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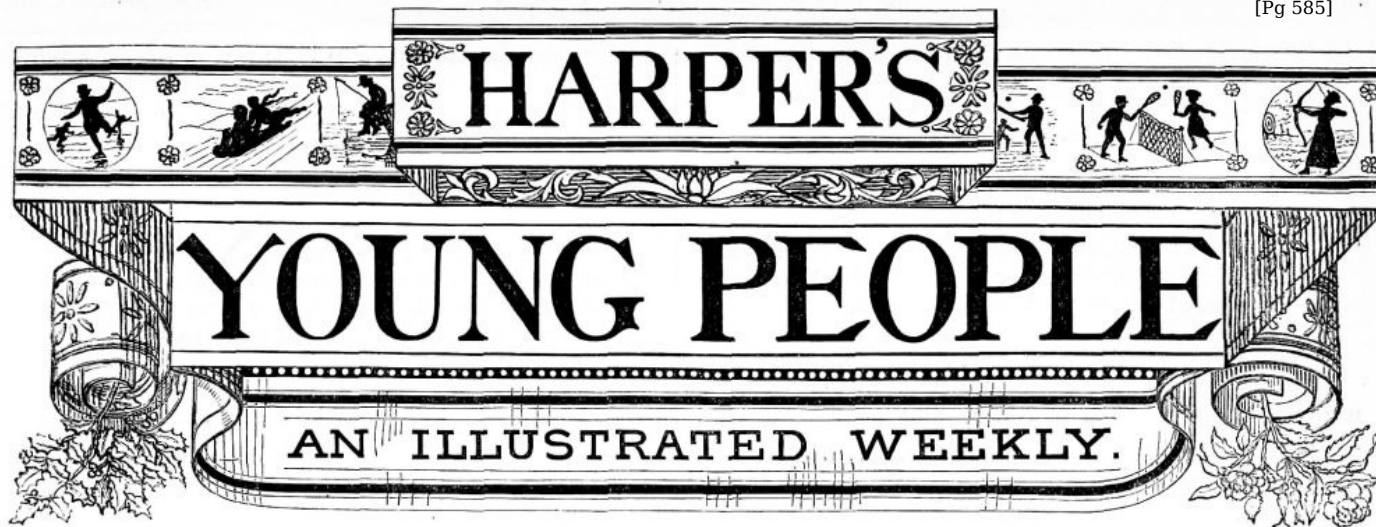
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THE MORAL PIRATES ATTACKED BY TRAMPS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Begun in No. 31 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, June 1.]

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THE MORAL PIRATES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

CHAPTER XI.

"Boys," said Tom, as he was kindling the fire the next morning, "do you know what day it is?"

"Saturday, of course," replied the others.

"You're wrong; it's Sunday."

"It can't be," exclaimed Harry.

"But it is," persisted Tom. "Last night was the sixth night that we've slept out-doors, and we started on a Monday."

Tom was right; but it was some time before his companions could convince themselves that it was actually Sunday. When they finally admitted that it was Sunday morning they gave up the idea of proceeding up the canal, and began to discuss what they had better do.

The boat, which had been drawn out of the water the night before, was concealed by a clump of bushes from the canal boatmen. The boys decided to leave it where it was, and to carry the tent and most of their baggage to a grove a quarter of a mile distant, where they could pass a quiet Sunday. The locks were not yet opened, and no canal-boats were stirring, and the boys made their way to the grove at once while their movements were unobserved. They were afraid that if they attracted the attention of the boatmen to the clump of bushes, some one would steal the *Whitewing* while her crew were absent. They had already seen enough of the "canalers" to know that they were a wild and lawless set of men, and they were not anxious to put the temptation of stealing a nice boat in their way.

The grove was a delightful place; and when they had pitched the tent under the shadow of the great oak-trees, they were glad of the prospect of a good day's rest. Tom and Harry walked nearly a mile to church in the morning, leaving the Sharpe boys to look after the camp, and they all slept most of the afternoon.

About dusk, as the fire for cooking supper was blazing briskly, Joe returned from a foraging expedition quite out of breath, and with his milk-pail half empty. He said that he had met three tramps on the road, which passed through the grove not very far from the camp, and that they had snatched a pie from him that he had bought at a farm-house, and had chased him for some distance.

He had been badly frightened, as he frankly admitted; but the other boys thought that it was a good joke on him. They told him that the tramps would track him by the milk that he had spilled, and would probably attack the camp and scalp him. They soon forgot the adventure, however, with the exception of Tom, who, although he said nothing at the time, poured water on the fire as soon as the supper was cooked—an act which somewhat astonished the rest. Soon afterward he went into the tent for a few moments, and when he returned he was beginning to advise Joe not to laugh quite so loud, when the crackling of branches was heard in the grove, and three very unpleasant-looking men appeared.

It was fast growing dark, but Joe immediately recognized them as the tramps who had stolen his pie.

"We've come to supper," said one of them. "Let's see what you've got. Give us the bill of fare, sonny, and look sharp about it."

Tom immediately answered that they had eaten their supper, and that there was nothing left of it but some coffee. "If you want the coffee, take it," said he. "There isn't anything else for you."

"That ain't a perlite way to treat three gen'lemen as come a long ways to call on you," said the tramp. "We'll just have to help ourselves, and we'll begin by looking into your tent. P'r'aps you've got a crust of bread there what'll save a poor starvin' workin'-man from dyin' on the spot."

Tom hastily stepped before the tent. "You can't go into this tent," he said, very quietly; "and you'd better leave this camp and go about your business."

"Just hear him," said the tramp, addressing his companions. "As if this yere identical camp wasn't our business. Now, boys," he continued, "you've got money with you, and you've got clothes, and one on you's got a watch; and you're goin' to give 'em to three honest hard-workin' men, or else you're goin' to have your nice little throats cut."

"Here, boys, quick!" cried Tom, rushing into the tent, where he was followed by the other boys before the tramps could stop them. "Here, Harry," he continued, "take the boat-hook. There's a hatchet for you, Jim, and a stick for Joe. Now we'll see if they can rob us!" So saying, he stepped outside the tent with the gun in his hand, followed closely by his little army.

The ruffians hesitated when they saw the cool way in which Tom confronted them. So they proposed a compromise, as they called it. "Look a here," said the one who had hitherto been the spokesman; "we ain't unreasonable, and we'll compromise this yere business. You give us your money and that chap's watch, and we'll let you alone. That's what I call a very handsome offer."

"We won't give you a thing," replied Tom; "and I'll shoot the first one of you that lays a hand on us."

The tramps consulted for a moment, and then the leader, with a frightful oath, ordered Tom to drop that gun instantly.

Tom never said a word, but he cocked both barrels and waited, with his eye fixed on the enemy.

Presently the tramps separated a little, the leader remaining where he had been standing, and the others moving one to the right and the other to the left of the boys. They evidently intended to rush on Tom from three directions at once, and so confuse him, and prevent him from shooting.

"I'll take the leader and the man on the right," whispered Tom to Harry. "You lay for the other fellow with your boat-hook. I've given you fair warning," he continued, addressing the ruffians "and I'll fire the minute you try to attack us."

The boys were standing close together in front of the tent, Tom being a little in advance of the others. Suddenly the leader of the tramps called out, "Now, then!" and all three made a rush toward Tom. He fired at the tramp in front of him, hitting him in the leg, and bringing him to the ground; but before he could fire again, the other two were upon him.

The boys gallantly stood by Tom. Harry attacked one of the tramps with the boat-hook so fiercely that the fellow cried out that he was stabbed, and ran away. Meanwhile Tom was struggling with the third tramp, who had thrown him down, and was trying to wrench the gun from him, while Jim and Joe were hovering around them afraid to strike at the tramp for fear of hitting Tom. But now Harry, having driven off his antagonist, flew to the help of Tom, and seizing the tramp by his hair, and bracing one knee against his back, dragged him backward to the ground, and held him there until Tom regained his feet, and holding the muzzle of the gun at the robber's head, called on him to surrender, which the fellow gladly did.

"Get some rope, Jim, and tie him," cried Tom. "Hold on to his hair, Harry, and I'll blow his brains out if he offers to move."

The tramp was not at all anxious to part with his brains, and he remained perfectly quiet while Jim and Joe tied his feet together, and his hands behind his back.

"Now you stand over him with the boat-hook, Harry," said Tom, "and I'll see to the other fellow."

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The other fellow was, of course, the man who had been shot. Tom lighted the lantern, for it was now quite dark, and found that the ruffian had been shot in the lower part of his right leg, and had fainted from loss of blood. Taking a towel, Tom tore it into strips, and bound up the wound, and by the time he had finished the patient became conscious again, and begged Tom not to take him to prison.

Now this was precisely what the boys did not want to do, as it would probably delay them for several days, and perhaps put an end to their cruise. Tom therefore said to the prisoner whom Harry was guarding, that if he would promise to help the wounded man away, and take him to see a doctor, he would be released. The tramp gladly accepted the offer, and Harry unfastened the rope from his legs and arms, while Tom kept his gun in readiness to use it at the first sign of treachery. The tramps, however, had quite enough of fighting, and were only too anxious to get away. The wounded man was helped to his feet by his companion, and the two went slowly off, one half carrying the other, and both cursing the coward who had run away. As they hobbled off, Tom called out, "I'm sorry I had to hurt you, but I couldn't help it, you know; and if any of you come back here to-night, you'll find us ready for you."

It was a long time before the boys fell asleep that night, and Tom was overwhelmed with praise for his coolness and bravery. Though he felt certain that the tramps would not return, he proposed that a sentinel should keep guard outside the tent, offering to share that duty with Harry, since the other boys were not familiar with guns. So all night long Tom and Harry, relieving one another every two hours, marched up and down in front of the tent, keeping a sharp watch for robbers, and prepared for a desperate fight every time they heard the slightest noise.

EASY BOTANY.

AUGUST WILD FLOWERS.

The wild flowers of August have their own distinguishing characteristics. We find the road-sides gleaming and glowing with brilliant colors, and all the tribes of strong-growing and strong-scented plants that prefer the later summer months.

Among others the singular desmodium, or bush trefoil, is interesting from having the leaves and flowers grow on separate plants, quite unconnected apparently, and often some little distance apart.

The large, spreading leaves grow on a stalk as if they had nothing to do with anything else; but the young botanist who may grasp this plume of leaves will find that the root leads along under-ground, till suddenly up comes *another plant*—a tall stem with panicles of purplish flowers. All these freaks or peculiarities become delightful to the observant eye.

The ground-nut, or wild bean, is a very handsome climber, and peculiar in appearance. The clusters of waxy flowers are rich brown and white, growing very thick, and having the scent of violets. The tubers are often eaten.

The wild kidney-bean is found in copses and along road-sides from Connecticut to Illinois. It climbs high from a perennial root, with clusters of small bright purple flowers.

In rich woodlands in the Middle States and west the pea-nut is very interesting to young searchers. The plant bears two kinds of flowers, the upper ones ripening no fruit, but the lower or under-ground ones bearing the well-known pea-nuts.

Try to find a remarkable plant belonging to the convolvulus family, the wild-potato vine, or "man of the earth." It is not very easily overlooked. Several stems spring from the same root, growing and twining seven or eight feet high. The leaves are large, and of various shapes—heart-shaped, pointed, and fiddle-shaped. Three or four large blossoms, several inches broad, grow in clusters; the flowers are white, with purple in the tube. This remarkable vine is found in sandy fields and by road-sides from Connecticut to Illinois and south.

A large plant grows by the end of an old country bridge near Canaan, Connecticut. The stems are long and stout, and grow from a huge root that weighs fifteen or twenty pounds.

The beautiful August lilies make the fields and meadows gay; the stately pale yellow lily spotted with brown or purple, the darker yellow, and the fiery red lily, contrasted with the white spiranthes, or ladies-tresses.

Now the radiant heads of countless *composite* flowers are highest and most showy, and a walk or drive along any country road reveals such masses of color as to arrest and enchant the most unobservant eye.

On one woodland road at Orange, New Jersey, the shades of asters, from the deepest violet-blue and purple to the palest lilac, are bewilderingly beautiful, while the splendid varieties of liatris, or button snakeroot, the rose-purple and white ox-eyed daisies and white asters, golden-rod, and the great open-eyed corn-flowers, or rudbeckias, are certainly beyond description.

Try to find the elegant golden asters, which are more rare. At Cape Cod, Massachusetts, at Nantucket, and on the pine barrens of New Jersey, they may be found.

Look for the compass-plant, if you have the command of prairies. It is not pretty, is rough and coarse-looking, but is immortalized by Longfellow. The peculiarity consists in the arrangement of the leaves, the lower and root leaves, which, being very large, spread out on the open prairies, and are disposed to present their edges pointing north and south, thus sometimes guiding the bewildered traveller.

Another beautiful prairie plant, two or three feet high, is found in dry and sandy soils and in rocky crevices. The flowers are numerous, of a beautiful bright blue or bluish-white, and what makes it interesting is that it is supposed to prefer localities where lead ore prevails, and is called lead-plant.

Now is the time for any so disposed to make a collection of *herbs*, as they are called. In old-fashioned days these herbs were considered great treasures, and cures for many of the ills of humanity. They were tied carefully in bunches, and hung in the garret of the farm-house to dry. The odor of dried herbs comes to me now as I think of a dear old garrets—a favorite play-place of early childhood.

No child familiar with the garret of a country home can ever forget its mysterious charm. But I must remember that I am writing of flowers, and leave the captivating subject of garrets. Multitudes of potent herbs may now be found in the woods, by the road-side, *everywhere*: tansy, camomile, wormwood, everlasting, wild basil, lavender, germander, pennyroyal, spearmint, balm, peppermint, horehound, hyssop, thyme, rosemary, sage, wild bergamot, catnip, motherwort, comfrey, boneset, thoroughwort, fennel, and many other life-giving plants. They are generally coarse-looking and rough, with strong stems and strong odors, and no beauty, though in some cases the flowers are a pretty blue or rose-color. All these things, even to the summer gathering of herbs for some dear relative, become interesting to the young student, because it is a real pleasure to become familiar with the *varieties* which are presented in nature's domain, and the homely growths are sometimes of more importance than the ornamental, a consoling thought to such of us as are possessed of but little physical beauty.



DO YOU KNOW HIM?

THE BOY EMIGRANT IN RUSSIA.

A True Story.

BY DAVID KER.

Many years ago, when Peter the Great was Czar of Russia, and when the improvements that he was making all over the country gave foreign workmen a fine chance of earning high wages, a number of emigrants landed one cold winter morning at one of the Russian ports on the Gulf of Finland, to see if they could find work, as so many others had done.

A curious mixture they were—men, women, and children from every country on either side of the Baltic. Tall, fresh-colored Swedes, in gray frocks and thick blue stockings; stout, light-haired Germans, and ruddy, blue-eyed Danes; big-boned Pomeranians, with low foreheads and shaggy brown beards; and short, squat Finns, whose round puffy faces and thick yellow hair gave them the look of overboiled apple-dumplings.

But their first taste of Russia was not at all a pleasant one. At the port where they had landed it was the rule that all emigrants who came ashore should be kept in one place till the Czar's agents came to examine them; and the place where they were kept was an old warehouse, very bare and dismal-looking, with nothing in it but a few old sails and some heaps of straw. Here they remained for two days, while the snow fell and the wind roared outside, their food being brought them by the soldiers of the port. The men smoked their pipes and played cards, the women knitted stockings or mended the clothes of their husbands and children, while the little people played hide-and-peek in and out of the dark corners, and made the gloomy old place quite merry with their shouts and laughter.

But there was one boy (a bright-eyed little fellow with brown curly hair) who took no part in the fun, but sat in a corner by himself, chalking curious figures on the wall, which he seemed to copy from the book in his other hand. Any one who had looked closely at these figures would have seen that they were *letters*—Russian letters—and that sometimes he would write a whole word at once, and then put the meaning opposite it in German. In fact, he was teaching himself the language of this new country that he had got into, and seemed to be pretty well on with it, for every now and then he would leave off writing, and read a page of his book without meeting a single word that he could not master.

"Look at Karl Osterman yonder, slaving away at that book of his!" said one of the men. "Much good that'll do him! As if one could saw a plank or hammer a rivet any better for knowing that crack-jaw lingo!"

"He's going to teach the Russians their own language—that's what he's at!" grinned another. "A regular professor, ain't he? far too clever for poor fellows like us!"

"Ay, he'll be a great man one of these days," chimed in a third, with a hoarse laugh, "and then perhaps he'll be kind enough to give us a job."

Little Karl's eyes sparkled, and he set his lips firmly, as if making up his mind that he *would* be a great man yet, somehow or other; but he said nothing, and went quietly on with his work.

Suddenly the door flew open, and in came a Russian soldier in a shabby green uniform trimmed with faded gold lace. He was a very tall and powerful man, with a dark, weather-beaten face framed in close-cropped hair, and great black eyes that seemed to pierce right through any one whom they looked at.

"I say, my good fellows," cried he, "here's an order from the Czar, which I'm to paste up in this room; and I want to have it in German and Swedish as well as Russian, that every one who comes in may be able to read it. Perhaps one of you would kindly lend me a hand with the job, for I'm not very glib at foreign languages myself."

The men glanced meaningly at each other, and the two who had been making fun of Osterman looked rather sheepish, as if thinking that they had better have been learning Russian themselves instead of laughing at him.

"I'll do it for you, Mr. Soldier," said little Osterman, stepping boldly forward, "if there aren't any very big words in it. I've only got as far as three-syllable words in Russian yet, you know."

The soldier stared at him for a moment, and then began to laugh.

"Well, my boy, I don't think you'll find many big words on this paper; it's pretty plain sailing so far as it goes. See if you can read it."

Karl took the paper, and read it off easily enough.

"Well done, my fine fellow!" cried the Russian; "you're a smart lad for your age, I can see that. Now try if you can put it into German." [Pg 589]

To work went our hero, with a look as solemn as any professor on his little round face. Once or twice he stopped as if at a loss for a word; but he got through at last, and having finished the German, began upon the Swedish.

"What? do you know Swedish too?" cried his new friend. "Why, man, you're a perfect dictionary!"

"My mother was a Swede," answered Osterman, "and she taught me her own language; and my father was a German, and he taught me his."

"You're a lucky fellow!" said the Russian, with a sigh. "I only wish I'd had some one to teach me when I was your age, I should know a great deal more than I do."

"What? didn't your father teach you, then?"

"He died when I was a mere child," said the Russian, sadly, "and my mother, too."

"Oh dear, I'm *so* sorry! But had you no brothers or sisters?"

"I had a brother, but he was blind, poor fellow, and couldn't help me; and as for my sister" (here his face darkened fearfully), "instead of being kind to me, she tried to have me killed!"

"What a shame!" cried the boy, indignantly, clenching a fist about the size of a large plum. "I only wish I'd been your brother!—I wouldn't have let anybody touch you!"

This valiant promise of protection, made by a tiny boy to a stalwart soldier of six feet three, tickled the other emigrants so much that they burst into a roar of laughter which made the old walls ring. But the soldier did not laugh; he only passed his hand tenderly over the child's curly head, and then stooped to look at the book which Karl had been reading.

"Ah! the story of Ilia the Strong. I used to be very fond of it when I was a boy. How do you like it?"

"Very much indeed. I didn't think I'd have time to finish it, when they said the Czar was coming to look at us; but I suppose he's too busy amusing himself to care about us poor fellows."

The soldier gave such a terrible frown that the men nearest him started back in dismay, and even Osterman himself looked startled. But the next moment the Russian's face cleared again, though it was still very sad.

"You shouldn't talk like that, my boy," said he; "the Czar would have come to you directly you landed, if he hadn't been ill. However, he's well again now, and I shouldn't wonder if you were to see him here to-day."

Just then the door opened again, and in tramped a dozen grand-looking officers in splendid uniforms, the foremost of whom, making a low bow to the shabby soldier, said, very respectfully, "All is ready, your majesty."

At the word "majesty," all the emigrants started as if they had been shot; for they now saw that this shabby-looking fellow, whom they had taken for a common soldier, was no other than the Czar Peter the Great himself. But little Osterman did not seem frightened in the least. He slid his soft little hand into the Emperor's huge brown fist, and cried joyfully:

"I'm so glad you're a good Czar after all, for the Czars that I've read about were all very bad fellows indeed, and I know I shouldn't have liked them."

"Well, well, my boy," said Peter, clapping him on the shoulder, with a hearty laugh, "I hope you'll find me a little better than some of them, even though I *am* an Emperor. Come along with me, and I'll find you something better to do than chalking an old wall."

The boy went with his new friend, and any history of Russia will tell you how high Osterman rose, and what great things he accomplished. Peter the Great made him his secretary; the Empress Catherine I. made him her chamberlain; and the Czar Peter II. gave him a title of honor; and before the Empress Anne had been many years on the throne, the little student whom his comrades had laughed at in the old warehouse thirty years before, had become Count Osterman, Prime Minister of Russia.

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

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

CHAPTER V.

"We have a right to enter any of your vessels without your leave to seek for suspected deserters from our navy, and to take them away when found," said the British government to the Americans again after the war with the Barbary States.

"By so doing you insult our flag. *Beware!*" replied the Americans.

There was no power in that "Beware!" for our little navy, which had performed such valiant deeds, had, under the pretext of "public economy," been transformed into a swarm of gun-boats—a "mosquito fleet"—that was ridiculed at home and despised abroad. British cruisers patrolled American waters, and insulted

our flag whenever they pleased. They became legalized plunderers, and no American merchant vessel leaving port was safe from their depredations.

In 1807 a British squadron lay in a bay on the coast of Virginia. The American frigate *Chesapeake* put to sea from Hampton Roads, when the *Leopard*, one of the English ships, stopped her, and demanded the delivery of three or four alleged deserters on board of her. When the demand was refused, the *Leopard* sent no less than twenty round-shot through the surprised and unprepared *Chesapeake*, and British officers boarded her, and carried away the men. This outrage excited a hot war spirit among the Americans. The government ordered all armed British vessels to leave American waters immediately. Did they do it? No. There was no power back of the order to enforce it. The ridiculous gun-boat fleet was laughed at, and the government was placed in the position of a weak blusterer. British cruisers continued to patrol American waters. The people demanded more war ships. The government heeded the demand. The gun-boats retired, and in 1810 the Americans had four frigates and eight smaller armed vessels afloat.

In the spring of 1811 a British frigate was seen prowling along our coasts. Commodore Rodgers went in search of her in the frigate *President*, and on a pleasant May evening he gave chase to a vessel which he supposed to be the one he was searching for. As he drew near he asked, through his trumpet, "What sail is that?" The stranger repeated the question. Rodgers again asked, "What sail is that?" and was answered by a cannon-ball, which lodged in the main-mast of the *President*. Rodgers opened a broadside upon the surly stranger, and after a short combat silenced her guns. At daylight she was seen several miles away. She was the British sloop-of-war *Little Belt*.

This affair created great excitement, and from that time until the summer of 1812 the American war vessels were kept actively cruising along our coasts. Meanwhile, navy-yards had been built, the moral tone of the navy had been greatly improved, and its discipline was efficient. It was almost unconsciously preparing for a great conflict, in which it was to gain imperishable renown.

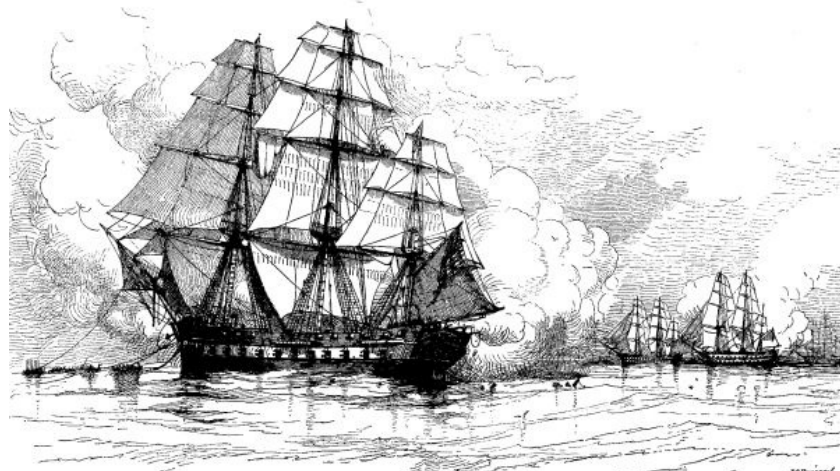
Insult after insult caused the Americans to declare war against England in the summer of 1812. Measures were taken to create an efficient army, but, strange as it may seem, when war was to be waged against a powerful maritime nation there was persistent opposition in Congress to a navy. The Southern members, representing a purely agricultural region, could not sympathize with New Englanders in desires for a navy to protect commerce. In vain it was wisely urged that protection to commerce is protection to agriculture. A South Carolina member declared he would "go further to see a navy burned than to extinguish the flames," and a proposition of a Massachusetts member to build thirty frigates was voted down. And yet, so unprepared for maritime war, the Americans went boldly out on the ocean with a few public vessels and active privateers to defy the royal navy of England. The United States had twenty war vessels, exclusive of one hundred and twenty gun-boats. Great Britain had eight hundred efficient cruisers.

The British had nothing but sneers at and ribald jokes about the American Navy. They laughed in derision at our declaration of war. They spoke of the *Constitution* frigate, which had performed such gallant deeds in the Mediterranean, as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting," and they declared that "a few broadsides from England's wooden walls" would, "drive the paltry striped bunting from the ocean." They did not heed the injunction, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

When war was declared, there was a small American squadron in the harbor of New York under Commodore Rodgers. It immediately went to sea in search of a large fleet of Jamaica merchantmen known to be off the coast. The *President* frigate was Rodgers's flag-ship. She soon encountered the British frigate *Belvidera*, which, after a sharp combat, was lightened, and, outsailing the *President*, escaped. This was the first battle on sea or land of the war of 1812-15, which is properly called the "Second War for Independence." The *Belvidera* carried the news of the declaration of war to the British at Halifax.

Captain Broke was sent from Halifax with a squadron to meet the Americans. His flag-ship was the frigate *Shannon*. He soon captured the little brig *Nautilus*, the *first* vessel taken in that war. She was retaken in the East Indies in 1815, and was the *last* vessel captured in the war.

The frigate *Constitution*, Captain Isaac Hull, had just returned from Europe. She shipped a new crew, and cruised along the New England coasts. In the middle of July she fell in with Broke's squadron. Perceiving his peril, Hull sought safety in flight; and then began one of the most remarkable naval retreats ever recorded, in which skillful seamanship won the race. There was almost a dead calm. Down went the boats of the *Constitution*, with long lines attached to them, and strong sweeps were used with desperate energy in towing her. A long cannon was placed at the stern on her spar-deck, and two others were pointed out of her cabin windows.



**ESCAPE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE
"CONSTITUTION."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.**

A gentle breeze now sprang up, and the *Shannon* approached and attacked the *Constitution* with her bow

guns. The breeze died away. The water was shallow, and Hull sent a kedge anchor with ropes attached, in a boat, half a mile ahead. It was cast, and the crew pulled the ship rapidly ahead. For a while Broke was puzzled by her mysterious movement, but discovering the secret he used the same means. Through breezes and calms, and a fierce thunder-storm that swept over the sea, the chase continued sixty-four hours, when Broke gave it up, and the *Constitution* escaped. A rhymer of the day wrote:

"Neath Hull's command and a tough band,
And naught beside to back her,
Upon a day, as log-books say,
A fleet bore down to thwack her.
A fleet, you know, is odds or so
Against a single ship, sirs;
So 'cross the tide her legs she tried,
And gave the rogues the slip, sirs."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "BOSS" FISH.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



JEFF AND CHARLEY FISHING BEFORE
BREAKFAST.

"No use, Charley. We might as well go home to breakfast."

"We got here early enough."

"I don't believe there's a trout in the brook."

"If there are any, they don't bite worms early in the morning any more'n they do any other time."

Charley looked mournfully down at his float, as it lopped wearily over on one side. The water of the little pool below the foot-bridge over the trout brook was as smooth as a looking-glass, and the float had not so much as wiggled since he dropped it in.

"I don't care much for trout, Jeff."

"I'd rather have some breakfast."

"And after that we'll take the boat, and go out on the pond. We've dug a pile of worms."

Slowly and grudgingly the line was pulled in, but the faces of both the boys brightened the moment they were turned in the direction of breakfast.

Half an hour later they were stopping for a moment to look at a stout, middle-aged man who was standing on the steps of the little village hotel, talking with the landlord. A strap over one shoulder held up a fishing-basket that swung behind his left hip, and in his right hand he carried, all ready for use, the lightest fishing-rod Charley Morris had ever seen. Even Jeff, who was from the city himself, and had looked at such things in the show windows of the shops, had an idea the stranger must have made a mistake in bringing that plaything into the country.

"It's a trout rod, Charley. If we'd had one like it this morning!"

"Tisn't much bigger'n a horsewhip."

Just then the landlord was saying, "Thar isn't much in the pond 'cept perch and sunfish, but you may take something in the creek above. Your best show for trout is to work along the trout brook as far as the hill, and then cut across to the creek, and fish down. 'Tain't far to cross. To-morrer you can try the brooks beyond the hill. Some of 'em'll give you a full basket."

"Hear that, Jeff," whispered Charley. "Just isn't old Galloway a-fooling him! Sending him to fish in that brook! Why, if our cows got at it all at once, they'd drink it dry."

Jeff was looking at the high boots the stranger wore over his trousers, and was just saying, "They're for wading, so he won't wet his feet," when Charley looked right up into the face of the "fancy fisherman" from the city, and asked,

"Mister, do you want any worms?"

"Angle-worms, my lad?"

"And grubs? I know where you can dig lots of 'em. Where Jeff and I got ours this morning."

"No, thank you, my little man. I don't care for any worms. Would you like to see my bait?"

"Guess I would. Look here, Jeff, he's going to show his bait."

The stout stranger chuckled merrily as he drew from one of his great side pockets a sort of little book, with a leather cover and flap.

"Jeff, he carries his worms in a pocket-book."

"Flies, my little man—flies."

"Our fish won't bite at flies, mister; and they won't hide a hook, neither."

Charley's eyes were opening wide, a moment later, as the little book was opened before them.

"Flies? Why, mister, there's pretty much every kind of bug, except bumblebees. All sorts of hooks, too. If you put them pretty things into the water, you'll get 'em wet, and spoil 'em."

Again the fat man chuckled.

"Will I? Well, now, you and I'll run a race. You two boys go ahead, and see which of us'll catch the most fish and the biggest."

"Come on, Jeff," shouted Charley; "we'll beat him!"

But then he suddenly turned again to say:

"Now, mister, you've got your scoop-net along. Minners don't count, do they?"

"No, sonny, minnows won't count. Only fish that are big enough to eat."

Charley had never seen a "landing-net" used in his life, but he knew what minnows were good for.

"If we had some, Jeff," he said, as they hurried along toward the pond, "we could try for some pickerel. There's some of them left. Only they've been fished for so much, they know enough to let a hook alone."

"Big ones?"

"Some of 'em. There's one awful big one. Black Dan—he's the best fisherman round here, only he's lame of one leg—he says it's the boss fish, and he's fished for him a whole day at a time."

"Did he ever get him to bite?"

"No; but he says he's seen that pickerel smell of his bait, and then swim up to the top of the water and wink at him."

"Wish we could catch him."

"If I had that feller's scoop-net, and could get some minners."

But he had no such thing; and in a few minutes more they were in their boat on the pond, while the stranger was walking fast, for a fat man, across the meadow toward the trout brook.

This was a very narrow, crooked affair, pretty deep in many places, and almost hidden by high grass, trees, and bushes.

"We know there are no fish there," said Charley, confidently.

"Not even trout?"

"Well, yes, maybe there's trout. But they won't bite. Not even before breakfast. Anyhow, they won't go for a bare hook, with a feather on it."

That seemed sensible, and Charley's own hook now had a worm on it, and so had Jeff's.

"We'll beat him. I know just where to go. We're in the right spot."

Perhaps he did; but before the morning was over he and Jeff had moved their boat into nearly a dozen more that seemed to be just as good.

The "pond" was a sort of miniature lake, and was nearly half a mile long, although it was nowhere very wide. It was supplied by what Mr. Galloway, the landlord, called the "creek"—a pretty stream of water about ten times as large as the trout brook in the meadow.

There were fish in that pond, and it was a pity the man from the city had not known it, and tried for some of

them with angle-worms, instead of wasting his time over there in the meadow.

As it was, Jeff and Charley had it all to themselves, and the latter was half glad his city cousin got the first bite.

"Good for you, Jeff!"

"Bull-head! bull-head!"

"Look out for his horns."

"Ain't he a whopper?"

"I say, Jeff, did you ever read about flying-fish?"

"Course I have."

"Well, shouldn't you think their wings'd get wet under water?"

"Charley! mind your cork; it's gone under."

So it had, and in a moment more he could shout, "I'm even with you. Only mine's a pumpkin-seed."

It looked as if the luck of that morning had settled upon the two boys. It was hard to say which of them came in for the largest share of it. Even before they moved their boat the first time they could count three bull-heads, six perch, twice as many sunfish, or "pumpkin-seed," two shiners, and a sucker. To be sure, none of them were very large fish, but they were all big enough to eat, and would count when they came to compare with the contents of the fat man's basket.

"That was a pretty big fish-basket," said Charley. "Most of 'em are flat little things."

"It's bigger'n he'll need for all the fish he'll find in that brook. Hullo, my bait's off again."

"So's mine. Just a nibble."

"Six prime worms gone hand-running. Jeff, I guess we might as well pull up. The snappin'-turtles have come for us."

"Do they skin a hook that way?"

"That's just what they do. Black Dan says the fish put 'em up to it. Particularly that there boss pickerel."

Charley had more than one story to tell about Black Dan, but he pulled up the big stone that was doing duty as an anchor, and off they went to another "tip-top spot."

It proved so for a while, and there Jeff pulled in his first eel. Then he had a good time, as Charley said, getting the eel off the hook, and untwisting him from the snarl he had got himself into with the fish-line. [Pg 592]

"There he goes," said Charley, "all over the bottom of the boat. Black Dan says an eel just loves to travel round."

"They're mean things to catch."

"I've got one. Now I'll show you."

Charley knew how to take an eel off a hook, but that one bothered him, and when he finally got him loose, he said,

"I say, Jeff, this won't do. I'd as lief fish for turtles. Let's move."

"Wait a bit. Maybe there's something else."

So there was, but not for any great length of time; and as the boys were impatient, they made another move.

They would have given one of their eels to know how the fat man from the city was getting along.

Toward noon their frequent changes brought them away up to the head of the pond, near the mouth of the creek; but they had not been anchored ten minutes before a deep-toned cheery voice from the bank hailed them with,

"Hey, boys! Having good luck?"

"Pretty good," said Charley. "Have you caught anything?—anything bigger'n minners?"

"Well, a fish or two. Come ashore and I'll show 'em. Besides, I want you to give me a lift with your boat."

The boys were ready enough to have a look into that fish-basket, and the anchor came up in a hurry.

"See," said the fat man, as he lifted the lid of his basket.

"Why, it's more'n half full."

"All trout too, and some of 'em are big ones."

"Mister," said Charley, "did you bring any of them from the city with you?"

"I guess not," chuckled the fat man. "I got most of 'em in the brook, but I did fairly well along the creek. Now do you see those bushes at the foot of the steep bank just below the mouth of the creek?"

"Yes," said Charley; "there's an awful deep hole right there."

"Well, I want to float over, slow and silent, so I can throw a fly right under those bushes."

"You'll get caught in 'em."

"I'll risk that."

He sat down on the front seat, and Charley rowed him over as if he were afraid of making a ripple on the water. He and Jeff were almost holding their breath with excitement over what their fat friend meant to do.

"That's it. Let her float."

The light graceful rod swung back, a remarkable length of very fine line went floating through the air, and the boys could see something like a small dragon-fly at the end of it.

"No sinker, Jeff," whispered Charley.

"It's just lit on the water."

It was a beautiful cast, and the fly fell at the very edge of the bushes, on a dark and shady spot of water with a small eddy in it.

Splash!

What a plunge that was!

"He jumped clean out of the water," exclaimed Jeff.

"You've lost your hook this time, mister, and your bait too. That's a pickerel, and we call him the boss fish."

"It's a bigger fish than I had reckoned on," said the stranger, "or I'd have brought a heavier rod and tackle."

"He'll snap any line you've got."

"We'll see."

The pickerel had felt the sharp point of that small hook, and he was now darting off toward the mouth of the creek.

The fat man took it coolly, holding his rod with one hand, while the other rested on the large bright brass [Pg 593] reel, that was now spinning around as the fish drew the line out.

The tough little rod was bending, but there was no great strain upon it.

"He won't run far. Here he comes back again."

Not far indeed, but there were a hundred yards of fine line out before he could begin to reel it in. Then he cried,

"There he goes, down under the bank. Means to sulk. I'll worry him out of that."

"Why don't you pull him right in?" asked Jeff, excitedly.

"Because he wouldn't come if I did."

It was a good while before there seemed to be any prospect of his coming, and the boys were almost tired of the fun of sitting still to see their stout friend let out his line and reel it in again. But at last the pickerel himself began to get a little tired of pulling and being pulled, and was reeled in closer and closer to the boat, while the trout rod bent nearly double.

"He'll break that line!"

"No, sonny; that's what the landing-net is for."

They saw it darted under the gleaming side of the great fish—a lift, a splash, and the prize was floundering on the bottom of the boat.

"Hurrah, boys! We've got him."

"You've beat us, mister. I'm just going to go home and catch a lot of flies," muttered Charley.

Half an hour later they were all standing on the hotel steps, and Black Dan was holding up the pickerel.

"Dat ar's de boss fish, shuah! And you done cotch him wid a fly and dat ar whipstalk? Was you dar, Charley Morris?"

"I saw him do it, and so did Jeff."

"Well, ef I ain't glad he's done got dat ar pickerel out ob my way. Dat fish has been a soah trial to me!"

And Jeff and Charley had had their own fun, and their first lesson in fly-fishing.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

WHY PICKLE GAVE THE GERMAN TEACHER A PRESENT.

BY LAURA F. FITCH.

Pickle had waked in high spirits. That was unlucky, in the first place, for Pickle's high spirits always bubbled over before the day ended into some deed of mischief. Then, Miss Prim had a headache, and could not appear in the school-room. That was unlucky, too, for the new German teacher was to arrive that morning, and she would not be able to introduce him to the girls, and enjoin upon them attention and obedience. To be sure, Miss Meek, the assistant-principal, undertook to perform all necessary ceremonies, but then the girls never minded Miss Meek. In the third place, the new teacher was queer-looking. That was the most unfortunate circumstance of all, and was really to blame for the whole affair.

"What business," Pickle wrathfully demanded of her friend Sally, "has a man, even if he is a German, to come to a girls' boarding-school looking like a guy?"

Sally, who was trying to dispose of two thick slices of bread and butter before recitation, was too much occupied to answer.

But Pickle was not particular about an answer, and continued, nodding her head in the direction of the hall: "Look at him out there, now. Such a great broad-shouldered man. And then see how he blushes. And do just look at that long curly hair, 'way down to his shoulders. Gracious! I should think he'd be ashamed of it."

[Pg 594]

Pickle evidently resented the teacher's fine curls, which *were* too long for a man, as a personal insult to herself, it being one of the sorrows of her life that her own thick hair was kept cropped by her mother's orders.

"I know I sha'n't like him," she added to herself, as the unfortunate possessor of the obnoxious curls entered the room.

He was not naturally a nervous man, he thought, but he had never taught girls before, and he found the calm, cool scrutiny to which he was being subjected by every member of the class something formidable. He would rather teach fifty boys, he said to himself, than these fifteen girls.

Pickle, from her desk, watched the new teacher's every movement. She laughed to see him nervously twist his feet around the leg of the chair, while a smile of scorn played over her lips when he ran his fingers through his waving locks.

"Sal," she whispered, "ain't he too funny for anything, though? I hope he speaks English with an accent; that is, if he ever gets the courage to speak at all."

These disrespectful whispers, though inaudible to Herr Müller, were terminated by his speaking at that moment. In the very mildest possible tones he asked, "Vill some young lady haf ze goodness to acquaint me eggsactly how far ze class haf read in ze book?"

"Oh, he's as meek as Moses, and speaks worse than Professor Schultz used to!" was Pickle's murmured comment upon this speech; while Alice Smith rose to say that the class had read as far as the twenty-fourth page, fifteenth line.

"No, we haven't, either," immediately exclaimed Pickle. Then, as Herr Müller looked inquiringly at her, "We only got to the fourteenth line. I just mentioned it," she added, as the girls tittered, "because you wanted to know eggsactly."

Herr Müller frowned, but judged it best to take no notice of this speech, merely saying to the speaker, "Vill you haf ze goodness to read a leetle?"

Pickle knew he was addressing her, but she ignored the request, and gazed blankly before her. Sally nudged her, whispering, "Pickle, he means *you*."

"He must address me by my name, then."

"Why, how can he, when he doesn't know what it is?"

"That's his look-out," was the reply.

Herr Müller, perceiving that every one else in the room knew whom he was addressing, exclaimed, impatiently, "Vill ze young lady wiz ze *very short hair* please to read?"

Unconscious Herr Müller knew not what mortal offense he had given, as Pickle quickly arose, glibly read as far as desired, and then sat down, boiling with indignation.

"Very short hair!" she muttered to Sally. "Maybe it is; but it can grow, I guess; anyway, it's no disgrace. But as for his curls, hair like that is a disgrace to any man."

"Yes, indeed," assented Sally; "his curls are only fit for a girl. They'd look nice, now, on *you*, Pickle."

Pickle replied to this apparently innocent speech with a withering glance. The next moment, however, her face lighted up with an idea.

The door of the class-room opened, and Miss Meek entered to say that some new German books had arrived, and to request Herr Müller to come and look at them. No sooner had the door closed behind the two teachers than Pickle exclaimed aloud, "I've forgotten my translation book," and also left the room. Sally was suspicious of this errand. Pickle often forgot her books, yet seldom took the trouble to go for them, unless sent. But when she came into the class-room again, with several others who had also seized this opportunity of walking out, she seemed hardly to merit her friend's suspicions. She paused a moment by the teacher's desk, and then took her seat.

In a few minutes Herr Müller's step outside caused all the girls to scramble to their seats, so that when he entered they sat as quiet and demure as though they had not stirred during his absence. He took his seat, and opened his book again at the lesson, when the girls saw him suddenly flush up to the roots of his hair, and run his fingers nervously through his long curls. He next removed a small package that had evidently been lying in his book, and laid it on the side of the desk. In so doing, something fell out of the package on to the floor, and showed itself to the wondering girls to be a *hair-pin*. Thereupon some of the girls giggled, others smiled, and all involuntarily fastened their gaze on the teacher's flowing hair.

Sally turned to Pickle. "How could you do it?" she whispered to her companion, whose face, flushed with the effort to restrain her mirth, was alarmingly red.

"What do you mean?" returned Pickle, with an unconscious air.

The next minute Miss Meek again entered, this time with an inkstand for the teacher's desk. In placing it she evidently saw the bundle of hair-pins, for she looked indignantly around the class before leaving the room, while Herr Müller once more flushed a rosy red.

"She'll tell that to Miss Prim, Pickle—see if she don't," whispered Sally, anxiously, to her friend.

"Do you think so?" queried Pickle, hastily; then, with marked indifference, "Yes, I suppose she will. I wonder if she'll find out who did it?"

"Oh, you needn't try to deceive me; as if I didn't know who did it!" returned the other.

"Do you?" was the only reply she got to her attempt at confidence.

This provoked Sally. "Yes, I do; and Miss Prim'll find out, too, without much telling—you can be sure of that."

Miss Prim did find out, but not without any telling. Pickle wisely determined to forestall all investigations. She went privately to the grieved Miss Prim, and announced herself as the culprit.

Although Miss Prim punished Pickle at the time for her disrespect, the kind-hearted girl—for she was kind-hearted in spite of her love of mischief—was much more severely punished by her own conscience when, a few days later, she learned why Herr Müller allowed his curly locks to grow down over his shoulders.

A brave young soldier in the German army, he had, during the siege of Metz, left the shelter of the trenches, and in the face of almost certain death rushed across the open ground where shot, shell, and bullets fell thick as hail, to snatch up and bring safely back in his strong arms a little child. It was a blue-eyed four-year-old girl who, terror-stricken and bewildered by the death of her parents and the awful firing, had wandered from one of the crumbling houses outside the walls of the city. When the soldiers in the trenches first saw her she was standing irresolute but unharmed amid the storm of flying death that swept across the plain.

Just as he reached the trenches with his precious burden the young soldier was hurled to the ground badly wounded, and apparently dead. A fragment of a bursting shell had struck him on the back of the neck. Although he lived and finally recovered, a terrible and unsightly scar remained, and was only hidden from sight by the thick curls that Pickle had so despised.

The brave soldier had adopted the child he had saved, and it was to provide means for her support that he now taught German in Miss Prim's school.

You may be sure that after this the little Elsie and her adopted father had no firmer friend nor warmer admirer than Pickle, who through them had learned a lesson that she never forgot.

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A GAME FOR A RAINY DAY.

While every hour of a pleasant day by the sea-side or in the country provides its own amusements, on a rainy day young people are apt to find that time hangs heavily on their hands. So it happened, one day last month, that the girls staying at Sandy Beach Hotel visited Miss Walker in her room, and begged her to suggest some new game for them.

After a moment's hesitation she said that she had thought of a game that might be new to them, though she had played it when a child.

"I shall want one assistant," she said, "to whom the secret of the game will be intrusted; the others will have to try to guess it. I shall remain in the room with the rest of you, and my assistant will go out. During her absence I shall place my hand on the shoulder of some girl, or upon the piano, or on my own shoulder, and when she returns she shall tell you who has been touched."

Nobody seemed to know anything about the game, so Miss Walker chose Alice Milne as her assistant.

The girl went out of the room. Miss Walker laid her hand on the girl nearest to her, who happened to be Clara Lane, and on Alice's return asked, "On whom did my hand rest?"

Alice at once replied, "On Clara."

"Right," was the answer.

But the girls, thinking they had found out the game, said, "You touch the girl nearest to you, Miss Walker."

"I certainly did on this occasion; but the position of the girl has nothing to do with the secret."

"I think I know it, but I shall see," said Bertha, and several girls expressed a similar opinion.

Again Alice went out. Miss Walker touched Nellie, and Alice, as promptly as before, named the right person on her return to the room.

The girls were at fault, and again failed to discover any look or gesture that could help them.

"You must have heard, Alice," said one.

"But Miss Walker did not speak."

"She placed her hand in a particular position."

"Alice may come in blindfolded if you like," said Miss Walker.

One of the girls went out with Alice, brought her in backward, so that she might not see Miss Walker, held her hands, and did everything but find out the secret.

At last they said: "We give it up, Miss Walker. Do tell us the secret."

"Well," said Miss Walker, "if you really can not guess it, I will tell you. As a rule, I placed my hand on the shoulder of the girl who spoke last before Alice quitted the room. But sometimes there were two or three speakers, and in this case I touched my own shoulders. If no one spoke, I touched the piano. Any article that may be agreed upon will do equally well. With this simple understanding, and an intelligent assistant, a mistake is almost impossible."

SEA-BREEZES.

LETTER No. 3 FROM BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

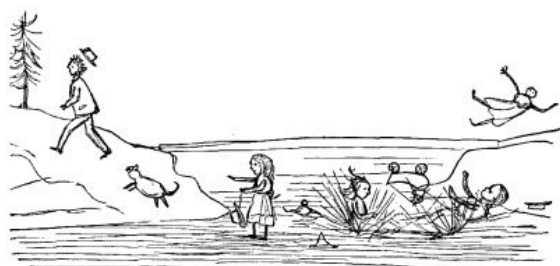
OLD ORCHARD BEACH, *August, 1880.*

Dear Child,—It is two weeks, I do declare, since I have written you one word, and what a state you must be in all this time; for I remember perfectly well how suddenly my letter closed, just at the very smilax of that awful adventure. But really, Clytie, so many things have happened since, and every minute is so full of pleasures or catastrophes, that, as I look back, that one seems almost insignificant.

I suppose you are surprised at my using such large words; but here we meet a great many "people of culture," as they are called, and they are all very busy "improving their minds"; and you know Solomon says, "Never do till to-morrow what you can put off to-day," so I am trying to improve mine too, while I am under their confluence.

Papa bought me a little pocket dictionary, and I look out all sorts of words in it, and that is how I get so many big ones that perhaps *you* don't quite apprehend, but I must use them inasmuch.

Excuse me for scratching out inasmuch, I *should* have said nevertheless. When I am not quite sure of a word, I look it out, for I always have my little dictionary close at hand, and that is a great conveyance, you know. I am trying to get over my babyish way of talking, or at least of writing, and hope I may exceed.



HOW WE LOOKED AFTER IT HAPPENED.

But to go back to my story: where was I? We were crossing over the board to the island, weren't we? Well, Fan was going ahead, wheeling Jane in her carriage, then Dora and Snip, and me on behind with Moppet in my arms. Randolph stood in the water, and watched his chance till we were all fairly on the board, and then he gave a regular Indian war-whoop, and threw himself right across the middle of the board, and shook it with all his might, so that it jiggled awfully right up and down. Before we had time to scream or to paralyze our danger, over we all went, pell-mell, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, down, down, down into the foaming water! What do you think of that, Clytie? Every single one of us—dogs, Jane, carriage, and all! 'Twas worse, a

thousand-fole, than when we lost Lucille. Fan sat right down on the pebbles at the bottom of the sea, and gave herself up for lost. I threw Moppet as far as I could on to the beach, while Dora screamed: "You hateful boy! Go at him, Snip! bite him! throw him over! eat him up!" And Snip *did* go at him, as if he would

"tear him limb from limb," as the story-books say.

Randolph looked scared out of his wits, and without waiting to help one of us, he turned and ran as fast as he could go, and never stopped till he was safe back at the hotel, the mean coward that he is! We heard afterward how he ran into the house with such a roar as to frighten every one there, crying out at the top of his lungs, "They've set the dog on me, and he'll kill me!" Did you ever know such a horrid boy?

As for the rest of us, we scrambled out as best we could, by the help of the other boys, for, to tell the truth—and you know, my Clytie, I always do that, and never mean even to inangerrate when I am telling a story—the water was not very deep where we fell, not more than half way up to our knees, and we often go in wading there; but it *seems* a good deal deeper when you are dumped right down into it without any warning. Now wasn't this a teragical end of our picnic on the island?

A few days later Mrs. Peyton and her party left Old Orchard. Where they have gone I do not know, but we children believe they went away on Randolph's account. We *tried* to treat him politely, but how *could* we? I don't think any one would blame us for turning our backs on him whenever he appeared, and only saying good-morning to him in a lofty way over our shoulders. He neverdently didn't like it, and properly *coaxed* his mother to go away. [Pg 596]

Whatever *other* people can do, I am very sure *I* shall never be able to love my emernies. *Love* Randolph Peyton! Just think of it, Clytie, I'd be *ashamed* to love such a mean boy even if I could, emerny or not. I truly hope we may never see him again.

Such heaps and heaps of things as I shall have to tell you, dear Clytemnestra, when I get home! No letter would ever be long enough to get them all in. There will be enough to talk about all next winter.

You don't know anything about the clam-bake we had last week, nor how Dora and I got lost one day in a cave—a real *boner fidy* cave, as papa says, dark and dreadful, where smugglers used to hide their things.

I'm saving up lots of things to tell you some day, and if your eyes don't open wider than ever before, it will only be because something is the matter with your wires. Such fun as I am having this summer! And, oh, Clytie! what do you think? Mamma is busy packing the trunk, and we are going away from here to-morrow. We are going with some other people to Mount Desert, 'way round the coast of Maine, ever so much farther than this.

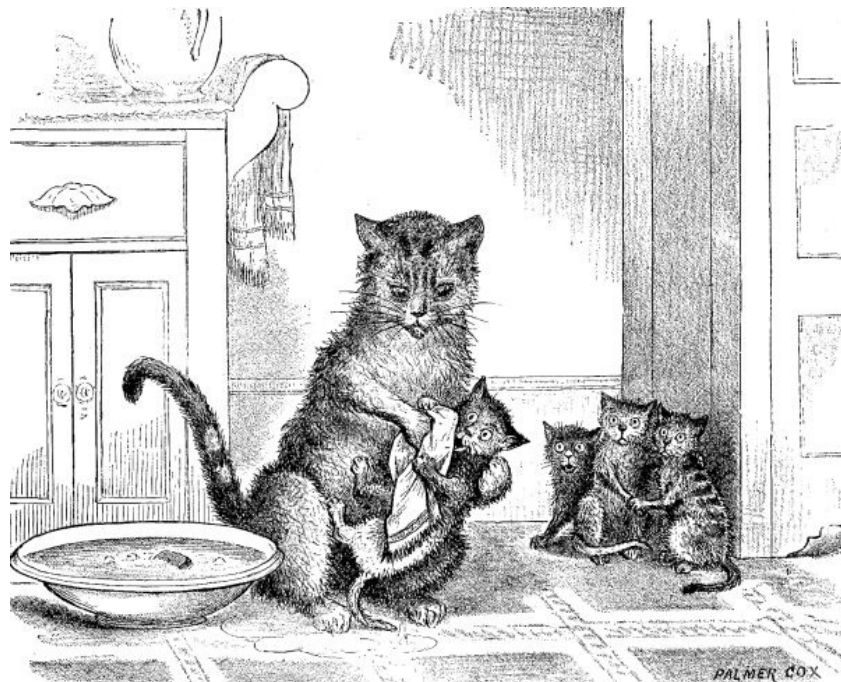
It is lovely everywhere here, and I don't believe Maine is half so crooked and queer along the shore as it looks in the geography, and I'm going to tell the girls so when I get back to school.

There's no sense in working so hard on our maps if 't isn't true, and Maine was the very hardest State of all to draw, for 'twas so awful jiggly along the edge. Really, it isn't so a bit, for I have seen it, and ought to know.

Here come Snip and Moppet, and I hear Fan and Dora rushing up stairs for me, so I will bid you good-by, or "orevo," as I heard Dr. Le Baron say to Miss Farrar when he went away last night—that is, it *sounded* like orevo. I don't know as I spell it right, for I can not find it anywhere in my dictionary.

With ever so much love to the rest of the dolls, as well as to yourself, dear Clytie, good-night.

Your little mamma,
BESSIE MAYNARD.



WASHING THE BABIES' FACES.

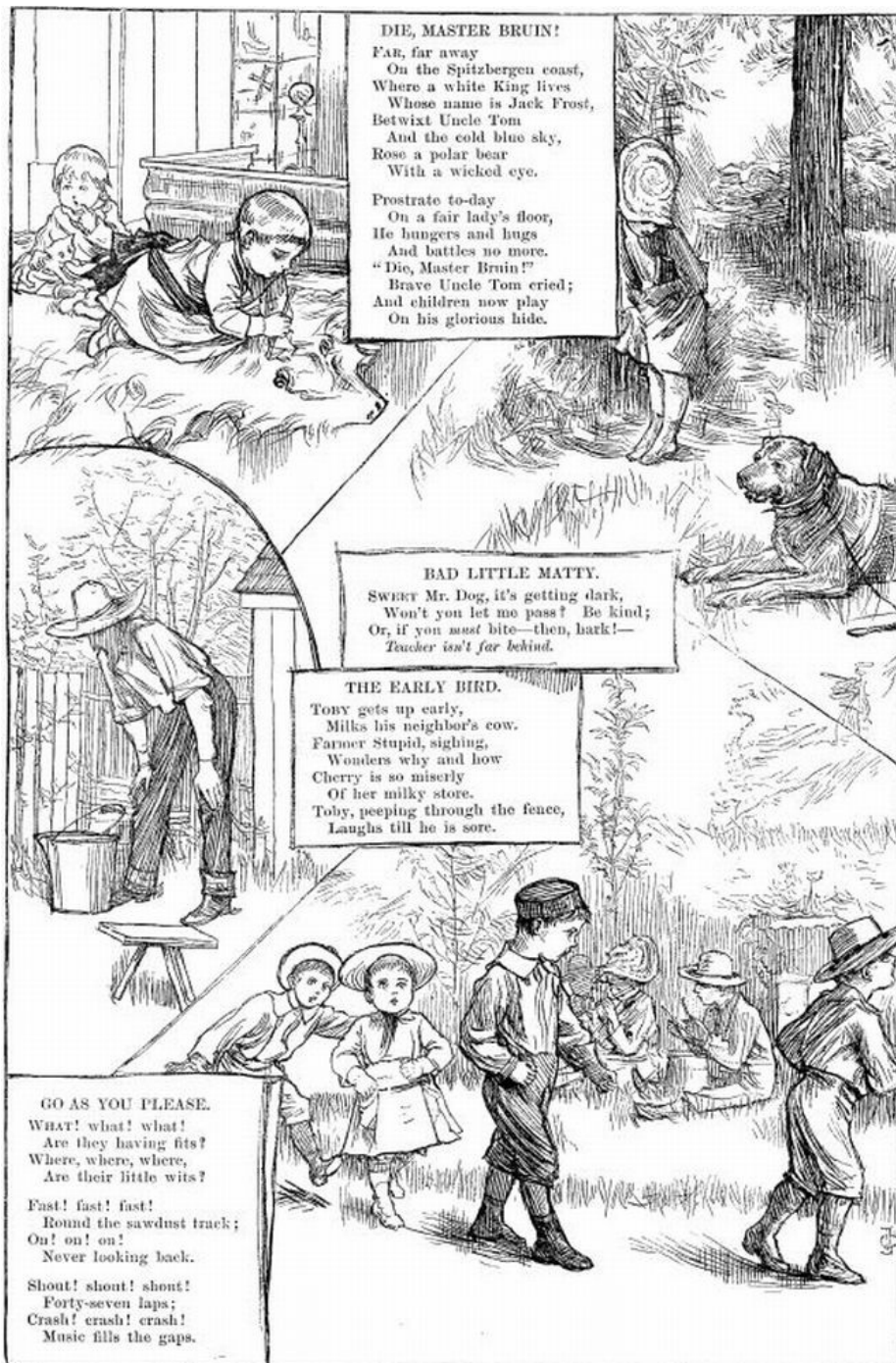
THE GREEDY LITTLE MOUSE.

Tottie and Lillie were twins, with the same wide-open blue eyes, the same rosy dimples, and bright yellow hair. One day, when they were seated at the little table in the nursery eating their dinner—for they were too young yet to dine with mamma—Tottie thought she saw a little black bead shining in a hole by the closet door. No, it could not be a bead, for it popped in and out. Presently out came a little pointed nose, with long stiff whiskers, two little round ears, and two bright black—not beads, but eyes. The children sat very still, and thought they had never seen anything quite so pretty as the little plump body and long graceful tail whisking rapidly and noiselessly, while the little creature peered cautiously about. Lillie threw gently a little piece of bread, but terrified little mousie thought it was surely intended to kill her, and flew back to her stronghold in the closet. Tottie now put a little piece of bread quite close to the hole, and they sat motionless for it to re-appear. They had not long to wait; the bread was too sweet a morsel for mousie to resist, and they soon had the great pleasure of seeing her first nibble a little, and finally drag it into the hole. Lillie said, "Oh, don't you know, Tottie, mousie is the mother, and she has a lot of little children in her house, and that is going to be their dinner: let's give her some every day." And so they did, until mousie grew so tame and so wise she seemed to know the dinner hour as well as they, and would come nearer and nearer, and run in and out under the table picking up the crumbs; but she was ever a little distrustful.

If any one made an effort to catch her, or made ever so little noise, off she flew to her hole, and would wait, and peep out for some time, before she became re-assured. But when every one was fast asleep in bed, then she became more brave; but with all her fine feeding, Mrs. Mouse could not overcome her nature, and, I grieve to add, she was a *thief*. She would rummage in pockets for cake and goodies, and climb to the highest shelf if she smelt any dainty, and so, alas! fell a victim to her greedy propensities.

Nurse had put a bowl of liquid starch, on the shelf in the closet, and mousie, thinking she had a fine treat, scaled the side, and reaching over for the dainty, lost her balance, and tumbled in. The fluid was too heavy and the sides too steep and slippery for her to escape; so, after vain endeavors, she sank exhausted to the bottom.

The next day, and the next passed, and no mousie came at the usual hour. Tottie said she "*knew* the old black cat had caught her." Lillie said she "*knew* the children were sick." So she threw little bits down the hole for her. But when nurse went for her forgotten starch, the truth was revealed. Poor mousie was dead. Many tears fell; and although the children had many toys, nothing was equal to that sly, active, bright-eyed, live little play-fellow.



GROESBEECK, TEXAS.

I am twelve years old, and am a constant reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I think the story of "The Moral Pirates" is the best of all.

I am a member of the "Groesbeeck Cornet Band," considered the best band in the State for practice. I play second B flat cornet. I live not far from the railroad, and I have a little engine of my own that runs by steam. I was born in London, England.

SAM RISIEN, Jun.

VANDALIA, ILLINOIS.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and papa says he will have it bound for me if I keep it nice. Lots of times, when papa brings it home, and dinner is just ready, I go without my dinner to read it.

I have three little ducks for my pets. They are real greedy when I feed them, and they fly upon my shoulders to get the first bite.

I am making a little cook-book, and would like any recipe from the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

I am much obliged to Etta D. for naming her Paris doll after me, although I don't suppose she knew she did it.

ROSA BELL H.,
Staten Island.

Dotty Seaman is my sister, but I am two years younger than she is, and I can not write very well yet, so she is writing this letter for me. I must tell you about my pets. I have a blue-bird that bites very hard when I try to catch him. He is very wild, but I hope he will get tame. My little sister Lucy has a pet lamb named Will. It was very cross the other day. We have a bay horse named Sue, and I ride round from the door sometimes. It is great fun. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I love to make Wiggles.

WILLIE I. S.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have noticed that several correspondents of Our Post-office Box inquire how to preserve eggs. Eggs should always be blown, for if they are not, they gradually change their color, becoming darker than is natural. Besides losing the delicacy of the tints, they are also easily broken, while if blown, they can be dropped quite a distance without being injured.

In order to blow them, make two holes on the same side, a little distance apart. The holes should be very small. Boys often make them twice as large as necessary. It is better to make them both on the same side, as that side can be placed down in the case, and the egg looks neater.

HARRY W. C.

TAYLORSVILLE, TEXAS.

I love to read the letters in the Post-office Box very much, and I like the story of "The Moral Pirates." Do you know whether Frank Austin, the hero of "Across the Ocean," is living yet?

JOSEPH L. P.

Yes, Frank Austin is living, and often comes into the office of YOUNG PEOPLE.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am nearly thirteen years old. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the beginning, and I think it is the nicest paper published.

I have a collection of postage stamps, and am saving money to buy a stamp album. My father has taken HARPER'S WEEKLY and MONTHLY ever since I can remember. I wish YOUNG PEOPLE much success.

Can you tell me why some correspondents sign fancy names to their letters?

CHARLES C. M.

You probably know that many great authors sign a *nom de plume* to their writings, and some little authors like to do the same. Our young correspondents, with but few exceptions, send us their real names, even when they desire the publication of a fictitious one, and it would please us better if they would always do so.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

I am eight years old. I am writing this with my left hand, because my right arm is broken. I have broken it three times.

I had a little turtle, but it died. Now I have a pet goat.

HARRY D. F.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I wish to tell Kittie G. that I tried her recipe for butterscotch, and found it splendid. I am glad she liked mine. I also tried Fanny S.'s recipe for caramels, and it was very nice.

REBECCA H.

I am five years old, and can not write myself, but my sister is writing for me, and I tell her what to say. I have some pet Plymouth Rock chickens, and they are all named. My brother Wilton has four beautiful pet pigeons, and one of them is making a nest. I have four cats, and a setter pup named Dash. Uncle Jimmie lives with us, and takes YOUNG PEOPLE for my brothers, Wilton and Eddie, and myself, and we all like it very much. Wilton reads everything in it.

I have some beautiful morning-glories that have been blooming ever since the first of June, and I will send some seed to any little boy or girl who would like some, and will send me their address.

MARY EARLE,
Evergreen, Anderson

County, South Carolina.

DENVER, COLORADO.

I am very much obliged for my nice little paper, YOUNG PEOPLE. My uncle gave it to me for a Christmas present, and it amuses mamma and me very much.

My only pet is a nice canary. When I let him out of the cage he flies and picks the buds off from mamma's plants.

We can see the snow on the mountains all the time here where I live. I am twelve years old.

LULU.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

I am seven years old. I like to read the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I want to write one myself. I live in a large orange grove. It is a lovely place, and summer lasts all the year.

My pet is a hen named Tinny. She is so tame I can pick her up anywhere. She has eleven little chickens now. I can not write very well, for I have been to school only eight months.

NELLIE E. C.

MONTICELLO, NEW JERSEY.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is the nicest little paper that I ever saw. The only pet I have is a dear little baby sister. I am eleven years old, and I have been to a private school two years.

My papa is an editor, and in a year or two I am going to study stenography so that I can report for his paper.

I have two younger brothers, and we are all learning to swim. I can take fifteen strokes.

GEORGE E. W.

NETHERWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Here is a recipe for cookies for Nellie E. O.: One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; one cup of milk; one egg; one tea-spoonful of royal baking powder; a little grated nutmeg; flour enough to make it very stiff. Roll very thin. These cookies will keep good a long time. I have made them, and I know they are good. I am twelve years old.

EVA LOUISE P.

May M. Vinton, Mabel Lowell, Alberta F. Morrill, and K. R. send very nice recipes for candy, but they are so very similar to recipes already published that we can not make room for them. We would request the young housekeepers to avoid repetition as much as possible, for while we thank them all for their favors, we can only print such recipes as are new.

I would like to exchange for some birds' eggs a collection of Christmas, New-Year, and

birthday cards, about sixty in number, and all in good order. Most of them are as good as new. If some correspondent would write to me, stating the number and the varieties of eggs he would be willing to exchange with me, we might agree on terms.

VANCE MARTIN,
243 Dearborn Avenue,

Chicago, Illinois.

I am ten years old. My aunt takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my sister and myself.

I would like to exchange pressed leaves and flowers with some little girl in California.

MAUD EVERETT,
Newark, Delaware.

I am collecting different kinds of seeds, and I would like to exchange them with any correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. We have only purple and white larkspurs, and if Mary Lowry has any other colors, I will gladly exchange pink seed for them.

DOTTY SEAMAN,
Richmond, Staten Island,

New York.

Some boys, friends of mine in this part of Brooklyn, are going to start a young chemists' club, and I desire recipes for simple experiments from any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

I also send a recipe for Puss Hunter's cooking club. Currant ice-cream: one table-spoonful and a half of currant jelly or juice; one cup of sugar; one pint of sweet cream; the juice of one lemon. Stir until the sugar is thoroughly melted, and freeze.

I will exchange flowers, ferns, leaves, and mosses from the Long Island woods with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHARLIE WILLIAMSON,
293 Eckford Street,

Brooklyn, New York.

I tried Fanny S.'s recipe for caramels, and thought it was very nice.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any boy or girl.

J. FRED SEAMAN,
114 Cumberland Street,

Brooklyn, New York.

My home is eighteen miles from St. Paul, on Lake St. Croix. It is a beautiful lake, and is navigable for large steamers, and there is splendid fishing here for boys. We find many specimens of carnelian on the lake shore. It is a species of agate or chalcedony. I would like to exchange some for any curiosities from any other State.

CARRIE E. SILLIMAN,
Hudson, St. Croix

County, Wisconsin.

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

I am collecting birds' eggs, and would be pleased to exchange varieties with any of the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE.

I have six catalogues of the birds and eggs of Ohio, which I will take pleasure in forwarding to any six correspondents engaged in collecting, if they will send me the necessary postage.

WALTER DOUGLASS,
Mount Auburn,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I subscribed for YOUNG PEOPLE immediately on seeing it. I liked it ever so much then, and I like it more and more all the time.

I have a lot of United States, official, and foreign postage stamps that I would like to

exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE (especially with those just beginning a collection, as I have not many rare stamps) for minerals, curiosities, or relics of any kind.

Correspondents will please write to me, stating what kind of stamps they would like, and what they have to exchange for them.

GEORGE M. FINCKEL,
P. O. Box 368,

Washington, D. C.

If Paul R. H., of Philadelphia, whose letter was in Post-office Box No. 35, will send his address to Annie M. Wickham, Titusville, Pennsylvania, she will send him some Canton and Hong-Kong postage stamps for his collection.

A dear friend sends me YOUNG PEOPLE every week. I have all the numbers, and enjoy them very much.

I tried Puss Hunter's recipe for cake, and found it very nice.

I am seven years old, and have been to school only one term, but mamma taught me to write more than a year ago.

I have two flower beds of my own, in which are geraniums, verbenas, heliotropes, pansies, daisies, and forget-me-nots. I would like to exchange some of these pressed with Genevieve, or any other little girl.

MAY DOOLITTLE,
19 South Union Street,

Rochester, New York.

I have a small stamp collection of two hundred and fifty different kinds, and I would be glad to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I am thirteen years old.

ERNEST ARONI,
Bloomfield, Nelson

County, Kentucky.

I would like to exchange minerals with some one in a Western or Southern State.

EDWIN O. JORDAN,
Thomaston, Knox

County, Maine.

I have a pony of my own, and I ride him almost every day. I would like to exchange stamps with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have about four hundred stamps.

PIERRE JAY,
Mamaroneck,

Westchester County, New York.

I am collecting postmarks of different towns and cities of this and foreign countries. I have only two hundred now, but am very anxious for more, and would like to exchange with any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE.

STANLEY K. HAWKINS,
United States Hotel,

Boston, Massachusetts.

I am eleven years old, and my brother is nine. We are making a collection of butterflies, moths, and bugs. We have caught three hundred different kinds, and would like to exchange with any boy or girl in the Western or Southern States.

WILLIAM M. LOW,
No. 129 Wooster Street,

New Haven, Connecticut.

ALBERT S. BARRETT.—It is impossible for us to help you. Try some of our exchanges. You might arrange to

send them minerals, or some other natural curiosity, in exchange for what you wish.

Yesterday morning auntie, uncle, and I went out for a long walk over the mountains. When we reached the ridge, about a mile and a half above us, we could look off and see one of the great peaks of the Sierra, at the base of which is one of the best paying quartz mines in California. It was a splendid sight—the great mountains towering up to the sky, while on the top of one higher than any of those immediately surrounding was the great black rock of the Sierra Buttes. The lower part of the rock was covered with snow, and behind it was the pale, misty, dull, blue sky. Off to the eastward the ridge was covered with snow, and we had a walk on a snow-bank several hundred feet long, and from four to six feet deep. When we reached home we had some ripe cherries for dinner.

I keep every number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and auntie sews them together for me with twine. Her *HARPER'S BAZARS*, *MAGAZINES*, and *WEEKLIES* are all fixed the same way. I think *YOUNG PEOPLE*, is the best paper for children that was ever published. I have told my mamma, who lives in San Francisco, where I was born, a great deal about it.

[Pg 599]

I am pressing some flowers for Genevieve Harvey, for although I live in the same State, uncle says we do not have the same kind of flowers here in the mountains as they have in the valley. We have some very beautiful and curious flowers up here, and I should be glad to exchange pressed mountain flowers for Eastern flowers with any little girl.

MARY AUGUSTA REID,
Downieville, Sierra

County, California.

CHARLIE W.—Iris was the daughter of Thaumias, a sea deity who represented the majesty of the sea, and Electra. Originally she personified the rainbow, but came afterward to be the swift messenger of the gods. Homer alludes to her as darting "like hail or snow that falls from the clouds," from one end of the world to the other, and diving into all the hidden depths of the universe to execute the commands of the gods. In ancient art Iris is represented with wings and a herald's staff.

Aurora, or Eos, was the Goddess of Dawn. She was the mother of Boreas, Zephyrus, Eurus, and Notus, the north, west, east, and south winds. Another of her sons was Memnon, King of Æthiopia, who was slain by Achilles. Ever since his death Aurora has wept constantly, and the dew of the early morning is caused by her tears falling to earth. Aurora is pictured as driving a chariot and four horses, or as gliding through the air on wings, hastening to announce the arrival of the God of Day.

JOHN JACOB.—As you do not tell us what style of reading you prefer, it is a little difficult to tell you what books to choose. History is always good reading for a boy of your age. You would find Macaulay's *History of England* both valuable and interesting, and a small volume entitled *A History of Our Own Times*, by Justin McCarthy, might be read in connection with it. The historical writings of Motley and Prescott are also standard works of the greatest value. If you prefer biography, the "English Men of Letters Series" will give you a complete outline of English literature. It would be foolish for you to buy books which would simply amuse you for a short time, and we trust you will select wisely, and lay a solid foundation for a valuable library.

Favors are acknowledged from Fred Dierking, E. C. P. and W. P., Edwin F. Edgett, Harry R. Bartlett, "Waterloo," Robert R. T., C. E. S. and K. T. W., Josie Frankenberg, Elwyn B. Bentley, Mamie Brooke, Samuel McMullin, L. V. Nunemacher, I., Nellie L. Hutchinson, Cora A. Binninger, W. R., Fred Haswell, Walter S. Nichols, Willie R. F. Grant, Eva M. W., Selma Witzel, John Avery, Maud Miller, Johnnie H. Fletcher.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from W. Gilmour, George L. Rushy, Bessie G. Bartlett, N. N., Helen M. Shearer, S. McK. Bayard, Little Belle, Maud and Gertie, Mary A. Reid, Ernest C. Steward, Eddie A. Leet, George G. Seitz, Cora Frost, George S. Schilling, Rory Barnhart, George Haywood, Ford M. Goff, George Volckhausen, S. E. Davis, A. H. Ellard, Katie M. Griswold, Bessie G. Strong, L. Mahler, Hattie Smith, S. Hart, S. G. Rosenbaum.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

Our firsts in dimple, not in cheek.
Our seconds in dahlia, not in leek.
Our thirds in stagger, not in fall.
Our fourths in rampart, not in wall.

Our fifths in window, not in pane.
Our sixths in tempest, not in rain.
The names of two amusing birds
Are hid away within these words.

FRANK.

No. 2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An article of food. The name of a prophet. Extended. A small animal. One of the United States. A metal. A river in Europe. Where the sun sets. A hole. Comfort. Answer—Two flowers.

M. L.

No. 3.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

A line from Shakspeare's play of the *Tempest*, Act First:

F—l—f—t—o—f—v—t—y—a—h—r—i—s.

MABEL.

No. 4.

DIAMOND.

In beech. An article of ladies' dress. An animal. To request. In maple.

BERTHA.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I was a passenger in the *Mayflower*, and my name is spelled with 13 letters.

My 2, 12, 3, 4 is a portion of land.

My 8, 6, 13 is a tree.

My 10, 2, 9 is a noise.

My 1, 11, 5, 7 is floating vapor.

"THE TRIO."

No. 6.

ENIGMA.

My first is in man, but not in boy.

My second is in trifle, not in toy.

My third is in eight, but not in four.

My fourth is in wisdom, not in lore.

My fifth is in ten, but not in one.

My sixth is in moon, but not in sun.

My seventh is in cottage, not in hive.

My eighth is in eleven, not in five.

My ninth is in prosper, not in grow.

A learned Greek these letters show.

H. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 38.

No. 1.

A
A C T
A C O R N
T R Y
N

No. 2.

B E A R
E D G E
A G U E
R E E D

No. 3.

Victoria.

No. 4.

C-ape, C-lamp, C-lever, S-hoot, C-raft, B-right, S-hoe, A-tom, F-old, S-age, B-race, C-ant.

No. 5.

Popocatapetl.

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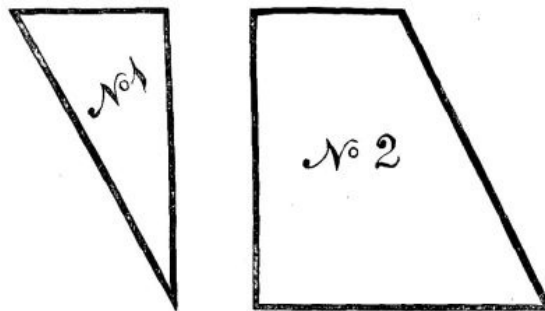


EFFIE'S WISH.

BY M. D. BRINE.

Oh, the shine of the laughing ripples,
Dancing over the silver bay!
Oh, the touch of the frolicsome breezes,
Outward-bound on this summer's day!
How they rustle and rush and hasten,
Filling the distant sails so white,
Kissing the cheeks of little Effie
As she gazes, with blue eyes bright,

Far away, where the waters widen,
And fade in a mist so soft and blue.
For what are you wishing, pretty watcher?
That you might sail with the breezes too?
That you might dance with the shining ripples
Over the waters far away?
Ah, little Effie, your *eyes* may wander,
But moored inshore is your *boat* to-day.



THE SQUARE PUZZLE.

Here is an old but very good puzzle. Cut five pieces like No. 1, and five like No. 2. Arrange these ten pieces in the form of a square.



THE RAJAH PUZZLE.

Here is an old treacherous Hindoo confined in a tower. With one straight cut of the scissors expose his duplicity.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

BY ESPERANZA.

The captivity of _____, _____, King of _____, son and successor of _____, made a solemn vow to lead a _____ to the deliverance of _____. Accordingly, in _____, accompanied by _____, King of _____, he set sail for the _____; but in spite of the bravery of both Kings, a year elapsed, and their object was not yet attained. _____ was compelled to return to his kingdom. His ally, _____, strove to continue the enterprise; but the desertion of _____ of _____, with whom he had quarrelled at the siege of _____, weakened his army to such an extent that he was forced to abandon the struggle, and return to _____. On the return voyage a terrible storm came up, and after many hours of anxiety, the ship was dashed to pieces against some rocks. All on board perished excepting _____, who, deprived of everything but life, and a few jewels which he wore, was obliged to continue his journey on foot. His route lay through the estates of his enemy _____, and also through those of _____, Emperor of _____. Both dignitaries were his sworn enemies, and were very anxious to have him in their power. _____ knew this, and assuming a disguise, proceeded with the utmost caution. He passed safely through a large portion of _____, and would have escaped recognition had he not attempted to sell a valuable ring which he always wore. One of _____'s servants saw the ring, his suspicions were aroused, and he immediately warned his master of his discovery. _____ was seized, delivered into the hands of _____, who threw him into prison, and kept him captive for many weary months.

_____, Regent of _____ during his brother's absence, instead of freeing him, left him to his sad fate. Indeed, _____ would probably have died in prison had it not been for the devotion of his favorite, _____. This man was a minstrel, and had spent many happy days in close companionship with his beloved master. Hoping to find the King, he journeyed from one castle to another, inquiring everywhere if a distinguished prisoner was detained there, but all in vain. Weary, foot-sore, and disheartened, he arrived near an ancient castle, and seating himself by the road-side, played and sang his master's favorite ballad. Imagine his surprise, his delight, when a well-known voice took up the strain, and sang the remaining verses! In his great joy he hastened back to _____, enlisted the sympathies of the Barons, and gathered together a large ransom, in consideration of which _____ released his royal captive, after an imprisonment of almost _____ months.



"I beg, madam, that you will pardon this almost unwarrantable intrusion, but I am in search of the Coaching Club, and would esteem it a great favor if you could inform me whether they have lately passed the gates of your Park. Whoa, Nero!"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 10, 1880 ***

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