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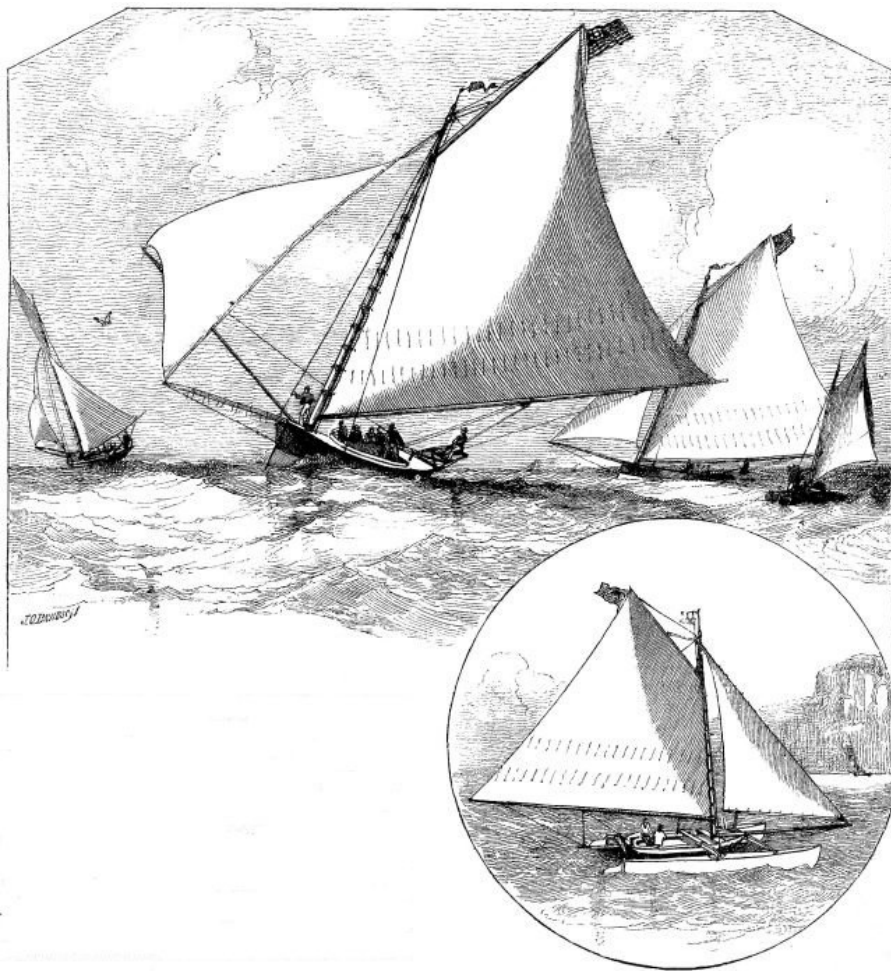
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SOME QUEER RACING-CRAFT.

The illustrations on this page are of two varieties of sail-boats that are very common in the vicinity of New York, and quite rare in other parts of the country. They are boats built expressly for speed, and are used almost entirely for racing.

The upper of the two pictures represents a regatta of swift sailing craft that, as can be readily seen, would be totally unfit for a cruise of any length, nor would they be of much use in ordinary pleasure-sailing. They are very light of draught, have no cabin, are apparently very much oversparred, and carry sails out of all proportion to their size. Most of them are sloop-rigged, and the main-booms are so long that, in order to control the sail at all, the main-sheet is trimmed from the end of a platform that overhangs the stern of the boat. Out on this is seated a skillful boatman, whose whole attention is given to the main-sheet.

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These boats have very large centre-boards, and in races carry crews of from twelve to twenty men, whose duty it is to shift from side to side the many sand-bags that are carried as ballast. Extraordinary speed is made by these boats, and thousands of dollars are often wagered on races between two or more of them.

Some of them have become so famous for speed that their names are seen in the papers almost as often as those of noted race-horses. Among these famous boats are the *Susie S.*, *Brown*, *Nettle*, *Martha M.*, *Dare-Devil*, *Silence*, and many others, the names of which might be mentioned if they could be recalled. The *Susie S.* and *Brown* are now known as the *Albertina* and *Lady Emma*.

Quite a different-looking craft is that shown in the second picture on the same page. It is a catamaran—a style of boat that has only been known in New York waters during the past four years, and which is still so rare as to excite much curiosity. A catamaran consists of two long, narrow, canoe-like hulls, connected by strong wooden cross pieces, which are fastened at the ends with ball-and-socket joints, so that each hull moves up and down with the motion of the waves, independent of the other. These hulls are air-tight as well as water-tight, and so buoyant that they draw but a few inches of water. Upon the cross pieces connecting them is built a light platform, surrounded by a wash-board. This is deck and below-decks all in one, as it affords the only accommodation for the crew that a catamaran can furnish: so you see that it is not a very comfortable cruising boat either, though, to be sure, a small tent might be carried, and raised over the deck when the boat came to anchor for the night.

The speed attained by catamarans, with the wind free, is marvellous, and with a good breeze many of them can beat the fastest steamers. A catamaran has such a breadth of beam, on account of the distance between the hulls, that it is almost impossible for it to capsize as ordinary boats do, but it sometimes—though very rarely—turns a somersault, or "pitch poles"; that is, buries its bows in the water, and upsets head-foremost. This happened once to the first catamaran that was sailed in New York Bay. She was sailing at a tremendous pace right before the wind, when suddenly she buried her nose deep in the water, and turned over so completely that her mast stuck deep in the mud at the bottom of the bay, which was there very shallow. Her astonished crew, who had never heard of such a performance, were thrown into the water far beyond her.

The catamaran of New York Bay is merely a modified form of the famous flying proa of the South-sea Islanders, who build the fastest sailing craft in the world. The hull of the flying proa looks like half a sail-boat that has been split in two, and had one side rebuilt straight up and down. This straight side is always

kept to leeward. From the other side project stout bamboo poles, to the outer ends of which is fastened a boat-shaped log of wood. This log, or outrigger, acts the same part in the proa that the second hull does in the catamaran, and practically gives the boat such a breadth of beam that it is impossible to capsize her.

Sailing a catamaran is glorious fun, and the sensations are similar to those felt in sailing an ice-boat; but it is a dangerous craft in unaccustomed hands, and our boy-readers had better not undertake to manage one of them without having been first carefully taught how to do so. This is also a very good rule to apply to all kinds of sailing craft, and, when followed, is the best known preventive of accidents.

A catamaran rarely carries a crew of more than two men, and of course needs no ballast. Three of the most noted of these queer-looking boats are the *Amaryllis*, which was the first one seen in New York waters, the *Tarantella*, and the *John Gilpin*.

THE GOOD KNIGHT.

In the lovely country of Dauphiné had lived for generations the lords of Terrail, and there in the old castle of Bayard was born, in 1475, Pierre, our "good knight." When a lad of thirteen, his father, finding his health failing, and desirous of providing for his children's future, asked each what he would like to be; and on Pierre's answering that he was determined to be a soldier, told him he would try, through the influence of his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, to place him as page in the household of Charles, Duke of Savoy, where he could be properly instructed. The request was granted, and Pierre was made ready to start. His father gave him his blessing, and exhorted him to be valiant; but his mother wept at parting with her young son, and, among other advice, told him there were three things she commanded him always to do. "The first is, you love and serve God, without offending Him in any way, if it be possible to you. The second is, be mild and courteous to all; keep yourself temperate in eating and drinking; avoid envy; be loyal in word and deed; keep your promises; succor poor widows and orphans. The third is, be bountiful of the goods that God shall give you to the poor and needy, for to give for His honor's sake never made any man poor." Pierre promised to remember his mother's advice (and his life shows that he did); and giving him a little purse she had made for him, with some pieces of gold in it, she kissed him, and they parted, never to see each other again.

Charles, Duke of Savoy, was charmed with his page, and would have been glad to keep him; but King Charles of France was so pleased with him, when on a visit to the Duke, that he took him into his own service, and when only seventeen Pierre accompanied the King in his expedition into Italy. Here he gained great fame, and was ever after called "Bayard, the good knight, without fear, and without reproach."

It would be impossible to tell of all his deeds, for "the loyal servant" who wrote his life says of him, "The good knight was a very register of battles, so that on account of his great experience every one deferred to him," and until his death, save times, when laid up with wounds, he was constantly battling for his King and country. Twice was he captured; but so great was his fame both for prowess and goodness that both times his enemies released him without ransom. Once he defended a bridge single-handed against the enemy, and enabled the French army to retreat. So great was his valor at the battle of Marignano that Francis I. of France, after the field was won, craved the accolade at his hand. But never, either in victory or defeat, did he forget the promise he made his dear mother.

"Was he in possession of a crown, all shared it; the first thing he did when he rose was to serve God; he was a great giver of alms; and there was no man during his life who could say he had refused him anything within his power to grant."

Once, when assaulting Brescia, he was severely wounded, and after the town was taken was carried to the house of a nobleman who had fled, leaving his wife and daughters, and Bayard protected them from pillage and insult. When his wound was cured, for his kindness to them the mother besought his acceptance of 2500 ducats, but bidding her ask her daughters to come to him, he said to them: "You must know that military men are not usually furnished with pretty toys to give to ladies. The good lady, your mother, has given me this money, and I present each of you one thousand ducats to aid you in marrying." Then, to the mother, "Madam, I accept these five hundred ducats, to be distributed among the poor nuns of the convents that have been pillaged; I give it to you in charge for me."

When he was ready to mount his horse, the daughters each gave him a present, one "a pair of bracelets delicately composed of fine gold and silver threads, the other a purse of crimson satin most curiously wrought." He told them the presents came from such good hands, he should value them at ten thousand crowns. "He then put the bracelets on his arms and the purse in his sleeve, declaring he would wear them as long as they lasted for their sakes."

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In the year 1524 he was sent to reduce Genoa; but the French were unsuccessful, and were forced to retreat; and while passing the river Sesia (April 30), Bayard was covering the rear of the army, when a stone from an arquebuse shattered his spine. "*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, "I am a dead man," and fell heavily from his horse.

His esquire, by his orders, set him against a tree, with his face to the Spaniards, and taking hold of his sword by the cross-hilt, he kissed it, confessed his sins, and then swooned away. His enemies, when they came up and found him thus, were full of pity, and when he came out of his swoon he found they had erected a pavilion over him, and placed him on a bed. They mourned for him as sincerely as the French, their chief, the Marquis of Pescara, declaring, "Never have I seen or heard tell of any knight who could compare with you in all admirable qualities." He had Bayard's body embalmed, and returned it to his friends, after having solemn service for him two days; and the dead hero was carried home to Grenoble. Half a league from the city the bier was met by all the dignitaries of the place. He was buried in the convent of Minims, and France mourned publicly for him for a month. Of all the vast sums he had obtained from his prisoners by way of ransom he left none behind, having dowered over one hundred orphan maidens, and succored the many widows who appealed to him for aid.

CROCODILE TEARS.

On the banks of the Nile an old crocodile
Lay sunning himself one day,
And he gently did croon an attempt at a tune,
As he watched some small children at play—
At play—
As he watched some small children at play.

He pondered awhile, and a hungering smile
Revealed the extent of his jaw;
He was twenty feet long, was uncommonly strong,
And his teeth were arranged like a saw—
Like a saw—
And his teeth were arranged like a saw.

He used every wile their hearts to beguile,
As toward them he stealthily stole;
He balanced each scale, and waggled his tail,
Then gobbled those children up whole—
Up whole—
Then gobbled those children up whole.

And such is the style of this old crocodile,
He sheds bitter tears o'er his prey;
He was filled with deep gloom when he thought of their

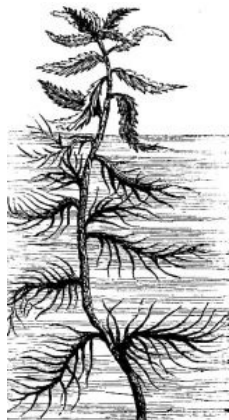
doom,

And he wept all the rest of the day—
The day—
And he wept all the rest of the day.

A FRESH WATER AQUARIUM.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

Many fresh-water plants have a tendency to grow above the surface. When this takes place, the leaves become so different in shape that they can hardly be recognized as belonging to the same plant. Therefore care must be taken to keep all plants submerged that are intended to supply air for the fish.



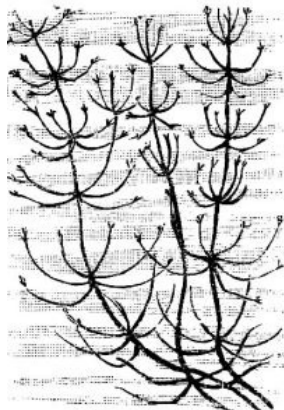
**MERMAID-
WEED.**

One of the most common plants is the mermaid-weed (*Proserpinaca*). I have drawn it submerged and out of water, to show the change in the leaf. It grows along the margins of ponds that partially dry up in summer.

Water-thyme (*Anacharis canadensis*) grows in slow-flowing streams. It requires coaxing to establish it in an aquarium, but when once rooted, is apt to grow too fast, requiring thinning out. Heap plenty of gravel on the root ends. Do not tie the bunch with string, as it will cause it to decay.

Nitella flexis is almost a rootless plant, and will grow without any care. It is found growing in shady parts of cool ponds, streams, and lakes.

Fontinalis antipyretica grows in springs and cool, shady ponds. It resembles a very fine and long moss. In color it is of a beautiful light green. I have often stored up quantities of this plant during summer (it becoming perfectly dry), that I might have it for winter use, and when placed in an aquarium it started out as fresh as ever.



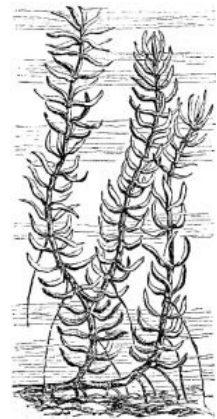
NITELLA.

Duck-weed, or duck's-meat, is a small floating plant, covering the surfaces of ponds and lakes in shady places. It is one of the best surface plants for producing shade, or for cutting off light that enters from the top of the water. Its thousands of rootlets afford hiding-places for numerous small aquatic animals, such as the hydra, crimson water-spider, and the brick-maker.

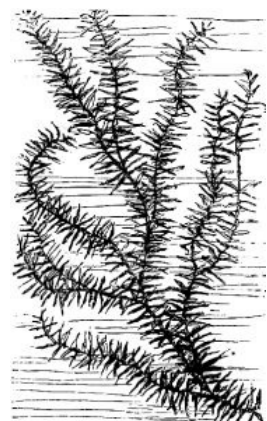
A small stone should be tied to each bunch of plants, to anchor them till they take root.

After your aquarium has been in operation a few days, a green coating will begin to form on the glass. This is a minute plant that is developed by the action of light. It can be removed by means of a swab. In all other parts of your aquarium allow it to grow, as it is the favorite food of gold-fish and snails.

I have given drawings of the two best kinds of snails. One is shown with its broad foot expanded, by which it moves along the surface of the water, or on the glass



**WATER-
THYME.**



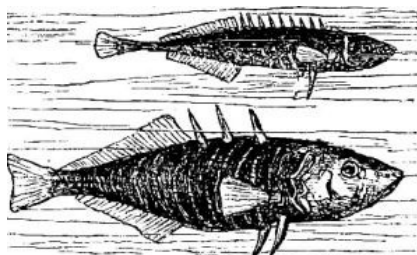


DUCK-WEED.



CADDIS-WORMS.

merry-go-rounds on account of their merry circling motions around one another. Young apple-smellers live on the bottoms of ponds, and look like centipedes. When the time comes for them to change into real apple-smellers, they climb up a plant, and make small bags of gray paper, into which they fasten themselves till they get their swimming legs and shining black new clothes, after which they burst open the paper bags, and swim off to join their friends gliding so merrily on the surface of the pond. When an apple-smeller dives to the bottom of a pond to take a rest or to feed, he attaches a globule of air to his tail (see cut); this he breathes while under water.



STICKLEBACKS.

babies that she often forgets herself and eats them up. When the young "tittlebacks," as they are often called, swim too far from the nest, the male takes them in his mouth and brings them back, throwing them out with such force that they make many somersaults before landing. Sticklebacks are the smallest known fish when first hatched out of the egg, being nearly invisible.

Here is the dragon-fly, as he looks before he gets his wings. He lives on the bottoms of ponds when he is young; but at a certain age he ascends to the surface, and crawling out of his old clothes, comes forth an unmistakable darning-needle. When he lived under the water he had very large and long jaws, folded up on the under side of his head. If a fish came within reach, he would dart out this curious trunk, and seizing it, convey it to his mouth. He also has the power of taking in and squirting out water from his tail; this action forms a current, which draws small insects within his reach. The taking in of the water is also his method of breathing, and the ejecting of it with force propels him through the water.



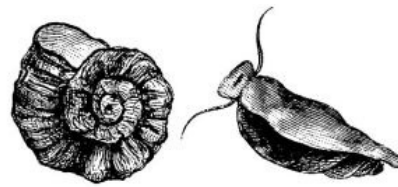
BOAT-FLIES.

It is best to keep these aquatic insects by themselves, as they are all voracious feeders, and fierce in their habits. They are not so beautiful in form, color, and motions as fish, but possess a much greater interest as they pass through their many transformations. As most of them can fly, the aquarium should be provided

when eating the green coating spoken of. Snails also eat decaying vegetable matter.

FONTINALIS.

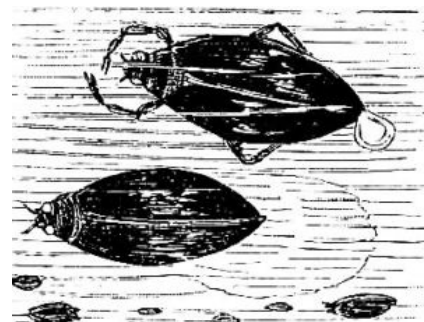
For keeping the water very clear, introduce a small-sized fresh-water mussel. Give him at least two inches of sand, in depth, in a corner of the tank, to burrow in, but watch him well, for if he dies without your knowledge your aquarium will be ruined.



SNAILS.

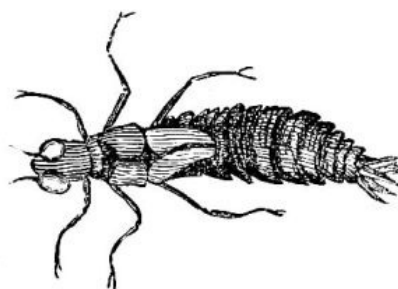
In the illustration are figured three kinds of caddis-worms. These worms are useful for consuming decaying animal matter. When a "cad" has grown too large for his house, he makes a little case of silk, which he covers at each end with pieces of leaves, wood, or straw, biting them to the right length; some fasten on small bits of stone and shells. However rough the outsides of their houses may be, the insides are smooth, and lined with silk. When he changes into a chrysalis, he crawls up a plant, and closes up both ends of his house with a strong net-work of silk, which allows the water to pass through, but prevents the entrance of enemies. As he has taken care to place himself near the surface of the water, he easily escapes when he comes forth a four-winged insect resembling a small moth.

Apple-smellers, or merry-go-rounds, are very interesting. They are of an intense shining black in color, and generally school together, moving in circles, with great rapidity, on the surface of the water. They are called apple-smellers on account of the strong odor they possess, resembling that of apples or quinces, and



APPLE-SMELLERS.

The nine and the three spined sticklebacks are, without doubt, the most wonderful fish for their size that are common to our waters. They will live well in either fresh or salt water aquaria, building nests and raising their young under all discouragements. The male builds the nest for the female to lay her eggs in. The nest is composed of plants cemented together with a glue provided by the male, who also carries sand and small stones to the nest in his mouth, with which he anchors it. During the breeding season the male assumes the most brilliant hues of blue, orange, and green; previous to this season he is of a dull silvery color. When an enemy approaches the nest, he is large or small, he will attack him, inflicting wounds with his sharp spines. Nor will he allow the mother of the young sticklebacks to come near, as she is so fond of her



DRAGON-FLY.

Water-boatmen, or boat-flies, are so named from their resemblance to tiny boats with oars. As they have to swim on their backs, they are provided with large and very observing eyes. When they breathe they come to the surface, and by a quick diving motion, and the assistance of numerous stout hairs on the hind parts of their bodies, they entangle a mass of air, which, as they descend, spreads, giving their bodies a bright silvery color.

with a close-fitting frame covered with mosquito netting.

The crimson-spotted newt is one of the most inoffensive of all animals for the aquarium, and is valuable from the fact that he does not breathe water, but rises to the surface to breathe. Every few weeks he casts his skin, which he swallows, seeming to relish it, after which he comes forth more brilliant than ever.



CRIMSON-SPOTTED NEWT.



TADPOLE.

An aquarium without tadpoles, from which to obtain a supply of small frogs, is not much of an aquarium; and as they are also surface breathers, you can use them freely.

The rock-fish is a very safe fish for the aquarium, as it does not breathe the water, but rises to the surface, and stores away a supply of air, with which it descends to the bottom, remaining for half an hour before it rises for a new supply.

All fresh-water fish (excepting the trout family) can be kept in a fresh-water aquarium. Select the very smallest specimens; have all of an equal size, to prevent their quarrelling; feed on shreds of raw beef, or earth-worms that have been freed of all earthy matter by placing them in damp moss or grass overnight. *Look out for food not eaten.*

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

THE MORAL PIRATES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

The cruise up the Schroon was a delightful one while it lasted. The river was so narrow that the trees on either side frequently met, forming a green and shady arch. Although there was a road not far from the river, and there were houses and small villages at a little distance from its banks, the boys while in their boat saw nothing but the water, the trees, and the sky, and felt as far removed from civilization as if they were sailing on an African river. They saw nothing to shoot, after their adventure with Joe's bear, and there were no signs of fish in the water; but they delighted in the wild and solitary river, and were very much disappointed when, at the close of the day, they reached a dam so high that it seemed hopeless to try to carry the boat around it.

Before camping they walked some distance above the dam, and found that the river was completely blocked up with logs, which had been cut in the forest above, and floated down to the saw-mill. The men at the mill said that the boys would find the river choked with logs for a distance of nearly three miles, and that a little farther up it became a mere brook, too shallow and rapid to be navigated with the *Whitewing*.

It was clear that the cruise on the Schroon had come to an end, and that it would be necessary to hire a wagon to take the boat to the lake. Having reached this decision, the boys made their camp, and being very tired, put off engaging a team until morning.

When morning came, one of the men at the mill came to see them while they were at breakfast, and advised them not to go to Schroon Lake. He said that the lake was full of houses—by which he meant that there were a great many houses along its banks—and that if they were to go there they would find neither shooting nor fishing. He urged them to go to another lake which they had never heard of before—Brandt Lake. It was no farther off than Schroon Lake, and was full of fish. Besides, it was a wild mountain lake, with only two or three houses near it. The boys thanked him, and gladly accepted his advice. They had supposed that Schroon Lake was in the wilderness, and were exceedingly glad to find out their mistake in time to select a more attractive place. The owner of the saw-mill furnished them with a wagon, and soon after breakfast they started for Brandt Lake.

When, after a pleasant ride, they came in sight of the lake, they were overjoyed to find how wild and beautiful it was. Steep and thickly wooded hills surrounded it, except at the extreme southern point, where they launched their boat. It was not more than two miles wide at the widest part, and was about five miles in length, and they could see but two houses—one on the east and the other on the west shore. They eagerly hoisted the sail, and started up the lake to search for a permanent camping ground; and after spending the afternoon in examining almost the entire line of shore, they selected a little rocky island in the upper part of the lake, which seemed made for their purpose.

There was a great deal of work to be done, for they intended to stay at Brandt Lake for a fortnight. They had to clear away the underbrush and cut down several small trees to make room for the tent. A small landing-place had to be built of stones and logs, so that the boat could approach the island without striking on the sharp rocks which surrounded it. Then the stores were all to be taken out of the boat, and placed where they would be dry and easy of access. The provisions had by this time become nearly exhausted; but the boys had been told that they could get milk, eggs, butter, bread, and vegetables at one of the houses, which was not more than a mile from the camp, so they were not troubled to find that of their canned provisions nothing was left except a can of peaches.

Of course all this work was not done in one day. On the afternoon of their arrival at the lake the boys merely pitched the tent, and then went fishing, with a view to supper. Fishing with drop lines from a large rock at one end of their little island, they caught perch as fast as they could pull them in, good-sized pickerel, and two or three cat-fish. That night they ate a supper that would have made a boarding-house keeper weep tears of despair, and went to bed rather happier than they had ever felt before.

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Tom was to row over to the house for milk and other provisions in the morning; but when morning came,

the boat was gone. She had broken loose during the night, not having been properly fastened, and had floated quietly away. A faint speck was visible on the surface of the lake about two miles away, which Harry, who had remarkably good eyes, said was the *Whitewing*. Whether he was right or wrong, it was quite certain that the boys were imprisoned on the island, with nothing to eat but a can of peaches and some coffee and sugar.

The fish, however, were waiting to be caught, and before very long a breakfast of fish and of coffee without milk was ready. The boys then began to discuss the important question of how they were to get back their boat, or to get away from the island.

It was a mile to the shore, and nobody felt able to swim that distance. Joe proposed that they fasten one of their shirts to a tall tree, as a signal of distress, and then fire the gun every minute. The objection to this plan was that the nearest house was out of sight behind a little point of land, and that no one would see the signal, or would understand why the gun was fired. Then Tom proposed to build a raft, on which two boys could paddle after the runaway boat. This was a practicable suggestion, and it was at once put into execution.

It was hard work to cut down timber enough to build a raft, but by perseverance the raft was finished before noon. It consisted of four logs laid side by side, and bound together with handkerchiefs, shoe-strings, green twigs, and a few strips from one of Harry's shirts, which he said was unnecessarily long. It was covered with two or three pieces of flat drift-wood; and when it was finished, a piece of board was found, which was shaped with the hatchet into a rude paddle. Then Tom and Harry proceeded to embark.



A.B. Frost

HARRY SETS OUT IN PURSUIT OF THE BOAT.

The raft floated Harry very well, but promptly sank when Tom also stepped on it. Either more timber must be added to it, or one boy must go alone in search of the boat. Harry insisted upon going at once, and as the lake was perfectly smooth, and he could swim well, there did not seem to be great risk in his making the voyage alone. Bidding the boys good-by, he paddled slowly away, and left his comrades to anxiously wait for his return.

It was ticklish work paddling the raft. The logs were fastened together so insecurely, owing to the fact that all the rope was in the runaway boat, that Harry was in constant fear that they would come apart, and was obliged to paddle very carefully to avoid putting any strain on the raft. With such a craft speed was out of the question; and after an hour of hard work the raft was only half way between the island and the boat. Harry was not easily discouraged, however, and he paddled on, knowing that if nothing happened he must reach the boat in course of time.

Something did happen. When, after paddling for more than two hours, the *Whitewing* was rather less than a quarter of a mile from the raft, Harry missed a stroke with his paddle, and tumbled over. He struck the raft with his shoulder, and went through it as easily as if it had been fastened together with paper. When he came to the surface again he found that the raft had separated into its original logs, and that his voyage on it was ended. Luckily the *Whitewing* was now within swimming distance, so he struck out for her, and finally crept into her over the stern, so much exhausted that he had to lie down and rest before taking to the oars. Had the raft gone to pieces half an hour sooner, he would have been in a dangerous position; for it is doubtful if he could have clung to one of the logs long enough to drift to the shore without becoming totally exhausted.

The boys on the island did not witness the end of Harry's raft, for it was too far away when the accident occurred for them to see anything but a little black dot on the water. They became, however, very anxious about him as the hours went by and he did not come back. Tom was especially uneasy, and blamed himself for permitting Harry to go alone. He thought of making another raft and going in search of Harry; but there were no more strings with which to fasten logs together, and he did not quite like to tear up his clothes and

use them for that purpose. He did, however, resolve that, if Harry did not come in sight within another hour, he would take a small log, and, putting it under his arms, try to swim to the mainland and borrow a boat, if one could be found, in which to search for his comrade. He was spared this hazardous experiment; for toward the end of the afternoon Harry and the *Whitewing* came in sight, and were welcomed with a tremendous cheer.

Tom took the boat and went for provisions, and when he returned the *Whitewing* was not only dragged on shore, but fastened to two different trees with two distinct ropes. The boys were determined that she should not escape again; and when Joe proposed that somebody should sit up with her all night, so that she could not cut the ropes and run away, Tom seriously considered the proposal. The next day a snug little dock was built, in which she seemed quite contented, and from which she could not escape without climbing over a stone breakwater—a feat of which there was no reason to believe that she was capable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TALL CLOCK.

BY MARY DENSEL.

One night our six tow-headed urchins were sitting round the table chattering like so many magpies. The tall clock in the corner insisted on talking too.

"Tick-tock—tick-tock.
'Tis eight—o'clock;
Come, boys—cease noise,
Quick tread—to bed;
'Tis eight—o'clock.
Tick-tock—tick-tock."

That is what it said.

Then it rang out eight clear strokes, and the jolly red moon, which for two weeks had been slowly rising in the space above the clock's face to show how the month was passing by, and which was now full and round, like the real moon out-of-doors—this jolly red clock-moon seemed to wink waggishly at the children.

"Hurry! scurry! Here it is eight o'clock, going on nine—next comes ten—eleven—twelve. Half the night gone, and you not in bed yet."

How its eyes twinkled! It nearly burst its fat cheeks laughing at its own joke.

Out the door, up the uncarpeted stairs, clattered the boys—Solomon and Isaac, Elias and John, Philemon and Romeo Augustus.

They all gave a nod to the clock-moon. "Good-night, old fellow," they said. All but Romeo Augustus. He did not like the clock. That is what this story is about.

Solomon and Isaac marched off to their own chamber. They would not condescend to associate with "the babes." Solomon and Isaac were twins. They were, as I have told you before, ancient. They were fourteen years old. Philemon and Romeo Augustus were only eight, and they knew no pleasure equal to that of sitting bolt-upright in their trundle-bed while Elias peered down at them over the foot-board of his bed, and told them stories with gestures.

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"Tell us about the clock," said Philemon, on this occasion.

But at this suggestion Romeo Augustus—poor little Romeo Augustus!—quaked in his red flannel night-gown.

Elias always spoke in deep and dreadful tones when he alluded to the clock.

"Persons don't live inside, but THINGS!" said he; and Romeo Augustus quaked afresh. "Two of them hang in air. They haven't a sign of a head, nor feet, nor arms, nor legs. They just dangle. And the other THING"—here Elias's voice was awful—"the other THING writhes in agony. It is never quiet; never, never, nevermore; not when we're asleep, nor when we're eating our porridge. Forever and forever it writhes—*anon*."

That was a capital word to end with. No one knew what "anon" meant. It was probably some especially horrible way of writhing.

Romeo Augustus shook with terror. He could hear that clock talking still down stairs.

"Tick-tock—tick-tock.
'Tis nine—o'clock.
Ro-meo—be-low,
Come see—in me
THINGS drear—ap-pear.
'Tis nine—o'clock.
Tick-tock—tick-tock."

That is what it said.

"How painful it must be to 'writhe anon!'" whispered Romeo Augustus to himself. "I wouldn't care if it was *persons*—but THINGS!"

For some unknown reason the idea was ghastly to Romeo Augustus.

Now, my little readers, wait a moment before you laugh at him. Hear what this eight-year-old boy did.

Once upon a time Solomon had composed the following somewhat startling proverb, "It is a wise fellow who

wrenches forth the serpent's fang." Which dark saying, being interpreted, was, "If you are scared of anything, just trot right up and wrestle with it."

"For," continued Solomon, in a speech to the other five, "that's the only way to grow plucky. If you hear an odd noise, don't hide your head like a hyena or an ostrich, whichever it is, but hunt it up. If you happen to see a ghost, skip up and attack it."

Now the words of Solomon were always prized as gold. The boys revered Solomon, who could repeat the whole of a Latin verb, and was, moreover, "pitcher" on "the nine."

So the "babes" had made a solemn compact that if any one of them was ever "scared," he should step boldly out and "wrench forth the serpent's fang." Should he be too great a coward so to do, he should wear a huge letter C pinned on his jacket for a fortnight, and be subject to all the taunts which could be imagined at his expense.

No wonder the boys grew brave. They dared not be otherwise.

Philemon's special bugbear had been a dark cellar, filled to overflowing with shadows. Down into this cellar he had gone with a beating heart, and had forced himself to search out every crack and cranny, even to the coal-bin. Of course he found nothing to fear, and now it was Philemon who was always ready to go down for apples in the winter evenings, and that too without even a candle.

As for Elias, he had stood in much awe of a grove over the hill, and was obliged to spend the greater part of a whole month wandering solitary among the trees before he could snap his fingers at their shadows.

And now Romeo Augustus's turn had come. His poor little heart was filled with dismay when he found that he was in mortal fear of the clock. He felt sure that he should have to search the matter to the very bottom.

For a week he had been trying to bring himself up to the pitch of requisite boldness. More than once he had marched up to the enemy, and then marched back again, vanquished. He dared not breathe a word to Philemon. The big letter C was all ready to cling to his back, and how could he bear such disgrace? No sympathy could he expect from any brother. His work must be done, and done alone.

How loudly the clock called out from below! Could it be actually stalking up stairs?—so sharply did its tones ring in Romeo Augustus's wide-open ears.

"Tick-tock—tick-tock.
'Tis ten—o'clock.
Make haste—don't waste
Minutes—in fits
Of fear.—Come here!
'Tis ten—o'clock.
Tick-tock—tick-tock."

Romeo Augustus put one bare foot out of bed; he drew it back; he half rose, and sank on the pillows again. Then, with a mighty effort, he gave a bound, and stood shivering in the middle of the floor.

The house was still. Elias was sleeping the sleep of the just, never dreaming how he had terrified his small brother.

Out into the entry stole Romeo Augustus. The harvest-moon threw a broad band of light on the stairs. Down crept the small bare feet along the lower hall into the sitting-room. How weird everything looked in the dimness! Gaunt and tall stood the clock in the corner.

The outside moon tossed a handful of beams into the clock-moon's face. The clock-moon was so very jolly! Did he know that just beneath were THINGS?—two dangling in air, headless, armless? one "writhing in agony anon"?

Romeo Augustus almost turned and fled. His breath came in gasps. How could he go forward? But he creeps on. His hand is on the clock's brass-bound door. Will he open it now?

"Tick-tock—tick-tock.
Past ten—o'clock.
Turn key—and see
Things three—in me.
Past ten—o'clock.
Tick-tock—tick-tock."

Snap! went the brass key. Into the dark were thrust two little cold hands.

Then, suddenly, "Ha! ha! ha!" a shrill laugh went dancing up stairs. "Ha! ha! ha! Hurrah! Ha! ha! ha!"

What could the matter be?

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, ha! ha! ha!"

Father and mother, Solomon and Isaac, Elias and John, with Philemon in the rear—into the room they all rushed, winking and blinking, candles in their hands.

There, in his red night-gown, hopping up and down in front of the clock, was Master Romeo Augustus.

"Ha! ha! Hurrah! It's nothing but the *pen'lum* and the two *weights*. Ha! ha! ha!"

Nobody could guess what he meant. If Elias knew, he kept his own counsel. But a gleam of intelligence broke over Solomon's face.

"It's a wise fellow who wrenches forth the serpent's fang," shouted he. "Three cheers for Romeo Augustus!"

The cheers were given with a will.

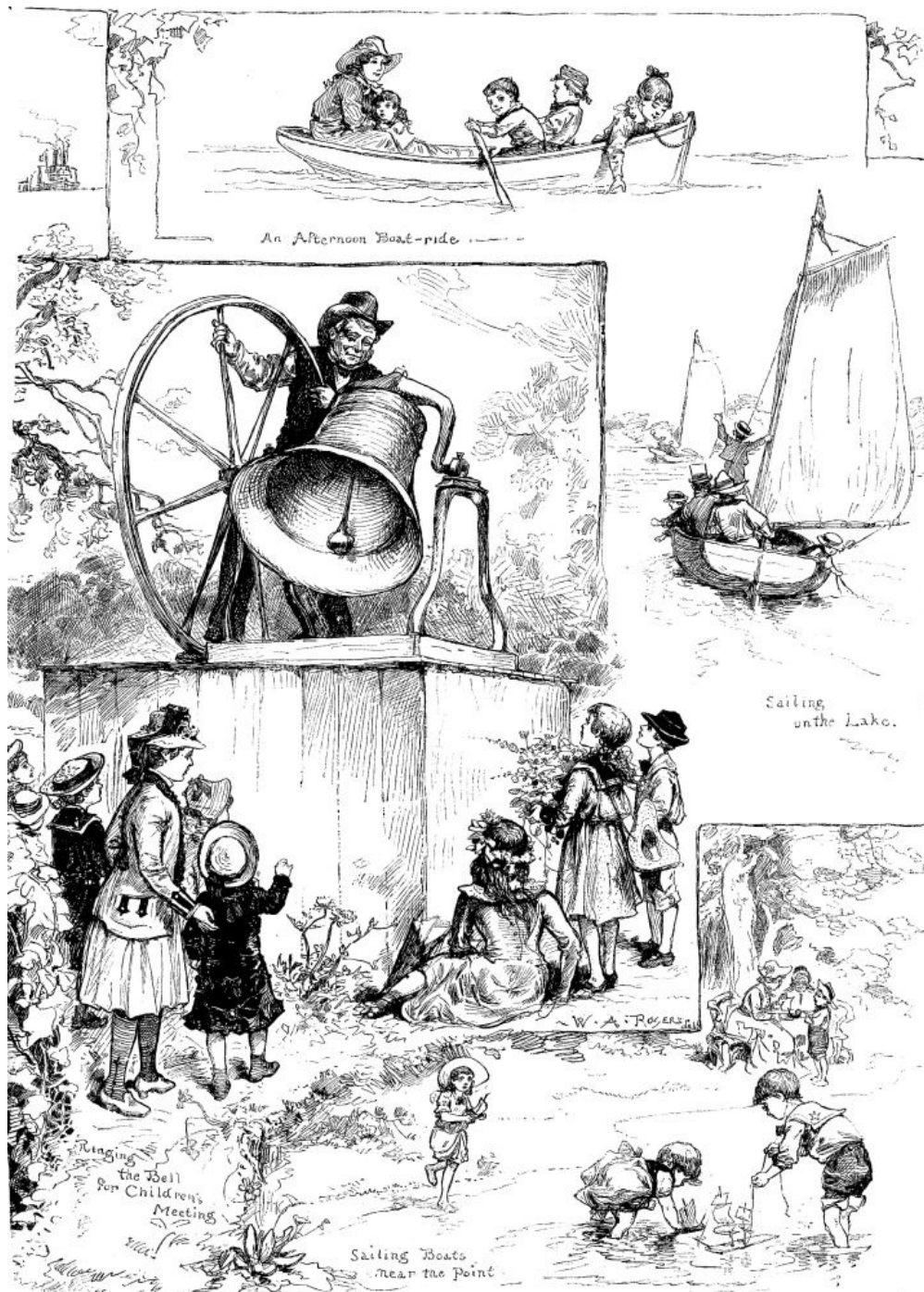
But mother caught her little son in her arms. "He's been walking in his sleep," she cried, "and it all comes from eating plum-cake for tea."

But the clock knew better. So did the clock-moon. It wagged its head at Romeo Augustus. "Brave boy! brave boy!"

And Romeo Augustus nodded back. "Good-night, old fellow!"

He could say that now with the rest. He was not afraid of the clock any longer.





SCENES ON AND ABOUT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY GROUNDS AT CHATAUQUA LAKE, NEW YORK.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 626.]

YOUNG PEOPLE AT CHATAUQUA.

[Pg 626]

A BOY'S LETTER.

Dear Tom,—I last saw you waving your cap as our train rolled out of the station. That night I slept on a shelf in the sleeping-car, and the next morning we got breakfast at Hornellsville; and it was a good one, I tell you. About noon we got off the cars at Jamestown, and after dinner rode over the hill in a stage, and came to what looked like a narrow river winding among the trees.

This they said was the outlet of Chautauqua Lake. You would suppose that the water runs into Lake Erie, which is only seven miles away from Lake Chautauqua. But instead it goes into the Ohio River, and then down the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico.

We went on board a steamboat three stories high, with a big paddle-box fastened on the stern, and steamed up the outlet for about three miles through the wildest swamp I ever saw, until all at once the lake opened before us. I thought that we would be at Chautauqua in a few minutes, but the old stern-wheel kept pushing us on for a couple of hours. At last I began to catch glimpses of cottages among the trees. Then we drew up to a little wharf, and almost everybody went ashore. We followed the crowd through the gate, and so we found ourselves at Chautauqua.

The first thing that I saw was a park, with flowers and fountains and statues under the great trees. Then I came upon the model of a city, with all its houses and churches. This was Jerusalem. A man was explaining it to a crowd of people, and pointing out the places with a long pole. There is an Oriental house, and a park laid out to look like Palestine, with the top of Mount Hermon white-washed, and the Jordan with real water.

A frog winked his eye at me, and then jumped into the Dead Sea. (That makes poetry, don't it?)

There are any number of streets laid out in the woods, and lined with all sorts of cottages. We all asked uncle to let us live in a tent, and you don't know how airy and pleasant it is. Cousin Jennie says she can't find any places to hang up "her things"; but I put mine on the floor, which is always handy.

I happened to be awake early the next morning after we came. Everything was quiet and still until the bell rang for six o'clock. Then there was a noise, as if all the boys in our school were hollering at once. I jumped up, wondering if the Fourth of July had come again. But pretty soon I found that it was only the newsboys (which means most of the boys here) selling the morning paper, *The Assembly Herald*. I went out and got a lot of papers, and made ten cents profit on them before breakfast.

There is a big bell on the upper part of the grounds. An old man rang it while I was standing by, and all at once I saw dozens and dozens of boys and girls running from all directions toward the corner where I stood. I asked one fellow what it all meant, and he said, "Why, don't you know?—it's the *children's hour*." So I just dropped into the stream, and went up the street to a large building with a dome and some wings. They call it "The Children's Temple." It was so full of young people that I had hard work to crowd myself into the corner of a seat. There was a platform in front, and a big black-board, and two gentlemen, both with foreheads that went clear over to the back of their heads. There was singing, and then one gentleman talked to us, and got us all to answer and repeat, and we never knew that he was teaching us a lesson until we had learned it. The other gentleman then came forward and drew a picture so fast that it seemed like magic, and so funny that we all laughed and laughed again. It's the jolliest "children's hour" I ever saw, and I'm going every day.

I can't begin to tell you of the good times here for boys. When you read in the papers about the big meetings and the long lectures, you might suppose that young people don't have much chance; but you'd be mistaken. We go boating on the lake, and fishing down at the Point, and bathing in a safe place along the shore. This afternoon all the boys and girls are going pilgriming through Palestine in a procession. Last evening I went out with little Susie for a walk. We came upon an immense telescope. The gentleman let me take a peek through it, and I saw the ring around the planet Saturn. Then he held little Susie up in his arms, and let her see it too.

There is a tent with a lot of microscopes, and two young ladies who show people how to use them. I looked at a drop of water through one, and saw in it an animal fierce enough and almost big enough to bite off your head.

And then there were the fire-works last night. I can't tell you how gorgeous they were: fountains lit up with bright colors; Roman candles flashing, and rockets soaring to the stars; the steamers all hung with Chinese lanterns, and sailing round and round upon the lake; the woods bright with the blazing electric lights overhead. Oh, it was grand!

I can't stop to write about the squirrels that run up and down the trees, nor the big tent where we get our dinners, nor the little tent where we sleep, nor the pictures at evening in the Amphitheatre (that's a great hall where they hold meetings), nor lots of other things. Next year I hope you'll come with us, and have a good time.

Your friend,
BOB.

MIMIR'S WELL.

A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

BY JULIA CLINTON JONES.

In the north of Europe there is a rugged land, where the winters are long and dark, with short bright summers. Nine hundred years ago the people there were pagans, believing in gods and giants, and their mythology is full of wonderful stories. As these myths, or sacred fables, tell of strange adventures, I think you will like them quite as well as even the *Arabian Nights*.

Take your maps now, and find this wild north land. It is called Scandinavia, and comprises Norway and Sweden. The home of these Northern gods was a city called Asgard, built above the clouds, in the midst of which stood Valhalla, the hall of the chief god, Odin. Such a marvellous place as this was! It had a golden roof that reflected light over all the earth, just like the sun, and its ceiling was supported by spears, while millions of shields formed its walls, over which were draped coats of mail. A huge wolf stood before its immense gates, through which eight hundred men could march abreast. Around the walls flowed a deep river, through whose waves Odin's guests were forced to wade. But I can not tell you now of Odin's feast, which was always being held in Valhalla, nor of his guests, the heroes, whom the beautiful Battle Maidens brought there on bloody shields from the earth. Asgard was overshadowed by the mighty tree Igdrasil. This tree was more marvellous than any of which you ever heard; no cork, nor India rubber, nor banyan tree could begin to compare with it; for this was the Life-Tree, and had been growing before creation. The horrible dragon, Death, gnawed constantly at its roots, but three sisters, the Nornas, watering them daily from the Life-Spring, kept the tree flourishing. Seated under its shade, the elder sisters (Past and Present) spun away briskly at the wonderful web of Time, which the youngest (the Future) amused herself by tearing to pieces. Far down in Giant-land, where the roots began to shoot, was an ancient well, guarded by the good giant Mimir (Memory). There the gods always went for a morning draught that should make them wise in their daily tasks, since this was the well of wisdom.

On one occasion there was a disturbance in Asgard. Loki, a bad spirit, living there in disguise, had been playing tricks on the goddesses, and setting the gods by the ears through his mischief-making pranks, while leading them into many dangerous scrapes, though as yet he had not been found out. His children, too, were just as bad as himself, his son Fenris (Pain), a hideous howling wolf, being the terror of Asgard, while Hela, his daughter (Death), was more horrible than I can describe. Besides these, Loki had brought in other

bad spirits, and altogether Asgard was greatly disturbed. Odin himself did not know what to do. He asked the Nornas, but they could not answer, although the youngest hinted that if her lips had not been sealed she could have told something. At last he determined to see Mimir, and take a drink from his well. Saddling his eight-footed horse Sleipnir, away he rode in the night, all alone, over the Rainbow Bridge that joins Asgard with Earth, down to dark Giant-land. He had often before been there to consult Mimir; for although Odin was very wise, Mimir was wiser still, since he guarded the source of wisdom.

The giant was sitting deep in thought by the well, his white beard flowing down far below his waist, which was clasped by a girdle graven with curious characters, as old as the world. He heard Odin coming, and rising to meet him, said this was just what he had known must happen; for what else could have been expected with such a set as Loki and his family living in Asgard? The first thing to be done, he said, was to cast them out from among the gods, then bind them fast in some safe place far away.

What do you suppose this advice cost? Giant-land, you know, was very dark, and although the well was full of wisdom, Mimir had not always light enough to read its secrets. Odin's eye was the sun; so Mimir was glad enough to give his horn of water for a daily loan of Odin's glowing eye, while Odin was willing thus to buy the advice that should make Asgard happy again.

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

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

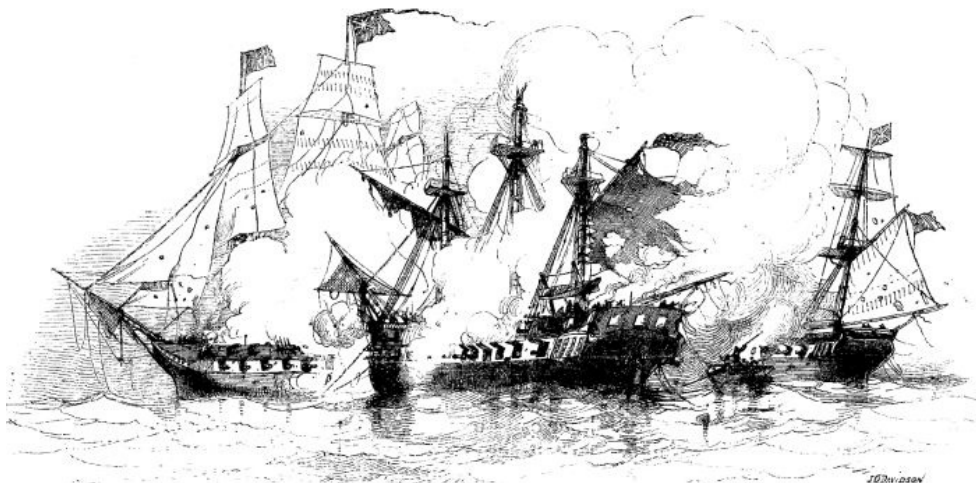
CHAPTER VII.

Lieutenant Lawrence had gained great renown by his capture of the *Peacock*. He was promoted to Captain, and when the *Chesapeake* returned to Boston, after a long cruise, in May, 1813, he was offered the command of her. He accepted it with reluctance, for she had the reputation of being an "unlucky" ship. In the cruise just ended she had accomplished nothing, and as she entered Boston Harbor a gale carried away a top-mast, and with it several men, who were drowned. This incident confirmed the belief that she was "unlucky," and it was difficult to get a good crew to serve in her.

On the morning of the 1st of June Lawrence received from Captain Broke, of the frigate *Shannon*, a challenge to come out and fight him. It was promptly accepted, and at noon the *Chesapeake* sailed out of Boston Harbor. The hostile frigates met not far at sea. At four o'clock they opened their broadsides within pistol-shot distance, and fought desperately. The loss of life on board the *Chesapeake* was fearful. Lawrence was mortally wounded, and as he was carried below he uttered the famous words, in substance, "Don't give up the ship." The *Chesapeake* was boarded, captured, and taken to Halifax. Lawrence died on the way. Broke was severely wounded, but recovered.

The American sloop of war *Argus*, Lieutenant Allen commander, took Mr. Crawford (American Minister) to France in the summer of 1813, and then cruised in British waters, imitating the exploits of Paul Jones. Allen captured and burned twenty merchantmen in the course of a few weeks (valued, with their cargoes, at full \$2,000,000), and spread consternation throughout commercial England. Several cruisers were sent out to capture the *Argus*. This was effected in August by the brig *Pelican*.

The Americans were partially compensated for these misfortunes by the capture of the British brig *Boxer* by the brig *Enterprise*, Lieutenant Burrows. They fought off Portland, at half pistol-shot distance, on the 3d of September, 1813. The commander of the *Boxer* (Lieutenant Blyth) had boastfully nailed his flag to her mast, and after a sharp, short, and destructive engagement, she was compelled to surrender. Her second officer had to announce the fact through his trumpet, for he could not haul down her flag. Burrows and Blyth were both slain, and were buried side by side in a cemetery in Portland.



THE "ESSEX," "PHEBE," AND "CHERUB."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

One of the most remarkable cruises made during the war of 1812-15 was by Commander Porter in the frigate *Essex*. She sailed from the Delaware in October, 1812; went toward the equator to join the *Constitution* and *Hornet*, under Bainbridge; missed them; swept around Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean, and went into the harbor of Valparaiso, on the western coast of South America. Then she cruised northward in search of British armed whaling vessels, capturing several. Porter converted them into war vessels, and created for himself an active little squadron, with which he sailed for the Marquesas Islands. After

remaining there awhile, he returned to Valparaiso, and at that sea-port had a fierce battle with two British vessels which had been sent to oppose his destructive career in the waters of the Pacific. These were the frigates *Phæbe* and *Cherub*.

These vessels cruised off the harbor of Valparaiso, waiting for re-enforcements. The *Essex*, with her consort, *Essex Junior*, in attempting to get to sea, became crippled by a squall, when the *Phæbe* and *Cherub* attacked, in violation of the rights of a neutral port. Then occurred one of the most sanguinary sea-fights of the war, and it was only when her officers and men were nearly all slain or wounded, and she was on fire, that the *Essex* was surrendered. "We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced," wrote Porter to the Secretary of the Navy. That was in February, 1814. Porter had carried the first American flag on a vessel of war ever seen in the Pacific Ocean.

Commodore Rodgers made a memorable cruise of one hundred and forty days on the stormy Atlantic in 1813, sailing from Boston in the frigate *President* in April. He captured eleven British merchant vessels and the armed schooner *Highflyer*, a tender of Admiral Warren's flag-ship. Rodgers had been put in possession of some of the British signals. When he saw the *Highflyer*, he hoisted English colors, and trying his signals, found to his delight that they were answered. He then assumed the character of a British officer. He decoyed the *Highflyer* alongside the *President*, which he pretended was the large British ship *Sea-Horse*, then in American waters. The commander of the *Highflyer* (Lieutenant Hutchinson) was thoroughly deceived. Rodgers ordered him to send him his signal books. He obeyed, and soon followed them in person. He saw the marines of the *President* in British uniform, and mistook them for his own countrymen.

"The *President*," said the unsuspecting Hutchinson, "has spread alarm in British waters, and the main object of the Admiral is to catch her."

"What kind of a man is Rodgers?" asked the Commodore.

"I have never seen him," said Hutchinson, "but have been told that he is an odd fish, and hard to catch."

"Would you like to meet him?"

"Indeed I would, with a vessel of equal size."

"Sir!" said Rodgers, in a tone that startled the Lieutenant, "do you know what ship this is?"

"The *Sea-Horse*, of course."

"You are mistaken. You are on board the *President*, and I am Commodore Rodgers."

Then the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," the coats of the marines were suddenly changed from scarlet to blue, and the American flag was displayed over the quarter-deck. Rodgers took his captive and his prize to Newport. He made another less successful cruise, and about the middle of January, 1814, he dashed through the British blockading squadron at New York, and anchored in the harbor.

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The British had carried on a distressing marauding warfare on the coasts during 1813, which kept the smaller vessels of the navy and privateers vigilant and active. During that summer there were only three American frigates at sea, others being either blockaded or undergoing repairs; and yet the Americans, with indomitable will, resolved to carry on the war with vigor. In September, Commodore Perry, in command of a squadron on Lake Erie, won a decisive victory over a British squadron under Commodore Barclay, and thereby secured the absolute control of that lake. Meanwhile Commodore Chauncey, in command on Lake Ontario, was performing gallant services there, standing in the way of British invasions on that frontier, and co-operating efficiently with the land forces on its borders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"KEEP STEP, KEEP STEP: ONE, TWO, THREE—ONE, TWO, THREE."

HOW THE GEESE SAVED THE BABY.

BY MRS. L. G. MORSE.

John Evans was raking hay in a field on the south side of his cottage, while his wife was in the dairy printing butter for market. Little Elsy, their two-year-old baby, was playing with blocks on the sitting-room floor, and old Robin Hood, the dog, was asleep on the grass close by the door that opened on the lawn.

The sky was almost cloudless, and the sun blazed warm in the fields.

"Just the weather to make the corn grow," said John Evans, resting a quarter of a minute, and looking contentedly over the wall at his flourishing corn blades, already two good inches at least above those of his rich neighbor, Mr. Haverly.

"Elsy is safe," said Barbara, the trim little house-maid. "I might as well knead up the bread." And she whisked through the sitting-room so fast, and with so little noise, that Elsy only looked up to see if a bird had flown in over the low half-door.

Tired of her blocks at last, Elsy went and tugged at the door, and made the latch rattle. Robin opened one eye—the one toward the house—and half-cocked an ear. But Elsy kept up the rattle long enough for him to get used to it, and drawing his tail closer under his nose, he ceased paying any attention to the child. He knew she was behind the door. He had done his full duty by standing on his hind-legs against it, and looking to see what she was about before he settled himself for his nap. She rattled the latch every day, but she had never been able to lift it—he needn't have *that* on his mind. So, by-and-by, when the crown of her little white head showed itself above the door, Robin was dozing away, more sleepy than ever.

She had pushed her block-box close to the sill, and stepped on it to take another view of the latch. For Elsy was enterprising, and had no more idea than have other two-year-old babies of remaining in ignorance of any new and untried danger. Of course she succeeded at last, and so easily that she pushed the door open and let herself backward down the steps without waking the dog.

The oldest mother goose in the barn-yard was as energetic as Elsy. She quacked about among her neighbors until she collected the whole flock, and then matronized them down to the big shallow pond in front of the house. They pattered a good deal on the way among mud-puddles, for there had been a shower the night before.

[Pg 629]

Dame Evans pattered too in the dairy, but that was because pretty Miss Ruth Haverly called to bespeak some of the butter before it should be sent to market, and was trying her hands at the printing. Very soft white hands they were, and Mrs. Evans enjoyed watching them.

"There," she said, "that one is a beauty!" as Ruth turned one of the yellow balls into a dish. But she never would have allowed anybody else to meddle so with her butter. A spot on the dairy shelf would have been as great a crime as a speck on the snow-white kerchief crossed on her bosom. But no thought would she have taken of the butter, nor even of dainty Miss Ruth, had she known what Elsy was doing. Nor would Barbara have cared so much about the bread. She was singing, and did not hear Elsy fumbling with the door-latch.

But the child had trotted by Robin Hood, down the long path, all the way to the river, and was so pleased at the feat that she laughed aloud. It was the first chance she had ever had to get alone to the river. Somebody had always been on hand to pull her away just in time to save her feet from touching the water. Now they touched it in comfort, and little cool ripples washed over the toes of her stockings—she had pulled her shoes off long ago in the house. She ran up and down the edge of the water a few times, and then began picking up sticks and stray leaves to throw into it. Higher and higher her spirits rose with the sport. If it had not been for Barbara's song, Robin would surely have heard Elsy shout. But Robin was lazy in his old age, and was actually snoring. Elsy spied a pretty goose-feather, and gave it a toss. The breeze carried it farther out on the water than the small maid intended. But she was fearless, and catching at some cat-tails growing on the bank, she waded in after her feather.



THE RESCUE.—DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.

She stumbled over the uneven bottom, and the stones hurt her soft little feet. Down she went, head and all under water, just as the geese came, ready at last for their swim. When they saw Elsy splashing about, they thought she was trespassing. Or perhaps they understood perfectly well that the river, although safe for them, was a dangerous place for the innocent baby. Who knows? Certain it was that as Elsy went down under the water, the geese flapped their wings, and made a tremendous racket. They made such a noise as never had been heard in the place before. They wakened old Robin at last, and brought him quick as a flash to his post of duty. Oh, he could make noise enough then, to be sure! He could tear round the house like a hurricane, dash down the path and into the water, seize little Elsy's dress, and hold her head above the surface until her father came to the rescue, plunged into the river, and in another minute had borne his darling safely to land. Her bright eyes were closed, and her form lay quite senseless against her father's bosom, while Robin looked up to be sure she was safe, and Barbara ran terrified from the house, her singing silenced at last.

But Elsy opened her eyes again before long. Joy greeted the little life saved, and the mother half smothered old Robin with kisses, in spite of his dripping coat, which utterly ruined her kerchief.

John Evans and his good dame would never have cheated a mouse of its due, yet they petted and honored old Robin as long as he lived, and told children and grandchildren hundreds of times how it was *he* saved Elsy, when, as sure as anything, the whole credit was due to the geese.

[Pg 630]



We have received a large number of letters from our young readers asking for stamps, leaves, flowers, and other things; but unless they offer some suitable equivalent in exchange, which they must specify in the letter, we can not print such requests.

The cooking club is broken up. We are assured that the disbandment is not on account of any bad feeling among the members, neither for lack of interest, but that the sole reason is the whooping-cough! As we have already given enough recipes to render our young housekeepers skillful bread, cake, and candy makers, if they try them all, we shall not print any after the present number. If any of you wish to give a tea party to your little friends, by using the recipes sent by the little readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE you can prepare with your own hands a very inviting supper, for you could wish for nothing nicer than hot popovers, little cakes, and candy.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am almost ten years old, and I weigh fifty-seven pounds. My greatest pleasure is in reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My papa subscribed for it, beginning with the first number. I read the nice stories over and over again. I like my paper better than any present I ever received, and look forward with great joy to every Wednesday, when it comes.

How I wish I could tell all the boys and girls in this city what a good paper it is! I would like to get one thousand new subscribers. It is such nice print, and the stories are so plainly told that any little boy can understand them. Good-by.

WILLIE F. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the nicest paper I ever read.

I have a very cunning little poodle dog for a pet. He will stand up in a corner, and hold a cane in his paws, and a pipe in his mouth.

FRANK B. W.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

My friend Ethel has a parrot that her father brought from South America. He is a very funny bird. One day Ethel went into the room where he was, and he said, "Ethel, Ethel." She did not answer, and after waiting a moment the parrot said, "What?" as if to remind her to answer him. He talks mostly in Spanish, but has learned a good many English words since he came to this country. He laughs so loud sometimes that a person can not talk in the room with him.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. My brother was interested in "Old Times in the Colonies," and hopes there will be some more Indian stories.

OLIVE R.

PINEVILLE, MISSOURI.

I send you my brother's way of making beautiful soap-bubbles: Take a basin of either warm or cold water, and mix with it a quantity of country-made soap. Then take a piece of hollow pumpkin vine about a foot long, and place one end of it in the basin and one in the mouth, and blow.

WROTON K.

WHITEHALL, ILLINOIS.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the best paper published.

I have some minnows which I feed on bits of bread and meat. They are so tame that when I go to feed them, they will come up and eat from my fingers.

NORMAN W. J.

MOBERLY, MISSOURI.

We have a big dog named Jack. He is the biggest dog in town. He weighs over one hundred pounds, and he is very intelligent.

Mamma found a queer worm the other day. Its eyes were green, and it was green all over. It had yellow bunches on its back with prickles on them, and on its sides were blue spots. Papa took it down town, but nobody knew what it was. I wish some correspondent could tell me its name.

MAGGIE P. B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have three turtles. The smallest one I can cover with a twenty-five-cent piece. It sometimes stays under water over thirteen minutes.

I would like to tell Jessie B., whose letter was in No. 33, that she must put her turtle in water deep enough to half cover it; and when she feeds it, she must put one end of the worm in the water, and whenever the turtle snaps for it, she must lift it up, until, after a while, the turtle will take it from her hand.

I like the story of "The Moral Pirates" the best of all. I am ten years old.

W. G.

MOUNT PLEASANT, NEW YORK.

I am having a very nice time up here among the Catskills. I go fishing very often, and always have very good luck. I am also hunting for birds' eggs, and have collected a large number.

We are entirely surrounded by the mountains, one of which I have already ascended, and was rewarded by a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

Through exchange with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE I have received a great many eggs. I hope all the correspondents are enjoying their vacation as well as I am mine.

I. QUACKENBOSS.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Since I wrote to YOUNG PEOPLE I have received and exchanged so many specimens! I am delighted. Last week my papa helped me, and we sent twenty-three boxes of ocean curiosities to different parts of the United States.

I have all sorts of beautiful things. One of them is a live bat that is so tame that he will eat from my hand, and does not offer to fly away.

I get something new nearly every day from some of the subscribers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I think it is the nicest paper I ever saw.

"WEE TOT" BRAINARD.

WRIGHTS, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old, and I live in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Sometimes we are above the clouds. When it is clear, we can see the bay, and the ships coming in.

There are deep gulches here, full of trees and moss and fern. Wild-cats, wolves, and California lions live here, and they often steal our chickens. We dare not go far from the house at night. From this you would think that it is a very wild country, but it is not, and there are a great many people living here. The animals live in the gulches, and only come out at night when we are asleep.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number.

JESSIE N.

VIENNA, NEW JERSEY.

I had a little kitten. I stroked it one day, and it followed me down to an ash-barrel, where it went smelling round as if it was hungry. Then I went up the street a little way to where a girl was sweeping, and I asked her if it was her kitten. She said it was, but she was going to give it away. I asked her to give it to me, and she did. Then I took it home, and fed it on milk. As soon as I brought the milk up stairs it began lapping it as fast as its little tongue could go. I brought it to the country with me in a little basket, and about two weeks afterward it died. I was very, very sorry, for it was my only pet. It would lie on its back under the centre table, and play with a string.

I am only six years old, and I can not write very well yet.

CHARLIE J. P.

REIDSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am ten years old. My papa takes YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and HARPER'S WEEKLY for mamma. I live in a tobacco-manufacturing town. There are about two thousand negroes employed in the factories.

I have three little dogs for pets—two rat terriers and a little yellow dog. Their names are Minnie, Whitefoot, and Ka.

I had a present of a large book-case filled with books, from my grandpa, who lives in Richmond, but I like to read YOUNG PEOPLE best of all.

WILLIE W.

LINWOOD, KANSAS.

My brother made me a present of YOUNG PEOPLE for a year. I never saw such a nice little paper before. I think there is nothing like it. I can not tell which is the best story, for all of them are so good. I can hardly wait for Wednesday to come, for that is the day I get my paper.

I have a kitty that is almost white. It will run right up a smooth wall.

I am eleven years old. I live in the country, and I go to school when there is any.

LEONIE Y.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is the nicest little paper I have ever read. I like the story of "Across the Ocean" best of all.

The 1st of July I read a letter from Canada, in the Post-office Box, saying that strawberries were just ripening. That seemed so funny to me, for they had been all gone for ever so long here. I feel so sorry for the Canadians, and for all people who live in cold countries, for it is so cold there in winter.

We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number. Papa takes all of Harper's periodicals.

LIZZIE E. H.

BOONVILLE, INDIANA.

I live in the southern part of this State, and I go to school when the school is open. I have not taken YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like it so much I can scarcely wait till it comes.

I had a pet goat, but I sold it, and now I have a very handsome redbird that my grandpa gave me. Its name is Bob. Papa made me a martin box last spring, but the bluebirds took possession of it. The English sparrows come on our porch, and eat the wheat Bob drops from his cage.

GEORGE G. S.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am seven years old, and I am going to write this and spell it all myself.

I have a little dog, and he will beg, and he will jump through a hoop.

We do not have far to go to school, because it is in the next house to ours. I have been to school one year and a half.

EDITH G. H.

DECATUR, TEXAS.

I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE ever since Christmas, and I want to put a letter in the Post-office Box to say how very much I like to read it.

I am nine years old. I have been going to school about seven months, but now it is vacation, and I have time to play with all my pets.

I wish all the little boys and girls in the United States could read YOUNG PEOPLE.

BLANCHE S.

FORT MISSOULA, MONTANA TERRITORY.

Here is a recipe for sponge-cake: One cup of fine white sugar; three eggs; beat the sugar and eggs together till they are white; then add one table-spoonful of milk and one cup of flour. Do not beat up after mixing in the flour, as it will make the cake heavy. Bake about twenty minutes in a quick oven. My big sister makes this just as light as it can be.

JULIA G.

PARKVILLE, LONG ISLAND.

Here is a recipe for pop-overs: Three doll's cups of flour; two of milk; one egg; one salt-spoonful of baking powder; half a salt-spoonful of salt. Bake in patty-pans fifteen minutes in

a quick oven. Break open and butter, and eat while hot.

I like the engravings in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, especially "The Little Miser," and "Kitty, you can't have my Apple." I have a kitty named Netty.

EMMIE R.

I get *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* every week, and I think it is the best paper for boys and girls.

I am collecting postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any of the readers.

JOHN DOLUNE,
109 South St. Clair

Street, Dayton, Ohio.

I am spending the summer here in the country, although I live in Cambridge. I would like to exchange birds' eggs and nests with any readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

GEORGE L. OSGOOD, Jun.,
P. O. Box 38, Dublin,

New Hampshire.

I have a great variety of United States International Revenue stamps, and would like to exchange them for others.

FRANK LYNN,
1 Pemberton Square,

Room No. 4, Boston, Mass.

Papa has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me for several months, and I like it so much. I think "The Moral Pirates" is very interesting, only it is a great wonder that those boys do not get drowned. The story about Frank Austin was splendid, but it was not long enough.

I am eleven years old. I live one mile from town. My brother has a large farm here. I have some of the prettiest little ducks you ever saw, and the most playful little kitten in the world. Kitty will run up my back and go to sleep on my shoulder.

I would like to exchange flower seeds with some little girl. I have a pretty lily that is in bloom now. It is called lily-of-the-Nile.

JESSIE LEE,
Lewisville, Lafayette

County, Arkansas.

I am making a collection of birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with any of the correspondents of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have eggs of the robin, cat-bird, bluebird, king-bird, brown thrush, orchard oriole, and of several kinds of sparrows.

AUGUST PILGER,
172 East One-hundred-and-thirteenth Street,

New York City.

L. M. Fobes writes to us that by exchange with the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* he has added more than two hundred new postage stamps to his collection. If he wishes to obtain any more United States, German, English, or Mexican stamps, Theodore Dreyfus, 255 St. Mary's Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, a little boy nine years old, would be glad to exchange with him.

I have a very nice collection of insects, and would like to exchange with some one living in the South, or any other distant locality.

KITTIE WEAVER,
Villa Park, Mankato,

Minnesota.

S. E. THOMAS.—You can make a heated-air toy balloon with tissue-paper, a very light wire hoop with a cross piece, and a sponge. Cut your paper in shape like a lengthened quarter of orange peel, and after pasting the edges firmly together, joining them only at one end, paste the open end around the wire hoop. Soak the

sponge with as much alcohol or turpentine as it will hold, and after fastening it securely to the cross piece of the hoop, light it, and the balloon will soon expand with the heated air, and rise. If you make the balloon of colored tissue-paper, and it rises while the sponge is still burning, the effect at night is very pretty. A bunch of tow might be used in place of a sponge.

SADIE MCB.—We think the address given by the correspondent you wish to exchange with is sufficient. Write, and you will probably receive an answer.

ED. S. K.—In YOUNG PEOPLE No. 23 you will find full directions for building a sloop-yacht.

CHARLES K.—The recipe for butter-scotch was in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 37.

FORD M. G.—The specimen you send is a sphinx moth, of which there are several varieties in the United States.

F. W. B.—You can obtain the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE you wish by sending one dollar and fourteen cents to the publishers.

BROWNIE.—A salt-water turtle feeds upon the tough stems of sea-weeds, and upon crustacea and very small mollusks, but it might eat bits of bread and meat, or insects.

GEORGE H. K.—We doubt if you could make a microscope which would be as cheap or as satisfactory as one already manufactured. Microscopes may be bought at all prices.

Favors are acknowledged from Mary C. Hodges, Clare A. Howe, Amy Piper, Mabel C. C., Nellie W. Edson, M. C. S., Carrie Taylor, Mart Seeds, Lidie B. D., George A. C., Thomas S., H. S. K., Margarets M. and W., Allie M. B., George Paul, Clara S. A., Angie and Anna W., C. Hegemin, Orrin D. Bradford, Mattie Murphy, Josie Parcher, Bertie Jones, Bertha F. H., Charles A. H., E. I. R., Frank Boucher, Stella M. S., Mary E. Paine, Victoria Gregory.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Wroton Kenny, A. H. Ellard, James C. Smith, Philip P. Cruger, Bertie Bassett, Daisy Balch, Harry C. and Shelton H., C. M., E. A. Cartereau, L. M. Fobes, Mary C. Spaulding, H. M. P., Fanny Squire, Willie Murphy, "Capt. Frank," R. H. King, Marion E. Norcross, G. Volckhausen, Gracie Kelley, Henry M. Western, Frank Merry, Jennie Edwards.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in ducat, my second in gold.
 My third is in courage, my fourth is in bold.
 My fifth is in whimper; my sixth is in scream.
 My seventh is in thinking, my eighth is in dream.
 My ninth is in acorn, my tenth is in seed.
 My eleventh is in hunger, my twelfth is in need.
 My thirteenth is in silence, my fourteenth in death.
 My fifteenth is in living, my sixteenth in breath.
 You may spell out my name, you may have me in view,
 But I'm still an enigma to all but a few.

LOTTIE.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am an ancient historian composed of 8 letters.
My 5, 7, 3, 8 is a pet animal.
My 6, 2, 3, 4 conveys water.
My 1, 2, 8, 6 is a nickname.

EDDIE.

No. 3.

WORD SQUARE.

First, an explosive article. Second, a mixture. Third, manner. Fourth, in a servile state.

A. H. E.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Frozen vapor. Fear. A fruit. A form of government. A member of a religious community. Vessels. Answer—
Tempests, and their consequences.

LONE STAR.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog.
My second is in marsh, but not in bog.
My third is in hand, but not in fist.
My fourth is in rubber, but not in whist.
My fifth is in cow, but not in milk.
My sixth is in woollen, but not in silk.
My seventh is in brays, but not in neighs.
My whole is a poet whose rhythmic lays
Are writ in English of ancient days.

E. A. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 40.

No. 1.

New York.

No. 2.

H ar T
Y ablono I
E g G
N ot E
A rmo R

Hyena, Tiger.

No. 3.

Tierra del Fuego.

No. 4

P
E A T
P A P E R
T E N

R

No. 5

S N O W
N I N E
O N C E
W E E K

No. 6

Lafayette

Charade on page 584—Pop-Corn.

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A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

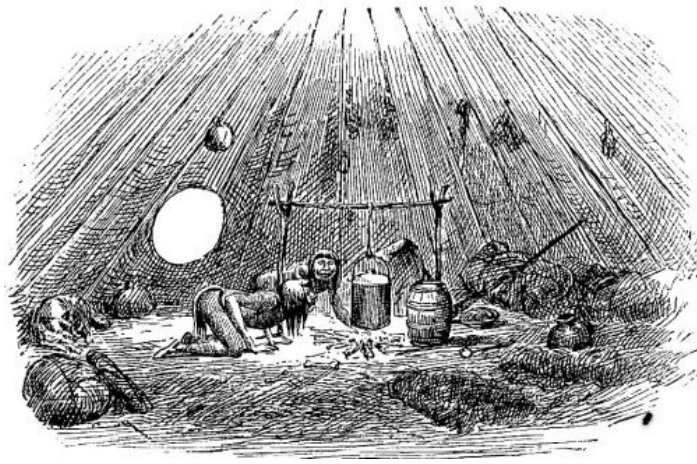


A few months ago Mr. Two Trees, a Sioux Indian, with his family, visited Fort Benton, where he hoped to dispose of some robes. While bathing in the Missouri the young hopefuls of the family discover a keg of gunpowder that has been washed out from a wrecked steamboat. They rejoice greatly over their prize; and after taking it ashore, hold a long discussion in their own musical language as to what they shall do with it.

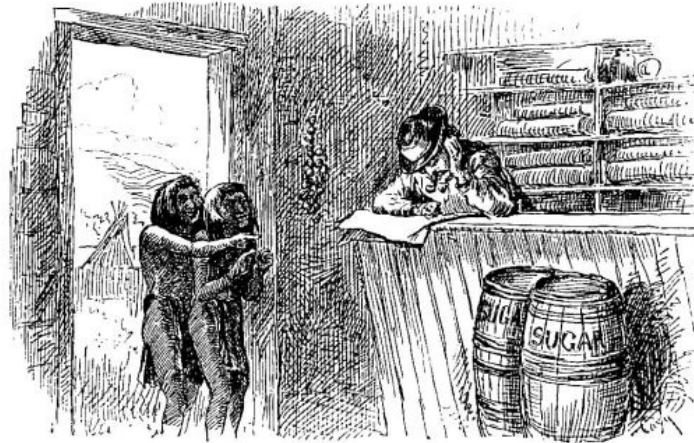
All-la-goo-la (the Mouse that Nibbles), the younger of the boys, proposes that they ask their father how they shall dispose of the powder. But his elder brother, the Wise Owl that Hoots, knows of a better plan: it is to dry the powder, and trade it for sugar to the "Man of Many Blankets," as they call the trader.



They carry the keg of powder to the Two Trees teepee, against which their beloved father lies in peaceful slumber. Beyond they see Ka-ka-na-cha (the Crooked Road), their dear mother, and Chee-chi-cat-soo (the Singing Mud Turtle), their aunt, busily preparing robes for the trader.



Stealing into the lodge unobserved, the boys find a puppy stewing over the fire, but manage to make room beside it for their keg of powder, which they leave to dry.



While it is drying the young Two Trees stroll down to the trader's store, to look over his stock, and try and decide what they shall accept in exchange for their prize. The trader is studying his "medicine," or the paper that talks.



Suddenly a heavy explosion is heard. The boys guess only too well what has happened, as they look out and see the Two Tree lodge sailing through the air, spread open like an umbrella, and followed by the puppy-dog stew. They see their noble father, rudely awakened from his nap, also attempting a short flight, while their mother, the Crooked Road, and their aunt, the Mud Turtle, exhibit every sign of surprise on the foreground.



The boys fly; but after them come the avengers, and they are taught by painful experience the danger of meddling with gunpowder.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 24, 1880 ***

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