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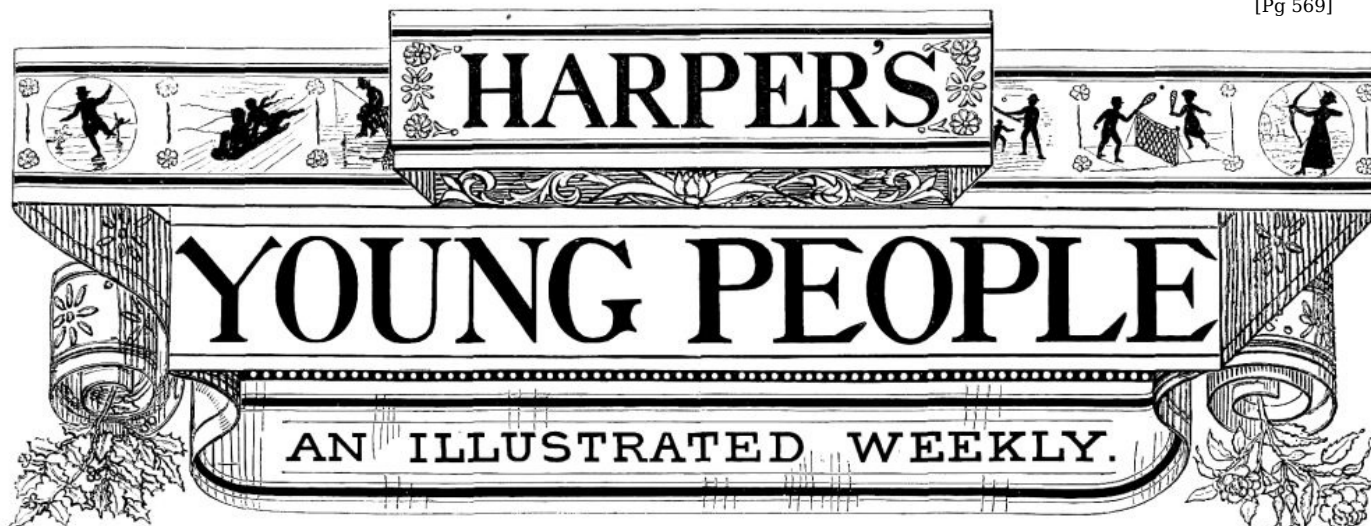
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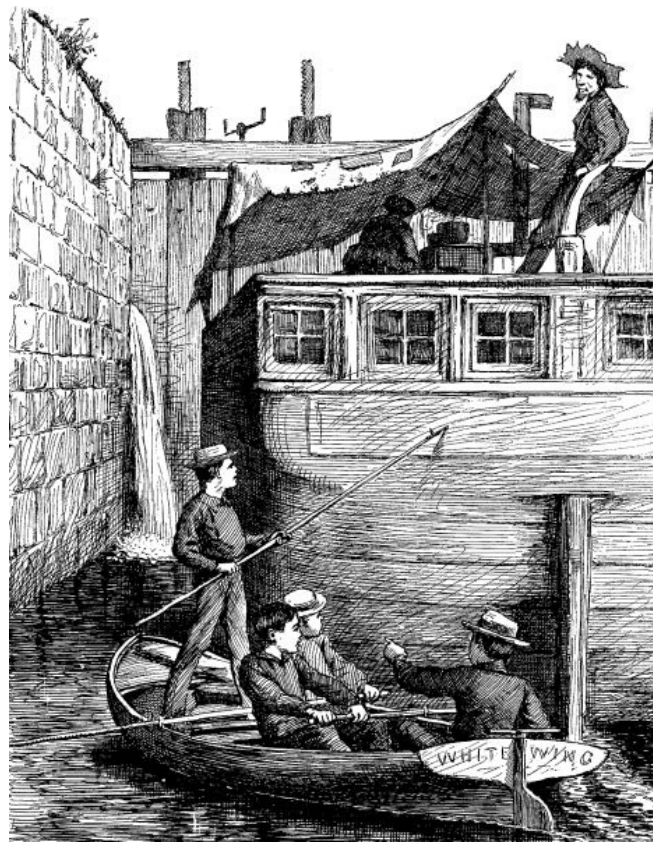
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GOING THROUGH THE LOCK.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

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

## THE MORAL PIRATES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

### CHAPTER X.

The policeman did not return, and the boys slept until an hour after sunrise. They then rowed down the river to the steamboat landing, where they left their boat in charge of a boatman, and went to a hotel for breakfast. The waiters were rather astonished at the tremendous appetites displayed by the four sunburned boys, and there is no doubt that the landlord lost money that morning. After breakfast, Harry went to the express office, where he found a large water-proof India rubber bag, which the Department had sent in answer to his letter. At the post-office were letters from home for all the boys, and a postal order for ten dollars from Uncle John for the use of the expedition. Harry had no idea that this money would be needed, but it subsequently proved to be very useful.

Quite a quantity of stores were bought at Albany, for the voyage up the Hudson had lasted longer than any one had supposed it would, and the provisions were getting low. No unnecessary time was spent in buying these stores, for a fair wind was blowing, and all the boys were anxious to take advantage of it. By ten o'clock they were again afloat, and soon after noon they reached Troy, and entered the canal.

The canal basin was crowded with canal-boats, and to avoid accidents the *Whitewing's* mast was taken down, and the oars were got out. Harry knew that, in order to pass through the locks, it would be necessary to pay toll, and to procure an order from the canal authorities directing the lock-men to permit the *Whitewing* to pass. The canal boatmen, of whom he made inquiries, told him where to find the office, which was some little distance up the canal. When the office was reached, an officer came and inspected the boat, asked a great many questions about the cruise up the Hudson, and seemed to be very much interested in the expedition. He told the boys that the water was low in the Champlain Canal, and that the lock-men might not be willing to open the locks for so small a boat; but that they could avoid all dispute by entering the locks at the same time with some one of the many canal-boats that were on their way north. He charged the *Whitewing* the enormous sum of twenty-five cents for tolls, and gave Harry an important-looking order, by which the lock-men were directed to allow the skiff *Whitewing*, Captain Harry Wilson, to pass through all the locks on the canal.

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Thanking the pleasant officer, the boys pushed off. After they had passed the place where the Champlain Canal branches off from the Erie Canal, they were no longer troubled by a crowd of canal-boats, and were able to set the sail again. Unluckily, the mast was just a little too high to pass under the bridges, and at the first bridge which they met they narrowly escaped a capsizing—Jim succeeding in getting the mast down only just in time to save it from striking the bridge. They had hardly set sail again when another bridge came in sight, and they could see just beyond it a third bridge. It would never do to stop at every bridge and unship the mast, so Harry went on shore, borrowed a saw from a cooper's shop, and sawed six inches off from the top of the mast, after which the bridges gave them no more trouble.

The boys were very much interested in passing the first lock. They slipped into the lock behind a big canal-boat, which left just room enough between its rudder and the gate for the *Whitewing*. When the lock-men shut the gate behind the boat, and opened the sluices in the upper gate, the water rose slowly and steadily. The sides of the lock were so steep and black that the boys felt very much as if they were at the bottom of a

well; but it was not many minutes before the water had risen so high that the upper gates were opened, and the big canal-boat and its little follower were released.

Passing through a lock in a small boat, and in company with a canal-boat, is not a perfectly safe thing to do, for if the ropes which fasten the canal-boat should break—which they sometimes do—the water rushing in through the sluices would force the canal-boat against the lower gate, and crush the small boat like an egg-shell. It is therefore best always to pass through a lock alone, or in company with other small boats. The danger, however, is in reality very slight, and very few accidents occur in canal locks.

The wind died away before sunset; and the boys having had only a light lunch, which they ate on the boat, were glad to go ashore for supper. They bought some corn from a farmer, and roasted it before the fire, while some nice slices of ham were frying, and the coffee-pot was boiling, and so prepared a supper which they greatly enjoyed. The moon came up before they had finished the meal, and they felt strongly tempted to make another attempt at night-work.

"I'll tell you what we can do," exclaimed Harry. "Instead of rowing, let's tow the boat. One fellow can tow while another steers, and the rest can sleep in the boat."

"All right," said Joe. "I'm willing to be a mule. Only I'd like to know where my harness is coming from."

"We've got rope enough for that," replied Harry. "I'll take the first turn, and tow for an hour, while Joe steers; then I'll steer for an hour, while Joe tows. Then the other watch will take charge of the boat for two hours, and Joe and I will sleep."

"If I'm to sleep on the bottom of that boat," said Joe, "I want some nice sharp stones to sleep on. I'm tired of sleeping on coffee-pots, and want a change."

A long tow-line was soon rigged on Harry's shoulders in such a way that it did not chafe him; a space in the bottom of the boat was cleared of coffee-pots and other uncomfortable articles, and a pair of blankets was spread on the bottom board, so as to make a comfortable bed, which Tom and Jim hastened to occupy. Joe took the yoke-lines in his hand, and called to Harry to go ahead. When Harry first tugged at the tow-line, the boat seemed very heavy; but as soon as she was in motion, Harry found that he could tow her as fast as he could walk, and without any difficulty.

Had the locks been open and the canal-boats been out of the way, the experiment of towing the *Whitewing* at night would have been very successful. As it happened, the locks were kept closed during the night, because the water was low; and the canal-boats, not being able to pass the locks, were moored to the tow-path. These boats gave Harry and Joe a great deal of trouble. When one of them was met, Harry had to unharness himself and toss the rope into the boat, and Joe had to get out an oar and scull around the obstacle. This happened so often that Tom and Jim got very little sleep; and long before it was time for them to resume duty, a lock was reached, and Harry had to call all hands to drag the boat around it.

This was a hard piece of work. First, all the heavy things had to be taken out of the boat and carried around the lock. Then the boat had to be dragged out of the canal on to the tow-path, hauled up a steep ascent, and launched above the upper gate. It took a good half-hour to pass the first of these closed locks, and when the boat was again ready to start, it was time to change the watch.

Tom and Jim had managed to get only a few minutes' sleep, but Harry and Joe could not sleep a single wink. They had not "turned in" for more than ten minutes when another lock was reached. This involved a second half-hour of hard work by all hands, and twenty minutes later three more locks close together blocked the way. It was foolish to persevere in dragging the boat around locks all night long; so, after getting her out of the canal on the side opposite to the tow-path, the boys dragged her behind some bushes, where the canal boatmen could not see her at daylight. They then spread their rubber blankets on the ground, and prepared to sleep through the remaining four or five hours of darkness.

"Boys," said Joe, suddenly, "does it hurt a fat woman to jump on her?"

"Don't know," answered Harry. "What do you ask for?"

"Oh, nothing," said Joe. "Only when I was jumping from one canal-boat to another while I was a mule, I landed awfully heavy on a fat woman who was sleeping on deck."

"What did she do?" asked Harry.

"She didn't do anything. She just muttered something that I could not understand, and I got away as quickly as possible."

"Well, if she likes it, that's her business, not yours," suggested Harry. "Go to sleep, do!"

"I am going to sleep; but I don't think we ought to spend our nights in getting run down by steamboats and jumping on strange fat women. I'm sure it isn't right. There, you needn't throw any more shoes at me. I won't say another word."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## SOME TRUE STORIES ABOUT STEEPLES.

BY C. F. M.

A great many years ago a hurricane occurred in Utica, New York. Just as it began it was noticed that a heavy swing sign in front of a store was held out in a horizontal position for some time.

Before long the force of the wind increased to such a degree that several houses on Genesee Street Hill were unroofed, and the spire of the Second Presbyterian Church was thrown to the ground.

After the storm was over it was discovered that the rod holding the weather-vane on the top of the tall

steeple of the First Presbyterian Church was bent so that it became nearly horizontal. It was unsightly; but how to repair the injury was the question. It would be no easy task, as there was a large ball, or globe, on the rod below the vane. After a while a sailor offered his services. He ascended the steeple, and climbed the rod until he came just beneath the globe. Then he threw a rope out a good many times, until, after a while, the end looped around over the rod, above the globe, long enough to reach to him. Twisting the rope together, he let go of the iron rod, and trusting himself to the rope, swung out free. By climbing it he now managed to get on the top of the globe. Standing there, he succeeded in straightening the rod that held the weather-vane.

Now how was he to get down? Again trusting to the rope that was fastened to the rod above the globe, he swung free at a great height from the earth; then lowering himself, and swinging back and forth, he managed to grasp the rod beneath the globe, and soon reaching the spire, descended.

The steeple of Salisbury Cathedral is the highest in England, and next to that of Strasbourg Cathedral, the highest in Europe. Every year a man climbs to the top to grease the weather-vane. This is done by ascending the inside as far as possible, and then going out of a manhole and climbing the rest of the way by means of the brass staples fastened on the outer wall.

Once on a festal occasion, when the King was present, a reward was offered, as usual, to any person who would ascend and attend to the weather-vane. A sailor agreed to do it, and ascended in the way I have told you, until he came to the copestone, when, to show what he could do, he stood on his head. Then performing the task he was sent to do, that of greasing the vane, he descended, and claimed his reward. But the King was so exasperated at the sailor for needlessly frightening the people by standing on his head at such a great height, that he would not allow him to be paid.

A long time ago, in the town of Northam, England, the steeple of the church was found to be unsteady. It swayed back and forth whenever the great bell struck, and continued to sway thus, until, as it leaned over on one side, it opened large cracks on the opposite.

It was not long before the boys of the town found this out, and the bright idea entered the head of one of them, and was by him told to the others, that it would be a capital place to crack nuts. So, boy-like, they had to try it, and standing at the base of the spire, would fill the cracks as far as they could reach with good English walnuts, and then stand back for the steeple to return to an upright position, cracking the nuts. As the great clock in the tower struck, the jar caused the spire to lean in the opposite direction. The boys now got their nuts, and then put in more, that the operation might be repeated, for they considered it rare sport.

But in the course of time the people of the town who had such matters in charge decided that the steeple was unsafe, and strengthened it with bands of iron; but this not proving satisfactory, after a while each stone was numbered, and the steeple taken down and rebuilt in the old style. And from that day to this, to the regret of the boys, it has never been known to crack nuts.

During a great fire in New York, a few years ago, one of the buildings destroyed was a church having a very tall steeple. The flames ran up inside this steeple, and, bursting out at the top, melted the zinc and copper about the lightning rod, so that they fell in showers of green, gold, and crimson fire, producing a spectacle of most wondrous beauty.

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## FLOWER QUEENS OF NIGHT.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"Pretty, fragrant four-o'clocks,"  
Said the rose one day,  
"Pity 'tis your buds unfold  
Into blossoms gay  
When the west begins to burn  
With the sunset light—  
Sweetness wondrous rare to waste  
On the drowsy night.

"Other blooms have birds to sing,  
Bees to hum, their praise,  
Butterflies to visit them  
Through the summer days.  
Bee but seldom hums for you,  
Bird but seldom sings,  
Butterfly is ne'er your guest,  
Pretty, fragrant things."

"Lovely, graceful, crimson rose,"  
Said the modest flowers,  
"Though the sun we scarcely know,  
Happiness is ours.  
Moon we have, and sparkling stars  
(Each a heavenly gem),  
And their light so gentle is,  
We can look at them.

"And the flashing fire-flies  
Round us gleam and glance,  
Like a countless host of fays  
In an airy dance.  
And the moth king, velvet-winged,

Dainty kiss bestows,  
As he whispers, 'You are sweet,  
Sweet as any rose.'

"Grieve no more for us, dear friend;  
Thrice content we are,  
Loved by moth and fire-fly,  
Dew-drop, moon, and star.  
And while you o'er garden reign  
In the bright daylight,  
We are hailed by wand'ring winds,  
Flower queens of night."

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## OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

No. III.

### ISAAC BRADLEY AND JOSEPH WHITTAKER.

Twelve miles from the sea, on the bank of the Merrimac River, is the busy town of Haverhill. It was a small settlement in 1690. There was a cluster of houses and a meeting-house. The country beyond, all the way to Canada, was a wilderness. The Indians came down the river in their bark canoes, carrying them past the falls where the city of Lowell now stands, past Amoskeag Falls, where the Manchester factories to-day are humming. They caught beaver, bear, and foxes, and sold the furs to the traders.

The Indians were under the influence of the French, and when war broke out between France and England for the restoration of James II. to the throne from which he had fled, the settlers of Haverhill, in common with the people all along the frontier, knew that the Indians, influenced by the French in Canada, might be upon them at any moment.

The settlers had their guns ever at hand. If at work in the field, they placed them where they could seize them quickly. When they went to bed at night, they put a stout bar of wood across the door, and examined the flints and the priming. On Sunday, when they went to meeting, each man carried his gun, and the minister looked down from the pulpit upon men who had powder-horns and bullet-pouches slung across their shoulders, and whose muskets were standing in the corners of their pews. Some of the settlers kept watch outside while the others were in meeting. They went on scouts through the dark woods, peering among the trees to see if the Indians were prowling in the vicinity.

The settlers were obliged to work hard. While the men were at work in the fields, the women were spinning and weaving. Boys and girls had little time for play. There was always something for them to do. When a boy was sixteen years old, he was expected to do the work of a man. They all learned to shoot, and some of them, when they were only twelve, could bring down a squirrel from the highest tree every time, or shoot a deer upon the run.

Two boys—Isaac Bradley, who was fifteen years old, and Joseph Whittaker, who was eleven—were at work one day in Mr. Bradley's field, when suddenly a party of Indians sprang out from the woods and seized them. Isaac was small, but he was bright, cool-headed, and brave-hearted. Joseph, though four years younger, was as large as Isaac, but he was not so stout-hearted nor self-reliant as his companion.

The Indians were from Canada. They did not stop to kill any of the settlers, but hastened away, travelling through the dark woods northward to the beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee, where they remained through the winter. The lake swarmed with trout and pickerel, which they could catch through the ice, and the woods were full of bears and deer.

Isaac made himself at home in the wigwam, and picked up the language of the Indians in a very short time. The squaws made him do their drudgery; but the warriors liked him, and the Indian dogs wagged their tails when he looked at them out of his kindly eyes.

Winter passed and April came.

"We go to Canada now," said one of the Indians.

Isaac had no intention of going to Canada. Day after day he thought over the matter. He knew that the English settlements were far away to the south, but there was no path to them. He had no compass. How could he ever reach them? He would be guided by the sun by day, and the stars by night. He would make the attempt. He might perish, but death was better than captivity.

"I am going to try it to-morrow night, but I am afraid you won't wake," he said to Joseph, who always slept soundly, and snored in his sleep.

"Oh yes, I will," Joseph replied.



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EARLY SETTLERS GOING TO MEETING.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

The Indians had killed a moose, and Isaac had managed to hide a large piece of meat in the bushes near the camp. He filled his pockets with their corn-bread. Night came. All were asleep except Isaac, who was so excited by the thought of escaping that his eyes would not close. Every sense was quickened. He arose softly and touched Joseph, who was sound asleep. He did not stir, and Isaac shook him harder.

"What do you want?" Joseph asked.

In an instant Isaac was stretched out, snoring; but the Indians did not wake, and after a little while the boys arose softly, and crept out of the wigwam, Isaac with an Indian's gun and powder and balls. They made their way to the meat, took it under their arms, and started upon the run, guided on their way by the stars. On through the wilderness, amid the tall trees, over fallen trunks, over stones, through thickets and tangled brushwood, they travelled till morning, and then crept into a hollow log.

Great the consternation in the camp of the Indians. Their captives gone! a gun lost! At daybreak the Indians, with their dogs, were on the trail, and in swift pursuit.

The boys heard the barking of the dogs, which soon came sniffing around the log. What shall they do now? Isaac is quick-witted.

"Good fellow, Bose! good fellow! here is some breakfast for you;" and he tosses the moose meat to them. The dogs know his voice, devour the meat, and are as happy as dogs can be. The boys are their friends. They cease barking, and trot around, with no further concern.

The Indians come up on the run. The boys hear their voices, as they hasten by, followed by their dogs.

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**ISAAC BRADLEY CARRYING  
JOSEPH INTO THE  
SETTLEMENT.**

Through the day they lie hidden in the log, and when night comes, strike out in a different direction from that taken by the Indians. All night long they travel, nibbling at their hard corn-bread. Morning comes, and again they conceal themselves. Once more at night they are on the march. On the third day Isaac shoots a pigeon, but does not dare to kindle a fire, and they eat it raw. They find a turtle, smash its shell, and eat the meat. On, day after day, they travel, eating roots, and buds of the trees just ready to burst into leaf. The sixth day comes, and they suddenly find themselves close to an Indian camp. They peep through the underbrush, and see the warriors sitting around their camp fire smoking their pipes. They steal softly away, and then run as fast as their legs can carry them. The morning of the eighth day comes. Joseph's strength is failing; his courage is gone; he cries bitterly. They are in the wilderness, they know not where, with nothing to eat, their clothes in rags, their feet bleeding.

"Cheer up, Joseph; here are some ground-nuts. Here, drink some water," says Isaac.

No brave words, no act of kindness, can quicken the courage of the fainting boy. What shall Isaac do—stay and die with him, or try to find his own way out? Sad the parting, the younger lying down to die upon a mossy bank, the older turning away alone, lost in the wilderness.

With faltering steps, Isaac pushes on, and discerns a house. No one is there, but he knows there must be white men not far away. With quickened pulse, he turns back to the dying boy, awakens him from sleep, rubs his eyes, bathes his temples, cheers him with encouraging

words.

"Come, Joseph, we are saved. There is a house close by."

Joseph's eyes brighten. He stands upon his feet, walks a few steps, and falls. Isaac is stronger than ever. He lifts his fainting comrade, takes him in his arms, staggers on, reaches the empty and desolate house, and discovers a beaten path leading southward. He goes on, resting now and then, but ever speaking words of cheer.

At last they see before them a placid river, and beside it a cluster of houses. They know that in a few moments they will be once more among friends, and brave Isaac Bradley is almost overcome with the joy of this knowledge.

What a sight is that which the soldier on the look-out at the garrison-house on the bank of the Saco beholds, just as the sun is going down—two boys, one carrying the other!

Saved. They are kindly cared for by the soldiers, their wounds are dressed, nourishing food is given them, once more they are clothed in the garments of civilized beings, and there are moist eyes in the garrison as they tell their thrilling story. And what rejoicing when at last they reach their homes!

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## **TOM CHESTER'S SILVER MINE.**

**BY A. A. HAYES, JUN.**

Tom Chester's father lives in a pleasant town in New England, and Tom himself grew up like other boys in that part of the country. In winter he went to the village school, in an old red building with a great stove in one corner, and on his way home "coasted" down the long hill at the foot of which he lived. In summer he helped the hay-makers, and rode on the high-piled cart, and went on picnics to Blue Mountain, and bathed in the clear brook under the willows. He grew to be stout, hardy, and red-cheeked, very unlike his father, who pored over his books, and took no exercise, and grew paler and thinner each year.

One day, as Tom was sitting on the door-step making a whistle out of a slip of willow, he saw old Dr. W—

drive up in his old-fashioned "sulky," tie his horse to a post, and go to his father's library, bidding him good-morning as he passed. He remained some time with Mr. Chester, and as he came out Tom heard him say,

"Very well, then, we will call that settled. And mind, the sooner you start, the sooner you may expect to find yourself better and stronger."

Mr. Chester, who had followed the doctor to the door, saw the inquiring look on Tom's face, and asked him, with a smile, how he would like to go to Colorado.

"What! to dig for silver?" cried Tom.

"No; to seek for what is more valuable than silver—health," said his father. "Dr. W— says that I must go to the Rocky Mountains, and we shall start in a few days."

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It was dark when the train rolled into Denver, and Tom, even if he had not been tired and sleepy, could have seen nothing of the town as they drove to the hotel. But in the morning, when he woke up and looked out of the windows of his room, which was on the western side of the house, he cried aloud with surprise and delight. All along the horizon rose a great range of mountains, with two lofty peaks towering over the others, one at the north and the other at the south. They seemed so near that Tom thought he could walk to them; but when he had dressed himself and gone down to the office, he asked the clerk how long it would take, and the man looked at him, and said, "I wouldn't advise you to try, you little *tender-foot*."

"My feet are *not* tender," replied Tom, sharply.

The people in the room all laughed, and a miner in a blue flannel shirt patted Tom on the back, and said, "That's right, my boy. You remind me of a kid of my own up at Fairplay. The fellow's only chaffing you. When any one's been just a little while in the country, they always call him a 'tender-foot.' You mustn't mind that."

Then he went on to explain to Tom that the foot-hills which looked so near were at least fifteen or twenty miles away. Then he told him about the mining towns, or "camps," as they are called, and how the men who look for mines, called "prospectors," search through the mountains, seeking signs of silver ore; and that when they find them, they put stakes in the ground to mark the "claims" which the law allows, or the right to dig in a space 1500 feet one way and 300 the other. Then he described how they dig down in hopes of finding what they call "pay gravel," or ore which contains enough silver to make it worth sending to the works. He mentioned some men whom he knew who had sold "prospect holes," as he called them (or shafts partly sunk, and not yet proved to be good mines), for large sums. Tom was immensely interested in these narrations, and was eagerly listening when his father came in to find him.

"Guess you'd better let me have that boy of yours to make a miner of, Colonel," said this new friend to Mr. Chester. "He's got plenty of *sand*."

Mr. Chester knew that people in the West give titles to almost every one, but it was some time before either he or Tom found out that it was a great compliment to say that any one had "sand," which means, in the rough but very expressive language of the mountains, that one possesses bravery and great strength and force of character.

After seeing all the sights of Denver, Tom and his father took the train one morning for a little town called Golden, near the foot-hills. Here they were transferred to a railroad only three feet wide, and found an open or "observation" car, from which they could see very well. The train entered what is called a cañon, or gorge, down which poured the waters of Clear Creek (which, by-the-way, were not clear at all, but very muddy). It wound up this cañon, the walls of which seemed to come together away over the heads of the passengers. No boy who is fortunate enough to make a journey to Colorado should fail to see this remarkable place. The little engine tugged at the train, and dragged it up the steep cañon, and by the side of the winding stream, until it came to a valley surrounded by high hills, where is the town of Idaho Springs. Here Tom and his father left the train, and walked to a neat-looking hotel, where they took up their quarters. Mr. Chester already felt the benefit of the change of climate, and he wanted to spend much time in excursions to different points. He and Tom went up by the railroad to Georgetown, and drove to Central City, and at both places they saw a great many mines. They went down in buckets, lowered by great ropes, six and seven hundred feet into the shafts, and then sometimes came out by tunnels cut from the sides of the hills. They saw mills in which gold ore was crushed by stamps, or great iron bars falling heavily on it, and works where silver ore was put into hot furnaces—in fact, they saw so many things that Tom became rather bewildered. All the time, however, he found himself thinking about what the miner had told him in Denver, and longing to try his own hand at prospecting. When he told his father, one day, that he would like to go up on the hill-sides or in some of the cañons and look for a mine, the latter at first laughed, and then grew rather serious, and began to talk about the danger of being led away by this desire to be suddenly rich without labor.

"You hear, my boy," he said, "about the one, two, or three men who succeed, but not a word about the hundreds, and even thousands, who make failure after failure, and pass their lives in the misery of 'hope deferred.'"

Tom listened respectfully to his father, but could not make up his mind that it would not be a fine thing to find a silver mine. He began to take walks by himself, and look out for the signs about which various miners had told him. At times he would think that he had found something, and he would bring little pieces of rock to show to a friend whose acquaintance he had made in the little town. This was an old miner named Sam, a rough but very kind-hearted man, who did not laugh at all, but told him pleasantly that he had not yet found any mine.

One day, while walking in a cañon near the hotel, and chipping with a hammer at the broken rock, he saw two poorly dressed men carrying bundles, as if on a journey, who stopped and asked what he was doing. They told him that there was no use in searching in that place, but that they had an excellent prospect hole, already showing "pay gravel," which they had been compelled to abandon on account of pressing engagements elsewhere, and which, although it was worth many thousands, they would sell him for ten dollars. Poor little Tom had just that sum, which his father had given him on his birthday, and to which he

had proposed to add his savings, for the purpose of buying some fishing-tackle. Perhaps his slight "craze" about a mine made him less cautious than usual. At all events, he accepted the men's offer, and promised to meet them that afternoon near a tree which they pointed out.

He was there on the minute, with his ten dollars in his pocket. The men took him up the hill, and showed him a rather deep hole, into which a rough ladder led. Down this they went, and Tom saw some ore of just the kind that his friend Sam had told him he ought to find. Then the men set two stakes in the ground, on which they rudely marked "T. C.," took his money, and walked hastily away. Tom went down to the hotel full of his purchase. His father had gone to Georgetown, but Sam was there, and to him Tom eagerly narrated what he thought his good fortune. Sam heard him without remark, and then put on his hat, and taking pick and shovel, asked Tom to show him the mine. Arriving there, he shovelled up some of the ore which Tom had seen, and disclosed quite a different rock below. On this lay a piece of board, which he handed to Tom, who read thereon,

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"u ar sold bad u yung tender-fut this aint no mine."

For a moment he did not understand; then came a shock of disappointment, and then a sense of indignation, not so much against the men who had deceived him as at himself for his delusion and stupidity.

Sam looked kindly at him. "Pretty rough on you, Tom, wasn't it?" he said. "Why, my boy, this is an old claim of mine, which I gave up long ago as no good. They've just gone and salted it—I mean, put some good ore in to deceive you. So they walked off with your ten dollars, the miserable scamps! Tell me what they looked like."

Tom described them.

"Ho! ho!" said Sam. "I saw those same fellows taking the train for Denver. I'm going down there to-morrow, and the Chief of Police is a friend of mine. Perhaps we'll run across them some day."

As they walked home, he tried to cheer Tom up by telling him stories of clever men who had been served in similar ways; but Tom was sober, not on account of his loss, but because it had come to his mind how foolish he had been from the first. He felt easier when he had told his father the whole story.

The latter laughed heartily, and said, "Well, Tom, my boy, considering how badly you had the mining fever, I do not think that ten dollars was a large price to pay for a cure."

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Some time after Tom had returned to his home he received a letter from Colorado, which proved to be from his friend Sam, reading partly as follows:

"... I am glad to tell you that we caught them two claim-jumpers [men who steal claims]. They'd spent all your stamps, sure enough, and you won't never see them no more; but it's a comfort that they got two years at Cañon City [where the penitentiary is]. Better luck next time. Come out again next summer, and I'll help you find an A1 mine...."

But Tom says that if he ever has any money at all, it will be earned in some good old-fashioned way; that he is not a "tender-foot," and that he does not want any more interest in prospect holes.

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## **WOLF-CHILDREN.**

**BY JAMES GREENWOOD.**

Some years ago a soldier stationed at Bondee, in India, while passing near a small stream, saw three wolf cubs and a boy drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed about ten years old, but who was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes, and bit him severely in several places. The soldier at first tied him up in the military gun shed, and fed him with raw meat; he was afterward allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazar. A lad named Tanoo, servant of a Cashmere merchant then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, and prepared a bed for him under the mango-tree where he himself lodged; here he kept him fastened to a tent-pin.

Up to this time he would eat nothing but raw flesh, but Tanoo gradually taught him to eat balls of rice and pulse. In about six weeks after he had been tied up, and after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright, whereas hitherto he had gone on all fours.

One night, while the boy was lying under the mango-tree, Tanoo saw two wolves creep stealthily toward him, and after smelling him, they touched him, when he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the boy put his hand upon their heads, and they began to play with him, capering about while he pelted them with grass and straw. Tanoo tried to drive them off, but could not. At last, however, they left, but the following night three wolves came, and a few nights after four, which returned several times.

The wolf-boy, however, could not be entirely reconciled to civilized life. In being removed from place to place he never lost an opportunity of endeavoring to escape into the jungle. At last Tanoo was sent away on a short journey, and when he returned, his savage charge had disappeared, and was never again heard of.

The story of another wolf-child is even more wonderful than the above.

In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles from Sultanpoor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, caught him up, and made off with him toward the ravines. People ran to the aid of the parents, but soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey.

About six years afterward, as two sipahees were watching for hogs on the border of the jungle, they saw three wolf cubs and a boy come out from the jungle and go down to the stream to drink; all four then ran to a den in the ravine. The sipahees followed, but the cubs had already entered, and the boy was half way in,



when one of the men caught him by the leg and drew him back. He was very savage, bit at the men, and seizing the barrel of one of their guns in his teeth, shook it fiercely. The sipahees, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly on hares and birds. His captors soon found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazar in the village of Koeleepoor, to be supported by the charitable till he might be recognized and claimed by his parents.

He is unable to speak or to articulate any sound with distinctness. In drinking, he dips his face in the water, but does not lap like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh; and when a bullock dies, and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body in company of the village dogs.

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[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 37, July 13.]

## THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

### CHAPTER IV.

Commodore Preble sailed from the United States for the Mediterranean in the frigate *Constitution* late in the spring of 1803. The ships of the squadron did not sail together. Bainbridge, with the frigate *Philadelphia*, first entered the Strait of Gibraltar, and found a Moorish corsair cruising for American prizes. He captured her and took her to Gibraltar. When Preble arrived he proceeded to Tangiers with the squadron, when the Emperor of Morocco declared that he had never authorized any depredations on American commerce. The affair was amicably settled. Soon afterward the *Philadelphia* chased a corsair into the harbor of Tripoli, and in so doing struck upon a sunken rock. She was fast bound. The Tripolitans captured her, made Bainbridge and his officers prisoners of war, and consigned the crew to slavery.

With Preble was Stephen Decatur, a gallant young Lieutenant, son of a veteran naval commander. He was in charge of the brig *Enterprise*, with which, late in December, he captured a Tripolitan ketch laden with girls which the ruler of Tripoli was sending as a present to the Sultan. The maidens were landed at Syracuse, and the ketch (which was renamed *Intrepid*) was used by Decatur in an attempt to recapture or destroy the *Philadelphia*. With seventy daring young men he sailed into the harbor of Tripoli on a bright moon-lit night (February, 1804), the *Intrepid* assuming the character of a vessel in distress. Most of her officers and men were concealed.

The *Intrepid* went alongside the *Philadelphia*, when Decatur, followed by his men, who sprang from their hiding-places, boarded the frigate, slew many of her defenders and drove the rest into the sea, set her on fire, and escaped with only four men wounded. This daring act produced great commotion in the harbor. The *Philadelphia* was soon in flames; the great guns of the castle and of the corsairs lying near thundered incessantly; and to this roar of artillery was added that of the cannons of the frigate as the flames reached them. The heroes of this exploit were received at Syracuse with demonstrations of great joy, and Decatur was promoted to Captain. The ruler of Tripoli was abashed by this display of American energy and valor.

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DECATUR AND HIS MEN BOARDING THE GUN-BOAT.

The harbor of Tripoli was guarded by batteries mounting more than a hundred heavy guns, by numerous gun-boats and other vessels, by twenty-five thousand soldiers, and a sheltering reef. Undismayed by these, Preble entered the harbor in the summer of 1804, with the *Constitution* and several gun-boats, and opened fire on the formidable defenses. In that engagement Decatur again displayed his valor. He captured one gun-boat, and boarded another, on which he had a fierce hand-to-hand fight with its powerful commander, but triumphed. The Americans withdrew, but renewed the struggle a few days afterward, when a hot shot exploded the magazine of one of the American gun-boats, killing two officers and eight of the crew. When the smoke cleared away, Midshipman Spence and eleven others were seen on the sinking vessel working her great gun. Giving three cheers, and firing it at the enemy, they were picked from the water a few minutes later, for the vessel had gone to the bottom.

In a fourth attack on Tripoli by the gallant Preble a sad accident occurred. It was determined to blow up the cruisers in the harbor by a floating mine or huge torpedo. The *Intrepid* was laden with a hundred barrels of gunpowder, over which were laid shot, shell, and irregular pieces of iron. In charge of Captain Somers, she was towed into the harbor on a very dark night (September 4, 1804), when all eyes were strained to observe the result. Suddenly a fierce and lurid light shot up from the dark bosom of the waters, like a

volcanic fire, and was instantly followed by an explosion that shook earth and air for miles around. Flaming fragments rose and fell, and then all was profound darkness again. Somers and his companions were never heard of. They probably perished by the premature explosion of the mine.

Soon after this, Preble, who had done excellent service in the Mediterranean, was relieved by the arrival of Commodore Barron, prepared to carry on the war with Tripoli vigorously, but it was ended by treaty early the next year.

The ruler of Tunis was yet insolent, but the appearance of an American squadron of thirteen vessels before his capital soon so humbled him that he sued for peace and made a treaty. A small American naval force was kept in the Mediterranean, and for several years the Barbary powers kept their hands off American commerce.

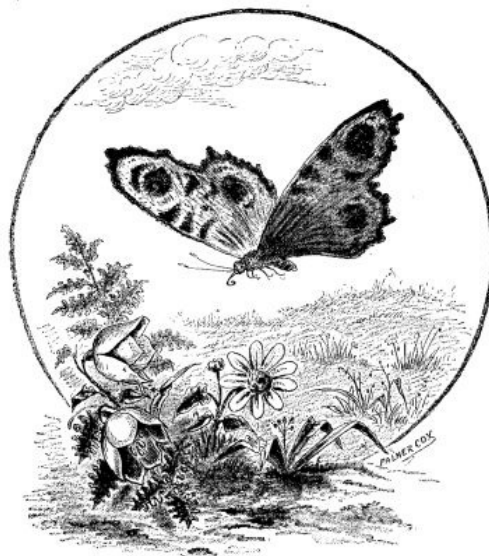
At the close of the war of 1812-15, the Dey of Algiers, believing the British navy had utterly destroyed that of the United States, sent out his corsairs to depredate on our commerce. Determined not to pay tribute or longer endure his insolence, the United States accepted the Dey's challenge to war, and sent Commodore Decatur with a small squadron to humble him. Decatur sailed in May, 1815, and as soon as he entered the Mediterranean he found the Algerine pirate fleet cruising in search of American vessels. In June he captured the flag-ship of the Algerine Admiral and another corsair, with six hundred men. With these he entered the harbor of Algiers, and demanded the instant surrender of all American captives in the hands of the Dey, payment in full for all American property destroyed by his forces, and the relinquishment of all claims to tribute from the United States thereafter. The terrified ruler hastened to comply. Obeying the summons of the Commodore, he appeared on the deck of the *Guerrrière* (the flag-ship), with his civil officers and the captives. Having complied with all demands, the Dey left the vessel in deep humiliation.

Decatur now sailed for Tunis, and demanded and received of its frightened ruler \$46,000, in payment for American vessels which he had allowed the British to capture in his harbor. Then the Commodore went to Tripoli, and summoned the Bashaw, or Governor, before him. He demanded \$25,000 of him for similar injuries. The Tripolitan treasury was empty, and Decatur accepted, in place of cash, eight Danish and two Neapolitan captives held by the Bashaw.

This cruise of a little American squadron in the Mediterranean Sea in the summer of 1815, and its results, gave full security to American commerce in these waters, and greatly exalted the character of the government of the United States in the opinion of European nations. A portion of its navy had accomplished, in the way of humbling the rulers of the Barbary States, and weakening their power for mischief, what the combined governments of Europe had not dared to attempt. Decatur was the most conspicuous hero in the war with the Barbary States.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## WHAT THE BUTTERFLY SAYS.

Through all the sunny summer days  
I wander here and there,  
And hardly ever stop to rest  
A moment anywhere.  
There are so many things to see,  
And time is rather short with me.

I only have a month or two,  
And time soon runs away  
When one is seeing something new,  
Or sporting every day.  
And how the little people try  
To catch me as I flutter by!

But I know what they want me for—  
It's not to use me right;  
It's not to give me sunny fields,

With daisies sprinkled white;  
But just to pin me on the wall  
To show their friends, and that is all.

## THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

BY A. E. T.

Unlike other ships, this one begins by being a very feeble and helpless little craft indeed. For the first week after its launch on the great sea of life it requires much careful watching on the part of the owners.

Strange as it may sound, in very truth a baby camel is every whit as helpless as a human baby. It can not stand alone; without help it can not so much as take its own food even; while its long neck is at first so flexible and fragile, that unless some one were constantly at hand to watch, the poor little creature would run every risk of dislocating it.

Those who have closely observed camel nature tell us it is never known to play or frolic like lambs or colts, or like most young creatures of the earth, in fact; but that in its babyhood it is as grave and melancholy as in its old age, born apparently with a deep sense of its own ugliness, and a mournful resignation to a long and joyless career.

When it has reached its third year the humpbacked animal is counted old enough to begin its life of labor. The trainers then take it in hand. They teach it to kneel and bear burdens, which gradually they make heavier and heavier, until their charge is supposed to have come to the full strength of camel maturity. This is not until it is about eight years old.

If the camel can rise with the load on its back, this is proof positive that he can carry it throughout the journey, although it sometimes happens, if the journey be only a very short one, the patient beast is loaded so heavily that it must be helped on to its feet by means of bars and levers. In some places camels cry out against this excessive loading in a most piteous and distressing manner—the cry resembling that of a very young child in pain, and being a most dismal sound to hear; but in other parts of the world they will bear their burden, however heavy, without complaining.

An ordinary camel's load is from seven to eight hundred pounds. With this weight on their backs, a train of camels will cross thirty miles of desert during a day. Those used to carry dispatches, having only the light weight of the dispatch-bearer, of course are expected to travel much faster, however, and will easily accomplish two hundred and forty miles in the same length of time.

Ungainly, awkward, repulsive-looking as these creatures are, with their great projecting harelips and their hairy humps, they have the compensation of being most priceless treasures to all those who "dwell in tents" in the vast sandy plains of Egypt, Arabia, and Tartary.

Their stomachs are so formed by nature that they are capable of being converted into a set of water tanks, a number of small cells filled with the purest water being fastened to the sides of each, and when all food fails, it makes little difference to a camel or dromedary—at least for a time.

Their humps are composed of a fatty substance. Day by day the hump diminishes, and the fat is absorbed into the animal's system, furnishing nourishment until food is forthcoming.

Thus, with these stores of water and fuel on board, the "ship" can go on for a fortnight, or even a month, absolutely without eating or drinking, while things that other creatures—unless, perhaps, it be some bird of the ostrich tribe—would never dream of touching, will furnish forth a sumptuous meal for a camel. Off a handful of thorns and briers he can make an excellent breakfast, and I believe he will not disdain anything apparently so untempting as a bit of dry wood.

Provided that at certain periods of the year a short holiday is allowed the camel for pasturing, quite at its leisure, to recruit its strength and fill that store-house on its back with fuel, it will serve its master, on such meagre fare as I have mentioned, for full fifty years. Still, all work and no play is as bad for camels as it is for boys.

Even with plenty of fuel on board, the desert-ship owners are wise enough not to impose too long journeys upon their heavily laden fleets.

A camel's foot is of a peculiar formation. It is wide-spreading, and is provided with fleshy pads or cushions; and if after a certain march rest were not given, the skin would wear off these pads, the flesh become bare, bringing consequences direful indeed. Probably the suffering creature would kneel down, fold its long legs under its body, and stretching out its long neck on the ground, calmly announce in camel language that it would go no further. It is no use whatever to try to make a camel go against his will.

If it once refuses, you have but two ways open to you: you may quietly lie down beside it until it is ready to move, or you may abandon it forever. Other course there is none.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the softness of the camel's foot, it can walk over the sharpest stones, or thorns, or roots of trees without the least danger of wounding itself, and that what this strange



THE CAMEL AND HIS RIDER.

beast most dreads is wet and marshy ground.

We read that "the instant it places its feet upon anything like mud, it slips and slides, and generally, after staggering about like a drunken man, falls heavily on its side."

The use of the camel to the various peoples of the East is almost incalculable. Many an Arab finds his chief sustenance in the cheese, butter, and milk of the mother camel. The flesh of young camels is also often eaten.

The Roman Emperor Heliogabalus is said to have reckoned camel's feet one of the daintiest dainties of his sumptuous banquets, and he considered a portion of tender camel roast a thing to be by no means despised. To this day, indeed, camel's hump cut into slices and dissolved in tea is counted a relish by the Tartar tribes.

Camel's skin is made into straps and sandals, while brushes and ropes, cloth and tents, sacks and carpets, are made entirely from camel's hair.

Every year toward the beginning of summer the camel sheds its hair, every bristle of which vanishes before the new hair begins to grow. For three weeks this bare condition lasts. His camelship looks as if he had been shaved without mercy from the tip of his tail to the top of his head, and during this shaven season he is extremely sensitive to the cold or wet, shaking in every limb if a drop of rain falls, shivering painfully in the chilliness of the night air.

By-and-by the new hair begins to grow—fine, soft, curly wool that gradually becomes long, thick, soft fur; and after this, the rain may rain as much as it likes, the night air may be as chilly as it will, the camel will not care a grain. In that armor of nature's providing he will not shiver or shake any more.

The hair of a camel, on an average, will weigh about ten pounds. It is said to be sometimes finer than silk, and longer than the wool of a sheep. In the course of my reading, a short time ago, I met with an account of a camel market in a town of Tartary especially noted for its trade in that species of live stock.

In the centre of Blue Town, it seems, there is a large square, where the animals are ranged in long rows together, their front feet raised upon mud elevations constructed expressly for the purpose, the object of which is to show off the size and height of the ungainly creatures.

The confusion and noise of this market are described as something frightful and "indescribable," with the continual chattering of the buyers and sellers disputing noisily over their bargains, in addition to the wild shrieking of the camels, whose noses are pulled roughly to make them show off their agility in rising and kneeling.

Nature has given the camel, you must remember, no means of defense except its prolonged piercing cry, and a horrible sneeze of its own, whereby the object of its hatred is sometimes covered with a mass of filth from its mouth.

It can not bite its tormentor, and—at least the Tartar camel—seldom kicks, or if it does, as seldom does any harm with that fleshy foot of which I have told you already.

Can you wonder, then, that the air of Blue Town is made hideous with the shrieking of the camels as, to test their strength, they are made to kneel while one thing after another is piled on their backs, and made to rise under each new burden, until they can rise no longer?

"Sometimes while the camel is kneeling a man gets upon its hind-heels, and holds on by the long hair of its hump; if the camel can rise then, it is considered an animal of superior power"—according to the writer above quoted.

"The trade in camels is entirely conducted by proxy; the seller and the buyer never settle the matter between themselves. They select different persons to sell their goods, who propose, discuss, and fix the price, the one looking to the interests of the seller, the other to those of the purchaser. These 'salespeakers' exercise no other trade. They go from market to market, to promote business, as they say. They have generally a great knowledge of cattle, have much fluency of tongue, and are, above all, endowed with a knavery beyond all shame. They dispute by turns furiously and argumentatively as to the merits and defects of the animal, but as soon as it comes to be a question of price, the tongue is laid aside as a medium, and the conversation proceeds altogether in signs."

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## **A LITTLE GIRL'S ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.**

**BY KATIE C. YORKE.**

One beautiful morning we took a carriage and started from Naples on a trip to Mount Vesuvius. We drove along the bay for several miles, and when we reached the foot of the mountain we began to ascend through vast fields of lava, which had flowed there during previous eruptions. I always imagined that lava was white and smooth, but this was of a grayish-black color, and very ragged.

The carriage-road ends at the Observatory, which is a building where a scientific man resides, being appointed by the government to watch the state of the volcano. He can tell when there is going to be an eruption, and always notifies the people.

There we found guides and men with saddled horses waiting to take us to the foot of the cone. After a short ride we reached it, and dismounted, and started up. The cone is so steep, and covered with cinders, that people that are unaccustomed to such walking can't get up it without assistance, because every step you take you slide back several inches. We thought we would be pulled up by the guides, but the rest of the party got tired, and had to be carried on their shoulders. I managed to walk nearly all the way, and when I got tired my guide carried me too.

About half way up we stopped at a cave where some men were waiting to sell us some new *Lacrima Christi*

wine. We drank some, and rested, and went on to the top. When we reached it we were nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and had a beautiful view of Naples, the bay, the islands, the villages, and the surrounding mountains.

We enjoyed the view very much, but every little while the wind would blow a cloud of sulphurous vapor from the crater, and nearly suffocate us. We walked to the edge of the crater and looked down, but we couldn't see much, because of the vapor. One of the guides went down into it a little way, and brought us up some pieces of sulphur. The cinders were so hot they burned our feet, and when we poked sticks into some cavities they caught fire.

The thick vapor annoyed us so that we soon decided to go down. Just as we were starting, the mountain gave a low, deep growl, and trembled under us, so we were very glad to leave. It was great fun going down, because the cinders were so loose that at each step we would slide a long way. Part way down we caught a pale yellow butterfly that was almost stifled by the sulphurous fumes.

When we reached the foot of the cone, we found we had been only twenty minutes coming down, although it took us an hour and a half to go up. No sooner had we arrived at the Observatory than we were surrounded by crowds of ragged, beggarly looking men and boys, who insisted on blacking our shoes, or pretended they had been guides, and tried to make us pay them for things they had never done at all. We ordered them away, but they kept on tormenting us, so we jumped into the carriage, and drove off as fast as we could, leaving them all behind, shouting, screaming, and wildly gesticulating.

Since I was there they have built a railroad up the mountain, but I should not think it would be half so much fun to go up in the cars.

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## A LETTER FROM INDIA.

LUCKNOW, INDIA, *June 20, 1880.*

My Dear Friends,—My auntie has sent me several copies of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I thought maybe you would like to know a little how we children in India live. I don't know anything about your life except what I read, and my mamma tells me, because I was born here. I am nine years old, and in a little while we are going home. I say home because mamma and papa do, but the only home I know is here, where it is so hot sometimes it seems as if I should die. Last night mamma had to get up and take a towel as wet as it could be, and rub my sheets with it, before I could get to sleep at all, and if the punka stops a single minute, it wakes me right up again. I read my letter to mamma so far, and she says you won't know what a punka is. That is funny to me; but I will tell you. They are very stiff cloth things fixed on frames, and fastened to the ceiling so that they move, and by fanning the air keep a breeze in the room all the time. There are holes in the wall, and ropes put through the holes, and a man outside on the veranda pulls the ropes, and keeps the punka moving. One night I was so hot I got up and went out on the veranda, but the boards of the step burned my feet; so I slipped on my slippers, and tried again. There sat the punka wala nodding, fast asleep, but keeping his arms moving all the time. It looked funny, I can tell you.

We have good times in the winter, though. Christmas-day we always have a picnic. The children of the native Sunday-schools and English schools join together, and have a good time in some grove. And all through the winter we play out under the trees, just as mamma says you do in the summer. But here in summer we can only go out very late in the afternoon or very early in the morning, because if the mid-day sun touches us, it will make us very sick, and perhaps we will die. Theo Carter, a girl I know, when she was real little got away from her nurse, and ran out in the sun without her hat. It was in the morning, too; and now every time she gets warm or tired she has the most dreadful headache, and mamma says she don't believe she will ever be strong, even if she goes to America. But I guess she would, because everybody that gets sick here goes to America, else England, and when they come back they are ever so much better; but sometimes they don't come back, and mamma says people die even in America.

There are lots of thieves in this country. One night last week they got into our house. The servants would keep shutting the bath-room window—the bath-room is between mamma's room and mine—and we wanted it open for air, and mamma told them so; but they said the thieves would climb in from a fig-tree near by. But mamma said if they did, they would be welcome to all they could get. They did get in, and took the clothes Bertie and I had worn through the day. Baby woke, and they were probably frightened, and snatched the first thing they could, which was a box of homœopathic medicine mamma brought from home. We laughed in the morning, because they thought, no doubt, it was something valuable, and it will be worse than nothing to them; but papa says we will cry when we are sick, and have to take bitter medicine instead of little sugar pills.

Last week there was a big procession—something about the government—and one of papa's friends asked us to go to see it, and ride on an elephant. I was real glad, for I never rode on one but once, and then I was so little I don't remember much about it. We had a nice ride. Papa had one elephant to himself, but mamma and I and Mrs. Carter and Theo rode on another. We could see into the up-stairs rooms of people's houses, and it was a delightful view we had of the procession. We had a real good time until our elephant became frightened at a loud noise they called music, and trumpeted dreadful loud. We wanted to get off, but our elephant wouldn't kneel, and the man couldn't make him. Papa came, but mamma said if we tried to get off 'twould only frighten him more. I was real scared, and ready to cry; but mamma took hold of my hand, and spoke just as pleasant as if we were at home, and I didn't think till afterward how white she looked, nor about that man whose elephant ran away with him last winter and killed him; but I guess mamma remembered all the time, for pretty soon the noise passed by, and the men were able to quiet the elephant, so he kneeled, and let papa help us down. And when he took mamma, she fainted, and everybody said it was the fright; but I didn't know she was frightened a bit. I must stop now, because the Home Mail is going very soon; but if you like this, some time I will write you again.

JENNIE ANDERSON.

# LITTLE COUSIN RANNA.

BY MRS. LUCY MORSE.

"Will and Almida Handly were rather sorry when they learned that their little cousin Marianne Joy was coming to make them a long visit.

"She won't know a bumble-bee from a butternut," said Will. "City children don't know anything, and she'll be awfully in the way. Won't she tag after you and me, though, Almy?"

"Oh dear!" said Almy, in a complaining tone; "we'll have to keep her every speck of washing and baking days."

"I wish they'd leave her where she belongs," said Will.

The children were silent awhile, and then Almy heaved a sigh, and said: "I s'pose that's just the trouble, Will. If her mother has—has *died*, where *does* she belong? Where would you and I—"

"I know it," exclaimed Will, gruffly. "Come on, if you want me to help fix up your old baby-house for her."

The day after Marianne came the children's feelings were altered. Walking down the lane all together, the little cousin was dazzled by buttercups, and ran hither and thither gathering them in such wild delight that she came upon Dowsabell, the cow, unexpectedly. Dowsy only raised her sleepy nose from the grass to sniff at the buttercups, but Marianne dropped the whole bunch, with a cry of terror, and ran like the wind to Will for protection. She flung herself upon him with such a pretty confidence that Will took her right into his big boyish heart, and wished on the spot that Dowsy was a raging lion, or, to say the least, Neighbor Stethaway's cross bull.

[Pg 580]

"After all," he confided to Almida, "she's only a poor city child: what can you expect? *I* don't mind seeing to her."

"Laws, no," said Almida, with a matronly air. "And if her father's gone to Europe, and every day is baking, or washing, or mending, or something, who is there besides you and me for her to look to, I'd like to know? Only you needn't think you're going to have more than just your own half of the care-taking, Will Handly."

The mother looked on in silence, and understood perfectly the very things which her children thought she had not noticed.

"At first I was troubled lest Will and Almy wouldn't notice the child," she said, one afternoon, to Mrs. Stethaway, as they watched the three children crossing the opposite field. "Next I thought they would tyrannize over her, and that Will would tease her to death."

"And now," said Mrs. Stethaway, "it looks as if they would neglect everything just to follow her bidding. What are you going to do about that?"

"Well," said Mrs. Handly, smiling after the children as they disappeared among the daisies, "it isn't always that old folks know the best turn to take. I'm going to see what the little one's course will be. It seems very much as if my own two children were in the way of getting some lessons in gentleness and self-forgetfulness from the poor little motherless child, which I don't know so well as she does how to teach them."

The children went through the field, the orchard, and over the bars into the lane, through which Ria Bell was just driving the cows.

"Quick! quick! Oh! oh!" screamed Marianne, as soon as she saw the cows.

"Not that way; you're running right into the face of the enemy, Ranna," said Will, laughing, and taking hold of her as she was trying to climb the bars.

But Ranna struggled, crying, "Get me over! get me over! I ain't 'fraid of tows; it's the birds;" and was so excited that Will on one side and Almida on the other lifted her into the lane as quickly as possible.

"Oh, goodness!" screamed Almy, as Ranna made a dive, right under Dowsabell's very nose, toward a little mound of leaves. Crouching down and spreading her arms over it, she looked up at Dowsy so savagely that Will exclaimed, much amused: "Thunder and lightning! what has poor Dowsy done? I thought you were afraid of her, Ranna, and now you look ready to take her by the horns, and are frightened at two poor little robins flying overhead."

"No, I ain't. Nor I won't mind Teazle even if he is going to bite my—my—my head off," cried Ranna, pale with fright, as the dog ran his nose into her face.

Will called Teazle away, while he and Almy tried very hard not to laugh.

"What have you got under the leaves?" asked Will, while Almy stooped over Ranna, and said, tenderly,

"Show us your treasure, darling, and we won't tell Teazle, nor Dowsy, nor anybody a word about it."



THE FALLEN NEST.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

Ranna sat up, brushed away the leaves, and took from under them a pretty little nest full of young robins. "They're my own baby birds, and I thought Dowsy would step on them," she said. "I found them just before I ran to bring you, only the nest was in a great, ugly, dark bush, where the poor little birdies couldn't feel any sun shinin', and I brung them here, and tovered them with leaves, so the chittens wouldn't frighten them while I was gone. What are those big birds flying round me for? Tover my birdies up again; they are crying 'cause they are frightened."

[Pg 581]

"Hi! ho! hum! Harry!" exclaimed Will. "Those two birds are the excited and anxious parents of your baby birdies, Ranna, and they feel just about as comfortable as your father and mother would feel if a great giant —" But Will remembered suddenly that poor little Ranna had no mother, and, blushing fiery red, said: "I'm a good-for-nothing old blunderbuss. You tell her, Almy; it's girl's talk, anyway."

Almy, with her arms around her little cousin, explained the situation. Ranna eagerly pointed out the exact spot from which she had taken the nest, and when Will had carefully restored it, watched with great delight the old birds return to it.

"I'll never touch another nest in my life," she said; and holding one arm tight around Almy's neck, she beckoned to Will with the other. Putting it around him, she drew his head close down to Almy's, and whispered: "I don't think you're a *bundelfuss*, Will. I think you and Almy know just as well how to take care of little birds when their papas and mammas can't find them, as you do of little girls when their mammas is —is—is lost. And I'm going to tell all the children in the world that when they lose their mammas, the best thing they can do is to find my cousin Will and my cousin Almy."



"IT'S LEARNING TO SWIM, MAMMA."

[Pg 582]



We wish to express to our young correspondents our sincere regret that our limited space compels us to simply acknowledge so large a number of the pretty letters which reach us daily from every part of the United States. Do not think, because your letters are not printed, that we do not consider them as well written or as interesting as those that are. We are very sorry not to print all your little histories of your pet dogs, and kittens, and birds, and other little domestic creatures, or the excellent descriptions many of you write of the beautiful natural scenery surrounding your homes; but if there is no more room in Our Post-office Box, your letters can not be printed. We thank you heartily for the pleasure you express in "Across the Ocean," "The Moral Pirates," "Miss Van Winkle's Nap," and other stories and poems; and the eagerness with which you "run to meet papa when he brings home YOUNG PEOPLE" is very gratifying. We trust you will continue your pretty favors to us, and we, in return, will print all of your letters that we can possibly make room for, and will promise to give you more and more pleasure with every new number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

---

CAMP CARLING, WYOMING TERRITORY.

I have wanted to write to the Post-office Box for a long time, but mamma said there were so many children writing that my letter would not be printed.

We live in a camp, and see many curious things. When we look out of our windows, we see the *aparejos*, which are the saddles put on the mules when they are loaded. The saddles are arranged in long rows, with pieces of tent cloth thrown over them. Every day we see a great many mules going out and coming in. Then there is another queer thing. It is the "condemned heap." Almost every day my two little brothers go down to the pile and find a great many treasures. Every month lots of things from the warehouses are condemned, and brought to the heap to be burned. There are sixteen warehouses here, filled with government stores.

A great many of the men who were in the first Ute fight under Major Thornburgh went from this camp, and we know some of those that were wounded.

Every night and morning we hear the bugle-call that tells the soldiers when to get up, when to go to work, when to stop work, when to change guard, and when to go to bed. We always feel safe here, because we are guarded by soldiers.

EDNA S. B.

---

NEEDY, OREGON.

I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I thought I would write one from 'way out here in the backwoods of Oregon. I live in the Willamette Valley, where we can see Mount Hood any time when the weather is clear. It is a glorious sight, especially in the evening just before sundown. In the winter and spring the mountain is hid behind clouds more than half the time. Sometimes the top of it will peep out above the mist. Then it looks so strange. It is considered to be nearly 12,000 feet high.

ESTELLE M.

---

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

It is so nice to have a new YOUNG PEOPLE every week. My papa is an artist, and I am going to be one too. I draw a picture from YOUNG PEOPLE almost every day, and I read about Rosa Bonheur, and Miss Thompson, and all the great painters.

I have been to the Zoological Gardens. I rode the donkeys and the elephant, and I have made their pictures. I have a little Zoo in our back yard. I have a nice cat, two rabbits named Jack and Jill, and a turtle, and a fish in an aquarium that eats flies from my hands. My bird died, and papa painted its portrait. I called the picture "The Burial of the Dead Bird."

M. ELECTA F.

---



OTTAWA, OHIO.

I am nine years old, and for my birthday present mamma gave me one year's subscription to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, beginning with the first number. I like "The Moral Pirates" very much, and I was just wishing for a serial with girls in it, and the very next paper had the beginning of "Miss Van Winkle's Nap." I was delighted with it. I think the stories about Mr. Martin and Miss Pamela Plumstone's piano are so funny.

As Fourth of July came on Sunday this year, we had no public celebration, but some of the children in our neighborhood got up a celebration of their own at our house. Mamma made the oration, and played the national airs on the piano, after which we had a parade. We all had paper caps, and we had a flag and a drummer-boy. My little two-year-old cousin Gordon brought up the rear of the procession, with a paper cap on, and as gay as any of us.

BERTHA K.

---

JERICHO, LONG ISLAND.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I have a sister one year younger. We have very nice times together.

About a week ago my papa found a poor little bird with its wing broken. We took it home and fed it, and we thought it was getting better, but it died.

I have seen some letters from the children about little turtles. Once we had one, and we used to dig worms for it to eat. It was in a globe, and once when we did not dig worms enough it ate the tail of one of the gold-fish.

We tried Sadie McB.'s recipe for candy, and it was a success.

M. J. L.

---

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK.

I saw some letters in Our Post-office Box asking for remedies for songless canaries. We have used "Sheppard's Canary Powder, or Song Restorer," for our canary, and found it very beneficial.

ALICE.

---

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

My mamma raised four canaries this spring. The first one mamma had to feed, and it is very tame. We are training it to do tricks. When our birds are sick and do not sing, mamma gives them "Dr. Gunning's Universal Bird Tonic," and it always restores their song.

I have two gold-fish. I did have three, but one died, and I buried it in the yard, under the Madeira vines.

BLANCHE T. S.

---

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I tried Louisa W.'s recipe for Everton taffy, only I added half a tea-cupful of water. I like it very much.

Here is a recipe for white candy: Two cups of white crushed sugar; three-quarters of a cup of water; one table-spoonful of cream of tartar. Boil quickly, trying a little in water occasionally until it crisps. Then add half a tea-spoonful of soda. Pour it in a buttered pan until it is cool enough to pull. I am ten years old.

MAY J.

---

I love *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. Soon as papa brings it home I read it to my two little sisters. We are very much interested in "The Moral Pirates." I am ten years old, and I go to school every day. Can any one tell me if the flamingo is of any use?

Here is a recipe for the cooking club. Marble cake—light part: One and a half cups of white sugar; half a cup of butter; half a cup of sweet milk; the whites of four eggs; two and a half cups of flour; half a tea-spoonful of soda; one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar or one tea-spoonful of baking powder; beat the eggs and sugar together, mix the cream of tartar with the flour, and dissolve the soda in the milk. Dark part: One cup of brown sugar; half a cup of molasses; half a cup of sour milk; the yolks of four eggs; two and a half cups of flour; half a tea-spoonful of soda; half a tea-spoonful of clove and of cinnamon. Put a layer of the dark batter in the pan, then a layer of light, until the pan is full.

I should like to exchange pressed flowers with any little girl in California.

MYRTA GATES,  
Clarion, Wright County,

Iowa.

Everything has its uses in the great economy of nature, and although we can not always see why it is necessary for certain things to exist, we may be sure that they were all created for some purpose. The flamingo, however, is useful as an article of food. In certain parts of Egypt and the East roast flamingo is considered very delicate eating, and in ancient times a stew of flamingo tongues was a royal dish. It is also a very beautiful bird. Travellers say there is no sight more magnificent than a flock of scarlet flamingos wading in the green waving water grasses, hunting for their breakfast in the morning sunlight. The flamingo, if it could speak, might answer your question in the words of Mr. Emerson, the poet:

"Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

---

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nine years old, and I wish to send the cooking club a recipe for "one-two-three-four cake": One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; three cups of flour; four eggs; half a cup of milk; the grated rind of one lemon; a pinch of salt; one tea-spoonful of royal baking powder.

CLARA S. A.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I think it is a very nice paper. I like to read about the pets of the other children, and I will tell them about a pet cat I had when we lived in Chicago. Her name was Daisy, and as she was black and white, we thought it a pretty name for her. My little brother Jack had a pair of bantam chickens. One day when Daisy was asleep in the yard the rooster flew on her back and picked her left eye out. Grandma, who was in the yard at the time, told the cook to bring Daisy in, while she went for her feather and goose-grease, and put some on the wounded eye. The next day it was healed, but the sight was gone. Once when Daisy had some little kittens she put them in a hen's nest. When the hen came into the nest she would keep the little things quiet by pecking them on the head if they cried. The kittens and chickens grew to be great friends. They would eat out of the same dish, and when night came they would all go to the chicken-coop together. The kittens slept in the nest, and the chickens on the roost. Were they not a happy family?

Bessie G.

---

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am very sorry I forgot the flour in my recipe for apple-cake in Post-office Box, No. 37. There should be enough prepared flour added to make a stiff batter. It is better to bake it in a shallow pan.

L. GRACE P.

---

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I think "Across the Ocean" was a splendid story. I read it all. But now I like "The Moral Pirates" the best.

I have forty-six pet rabbits. They all have black eyes and black ears. And I have two kittens which are very pretty. Their names are Tiger and Malt.

WALTER H. P.

---

My sister and I have just tried Kitty G.'s recipe for butter-scotch, and found it very nice indeed.

We are making a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any correspondents of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALFRED HUSSEY,  
23 Hawthorn Street, New Bedford,

Massachusetts.

---

I would like to exchange birds' eggs with any one living in the South or West.

F. NOBLE,  
Milldale, Connecticut.

---

Lula Barlow can preserve eggs by piercing a small hole at each end of the egg, and blowing out the inside. Eggs can be sent safely by mail in a box filled with cotton.

I would like to exchange postage stamps of different nations with any of those correspondents asking exchange, or with any other readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

HARRY DUBBS,  
229 West Chestnut Street, Lancaster,

Pennsylvania.

---

I would like to exchange specimens of woods indigenous to this climate for those of other climates, specimens to be about three inches long by three-quarters of an inch thick, and to have a knot in them if possible. I have cypress, magnolia, mimosa, Cottonwood, althea, prickly ash, fig, crepe myrtle, sweet-gum, and black-gum. Correspondents willing to exchange will please send me a list of what woods they can obtain, and their full address.

BERY C. BROWN, Jun.,  
P. O. Box 870, Little Rock, Arkansas.

---

I am collecting postage stamps, and would be glad to exchange with any of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I also have a collection of bugs.

VERNON L. KELLOGG,

Emporia, Kansas.

---

I have made the acquaintance of several boys who read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, through the Post-office Box, as I am collecting postage stamps. If others who have not yet written are doing the same, I would like to exchange with them. I wrote to Sidney St. W., but he has not yet answered me. I am eleven years old. My younger brother, Charlie, is collecting postmarks, and has already eleven hundred and seventy-five. He would like to exchange with any of the boys.

LEWIS S. MUDGE,  
Princeton, New Jersey.

---

We have *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like it very much. I would like to tell some of the boys and girls who live far away something about my home and pleasures. The name of my home is Baywood Lodge. It is within a stone's-throw of a beautiful sheet of water known as Hempstead Bay. We sail, row, swim, and fish, and we have horses, and enjoy riding horseback too.

There is a camp very near us, in the woods. There are about thirty people, and they have five tents, and their horses.

I would like to exchange foreign postage stamps with any boys who read *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

ARTHUR LAWRENCE VALK,  
Baywood Lodge, Port Washington, Long

Island.

---

I am making a collection of postage stamps, and I would like to exchange with any of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* in Canada. I will exchange United States stamps for Canadian stamps.

J. M. WOLFE, P. O. Box

423,

Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

---

H. P. C.—The quail builds its nest on the ground, among bushes or tall grass. The nesting-time is early in June, and when you find ten or more little white eggs, you may be sure the bird has commenced setting. The eggs are about the size of a pigeon's egg, and pointed at one end like a boy's wooden top. When the little birds are hatched they are as strong as little chickens, and the mother bird takes them off to ramble about the thicket in the same way as a hen leads her brood. The quail is a plump grayish-brown bird, speckled with black and white. Its peculiar whistle may be heard anywhere in the country all the long summer day. Children often imitate the sound, and imagine that the quail is always screaming "more wet"; and in truth the quail's note does resemble those words, with a short, quick accent on the last sound, as if the bird was constantly entreating nature for a refreshing summer shower.

[Pg 583]

A. S. DAGGETT.—You do not need cards to play the geographical game. If you wish, you can get blank cards, and write them yourself; but the game is made more lively and instructive by leaving the answers to the geographical knowledge and quick memory of the players.

---

EDITH H. THOMAS.—Write directly to the correspondent you wish to exchange with.

---

ANNA M. R.—Many thanks for your description of the curious things exhibited at the Nashville Centennial. We are sorry it is too long to print.

---

WAT H. T. M.—We acknowledge with thanks the account you send us of Washington's birth-place, near which historical locality you live.

---

Favors are acknowledged from Charles S. R., Rena and Frank Stearns, Bessie Clark, Romeo and Juliet, W. W. Eaton, Charles L. B., Thomas H. Van T., Katrina, Charlie D., Leila Mackay, Gracie D. Ely, Charley J. Kennedy, Louis L. G., Mary W. W., V. Fannie L., Susie Mulholland, John B. Maxwell, Asa M. Steele, Arthur McKeen, Lulu E., Charles C. M., Belle Matteson, Annie H. R., John Leeper, Carrie B. Thompson, Albert Smith, Eddie M., Freddie Hyers, Mary E. P., Alice Green, Carrie E. Riley, Hallie S. Morgan, Louie Van A., Thad. B. Tobey.

---

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Alice Grady, "North Star," Benny W. L., Ermie Garden, Allie Mason, Eddie A. Leet, Ernest G. Young, Fred Haswell, Marguerite Bucknall, Willard H. Francis, Willie and Henry Western, Fred J. Purdy, Leon C. Bogart, Hugh Downing, Alson A. G., Clara L. Kellogg, Sarah B., Willie T. B., Alice Williams, Willie C., "Dominus," Bessie Guyton, T. L. Drew, Mary L. McVean, George L. Osgood, W. V. Fowler, K. R., Albert and Laura Ellard, Alf G. Dale, Rebecca Hedges.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### ENIGMA.

One-third of sun, one-fourth of none,  
One-fifth of weary, one-sixth of dreary,  
One-third of oak, one-fifth of broke,  
One-fourth of kite, if read aright,  
And placed in line correct and true,  
Will give a city's name to you.

A. B.

---

### No. 2.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A beast. A chain of mountains in Asia. An eatable. To observe. Something used in ancient warfare. Answer  
—Two wild beasts.

H. F. P.

---

### No. 3.

#### NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am a large island lying far away toward the south pole, and am composed of  
14 letters.

My 9, 6, 4, 13, 3 is not small.  
My 10, 8, 12, 7 is food for beasts.  
My 1, 14, 11, 5 is a journey.  
My 10, 2, 13 is a fruit.

KATIE.

---

**No. 4.**

**DIAMOND.**

In leopard. Something all creatures do. A flexible substance. A number. In tiger.

W. D. G.

---

**No. 5.**

**WORD SQUARE.**

First, congealed vapor. Second, a number. Third, formerly. Fourth, a division of time.

M. E. N.

---

**No. 6.**

**ENIGMA.**

My first is in laugh, but not in cry.  
My second is in tall, but not in high.  
My third is in fig, but not in plum.  
My fourth is in speak, but not in dumb.  
My fifth is in yours, but not in his.  
My sixth is in been, but not in is.  
My seventh is in tame, but not in wild.  
My eighth is in infant, not in child.  
My ninth is in village, not in town.  
My whole was a general of renown.

ADA.

---

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 37.**

**No. 1.**

Shark, hark, ark.

**No. 2.**

Diamond.

**No. 3.**

D A S H  
A R E A  
S E A L  
H A L O

**No. 4.**

T  
R A T  
T A R R Y  
T R Y  
Y

**No. 5.**

C h a t h a M  
A n c o n A  
S a n t a n d e R  
P o t s d a M  
I s a l c O  
A y R  
N i c a r a g u A

Caspian, Marmora.

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BY W. B. BARTLETT.

### THE BOOK PUZZLE.

The player agrees to let any person in the room turn over as many books, one at a time, as desired, while he is out of the room, and promises to tell you, upon his return, which book was turned over last. He goes out, and comes back when the person who turned the books says, "Come in." When he opens the door, he says, "You must stay outside while I find out, so no one will suspect us of being in league with each other." The one who turned the books is then shut out, and the other selects any thin book, and leans it against the door, and says, "Come in." As the door is opened, of course the book is turned over on the floor, and the victim is told, "That is the last book you turned over."

### THE NEWSPAPER TRICK.

Take a common newspaper or handkerchief, and request any one of the company to place it on the floor so that two persons can stand upon it at the same time, and neither be able to see or touch the other.

*Answer.*—Place it across the door-sill, and let one stand upon it in the entry. Then close the door, and ask the other to step upon the other end in the room, and neither can see nor touch the other, for the door prevents.

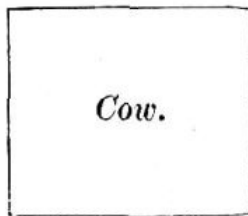
### THE COW PUZZLE.

Tell the company that seven cows were walking in a straight line into a narrow door, and say to them, "If you should ask the last cow, 'How many pairs of horns are before you?' what would she reply?"

Some will answer, "One pair," and some, "Seven pairs," but after puzzling them for a while, you can reply, "In the opinion of most scientists, she would not say anything, for she could not speak, poor thing!"

### ANOTHER COW PUZZLE.





Draw a square with a lead-pencil, and say, "Suppose this field was inclosed with walls fifty feet high, without opening or possibility of digging under, and a cow was in there, how could you get it out?"

*Answer.*—Rub it out.

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## CHARADE.

As by the fire the lovers sit,  
On rosy wings the moments flit;  
One little word confirms their bliss,  
And seals it with a loving kiss.

That bliss they never could sustain  
Without my second's golden grain;  
Yet if it does attend their feet,  
Their daily walk is incomplete.

My whole leaps forth from out the flame,  
Airy and light, but still the same;  
Showing a hard and common thing  
Made pure and white through suffering.

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## THE USEFUL SUNFLOWER.

In Southwestern Russia, between the Baltic and the Black seas, the sunflower is universally cultivated in fields, gardens, and borders, and every part of the plant is turned to practical account. A hundred pounds of the seeds yield forty pounds of oil, and the pressed residue forms a wholesome food for cattle, as also do the leaves and the green stalks, cut up small, all being eagerly eaten. The fresh flowers, when a little short of full bloom, furnish a dish for the table which bears favorable comparison with the artichoke. They contain a large quantity of honey, and so prove an attraction to bees. The seeds are a valuable food for poultry; ground into flour, pastry and cakes can be made from them; and boiled in alum and water, they yield a blue coloring matter. The carefully dried leaf is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting-paper, and the inner part of the stalk into a fine writing-paper; the woody portions are consumed as fuel, and from the resulting ash valuable potash is obtained. Large plantations of them in swampy places are a protection against intermittent fever.



A NAUGHTY LITTLE DOG.

**"You bad dog, you's done gone tore my bes' bunnit mos' to pieces.  
I's a big min' to gib you a whippin' that you'll 'member. Yes, I  
has."**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 3, 1880 \*\*\*

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