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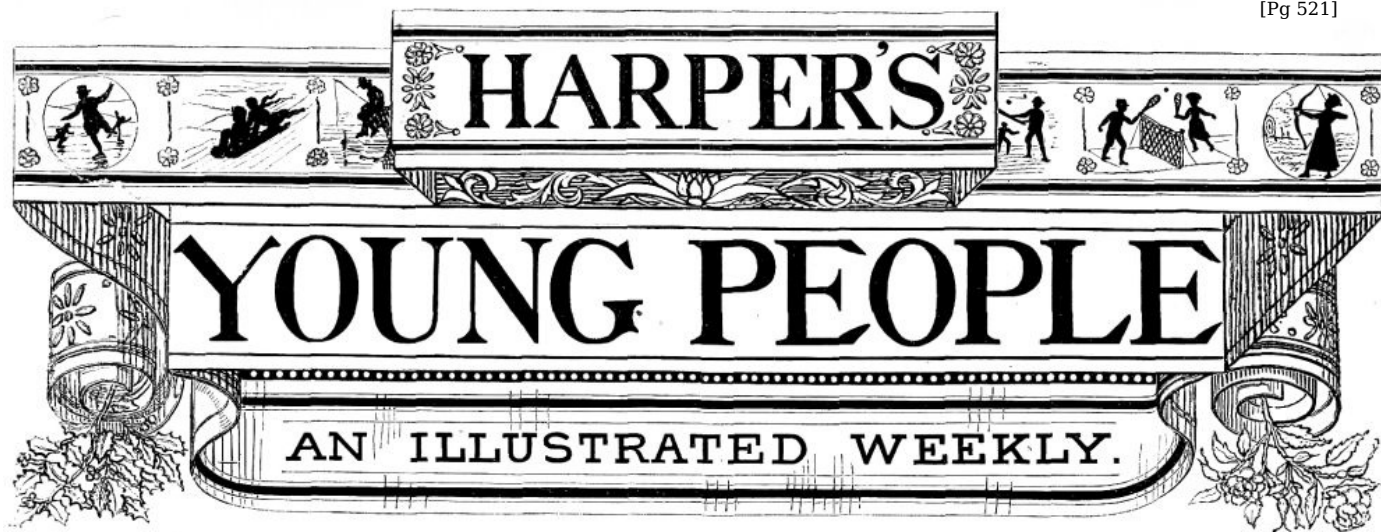
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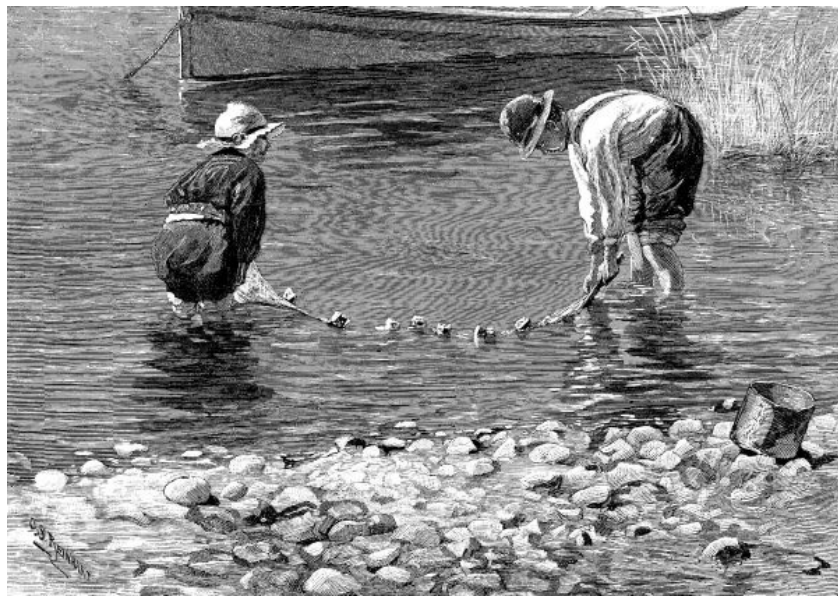
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SETTING THE CRAB NET.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART>.

A CRABBING ADVENTURE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

There were George and Bert, Sarah and the baby.

"And you and I have pretty good appetites, Bert," George would say, whenever the Fieldens' finances were discussed, which, since the father's death, had been pretty often.

"If we could only have staid on in the house in Fayetteville! The garden was getting along so nicely, and now to think all the fruit and vegetables will be picked and sold or eaten by somebody else!" and Sarah sighed, as she thought of the spring budding and blossoming in which she had taken such an interest.

"But why can't we live off the river in place of the garden?" asked George. "The boys down at the dock say they can make lots of money selling soft crabs. They get from sixty to seventy-five cents a dozen, and, oh, mother, if Bert and me could only have a net and a boat and a crab car, and roll up our pants like Nat Springer, we'd just bring you so much money that you needn't hardly sew at all!" and in his enthusiasm George's eyes sparkled, and he ruthlessly trampled upon every rule of grammar he had ever learned.

At first Mrs. Fielden was inclined to discourage the young would-be fishermen, she having a perfect terror of their both being swallowed up by the river, as if it were some beast of prey. But she was finally prevailed upon to give her consent. A second-hand boat was purchased at a trifling price from Captain Sam, an old sailor, who had taken a great fancy to the boys, and he gave them a net, which he showed them how to use.

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Thus fitted out, the boys would anchor near the shore a short distance below the village, roll up their trousers above their knees, and then stepping overboard, each take hold of an end of the net, and, keeping quiet as mice, wait until a crab came sailing up or down with the tide, when they would scoop him up, and shout "Hurrah!" if it proved to be a soft shell, and "Oh, pshaw!" if it was hard. However, in the latter case, it was not thrown away, but shaken off into the boat's locker, to be transferred to the car and left to "shed."

They did not at once make their fortune, for although they might have good "catches," that did not always insure a ready market; but as the warmer weather came on, and the village began to fill up with people from the city, the boys procured two or three regular customers, who did not grudge the fair prices paid for the "little-boy lobsters," as Bert called them.

Captain Sam stood firm friend and adviser to them from the first, and when some of the other crabbers were inclined to find fault with what they termed the injury done their business, he did his best to make peace, saying the river was big enough for all.

But one very hot afternoon, George and Bert came down to the shore looking rather blue, for the day previous some of the other village boys had repaired in a body to where the two were anchored, and made such a splashing about as to frighten all the crabs away.

"I think it's an awful shame," muttered George, as he pushed off. "This is a free country, and I don't see why we haven't as good a right to make money out of the river as Teddy Lee or Nat Springer. They—"

"Hold on a minute, George!" cried Bert, as his brother, with one knee on the bow, was about to send the *Sarah* into deep water with the other foot. "Here comes Captain Sam. Let's tell him about it; maybe he'll know what we ought to do," and so they waited till the good-natured old man came up.

But there was no need to tell him anything, for he had already heard of the new outbreak on the part of the village boys, and now appeared with a suggestion, by acting on which hostilities might in the future be avoided.

"I'm real sorry, boys," he began, as he took his seat on the side of his own boat, which was drawn up close beside the *Sarah*. "I'm real sorry as how these Yorking youngsters don't treat you no better. They only hurt theirselves by it, they do," and Sam spoke with unusual emphasis, at the same time polishing up the glass of his "jack-light" with an energy that threatened to break the panes. "But now I'll tell you what tack I think you'd better take, an' thet right off, fer the tide's 'most out a'ready. Jist you row across nigh to the other side o' the river, drop yer anchor on the flat right opposite thet little sort o' bay yonder, and then put down yer net to good business. D'ye understand whar I mean, lads?" and the Captain pointed with his long,

water-shrivelled forefinger, adding, "It seems purty far to go, but it'll pay when you git thar—it'll pay;" and leaning forward, Sam gave the *Sarah* a shove that sent her clear of the shore, out into the centre of the cove which served as the harbor for all the fishing-boats in Yorking.

With their hearts considerably lightened by their friend's sympathy and advice, the two Fielden boys lost no time in following his instructions, and each taking an oar, they were soon spinning straight across the river at a speed that in ten minutes or so brought them to the flat. Here the anchor was dropped over the side, and the boys got out in the shallow water.

The net was quickly put in place, and Captain Sam's predictions amply verified, for the outgoing tide brought down quantities of soft shells and "shedders," to say nothing of hard crabs. It was fortunate Bert had the car with him, for he was always seeing "such splendid fellows" just a little further up, that the *Sarah* was soon left quite a distance behind, the lads being not only much interested in their success, but also in the exploration of the flat, which appeared to be long and narrow, with deep channels on every side.

Absorbed in the water at their feet, the boys failed to notice the change that was taking place in the sky overhead, and the first intimation they had of the storm that had been brewing all the afternoon was a terrific squall, which struck them with a suddenness that almost took away their breath.

"Make for the boat, Bert," shouted George, the next instant; and the two splashed their way through the now wave-capped waters with all possible speed.

But what was their horror, when they had almost reached the *Sarah*, to see the latter break away from her anchorage, and drift swiftly down stream with the gale!

The rope had parted, and they were left helpless on the flats.

"Oh, George, what shall we do?" almost sobbed Bert, for he was only ten, and the wind, and rain, and seething floods around him raged most furiously.

George was frightened too, but remembering his twelve years, he tried to look confident and hopeful, as he pointed out the fact that some one would surely come after them.

"But—but won't the tide come in before then?" queried Bert, his voice trembling still, and his cheeks all wet with rain. "I think I feel it a little higher now."

"It's only the waves makes that," returned George, soothingly, although the same horrible possibility had just presented itself to him.

The storm, however, did not last long; but with the going down of the wind, the tide began to come in faster, and Bert stood on his toes, and then sank the crab car, and stood on that. It was a good mile across the river to Yorking—too far to permit of any signals being seen there—and the nearer shore was quite wild, the woods extending down almost to the water's edge.

And still the tide came rushing in; and then the sun went down, and Bert began to cry in earnest, for he was both cold and hungry, besides feeling it a decidedly unpleasant sensation to have the water creep up little by little toward his neck.

"Why don't Captain Sam come after us?" he sobbed, hiding his face on George's coat sleeve.

"Perhaps he will; but, you see, he don't know we've lost our boat; so we'll just have to wait long enough for them to get worried about us at home."

George spoke bravely, but his heart beat very hard and fast, for now the water had reached above where his trousers were rolled, while Bert, who was almost a head shorter, was wet to the waist.

And so the minutes passed by as if they were hours, with the tide creeping up around the lads higher, higher, till just as Bert's shoulders were about to disappear into its cold embrace, George exclaimed:

"A light! a light! Look, Bert, it's coming this way!"

And now both boys strained their eyes to see if they might hope, and then cried out with all their might.

Nearer and nearer came the welcome beacon, casting a shining pathway before it over the waters, and soon answering shouts were echoed back, and a girl's voice rang out, "George! Bertie!" and the next moment Captain Sam's boat shot into view, with the "jack-light" on the bow, and Sarah sitting pale and anxious in the stern.

Tenderly Sam's strong arms lifted the two shivering lads on board, and their sister fell to weeping and laughing over them in the most confusing fashion.

On the way back George told the story of their captivity on the flats, and the Captain explained that soon after they had left him in the afternoon he had gone to Fayetteville to see his daughter, not getting back till after supper, when he found Sarah rushing up and down the shore in a most distracted state of mind.

"But we've got lots of crabs," put in Bert, from his seat on the car, which he had guarded safely through it all. "And George was real brave, too. He didn't cry once."

"We've lost our boat, though, I'm afraid," returned his brother, anxious to change the conversation.

"Oh, I guess we'll find her somewheres 'long shore to-morrow," replied Sam; and they did, and afterward took good care not to practice false economy by having an old worn-out rope to their anchor.

The next day the lads' adventure was known all over Yorking, and in future the other crabbers treated them in quite a respectful manner, evidently thinking that now the Fielden boys had really earned the right to follow the business.

BY ALBERT H. HARDY.

Eddie loves to watch the fire-flies
As the summer evenings pass,
Flashing like a shower of diamonds
In and out the meadow-grass.

"What are all the lights?" I ask him.
"Gracious! papa, don't you know?
God has sent these little lanterns,
So the plants can see to grow."

EASY BOTANY.

JULY.

June, with its rounded freshness unsullied by a faded leaf, its wood paths gay with flowers, its glorious sunsets and sunrises, its *perfection* of beauty and sweetness—June has passed along to make room for the fervid July. This midsummer month has its charms, and can show a fair array of bright blossoms, the yellows becoming more prevalent, and all the colors deepening as the heat grows more intense. The delicate spring flowers are succeeded by a stouter and somewhat coarser display. The species of veratrum, or false hellebore, which is now to be seen in New England swamps and pastures, is a very striking plant; it has long leaves, strongly veined and most beautifully plaited, with numerous racemes of green flowers, forming a large terminal pyramid. The Indiana veratrum, found in deep woods at the West and South, is a tall plant, five or six feet high, with very large leaves, and has a kind of unholy look, the flowers almost black, with red stamens.

This is the month for hosts of wild peas and vetches: the purple vetch in New England thickets; the everlasting-pea on Vermont hill-sides; the pink beach-pea and marsh-pea on New Jersey coasts and Western lake shores: the pale purple myrtle-pea climbing over banks by New England road-sides; the blue butterfly-pea, two inches broad, very showy, and found in woods and fields of New York and Pennsylvania. These are all graceful and pretty.

On Western prairies blossoms the deep pink prairie rose, the only native climbing rose of the States, and on rocky banks in Pennsylvania woods may be found the beautiful wild hydrangea flowers, silvery white or rose-color. Let the young flower-seeker not fail to look for the interesting parnassia, or grass of Parnassus, so named by the learned Dioscorodorus more than eighteen hundred years ago, who found it growing on Mount Parnassus. One species of this little plant is abundant in damp fields in Eastern Connecticut and in the Middle and Southern States. The leaves are round and firm, the flower star-shaped, white, and streaked with fine green lines.

By ponds and in damp thickets in Connecticut and New Jersey may be found the showy rhexia, or meadow-beauty, the petals bright reddish-purple, with crooked stamens brilliant yellow, and captivating seed-vessels shaped like little antique vases. Several species of the singular orchis tribe are in bloom during this month. As a general thing, these remarkable plants delight in cold, damp, boggy, muddy pastures, and old dark woods and thickets.

The flowers are beautiful, and several are fragrant; the colors white, yellow, and shades of purple, and one, the fragrant purple-fringed orchis, is as perfect and beautiful as can be imagined, and well repays the tramp through damp woods. So also does the superb white lady's-slipper, found in the same localities, and contrasting finely with the dark, shaded places it loves, the large white blossoms, with purple or red lines, two or three on a stalk. In shallow pools and wet places the white arrow-head is plentiful; and the whiter wild calla, really handsomer than its majestic relative the cultivated calla, and the brilliant cardinal-flower gleam out beside the water-courses.

WILD FLOWERS OF JULY.

COMMON NAME.	COLOR.	LOCALITY, ETC.
Aconite, wolf's-bane	Purple, poison	Dry rocky places; Pennsylvania.
Agrimony	Soft yellow	Open woods; New Jersey.
Archangelica	White	Dry open woods; Middle States.
Beach-pea	Purple, large	Sea-coast; New Jersey.
Black snakeroot	White racemes	Deep woods; Maine, West.
Butterfly-pea	Violet, large	Sandy woods; Maryland, Virginia.
Button-ball	White	Wet places. Common.
Callirhoe	Red-purple	Dry fields, prairies; Illinois.
Cardinal-flower	Intense red	Wet places. Common.
Coral-berry	Pink	Dry fields and banks. Middle States.
Deptford pink	Rose-color, white spots	Dry soil; Mass. to Virginia.
Evening primrose	Pale yellow	Sandy soil. Common.
Everlasting-pea	Yellowish-white	Hill-sides; Vermont, Mass.
Fringed orchis	Purple	Dark woods; New England.
Fumitory	Rose-color, nodding	Sandy fields; New Jersey.
Ginseng	White	Cool, rich woods. Rare.
Glade mallow	White	Limestone valleys; Pennsylvania.
Grass of Parnassus	Wh., green lines	Damp meadows; Connecticut.
Hardhack	Rose-color	Damp meadows; New England.
Hedysarum	Purple	Vermont, Maine.

Hercules's club	Greenish-white	River-banks; Middle States.
Indiana dragon-root	Black and red, poison	Damp woods; West.
Indian physic	White, pink	Rich woods; Pa., New York.
Lady's-slipper	White, red lines	Deep, boggy woods; New England.
Lead-plant	Violet	Crevices of rocks; Michigan.
Marsh-pea	Blue, purple	Moist places; New England.
Meadow-beauty	Bright purple	Borders of ponds; Conn., N. J.
Meadow-sweet	White, pink	Wet, low grounds; New England.
Moss-campion	Purple, white	White Mountains.
Myrtle-pea	Pale purple	Climbing; New England thickets.
New Jersey tea	White clusters	Dry woodlands; Middle States.
Nondo, lovage	Wh., aromatic	Rich woods; Virginia.
Passion-flower	Green'h-yellow	Damp thickets; Pa., Illinois.
Pencil-flower	Yellow	New Jersey; pine-barrens.
Poison-hemlock	White, poison	Waste, wet places. Common.
Prairie rose	Deep pink	Climbing; prairies West.
Prickly poppy	Showy yellow	Open woods; South and West.
Rattle-box	Yellow	Sandy soil; New Jersey.
Royal catchfly	Deep scarlet	Western prairies.
Sea-rocket	Purplish	New England coast and West.
Slender sundew	White	Shores of Western lakes.
Snow-berry	White	Rocky banks; Vermont to Pa.
Spikenard	White	Rich woodlands; New England.
St. Andrew's cross	Yellow, stamens crossing	New Jersey; Illinois.
St. John's wort	Yellow, large	River-banks; New England.
Stone-crop	Yellow	Rocky road-sides. Common.
St. Peter's wort	Light yellow	Pine-barrens of New Jersey.
Touch-me-not	Pale yellow	Moist banks. Common.
Veratrum (false hellebore)	Purple, poison	Swamps; New England.
Vetch	Blue, purple	Thickets; New England.
Western wall-flower	Orange-yellow	Limestone cliffs; West.
Wild calla	White	Wet places. Common.
Wild hydrangea	Purple, white	Rocky banks; Pennsylvania.
Wild larkspur	Purple, blue	Rich woods; Pa., New York.
Wild licorice	Dull purple	Damp woods. Common.
Wild senna	Yellow	Damp soil; Middle States.
Wolf-berry	White, pink	West and South.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

CHAPTER I.

"You have no right to tax us without our consent," said the English-American colonists to the British Parliament more than a hundred years ago. "The Great Charter of England forbids it."

"We have the right to control you in all cases whatsoever," answered the Parliament.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny, and we will not submit to it," the colonists declared. A mighty quarrel then began, which lasted ten years, and ended in blows. The colonists thought with Cromwell that "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

The Parliament levied a stamp tax, but could not enforce it. A tax on tea was laid, when the patriotic women of America ceased drinking tea, while the men resolved that not a pound of the plant should be landed on our shores until the tax should be taken off. Nevertheless, tea ships came to Boston, when the citizens cast their cargoes into the waters of the harbor.

That tea party made the British government very angry. The King called his American subjects "rebels," and proceeded to punish the people of Boston. All the colonists stood by them. British troops were sent to make the Americans obedient vassals instead of loving subjects. The representatives of the colonists all over the land met in a General Congress at Philadelphia. That was in 1774. In that Congress Patrick Henry, of Virginia, said, "We must fight." At the same time Joseph Hawley, of Massachusetts, said in the Provincial Congress, "We must fight." The patriotic people everywhere, with compressed lips and valorous hearts, said, "We must fight."

Faint-hearted men and women shook their heads, and said: "Be prudent. You know Great Britain has scores of ships of war, and we have not one; how can we hope to win in such a contest?"

Stout-hearted men and women replied, "We will buy or build ships, make warriors of them, man them with hardy New England fishermen, and with the faith of little David meet the Goliath of England, trusting in the Lord, who will defend the right."

And the people said, "Amen."

The Congress appointed a "Marine Committee"—a sort of distributed Secretary of the Navy. They ordered more than a dozen war vessels to be built. Officers were appointed, crews were gathered, and Esek Hopkins, a seaman of Rhode Island, then almost sixty years of age, was made Commodore and Commander-

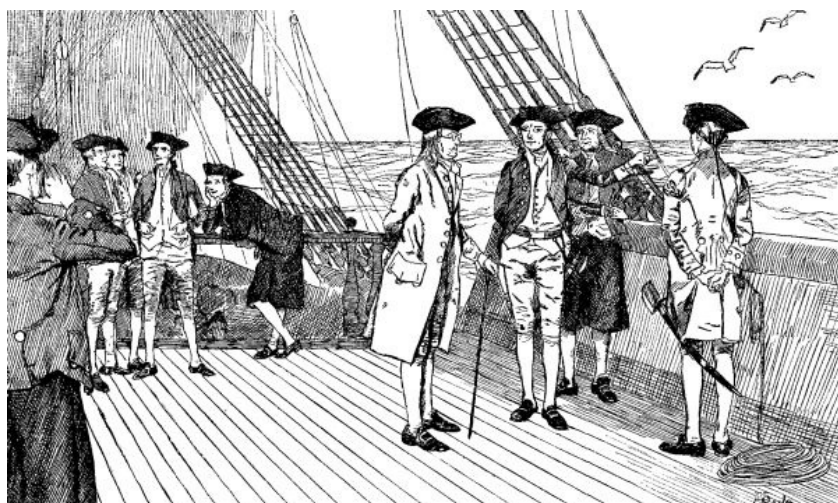
in-chief of the Continental Navy. This was the germ of the United States Navy.

Early in 1776 Hopkins sailed from the Delaware to the Bahama Islands, with four ships and three sloops. At New Providence he captured the forts, nearly one hundred cannon, and a large quantity of ammunition and stores. On his return he fought several British vessels, captured two, and took his little squadron safely into the harbor of New London, Connecticut. Not doing so well as the Congress desired, he was soon afterward relieved of command, and no successor was appointed.

John Paul Jones, a little Scotchman less than thirty years of age, was one of the most active officers of this Continental Navy, and became the most conspicuous marine hero of the old war for independence. He was the first who raised an American flag over an American vessel of war, in December, 1775; and in various ships he gained such great renown that after the war he received special honors from the French monarch, became Vice-Admiral in the Russian navy, and when he died, the government of France decreed him a public funeral.

There were other Americans at that time who became naval heroes only a little less famous than Jones. There was John Manly, the veteran sailor of Marblehead, whom Washington appointed Captain when he fitted out some privateers at Boston before a navy was created. While the Congress were talking about a navy, Manly was cruising off the coast of Massachusetts in the armed schooner *Lee*, keenly watching for British vessels laden with military supplies for the army in Boston. He captured three of them laden with arms and munitions of war, then much needed by the patriots who were besieging the New England capital.

There was young Nicholas Biddle, who had served with Nelson in the Royal Navy, and who accompanied Hopkins to the Bahamas. He did gallant service as commander of the *Randolph*, until she was blown up in battle, when Biddle and all his men perished.



FRANKLIN ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

There was Captain Wilkes, with the little *Reprisal*, of sixteen guns, who frightened all England by his daring exploits. After fighting British armed vessels, and taking several prizes in the West Indies, he took Dr. Franklin, the representative of the Congress, to France. Then he cruised in the Bay of Biscay, captured a number of English merchantmen, and with the *Reprisal* and two or three other small vessels, sailed entirely around Ireland, sweeping the Channel its whole length, destroying a number of merchant vessels, and creating great alarm in all the British ports. Poor Wilkes perished soon afterward with all his crew when his ship was wrecked on the rocks of Newfoundland.

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New England privateers were very busy and successful, capturing no less than thirty vessels laden with supplies for the British army in Boston. Among the most active of these was a little Connecticut cruiser of fourteen guns, named the *Defense*. She took prize after prize; and on a starry night in June, 1776, she, with some other small vessels, fought and conquered two British transports near Boston, laden with two hundred soldiers and a large quantity of stores. By midsummer (1776), American cruisers had captured more than five hundred British soldiers.

Captain Whipple, a bold Rhode-Islander, who, when a British naval commander threatened by letter to hang him "to the yard-arm" for an offense against the majesty of Great Britain, replied, "Catch a man before you hang him," was in command of the Continental vessel *Doria*. He was so successful off the coasts of New England, that when, he returned to the Delaware his prizes were so numerous, that, after manning them, he had only five of his original crew left on board the *Doria*.

The gallant Jones meanwhile had swept the seas along the coasts of Nova Scotia, and sailed into Newport Harbor with fifteen prizes. After resting on his laurels awhile, he was again on the Acadian coast late in 1776, where he captured a large British transport laden with supplies for Burgoyne's army in Canada. By this time cruisers sent out by Congress and privateers were harrying British shipping in all directions.

Dr. Franklin carried with him to France a number of blank commissions for army and navy officers, signed by the President and Secretary of Congress. These Franklin and the other Commissioners filled and signed, and under this authority cruisers sailed from French ports to attack British vessels. It must be remembered that France at that time, in order to injure her old enemy, England, was giving secret aid to the Americans in revolt.

How active and how harmful to the British marine were some of the cruisers commissioned by Franklin and his associates, and sent out from French ports, we shall observe presently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MORAL PIRATES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

The sun was getting to be rather too hot for boating, when the boys saw the half-sunken wreck of a canal-boat close to the west shore, where there was a nice shady grove. They immediately crossed the river, and, landing near the wreck, began to get their fishing-tackle in order.

As there were only two poles, one of which belonged to Harry and the other to Tom, the two Sharpe boys were obliged either to cut poles for themselves, or to watch the others while they fished. Jim cut a pole for himself, but Joe preferred to lie on the bank. "I don't care to fish, anyhow," he said. "I'll agree to eat twice as much fish as anybody else, if I can be excused from fishing."

"If you don't want to fish, you'd better hunt bait for us," said Tom.

"I never thought about bait," exclaimed Harry. "How are we going to dig for worms without a spade?"

"Who wants any worms?" replied Tom. "Grasshoppers are the thing; and the field just back of here is full of them. Come, Joe, catch us some grasshoppers, won't you?"

"How many do you want?" asked Joe. "I don't want to waste good grasshoppers on fellows who won't use them. Let's see: suppose I get you ten grasshoppers apiece. Will that do?"

"Are you getting lazy, Joe?" said Tom, "or are you sick? A fellow who don't want to fish must have something wrong in his insides. Harry, you'd better give him some medicine."

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"Oh, I'm all right," replied Joe. "I'm a little sleepy to-day, but I'll get your grasshoppers."

Joe took an empty tin can and went in search of grasshoppers, while the rest were getting their hooks and lines ready. In a short time he returned, and handed the can to Tom.

"There's just thirty-one grasshoppers in that can," said he. "I threw in one for good measure. Now go ahead and fish, and I'll have a nap." So saying, he stretched himself on the ground, and the other boys began to fish.

There were quantities of perch near the old canal-boat, and they bit ravenously at the grasshoppers. It took only about a quarter of an hour to catch nearly three dozen fish. These were more than the boys could possibly eat; and Tom was just going to remark that they had better stop fishing, when they were startled by a loud cry from Joe. Harry, in swinging his line over his head so as to cast out a long way into the river, had succeeded in hooking Joe in the right ear.

Of course Harry was extremely sorry, and he said so several times; but, as Joe pointed out, "talk won't pull a hook out of a fellow's ear." The barb made it impracticable to draw the hook out, and it was quite impossible that Joe should enjoy the cruise with a fish-hook in his ear. Jim said that the hook must be cut out; but Joe objected to having his ear cut to pieces with a dull jack-knife.

In this emergency, Tom proposed to break off the shank of the hook, and then to push the remainder of it through the ear. It was no easy matter, however, to break the steel. Every time the hook was touched Joe winced with pain; but finally Tom managed to break the shank with the aid of the pair of pliers that formed part of the stores. The hook was then gently and firmly pressed through the ear, and carefully drawn out.

"I knew," said Tom, "that something must be wrong when Joe said he didn't want to fish. This ought to be a warning to him."

"It's a warning to me," said Harry, "not to throw my line all over the State of New York."

"Oh, it's all right now," said Joe. "Only the next time I go cruising with Harry, I'm going to take a pair of cutting pincers to cut off the shanks of fish-hooks after he gets through fishing. We'd better get a pair at Hudson, anyhow, or else we'll all be stuck full of hooks, if Harry does any more fishing."

Harry was so humbled by the result of his carelessness that he offered, by way of penance, to clean and cook the fish. When this was done, and the fish were served up smoking hot, they were so good that Joe forgot his damaged ear, and Harry recovered his spirits. After a course of fish and bread, a can of peaches was opened for dessert, and then followed a good long rest. By three o'clock the heat began to lessen, and the *Whitewing* started on her way with a better breeze than she had yet been favored with.

The boat travelled swiftly, and the breeze gradually freshened. The whitecaps were beginning to make their appearance on the river before it occurred to the boys that they must cross over to the east shore, in order to camp where they could find shade while getting breakfast the next morning. It had been one of Uncle John's most earnest bits of advice that they should always have shade in the morning. "Nothing spoils the temper," he had said, "like cooking under a bright sun; so make sure that you keep in the shade until after



AN UNEXPECTED CATCH.—DRAWN BY
A. B. FROST.

breakfast." Harry felt a little nervous about crossing the river in so fresh a breeze, since, as the breeze blew from the south, the boat could not sail directly across the river without bringing the sea on her beam. He did not mention that he was nervous, however, and he showed excellent judgment in crossing the river diagonally, so as to avoid exposing the broadside of the boat to the waves, that by this time were unpleasantly high. The east bank was thus reached without taking a drop of water into the boat, and she was then kept on her course up the river, within a few rods of the shore.

This was a wise precaution in one respect; for if the boat had capsized, the boys could easily have swum ashore; but still it is always risky to keep close to the shore, unless you know that there are no rocks or snags in the way. Harry never thought of the danger of being shipwrecked with the shore so close at hand, and was enjoying the cooling breeze and the speed of the boat, when suddenly the *Whitewing* brought up with a crash that pitched everybody into the bottom of the boat. She had struck a sunken rock, and the speed at which she was going was so great that one of her planks was stove in. Before the boys could pick themselves up, the water had rushed in, and was rising rapidly.

"Jump overboard everybody!" cried Harry. "She won't float with us in her."

There was no time in which to pull off shirts and trousers, and the boys plunged overboard without even taking their hats off. They then took hold of the boat, two on each side of her, and swam toward the shore. With so much water in her, the boat was tremendously heavy; but the boys persevered, and finally reached shallow water, where they could wade and drag her out on the sand.

"Here we are wet again!" exclaimed Jim. "The blankets are wet too this time."

"Never mind," replied Tom; "it's not more than five o'clock, and we can get them dry before night."

"We'll have to work pretty fast, then," said Harry. "Jim and Joe had better build a big fire, and dry the things, while you and I empty the boat; or I'll empty the boat, and you can pitch the tent. We'll have to put off supper till we can make sure of a dry bed."

Harry took the things out of the boat one by one. Everything was wet except the contents of the tin boxes, into which the water luckily had not penetrated. As soon as the fire was built, Jim and Joe gave their whole attention to drying the blankets and the spare clothing; and when the boat was emptied, it was found that a hole nearly six inches long and four inches wide had been made through one of the bottom planks. Harry and Tom set to work to mend it. They took a piece of canvas—which had luckily been kept in one of the tin boxes, and was quite dry—and tacked it neatly over the outside of the hole.

They next covered the canvas with a thin coating of white lead, except at the edges, where the white lead was laid on very thickly. Over the canvas the piece of zinc that had been brought for just such a purpose was carefully tacked, and then thin strips of wood were placed over the edges of the tin, and screwed down tightly with screws that went through the zinc, but not through the canvas. Finally, white lead was put all around the outer edge of the zinc, and the boat was then left bottom-side up on the sand, so that the white lead could harden by exposure to the air.

Nobody cared to go for milk in wet clothes; and so, when the boat was mended, the boys all sat around the fire to dry themselves, and made a supper of crackers. What with the heat and the wind, it was not very long before their clothes and blankets were thoroughly dried, and they could look forward to a comfortable night. The tent was pitched where no steamboat swell could possibly touch it, and the boat was apparently out of reach of the tide. It was very early when the boys "turned in," and for the first time in the cruise they slept peacefully all night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE MANGOSTEEN.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF "THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST." PART SECOND.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

During their stay upon the island of Java, Dr. Bronson and his young travelling companions took a trip on a railway from Batavia to Buitenzorg, in order that they might learn something of the interior of the island. While on this trip the boys observed, among other things, that the trees in some instances grew quite close to the track. Doctor Bronson explained to them that in the tropics it was no small matter to keep a railway line clear of trees and vines, and sometimes the vines would grow over the track in a single night. It was necessary to keep men at work along the track to cut away the vegetation where it threatened to interfere with the trains, and in the rainy season the force of men was sometimes doubled. "There is one good effect," said he, "of this luxuriant growth. The roots of the vines and trees become interlaced in the embankment on which the road is built, and prevent its being washed away by heavy rains. So you see there is, after all, a saving in keeping the railway in repair."

At several of the stations the natives offered fruit of different kinds, and nearly all new to our young friends. They had been told that they would probably find the mangosteen for sale along the road; they had inquired for it in Singapore, but it was not in season there, and now their thoughts were bent upon discovering it between Batavia and Buitenzorg. Two or three times they were disappointed when they asked for it; but finally, at one of the stations, when Fred pronounced the word "mangosteen," a native held up a bunch of fruit, and nodded. The Doctor looked at the bunch, and nodded likewise, and Fred speedily paid for the prize.

Perhaps we had best let Fred tell the story of the mangosteen, which he did in his first letter from Buitenzorg:

"We have found the prince of fruits, and its name is mangosteen. It is about the size of a pippin apple, and

of a purple color—a very dark purple, too. The husk, or rind, is about half an inch thick, and contains a bitter juice, which is used in the preparation of dye; it stains the fingers like aniline ink, and is not easy to wash off. Nature has wisely provided this protection for the fruit; if it had no more covering than the ordinary skin of an apple, the birds would eat it all up as soon as it was ripe. If I were a bird, and had a bill that would open the mangosteen, I would eat nothing else as long as I could get at it.

"You cut this husk with a sharp knife right across the centre, and then you open it in two parts. Out comes a lump of pulp as white as snow, and about the size of a small peach. It is divided into sections, like the interior of an orange, and there is a sort of star on the outside that tells you, before you cut the husk, exactly how many of these sections there are. Having got at the pulp, you proceed to take the lump into your mouth, and eat it; and you will be too busy for the next quarter of a minute to say anything.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! It melts away in your mouth like an overripe peach or strawberry; it has a taste that is slightly acid—very slightly, too—but you can no more describe all the flavor of it than you can describe how a canary sings, or a violet smells. There is no other fruit I ever tasted that begins to compare with it, though I hesitate to admit that there is anything to surpass our American strawberry in its perfection, or the American peach. If you could get all the flavors of our best fruits in one, and then give that one the 'meltingness' of the mangosteen, perhaps you might equal it; but till you can do so, there is no use denying that the tropics have the prince of fruits.

"Everybody tells us we can eat all the mangosteens we wish to, without the slightest fear of ill results. Perhaps one might get weary of them in time, but at present we are unable to find enough of them. If anything would reconcile me to a permanent residence in the tropics, it would be the hope of always having plenty of mangosteens at my command.

"You may think," Fred added, "that I have taken a good deal of space for describing this fruit, but I assure you I have not occupied half what it deserves. And if you were here, you would agree with me, and be willing to give it all the space at your command—in and beyond your mouth. But be careful and have it fully ripe: green mangosteens are apt to produce colic, as Frank can tell you of his own knowledge."

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The island of Juan Fernandez has always been said to be the island on which Robinson Crusoe was cast away. Nothing can be further from the truth. Crusoe never saw Juan Fernandez, and, so far as we know, never once so much as thought of casting himself away there.

No man has ever charged Robinson Crusoe with not telling the truth. He may have had his faults—and he certainly did show very little judgment when he built his first boat so far from the shore that he could not possibly launch it—but he always told the truth. We ought therefore to believe what he says about the situation of his island. He informs me that, having sailed from Brazil on a voyage to the coast of Guinea, he was driven northward by stormy weather, and was finally wrecked somewhere between the mouth of the river Orinoco and the Caribbean or West India islands. Now the island of Juan Fernandez is in the Pacific Ocean, about three hundred and sixty miles southwest of Valparaiso. To suppose that Crusoe was wrecked on Juan Fernandez, while on his way from Brazil to Guinea, is like saying that a ship on her way from New York to Liverpool was wrecked on one of the Sandwich Islands. Such a story would be perfectly absurd. However, when we have Crusoe's word that he was cast away near the mouth of the Orinoco, there is an end of the matter. He probably could not have told a lie if he had tried to.

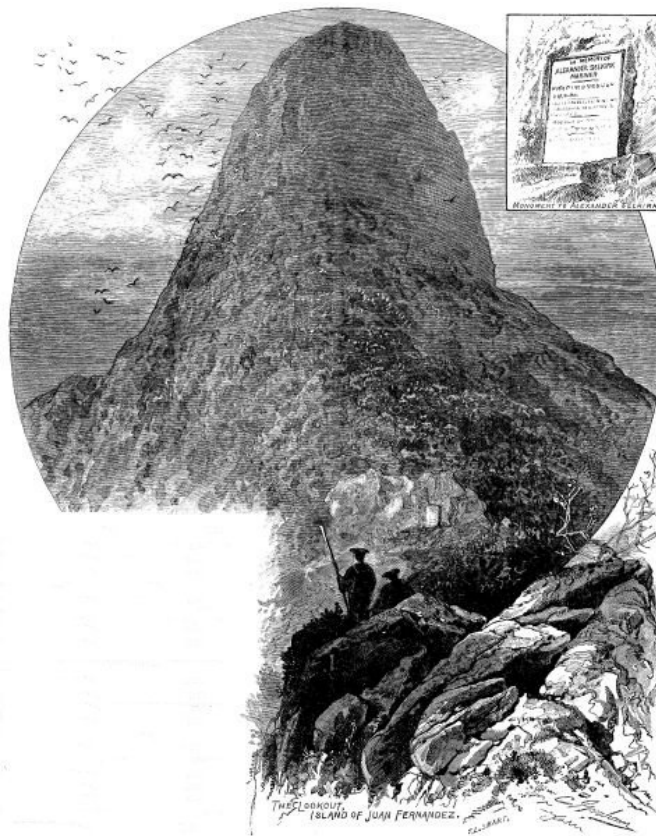
In the year 1704 an English vessel called the *Cinque Ports* came to Juan Fernandez. One of her officers, Alexander Selkirk by name, had quarrelled with the Captain, and he said he would much rather stay on this island than sail any longer on board the *Cinque Ports*. The Captain was glad to get rid of him, and therefore sailed away, and left him behind. What Selkirk and the Captain had quarrelled about has never been certainly known, but when we reflect that Selkirk was a Scotchman, we can understand that very likely he was unwilling to practice piracy on Sunday, while the captain insisted that any day was a fit day on which to rob a Spanish ship. This would have led to a quarrel, and very possibly was the precise cause of the quarrel which resulted in Selkirk leaving the ship at Juan Fernandez. It is true that the *Cinque Ports* was called a buccaneer, instead of a pirate, but no man can see the difference between buccaneering and piracy without the help of a large-sized compound microscope.

Selkirk remained all alone on the island for four years and four months, when another English vessel took him off. When he reached home, he wrote an account of his adventures, and very stupid people have since claimed that Daniel Defoe, the author of the story of Crusoe's adventures, had read Selkirk's book, and that it suggested to him the idea of inventing Robinson Crusoe. To suppose that so great a man as Defoe could not write a book without stealing his ideas from Alexander Selkirk is ridiculous. Selkirk and Crusoe were as unlike as two men could well be. The only resemblance between them was that both had lived alone on unfrequented islands, as many other unfortunate men have done before and since.

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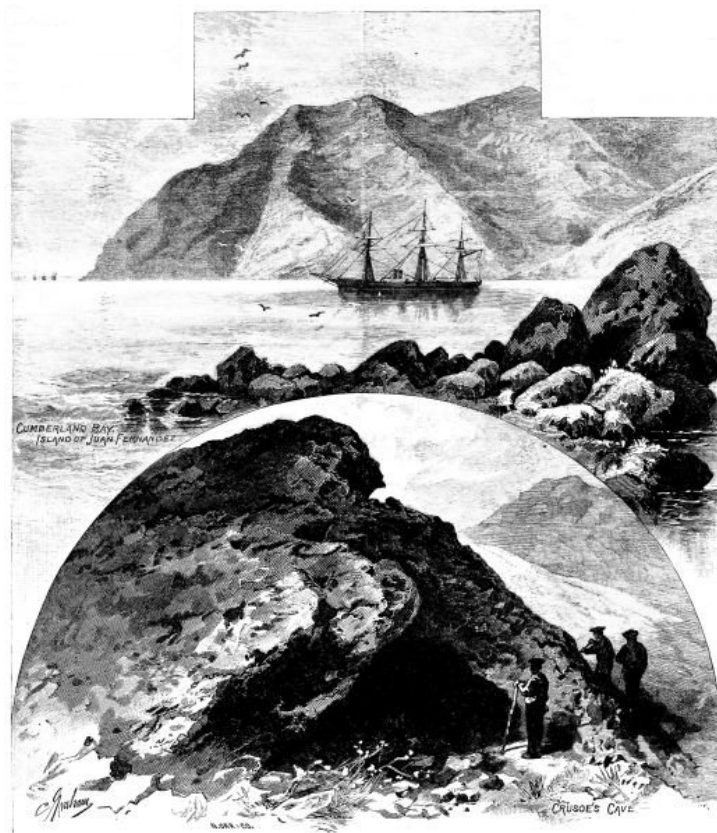
We thus see how it came to pass that people have mixed up Selkirk's island with Crusoe's island, and have finally convinced themselves that Crusoe was wrecked on Juan Fernandez. Selkirk's island is firmly believed by nearly everybody to have been Crusoe's island, though we might just as well call it Smith's or Jones's island.

It must be admitted that Juan Fernandez is a beautiful island, with every convenience that Crusoe could have wished for, except cannibals. Selkirk, however, could do nothing with it. He did contrive to catch goats by running after them until they were tired out, but he never thought of taming them—fattening them on tomato cans—as Crusoe did. Of course he never had a Man Friday, and he never built himself a canoe, or periagua. In fact, he did very little that was creditable to him, and there is only too much reason to believe that if he had seen a foot-step on the sand, he would not have known that it was his duty to be terribly frightened.



Juan Fernandez is about sixteen miles long and five and a half miles wide. The shore, especially on the northern side, is steep and rocky. The interior is very picturesque, and contains several beautiful valleys separated by high ridges. On the north side of the island is a very steep mountain of lava, which is eight thousand feet high, the top of which is said to be inaccessible. Part way up this mountain is the place where Selkirk used to watch for passing vessels. In one of the valleys there is a cave where Selkirk lived. It is thirty feet in length and about twenty feet in breadth, with a ceiling of nearly twenty feet in height. While it is a fair substantial cave, it can not be compared for a moment with the cave which Crusoe had on his own island, and which he enlarged with so much perseverance.

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The island belongs to Chili, and more than a hundred years ago the Chilian government sent convicts to Juan Fernandez as a punishment. A fort was built, which has now crumbled away, and cells were dug in the solid rock on the side of a hill, and the convicts were locked up in them every night. The convicts, not liking their treatment, rebelled, killed their guards, and seizing on a vessel that had visited the island, escaped to Peru. Since then Juan Fernandez, or Mas-a-tierra, as the Chilians call it, has been inhabited by a few Chilian farmers, who raise, with very little labor, food enough to live on. They also catch fish, which they send to the mainland, and at certain seasons of the year they kill large quantities of seals, which frequent a little rocky island half a mile from Juan Fernandez. At the present time the island is governed by a Mr. Rhode, who rents it from the Chilian government, and proposes to raise quantities of cattle.

In 1868 the British man-of-war *Topaz* touched at Juan Fernandez, and her officers erected an iron tablet in honor of Selkirk. It bears the following inscription:

**In memory of Alexander Selkirk,
Mariner,
a native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland,
who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months.
He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A.D.
1704, and was taken off in the *Duke* privateer, 12th February, 1709.
He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth*, A.D. 1722, aged 47 years.
This tablet is erected near Selkirk's Look-out by Commodore
Powell and the officers of H. M. S. *Topaz*, A.D. 1868.**

As there is excellent water at Juan Fernandez, vessels occasionally touch there to fill their casks, but it has no regular communication with the rest of the world.

Of course Juan Fernandez will always continue to be called Robinson Crusoe's island, though it is certain that Crusoe was never within three or four thousand miles of it. As for the unbelieving people who pretend that Robinson Crusoe never lived, nobody should listen to them for a moment. There never was anybody more thoroughly real than Robinson Crusoe. Selkirk was not half so real; and in comparison with the shipwrecked mariner of Hull, Julius Cæsar was grossly improbable. Crusoe's island undoubtedly exists somewhere "near the mouth of the great river Orinoco."

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PHILEMON'S CIRCUS.

BY MARY DENSEL.

"—together with fifes and drums. The gigantic procession, headed by the stupendous gilded chariot, will move through the town at seven o'clock A.M. precisely," ended Tom Tadgers, quoting from the handbills.

"Through *this* town?" asked Philemon, much excited.

Tom Tadgers gave him a withering glance.

"Do you suppose that N. Ticeum and B. Phoolum's 'Great Moral Show,' with 'six tigers, five elephants, a giraffe, hippopotamus, kangaroo, in-nu-mer-a-ble monkeys, wild men of Borneo, living skeleton, educated bull, and a ship of the desert,' would come to a mean little village like this? Skowhegan's the town it's going to move through, and it will pass Tucker's Corner at five o'clock to-morrow morning. So Silas Elder says to me, 'You get into the back of my milk cart, Tadgers'" (Tommy felt deeply the dignity of being "Tadgers"), "and I'll give you a lift as far as the Corner, Tadgers. Then you can follow the procession, and go to the show at Skowhegan, Tadgers," says he. Now, Philemon, how would you like to come along too?"

"And Romeo Augustus with me?" questioned Philemon, eagerly.

Tadgers shook his head.

"Come by yourself, or not at all," said he, firmly. "What's more, you must be on hand by four o'clock to-morrow morning."

How could Philemon wake at that early hour? It was his wont not only to "sleep like a top all night," but also to "sleep at morn."

Tom, however, agreed to manage that. So when Philemon went to bed at night, it was with one end of a piece of stout twine tied to his ankle, while the other end hung out at the open window.

Neither Elias, John, nor Romeo Augustus, who shared his chamber, spied the cord. Philemon waited till they were sound asleep before he arranged it.

The sun had not begun to show his face above the horizon when there came a brisk twitch on the twine. Philemon was broad awake in a twinkling, and rolled out of bed to dance a one-footed ballet, by reason of a series of jerks given to the cord by the sprightly Thomas below. It was only after Philemon had knocked over two chairs and a cricket that he managed to hop wildly to the window, and to call out in a hoarse whisper, "You'll wake the whole house if you don't quit," that Tom condescended to desist; and a few minutes later the two comrades were climbing into the back of Silas Elder's cart, all ready to start for "The Great Moral Show."

The cart was not spacious, and its springs were few and far between, as Philemon's bones bore witness. He began, all at once, to wonder if it might not have been *polite* to have mentioned to his parents that he intended to be absent the greater part of the day.

He recollected, with a pang, that it was his mother's custom to be anxious when one of her six precious boys was long out of her sight.

Suddenly, "Look there! there! there!" shouted Tom Tadgers.

Sure enough; there—there—there, in the distance, was a caravan moving slowly toward Tucker's Corner. It must be—it is N. Ticeum and B. Phoolum's show.

Nearer and nearer it came. Tom and Philemon jumped out of the cart, that they might be ready to join the "gigantic procession."

And now they were in its midst. To be sure, the glories of "the stupendous gilded chariot" were shrouded by brown canvas; the monkeys, tigers, and the hippopotamus were shut up in their cages; neither were the giraffe and kangaroo visible as yet. But here were the elephants marching majestically along; here was the educated bull, with a ring through his nose; and so near that Philemon could have touched him was the living skeleton in all his enchanting leanness.

Philemon actually danced up and down in ecstasy. The man who seemed to have charge of affairs caught sight of his beaming face, and broke into a good-natured laugh.

"Hallo, my little chap, would ye like a ride to-day?" said he, and before Philemon knew what was going to happen, he found himself astride of the back of a huge gray elephant.

Was there ever such a morning! It did seem as if the sun fairly outdid itself, such billows of light did it pour forth. The rollicking breeze danced round and about the caravan, and would by no means be left behind. The corn in Farmer Tucker's field waved its silken tassels in a delighted frenzy. All the golden-rod and asters were alert to see the sight.

At last the coverings were taken from the gilded chariot; fifes and drums struck up a tune. All the Skowhegan boys came flocking out of town to meet the caravan. Some one put an American flag into Philemon's hand. What an honor! The lad's heart swelled with pride. He held his head high. He was actually a part of "The Great Moral Show."

So absorbed was he in his new dignity that he did not notice that they were nearing the bridge which stretched across the Kennebec River, just outside of Skowhegan. Neither did he observe that the elephants were separating themselves from the rest of the train, until, just as the gilded chariot passed on the bridge, the animal Philemon rode broke into a trot—and what a trot!—starting down the river-bank, followed by the other four elephants. Philemon clung with both his hands.

Into the stream plunged the beasts, wading clumsily along until the water was breast-high, when they began to swim. Philemon stuck like a little burr to the gray back.

At last the elephants gained a foot-hold once more. But they were by no means ready to give up the cool water. They snorted; they tramped; they plunged; they sucked the water into their trunks, and poured it out again in great streams. Never had Philemon had such a shower-bath. One of the elephants lay down and rolled playfully over and over. Philemon was frightened nearly out of his wits: suppose his elephant should do likewise? Instead of that, he rose to within a few feet of the bank, and, having first treated his rider to a few extra bucketfuls of water, twisted his trunk round one of Philemon's legs.

There was a jerk, a dizzy whirl through the air, and our friend lay "high," but by no means "dry," upon the earth.

The crowd gathered round. He heard Tom Tadgers's voice in a terrified wail: "He's dead! he's dead!"

Then some one else spoke: "Bring water."

That was adding insult to injury. Up as straight as a ramrod sat the afflicted Philemon. "If anybody dares to put another drop of water on me, I'll—I'll—I'll go *home*!" gasped he.

There was a burst of merriment at that tremendous threat, and the young hero was lifted on some one's shoulder, and borne along in triumph. Strange to say, he was not even bruised, and he almost forgot his mishap, when, an hour later, he was permitted to help in spreading tan around the open space where Madame Lucetta Almazida was to ride the famous horse Pegasus, and perform her "world-renowned feat" of jumping through seventeen hoops and a "barrel wrapped in flames."

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That noon Philemon was actually invited to dine with Mons. Duval, the "incomparable gymnast," and a host of other circus celebrities.

"You're a plucky little fellow, and fit to feed along o' us," said Mons. Duval, with a grin.

Philemon was much pleased by the compliment, which, though perchance not expressed in the most refined language, showed a kindly appreciation of his merits.

He entirely forgot Tom Tadgers, who, not having had the luck to meet with an accident, was left outside. In fact, Philemon saw Tom no more that day, and the latter, at the close of the afternoon, met Silas Elder once more, and rode peacefully home, where he went to bed, quite omitting to say a word to anybody about Philemon.

In the mean time that worthy ate his dinner with his new companions. He wondered vaguely what his mother would say if she knew where he was.

He might have wondered more had not one of the men poured a yellow liquid into a cup, and handed it to him.

"Drink this, my man," said he.

Then everybody laughed. The liquid was sweet. Philemon liked it. He drank every drop. Soon he began to feel very bright and merry; and when a new song was sung he joined lustily in the chorus. He had a clear, high, ringing voice.

"Bless us!" exclaimed Mons. Duval. "Tip us a song yourself, boy."

Not a whit abashed, Philemon began to sing.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mons. Duval. "Tim Luker, what used to do our first tribble, was took sick this morning. What d'ye say, youngster, to being blacked up, and singing this evening to the circus along o' our minstrel troupe?"

That yellow liquid was in Philemon's blood. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks flamed.

"Yes, I'll sing," cried he, boisterously, "and I'll go to the ends of the earth with you."

After dinner—it was strange—he felt very drowsy. Mons. Duval, for some reason, was extremely amused, and considered it a great joke.

"You lay down here and take a nap," he said, and actually took off his own coat to put over Philemon. The boy slept all that afternoon; indeed, he never opened his eyes till it was nearly time for the evening's entertainment to begin.

The big dingy tent where the performance was to come off was lighted. Philemon followed Mons. Duval into the small tent behind the large one, where those who were to take part awaited their several turns.

He stood meekly silent, while his face, hands, and neck were daubed with some sticky black stuff; and then, as bidden, he arrayed himself in some extraordinary baggy yellow clothes, and a big paper collar.

He caught sight of himself in a bit of glass. He looked like a little black imp. What would his mother say to see him? A feeling of intense shame surged over him. He crouched down in a corner, wishing he could hide himself from the eyes of all men.

Philemon looked around him, and there, close by, was a boy about his own age, with large brown eyes and white cheeks. He was dressed in flesh-colored tights.

"Who are you?" asked Philemon, as the boy stared and half smiled.

"I'm the 'Phenomenal Trapezist,'" announced the lad, solemnly.

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I go up on the trapeze, at the tiptop of the tent, and my father and uncle—they're the crack gymnasts, you know—they toss me about as if I was a ball. By-and-by I'm going to learn to hang by my toes, and take a flying leap, sixty foot, to the slack-rope near the ground."

"Aren't you frightened?" exclaimed Philemon.

"Ye—" began the boy, and then quickly changed his tone, as a man clad in scarlet and gilt came near. "No, I ain't scared. I like it."

"Of course he ain't scared," said the man, roughly. "Come, Bill, it's time for you and me to show ourselves."

They were joined by Bill's uncle, and the three passed into the outer tent. Philemon put his eye against a hole in the canvas to watch them.

Like monkeys the two men and the child swung themselves aloft, and reached the tent roof. Here they twisted, they turned, they made fearful leaps from one trapeze to another, until Philemon trembled to see them. At last both men hung by their knees, head downward, and Bill crept carefully to the end of a long rope, gave a spring, and caught his father's hands. There was an awful pause; then small Bill was sent spinning through the air, sixty-five feet from the ground, to be caught by his uncle, tossed back to his father, now seized by an arm, now by a leg, now almost missed, now twirled round and round like a ball. Philemon caught his breath, and stretched out his hand in an agony of fear. His hand touched another, which was as cold as ice. Glancing up, he found Madame Lucetta Almazida close by, her eye glued to another hole in the canvas, her breath coming short and thick, her face livid and drawn. Not knowing what she did, she clutched Philemon's hand, and he heard her mutter,

"My baby! my baby!"

"Bill" was her own "Phenomenal Trapezist," and under Madame Lucetta Almazida's shabby bodice a mother's heart beat wildly.

Philemon's heart beat too. What if he had been a "Bill," and his own sweet mother had worn short skirts and ridden Pegasus? Horrible!

Poor Lucetta Almazida! Poor little Bill!

But there was time to think of them no more. The band of negro minstrels was ready to sing. A clown seized Philemon's hand, and hurried him into the ring. There was a shout from the spectators. Some one gave him a nudge.

"Pipe up, boy. We're ready for 'Massa's in the cold, cold ground.'"

Philemon opened his mouth, but no sound came. The eyes on every side burned into him. His one desire was to rush away from those blackened men, from the choking odor of tan and kerosene, from the disgrace of standing there, like a little black fiend, to be hooted at and expected to make fun for the crowd. His brain reeled. With a cry he broke from a detaining hand, and ran headlong across the arena, his yellow coat tails flapping about his heels.

Through the back tent he sped, past Madame Lucetta Almazida, who was holding the "Phenomenal Trapezist" in her arms, past Mons. Duval, out into the night. Home—home—home—that was the place toward which, if he had had wings, he would have flown. Being neither an angel nor even a bird, only a little wretched boy, all he could do was to stumble along the dark road. Eight miles away was his home. On and on he went, and at last his weary feet began to flag.

It seemed as if the chirping crickets were hissing at him. The frogs in the ponds croaked disapprovingly. Even the stars winked reproachfully.

He was growing exhausted. He sank down by a fence, and his eyelids closed heavily.

The sun was high when he awoke, and then a colder, hungrier boy you never saw. Six miles from home was he. There was nothing for it but to plod along, for there were no houses on that road. One mile, two miles, he walked. He picked some apples by the road-side, but they were sour and hard. Sometimes he tried to run, but had to give that up.

At five o'clock that afternoon the cook at a certain farm-house was frying doughnuts in the back kitchen. She was looking very sober, and near her sat a very sober boy, who every now and then drew his hand across his eyes. At last he spoke.

"Cerinthy," said he, "do you cal'late they'll ever find him?"

Cerinthy put another doughnut into the expostulating fat. "Romeo Augustus," said she, "it's my opinion that maybe they may and maybe they mayn't; an' like as not if they do, it'll only be his body, and— Oh!"

Cerinthy gave a great scream, and dropped her painful of doughnuts on the floor, for on the threshold of the "pump-room" stood a boy as black as the ace of spades, clad in startling yellow clothes, his neck ornamented with a huge paper collar.

This image opened his mouth and spake. "Where's my mother? Give me a doughnut."

Cerinthy shrieked louder than ever. An opposite door opened, and out rushed a lady whose eyes were swollen with crying.

"Mother!" called out the black boy, as he flew into her open arms.

"Philemon! mother's own little boy!" she sobbed; while Romeo Augustus performed a war-dance about the two.

I think Philemon's father was so relieved when he beheld his fifth-born, that he would have *whipped* him soundly. But his mother would by no means allow that. She gave him preserved peach and cream toast instead.

"For you'll never do such a thing again, will you?" demanded she, tenderly.

Philemon gazed lovingly at her, with a mouth full of toast. "*Catch me*," said he.



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Here we have a genuine picture of Japanese *kodoma*. They are in every-day dress, with hair and shoes just as one sees them in their own village. There is the baby carried pickapack, and laid on the back of its sister like a slice of meat on a sandwich. Baby's head is shaved as smooth as one's palm, and kept so until it is two years old. Then the next style—a little fringe of hair above the ears and one near the neck—will be proper. The next step will be a tiny top-knot and a circle, in addition to the ear-locks.

All these children live on boiled rice, and they are as round and chubby and rosy-cheeked as it is possible to be without bursting. See their nice loose clothes, with neither a pin to stick nor a button to fly off! They do not wear socks nor stockings, for it is not very cold in Japan. One little tot has on a pair of straw sandals, and the girl and old man wear clogs, held on by a strap passing between the "thumb of the foot," as the Japs call the big toe, and its next-door neighbor.

It would do American boys good, and set them a good example, to notice how kind to animals Japanese children are. There is old daddy telling his children to treat their pet kindly, and doggy knows it will be good for him to have such playmates. See his little straw kennel made like a tent, with a crock of water in it. I'll wager that the children will feed the little *inu* with tidbits from their own chopsticks.

A SEA-SIDE ADVENTURE.

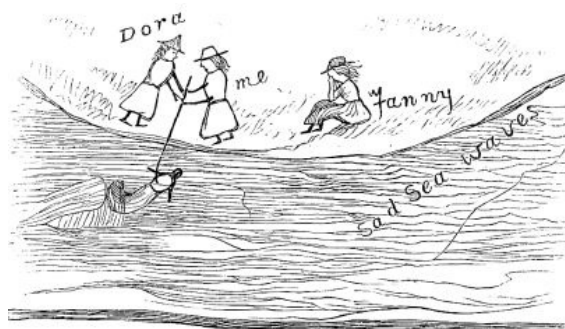
AS RELATED IN A LETTER FROM BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL CLYTEMNESTRA, WHOM SHE LEFT AT HOME.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, July, 1880.

MY DEAREST CLYTEMNESTRA,—Do you miss me? and are you wondering why I do not write? Well, my dear, writing is an impossibility when one is at the sea-shore. You never knew such times as we are having all day long. I must tell you, first of all, of an adventure that befell me yesterday—not *me* exactly, either; it *most* befell Lucille, the beautiful Paris doll that Fanny Bell was so proud of; and well she might be, for a handsomer creature never walked. You remember her, of course; the lovely Mademoiselle Lucille, as she was called, that being the French for Miss, for it would never do to call her plain Lucille, such a fine young lady as she was, just from France, with all the airs and graces that belong to Paris, the politest city in the world. It's no great wonder she was proud—Lucille, I mean—for I'm afraid most of us would be if we looked like her. Such hair as she had, all natural curls down below her waist; and such a *nelegant* wardrobe, or "trooso," as Fanny calls it. Perhaps I haven't spelled trooso right, but please excuse it; indeed, *you* wouldn't know whether it was right or wrong, you are such a poor little ignorant thing. I'm ashamed of myself for neglecting your education as I have done, when I see the dolls here, and realize how much they know. Just as soon as I get home, we'll begin with regular lessons every day. It isn't *your* fault, you sweet lamb, that you don't know anything. *I* am the only one to blame, and I'll try to make up for lost time when I come home.

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But, dear me, how I do run on, without telling you a word of the adventure. The "sad sea waves" put all sorts of ideas into my mind, and I get terribly confused. I heard a lady sing last night about the "sad sea waves," and I think it sounds prettier than "the ocean"—don't you? Well, to begin at the beginning: Yesterday morning Fanny Bell, Dora Mason, and I went down to the beach as usual, Mademoiselle Lucille walking along by her mamma, just like a real live beautiful child. We scooped holes in the warm sand, and made caves, and then we built the Pyramids. *They* are in Egypt, you know, curiosities that people go to see; but we make them of sand, so they look just exactly like the pictures, "Sfinks" and all. Perhaps you don't know what the "Sfinks" is, but I will tell you some day, when I begin your education, my poor Clytemnestra.



Well, at last we wanted to go round the point to pick some wild morning-glories, so we sat Lucille up on a kind of throne behind the Pyramids, and left her. We were only gone a little bit of a while, but what do you think? when we came back the tide was in, and the sad sea waves had washed away Pyramids, Sfinks, Lucille, and all! Oh, the despair we were in! Poor Fanny jumped right up and down, and screeched, and then sinking down upon the sand, as the story-books say, "she buried her face in her hands, and wept as if her heart would break." All at once I saw something bobbing around, and if there wasn't Lucille about four feet from the shore, fastened to a rock by the flounce of her pink satin dress! Fanny shrieked aloud, but Dora and I seized a pole, and after working a long, long time, we managed to fish her

out of the water. Here is a picture that I have drawn to show you how we looked in our awful excitement.

Lucille is frightfully pale to-day, and her curls are gone forever. She is a bald-headed "faded beauty," as a gentleman truly said when he saw her this morning. When I look at her, and remember how fine she used to think herself, I can't help saying, "Well, my dear, 'pride must have a fall.'" I pity her, though, from the very bottom of my heart, for it must be dreadful to be so changed, and all of a sudden, too. I guess we sha'n't have to be so particular any more about calling her "Mademoiselle."

I can not be thankful enough that I left you at home, my sweet Clytie. The sea-shore is a lovely place for children who know how to take care of themselves, but 'tis dreadful dangerous for *dolls*.

And now good-night, my pet.

Your loving mamma,
BESSIE MAYNARD.

P.S.—Dora has just come in to say that Fanny has changed Mademoiselle's name, and hereafter she is to be called "Jane." Poor thing!



A BABE IN THE WOODS—"I 'ANT TO DO HOME!"

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OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SYRACUSE, NEBRASKA.

We have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it was published, and we like it very much. I think "The History of Photogen and Nycteris" was the best story of all, but sister Addie likes "Across the Ocean" best, because it teaches her geography.

I have no brother, but three sisters. Addie is thirteen, Mabel is nine, and Sadie is five. I was eleven yesterday.

I live on a farm in Eastern Nebraska, and I take care of the little chickens and turkeys for mamma. I like to do it, for they are so cunning.

I think that the Tree Album would be nice, and I am going to make one. There are a great many trees here. And we have many birds and pretty birds' eggs. I would like to preserve some eggs, only I don't know how. I would be glad if some correspondent would tell me the best way.

I have no pets but cats and kittens, and there are so many of those that mamma votes them a nuisance.

GEORGINE D.

POULTNEY, VERMONT.

I am ten years old, and my uncle Charlie takes *YOUNG PEOPLE* for my sister Daisy and me.

I have a pretty kitty named Dusty, Carlo, a big dog, and Petite, a canary.

We are going to camp out at the Lake in July. Last summer we had a tent, but we are going to have a cottage this year.

H. M. C.

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

I am seven years old. I am living with my grandma in the country. I have thirteen children. They all eat at one table. Minnie, Flora, Daisy, Tally, Mamie, Allie, Lulu, Jennie, Lillie, Annie, Pinkey-Ketto, Harry, and Johnny. My papa likes Daisy best, but I like Minnie.

I have a pet cat named Chubby, a chicken named Drabee, and a hen named Coachee. Uncle has a horse named Dolly, that eats sugar out of my hand, and always when she goes by the

window she looks up for a lump of sugar.

I made a little pie a few days ago, which was said to be very good.

My papa reads me the stories and letters in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I thought I ought to write a letter too.

GRACIE.

STANBRIDGE, CANADA.

I am seven years old, and I have a sister twelve years old. *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* was a Christmas present from our grandpa. I read all the letters in the Post-office Box every week, and I like them the best.

I have a pet dog I call Nestor. He is a spaniel. And I have a bantam hen which has five little chickens. I have also two dear little kittens that I found in the wood-shed.

I am going to school this summer, and I like my studies very much. On my way from school to-day I stopped and picked some strawberries. They are just getting ripe.

JANET M. G.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl six years old, and I am going to write and spell this letter all myself. I have three brothers, but no sister. The youngest is a baby one year old. We have a puppy named Nip, and he is full of fun. The other day Lewis was pulling me in our express wagon, and Nip ran after us as if the cart was a carriage and he a grown-up dog.

We are going to the sea-shore this summer, where we expect to have a nice time playing in the sand.

FANNY S. S.

CANTON, ILLINOIS.

I tried Bessie L. S.'s recipe for doll's cup-cake, and I thought it was very nice. I have a little brother and a little sister younger than myself. I am eleven. I am always glad when papa brings me home my *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I think it is a very nice paper.

MAGGIE M.

FRANKLIN, OHIO.

My papa made me a Christmas present of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it so much.

I have three pets. One is a little black dog named Aristotle. We call him Tot for short. I have a little kitty named Malty, and an old cat named Tabby. They play very pretty together. I have two nice dolls. One is very handsome. My papa brought her from Paris, and I called her Rosa Bell. The other one's name is Stella.

I live on a hill, and we have beautiful views of the sunset.

ETTA D.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am making a collection of birds' eggs. My brother sent some eggs to Alice Paine. I hope she will receive them safely.

We have two cats; one of them is fifteen years old; he is a pure Maltese, with the exception of a few white hairs under his chin. We have a little gray squirrel too, and he is so tame that when my brother opens the door of his cage he will jump out and run all over him.

I should like to know if English sparrows build in trees as robins do.

DAISY R.

English sparrows build in little houses, if kind hands provide them, otherwise they seek out any cozy corner wherever there is a shelf upon which to lodge their nest. They never build in trees. You will find an article about them in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 14.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI.

I wish to tell Rebecca H. that I tried her recipe for candy, and found it just splendid. I will

send Puss Hunter's club a recipe for butter-scotch, and I hope Rebecca H. will also try it, and like it as well as I did hers. I wish she would let me know if she thinks it is good. Here is the recipe: Three table-spoonfuls of molasses, two of sugar, two of water, one of butter; add a pinch of soda before pouring out to cool.

KITTIE G.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Here is a recipe for apple-cake for Puss Hunter. Take one pint bowl of apples, pare, core, and chop them; then add three cups of cold water, one cup of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter. Bake about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

L. GRACE P.

Is this mixture intended as a filling for pie-crust, or as apple jam? In writing out recipes, our young housekeepers must be very careful to omit nothing, and to explain all details, as a slight error may ruin a delicious dish.

HARTFORD, OHIO.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I wish it would come every day.

Here is a recipe for Puss Hunter. I call it maple candy. One and a half cups of maple syrup, and one-fourth of a cup of vinegar. When I think it is done, I pour it into a buttered dish to cool. Then I pull it till it becomes white. I tried R. C. W.'s recipe for candy, and I think it is very nice. I would like to be a member of the cooking club.

We have two pet bird dogs, two robins, and a canary, and I have about seventy-five little chickens.

MAUD K.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I like it very much.

I have a mocking-bird that is only five weeks old, and I have to feed it.

Here is a recipe for ginger cookies for the cooking club: One cup of lard; one cup New Orleans molasses; one cup New Orleans sugar; two eggs; two-thirds of a cup of boiling-hot water poured over a heaping tea-spoonful of soda, and a little salt. Ginger to taste.

ABBIE R.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My sister and I tried Fanny S.'s recipe for caramels. The candy was very nice. Here is a recipe for Shrewsbury cake for the cooking club: One cup of butter; three cups of sugar; one and one-half pints of flour; three eggs; one tea-spoonful of royal baking powder; one cup of milk; one tea-spoonful of royal extract of rose. Rub the butter and sugar to a smooth white cream; add the eggs one at a time, beating five minutes between each; then add the flour, well sifted, with the powder and the extract. Add the milk last, and heat until the batter is light and thoroughly mixed. Bake in well-greased cake moulds about forty minutes in a quick oven.

FLORENCE MCC.

FRANK F. R. sends a recipe for caramels to the cooking club, which is the same as the one from Fanny S. in Post-office Box No. 31, with the addition of three table-spoonfuls of flour.

RYE, NEW YORK.

We have about fifty pigeons, and a whole flock of hens, chickens, turkeys, and guinea-fowls. I have a flower garden, and some lovely rose-bushes. I wish some correspondent could tell me how to kill the rose-bugs, and how to tame my pigeons. I am nine years old.

ANNA S.

We moved up in the country the 1st of April. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the story of "The Moral Pirates," and the Post-office Box.

I have a little Shetland pony. I called her Bessy. She is less than four feet high. She likes to eat corn.

What can I feed my turtles on?

I am collecting postage stamps, and would like to exchange.

MALCOLM STUART,
Rye, Westchester

County, New York.

If you will read former numbers of the Post-office Box, you will find full directions for feeding turtles.

If all the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE like to read it as well as I do, they like it well enough to take it forever. Nearly all of the correspondents write about their pets, but I have not one, except my little baby brother, who is nicer to me than all the pets in the world. We have a few roses in bloom, but they are almost all faded now.

If John H. B., of Greensburg, Kentucky, can spare any of his flint arrow-heads, I would be very thankful for one or two, because I never saw but one in my life. I am fourteen years old.

WINIFRED J. YORK,
Fort Scott, Bourbon

County, Kansas.

I have been making a collection of birds' eggs for about two months, and I have forty-seven different kinds. If any one living in the far West or South would exchange eggs with me, I would be much pleased.

WALLACE ROSS,
Lock Box 97, Rutland,

Vermont.

I am making a collection of birds' eggs, and if any correspondent will send me some plainly marked, I will send some in return. I am also collecting postmarks, and if any one is doing the same, I would be happy to exchange.

JAMES A. SNEDEKER,
60 Asylum Street, New

Haven, Connecticut.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with Sidney St. W. if he will send me his full name, and a list of what stamps he would like. I live at No 26 West Nineteenth Street, New York city, but during the summer my address is,

JOHN RICE BLAKE,
Old Cliff House,

Newport, Rhode Island.

I am making a collection of pens. I have seventy-seven different kinds, and if any little boys or girls have any strange or rare specimens of pens they do not wish to keep, I wish they would kindly send them to me.

R. COMFORT, Franklin
near 169th Street, New

Avenue,

York City.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is a real nice paper for girls and boys. Whenever it comes I always read all the letters in the Post-office Box, and I thought I would write too, and tell you about our pet colt. It follows papa all round, and once it went after him clear up in town, and into a store. When it was born its mother died, so papa has to raise it the best way he can. One time he let it run round for a little exercise, and when he wanted to put it in the stable, the colt put its fore-feet on the gate and tried to jump over, but its hind-foot caught, and it turned a comical somersault in the air.

I would like to exchange pressed leaves with any of the correspondents of Our Post-office Box.

WILLIE HUGHES,
P. O. Box 301,

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am always very glad when my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes.

I have a little dog named Pompey, and he is a very cunning little dog. I have had him ever since he was a little puppy. We have splendid races over the lawn together. Some time I will tell you more about him. I am nine years old. From your affectionate little reader,

BLANCHE T.

H. SUTHERLAND.—The engraving of "A Little Miser," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 33, is after an oil-painting by Adrien Marie, a French artist.

I. O.—There is a very good swimming school at the Battery, New York city.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, NEW JERSEY.

I was interested in the article about the "New York Prison-Ships," and I think that many of the correspondents who live far away would be interested to know what has been done in New York in commemoration of the Old Sugar-house Revolutionary martyrs. Not long ago I was walking past Trinity Church yard with my father, when the largest and most beautiful monument attracted my attention, and I asked papa to take me in the church-yard to see it. When I got close to it I saw that it was a massive structure with Gothic openings. It is fully sixty-feet high and twenty feet square, with fine carvings, and of beautiful workmanship. On one side is an inscription stating that the monument was erected in memory of the patriots who suffered as prisoners and died in the Old Sugar-House. It was paid for by private subscription. If any correspondents from a distance visit New York, they will be interested to see this monument in Trinity Church yard, for the sake of the noble heroes to whose memory it was erected.

EDDIE A. L.

Correspondents will also be interested to know that the ashes of the prison-ship martyrs now rest in a handsome tomb built in the hill-side of Fort Greene, Brooklyn—a pretty grassy spot, now known as Washington Park. As these brave men died, they were taken ashore and buried in the swampy land forming the shore of Wallabout Bay. There they lay until 1808, when they were removed to a vault near the Brooklyn Navy-yard. In time this vault became very much dilapidated, and was almost forgotten, until in 1855 the question of removing the remains to a more suitable resting-place began to be agitated by the citizens of Brooklyn. Nothing, however, was done for some years, when finally the Legislature of New York appropriated a sum for the building of the tomb on Fort Greene, to which place the coffins were removed in the spring of 1873.

[Pg 535]

ISABELLA S. R.—In preparing ferns for skeleton-leaf bouquets it is not necessary to place them in the macerating bowl before bleaching, as the texture of the fern is so delicate as to be ruined by maceration. Before bleaching, the fern should be pressed, and as it becomes dry and brittle, more care is required in the bleaching process than for skeleton leaves. Hang your sprays in the jar, and fill gently with warm water. Then pour in the bleaching solution in the proportion of half a tea-cupful to a pint of water. Allow the jar, which must be covered tightly, to stand in a warm place about twenty-four hours. The liquid should then be renewed. It will take several days for the ferns to begin to whiten. They must then be watched carefully, and each spray removed as soon as it attains the required whiteness. The spray must then be washed carefully in a basin of clean warm water, and floated on to a sheet of paper, after the manner followed in pressing sea-weeds. It should then be kept under pressure away from the air until you are ready to make your bouquet, as otherwise it has a tendency to curl. Do not be discouraged if you fail in your first attempts, as much experience is needed to render the bleaching of ferns a success.

W. D. V.—In the outer wall of St. Mark's Church, Stuyvesant Street, New York, is the original tablet from the tomb of Peter Stuyvesant, who was buried in the family vault within the old church which formerly stood on the site of the present edifice. On this tablet is inscribed the fact that Petrus Stuyvesant died in August, 1682, aged eighty years.

JASPER B.—The insect called the death-watch is a small beetle that perforates the small round holes often seen in old furniture or in the panelling of old houses. If one of these beetles be concealed in a panel, it will reveal itself by ticking in answer to any gentle tapping on the wood-work.

Favors are acknowledged from F. K. Reasoner, Eva and Ella, Carter Colquitt, Harry B. McGraw, Johnny R. Glen, Mabel Lowell, Julian Gresham, Alma Hoffman, Claire B., Mantie Miller, Millie Etta Martin.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Cora Frost, Graham B., Beryl Abbott, Charles F. Crane, Harry Starr Kealhofer, George W. Raymond, Marion E. Norcross, Eddie S. Hequembourg, Dora Williams, Albert E. Seibert, George Volckhausen, Eddie A. Leet.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DECAPITATION.

My whole is a fish, but if you behead
An exclamation will be left instead.
Behead again, and you will behold
A craft that was famous in days of old.

A. H. E.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in odor, but not in scent.
My second is in strike, but not in dent.
My third is in man, but not in boy.
My fourth is in modest, but not in coy.
My fifth is in cover, but not in lid.
My sixth is in done, but not in did.
My seventh is in sound, but not in ring.
My whole is a sparkling, beautiful thing.

C. H. C.

No. 3.

WORD SQUARE.

First, to rush. Second, a surface. Third, to close. Fourth, a glory.

W. A.

No. 4.

DIAMOND.

In crystal. An animal. To delay. To attempt. In crystal.

H. S. P.

No. 5.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

An English town celebrated for its naval arsenal. An Italian maritime city. A Spanish sea-port. A city of Prussia celebrated for its royal gardens. A volcano in San Salvador. A Scottish sea-port. A South American republic. Answer—Two seas lying east of Europe.

C. P. T.

No. 6.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 4, 13, 9, 5 is contemptible.
My 10, 8, 7 is an animal.
My 15, 3, 14 is to strike.
My 12, 5, 9, 14 is what plumbers do to my 11, 1, 2, 10, 5, 6.
My whole was a distinguished author.

A. S. W. (10 years).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

No. 1.

A
A S P
A S T E R
P E A
R

No. 2.

Madison.

No. 3.

G R A I N
R O N D O
A N G E R
I D E A S
N O R S E

No. 4.

1. Fashionable. 2. Machinator. 3. Eliminated. 4. Inheritance. 5. Stenography. 6. Faithfulness.

No. 5.

W illia M
Y edd O
O nio N
M oun T
I ow A
N apki N
G il A

Wyoming, Montana.

No. 6.

Walter Scott.

A Latin Word Square, on page 488:

O M E N
M A R E
E R A M
N E M O

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OUR LOUIE.

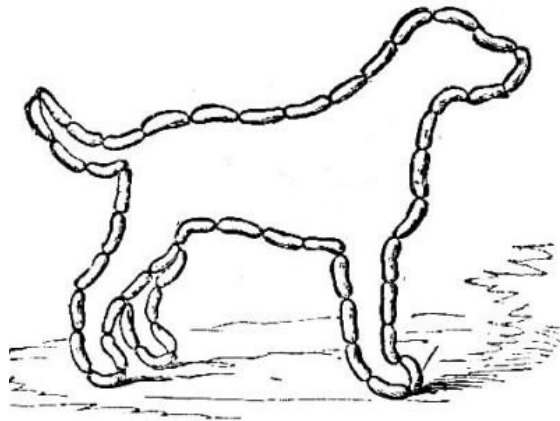
BY M. D. BRINE.

What in the world is our Louie about?
Studying her lessons, I haven't a doubt;
Filling her brain with useful lore,
Thinking and reading o'er and o'er
Ancient history—many a story

Of battle and conquest and warlike glory;
Or maybe 'tis only a difficult rule
Which has followed our student home from school.

Wise little maiden with golden hair,
Brown-eyed, winsome, loving, and fair!
Not even the sunbeams so merry and gay
Can tempt the young scholar from lessons away.
Not even *our* presence she seems to heed—
An industrious girl is our Louie, indeed.
I'll venture to say such a wonderful lass
Is sure to be always "up head" in her class.

I'll frankly acknowledge I'd like to see
What a lesson so truly absorbing can be;
Over her shoulder I'll take one look,
And—dear me, children, what kind of a book
Do you think she is studying? History?—no.
Much as it grieves me to tell you so,
Little cares she for its ancient glory,
For Louie is deep in—a *fairy story*!



**SOLUTION OF THE MISSING-LINK PUZZLE
IN YOUNG PEOPLE No. 34.**

The Catacombs of Paris.—The vast catacombs by which a large portion of the city of Paris is undermined were only known by popular tradition until the year 1774, when some alarming accidents aroused the attention of the government. The old quarries were then surveyed, and plans of them taken, and the result was the frightful discovery that the churches, palaces, and most of the southern parts of Paris were undermined, and in great danger of sinking into the pit below them. A special commission was appointed, and on the very day it met, a house in one of the streets sunk ninety-one feet below the level of its courtyard. The pillars which had been left by the quarry-men, in their blind operations, without any regularity, were in many places too weak for the enormous weight above, and in most places had themselves been undermined, or perhaps originally stood upon ground which had previously been hollowed. The aqueduct of Arcueil passed over this treacherous ground; it had already suffered some shocks, and if the quarries had continued to be neglected, an accident must sooner or later have happened to this water-course, which would have cut off its supply from the fountains of Paris, and have filled the excavations with water. Repairs were forthwith commenced, and promptly completed, and a portion of the old quarries was devoted to receive the bones of the dead. This took place in April, 1786; the remains of the dead were removed at night in funeral cars, covered with a pall, and followed by priests chanting the service for the dead. When they reached the catacombs, the bones were shot down a well, and the rattling and echoing which they made in their fall were as impressive as any sound ever heard by human ears. Thus the limestone quarries that had supplied the materials for building the superb monuments, palaces, and houses of Paris became huge charnel-houses, which they now remain! Calculations differ as to the number of bones collected in the catacombs, but it is certain that they contain the remains of at least *three millions* of human beings!



RETRIBUTION—A WARNING TO STONE-THROWING BOYS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JULY 13, 1880 ***

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