It didn't look bigger than his top, away up among the fleecy clouds, but it rapidly grew to the size of a pippin, and then over the hill came two or three galloping horsemen, swinging their hats, and shouting as they rode.

Now the balloon began to descend, and shortly disappeared behind the woods back of the house. Charley didn't know whether to run or stand still, and while he was doubting, the great yellow dome arose into sight again, and this time Charley could see the men in the basket. They were looking down, and calling to the men in the road to take hold of the long drag-rope, and pull them down.

This was not hard to do, as a balloon is so prettily balanced when in the air that in a light wind a little boy like Charley could pull it to the earth. It is not so easy when the balloon is going rapidly. I once saw a plucky dog catch hold of the rope with his teeth, and it jerked him along over fences and through a stubble field on his back, and I guess when he let go he had but very little hair left. Well, they pulled the balloon down, and before the men got out several large stones were put into the basket to hold it down, and the rope was tied to a strong post. One of the men was tall and stoop-shouldered, with a long sandy beard; they called him "Professor" (a queer title for a balloon man, is it not?). The second man was tall and good-looking; he belonged to the circus company. And the third was the artist, whose sketches you see in this paper.

After a little, Charley's mother came to the door, and invited the three strangers into the house, but they

preferred to sit on the step; and the Professor took Charley upon his knee, and asked him how he would like to travel in the way they did. How odd! Why, that was the very thing he was wishing for at the moment. He had often watched the birds, and longed for their wings for a little while. The Professor said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, Charley; you and I will get into the basket, and tell them to let us up to the end of the rope." Charley's mother was afraid to allow him to go; but the tall man told her the Professor often took children up that way, where he came down when voyaging. Sometimes he had seen a dozen in the basket at once; so she consented, and shortly they were seated with plenty of stout hands hold of the rope, "paying out," as the sailors say. Above the barn they rose, then higher than the big elm. Up, up, until the folks below looked very short and funny, with all their faces turned up to the sky. Charley's mother didn't look larger than a doll.

I wish I could tell you all that Charley and the Professor saw as they sat there so high and secure. Away over the hill was the town, and, beyond, a winding river and another village that he had never seen before; indeed, there were several towns in sight. He was sure they must be Boston, New York, and Chicago. He thought he could see the ocean and the Rocky Mountains; but the one was only distant plains, and the other the Catskills, about fifty miles away.

The Professor told Charley a great many things about his voyages. Once he was blown out to sea, and when he had almost given up hope, the rope was overtaken by a sail-boat in pursuit, and he was towed ashore; again, he had floated over burning forests, and once came to the earth from the weight of snow on the balloon; and once, too, his balloon was torn in the top of a high tree.

Suddenly a great shout was heard from below, and the Professor looked down. He quickly said to Charley: "Now, my boy, don't be frightened. They have made a mistake down there, and let loose the rope. We are going up into the clouds, but I will bring you down all right."

Charley was a brave little fellow, and besides this, he had confidence in the Professor, who seemed to manage his "air-ship," as it is often called, so skillfully. What a great thing it is to have confidence in a leader!

The shouting below was very faint and distant now. They were among the clouds, and in a moment were enveloped in one of them. It was just like a fog. The soft white masses rolled and whirled close beside the basket; it was very cool and damp.

In a minute the Professor exclaimed, "Look, Charley! we are above the clouds."

"What a funny smell the clouds have!" said Charley; upon which the Professor laughed heartily, and showed him that the neck of the balloon was open, and some of the gas was flowing out. He explained that the gas took up more room as they arose, until it finally escaped in this way. Then he pulled on a small rope which was fastened to the top of the balloon, and a rushing sound was heard. This was caused by the escaping gas going through the valve. This interested Charley, who wanted to know the "why" of everything.

When he looked about again, they had once more passed through the clouds, and far below were square light and dark spots, which he knew were woods and fields. These kept growing in size, and finally right below appeared a mill where he had often gone with Harry for grist. What a commotion there was among the cattle and pigs and chickens! The miller and his men ran out and caught hold of the rope as it rattled noisily over the roof, pulling them down in the adjoining field. They were greatly astonished to find such a little fellow in the basket. As it was only five miles from where they had started, some of the horsemen who had been there were speedily at the mill. The Professor proposed that they should take the balloon back along the road to the town, which could easily be done. So the drag rope was tied to the axle of a heavy wagon with a number of men riding on it, and the balloon was allowed to float about a hundred feet from the ground. Charley still rode with the Professor in his basket, and so they reached his home. He was the hero of the day, and, to crown all, the town newspaper printed Charley's story of his trip, just as he told it to them, with his name in capitals at the top of the page.

I would like to be there, behind the door, when Charley gets this paper and sees the pictures. I advise him to cut them out and put them in a frame, and when he looks at them to resolve that he will always be as brave and manly as upon the day of his balloon trip.

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## A MANLY BOY.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School-Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, relates many anecdotes of the boyhood of his manly brother George, a year older than himself. Many of the most noble traits of the boys of whom the author wrote were first exhibited in his brother George.

The two boys were sent to school at an early age, and before they had been there a week George showed the fine stuff he was made of. His young brother's class had a lesson in Greek history to get up, in which a part of the information communicated was that Cadmus was the first man who "carried letters from Asia to Greece." When they came to be examined, the master asked Thomas Hughes, "What was Cadmus?" This mode of putting it puzzled the boy for a moment, when suddenly remembering the word "letters," and in connection with it the man with the leather bag who used to bring his father's letters and papers, he shouted, "A postman, sir." At first the master looked very angry, but seeing that the answer had been given in perfect good faith, and that the answerer had sprung to his feet expecting promotion to the head of the class, he burst out laughing.

Of course all the boys joined in chorus, and when school was over Thomas was christened Cadmus. To this he would have made no great objection, but the blood kindled in his veins when the word was shortened into "Cad." The angrier he grew, the more eagerly some of the boys persecuted him with the hated nickname; especially one stupid fellow of twelve years old or so, who ought to have been two classes higher, and revenged himself for his degradation among the youngsters by making their small lives as miserable as he could.

A day or two after, with two or three boys for audience, he shut up little Hughes in a corner of the playground, and greeted him with the nickname he knew to be so offensive, "Cad, Cad," until the boy's wrath

was beyond bounds. Suddenly a step was heard tearing down the gravel-walk, and George, in his shirt sleeves, swept into the circle, and sent the tyrant staggering back with a blow in the chest, and then, with clinched fists, bravely confronted him. Bullies are invariably cowards, and Tom Hughes's persecutor, though three years older, much heavier, and stronger than his assailant, did not dare to face him. He walked off, muttering and growling, much to the disgust of the boys, who, boy-like, had hoped for "a jolly row;" while George returned to his comrades, after looking round and saying, "Just let me hear any of you call my brother 'Cad' again."

It is pleasant to relate that this manly, gallant-spirited fellow was a capital student. He rose from class to class until he reached the highest, amongst boys two years older than himself, and in the competition for prizes was invariably successful.

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**CAMBRIDGE SERIES**  
**OF**  
**INFORMATION CARDS FOR SCHOOLS.**

**No. 2.**

**The Sun as a Worker.**

**BY**

**W. J. ROLFE, A.M.**

Everybody knows that we are indebted to the sun for light and heat, but this is by no means all that we owe to him; or, rather, this includes a good deal more than we may see at first sight. The sun really does all, or nearly all, the work of the world. We talk of water-power, wind-power, steam-power, animal power, and the like; but all these are only kinds of sun-power. Let us look at them one by one, and see if the sunbeams are not the forces within or behind them all.

Water-power is the force exerted by falling or running water; and running water is falling water. In the most familiar forms of water-wheels, troughs—or buckets, as they are called—are arranged on the rim in such a way that the water runs into those on one side of the wheel near the top, making that side heavier, so that it descends. As the buckets go down, the water runs out of them, but those above are being filled in their turn, so that this side of the wheel is continually weighted with water, while on the other side empty buckets are going up. The wheel may turn mill-stones to grind wheat or corn, or may give motion to machinery for spinning and weaving cotton or wool; but is it the water-wheel that really does the work? "No," you will say; "if we trace back the force that moves the machinery, we find it in the falling water that fills the buckets of the wheel; it is the water-fall that is the real worker." No; it is the sun, which is a force behind the water-fall, as the water-fall is the force behind the wheel. What supplies the water-fall with its never-failing stream? The rain that fills the springs high up among the hills, where a little brook has its source—the rain that feeds the brook as it flows, and other brooks that join it on its way, until it becomes the river that descends in the water-fall. And what is the source of the rain? The sun, whose rays turn the waters of the earth to vapor, and lift them up to the clouds, whence they fall upon the hills. Were it not for the sun the rain would soon cease to fall, the springs in the hills would dry up, the brooks would run out, the river would dwindle away, the roar of the water-fall would die into silence, and the wheel would stop for want of power.

The wind, which is the motive force of windmills and of sailing vessels, is another form of sun-power. The atmosphere has been compared to a great wheel carried round by the heat of the sun. We know that when air is heated it rises, and that the tropical parts of the earth are hotter than the polar regions. In the tropics, therefore, the heated air rises, and the colder air from the poles flows in to fill its place, while the place of the latter is filled by an upper current flowing back from the equator; and this goes on continually, and keeps the great atmospheric wheel turning. Wherever a wind blows, the process is similar: it is the sun that causes the wind, be it zephyr, or gale, or hurricane.

"But," you will say, "the sun does not run our steam-engines; it is artificial heat, not natural heat, that changes the water into steam." Very true; but how do we get this heat? By burning wood or coal. For the former we are clearly in debt to the sun, which made the trees grow that furnish the fuel; and the coal is the remains of plants that grew long before the creation of man, plants that were as dependent on the sunshine as those that flourish to-day. When we burn coal, the heat we get from it is nothing but the sunbeams that were caught and imprisoned by those ancient plants; our steam-engines use the force that was stored up by the sun millions of years before the steam-engine was invented.

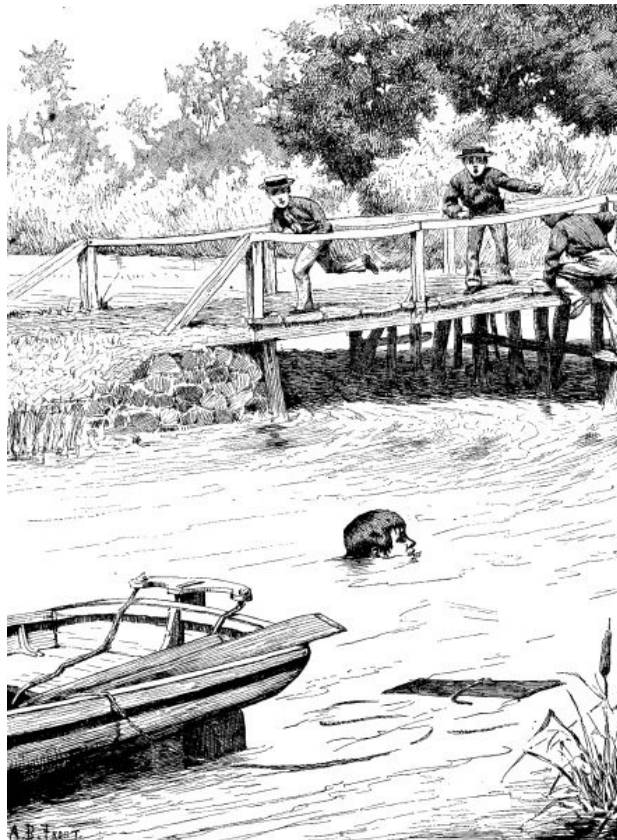
All muscular power, whether of man or of other animals, may be traced to the same source. Animals get their food either from plants or from other animals that have fed upon plants; and the plants owe their existence to the sun. The animal is a machine, like the steam-engine; the food which it eats is the fuel that keeps the machine in action. With every movement we make, a portion of this fuel is burned up in our muscles. Every beat of our hearts is at the expense of such material; and the material is the gift of the sun. Our very thoughts are indirectly dependent on the sunbeams; for the brain, which is the organ of thought, requires food to maintain its activity, like the muscles and all the other machinery of the body.

There are other kinds of force less familiar than these—as electricity, magnetism, and chemical force—which can also be proved to come indirectly from the sun, but the proof can not be given here. We can detect the work of the sunbeams in the flash of the lightning and the roar of the thunder, in the turning of the compass-needle to the north, and in all the wonders of chemical science, as certainly as in the growing plant or the running stream.

The only form of force known to us which does not come entirely from the sun is that of the tides. The tidal wave is raised and carried round the earth mainly by the attraction of the moon. The sun, though immensely larger than the moon, is so much farther off that it attracts the waters of the earth much less than the moon does. A tide-mill, which gets its motive power from the rise and fall of the tide, is therefore worked by the moon rather than by the sun.

[By special arrangement with the author, the cards contributed to this useful series, by W. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head-Master of the Cambridge High School, will, for the present, first appear in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.]

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**HARRY SWIMS FOR THE EDDY.**

## **THE MORAL PIRATES.**

**BY WM. L. ALDEN.**

### **CHAPTER III.**

As Harry vanished, Joe's head appeared, as he climbed up the side of the bridge and joined his brother and Tom. Their anxiety was now for Harry, who had been swept through the channel under the bridge, and was manfully swimming toward the eddy where the boys had landed. He came ashore none the worse for his bath, and was delighted to find that Joe was not only safe, but dry. Joe explained that the boat had drifted against one of the piles of the bridge, and the current and the tow-rope together had forced one of her sides so low down that the water began to pour in. Joe thought that if the river intended to get into the boat, he had better get out; so he sprang up and caught one of the timbers of the bridge, and so climbed safely up to the roadway. The boat, relieved of his weight and freed from the tow-line, drifted quietly away, and was now floating peacefully on the river about twenty rods from the shore.

Luckily an old man in a row-boat saw the run-away *Whitewing*, and kindly caught her and brought her up to the bridge. As the boys baled her out, they told him how the accident happened, and the gruff old man said it "sarved 'em right." "When you tow a boat next time," he continued, "you'll know enough to put all your weight in the stern. Did you ever see a steam-boat towing a row-boat with a man in the bow? If ever you do, you'll see him go overboard mighty quick. A boat'll sheer all over creation if you tow her with a fellow in the bow. You just put the biggest of you fellows in the stern of that there boat, and she'll go through under the bridge just as steady as a church."

The boys gladly took the old man's advice. When the boat was baled out, they floated the rope down again, and when it was made fast, Tom Schuyler, who was the heaviest of the boys, offered to sit in the stern. His weight brought the bow of the boat out of the water, and she was towed quickly and safely through. The boys resumed their places as soon as Harry had put on dry clothes, and after a short and easy row glided under the Spuyten Duyvel railway bridge, and found themselves on the broad and placid Hudson. They rowed on for nearly a mile, and then, having found a little sandy cove, ran the boat aground, and went ashore to rest. After a good swim, which all greatly enjoyed, including Harry, who said that his recent bath at Farmersbridge ought not to be counted, since it was more of a duty than a pleasure, they sat down to eat a nice cold lunch of ham sandwiches that Mrs. Wilson had kindly prepared; and when they were no longer hungry they stretched themselves lazily in the shade.

"Well, boys," said Harry, "we made a big mistake at the bridge; but we learned something, and we won't

get the boat swamped that way again."

"I'm awfully obliged to Harry for jumping in after me," said Joe; "but it's the first time I ever heard of a captain jumping over after a sailor. When a sailor falls overboard, the captain just stands on the deck and looks around, kind of careless like, while the second mate and four sailors jump into a boat and pick the man up. That's the way it's done; for I know a fellow that saw a man fall overboard on a steam-ship, and he said that was how the captain did."

"All right," said Harry; "I won't jump in for you again, Joe. The fact is, boys, I oughtn't to have done it without waiting to find out whether there was really anything the matter with Joe. I'll tell you what we'll do. Joe is a first-rate swimmer, and we'll make a rule that whenever anybody is to jump into the river for anything, Joe shall do it. What do you say?"

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"Oh, I'm willing enough," said Joe. "I don't care who jumps, as long as the captain don't. It won't look well for the captain to be all the time jumping overboard to pick somebody up."

"A better rule," remarked Tom, "would be that no fellow shall fall overboard."

"I move to amend that," cried Jim, "by forbidding any accidents to happen to any of us."

"But you can't do that," said Tom, who never understood a joke. "Accidents never would happen if people could help themselves."

"Well," said Harry, "if the rest of you will agree not to fall overboard, I'll promise that the captain sha'n't spend all his time in jumping after you. But if you are all ready, we'd better start on. There's a nice little breeze, and we can rest in the boat."

By this time Harry's shirt and trousers, which had been wrung out and hung up on a bush, were perfectly dry. He packed them away with his rubber blanket rolled tightly around them, and Jim attended to the duty of stepping the mast. Then the boys took their places, and Joe pushed the boat off with the boat-hook. The gentle breeze filled the sail, and the *Whitewing* went peacefully on her way up the river.

"Boys," said Harry, presently, "it's getting awfully hot."

"That's because we're sailing right before the wind," said Tom. "We are going just about as fast as the wind goes, and that's the reason why we don't feel it."

"Is this a lecture on wind, by Professor Thomas Schuyler?" asked Joe. "Because if it is, I'd rather hear it when it's cooler. Let's go over to the other side of the river, where we can get in the shade of the Palisades."

It was now about three o'clock, and the sun was very hot. The boat seemed to the boys to creep across the river, and the Palisades seemed to move away just as fast as they approached them. When they finally did come into the shadow of those huge rocks, they thought they had never known anything so delightful as the change from the scorching sunshine to the cool shade. Joe and his brother stretched themselves out, and put their blankets under their heads; presently they grew tired of talking, and in a little while they were fast asleep. Tom was not sleepy; but he was so delighted with the beauty of the shore, as seen from the boat, that he did not care to talk.

For a long time the boat glided stealthily along. The Palisades were passed, and a long pier projecting into the river from the west shore gradually came in sight. When the boat came up with the pier, half a dozen barges lay alongside of it, into which men were sliding enormous cakes of ice. The Sharpe boys woke up, and proposed to stop and get a little ice. The men let them pick up as many small pieces of ice as they could carry, and they went on their way so much refreshed that they chattered away as gayly as possible.

Uncle John had warned them to select a camping ground long before dark. They remembered this advice, and at about five o'clock they landed on a little low point of land a few miles below the entrance to the Highlands. They first hauled the boat a little way up the beach, so that it would be sure not to float off, and then began to take the tent, the cooking things, and the provisions for supper out of her.

"We want to pitch the tent and make a fire," said Harry, "and somebody ought to get some milk. Let's pitch the tent first."

"I'll do that," said Tom, "while you fellows get the supper."

"It takes two or three fellows to pitch the tent," said Harry; "you can't do it alone."

"I'll undertake to pitch it alone," replied Tom. "One of you can get fire-wood, one can go for milk, and the other can get out the things for supper. Here goes for the tent."

The tent was furnished with two upright poles and a ridge-pole, each one of which was made in two pieces, and joined together with ferules, like a fishing-rod. Tom selected a soft sandy spot close by the water's edge, where he spread out the tent, and pinned down each of the four corners with rough wooden pins, which he cut with the hatchet from a piece of drift-wood. Then he crept under the canvas with the poles. He put one of the upright poles in its place with the end of the ridge-pole over it, and then, holding the other end of the ridge-pole in one hand, he put the second pole in position with his other hand, and pushed the end of the ridge-pole into its proper place. The tent was now pitched; and all that remained to be done was to tighten the four corner pegs, and to drive in the other ones.

Meanwhile Jim had taken one of the pails, and gone toward a distant farm-house for milk. Joe had collected a pile of fire-wood, and Harry had lighted the fire, and put the other tin pail half full of water to boil over it. By the time the water had boiled, Jim had returned, bringing the milk with him. It did not take long to make coffee; and then the boys sat down on the sand, each with a tin cup of hot coffee at his side, and proceeded to eat a supper of ham sandwiches and cake. It was not the kind of supper that they expected to have on



**SAILING BY THE  
PALISADES.**

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subsequent nights; but Mrs. Wilson's sandwiches and cake had to be eaten in order to keep them from spoiling. After the coffee was gone they each had a cup of cold milk, and then put the rest of it in a shady place to be used for breakfast. The provisions were carefully covered up, so as to protect them in case of rain, and then the beds were made. This last operation was a very easy one, since the sand was soft enough for a mattress, and all that needed to be done was to spread the rubber blankets on the ground as a protection from the damp. Then the boys rolled up their spare clothing for pillows, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, were soon sound asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE BIG-DOG'S LESSON.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

"There they are, Uncle Joe, the Dorking chickens, just where I found them."

"Pulled all to pieces."

"It was Mr. Bates's yellow dog—I know it was; and they've let him out again to-day. He'll be over, and kill some more."

"No, he won't, Parry," said Uncle Joe, as he leaned over the barn-yard fence. "Don't you see what I've done for him?"

"You've let the chickens all out. Yes, and there's Bayard. Isn't he pretty?"

"Yes, he's pretty enough, but that isn't all. What did we name him Bayard for?"

"'Cause he isn't afraid. But won't he hurt some of the other roosters?"

"I've shut 'em up. See him!"

The game-cock was indeed a beautiful fowl, and he seemed to know it too, for he was strutting around in the warm sun, and stopping every minute or so to flap his wings and crow. His comb and wattles were of a bright crimson, his wings and feathers of a brilliant black and red, and his long, arching tail feathers were remarkably graceful and glossy. He was not a large fowl, but he was a very well-shaped and handsome one.

"There comes that dog, Uncle Joe, right over the fence."

"Yes, there he comes."

"Won't you throw a stone at him, and drive him away?"

"Then he'd come again, some time when we were not here to throw stones at him."

Mr. Bates's yellow dog was a very big one. Perhaps he was not altogether a bad dog, either, but he had a sad weakness for teasing any animal smaller than himself. Cats, sheep, chickens, anything defenseless, would have been wise to keep out of his way if they could.

The two poor Dorking chickens had not been able to get away from him the day before, and so they had lost their feathers and their lives.

He had jumped the barn-yard fence now in search of more helpless chickens, and more of what he called fun.

A snap of his great jaws would have been enough to kill any fowl in that yard, and it would have crushed the life out of one of the little yellow "peepers" the old hens were now clucking to, if he had but put a paw on it.

But Bayard, the game-cock, was neither a Dorking, nor an old hen, nor a chicken, and he did not run an inch when the big dog came charging so fiercely toward him. He did but lower his head and step a little forward.

"Oh, Uncle Joe! He will be torn all to pieces."

"No, he won't. See!"

It was done almost too quickly for Parry to see, but the sharp spurs of the beautiful "bird" had been driven smartly into the nose of the big yellow dog, and the latter was pawing at it with a doleful whine.

The game-cock had not done with the barn-yard invader. He meant to follow that matter up till he had finished it.

"Clip!" he had hit him again—in the left shoulder this time—and the dog's whine changed to a howl.

Another, a deep one, in the fleshy part of one of his hind-legs; for Bayard seemed disposed to dance all around him.

That was enough, and Mr. Bates's yellow pet turned and ran yelping toward the nearest fence, while his conqueror flapped his wings and crowed most vigorously, and every hen in the yard clucked her admiration of his prowess.

Parry, too, clapped his hands, and felt as if he wanted to crow.

"He's such a little fellow, Uncle Joe, to fight such a big dog as that!"

"With teeth and claws, too, and a hundred times stronger than he."

"Did you know he could beat him?"

"Of course I did."

"He knew just how to use his spurs, didn't he?"

"That's it, Parry. He didn't have much, but he knew just what to do with it."

"Guess the dog knows it too now. He won't chase any more of our chickens."

"He'll keep out of this yard for a while. He's got his lesson."

So had Parry, and Uncle Joe would not let him forget it. It would be a shame, he said, for any boy to be less wise than a game-cock, and not to be able to use all the natural gifts he had.

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## THE CARPENTER'S SERMON.

BY DAVID KER.

"Tell ye what, mates, this sort o' thing won't do. Here we've been at it these six weeks, and not a penny of wages yet. It's all very fine to say, 'Stick to your work,' but a man won't git fat on workin' for nothing, that's sartain!"

"Right you are, Bill. S'pose we knocks off work, and tells Sir James we won't do no more without he pays us?"

"Gently, lads: remember what happened to the dog as dropped his meat in grabbin' at the shadder. If we stick to this job, mayhap we'll git our money some time; but if we knock off, we won't find another job growin' on every bush, mark ye."

"Well, that's true; but it's mighty hard luck for *us*, all the same."

So grumbled, under their breath, a gang of English workmen, who were repairing the interior of one of the great London churches, one fine summer afternoon in the time of George I. And certainly they had good reason to grumble. Sir James Thornhill, the court painter, whom the King had employed to restore and redecorate the building, had his head so full of his own fine plans and sketches, and of the grand show that the church would make when all was done, that he had quite forgotten such a small matter as the paying of his men's wages. So, although the poor fellows had been hard at work for six weeks and more, not a shilling of pay had any of them received yet.

"Look here, boys," cried a tall, gaunt carpenter, with a dry, keen-looking face, "I've always heard say as Sir James is a kind old gen'l'man at heart, and mayhap it ain't that he don't *want* to pay us, but only that he's forgot it, like. Let's just draw lots who shall go and tackle him about it, and then there'll be no mistake."

The suggestion was at once followed out, and the lot fell upon the tall carpenter himself.

This was more than the worthy man had bargained for, and he looked somewhat nonplussed. However, there was no drawing back for him now. Up he got, and away along the aisle he went toward the spot where Sir James Thornhill was standing.

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But the nearer he got to him, the slower he walked, and the more chop-fallen did he appear. Indeed, Sir James looked such a grand old gentleman, as he stood there like a statue, in his laced waistcoat and silk stockings, with his powdered hair falling over his fine velvet coat, and his hand resting upon his silver-hilted sword, that poor Chips felt as bashful as if he were going before the King himself.

But, as the proverb says, "Fortune favors the brave," and the valiant carpenter was unexpectedly helped out of his dilemma by the very man who had caused it. Sir James suddenly turned round, and seeing him coming up, called out:

"Ah, my good fellow, you've come just in time to do me a service. You see, I want to be quite sure that that pulpit yonder, which we're just putting up, is in the right place; for, of course, when the clergyman goes up into it to preach, his voice ought to be heard equally well in every part of the church. Now suppose you step up there and make a speech of some sort, while I stand here and try if I can hear you plainly."

"But what be I to say, your honor?" asked Chips, scratching his head. "I haven't got the gift of the gab like you gen'l'men have."

"Oh, say whatever you like—just the first thing that comes into your head."

The carpenter's small eyes twinkled, as if a bright idea had suddenly occurred to him. Up he went, and leaning over the carved front of the pulpit, began as follows:

"Sir James Thorn'ill, sir! Me and my mates has been a-workin' for you, in this here church, good six weeks and more, and we haven't seen the color of your money yet; and now we ain't going to do another stroke, without you pays us all that's owing!"

"That'll do, my man," said Sir James, hastily; "you may come down. Your elocution's perfect, but I can't say I quite admire your choice of a text."

However, the sermon was not thrown away. The very next morning the men received their wages in full, and Sir James gave the clever carpenter half a guinea extra for himself.

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

THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.



CHAPTER X.

It is not pleasant to think that when Washington went back to his quiet home on the Potomac he was not as generally beloved as when he took his high office. He had had to disappoint a great many men who looked to him to help their private ambition at the expense of the country. He had had to enforce laws which some people looked upon as unjust. He had differed from various public men as to the war between France and England, and the payment of the debt, and other things, and it is so easy for all of us to think that a man who differs from us is in some way a bad man. A good many writers in the newspapers of that day had said hard things about him. But, after all, the moment the country got into trouble, all hearts turned toward him.

The men who had come into power in France after the Revolution of 1789 were proud, quarrelsome, and selfish. Because the Americans would not side with the French in their quarrel with England, these men directed American ships to be plundered. When the American agents in France complained, they were insulted; there was danger that such conduct would lead to war, and the American government began to get ready for it. The first thing was to choose a commander for the army, and again all eyes turned to Washington. In 1798 he was made Commander-in-chief, and for the next year and a half he was closely engaged getting the army ready for war. Happily it did not come.



In the midst of this work General Washington's noble life was brought to a sudden end. In December, 1799, he was taken with a violent disease of the throat, from which he died on the 14th of that month. In his last sickness he was brave, as he had been on the battle-field; patient, as he had been in public council; and unselfish, as he had always been. "I am not afraid to go," he said to those about him, and he begged them not to take too much trouble for him. The pain he bore was very great, but he never complained.

When he died, grief spread like a shadow over the whole land. In every home men felt that they had lost a faithful friend, a wise and loving guide. Wherever men gathered, words of sorrow for his loss, and praise for his great life, were spoken. Nor this alone. The French Generals, against whom he was preparing at the moment of his death to defend his country in arms, wrapped their flags in mourning in honor of his memory. The English ships in the Channel hung their flags at half-mast in sign of the grief of the English people. Surely no better proof of his high character could be given. It had won the love of those who had fought against him, and those who were on the point of going to battle with him.

It was found by the will which Washington left that he had given freedom to the slaves which he had held during his life, and whom he could not free before; that he had provided for all the aged and weak among them, and for the children; and that he had left large sums of money to give free schooling to the children of those in his neighborhood who could not get schooling otherwise. His last thoughts were of others, and how to do them good.

Indeed, the thing which made Washington so great was the earnest way in which he tried to find what was right, and to do it. Other men have had greater gifts of mind than he, and could do what he could not. But no man was ever more true to duty, small or great. At each moment he asked himself what he ought to do, and he spared no pains to make a true answer to that question. He carefully studied the rights of others as much as his own. He looked ahead to see what would follow his acts, that he might do no wrong by mistake. And when he had made up his mind what was right, he bent himself to do it. No fear for himself, no love of ease, no hope of gain, prevented him from going the way that he thought he ought to go. It was given to him to serve his country better than any other man has ever served it, and to leave a name which will be honored for a long time. But if we were to try to tell the secret of his greatness, it could be done in this short sentence: He always tried his best to do his duty.

THE END.



**FLIGHT OF THE ARROWS.**

## **AN INDIAN GAME.**

When not on the war-path, or engaged in hunting, Western Indians spend much of their time in various games or contests of skill. Of these contests one of the most popular is flying the arrow, a sport to which the Indians of all tribes devote considerable time and attention.

When this game is proposed, each of those who wish to join in it lays on the ground something of small value, such as a pipe, quiver of arrows, a bow, spear, tobacco pouch, or knife, and when all have been collected, the value of the whole makes a prize well worth trying for.

Then bows are carefully examined, a dozen of the best arrows in the quiver selected, and the first of the competitors steps out in front of the rest, and prepares to shoot, not at a mark, but straight up into the air. His object is to have as many arrows in the air as possible at the same time; and he who can send up the greatest number, before the first touches the ground, wins the game and all the prizes.

But few of the most expert of the Indian bow-men have been known to put more than ten arrows into the air at once, and to do even this requires extraordinary skill and strength. The arrows, ten or twelve in number, are held in the hand that grasps the bow, and the rapidity with which each is fitted to the string and sent upward is truly wonderful.

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## **SHIP-BUILDING.**

**BY LIEUT. J. A. LOCKWOOD.**

Few people who are not sailors at all realize what a wonderful thing a ship is, and of how many different parts one is made up.

In the first place, a model of the proposed vessel has to be made. The model is an American invention. Formerly what was known as the draught of a ship took the place of the model. In the draught the proposed ship was represented on paper from three points of view. The first gave a complete view of the side; the second, or body plan, showed the breadth, having described on it every timber composing the frame of the ship; lastly came the horizontal plan, showing the whole as if seen from above. The model is much simpler than the old-fashioned draught. It is simply a miniature ship.

Once having a perfect model, the good ship-constructor feels that half his battle is already won. It may be as well here to mention the fact that, as a rule, the length of a ship is five times her greatest breadth of beam; her depth two-thirds of her breadth. Steamers are longer in proportion than sailing vessels. This is on account of the extra speed to be attained, even at the expense of strength.

After the model has been approved, the building of the ship begins. Most of our ships are now built of wood

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from the South, where, since the war, entire forests can be bought for a song. The keel of a ship has been likened to the backbone of a man, running, as it does, from stem to rudder. It consists of several timbers scarfed or pieced together, and under it is the shoe, a kind of second keel, but differing from the keel proper in that it is only loosely joined to it, whereas the keel is bolted to the ship's bottom through and through. The reason for this is that in case of grazing a rock a vessel having a shoe will, in most cases, part with the shoe, thus saving the keel, and escaping without serious injury.

Corresponding with the keel outside is a set of timbers within the frames, known as the keelson. On each side of the keelson are assistant-keelsons to give greater strength.

On the after-end, and morticed into the keel, is the stern-post, another important timber, all the after-part of a ship curving gracefully toward this post. The rudder-stock works on the stern-post, which performs the double duty of supporting the after-timbers and the rudder.

Spaces are purposely left between a vessel's frames for "salting down." Sometimes this salt can be seen oozing out of her sides after a long voyage. Two hundred hogs-heads of salt is not an unusual quantity for an ordinary-sized ship. It is the only thing that will prevent what is known as the "dry-rot" from attacking her timbers.

As a rule, every wooden vessel's ribs are of oak, and, for greater strength, preference is given to the best qualities of live-oak. As a ship's side curves, her outside planking has to be forced into place, and for the short curves near the bows and stern, the planks have to be steamed, and bent on while moist, as otherwise they would crack and split in the process. After these outside planks are all on, the calkers begin their work, which consists in filling in the spaces between the planks with oakum, mallets and calking-irons being used for this purpose. These seams are afterward covered with pitch.

In order to prevent barnacles from injuring a ship's bottom, sheathing is put on. This usually consists of a composition of zinc and copper, and covers all parts of a vessel exposed to the action of the water.

In Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Building of the Ship," the reader is led to infer that the masts are "stepped" (*i. e.*, put in) before the launching occurs. But practically a ship is first launched, and then shears are rigged, and she is fitted out with her spars.



"A LITTLE MISER."

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## LIVING HONEY-COMBS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

"Isn't it queer what dumb things animals are?" asked Harry Mason, as he looked up inquiringly into the face of his uncle. "Here's my dog Roger; why, he knows nothing except to hunt for bones, and to bark at tramps. And there are the cows, and the horses, and the pigs—what do they know that's of any account? I'd like somebody to tell me that."

"They know enough to know when dinner is ready, and I could not say that for some boys that I am acquainted with," replied his uncle, quizzically.

"Oh yes, that's me, I know," rejoined Harry, laughing. "But that's because I have something else to think of. Now they don't think of anything but their dinners. And they are always eating. That's about all they live for."

"Perhaps they think more than you imagine, Harry," said his uncle, looking down from his arm-chair which he had leaned back comfortably against a tree. "They don't talk, it is true; but they have other ways of showing their thoughts. I could tell you some stories about the good sense of animals that would open your eyes."

"Oh yes, about elephants squirting water all over a tailor, and that sort of thing," said Harry, disdainfully. "I have read all that. But I mean something else. Why can't they build themselves houses, like men do, with chimneys and fires? And why don't they have farms, and roads to travel in, and barns?"

"And cows to milk?" broke in little Willie Mason; "and somebody to work for them and to fight for them—and—and pies, and candy, and such?"

Uncle Ben looked down with a comical expression upon the eager little fellow, with his bright young face

and his sparkling blue eyes.

"Perhaps they do," he said.

"Oh, now, Uncle Ben!" cried Harry and Willie in chorus. "You're only funning now. Who ever heard of cows building houses?"

"I didn't say cows," replied Uncle Ben.

"But there can't be any animal that builds houses and barns, and raises crops," persisted Harry.

"Indeed there is, then," rejoined his uncle. "And milks cows, too, and has armies and workmen, as Willie says; and builds roads and bridges, and digs tunnels, and carries umbrellas. I don't know any that bakes pies, but I could name more than one that lives on candy."

"Now I know that Uncle Ben is funning," cried Willie, gleefully; "for he has got those wrinkles about his eyes, and he never has them except when he's funning."

"What kind of animals are they, I would like to know?" asked Harry, who was determined to put his learned uncle to the test. "I never came across any of their houses, I know."

"Indeed you have, then. I have seen you, more than once, shut their front doors for them, without asking leave or license."

Uncle Ben, as he spoke, had leaned over to the ground. He now rose, with a little black travelling speck on his finger.

"Here is one of them," he said, "out for an airing."

"That!" cried Harry, contemptuously. "Why, that's only an ant. I said animals. I didn't say ants."

"Oho! Is that it? An ant is not an animal, then?"

"I guess not," broke in Willie, decidedly. "Animals eat and drink, and walk and run, and—and climb trees, and whistle, and bark. Who ever heard an ant bark?"

"Or a cow?" rejoined his uncle. "As for running, I think this little fellow can run fast enough. And he eats, too. And he can climb trees. I don't say that he can whistle, but neither can a frog. I have no doubt that our ant can talk to his comrades as easily as your dog can converse with his friends."

"But ants," said Harry, doubtfully. "Don't you forget, Uncle Ben, you said they built houses and barns, and milked cows, and made roads and bridges, and had farms, and kept soldiers and workers?—I forget the rest. Yes, you said some of them lived on candy; and that is the queerest of all. I'd just like you to tell me what kind of candy it is, and how they make it; and I'd like to see one of their houses."

"Their houses are all built under-ground," replied Uncle Ben. "There are too many boys about, with clumsy feet, for them to build their delicate palaces above-ground. But if you were only to open an ant-hill, and trace out all its entries and passages, and its rooms and granaries, and its stairways and its nurseries, you might have more respect for these little creatures. If you want to see a larger ant-house, you will have to go to Africa. There the white ants build huge houses twelve feet high, and firm enough for a dozen men to stand on."

"And full of rooms," began Harry, but he was interrupted by his eager little brother, whose curiosity ran in another direction.

"Just tell us 'bout the candy, Uncle Ben," he demanded. "I don't care nothing 'bout the houses now. I want to know 'bout the candy."

"I think that Harry has the floor," said his uncle, reprovingly.

"Well, never mind the houses, and all the other queer things," said Harry. "Not just now, I mean; I want to know about the candy too."

Uncle Ben settled himself back in his chair, crossed his legs, and prepared for a story; while Willie hung to his knee on one side, and Harry stretched himself in the grass on the other, and Roger, the dog, went off on a butterfly hunt. He evidently was not interested in natural history.

"Ants are not the only animals that live on candy," said Uncle Ben, as he pinched Willie's ear. "There are bees, and wasps, and butterflies. And even such great creatures as bears. For bears sometimes break into bees' confectionary shop, and gulp down all its contents."

The two boys looked at each other dubiously. What in the world could Uncle Ben mean?

"It isn't honey you mean?" asked Harry, wonderingly. "That isn't candy."

"It is not cooked candy, I will admit," replied his uncle. "But it is flower candy. It is the candy that Nature makes, and lays up in her pretty blossom cups to feed insects that have a sweet tooth."

"But ants don't make honey-comb," cried Willie. "It is the bees do that. Nobody ever heard of an ant honey-comb."

"Don't be too sure of that, my boy; some folks have heard of many things that have never travelled to your ears. Why, there is an ant out West that makes a living honey-comb. Some of the ants themselves are turned into honey-combs to feed the others during the long winters."

Harry rose to his feet. He could not continue to lie down lazily when such marvellous stories as these were afloat.

"Living honey-combs!" he ejaculated.

"They are from the West, you know; the land of wonders," explained his uncle. "They are found in New Mexico. And they were discovered last summer in Colorado by a Philadelphia gentleman named Dr. McCook. This gentleman examined their mode of life, and brought some of them home with him, and tells

wonderful stories about them."

"But won't you tell us all about them right away, Uncle Ben?"

"Yes, right away," echoes Willie.

"Well, then," began their uncle, "they live in nests dug in a stony soil, and having a great many rooms and passages. And in some of these rooms are found the queerest creatures that were ever heard of. Little living ants, with half their bodies turned into great bags of honey. They look exactly like great amber-colored peas, with a black pin's head stuck on one side of them. This black dot is the head and forward part of the ant. All the rest of its body is converted into a great honey-bag, and is swelled out with its sweet contents until it is as big as a large pea."

"And are all the ants like that?" asked Harry.

"No, only a certain number of them. The others go out foraging for honey. When they obtain it, they come back, hold their mouths to that of the honey-bag ant, and force the honey into its body. There are some three or four hundred of these honey-bearers in each ant-hill. And that is the way the ants lay up their winter provisions. These living honey-combs do not do anything; they are too heavy for that. They only hang by their feet to the ceiling of one of the under-ground rooms. If one of them happens to drop off, one of the other ants picks him up and drags him back again. It is no light task, either, for one of these little fellows to carry a great bag of honey, fifty times his own weight, up a perpendicular wall and across a ceiling."

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"I should think not indeed," cried Harry.

"But how do they use the honey?" asked Willie, curiously. "I should think when these honey-ants eat it, that would be the end of it."

"They feed it back to the others as they require it," replied Uncle Ben. "When one of the ants is hungry, he goes up to a honey-bearer, taps him to let him know what he is after, and puts his mouth to his. The honey-bearer then seems to slightly compress his bag of sweets, until some of it flows out of his mouth into that of the other. When the latter is satisfied, he walks away, and the living honey-comb takes a rest until some other hungry individual calls upon him."

"Well, that is very curious, I know," cried Harry. "And does the honey last all winter? Is that all they have to feed on?"

"Yes, so far as is known."

"I guess the honey-bags must be pretty empty by spring, then," said Willie.

"I have not quite finished the story yet," continued Uncle Ben. "We have talked about how bears feed on the honey-comb of the bees. Now men feed on these living honey-combs."

"Oh, now, Uncle Ben!"

"Yes they do. In New Mexico it is the custom to have a plate full of honey-ants on the dinner table for dessert. The poor things can not get away, of course. After dinner the folks there pick them up one by one, squeeze the bags between their teeth, and suck out the honey, throwing the empty bags away."

"I don't like such a fashion as that," cried Harry, decidedly. "Why, they are regular cannibals."

"And what do the rest of the poor ants do for their honey?" asked Willie.

"I fear they must pass a hard winter, if they do not die of hunger," replied Uncle Ben.

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## BEAUTIES OF THE UNDER-GROUND WORLD.

It has often happened that in the course of excavations in search of minerals, the workmen have come upon some singular hollows or openings in the rock, caused by convulsions of the earth or earthquakes, or caverns through which torrents have flowed in former ages, and have left them for nature to ornament in the most beautiful and fantastic manner.

You will understand how the natural caverns are formed that you may have seen on the sea-coast; the moving waters, carrying with them gravel and sand, enter the cracks and crevices in the rocks, and increase their size by wearing away portions of the rock until caverns are formed. Some of these are of immense size, and the extent of many is unknown.

Many caverns are lined with beautiful crystals, called *calcareous spar*, or substances containing much lime, and generally colored by the impurities of the water that has dropped on them. Sometimes these crystals are of a pure white, and have, when the cave is lighted up, a richness and transparency that can scarcely be imagined. Others have the appearance of stone, moss, and shells, in every variety of color.

Caverns of enormous extent occur in Iceland; that of Gurtshellir being forty feet in height, fifty in breadth, and nearly a mile in length. It is situated in the lava that has flowed from a volcano. Beautiful black stalactites hang from the spacious vault, and the sides are covered with glazed stripes, a thick covering of ice, clear as crystal, coating the floor. One spot in particular is mentioned by a traveller, when seen by torch-light, as surpassing anything that can be described. The roof and sides of the cave were decorated with the most superb icicles, crystallized in every possible form, many of which rivalled in delicacy the clearest froth or foam, while from the icy floor arose pillars of the same substance, in all the curious and fantastic shapes that can be imagined. A more brilliant scene, perhaps, never presented itself to the human eye.

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## A WELL-MEANING LITTLE BUSYBODY.

They say I am full of mischief, but they don't speak the truth. Maria is the only one that knows, and she says I'm a busybody. Mamma hugs me tight, and says I will be a great help when I am big, but papa tosses me high up to the ceiling, and says I won't wait to grow up, and that I make the very best use of my time now. He knows as much as Maria, for that's just what I do—I use my time. I did so much work yesterday that I nearly got tired. First, mamma said she was going to Cousin Alice's wedding. I knew she was, for I saw her best bonnet out of its box on her bed. So, while she was talking to Katy in the kitchen, I climbed all the way up stairs, and dragged it down to her myself.

I don't know what they'd have done without me yesterday, for after mamma had gone, Maria was careless. She left the basin of water on Nelly's little table. She forgot all about it, so I went, like a good girl, to put it away for her, 'cause I was afraid that mamma might come back and knock it over on to the carpet. It wasn't *my* fault that it slid out of my hands and broke itself. *I* was careful, and Maria said nobody else but just me would ever have thought of putting it away for her.

My sister Bessie don't try half so hard to help people. She sat in her little arm-chair all the time, tying up Susan Hopkins's joints. She thinks Susan is the best of all our dolls, but I don't. Her joints are all loose, and her legs rattle. Bessie isn't so much use as I am. She kept out of the way, tending to Susan, while Maria had to change every one of my clothes, 'cause the naughty water sloshed; and Bessie didn't even pick up the broken pieces of basin for poor Maria! Maria told her not to touch 'em, for fear of getting her feet wet and cutting her fingers.

Afraid! They're afraid of everything. The very minute Maria had me dressed again, I began to pick up the pieces for her, and I didn't cry even when I *did* cut my hand, and the bleed got all over my nice clean apron. I don't think it was very polite of Maria to set me down so hard on the sewing machine, and tell me not to move 'till she'd cleared up the floor.

Bessie is bigger than I am, but she isn't a busybody at all. She only plays while there's work going on; and only see how much work I've done this morning! I've fixed up mamma's work-basket for her, and I've stuffed all the rags and little pieces of our new dresses that were piled up on the machine into papa's collar drawer. Then I cleared up a whole lot of muss after Maria. She went to answer the door-bell, and while she was gone, I took papa's clothes-whisk and swept up a big pile of dust she left on the hearth, and dumped it where nobody can see it, in a dark corner of the closet, under mamma's dresses.

It was real lucky I went to the closet, too, for I found the waist of mamma's best walking suit. I heard her say one day that she was going to change the trimming on the sleeves, so I took it out, and got a needle and thread, and I'm going to do it my own self for her. Bessie's darning a stocking that Maria gave her, and I'll sit right in front of her, so I can see how she pulls the needle through. The ends of the lace get right in the way of the needle, though, and I don't know but what I'll have to cut some of it off, so as to sew it better. I am going to hurry fast, and see if I can get it done before mamma comes home from market.

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## TWO LITTLE SUN-BONNETS.

Under the shade of the sun-bonnet's crown,  
One head is golden, and one head is brown;  
Blue eyes and hazel eyes sparkle with fun,  
Hide and go seek, as the gay dimples run.

Four little hands overbrimming with flowers,  
Four little feet tripping through the blithe hours;  
Two little maidens, so happy and bright,  
Busy all day, and *so tired* at night.

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## VOYAGE OF THE PAPER DOLLS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and the great play-room in the garret was deserted.

There was not even breeze enough blowing in at the open window to stir Angelina Mary, Matilda Agnes, and General Adolphus Poppun, as they lay upon their paper backs on the table.

"Oh dear," complained Angelina, with a sigh, "I do wish those girls wouldn't leave us in such attitudes when they go down to dress! It's so undignified."

"But you must remember, my love," rejoined her friend Matilda, "that it has a tendency to sprain our ankles if we remain long standing; and, by-the-way, did you not hear the children speak about our having some new paper-muslins?" and thereupon the two ladies fell to discussing dress with great animation. General Poppun growing meanwhile quite puffed out with pride, as he reflected on the fact that his blazing red coat, ornamented with yellow braid, and his jaunty cap with its conspicuous tricolored pompon, must be particularly becoming to him.

He was not as yet very well acquainted, with his two companions, having only arrived at the post (as he professionally termed the garret) the previous day, and since then he had been obliged to attend so many drillings of the tin soldiers that he had enjoyed but few opportunities for social recreation. Now, however, he thought he would enter into conversation with the two fair members of his race beside him, and was just endeavoring to think of something new to say about the weather, when a great clattering was heard on the stairs, and the next instant two boys made their appearance in the garret, both breathing very hard, and looking as if they had been running races with the sun.

"I beat, anyhow," said one, as he sat down on an old trunk and wiped his face.

"All right," returned the other; adding, "and now what'll we get to put in the *Foam*?" and then the two rummaged around the room for a while, till suddenly one of them pounced upon the table where lay the paper dolls, and catching all three of them up in his hand, cried out: "Here! these'll do. Come on, Frank;" and the boys hurried down stairs again with even more racket than they had made coming up.

As may be imagined, Angelina Mary and Matilda Agnes grew paler than foolscap with fright when they felt Tom's fingers closing over them so roughly, and General Adolphus Poppun, although somewhat nervous himself, felt called upon to postpone his weather remarks, and endeavor, instead, to calm the fears of his companions.

"Pray don't be alarmed, I beg," he said; "I have no doubt we are being transported to a grand review of the Tin Regiment. It will be a very fine sight, and I shall try to provide seats for you in the grand stand."

The boys, however, did not stop at the garden play-house, where the tin soldiers were encamped, but kept straight onto the gate, passed through the latter, and then walked briskly off down the road. The General ventured to peep out between the fingers that inclosed him, and to his horror saw that Frank held in his hand a little boat six inches long, roughly whittled out of a common stick of wood.

And soon his dread anticipations were realized, for striking into a path that ran through a corn field, the boys made straight for the brook, where Frank proceeded to cut a long switch from a willow-tree, while Tom took out three pins from his coat, and deliberately impaled the two paper ladies to the stern, and General Poppun to the bow of the boat.

Fortunately the pin in each case pierced only some portion of the dress of the terror-stricken creature, otherwise the consequences might have been most tragical.

And now the *Foam* was launched, and the ladies and the General floated upon the rippling deep.

"Hi, don't they look fine?" cried Tom, as with the long willow switch he guided the little bark on its course down the stream, while his cousin walked by his side, much interested in the operation.

Having recovered from their first shock, the passengers began to look about them and enjoy their voyage.

"How very delightful!" exclaimed Matilda Agnes. "'Tis quite a pity, General, that you're not an Admiral."

"Oh yes. I always adored the navy," added Angelina Mary.

At these remarks the General blushed as red as the white paper out of which he was manufactured would allow, and hastened to change the subject by calling attention to the beauties of the country through which they were passing. He had just begun a poetical discourse on the wild flowers which an army tramples down on the field of battle, when Tom's switch happened to strike him in the face with such force as caused him to flutter for an instant like a sheet of paper in a high wind.

And now the ladies' fears returned, for the brook was growing wider and wider, and the *Foam* drifting constantly further and further from the bank.

Suddenly Tom, who had been busy talking about water turtles with Frank, noticed this, and struck out with his willow branch to bring the truant back, but it was too late; the boat had got beyond his reach, and was now floating swiftly down the middle of the stream with the current.

The ladies screamed, and the General groaned; but as neither the screams nor the groans were louder than

paper is thick, they were not heard by human ears.

"The boys will surely save us," said Matilda Agnes, hopefully. "We are too valuable to lose, to say nothing of the boat."

Before long, however, Tom exclaimed: "Oh, I'm tired trudging after the thing. Come on, Frank, let's go back home, and I'll beat you a game of croquet."

"But the dolls," the other ventured to interpose. "What'll the girls say when we tell 'em what's become of them? They'll be mad, won't they?"

"Oh, I guess not, if we make up a nice story about their sailing off down to the ocean, and going to Europe and Africa, and seeing gorillas and bears, and kings and princes;" and with these words Tom gave up the pursuit, and, followed by Frank, soon disappeared in the woods.

Being thus cruelly abandoned, with not so much as a match at hand by means of which to row themselves ashore, the three paper voyagers gave up all as lost, and were beginning to bemoan their awful fate, when the General suddenly spoke out, in cheerful tones: "Perhaps somebody'll pick us up."

"Or a steam-boat may run us down," added Angelina Mary, somewhat spitefully.

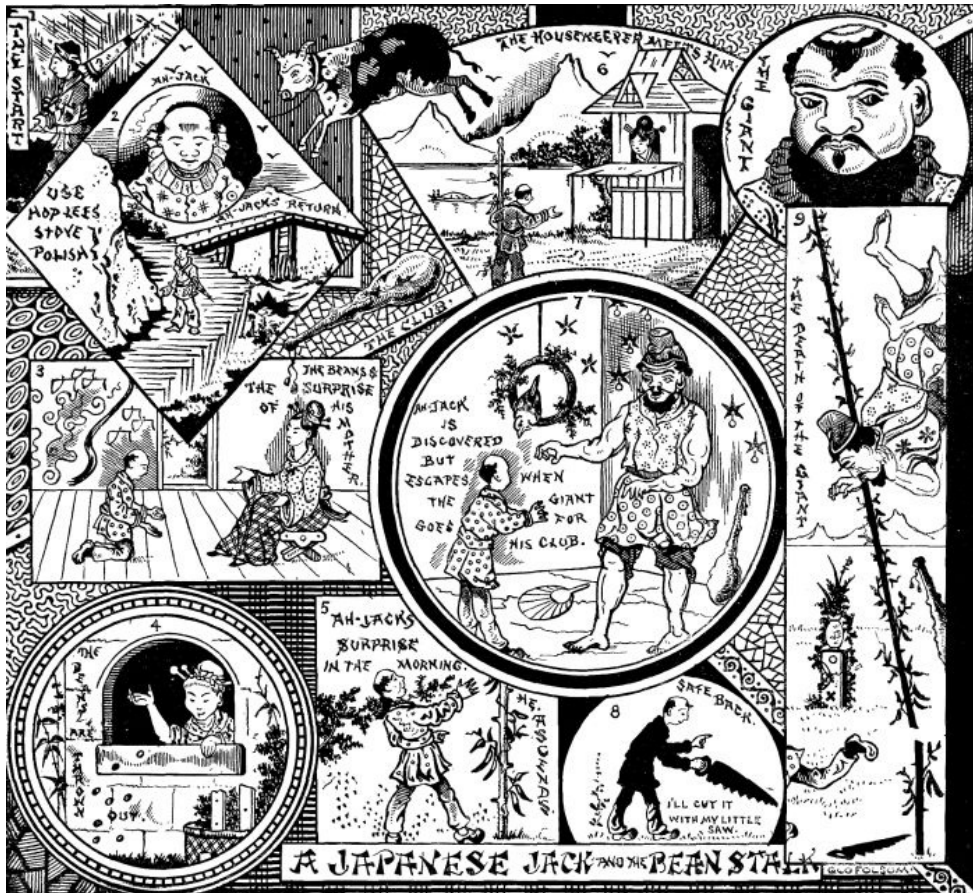
"Maybe we'll land on a water-lily," murmured Matilda Agnes, with a poetical sigh.

But time passed, and none of these things happened. The little boat drifted on and on, through woods full of singing-birds, and by fields covered with waving grain, beside houses, around hills, under bridges, and over mill-dams. To be sure, when they emerged from the latter, the paper travellers were wet to the skin, but the *Foam* always came out right side up, and the sun soon dried them.

By-and-by the sun went down, and when the moon rose the little river had changed into a big one, and the tiny boat still floated down the middle of it, on and on, all through the night, and during the whole of the next day; and discovering that nothing terrible befell them, the three paper dolls began to grow quite contented with their life of constant change; and when they sailed down past the great city, with its many piers, big steamers, middle-sized ferry-boats, and little tugs, they forgot all about being frightened, so interested were they in gazing at the strange sights about them.

And thus they floated down the harbor, out at the Narrows, and so into the great broad ocean, and there they may be drifting to this very day.

At any rate, the girls say they are going to keep a good look-out for them when they go to Europe.







HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Having seen the charming little paper, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and being in a distant country, I thought that now and again a letter from this place might please some of the dear children.

The little folks here are very dark-skinned, not black. They use a very different language, and call everything by a different name. Not having any snow, the boys go to the top of a steep mountain, and slide down its side on sleds they make for themselves. Some are boards, and some only palm leaves. The mountain is very steep, so that it looks as though the children must be killed in coming down its sides. Fancy yourselves sliding down the side of an old volcano on a palm leaf!

Sometimes the boys go and jump from thirty feet above the water down into it, and go out of sight. After a time they come up a long way off, and run up the rocks, or crawl up, and then jump off again.

One morning the boys started off, and were found sitting in a sugar plantation eating sugar. Though they do not steal as a rule, yet, I am sorry to say, they think it no harm to take fruits. Some day I will write the children some more strange things.

AUNT ALICE.

---

CHAMPAIGNE, ILLINOIS.

My little nephew and all of us enjoy the YOUNG PEOPLE very much. It gets a pretty thorough reading, for I take it to school, where the pupils have it for a week, any who recite perfect lessons taking it in turn. Then I send it to my little niece in Indianapolis, who, after reading it, sends it to her cousin. You see this one copy has a considerable circulation, and I trust that many of these readers will take the paper for themselves another year.

Your well-wisher,  
M. O. A.

The above letter is very gratifying, and we thank the writer heartily for her kind wishes on behalf of YOUNG PEOPLE.

---

VICKSBURG, MICHIGAN.

I am nine years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it the nicest little paper I ever saw. Little Netta Franklin, the little girl whose letter you acknowledged in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 17, and said it was so neatly printed, was my little sister. She died several weeks ago, and I miss her very much. I am alone now, with neither sister nor brother. She thought so much of YOUNG PEOPLE! She had mamma read a story to her out of it the night before she died.

MOLLY W. F.

---

DOWNIEVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I wrote a few weeks ago and told YOUNG PEOPLE of the pleasant weather we were having, although the snow was still on the ground. But the very next day it began to rain, and before night it was snowing. A few days afterward the snow was four feet deep in places where there was none before. The storm lasted two weeks, and my uncle, who has lived here for more than twenty-eight years, says he never knew anything like it before.

I feel very sorry for those Indians Bertie Brown wrote about, and I think he drew a very nice picture for a boy only nine years old.

I have a cat named Frolic. He is just one year younger than I am. He is full of tricks. One is this: when auntie is making cake, he always sits quietly at the end of the table and watches her. When supper-time comes he waits patiently till we are finished, then cries for his share. Just to tease him, uncle gives him a piece of bread, but Frol knows the difference between bread and cake, and he will not touch a mouthful of anything until he gets his cake. We had thirteen cats once, but some of them are dead, and now we have only seven.

MARY A. R.

---

PRAIRIE PLAINS, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl eleven years old. My father was hurt on the railroad and died, and I and my mamma live with a family that have no children at home, so I am the only child in the house. Uncle Henry sends me *YOUNG PEOPLE*. He is not my own uncle, but I love him just as well as though he were.

I have a nice shepherd puppy. It is just as cunning as it can be. There is no school here that I can go to, so I study at home. We have eight cows. I can milk, and I can strain the milk and skim it too. One evening I skimmed sixteen pans.

SUSIE H.

---

MOUNTAINVILLE, NEW YORK.

I live in the country, and write to tell you how much pleasure the charming little paper *YOUNG PEOPLE* gives me. I only wish it came every day instead of once a week. My little sister Ethel is greatly interested in all the stories, and begs me to read them over and over.

Mamma has over two hundred little chickens. I have made a pet of one of them. It follows me wherever I go, and does not seem contented without me. We had quite a curiosity the other day in the shape of a little chicken. It had four legs and four wings, and was otherwise perfect. Unfortunately it did not live, which was a great disappointment to us.

FLORENCE C.

---

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

I read so many letters in the Post-office Box from other little girls that I thought I would write myself. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* so much that I can hardly wait until it comes.

I had some pet chickens. They were so tame they would eat out of my hand. I had a bird too, but it fell into its bath-tub, and was drowned. My only pet now is a cat named Kitty Clover.

N. V. L.

---

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am six years old. My cousin, who lives with me, has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since the first number. My sister is writing this for me, because I can not write very well yet, but I tell her just what to say.

I have lots of pets. I live in Chicago, not far from the Park, where I go to ride in a little goat-cart drawn by two goats that my uncle Will gave me last Fourth of July, which was my birthday. I have a pet canary which I have made very tame by catching it and making it accustomed to being handled. Now it is so tame that it will come when I call, "Goldy, Goldy," even if it is in another room. It also does many funny tricks. It will pull all the pins out of the cushion, and the hair-pins from mamma's hair.

I have a parrot which talks French, because we got it in France, when we were there winter before last; also, a little white kitten named Snowdrop, which always goes to sleep with Cecil, my dog.

My uncle has three horses, and one is so small and gentle that I am learning to ride him.

I like to read the other children's letters in the Post-office Box, and I can read them myself, except the long words.

My papa is in China. He sent me a little silk dressing-gown last Christmas, and a tea-set.

I have learned to speak "Bofe dem Chillun's White," and mamma and I think it is lovely.

CLARENCE D.

---

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am but a tiny baby, but my mamma takes *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me—so she says; but when I grab it to cut my teeth on it, my mamma grabs it away, which don't seem as if it were much mine.

I live in Rochester, and I am in a farm-house near the lake for the summer. The lake air is good for little babies.

I go all over the farm in my little carriage, sometimes 'way out in the field to see the cow from which I get milk fresh twice a day. The man who takes care of her calls her Betsy, but my mamma, who is a Baltimorean, calls her Madame Bonaparte, because she was brought to the farm just after Madame Bonaparte's death. I feed her on bread and sugar, to pay for

her milk.

When I get bigger I'm going to be like Thackeray's little girl in the Rose and the Ring. I'm going to "dance and sing, and do all sorts of t'ing," and write you a real big letter.

"BABY HELEN."

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I like it very much. I like the story "For Mamma's Sake" best of all. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a pet canary I call Beauty. Another little girl wrote that she had one by that name. Mine is very tame. I have only lived in the city about eight months. I always lived in the country, in Connecticut. I like it better than the city. I am eleven years old.

MYRTLE E. S.

---

SALEM, OHIO.

I have tried Puss Hunter's recipe for cake, and it was very nice. I am going to try R. C. W.'s recipe for candy, in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 28. I hope it will be a success.

I expect to have a young turtle given to me soon, and I should like to tame it, if I can. Is there any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE who can tell me how to tame a turtle?

I have a great many dolls, and I think a good deal of them all. I have a wax doll named Maud, and a china doll named Nellie, and another named Linnie. I like Nellie better than all the rest.

JESSIE B.

---

YOUNG PEOPLE is a very welcome visitor at our house. I like especially the pieces entitled "Easy Botany." I would like very much to exchange roots and seeds of wild flowers with any correspondents of our Post-office Box.

FRANCES M. HEATON,  
Flushing, Long Island.

---

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS.

My father has taken HARPER'S WEEKLY twenty-three years, and has it all bound. Now I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and at the end of the year I am going to have my paper bound too. I have a little baby brother, three months old, and I think he is cunning. I also have a new cart, made in Leominster. I go to school, and every Friday night I go to grandma's, and stay over Saturday.

CHARLES H. P.

---

SAUGUS, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am seven years old. I live on the bank of a river and at the foot of a hill. Some of the rocks that surround us are full of red jasper, and parties come from the cities near by to gather specimens. I go to the sea-shore every summer together with my two little sisters. We pick up lovely stones and shells. My pets are twenty little black and white chickens, and a nice kitty named Tabby Gray. I made a doll's cake by Puss Hunter's recipe. It was very nice indeed.

GERTRUDE H. N.

---

CONCORDIA, KANSAS.

I made cake from the recipe given by Bessie L. S. in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 28, and thought it very nice. But I think I put a little too much egg in it.

I send a recipe for crullers for Puss Hunter's Cooking Club: One heaping cup of sugar; half a cup of sweet milk; one table-spoonful of lard; three eggs well beaten; one heaping tea-spoonful of baking-powder; flavor with cinnamon or lemon. I read all the letters in the Post-office Box.

GRACE MYRTLE G.

This little housewife forgot to state the amount of flour required to complete her recipe; but any little girl's mamma will say how much is necessary to make the batter stiff enough for crullers.

---

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND.

Here is a recipe for ginger-cake that I send to Puss Hunter's Cooking Club: One cup of molasses; half a cup of butter; half a cup of water; two cups of flour; two tea-spoonfuls of ginger; one tea-spoonful of soda.

EMMA B.

---

I am thirteen years old, and I live in the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Northeast Georgia. My home is in a lovely valley, called Nacoochee. It was called after an Indian princess of that name.

I have two dogs—Cupid and Brave. Cupid is a rat-terrier, but he likes to hunt rabbits better than rats. Brave is a white and yellow spotted dog. He is also a good rabbit hunter.

I am making a collection of Indian relics and quartz. I would like to exchange specimens with some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

JOHN R. GLEN,  
Nacoochee, Georgia.

---

I have some little ponies. They are the prettiest little things you ever saw. And I have a nice Maltese kitty, and a little bird that sings like everything.

The town where I live was settled by the Hutchinson family of singers. I am nine years old.

I would like to exchange pressed flowers with Genevieve, or any other little girl in California.

MATTIE L. DAY,  
Hutchinson, Minnesota.

---

Yesterday morning I went to the Soldiers' Home, in Dayton, to spend the day. It is the largest and handsomest institution of its kind in the United States. I went with a friend of mine, and we had a splendid time. What we enjoyed most were the flowers. We each bought a great number, and among others we got a quantity of pansies, which are my favorite flowers. I would like to exchange some pressed pansies for some of the floral beauties of California. I have a great many varieties, and some are very rare.

RALPH M. FAY,  
Xenia, Ohio.

---

If any boy living at the sea-side or in the South will exchange birds' eggs with me, I will be very much obliged, and will, as quick as I receive any, send eggs in return.

I would like all eggs sent to me to be plainly marked, that I may know what kind they are.

FRED R. BENEDICT,  
Norwalk. Huron County,

Ohio.

---

If "Dot," of Washington, D. C., will send me her address, I would like to write to her. I am an invalid myself, and can sympathize with everybody that is sick in any way. I am eleven years old.

CLARA L. KELLOGG,  
Fulton, Oswego County,

New York.

---

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

I should like to tell the little girl named "Dot" all I know about taming birds. I had two canaries, and they both died, but my sister had one, and every day I would take it out of the cage and pet it. It became so tame that it would eat out of my hand, and when I let it out of its cage, it would fly upon the tops of the picture-frames, and sometimes come and perch upon my shoulder. When school began I did not have time to pet it any more, and it became wild again.

N. L. V.

---

I am twelve years old. My mamma raises canary-birds. We are raising some mocking-birds, and if any of the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE could arrange to exchange a pair of pure Maltese kittens for a singing mocking-bird, I would be very much pleased.

CORNELIA FITTS,  
West Point, Clay County,

Mississippi.

---

I am making a collection of birds' eggs and minerals, and would like to exchange specimens with any one. I would like very much to have some birds' eggs from the North. I send a list of eggs which have all been found in the Georgia woods: jaybird, cat-bird, sap-sucker, thrush (two kinds), redbird, bluebird, wren (different kinds), mocking-bird, woodpecker, partridge, bee-martin, and several kinds of sparrows. Any of these I would like to exchange for other kinds.

[Pg 471]

I saw a letter in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 29 from Samuel P. Higgins, of New Jersey, offering to exchange eggs. If he has any kinds not mentioned in my list, I would be very glad to exchange with him.

ALICE I. PAINE,  
Ingleside Farm,

Cherokee County, Georgia.

---

E. I. RADFORD.—E. & F. N. Span, New York city, can supply you with catalogues and books of all kinds relating to telegraphy.

---

WILLIE B. M.—The dates you require are given in "A Personation," on page 392 of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 28.

---

CHARLES L. S.—Fort Dodge, the military post, is in Kansas. There is a town in Iowa of the same name.

---

ELWYN A. S.—The shells of your doves' eggs are soft because the doves probably eat nothing from which the shell can be formed. A piece of cuttle-fish hung in the cage might answer the purpose; or, still better, the shells of hens' eggs broken in pieces and scattered in the cage. The doves also need plenty of clean gravel to scratch in.—Your first favor was acknowledged in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 19.

---

MAUD H. B.—In an article on "The House-Sparrow" in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 14 you will find out what kind of food your "sparrow named Hopkins" will like best.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### DIAMOND.

In marble. To lay a wager. To yield blossoms. An animal. Reptiles. An abbreviation. In ascend.

A. H. E.

---

### No. 2.

#### WORD SQUARE.

First, to stuff. Second, a European city. Third, a boy's name. Fourth, a net-work.

"THE TRIO."

---

### No. 3.

#### CONUNDRUM.

What is it that goes to India, stops there, comes back, and yet never went there?

---

**No. 4.**

**DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.**

1. A Carthaginian General: H—n—i—a—.
  2. A proverb: A—t—t—h—n—i—e—a—e—n—n—.
  3. A proverb: F—n—f—a—h—r—d—n—t—a—e—i—e—i—d—.
- 

**No. 5.**

**DOUBLE ENIGMA.**

Our firsts in agate, not in stone.  
Our seconds in brittle, not in bone.  
Our thirds in pitcher, not in bowl.  
Our fourths in wheel, but not in roll.  
Our fifths in chance, but not in skill.  
Our sixths in stream, but not in rill.  
As classic city and classic land,  
Our names united for ages stand.

C. P. T.

---

**No. 6.**

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

A town on the Vistula River. A notion. To act idly. Smooth. A country in the possession of the English. A Northern region. A part of the hair of many animals. Answer—Primals form the first name and finals the second name of a celebrated Scottish patriot.

"TOUT OU RIEN."

---

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.**

**No. 1.**

H A N D L E S  
C A R D S  
M A T  
G  
B O G  
S H O C K  
R U N N E R S

**No. 2.**

Breslau.

**No. 3.**

G u a r d a f u I  
E v e r e s T  
N e v A  
O r t e g a L  
A l l e g h a n Y  
Genoa, Italy.

**No. 4.**

M A N Y  
A L O E  
N O R A  
Y E A R

**No. 5.**

1. Harmony. 2. Conglomeration. 3. Consternation. 4. Manipulate. 5. Broadway. 6. Mathematician.

## No. 6.

Dante.

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Favors are acknowledged from C. G., B. B., Bettie Melone, Effie M. Richards, Nyman Coit Gates, M. J. R., Willie S. O., S. F. W., Joseph Roseboom.

---

Correct answers to puzzles are received from George W. Raymond, Robbie H. Osborn, Frank E. Hayward, John A. Wood, K. L. Huckaus, M. Brigham, Willie M. Bloss, Norris W., Wroton M. Kenny, S. A. Hibbs, O. A. H., Laura McC., Joseph Van Doren, George H. Rech.

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[Pg 472]



**OPENING OF THE BASE-BALL SEASON—THE FIRST HOME RUN.**

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## **THE IBEX.**

The ibex, or steinbok, is an Alpine animal remarkable for the development of its horns, which are sometimes more than three feet in length, and of such extraordinary dimensions that they appear to a casual observer to be peculiarly unsuitable for a quadruped which traverses the craggy regions of Alpine precipices. Some writers say that these enormous horns are employed by their owners as "buffers," by which the force of a fall may be broken; and that the animal, when leaping from a great height, will alight on its horns, and by their elastic strength be guarded from the severity of a shock that would instantly kill any animal not so defended. This statement, however, is but little credited.

To hunt the ibex successfully is as hard a matter as hunting the chamois, for the ibex is to the full as wary and active an animal, and is sometimes apt to turn the tables on its pursuer, and assume the offensive. Should the hunter approach too near the ibex, the animal will, as if suddenly urged by the reckless courage of despair, dash boldly forward at its foe, and strike him from the precipitous rock over which he is forced to pass. The difficulty of the chase is further increased by the fact that the ibex is an animal of remarkable powers of endurance, and is capable of abstaining from food or water for a considerable time.

It lives in little bands of five or ten in number, each troop being under command of an old male, and preserving admirable order among themselves. Their sentinel is ever on the watch, and at the slightest suspicious sound, scent, or object, the warning whistle is blown, and the whole troop make instantly for the

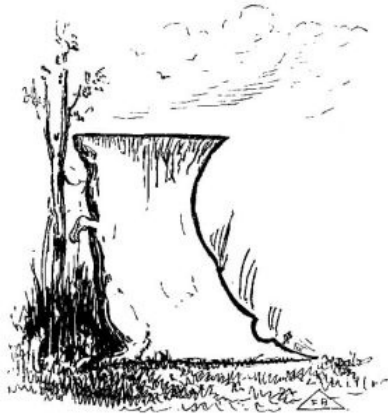
## OLD SCOTTISH COINS.

The Edinburgh *Scotsman* reports a somewhat remarkable discovery made in the pretty little burgh of Fortrose, in Scotland. In raising the clay floor in the kitchen of an old house on the margin of the Cathedral Green, occupied by Mr. Donald Junor, for the purpose of replacing it with a floor of cement, the soil below was penetrated for some little depth, and the spout of what appeared to be a tea-kettle was exposed. On removing the earth from around it, a vessel, apparently of tarnished copper, was uncovered. It was some ten or eleven inches in height, of the familiar shape of the water ewer or flagon in use in Scottish families in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the water being poured from it over the hands of guests and others previous to meals. The top was closed with a lid, formed of a piece of lead three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and apparently soldered to the flagon.

The vessel was remarkably heavy, and on removing the lead it was found to be filled with old silver coins. There was a quantity of dark-looking liquid in the vessel, and on this being poured out, the coins were left, with one or two exceptions, quite white and clean. They were over a thousand in number, and were all of the time of King Robert III. of Scotland, who reigned from 1390 to 1406. They are very thin, as is the general character of the silver coinage of that time, and larger than a shilling in the surface.

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## THE STUMP PUZZLE.



With two straight cuts of the scissors restore this old stump to life.

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## DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

BY H.

### INITIALS AND FINALS.

First friends, then foes, my first and last are reckoned,  
My first called great, and really great my second;  
Eager for fame, each led a soldier's life,  
Each fell a victim to the assassin's knife.  
My first died first; but when my second fell,  
He fell before my first, by some strange spell.

### CROSS WORDS.

1.

My first an Indian chief, who vainly sought  
To exterminate the foe 'gainst whom he fought.

2.

Another Indian chief, entrapped, betrayed,  
Whose haughty spirit broke in dungeon shade.

3.

A State whose boundaries were hard to fix,  
Where lakes and streams their flowing waters mix.

4.

An ancient Greek, most famous in his age,  
Renowned for eloquence and counsel sage.

5.

My fifth a novel, read with great applause  
When Dr. Johnson wagged his ponderous jaws.

6.

My sixth a cycle of revolving time,  
Which visits every nation, age, and clime.



**THE LITTLE WASHER-WOMAN.**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JUNE 15, 1880 \*\*\*

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